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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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WITH this first number of 1904 the FOREST AND STREAM enters upon its sixty-second volume, and to all its readers, old and new, near and far, we extend sincere wishes for a Happy New Year.

IT JUST HAPPENED SO.

THE assumption is that it happens so in every newspaper office, and in other offices, for that matter, and in the world at large. A person is mentioned in conversation—he may be a thousand miles away—and the same day the mail brings a letter from him, the first one perhaps for months. Did the approaching letter by some occult influence prompt thought of its writer? No, for his name came up in a perfectly explicable way by suggestion, one thing leading to another and to reference to him. The only explanation is that it just happened so, and was a simple chance coincidence without mystery or meaning. Doubtless if such things were noted every person could record a goodly list of similar occurrences which just happened so. And the recurrence of such chance conjunctions would go far to make one skeptical of there being any more significance than that of pure chance, when he was gravely told that a Yankee ship captain in a South Sea port had seen his wife in a vision on a certain night, it being the same night, as he learned months afterward, in which she died. Marvel and speculation in such cases are saved if the theory be accepted that it just happened so.

When Mr. J. A. L. Waddell, of Kansas City, was in the office of the FOREST AND STREAM the other day, he told of rainbow trout fishing in the Northwest, and of the difficulty experienced with the pack horses on the arduous trail to the fishing grounds. It had been impracticable to do anything with the contrary and strenuous beasts without the application to them in copious supply of the strong language for such special purposes made and provided. The conversation naturally turned to the use of profanity as an accessory of the pack driver's art. Afterward reference was made to a note which had been printed in these columns some months before relative to an address delivered by Mr. Waddell before the graduating class of a scientific school. The issue of the paper, July 25, 1903, was looked up, and it just happened so that in the column next to the note referring to Mr. Waddell was an article on the use and abuse of profanity in driving pack horses.

In the course of a desultory browsing among the book shelves the other night, there was picked up a scrapbook, in which, among other contents clipped from newspapers, was a collection of poems of heroism. One of the poems, which the reader stopped to read, was James Whitcomb Riley's "Had a Hare-Lip," describing how, when the bridge gave way at a great baptizing, hare-lip Joney had saved thirteen lives and sacrificed his own.

Had a hare-lip—Joney did—
Folks 'at filed apast all knowed it—
Them 'at used to smile looked sad,
But ef he thought good er bad,
He kep' still and never showed it;
'Druther have that mouth all pouted
And split up, and like it wuz,
Than the ones 'at laughed about it.
Purty is as purty does!

It just happened so that the next book taken up was Lloyd's "Field Sports of the North of Europe," which opened to a chapter on hare shooting, and to a page on which it was related that after the killing of the hare "a singular operation was now performed; the head of the hare, with the exception of the ears, which remained attached to the skin, was severed with a knife from the body. The only reason I could ever hear alleged for this most strange custom, which is universally adopted throughout Sweden," Lloyd relates, "was that if a woman about to become a mother were to see the head of the animal, her offspring would inevitably have a hare-lip."

In the evening paper the other night was a note saying that the name of the horse-chestnut was given because of the fact that at the point of the branch where the leaf stalk has fallen there is "a very perfect representation on the bark of a horseshoe, the nails being evenly and distinctly marked on each side."

The newspaper having been laid down, Canon Ellacombe's book, "In a Gloucestershire Garden," was taken up, and this was what confronted the eye: "One of the first trees to put on autumnal colors and to drop its leaves is the horse-chestnut; in some seasons they take the color of old gold, and when they fall a curious horseshoe mark at the junction of the leaf with the branch is so distinct that it is not surprising some should think the name of the tree was derived from that, with which, however, it has no connection."

Trivial coincidences are noted with slight attention; it is only to those which appear to be of some moment that we attribute mystery and an occult nature. New York has recently witnessed a gathering of people from all over the country, who claim to be descendants and heirs of the original proprietors of that part of the city comprised in the old town of Harlem. They believe that they have a claim to this immense tract of land and buildings now in other hands, and they are led by a man who assured the convention that in undertaking the reclamation of the property and establishing upon it a New Jerusalem he had been guided by the admonition contained in a Bible text upon which his eye had fallen when the book was opened at random. His faith in the divine call thus revealed to him was so sincere that he has sacrificed his business, time, and means to devote all his time to the work. Since, then, however, he has decided that though "convinced that the recovery of the Harlem rights and properties was the fulfilment of prophecy, I freely admit that I must be mistaken in my scriptural interpretation of the subject;" in other words, he has come to the sensible conclusion with respect to this random reading of a Bible text, that "it just happened so."

And it further just happens so that as this is sent to the printer a letter comes from Mr. Fayette Durlin, of Madison, Wis., who writes:

> I have been intending to drop you a line ever since the Christmas number of FOREST AND STREAM arrived, to tell you how much I appreciated and enjoyed this number. You certainly outdid yourself in this particular instance, and I am sure that it will more firmly establish the fact that FOREST AND STREAM is without doubt the best sporting publication in circulation. I noticed a peculiar coincidence in regard to the anecdote about the "Venerable Men" in the article on Daniel Webster. The Christmas number of the Saturday Evening Post contained a paper by Grover Cleveland, in which he referred to this same anecdote, and also to the great Daniel's love for the Mashpee.

A CONNECTICUT WINTER WALK.

THE mercury stood below zero just before daylight, and in the dull sky no fading stars were to be seen. Keen and bitter as was the cold, the air was still. After it grew light the intense cold, congealing the moisture in the atmosphere, began to sift it down in light fine snow, which, as the moments passed, fell more and more thickly, until it was hard to see across the home lot from the house to the gate. One looked out on a white world.

Warm and cheery as it was within the house, strings were tugging toward out of doors, and before the morning had half passed, the feathery whiteness of the undisturbed snow was broken by a trail leading from the house. Though the snow lay deep, it was so light that walking was not laborious; and, though the cold was sharp, rapid exercise made the blood course swiftly through the veins. Down in the "run" all was white save where the gray stems of alder, or the thicker trunk of swamp maple rose above the snow, and standing by the brookside the ripple of the water as it poured over stones and tinkled against the shell ice was heard beneath the white covering.

The weeds stand high in the old corn lot beyond, but a multitude of migrants have long ago stripped them of seeds, and not a bird was visible until the border of the woods was reached. Then, from a bunch of ragweed a white-throated sparrow sprang into the air, paused for a moment on an alder twig, and plunged deep into the woods.

Half a mile of winding walk through the forest showed nothing alive. The swamps were frozen, yet here and there some warm spring below had melted a hollow in the icy covering, so that it broke easily with a resounding crash. At the end of the woods the rolling lots were white with only here and there a black cedar to interrupt the view. The wind had risen now, snow flakes were falling thicker than ever, and whirling about in the fashion of a true western blizzard. Along the road song sparrows and juncos were hiding from the storm among the tangled cat briers and blackberry vines, and when disturbed tossed themselves into the air and were whirled away to some other nook where comfort might be found. In another strip of woods the winter chopper had been at work, and great chestnuts and white barked beeches lay prostrate on the ground, partly cut up now into neatly piled cord wood. On the hillside at the border of the wood the warm spring, open even in this sharp cold, looked dark and deep, and somewhere down below a multitude of frogs were sleeping in its oozy bottom. From the undulating meadow which crowns the hill, dotted with conical cedars, with great erratic boulders and a few gnarled and twisted apple trees, sprang a single meadow lark, which, helpless in the wind, after a short flight threw himself down behind a stone wall.

Beyond the hill Blowaway, a narrow forest-bordered lane, had been chosen as shelter by a multitude of juncos and tree sparrows, and even by crows, which, wise birds though they are, did not suspect that human beings would be abroad on such a day, and sat in fancied security, to rise at last but ten or twelve feet away, in huge blackness against the universal white.

Up among the cedars where thick woods and the ravines of the rocky hill gave shelter from the wind, a jay was seen, and here only a moment or two before a fox had passed along, hunting his breakfast late this morning, since the impression of his round feet had hardly begun to be covered by the thick falling snow. The hill crossed, there were other fields, and down near the lily pond a dozen bluebirds were started from their hiding places among the sumacs. Just beyond them a rabbit had crossed the lot, and a little further on a gray squirrel had ventured out, daring to face snow and cold for a bit of breakfast.

The wind which had been blowing harder and harder had now shaken from the boughs of evergreen and deciduous tree alike the light snow that had wreathed them during early morning, yet the close set needles of the cedar held so much of this that near at hand they seemed gray instead of dark green.

The bitter cold had closed all open waters save here and there a warm spring from which run swift flowing brooks, and in these warm waters ducks might have been seen not a few. But this is the hard time of the year, and each one of nature's creatures has now to strive busily to procure food to support life. Why, then, in these rigorous climes, should man strive to make existence harder for them?

The wide circle of the FOREST AND STREAM readers, and their extremely varied pursuits, make easy the dissemination of information of unusual interest to all outdoor people; and letters published constantly call forth unexpected responses. The last case which comes to our attention is Mr. Emerson Carney's interesting note on "Back-Trailing Horses." Among those readers whose memories were stirred by this, and who gave some expression to their feelings, were an old plainsman, a young woman resident in a large city, an old Texas cavalry man of long experience, and a native of Flanders now resident in the United States. To each of these Mr. Carney's note appealed with a force so strong that each had something to say on the subject to the other readers of the paper, and no doubt there were many others who had something to say but did not come to the point of writing it out. This is one of the pleasantest and most useful functions of the FOREST AND STREAM; that it should serve as a medium of exchange among its readers of experiences, pleasant memories and useful information. Each reader of the paper has some bit of knowledge not shared by all the other readers. He should go out of his way to share this with the others.

IN the November 18 issue of the Agricultural Reporter of Barbados, is a report of a meeting of the Legislative Council of the island, at which it was resolved to offer a bounty for the destruction of the mongoose. Other West India islands have had their sad experience with this animal, which it may be hoped will never reach these shores. The experiment of the United States with the English sparrow has, we trust, taught us a lesson.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A New Year's Greeting.

'Tis just ten years ago, "Ay de mi"—time is fleeting—
That I sent to your readers a holiday greeting,
Full freighted with hopes for good luck and good cheer,
To follow their paths through the incoming year.

Father Time, with his scythe, has been mowing away,
And some whom we loved has cut down day by day
Some have followed their game o'er the last long divide,
Some await Charon's boat by the dark river's side.

Though they drop from the column the lines do not thin,
For the ranks are closed up by recruits falling in;
And the tales of adventure are welcomed again,
From the prairies of Texas, the forests of Maine.

The ascetics proclaim that this world's but a show—
A mere prelude to one unto which we must go;
But we hold that the Ruler, who placed us all here,
Meant our fullest enjoyment of all its good cheer.

The flowers shall open their buds in the spring,
The bobolink trill, and the mockingbird sing;
The trout from his lair 'neath the alders shall rise,
In ready response to the deftly cast flies.

The sheep on the mountain, the deer on the plain,
Shall reward the pursuit of the hunter again;
The goose and the mallard come down to his call,
As they wing their way south at the coming of fall.

Here's success to them all, both the old and the new;
May their aim be unerring, their weapons be true,
And through FOREST AND STREAM may the fortune we hear
Which has followed our wish for a Happy New Year!

JAN. 1, 1904. VON W.

Bright Eyes.

THE winter of 1872-3 in Montana was about the coldest of any that the old timers can recollect. Snow began to fall early in November, and from then on until March never a chinook broke the piercing cold. I was employed that season by old Jim Wells, who had a trading post on Milk River, just below the Bullshook, the butte overlooking the present town of Havre.

We were trading with the Gros Ventres and Assinaboines, who, to the number of two thousand or more, were camped in the timber bordering the river above and below us. They were poor. I doubt if they had more than one horse to the lodge, dogs being used to drag lodge poles and household effects when camp was moved. Still, the buffalo were so plentiful, darkening the snowy plains in all directions about us, that there was no hunger, and we did a good trade in robes.

In December the cold became more and more intense, and froze the mercury in our thermometer. The snow was a couple of feet deep, and still falling a little every day. Band after band of buffalo and antelope trooped in from the country to the north, crossed the valley, and swarmed into the breaks of the Little Rocky and Bear Paw Mountains, the wolves and coyotes and foxes trailing along behind them; the plains were deserted by every living thing. In the great camp the women toiled and shivered, cutting fuel for their lodges, felling green young cottonwoods that their horses might browse on the bark and tender twigs. Meanwhile their lords and masters kept close to the fire, leaning back on their soft robe couches, smoking, feasting, gossiping in lazy indolence.

But this state of affairs could not last. The stores of dried meat and pemmican dwindled rapidly. The medicine men began to make sacrifices to Cold-maker, the storm fiend, to pray the sun to send a "black wind"—a chinook—that would melt the snow and allow them to hunt once more in comfort and safety. But prayers and sacrifices were alike unavailing; the intense cold continued and the Indians began to starve. Old Broadface, the Gros Ventre chief, came into the trade room of the post one morning, followed by one of his wives, who tossed a couple of buffalo robes over the high deal counter. "These," said the old man sadly, "are the last we can spare, else we freeze within our lodge even by the side of the fire. Yet, perhaps it were better to freeze and die quickly than to die slowly by starvation. Give us for the one robe some flour, for the other some sugar and tea."

So, it appeared, thought his people. One by one they parted with their couch robes until they had no more. Our stock of provisions dwindled until we had no more to sell. We, too, had hoped for a chinook and the arrival of a bull train load of goods from Fort Benton, and we had sold out everything but one sack of flour, a side of bacon, a few pounds of sugar and hardtack—not much to last a dozen men and women any great length of time. Things had come down to cases; for us and for the Indians it was hunt or starve. Preparations were finally made for a hunt out to the slope of the Bear Paws, thirty miles away. We employes at the post drew cuts to determine which one of us should accompany the Indians, and the short straw fell to me.

So we rode forth one morning into the thick veil of slowly dropping frost which enveloped the plains and effectually hid an object at a distance of three hundred yards. It had been agreed that the hunters should split up into small parties, and diverging like the sticks of a fan, spread out and cover many miles of the mountain slopes where the game was thought to be. There were a dozen men in the Assinaboine party I accompanied, and one of them, a good looking, light hearted young fellow named Red Quiver, had allowed his wife to come with us. They had but recently married, and could not bear to be separated from each other even for a couple of days. I rode a good strong horse, and had four others upon which to pack the spoils of the hunt. Each one of the party had that number or more, which they had borrowed from relatives or friends unable to go themselves. We had a large lodge and lodge poles. Some were provided with a little bedding, others had none. I packed a few blankets, a couple of robes, and a wagon sheet upon one of my loose horses.

The deep snow had lain and settled so long that the horses had hard work to travel through it. We took turns riding ahead and breaking trail, and in that way went on hour after hour all day long at a steady walking pace. Even then we only succeeded in reaching Beaver Creek, and by the time the lodge was set up and a fire built darkness was upon us. Not a living thing had we seen all that day, not even a wolf or coyote. We had crossed a few old trails of buffalo and antelope, faint and frost-rimmed paths. Not one of my companions had brought along any food—not so much as a scrap of dried meat. I had four loaves of sour dough bread and a couple of pounds of brown sugar. I produced two of the loaves and half the sugar. Bright Eyes, as I called her, Red Quiver's young wife, steeped a kettle full of spearmint tea; I poured the sugar into it, divided the bread into fourteen portions, and we feasted! But even if we had only a few morsels of bread, there was plenty of the tea, and it warmed and cheered us. I had a plug of tobeacco, one of the Indians a huge stone pipe and a sack of "l'herb." Time and again the bowl was filled with the mixture and passed back and forth around the circle. There was some little talk; tales of by-gone hunts and memorable feasts; we felt drowsy. I gave a part of my bedding to Bright Eyes; she threw one of the heavy blankets over Red Quiver's shoulders, leaned against him, looking into his eyes with dreamy fondness. He drew her closer, shielding her with a part of the blanket. There is love in the Indian camp as well as in the town and city of the pale faces.

The fire was kept going all night, and by turns every one had sufficient sleep. In the morning we finished the bread and sugar, washed down by another kettle full of tea, then packed up and resumed our quest. About noon we came upon fresh signs of game, and a little later a large band of buffalo were sighted, looming up huge and strange in the heavily frosted air. They were busily pawing the snow and thrusting their white coated heads deep down for the dry, rich grass. Great clouds of steam escaped from their nostrils and hung over them like a fog bank. They did not notice us and we approached within less than one hundred yards, slowly and silently, and then with one accord dashed swiftly into the herd, shooting right and left. I myself killed eight fine cows, others more, some less, but enough, anyhow, to load every pack horse in the bunch. There was a grove of cottonwoods and a spring near-by. The married couple put up the lodge while the rest of us skinned the quarry, cutting the meat into suitable shape for packing. Then we all gathered around the lodge fire, and what a feasting and laughing and chatting orgie we had. It lasted all the afternoon and far into the night. I marveled at the quantity of meat those Indians stowed away.

We packed up and started homeward the next day. A light but intensely cold wind had sprung up from the north, right in our faces, bringing with it a drift of fine falling flakes which soon obliterated all traces of our trail of the preceding day. We soon wished that we had remained in camp; but, since we had started, it was decided to push on to Beaver Creek. It seemed as though we would never get there. Most of the Indians dismounted and drove their horses before them. I could not do that for I wore buffalo robe trousers, a heavy buffalo coat—was so loaded with clothes, in fact, that I was unable to do more than waddle along like an overfed duck. Twice that morning we came on to some antelope which had lain down and died of the cold. I learned afterward from the Indians that thousands of them perished in that way during the winter.

Red Quiver was in the lead when we came to Beaver Creek. We struck it where there was a long beaver pond, and on the opposite side a small grove of cottonwoods. The young man dismounted, and leading his horse started across. He had not gone half way over, however, when with a crashing and crackling of breaking ice, his animal plunged into the deep water clear out of sight, and the next moment Red Quiver went down also. He was no sooner in that one of his comrades threw him a rawhide lariat and drew him out to the bank. "Hurry," I called out, "unfasten that pack and wrap him in my bedding. Put up the lodge and build a fire."

But Red Quiver would have no blankets. His horse, his only remaining buffalo runner, must first be saved. The animal was plunging madly about in the broken ice, rising, sinking, snorting, its eyes distended in terror. A rope or two was quickly cast over its head, but our combined efforts failed to draw him out. I tried to snake him out with my own animal, but the rotten thongs broke to the strain. Then Red Quiver, wet and freezing from head to foot, ran to the timber, secured a stout dead limb, and began to break the ice from the hole to the shore. I took the club away from him and once more told him to wrap himself in my blankets. More ropes were thrown over the horse's head. I kept busily pounding and breaking the ice. It may have been ten minutes before I had a channel opened to the bank and we pulled the animal out. It lay there in the snow, shaking, shivering, nor could we get it up on its feet. I looked around. Bright Eyes had got my bedding unpacked, had spread out the sheet and a robe, and persuading her husband to lie down upon them, was covering him with the rest. Then she put up the lodge with our help. No one but a woman can set up one as it should be done, so that it is symmetrical and will not smoke. Some fuel was quickly gathered, and a fire started. We went over then and picking up Red Quiver, bedding and all, carried him inside. Bright Eyes turned down the sheet and blankets and uttered the most heartrending cry I ever heard: her husband was dead. She threw herself upon the frozen form and wailed, and called to him over again to awake, to open his eyes. We sat about the fire with bowed heads for a little, and many a dusky cheek was wet with slowly dropping tears. One by one we stole out, unpacked the horses, and made preparations for the night. It had been wasted work to pull out the drowning horse; he lay where we had left him, frozen stiff; and for this skinny carcass a human life had been destroyed, a woman's happiness wrecked. Poor Bright Eyes! My heart ached in sympathy for her, sobbing so mournfully over all that the world had held dear to her.

Since it is the law that the dead and the living cannot occupy the same lodge, Red Quiver's comrades wrapped him in a robe and laid him at the foot of a tree near-by. Each one for himself broiled and silently eat some meat. The pipe was lit and as silently passed around. Bright Eyes—sad eyes now—continued to mourn. After a little she arose, wrapped her robe about her, and went out. We could hear her crying out there. The pipeful was smoked out and the bowl refilled several times, still no one had spoken a word. It seemed to come to us all at the same time that the girl had long since ceased crying. "I will go out and get her to return," said one. A moment later he called to us, and we hurried after him. Red Quiver and Bright Eyes lay upon the robe together, and her arms were clasped tight around him. She had gone to the open hole in the pond and immersed herself in the water, and then lain down in death with her lover. "They are even now in the happy hunting grounds," said an old hunter, gently. "Let us not mourn, but rather rejoice that they have together gained the place of peace and plenty."

We built a scaffold in a low branching tree and carefully wrapping the two bodies in robes and blankets lashed them upon it. And when we had finished our work, day having long since come, we again packed up and plodded on towards the river, not one of us but were more or less frost-bitten ere we reached home, some so severely that they lost an ear or some fingers, and one even a foot. And this was the case with all the little parties that came straggling in during the next few days. But there was now plenty of meat in camp, and save for those who mourned for Bright Eyes and Red Quiver, peace and happiness reigned. Once more we could hear the drums beating and the song and laughter echoing in the calm night air.

The buffalo did not return to the plains until March, and the Indians alternately feasted and starved. Our bull train finally pulled in, and before a pound of anything was sold we laid aside an ample supply for ourselves. To add to the troubles of the Indians about us, they lost a large part of their horse herd. Despite the cold weather a war party of Blackfeet was abroad and drove them off one night and were never overtaken.

LONG JOHN.

Jerry's "Panthy" Hunt.

ALL day a heavy southeast wind had blown steadily up the lake, turning the blue, sparkling water to a gray, sullen hue, flecked with long streaks of white foam. The wooded mountains and sloping hills that surrounded it appeared wet and indistinct, veiled by thin, misty rain clouds, and there was a chill in the air that foreboded the coming fall.

Inside an old workshop that rested on the shore of this wilderness lake, a cheerful fire crackled invitingly in a rusty, aged stove standing on four wooden blocks near the center of the room. Its reappearance from amid a pile of rubbish and shavings had been appreciated by more than one individual, and the sage, who was the only partaker of the genial warmth, did not long remain without company.

The Veteran and Wallace had been the first to discover the rejuvenation of the old stove, and were discoursing on the deer hunting of the past and present, when the shop door opened, letting in a gust of rain and wind, and—Jerry, who bore more than one proud distinction in this region of the North Woods.

In the first place he was the brother of the only and ever famous John Plumbly, a woodsman whose personality and knowledge will never be forgotten by those, who, during by-gone days were privileged to have him for their guide. This distinction Jerry treasured more deeply than the others, although he was the first child born in the town of Long Lake, and himself one of the oldest and most experienced hunters in the woods.

Jerry, as the fourth discoverer of the comfort and cheery interior of the old shop, stamped a portion of the black muck mud off his rubber boots, and then neared the stove, with an open ear to the conversation going on.

"Come, Jerry," said Wallace, after the farmer had silently warmed himself before the crackling stove, "Let's have that panther story of yours."

"He only likes to tell about those hundreds and hundreds of deer carcasses he saw coming up the lake years ago," remarked the Veteran from his seat on top of a cracker box, with a sly wink at the Sage, who reclined against the shop table. At this Jerry's demeanor suddenly changed, as was expected, and he spoke up, saying, "I'm tellin' ye facts about them deer, fer when I come up the lake one time on the ice I see five or six carcasses, jist hair an' bones layin' round whar the wolves hed killed 'em."

"That's more like it," replied the Veteran. "I tell you Jerry has to stick to facts with this crowd." And a general laugh followed at the latter's expense; but it did not seem to disturb his serenity in the least. rather he chuckled at the joke on himself, for his good nature was a hard thing to ruffle.

Setting the blue yachting cap that he wore on the back of his head with a jerk, and throwing open wide the front of his wet tarpaulin coat, Jerry planted himself closer to the glowing stove, gave a thoughtful yank to his beard, and commenced with, "Well, I tell ye how the hull thing happened, an' this was the very last panthy I ever knowed of bein' killed in the Adirondacks.

"Me an' Will Cullins heard one day, it was in March an' pretty cold, too. We heard, I forgot who told us, thet Mr. D—— an' Jack Shepard was comin' in ter go up Cold River an' hunt a panthy somebody's seen around that region. So quick as a wink we rigged up thet very night an' started the next morning ter get thar ahead of 'em.

"On the way we lost one o' the dogs we hed took along, but I sez to Cullins, I thought we cud get on with the other all right, so we kept on. After travelin' about twenty miles we come ter Hough's shanty, an' was glad ter put up thar fer the night. As soon as daylight the next morning we started out again an' later on reached the head of a flo' or dam up on Cold River. Near a mile above here we struck the panthy's trail about nine o'clock. Thar was a good trackin' snow, an' we hed no trouble followin' it round Ragged Mountain, in ledges, out o' ledges, an' over ledges.

We see whar he hed killed a number o' hedge hogs, an' eat 'em. Finally we come ter one o' them peaked hills beyond Ragged Mountain an' the trail led up this; one place he hed clim' a tree an' sprung off on ter a big rock above. 'Now,' I sez to Cullin, 'we'll foller around this mountain till we come back here again, an' ef we don't cross his tracks he'll be somewhar on it. Ef he goes off we'll gain thet much on him.' So away we started, an' after walkin' quite a bit come right back to our tracks without seein' hide or hair of the panthy. 'He's on thar, sure,' I sed ter Will, an' then we went ter a big ledge ter get up. The ledge was pretty high, so I got on Cullins' shoulders an' hangin' on ter a bush scrambled on top. Whar I stood was a kind o' cut through the shelvin' rocks, an' here I see whar the panthy hed clawed dirt on the snow, an' it was mighty fresh lookin'.

"'Hand up the dog,' I sez ter Will below, so he reached me the chain an' I yanked him up. Quick's I hed the dog I took the strap off'n his neck an' let him go, after bendin' a scrubby spruce down fer Will ter pull himself up with. 'You put right along,' I sez ter him, an' I'll foller as soon as I get these packs fixed.' He started off, an' you kin bet I warn't slow about gittin' after him, neither! Half way up the mountain all of a sudden I see the dog cuttin' across an open stretch o' ground with the panthy ahead o' him, an' thar was Will settin' in the snow with a busted snowshoe. I didn't stop ter listen ter what he was sayin' jist at thet minute, but away I went after 'em, only carryin' my ax, fer, o' course, Will hed the gun. Down the mountain we went fer half a mile or more, until near the foot I heard the dog barkin', and thet meant the panthy hed treed. Jist before I reached 'em the panthy jumped out o' the tree, an' on ter another ledge, so quick as a wink I took the dog round a little ways whar he struck the trail agin. All of a sudden away goes the panthy tearin' up past Will Cullins with the dog close on his heels, an' when he was goin' by——" Here Jerry paused and gave a low chuckle before he continued, "Will's gun was lyin' on the snow whar his snowshoe hed give out, an' when the panthy went rushin' by he made a dive an' grabbed fer the gun, but it was too late, an' he'd gone out o' sight.

Will hed got his shoe fixed when I was pretty near up ter him, an' he got ahead o' me an' come up with



Under Full Sail on the Upper Missouri.

the panthy before I did. Here was the panthy, I don't mean Will, jist undertaking ter climb another tree, but thet dog he ran an' grabbed him by the hams, so Will told me afterward, tryin' ter pull him back. Ther heads was so close together fightin' an' snarlin' that he thought sure the dog would git killed, but jist as I was nearin' the scene o' action, he got a chance an' let go fer the panthy's shoulders. The panthy he kinder settled back, an' the dog sailed into him fiercer than ever, when Will ran up an' put a bullet through his head, an' he was ourn fer sure.

"It was now near three o'clock an' here we was ten miles up the river with the panthy, so we hitched a 'whith' ter him an' snaked him down the mountain ter Hough's shanty, reachin' thar about eleven o'clock at night. We hed been goin' it ever since early morning an' was pretty well tuckered out. Next day we skinned him, an' tried out the grease, four quarts as white as lard. An' now I'll tell ye a curious thing about panthys. Hedge hog quills never go inter them further'n the skin, fer when we skinned thet beast here they was layin' in between the hide an' flesh around his head an' neck.

The followin' day we started fer hom, leavin' the carcase, an' about half way back we run on ter Jack Shepard an' Mr. D—— goin' panthy huntin' up Cold River. Mr. D—— sez, 'What luck?' 'Oh,' I sez, "We got one after some trouble.'"

"'Whar did ye leave the meat?' they sez to me, an' I told 'em they'd find it up at Hough's shanty.' 'Well,' sez Jack Shepard, 'I suppose we'll have somethin' ter eat, anyway.' An' I guess they didn't feel very good over it, but I told Mr. D—— before we started on thet I seen another panthy's tracks besides the one we killed, which was straight, so ef they wanted ter go panthy huntin' a big one was waitin' fer them some whar up in the woods.

"Well, we hed the panthy skin set up, an' it was ter Bennett's hotel on Raquette Lake, when the place burned down, so thet ended his career fer good."

Jerry's breath had about expired when he finished his narrative, and he lapsed into silence as the Sage took the floor and related several interesting experiences of past hunting days in connection with panthers whose shadows no longer fall in the North Woods.

The twilight had commenced to settle, and sharp spatters of rain splashed against the windows facing the gray, stormy lake, while a red glow shone out between the open dampers of the stove and sent a flickering light across the floor.

"Some time I'll tell ye some bar yarns," said Jerry, as the party broke up, "an' there's some o' them left around here, anyway, ef there ain't no panthies. Well, I suppose I must get along," he continued, butttoning up his coat with one hand and opening the door with



An Antiquated Brave of the Upper Missouri.

the other, adding, as he went out, with a twinkle in his shrewd eyes, "I will say thet I hev ter stick ter facts with this crowd, an' I've stuck thar with this panthy story."

CAMILLA.

The "Upper Missouri" of To-Day.

(*Concluded from page* 504.)

'Twas so cold on the boat the next morning that the two passengers went ashore when approaching sharp bends in the river and found pleasure, not only in the exercise, but also in the finding of horns, skulls, and, occasionally, almost complete skeletons of the buffalo. Strange to say, only one stone arrow point was picked up.

A hot stew of rabbit and duck was much appreciated on this cold day. Tommy said afterward that he thought maybe the unusual excellence of it was due to the fact that Jim's well seasoned dish cloth had been lost in it for a sufficient length of time to have exercised a marked influence upon the brew. The Doctor captured a goose by the aid of his rifle, and all hands licked their chops in anticipation of a feast. No more than three of these fine birds were seen during the trip, and one of them was the tame "Charley," who narrowly escaped Joe's pot. It is safe to predict that if "Charley" was allowed to continue the practice of sailing up and down the river, he has struck a snag ere this. Since the scythe of time was cutting wide swaths in the 30 days of vacation, early morning starts were necessary, and so, as soon as there was sufficient daylight to mark the course of the channel, the boats were pushed from shore. When the Doctor and Colonel crawled from their bunks, somewhat later, there was always an abundance of fresh air, and they drew the conclusion that the top of the morning had a cold and forbidding nature.



Old Trading Post at Rocky Fork.

Few voluntary stops could be indulged in, and, therefore, the scenes of buffalo runs, Indian wars and massacres, the sites of forts, trading posts, etc., were passed by with deep regret, and, besides, hunting was getting a slim allowance of time. Just now, however, the Mother Hubbard condition of the cupboard commanded attention, and, therefore, at 2 P. M., having had a good run of 20 miles, anchors were cast. Before disembarking four white-tail deer appeared upon the sandy shore a half mile away. After watching their antics through glasses for a while, the nimrods sauntered forth with murder aforethought. Eight deer, one a black tail, were seen before nightfall, and three of them were, by that time, strung up near the campfire. Evidently these animals hereabouts visit the water much earlier in the day than was supposed, and our previous attempts at sighting them had been made after they had returned to cover. Jim got perky, laid claim to vindication as to deer, and said, "If the journey were being made in canoes instead of a sailboat, you would come upon numbers of them daily." Here, as elsewhere, cattle bellow among the hills and threaten to destroy the hiding places of their seclusive neighbors. Ice was very much in evidence in the morning when the boats were set at liberty and allowed to float past many bottoms where grazing herds, modern windmills and barbed wire fences occupied what was unclaimed Government land three years previous. Nevertheless, fresh deer tracks seemed plentiful on the sand bars, and small flocks of ducks were seen now and then. While making a cut-off afoot, a settler was visited who displayed an inherited pile of choice antlers of elks, white tail and black tail deer. He had also found some very interesting petrifactions of fish with crystallized "insides." The day was credited with 20 miles, when camp was made near the mouth of the Musselshell River, where a coyote was engaged in running the scales of his vocal organs and cleverly imitating a whole pack of his kind.

The Doctor remarked in the morning that a deer had threatened to come aboard the boat during the night, and that he arose from his bunk for the purpose of receiving it with proper ceremony; but when his chattering teeth began to awaken echoes in the hills, he positively decided that he didin't want the animal and didn't care a continental whether anybody else did or not. The Doctor is a selfish cuss.

Many dead horses were seen in the river just below the ferry at Musselshell. The ferryman had refused a contract to transport a drover, and the result of swimming them had been disastrous. The river was no more than 50 yards in width here, and the loss must have been due to quicksand.

This is the locality where the buffalo used to ford the river, back and forth, in such vast herds as to delay the occasional steamboat for days at a time. Some skulls in a good state of preservation still lay upon the banks. The bare, yellow hills of the Bad



Glued to the Bottom.

Lands now came into the landscape, reflecting the warm midday sun through a veil of purple haze, and only palm trees were needed to depict a counterpart of the Egyptian desert. A new sensation accompanied this entire change of environment, but interest was no less keen, for here surely the settlers and lowing herds would be out of their element. The sunset was a wonderful display of soft colors which, unfortunately, the photographic apparatus would not reproduce. Stars do not seem to "stud the heavens" in this rarefied air, but suspend in space, and their brilliancy and seeming proximity commands attention.

Jim had repeatedly said, "If you want a black-tail deer you need only walk back a few miles in the hills on the south side of the river," and now it was decided to give a day or so to hunting and put this assertion to a test; therefore, on the following morning the Doctor with Tommy, and the Colonel with Jim, started in different directions for an all day exploration. Night and the latter two reached camp simultaneously. They had gone back from the river about three miles as the crow flies; but as many more in ups and downs, until they found themselves face to face with a black stallion, which was acting as sentinel and leader of a band of horses. He advanced in a threatening manner, with a confident air, and they dodged the issue with alacrity. Then coming upon the fresh track of a blacktail buck, they followed it up through the foothills, above the tops of the groups of evergreen trees, spirally ascending a high conical bluff, clinging to sage bushes and tufts of grass, until they saw where the quarry had joined a doe and fawn. Further on the tracks led to a little pool of water in the cleft of a rock, and this remnant of the recent rains was an explanation, sought by Jim, as to why so few of this species visited the river. Near this drinking place, which, by the way, was a godsend to the hunters, whose supply of water was exhausted, they awaited without avail the return of the coveted buck. During the long walk home in the twilight, they lost their bearings, thus lengthening their journey, and reached camp with shoes pierced by thorns of the prickly pear and their bones aching with weariness. 'Twas quite dark when the other pair arrived to call forth exclamations of surprise and pleasure by laying before the fire a good specimen of mountain sheep—the most

coveted game of American sportsmen. They had perseveringly climbed the highest hills to their summit, after much exertion, many hardships and risks not a few; had crawled on hands and knees along narrow alleys leading to spurs of the range and faced situations which were, to say the least, unattractive. In one instance the Doctor, when lying prone upon one of the slender pathways with his fat stomach distended over space on either side, looked down upon the jagged edges and pinnacles far below and became terrified. While in this state of mind he could not trust himself to move either forward or back. Tommy, comprehending the situation, displayed presence of mind by singing "Mandalay" in a nonchalant manner, and by thus relieving the tension released his companion from an uncomfortable if not dangerous predicament.

Finding no signs of life nearby, they were entertaining themselves with shells, from heaven knows where, curious mineral formations and petrifactions, when the Doctor's attention was attracted by a movement on the opposite side of a coulee. Careful investigation with glasses revealed a band of six sheep, whose coloring is precisely that of their feeding grounds. Then followed an arduous stalk of several miles while rounding the head of the coulee, and this brought the hunters within an estimated 300 yards of the game. At the first shot the startled bunch fled with their characteristic recklessness and speed along the steep side of the hill; a succeeding shot, fired when the sheep were probably 400 yards distant, dropped one of them, which plunged headlong down into the valley, where he, a ram, about four years old, was subsequently found in a disheveled condition.

On the morrow the nimrods filled their canteens again, paired off as before and headed for the hills across the parched plains, where the prairie dogs sat on their haunches and anathematized the invaders of their village. Evening brought them home and with empty hands. It was not until they had moistened their parched mouths and soothed their aching limbs and sensitive feet in the river, that they told their stories. The tall ridges had been reached again, and as new difficulty—the wind—had aggravated the discomforts attendant upon this lung-busting, heart-straining performance, a skilled equilibrist might not have thought it a hardship to walk along the sharp back bone of the range, holding fast to hat, rifle, camera,



Resembling a Fallen Castle.

etc., while leaning from the perpendicular at a proper inclination to offset the force of the gale; but these four pleasure seekers did and they admitted that the day had yielded little else than fruitless toil. The Doctor had seen only tracks, but was hopeful of having obtained some good photographs of the surrounding country. The Colonel jumped a fine blacktail doe, for which he had no use, and had fired a parting shot after an alarmed sheep as it disappeared around the distant corner of a hill.

The third and last day set apart for hunting opened with a beautiful clear sky, as had its predecessors. Rain would have prohibited the sport, for the reason that when these hills are wet, or as much as damp, the ascent or descent or travel among them is too perilous. Locomotion in any direction is accomplished by stamping upon the indurated clay with every step for the purpose of obtaining a foothold, and where the surface moist and slippery this modus operandi would be impossible. No one can know the avenues of ingress to the range from year to year, because the melting snows and summer storms effect a complete recasting of its features. Knobs of the present will become peaks, and pathways will be reduced to knife edges by next autumn. Vegetation has, of course, a most precarious existence. On the morning referred to, a flock of ducks delayed the outset for the hunting grounds until a dozen were bagged, and then with stiff joints and burning feet the quartet departed. Doctor and Tommy feeling quite content with their legal allowance and admirable specimen of *Ovis montana*, made no effort to do stunts. They scaled the bluffs at a point where a prominent rock could be examined, and were interested by signs of game, but seeing nothing more inspiriting, took some photographs and reached camp betimes. Darkness had descended before the return of the others, and when they ultimately entered the circle of fire light they were seen to be laboring under the weight of a trophy. Soon after leaving camp they saw a coyote pup, which the Colonel failed to hit, thereby making a bad beginning and robbing Jim of a $3 bounty. The ascent of an hitherto untried group of hills was the most ambitious work yet undertaken, notwithstanding their crippled condition; but the sight of fresh sheep tracks during the climb had a buoyant influence. As the day advanced, however, with no other result than some new bruises and increased fatigue, the Colonel announced that, sheep or no sheep, this was positively his last attempt to overtake these apparitions. With feet so tender that every step was a flinch, feverish from thirst and weary to the point of irritability, the thought or sight of the rehabilitating river in the distance was most alluring. Again, when with face pressed against the sides of a bluff, grasping a rifle in one hand while the other, stretching out far behind, clung to a tiny prickly shrub, fearing to take a step along the shelving ledge lest the other foothold be insecure, looking down, down, down, without discovering any place of lodgment short



Here he is.

of the bottom, at such times there seemed to be many more desirable things in life than mountain sheep. Well, in the early afternoon the Colonel's languid search was interrupted by a signal from Jim on another spur, and on joining him he received the pleasing information that several sheep had just arisen from their beds and were feeding up hill across a chasm. Peeping from behind a rock they beheld, at a distance of probably 250 yards, five of the coveted critters, and among them were distinguished, by the aid of glasses, several pairs of horns upon the respective heads of an old ewe, a young ram of two years and a very large ram of five years. The latter, meriting preference, was selected as the target, and when he approached a level with the watchers, they fired; the band started to run, then, becoming confused as to the point of attack, paused long enough to permit another shot and were off at breakneck speed. The coveted ram was evidently wounded, but labored along at good speed until another bullet overtook him, and he fell out of sight into the deep coulee.

The two fagged hunters sat down and looked at each other in silence for several minutes, wondering whether there was sufficient stamina left in their bodies to bring them out of the depths below, after descending into it in search for the game. It is safe to say that nothing less desirable than a Rocky Mountain sheep would have been resurrected by their aid. When homeward bound, by a new route, it became necessary to drop from one ledge to another, 4 feet wide, 9 or so feet below. Sheep tracks indicated that several of these animals had made this leap, leaving a lamb behind on the upper pathway. This little fellow had scampered about for a while and then deliberately sat on his haunches and slid over the edge. The impressions of his four sharp feet were bunched on the very edge of the precipice, where he had alighted.

Early the next morning everybody was up and ready for departure hence, but a flock of sage hens chanced



The Castellated Heights.

that way and the taking of some of these caused some delay. Then, too, immediately after pushing off shore the men's boat went upon a bar and there it stuck as though glued. The wind was fair, however, and after freeing the boat there was still hope for a record breaking mileage, until a tremendous bend in the river's course brought the wind dead ahead. For the purpose of making the succeeding reverse curve, all hands were piped on deck and ordered over the sides—excepting the Doctor, who at such junctures usually had to go ashore to take important photographs—the hawser was manned as in old times and the fleet moved slowly forward. Quicksands were found without being sought, and to escape from them with both boats required prompt and active measures, which afforded the Doctor, from his safe position, much amusement, and this merriment of his almost fomented a mutiny.

Midst such difficulties it was easy to comprehend the tremendous task of the first navigators of the river when cordelling their heavily laden boats against the current. In spite of besetting trials, 32 miles were made on this day through Bad Land scenery. Hills were now lost to sight and bottom lands bearing groves of cottonwood formed the border of the river, which widened, became correspondingly shallow and produced inconveniently numerous sand bars from which "sawyers" or snags protruded "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Toward the close of day, deer tracks of recent make appeared on the sand, of both the shore and bars, in great numbers. Night came on and the nights in this northwestern country are not soon forgotten, for, when standing on the river's edge looking across the dark water and, past the brilliant stars, into the darker heavens, it seems as though one were on the edge of the universe, facing nothing but space. On the day following, the scenery was entirely devoid of interest. Head winds, shallow water, uncertainty as to the whereabouts of the channel, to say nothing of sawyers galore, made navigation troublesome and afforded repeated opportunities for exercise while attempting to make haste. Rowing, pushing, prying, pulling and fending off were freely resorted to, until a change in the course of the river brought the wind to the rescue.

The first prairie chickens were seen and taken hereabouts. These fine birds flew across the river in large flocks, and occasionally alighted on the bars, where they chatted and disported. The many deer signs indicated that venison might be easily obtained by those who needed meat. An aurora illuminated the whole landscape in the evening and furnished an entertainment that delayed retirement until an unwonted hour. Twenty-five miles was the day's accomplishment.

Jim was vindicated as to chickens on the morrow. Some of the bars actually seemed alive, and judging from the numbers flying across our bow, the bottoms must have offered fine shooting. They were nearly all old birds, owing to destructive storms at the last brooding time, and wild; but none the less enjoyable as food. Port Peck Indian Reservation was now on the left shore, and the presumption was that game would



Old Fort Benton.

be entirely obliterated in this vicinity by the redskins; but on the contrary, chickens, ducks and deer signs were equal to Jim's most flowery stories. Subsequently it was learned that the Indians are not allowed on or across the river until December, when a ticket-of-leave is issued for a few weeks, in which time they take a prescribed number of deer and such fur-bearing animals as the game laws permit. In consequence of this protection the neighboring game is very numerous and tame.

At 3 P. M. on the 26th, nineteen days after leaving Fort Benton, Wolf Point was reached, and the journey of 395 miles was accomplished. The bank was lined with silent but observant Assiniboine Indians, who lead what would seem to be a humiliating existence, although they profess and seem to be entirely satisfied with the reservation life. Their subjugation must be complete, since they point out the haunts of game just across the river and make no attempt to pursue it until the annual leave of absence is officially announced. They displayed a lively interest in the firearms of our party, especially in the new Winchester .33 and automatic .22, and used them with accuracy. The bead work of this branch of the Sioux nation displays excellent design and arrangement of colors; but less of it is made each year. The "tepee Indians," who are on the plains with their stock, apart from the debilitating influence of the trading post, and leading a more natural existence, are the only remaining patrons of the art, who still continue to tan and decorate the buckskin. Some few decorated shirts, etc., were offered for sale; but prices were exorbitant. A resident trader remarked that the only time for obtaining bargains is when the owners are hungry. As our train started eastward a doughty member of the tribe still squatted midst his possessions, consisting of war bonnet, tomahawk, head dress, etc., for which all our bids had been met with a shake of the head. Evidently he wasn't hungry.

LIPPINCOTT.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov 80.

While the young woman was making a hurried toilet upstairs, her father was entertaining her caller. "By the way, Mr. Spoonamore," he asked, "how do you stand on this question of imperialism?" "Why," responded young Spoonamore, "I've always thought it was—er—more becoming to most people than a goatee."—Chicago Tribune.

Down the Old Mississippi.

A YEAR ago last summer I went over a part of the same ground (water) from St. Louis to Cape Girardeau, now being explored by Mr. Spears. But I went on a Mississippi River steamboat.

When moving about the country I like to study faces and then make deductions—usually inaccurate, and as the lawyers would say, "having no foundation in fact."

In due course the supper bell rang and we gathered in the saloon and took such seats as the oily son of Ham obsequiously allotted us.

And as I spread my napkin and tucked it into my lowest vest recess between the buttons, I scanned the assembled guests. My attention was at once arrested by the man seated at the end of the table as well as by the man on his left, for if Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were ever "doubled" in life, certainly here they were, seated cheek by jowl. The waiter bowed and scraped to these two men (why, I never knew, unless the waiter was particularly afflicted in the joints and couldn't help it) in a way that made one suspicious of their great importance, and this lent a glamour of reality to the situation, for would not a colored waiter be justified in kotowing long and low were he waiting upon two such distinguished guests in the flesh?

Neither of them spoke, both Clay and Webster seemingly being weighed down by heavy matters of state. The meal through, Webster gave his high choker and black cravat a settling twist and left for the outer deck, and there paced up and down in measured tread until bed time. Henry Clay went straight to his stateroom. I called my companion's attention to the two men and he agreed with me. When he was a boy, in his school room had hung an engraving, each of Webster and Clay, and they were familiar faces to him. The likeness was certainly striking, and as Webster paced the deck, his heavy head slightly tilted forward until his chin rested upon his chest, we could only conjecture as to what was passing in his mighty brain; and when we retired that night we went to sleep with Clay and Webster in our minds.

The call for breakfast found Webster and Clay in their seats of the night before—more like their namesakes than ever. We watched them closely, and were we believers in reincarnation, we certainly would have had nothing to doubt that the two great men were once more on earth to startle us with their eloquence.

Breakfast over, Henry Clay went to his stateroom, and once more Daniel Webster paced the deck in meditative strides. We made a landing, or, in other words, the boat poked her nose in the mud, and out shot the swinging gang plank, and away the negro stevedores ran on it like ants, each man carrying a 25-pound keg of powder under each arm. My friend watched Daniel Webster as he mixed in with the crowd up forward, who were watching and listening to the singing of the negroes. I was close by, and this is what I heard when my friend, in a neighborly way, to draw Daniel, asked where he might hail from.

"I'm from Milwarky, and I'm bound for Cape Girardeau. I'm a stone mason by trade. Milwarky would be a fine place if it were not for them d——d Dutch. Would you belave it, I am thinking there are 100,000 Dutch in Milwarky. I had some Dutch neighbors, and one morning over comes Mrs. Frankfurter, and said she to me, 'Have ye ere a ham about the house? Would yez be loaning it to me for a short time, as I would like to bile it with my cabbage!' And what do yez thinks of the loikes o' that. And tell me, what would I be doing with that 'ere ham after them Dootch had had it? D—— the Dootch, anyway."

I went behind the pilot house and bracing myself in a corner just simply exploded. And then I thought of Henry Clay. He kept to his stateroom, and I lost all track of him until after I reached the hotel at Girardeau, when at noon I saw him vanishing up the stairs ahead of me. "And who may that be?" I queried of the hotel clerk. Without answering he pointed to a bunch of freshly strewn circulars upon a near-by table. I picked one up and read:

1,000,000 dollars

Thrown Away Annually

in

OLD HATS

Cleaned and repaired and made good as new for 25 cents.

Hats called for and delivered.

And then I could see how I was no nearer to Clay than to Daniel Webster—and yet I had some mental relaxation even if my deductions were somewhat erronenous.

Mr. Spears speaks of the telltale yellow flood marks on the houses far from the banks of the stream. Having been frequently to St. Louis of late, I saw abundance of these marks over in East St. Louis. And they remind me of a story.

A northern tenderfoot wanting to invest in some cottonwood timber in the South, was being shown over a most thriving bunch of trees in the bottoms. They were of gigantic size and showed no peculiarity other than a brown, muddy discoloration of the bark six feet up. The Northerner saw and remarked on this, and the planter met his query so: "You see, my friend, we have down here in this kentry a powerful tall breed of razorback hogs. They run free and wild. They, like all hogs, delight to waller in the mud, and they then rub themselves against the bark of the trees, and there's your mud." The planter told this in preference to stating that "at times" the water was six feet deep where they were standing. CHARLES CRISTADORO.

SCENE—The banks of a Hampshire stream in the grayling season.

Angler (the rise having abruptly ceased)—"I think they're taking a siesta, Thompson."

Keeper—"I dessay they are, sir, but any other fly with a touch o' red in it would do as well."—Punch.

Natural History.

The Natural Language of Animals.

HAVING got through with the Red Gods, and nobody hurt, let us get back to our mutton. One of the interesting topics under discussion just before the literary outbreak among the brethren, was the question whether or not the various cries of animals are an innate or an acquired faculty. My wife has reminded me of a circumstance which seems to have some bearing on the case. Many years ago we had a cat that never uttered any cry. I don't wish to be thought as attempting any pun, but she was perfectly mute, as she never mewed. The kittens she produced mewed all right, but the mother cat never responded to them by any cry. I am sure they never heard any other cat mewing, for there was no other cat about the premises. This seems to me a very strong argument in favor of those who claim this factulty to be inborn.

The cries of animals are a species of natural language. The older grammarians, I remember, taught us that crying, weeping, laughing, etc., were examples of natural language; they were expressive of feeling natural to men, and were understood by all intuitively. The origin of spoken, or artificial language, as it is called, is a large subject, and I do not propose to enter upon it; but I presume that all forms of natural language, including the cries of beasts and birds, are, as the term implies, natural to them, that is, born with them; and the specific cry of any species must be determined by some peculiarities of the vocal organs in that species. For example, a crow croaks and a rooster crows, because by the peculiar structure of their vocal arrangements, they can utter those sounds more readily than any other. Yet, by training and effort, some of the lower creation become able to imitate and reproduce other sounds than those most natural to them, just as the first natural outcries of the infant give way through culture to the myriad utterances of artificial language.

The bawling of a cow and the roar of a lion are quite different sounds, and, as things stand now, the sound uttered by one of these animals would be quite impossible to the other; yet, as I read Darwin, either of these outcries might in time come to be the natural cry of the other. If the two species of animals could be brought to live peacefully together, and to the lion it should become apparent that the voice of the cow would be of great value to him, say in the matter of securing his food, there is no reason to doubt that he might in the course of time, from effort transmitted from generation to generation, come at length to possess the dulcet notes of the cow.

If the giraffe, which was originally only a large antelope, has developed his high forequarters, his elongated neck, and his long, flexible upper lip, from his efforts to browse on the higher branches of the trees; and if the flounder, which when young has its eyes on the opposite sides of its head, as any well-regulated fish would be expected to have, is able through long continued effort to transfer the eye that rests disagreeably on the sands around to the other side of its head, where it may be of some service, there is no telling what varieties or modifications of voice or shape may be wrought in nature in the course of the ages.

But let us have no meandering. A kitten cries out, because in common with nearly all animals, it is furnished with a certain vocal apparatus; and its cry takes the perculiarity of a mew, because that sound best responds to its special vocal apparatus. Hence, and especially in view of the little incident which I have related, I am led to believe that the young of any animal utters the same cry as its mother for the same reason as its mother, and not from imitation. I think a young rooster crows and a young hen cackles, not in imitation of their elders, but, like the poet who "lisped in numbers," because "the numbers came." Imagine if Robinson Crusoe had landed on his solitary island with a good, fresh-laid hen's egg in his pocket, and he had put it to hatch under his pet parrot, the rooster, if such had come forth, would have crowed out lustily of a summer morning, and never would have learned to say "Poor Poll!" in the world.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

The Story of a Metropolitan 'Coon.

I SUPPOSE this 'coon went to sleep when the unusually cold weather came on early this winter, and when the thaw came last week he came out of his sleep and found himself with a keen appetite. How he wandered into the purlieus of a large city like St. Louis is a mystery. At any rate, here he was, in a culvert under one of the streets in Webster Park, a thickly settled suburb, less than two miles from the city limits. About every other man in the park has either a setter, pointer, a collie, or a fox terrier; consequently when Mister Raccoon sallied forth in quest of food he did not get very far before the dogs drove him back to his culvert. But on last Saturday night it was raining and the dogs were not very watchful, and he started out again. He doubtless thought he was going up a branch, but he was only following the tiny streamlet coming from a leaking water plug. It was the most disappointing branch he ever followed up in his life. There was not a sign nor a vestige of food anywhere in sight. It must be that he determined to appeal to humanity at this juncture, for when I came along hurrying from the depot to my home he fairly ran between my legs and almost tripped me up. Now, I was not startled by this in the least, because the cats sometimes come down the road to meet me and do that very thing, and when I stumble I have to be careful not to tramp on them. So I says: "Hello, there, kitty, what are you doing out so late at night?" And then I saw it was too large for a cat; and when it braced up and came toward me again, I thinking of that southwestern pest, the hydrophobic polecat, hauled off and kicked him a mighty hard, and, I regret to say, cruel kick over on to a little circular grass plot, underneath a street light, where I saw that it was a 'coon and a large one. The kick did not seem to have hurt him much, for he came toward me again, this time uttering a conciliatory chuckle, something like the cluck of a hen when eating and scratching for her brood. Oh, the inhumanity of savage man! I grasped a stone and let fly at him, with the savage instinct of the stone age, with the thought of walking up the hill to the house and throwing down a 'coon and saying to the grasping, perhaps even admiring family. "Behold my prowess, my casual on-the-way-from-the-train prowess!"

And then the 'coon climbed up a little silver maple and I began to come to my senses, and to make up my mind that this was a tame 'coon, or, at least, a very hungry 'coon, and that the confidence it had reposed in me had been cruelly abused. So I betook myself to my dinner, after which I returned to the tree, but he was no longer there. The next morning I went there again with my pointer, who promptly took the trail from that tree to another one, which she examined as far up as she could reach, and thence to the culvert, where she pointed. When she had satisfied herself and me that the 'coon was in there, I called her off. And last night, as soon as it was dark, I took a lantern and a piece of raw meat and repaired to the culvert, and before I got there I heard the dogs. They proved to be two collies and a fox terrier, barking, at a respectful distance from an apple tree. And up there sat Mister 'Coon, apparently none the worse for my onslaught of the night before. When he saw me he came down to the forks of the tree, whereupon I reached up and gave him the meat, and oh, but he was glad to get it!

I stepped over to a neighbor's, and their men and boy folks came down and watched him eat. The lady of the house also telephoned to the other boy, who failed to find it on the previous night, and he, too, came. If he comes out to-night these boys will feed him well, and doubtless catch him and give him a home. He is a fine specimen, and made a brave showing up there on the sloping limb, pulling and tearing at the meat, and stopping now and again to regard us.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

P. S.—I had planned to call this story A Municipal Raccoon and to sign it George Jones-Kennedy, being particular about the hyphen; but when I reflected that when the 'coon was lightly caressed upon his cold, black nose, he didn't seem to mind it any, treating it, as it was intended, as a caress; but when his tail was touched he quickly resented it, my natural integrity prevailed upon me to change the title to that of An Ethical 'Coon. For it is plain that he knows the *genus homo*, especially the small *homo*, being able to distinguish between the ethical significance of the two caresses. He must, therefore, have been a tame 'coon.

P. P. S.—Two boys called yesterday, anyway, who had heard that I had their 'coon.

Horse Sense.

Editor Forest and Stream:

First in order comes congratulations for the beautiful Christmas number. The reading matter was instructive to a high degree, and the illustrations neatly framed would grace the walls of any parlor to good advantage. All in all, it was unquestionably the best Christmas number of FOREST AND STREAM I have ever seen.

It seems a peculiar coincidence that just as I had in mind a story of horse intelligence to communicate, along comes Mr. Emerson Carney with something practically in the same line. The horse I will tell of did not "back-trail," but trailed ahead instead. And in so doing unconsciously secured a contract to a certain company, for which a rival company was contesting. A Mr. Phelan, of Whitneyville, Conn., told me the story, and it runs like this, in his own words, as near as I remember:

"I was foreman of a construction company's gang, out in New York State. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad was being constructed at the time, and our company and another company had put in the same bid on work. The result was that I was awakened at 2 A. M. one morning, and told that I must get my gang together immediately, and hurry them off to a point a number of miles away. There was a race on between us and the rival company. As our bids were the same, the railroad company decided that the first one to begin work would be the winner.

"Finally, we were off. We had a guide, and as there was nothing to do but follow him at the best speed possible, I jogged along in the rear of the gang, on the back of an old gray horse. The rest were in wagons or mounted. The morning was very dark, and I admit that I, above all others, should have kept close up with the party. But I, somehow, allowed myself to lag in the rear, trusting to the noise of the others for a guide. Then I wanted to smoke, filled my pipe and found that I had no matches. An early rising farmer at a house close to the road supplied me with matches, but he was so long in doing it that when I started on my way again I could neither see nor hear my men. I hurried the old horse along at his best speed, stopping now and then to listen, but to no purpose. I was in a predicament indeed. I must be with those men when they reached their destination to tell them what to do. The other company was undoubtedly rushing men for the same points, and the first to begin work would get the contract.

"To make a bad matter worse, I finally came to branching roads. Dismounting I lighted matches, but each road seemed equally tracked up, and for the life of me I knew not what to do. Filled with worry and disgust, I started for one of the roads, but, strange enough, my horse persisted in taking the other. Finally I decided to let him have his way, and he started off faster than ever.

"To cut a long story short, that old horse followed the twistings and turnings of that road for miles, and even cut into another road that crossed it. Then we came to a town, and I had about made up my mind we were hopelessly lost. The dawn was breaking

when the horse dashed round a corner on to a street which led out of the town. My heart gave a great bound of joy, for there in the distance was the track, and there was my gang lined up along it waiting for orders. Not only was the contract saved, but my hide as well. The old horse saved the day, and to him alone was all the credit due."

I am keeping a little, old, black mare at this very day for the good she has done in years gone by. She has hauled my carriage many a time through the darkest and stormiest of nights, over the roughest and narrowest of country roads, when I couldn't, for the life of me, see two feet in front of my face. And at such times she always picked the way, as I soon learned that she knew the road best. And never an accident did we meet. I have another mare full of fire and life, the best roadster I ever drove; she is perfectly fearless and I trust her on the darkest of nights to pick her way home, and she does it.

I once had a young man on a farm I leased. He was good to draw his pay, but strenuously poor to earn it. But that was my fault for allowing it. He of the horses into town, attached to a surrey, to bring it back again at night. Sometimes I would drive one of the horses into town, attached to a surrey, to bring home company. If the horse happened to be one that the young man drove regularly, it would steer my company and me for every "red-eye" dispensary along our route. This would necessitate awkward explanations on my part, and insane hilarity on the part of my company.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 13—Emerson Carney, in FOREST AND STREAM, calls attention to the back-tracking faculty or sense of locality in horses. Any man who has traveled much horseback must have observed the same. Some twenty-eight years ago I had occasion to attend to some business for my uncle in Flanders. My favorite saddle horse was Old Brigand, a three-fourths thoroughbred English hunter, gentle, high spirited, sagacious, and very intelligent. Coming home, late in the evening, for I had tarried later with my friends than was good for me, I reached a six-legged crossroads called Nellekens Keer (Witch's Corner), where, in the Dark Ages, a poor old woman had been burned alive as a witch and a stake driven through her body. It was pitch dark, and in a deep, dense forest of small pole pines; one of the worst places to get lost in, as they all look alike. I forced my horse to go in what I thought was the way home. After riding over an hour and seeing no known landmarks I knew I was good and lost. I knew Brigand had been there six or seven years before, and I turned him loose and let him have his own way. Coming to the crossroads, without hesitation he took a road which I imagined would carry us in an entirely different direction than home, but still I had sense enough to trust my old friend, and we had not traveled an hour when I recognized familiar landmarks, and putting him on a brisk lope we were soon home, he in his stable with a good feed, and I in bed, where I should have been long before.

My maternal over grandfather, van der Meerschaut, had a little Cossack horse captured from the Russian invaders in 1814. The old gentleman was lame in one leg, as the result of a hunting accident, but withal a good horseman when once in the saddle. When out on his trips in the country on business and coming home at night he would frequently fall asleep in his commodious Cosack saddle. The horse would make a bee-line for home, at an easy but swift pace. Arriving there it would rap on the front door with its foot until the watchman would open the porch and take the old gentleman out of the saddle. My grandmother told me this happened almost every week. Horse and master understood each other. Not being able to walk very well, he would hunt from horseback, the horse following the setters and coming to a standstill when one of them was on a point; the old gentleman guiding him entirely by pressure of the knees and voice, and having both hands free for his fowling piece. The horse died of old age on the place, as most of our servants. Peace to his ashes.

JULIUS P. THE FOXHUNTER.

A Winter Day's Walk.

AFTER a week of unusually sharp weather, the Saturday before Christmas the mercury climbed above the freezing point, and during the night rain fell.

Sunday morning the landscape was covered with an icy coat of mail, with rain still falling.

About 11 o'clock I started for a walk in the fields and woods to gather evergreen to brighten the home during the Christmas season.

Rain was falling in sheets, and a strong south wind howled so fiercely that timid ones remained under shelter.

My path led along a country road which runs north and south, and my face was against the storm. I wonder if others feel the joy I experience in defying the elements?

Everyone enjoys a trip afield in the pleasant days of the year, when the sun is warm, the breeze caressing, the flowers are in bloom, and birds singing; but few know the pleasures of a walk when afield and roads are muddy and overflowing, streams border the highways, and the rain falls in a pitiless, drenching torrent.

Along the walls on the northern sides are baby snow banks, which, with the earth's icy coating, are fast disappearing under the influence of the warm south wind.

Have you ever noticed the winter coloring of the trees? On the right are a multitude of young birches with brown jackets, with here and there white trunks among the larger ones. The near-by pines and hemlocks are green, while the hard woods, chestnuts and oaks, and distant pines are dressed in black.

On the left in a swamp are dark alders and slimy green laurels.

The citizens of the woods seem to have remained under their various shelters, save here and there a hardy sparrow, braving the storm that he may appease his never-failing hunger.

And I am glad of his companionship as he flies from place to place gathering here and there a seed or so.

As I enter the woods that ever-vigilant policeman of the birds, the jay, announces with a sharp scream the presence of an intruder.

In the woods a thin carpet of snow covers the earth, a fabric of ever-varying pattern. Adder's tongue and bunchberry show themselves on a white ground, and at last I come to the evergreen running along over rocks and stumps, a luxuriant growth of vine, in other places standing erect, like diminutive Christmas trees. Under the pines are partridge vines, their bright red berries contrasting strangely with their own green leaves. Mosses at the base of great trees are green as in summer.

With hands and pockets filled with evergreen, mosses, and lichens, I start homeward.

What cares one for wet and mud? Have I not worshipped in Nature's Temple?

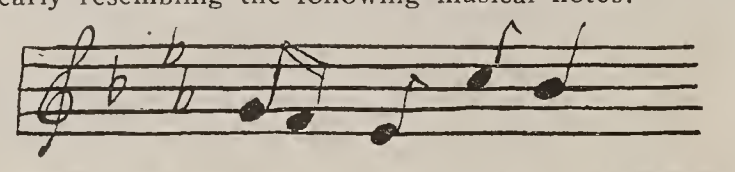
And long after clothes are dried and mud brushed away will thoughts of this day's walk to the end of memory remain "ever green." H.

WORCESTER, Dec. 20.

The Meadow Lark's Song.

WE reprint from last week's issue the portion of the notes by M. of Northside on the song of the meadow lark, with the musical notation which was then omitted:

So far from being songless, the meadow lark has several melodious notes of varying accent and pitch. In spring time, when his mate is nesting, he will sit upon the top of a tree and will utter the flute-like strains nearly resembling the following musical notes:



These notes he will vary in intonations, and by descending to a lower key. How often from childhood have I watched him in the early morning or after a shower when the sun would come out, perched on the top of a distant tree, with his yellow breast, in which was a black spot, turned toward me, while he would sing his simple but sweet lay!

In that pleasing and well written book, "Bird Neighbors," this lark is spoken of in the following language: "Their clear whistle, *'Spring-o'-the-year, Spring-o'-the-year,'* rings out from the trees with varying intonation and accent, but always sweet and inspiring."

Ruffed Grouse in Captivity.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A good many years ago—I am afraid to think how many—the writer undertook a series of experiments in the domestication of the ruffed grouse. The results of my various efforts were duly chronicled in the FOREST AND STREAM, some of whose readers will remember that while they were promising they were not favorably conclusive.

A change in the location of my residence in this city has made it possible to continue these experiments, which still enlist my interest and my affections. It has always seemed to me that during the three or four years of my study along this line, I learned enough about the nature and habits of this grand aborigine to make these efforts ultimately successful. And under the circumstances I come to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM to ask their co-operation. If any of the readers of our paper has an odd bird in captivity, or knows of any which could be procured for this purpose, I should be under many obligations if he will communicate with me. It is probably now too late to expect recently captured birds to nest the coming spring, but it is not too early to begin preparations for the spring of 1905. J. B. BATTELLE.

Gurdon Trumbull.

ART, science, and good sportsmanship have suffered a severe loss in the death of Gurdon Trumbull, of Hartford, Conn., whose demise December 28 affects an unusually wide circle of friends. Mr. Trumbull was best known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM for his "Names and Portraits of Birds Which Interest Gunners," a volume which represented a vast deal of travel, observation and toil, and which had a great and deserved success. All ornithologists will recall his notable paper on the "American Woodcock," which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM December 11, 1890, and which contained the first record of a bird's power to curve the upper mandible.

Mr. Trumbull was born in Stonington, Conn., on May 5, 1841, and was a brother of J. Hammond Trumbull, the eminent philologist, and of H. Clay Trumbull, so well known as a writer. He was an artist of much power, and made many notable paintings of fish, among which were "Over the Fall," "A Plunge for Life," and "A Critical Moment."

Mr. Trumbull's personality was most attractive. Though quiet and almost shrinking in temperament, yet to those who knew him well he was a most interesting conversationalist on his favorite topic, ornithology. He was a keen observer and an acute reasoner, and one never talked with him without learning some new fact in natural history.

Mr. Trumbull was one of the most valued citizens of the community in which he resided. The sense of his loss will long be felt by his neighbors, and by all those who have been in any way associated with him in scientific work.

All communications for Forest and Stream must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Game Bag and Gun.

All commounications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

As it is in Tennessee.

WHAT hunter does not know of the rise in pulse on a bright Thanksgiving morning?

Those of my three friends and mine, however, began to quicken on Wednesday afternoon as we hastily left our offices at three o'clock (slipping out the back door with sly tugs at our dogs, whose joyous squeaks did not fail to proclaim our ulterior designs). We had to prepare for a drive of twenty-four miles, and, as usual about this time, the first touch of winter had come, and dark clouds were gathering, and a sharp wind was blowing from the north. By four o'clock our surrey was at the door and several hunting friends stood by eyeing us enviously, inquiring of our "place," and letting fall significant hints for joining our party next day. These we ignored with glittering generalities and clattered off down Market street like true lords of the chase.

The drive of twenty-four miles on a road like the Nolensville pike was not such a bad thing, as this is the best of Nashville's fine system of free roads. The south of France, which leads the world in good roads, has scarcely better thoroughfares than we have here in Davidson county. The north wind was at our backs, and so the three hours we spent on the way were passed in comparative comfort.

The farmhouse where we were entertained was a model of its kind; roomy and rambling, its generous proportions were enjoyed at every hand, and no more so than in the great fireplace. This was built after the old-fashioned models where logs were logs and where men were men to handle them. The one which was glowing and crackling and singing its paradoxical song of content as we came in must have been put in place by some such man, for it made an armful and must have burned all night.

Then came supper, which must needs be cooked fresh for us as the supper time had passed. Here hot biscuits, ham and sausage and gravy (that relic of the old time), and jam, jelly, and preserves were lavished on us in such profusion that indigestion hovered on every plate and went with us to our big comfortable rooms, where wood fires also burned. Our valiant dreams were only broken by cock crowing, and this pleasant sound seemed to crown our impression of the country and we rolled out of our feathered nest very blithely. "How's the weather, Willie T," we asked our host. "Bright and clear," and then our spirits rose to the eighteen degrees above zero which the thermometer registered. The smoking things at breakfast, the chaff and chatter and the high anticipations of the day warmed us to the frosty start through the meadow to the upland pasture, where two coveys of quail were known to use. Our three dogs soon got the trail and led us to a brush pile surrounded by sedge. Here they got up in singles and in the hurry of this first brush I somehow managed to "wipe the eye" of Jimmie, who shot too quick. This he did not forgive until late in the afternoon, when he did the same thing to me. These coveys were small and wild, and I believe we only got four birds.

Next we went by the schoolhouse to get some educated quail which our small boy (they are always along and always have marvelous things to tell) assured us awaited our coming. But our young gentleman had made no calculation for holidays, and the birds evidently had, and so we left them to enjoy in peace their Thanksgiving feast of ragweed and sorghum seed on some sunny southern hillside.

Next came the question of permits, and we stopped at the village store to add a few more names to our written permission to hunt. The later law of Tennessee is an interesting innovation in the South, and is already doing more good than any game law this section has ever known. Other Southern States are quite apt to follow us, and it would seem that our heretofore plentiful supply of game will be continued and increased. One great result obtained is the education of the public as to obeying laws in general. There are many others besides those relating to game protection which have long been dead. This one has become a very live one, indeed, as evidenced by the great number of convictions since the season opened on November 1.

One of the most telling provisions of the law makes it finable to hunt on anyone's land except by written permission. The fine is placed at $25 as a minimum, and the game warden reporting the hunter gets one-half of this amount. Another provision prohibits the sale of game birds or shipping them through or into the State. Written permits are therefore very much to be desired, and the one we looked after as closely as our cartridge bag read something like this: "We, the undersigned landowners of Davidson county, Tennessee, hereby grant permission to ——— and friends to hunt on our lands during the season of 1903-4." A good number of signatures had already been obtained, but two new ones were added as we sat for a few moments around the social store stove. One man not only signed but agreed to go with us and point out the coveys. This we thought very unselfish until we heard him speak of his fine young dog, which needed just a little more experience to make him a prize winner. We had seen such promising pups before, and always associated with visions of flushed coveys and bad language. However, there was no help for it, and his sprightly novice always got there before the rest of the dogs and realized our worst fears, racing after the flying targets, yelping out his glee at having done the thing just right. "The great trouble," his owner explained, "is in keeping up with him." Amid smothered execrations we agreed that this was the point where we had failed of our duty. The quail were so rattled that

they took to the cedar trees, and I am impelled to record my suspicion as a truthful chronicler that some of these unfortunate birds met their death as they decorated the topmost twigs of this cedar grove.

Our exasperation must be put forth in excuse of this, and also in palliation for the man who immediately began to shoot rabbits.

However, our accommodating friend soon left us, as he explained he had had the colic the night before, and his wife had objected to his coming in the first place.

These excellent reasons we could not gainsay, although our regrets were expressed in a genuine and heartfelt manner.

Two of the coveys which had been so enthusiastically pointed out to us by our friend's dog hied away to forbidden land, and so our juvenile camp follower was dispatched with our humble petition for signature. After a long time, giving the birds ample time to hunt brush piles and wander off into the adjoining woods, our ambassador returned with hands and pockets and mouth full of hickory nuts. Although accepting the hospitality of the foreign power, it did not seem to have availed him, for he grinningly returned our permit, saying: "She wouldn't sign, but said you could hunt all you wanted." Her husband was absent, and catch a woman signing anything without consulting her lord if you can!

Next Willie was sent with powers plenipotentiary to subdue the most obdurate man of the community, while the rest of us hid behind a brier thicket lest our numbers handicap him. "No, sir, I said no living man could hunt on my land this year." "I quite agree with you," replied mild Willie, and this acquiescence on every point was so adroitly maneuvered that he brought away the coveted name.

We climbed the fence promptly and found without delay two fine coveys, on which both dogs and men did good work. This was lunch time, but no time for it, and we ate our "snacks" in the full acceptance of this word. Our camp follower had been kept so busy throwing at rabbits—after getting over his hickory nut feast he kept his hands full for this purpose—that he said he wasn't hungry, but we divided our limited supply of sausages and biscuits with him and he ate without complaint.

The last field we touched was a beauty for birds, if there ever was one, a hundred acres of black cover and as level as could be. We got up two large coveys and shot until four o'clock, when every one seemed to have enough, and we wandered home, the sun hanging very softly on the wooded knobs to the west, and the fierce and bitter wind which had been blowing all day lulling as it began to touch the quiet face of the night. M.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 1.

Grouse and Woodcock Supply.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In those sections of Monroe and Pike counties, Pennsylvania, with which I am familiar, the past season was the worst for grouse I have known. I cannot remember when it was so poor nor pretend to give the real reason, but you might travel for hours through the country there and not find a single bird. Last year I counted in one day's trip in early November more than a score of birds; how many I shot "is another story." This year, probably a little later, a half a dozen would be many; the greatest number in one day would be about six, not more, and it is likely some were counted twice.

Some of the local wise ones think the wet season had something to do with the scarcity; others lay the blame on the fox and other vermin. There is no doubt there are many vicissitudes attend the bringing up of a family of grouse, from the time the egg is laid until the young is ready for flight. Snakes and four-footed beasts esteem the egg a delicate morsel, and the young bird and old ones, too, are often victim to their feathered brethren. I have often seen where there has been a conflict between a grouse and some bird or animal, the feathers of the grouse leaving no doubt of its fate.

In the section mentioned I do not think a close season entirely for a few years would make much difference in changing conditions; the birds never have been plentiful within my knowledge within the last twelve years. I attribute this more to food conditions and fires than anything else. There are few if any beech in this section, and I am told that in the beech woods the birds are more plentiful even this season. I have not verified it, but it is probable, as after November 10 I have found little in their crops but small buds, ferns, green leaves, and wintergreen berries. Some birds are left for seed, however, and we hope for a favorable season in 1904.

JAS. BARRETT.

GARDINER, Maine.—So much is being said and written about scarcity of the ruffed grouse—locally known as partridge—that a word upon the brighter side of the subject may be of interest.

From a hunter's point of view, I do not know how many birds it requires to be called "plenty," but from an ornithologist's standpoint the outlook is improving in this district. The writer has been interested in outdoor study from childhood, and in the tramps through forest and field has never flushed so many birds as during the last season.

At Cobbosseecontee Lake, easily reached by electric cars, and lined with summer cottages, only a short walk into the deep woods flushed a mother bird and her family. The only weapon carried was a camera, so no harm was done the chicks; nothing was bagged in any sense of the word, for the baby ruffed grouse refused to have their picture taken. In this case the mother bird ran a short distance before breaking cover. The trees were oaks and the ground covered with old leaves; brakes and ferns sheltered the leaves, making an ideal spot in which a partridge family could hide.

One afternoon two families were discovered in the vicinity of Rolling Dam Brook; this is some eight or ten miles from the lakes, showing the bird to be well distributed. The place was an old wood lot; both birds burst with a whir-r from the cover of raspberry bushes without a warning rustle. One circled back on silent wing to her family after the intruder had apparently departed; the other came stealing through the tangle, dodging and slipping along among the shadows; the observer, meanwhile, lying in a hollow, covered with brakes and branches, watching her through an opera glass.

In years past one could walk for miles with never a whir of wings; this season almost every short walk into the woods has been rewarded with the blood-stirring rush of the ruffed grouse. The fact that the camera was not quick enough to obtain a picture was not the fault of the bird; she was there, well dressed and in picturesque surroundings.

The work that the teachers of the public schools are doing will protect the game birds and all wild life more than any game law ever formulated. The numerous nature books in the public libraries are also a help. The writer realized the important results of such teaching upon hearing a little fellow of ten years remark, while gathering wild flowers, "Don't pick them all, leave some for seed."

Game greed and collectors' selfishness will be reached in this way for the future generation; meanwhile, let the game laws go on to restrict the present generation of thoughtless people. W. S. A.

EASTON, Md., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent number sportsmen in different parts of the country were asked to report on the movements of woodcock in their section. The Easton Ledger records that Lewis Booker and William Seward, Queen Anne's, bagged 58 woodcock in two hours in each of two days in a famous woodcock ground in the adjoining county. No date is given, but I have reason to think that the shooting was done within the last ten days, probably just before this cold snap. A neighbor of ours also told me that he bagged five one day last week in a pine woods close by.

Our partridge season is somewhat disappointing; birds seem rather scarce, although there seemed to be numbers of them around during the summer and early fall, judging from their whistling, and seeing the old birds while driving around the country.

The prospect for ducks is likewise very poor; they are scarcer than I have ever known them at this season; lack of feed is no doubt the principal reason, as the duck grass in these waters has almost entirely disappeared.

WHEATLAND.

SAYRE, Pa.—Ere this is printed the season for ruffed grouse, woodcock, quail, squirrels and rabbits will have closed, and it reveals the fact that so far as northern Pennsylvania is concerned the supply of ruffed grouse has been quite up to the average of former years. If anything, more woodcock were bagged than during the season of 1902. Quail were about a normal crop, which means, of course, that a few birds could be taken in favorite localities and under proper conditions. Rabbits have been plentiful everywhere, fully up to the average of any previous year. M. CHILL.

New Hampshire Deer.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Dec. 25.—The open season on deer in this State closed with November. From what I hear a much less number were killed than in 1902. There were two reasons. First, there were hardly any days when there was any chance for still-hunting. I was one of a party of four from this vicinity who went to Rumney, New Hampshire, on November 14 and remained twelve days. At first there were several inches of very dry leaves in the woods. On the third morning some five inches of snow fell and then turned to rain and then cold. The result was the noisiest traveling I ever had. Every step sounded like putting one's foot through a pane of glass. It is discouraging waiting for better hunting with such a foundation; eight inches or so of fresh soft snow is needed. Hunting deer among the mountains of New Hampshire north of Plymouth is pretty hard work, and with a foot or so of snow it is harder still. During the night deer would come into the opening near our camp, but by daybreak they were usually well back on the mountain. On the last day of our stay came the only chance to hunt, and it was not very good. Several inches of sticky snow fell during the previous night, and every bough was loaded, and in small spruce growth one could not see twenty yards. A neighbor who was camping near us took the track of a large buck at daylight on that morning. He followed that deer for seven hours before finding where it stopped. He killed and dragged it out, reaching camp about dark. The buck weighed, dressed, 170 pounds. It may seem easy to drag any sort of a deer several miles in that region, but those who have tried it do not think so.

Another reason for the killing of less deer was on account of the season closing with November instead of December 15, as previously. I asked the chairman of our Fish and Game Commission why it had been done. He said too many deer were killed last year during the fifteen days in December. Now, none of these deer were killed other than by still-hunting. There was not snow enough with a crust for any crust-hunting. In fact, not once in a lifetime will there be such a snow in December. If two months is considered long enough, give us from October 15 to December 15. I think the majority of deer hunters in New Hampshire would prefer the above time. We cannot all hunt in Corbin's Park.

Now there is another question about deer. It is within recent years that they have appeared in the lower parts of this State. They are doing well and increasing. I can find tracks almost any morning within half a mile of my house. When these deer first began to appear I, with others, favored their protection at all times. Many of us have changed our minds, and we now regard these deer as a nuisance. They are demoralizing fox, 'coon and rabbit dogs. An owner of a promising young dog of the above sort is very likely when out hunting to jump a deer. Very often his dog will chase the deer, and having done so once will again, and he cannot be broken, any more than can a dog which has once chased sheep. Another objection is that this and similar localities are no places to hunt deer—there are too many roads criscrossing the country, too many houses, and too many domestic cattle wandering about in back pastures late in the fall. With an open season so many deer hunters would be cruising about that bullets would fly across the roads and into dooryards. In the town of Hebron, at upper end of New Found Lake (where there is an open season), the farmers and landowners have formed a league, posting their lands against all out-of-town hunters. The cause, too many cattle killed and too many bullets flying about.

Now, I hear a good many farmers in this vicinity expressing the wish for the deer to go, and the only way seems to be to kill them. The deer are certainly ornamental, and that is about all.

As for grouse, I never knew them so scarce as the past season. Since the season closed I have (when out after foxes) started a few birds. With a first-rate breeding season next spring they may increase somewhat, but it will take a number of seasons for them to get back to their numbers of two or three years ago.

C. M. STARK.

Imported Game in New Jersey.

MR. CHARLES A. SHRINER writes in the Paterson N. J., Chronicle:

The arrival of the snow, which is about 15 inches thick over most of the northern part of New Jersey, has temporarily, at least, put a stop to the sport of local gunners, who, for some years, have indulged in shooting English pheasants in Warren county. The latter county is about the only place in the State where good shooting of English pheasants can be had. This is due to the existence there of extensive game preserves, there being three farms owned respectively by Rutherford Stuyvesant, William K. Vanderbilt and Winthrop Rutherford. These three own several thousand acres of land lying near Allamuchy and Tranquility, and the preserve thus created takes its name from the last mentioned postoffice. English pheasants are raised there by the thousands, there being also regular importations from Europe, but all the gunning there is done without a dog. When a shoot is arranged the gunners place themselves in position, and men and boys beat the surrounding bush and brush, driving the birds into the opening in front of the gunners. Two and three hundred birds are thus killed in an afternoon. The preserve also has a deer and elk park, where these animals are permitted to roam about, the fence about the park being 8 feet high and over 8 miles long.

In addition to the sport of gunning for deer, elk and English pheasants, the owners of the preserves have established wild duck shooting. The wild duck which permits itself to be used for such purposes, is brought here from Ireland, and this year was the first when they were permitted to be shot. These ducks do not migrate, but will remain in the neighborhood of the pond on which they are placed. The imported birds multiplied rapidly, and several shoots were held during the present year, and at each of these shoots several hundred birds were killed. The birds have the peculiar trait of answering the toot of a horn. When a shoot is arranged men with horns are placed at each extremity of the pond on the preserve. One set of men begins tooting, and the birds all fly in that direction, affording the gunners a chance as the birds fly over the water. Then the birds fly back to the toot of the gunners from the other side, and the killing continues until the sport is declared at an end. Although the owners of the preserves raise fancy collies and fox terriers, no bird dog is ever permitted on the preserves, this being done in order that the birds may remain undisturbed.

Several local sportsmen some years ago took advantage of this state of affairs to provide sport for themselves at the expense of those annoyed with more wealth, for the local sportsmen leased the gunning privilege on the adjoining farms. On account of the locality where the gunning is done, the local sportsmen are frequently referred to as the Allamuchy poachers. Of course the Paterson sportsmen hunt the birds after the American fashion, and the birds are just uncertain enough to afford good sport. They rise slowly from the ground, but if the gunner gives them much of a chance the probabilities are that the bird will get back to the preserves, for they invariably fly that way when disturbed, and they can carry more lead than any other bird of their size. Although the birds show a preference for marsh and bog, they are frequently found in the open fields and that during the stormy weather and under cover when the weather is fair. There is no telling where they may be found.

The birds frequently act in a most perplexing manner to the best bred and trained dogs. The latter are accustomed to quail and partridges, which almost invariably rise at the approach of the gunner. The English birds frequently run, and when they do run they get over ground more rapidly than does a startled hare. They lie to a dog and frequently very close, and the dog scenting the game is certain there is a bird where he points, only to be fooled, for while the dog is pointing the bird is running away and may frequently be seen a quarter of a mile or more from where the dog pointed.

But there is one dog in Paterson which cannot be fooled by any such antics, for, as the saying is, he is on to the game. That dog is the joint property of former Alderman William W. Stalter and Dr. William H. Pruden. The name of the dog is Trix, and he is a knowing cuss. He evidently delights more in the sport than do his owners and he has not a bit of conscience left; whether this is due to his natural depravity or his associations is not known, but he will resort to the meanest kind of tricks to bring birds within reach of his masters' guns. To show how knowing and careful the dog is, a little incident may be cited; the incident occurred recently, at least so Dr. Pruden says, and that is just as good as if it had occurred, for Dr. Pruden never told a fib in his life. Trix was at Mr. Stalter's house when another dog was taken in; Trix became huffy at this encroachment on his territory, and at once started out for Dr. Pruden's residence, about two miles away. The doctor took Trix down town with him and was very much surprised when Trix came to a decided stand near the Call

office. The dog was pointing at an envelope which lay in the gutter. Dr. Pruden could not call him off his point, and so concluded that there must be a pheasant's feather in the envelope. He picked up the envelope, and on the part turned toward the ground there was a picture of an English pheasant; the envelope had contained a letter from a sporting goods house addressed to the sporting editor of the Call. When Trix dies his hide is to be stuffed, and he will be placed in the Hall of Fame for dogs alongside the 'coon dog who pointed a locomotive and train of cars, because the conductor's name was Coon, and the dog who pointed a large pickerel in a stream because the pickerel had just dined by swallowing a quail.

Mr. Joseph Rydings, in another column in his own inimitable manner, tells of his perplexity at the receipt of a pair of pheasants, and a number of residents of Paterson will recognize his state of mind as similar to their own under similar circumstances, for the Allamuchy poachers have made presents of pheasants to their numerous friends in Paterson. The general verdict of the representatives of the feminine persuasion in each family is that the birds are too pretty altogether to be killed, and that eating them ought to be out of the question, if for no other reason than to discourage the killing of the birds. The compromise effected by Mr. Rydings has taken place in a number of families in Paterson, and a good many English pheasants are to be found mounted in residences in this city. The result of Mr. Rydings' deliberation also indicates that although he has lived in Paterson a good many years, he has not yet become imbued with the thorough American way of making the best of things, for in most instances where Patersonians had the birds mounted, they took them to the taxidermist's and then insisted on a return of the edible part of the bird, leaving the skin and feathers to be fixed up, both for the delectation of others and a reminder of a good meal.

There are different ways of cooking the birds, but the one most prevailing is to split them open like a spring chicken and broil them. Other people prefer them roasted; in fact, they may be cooked any of the many ways in which chickens are prepared for the table. One favorite way with some people is to stuff them full of oysters, boil them and then eat them cold.

A peculiar fact in connection with English pheasants and of other pheasants of Asiatic origin, is that they will breed in this country, the hen taking care of chicks very much like a chicken. In Europe they are generally raised by the eggs being placed under ordinary barn yard fowl, the pheasants in Europe, as a rule, declining to either hatch out a brood or to take care of them when they are hatched. Science has not as yet accounted for this anomaly.

There are three kinds of Asiatic pheasants in this country. There are a number of different varieties kept in aviaries and parks, but only three have been used for the purposes of the sportsman. The most numerous is the Mongolian bird which was imported into this country direct from Asia and which has become very numerous in the western part of this country. The Mongolian birds are great travelers and are frequently found fifty miles from the place where they were put out only a short time before. The ring-necked pheasant is the ideal bird, for it does not travel far from the locality where it is put out; it takes good care of its young and is a very hard flyer. The English bird comes to us from England and is more of a domestic nature, although it also frequently strays a good distance from its home. How the English bird got to England is a mystery, for it is indigenous only in Colchis, Asia. The general supposition is that it was brought to Rome and from thence to the British Isles during the invasion of Julius Cæsar.

More Letter Writing by Main Strength.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE FISH AND GAME COMMISSION.—Lancaster, N. H., Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw in one of your issues a letter from Mr. Carleton, of Maine, saying that the letters which he received and the questions which were asked relative to the hunter's license law were somewhat confusing as well as ludicrous.

I inclose one which I received from one of the citizens of this State, which you are at liberty to publish if you see fit.

BERLIN, N. H., Oct. 2, 1903.—Der sur—i ame Writing you a few Words to Have a kunctian satle i ame a citizen of this State i was alate as dalagate to the conncitian and consuetian last fall But i was miride to a wadow and she Had one Sun and of cose he is not a citizen and He lake to Hunt and he been to a layer and the layer tell him the Word citizen dont mine a voter So i Would lake fur to have the quectian daside so i taught you he the proper man to ansur it i Enclose a postamp to have a ansur if you thing it right Hoprin to Hie from you i Remain your truly, ——————."

The translation of this letter follows:

"I am writing you a few words to have a question settled. I am a citizen of this State. I was elected as delegate to the constitutional convention last fall. But I was married to a widow and she had one son and of course he is not a citizen; and he likes to hunt, and he has been to a lawyer and the lawyer told him that the word 'citizen' doesn't mean a voter. So I would like to have the question decided, and I thought you the proper man to answer it. I inclose a postage stamp for an answer, if you think it proper. Hoping to hear from you, I remain, etc."

This is the worst one I received, but many of them were very ludicrous. MERRILL SHURTLEFF.

Maryland Quail.

FREDERICK, Md.—In Frederick county quail are very scarce, and most of them are very small. This is thought to be caused by the floods in Frederick county, as the first hatchings are thought to have been washed away by the floods, and the small ones are of the second hatchings. Rabbits are very plentiful, as great numbers of them are being killed. J. B.

Vermont Game Interest.

BARRE, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Stanstead, under the above heading in the FOREST AND STREAM of November 28, suggested a law for the better protection of deer which to me seems to be heaping "fuel on the burning fire." That a sixty day open season would reduce the number of deer killed is hardly probable. It is true the ten-day open season was made a gala occasion, for the hills were covered with all kinds of hunters in pursuit of deer. However, if the present law were strictly adhered to the deer supply would greatly increase. Wanton slaughter of does was reported from nearly every county, but the evidence to convict was lacking.

What Vermont needs is better enforced laws. The warden system is weak in every joint. The appointing of wardens by the selectmen of towns is a farce. What is needed is State wardens that will work in sections of the State most needed for the protection of game, and men who are fearless and above reproach to fill the position. That we shall need the protection of a non-resident license law there is no doubt, for with New Hampshire and Maine now both having license laws many hunters are coming to Vermont in preference to visiting the States referred to.

I visited with many deer hunters during the open ten days, and it is a lamentable fact that the majority of hunters kill their deer, then investigate for horns. I saw four deer, two hanging in public view; one had to make close examination to find their horns. To be sure, they were bucks. What hunter could have told until shot.

I venture to say, under our present warden system, eight out of ten of the complaints or arrests for breaking our game laws are to even up some old score.

Our game laws are ignored by many in this vicinity, streams are depleted of trout of all lengths, song birds are shot and netted without stint. Send a State warden to this or any other locality where poachers abound, make a few arrests and convictions, and you will curb these lawless acts.

In conclusion, I do not believe deer should be offered for sale. There are many who hunt for the profit to be gained in selling their deer; twenty dollars is quite a speck for the "lawless fellows" referred to by Stanstead. B. A. E.

Mayor Bergman Clears his Record.

CEDARVILLE, Ill., Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing the article, "Illicit Wisconsin Deer Shipments" in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, and believing that the gentlemen from Illinois should not be convicted of unsportsmanlike conduct before being given a chance to persent their evidence, I inclose clipping from the Freeport Bulletin of December 3. WM. REINIGER.

Hon. A. Bergman, former Mayor of Freeport, refuses to rest easy under the imputation of the Chicago and Milwaukee papers that he was concerned in a violation of the Wisconsin game laws. He has sworn to the following sweeping affidavit:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, }
County of Stephenson. } ss

August Bergman, being duly sworn, on his oath, doth depose and say regarding the statements published in the Chicago and Milwaukee papers referring to his recent hunting trip in Wisconsin, that he had no trunk, gun or other property confiscated by any game warden or by any other person; that he paid $25 for his non-resident hunter's license, the same being dated Nov. 6, 1903, and numbered 241, as will appear from the records at Madison, Wis., and that he has in no way violated the game laws of the State of Wisconsin. A. BERGMAN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of November, 1903. W. N. CRONKRITE, Notary Public.

Mr. Bergman's many friends in Freeport never believed that he wilfully violated the game laws of Wisconsin. They are glad, however, to have this straightforward statement, showing that he neither violated nor evaded them in letter or spirit, and they are also pleased to know that none of his property was confiscated. Mr. Bergman has never violated any law of any State, and he does not propose to begin at this period of his life.

Duck Hunters' Hard Time.

BABYLON, L. I., Dec. 27.—With the thermometer about zero last night in this vicinity, two men were compelled to remain in an open 15 foot boat, and for fourteen hours they had to jump around in the boat to keep from freezing to death. As it is, one of them is ill from exposure. William Donley, a Lindenhurst hotel keeper, and John Lapley, of New York city, left Lindenhurst yesterday afternoon to go gunning. They were caught in a heavy squall of snow. They attempted to return, but the mast of the boat was blown away, and they were carried by the ice floes to Conklin's Point, just east of here, where they drifted around all night. This morning they hoisted a signal of distress, which was seen by Capts. Philip and Andrew Sammis, of this place, who rescued them and brought them ashore. Lapley was partially frozen from the cold, but Donley did not suffer to any extent.—New York Times.

The Connecticut Trespass Law.

HIGHWOOD, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have not been afield with dog or gun once this year, but have managed to keep in touch with the success of some others. The indulging in three trips after big game in the Maine woods has undoubtedly weakened my taste for small game shooting; and desire in that line grows less and less.

Perhaps, on the whole, game has been less plentiful in this section of Connecticut than in some former years, yet the success of some sportsmen would not denote a scarcity. Woodcock unquestionably have been scarce, but grouse have held their own, and quail have more than done so. Rabbits and squirrels are not nearly so plentiful as in years gone by, though in the cities this cannot be said of squirrels. Here the law protects them the year around. The growing scarcity of small four-footed game in the country can undeniably be attributed to the work of Italians more than any other cause. Either ignorantly or intentionally they break the laws constantly. During the past week three of them were captured shooting squirrels on East Rock, which is a city park. They were fined, thank heaven!

The new trespass law has caused but little friction between farmers and sportsmen. With one exception the law is an excellent one. It is generally conceded by sportsmen, and many farmers as well, that it would be better were there a warning clause. As the law now stands it innocently invites and puts a premium on blackmail. In putting the power to arrest without warning into the hands of the landowner, it makes it possible for evil-disposed persons who own no land to place unsuspecting persons under arrest, and then negotiate a private settlement on the spot. Perhaps this variety of fraud would not work in many instances, but there should be no chance for it to catch a single victim.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

A Matabi Club Gift.

OTTAWA, Dec. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last October a party of members of the Matabi Fish and Game Club, Ottawa, Canada, visited their preserves on the upper Lièvre after deer. An expert from that city, Mr. E. R. Laflèche, captained the party, and gave such satisfaction that the visitors from Rochester, N. Y., presented him with a costly silver loving cup, after partaking of a sumptuous dinner.

Mr. F. C. Cutting came from Rochester to Ottawa for the occasion. He spoke of the happy times he had had with Canadians whose kind hospitality and sportsmanship he could vouch for. He was more than pleased, as well as his friends, with the excellent sport given to members of the Matabi association, and the accommodations available at the club house. He then handed the souvenir to Mr. Laflèche, who suitably replied, acknowledging he had fully recognized the amiable qualities of his comrades from across the lines.

Mr. Lemieux, secretary-treasurer of the club, proposed the health of Mr. Cutting and the other donors. He expressed his satisfaction at the fact that sportsmen from the United States had joined the association; they have proven themselves good men in the bush and pleasant company, and have helped for the success of the club.

Mr. Cutting's brother from Toronto, Mr. J. Duhamel, Mr. A. Pinard, and Mr. E. Huot were also present at this happy reunion.

All promised to renew the happy meeting in the Canadian hunting grounds when next fall comes around.

The cup bears the following inscription: "Presented to Eugène R. Laflèche, in commemoration of the hunt of 1903, as a token of esteem, by four who admire him for his tireless energy, his consummate knowledge of wood craft, and his unselfish good fellowship."

Then appear the donors' names: Thos. F. Adkin, Robert J. Shoemaker, Fred. C. Cutting, Charles S. Clark.

Deer in Connecticut.

NORTH WESTCHESTER, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is some opposition from farmers and others to deer protection on the ground of damage to crops and danger in the shooting seasons from the long range rifle. According to newspaper and local reports we might presume that deer were becoming quite plenty, judging from the length of time that has passed since they were first seen here in Connecticut. So far as I know I reported the first deer that was seen in our vicinity. It was a buck and well I remember how astonished and pleased we all were when we recognized what it was. A buck was found dead in Salmon River Cove by Charles Murkett; the finding was reported to our game warden, and will be investigated. F. J. W.

North Carolina Quail.

PINEHURST, N. C., Dec. 25.—The shooting on the Pinehurst preserves is fast reaching that point known as prime, and a number of guests are enjoying excellent sport, not only close to the village, but at various other points as well. Dr. C. D. Jones, manager of the Pinehurst Preserves, says he has never seen the birds more plentiful. He says that the best sport of the year will be found during the next three months. The non-resident hunters' tax which imposes a fine of ten dollars, is meeting with approval among the sportsmen, owing to the fact that it permits taking birds from the State, and the generosity of the management in waiving charges for shooting privileges is eliciting much favorable comment. J.

Maine Licenses.

Maine licenses have been sold to non-resident sportsmen by the eighty-three agents of the Maine Commission according to figures just given out at Augusta. The total receipts of the department amounted to $33,000, derived from the sale of licenses, the fees of 2,004 registered guides, and the fines for illegal hunting.

Interesting facts concerning the products of the lobster fishing in Maine the past year are at hand, but must be deferred till my next letter. CENTRAL.

There has been discovered a highly favored and exceptionally happy man. That is an angler whose wife helps him out with his fishing stories. A few nights ago a neighbor called to see him, and in course of conversation asked if he had caught any big sea trout lately. "Yes," was the reply. "What weight?" asked the caller. Turning to his wife, the angler asked: "What weight was that big 'un, Mary?" "Nay," replied Mary, "hoo can I tell which thoo means, thoo's been catchin' sea meany big 'uns leatley."—London Fishing Gazette.

There have been several controversies over such questions as "Can fishes hear?" "Can fishes smell?" and so on. These matters could have been easily settled by the poet who wrote the following lines on the funeral of Queen Elizabeth:

The Queen was brought by water to Whitehall,
At every stroke the oars did tears let fall;
More clung about the barge. Fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearle, and swome blind after.

Sea and River Fishing.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief.

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

Lake Champlain Pollution Refuted.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter received asking my opinion regarding the published statements of the pollution of Lake Champlain by the pulp mills.

I would say emphatically that as regards our section of the lake near Essex, the statements are absolutely false, and, as far as my observation goes, grossly exaggerated and misleading as applied to any part of the lake. There is sufficient evidence to show, at least for residents of this section, that the matter is prompted by personal spite. As a property owner and a lover of our beautiful lake, I feel that an irreparable personal injury has been done me, and while hesitating to express myself as opposed to any action, however mistakenly taken with an honest view of abating an evil, my patience has at last come to an end, and I can no longer keep silent in the face of a wilful perversion of facts.

Mr. Hatch's press bureau has circulated duplicate newspaper reports all over the country to the effect that Lake Champlain is a cesspool filled with dead fish and exhaling miasmatic vapors. In the current FOREST AND STREAM he goes so far as to say that fears are entertained of an epidemic of typhoid fever, and the reporter he has paid to furnish his material gives this statement as a result of Mr. Hatch's personal observation.

It is a difficult matter to disprove a lie of the character which Mr. Hatch and an associate who is not named in the dispatches have originated. In a general way I will say that while the shallower extremities of Lake Champlain are bordered by clay banks and muddy when the water is agitated by winds, the central portion is very deep and clear. The shores near Essex are sandy or rocky, and the water is so clear that objects may be seen upon the bottom at any depth which a man may reach by diving.

The shores are not covered with slime, and I never saw a cleaner body of water. Virgin wilderness lakes have a great deal more vegetable matter on the shores than Lake Champlain in the vicinity of Essex or Willsboro, where the pup mill which interests Mr. Hatch in particular is located. I say "in particular" (to digress a moment) for he has only brought in the Au Sable mills in an effort to give strength to his arraignment. Of the Au Sable section I have no personal knowledge. The mills there are sulphide mills, while the mill at Willsboro is a soda mill using only lime and soda in its process.

Not only is the lake water pure, but it is particularly palatable, and it is used by many of the residents of the lake shore and of Essex village in preference to other water as drinking water. Dr. Sweatt, our local physician, told me once that in all his practice, which has covered a period of years, he had never had a case of typhoid among families taking their water from the lake. He considers it the safest general source of supply, and in this his opinion has been corroborated by Dr. Benjamin Lee, President of the State Board of Health of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Hatch has stated that the lake was covered with dead fish. I asked the Rev. Dr. Richardson, a summer visitor who was on the lake fishing every day last summer, if he had seen any dead fish, and he told me he had not seen one. Dr. Barton, of Willsboro, a man of character and a good sportsman, tells me there are bass in the Boquet River directly below the pulp mill, and I am told pickerel are speared contrary to law each spring at this point. Dr. Barton's son made some remarkably good catches last summer trolling near the mouth of the Boquet.

Mr. Hatch says the fishing in Lake Champlain has been ruined, but the facts of the case are that last summer was the best angling season we have had in recent years. Illegal seining is not common in our section now, and when the Missisquoi Bay netting of spawning pike is stopped the lake will be one of the best fresh water fishing grounds available anywhere. Anyone who knows anything about the fishing in the lake will bear me out when I say that the fishing is steadily improving.

If the pulp mill at Willsboro is committing a nuisance, I should be heartily in favor of any intelligent action to abate it, but the observable facts do not indicate that such is the case. I have never visited the pulp mill in question, and I have no love for pulp mills in general, and no desire to pose as a champion of their cause, but my honest indignation has been aroused by the malicious falsehoods circulated in the above referred to reports, and as a man would resent an insult to the good name of a woman, so I register my emphatic protest against the false and defamatory attack on our fair lake.

JOHN B. BURNHAM.

THE press bureau conducted by Edward Hatch, Jr., and another in the interest of their warfare on the pulp mill at Hillsboro, has hesitated at no extreme in what has become a defamation of Lake Champlain and a personal insult to every resident of this section. Not only has their bureau misrepresented actual conditions and suppressed material proffered in the interests of common honesty, but it has mischievously tampered with statements given in interviews and twisted them to suit its personal ends.

The history of the case is remarkable, as illustrating the way in which a good cause may be perverted. Several years ago the sympathy of many persons would have been with the contestants. The pulp mill was then discharging its entire waste product into the Boquet River, and no lover of the lake and no sportsman could view the matter with complaisance.

Even then, however, there was not a tenth part of the nuisance which Hatch and his associate have pictured as existing at the present time.

The mill is situated some little distance up the Boquet River from Lake Champlain, and the lake is here three or four miles in width and upward of 400 feet in depth. A little to the north, in which direction the current runs, the lake attains a width of fifteen miles. It is a large body of water aerated by the winds and purified by the sunlight, and as the mill at Willsboro was not a large one, the discharge was not of much consequence, aside from driving the fish out out of the river itself.

At this time I remember driving on one occasion to Noble's Park at the mouth of the Boquet. An odor from the river water was noticeable, but the sand beach there was and is one of the prettiest and cleanest beaches on the lake, and it has been and is a favorite bathing place. At this time, I am told, the mill had an agreement with the Forest, Fish and Game Commission to keep its waste out of the river for sixty days each spring at the time the fish were running. The Boquet is about forty miles in length, but owing to the high dams and falls along its course, has not of recent years been much of a spawning stream for lake fish—and this statement applies previous to the coming of the pulp mill. No fish at any time ever ran above the high falls at Wadham's mills, where a 47-foot power is now being developed for electrical purposes, and only trout are found on the principal length of the river.

The facts of the case appear to have been that the damage done by the pulp mill at its most objectionable period, as far as the fish were concerned, applied only to about two miles of stream, and not at all to the lake.

One other fact, however, deserves attention. At times there were large amounts of slaked lime, or the water from the slaked lime emptied into the river at once, and this undoubtedly resulted in a considerable fish mortality. I have been told that at such times the shore of the lake near the mouth of the river was covered with dead fish, but this fact, and the odor from the water of the river itself are the only facts, so far as I have been able to ascertain, that ever obtained to substantiate the case of Mr. Hatch and his associate. And it must be borne in mind that all this occurred several years previously to their giving publicity to their statements regarding the so-called contamination of Lake Champlain; also that it is not shown that the fish were killed in the lake itself. No dead fish, as far as I can find out, were ever found in the neighborhood of Essex.

Within the past two years the pulp mill has taken energetic steps to stop the nuisance which I have described. This may have been due to pressure brought by the State Forest, Fish and Game Commissioners, or to other sources. The late State Fish Culturist, Mr. A. Nelson Cheney, visited the mill at various times. Also there was a sentiment aroused that the mill should keep its waste out of the river. Moreover, the gentleman, who is, I believe, president of the mill, has a summer camp near the mouth of Boquet. Whatever the reasons may have been and wether they were public spirited or selfish, the fact remains that in the summer of 1901 a reservoir was begun to contain all the waste product of the mill. This reservoir has since been enlarged and improved.

I was acquainted with these facts when FOREST AND STREAM wrote last week, asking for particulars regarding the purported pollution, but as I had never visited the pulp mill, and had no specific information with regard to it, I determined to make an investigation on the ground, and with this object in view I visited the mill yesterday. The following is the result of my observation and of the statement given me by Mr. R. L. P. Mason, superintendent of the mill:

The mill is a soda mill and the waste not of the same offensive nature of the sulphide mills. The chemicals used are carbonate of soda, which is the same substance (though not so highly refined) as used in baking powders, unslaked (or caustic) lime, and (for bleaching) chloride of lime. Alum is also used for purifying the water to be mixed with the pulp.

According to the statement of Mr. Mason, which, as far as I could ascertain, was verified by facts, the bleaching element and the soda were entirely recovered, and the sole waste of the mill, in addition to the charred gummy part of the wood, consisted of a small amount of lime water. This waste was run into the reservoir, of which I shall have more to say later on.

The process used in the mill is briefly as follows: The basis used for making the pulp stock is peeled cordwood, sticks of popple and basswood, fed into a machine which slices them up into chips with the required length of fiber. These chips are boiled in large boiler iron digesters in a liquor composed of soda and lime, and known as caustic soda. The effect of the process is to disintegrate the gummy, sappy and coloring parts of the wood called lignin, and to leave the fiber, or cellulose, which is the part wanted for paper making. The lignin, together with the caustic soda, which has taken it up in solution, is washed from the cellulose and drained off through the perforated bottoms of vats, and so perfect is the process that one may take the cellulose, or pulp, in the mouth and chew it without being able to detect a trace of the soda.

The caustic soda, with the lignin in solution, is immediately treated to recover the soda, as the same soda is used many times in extracting the undesirable elements of the wood. It is first evaporated to drive off the excess of water, and when reduced to the consistency of molasses on a cold day, the tarry product is fed into huge revolving drums, through which currents of flame are projected by drafts forced from furnaces, till the material is charred and falls on endless chains in the form of cinders, technically known as black ash.

The lignin has been carbonized and is in this condition insoluble in water. As the soda is readily soluble, it is now a simple process to separate and recover it, and this is accomplished by washing in hot water. The lime, which remains after the burning process, cannot be saved, and this and the lignin passes away as waste from the mill, borne along by a small stream of hot water.

When the pulp is mixed with the bleaching agent in another building, a process similar in its result is effected, and here also the only waste is the lime.

The entire waste from the mill passes over the Boquet River in a steel trough to the dumping ground on the island, where William Gilliland, the patentee and a colonizer of Essex county, made his first settlement.

The place is no longer an island, as it has been dammed and connected with the mainland on the south side. An area of ten acres has been inclosed with an earth and planked dike, and the black ash and accompanying lime water are directed in tortuous channels over the surface by means of weirs, which deflect the direction of the stream, with the object of permitting the solid particles to settle and make land.

The chief constituent in this land-making process is naturally the black ash. This material resembles quite closely in a general way, coke cinders. It is hard, tasteless and odorless, and has been used in other mills for making arc light carbons. It resembles in no way the slimy miasmatic deposits described by Mr. Hatch, and which, as a matter of fact, do not exist.

After running over the extent of the island, the liquid passes off into the river from any one of several gates. Only one of these gates was open at the time of our visit, and from it was issuing a stream of clear water, slightly brownish in color, eight inches wide and three and a half in depth. This, we were informed, was the sole waste from the mill now entering the Boquet. Everything else had either been used, evaporated, deposited or recovered.

Mr. Mason stated that the flow at that time was about at its maximum, and had I doubted his word the evidence of the snow, which had lain on the ground for the past two weeks, furnished a strong argument in support of his words, as there was nothing to show that the water had in that time attained a higher level. The size of the stream passing away seemed in general to correspond with the size of the stream entering the island, and it did not appear likely that any considerable amount had backed away. Also, the snow was thawing a little, and probably a portion of the stream, 3½ by 8 inches, which is said to be contaminating a lake 120 miles in length, was formed by snow water.

Mr. Mason dipped up a glass full of the water and gave it to me to taste. It smelled and tasted like lime water, and as a practical chemist he stated that it was lime water and nothing more. The water was much clearer than the water in the neighboring river, and it seems incredible that it could have any deleterious effect on the volume of the stream, which, I should say on that day, was a thousand times as great. The trees and bushes on the tract were vigorous and had not apparently suffered from the water running by their roots. There was a whitish deposit in places on the island, and, of course, a considerable accumulation of the black ash, none of which, however, had entered the river.

Mr. Mason told me that last spring, during the high water, a portion of the bulkhead had been torn out by an ice jam, and at this time some of the black ash was carried into the river, but no one can question the sincerity of the company in their present endeavor, and it does not appear likely that such an event will again occur.

From the standpoint of the general observer, I should say that of its class, the Willsboro mill is a model to-day in the care of its waste.

As far as human consumption is concerned no one can accuse lime water of being unwholesome, and I have evidence to show that in the immediate neighborhood of the mouth of the river its taste is not noticeable.

The wife of the owner of the nearest important camp to the mouth of the river, less than half a mile away by water and probably not more than half that distance in an air line, told me that her family has used the water for drinking and cooking purposes for a long time, and that she has never noticed anything unpleasant about the water.

Others of Mr. Hatch's neighbors on Willsboro Point will make similar statements. The wilfully misleading character of the published articles of Mr. Hatch and his associate can, perhaps, better be realized when it is stated that of the interviews they have given out purporting to substantiate the pollution of Lake Champlain, near Willsboro, not one is from any of these two men's neighbors or from any one living in the locality condemned. Summer visitors at a distance sojourning near clay banks, who have seen the water of the lake in their neighborhood roiled by high winds, have had their utterances rushed into print as material against the pulp mill. The grist that has come to their mill has all been turned out in one long string of perversions. Under the circumstances it is not strange that residents in the neighborhood have lost faith in the sincerity of the contestants, while their latest canard of a possible typhoid epidemic has aroused universal indignation.

I am told that Mr. Hatch was asked to visit the pulp mill and ascertain the facts for himself, and the assurance was given him that any feasible suggestions he might make toward improving the situation would be followed. Mr. Hatch did not accept the invitation. Neither did he publish the following straightforward letter from Dr. Milford H. Smith, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Ballston Spa, written Oct. 15, and given me by Mr. Mason, to whom it was addressed.

JOHN B. BURNHAM.

[COPY.]

The Superintendent Champlain Fibre Co.,
Willsborough, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

I am mailing you, under another cover, a marked copy of the New York Tribune, containing an interview with Mr. Ed. Hatch, relative to the contamination of the waters of Lake Champlain by the waste from the pulp mills.

While I have no desire to mix in the controversy, yet, as one who is interested in the industries of my native town, and in the interests of fair play, I make the following statement, which I am willing to declare under oath if necessary:

1. I have spent a portion of every summer on Willsboro Point, Lake Champlain, for more than forty years, last past, and I never found better fishing than during the present summer. One man with hook and line caught tweenty-six wall-eyed pike within a short distance of my camp one day this summer, and we never failed to secure a good catch when the conditions were at all favorable.

2. I only saw one dead fish during the entire month I spent in my camp, and that was a perch. We were intent on finding dead fish, if they were to be found, as we had heard of the charges made by Mr. Hatch and others, and were looking for verification of them.

3. Like all fresh water lakes, Champlain purifies itself every summer. The natives call it "working." At that time the organic matter, held in solution in the water, rises to the surface in the form of scum and finally reaches the shore. I have never known a summer in the last forty years that this has not occurred, and I have seen no increase, either in the quantity or quality of this matter since the pulp mills were erected. In fact, I have seen a far larger accumulation of this scum on the shores of the lake some seasons years before there was a pulp mill in the State of New York.

4. From my personal knowledge, the charges made in the above referred to interview, that the waters of the lake about the shores of Willsboro Point were foul with the deposits from the pulp mills, or that there was a stench other than that which always arises from the organic matter when first thrown up on the shore, I know to be false. I own over eighty rods of water front on Willsboro Point, and was on the property for a full month during July and August last, and know that no such conditions existed as are affirmed in the interview above referred to.

I, as a property owner there, resent these false statements and believe they are calculated to depreciate the value of my property, hence my interest in the matter.

Yours truly,

MILFORD H. SMITH.

My dear Mr. Mason:

Your letter of Oct. 17 is received. You are at perfect liberty to make any use of the letter I wrote you that you please, and I am willing and will back up any and every statement in it when and wherever it is required.

I am entirely ignorant of Mr. Hatch's object in antagonizing every one with whom he comes in contact, but I know he possesses the ability to do so to a marked degree.

As far as the reported threats against his life, I presume they are quite as real as is his "Adirondack Preserve" on Willsboro Point. He has possession of about 200 acres, part of which he has no deed for, of farm land, not one acre of which is virgin forest, and most of which has been under cultivation for nearly a hundred years. Yours truly,

MILFORD H. SMITH.

Paper Mill Creek.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a day's outing on one of our local coast streams, the Paper Mill Creek, and the sport I had is worth chronicling.

This creek is a bonanza to our local fishermen, easy of access, it yearly restocks itself, thus yielding many a fine basket during the season. We are fortunate in having good fishing during the entire year. Trouting for seven months in the creek proper, salmon and steelhead during the greater portion of the winter months, in tide water.

A month or so previous to my outing, the salmon (Quinnat) were in the pools waiting for the annual freshets to enable them to ascend to their spawning grounds. During this time many were taken with rod and line, and afforded fair sport. The recent storms enabled them to move to the headwaters and at the same time brought in a few steelhead. I was in quest of this game fish, and cannot recall when I had such winter sport. I had a mile or so of tide water all to myself, and embraced the opportunity by landing fifteen young steelhead, ranging in weight from ¾ of a pound to 2 pounds, and one 8-pounder.

When leaving home I had but a short time in which to catch the boat, and in the bustle of getting away picked up my 5¾-ounce fly-rod, which had never been taken from its case, my intentions being to use it for the first time on my annual outing in 1904. I, however, had no other recourse, and I am now more convinced than ever that light tackle gives the greater sport in angling for game fishes, whether they weigh 1 pound or 20 pounds.

The small fish were taken on a No. 12 hook, with a salmon egg for bait, using no sinker. The 8-pounder, on a small La Forge spinner, was taken from a pool known as the Rock Hole, an ideal loafing place for steelhead on their way to the spawning beds. When within a short distance of this pool I observed a fish break water, the brush was quite dense and I could not tell whether it was a salmon or steelhead. My first cast brought a monster salmon half out of the water in his mad rush to get the spinner. Not wishing to hook on to this fish (my time then being limited), which might have taken an hour or two to land, and feeling certain that steelhead were in the pool, I jerked the spinner out from between his jaws, and he disappeared, leaving the water in a very disturbed state. Fresh run salmon in tide water put up a good fight, but after being in brackish water for a month or six weeks they become weak and exhausted, and when hooked, hug the bottom and make a slow, tedious fight, and more especially would it have been the case on account of my light tackle. As it was nearing the noon hour I laid my rod to one side and passed an enjoyable hour eating my lunch and taking the proverbial smoke.

When the waters of this pool had subsided and resumed their natural condition, I again took up my rod, and after a few ineffectual casts succeeded in placing my spinner under the willows, allowing sufficient time for it to disappear, and when about to retrieve the line I had a strike, and in less time than it takes to write it had hooked the beauty. He was in the air in a second, and a fight was on with the king of game fishes in our California coast streams—a steelhead trout. His rushes were most exciting, the first one, fortunately for me, was away from the willows, where I had hooked him, up stream fifty yards or so, I then gave him the butt gently, he again went in the air and tore down past me to the shallow end of the pool and landed on terra firma. I was in a dilemma, thirty yards from my fish and he also on land. He floundered around a good deal in his endeavor to reach the deep water, which he eventually did with what little assistance I could give, much exhausted, but with considerable fight still left in him. I seldom use a gaff, and found some difficulty in landing him. The first attempt was a complete failure, as I pricked my finger on the hook when trying to grasp him by the gill. I immediately withdrew my hand, and he again started across the pool. On the second attempt he came along right side up with care, and I had him on the bank just twenty-five minutes after having hooked him.

JAMES WATT.

Fish and Fishing.

Poaching in Canadian Waters.

AMERICAN owners or lessees of Canadian fishing privileges cannot be too particular about the character of their guardians and the manner in which they perform their duty as protectors of fish life. It has only recently become the duty of the Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective Association of the Province of Quebec to notify one of the fish and game clubs in the United States controlling fishing and hunting privileges along the route of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway that their guardian has been convicted and fined at Roberval, at the instance of the Association, for selling partridges contrary to law. It is altogether likely that the Government will withdraw this man's commission as a fish and game guardian. I have no desire to insinuate anything against the general body of men employed by fish and game clubs in this country, but I do know that the warden of whom I have just spoken is one of the very last men whom I would have suspected of offending against the law. Not only a firm resolve to resist temptation, but the exercise of constant vigilance is essential to a proper fulfillment of the duties of warden, especially in a community where there is such a systematic contempt for fish and game laws as exists in many parts of the Dominion of Canada.

I have before me at the present moment a letter from a prominent public man in the district of Gaspé, a part of which reads as follows: "There is much to say in these parts about fish and game protection. The only protection there is here is that furnished by the guardians appointed by the different river owners or lessees. The Government guardians hereabouts don't count for anything, and are perfectly useless as far as fish and game protection is concerned. Our population does not hunt much, so there is not much game poaching, but for fish the owners' guardians have to keep a sharp lookout. In the unleased streams the fish disappear nearly as soon as they enter the river." The reference to fish in the above extract, as will immediately have been perceived by most readers, is to salmon, and I know from many sources that the picture is not overdrawn. The fish and game protective associations of Quebec and Montreal have far too much to do nearer home to be able to keep a watchman upon each of these unleased rivers so far away from their center of operations, and it is a lamentable fact that nothing in the way of protection need be looked for from the majority of the poorly paid guardians of the Government scattered throughout the country districts. Yet it would amply repay the Government to properly protect their unleased salmon rivers for a term of years until they become well stocked with fish, when there will be no difficulty in leasing them for a large rental. At present, as soon as one or more salmon make their appearance in one of these streams, they are scooped out of it, either with a spear or with a net.

Shipments of Lake St. John Fish for New York.

It is very much to be regretted that while so much trouble and expense are being incurred to hatch and plant ouananiche and salmon fry in Lake St. John waters, the Government should continue to issue licenses for netting the waters of the lake. It is claimed by the netters that ouananiche are not taken by them, but it is pretty well known that all is fish that comes to the nets of this class of fishermen, and the protective association at Quebec has kept a pretty sharp lookout upon the consignments of fish from Lake St. John which reached that city since the close of the ouananiche season. In the boxes of fish which were expressed to New York after the close of the season it was confidently expected that ouananinche would be found. Several have been opened and examined in Quebec, but not one of those addressed to New York dealers contained ouananiche. The fish which have been shipped through from Lake St. John are principally pike, pike-perch or doré, and ling or burbot. Then certain boxes consigned to Canadian dealers were opened, and in them were found more of the ouananiche than of any other kind of fish. Of course they were all confiscated, and after two or three consignments had thus been seized, the export of the fish in question completely ceased. No doubt occasional ouananiche are still taken in the nets under the ice at Lake St. John, but if so they are all used for local consumption. Considerable surprise was expressed by some of the members of the Protective Association at the fact that the ouananiche shipped by dealers from Lake St. John, being the choicest of the fish exported by them, were all consigned to Canadian instead of to American dealers. Local dealers with whom I have talked upon the subject say that the ouananiche, despite the superior quality of its flesh, is not sought or wanted by the trade in New York, because it is virtually unknown to consumers and to the market men there, and would be practically valueless, especially when shipped in small quantities mixed in with other varieties of fish. It is a blessing to anglers that this is so. It is also a comfort to them to know that there is a good demand in the United States for pike and doré and burbot, and that these are being taken in considerable numbers from the waters of Lake St. John, where they rank among the worst enemies of the ouananiche.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

A Nebraska Fish Story.

OMAHA, Neb.—Captain Charles H. Townsend, the chief clerk in the Chief Quartermaster's office, Department of the Missouri, recently received by express a muskallonge caught by his niece, Miss Georgia D. Townsend, at Lake Ripley, Wisconsin, while fishing through a hole in the ice. The fish weighed 29¼ pounds, and for two or three days was on exhibition in the window of the Townsend Gun Company, where it attracted a great deal of attention. Yesterday a colored man was engaged to clean the fish, and while engaged in the work remarked that it was the first fish he had ever seen or heard of that had a tongue. The "tongue" proved to be the tail of a large black bass, which had been swallowed by the big fish, and which weighed 3 pounds 5 ounces. While this may not be anything out of the ordinary, it certainly rattled the windows in this section. The question which now arises is, should Miss Townsend be given credit for having caught a fish that weighed 29¼ pounds, or should the weight of the bass be deducted? If the latter, should a further deduction be made for the weight of a minnow found in the bass? While not wishing to deprive the young lady of the honor of having caught the largest fish exhibited in Omaha for a number of years, some are inclined to the belief that she should be credited with having caught three fish on one hook, instead of one. The writer will state that he saw the fish, and was present when the two were weighed.

JOHN DICKS HOWE.

Big Fish of the Monocacy.

FREDERICK, Md.—One of the largest small-mouth black bass ever caught out of the Monocacy River, Maryland, was taken by Nicholas Brust. The length was 21½ inches, the girth 14¼, and its weight 6 pounds the day after it was caught. There have been caught also some very fine strings of bass from the Monocacy this year, running in size from 1½ pounds to over 4 pounds, and even to 6 pounds. The 6-pound bass is given credit as being the largest ever caught in the Monocacy.

August and Nicholas Brust also caught a very fine string of bass on the Potomac River, the largest weighing 5¼, the seven weighing 17½ pounds. J. B.

The Kennel.

Westminster Kennel Club's Show.

NEW YORK.—Appended is our list of judges for the next show, to be held February 10-13, 1904:

JAMES MORTIMER, Supt.

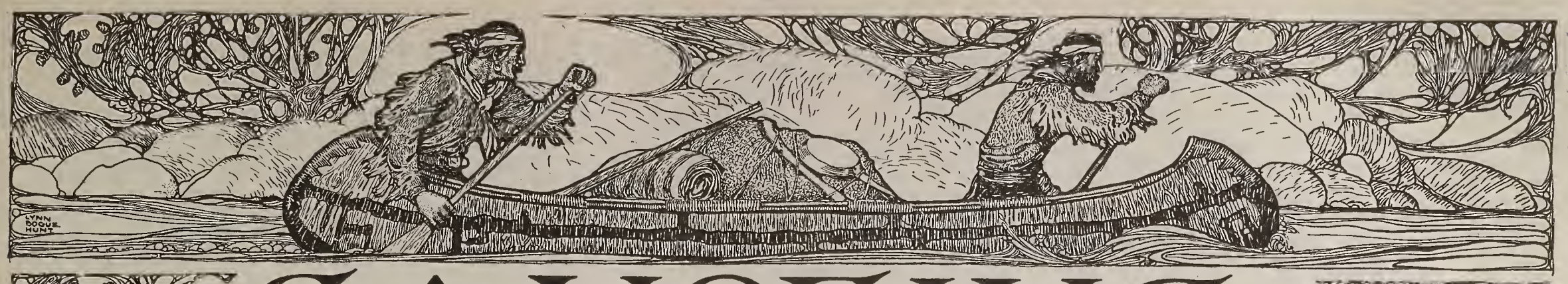
Dudley E. Waters, Grand Rapids, Mich.—St. Bernards.
J. Blackburn Miller, New York, N. Y.—Great Danes.
John Brett, Fisher's Island, N. Y.—Greyhounds, foxhounds (American), Chesapeake Bay dogs, pointers, setters.
Dr. S. J. Bradbury, Lynbrook, L. I.—Sporting spaniels.
W. J. Pegg, London, England.—Bulldogs and bull-terriers.
E. D. Faulkner, New York, N. Y.—French bulldogs.
Alex. L. Goode, Boston, Mass.—Boston terriers.
Chas. D. Bernheimer, New York, N. Y.—Poodles.
E. Lester Jones, Madison, N. J.—Beagles.
E. Powell, Jr., Shrewsbury, England.—Fox-terriers and Welsh terriers.
O. W. Donner, Rye, N. Y.—Irish terriers.
Dr. F. C. Ewing, St. Louis, Mo.—Scottish terriers.
George Raper, Gomersal, England.—Bloodhounds. mastiffs, Newfoundlands, deerhounds, Russian wolfhounds, foxhounds (English), griffons, retrievers, collies, old English sheep dogs, Dalmatians, Chows, Airedales, Basset hounds, dachshunds, whippets, black and tan terriers, Skyes, Bedlingtons, Dandie Dinmonts, Schipperkes, pugs, all toys, miscellaneous classes and unclassified specials.

Dr. Webb's Preserve Open.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 26.—The noted park of Dr. W. Seward Webb, which includes 8,000 acres of forests and lakes, and had confined several herds of moose, elk, caribou, black-tailed deer, English stags, and other game, has been thrown open to the public, Dr. Webb having demolished the fence which has for many years defined the margins of the preserve.

From the first Dr. Webb has been one of the largest owners of Adirondack lands. The park has been stocked systematically from year to year with game and fish, and several families of beavers have made their homes in it. Dr. Webb has from time to time granted hunting and fishing permits to reputable sportsmen who desired to visit his Adirondack lands, and in this manner has maintained friendly relations with the element which now opposes the reservation of private lands in the North Woods.

It is said that his decision to turn his carefully selected moose, elk, boars, etc., loose upon public lands was not brought about by the opposition to the plans of wealthy men in the woods, but is caused by forest fires, which necessitate the removal of the standing timber to the sawmills. The water journey between Tupper Lake and Beaver River, which was interrupted by Dr. Webb's fence, will now be open to canoes, as will many other waterways.—New York Times.



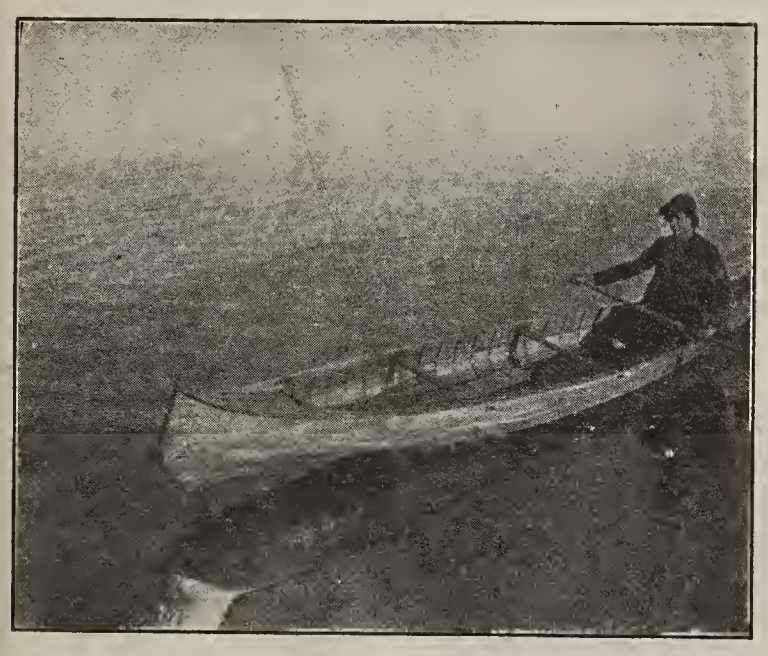
CANOEING

Hector and Me.

BY C. S. HOWARD, TORONTO.

The Story which won the First Prize of $50 in "Forest and Stream" Canoe Cruising Competition.

OUR craft was a light Peterboro model, rather shallower than the standard, and made of varnished cedar. It was very "easily paddling," and in rough weather, as dry as a canoe can be. In fact, her disposition under all conditions was such as to deserve the word



"Sweet Sixteen."

"sweet," and as her length was 16ft., we called her "Sweet Sixteen."

We took two cushions and three paddles.

We had a conical tent 6ft. square at the base. It was not supplied with poles nor pegs. These we cut wherever we were camped. In the day time it was made, with aid of a pack strap, into a kind of immense valise—as nearly like the regulation Hudson's Bay "pack" as we could get with only theory to work upon.

This held the "grub bag," our coats, several changes of socks, three or four extra sweaters, our hatchet, fishing tackle, matches, etc.

Our blankets and waterproof sheets we kept in an oiled bag by themselves.

Our list of provisions was: Five pounds hard tack, 5 pounds pork, 6 pounds beans, ½ stone rolled oats, 3 pounds rice, 2 pounds raisins, 3 pounds pure chocolate, 4 pounds white sugar, 2 pounds cheese, ½ pound tea, ½ pound cocoa, 1 can condensed milk, 4 soup tablets, salt and pepper. From time to time, as we needed them, and could get them, we supplemented this list by eggs, bread, milk and lemons. All the provisions were put into little canvas bags and the little bags into one large "turkey."

To cook with and eat from we took: Three tin pails of various sizes, 3 granite plates (one to act as frying-pan), 2 granite cups, 2 tin spoons (small), 2 tin spoons (large), 2 steel forks, 1 large hunting knife, 1 pot cleaner (made of metal rings). All these fitted into the largest tin pail, which, in turn, went nicely under the stern deck. Our tin lantern (for candles) occupied a corresponding position forward.

We were attired as Hector wrote, "in white sweaters with felt hats to match. Ninety-eight-cent trousers and moose hide shoe packs completed very charming toilets."

At the head of the Muskoka River, twenty miles from the boundary of the Algonquin National Park of Ontario, and forty, east from the railroad, there lies a lake dotted with hemlock-covered islands, and surrounded by hemlock-covered hills. Its name is Lake Kahweambeluwagamog, although as Hector says, you don't have to call it that unless you want to. He prefers the Indian name to the English himself, but for others, another and less striking title has been provided. Hollow Lake is the other name.

A fine spot is Hollow Lake. On the long winter evenings around the fire, when the pipes are going, it is of Hollow Lake they talk. The big salmon that grows at every telling, was originally caught in Hollow Lake, and the buck whose head and antlers adorn the wall was knocked over there. For Hollow Lake is near the National Reserves, and there is plenty to attract the man who can use a rifle and fishing-rod.

The visitors to Hollow Lake are few, but these few are of the best (and include Hector and me). The problem of carrying a canoe across the four-mile portage which separates the lake from the comparative civilization of Dorset, frightens the others, and, indeed, Hollow Lake is the better without them.

But I know Hector better than any other living soul, and he knows me. We have paddled together since we first overcame maternal prejudice to canoes, and, indeed (if the truth be told), long before that. We know, or at least Hector knows, what we can do. Our ideas never conflict. They fit together like the cog wheels in a watch, and help each other.

Consequently, when Hector dropped in one evening with a valise filled with maps, and guides, and illustrated pamphlets of the most recent patent cooking stove (which we always look at, but never take), and said, "I guess we'll go up to Kahweambeluwagamog this year," I nodded my head and said, "All right."

And so, on Sunday, May 10, he knelt in a canoe at the dock at Muskoka wharf and prepared to depart. We had come from Toronto by train the day before, and it being too late to start then, and a sinful waste of time to wait until Monday, we were putting out on Sunday.

"Ready?" inquired Hector from the stern.

"Mhm," I replied.

"Put the time on it."

"Four minutes to nine."

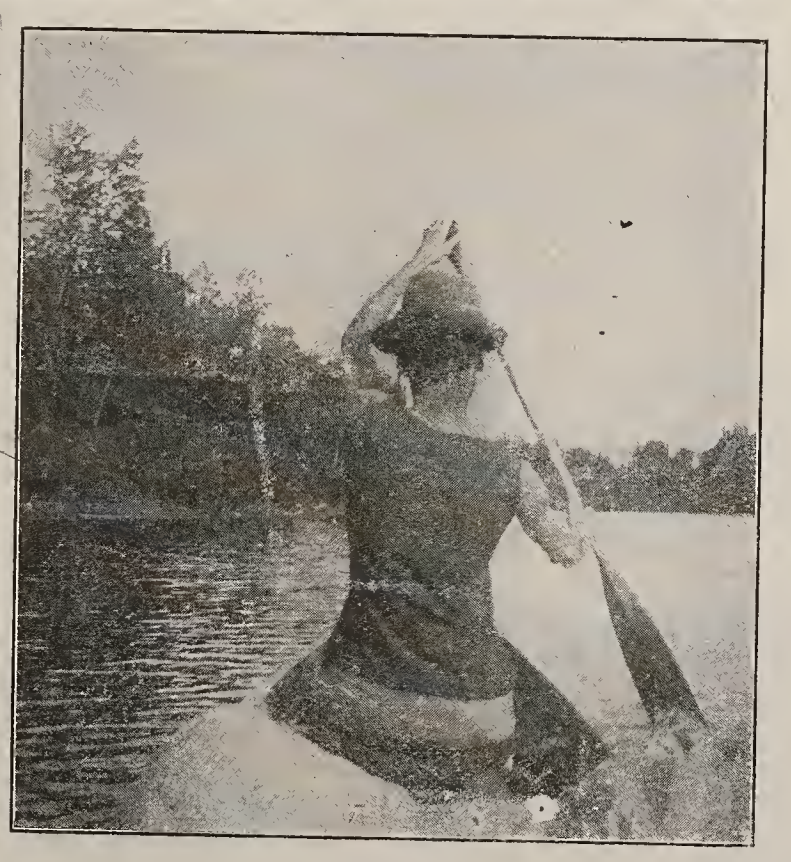
Hector solemnly entered it in his note book, and then pushed off from the float with his paddle.

"We're off," he remarked, "and a better day for paddling I never saw."

We paddled up the bay with a fast, swinging stroke, for we were fresh and free, and the enthusiasm was strong in us. Soon we reached the narrows, and passed out into the big, black Lake Muskoka. Away off, on the other shore, we could see about where the mouth of the river should be, and we made toward it.

It was an ideal day for the beginning of a holiday. The sun shone "full and warm," as the novels say, and the surface of the lake was unruffled. There was not a breath of wind.

I felt that I must shout and sing, stand on my head and carry on in a generally foolish manner. So did Hector. We always do the first day. We had no work to do for two weeks, you see. For two weeks we might go where we liked, and do as we chose, and stop when we wanted to—like horses out at pasture. We did not have to climb on to our stools at nine in the morning and off at four in the afternoon. We did not have to add figures all day, and write things in books. We might forget all about that for two weeks. So with the consciousness of our freedom, our spirits rose, and our actions at times approached the idiotic.



Hector.

But it was the first day, and that justifies a multitude of things otherwise out of place, except in a nursery.

It was noon when we reached the mouth of the river, and we landed and sat in the shade and ate our lunch. This was a simple meal with us—but wholesome. It consisted of hard tack, cheese and chocolate. There was no time lost. There was neither cooking, nor dish washing. In an hour's time we had finished lunch, packed up, loaded the canoe and started up the river.

There are some very pretty spots on the Muskoka between the lake and Bracebridge, and Hector pointed them out to me and commented upon them in artistic language, as we passed. For Hector is extremely artistic. He knows at a glance whether or not a newspaper cartoon should be admired, and his bedroom walls are covered with Gibson heads. What is a mere clump of pines to a less endowed person, is "a great little bit" to him, and he describes a starved-looking farm with its tumble down buildings, as being "fine composition." I have no knowledge of art myself, but I have ability to conceal the lack of it which is the next best thing, and in reply to Hector's remarks I agreed most heartily, and to give added realism, suggested in an offhand way that the sunshine on the green cabbages and red beets, made a "splendid piece of color."

Hector thought I knew as much about art as he did, and after thinking it over, I believe I do.

All the afternoon we paddled. The river was "dead," and paddling easy. The enthusiasm had not as yet worn off, and we paddled hard and smoothly. At five o'clock we were within two miles of Bracebridge. So we swung in to the bank and stopped for the day. Soon we had the tent up and a fire going, and proceeded to get tea. We tried one of the patent soup tablets for tea. They were so easily prepared, according to the label. They would, "when mixed with a pint of boiling water, produce a strong, nutritious soup." We were careful to comply with the directions,



Jammed.

but the result was not all we had a right to expect. It reminded Hector of the gravy that used to be served at a boarding establishment where he once stayed. According to him, this gravy was made from the following recipe: Put some water in a pan, in a room where meat has been cooking. If too strong add more water.

So we threw the soup in the river and after it the remaining tablets, and ate pork and beans for tea. After tea Hector and I carried the dishes to the river and washed them. Dish washing with us is a simple matter, although our process is distinctively masculine, and might give offense to the ultra-fastidious of the opposite sex. We pour cold water upon them, rub them with sand, immerse them again in water, and the thing is done. The dishes are then ready for another meal as soon as we are.

When the dishes were finished we carried the canoe up on the bank and turned her upside down. Then we collected all our belongings and placed them inside the tent. Then, fearing that it might rain, we gathered a little dry fire wood and put it inside. It was just dusk when we crawled inside and rolled ourselves in our blankets to sleep (We always go to bed early when we are camping. This is one of the things that Hector insists upon). For five minutes all was quiet. At the expiration of that time I awoke with a violent pain in the region of my floating ribs, and saw Hector sitting up, and preparing to administer a second blow with his elbow.

"Half past five," he yelled in my ear. "Get up!" Then I knew what the matter was. It was morning.

In two minutes we had our fire lighted and soon the water in our tin pail boiled merrily. Then, while Hector pulled the tent down and made up the pack, I cooked the porridge and fried the bacon. It was the first time I had ever tried to cook bacon, and I burnt it to a cinder. Hector regarded the mess in silence for a moment, and then announced that my first attempt would prove to be my last—and it did. Hector cooked it himself after that.

By eight o'clock breakfast was disposed of, the dishes were washed, and we had loaded the canoe ready to start. We paddled up the river toward Bracebridge. The river divides just below the town into the North and South branches. Our course lay along the North, and took us through the town. We made a portage past the falls, and reached the river again at nine o'clock. Then it was that the trip began.

All that day we struggled against saw logs. (Logging is, without doubt, a very fine industry, and the country could not get on without it. But one prefers to acquire one's knowledge of it from books and newspapers, and not mix it with a canoe trip.) Although the pine has long ago disappeared from that immediate neighborhood, the timber is still taken out by that route from as far back as Algonquin Park. The drives had gone down the river several weeks before, leaving behind, like Napoleon on his retreat from Moscow, large numbers of stragglers, whose chief mission, it would seem, was to incommode us. The stop-gates in the timber slides were closed, and above each fall had gathered a jam, extending up stream for sometimes half a mile. I went north with a feverish

anxiety to see a raw, right-angled log-jam at a bend. I came south, breathing a fervent vow never, while in full possession of my senses, to seek further acquaintance with one. It has puzzled me to see what possible beauty or poetry the sight of one contained for Mr. Kipling, the time the Red Gods called him out with his rods and lines and traces. Once, as with the canoe on our heads, we staggered through the overgrown bush to pass a jam, I asked Hector his opinion about it. His answer was short but to the point.

"He had the silent, smoky Indian that he knew to do the portaging," he replied.

We passed four falls that day. We camped just above High Falls, and there, as usual, was a jam ready for us to commence work upon the next day.

On Tuesday morning we were at it bright and early, and had carried past the jam before the sun was hot. This jam proved to be the last we were to encounter. We still continued to meet logs, but in a different and less troublesome form. They floated down stream with the current, in twos, and threes, and dozens, and constant care was required to avoid collisions. Sometimes, where the river was shallow, we came upon stranded logs, and now and then we narrowly escaped disaster upon snags. The Muskoka is an interesting river to travel by in the logging season! But we paddled without mishap, and by noon had covered half the distance between Port Sydney and our camping spot of the previous evening.

We met a gang of river drivers that day. They were working down stream, freeing all the stranded logs and cleaning up the river generally. After reading "The Blazed Trail," Hector and I had come to look upon the river-driver as an almost supernatural being. There was a charm, a romance about his calling, which existed in no other occupation that a man could follow. We had never hoped to meet him elsewhere than in the books, and when the opportunity presented itself, we eagerly seized upon it. But the reality we found to be sadly different to the driver of fiction. There is nothing romantic about him. He is merely a laborer, working for his $2, or whatever it is, a day.

They left their work as we drew near, and strolled toward us, their clothes dripping water as they walked,



Fall on the North Branch.

for they had been working waist-deep. Sociable fellows, they were, and required no introduction.

"H' are you?" they said.

"H' are you?" we replied.

"You aren't very busy," I added.

"We ain't what you call workin' overtime," one of them answered. "The boss has gone down the river a ways."

Then, as we showed no inclination to go, they sat down upon the bank and lit their pipes and talked to us. Presently the cook left his half-washed dishes and joined them. Apparently the boss was making a prolonged stay "down the river a ways."

"H' are you?" he said.

"H' are you?" we answered.

A dull, lazy kind of man the cook was. He regarded us out of half-closed eyes, and didn't speak after his first greeting, except when spoken to.

"What do you feed them on?" we asked him.

"Oh, eggs, and potatoes, and canned goods. Bread, maybe, and sometimes some pie, or somethin' like that."

We were surprised and somewhat hurt. "Don't you give them pork and beans?" I demanded.

The men looked offended. "Pork!" said one. "Pork!!" remarked another. "Pork, did ye say?" inquired a third.

"Not much!" replied the cook, with emphasis.

"Does a lumberman kick about his food much?" Hector put in.

"No one quicker!"

We drew attention to their wet appearance.

"Yes," replied one man. "Yes, sir. You've got to be quite a bit spaniel for this job. Quite a bit spaniel, and what ain't spaniel ought to be bulldog. You'd better get back on the job, boys. Harry'll be back any minute, now."

We paddled away, completely disillusioned. Evidently there were two kinds of river-driver: the one of fiction who floats grandly down stream, standing on a saw-log; and the other of real life, who spends his days—when the boss is watching—up to his waist in ice cold water, starting logs on their way with peevy and pike-pole.

I would rather drive a coal wagon in the city than be one of the latter kind.

We had currents to contend with all that afternoon. It was early in the season, and the river was high. Sometimes we had to keep close to the bank, and creep up in the back water. We were always glad to do a little poling when the water was shallow enough to permit of it. But sometimes we came to places where the river came down in great swirling rings—almost in rapids. Then we steadied ourselves on the bottom, ground our teeth, braced our backs, and shoved on our paddles with every ounce of strength we had. And then, after five minutes' killing work I would hear Hector coolly remark, "We aren't going at what could be called break neck pace," and looking up, I would see the spot on the bank, opposite which we had started, half a dozen canoe lengths behind. Then we would land and tow for a while, until we had regained our breath, and the current had slackened.

There were but five portages to be made that day. There are in all nine "regular" portages on the North Branch. Several of these are half a mile long, and



Did a little bush-ranging.

all are more or less difficult to the novice. But by making two trips—one with the canoe, and the other with the baggage—and using pack straps, the work is lightened wonderfully. But no one should go up the Muskoka unprepared to work, and to work hard.

We reached Port Sydney on Tuesday at six o'clock and camped there.

We were now at the head of the river, and the route lay through a string of little lakes—Mary, Fairy and Peninsular. There were no logs to pass and no currents to paddle against. So we had an easy day on Wednesday. We started early and paddled slowly. It was early in the afternoon when we reached the one-mile portage from Peninsular Lake to Lake of Bays, and there we met a young fellow who was driving an empty wagon across. He asked me for a match, so I gave him four, and then he expressed an earnest wish to carry us and our stuff across the portage, without charge. This seemed a laudable desire on his part, and deserving of encouragement, so we lifted the baggage and canoe on to the wagon, and climbed up ourselves, and he drove us over to Lake of Bays.

It was while on that wagon that we saw an Indian. He was, to all appearance, a white man, except that he was a little dirtier, a great deal drunker, and displayed an infinitely greater degree of stupidity when spoken to than the average white of his class. I pointed him out to Hector, thinking that he might like to see him, but he did not enthuse at all. He shook his head sadly and didn't say anything.

That night we camped upon a little island near a little portage—forty rods to be exact—the crossing of which, we were told by the man on the wagon, would



Where the deep, cold water was.

"save quite a bit o' paddlin'." To one bound for Dorset, as we were, taking this portage, will save five miles.

We took life easily on Thursday. We paddled down to within a mile of Dorset, and there we stayed for the rest of the day. We traveled only seven miles all day. But the sun was hot and we felt lazy, and the next day we had the four-mile portage to cross into Hollow Lake.

On Friday morning we paddled into Dorset and up the creek to the beginning of the portage. But we were reluctant to begin it for some reason. The path begins at a slope of forty-five degrees, and, they told us in the village, went up hill until in sight of the lake. So I looked at Hector, and shook my head, and Hector looked back at me and grinned. So we sat down in the shade to talk and think over it.

And there it was that we met old Tommy Harper, the famous old Tommy, the best guide in the province, and the strongest man in six townships. It is something to be proud of, to have held conversation with old Tommy, for he is a silent man and rarely speaks unnecessarily. The fact that he should have stopped and talked to us I cannot explain, except he thought he was performing a charitable act. But after old Tommy had addressed us, I felt as years ago, when the teacher patted me on the head, because I alone, of sixty boys, could stand upon the floor and instruct the class in the correct way of spelling "scissors," I think the word was.

"Goin' acrost, boys?" inquired old Tommy.

Yes, we were going across.

"Wagon?"

No, we intended to carry.

"You'll do good if you carry acrost—boys like you," continued he, "I'm in the business, boys, and I'm tellin' you, she's a stiff old portage. Now, you take your turkeys, and carry them in for a quarter of a mile. Then you come back and carry your canoe a quarter of a mile past your turkeys. Then carry them so far past the canoe and so on, do ye see? All the time you're comin' back, you're restin', and there ain't no time lost. I'm in the business, boys, and I'm tellin' you."

This was a long speech for old Tommy. We thanked him, and determined to use his advice. I believe all guides portage this way when forced to make two trips.

So we carried the bags first, for a quarter of a mile. We walked slowly, for it was up hill. Then we carried the canoe, according to directions. It seemed much heavier than the bags, we found, but the next time the bags seemed heavier than the canoe. Curiously enough they each increased in weight, the farther we went. When we dropped the bags at the end of the carry, it was with a sigh of relief as the sharp ache in the shoulders suddenly lessened, but when we had carried the canoe for fifty yards, anything seemed more endurable than the "telescope" sensation in the head and neck. It was an exceedingly hot day, and there was no drinking water en route. With our heads en-



On Lake of Bays.

veloped in the canoe, we could see nothing but the path for 10ft. ahead. Soon we began to carry for greater distances. We began to count 1,000 steps to a carry. Nine ninety-eight, nine ninety-nine, one thousand," we would say, and the bags would drop to the ground.

It took three hours and forty minutes to cross that portage, and then we had our first sight of Hollow Lake.

Loon Bay was a beautiful sight. The water was black and transparent, the bay is surrounded by hemlock and is connected by a narrow inlet to Hollow Lake. But the inlet is hidden, and to all appearances Loon Bay is a complete, perfect little lake about a quarter of a mile in diameter. It is a magnificent place for echoes. I dropped my paddle on the gunwale, and the sound of it came back to us three times, as distinct as could be.

But it was getting late, and we felt that we required pork and beans more urgently than beauty, so we paddled out of Loon Bay into the calm, quiet lake.

Hollow Lake is large (it is ten miles from end to end) and here and there and everywhere are islands. There are big islands and little islands. But all are covered with green hemlock.

Near the lower end we came upon a small one. A little cabin stood upon it. We paddled toward it and found it to be uninhabited, so we landed upon the island and made an exploration. It was a curious place to build a house. Why should a man want a house built on Hollow Lake, and why, having built it, didn't he live in it? We were puzzled. But under the verandah we found fourteen empty bottles, and then we understood. A fishing club owned the place.

We put the tent up on that island, and determined to stay there. There was no one to tell us we mightn't. No one was within miles. We were alone. The clear, black water of Kahweambeluwagamog lapped a gentle welcome on the granite shore of our island. There was no other sound.

But we weren't quite alone.

I was awakened by a peculiar long, mournful cry, and then a dog barked, miles away. Hector heard, too, and chuckled. "Humph!" he said.

"Wolves," I remarked briefly.

"Wolves," he responded sleepily.



TOWARD THE CLOSE OF DAY.

"Just as glad we're on an island."

"They wouldn't attack you," and Hector fell asleep again. The subject had exhausted all interest for him. But I lay awake and heard it several times. There is something uncanny and "shivery" about a wolf howl, and I mentally included the beast among wild animals I do not want to know.

Five days we were on Hollow Lake; five days that stand out in bold relief from the seven thousand odd days I have seen come and go; five days to draw a ring around upon memory's calendar, and to mark, "The five I would rather live over again."

And this is what we did.

Long before sunrise Hector would waken. He would begin the day by stretching his arms and remarking, "Humph!" in a tone of voice loud enough to rouse me. Then Hector would open the slit in the tent, put his head out, pull it in again, lay back in his blanket and say "Humph!" again. Then I would put my head outside and hastily draw it back again, for everything looked gray, and damp, and raw, and miserable. The mist would be rising from the lake, and the grass around would glisten with dew. But with the first faint ray of sun Hector and I threw aside the warm blankets and crawled out into the chilly air of the new morning. For there are but twenty-four hours in a day and a night, and we had a great many things to do.

Everything was still and calm at that time in the morning, and the smoke from our fire curled lazily high in the air. And while we ate our breakfast of porridge, pork and beans, and hard tack, the silence would be broken by a splash. "There's a salmon," Hector would observe, and after we had washed up we would put the canoe in the water and paddle gently past the high rocks, where the deep, cold water was, our trawling spoon spinning invitingly 100ft. astern. Presently we would feel a jar and the canoe stop for a second, and then the man who held the line would grunt and say: "Caught on bottom, I think. Back up!" We would paddle slowly back, taking in line hand over hand until it went down, perpendicularly into the water. We would haul up on it—a dull, dead mass—until just as we got it to the surface, a great gray thing would leap out, and kick about most vigorously, which is the way of salmon. Quickly he would be pulled aboard, resisting always, until after repeated blows upon the head with the edge of a paddle, his spirit was broken, and he lay quiet upon the bottom, except for an occasional convulsive shake. We would take him ashore, and while I mixed some lemonade as refreshment, Hector would clean him in some quaint Indian way he had read about in a book—splitting him up the back and removing the backbone intact—after which we concealed him under water until supper time.

Then the evening meal having been provided and all care upon that score removed, we paddled around the lake, exploring bays and inlets, and testing the echoes. Sometimes we landed, and did a little bush ranging or inspected one or other of the deserted lumber camps. Once we climbed to the summit of a high, rocky island and beheld the lake, as a little pond, away beneath us. We rolled a rock over the edge and heard it tearing and crashing down the side, and at last fall into the lake with a mighty splash.

I remarked to Hector what a fortunate thing it was



Deserted Lumber Camp—Hollow Lake.

that his head had not been in the way of that rock, and he replied pleasantly that it was rather unfortunate than otherwise, that mine had not.

But about noon the strong west wind, which has been getting ready all morning, would burst forth, and as it swept down the lake, the calm, lily-pond appearance would speedily be replaced by that of a very angry little ocean, which is a noted characteristic of Hollow Lake. Then it was that we paddled for the shelter of our island, and very wet indeed we were before reaching it, for no canoe could struggle again those seas without taking some of them in over the gunwale.

It was time for lunch then, and we would get out the hard tack, cheese and chocolate and make some more lemonade—good, strong stuff; two lemons to the pint, and two pints each!

All afternoon the storms kept up, making paddling for pleasure an impossibility. So, always after lunch, we selected a grassy spot in the shade, and carried the bags and blankets there, and lay upon them and talked about things. We looked over the lake and spoke of the great amount of good the fresh air was doing us and of how much the other fellows, with their ledgers and high collars, and civilized ways of eating, were to be pitied.

And then we talked of all the books we had read, and all the songs we had heard, and all the "shows"

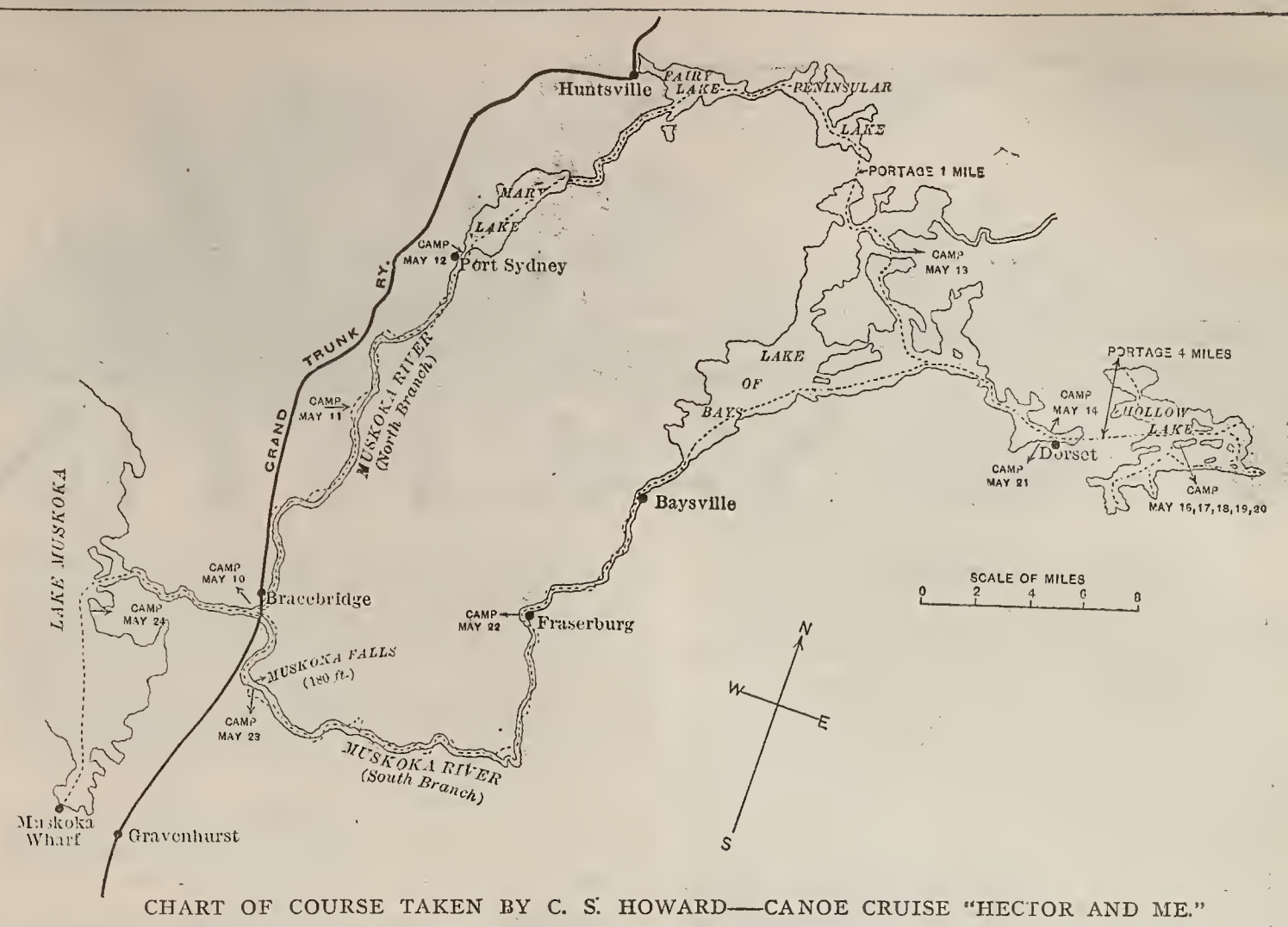


CHART OF COURSE TAKEN BY C. S. HOWARD—CANOE CRUISE "HECTOR AND ME."

we had seen, and all the fellows we knew. Then we talked French for a while, until we had talked all we knew, which didn't take very long. Hector asked me if it was that I had "seen the infants of the butcher in the carriage of our brother's three rosy daughters, monsieur?" to which I replied, "No monsieur, but when I was in London I talked often with monsieur, your father's friend, and his charming red dog. I always enjoyed the French immensely. Hector said that a little knowledge of the language would hurt no one, and certainly ours has never injured us!

Often, when we grew tired of conversation, we shot with a catapult. It is impossible to hit anything with a catapult. I know that it is impossible, because I tried and couldn't do it. Once, after repeated unsuccessful attempts to hit something, Hector drew the elastic to his head and sunk a heavy buck shot deeply into the frame of the door, and then drew a small circle around it, and around the small circle, larger ones. Hector said he did not so much mind being a bad shot, but he had a deeply rooted objection to other people's finding it out.

All this seems very ridiculous and silly, no doubt, but as I say to such of my friends who take it upon themselves to tell me of it, after all it was our canoe trip and our holidays, and we acted according to our ideas. Our ideas are not necessarily inferior to theirs (or to yours), because of any difference that may exist. I don't suppose there ever was another trip like this one.

About four o'clock the wind would have ceased and the lake gone down, so we would take our milk pail and a canvas bag and go up the lake to where Mrs. Hank lived in her one-roomed log shanty, with her little boy. Her husband lived there, too, but he was a rather less important part of the establishment than the cow, which dwelt in a lean-to hard by. Mrs. Hank was the management. She used to sell us milk and eggs, and bread, too, when she had any. Once she produced a slab of curious green-tinted flesh and assured us that it was pork. I looked at Hector, raising my eyebrows inquiringly, but he shook his head, so I said I guessed we had enough to do us. It required to be cooked in some complicated way, and as we did not understand it, we let it alone, which is an excellent rule to follow.

The first time we called Mrs. Hank was not expecting visitors, and when we stood grinning in the doorway, and looking into the room, asked if we could buy some things, she looked bewildered, as though the idea of anyone's requiring food on Hollow Lake was an impossible one, and not to be seriously considered.

An overpowering sense of the amusing side of it had swept over the dull intelligence of Hank, in his chair at the opposite side of the room, and manifested itself in an ear-to-ear grin. But Mrs. Hank speedily recovered and her natural hospitality asserted itself.

"Hank!" she said, and accompanied it with a frown and a wink.

Hank saw what the matter was instantly. (So did we. Mrs. Hank had but two chairs.)

He jumped to his feet at his wife's command, as a man and a husband ought.

"A fella' gets tired o' sittin' all day," he observed.

Then Mrs. Hank gave her chair to Hector and Hank's to me, and whenever we came for supplies afterward the chairs were ready waiting for us. There we would sit while Mrs. Hank got the things together and talk to the little boy—a bullet-headed youth who, seated upon the floor thumb in mouth, used to gaze at us with a fixedness of stare that was highly flattering.

"How old are you?" demanded Hector once.

"Five," responded the youth.

"No, you aren't. You're only four."

"I betcha!"

"I betcha!"

"No, I aint; I'm five."

"Humph!" Hector reflected. (He was shaken but not yet convinced.) "You used to be only four," he argued.

The boy was beaten. Hector was too astute for him.

"How did you know?" he asked.

Hector shook his head and smiled knowingly.

"Oh, I knew."

"Somebody musta told you," persisted the child. He felt injured. Hector had inside information and it wasn't fair.

Mrs. Hank was a very nice person, but in common with every other mother that I ever knew, could not refrain from boasting about her child.

"Maybe you'll be tellin' a story," she used to say, "or singin' a song, and he won't go to bed till the story's told or the song's sung, and maybe next day he'll be tellin' you somethin' about it."

This indication of dawning genius in her offspring was clearly too much for her limited comprehension, and she would look at the boy proudly, and then shake her head and sigh.

"Five, he is. Six next birthday, if all's well. I put him into pants to-day," she announced. "Stand up and show the gentlemen your pants, Dave." And Dave, shy at this allusion to the but recent acquirement of his garments, slowly rose to his feet, revolved before us several times, drew attention to the pockets and then resumed his place upon the floor, thumb in mouth as before.

"'Sugar,' ses you!" Mrs. Hank continued in mock disgust. "Did ever you see such a boy for sugar? Here, then! Now don't you let me hear 'sugar' out of you for a month or I'll sugar you!" And Dave



The Picturesque Person.

took his thumb from his mouth and replaced it with the sugar.

The child's accomplishments were so many, that Mrs. Hank's recital of them took some time, and it was generally after six when we began our four-mile paddle to camp.

We cooked our supper as soon as we reached the island. Hector used always to attend to the fish himself. (He used to say that he wouldn't trust his twin brother with it.) It was a most interesting spectacle to see him prepare it. He would build one of his little Indian fires between two stones, and would place the plate upon it, with some bacon fat, and when the latter had dissolved, would lay the fish in it with some oat meal. Then he would kneel close to the fire, gazing earnestly at the fish as it lay frizzling, from time to time prodding it with a stick and occasionally blowing the fire furiously.

"How is she?" I would ask.

Hector would place his nose close to the plate and inhale vigorously.

"Oh, she's coming along all right."

In a few moments he would pull the plate from the fire with his felt hat.

"I guess she'll do now. Pass up the plates."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



Hull to Bristol.

BY WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD, BOSTON, MASS.

The Story which won the First Prize of $75 in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

WHEN a fellow has a decided fondness for cruising, and no boat of his own with which to gratify his love of the sea, he cannot be particular in regard to such cruising invitations as are extended to him. Accordingly I accepted with alacrity the chance offered me to take the 18ft. knockabout, Ayaya, from Hull to Bristol.

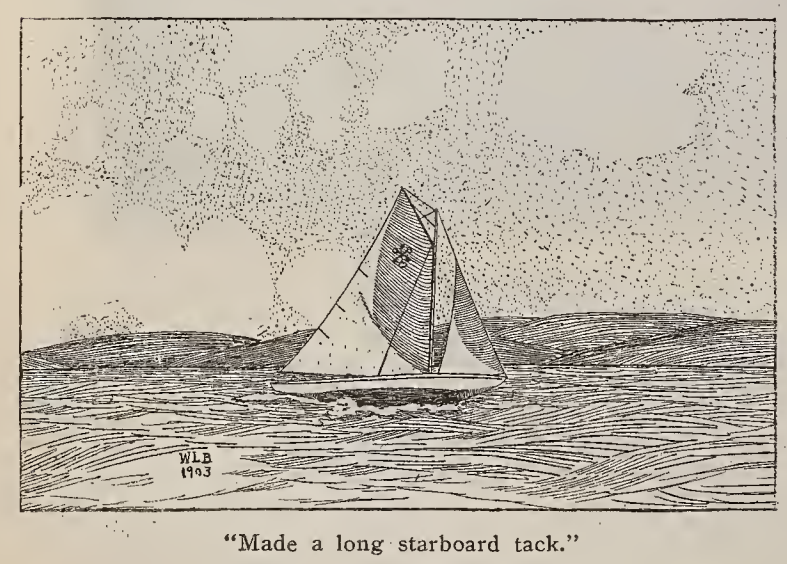
I was thoroughly familiar with the boat, having seen her designed and built, having helped to launch and rig her and having not only been on her first sail, but having frequently raced on her in every capacity from that of helmsman to that of spinnaker man. I could not have been much better acquainted with a boat of my own.

She was designed by F. H. Keyes (an amateur) for the use of himself and his brother, W. P. Keyes, and was built by "Ed" Knights at Hull, Massachusetts, in the early part of 1901, in conformity with the restriction of the Eighteen Foot Knockabout Association. Her principal dimensions were as follows:

Length—	
Over all	30ft. 11in.
On waterline	17ft. 10in.
Breadth—	
On deck	6ft. 11in.
At waterline	6ft. 6in.
Draft—	
(Board up)	3ft. 0in.
Freeboard—	
At bow	2ft. 3in.
Least freeboard	1ft. 6in.
Area—	
Of mainsail	354 sq. ft.
Of jib	90 sq. ft.
Total sail area	444 sq. ft.
Displacement	4,196 lbs.
Outside ballast	1,300 lbs.

She was of the strictly knockabout rig, having no bowsprit. Her centerboard box was not in sight, the board being inside the iron keel and the deadwood—entirely below the hull. Her beam was the minimum allowed by the restrictions, and, incidentally, it was not enough. In form she was a decided scow with very full sections, a long straight side and a flat floor; she was very flat under her ends and had a deep, wide transom.

She had water-tight bulkheads forward and aft, and when built had a large, deep cockpit, but in 1902 this was changed to one of the bath tub variety, and the deck carried in to form seats. At the same time the skeg, on which her rudder had been hung, was removed and the deadwood filled in aft to allow of giving her a stern post rudder. She had no cabin house—only a mahogany slide and companionway hatch opening into a low space under the deck. This cuddy was not floored, save for two spaces, each six by two feet, one one each side, with an open space between. There was not sufficient room to sit upright beneath the deck. There were absolutely no cabin fittings and no lockers, save for two "wing" lockers formed by the sides of the boat, the walls, or staving of



"Made a long starboard tack."

the cockpit and the cockpit floor beams which were carried clean across her. Although built a shade heavier than the restrictions demanded, she had no truss beams at the mast—now considered a necessary adjunct to every boat in the class.

She was intended for racing and afternoon sailing, and not for cruising, but I figured that with a little luck I should be able to get to Bristol without any trouble. I did not have the luck, as will be seen.

Monday, July 13, was rainy and calm. My friend Albert and I went down to Hull on the late afternoon boat, and, immediately after dinner, went aboard the Ayaya at her moorings in Hog Hole. Both the Keyes brothers went aboard with us to assist in the stowage of our duffle and to bid a fond farewell to their old boat. The sky had cleared and a light west wind ruffled the waters of Hull Bay. We tied down one reef in the mainsail as I looked for more wind before day break and did not care to reef during the night.

At 9:25 P. M. we cast off the moorings, and with Prescott Keyes at the stick beat slowly out of Hog Hole and down to the Hull station of the Boston Y. C., where Keyes jumped into his skiff and left us. It was a slow pull through Hull Gut, close around Windmill Point and cut the ship channel against a strong flood tide. On the way out we passed a mud-dredger hard at work, although it was then 10:30.

We slowly reached out of the channel, and just as we passed Harding's Ledge gas buoy at 11:40 we set the log and made our course S. E. by E. for the whistler on Peaked Hill bar. Albert turned in at 12:05 A. M. on



"She staggered even under double-reefed mainsail."

Tuesday, July 14, but was out again half an hour later, just before we brought Minot's Light abeam at 12:40. The log then read 3.2 knots. By this time we were fairly well out of the Boston tide. The wind was still west, the sea was smooth and the moon shone through the clouds.

At 1:40 A. M. the log read 8.2 knots—five knots for the hour. I was still steering and sat on the floor of the cockpit to leeward, my back against the staving and my legs crossed under me Turkish fashion. This was a splendid seat, as I could see ahead under the boom and jib as well as over the weather side. The lighted binnacle, placed against the companionway threshold, was close at hand, and a slight weather helm kept the tiller to starboard of the center line of the boat, giving me plenty of room, which would not have been the case had I tried to sit on the weather side of the cockpit floor. (The cockpit is 5ft. 9in. long by 2ft. 3in. wide by 15in. deep.) A lighted lantern (not our regulation fresnol lens anchor light) was carried in a bucket on the stern overhang, where it was ready to be displayed to any approaching vessel or for use in reading the log. The latter at 2:40 showed 13.4 knots, or 5.2 for the last hour. By this time the wind had pricked on a bit, so that our single reef was very comfortable. The sea was very smooth, but there were no stars or moon to be seen. The first streak of the approaching daylight was visible upon a cloud high in the eastern sky.

During the next hour the wind, while remaining true in its direction, increased steadily, and the sea began to get up. At this reading the log showed 17.9 knots. At five minutes after four o'clock we sighted Race Point's white light with its white flash one point on our weather bow. We counted eighteen fishermen, all schooners, bound in and showing only lower sails. The wind and the sea now arose rapidly until we were staggering along from one wave to another. I did not like that, nor did I like the look of the sky, so gave the stick to Albert, after having had it for four hours, and set about shortening sail.

I lowered the mainsail with some difficulty, and put the boom in the crotch. And then my troubles began.

The sails (cross-cut of 4½ ounce duck) were an old suit, cut down to a total area of 400 sq. ft. for use in the early spring and late fall, and had become so soft that although still setting perfectly they were almost worn out, and were beginning to go in several places. Before reefing I had to get out my palm, needle, thread and wax and darn a rip at the upper batten pocket and two reef points in the mainsail. This done, I found that the mast hoop seizings were all on the point of dissolution, so I cut them adrift and seized the hoops on again with some stout marlin, greased with lard oil to make it pliable. This done, I bent on a stout vang, or downhaul, to the outboard end of the gaff, and having put in the third (and last) reef, hoisted sail. Care had to be taken in tying the knittles not to get them too tight or they might have torn the mainsail.

We had been running along under the jib all this time, but when I hoisted away, Albert luffed her so that I might peak up the mainsail. When he did this she drove right through several seas, taking solid water over her bows and putting me through them knee deep. The Ayaya's halliards do not lead aft, but are made fast to belaying pins in galvanized iron arms that are part of the gooseneck casting. None of this water that came aboard found its way into the cockpit.

By the time I had reset the mainsail it was 5:05 A. M. Under shortened sail we tore down the wind, now jumping from wave crest to wave crest, now coasting down a long roller with a furrow of foam swirling high above each bow, only to pause and then with bow lifted high above the sky-line soar over the next sea.

We passed close aboard of several big fishermen, who, on being hailed, predicted much more wind, and each of them advised us to get into Provincetown. As this was all in accord with my own opinion of the weather, we hauled more nearly abeam of the wind so as to leave Wood End to port. By this time we were quite close to the beach—close enough to see it with the utmost distinctness. The sea here ran very high (we were practically in the Race) but the Ayaya took it nicely and ran along like a frightened deer. The mainboom buckled until it resembled a scythe, which was not to be wondered at, for with three reefs tied down the mainsheet bridle was well aft of the leach of the sail.

Just before reaching Long Point I went forward and substituted the storm jib for our big one. We then tacked ship and passed the Long Point buoy at 6:55, when we took in our log, reading 33.61 knots.

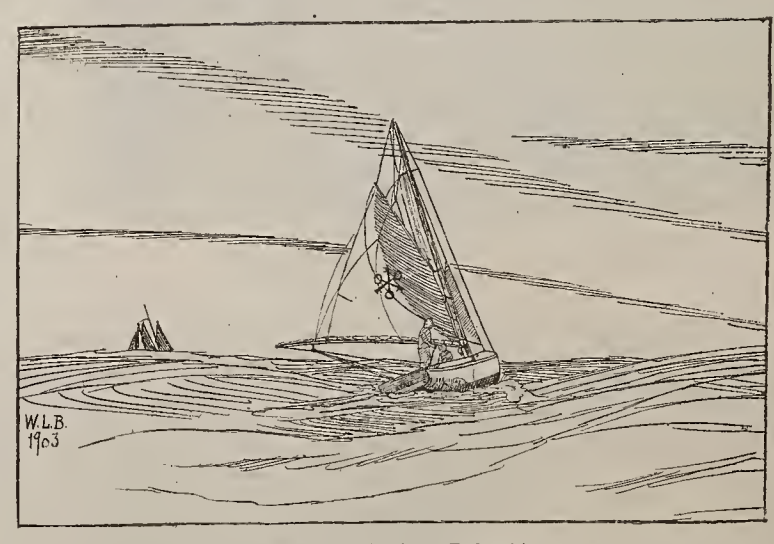
We beat up the harbor through some heavy gusts and anchored S. W. of the railroad wharf at 7:20—ten hours out. We had quite a circus when anchoring, as Albert neglected to cast off a runner and the mainsail filled against it, causing us to overrun our anchor, so that I weighed and cast it again to be sure that it was not fouled. As Albert had never before sailed in a boat with backstays he was not to be blamed for forgetting them.

After cleaning up our ship we were glad to have a hot breakfast, and our Primus stove accomplished wonders. Anchored in the harbor were the auxiliary brigantine Aloha, the 25ft. sloop Golden Rod and nearly all the fishing schooners we had seen off Race Point.

The wind blew hard all day and a severe squall passed down the back of the Cape during the afternoon, so that we were well satisfied to be inside of Provincetown harbor.

Wednesday, July 15, we were up early and ate a hearty hot breakfast before getting under way. There was a nice whole sail west wind and a beautiful clear sky. We broke out the anchor at 5:15 A. M., and twelve minutes later passed out by Long Point Light, and, pinning in our sheets, made a long starboard tack out into Cape Cod Bay. There was quite a bobble to the sea, but she slammed through it at a good rate, passing all the small fishermen with ease. We held this tack until 5:58, when we saw that we could fetch by Race Point, so flung her about. The fair tide now struck us square on the lee quarter and helped us along in gallant style. When passing the black spar buoy N. W. off Wood End Light at 6:17 we set the log.

We were off Race Point Light at 6:42, wind still west



Off Race Point, July 14.

and whole sail. The sun was shining brightly, but there were dark clouds in the south.

After passing Race Point our course became N. E. by E. for two miles, and as this brought the wind well aft we winged out the jib to port with the aid of the spinnaker boom. Soon after this we had to gybe the mainsail as we were constantly holding more and more to the eastward, following the curve of the beach until our course became E. by S., when we set the spinnaker. To do this we had to dowse the jib and use its halliard, as the spinnaker halliards were not rove (in fact, the spinnaker halliard block was not aloft). The wind was now very light and the sea smooth.

We passed well inside of the Peaked Hill bar whistler at 7:47, and began to edge out from the beach so as not to be too close in the lee of the land when we reached the bluffs.

Shortly after bringing Cape Cod Light abeam at 9:09 we took in the spinnaker and set the jib once more. The wind had backed a point to W. by S., but was still very faint. The sky had cleared completely and the day was fair to look upon. When passing the light we blew our horn vigorously in the hope of being reported. We also read the log, and found that it had only registered 3.7 knots since set, when it should have given 15.5 knots. Of course the fair tide would partially account for the error, but not for all of it, so when examination disclosed no seaweed on the blades, I voted the log a delusion and hauled it in for good.

As we reached along to the southward we caught numerous hot puffs off the land. First one would head us off a couple of points and then the next would let us up as much. Albert was taking a nap, so I tried holding the sheets while I steered—flattening in when a flaw came ahead or easing off if favored by a puff. This, however, grew wearisome, so I simply kept her going with a good full, gaining when I could and losing when obliged to; it averaged up pretty well, and the course made good was the proper one.

These flaws were invariably encountered wherever there was a break in the height of the cliffs, as at the Pamet River and Cahoons Hollow life saving stations, and to a lesser degree at numerous other points.

Long before we reached them we saw the four huge towers of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company at South Wellfleet. They dwarf the surrounding landscape in surprising fashion, and make fine landmarks. I should think the chart would show them, since it frequently shows much less noticeable church spires. We finally had the towers abeam at 11:19 A. M.

Our course was now due south. The wind, except in the puffs, continued light, and was W. by N. The sky was absolutely cloudless and the sun hot.

Just before noon I got out my quadrant, and after a little fussing secured a very good sight. Albert declared that I did it only to impress him, but, as a matter of fact, I was simply seizing upon one of my few opportunities to practice up on real navigation.

At 12:30, when off the entrance to Nausett Harbor, we passed inside of a small yawl bound north. We had a good look at the entrance of this so-called harbor. Even then with a smooth sea and offshore wind the rollers were breaking heavily on the bar.

As our jib sheets looked very much the worse for wear. I brought out some new rope and rove new ones. Before I had finished splicing the standing end of the first one to an eye bolt in the deck the wind began to gather weight, and by the time I had finished the job we had our lee rail awash and were tearing along like a good one.

At half after one o'clock the wind backed suddenly to the S. S. W., and piped up at once. This was a decided shock to our dreams of a fast run. Putting the Ayaya on the port (inshore) tack, I lowered the mainsail, put the boom into the crotch and secured it with quarter straps. The wind blew fiercely out of a clear sky, and I had to fight the sail to get stops around it before I began tying down the reefs. I put in two as quickly as I could, then wore ship and hoisted away.

I had no sooner filled her away under this reduced sail than I saw that she had too much canvas set, but drove her to weather on her ear for awhile, hoping to see the wind go down as quickly as it had risen. But this was not to be, so once more I took the mainsail off of her (the vang was here of great assistance in getting the peak down) and tied in the third reef. Then I substituted the baby jib for the large one, again wore ship and set sail once more. This, however, did not produce the needed relief, for while I had been reefing the wind had continued to increase. The sky became overcast with low, scurrying clouds, and the sea grew hilly. The tide was fair, making the waves short and steep. It was easy to see the current undercut the seas, causing a nasty chop that proved a difficult proposition for the Ayaya's long, flat bow. She slammed away to windward in a series of shocks that not only jarred us but tested her rigging severely. Owing to the reefs the mainboom buckled badly. With this shortened sail the throat halliards refused to take up any strain, leaving it all to the peak halliards. The gaff, of course, tried to swing away from the mast, and when she hit one sea with unusual viciousness the lanyard on the jaws of the gaff parted and off swung the gaff, starting rips in the luff of the sail at the two upper mast hoops. I jumped forward with a bit of light line and rove a new lanyard at once.

Meanwhile, the boat, though going ahead, did not get out to weather at all well. I tried dowsing the baby jib—a very diminutive sail—but this not only did not ease her, but its absence made her steer so hard that I had to reset it.

We bucked away for some time, jumping through one sea to fetch up on the next with a bang that jarred her all over and made the mast do contortions despite the weather runner. (Give me a boat whose mast needs only shrouds—a runner is a fearful nuisance when beating to windward in a blow.) Meantime I had the pleasure of seeing the rips—two had started at reef points in addition to those on the luff of the sail—grow, and speculated on whether or not others would appear.

We finally decided to call it off, so turned tail and ran back under jib alone. This was principally to slow her down, so that we might not get very far if the wind should go down with the sun. We dug out our dress suit cases, changed into dry clothes, and took things leisurely as we retreated northward.

When we reached the Marconi towers we saw a couple of fishing schooners anchor, and were thinking of doing so ourselves as soon as the curve of the beach should promise a little shelter. Then, all of a sudden, the wind veered to N. W. at 4:20 P. M. and moderated. We immediately swung around again., hoisted our mainsail, set the big jib and began retracing our weary steps. The sea fell with amazing rapidity, and on the last of the south-going tide we made very good speed. As the wind continued to lighten we shook out the third reef when off Nausett.

At 8:30 P. M. we passed just inside the whistler on Chatham bar and laid our course S. W. by W., to pass inside of Bearses and Shovelful shoals and close around the tip of Monomoy Point. The wind continued light and was west. I had hard work to resist the impulse to set all sail.

At nine o'clock the wind backed to S. W. once more and blew hard—so hard that she staggered, even under the double reefed mainsail, and laid her lee deck under up to the coaming. The tide had now turned against us, so I soon tacked, stood inshore, and anchored at 9:45 in the lee of the beach about half way between the Monomoy and Chatham lights.

We decided to stand hourly watches, so as to be able to take advantage of any shifts of the wind, as well as to see the anchor held. We did not get as near the beach as I had intended, as the night was so dark I did not care to risk standing in too far. Neither of us slept when off watch, owing to the motion, but we got some rest.

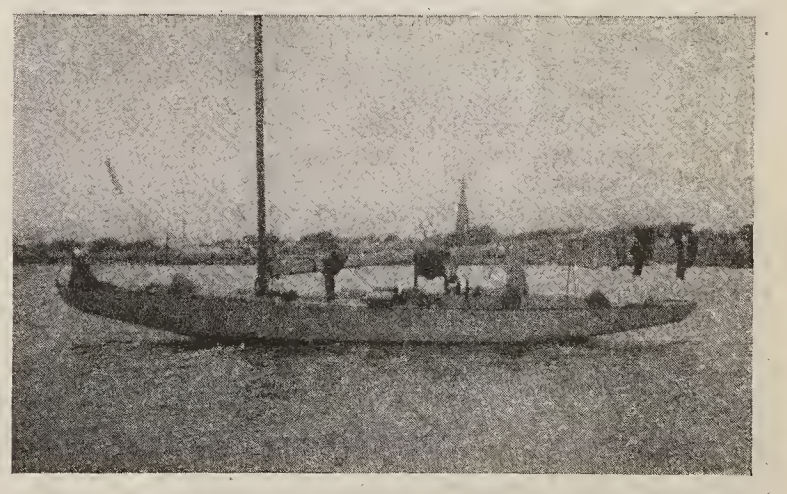
Thursday, July 16.—During the night the wind continued to increase, and when the tide turned against it the sea was nasty, indeed. The current held us quartering to the wind, a position which, while it eased the strain on the ground tackle, made us much more uncomfortable. The seas were, of course, very steep, and they banged under the counter and slopped aboard with annoying persistency. This gave me a chance to try the effect of oil, so I took a ball of rope yarns about the size of my head and soaked it in lard oil. Then I took the mainsail battens for a float and made the whole affair fast to a long piece of marlin. I threw the oiled yarn overboard and let the current carry it about fifty yards to windward of us. By making the marlin fast at the stem I was able to keep the ball dead to windward of the cockpit. The effect was magical, and just as the books describe it—the waves ceased to break aboard, and she seemed to ride them the least bit better.



Ayaya "drying out" at Provincetown.

At sunrise the wind was still increasing instead of letting up as we had hoped it would. We managed, however, to cook some beans and to make some cocoa. The hot food cheered us up, and I repaired the tears in the mainsail. As the morning wore on several coasting schooners bound to the westward anchored about a mile outside of us. When the tide turned once more and we swung around to face the sea, we were no longer able to use our oil. The Ayaya seemed determined to hammer the life out of every wave that came along, and she did it, too! But it was a good deal like the man who insisted on butting his head against the stone wall. Spray flew over us in sheets, no matter where we sat. There was so much water flying that a cigarette would become wet through before you could smoke an inch of it.

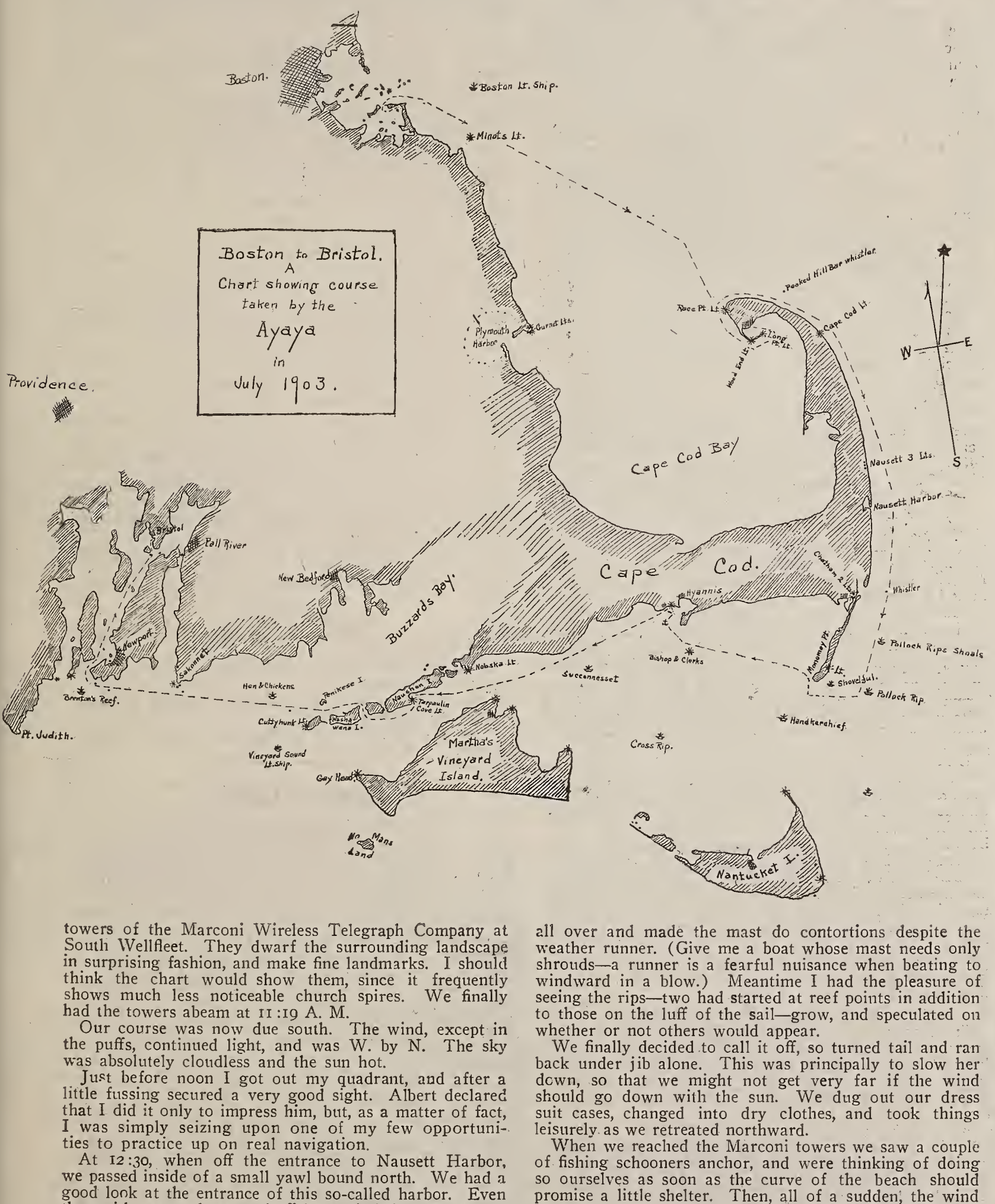
We hung on as long as we could, but the wind gradually backed to the S. S. W. and deprived us of any shelter, so that holding on became a question of would her flat bow stand the hammering that it was receiving? She would shake from stem to stern as she hit the seas, and the mast would whip almost like a reed.



Ayaya "drying out" at Provincetown.

We finally broke out our anchor at half after twelve o'clock, and under baby jib alone raced up the beach, holding inshore to have a good look at the entrance to Chatham harbor. But the sight of the breakers there deterred us from trying to get in, as it was impossible to tell where the channel was and the chart only shows three feet on the bar. So we edged out around the spar buoy on the end of the bar, which we passed at 2 P. M. We then set the big jib and fairly sprinted up the beach, covering the eleven knots to the Nausett Lights in two hours with a head tide for half the distance.

When half way between Nausett and Cape Cod lights we saw a series of very black squalls passing out by the end of the Cape, so shifted back to the baby jib. A terrific rain squall went straight out to sea from the Highlands, but all we got was a dead calm. In this we drifted past the 25ft. knockabout, Dixie, and had quite a talk with her crew. They were bound around the Cape. I wanted

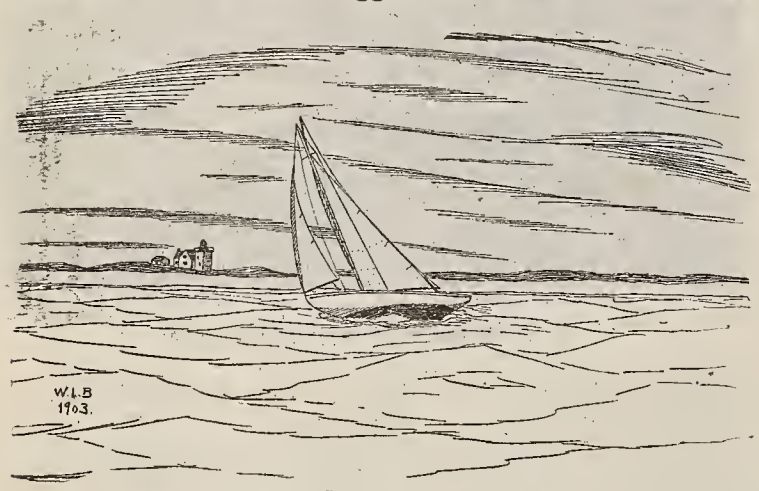


to up helm and follow them, but Albert had to be back in Boston on Saturday morning and did not wish to take any chances.

The calm was followed by a strong W. by S. breeze, so we set the three reefed mainsail. We had Cape Cod Light abeam at 7:35 P. M., and made our course N. W. for the Peaked Hill bar whistler. We never heard it and at 9:15 on seeing the lights of a tow well inside of us we hauled on the wind. Soon after doing so we saw Race Point Light on our port bow. The wind had lightened somewhat, so Albert took the tiller while I shook out one reef and shifted jibs. We beat up to Race Point rather slowly, despite the fair tide, standing inshore until the curve of the beach hid the light, and then out for twenty minutes or more. I put the lighted lantern out on the stern overhang, thus lighting up the luff of the sail and giving something to steer by. I was extremely sleepy and had to change my position frequently to keep awake.

Friday, July 17. It was just 1:10 A. M. when we rounded Race Point. Shortly before that, while making a hitch close inshore we nearly ran into a big fish weir. On rounding the point we squared away and ran down the beach. Wood End's red flash was in plain sight, so I steered to leave it close to port. We passed close aboard one of the two black spar buoys, but did not see the other. After passing Wood End at 2:07 A. M. we tacked ship and ran for Long Point Light, but at once found that we were running a bit by the wind, so, not caring to get too close in, tacked ship again and stood along until we could safely carry our boom to starboard.

Once in by Long Point we hauled on the wind and slowly beat up to our old anchorage, where we let go the mud-hook at 3:17 A. M. I was good for an immediate and long sleep, but as Albert said he was hungry, I scrambled half a dozen eggs and made some chocolate



Wood End Light abeam at 6:02 A. M.

while he bailed out the cuddy. On finishing our meal we turned in without waiting to change into dry clothes. It was then just the right kind of a morning to be starting for Hyannis, but I had to wait for a new crew.

Albert left at 2 P. M., and I spent the afternoon gathering up the things which had been dried out during the afternoon (practically everything on board), and in taking a nap. Among the boats in the harbor was the 46-footer, Wasp, which had tried to round the Cape the morning before, but after getting down to Pollock Rip had been forced to give it up and return—"Even as you and I."

Saturday, July 18. My new crew, in the person of Capt. Benjamin F. Sparks, came aboard at 4:50 A. M. He is a retired whaling captain, and a good small boatman. He now makes a business of taking small boats around the Cape, or of assisting owners to do so. I found him invaluable and a good companion to boot, so cheerfully recommend him to anyone needing such services. We got away at 5:10 with a nice wholesail W. S. W. breeze and a fair tide.

We worked up the beach from Long Point in short tacks close inshore—the water is deep right up to the beach. We had Wood End Light abeam at 6:02 A. M., and easing our sheets reached away for Race Point. We kept very close in to the beach (close enough to see the bottom and at times in less than six feet of water) all the way around to High Head Life Saving Station. Cape Cod Light came abeam at 8:50. The sky was then clear and the W. S. W. wind moderate.

By half past ten the wind had backed to due south and breezed so much that we put two reefs in the mainsail. We plugged away at it in long boards, going about four miles offshore on one hitch. We did better away from the land as the wind was less puffy there than close in by the beach where we caught some hot flaws that laid us out flat. On one of our offshore hitches we passed a 50ft. schooner simply flying under her spinnaker.

At five minutes before two o'clock in the afternoon we passed the Nausett Lights and continued our monotonous task of turning to windward with lee rail awash and spray flying. It was interesting to see how much pleasure Sparks derived from steering a "knockabout boat." He marveled at her delicacy of helm and her ability to lie within four points of the wind.

At 4:15 we caught the fair tide which turns off Chatham an hour before it does at Pollock Rip. Fifteen minutes later we shook out our reefs as the wind was more moderate. The sky looked bad to me, but Sparks "allowed it did not bother him, as he did not believe in mackerel skies anyway." Perhaps he said so to reassure me.

We passed the Chatham bar whistler at 4:45 P. M. It had a familiar look to me. The tide began to set us to windward in great shape. It certainly does run over the shoals with great velocity. Pollock Rip Shoals Lightship bore east at 5:58, and at 6:40 we cut well inside of Pollock Rip Lightship. It seems to me that they might have given the newer ship a name less similar to that of the old vessel. Why not the "Chatham Shoals," or the "Slue Lightship?"

At first we could just barely lay for Shovelful Lightship, but, thanks to the tide, were soon able to ease our sheets, and even then we passed through the rips on Stone Horse Shoal and a mile to windward of Shovelful.

In the fast gathering dusk we had some trouble in locating the buoys that mark the narrow channel between Handkerchief and Shovelful Shoals, but finally picked them up and whisked in by Monomoy at 7:25. We thus saved going way around the Handkerchief.

Our course was now W. N. W., and as we ran along we congratulated ourselves upon the fact that we would soon be at anchor in Hyannis harbor. I lighted the binnacle lamp so as to be able to steer the compass course. It was not long before we raised Bishop and Clerks' Light. Soon after this the wind began to prick on and at once backed to S. S. E. The direction was favorable, but the amount was not, so we jumped around and tied in two reefs. On hoisting away again we found this too much—even off the wind—so we once more slackened away and tied in the third reef. This set she behaved better for a short time, but the wind was settling down to blow hard and it was not long before I decided to shift jibs. I accomplished this with much difficulty, as the Ayaya was jumping, rolling and diving as if mad. Coleman hooks are hard to handle under such conditions; when you add intense darkness and furious rain you may appreciate my task. It was easy enough to unhook them, getting the leather thong back through the eye was my difficulty, but I finally succeeded in hooking the halliards and sheets to the storm jib, hoisted it and tumbled aft.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Atlantic Y. C. Rating Rule.

AT a recent meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. held in New York, amendments to the racing rules were adopted which show radical changes in the method of obtaining rating measurement. The innovations come as the result of a series of meetings held since early fall, in which the New York and Atlantic Y. C. have sought to come to some agreement for a uniform method of rating.

The work of the Atlantic Y. C. has been in charge of a committee consisting of Henry J. Gielow, chairman; Henry J. Robert and Charles E. Schuyler. Mr. Gielow, however, is responsible for the rule. The success of the new regulations has held his close attention for some time past. He has gone about the work in the same energetic and expert manner which characterized the creation of the rating rules adopted by the American Power Boat Association last year. These have since been considered good enough to be accepted as a standard by a number of leading power boat organizations abroad.

Having in mind the great need of uniformity in rating rules, the Atlantic Y. C. amendments were made akin to those adopted last year by the New York Y. C., the principal difference being the method of obtaining "L," or length used in the formula.

The New York Y. C. obtains it by taking the quarter breadth length on deck and at the load waterline and dividing the sum by two. The Atlantic Y. C. obtains "L" by a single measurement, 10 per cent. of the greatest beam at the load waterline above the load waterline plane. Both methods give substantially the same L on existing yachts. On new boats, however, the New York Y. C. rule can be evaded to a considerable extent, which is guarded against in that adopted by the Sea Gate organization. It is asserted by sponsors of the latter that the new method of obtaining L measures more accurately the line on which the boat really sails when heeled to her best work.

The intent of the rule is to foster the building of boats of good displacement, moderate overhangs, and liberal accommodations, which can take a sea without pounding and yet possess a good burst of speed. The complete formula of the Atlantic Y. C. rating rule is as follows:

Racing measurement equals length multiplied by the square root of the sail area divided by 5.5 times the cube root of the displacement. Length (L) is obtained as follows:

L is measured on a line parallel with the middle fore and aft vertical plane at a distance from it equal to one-quarter of the greatest beam at the load waterline and one-tenth of the beam above it. Any unfairness of form for the apparent purpose of shortening the length shall be trued up and the yacht measured between fair lines.

Another slight difference between the New York Y. C. rule and that of the Atlantic Y. C. is the divisor. In the first mentioned, five times the cube root of the displacement is taken, while in that of the Sea Gate Club the divisor is made 5.5 times the cube root of the displacement. The latter change was recommended by "Nat" Herreshoff, among other well-known designers. Increase in the divisor in most cases brings about a lower rating than in the New York Y. C. rule.

The new regulations replace the old Atlantic Y. C. rule, in which rating measurement was equal to one-half the load waterline length multiplied by the square root of the sail area. It is interesting to note the comparative ratings under the old and new Atlantic Y. C. rules. Examples figured accurately enough to well illustrate the point are published herewith.

It will be seen that craft of healthy type rate low. Approach toward the scow is severely taxed. It should also be noted how greatly L, the waterline on which a boat sails when heeled to her best work, differs in extreme craft from the load waterline length which was taken in the old Atlantic Y. C. rule. A few ratings of existing boats are given below for the purpose of comparison:

	L.W.L.	L.	Old Rating.	New Rating.
SCHOONERS.				
Lasca	89.8	77.8	93.3	90.0
Emerald	85.9	78.5	90.7	85.5
Corona	85.5	80.0	93.1	90.0
Iroquois	79.0	65.5	82.3	76.8
Amorita	69.0	67.0	73.2	73.5
Elmina	68.0	66.2	73.2	72.7
Muriel	68.0	66.2	73.2	72.7
SLOOPS.				
Weetamoe	51.0	56.2	60.0	66.5
Neola	51.0	56.2	60.0	66.5
Isolde	59.7	55.0	60.5	52.7
Effort	36.6	40.0	43.0	46.5
Dorwina	35.0	38.0	43.0	46.0
Umbrina	34.8	34.8	39.2	35.2
Naiad	22.6	25.8	24.1	25.0
Ogeemah	20 0	18.7	22.0	18.0
Spots	18.0	21.5	20.9	22.1
Wraith	18.0	21.5	20.9	22.1
Bronco	18.0	21.5	20.9	22.1

When the New York Y. C. rule was first made public it called forth a storm of objection and illustrations of its lack of merit. All of these, however, referred to boats of 40ft. racing measurement or over, the smallest class considered by the New York Y. C. The Atlantic Y. C. is the first to apply the principles to smaller boats, of which the great bulk of the racing force of the country is composed.

The Atlantic Y. C. rules place the same limitations on load waterline, draft and sail area as do those of the New York Y. C. One-half of any excess of the load waterline over 115 per cent. of L is added to the rating measurement. The limit of draft in feet is equal .133 times the rating measurement at the top of the class, plus 2.66.

Excess of draft, exclusive of centerboard, obtained by the latter formula, is multiplied by 5 and added to the rating measurement. The draft of any boat, exclusive of centerboard, cannot exceed 18ft. Any excess of the square root of the sail area over 135 per cent. of L is added to the rating measurement.

A new classification has been made up in which existing boats are placed as near as possible in the same classes in which they have heretofore sailed, and at the same time have them rate as near the top as a logical arrangement would permit. The classification as adopted is uniform. A difference of one foot occurs between the limits of the respective classes for sloops and yawls as they increase in size. A difference of three feet occurs in that for schooners.

The Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay has practically pledged itself to adopt the new rule. Final action will be taken at a meeting to be held in the near future. The complete classification in the new Atlantic Y. C. rating rules follows:

SCHOONERS.

Class A—All over 90ft., racing measurement; crew, 48 persons.

Class B—Over 75ft., not over 90ft., racing measurement; crew, 35 persons.

Class C—Over 63ft., not over 75ft., racing measurement; crew, 25 persons.

Class D—Over 54ft., not over 63ft., racing measurement; crew, 20 persons.

Class E—54ft. or less, racing measurement; crew, 15 persons.

SLOOPS AND YAWLS.

Class F—All over 90ft., racing measurement; crew, 48 persons.

Class G—Over 78ft., not over 90ft., racing measurement; crew, 35 persons.

Class H—Over 67ft., not over 78 ft., racing measurement; crew, 20 persons.

Class J—Over 57ft., not over 67ft., racing measurement; crew, 15 persons.

Class K—Over 48ft., not over 57ft., racing measurement; crew, 12 persons.

Class L—Over 40ft., not over 48ft., racing measurement; crew, 9 persons.

Class M—Over 33ft., not over 40ft., racing measurement; crew, 7 persons.

Class N—Over 27ft., not over 33ft., racing measurement; crew, 5 persons.

Class P—Over 22ft., not over 27ft., racing measurement; crew, 4 persons.

Class Q—Over 18ft., not over 22ft., racing measurement; crew, 3 persons.

Class R—18ft. or less, racing measurement; crew, 2 persons.

CATBOATS.

Class S—Over 27ft., not over 33ft., racing measurement; crew, 5 persons.

Class T—Over 22ft., not over 27ft., racing measurement; crew, 4 persons.

Class V—Over 18ft., not over 22ft., racing measurement; crew, 3 persons.

Class W—18ft. or less, racing measurement; crew, 2 persons.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Dec. 27.—Arrangements are being made for a match race between two one-design classes of 18ft. knockabouts. One class will be of the keel type, designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman, of Boston. The other class will be composed of centerboard boats designed by Capt. N. G. Herreshoff, of Bristol. The keel boats were designed especially for Marblehead yachtsmen, and the conditions of those waters have been considered. While this is essentially a one-design class, the boats in every way conform to the restrictions of the Eighteen-foot Knockabout Association. On account of the shoaling waters of Buzzard's Bay the centerboard type has been selected for the yachtsmen of those waters. It is understood that this class will also conform to the same restrictions as the boats from the North Shore, with the exception that they will carry a little more sail.

There are three of the Boardman boats already ordered by Vice-Commodore C. H. Foster, of the Eastern Y. C., Hon. Charles Francis Adams 2d, of the Boston and Eastern Y. C., and Mr. R. de B. Boardman, of the Corinthian and Manchester Y. C. The class of 18-footers for Buzzard's Bay was organized by Mr. R. W. Emmons 2d, of the Beverly Y. C. Four of these boats have been ordered from Herreshoff, but the names of the owners have not yet been announced.

When the Eighteen-foot Knockabout Association was organized by ex-Commodore C. C. Clapp, of the Duxbury Y. C., its rules and restrictions were mainly taken from those governing a like class of the Beverly Y. C. The principal difference was that in the Buzzard's Bay class 1,500 pounds of outside ballast were required, while the Knockabout Association placed no restrictions on ballast, but stipulated that the boats should weigh 4,000 pounds. Other necessary restrictions have since been made by the Knockabout Association. Although this 18ft. class was practically founded by the Beverly Y. C., there has been little or no activity shown by the yachtsmen of Buzzard's Bay in building boats for it, while, on the other hand, in Massachusetts Bay the class has turned out to be the most popular one.

A series of races between the representative types of both sections will undoubtedly prove of much benefit. It will increase the interest that has already been shown in Massachusetts Bay, and it is likely to put the class on a practical working basis in Buzzard's Bay. The series proposed can hardly be classified as an inter-club one, for in Massachusetts Bay, particularly, the yachts will be

owned by members of different clubs. Considerable interest is being manifested in the proposed match, and it is possible that by the time the races are called there will be as many as six boats on each side.

It has been suggested that the series be sailed in neutral waters for the first race, and Provincetown has been mentioned as a possible meeting place. If this place were selected the Buzzard's Bay boats would have further to sail than the North Shore boats, and also in more trying waters. Provincetown appears to be the only place between Marblehead and Buzzard's Bay, however, where these little boats could be reasonably tried. It may be possible that the first series will be sailed in the waters of one of the contesting group, a return series to be sailed in the waters of the other contestants another season.

During the winter a nautical school has been established at the Boston Young Men's Christian Association for the benefit of yachtsmen. The subject matter taken up is along the lines of the school established by Capt. Howard Patterson in New York. There are courses in naval architecture, alongshore and deep sea navigation, seamanship, and the study of gasolene engines. It is not a money-making affair, but is established for the benefit of those who wish to seek knowledge on the subjects. The instructors are men who stand very high in their professions, coming from the U. S. Navy and from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The assessment levied is only sufficient to pay the instructors as nearly as possible, and the amount is very small.

The school has really been established for some time, but it was not until this winter that sufficient confidence was felt to take up all of the main branches of the science. The school has been of great benefit to those who have attended it in the past, and some nice work has been shown in designing and seamanship by some of the veriest amateurs. There is no doubt that it will prove of immense value to amateur yachtsmen of Boston and vicinity in coming years.

The Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C. has issued, in pamphlet form, a complete record of races given by the club during the season of 1903, including the squadron runs on the annual cruise and the special race off Newport. By the records it is shown that in the special open races given for smaller classes during the season, the championship cups, offered by Commodore Laurence Minot have been won by Sally VII. in Class D, Medric, in class E, and Question in class I. These boats are 25-footers, 22-footers, and 18-footers respectively.

Much interest is being shown in the new 30ft. class, but at present only three boats are in sight. For a brand new proposition even this number gives encouragement, and it is likely that the class will be a go. The designers are receiving queries all around, and it is expected that a few more orders will be forthcoming before long.

Messrs. Murray & Tregurtha have an order for a 47ft. torpedo stern, cabin launch for Mr. George P. Prior, of Winthrop. The yacht is now under construction. She will be equipped with a 16 horse-power engine. They are also building a 22ft. launch, with a 3 horse-power engine for a Halifax yachtsman.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

There is building at the yard of the Greenport Basin and Construction Company, a 25ft. waterline cruiser for Mr. Benjamin Atha, who spends his summers at Shelter Island. The boat was designed by Mr. Theodore Brigham.

A meeting of the South Coast Y. C. was held at Los Angeles, Cal., on the evening of Dec. 14, and the following officers were elected: Com., J. J. Jenkins; Vice-Com., Hays Rice; Rear-Com., Eugene Overton; Post-Captain, George Rice, Jr.; Regatta Committee, E. F. Doran, Chairman; Blake Gregory and Edward Hyans; Board of Directors, J. J. Jenkins, Hays Rice, Eugene Overton, W. S. Morse and Victor Stewart. It is probable the club will accept the informal offer of the Salt Lake Railroad, which has tendered them the use of the old Catalina Club House on Terminal Island as temporary quarters for the club.

There is building at the yard of the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., at Bristol, a 43ft. speed launch for a New York yachtsman. The boat was designed by Mr. C. F. Herreshoff. She will have oak frames and mahogany planking, will be 43ft. long and 5ft. breadth. Two 20 horse-power engines are expected to drive the boat at about 20 miles an hour.

The formation of a yacht racing association among the clubs on the south side of Long Island was agitated last summer and, while permanent organization has not yet been effected, the various clubs have manifested so much interest in the proposition that such organization will shortly be made.

South side yachtsmen are interested in one-design class racing, and a committee representing the several clubs has adopted the plan of boat which will appeal to every yachtsman, and which will enable all to take part in a purposed annual regatta for a trophy. The several clubs have elected representatives to a committee, which closely examined a number of plans and drawings of boats adapted to the uses in south side bays. The committee is composed of Vice-Com Frank K. Walsh, of the Keystone Y. C.; Com. Miller, of Freeport; former Com. Charles Southard, of the Hempstead Bay Y. C., and William Titus, of Hempstead.

The plan for a one-design class boat, decided upon by this committee, is a 25ft. catboat, having a breadth of 7ft. 8in., a draft of 15in., with 12in. least freeboard, and the choice of the committee has been adopted by the various yacht clubs.

It is purposed to build five of these boats before next season, one for each club on the south side, and a series of races will be held each season, with a regatta at the close to determine the championship. It is thought that the one-design class will give an impetus to yachting in these waters, and that in another year many more boats will be built.

The Philadelphia Y. C. has made a change in the club burgee. The new pennant is a pointed flag around the edge of which is a blue band. In the center of the burgee is a red keystone. The club's old pennant was exactly the same except for the blue border.

Mr. Cyrus Curtis, of Philadelphia, is to have a steel steam yacht built at Morris Heights, N. Y. Mr. Curtis formerly owned a small wood steam yacht named Philomena. Mr. Curtis' new yacht will be 115ft. over all, 95ft. waterline, 16ft. 6in. breadth and 7ft. 6in. draft. She is to be a flush deck vessel with a single funnel and two pole masts. There will be a large deck house forward, which will be used as a dining saloon. In the after part of the deck house will be the pantry, which will connect with the galley by dumb waiter. Aft of the machinery space are to be the owner's and guests' cabins and bath rooms. Forward of the engine room will be the galley, staterooms for the officers and the forecastle. The deckhouse, companionways, deck fittings and owner's and guests' rooms will be finished in mahogany.

The yacht will be fitted with a Seabury triple expansion engine, with cylinders 8½in., 14in. and 23in. in diameter by 12in. stroke. Steam will be supplied by a Seabury water tube boiler. The speed of the yacht will be at least fourteen miles an hour. She will have a complete electric light equipment. The owner proposes to name the yacht Machigonne, after the original Indian name for Portland, Me., his birthplace.

The following regulations have been forwarded to us by the Club Nautique de Nice relating to King Edward VII.'s Mediterranean cup:

"In accordance with His Majesty's desires, this trophy, to be called King Edward VII.'s Mediterranean Cup, is to constitute the prize of an international race from Gibraltar to Nice, which will take place under the following conditions:

"1. All yachts, irrespective of nationality or rig, measuring at least forty tons, according to Thames measurement, will be admitted to participate in the race.

"2. The course will be divided into three heats: (1) Gibraltar-Palma (Majorca Island); (2) Palma-Marseilles; (3) Marseilles-Nice.

"3. The start will take place at Gibraltar on Monday, Feb. 8, 1904. Full instructions concerning the departure from Gibraltar, the arrival and departure from Palma and Marseilles and the arrival at Nice will be issued to yachts participating in this race.

"4. The final classification will be decided by the computation of the relative duration of each heat.

"5. The prizes are as follows: First prize, a challenge cup presented by His Majesty the King, and called King Edward VII.'s Mediterranean Cup, with 2,500f. in specie added by the Club Nautique de Nice; second prize, a Sèvres vase, offered by the President of the French Republic, and 1,250f. added by La Société Nautique de Marseilles; third prize, 750f., offered by the Club Nautique de Nice; fourth prize, 500f., offered by the Club Nautique de Nice.

"6. Entries for the race will be received by the secretary of the Club Nautique de Nice, 93, Quai du Midi, up to Dec. 31, 1903, either by letter or telegram. Such entries, however, will not be accepted unless accompanied by the entrance fee of 250f., said sum to be returned in case the race does not take place.

"7. The race, by special agreement, will not take place unless there are at least five competitors at the start.

"Mr. Andrew Thomson has kindly consented to act as handicapper."

Mr. A. D. Proctor Smith, owner of the speed launch Vingt-et-Un, has accepted the challenge made by Mr. C. H. Tangeman for a motor boat race. Mr. Tangeman is of the firm of Hollander & Tangeman, the American agents of the Fiat automobile, which is manufactured in Turin, Italy. Mr. Tangeman has ordered the Electric Launch Co., of Bayonne, N. J., to build a hull for him, and one of his own motors will be installed in it.

The performances of Mr. Smith's remarkable little boat vingt-et-Un, have been recorded in these columns.

The match will be held under the auspices of the American Power Boat Association at a date between March 15 and May 15, 1904. The race is for $500 a side, and it is probable that the money will go toward purchasing a cup that will be a perpetual challenge trophy.

Favorable editorial comment was made in a recent number of our British contemporary, the Yachtsman, in regard to an employment bureau, which has been established at Southampton, England, for the purpose of supplying owners of both power and sail yachts with capable and reliable men to fill all positions on these vessels. The editor said in part:

"It seems to us that a great future is in store for this firm, for in the absence of any competition at the start, it has the chance of securing the hearty cooperation of owners, and can afford to pick the best men and discard any of inferior clay. So long as such a policy is continued the bureau must be of great advantage to employers and men alike. At present, we know it to be a fact that a large number of men of the best sort in various parts of the country would gladly take up yacht service, but that they do not know how to set about it."

A very similar bureau has been established in New York City, and as it is to be conducted on sound lines and by one who has had considerable experience in this work, the idea ought to commend itself to owners, and they should in the future be free from the annoyance of securing capable hands. The bureau ought to be the means of giving employment to reliable sailors, and there are many to be had. Owners have never known just where to look for them, and in many cases the crews are picked up by the officers at the ship yards and along the water front.

The American yacht intelligence bureau, which we refer to, is to be conducted by Mr. Herman Irving Loewy, who has been with Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane for eight years, and during that time looked after that firm's employment department. The references of all men furnished will be carefully and rigidly investigated, and as only steady and reliable men will be furnished, these will be of such a character as to obviate the unpleasant necessity of constant changes. The charges made for furnishing heads of departments and assistants are moderate, and owners will gladly pay these fees in order to get trustworthy men, who are qualified to do the work.

Mr. W. Starling Burgess, senior member of the Boston firm of Messrs. Burgess & Packard, has opened an office in London at 20 Endsleigh street, Gordon Square. Mr. Burgess is to make a specialty of designing racing yachts for the British Y. R. A. classes.

Designing Competition.

$225 in Prizes.

Two designing competitions have been given in FOREST AND STREAM. The first was for a 25ft. waterline cruiser; the second was for a 15ft. one-design class. Both competitions were very successful. The great interest taken in those competitions has prompted us to give a third one, open to amateurs and professionals. The prizes which will be given are as follows:

First prize—$100.
Second prize—$60.
Third prize—$40.
Fourth prize—$25, offered by Mr. Theodore Zerega for the best interior plan.

The designs are for a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. Centerboard cruiser, 40ft. l. w. l.
II. Boat must not draw over 6ft with centerboard up.
III. The lowest freeboard to covering board must be 3ft.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. The conditions have been made as simple as possible, that competitors might have all latitude and scope in working out their ideas. We wish to produce an able and comfortable cruising boat, one that shall have ample accommodation for two or three men living aboard for a period of several months, and one that can be easily managed at all times by two or three paid hands. The draft is restricted to 6ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all the desirable harbors, and may, thereby, widely increase her cruising field.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.—showing center of buoyancy, center of lateral resistance and center of effort of both rigs.
II. Half breadth, scale ¾in.=1ft.
III. Body plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.
IV. Cabin plan, inboard profile and at least one cross section, scale ¾in.=1ft.
V. Two sail plans, scale ¼in.=1ft.; one as a yawl; one as a pole mast sloop.

In the case of the yawl rig the position and height of the mast and length of gaff are to be the same as in the cutter rig. Plans must show working topsail and size of light sails.

VI. All ballast outside on keel except amount necessary for trimming.

An outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully made and lettered. All drawings should be on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used. The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only, and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than March 1, 1904. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all of the designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, who passed upon the designs submitted for the 25ft. with great care, has again consented to judge the designs and make the awards.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Hudson Rifle Club.

NEW YORK.—The Hudson Rifle Club, of Jersey City, N. J., at its annual meeting a few days since elected the following board of officers: W. A. Barker, President; Wm. Gannon, Captain; H. J. McCartney, Lieutenant; J. Thompson, Secretary; Wm. O'Keefe, Treasurer. Captain Gannon is a lieutenant in Company C, Fourth Regiment, N. J. N. G.; he is a first-class shot and an enthusiastic rifleman.

The Hudson club has of late been in a condition of innocuous desuetude, but under the leadership of Capt. Gannon the club will probably take a new lease of activity in rifle shooting. It has the best club house in the State, and its gallery ranges are first class and up-to-date.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—On Dec. 20 the following scores were shot at 200yds., offhand, 25-ring target. Nestler led with 221:

						Honor.
Nestler	221	218	217	215	206	65
Gindele	220	212	207	207	207	61
Hasenzahl	218	218	212	209	206	64
Payne	215	215	214	213	213	63
Hofman	209	206	199	195	186	58
Bruns	203	197	196	194	191	57
Freitag	202	200	189	187	180	54
Lux	200	200	198	195	195	62
Hofer	200	196	191	189	187	54

Miller Rifle Club.

TWELVE members of the Miller club took part in the weekly club shoot on the club range, 423 Washington street, Hoboken, Dec. 23. Capt. W. A. Tewes, of Peters Cartridge Co. staff, of New York city is now shooting with the club. Capt. Tewes is one of the best rifle shots in or about New York city.

The Miller club has a number of good marksmen on its membership roll. Some years ago it had one of the strongest teams of gallery shooters in Hudson county. The scores:

Ten-shot score, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: W. A. Tewes 245, C. Bischoff 244, J. Bischoff 243, R. W. Evans 243, R. Goldthwaite 241, D. Dingman 240, C. Unbehaum 241, D. Miller 239, C. Miller 239, O. Smith 238, E. Doyle 235, C. Kinsey 227.

DEC. 23.—R. W. Evans 244, D. Dingman 242, C. Bischoff 242, D. Miller 240, C. Smith 239, F. Unbehaum 239, E. Doyle 238, R. Goldthwaite 237, C. Kinsey 235, C. Bayha 224, C. Miller 231.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE scores of the members of the Zettler Rifle Club, made Dec. 22, are as follows:

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., total 100 shots: C. G. Zettler, Jr., 2417, B. Zettler 2394, L. Maurer 2390.

Fifty shots: A. Kronsberg 1218, R. Gute 1213, E. Van Zandt 1213, W. A. Hicks 1199, C. G. Zettler, Sr., 1198, T. H. Keller, Sr., 1175, H. Fenwirth 1165, G. J. Bernius 1127.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, best center shot to count by measurement, degrees: R. Gute 24, A. Kronsberg 28½, B. Zettler 29½, W. A. Hicks 30½, C. G. Zettler, Sr., 39, L. Buss 45, G. Ludwig 46½, G. J. Bernius 50½, G. Schlicht 52, C. G. Zettler, Jr., 55½, A. Begerow 58½, H. D. Muller 65½, W. A. Tewes 69½.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 28-31.—St. Joseph, Mo.—First annual Interstate tournament. Managers, F. B. Cunningham, St. Joseph, and Chris. Gottlieb, Kansas City.

1904.

Jan. 1.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club amateur tournament and contest for English Hotel cup; Fred Erb, Jr. (holder), against Ed Voris. Jas. W. Bell, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club second annual tournament. A. J. Du Bois, Sec'y.

Jan. 12-15.—Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.

Jan. 13.—Guttenburg, N. J.—Handicap for Knockabout gun; handicaps, distance and bird allowance; 15 birds; entrance, price of birds. Gus Greiff, Mgr.

Jan. 18-23.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.

Feb. 22.—Lexington, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club.

Feb. 23-26.—West Baden, Ind.—Colonial Handicap. Targets and pigeons. Open. $500 guaranteed. John L. Winston, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Mr. John S. Wright, the energetic manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, informs us that on the club grounds on Kaiser's farm, Old Mill road, Jan. 1, at 1 o'clock, he will hold a shoot, the main event of which will be a 100-target allowance handicap for a handsome glass punch bowl; entrance $1, targets extra; ten to fill. To reach the grounds, take Kings County Elevated to Crescent street.

The handicap at 15 live birds for a knockabout gun, presented by Mr. Gus Greiff on behalf of Mr. H. Sauer, of the firm of J. P. Sauer & Son, Suhl, Germany, promises to be a great contest. A large number of shooters have already signified their intention to participate. The conditions are favorable to the amateurs. The professionals are to stand at the back mark, 33yds. Amateurs have a nearer mark, and a bird allowance besides. Entrance, price of birds. The date is Jan 13.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, writes us as follows: "I have been instructed by the president, Mr. Irby Bennett, to advise you that a special meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association will be held on Saturday, Jan. 2, 1904, at 10:30 A. M., in the offices of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., 99 Cedar street, New York city, for the purpose of considering the proposed amendment to the by-laws, notice of which was given at the adjourned annual meeting of the stockholders, held Dec. 10. A meeting of the tournament committee of the Association has been called for 10 A. M., the same date and place."

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Dec. 25.—The Christmas Day shoot of the North River Gun Club had nine participants. The weather was bad—cloudy, rainy and raw. As a consequence the scores suffered in the totals.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Eickhoff	5	8	12	8	7	11	6	9	7
Merrill	3	9	7	7	9	4	8	8	10
Glover	9	13	12	13	12	9	12	11	..
Vosselman	7	9	8	6	5	7	5	..	..
Keim	7	7	8	6	5	4	5	..	..
Harland	6	14	10	6	8	6	12	5	..
Richter	..	..	..	9	10	12	14	10	5
Monahan	..	..	..	11	9	10	10	6	14
Allison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Trap at Singac.

Singac, N. J., Dec. 26.—A large crowd was present at Mr. Arthur Bunn's live-bird shoot to-day. The birds were a good lot. Five events were shot. The first event was a sweepstake at 5 birds, in which Messrs. R. and W. Stanley and Kuff tied on 4. E Klotz killed 3. The scores:

A R Radcliffe, 28.....00100—1
W H Sherman, 26.....21000—2
B Beattie, 26.....00201—2
R Stanley, 26.....21021—4
W Stanley, 26.....11011—4
Kuff, 27.....21022—4
Francisco, 28.....20000—1
E Klotz, 28.....00211—3

In the second event four, Messrs. Radcliffe, Klotz, Sindle and Francisco, tied on 4. Sherman and Kuff tied for second on 2. The scores:

Radcliffe, 28.....21210—4
Sherman, 26.....10200—2
Beattie, 26.....00100—1
Kuff, 28.....02020—2
Klotz, 28.....10211—4
Sindle, 26.....11101—4
Francisco, 28.....21120—4

The third event was a 5-bird sweep, in which Messrs. G. A. Hopper and E. Morgan tied on straight scores:

Radcliffe, 28.....22022—4
Sherman, 26.....00011—2
Beattie, 26.....11001—3
Klotz, 28.....22202—4
Sindle, 26.....12220—4
Kuff, 26.....12202—4
Hopper, 28.....21112—5
Morgan, 28.....12111—5

North Side Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Dec. 26.—The Christmas Day handicap of the Northside Rod and Gun Club was held on the club grounds at Alyea's Pond. There was a good attendance. Messrs. W. Harris, C. Lewis and B. Terhune tied for first place on 18. Henry Beckier was second on 17; J. Mathews was third on 16. The scores, 25 targets:

H. Beckler 17, W. Banta 15, W. Harris 18, C. Lewis 18, B. Terhune 18, C. Teddis 13, A. Veenstra 4, G. Irwin 11, F. Brown 14, J. Seebach 9, J. Matthews 16, H. Wright 10, W. Swift 14, B. Masker 10, N. Bogertman 5, M. Breen 15, I. Storms 8.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Dec. 26.—Owing to the clash in dates with another shoot, the Jackson Park Gun Club held a shoot on Wednesday, Dec. 23, and another one to-day, both at live birds. The crowd on both dates was large, but the shooters failed to come out, probably on account of the holiday. Wednesday was a busy day, and to-day followed a holiday.

The weather this morning was of the regular blizzard kind. The club will hold a live-bird shoot next Saturday afternoon, commencing at 1 o'clock, and will probably arrange for a big two or three days' shoot in February, 1904, for money and merchandise prizes on a big scale.

On Dec. 23 those who were present had plenty of sport, as the birds were nearly all fast and kept the shooters guessing.

Bob Radcliffe, of Little Falls, was in good form and did the best work. Radcliffe won the first and third events and was second in the other event. Eddie Morgan, Van Horn and A. R. Radcliffe also shot well.

First event, 5 bird practice:

G A Hopper.....22200—3
J Powers.....01102—3
E Morgan.....20202—3
R Radcliffe.....21112—5
Van Horn.....01120—3

Second event, 10-bird sweep:

G A Hopper.....2022001020— 5
J Powers.....2201011012— 7
E Morgan.....1001022202— 6
R Radcliffe.....1101*21110— 7
Van Horn.....1211012220— 8
A R Radcliffe.....211112*110— 8

Third event, 7-bird sweep:

G A Hopper.....0022220—4
J Powers.....0101122—5
E Morgan.....1112022—6
R Radcliffe.....2111211—7
Van Horn.....0012211—5
A R Radcliffe.....1121100—5

On Dec. 26 three events were shot. The first was at 5 birds, $2. The scores:

Lenone, 28.....01102—3
Morgan, 29.....20012—3
A Radcliffe, 28.....12222—5
Connors, 27.....00211—3
Stalter, 28.....22122—5

The second was at 10 birds, $4:

Lenone, 28.....0100101100— 4
Morgan, 29.....1222102122— 9
A Radcliffe, 28.....1211121220— 9
Connors, 27.....*201100222— 6
Stalter, 28.....22*2000202— 5
Bunn, 29.....2222222211—10
Powers, 28.....1120010211— 7

No. 3 was at 10 birds, $4:

Lenone, 28.....0010000020— 2
Morgan, 29.....22211*2201— 8
A Radcliffe, 28.....1210011212— 8
Stalter, 28.....2220222221— 9
Bunn, 29.....0212020112— 7
Powers, 28.....0221122220— 8
R Radcliffe, 27.....0001111101— 6
Makler, 26.....0001202100—4

Case—Reed.

Reaville, N. J., Dec. 19.—The following scores are a series of races, best two out of three, between Messrs. Case and Reed.

The first race was at 15 live birds, for $25 a side. Scores:

Case.....001110001112002— 8
Reed.....222222222222222—15

The return match, Dec. 26, was at Three Bridges, 15 birds, $25 a side. The scores:

Case.....122120102220101—11
Reed.....022002222000222— 9

The other matches were at Reaville, 15 birds, $20 a side, between Messrs. Reed and Stout. Scores:

Reed.....022202220222222—12
Stout.....011020010210101— 8

Match at 5 birds, $10 a side:

Case.....01212—4
Stout.....01100—2

Five birds, $10 a side:

Case.....10001—2
Stout.....10202—3

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., Dec. 25.—The Christmas Day shoot of the Franklin Gun Club at targets resulted as follows: Shooting at 60, John Williams broke 45; shooting at 48, Fred Suthard broke 34. An. Wright shot at 43, broke 29. E. Winters shot at 16, broke 8. James Stephens shot at 19, broke 11. E. Black broke 8 out of 15; G. Joyce, 3 out of 15; Alf. Wright, 5 out of 11.

Pattenburg Gun Club.

Pattenburg, N. J., Dec. 25.—Our regular monthly shoot for the medals took place to-day; also the Hunter badge was taken up in a handicap style, making three in all. The day was so rough that a very small attendance of members was present. Several visitors were present and shot some after the regular events were finished.

The following scores were made at 25 targets: A. E. Holbrook 21, C. W. Bonnell 20, R. Stamet 20, W. S. Bowlby 18, N. Stamets 18.

Holbrook received the honors for first gold badge and the hunter pin.

Bonnell and Stamets shot off for the second badge, Stamets flopping Bonnell on the third target. As it is Holbrook and Stamets hold all the jewelry of the club.

C. W. BONNELL, Sec'y.

Trap at Lakewood.

Lakewood, N. J., Dec. 26.—For a cup offered by Mr. A. J. Murphy, in a 25-target handicap, ten contested. The scores:

C V Murphy, 2.....1111101111111111111111111—26
R A Rainey, 2.....1111111101111100011111111—23
H Suydam, 2.....1101111111111110011111111101—23
J Nelson, 4.....0111111011101010111111111100—21
E G Roberts, 4.....0000011101111110111011111—21
H Fisk, 4.....0110001111111111111011101—21

P. S. P. Randolph, P. S. P. Randolph, Jr., L. P. Ames and Edward Murphy withdrew.

Springfield Shooting Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—This club held its annual turkey shoot on Christmas, with a fair attendance. The cold, cloudy day kept many away from the traps, especially the out-of-town shooters.

All things considered, the scores made were good. In the first shoot for the turkey, event No. 16, Coats and Douglass tied on 18 targets each, but in the shoot-off Coats won out by 2 targets. Douglass, however, took the turkey home, Coats making him a present of it.

There were two turkeys, one for each event. Collins won the second with a score of 15 from the 17yd. mark, with Kites a close second with 14 from the 19yd. mark.

A wind came up in the afternoon, making the shooting hard.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	25	10
Douglass	6	7	..	4	..	..	..	4	3	..	10	7	10	13	..
C L Kites	8	3	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	10	18	..
Coats	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	7	7	16	8
Stephens	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	6	6	9	11	..
Dr Lewis	5	4	..	3	7	8	5	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Snow	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	6	..	5	2	..	..	0
A Keyes	..	..	5	..	5	2	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
H L Kites	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	4	..	..	5
Dr Keith	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
W Keith	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Graff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

Event 16, turkey shoot, distance handicap, 25 targets: Douglas (20) 18, C. L. Kites (20) 14, Coats (18) 18, Snow (16) 13, Collins (18) 11, Mott (18) 10, Graff (17) 7, Howes (18) 11. Coats and Douglass shot off the tie at 10 targets; scores: Coats 6, Douglass 4.

Event 17 was under the same conditions as event 16. The scores: Douglas (21) 13, C. L. Kites (19) 14, Collins (17) 15, Mott (17) 13, Graff (16) 13, Hawes (17) 14.

C. L. KITES, Sec'y.

Felix—Miller.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 26.—The match at Point Breeze between Messrs. A. A. Felix and A. J. Miller was unfinished, the contestants stopping after the 68th round. At that juncture the scores were Felix 54, Miller 52. Darkness and the intensely cold weather caused the suspension of the match, the latter by delaying the progress of the match. This contest was really a continuation of a match shot between them about two weeks prior, in which they tied on 83. The money was increased from $100 to $200 a side, and last Saturday was fixed upon to decide the tie. A large crowd of visitors assembled to witness the match, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. A late start was made owing to delays caused by the cold. The contestants were chilled and fingers numbed in the short while at the score.

Miller missed 2 out of his first 4, after which two of his birds fell dead out just over the wire. He then scored 10 straight. Felix got a poor start, losing 4 out of his first 10.

Miller shot in better form on his second string, but at the end of the 50th round had a lead of 3. It was then growing dark and both men were in poor condition from the cold. They were forced to suspend the contest after shooting 18 birds of the third string. The match was then called off, with Felix 2 birds in the lead.

No arrangement has been made as to decide the match. It is expected that they will meet again in the near future. The scores, 30yds. rise:

A A Felix.....2022002220222222222*22220202022222120220202222222222122222222020220 —54
A J Miller.....1020**22222222220202*220220222222220220202222220022222222220222102222 —52

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Dec. 24.—Eight men faced the score at the weekly shoot of this club to-day. Conditions for shooting were not the best, which accounts largely for the rather low scores.

The best shooting of the day was done by Adriance in the cup event. Smith also shot well in this event; and had he broken but one more would have tied the winner.

We will have one more practice shoot before the date of our second annual tournament rolls around, and as this shoot comes just one day previous to the day of the tournament, the boys will have a good chance to get some practice for the big shoot. That some practice is needed a glance at the scores will show.

Some of the boys have gone stale, which just at this time is causing no little worry in camp. However, all hope to be in good form on New Year's Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10
Adriance	9	9	8	5	4
Traver	6	9	9	6	7
Du Bois	5	5	6	3	..
Hans	6	4	..	..	6

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10
Smith	6	5	9	5	4
Perkins	6	8	6	..	6
Roberts	2	7	..	..	..
Winans	8	..	..	..	..

Traver cup, 25 targets:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Adriance	22	3	25
Traver	19	2	21
Du Bois	14	4	18
Hans	19	3	22

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Smith	20	4	24
Perkins	14	4	18
Roberts	9	6	15
Winans	14	6	20

SNANIWEH.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, Dec. 25.—The Christmas Day shoot of the New York Athletic Club for the cup, 50 targets, handicap allowance, had three entries, and was won by Mr. Perkins. The scores were as follows: Dr. De Wolf (5) 36, Gus Greiff (3) 31, Perkins (20) 50.

Three events, each at 25 targets, had contestants and scores as follows:

De Wolf.....16 14 15
Perkins.....12 12 12
Greiff.....13 18 16

Saturday, Dec. 26.—The main event was the Bradley cup, 50 targets, handicap allowance:

Dr De Wolf, 6.....14 12—32
Greiff, 4.....10 13—27
Borland, 14.....12 14—40
Elias, 20.....4 2—26

Other events, each at 25 targets:

De Wolf.....16 13 .. 15 12
Greiff.....15 15 15 18 18
Borland.....13 18 15 .. ..
Elias.....11 9 10 9 9

Riverton Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 26.—The shoot of the Riverton Gun Club, the annual handicap for club members, was at 30 live birds. There was a large attendance of shooters and visitors.

No. 1 and No. 2 sets of traps were used. The wind blew a gale and helped the birds accordingly. Sensational kills were a feature. A number of birds, hard hit, were carried out of bounds.

There were sixteen entries. The cup was won by David Longnecker, of Philadelphia. He shot at 30 birds, scoring 25, which, with his handicap of 2 birds, gave him 27. L. L. Biddle was second. He had a handicap of one miss as a kill and one miss as a "no bird," giving him a total of 31 to shoot at. He finished with 26.



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ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Dec. 25.—The Christmas Day shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club was an active event, there being seven contests for trophies, besides other contests. The weather was as uncomfortable as it possibly could be consistently with shooting at all. It was dark, rainy and raw. Some good scores were made notwithstanding the unfavorable weather conditions.

The competition commenced between 10 and 11 o'clock.

The holiday cup was the main event. It was a handicap at 25 targets, and with an allowance of 4, Mr. D. V. B. Hegeman won with a full score over nine competitions, as follows: D. V. B. Hegeman (4) 25, H. M. Brigham (0) 23, F. B. Stephenson (1) 20, A. G. Southworth (3) 22, G. Stephenson (2) 19, L. C. Hopkins (4) 18, F. T. Bedford, Jr. (2) 18, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 16, H. L. Meyer (8) 14, E. G. Babcock (8) 8.

The Stake trophy at 25 targets had seven contestants. It also was a handicap at 25 targets, and was won by Mr. A. G. Southworth, who, with his allowance of 3, made a full score, as follows: A. G. Southworth (3) 25, F. B. Stephenson (1) 23, H. M. Brigham (0) 21, G. G. Stephenson (2) 19, L. C. Hopkins (4) 17, F. T. Bedford, Jr. (2) 18, W. W. Marshall (4) 18.

Other contests were as follows:

Team shoot, 15 targets: L. C. Hopkins 12, G. G. Stephenson 11, F. B. Stephenson 10, A. G. Southworth 9; total 42. F. T. Bedford, Jr., 12, H. M. Brigham 11, H. L. Meyer 11, H. B. Vandeveer 5; total 39.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: F. T. Bedford, Jr., (1) 14, A. G. Southworth (1) 14, G. G. Stephenson (1) 13, F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, H. M. Brigham (0) 12, L. C. Hopkins (2) 12, H. B. Vandeveer (1) 11, D. V. B. Hegeman (2) 11, H. L. Meyer (5) 10.

Shoot-off: F. T. Bedford, Jr., 14, A. G. Southworth 13.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: H. B. Vandeveer (1) 15, F. B. Stephenson (0) 13, L. C. Hopkins (2) 13, H. M. Brigham (0) 12, F. T. Bedford, Jr., (1) 12, G. G. Stephenson (1) 12, A. G. Southworth (1) 9, E. G. Babcock (5) 7.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: H. M. Brigham (0) 13, A. G. Southworth (1) 13, F. B. Stephenson (0) 13, G. G. Stephenson (1) 13, H. Marshall (0) 10, L. C. Hopkins (2) 9, W. W. Marshall (2) 9, F. T. Bedford, Jr., (0) 11.

Shoot-off: H. M. Brigham 14, A. G. Southworth 14, G. G. Stephenson 13, F. B. Stephenson 11.

Second shoot-off: H. M. Brigham 14, A. G. Southworth 13.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: F. B. Stephenson (0) 13, H. M. Brigham (0) 12, H. Marshall (0) 12, W. W. Marshall (2) 12, F. T. Bedford, Jr. (0) 10, G. G. Stephenson (1) 10, A. G. Southworth (1) 9.

English shoot, 15 targets, was an illustration of the use of both barrels, after the manner in which the English team shot in the match with the Americans, when the latter visited England. The second barrel was seldom used. H. M. Brigham was the winner with a score of 12 out of a possible 15, as follows: H. M. Brigham 12, F. T. Bedford, Jr., 11, A. G. Southworth 11, W. W. Marshall 10.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets: W. W. Marshall (4) 24, H. M. Brigham (0) 22, A. G. Southworth (3) 22, F. T. Bedford, Jr. (2) 22, H. Marshall (0) 21.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Dec. 26.—There was a good attendance of the Crescent Athletic Club shooters, notwithstanding the sharp cold and the penetrating northwest wind.

The Remsen prize contest was at 25 targets, and it had twelve entries. Mr. D. V. B. Hegeman and H. M. Brigham tied with a score of 23. Two shoot-offs resulted in ties. Then on the toss of a coin Hegeman won the prize.

Two shooters, F. T. Bedford and A. G. Southworth, entered for the December cup.

Three teams competed for the Sykes trophy. F. T. Bedford and J. J. Keyes won with a total of 37 to 36.

Twelve men shot for the Palmer trophy. E. H. Lott beat J. J. Keyes by one target.

Remsen prize, 25 targets, handicap allowance: A. G. Southworth (3) 8, D. V. B. Hegeman (4) 23, E. H. Lott (2) 17, H. Werleman (8) 14, G. G. Stephenson (2) 19, L. C. Hopkins (4) 14, H. M. Brigham (0) 23, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 16, C. H. Chapman (8) 15, F. B. Stephenson (1) 15, O. C. Grinnell (5) 8, J. J. Keyes (2) 21.

First shoot-off: Brigham 20, Hegeman 20.

Second Sshoot-off: Brigham 22, Hegeman 22.

Hegeman won on toss of coin.

Sykes team shoot, 25 targets, handicap: F. B. Stephenson (1) 14, G. G. Stephenson (2) 21; total 35. E. H. Lott (2) 19, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 17; total 36. F. T. Bedford (2) 15, J. J. Keyes (2) 22; total 37.

December cup, 25 targets, handicap allowance: A. G. Southworth (3) 16; F. T. Bedford (3) 22.

Palmer trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap: O. C. Grinnell (5) 12, A. G. Southworth (3) 17, H. Werleman (8) 11, F. C. Raynor (6) 21, H. M. Brigham (0) 20, F. T. Bedford (2) 20, F. B. Stephenson (1) 19, L. C. Hopkins (4) 16, E. H. Lott (2) 23, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 14, J. J. Keyes (2) 22, G. G. Stephenson (2) 16. Won by Lott.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap allowance: H. M. Brigham (0) 10, G. G. Stephenson (1) 13, F. T. Bedford (1) 13, A. G. Southworth (1) 10, F. B. Stephenson (0) 11, D. C. Bennett (2) 10, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 10.

Shoot-off: Stephenson 9, Bedford 10.

Trophy match, 15 targets, handicap allowance: H. M. Brigham (0) 12, S. S. Stephenson (1) 10, F. T. Bedford (1) 12, A. G. Southworth (1) 7, D. C. Bennett (2) 8, F. B. Stephenson (0) 10, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 8, L. C. Hopkins (2) 10, H. Werleman (5) 7, E. H. Lott (1) 15, O. C. Grinnell (3) 8, D. V. B. Hegeman (2) 15.

This was won by E. H. Lott in the shoot-off.

A New Shooting School.

OF shooting schools around London there would seem to be a steady increase, and the fact that they are all well patronized by the best class of sportsmen affords evidence of the appreciation in which they are held. Another has just been opened.

A short journey by the Baker street line takes us to Finchley road station, whence a two-mile drive along the Finchley road brings us to the Regents shooting ground, lying well back from the highway on agricultural land. Having been invited to visit it, we lately made a tour of inspection, and upon arrival were met by the manager, Mr. P. A. Stockbridge, whose experience in this class of work is considerable. In order to gauge the efficacy of the methods of tuition and gun fitting practiced there, we adopted the role of an ordinary customer anxious to acquire improvement of form in the shooting of driven birds. A move was accordingly made to a firing point within convenient reach of a group of willows of a density of foliage that was explained by the presence of a small pond at their roots. Entirely concealed by this appropriate piece of natural covert was a platform some 10ft. high, carrying four clay bird traps. Birds were soon coming over the tops of the willows with a diversity of elevation and angle that thoroughly reproduced the conditions of sport afforded by driven partridges. Selecting a gun that fitted the shooter, a succession of kills followed at suitable sporting ranges. Suddenly one was thrown from the willows offering just such a shot as is presented when a bird breaks sideways on coming into view of the shooter. This was missed with both barrels, and the good form displayed in previous shots gave place to a bad swing of the gun and an undue dwelling on the object just as the trigger should have been pulled. A similar "bird" was thrown several times, and although it may have been broken once or twice, the timing and swing was still bad. It had then become apparent to Mr. Stockbridge where the fault lay. There was a tendency to align on the track of the bird where first seen, and to swing the gun over too many points of the compass in the act of overtaking it preparatory to shooting. The advice offered was to swing the body round in the act of bringing the gun to the shoulder, thus getting into the track of the bird's flight nearer the point at which it should be shot. Although obstinately adhering for a time to the fault that had unconsciously been developed, the wrong tendency was gradually overcome, dummy cartridges being meanwhile used so as to avoid such distraction of the mind as might arise from recoil. In due course the lesson was learned, as was proved by a run of successes at what had previously been found a very difficult shot to negotiate.

The advantage of bringing the gun into alignment at the most favorable spot became at once apparent when birds were simultaneously released. After they had left the traps they were kept well in view until the first shot was fired, following upon which the alignment was rapidly changed to the second bird, whose position and flight had been mentally registered. The tuition thus gained was obtained amid the perfectly natural surroundings that are a feature of this ground, the traps being in all cases operated from spots carefully selected to provide for the concealment of all that is artificial.

The method of treatment commonly adopted at this ground is first of all to observe any tricks or peculiarities exhibited by a shooter when off his guard. Many will adopt a correct method of alignment when firing at marks on an iron plate, but when firing spontaneously at birds that come unexpectedly into range mannerisms are displayed that must be corrected either in the shooter or in the gun. If a set habit results in repeated error for most shots, the gun must be adapted to the peculiar conditions, this involving a question of expert gun fitting. Suffice it to say, that the shape of a gun can be so adapted that the charge shall be centered on the bird in the case of most of the shots that are taken in an average way. Tuition at the school or practice in the field then enables the shooter gradually to master the shots which gun fitting alone cannot be expected to control. The system of working, as above explained in general terms, is thus specially adapted to detect and remedy the weak points of a shooter, and it is through the skill of the instructor that these are first of all explained, then corrected, and finally eliminated. Similarly the flight of the rocketing pheasant can be closely imitated by means of birds thrown from the high tower, while in addition, many of the peculiar features of grouse shooting can be reproduced by the various contrivances at the Regent's shooting ground. The work undertaken by the proprietor is divided between gun fitting and shooting tuition or practice. The try-gun used is one which was worked out some years ago by Messrs. Boss & Co., the well-known gun makers, of St. James's street, a special feature being its remarkable resemblance in outline and balance to a finished gun, whatever may be the shape to which it is adjusted; while in the case of a shooter requiring single-trigger guns, the tests and practice shooting are conducted by means of a try-gun similarly fitted. Thus, the new shooting school seems well equipped to carry out the object in view.—London Field.

Riverside of Utica.

UTICA, N. Y.—The Christmas Day competition at the all-day handicap shoot given by the Riverside Gun Club on its grounds, was a decided success. The stormy weather made the shooting conditions very hard. More than thirty competed. Visitors were present from Norwich, Sherburne, Ilion, Newport and Frankfort.

Shooting commenced at 10:30. Nine 15-bird events, with prizes to the winners, and allowance handicaps ranging from one to five birds was the programme.

Messrs. E. D. Fulford, Mayhew, E. Loughlin, Borden, Parmenter shot from scratch.

In the final qualifying event for the club's gold medal, Maine and Smith tied, the latter winning out on the shoot-off. Messrs. F. E. Stephens, George W. Jones and D. and E. Loughlin were the shooting committee.

The next shoot is fixed to take place on New Year's Day. The main event will be for the final possession of the gold medal.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Mayhew	14	14	13	13	13	13	11	13	12
Borden	13	15	10	13	12	11	..	..	..
E. Loughlin	12	12	12	13	10	12	10	14	13
Parmenter	12	8	10	12	9	10	..	..	..
Clarke	10	14	11	11	12	15	12	15	14
Teesdale	10	11	10	12	..	..	..	..	..
Watts	12	13	14	12	11	13	9	..	..
Thomann	7	9	14	13	12	11	13	..	..
D Loughlin	9	14	14	10	11	11	9	12	15
Sloane	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Wagner	11	12	9	14	15	11	15	13	14
Norris	..	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Newton	..	..	..	15	11	12	11	11	..
Brunner	..	..	..	14	14	13	15	15	..
Gangloff	..	..	..	12	10	12	14	13	15
J Wagner	..	..	..	12	11	10	..	..	..
Bennett	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	14
Brown	..	..	..	10	10	9	13	11	13
Maine	..	..	..	14	11	11	15	13	10
Smith	..	..	..	15	13	13	15	15	15
Fulford	..	..	..	14	15	14	11	14	14
Williamson	..	..	..	9	11	10	..	..	..
Kokesch	..	..	..	10	12	12	11	12	13
Dority	..	..	..	12	12	15	14	13	14
Biddlecome	..	..	..	..	15	15	11	..	..
Keeler	..	..	..	11	10	12	..	13	12
Gaymond	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	9	..
Marson	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	11	..
Dexter	11	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Steele	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	12
Rayland	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..

Baden—Lick Gun Club.

WEST BADEN, Ind.—On Christmas Day our local gun club held two nice handicaps at targets and pigeons. The prize in each event was a turkey. Mr. Fisher, of West Baden, won in the target event after an exciting shoot-off with Messrs. George and Logan Ballard. Mr. Bailey, the manager of the hotel, won in the live-bird event, on a clean score.

On New Year's Day we hold a 50-target handicap for the championship of Orange county, and the winner takes a very handsome loving cup. Things are booming.

Twenty-five target handicap:

Braxtaw, 25 .....0000101111111111111111111 —20
Fisher, 30 .....1001010001111111011110111111111—22
Hughes, 30 .....0010101011101111111101101011—19
Apple, 30 .....0110010101110110110110101101—18
G Ballard, 25 .....1111111100111111101111111 —22
L Ballard, 30 .....1000111111111111101100110111101—22
Hill, 30 .....0111001111101010101001010100111—17
Kielams, 30.....1111011010011110101011101110111—21

Tie for turkeys, shoot-off:
G Ballard, 5.....11011 —4 L Ballard, 6.....111111—6
Fisher, 6 .....111111—6

Ten-pigeon handicap, $2.50 entrance:
Fisher, 28.....1100012111— 7 L Ballard, 27.....2120101220— 7
G Ballard, 28.....2120101221— 8 Bailey, 27.....2121111122—10
Braxtaw, 26.....1011100101— 6

J. L. WINSTON, Sec'y.

Target Shooting in England.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I append a cutting taken from the West Somerset Free Press, Somerset, England, thinking it may be of interest to many readers of FOREST AND STREAM, as Mr. H. Thorne is known to many subscribers.

I can well remember the old traps they used away back in the '70s. Now the American trap has been introduced. It will soon become popular. J. BENDIRE.

A clay pigeon match possessing features of considerable novelty for this part of the country was held on Thursday, the shoot being got up by Mr. J. Clatworthy, of the Blue Anchor Hotel. Mr. Alfred J. Thorne, son of the late Mr. Henry Thorne, of Watchet, who has spent a good many years in the United States, had taken up the shoot and introduced into it special, up-to-date features—common practice in the States—that add more than the usual sport to the shooting at inanimate targets, and which were for the first time introduced in this district. The traps were such that they could be arranged at any angle, which might or might not, according to the regulations of the match, be known to the shooter, giving therefore more zest to the event and proving more certainly the marksman's skill. All the arrangements for the shoot were excellently carried out; but unfortunately the meeting was by no means so well patronized as the promoters expected it to be, this being in great part due to the fact that another shoot took place on the same day at Weston-super-Mare, which drew away some who had intended to come from the Taunton side of the country. As far, however, as the shooting went, the novelty of the thing was pronounced a decided success, it being superior to the usual style and affording more variety. The traps supplied by Mr. Hinton, of Taunton, were of the American style, and of Eley make, as were also the "birds," one feature about the traps being that they did not throw so high as is usual in the English style, but the "birds" flew uniformly, presenting themselves as a rule edgewise to the marksman. A rather high wind and bad light throughout the day was, however, to a certain extent against good scoring. Mr. A. Thorne was unable to take as active a part in the shoot as he otherwise would have done, owing to a family bereavement; but he consented to supervise the arrangements, for the simple reason that he was the only one who thoroughly understood the system, and could hardly have been done without. That he was unable to take a more active part in the shoot itself was perhaps a matter on which the rest were to be congratulated, as he won considerable renown as a very smart shot, and would have probably made the results look very different from what they did appear. A good programme of sweepstake events had been provided, in which from 15 to 20 took part, but it was decided at the commencement, as the number competing was less than had been expected, that a portion only of the programme as advertised should be carried out. The sweepstakes in each event were divided as prizes in the proportion of 50, 30 and 20 per cent. of the net value of each sweepstake, the price of the "birds" being deducted. Mr. J. Broom, of Watchet, acted as referee, and Mr. J. Pinchin as trapper. In the first event—known traps and angles—for 7 birds, Mr. F. Wickstead and Mr. G. Hayward tied with 4 birds each. In the shoot-off Mr. Wickstead beat Mr. Hayward, who thus took second prize, and Mr. Battersby stood third with 2 birds. The second event was with known traps and unknown angles, 7 birds. Mr. Hayward came first with 4, Mr. H. Miles being second with 3, and Mr. J. Cockram and Mr. J. Clatworthy divided for third.

The third event was with unknown traps and angles, 7 birds, and in this Mr. G. Hayward, Mr. H. Miles, Mr. J. Cockram and Mr. J. Clatworthy tied for first money with 3 birds each. On the shoot-off Mr. Miles took first, Mr. Cockram second, and Mr. J. Clatworthy third.

The next event—a walking match, 5 birds—was a decided novelty and was highly appreciated and caused much amusement. The competitors had to walk at a natural field gait from the shooting point toward the trap, the pulling of the trap being at the discretion of the puller, the competitor not knowing which trap the bird would spring from or when it would rise, in some cases having to walk almost to the trap before he could fire. After a good competition, Mr. F. Wickstead took first with 3 birds. Mr. G. Hayward and Mr. C. H. Battersby tied for second with 2 birds each. On the shoot-off Mr. Hayward won second, Mr. Battersby taking third money.

The last of the programme events was with known traps and angles, 10 birds. In this Mr. Wickstead won first with 8, Mr. Battersby coming second with 6, while Mr. Hayward and Mr. Miles tied for third money with 5, on which followed an interesting race of 18 birds before the tie was finally settled, Mr. Hayward winning.

In addition to the above events a number of private sweepstakes were shot. It only remains to say that Mr. J. Clatworthy carried out everything in capital style, and it was to be regretted that he was not better supported. An ordinary lunch provided at the hotel during the progress of the shoot was fairly well patronized, considering the circumstances, about fifteen sitting down.

Concerning a Misrepresentation.

SOME months ago, the daily press of many large cities published a report, false in every particular, so far as it concerned Mrs. F. E. Butler (Annie Oakley), which set forth that Annie Oakley had been arrested in Chicago, etc. By way of vindication Mr. F. E. Butler instituted a number of libel suits. Several of the offenders have made full and gratifying retraction. The following is presented for the double purpose to show how groundless were the offensive articles published at first, and to show a purpose to make an amende in good faith:

"In the issue of the Evening Star, of Aug. 11, 1903, there appeared an article in the news columns relating to Annie Oakley, daughter-in-law of Buffalo Bill, and the most famous rifle shot in the world." This article gave in detail certain very unfortunate and discreditable circumstances concerning the Annie Oakley of the article, who then resided in Chicago, where these circumstances occurred.

"At one time Mrs. Annie Butler, now of Nutley, N. J., where she was living last August, gave exhibitions in the troupe of Buffalo Bill as a champion shot with the shotgun at glass balls and artificial targets. Her professional name was Annie Oakley. She was not the daughter-in-law of Buffalo Bill, nor was she famous as a rifle shot. No one acquainted with her could have read the article in question as a whole and have associated Mrs. Butler with the Annie Oakley of the article; for it continued as follows: "The prisoner's husband, Samuel Cody, died in England. Their son, Vivien, is now with Colonel Cody at the latter's ranch on the North Platte. The mother left Buffalo Bill two years ago, and has since been drifting around the country with stray shows." None of these things was true of Mrs. Annie Butler. But certain features of the article, when entirely isolated from the context, might have been read as referring to Mrs. Butler, and she conceives that she has been thereby injured.

"The Evening Star now takes occasion to say (what it has been anxious to say ever since Mrs. Butler's representatives first called its attention to her complaint) that Mrs. Annie Butler, of Nutly, N. J., was not referred to in the article in question; that the article was not true with respect to her; that, so far as the Star is informed, she is a lady of unimpeached and unimpeachable character, and that the Star knows of nothing to her discredit in any way.

"The Star expresses its sincere regrets if through any assumption of similar names there appeared to be in its publication even the slightest shadow of a suggestion that Mrs. Butler was referred to in the article, and that she should have been in any way disturbed and annoyed thereby."

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Dec. 26.—The lowery weather Christmas didn't interfere greatly with the shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club yesterday, although the cloudiness affected target sighting somewhat. Despite the darkness, excellent scores were made, and the all-day event proved an attraction to many members. Guests were present to participate, among them being Mayor Eugene E. Reed and Elmer S. Reed, of Manchester, N. H.; W. E. Allison, of South Weymouth; J. P. Sanborn, of Norwood; Dr. Gerrish, of Exeter, and some other good shots of nearby cities. The scores as a general feature, were good, and a fine showing was made by the local club members. The prize feature of the day, a handicap, was won by Elmer Reed, of Manchester, he scoring 45 targets out of a possible 50, with Allison, Allen and Lovering sharing the honors for second and third, with 40 targets each. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10
Lovering	7	10	6	12	8	5	12	8	10	7	8	7	8	7	5	..	..	11	8
Lockwood	6	11	4	13	11	6	11	7	7	6	6	3	6	7	8	..	..	..	..
Allen	4	13	9	10	11	7	13	8	6	9	10	6	9	5	5	8	8	14	6
Hatch	7	11	5	14	11	8	12	6	3	6	9	8	6	7	9	..	..	11	9
Grieves	5	8	7	8	9	5	10	5	9	4	6	6	6	6	..	..	..	..	..
Spofford	8	12	8	11	12	6	11	9	2	8	9	7	7	10	9	..	..	..	..
Elmer Reed	7	7	4	12	12	6	12	8	9	9	9	10	8	7	8	..	..	..	..
E E Reed	7	10	6	14	9	9	11	9	7	8	8	6	6	7	9	..	..	..	..
Sanborn	4	10	5	6	8	6	8	5	5	5	4	2	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Child	4	9	3	6	8	3	7	7	5	6	6	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tuck	9	13	7	10	13	3	10	9	8	8	6	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	8	13	6	13	14	9	11	9	6	7	7	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Allison	4	11	7	15	15	7	13	9	9	9	7	7	8	7	9	..	..	..	..
Hallard	..	..	..	5	6	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
George	..	..	..	11	13	8	11	9	7	7	6	8	7	9	8	..	..	9	..
Gerrish	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	5	5	5	3	5	4	..	..	..	..
Follansbee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	8	7	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	2	..	8	8	..	..
Blackburn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	5

Events 1, 4, 7, 9 and 13, regular; events 2, 5, 8, 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, unknown; events 3, 6, and 11, reverse; events 9 to 13, inclusive, constitute prize handicap of 50 targets.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—The usual holiday shoot was held on Christmas despite the unfavorable weather conditions. Fifteen of the faithful reported—as good an attendance as that of Thanksgiving Day. No regular programme had been prepared, so an impromptu one was arranged—100 targets in 10s and 15s, some events as optional sweepstakes.

A cold penetrating rain set in shortly after 10 o'clock, which rendered shooting uncomfortable, to say the least. This, and a dark sky line, were against good scores; still, some fair totals were recorded, H. A. Peckham being high with 75, topping Bowler one target. These two made the only straights of the day.

Event No. 6, at reversed order, (something new to most of the boys), brought disaster to many scores, the remarks as target after target landed on the sod in its pristine form being varied and expressive.

The traps worked beautifully, and over 1,300 targets were disposed of.

Events 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 and 8, unknown; No. 5, 5 pairs; No. 6, reverse.

Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	Broke.
H A Peckham	10	10	8	12	6	12	9	11	78
Bowler	9	13	7	13	4	10	10	11	77
Powel	9	14	8	11	5	9	7	13	76
Smith	9	11	9	9	8	9	7	12	74
Mason	4	13	7	12	4	9	7	9	65
Dring	7	11	8	8	6	6	5	9	60
Coggeshall	6	10	7	7	6	5	9	10	55
E S Peckham	6	10	4	8	5	7	7	..	..
Alexander	6	9	5	6	2	4	6	10	48
Sherman	7	11	7	10	3	6	..	..	..
Hughes	5	12	7	10	3	10	..	..	..
Champ	4	8	1	3	..	..	..	..	..
H L Manchester	..	..	..	..	11	1	8	8	10	..
G Manchester	..	..	..	..	11	2	5	..	..	..
H M Manchester	..	..	..	..	9	..	2	..	..	..

Riverside Gun Club.

TOPSHAM, Me., Dec. 26.—Christmas afternoon a few members of the Riverside Gun Club met for a practice shoot, the last for 1903. The weather conditions were good for the time of year. With a good fire in the club house, it proved a very enjoyable afternoon. Scribner and Maxwell, of the Brunswick Gun Club, were among the participants, being the only visitors.

Shooting at the traps in this section practically stops by Aug. 15, so scores made in December are bound to be of the amateur class. The largest possible score on 25 targets was made by Maxwell, breaking 23, A. E. Hall followed with 22.

Herewith is given the total:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Maxwell	75	61	Atkinson	50	35
Scribner	75	47	E Hall	50	35
C Strout	75	41	Norcross	25	12
A E Hall	60	51	B Goud	25	10
A Q Goud	60	35	Burkett	20	9
S Strout	60	25	Vannah	15	9
Curtis	60	30			

Richmond Gun Club.

RICHMOND, S. I., Dec. 25.—The Christmas Day shoot of the Richmond Gun Club had fifteen events. Messrs. A. A. Schoverling and L. H. Schortemeier were easily in the lead as to totals, with Mr. George Bechtel a good third. The address of the secretary is New Brighton, S. I. The next shoot is fixed to take place on New Year's Day. All are welcome. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	20	20
L H Schortemeier	9	10	9	10	9	8	14	13	13	14	8	..	24	17	20
A A Schoverling	8	10	7	7	8	8	14	15	13	14	15	9	23	20	18
Johnny Jones	8	8	8	..	..	..	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Geo Bechtel	8	8	7	6	10	6	8	13	12	12	12	10	23	18	11
F W Schoverling	7	9	9	7	9	6	14	12	10	9	10	9	17	9	15
J Schoen	2	7	3	8	6	..	10	9	10	11	8	..	12	..	..
F Lutz	4	3	4	..	..	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Oscar	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Crystal	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	10

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—Christmas Day was clear and cool, with not very much wind. A few of the Cincinnati Gun Club members went to the grounds and indulged in a little sport. Five events at 20, and two at 15 targets were shot, A. Sunderbruch being the only one to make a straight score in any event. Williams broke 19 out of 20 in his first event. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	15	20	15		
Gambell	17	15	14	14	..	15	..	100	75
Ahlers	15	12	15	18	10	..	11	110	81
A Sunderbruch	14	20	18	..	..	..	..	60	52
C Dreilis	18	15	16	..	11	..	..	75	60
Williams	19	13	15	..	..	..	..	60	47
Willie	13	18	13	..	..	..	..	60	44
H Sunderbruch	7	9	13	8	..	..	8	95	45
James	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	40	11
Jay Bee	8	8	..	..	9	..	..	55	25
Ackley	..	..	..	..	6	..	2	30	8

Saturday, Dec. 26, was very cold, the thermometer registering only about 6 above zero. To add to the comfort of the shooters a strong wind was blowing, and the targets were very erratic in their flight. The contest to-day was the seventh in the Parker gun series, twelve shooters taking part. Medico and Gambell tied on actual breaks, each scoring 88. The nearest competitor, Don Minto, broke 76. Medico and Pohlar each made perfect scores of 100, including their handicaps. Gambell was second high, with a total of 98.

The club will hold its annual tournament July 19 to 22, giving four days of good sport, and will offer $2,200 in added money and guaranteed purses. There will be some new features introduced at this tournament, which will be announced later. It is safe to say that they will please the boys—amateurs as well as professionals.

Rolla O. Heikes was in the city last week on his way south. Before joining the U. M. C. squad in their southern pilgrimage he will spend a couple of weeks at San Antonio, Tex., with Col. Guessaz, and they will do a little duck shooting on their preserve, about six miles from that place.

Following are the scores made to-day in the Parker prize gun shoot, 100 targets, handicap added:

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Medico	19	18	17	17	17	88	12	100
Gambell	10	18	16	17	18	88	10	98
Pfeiffer	8	9	8	9	14	48	40	88
Pohlar	9	13	17	13	16	68	35	100
Don Minto	16	18	17	14	11	76	12	88
Herman	11	11	11	11	10	54	30	84
Block	15	13	15	11	12	66	18	84
Williams	12	13	12	16	13	66	18	84
Bullerdick	14	10	12	11	15	62	30	92
See	14	15	13	14	11	67	10	77
Ahlers	14	14	w	..	..	...	..	...
Jay Bee	15	10	13	11	7	56	25	81

BONASA.

Cresson Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa., December, 1903.—Trapshooting in this vicinity awoke from its hunting season slumber to-day, when the Cresson (Pa.) Gun Club held its annual midwinter live-bird shoot.

The weather was as good as could have been expected on the mountain top at this season of the year, although the threatening aspect of several days in advance doubtless kept some of the tender ones from turning out.

The attendance was not as large as at some former meetings of this popular organization, but those present enjoyed the sport immensely. The birds were the "real thing," and this accounts for the low scores of some of the old-timers.

The club sustained its reputation for complete arrangements and quality and quantity of birds, and all participants complimented the management on the success of the shoot. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	10	10	5	Targets:	10	15	10	10	5
Coon	10	8	7	7	..	Slater	6	..	5	..	..
Dietrich	7	12	7	5	..	O'Brien	..	8	..	..	..
Powell	6	14	7	9	5	Tosh	..	12	..	9	..
Blair	9	6	..	..	..	Evans	..	14	..	..	..
Jones	6	..	..	..	..	Smith	..	10	..	7	..
Dexter	6	14	7	7	4	Franklin	..	10	..	..	..
Adams	9	12	..	9	..	Brown	..	9	..	..	..

GRANT.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Spratts Patent (America), Limited, Newark, N. J., have had busy days during the past year, with a prospect of busier days to come. In a pleasing letter to FOREST AND STREAM, one paragraph is as follows: "Incidentally we might mention that we penned, fed and fitted up the Newark Poultry show, held in the New Auditorium, Orange street, Newark, N. J., Dec. 15; the Hackensack poultry show, Dec. 17-19; the Rutherford poultry show, Dec. 10-12, and have been engaged to pen, feed and fit up the New York poultry show to be held in Madison Square Garden, Jan. 4-9, and have been awarded the contract to bench the dogs at the Westminster Kennel Club show, Feb. 9-12."

At Aberdeen, Md., and Wilmington, Del., Dec. 18 and 19, respectively, Mr. J. M. Hawkins won high expert average, and Mr. L. S. German won high amateur average. They used Winchester factory loaded shells. Mr. Hawkins used a Winchester repeating shotgun.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Wanted: Clean Money.

IF you could take an ordinary bill out of your pocket and mark it so that it would be of no use to any one except the one to whom you wish to send it, and then inclose it in an ordinary letter and send it by mail, doing away with the journey for a money order, you would think it a great convenience, would you not? Yet this is just what the Post-Check currency would enable you to do.

When this money has been used in this manner it is returned to the Treasury for redemption, and a fresh bill is issued in its stead. Thus the circulating currency is constantly kept fresh and clean and comparatively free from disease germs. This should appeal to the physician and hygienist as an important step in our progress toward the final stamping out of all contagious diseases. What can be more unhygienic than old, worn, greasy paper money, passing from hand to hand among all classes and conditions of men? Time and again they have been examined and found literally to swarm with bacteria. The clean, fresh Post Check would be used but little until some one would want to send it by mail, when its further circulation would cease, and a new one would take its place. Business men universally indorse it. It now remains only for the medical profession and all who desire clean, healthful money to see its many good, time-saving, money-saving and health and life-saving qualities, and write their Congressmen and Senators about it, urging them to vote for the bill (H. R. 1976), which will come up for passage at the present session. The plan has the approval of the Postmaster General and was favorably reported upon by the House Post Office Committee at the last session.—Philadelphia Medical Council.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

WE find in the New York Law Journal record of an extraordinary phase of circumstantial evidence, involved in an appealed case growing out of a tragedy in the Maine woods. It appears that the defendant, one Terreo, had been convicted of the murder of Mathias Pare, whose death had been caused by shooting, and whose remains were discovered in a remote forest district of the State of Maine, about a month after his disappearance, after the melting of snows which had concealed the body. Lying on the snow within two or three inches from the body was found an exploded cartridge shell, which played a most important part in the trial by connecting the defendant with the crime. This shell was of a size to fit the bore of defendant's rifle, and the State produced evidence of an eminent expert tending to show that, under microscopic observation the pin of the hammer of any rifle left a characteristic and unmistakable mark upon the priming or shell of a cartridge fired therein, and that the mark found upon the shell in question had been made by the pin of the defendant's rifle, because it corresponded reversely as to right and left with appearances on the pin and corresponded directly with appearances on the shells of other cartridges fired by the witness from the defendant's rifle. It was claimed in the application for the new trial that the defendant was taken by surprise by the scientific evidence offered by the State, and therefore was unprepared to meet it by a scientific rebuttal. Another expert in microscopy, after a system of experiments, now says: First, that it is probable that because of the long exposure to the snow the original indentation or mark upon the shell would have disappeared through corrosion; and, second, that, from the comparatively light or shallow indentation on the shell, it is probable that the mark was made thereon by defendant's rifle not when the cartridge was loaded, but subsequently and during the course of experimentation by the expert for the prosecution. The Supreme Judicial Court of Maine grants a new trial, saying that the evidence of the prosecution's expert in all probability exerted much influence upon the jury's verdict of conviction.

If all the circumstantial evidence in the case is fairly summarized in the foregoing statement, it is truly astonishing that a man's life was placed in jeopardy upon evidence so fragmentary and so remote. And it is still more astonishing that, on such evidence, he was convicted. It is, on the face of it, absurd to maintain that any given firing pin will make exactly the same indentation in any primer every time it strikes such primer. It is equally absurd, as a proposition, that any given firing pin will make an indentation differing from all those indentations of the millions of other firing pins.

When it comes to a consideration of the microscopic effects in this connection, no general law can be formulated from a few, or even many, particulars. To secure results microscopically alike, the conditions would need to be immutably constant and unvarying. In this matter they are not so. The micrometer will show that the diameters of the primers vary measurably; that they are seated variably. The metal is not always of the same density. The firing pin has an appreciably loose play which would cause it to vary microscopically when the gun is tilted one way or another in firing. The mainspring and lubricant act differently under different temperatures. In fact, there is such an infinite possibility and probability of minute variation in the working of a firing pin under different conditions that no microscopic, judicial, general law can be justly formulated. If it were one of many strong links in a chain of circumstantial evidence connecting the defendant with the offense, it would have a corroborative value, but as a total of testimony, it seems to us to be almost frivolous when accepted as legal justification for imposing capital punishment.

QUEBEC GUIDES.

THE attempt to formulate a set of laws governing guide service in the Province of Quebec, which was mentioned in our issue of January 17, 1903, is still being pushed. There is no doubt that by concerted action on the part of the various clubs in that superb game district some improvements can be made, either by the action of the clubs without the intervention of the Government, or else through the direct aid of the Government by the passing of laws based on the same ideas as our laws in Maine. It would not be practicable for that district to make laws exactly similar to the Maine laws, but it is hoped that some set of simple rules covering licensing may be acted upon. The idea had its origin with the Triton Fish and Game Club, and a committee was appointed to take the matter up. Andrew Gray Weeks, of Boston, is the chairman, and has spent the past year in corresponding with the various clubs and seeking general information from resident sportsmen of Quebec who are in a position to give advice. At the recent meeting of the Triton Club it was voted to continue the work, and since then the committee has been in correspondence with the Commissioners of Lands, Mines and Fisheries, with a view to informing themselves as to the possibility of a bill going through should one be presented. A similar attempt was made some years ago, but owing to the action of the opposition it came to naught.

Should the Government refuse to take an interest in the welfare of visiting sportsmen in this respect, there seems little doubt that the clubs will formulate a set of rules for their own benefit. Among the clubs interested are the Triton, the Tourilli, the Little Saguenay, the River Noire, the Laurentides, the Stadacona, the Orleans, the Press, the Metabetchouan, the Penn, the Bostonais, the Quakquakanaksis, the Nomantum, the Ouitchouan, the Amabelish, and others. These clubs control a large portion of the tract between Quebec and Lake St. John.

WINTER.

JACK FROST has placed an intensely wintry grip on the country at large. In New York the thermometer registered several degrees below zero on the morning of January 5, the lowest temperature recorded by the Weather Bureau for January since 1896. On that morning, in sections contiguous to New York, the thermometer registered between 20 and 30 degrees below zero. However, the present intense cold is near the record limit of New York city, which was registered on January 10, 1875, when the thermometer went to 6 degrees below zero. Other records of extreme cold are January 29, 1873, which had a zero temperature; January 11 and 16, 1893, when 1 degree below was recorded, and January 6, 1896, when the temperature was 3 degrees below zero. The heavy snow fall of last Saturday and Sunday completed every essential for full wintry conditions. In New York city, consequent to the clogging of the streets, incalculable hardships and suffering were imposed on men and horses alike. The labors of traction were many times multiplied. Heavily loaded teams were to be seen stalled in all sections of the city, while others made headway only by the extremes of straining and tugging. The thousands of men who are engaged in removing the snow are an index of the extreme of suffering which the poor must endure in the inclement wintry weather. One man, a foreman of a gang, froze in his snow cart. Many of the snow shovelers were badly frostbitten or entirely prostrated by the extreme cold, and many more were forced to quit work for hours to avoid freezing. A majority of the shovelers are poor, insufficiently clothed and fed, therefore far from being properly equipped for the exposure and labor imposed by their work. Commissioner Woodbury is quoted on this point as follows: "The temperature has been something frightful for the men. Many of them have been completely prostrated by the terrific cold. Some of them have been at work with their toes actually out of their shoes, and have been without gloves. You can imagine what work for these poor fellows means along the river front at midnight with the temperature around zero. Why, early this morning (January 5) it was so cold that I sent one man to the New York Hospital from Broadway and Fourteenth street. He was badly frostbitten. And there were plenty more men who suffered in the same way."

Those who have the necessities of life in abundance, yet who are disposed to repine over their hard lot, will find that with the temperature at zero they have much for which to be thankful.

FATE.

THIS is a story of fate.

The death of W. G. Fargo Squiers, son of United States Minister Squiers, at Havana, has recalled to public attention the record of young Squiers in the Chinese war, and in particular his heroism at the siege of Peking. As told by the New York Times, after the entire European population and a number of Chinese converts—some seven or eight hundred all told—had taken refuge in the British Legation, there was a dangerous shortage of food, especially for the Chinese part of the refugees. The broad streets about the legation were swept by the fire from barricades which the "Boxers" had erected to command, and though there as abundant supplies in the native and foreign shops opposite the legation, access to these could only be had across this fire-swept zone. Several attempts had been made to reach them, but had failed because the mules drawing the provision carts could not be made to face the fire, when young Squiers, remarking quietly, "I think I can make that mule go," climbed into a cart, put the mule into a run, and dashed across the street in safety. The cart loaded with provisions, he returned with the same success. The perilous journey was repeated many times in the next few days until the legation was amply provisioned, and though the boy (he was not yet seventeen years of age) had holes shot through his hat and his clothes, and more than one of the coolies accompanying him were killed, he escaped without a wound.

Other exploits of daring and danger followed, and young Squiers was mentioned with honor in the dispatches of the British and American ministers, and President McKinley promised him, and President Roosevelt afterward tendered him, an appointment to West Point.

Such is the first chapter of this story of fate—a story of war peril encountered from which the hero emerged safe and unscathed.

The second chapter consists of a press dispatch from Havana, on the last day of the year, which announced: "Fargo Squiers, the eldest son of United States Minister Squiers, was accidentally shot and killed to-day by Gaston Michaud, a French chauffeur employed by his father. Young Squiers and some servants were shooting with rifles at a target in the coach house of the Minister's residence in the suburb of Marianao. One of the rifles apparently got out of order. Michaud was examining the weapon and recocking it, when it was suddenly discharged in the direction of Squiers, who was between Michaud and the target. The ball penetrated the young man's left lung, and in half an hour he died."

THE merits and demerits of owls and hawks came up again at the recent meeting of the New York League, and a recommendation that the birds should be destroyed was referred to a committee for more mature consideration. The charge against the species is that they destroy great numbers of game birds. On the other hand, they destroy also great numbers of noxious creatures; and the opinion of economic ornithologists is on the whole favorable to hawk and owl. Notwithstanding this, we have in different States conflicting laws on the subject, some making the killing of hawks and owls a misdemeanor, and others giving a bounty for their destruction.

WE hear often of the unexpected performances of the random shot, as well as of the Hibernian accident of throwing at the pigeon and hitting the crow. The accidental shots are perhaps less frequent than they seem to be, for it is only those which hit some mark that are noticed, while nothing is heard of the ones that go astray.

In the correspondence received by FOREST AND STREAM these accidental shots hit a mark with what seems extraordinary frequency. A few years ago a mother discovered the whereabouts of a long lost son through correspondence published in these columns, and on another occasion a lost man was found in the same way.







THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Floating Down the Mississippi.

IV.—Concerning a River Warehouse.

ONE does not go far down the Great River from St. Louis, even in a skiff that demands attention, before the mere names of places on the map bring to mind those old days when Europe was wondering what to do with various portions of the American Continent—almost, but not quite undreaming that the conditions would be exactly reversed after a while. I came down along the west side of the river, because most of the wind storms throw their waves on the east shore, it was said, besides the husky bluffs are better company for a man than flapping, wind-tossed willows—my eyes not very seeing, if open.

I didn't pay much attention to where I was going, but after passing Brickey's Mill dropped down a chute behind an island looking for a place to land and camp, but there was too much mud, and I ran into what I thought was a red clay slough, at the head of which there was hissing and pumping, due to Government works, as I guessed, not energetically. I tied my skiff to a willow tree, stretched my hammock in the boat after a bite of grub, and went to sleep—if I hadn't been all the while. The wind was blowing next morning (Oct. 6, Tuesday), but I pulled out and went on down the chutes till I was in the main stream again, hugging the bluffs of necessity, for the wind was severe. A few miles below were the real Government works, and I learned there that I had been behind Bruce's Island, and likely enough within sixty rods of Horace Kephart's camp, of which I had heard at St. Louis. Right opposite and two miles from the yon side of the river, is what is left of Fort Chartres, which Major Pierre Dugue Boisbriant and 100 men built in 1720. I passed the real Government Works (Little Rock Landing), talking the while to the engineer of pile driver No. 13, and followed the bank into a chute and soon arrived at St. Genevieve, of pretty name and interesting history.

It may shock the reader to know it, but about all I got there was some potted ham. for one afloat in narrow quarters needs something on which to make a noonday lunch, in order not to be obliged to stop and cook. The storekeeper, however, was a little man, just reveling in prosperity—just bursting with joy and rubbing his hands. "Now what else can I do for the gentleman?" he asked. "No? But you will come again? So? A stranjar? It is so—from the rivare? Ah—but you may come some day, and if you do, come in and see us. Good day, sir"—joyous, polite, although his tribe was almost exterminated.

An individual of impolite appearance—muddy clothes, unshaven face and tattered, said there is lots of money in St. Genevieve these days. "You see the railroad folks pays whenever you wants it, and cash, so every one has money." St. Genevieve has become a railroad town, with new buildings and bad whiskey, and enterprise and other things, therefore it isn't a pleasant place for dreamers and poets to go to, but that little old man with the dry face, its very polite, prosperous smile, and that tall girl in black in the bakery across the street, with oval face, colorless, of slow motion and redeeming eyes—whatever it may be now, St. Genevieve is certainly a place with a past that appeals, and so of all the French settlements in the valley.

By the time I was at the foot of the St. Genevieve slough, the wind was too strong for me to venture on to the river, therefore I tied to a willow till nearly sundown, when I crossed to the opposite side in spite of the waves that were still running, and in a bayou of Moro Island went to sleep in my boat for the night. Once I was awakened by the patter of rain drops on the painted canvas overhead, but soon slept again. After daybreak on the following morning, I came to my senses with a start. My canvas hammock was sagging in water three inches deep—the rain had come down in the uncovered bow and flooding aft, wet through the heavy canvas to all my bedding and clothes, more or less. With the sponge, recommended by Mr. Kephart, I bailed the boat, and then when the sun came out went down the bayou a few rods, rigged a clothes line and dried everything in the wind and sun.

It was two o'clock or later when I started on, and so lovely was the day that I left my boat to its own speed mostly, and ran down into Kaskaskia Bend—the one of to-day, not of the steamboat days. Here were wide sand bars, with warning ripples indicating shallow water; the caving banks were far to the southwest and northeast. Everything was far away, except a flock of wild geese, that were surprised when my boat shot out from behind an insignificant bank of caving sand. They walked sideways for a rod, then turned square away on the run, and up they went and off toward the sun, now unaccountably near the horizon. Everything was still far away. Just as a chill breath from the coming night struck me, I seized the oars and pulled for the bank on the Illinois side, hoping for a sheltered place to sleep. I saw the mouth of a slough, but to reach it was too hard a task, so I went on down, while the sun touched, then dipped below the horizon, leaving a blaze of orange in the sky and along the water. But this faded rapidly. As far as I could see on both sides were caving banks, save on my left, where were dense willows and no inlet or outlet. A steamer came to the landing ahead, her lights a-flaring, and when she pulled out I went in—it was Menard's, just above Fort Gage, and looking out upon the site of Kaskaskia—"Old Kaskaskia," where now the Mississippi flows unresisted. The old town is gone, and I thought not worth stopping at—would not have save the suddenness of the sunset. As it was, Pierre Menard said I might find a place to stay, and old Jack Stevenson helped me carry my stuff up the bank to the warehouse—without a doubt the most interesting warehouse on the river.

A warehouse is a ramshackle building built on the bank of the river for the temporary shelter of goods landed from steamers. It may stand for years on the verge of destruction from floods, and is expected to go soon, but whether it stands years or days, it is still on the verge. Most of them are mere sheds roofed over, but some towns, boasting a paved levee landing, have pretensious, painted affairs, with dapper steamboat agents presiding. Menard's has two rooms that will lock, and a shed open to the winds, all in a row. The two rooms and their contents make the place interesting beyond any that can be found on the river.

There have been three Pierre Menards, the original having come from the Province of Quebec to "Post Vinsenne" with a letter of introduction to the famous merchant Vigo, and rose to so important position as that of the first lieutenant-governor of Illinois. It was this man's grandson I met at the landing—and whose treasures are stored chiefly in the warehouse, but many of which have gone to the library of the Chicago Historical Society.

There were seven or eight boxes full of papers and documents dating back to the years of the last century but one; the school books of the Ursuline Nun Convent of Old Kaskaskia; a few dusty bureaus and other furniture brought from France when Kaskaskia was young and gay—especially gay; some flint-lock pistols, with labels put on them by the Chicago World's Fair authorities; saddle bags, steel traps, barrels, old iron chests, boxes, old stone seals. Almost the first thing I saw was:

Excha., 1452 Dollrs. Kaskaskia, 30th Jany., 1779.

Sire At Thirty Days sight of this my first Exchange second of same Tenor and Date not paid. Pay to M. Vigo or his Order the Sum of One Thousand four Hundred and Fifty-two Dollars for sundry furnishings to the State of Virginia and charge the same as per former advise from—

Sire,
Your very old and Hum-
Servant,
Ge. Clark.

To Oliver Pollock, Esq.,
New Orleans.

And to this was added another document dated Dec. 24, 1834, signed Pierre Menard, reading:

Inclose yous have a Draft favor of M. Vigo for $1452 to plaise in Caise I should not overtake you to presint to proper office for approval.

More than fifty years after Clark had captured Kaskaskia and the northwest territory, an effort was still being made to collect on a note, by which Clark was helped to clinch his hold on that land, and this note may now be seen by the curious in a warehouse at a Mississippi River landing. It is only just to say that "it couldn't be found when the society was looking for documents here," else it had long since been framed and removed far from the diary of Trapper Davis, where it now rests, if it hasn't fallen out, keeping company with a note and photograph that the present Pierre picked up in a bottle in June. 1902. This note reads:

Centralia, Illinois, Jan. 28, 1902.

The Finder of this bottle and letter will please write me a letter if convenient.

I am a young lady, 18 years and a half old, 5½ feet high, weigh 130 pounds: am fair skinned and have dark curly hair and some means.

Enclosed find my latest picture. I would like to correspond with the finder if a young gentleman of some means.

Yours Resp.
MINNIE M. DUNCAN.

This at Kaskaskia! But, as said, the old town is gone. In 1844 the great flood began the destruction of the place. Then came 1851 and 1857, each with phenomenal high water. Finally, in 1882, the Mississippi discovered that the bed of the Kaskaskia was lower than its own and came across to it bodily—clear to the bluffs on the Illinois side. Kaskaskia, right in the way, was finally swept out of existence.

A new Kaskaskia is there, but I did not see it. The Kaskaskia River is gone—they call it Okaw now, and this was the "slough" I saw when out among the sand bars with the geese.

Kaskaskia became a parish in 1721—was the center of power and fashion in the upper valley for a hundred years. St. Genevieve was established in 1755. The floods swept one out of existence and a railroad the other.

The mania for collecting something seems to have afflicted most individuals of the human raee. With some it shows itself to be a rational, sedate practice of securing and holding "uncut editions." Any one can appreciate the joy felt by a collector in a book which no one has ever read, and never can read without detracting from its value in his own and other similar collectors' eyes. But why the various Pierre Menards should have kept newspapers which had been read and might be read again, and no one know the difference, is a question. The fact remains that there are some hundreds of pounds of accessible facts in that old warehouse, but which are not to be removed in bulk simply because Pierre III. enjoys collecting them himself—in a haphazard sort of way. The hunter there is likely to flush game of startling varieties, and if he has the proper sporting blood will bring away trophies according with his nature and mania for collecting.

Of course each collector thinks that his particular hobby is better than another's. He who shoots game and mounts heads for his dining-room and covers his floors with peltry, may well say that these are the height of interest, for each thing in it is a story of skill in woodcraft or of nature, well worth telling always. I am quite certain that these people will sympathize with me, even if my trophies are stored away in note books, and were found in such places as the thickets of a warehouse. It seems to me that Thoreau was the prince of sportsmen, for he could stand without his neighbor's preserve, and, harming no man's feelings, bring down a vast collection of trophies, useful to this day to every man who loves the trees, the flowers common in nature and wonders of the wayside. He saw at first hand and gathered where no other man had seen before—a pioneer.

About the most interesting things to me in the Menard landing warehouse, were some old store account books. Pierre I. was a storekeeper, and a few extracts from one of the Kaskaskia store books compared to some steamer freight bills of seventy years later concerning the shipments from this warehouse, will tell a story of its own.

On April 18 twenty-five cents was "paid Indian for venison," on the 20th "Paid Seneca for 17 Raccons—$4.00," "Paid Gen. Harrison 1 (raccoon)— & 5 Rabets ..50." This was not the Tippecanoe Harrison who became President of the United States later, but a nephew of his, who came to Kaskaskia to look up a tract of land which William Henry Harrison had given him, as a letter in the warehouse by the latter of 1833 shows. "Bees wax to Merchdze—Paid for 14 lbs to Absolon Cox @ 25..$3.50." "1 Deer skin...$1.00." "Beef Hides to Merchdz—paid for 1 Hide 19½..@ 10..$1.95." "Paid John Dowling for one Keg of Pitch del'd to Jannet Menard at the Mth. of White River..$2.00." "Menard & Valle, Paid a Seneca woman for shaving skins..@ 10..$17.50; Ditto an other woman for shaving 60 skins ..@ 10..6.00. Ditto 57 skins to an other..10 5.70."

April 25. "Menard & Valle to peltry"—some trapper's account:

186 shaved skins, 3321bs., @	30	99.60
125 Raccoons, 1st quality,	25	31.25
3 wild cats, 1st quality	25	.75
12 raccoons, 2d quality,	16 2-3	2.00
9 raccoons, 3d quality	12½	1.12½
2 otter skins,	2.50	5.00
2 Muskrats and 1 mink,	.25	.75
1 Fox inferior,		.16 2-3
4 Prime Bear,	2.00	8.00
3 Prime cubs,	1.00	3.00
		$151.64

It is plain from this that the spring exports from that store were furs. beeswax, pitch for boats, dressed deer skins. But my collection of facts is imperfect as regards the fall trade. I did not take details about the corn, wheat, salted and smoked meats that probably made up the bulk of the fall products of the locality. Nor can I say that steamers, and not barges, or keel boats, carried the most of the freight for this store at that time—sad omissions for my collection! But it is recorded that Old Pierre Menard though the first steamer he saw going up the Mississippi was a sawmill, although he had been lieutenant-governor of the State and was a subscriber of the Washington Intelligencer at this time—as the papers show.

If I had some old steamboat bills of lading, they would be better for comparison with receipts, some of which I have, that were given by the steamers at East Kaskaskia Landing—Menard's of to-day.

On April 25, 1893, the steamer Belle Memphis took on at this landing three cases of eggs, 1 tub of butter, 1 sack of fur—shade of the past! and 3 calves. One gathers that the steamer trade is now wool, chix (chickens), scrap iron, eggs, hogs, sheep, money packages, "said to contain"—ducks, household goods—some people were moving away—horned cattle, green hides, wheat (in June this begins), whiskey, potatoes—that's about all, from Menard's. But across "1 calf" is written in blue, "Dead or alive. Exept." This occurs in regard to several calves bound to commission merchants in various places. Being a land where rewards are offered for desperadoes "dead or alive," it is a startling entry. Dead or alive, and of calves in August!

At old Kaskaskia such sales as there were recorded at the store: Tin cups, chocolate, sugar, silk handkerchiefs, indigo and Spanish brown, rum and whiskey, wine, flour, saddles, holsters, bridles (plated), blue beads, blue calico, pink silk, straw bonnets, fur hats, fiddle strings by the dozen, fine toothed—tucking—and side-combs, shaving soap, wide plaids, gingham, looms, ribbons—these sold to such as Louis Lemieux, Antoine Lachapelle, Nathaniel Pope (per daughter), etc.—put together all that has been said of Old Kaskaskia, the storekeeper at St. Genevieve, dapper and polite, the tall girl whose soft eyes redeemd a colorless, oval face, the Indian woman who dressed skins, the Indian who killed deer, the trapper with his year's furs, fur hats, silk handkerchiefs and fiddle strings. They say the artist has his picture in mind when he lays the paint on the canvas; he has conceived his picture and then draws it—there at the foot of a willow-grown sand bar, on top a caving bank, in a river warehouse one may build his picture from account books, even though he be not an artist.

Bluffs, wide waters and green willows, liar, despot and corporation—it's a good, big, lovable, picturesque Mississippi after all. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Two Years' Outing Across Siberia.

The Wolves and Wolf Dogs of Cibiria.

NONE of the wolves we read about were seen by the writer at large during the couple of years' tournée over Yardom, but all the same they exist in packs in isolated parts of the regions passed through. Wolf-dogs are domesticated in all the towns and villages, but are usually unfriendly to strangers.

In the yard or natio of the house where I stayed some six weeks at the town of Irkutsk, central Cibiria, a real wolf of the giant Cibirian type was kept to guard the place. He was locked up in a big hutch all day, in almost dismal solitude, but let loose nights. Consequently he was brutalized to savagery of the most unpleasant type.

The first night I stayed in that house was my first experience with him. I had gone out momentarily on to the stoop balcony overlooking the natio, to look at the krisanthenums. He espied me! With a roar he dashed for the stoop steps. Quick as thought I seized a heavy chunk of timber from the wood-pile built up on one side of the balcony, and hurled it at the brute. This gave him something to think about—but only for a flash of a moment; for pluckily, with a savage howl, did he rush for the stoop steps again, was half way up—the low gate only interposed between me and his leap—when another log went crashing at him. It missed! Now thoroughly enraged, and probably thinking I was trying to steal the firewood instead of trying to brain him, he returned to the charge—all the time keeping up a pandemonium wolfish howl. But, as all this was going on, I had backed across the balcony to the door, and, as he made his final lunge and spring at the low gate, I had slipped within and closed the door in a twinkling. Probably I never acted so nimbly before in my life. "Discretion is the better part of valor," etc.

Of course all this happened in a few seconds—in much less time than I can take to tell it to you here; but as I recall and write the incident, the pen even now slightly quivers at the recollection of what was a "close shave" with a Cibirian wolf, and "what might have been."

Why Does the Indian Sleep on his Stomach?

Nomadic tribes all over the globe have certain habits in common. While among the Apaché and Yaqui Indians (friendly) of northwestern Mexico, the Gauchos and Guaranis of the Plata, the Kanakas of the old Port-Filip district, meridianal Australia, the Maoris of Zealandia, the Celonés in the Kolombo hill country, the Butans and Cikimés of the Himalayas and headwaters of the sporting Bramaputra, the Gulis of the Ycypi, extreme eastern Cibiria; the Lakyts and Bypiats of the Baikal, central Cibiria, etc., etc.: among all these tribes did I notice a habit in common of, when bivouacking on the ground for the night, finally turning round on to their stomachs for the night's sleep.

Why? It took me a long time to find out, because the replies varied—"Habit," "Used to it," "Our fathers did it," and so on; in fact, a deal more of explanation that I did not grasp, for the simple reason that I did not understand their language. Finally a Cibirian mediko with much experience among the Asiatic tribes solved the problem for me.

"The Indian sleeps on his stomach," said he, "*to prevent catching cold.*" He thus protects himself unconsciously—without even knowing that it is nature's hint for his self-preservation. Only some of the old tribal chiefs can give a rational explanation for the practice—that it is to escape "ills," i. e., maladies. In short, it is to escape chills, or malaria, the concomitant evils—or, if you will, to prevent catching cold.

"It stands to reason," he went on, "that this, nature's hint to the tribes, is a wise one. For, if sleeping on the back, are not the vital parts more exposed to attack from the insidious influences of damp ground than if sleeping on the front, or chest, where a breastwork of bone and tissue are a natural protection against sudden chill?"

Shaved Himself with his Revolver.

The Russian bayonet-revolver is not seen in this country; but travelers and officers use it in Cibiria, as a last resort, in case of need. The tiny bayonet lies edgewise on top of the barrel, and is sprung into position by withdrawing a spring-catch. Supposing a traveler has expended all his bullets over a pack of wolves, or has not time to reload: here the razor-like bayonet comes in handy, and a dexterous plunge of it into, and the ripping up of, the stomach of a leaping wolf, would probably have a salutory effect on the others. But I never saw it used in this capacity; but one day caught the military engineer, Lapomichef, at his house on the river Xop, about mid-distance between Bladiboctok and Kabapofçk, actually shaving himself with that .38 caliber revolver! My first impression was that he was carefully surveying himself in the glass preparatory to lodging a bullet in his brain—or his gullet. But, looking further, I perceived he was rapidly shaving himself with the razor-edge of that projecting blued steel miniature bayonet. The reader can judge what superb cutting steel this must be, when I mention that the shave was entirely and quickly performed without soap or water—a dry shave, pure and simple.

Automatic Butter Making.

The Cibiriak mujik has to be a man of resources, for he lacks the conveniences known to the American farming community. Thus, the Asiatic tiller of the soil has no churn for making butter, so he makes it automatically—saves his cream till market day, then fills the tubs half full, covers them tight, and goes jogging off on his telega the score versti or so to market. Arrived there, the jolting has converted half the cream into pure, hard, well flavored butter. I used to notice the butter formed not into one mass chunk, nor into many nodules, but into seven or eight fist-sized approximately spherical balls, weighing about a pound apiece. The acidulous buttermilk is either sold at market or taken home again and coagulated for cheese.

For making small family use chunks of butter, the mujik rigs up a small box affair pocket churn, holding



SIBERIAN TYPES.
By courtesy of the Photographic Times Bulletin.

about (half filled) one pound of thick cream. This he either places in one of his capacious pockets and walks around with it, while doing farm work, for a couple of hours, or places it on the handle bar of his working plow. In either case a half-pound pat of butter results.

How Many Words of Russian Need a Traveler Know?

By keeping "tally" in my pocket lexicon of all Russian words referred to during the twenty-four months' journeying hither and thither over Cibiriadom, I can say just how many words a tourist should know if traveling through the domain of Tolstoi. My practice was to lead-pencil under every word looked up, so to help mentalize it. In this way, after a couple of years, it was found that turning a couple of thousands words, it was found lined. This is not many, considering with that number a person can converse freely in Russian, including engineering, mechanical, and other technical terms.

But, in ordinary travel and speech, it is not necessary to know 2,000 words. By no means. A knowledge of 400 words suffices for all general intercourse.

A pocket dictionary is the best. Phrase-books, seemingly useful in theory, are worthless in practice.

Prolonged Experience with Aluminum Travel Kits.

Fortunately, aluminum cannot be successfully soldered, and the result is we have seamless aluminum travel articles. A seam is always a fault: for if a weak point develops it is at the seam. (In this world there is only one good seam—a gold seam.) So aluminum manufacturers now fulfil a long-felt want in supplying camping-outers with seamless cooking utensils.

Aluminum traveling outfits are now fairly common in the Cibirian towns. They are mostly imported from Teutonic burgs. The writer had a couple of years' daily traveling outing experience with aluminum rigouts in Asia, and knows some of the light metal's disadvantages—as its liability to itself ineradicably stain and tarnish, and "pin-holing" by exposure in salt marsh regions, or by contact with limes and acids, or even table condiments like salt and (perhaps most destructive of all) vinegar.

But, unfortunately, most of the light metal cuisine articles are "finished off" a little too ornately. The top rim of an aluminum cup, for instance, is turned over and in against the edge. This is always a mistake, for the dirt and grease collects thereunder in time, and is quite a task to remove. The cup should be, in manufacture, left with its edge perfectly flush—as also should be all other aluminum items, like plates, saucers, mugs, pans, trays, etc. It may look "prettier" to have your aluminum service articles "finished" with turn-over edges, but it is not conducive to cleanliness. Of course I am writing here for the benefit of those out-campers who do—or take their turn at doing—the "washing up" when outing; these remarks will indeed be unappreciable by those who always delegate the task to others.

With flush-finished aluminum goods you can always be quickly through and thoroughly clean in your ablution of the aluminum kit; but this is next to impossible with the ordinary turned-over edges characteristic of the general run of aluminum articles on the market, except at the expenditure of a deal of unnecessary labor. And no camper-out wants unnecessary work. It is always work enough for him to be on the shift every day, with the monotony of the daily packing-up to get through, and the constant vigilance to prevent anything being forgotten and left behind. And, despite this care, things will be, here and there, left behind; and when many miles off before the loss is discovered, often deemed not worth while returning for.

Leaving Things Behind.

But sometimes an article is left which *must* be sent back for. For instance, one of a party of three left the hatchet behind. He had suspended it momentarily on a tree-fork, and quite forgot all about it. When seven miles off the loss was noted. So the responsible delinquent had to go back for it seven miles, then cover that seven miles again getting back to his waiting companions, thus doing twenty-one miles of hard tramping himself that day, yet delaying the progress of the whole party, who had counted on making about a score of miles on the day in question, but only made seven. For when B. came in with the needed hatchet he was too tired and hungry to proceed further that day, so the party made camp *in situ*, and "rested till the following day."



SIBERIAN TYPES.
By courtesy of the Photographic Times Bulletin.

So all aluminum goods that are quickly cleanable, that save work—in fact, all improvements that (if you will) promote laziness—are blessings to the camper-out, who, however, often does harder work in the woods than many a day laborer.

To clean aluminum, common wood ashes are better than ordinary soap. All ashes contain a certain amount of salts and potash, and, combined with the grit in the ash, serve as a better scouring agent than soap for removing dirt and grease.

Aluminum goods into which the hand cannot be inserted for cleaning—as water canteens—are best avoided. They become coated inside with slime before you are aware of it, except by a foul odor; and then you have a lively dancing time trying with sand or shot or pebbles to scour it clean!

Aluminum camping-out outfits have been a great deal "cracked up" by parties interested in selling. It is unblushingly asserted "food does not burn in them," whereas, if not narrowly watched, your dinner will be quicker burned and spoiled in them than in any other utensil. Again, when new, they stain the hands for a few days almost like lead.

Still, aluminum is the best metal for the outing man, solely on account of its lightness, L. LODIAN.

Bred in Old Kentucky.

"AMONG a big batch of recruits assigned to my company a while ago," said a captain of infantry stationed at a far Western post, who was here recently, "was a gaunt, gawky Kentucky lad of the mountaineer class, and not much above twenty years of age. He was growing so fast that he was as clumsy as a St. Bernard pup, and he fell all over himself in drill. Notwithstanding his perfect willingness, he was so inapt a soldier that I attached him to my quarters in the capacity of dog robber or striker. Soon afterward my company was sent out for target practice on the ranges. My striker for Kentucky beat out every man in my company, some of them veterans wearing the 'distinguished marksman' medals, in a common canter. He was as crackerjack a rifle shot as I ever saw in the army, and I'd be willing to bet that there's not a shootist in that team that lately won the Palma trophy in England that could outshoot him. The gawky Kentucky boy's performance on the range filled me with amazement, as it did everybody else who watched his marvelous shooting, and when he was through I said to him:

"'Look here, boy, where did you ever get a chance to practice such fine shooting?'

"'Pinkin' rev'noo officehs, suh,' he replied with a grin. 'Yo' all fuhgits, suh, that Ah'm f'om Kentucky.'"

Editor Forest and Stream:

The above story from the Washington Post has been going the rounds of the papers, and it reminds me of another Kentucky recruit that I had something to do with.

We were in camp near New Braunfels, Texas, on our way to San Antonio, and I had gone up the road a mile or two hunting, when I met a young fellow who still wore his butternut clothes; he was hunting "you un's camps," he told me. He wanted to join "that ar critter company of mine." Critter company is the southern white's designation for a cavalry troop.

He was twenty years old, nearly six feet high, and looked as if he had just let go of the plow lines to join the "critter company."

He had been born in Harlan county, Kentucky—Kaintuck he called it—and had come out here with his uncle and a string of horses.

The War of the Rebellion had only been closed a year or two, and I wondered why he had not been a volunteer before on one side or the other. Kentucky had about an equal number of men in each army. "I belong with you uns." he told me. He was a Union man, not a Confederate, and he had never had a chance to join. "But I have fit," he said. "The Confed Cavalry came to our neighborhood to conscript we uns, and I got into the mountains and bushwhacked them; then they let us alone."

I took him to the Captain and had him enlisted. Our men began to make a butt of him right off. I told them to be a little careful how they tried that on this boy. "He comes from a part of the country where they would as soon fight as eat, and he probably has forgotten more about his pistol than the most of you know about yours. If he puts a ball into one of you, there won't be much fun in that except for the doctor."

He was given to me to be drilled, and I began by teaching him his facings. Nowadays he would have to commence with the setting up drill; we did not have it then. It reminds me every time I see it of a lot of school boys going through some play that they have invented themselves. He was quick to learn, and we soon got through the Manual of Arms. When I came to the pistol I found, as I had expected, that there was nothing about it that I could teach him. All I had to show him was how to hold the pistol for inspection. The hardest task I had with him was to get him to stop saying "sir" to me. "Say 'sir' to no one except officers here," I told him, "but don't forget to say 'sir' to them; if you do they won't forget to tell you of it."

The first time we went out on target practice Kaintuck went with us. We were going to fire at 300 yards, but the lieutenant thought that Kaintuck had better begin at 100 yards first.

"I can hit that thar thing from heah, suh," he told the lieutenant, and was let try it. In his first five shots he made three bullseyes, a 4 and a 3; 22 out of a possible 25, a sharpshooter's score. Some of the men who had been rigging him found it hard work to make a qualifying score of 16; but they would have to make it or else keep shooting at "that thar thing" all day.

He turned out to be a first-class soldier, never was a "dog robber;" they don't use men like him to dog rob; and although he had come from Kentucky he never could be got to touch whisky.

When I left the "critter company" eighteen years after this, he was still in one of them, and was a sergeant, too. He had learned to read and write, he could do neither when we first got him, and had dropped his southern dialect; he spoke the same kind of English that we did, but he always made it a point to inform everyone he came in contact with that he was from Kaintuck.

CABIA BLANCO.

December Bluebirds in Ohio.

AKRON, O., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the last month a flock of seven bluebirds have been feeding about my house. Is it not very much out of the order of things for this bird to remain north during the winter? They were very plentiful this year, and were about in numbers as late as November 1, but as the weather was fine up to that date I thought nothing strange about their remaining.

R. S. IREDELL.

The Next Best Thing.

A PENNSYLVANIA correspondent writes: In this year of scarcity of game the FOREST AND STREAM is the next thing to carrying my favorite arm in its pursuit. Your Christmas number was a work of art, the finest yet coming to my table. I missed Fred Mather, but now can enjoy Mr. Spears, who writes differently but interestingly.

J. W. GREENFIELD.

Natural History.

Concerning Cats.

PARIS, France.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a catologue—please do not print catalogue—I was much interested in Von W.'s contribution in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 14, page 375, concerning a cat, which seems to have a strong tendency toward vegetarianism. I had never heard of a cat eating corn, but, from my experience I am inclined to think that Von W.'s cat's "tastes for a vegetable diet" are more frequent than is generally recognized, and can even be said to make a part of the "ordinary cat instinct."

It is often said, in France, at least, that cats are partial to melons. I never had a cat of this sort; but I had melons, and sometimes noticed that they had been gnawed and opened, and considerably reduced. The gardener assured that the wicked deed had certainly been done by some neighboring cat. Of course it might have been the work of some other quadruped. But tradition has it that cats like melons, and it may be so. However, this is tradition, not history.

As a historical fact, I may observe, having often been a witness to it, that many cats take very kindly to some carrot, now and then. It is even recommended by French veterinarians for cats who live in cities, in apartments, and have no garden at their disposal wherein to cull some vegetable food, such as grass, leaves, etc. Of course no cat goes to dig the carrot out of the earth; but many, being offered some boiled carrot, swallow it with relish.

One of my departed pets—Plucky—a big, glossy, black cat with golden eyes—was a great lover of beet root. Of course, he was no such fool as to consider the red vegetable as a piece of meat; he took it as beet root, and liked it as such. In fact, he very much enjoyed a treat of boiled bect root now and then.

Most cats are quite willing to eat green peas—cooked, of course—and some beans. Lentils are also very much appreciated by most of them. Another vegetable, or, rather, fruit—but it is eaten in France as a vegetable and as a fruit as well—is much liked by my present friend Thoth. I refer to the chestnut. Roasted chestnuts, boiled chestnuts, chestnuts *en purée,* to accompany venison, or sweetened with sugar, and surrounded with cream, chestnuts under all forms, and under all methods of cooking, are always most willingly accepted. And if not offered, he knows how to say he wants some. And he always gets them, of course. Cats cannot be refused. They are always obeyed. And it is proper it should be so. They are of superior essence. But I digress. *Revenons à nos...chats.* Most cats accept some potato now and then: boiled, roasted, mashed, especially if there is some gravy added—but even without this adjunct. Chocolate they generally like; not only liquid, with milk, but solid also. Thoth greatly enjoys a good piece of chocolate. He always comes back to ask for more, and gets it generally; though, of course, there is a limit. There must be one, somewhere, even for a catologue and catophile.

Lastly, I have known no cat who was not very much excited over asparagus, and ready to swallow that which was left to him by a loving master, chopped in small pieces to help matters (the asparagus; not the master, you must understand). All cats, I think, eat asparagus most willingly; they seem to enjoy the smell, and the taste as well. Here is an end to my experience. I have offered bananas, and most fruits—apples, pears, plums, cherries, apricots, strawberries and so on, but no cat of mine seemed to appreciate the offer. Some other reader may have been luckier; if so, he would increase the knowledge of catologues by describing the results of his experiments and observations. Of course, Mark Twain has—in a very amusing anecdote of his—referred to the liking of a cat for cocoanut: but—as some grave English reviewer observed, with much sadness—"as an historian, that man is unreliable." So, the cocoanut matter remains undecided. It would, though, be very easy to settle the matter. I would immediately; I have the cat, but I lack the cocoanut.

HENRY DE VARIGNY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In an article copied from FOREST AND STREAM we read of a vegetarian cat, which is not so remarkable as the owner seems to think, many house cats being extremely fond of cooked sweet corn, as well as various other foods, such as people partake of, especially summer and winter squash, sweet potatoes and creamed white potatoes, some felines even devouring cooked onions with avidity.

A large black cat we once owned had an odd way of placing one great paw against the head of a companion cat and holding her off from eating her share of some dainty bit he was particularly fond of, and when reprimanded he would sit back with a scowling face and wait until the other cat had finished. As a kitten Tinker became greatly attached to grandfather, climbing up into his lap and hiding inside his coat for a quiet nap; indeed, both of them dozing together in the big armchair. Tinker seemed to have an idea that he could assist in taking off the old gentleman's boots, for when the cat heard the bootjack placed on the floor he would quickly get down from his particular chair and place one big paw on the toe of the boot while it was being drawn off. One day, soon after grandfather died, seeing the cat go to the door of his room, we said: "Yes, you may go in, but you will not find him," then with tearful eyes we watched the cat go pattering around the room, looking up at the place where the bed once stood, and then, as though to tell us his search was in vain, with a "mew, mew," ran hastily out of the open door.

There is a cat aristocracy as well as a high class breed of dogs, and if people will talk to cats as they do to other four-footed creatures, will find them intelligent and capable of understanding what is right or wrong, such as living in the same house with caged birds without attempting to harm them; while dogs and cats often form a strong friendship.

M. L.

BRIGHTON, N. Y.

Song of the British Robin.

A BIRD does not deserve much credit for singing when skies are clear and winds are soft and earth is decked in all the fresh beauty of spring and early summer. But what shall be said of the bird which sings all through the dreary decline of autumn and the cold desolation of winter? Surely nothing were too good to say of it. The poets realized this, and hence they have celebrated the British robin with a special celebration; not, indeed, with the lavish enthusiasm of admiration they have showered upon the nightingale and the lark, but with an intimate love and regard such as is bestowed upon some cherished pet.

And the people, though lacking the expression of the poets, have not been backward in showing that they, too, can appreciate the spiritual, the unselfish, the devoted, even among birds, for they have taken the robin under their special protection. Throughout the British Isles it is unmolested; the predatory schoolboy stays his hand when the robin or the robin's nest is concerned, for it is an injunction laid solemnly upon him by his mother. And then, when frost or snow prevails and food is scarce, the window sill or the doorstep will not fail to be strewn with crumbs for poor redbreast's comfort.

For those who have not had the good fortune to see the bird, it may be noted that it bears but little resemblance to our American robin (which, indeed, is no robin at all, but a thrush). It is half the size of the latter, and instead of being brown above is olive green, speaking by way of general description. Only in the coloring of its breast does it resemble *Turdus migratorius.* And the songs of the two are as different as possible.

Perhaps the chief characteristic of the song of *Erythacus rubecula* is its sweet subdued sentiment. It is delivered in a series of bars with measured pauses, which have a most telling effect. Occasionally a bar is prolonged or lingered upon as if the bird were carried away by the intensity of its emotion. There is in this something so sincere that it appeals irresistibly to the sympathy.

It were useless, and indeed somewhat absurd, to try to give any imitation of the song in words or syllables. After all, the music is everything. I have an idea that Mendelssohn wrote his "Songs Without Words" after listening to the robin. Certainly many of those chaste and exquisite strains echo the outpourings of redbreast.

While the latter are of course always instantly recognizable, they vary more or less in tone with the season. In the spring they speak of tender joy; in the autumn they breathe a plaintive regret, with an undertone of consolation, as it were, while in winter they ring out with a distinct note of fortitude and hope. It may be that these variations are but imaginary, or echoes of the human mood; yet a bird must have its moods as well as man, and feel the influences of the seasons. If there were more perennial songsters we might be able to resolve this question better, but the redbreast in its constant devotion stands practically alone.

In this country, at least in this northern latitude, we hear an ocasional lilt of the song sparrow on a bright autumn day, but that is all. And the winter passes in sombre silence. If only the British robin had been imported here instead of the British sparrow and had thriven as well, how blessed instead of cursed we should be!

To those who have visted the British Isles during the autumn and winter, there is something at once novel and delightful in the song of the robin. You get up on a morning when perhaps the rain is beating against your window and the wind is wailing in the chimney or soughing in the trees outside; there is a momentary lull in the storm and you hear a sweet pipe or thrill. You look out and lo! there is redbreast seated on a wind-swept branch rapt in his musical devotions. Or again it is evening—blue-black, sodden, dreary—and you are walking along a country road. Where is the living thing that could feel a spark of enthusiasm on such an evening as this? you ask yourself. "Here!" answers redbreast from a dripping hedge, lifting up his mellow voice like a true poet of philosophy. Or again it is midwinter; a black frost has taken the earth in its iron clutch, and shivering cattle huddle beneath hedges, and the birds of the air are nowhere to be seen—none, that is, but our ruby-breasted friend, who, perched high upon a tree, prophecies sweetly, bravely, hopefully of spring.

Is it any wonder that a bird so musical, so brave, so constant, should have endeared itself to the heart of the British people? Wherever one of these may wander he bears with him the memory of his native songsters. The nightingale or the lark perhaps he associates with the idea of his motherland: they are imperial songsters. But when he thinks or dreams of home—that particular spot where he first saw the light and around which the associations of his childhood cluster—then the bird above all others that is apt to rise to his imagination is the robin—the homely, familiar, pleasant little robin.

FRANCIS MOONAN.

A Horse's Homing Sense.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Speaking of back-trailing horses reminds me of a story that is told in Cleveland, New York, and its truth is vouched for by nearly every one who was a resident of that beautiful village a dozen years ago. A horse bred and raised in or near Cleveland and kept by the same man for a number of years, was finally sold to another party on the opposite side of the lake, which is exactly seven miles wide at this point.

One morning the first owner, on going to his barn, was very much surprised to find the animal there and seemingly very glad to get home.

It is claimed by those who should know that it was impossible for the horse to travel around the lake in one night, therefore it must have swam the seven miles to its old home. Of course that can't be called back-trailing, as there was no trail, but if the story is true, it shows intelligence and reasoning in the animal far greater than most people imagine.

FRANK H. BOUCK.

CHADWICKS, New York.

The hunter was home again. "Any luck?" they asked. "Splendid!" he exclaimed, radiantly. "I didn't kill a single person."—Puck.

Wellington Field Naturalists.

GUELPH, Ont., Dec. 20.—At the meeting of the Wellington Field Naturalists' Club held December 17, fourteen short papers were read; each paper was limited to five minutes in length, and three minutes were allowed for discussion. As will be seen, the observations cover a wide field, discussing plants, insects, reptiles, birds, and mammals, and the interest shown by the members gives evidence of the activity of the club and the good work it is doing.

The first paper was by Mr. A. Davidson on "The Cottontail," and treated of the animal's biological position, its habits and food. In the discussion Mr. Hunt observed that he had noticed that rabbits preferred the bark of pear trees to those of the apple.

A paper on the "Snow Flake," by Mr. F. N. Beattie, gave an interesting account of the habits and food of the bird.

"The Screech Owl" was discussed by Mr. Hotson, with some suggestions as to the two color phases, the red and the gray; and in the remarks which followed it appeared that in the neighborhood of Guelph the more common phase is the gray, while at Elora the red is the more ordinary color.

In the writer's absence, Dr. Muldrew's paper on the "Loon" was read by Mr. Buchanan. It was illustrated by specimens of the bird and eggs.

Mr. Wm. Goldie read a paper on the "Flying Squirrel," treating of its habits and its abundance. While the species does not appear common in the locality under consideration, its crepuscular or nocturnal habits tend to conceal it, and it may be more abundant than appears. While all tree squirrels seem to possess the property of making themselves into a parachute so as to break a fall or a leap from a great height, the flying squirrel is the one which does this with the greatest ease and most commonly. In the discussion, Mr. Davidson told much that was interesting concerning his experience in raising these mammals, and Mr. Barlow stated that he had once met with a great band of these squirrels moving through a wood in one direction, as if a migration were in progress.

Mr. A. B. Klugh read a paper on the "Christmas Fern" (*Polystichum acrostichoides*), illustrated by a specimen and a photographic proof showing the veins.

Mr. T. D. Jarvis read a paper on the "Snapping Turtle;" Mr. Barlow one on "Butterflies in Winter," and Mr. Peart one on the "Canadian Holly." Mr. L. Beattie's paper on the "Chickadee" was interesting, and Mr. R. Cull read one on the "Ruffed Grouse," in the course of which he emphasized the need of proper protection for this splendid bird. He said that the Guelph Trap and Game Club had offered a standing reward of $5 for information leading to the conviction of any one breaking the game laws. The club was petitioning Parliament to put a close season on ruffed grouse for a term of years. The club, by its president, Mr. Jarvis, expressed its readines to do anything that it could to help in the movement.

A paper on the "Club Moss" was read by Mr. Buchanan, and one on the "Smilax" by E. J. Colgate. Finally Mr. Armstrong read one on the "Brown Creeper," which was very interesting.

At the close of this paper the secretary called attention to the fact that the 1903 spring migration list compiled by the club had taken first place at Washington, being most highly regarded for its fullness of data and the way in which the migration had been recorded.

Bear Coloration.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Just now I am interested in the matter of the hybridizing of the different species of bear. In your note of explanation to the query of Cabia Blanco in December 26 issue, as to the crossing of grizzly bears and others, you say, "There is no reason for supposing that the different species of bears hybridize, any more than do the different species of deer. The belief is more or less common, but is shared by no competent biologist, so far as we know." I once saw a female black bear which had been caught in a trap, and with her were two cubs; one of them was a beautiful dark brown color, and the other was a very light cinnamon. It was early in the fall, and there could be no question as to the bear in the trap being the parent of the cubs; and as all know, black bear when they are cubs are just as black as when they are grown up, so that these certainly never would have been black bear. I accepted this as evidence that they do hybridize, and was resting content in that belief until reading the above. From whence came these "off" colors?

EMERSON CARNEY.

[The cubs of the black bear are sometimes black and sometimes brown and black. In other words, there are believed to be two color phases in this species, just as there are in some birds—e. g., the little screech owl (*Scops* or *Megascops*). It must be acknowledged, however, that we have much to learn about the bears.]

Wild Pigeons in the Indian Territory.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A small Territory paper says that a hunting party from the Osage Reservation saw several small flights of what they knew were wild pigeons in the hills just north of the Arkansas River. These men claim to be familiar with the pigeons, having hunted them years ago.

The same paper says that a small number of these pigeons were also seen in an Illinois marsh east of St. Louis this past fall.

The pigeons were not in that Osage country twenty years ago, that I am sure of. I knew the country well then, and hunted over a great part of it, but never saw any, and I know them when I do see them. The pigeons may have come up from Mexico or South America, where our pigeons are sometimes supposed to have gone.

There is a pigeon in the northern Mexican States; I have seen him in several of them, but he is not our wild pigeon.

CABIA BLANCO.

[Passenger pigeons in very small numbers are occasionally seen in Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The bird is not absolutely extinct, any more than is the buffalo, but it is practically so. There are no passenger pigeons in South America, so far as known. The large southwestern pigeon is the familiar west coast band-tailed pigeon.]



GAME BAG AND GUN

Antlers of New Brunswick Moose.

DURING the latter part of September I spent ten days in the New Brunswick woods. Only those who have visited them appreciate their fragrance and beauty; the delicious odors of the balsams and other conifers, the rich reds of the maples, and the yellows of the birches and poplars, cannot be adequately described. For my part I can imagine no more restful vacation under more delightful surroundings. Add the excitement of the quest for the Monarch of the Forest, and the sportsman's cup of enjoyment is full.

I went in from Doaktown on the Canada Eastern R. R. with Jas. O. McDonald, and camped on Cain's River. Although I was accompanied by my family, I did some hunting, and one day at noon time, when "Jimmie" and I were walking over a high ridge in very open forest, we came quite unexpectedly upon the big bull of my dreams. He was a magnificent animal, and I greatly prize the mental picture I have of him as he shambled directly away from us, at first not more than 30 yards distant, his great antlers—their tops more than 8 feet from the ground—extending on either side far out beyond and above his big, wide body. The vision was only momentary, for naturally I did not wait long before shooting, and, according to the code, I kept on shooting until he fell, which was at the fifth shot, he having gone in the meantime from 30 to 40 yards. I am satisfied, however, that the first shot would have proved fatal.

When I examined him on the ground I thanked my lucky starts that I was using a moose gun and not a deer gun, such as the .30-30. Last year I used a .50-110, and my moose was killed with a single shot, but he stood side on. This time I used the .35 because of the probability, on account of the nature of the ground, of having to shoot at greater distances. Theoretically, I should prefer the new .405, but I will have to admit that my experience in this instance, under very difficult conditions, indicates that the .35 is sufficiently powerful.

The head of this moose has a spread of 56 inches and the very even three-pointed brow antlers, and the merely scalloped ends of the palms, show him to have been an old moose. The antlers stand up remarkably, and if they lay as flat as in the majority of cases, they would easily have a spread of more than 60 inches.

When I came out of the woods I heard many reports of large heads having been taken. A gentleman from Brooklyn, who went in at the same time as myself, brought out a beautiful head of about 50 inches' spread. Two gentlemen from Amsterdam obtained heads of 52 and 53 inches' spread, respectively. A party of six gentlemen from Trenton, N. J., brought out six heads, three of them measuring over 50 inches, viz., 57, 56¾ and 53 inches. A gentleman living in Doaktown shot a head measuring 56¾ inches. I heard of several 60-inch heads. These, with other facts, convinced me that the percentage of large heads obtained this year is greater than usual. I therefore wrote to various taxidermists, who receive the greater number of New Brunswick heads for mounting, asking them how many heads had been received having a spread of 50 or more inches, and whether the proportion of such heads was greater than in previous years, and whether the antlers were better developed and more symmetrical than heretofore. These gentlemen have very courteously answered my inquiries in detail. While they have placed no restriction upon the publication of the information given, to avoid any possibility of its improper use, I shall give only totals and percentages. There are reported to me 71 heads taken out of New Brunswick between Sept. 15 and Oct. 20, 1903, having a spread of 50 or more inches. This is approximately 50 per cent. of all the heads received. Messrs. Crosby & Co., Bangor, say: "We think the heads are larger on the whole and much better than for years past, and for massiveness and symmetry they are distinctly superior to those which we received last year." Stillman Armstrong, of Vanceboro, says: "The heads which I have received, as a whole, are much better this year than last." He also states, that out of the total number of heads received only 8 per cent. have a spread of less than 40 inches or have less than 14 points each. Messrs. Emack Bros., of Fredericton, say that last year they received less than half as many heads of 50 or more inches' spread, as during the like period this year, and also that they have received this season four of 60 inches, and one of 61¼-inch spread. They say: "We are positive that the heads are better this year than last."

One of these firms write that they have no record of the exact measurements of the heads which were received and mounted last year. If the taxidermists would keep a table showing the name of the consignors of all moose heads received, with the spread of antler, number of points, width and length of palm, etc., such information would certainly be interesting and valuable for comparison from year to year.

It is reasonable to suppose that there is some general cause for the remarkable growth and symmetry of the antlers of the moose this season. It appears to me that we should look to the conditions which existed during the time of the antler growth. It is true that the last winter was an open one, and that the animals came out in the spring in excellent condition. On the other hand, one who is familiar with the New Brunswick woods and the yards wherein the moose have spent the winters in previous years, can hardly doubt that they would have obtained abundant food at all times and in general would pass the winters comfortably. It therefore appears to me that probably the explanation lies in the weather conditions which existed during the period of the growth of the antlers. This period we know to have been coincident with that of the unexampled drouth. The superabundance of food under any circumstances is so great that the moose would not lack for an ample supply.

It is clear that if the circulation in the growing antler were stopped, its growth would cease. May we not infer that anything which would impede the circulation would retard the growth and so prevent the full development. Is it not fair to assume, therefore, that rain and cold, which would lower the temperature of the antler and so impede the circulation, would retard the development, and that the absence of rain and conditions resulting therefrom as during the present season, have permitted this very unusual development of the antlers? It will certainly be interesting to know how this suggestion appeals to naturalists, and intelligent guide like Henry Braithwaite and Adam Moore.

We have not at this time the data necessary for a scientific treatment of the subject, but we shall only get the data by such discussion as will excite interest and lead to careful observations and records.

From Mr. Thomas J. Regan I recently received replies to inquiries made by him at my request concerning the size of antlers on deer and elk in Mr. Whitney's preserves in the Adirondacks and at Lenox, Mass.

From Sabattis, N. Y., Mr. Ernest H. Johnson writes: "The antlers of the deer, elk and what few moose I have seen, are much larger as regards size and more symmetrical. In fact, the elk antlers are far ahead of what they were last year. I have noticed some of the finest deer heads I have ever seen anywhere."

From Lenox, Mass., Mr. Thomas Post writes: "After consultation with Mr. Parsons and others I will report that the antlers of the elk and deer seem to have made an unusually fine growth this year. We cannot get near enough to the moose to form any opinion as to the growth of their antlers." M. F. WESTOVER.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Oct. 28.

Mongaup Valley Grouse Decimation.

MONGAUP VALLEY, N. Y., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is very evident that partridges need about three years' protection in this section, but I am surprised to see in last week's issue Mr. Howard Tillotson wailing over their disappearance. He must surely forget the years he had twelve to sixteen hunters strung out in line going through the woods with four to six dogs, and this for weeks at a time, killing everything that came along. It was not an uncommon thing to see fifty partridges and about the same number of rabbits hanging on his piazza for these sports to return with. One fall a crack shot stayed with him all the season, his only pleasure being to prove how many more he could kill than the sport that came for a week, and many of them would have returned empty-handed had not this sport given them his all. There is just as much food in this section for birds as formerly, but they have never been so plentiful since those years of slaughter. MONTICELLO.

Washington Geese.

SEATTLE, Wash., Dec. 25.—Johnny Wheeler, formerly known as John F. Wheeler, came staggering up the street one day last week with eighteen geese. The load was so heavy Johnny did not have a chance to appreciate the sensation his attractive appearance caused. Men, women and even the all-absorbed messenger boys, stopped and took a mental inventory of the magnificent birds. Meanwhile Johnny struggled on, his back humping more and more as the load grew heavier. About every ten paces the lucky hunter was stopped by inquisitive friends.

"Great bag," was the almost universal expression of greeting, followed by the natural question: "Where did you get 'em?"

"Horse Heaven country, over in eastern Washington," replied Johnny. Before he finally took the car for home Johnny thought in a rather bewildered way that he had more friends than ever before. "I guess I must be the most popular man in Seattle," said Johnny to himself." Three geese finally reached the Wheeler house, but Johnny consoled himself with the fact that many a good dinner would be eaten in Seattle as a result of his clever manipulation of the shotgun on the breaks of the Horse Heaven shooting grounds.

County Commisioner Lou Smith, John Wooding, Walt Lund, Charles Potsky and Walter Mess, all of whom are well known in King county, were in the Horse Heaven country at the same time as Wheeler. They shot at Goose Gap, through which the geese fly in reaching the Horse Heaven feeding grounds, after they leave the sand bars in the Columbia River. Their bag was sixty-five, which included both common geese and the big honkers. Wheeler shot alone on the breaks at Long Cañon, getting practically all of his birds last Sunday between 7:30 o'clock in the morning and 2 in the afternoon. He made a mistake in leaving so soon, as the birds flew all day. The day following. Monday, there was not enough wind to keep the geese low down, consequently few birds fell to the guns.

Wheeler left Seattle Thursday evening, Dec. 17, and on the way to eastern Washington was joined unexpectedly by Smith, Wooding, Lund, Potsky and Mess. All of them left the train at Kiona, where they were met by teams and driven nine miles to the hunting grounds. Friday and Saturday there was a dense fog, which made it impossible to do any shooting. Big bands of geese were in the air, and their querulous calling and swishing wings sent shivers up and down the spines of the unlucky hunters. How they did pray for a wind to sweep away the enshrouding veil, but all in vain. Two days had passed, and it looked as if the trip was to be a failure; then came the storm, which made things sing all along the Oregon and Washington coast. It was a sou'wester, starting at Astoria and sweeping up the big Columbia River with a fury that kept the geese on the sandbars until they were so hungry that they smashed into its face in their determination to reach the feeding places in the Horse Heaven grain fields.

To reach the fields, which are approximately 1,400 feet above the level of the sea, the geese must pass through what is known as Goose Gap, and here it was that Smith, Wooding, Lund, Potsky, and Mess caught them coming. Magnificent is the word that describes the sport they had with the long-necked, keen-eyed and ever-suspicious monarchs of the web-footers. Wheeler was having his sport on what are called the breaks. To those who have never been in that particular goose hunting country this term may require explanation. The Columbia River makes a bend, and in that bend is the Horse Heaven district. A storm working up the river passes over the hunting ground instead of following the river in its bending course. The best hunting is always had when the wind comes from the southwest, because the birds have to fly against it and fly low. Between the sandbars of the river and the level fields are high ridges or hills with depressions or valleys between. Now, the geese do not like to face the wind any more than a human being does. They naturally seek for some method to make their trip to the feeding grounds as easy as possible, and this explains why a flock will, after crosing a ridge, drop down. When they come to the next ridge, they rise just enough to pass over it, and immediately drop into the comparativcly quiet air again. If the wind is light they will go high up in the air when they cross a ridge; instinct, combined with experience, has taught them that there is danger in the little tufts of sage brush which dot the otherwise barren hills.

Man has figured out all these little peculiarities of the flight of the geese, and he takes advantage of the situation. In a little hole, the dirt from which has been removed to a far distance—it is no use to dig a hole and throw the dirt around—the hunter conceals himself and waits for the flight. If he can get a sage brush screen he does so gladly, but as a rule the cover is not sufficient to protect him from the ever watchful eye of the leader of the band.

An old goose hunter has no difficulty judging the range, but the novice, and even the old-time duck hunters, get fooled badly. A goose is so much larger than a duck that the eye gets all mixed up with itself in trying to figure out where the bird is.

"You think," said Wheeler, "that the old goose is right on top of you; up you jump and give him both barrels, only to find that he is 100 yards up in the air."

How easy it is to get fooled may be judged from the following dimensions of a goose that weighed four pounds: Length from bill to tail feathers, 28 inches; spread of wings, 53 inches; around breast, 19 inches. Wings that spread out 53 inches loom up big in the air when there is no background. Another thing one must remember in this connection, and that is, when you look up at a goose you have no other object to help you out in making comparisons of size and distance. The average hunter does not turn his gun loose on geese more than two or three times a season, consequently he has to use all his faculties to keep from being pulled off center. I have had a flock of sprigtail ducks circle and circle around just out of range until they had me going.

C. B. Yandell was hunting quail on Whidby Island; his dog had just come to a point, and Yandell was approaching to shoot when he suddenly heard wings in the air and observed that a band of geese were circling over him. Quick as thought he dropped to the ground and remained motionless. Apparently the birds did not notice him, for they kept circling and coming closer to the ground. It was an exciting time for the quail hunter. There stood his dog, rigid and wondering why there was nothing doing. In the air the big birds were cutting circles and gradually approaching. "I thought I'd bust," said Yandell; "the tension was something awful. Finally it seemed to me that if I did not shoot my gun barrel would stick up into the air beyond the old king goose. Up I jumped and whanged away. Then I saw what I had done. The birds were still high up in the air."

Yandell's eye had the gauge for quail, but when a quick transition was made to geese, he lost his sense of proportion and distance.

One of the honkers that Wheeler brought home with him weighed 14½ pounds. When he was over on the same ground earlier in the season he brought down two which weighed 15 pounds each. "At this time of the year," continued Wheeler, "it is almost necessary to have a strong sou'west wind in order to get any shooting. Earlier in the season, before the birds get wise and look with suspicion on everything, one can shoot them in the grain fields, but as the season advances, the bands fly higher and higher, and move at the slightest sign of danger. Under such conditions, a strong wind is required to keep them down close to the points of land from which the shooting is done. And in shooting from the ridges, when the geese are flying from the sandbars to the fields, that is called brake shooting."

Judge Arthur E. Griffin and Fred Mess have probably made the best kills in the Horse Heaven country this year. On one trip lasting several days they got ninety-five birds.

Mayor Humes is another hunter who has had good luck in the same fields. He has usually been early on the ground and shot from holes in the grain fields. Profile decoys are used. There is no chance for motion among the decoys, such as there is in duck shooting. The decoys are nothing but thin sheets of metal cut out to resemble a goose and painted to conform as nearly as possible to its colors. Skill is required in placing the decoys because of their flat surface.

Western Washington does not compare well with the eastern part of the State in this particular sport, although it is recorded that a goose was killed on the Seattle golf links a few weeks ago. At least that is the story told without any effort to have it appear in print.

PORTUS BAXTER.

Days at Grindstone.

"There comes a month in the weary year,
A month of leisure and peaceful rest,
When the ripe leaves fall and the air is clear—
October, the brown, the crisp, the best.
My lot has little enough of bliss;
I drag the days of the odd eleven—
Counting the time that shall lead to this,
The month that opens the hunter's heaven."

THAT grand old man of the woods, Nessmuk, has gone where all good hunters go, but his sweet and simple songs of the forest have found a resting place in many a heart.

October was upon us with its gorgeous display of woodland tints. The morning air was crisp and redolent of earthly fragrance wafted from unseen groves, and life indeed was good. We wanted to fly; but realizing the danger of trying it, we decided to go to Maine.

But there was that pestiferous tax staring at us, we could not escape it by going around it, arbitration would not avail; for Mr. Carleton said so.

We magnanimously decided to forgive the commissioners for giving our pockets such a jolt, and with the "call of the wild" in our hearts we decided to visit again our old hunting grounds by the tranquil Penobscot.

Frank came from New York. Schofield and his wife were on hand also, as were Ed and Allie. Harvey of the "big market" appeared two days later. He had to walk six miles to reach us, but that is only a trifle to a man who has climbed to the sumit of Katahdin. The East Branch was in sight most of the time, and its music made his heart glad. The snow-crowned peaks of Katahdin also lent inspiration, and he arrived in camp in a jubilant mood, and struggling with a most eloquent appetite.

Our little band of capitalists contributed $105 toward game protection, but up to the time of going to press we had not received a vote of thanks from any of the game commissioners.

G. J. Brann, of Revere, is the "Nessmuk" of our little company of sure-shots, having preceded us by a few seasons into the woods. He has hunted the caribou on Katahdin's dangerous slopes and has secured many fine heads. He is a native of the Pine Tree State and owns property there, but he refuses to be imposed upon by a tax, and will hunt this season in Canada.

The B. & A. Railroad managers afforded us a most agreeable surprise this season by doing away with the tiresome hold-up at Bangor, and dropping us at our backwoods station of Grindstone fully three hours earlier than in previous seasons.

The woods were white with snow when we stepped from the train, and considering the date, Oct. 26, it agreeably surprised us. It did not last long enough to make good tracking, but served to dampen the leaves.

Al and Seth were at the station with buckboard and wagon, and after hearty greetings were exchanged, trunks and bags made fast, we piled in for the six-mile drive through the woods. The roads in Maine are not macadamized; the drive, though a short one, gave us appetites as sharp as tacks, and we surprised Aunt Augustie by the manner in which we dispatched the leg of venison and other good things she had prepared for us.

At 4 next morning Frank aroused the entire party by executing a double shuffle, accompanied by a song. Seth and Al not taking kindly to such a rude method of awakening people, protested most vigorously, but Frank said he was in Maine for business and did not intend to waste any time in sleeping.

After breakfast each one was ready to take his separate trail over the ridges or through the swamps. Frank struck out for Salmon stream, where he found bear signs in the snow, and followed the tracks until they led into a swamp. Darkness sets in very quickly in the woods, so he gave up until next day.

This is the second year that the beechnuts have been a failure, and in consequence we were unable to find any deer working on the ridges. Hard frosts all through the early summer months nipped the buds and deprived the deer of many fattening morsels. Persistent hunting for the past seven or eight years has greatly diminished the deer in our territory, and it certainly has taken away most of the big ones.

Only two big deer were seen by us during our stay. On Nov. 7 we had about 10 inches of snow, and over a road five miles long we found many tracks, but only one or two large ones among them. The traveling of human beings over a given space frequently will cause deer to forsake that immediate locality and find new ground.

About the only time any of us could catch a glimpse of a deer was in the early morning, in some sunny bit of second growth. Nothing but young fawns ventured to stroll about during the day, and even those little fellows had a big advantage over the mad man trying to tiptoe up to them.

With their mule-like ears constantly listening, they are well fortified against an enemy. Owing to the bad habit that deer possess of going about chiefly in the night time, it was difficult for our very new members to catch a glimpse of more than a white tail. In fact, one of the party looked up in time to see what he thought was a white owl about to fly into a tree, while in reality it was the white flag of a deer as it was bounding away through a thicket. Things look very queer to a new man during his first trip to Maine.

One of the hunters was waiting on the edge of a swamp near the ridge one evening, hoping to catch a deer working out. He had been waiting for about an hour, while his teeth were chattering and his knees knocking each other. Suddenly he heard a commotion in the thickly piled leaves on the ridge behind him. A cold sweat began to break out on his forehead, his heart tried to get out of his mouth, and gripping his rifle tightly he got ready to kill something, when the terrible strain was broken by the chattering of two red squirrels chasing each other. And from experience I also know that the nimble little red brother makes enough noise to warrant one in thinking that a whole flock of deer are about to rush at him. The solemn silence of the forest intensifies the slightest sound.

Frank was the first one to bring in game. He fired at a doe as she whistled and broke into a run. He followed on her tracks for over an hour, the blood spots finally failing to show on the leaves. He dislikes to wound a deer and not secure it, for it means a lingering death for the graceful animal. Crossing over to Hinch's camp, he found Al and Young eating lunch, and after hearing his story, Al said he could find the doe. They returned to Wadley brook and took up the track again, when Al succeeded in finding the doe, where she had dropped, right near the brook. Those backwoods fellows know their book thoroughly. Wadley brook is three miles from the camp, but Frank carried the deer without assistance, stopping twice to breathe straight. It is no child's play to tote a deer over a rough road.

Ed, the youngster, by the aid of a field glass, located a small bunch of deer way down river feeding in the old field. He dropped into the canoe with Allie in the stern, and they drifted down quite handy to the deer. By carefully working along to the shelter of some alders, they were able to get within shooting distance. The boys fired together, dropping two of the deer, the fawn did not run, when one more well placed shot ended its career. A small spikehorn and his doe, with the fawn, made a good load for the trip up river. Thus does luck run at times.

Schofield has been accompanied by his wife on his trips for some years, and she has become skillful with the rifle, always killing her own game. She does not go very deep into the woods, confining her trips to the river banks and edges of the swamps, but she rarely returns home without her complement of deer. She shot a fine spikehorn handy to the camp, and also one of the best does taken out this season. She is an enthusiast when talking of life in the woods, for she has built up her constitution wonderfully since she first began to accompany her husband on his hunting trips. The air of the Maine woods has done more for her than the skill of the practitioner.

Young was the luckiest of the party. He started out early on the new snow Nov. 7, and following a good-sized track, soon had in the snow a buck that weighed 155 pounds dressed. Not very big as bucks go, but we were all envious just the same. We noticed, when on the train for Boston, that Young occasionally emitted a low, amused chuckle, as though he was tickled over something.

We all had a jolly good time and were loath to leave. We had lots of partridge stews and roasts, and heaps of fun climbing trees for spruce gum. Many pleasant hours were spent in exploring old logging roads and visiting deserted camps; or finding fox tracks in the snow and following them for hours, finally coming back near where we started in. It is remarkable what the snow shows to an observer in the line of tracks. Here, right ahead of us, a hedge hog took the straight road over the ridge. His is the most curious track of all. There are two distinct furrows reaching out on both sides, one plowing into the snow far beyond the line of the other. He must have had a hard time forging through the drifts before he finally reached his old tree. We failed to bring cameras this year, and thus lost a fund of much future pleasure.

We all had our amount of game, and in consequence were happy.

Moose signs were more numerous this year than on any of our previous trips. We saw a cow moose and her calf at different times, but failed to get a peep at the bull. Young and I also heard a cow moose while we were in the woods near Schoodic, but failed to get a view of her. As the time draws nigh for us to pack up for home, a sensation of loneliness steals over us, but with an effort we shake it off, and after saying our farewells to Aunt Augustie and dear old Seth, we pile into the wagon as of yore and vow to return again next year.

"When autumn frosts have clothed the woods
In hues of gold and crimson red,
Again I'll seek these solitudes,
The moss-grown spring and forest bed.
Again I'll breathe the mountain air,
Then give me but my forest home,
My rifle, rod and buoyant health,
With freedom where I please to roam;
And take who will the banker's wealth,
His sleepless nights of anxious care."

—Nessmuk.

JAY PEE.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Capercailzie Shooting in the Snow.

THEY who only know the Scotch shooting lodge in August when the purple of heather is on the hills and valleys are yellow with barley or rye, when guests come and go incessantly, and posts and papers abound to the heart's content of the summer tourists, can hardly imagine those same lodges with a northern winter upon them. Then, when a white screen of snow shuts off all the outer world, when the mountain streams run between icy barriers of their own making, and the lonely mountain roads are as formidable in places as Alpine passes, he who chances to find himself in such a house may taste all the joys of a desolation the more impressive by reason of the gaiety associated with it in the past.

The writer lately happened to be alone in an outlying lodge attached to a highland shooting when winter descended with dramatic suddeness, and a visit intended for a couple of days was prolonged to a week by the sheer impossibility of leaving. The fare, too, grew monotonous after the first few days, and the imprisonment worse still, thus casting round for amusement and scanning the immensities of snow-covered landscapes from the billiard room windows I noticed that a good deal of forest about a mile away was clear; in fact, there was an almost continuous strip of several miles running up one side of a deep glen over which the storm seemed to have passed to wreak its spite on the opposite slope. Could I and Tam, most faithful of dogs, reach that oasis surely we might find something to vary the eternal mutton of the evening meal. Even if we died on the way it would be more heroic, I felt, than a lingering demise from ennui between four walls, and as Tam was obviously all for the adventure "fall fair, fall foul," and with a leader was got out, the cartridge bag filled, and with a modest luncheon safely packed we started soon after breakfast in a glint of sunshine which made the snowfields perfectly dazzling to look upon.

The day more than fulfilled our expectations in the way of hard work and sport. We began by tumbling into an old pit just outside "the policy," which snow had filled to the very brim, and Tam had there and then perished had I not hauled him out by the tail, a wiser and more careful dog. This made us both cautious, and we eschewed patches of unbroken snow henceforth with amusing care. By going along the crests wherever a few blades of grass showed through we found we could get on safely enough, and soon became expert in snow craft, while the glorious crispness of the air made the hard walking a pleasure.

The first shot was at a mountain hare. He had been lying among some weather-stained rocks, and when I stopped him among some ground of the same kind it was marvelous to see how his blue winter fur assimilated with the surroundings. Even though knowing exactly where the hare lay it was difficult to identify him among the lichens and blue snow shadows; his winter suit, in fact, was as good a protection in that frost-swept region as his russet summer clothing in a pleasanter equinox.

Then on again into the glen, over the frozen brook at bottom, where the ice crackling musically under foot but just upheld us, and so into the pine barren beyond. Here, as I had expected, the storm had swept over the near ridge to spend its strength upon the further; on that side it was like a well iced Twelfth cake with five or six feet of snow everywhere; on this it was comparatively clear. All game still faithful to the hills had come into this sanctuary, and it was not long before Tam was working vigorously ahead upon a trail which ended in a dense mass of fallen timber, and as I came up and hied him in, four capercailzie got out on the further side. As big as brush turkeys, the gunner who can hear unmoved a family of these dusky giants rise from his feet in the silence of a frozen forest may boast of nerves not to be lightly shaken. My own were pretty sound, and I brought down a cock, who sent the dry white powder smoking into the air as he fell like a rock through the pine trees. For half a mile there was nothing more but a blue wood pigeon, who was fairly killed far overhead, but unhappily fell on the opposite side of the glen and disappeared from sight in a ten-foot snow drift. Four more pigeons and a couple of rabbits, almost as gray, by the way, as the mountain hare, made the game-bag uncomfortably heavy, so about mid-day we turned to the crags above, and had our sandwiches and a cigar—the latter joy, of course, being confined to the biped section of the company—under a rock in the full glare of the sun. A prettier little parlor there could not have been, and a light breeze blowing over the frozen ripples of the snowfields drew the most varied and elfin music from them.

Afterwards we plunged back into the shadows, and almost immediately a startling incident occurred. Tam and I had lunched as described, wisely but not too well, and were beating along in the gloom of the dense pine-covered hillside a long way from home, the dog, as usual, in advance and out of sight for the moment over a little crest, when a most unearthly outcry arose from the direction taken by that sagacious beast, accompanied by a dreadful screaming very awesome in the surrounding silence. As it chanced I had just been recalling the fact that this glen was said to be haunted by a ghoul in female form with an uncomfortable partiality for raw flesh of any kind, and here was a most blood-curdling row, a perfect medley of shrieks, barks, and howls going on behind the larches. Had Tam dropped in unexpectedly on this winsome but unholy female as the noise suggested? He was not a dog to be lightly perturbed by ordinary game, and I blush to own I hesitated for a moment, until a sudden and piercing yell, unmistakably from the poor brute, settled the matter; ghoul or no ghoul I must take his part; so running forward I burst through the screen of trees and came suddenly out into a little snow-covered clearing.

The scene which met my view was both tragic and funny. In the middle of the arena was no banshee, but a fine golden eagle, such as occasionally haunt our forests in the winter, caught by one foot in a strong iron trap some misguided keeper had set against the standing orders of the forest for ravens. But that was not all. A second trap had been placed close by the other, and into this poor Tam had blundered in the first enthusiasm of his "find." There they were, dog and bird, gladiators tethered by one leg each, tugging, howling, and screeching; the eagle flapping his enormous wings over the blood-stained snow, and waltzing round and round, the while he snapped his beak with a noise like pistol shots, and screamed till the forest rang, and the retriever tugging and howling with equal energy between rage and pain, while he kept at a respectful distance from his enemy with laughable care.

Him I released first, of course, finding to my satisfaction no great harm was done, and then came the question of the bird. I had no mind to shoot a prisoner, while on the other hand I had no means of assuring him of my pacific intentions. He was in a fine frenzy, and fearing he would break his leg—which he had not done so far—unless prompt measures were taken, I put down gun and game-bag, and taking off my strong shooting coat, advanced on the captive, and after a minute's waiting ran in. The struggle which ensued was Homeric, and a very charming lady now wears the feathers which Tam gallantly pulled out of the eagle's tail while I was getting his great wings safely down to his side. I got hold of the cruel trap presently, however, released the spring, and then very promptly got out of the way of those terrible talons! When the splendid bird found himself free he cast my coat from him as though it were a rag. Never shall I forget the haughty stare that came from those fierce black eyes as he looked for a moment with supreme contempt on us. Well they chose who made him the imperial bird, the arbiter of battles, the emblem of pride and mastery; then suddenly he turned away, took two steps down the slope, and, unfurling those steel-gray pennons again, rose in a bold curve round the amphitheatre, and with a parting screech went away to join his mate under the snow clouds overhead.

It was some little time before Tam and I could settle down to work again, so contemptible did all game seem after that great bird, but a few shots put us in mood again. We beat northward until the pines thinned out in the deep snow where the valley ended in a mountain pass. Then we turned back, picking up a brace of black game on the way, a duck or two, and a couple of woodcock from a holly thicket. We recovered the capercailzies and hare—the latter, by the way, frozen as stiff as a board—which we had cairned on the way out, and arrived home just as the sun was setting in crimson splendor behind the hills, tired out but nevertheless well content with our rough day's sport in the snow. E. L. A.

LONDON, England.

Deer Hunting in Wisconsin.

I have seen the "blackened timber,"
I have campel beside the stream,
Rested on a couch of "feathers,"
Listened to the wild, weird scream
Of the night bird. Watched the eagle
Soaring over lake and heath,
Walked the "log-jam at right angles
To the current" far beneath.
But no rhyme can paint the picture,
Neither can the learned in art;
It must be transferred from Nature
By the soul unto the heart.

ON Nov. 5 Dr. C. W. Mackey, J. E. Spahr and George Hedrick started with our camp outfit for Vilas county, Wisconsin, with the understanding that I was to join them on or about the 10th. The faith within me was so strong that I permitted them to carry off my trunk with its camp wardrobe, gun, etc., and also my good $25—which is the price of admission to deer hunting sportsmen in that State.

During the summer we had talked about a camp site and virtually selected one some three miles out from Gayner Station, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, which runs through a fine hunting range and terminates at Star Lake, near the Wisconsin and U. P. Michigan State line. Deer hunting is good all along this railroad north of Heafford Junction, also for quite a distance south of that point, except, of course, in the immediate vicinity of the cities and towns. Much has been said in these columns about hunting and fishing in Wisconsin, but nothing has been exaggerated that I have read, judging from personal observations and experience. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad has three divisions passing through this comparatively wild country; the Wisconsin Valley and the North Star especially offering the finest of deer, grouse, rabbit and pine squirrel shooting, also a possible chance at varmints, like the bear, wolf, lynx, wildcat, fox, etc. The fishing and possible camp sites and hotel accommodations are everywhere and of the best. Knowing all this, it was no difficult matter to write Mr. Sayner, who owns the Plumb Lake summer resort, to reserve for us the territory between Lost Lake and Big St. Germain Lake; practically the ground we hunted over last year. Mr. Sayner was in a position to grant our request, for he is postmaster and mail carrier, has two good teams and being in attendance on the arrival of trains, is usually engaged to haul parties out to camping grounds.

We found out a couple of days before our boys left that a daily mail had been discontinued above Minocqua, and we were unable to advise Mr. Sayner of the date of our arrival. So when the boys got off at the station at 1:06 P. M. they had to wait for Mr. Sayner to make certain arrangements to handle their camp duffle, and by the time they had selected a spot for the tent it was almost dark. They finished setting their house in order by lantern, and when I walked in on them the following Tuesday evening I found the Doctor busy with the kitchen work, and Spahr reading the Sunday school lesson. Hedrick, of course, was rambling. Hedrick is always rambling or doing something. We have camped together nine seasons, and I never saw the man when one could say he was doing nothing. Presently I detected his step coming around the tent, and rushed out, caught his hand, and incidentally cut a few fantastics, like some school boy. As for Hedrick, he was happy as a lark.

Though I had, while walking out, noticed but few tracks, I knew by intuition that game had been sighted and settled myself down to rest, await supper, and talk of the outlook for the following day, which was to be the first of the open season. The boys told me of their doings, and in return I related my observations at the Sportsman's Show at Chicago on Monday, and all in all it was a pleasant evening—that first one of the season—as it usually is.

The boys, in making our feathery bed, had aimed at economizing space, and the night was rather uncomfortably warm for me, but aside from this it was much preferable to a berth on a sleeper, and I woke all too soon, chargeable to Hedrick's propensity for being up and doing. But as it was the first morning of the open season, I could scarcely expect to be allowed to lie abed; however inviting the springy boughs and warm blankets. We were not a little delighted to find a tracking snow on the ground, though the cutting western wind filled with particles of icy snow, made hunting in the teeth of the wind rather unpleasant.

The boys had set our tent on an old timber railroad a few steps from where the Eagle River and Sayner wagon road crosses Lost creek, with the back of the tent to the west and had protected it from winds by setting a quantity of evergreens against a pole on two forks driven in the ground. The evergreens almost hid the tent from view to any person or animal approaching from the west; especially in the day time when there was no light inside. But deer came near at night, and rabbits hopped among the brush in every direction. There was a heavy growth of cedar and tamarack northwest of the tent, with brush intervening, and in this patch of swamp timber a small stream formed, which the timber company had bridged for a distance of perhaps 100 feet. West of that was a timbered hill through which a deep cut had been made, the hill and cut extending near one-eighth of a mile and ending at the edge of a marsh bordering a small lake. Feeling much like a boy out of school, I went back through this cut, then south and explored the ground where I got my two bucks last year. I crossed the elevated flat, looked down on Big St. Germain Lake, turned to the left and visited, from the opposite side of the creek, our last year's camp; scared a buck, but saw no game, and had come back to the bridge, when I was tempted to draw my little Smith & Wesson from my hip pocket and take a shot at a pine squirrel sitting on the end of a tie at the west end of the bridge. There was a streak of squirrel, some flying rotten wood and a crash in the brush back of me, and I turned to see three deer going up the hill as fast as they could scramble. They had come into the swamp in the night before the snow fell and remained there within hearing and sight of our camp, and were as near as we could estimate the distance over the tops of the swamp brush, 200 yards distant, when I opened fire on them. They were near the top of the hill when my second shot caught one through the head, and it was down and up a couple of times before the other two were out of sight.

Not knowing but that the deer was only creased or temporarily disabled, for the distance had been hard to estimate, besides the wind and driving, icy snow had been hitting me in the eyes, I hallooed to camp for some one to come and watch it while I went up through the cut and over the hill to it. The Doctor came out of the tent bareheaded and coatless, asked me if I had run out of ammunition, and went back. I am yet undecided as to whether the Doctor meant to poke fun at me or was actually rattled over his failure to make his .38 Winchester manipulate some revolver cartridges, with which he had filled the magazine by mistake. It did, no doubt, cause the Doctor to think of ammunition, but shooting against a driving sleet that struck me square in the eyes, and across a brushy swamp, full 200 yards at three small deer running up a steep hill, was about as hard a proposition as I have ever met in deer hunting, and though under more favorable weather conditions I might have done better, I was satisfied with one deer nicely shot in return for the eight shots fired.

The air was filled with fine dry snow all night, and on Wednesday morning I started down the wagon road which passed our last year's camp and Brown's cabin. Poor Misory! What had become of her? The cabin door was open, and the place deserted. The wind blew a gale from across old St. Germain, making the waves lash the eastern shore and pile up a breakwater of snow, ice, and sand. Climbing a hill to the left, I struck into the timber-sheltered hazelbrush, and was soon lost, to all intents and purposes, except the stalking of two large deer that had left their trail fresh in the snow. But these particular deer seemed to be moving faster than I cared to, and I soon left their trail and circled toward camp, arriving there at 10 A. M.

Snow continued to fall, and by morning of the thirteenth the brush was bending with damp snow that clung to each branch to the depth of an inch or more. The Doc-

tor went out northwest from camp to watch, while I went a mile west, then turned north and east in the hope that I could drive a deer to him, but we both got back to camp without sighting game. Spahr staid in camp, and after dinner went out to Sayner for our mail. Hedrick came in at noon much disgusted. He had gone east to a deer runway, and was sitting on the top of a hill when a fine large doe stuck her head out from behind the snow-ladened brush. He took a careful bead on her head and pulled the trigger, but the gun only clicked. He had filled the magazine but neglected throwing a cartridge into the barrel, and before he could do so the doe had whirled about and was out of sight.

The timber and undergrowth was so ladened with snow that while the scenery was fine hunting was not, and we ended the week with four deer hung up. On the fifteenth Hedrick and I took a walk around the east end of Big St. Germain Lake, following the Eagle River road. While resting on a log before turning campward, a young man driving a pony hitched to a large buck stopped in front of us, accompanied by an old woodsman and a youthful looking person. We had heard the shooting an hour before. The younger looking of the three seemed restless and anxious to proceed, seeing which the driver introduced the male attired personage as his wife, explaining that skirts were an impossibility in the surrounding woods, to all of which we were not slow to agree.

The following day Hedrick had an experience out of the ordinary, and one that reflected no credit on a camp of hunters from Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, that were located some two miles west from us. He and Spahr started out, but separated, and as Hedrick was nearing the last cut in the hill west of camp, he saw a large buck and a doe in the road ahead of him a distance that proved to be 310 steps. He shot the buck through the body, but it ran away westward, followed a distance by the doe. He trailed some distance, then went for Spahr, and together they followed the trail on west beyond Plumb Creek and into a swamp. Before reaching the swamp they heard shooting, and after trailing through it ran into the Grand Rapids parties. One of the men asked Hedrick if they were looking for a wounded buck, and was told of the circumstance and their search. He replied that the buck was not badly hurt, and that they were shooting rabbits. They had shot a rabbit and dragged the carcass in the buck's trail, obliterating it, making false trails off in various directions, then threw the rabbit down. Two days later we were told by a settler that the Grand Rapids parties got a buck on Monday.

The Doctor went out to Sayner to the post-office, and I kept house. The boys were tired a plenty that night, for they had made a big drive in the forenoon, and the tramps just referred to were after dinner, not a dinner in any sense, but a midday meal in camp, where we had in our larder venison, smoked ham, potatoes, beans, canned goods, dried peaches, bread, crackers, meal, flour, butter, lard, coffee, tea, sugar, pepper, Sault evaporated cream, a few eggs, etc., which latter, of course, may or may not call for a liberal construction. After supper Hedrick was not too tired to make a pot of mush.

The following day was too cold to hunt with any degree of comfort; in fact, one's face would freeze in a short time if exposed to the cutting wind. Nevertheless Hedrick and Spahr hustled out and an hour later Spahr came back and called me, stating that three deer had passed over the hill just north of camp. I got my shooting iron and took up the trail, while Spahr went out the wagon road about a mile to watch a crossing. But these deer knew their ground and did not approach a crossing, neither would they let me aproach them. Their trail was as crooked as that of a politician, and as never-ending. At one place they crossed a chopping that had been burned, but not until they zigzagged to the right and left a number of times, and I was almost in despair from the icy wind when I reached a jack pine flat on the other side. I stuck to the trail until nearly noon, and left it over two miles from camp without seeing a tail. Just before turning homeward, as I was standing in a patch of pine timber between the last chopping and a wagon road, I heard either a dog or fox bark, and saw something make one long jump, as though coming my way, but I saw and heard nothing move. But after dinner I had a happier experience. I went over toward Big St. Germain Lake, the wind blowing cold from the west. While going southward I espied a deer over near the lake, and beyond the east end of an extensive tamarack swamp. I stood and watched it several minutes, hoping it would come my way. Concluding it had no intention of so doing, I crept off to the east into a hollow, then up a hill, and worked my way around to the northeast of where I had seen the deer. Then I worked my way toward it, the wind blowing such a fierce cold gale into my eyes that they filled constantly with water and blinded me. The high flat hill I was on was covered with shrubs and stumps, and while I was anxious to see the deer, I was yet afraid it would see me; so I crawled as carefully as I could through the snow to a bunch of leaf-covered oak scrub and straightening up found myself looking at a fine tall, slender buck. At the crack of my gun he fell, got up, fell again, got up, then walked a few steps and deliberately laid down with his head toward me. I stood watching him for some time, when, to my surprise, a doe ran out from the foot of the hill going westward. I shot twice at her, but she went on with tail in air, the buck lying there now attracted by the smoke and flash from my gun. I stood still, expecting the buck to get up and go, but he lay there looking up toward me, and then a fawn sprung a surprise by leaving its shelter at the foot of the hill and going like a streak off to the north, but it fell with a second bullet through the body. Now, here was a problem. The buck lay there looking at me, the fawn struggling to get up, and I had one deer in camp. I had not violated the law, for neither of these deer was killed, and both might get away. The situation was not changed for several seconds, and the chill wind was putting me in a bad way for shooting, but something must be done; so I took another shot at the buck, and like a flash he was up and off for the woods. Then going down to the fawn I put it out of its misery and hung it up. Curiosity prompted me to look at the bloody bed the buck had just left, and follow his trail back to the woods. I saw where he had lain down in the shelter of the timber, then got up and walked off. Here I left his trail, turned to the north around the swamp and reached the open ground, then the old railroad just as darkness fell upon the scene. The next morning I went back with the boys to put them on the trail of the wounded buck, and after some snap shooting among the hazel brush the Doctor ended the chase with a shot through the shoulders.

Spahr had an experience out of the ordinary. One forenoon he walked to the trunk of a tree that had broken down and was standing some fifteen feet above ground watching. After a long wait in the biting wind, he saw what he thought was a large buck in the edge of a strip of timber. He shot, as he thought, at its shoulder, and it went down a hill out of sight. He got off his perch and went to where the deer had stood, saw blood, and picked up a piece of bone from the deer's leg. He trailed some distance, then remembering his and Hedrick's experience, left that trail and came to camp. We dragged that deer to camp from a point two miles from where Spahr wounded it, but it was a doe, and its fore leg was shot off below the knee.

The ridiculous things one does on these hunting trips, I take it, seldom appear in print. For instance, on one occasion, instead of facing the wind by making a circuitous route to our regular crossing on Lost Creek, I went straight for the stream, determined to bridge it if I could find no log or other means of spanning the twenty-foot current. After tramping the bank some distance and finding no means of crossing, I pulled my big hunting knife and hacked a road through the thick alders to a point where the stream narrowed, but ran all the swifter on that account. Then I sheathed my knife, drew my little tomahawk, which weighs only a few ounces, and tackled a dead tamarack some six inches in diameter. It took a good bit of hacking, but we brought it down, cut the top out, then selected another. I knew that I was going to cross that stream right there if the tomahawk held out; and cross I did, but not until those long poles had grained my shoulder and ruffled my temper by entangling themselves in the brush at the sides of the crooked path. But it was all forgotten in a moment, for a grouse got up from the opposite bank and sailed off the direction I meant to go.

We finished our hunt on Saturday the 21st, rested on following day, pulled into the station Monday afternon through a snowstorm, took the 4:45 train for Chicago, and arrived home at 10 P. M., November 24, with two deer to the credit of each.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

PORTLAND, Indiana.

Adirondack Deer Hunting.

GANSEVOORT, N. Y., Jan. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note that the New York Fish, Game and Forest League recommend that "The last fifteen days of the open season for shooting deer be cut off."

It no doubt would be of interest to a large number of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, to know the reasons which led this organization of intelligent men to recommend this change in the law.

I confess that I am unable to see any good reason for it. This shortening of the open season at the wrong end cannot be urged as necessary to lessen the number of deer which would be killed under the existing law, as this can be accomplished by greater restrictions on the number of deer which a person my legally kill, and by adopting the coupon system to make the law effective.

On the other hand it is doubtful if the cutting off the last fifteen days of the open season would lessen the number of deer which would be killed in the least, while it needs no prophet to foretell that it would greatly augment the amount of stinking meat which has to be thrown away each year.

This curtailing the open season at the wrong end should not be urged to prevent deer being killed on the early snows of winter, as this is the time of all other times when deer should be killed. They are then in the best condition, the sport is at its best, and the meat can all be saved and utilized in the best possible condition. I believe in preserving deer after they are killed as well as before they are killed, and the only way I have found to do this satisfactorily is to kill them when the weather is cool.

A law which permits them to be killed when much of the meat is sure to spoil is bad enough. What then should be said of a law which would make it impossible to kill them at any other time?

Does the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League really wish to go on record as favoring such a law?

JOS. W. SHURTER.

MR. PETER FLINT writes to the Post and Gazette of Elizabethtown, N. Y.:

Is not the recently expresed intention of the Essex County Board of Supervisors to favor a deer hounding law a step backward in the progres of game preservation in the Adirondacks?

These gentlemen are supposed to represent the citizens and taxpayers of the county, and must, therefore, have some very strong reasons for such proposed change. Their arguments, if made public, would be most interesting.

On the other hand, those residents who are opposed to hounding and a return to the former order of things, are surely entitled to a hearing.

Hunters, old and young, who for various reasons have chafed under the restraint of the law against hounding deer, can now come "out of the bresh" and give their views and experience to those who have been laboring under the impression that deer in the Adirondacks have been rapidly increasing lately owing to a more or less strict enforcement of the present anti-hounding law.

All citizens, whether hunters or not, may have views on the question, and I believe that everyone would be unwilling to advocate any measure that looked unfavorable to an increase in the future number of deer. A system enabling the largest number of our brethren to engage in deer hunting with the most sucessful results is the one that should prevail.

The city men owning or leasing farms or cottages in Essex county are usually much interested in game preservation, and their views might also appear along with the expressions of those who live in the country the entire year.

This is a most vital and important question, relating as it does to the future of our section as a hunting ground, and the action of the board will not be without effect on the deliberations of similar bodies throughout the State of New York upon this point. The hounding of deer should not be adopted by mere whim or caprice, but final decision should only be made after the people have had a fair chance to be heard on both sides. It is always safe to trust the American country folks when they know the facts.

British Columbia Notes.

CUMBERLAND, Vancouver Island, B. C.—Grouse have not been so plentiful this year as usual, owing, it is said, to the extremely wet spring last past, in which it is thought many broods perished when in the down. The season for English pheasants opened October 19, and some good bags were made. The Bob Whites released two years ago are said to be doing well, and have spread over a large area. They will be a welcome addition to our game birds should they succeed.

Deer have been abundant this fall, and have been extremely fat. A few wapiti have been killed about the headwaters of the Campbell, and from that region to the north of the island, a favorite ground being the country back of Quatsino Sound, on the northwest end. A number of panthers have been killed also during the fall, and bears have been fairly numerous. Wolves, however, have long since disappeared from this immediate vicinity.

This island has reaped a heavy crop of shooting casualties this year, two exceptionally sad. The first of these was a shocking tragedy at Comox Bay. The father with several children was in some maples near the house shooting grouse; his little boy was in the brush looking for a bird that had dropped, and to avoid pointing the gun in that direction as he was reloading, he swung the gun muzzle to one side, at the same time closing the breech. Probably from some defect in one of the locks, the shell in the left barrel exploded as he did this, and from behind some small bushes, where she had been standing unperceived and unsuspected, fell one of his little girls dead. The charge had struck her in the breast and neck, and death was almost instantaneous. But a few weeks had elapsed when a man from this town went out with his son, and a neighbor, and when about a mile from home some grouse got up. The youth, a fine young fellow about seventeen, was walking a few steps in advance of the grown people, and called their attention to the birds. The neighbor raised his gun hurriedly, and as he did so the piece discharged, the charge striking the boy in the back of the head and killing him instantly. It was the boy's first hunt, and his father, himself an experienced hunter, had long promised him a trip out. It was a sorrowful party who carried the remains home, the father hastily summoning help and medical attendance. It need scarcely be said the grief of the parents in both these cases, as well as the agony of the unfortunate who did the shooting in the last, was too pitiful for words. Besides these horrors other accidents of a similar nature have occurred in other parts of the island and mainland, and it is safe to say the death rate from firearms while hunting has been far larger this year than ever before in the history of the Province, and the press and public are agitating the Government to enact some law which will tend to lessen the danger to innocent persons in the forest.

MAZAMA.

Wisconsin Venison Seizures.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About a week ago I seized a box with venison shipped from Eagle River, Wis., to Chicago, and reported the seizure to the local warden at said place. From inclosed clipping you will see that he was successful and found the shipper of the venison and got him convicted:

Eagle River, Wis., Dec. 25.—A. Radcliff, of Eagle River, was arrested yesterday by Deputy Game Warden James Oberholtzer for shipping venison to Chicago, and which was seized last week in Milwaukee at the Northwestern depot by Deputy Warden Valentine Raeth. Radcliff pleaded guilty before Judge Coleman and was fined $25 and costs. Oberholtzer was notified by Deputy Warden Raeth, of Milwaukee of the seizure from Eagle River and furnished with evidence.

On the 22d of December I seized a telescope with venison shipped as baggage from Crystal Falls, Mich., to Milwaukee, Wis., from the baggage car of the C. M. & St. P. R. R. On the meat I found tags with the names of two high railroad officials. The venison was sent them for a Christmas dinner; but I sent it to the State School for Deaf for their Christmas dinner, according to our law, and notified the Michigan warden. The two railroad officials had to go to the butcher and buy a roast beef or something else as other people do.

VALENTINE RAETH.

Fatalities in Ontario Deer Woods.

TORONTO, Dec. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A recent published report declares that twenty-seven persons were killed and fifty wounded in Ontario deer woods in 1903. This estimate is exaggerated. I only heard of five men being killed in the Province, and very few wounded. Only two of the five were hunters. Two of those killed were working on a road, and one, a farmer, was shot while working in his field. I presume the fatalities during the hunting season would be as numerous in Ontario as in Wisconsin and Maine if still-hunting prevailed.

E. TINSLEY.

American Connoisseur.

THE American Connoisseur, of which announcement is made in our advertising columns, is a new art magazine projected on a more elaborate scale than any publication in its field ever undertaken in America. It is to be edited by Mr. Charles de Kay, and the list of contributors gives promise of its unusual worth. The plan of the American Connoisseur should appeal strongly to all lovers of art.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Pollock with Rod and Reel.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

I WONDER how many anglers have taken the pollock, and by anglers I mean those who use the rod and not the hand-line fishermen, for to the latter the fish is by no means a stranger. Possibly many of my brothers of the angle know all about the fish and its peculiarities, but probably very few have made its acquaintance, or if they have, I have never seen anything on record relating to what they have done.

Although the pollock is own cousin to the cod, being included by ichthyologists in the same family with the better known species, it is very much more gamy, not only in general appearance, but in habits also. Everyone who is familiar with it, either in the flesh or in the illustrations that have been made of it, has noticed its trim, game fish form and has undoubtedly come to the opinion that it is endowed with great strength and activity; and such is the case; without the element contours of the salmon it has much of the speed and strength of that fish; in fact, in the far north it is often called the sea salmon, in consequence of possessing the qualities I have named.

Now, although my experience with this fish has not been very extensive, it may perhaps be of interest and may furnish a pointer to those anglers who enjoy a vacation at the sea coast where the pollock is found.

This fish is pretty widely distributed, and occurs at a great number of points on our shores, ranging from the latitude of New York to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Some idea of the abundance of this fish may be formed when I state that in the Report of the Fish Commissioners of Massachusetts for 1902, the latest, I believe, of the series that has yet been printed, the catch in that State in the seines, weirs, pounds, etc., is given as having been 1,149,416 pounds, in which the catch by hand-line fishermen on the coast, of course, is not included. Its abundance continues as latitude increases, for in a recent number of the Canadian Fisheries Report, the catch for the Dominion was about 9,940,000 pounds for the year.

Though, as before stated, closely related to the cod and haddock, its feeding habits are in general quite different from theirs, for it seeks its food mostly at or near the surface of the water, and when in pursuit of schools of herring, mackerel, alewives, etc., it darts about with much of the activity of the bluefish, often jumping above the surface of the water, showing its whole length in the air.

An account by Prof. Sars, of the curious manner in which they surround a school of young cod, printed in George Brown Goode's book on the "Fishes of the United States," will be of interest here, he says: "I was much interested to see how the pollock caught the young codfish. It looked like a systematic chase, and it certainly looked as if the pollock were acting with a common and well defined purpose. As far as I could observe the schools of pollock surrounded the little codfish on all sides, making the circle constantly narrower until all the codfish were gathered in one lump, which they then, by a quick movement, chased up to the surface of the water. The poor little fish now found themselves attacked on all sides; below the voracious pollock, which, in their eagerness, often leaped above the water, and above, hundreds of screeching sea gulls, which with wonderful voracity and precision, pounced down upon the places where the pollock showed themselves, to share the spoils with them. The whole chase is carried on so rapidly and the young fish stay only so short a time at the surface of the water before they are scattered in all directions with lightning-like rapidity that it was not even possible for me to see any, much less to catch any with my insufficient implements."

Now, a fish possessing among its characteristics rapidity of motion, strength, stubbornness in resisting capture, one may readily see is worthy the attention of the angler, and that the pollock possesses these qualities I have proved on more than one occasion. While it has not the intense ferocity of the bluefish, it is aggressive in a high degree, as is plainly indicated by its prolonged under jaw, and although it has not the lightning-like and graceful movements of the salmon, it gives a battle royal to the angler, which he will not soon forget; the average weight of the fish being from 8 to 10 pounds, and 20 and even 30-pounders being not uncommon.

My first acquaintance with the pollock was made years ago. I had been on an outing on a salmon river in New Brunswick, and was on my return to Boston from St. John on one of the steamers which plied between those ports.

My success on the salmon stream had been indifferent in consequence of the water being very low and clear, and I had planned to leave the steamer at Eastport, take the river steamer thence to Calais, where I would pass the night, calling, of course, on my old friend George A. Boardman, a gentleman of the old school and an ornithologist of repute, his private collection being one of the finest I have ever seen, and on the following morning take the train to Princeton, at the foot of Big Lake, one of the Schoodic chain of lakes, where I would secure my Indian guide and supplies and proceed in canoe to the outlet of Grand Lake stream in which the landlocked salmon, or as we used to call them, the white trout, abounded. When our boat reached Eastport I had my trunk, rod case and other impedimenta taken ashore, where I soon followed them.

Considerable freight was taken aboard the boat, and she lay at her dock for nearly an hour, and as the river boat was not in sight, and was not likely to arrive for another hour at least, I spent a portion of the time on a visit to a large sardine factory that was located not a great distance from the steamer's wharf, where many millions were annually packed as American sardines. That late lamented comedian, William Warren, in his celebrated play, The Member from Cranberry Center, described sardines as "Little fishes biled in ile," and that well illustrates the manner in which the posterior halves of the herrings were prepared.

The magnitude of this sardine packing industry may be appreciated when I state that sometimes many hundred bushels of the little herrings are (or were) handled by the packers in a week, the little fish having been taken in seines and weirs along that portion of the Maine coast.

On my return to the steamer landing the Calais boat had not arrived, and sitting on my trunk awaiting her coming, I gazed on the stretch of waters before me. Presently I saw a large fish jump clear from the water, and then another, and another, and many more; they were scurrying about in every direction, evidently in sport or in pursuit of smaller fish; they were so large and so active in their movements my interest was awakened; they were a decided novelty to me, for I had never seen anything like them before; presently I asked one of the men employed on the wharf concerning the identity of the fish, and his reply was: "Them's pollock, sir; they're feeding on minnums (minnows) and little herrin'; they are great feeders and mighty spry; it's great sport catchin' 'em with hook and line."

The idea at once occurred to me that fish of such size and activity might give good sport with the rod, for I was always looking for new experiences, and acting on this idea I had my trunk, etc., carried to an hotel with the view of stopping over a day or two and making their acquaintance.

It was then quite late in the afternoon, but I secured a boat and oarsman and a good supply of the little herring at the factory for bait, and on the following morning, provided with a heavy salmon rod and reel, on which was a hundred and fifty yards of line, fly-book, and some heavy bait hooks and the supply of little herrings, I embarked; the boatman, as he pushed away from the wharf, remarked, "The tide is not just right here now, sir, for pollock; we'll be more likely to find them out toward Lubee." I told him to go where the spirit moved, and he pushed leisurely out along the shore, I, in the meantime, affixing a hook to my line and baiting it. We had not proceeded more than a half mile from the wharf before we discovered a number of the fish in action, and it was not long before I was casting my bait among them and skittering it on the surface, after the manner of the pickerel fishermen; it was a good sized herring nearly six inches in length, and when it struck the water and moved along on the surface it made quite a little ripple. It was at once discovered by several of the fish, who simultaneously made a dash for it, and it was seized by one of the larger ones and swallowed.

As soon as the pollock took the hook I lifted the rod, striking the hook well home in the tough mouth of the fish, and it was then I discovered I was fast to something that was going to give me considerable work before I succeeded in landing it, for a 20-pound salmon could not have offered much more resistance; at first the fish darted about in every direction with almost the activity that the bluefish or striped bass displays; it then took several quite long runs, causing my big reel to sing right merrily; and once or twice appeared above the surface of the water, its three dorsal fins standing erect as if to show its anger at the restraint put upon it. After a while it descended in the deep water, evidently determined to reach the rocks at the bottom, and it was only by putting the most severe strain upon my heavy rod that I dared to give it when I succeeded in turning it and gradually lifting it toward the surface.

It was a stubborn fish, and a strong one withal, and for nearly ten minutes it gave as gamy a fight as I could ask for; but the strain of the rod at last brought it to terms, its struggles grew weaker, and finally I was enabled to reel it in close to the boat. At this juncture I found to my dismay that I had neglected to bring my gaff, and if the boatman had not reached over and thrust his fingers in the gills of the fish as it lay exhausted in the water beside us, and lifted it with one quick motion into the boat, I could not possibly have landed it, for it was a good 12-pounder.

The school of pollock had left us during the struggle, but we succeeded in finding it later, and I was soon fast to another large fish which we saved; the fight he gave was not of as long duration as that of the first one, and the school kept with us.

As an experiment I then removed my bait hook, and to my double gut leader attached a large bass fly with light wings and put it out on the water, and at the second or third cast it was seized. Whether I was too eager and struck the fish too sharply, or the hook was defective I cannot say, but when I lifted the rod the fly came back to me with its point broken off, and the fish went on its way rejoicing. I substituted for the bass fly a large and strong Prince William of Orange salmon fly which I chanced to have in my book and threw that out; this lure was quickly accepted, and another lively tussle ensued before this fish was secured.

Now, I have no doubt I might have filled the boat if I had desired, but I was satisfied with what I had done and returned to Eastport.

On the next day I procured a small yacht and made a cruise across to Grand Manan, where in the "rips" near that island the pollock at that season were to be found in abundance. Back and forth in those lively waters we moved, a light breeze giving us all the speed we desired. A hand-line baited with a herring six inches in length, and my own line running from my rod and reel and similarly baited were trolled astern, after the manner of bluefishing, and in a short time both baits were seized, and we had quite a lively time in getting the fish aboard.

During that tide we captured with the troll eight or ten more good sized fish which the boatman said he could use to good advantage, and we then headed the yacht back to Eastport, well pleased with our day's sport. Now, whether or not the pollock is to prove a desirable acquisition to our anglers remains to be seen; my experience with it has been all I could ask, and that it is often taken with fly is recorded in literature relating to the fish. Goode states that at the Orkney Islands great numbers eight or ten inches in length are thus captured, and in Chambers's Encyclopædia we find that "No fish more readily rises to the artificial fly, and in this way great numbers are caught on the British coasts."

As a table fish, if cooked when freshly caught, the pollock is, in my estimation, superior to the cod; although the meat is not so white, it has more of a gamy flavor. Like all other fishes it deteriorates rapidly after leaving the water. The weakfish or squeteague, if cooked soon after being killed, is really very palatable, but after it has been out of the water a day or two it becomes quite insipid.

A grilse or a young salmon five or six pounds in weight, taken from the river, dressed, and at once broiled over a good bed of live coals or before a rousing fire, is delicious in the highest degree, immeasurably superior to one that has been kept in the market for several days, or perhaps weeks.

When salted the pollock is not, generally, in as high favor as cod; there is no reason, however, for the prejudice against it, for its flavor is certainly as good, in the estimation of some, better, than that of its cousin; its flesh when cured, however, is considerably darker than that of the cod, and this, perhaps, may account for the disfavor in which it is often held.

A Big Brown Trout of the Beaverkill.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About election time a squib went the rounds of the papers hereabouts that a large trout had been found dead in the Beaverkill at Cook's Falls, Sullivan county, which measured thirty-eight inches long and weighed fifteen pounds, and that it had died from fatty degeneration of the heart or starvation, or probably old age, nobody knew which. A whopping lie I said to myself, and let it go at that. On the 16th of November the Daily Press of this city again published another big trout found dead at Rockland. That made two big 'uns, and I thought I would investigate; so I wrote to my friend "Bill" Keener, the genial proprietor of the Roscoe House at Rockland, and, as luck would have it, I struck the right man and the same fish, as you will see by the inclosed letter. Friend Keener is an all-round sportsman, and is authority on fishing, particularly in the Beaverkill and Willowemoc country. I am glad this big fellow has gone to the happy hereafter, the place where all big ones ought to go.

JOHN WILKIN.

Mr. Keener wrote: I can tell you all about the big trout. I am the first one who saw it after the two small boys found it. On November 1 I was down the track about three miles below here and met the boys coming down with the trout strung on a cane, carrying it between them. I measured it, and it was plumb 3 feet 2 inches long. They took it on down to Cook's Falls and it weighed 14¾ pounds. It was very poor; if it had been fat it would have weighed 20 pounds at least. This is no fish story. Lots of people saw it. It was a German brown trout. It was found down by the old stone mill between here and Cook's Falls. The time of the high water last month it ran up a little spring brook between the track and river; when the water went down it could not get back, and I suppose starved to death. I don't think it was dead when the boys found it, but the boys were afraid of the law and said they found it dead. I had a hound dog with me and the trout's head was as large as the dog's. It does not appear possible that there could have been such a fish in the river, but it is true.

WM. KEENER.

Fish and Fishing.

Tomcod Fishing Through the Ice.

THE tomcod has made its appearance in the St. Lawrence at Quebec, as usual at this season of the year, and a number of the ordinary wooden fishing shanties or huts are being erected upon the ice at the mouth of the St. Charles for the accommodation of the anglers who enjoy the fun of catching the little fish through the ice of the river. The sport, if such it can be called from the standpoint of the scientific angler, lasts usually for a month or six weeks. It is much enjoyed by holiday visitors to Canada who come here to participate in our winter sports and pastimes. Considering that it is only offered in the depth of the Canadian winter, and upon the surface of the frozen water, it is attended with very little discomfort. The interior of the fishing hut or shanty is partially floored with wood, and fur rugs are supplied for preserving the feet from cold. There is also a stove for heating purposes, and sometimes for cooking as well. Chairs and tables necessarily form a part of the furnishings. Most of these fishing parties are held at night, when the guardian of the establishment, who is also the *chef de cuisine*, seldom misses the opportunity of serving up a savory boiled dish, formed of alternate layers of sliced potatoes, salt pork, sliced onions and tomcods, spiced with a variety of herbs or condiments. It is essentially a Canadian dish, and, like the *ragout* of boiled or stewed partridge, hare, salt pork and onions, with which hunters in the northern woods are so familiar, makes quite an appetizing meal.

The fishing is of course done through the floor of the fishing shanty. Holes are cut through the thick ice for the different anglers of the party. Fishing rods are dispensed with. The lines are fastened to bars laid across the fishing holes, and if the biting is not very brisk they are left to take care of themselves and only visited at certain intervals, various other forms of entertainment varying the sport. Several hooks are attached to each line, the usual bait being small pieces of pork or beef. The fish are usually from six to twelve inches in length, and offer very little resistance when hooked. Their flavor is delicious when freshly caught, being but very little inferior to that of the cod, which means a great deal more than those readers may suppose who have never tasted the broiled steak of a codfish fresh from the sea.

The true Atlantic tomcod with which we are now dealing, must not be confounded with the fish which is known by the same name off the coast of Connecticut. The so-called Connecticut tomcod is the true kingfish, an altogether different species and a much larger and more gamy fish. The delicious little *Microgadus tomcod* possesses three dorsal fins, and in the country parts surrounding the Bay of Fundy is often called frost fish, presumably because it is most abundant there in the early part of the winter. Here, however, there is room for more confusion in nomenclature, since "frost fish" is the name commonly applied in the Adirondacks to the delicately shaped *Coregonus quadrilateralis*, or round whitefish. Of course there is nothing whatever in common between these two fish, unless it be that both of them make their appearance in greatest numbers after the coming of the first frost of the season.

The Pacific namesake of the Atlantic tomcod is a much more graceful fish in appearance than the other. Not only is it slimmer in shape, but its body is semitranslucent, and in San Francisco it is served as smelt. Upon parts of the British Columbian coast it is known as whiting.

In the St. Lawrence smelt are often caught by those fishing for tomcod.

A Legend of the Whitefish.

The Chippeway Indians have a legend concerning the origin of the whitefish which does not seem to be generally known. It relates that this fish first sprung into existence at the outlet of Lake Superior, being produced from the scattered brains of a woman, whose head, for same very guilty conduct, was doomed to wander through the country, but coming in its travels to the falls of St. Mary, was dashed in pieces. A crane, by virtue of that inherent power so frequently atributed to birds and beasts by the aborigines of America, instantly transformed the particles of brain into the roe of a whitefish, to the widespread benefit of the Indian nations.

This fish is considered by some of the northern tribes of Indians as second only in importance, as an article of food, to the reindeer, hence in their language it has been given the figurative name of "reindeer of the waters," or *Adikumaig;* from *adik*, a reindeer, and *gumo*, a generic name for water, in composition. The populous Chippeway tribe which originally frequented the Sault Ste Marie to feed on the whitefish of the lakes, were called, from this circumstance, "Cascade People," or Sauteurs, which has since been corrupted into Saulteaux.

A New Food Fish.

The fishery department of the Canadian Government at Ottawa has been informed of the springing into existence of a new industry on the Pacific Coast in the shape of the canning of the little fish known as the oolachan or eulachon. This fish seems to find its proper place between the smelt and the capelin of Atlantic waters. Its scales are much smaller and more closely adherent than those of the smelt, but larger than those of the capelin. Its body is rather elongate and slender, and is less compressed than that of the smelt. Its length is from nine to twelve inches. It runs in enormous quantities up all the rivers and creeks from the Fraser River northward, and is an excellent pan-fish, being unsurpassed, according to Dr. Jordan, by any fish whatsoever in the delicacy of its flesh, which is claimed to be far superior to that of the trout. It is remarkable for its extreme oiliness, but the oil is of a very delicate and attractive flavor. The fish is locally known as candlefish, because when its body has been dried it may be used as a candle. As its flesh is too delicate and tender for carriage, it has only a local market, but now that it is reported that a successful means of preserving it has been discovered, the fishery authorities believe that the venture will broaden out into a flourishing branch of the canning industry. The scientific name of the oolachan is *Thalcichthys pacificus*.

The Greenland Shark.

A large increase in the number of Greenland sharks is reported from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. For some years past they have proved a menace to the fishermen of some localities, but this season they appear to be more numerous than ever. The *Squalus borealis*, as the Greenland whale is called, is from twelve to fourteen feet in length, and even more. It is very common in the northern seas. It is six to eight feet in circumference and often weighs as much as six hundred pounds. In color it is a kind of gray. The opening of the mouth, which extends nearly across the lower part of the head, is from twenty-one to twenty-five inches in width. The teeth are serrated in one jaw and lancet-shaped and denticulated in the other.

In addition to its work of destruction among the various food fishes, this shark is one of the biggest foes of the whale. It bites and annoys it while living, and feeds on it when dead. It scoops hemispherical pieces out of its body, nearly as big as a human head; and continues scooping and gorging lump after lump until the whole cavity of its belly is filled. It is so insensible to pain that though it has been run through the body with a knife and escaped, it has been seen to return after a while to banquet again on the carcass of the whale at the very spot where it received its wounds. The heart is very small, only performing six or eight pulsations in a minute, but continues its beating for some hours after having been taken out of the body. The latter, though separated into any number of parts, gives evidence of life for a similar length of time. It is therefore extremely difficult to kill, and even for some time after the head has been separated from the body, it is positively unsafe to trust the hand in its mouth. Yet there is no record of one of these sharks having attacked a man, even though whale hunters have frequently slipped into the water alongside of them. Nor do they appear at all afraid of a man. On the contrary, they will often continue to feed upon a whale in full view of the hunters. On account of their abundance in the Gulf of St. Lawrence it is now proposed to establish an industry somewhere below the Saguenay River on the north shore, for the killing of these animals and for the manufacture from their carcasses of oil, leather, glue, and fertilizers. They are easily captured, the fishermen in one part of the Gulf having caught twenty-two of them during the past autumn in the ordinary course of their operations.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Lake Champlain Pollution.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has been called to communications published in FOREST AND STREAM from Mr. J. B. Burnham and another anent the much discussed and writtten about pollution of Lake Champlain by pulp mills.

It is plain from the character of the letters that the two persons to whom I allude have been misled as to the facts, or are acting under the influence of an adverse spirit.

With an introductory of silly denial of facts which can easily be substantiated by any school boy living in the region in question, the remainder of the letters is taken up with an absurd and libelous vilification of myself and the belittlement of a cause which in the end will result in as great a benefit to them as it will to others and myself.

In many ways it is truly amusing to read their labored efforts to make black assume the virginal color of white, that the sludge and noxious waste acids discharged by the mills tend to purify and clarify the waters of the lake, that the fish thrive in it, and that all is for the best. Mr. Payne, proprietor of the mill on the Boquet River, was quoted in the papers not long ago to the effect that he should be well paid for performing the noble task in which he is engaged. As far as I know, however, subscription blanks for the fund have not as yet been circulated.

As a matter of fact I was not aware that the lake shore at Essex was so bad until one of Mr. Burnham's tenants called my attention to it one day last summer. He told me the other tenants had called Mr. Burnham's attention to it, and I understood he was about to supply his cottages with water from a well. I investigated the matter and was surprised to find the conditions as named, but not as bad as at Willsboro Point. At about the same time Mr. S. P. Avery, several miles further south on the Vermont shore, called my attention to the conditions existing there. I told him that I thought it must be impossible, but he assured me that the shores were in a very bad condition, and requested that he be allowed to co-operate in the movement. There are very few people in the village of Essex who use the lake water. The late Mr. Anthony Ross had often argued with me as to the unfitness of the lake water for potable purposes, and Dr. Swett's remarks are meaningless in this connection.

As for the dead fish, there are only a few left to die, and occasionally one wanders from the depths of Willsboro Bay where the pollution is at a minimum, and probably the "lone perch" alluded to was one of these unfortunates. Whether it were better to die poisoned to death by impure water or be impinged on the hook of a ministerial sport was the question this poor perch decided by his death.

The "twenty-four wall-eyed pike" that have figured in so many newspaper articles were probably caught a short distance from the "Smith Sanitarium." The greatest depth of Lake Champlain (402 feet) is in this bay, and the fish naturally seek it as a refuge from the mill refuse, only, like the perch, to fall victims to anglers. It is a remarkable coincidence that the owner of the aforesaid Smith Sanitarium up to last summer had always used the waters of the lake. This year he has put in 800 feet of pipe to connect with the spring of his neighbor, while the "palatable waters" of the lake are within a stone's throw of his cottage. It is another singular coincidence that Mr. Payne, the mill owner, has his water brought to his camp, at the mouth of the Boquet River, in large carboys from Westport. Several years ago, when he first occupied his cottage on the lake near the mouth of the Boquet River, he was taken seriously ill with typhoid fever. A chemist was employed, and after a will-o'-the-wisp chase he finally located the typhoid bacteria in a remote well, where some cow had gone to drink in quest of pure water.

It is true that I was invited to visit the mill, and the invitation was supplemented by one from Dr. Lewis and Prof. Landreth. When we started for the mill I did not go direct with the health officers. I took a circuitous route which led me by the so-called disposal beds, and there I met the assistant superintendent of the New York and Pennsylvania Mills, industriously at work arranging the refuse for a proper inspection by the Albany party. I was ordered to leave the premises, and my demurrer came very near being the occasion for a medicinal bath in this solution of calcium à la lignin, à la soda carbano. However, apologies followed, and the work of investigation went merrily on. Dr. Landreth's report will some day tell the story.

As for a few facts. When appeal was made to Attorney-General Cunneen on behalf of the citizens of Keeseville and certain New Yorkers who own property on the lake shore, an effort was made to satisfy Keeseville by furnishing a supply of water as a substitute for the lake supply, which the pulp mill men acknowledged they polluted. A glance at the twentieth annual report of the State Board of Health will show wherein it describes the Au Sable River as polluted by refuse and discharges from the pulp mills located on its banks. Any fair minded person can tell that existing conditions are even worse now than they were then. Anyone at all conversant with the facts knows that the mill on the Boquet River is daily dumping into it many tons of impurities which eventually find their way into the waters of the lake. I have ample evidence to prove that large quantities of fish have been found dead, and that the rocks along the shore for miles in the vicinity of the mills are coated with a white slime which makes it a public nuisance as well as a destroyer of life.

As the two mills are daily dumping scores of tons of impurities into the waters of the lake, it is a self-evident proposition that in a few years, unless something is done, the whole body of water will become a cesspool. As a result, quick action should be taken to preserve the waters that history and nature have made famous throughout the world.

The mill owners say they wish to abide by the law, but claim that although having spent enormous sums of money for the purpose, they cannot dispose of the residue. I have talked with the leading citizens of Keeseville, and they are in great distress over the destruction of the Au Sable River, and the personal inconvenience the nuisance is causing them. They cannot drink the water, and the plumbing is so choked with refuse that it necessitates frequent overhauling. The marshes and lowlands about the mouth of the river are covered with a glue-like substance, and the action of the sun makes the place a stench.

As I have said before, there is no disposition on my part to throttle the mill industry or impair the value of any investment, or to work a hardship on those whose livelihood depends on the operation of the mills. There is no effort to oppress anybody, but there is a very lively and active disposition to bring about an abatement of the trouble. And the trouble will be abated.

EDWARD HATCH, JR.

Sullivan County Hatchery.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Dec. 26.—The New York State fish hatchery at Rockland, Sullivan county, will probably be abandoned, and it is extremely unlikely that anything more will be attempted toward the propagation of fish in this locality. The Sullivan county hatchery has been a failure from the start, every season's work, it is said, having been nearly a total loss. The Beaverkill River, which was the inducement for locating the hatchery at Rockland, proved treacherous, flooded the hatchery several times a year, and remained muddy for so long a time after a freshet that young trout could not be grown successfully.

Although the Beaverkill River is one of the finest trout streams in the State, and is fished annually by thousands of New York city sportsmen, the trout fry have to be brought from other State hatcheries to supply this stream. The failure of this hatchery is a great disappointment to its promoters.—New York Times.

Maskinonge.

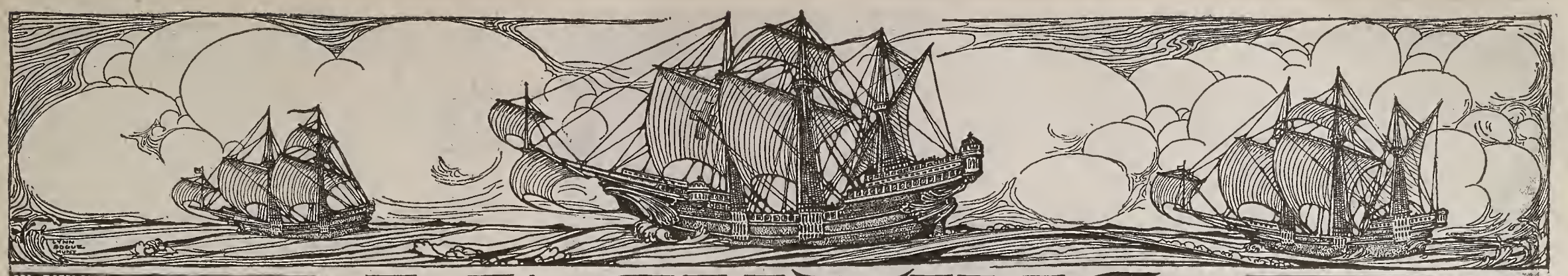
MONTREAL, Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In full agreement with Mr. Chambers and Mr. Cabot, I think FOREST AND STREAM should state authoritatively that maskinongé is the right way to spell the name of this fish. Or it might be spelled maskenonzha, as Mr. Longfellow spells it and the Indians pronounce it. It is Ojibway-Algonquin, with just about the same pronunciation as maskinongé—maskeenojay. Mr. Longfellow took his pronunciation from an old friend and Ojibway Indian chief, and from Mr. Schoolcraft, who lived among them the best part of his life. L. O. ARMSTRONG.

The Kennel.

Points and Flushes.

THE American Kennel Club of New York was incorporated at Albany, N. Y., December 30. The directors are Messrs. August Belmont, of Hempstead, N. Y.; Hollis H. Hunnewell, of Wellesley, Mas.; Hildreth K. Bloodgood, James W. Appleton, William G. Rockefeller, of New York city; Marcel A. Viti, of Philadelphia; Gouverneur M. Carnochan, of Riverdale-on-Hudson, N. Y., and William B. Emery, of Boston.

The premium list of the Westminster Kennel Club's 28th annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York, February 10-13, can be obtained of the superintendent, Mr. James Mortimer, 1123 Broadway. Entries close January 25. The special prize list is long and valuable.



YACHTING

Hull to Bristol.

BY WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD, BOSTON, MASS.

The Story which won the First Prize of $75 in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

(Concluded from page 16.)

By this time the wind was blowing a gale, and Ayaya reared and plunged so that the compass was useless. We could not steer her even under the reduced sail, so lowered the mainsail away until just a bit of the peak remained hoisted and the rest bellied away to leeward against the lazyjacks.

The night was as dark as it well could be, and all that we could see through the rain squalls was the Bishop and Clerks' flash. We flew for that like a shot out of a gun, and passing, as nearly as we could judge, half a mile inshore of it, held on N. W. for the Hyannis bell buoy. We ought to have raised some lights on shore soon after this, but were unable to see a thing. I cannot find words to do justice to the darkness; the water was positively black, save for the crests of the seas and smoking foam in our lee. It rained incessantly, and rain squall after rain squall passed over us, seeming like blacker streaks in an intensely black sky. Standing at the tiller I could just make out the stem head.

We ran dead before it for some time. Sparks wanted to anchor, but I feared the results when our long scow overhang should be turned to face the seas, so held along. But the Hyannis Lights are very weak, and, deprived of the use of our compass, we might get so close in before seeing anything as to pile up on the beach. Three feet is considerable draft around Hyannis, and the Ayaya's form is not such as to make beaching pleasant. So I finally decided to heed Sparks' requests and anchor. If she did not hold it would be easy to reset the jib, when we would be no worse off than before.

So at ten o'clock we rounded up and let go the anchor (we had but one, a thirty-pounder), there was no trouble in paying out the slack. I gave her the whole of the road—about forty fathoms—and made fast with two half hitches on the bitts; the very end of the warp was made fast to the mast. I furled the jib while Sparks did as much for the mainsail. To our great relief the anchor held finely, and the seas were just long enough for her to take them without pounding. I have never known the seas in the Sound to be as long as they were then, although they are always longer in easterly than in westerly weather, and they ran fully six feet from trough to crest. In fact, I think I might say seven feet without fear of exaggeration. The tide held us on a bit of a slant to the wind, so that we rolled to such an extent that we could not stand or sit without holding on to something, and every other sea broke aboard—the cockpit was about half full all the time. I was thankful that it was self-bailing (you could hardly call it water-tight), and that the companionway sill was high above the cockpit floor. As it was, the water found its way below in a constant stream around the mast and through the slide to the cuddy.

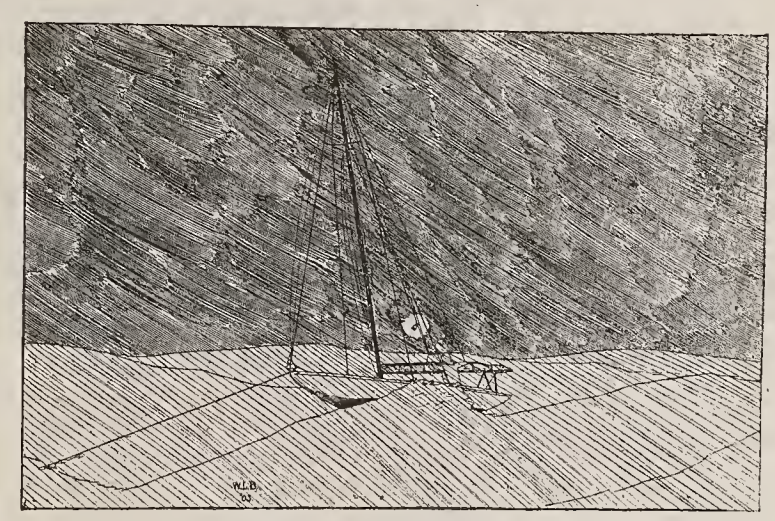
Sparks braced himself in the cockpit, with his arms wrapped around the main-boom, where he swung to and fro like the pendulum of a perpetual motion machine. I could not stand still, so went below and bailed. Before I left Hull, Keyes told me the pump was no good. He was quite right. I would bail out five buckets full and then go forward to examine the chafing gear. I had used a stout piece of canvas for that purpose, but after an hour and a half it had chafed clean through and had to be renewed. I renewed it twice more during the night. As I kneeled on her bow she would dive straight through every sea, so that I went, or seemed to go, entirely under water. It was pleasant rather than otherwise, for the water was several degrees warmer than the air. After a trip forward I would begin bailing again.

Sunday, July 19. About 2 A. M. the gale reached its maximum strength. By that time I had wearied of bailing, so stretched out at full length in the water in the cuddy for a short rest. Sleep was out of the question in so lively a cradle. But the water got to washing over my face, so I resumed bailing.

Just before daybreak a steamer passed in very close aboard—so close that we were afraid they did not see our anchor light, which was made fast to the peak halliard, so we got out our other lantern and waved that until she sheered off.

At 4:30 it was still dark, owing to the low clouds and the rain, but we decided that the wind was moderating, so decided to get under way. I went forward to cast the lashings off of the jib. While I knelt there she dove through a sea and swept me overboard as neat as a pin. I managed to get a grip on the rail as I went, and so was able to grasp the forestay with my other hand. I then had an unsought for and unwelcome chance to measure the height of the seas. First the solid water went over my head and then, as she lifted through the wave, she would pick me up until my feet came out of the water, although I was hanging full length from the stem head. I can reach eight feet eight inches, so that, allowing for her freeboard, it is fair to say that the seas were well over six feet high. My water-soaked clothing was heavy and it took four attempts before I was able to pull myself aboard again. Sparks did not hear, but missed me and came stumbling forward just as I regained the deck. My misadventure occupied but a few minutes, although it seemed somewhat longer.

As soon as I got back aboard we set about getting the anchor under foot. This was no easy task; we simply could not hold her when she dove into a sea. The warp would burn through our fingers like a streak of lightning, and but for the fact that the end was belayed to the mast, we should have lost it more than once. So, finally, I sat down on the deck with my feet braced against the bitts, and hove in on the road as she ranged down a sea, while Sparks held her with a turn around the mast when she fetched up on the next one. Even this method proved so strenuous that we had to take several breathing spells. It



Ayaya anchored off Hyannis.

was forty minutes from the time we started heaving in to the time when we broke out the anchor. The moment I felt it come clear I yanked it aboard and gave her the storm jib as quickly as I could. Her head paid off at once, and, with one bad roll in the trough of the sea, she began scooting down the wind. We hoisted the peak about four feet to give her some after sail, but did not take the boom out of the crotch.

Soon after we got under way the rain held up a bit, and we sighted the tip end of Great Island about one mile distant E. by S., showing that we had approximated our



Carina at Hyannisport.

position fairly well. Under our reduced sail we boiled away toward shore, passed in by the east end of Hyannis breakwater, and anchored in the midst of the small boat fleet off the Hyannisport pier at 5:55 A. M. A scene of desolation confronted us. Two small boats had filled and sunk at their moorings, four had gone ashore, several were afoul of each other, and others had booms or rigging adrift. We subsequently learned that the wind had blown sixty miles an hour during the greater part of the night. Sparks said that in thirty-seven years' experience at sea he had never passed a more uncomfortable night. A 50ft. fishing schooner that came in at mid-night reported being boarded by a sea just outside Bishop and Clerks' Light that smashed two dories to pieces and washed one of her anchors overboard.

Just after we had anchored I saw my uncle putting off to his yawl and repeated hailing brought him over to us, although he did not know who we were until he was close alongside. To say that he was astonished to hear that we had been out in the blow all night and had just come in, is putting it mildly. We did not keep him waiting long, but putting a hasty furl in the mainsail, grabbed our grips and went ashore. When we opened our bags Sparks found his entire outfit wringing wet, while the only dry articles of which I could boast were a handkerchief and an undershirt. Borrowed clothing, a good rub down and some hot tea soon put us to rights, and we passed most of the day in the land of nod.

Monday, July 20, was the finest day of the whole trip as far as weather went. The sea was smooth, the sun warm, and a gentle S. W. was blowing when we hoisted our sails at 8:45 A. M. My uncle in his yawl, the Carina, was to accompany us as far as Newport. Just as we were about to break out the anchor we discovered that our centerboard rope had parted. Just what caused it to give way at that moment I do not know. The Carina had just slipped her moorings, so I hailed her and told them to go on without us. There were only two ways to remedy our mishap. One was to swim underneath her and tie a new fall to the centerboard, and the other was to haul out. I tried the first without success, and another fellow tried and he failed. There were no facilities for hauling out and it would not do any good to beach her, as it was necessary to have her keel three feet above the ground before the matter could be fixed. That is the great trouble with boats whose centerboards are all in the keel. If they get a few miles from a marine railway they are helpless in times of trouble.

We finally got the board back into the box and held it there by means of a sling. By that time the afternoon was well started, the tide in the sound had turned against us and the wind (dead ahead) had breezed to a double reef extent, so we delayed our departure to the following day.

Tuesday, July 21, the weather was most disagreeable. A strong S. E. wind was blowing and a series of hard rain squalls swept in from the sea. It was not a day to leave port in such a boat as the centerboardless Ayaya, but I had already been longer on the trip than I had expected, so was anxious to get the boat to Bristol and be rid of her. Accordingly I decided to make a start, weather or no weather. We accordingly donned our oilskins once more, and under double reefed mainsail alone got under way at 9 A. M.

Once out of the harbor we could lay the course with eased sheets, and as she did not have quite life enough to suit me, we cracked on the big jib soon after passing out by the west end of the breakwater. This was a big help. We had not gone far before we lost sight of the land, owing to the rain.

At ten o'clock we caught a nasty rain squall which brought more wind with it. This was just as we were nearing Collier's Ledge beacon. We dowsed the jib during the squall. The rain fell furiously in big drops that bounced off of the sea when they struck it. The wind hauled to S., so that, with the leeway we made owing to the lack of centerboard, we were barely able to make good our course even with our sheets pinned in hard. When the squall let up we reset the jib. For a while the wind was very light. As it continued southerly we essayed a hitch offshore because the prevailing wind in the Sound is S. W., and I thought that I might as well climb out to weather before it absolutely headed us. But going offshore in the light air under reduced canvas and straight into the S. E. swell was an almost impossible task—the shock on meeting each sea spilling all the wind out of our sails. We consequently went back on to the port tack.

At eleven o'clock another rain squall passed over us, bringing little wind, but what there was of it was S. W.—nearly dead ahead. We slatted through it somehow, and when it let up the weather began to clear off for good, so that we shook out our reefs.

By this time we were fairly well down toward Succonnesset Point. The S. W. wind fell off to a mere series of chills in which we managed to out-drift a large catboat which had come out of Cotuit and was apparently bound for the Vineyard. The west going tide kept us moving forward all the time despite the lack of wind. We worked to weather quite close in by the Point and between it and Succonnesset Shoal, the water being deeper near the Point than further out.

Finally the wind came east about one o'clock, and we slowly drew down Vineyard Sound, striking across L'Homme Dieu Shoal and just west of Hedge Fence Shoal, crossing the Sound on a slant in order to go outside of the Elizabeth Islands which run out about W. S. W. from Woods Hole.

The tide turned against us at two o'clock, and the rest of the afternoon was a slow drag. At times the wind would take on enough strength to drive us through the water at a very good rate of speed, and at other times it would let up to such an extent that we made little or no progress over the bottom. But so long as the wind was fair and we were able to stem the tide I wanted to keep her going, so passed Vineyard Haven and its marine railways without stopping. We met a number of steam yachts which were evidently the vanguard of the New York Y. C. fleet which was due to run from Newport to Vineyard Haven that day. We also met quite a fleet of Buzzard's Bay 21ft. and 15ft. knockabouts, bound over to see the fleet, I suppose.



NOBSKA LIGHT.
Photo by J. M. B., Jr.

At 3:13 we had Nobska Light abeam (N. ½ W.), distant about two miles. The wind was then so light that we were barely holding our own against the tide. A bunch of eight steam yachts passed us at this point. Astern of us we could see fog rolling in, and there was a good deal of it in Buzzard's Bay back of Naushon Island. We decided that if we could reach Tarpaulin Cove we would call it a day, so gybed our boom over to port and stood across the Sound.

At 5:30 P. M. we were quite close to the Naushon shore, and just west of Lackey's Bay. Here the wind grew very faint and the tide began to sweep us back, but by dint of perseverance we worked right in to the beach and caught the back current. With the aid of this we went ahead, though slowly. Tarpaulin Cove began to look so far away that we had supper while working past the Forbes' houses on Naushon, and just before a light S. W. wind brought in a thick fog at 7:30 P. M.

We now heard a great amount of whistling in addition to the fog bell at Tarpaulin Cove. One steamer in particular seemed to be getting in very close. Suddenly her lights loomed up through the fog and we thought she would pile up on top of us until we saw that she was at a standstill. We could not imagine what she was until we saw that she had a big sloop in tow. Then we heard a voice from the steamer call to someone on the sloop, "Capt. Rhodes!" That, of course, identified the two as the Constitution and her steam tender the Satellite. We stood right inshore to pass ahead of them, and finally anchored in three fathoms of water at 8:35.

There was a prodigious amount of bell ringing going on, showing that several other yachts were anchored near us, and before long some more drifted in and anchored. I was amused by a conversation on one fairly large cutter that ranged in not far outside of us. As she shot up into the wind someone aft called out, "Let go the anchor." A voice forward replied, "What, now?"

"Yes, now!" from aft brought the ready response, "All right, in a minute!"

How is that for yacht discipline à la the N. Y. Y. C.?

Wednesday, July 22. In the early morning there was a flat calm and thick haze. Anchored near us were the cutters, Senta and Isolde, the sloop Volunteer, and the 18ft. knockabout Broncho. The owner of the latter kindly loaned me his tender in which to go ashore. There is but one house at Tarpaulin Cove, but one can buy almost anything there except fresh meat and vegetables. There is a well of excellent water behind the house, so I filled our water jugs, which was my principal errand.

At 8:22 we got under way. The wind at that time was light S. S. E., observation five miles. As soon as we started the wind fell flat, but a favoring eddy swept us out into the Sound, where we caught the first of the west-going tide.

Shortly before nine o'clock the wind came in from the S. S. W. For an hour it was light and baffling. We passed the entrance to Robinson's Hole at 9:45, and continued along the shore of Pasque Island.

We decided to go through Quick's Hole, both because that route is the shorter one, and because we hoped to find more wind in the lee of the islands. We entered the Hole at 10:15 and passed close aboard of the yawl Petrel, which was anchored just south of the red nun buoy.

Quick's Hole is a wide passage with no obstructions. It was the favorite approach of the whaling fleet to New Bedford. The only difficulty is the tide, which, while not so strong as in Woods and Robinson's Holes, runs with strength—rather more swiftly than Hull Gut, for instance. We had a fair tide. I may be wrong, but it is my impression that that very useful work, "Eldredge's Tide Book," is not right about the Quicks Hole current. I think it turns *three hours* before the current does off Gay Head.

While passing through the Hole I smashed my smoked glasses, much to my sorrow. They are a great saving on the eyes, especially during calm weather, when the water reflects the sun's rays to such an extent that one's eyeballs are apt to become bloodshot unless protected.

We found a fine south wind in the lee of Nashawena Island, as we had expected, and the Ayaya began to step along at a four knot clip. We kept close in to the beach, and obtained a fine look at Nashawena harbor when we passed it. Our course (W. ½ N.) was between Cuttyhunk and Penikese Islands, thus crossing the edge of Cuttyhunk Roads (a fine place in which to lie in any kind of a southerly blow). The passage between the islands is plainly marked by four spar buoys, and carries a depth of seventeen feet. Going through this channel we met with a head tide, or, more properly, a back current. In the Sound and the Bay the tide was setting to the westward, but it ran east between Cuttyhunk and Penikese Islands, as well as setting south up the Roads and out through Cantapitsit Channel, between Cuttyhunk and Nashawena. This back current was quite strong, although the moon was then only half way to the full.

We passed the last of the four spar buoys at 11:23 and made our course W. by N. for Schuyler's Ledge buoy. Inside of us the weather was quite clear, and we could see Meershaum and Barney's Joy Points distinctly, although they were five and a half miles away from us. Outside of us, however, it was quite thick, and the fog signal at Cuttyhunk Light was blowing strenuously. Some distance to the north and east of the lighthouse we could see another tower of about the same size. It looked like an abandoned lighthouse, but I knew that there was nothing of the kind on the island, and I was the more puzzled by it from the fact that it was not there when I last passed that side of Cuttyhunk in 1901. I learned subsequently that it is a monument erected in memory of Bartholomew Gosnold, who discovered the island in 1602, and who named the group of islands for Queen Elizabeth. The monument stands upon a little island in a pond and marks the spot where Gosnold erected a small fort or block-house.

Over a smooth sea we ran before the moderate S. S. E. breeze. At times we slipped along fast enough to make the rope sling, which was holding up the centerboard, sing dismally, like an Æolian harp, and at other moments, when the breeze lightened, we would slow down to a three knot gait. Our course took us inside of the spar buoy on Ribbon Reef and outside of the Hen and Chickens Lightship. The haze gradually faded away and we began to see the New York Y. C. fleet far outside of us as it ran for the Brenton's Reef Lightship. We made out two of the 90-footers, but did not place the third for some time, until we saw a boat that looked to be large enough, but whose topmast was either housed or carried away—presumably the latter.

The Petrel, which we had seen in Quicks Hole, overhauled and passed to leeward of us at 12:43 P. M. We met a Buzzard's Bay 30-footer and one or two smaller craft on our run across to West Island. The sun came out quite bright.

We had the Elisha Ledge can abeam at 2 P. M., passed Schuyler's Ledge twenty-six minutes later, and had Sakonnet Light abeam at 2:29. The wind now let up considerably, so that for a while we feared a flat calm.

The speedy steam yacht Velthra (Mr. Bremer, of Manchester, Mass., owner), passed close under our lee at 3:15, and I could see a fellow on board of her pointing out the three red keys on our mainsail (emblematic of the Ayaya's first owners, the Keyes brothers) to a companion. I imagined he recognized the boat. This little episode seemed to bring us luck, for it was soon followed by renewed vigor to the breeze and our Æolian harp resumed its discordant dirge.

Passing inside of the Seal Rock buoy, we had the one on Brenton's Reef abeam at 3:58, and gybing over soon after that made for the bell on Butter Ball Rock (off Castle Hill). We passed this at 4:41, and, running in by the Dumplings continued on our way up the bay, despite the great temptation to run into Newport for a look at the fleet.

The S. S. E. breeze had considerable weight to it by this time, and with the aid of a fair tide we were up with Bishop Rock bell buoy at 4:52 P. M. Nineteen minutes later the wind had become too much for whole sail, so we slacked away the mainsail and tied in two reefs as we ran along. This was none too much, and when the flaws struck us I was glad, for once, to have a weather runner.

A black squall began to make up in the west, back of Prudence Island, and the rest of the way to Bristol was a race to get in before the squall broke. We left Dyer Island to starboard and made a bee-line for Siren Light (off Hog Island), which we left to port at four minutes past six o'clock. The home stretch into Bristol was so nearly dead before the wind that we had to watch her sharply to prevent an unexpected gybe, but drove her for all we were worth. I finally went forward and dowsed the jib preparatory to getting the anchor ready. We carried the latter on the bow with one arm curved around the bitts to which the anchor was secured by a lashing around the crown. Another strop from the ring to the stem head held the other end. The warp, which was always bent on, ready for use, was coiled just aft of the mast. A strop through the coil and around the mast prevented the former from sliding overboard. It was not a



AYAYA.
Photo by Willard B. Jackson, Marblehead.

particularly good place for the warp, but there was no room for it in the cockpit, and I was unwilling to have it unbent and stowed below.

By the time the anchor was ready we were close in to the Herreshoff yard, so ran into Walker's Cove and anchored in eight feet of water at 6:23 P. M.

And that was the end of a cruise begun on the *thirteenth* of the month.

Narragansett Bay 22ft. Sailabout Association.

TWENTY-FIVE Rhode Island yachtsmen met at the Crown Hotel in Providence on Dec. 29. Before the evening was over a new organization had been formed, which will be known as the Narragansett Bay Twenty-two Foot Sailabout Association. The following officers were elected: President, W. H. Thurber; Vice-President, C. F. H. Olney; Secretary and Treasurer, C. F. Tillinghast; Inspector, Scott C. Burlingame; Judges, F. A. Barnes, Wallis E. Howe, George E. Darling. The Association started with twenty-two charter members. Besides those already named, the members are Newton C. Arnold, Sumner H. Foster, A. A. Packard, R. W. Comstock, Jr., W. S. Almy, Howard E. Barlow, Walter D. Wood, E. H. Tingley, O. K. Thurston, A. E. Johnson, Charles K. Wheelwright, Allen H. Chase, Joseph C. Hartwell, Malcolm McNaught and Albert C. Davis.

It is the desire of those interested in the new association to establish a fast and seaworthy class of keel or centerboard boats suitable for day sailing, racing or cruising that will be very much of the same type but still of different design.

The by-laws provide for the usual executive officers, an inspector, who is practically a measurer, and a board of three judges, to whom all protests and disputes are to be referred. The judges are also to award the association championship pennant to the winning yacht for the season. The method of scoring in this class is shown in the following section of the by-laws:

The championship of the Association for a given season shall be awarded to the yacht winning the greatest number of points in the races sailed under the auspices of the Narragansett Bay Yacht Racing Association, and in all open races held by the clubs which are members of that Association, provided, in the opinion of the board of judges of this Association the course provided by the various yacht clubs give each yacht a reasonably even chance of winning so far as depth of water may affect the result.

Five points shall be allowed for a sailover, 4 points for winning first place, provided at least two yachts start; 2 points for second place; 1 point additional for every yacht defeated, and 2 points additional for sailing over the entire course.

Order of finishing, total number to start:

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th
One sailover	5					
Two	7	4				
Three	6	5	2			
Four	9	6	3	2		
Five	10	7	4	3	2	
Six	11	8	5	4	3	2

Any yacht that crosses the starting line after the starting signal has been given, shall be, for the purpose of determining points, considered to have raced. Any yacht which does not finish within 40 minutes of the yacht which has finished the next ahead and all that finish later shall be considered to have withdrawn, and shall not be entitled to any points. Yachts which do not belong to the Association which may race in this class shall not be considered in determining points.

The definition and limitations adopted by the meeting were as follows:

Definition.—A 22ft. cabin yacht is intended to be a seaworthy type of cruising and racing yacht, substantially constructed, properly ballasted, with moderate sail plan, and cabin accommodations below, and conforming to the limitations herein mentioned.

The length of the load waterline, with full equipment, but without crew aboard, shall not exceed 22ft. The measurer at the time of taking his measurements shall insert a round-headed brass screw not less than No. 14, as a distinctive permanent mark at each end of the load waterline.

The draft for keel boats shall not exceed 5ft. 6in.

The beam and load waterline shall be at least 7ft. 10in. for keel boats and 8ft. 8in. for centerboard boats.

The over all length shall not exceed 35ft. Neither the forward nor after overhang shall exceed 7ft. 6in.

A square-ended, snub-nosed of square-sided bow shall not be allowed. The beam at a point half way between the waterline forward and the extreme bow shall not exceed 45 per cent. of the greatest waterline beam. The girth of the hull at said point shall not exceed the number of inches represented by the sum of the beam plus the depth of hull plus five, measured at the same point. The freeboard at same point shall not be less than 30in. If the freeboard at this point be more than 30in., the girth shall be measured at the 30in. point.

If the lengths taken above are shortened by any hollows, jogs or reverse curves, the measurement shall be taken to the straight lines bridling the same.

The freeboard shall not be less than 22in.

The sails shall consist of mailsail, jib, balloonjib and spinnaker. The measurer shall be provided with the correct sail plan of any boat to be measured, and shall cause distinguishing marks to be placed on the spars, as follows: On the masts at the tack and at the throat of the mainsail; on the boom at the clew of the mainsail, and on the gaff at peak of mainsail. There shall be only one mark at each point. These marks shall be black bands, not less than ½in. wide, painted around the spar, which shall be the official marks. The inner edges of the bands shall mark the limits to which the sails may stretch without exceeding the sail area allowed. No part of any sail shall extend beyond these marks, and the marks shall always be kept visible. In no case shall the area of the mainsail exceed 80 per cent. of the entire area allowed. No yacht when close-hauled shall carry any jib other than the working jibs, for which she has been measured. Spinnakers and all headsails, the actual area of which is not measured, shall be triangular. No spinnaker shall extend above the spinnaker halyard block, or beyond the end of the spinnaker boom. No jib shall extend above the highest jib halyard block, or beyond the end of the bowsprit.

The distance from the center of the mast to the jibstay at deck or bowsprit or balloonjib fastening multiplied by the height of a point not over 9in. below the fastening of the headstay on the mast above the deck shall not exceed 300 per cent. of the actual area of the working headsail.

The spinnaker boom, when placed horizontally against the foreside of the mast shall not extend beyond the forward point of measurement. Spinnaker boom must be carried against the mast when in use in all races.

The cockpit shall be watertight, self-bailing, with scuppers draining outboard.

The sides shall not be less than 10in. high, and the top shall have an area of not less than 40 sq.ft.

The cabin shall have suitable transoms, the tops of which shall have a combined area of not less than 30 sq.ft. The sides and tops of the transoms, and the cabin floor shall be not less than ½in. in thickness. The cabin shall be sheathed from top to transom to the deck for a space not less than 9ft. in wake of cabin house. Sheathing shall be not less than ¼in. thick.

The equipment shall include an anchor not less than 35lbs. in weight; and a cable of not less than 30 fathoms of 1½in. rope, also bucket, compass, fog horn, riding light and boat hook.

A metal centerboard shall not exceed ⅜in. in thickness, and wooden boards shall be weighted only just sufficiently to sink them.

Hollow spars, fins, hollow fins or deadwoods, more than one centerboard or rudder shall not be allowed.

The crew shall be limited to four persons.

The keel, stem, frame, house and deck beams shall be of oak or its equivalent in strength and solidity.

The minimum sectional area of frames shall be 1¾ sq.in. for a distance of 20ft. near the center of boat, and 1¼ sq.in. for the remaining length; of deck beams, not less than 1½ sq.in.; of house beams, not less than 1 sq.in. The spacing of the frames and beams shall be not more than 10in., center to center. A proportional reduction in sectional areas shall be allowed for a closer spacing:

There shall be at least six floors, 9 sq.in. in sectional area in way of the keel, and two at mast step, at least 6 sq.in. in sectional area, with floors at all intervening frames, at least 2½ sq.in. in sectional area.

The planking shall not be less than ⅞in. thick, finished, except if double planking is used, it may be 13-16-inch thick, finished.

Deck clamps shall run from stem to stern, with a minimum cross-section of 4in. for at least half the length. Clamps to be of yellow pine or its equivalent in strength.

The deck and sides of cabin trunk to be at least ⅞in. thick, finished.

The top of cabin trunk to be at least ¾in. thick finished.

A reduction of ⅛in. in thickness of deck or top of cabin trunk allowed if canvas covered.

The original draft of the restrictions called for a total weight of 6,500 pounds, exclusive of inside ballast, and for a sail area not exceeding 600 sq. ft., but there was some doubt expressed on these points, and they were finally left to the further consideration of a committee, consisting of C. F. Tillinghast, C. F. H. Olney and George E. Darling.

Massachusetts 30ft. Cruising Yacht Association.

There has been formed, with the object of projecting a class of 30-footers, an association, which is to be known as the Massachusetts Thirty-foot Cruising Yacht Association. Its officers are Frank Gair Macomber, President; T. K. Lothrop, Jr., Vice-President; C. Dexter Wainwright, Secretary and Treasurer, and Samuel N. Small, Measurer.

By-Laws.

I. Name.—The name of this Association shall be the Massachusetts Thirty-foot Cruising Yacht Association.

II. Object.—To establish a seaworthy type of boat suitable for racing in the waters of Massachusetts Bay, and for cruising outside of those waters, with substantial construction, moderate cost, and good accommodations.

To maintain that type of boat by making the rules, definitions and limitations of a Massachusetts 30ft. crusing yacht.

To allow as much latitude in design as is consistent with the production of a healthy type of boat in that class.

III. Officers.—There shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer, Measurer, and Executive Committee. The first four officers shall be elected at the annual meeting until the next annual meeting, and shall continue to hold office until their successors are chosen. The Executive Committee shall consist of the President, Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer, ex-officiis, who may, at their discretion, elect two other members. Vacancies in any office may be filled temporarily by appointment from the Executive Committee.

IV. Meetings.—The annual meeting shall be held on the first Tuesday in April in each year. Special meetings shall be called by the President, or by the Secretary, at the request of any two members. Five members shall constitute a quorum. After July 1, 1904, only owners of Association boats shall be entitled to vote, and each Association boat shall be entitled to one vote. Voting by proxy shall not be allowed.

V. Membership.—A Membership Committee, consisting of the President and Secretary-Treasurer, ex-officiis, shall act upon all applications for membership. Any person is eligible to membership. Each applicant must be proposed and seconded in writing to the Secretary.

VI. Dues.—Annual dues of $1 each shall be charged to all the members to defray the current expenses of the Association. These dues shall be payable within sixty days after the annual meeting; and all members whose dues are not paid within that time may be suspended from membership and deprived of all the privileges of the Association by the Executive Committee. Members whose dues are still unpaid at the following annual meeting shall be dropped from the Association list, and may only be reinstated by paying all their dues to the date of reinstatement.

VII. Measurer.—The Measurer shall inspect and measure all boats when requested by the owner; and, when satisfied that they are within the definition and limitations of the Association, he shall report favorably to the Secretary. He shall issue a duplicate report to the owner. Any owner dissatisfied with the Measurer's report on his own or any other boat, may appeal to the Executive Committee, and the Measurer may also obtain its decision as to all matters on which he is in doubt.

VIII. Executive Committee.—The Executive Committee shall decide all questions relating to the rules of the Association and their observance. Its decision shall be final. It shall have the power to disqualify boats which do not comply with the spirit as well as the letter of the rules.

IX. Measuring Fee.—The fee for measuring shall be five dollars; in case of remeasurement the same season, four dollars. If the measurement is on protest, it shall be paid by the party in the wrong.

X. Amendments.—These by-laws and the definition and limitations of an Association boat may be amended at any meeting by a three-fifths vote of those present, provided notice of the proposed amendments is given in the call for the meeting.

Definition and Limitations.

1. Definition.—A Massachusetts 30ft. cruising yacht is a seaworthy type of cruising and racing yacht, substantially constructed, properly ballasted, with moderate sail plan and cabin trunk, good cabin accommodations, and conforming to the limitations hereinafter stated. Hollow spars shall not be allowed. Double rudders, centerboards, hulls and keels are prohibited, also hollow keels and fin-keels. An evasion of the spirit as well as of the letter of this definition and also any of the following limitations shall disqualify a boat from racing in this class. See By-Law VIII.

2. Length Over Oll.—The over all length shall not exceed 48ft.

3. Length Load Waterline.—The length on the load waterline, with full equipment, but no crew on board, shall not exceed 30ft. Centerboard boats must have the board up.

4. Overhang.—The overhang at either end shall not exceed 10ft.

5. Beam, L.W.W.—The beam at the load waterline shall not be less than 10ft. for keel boats, and for centerboard boats not less than 11ft.

6. Draft.—The draft for keel boats shall not be more than 7ft.; and for centerboard boats not less than 4ft. 3in., for at least 10ft. length of keel.

7. Freeboard.—The least freeboard shall not be less than 30in.

8. Bow.—A square-ended, snub-nosed, or square-sided bow shall not be allowed. The girth at a point half way between the forward end of the load waterline and the foreside of the stem shall not be more than 5½in. plus depth plus beam at that point. The freeboard at that point shall not be less than 43in. The freeboard may be as much greater as desired, in which case the girth, beam and depth of the hull at that point shall be measured 43in. above the water; otherwise they shall be measured from the top side of the covering board. The width at that point shall not be more than 36 per cent. of the maximum waterline beam.

9. Sails.—Mainsail, jib, spinnaker and balloonjib may be carried. The mainsail shall not exceed 80 per cent. of the entire sail area allowed. No yacht, when close-hauled, shall carry any jib or staysail other than those working jibs or staysails which have been measured. Spinnakers and all head sails shall be triangular. No jib shall extend above the highest jib halyard block, or beyond the end of the bowsprit. No spinnaker shall extend above the spinnaker halyard block or beyond the end of the spinnaker boom.

10. Sail Area.—The actual sail area of the mainsail and jib or staysail shall not be more than 1,250 sq.ft. The measurer shall be provided with the correct sail plan of any boat to be measured and shall cause distinguishing marks to be placed on the mast at the tack, and throat of the mainsail, on the boom at the clew of the mainsail, and on the gaff at the peak of the mainsail. These marks shall be black bands not less than 1in. wide, painted around the spar. The inner edge of the bands shall mark the limits to which the sail may stretch without exceeding the sail area allowed. These marks shall always be kept visible. The actual area of the jib or staysail shall be measured. The number of square feet in each sail shall be stamped on each sail by the measurer, in full, round, black figures, not less than 3in. high. This number shall be known as the official number of the sail, and shall always be visible. Any yacht using a sail not bearing the official number shall be disqualified, any rules to the contrary notwithstanding. The distance from the center of the mast to the outer end of the spinnaker boom, when the latter is at right angles to the mast, multiplied by the height of the spinnaker halyard block above the deck, shall not exceed 430 per cent. of the actual area of the working head sail. The distance from the center of the mast to the forward end of the bowsprit, multiplied by the height of the highest jib halyard block above the deck, shall not exceed 300 per cent. of the actual area of the working head sail.

11. Cabin Finish.—There shall be a substantial partition at the after end of the cabin, two permanent lockers, and suitable berths or transoms for the accommodation of the crew. The cabin floor shall be 12ft. long, at least, by 3ft. wide. Further fixtures may be allowed as provided in paragraph 13.

12. Outside Ballast.—The outside ballast shall be at least 5,000lbs.

13. Inside Ballast.—The inside ballast shall be at least 500lbs., if there is no cabin finish except as required in paragraph 11. The estimated weight of any additional cabin fixtures to be included in the inside ballast; that is, if there are 200lbs., of additional fixtures, then only 300lbs. of inside ballast will be required, if there are 400lbs., then only 100lbs. of inside ballast will be required.

14. Equipment.—There shall be on board an anchor weighing not less than 60lbs. and a cable of 30 fathoms length, compass, riding light, foghorn, bucket, boat hook, five life-preservers, and five suits of oilskin. All fittings and equipment herein mentioned shall be suitable for cruising purposes, and shall not be removed or substituted by articles smaller or of lighter weight.

15. Cockpit.—The cockpit shall be water-tight and draining outboard.

16. House.—The sides of the house shall be at least 13in. high and 1⅛in. thick, and the minimum area of the housetop shall be at least 75 sq.ft.

17. Stem.—The stem shall be sided at least 3¾in. where it joins the covering board. The siding shall be increased to meet that of the keel.

18. Keel.—The minimum sectional area of the keel, including keelson and deadwood, shall be 36 sq.in. for 5ft. each side of the mast, tapering to 30 sq.in. at the ends. The depth of the keel shall not be less than 4in. The keel shall run from the foot of the stem forward of the water line to the transom at stern.

19. Frames.—The frames shall be of oak, with a minimum sectional area of 3 sq.in. Ten inches shall be the maximum spacing, if the spacing is less, the area may be reduced in proportion.

20. Floors.—The floors shall be of oak. There shall be two floors at the mast and eight over the keel at least 10 sq.in. in sectional area.

21. Shelf or Clamp.—The shelf or clamp shall be 6 sq.in. in sectional area for half the length of the boat, tapering to 4½ sq.in. at the ends. The shelf or clamp shall run the whole length of the boat.

22. Bilge Stringers.—There shall be two bilge stringers on each side of the boat running the whole length of the boat. The bilge stringers shall each be at least 4 sq.in. in sectional area for one-half their length, tapering to 3 sq.in. at the ends.

23. Deck Beams.—The sectional area of the main deck beams shall be 6 sq. in. at least. There shall be two main beams at the mast, and one at each end of the cabin house, and one at the aft end of the cockpit. The sectional area of the auxiliary beams shall be 3¾in. at least, the half-beams, 2¼in., and the house beams, 2 sq.in. The maximum spacing allowed for beams shall be 10in. The sectional area may be reduced in proportion to the spacing if the spacing is less than 10in.

24. Planking.—The planking shall be of white cedar or yellow pine. It shall be finished full at 1in. thickness at least.

25. Decking.—The deck, cabin trunk top and cockpit floor shall be 1in. thick at least, or ⅞in. if canvas-covered.

26. Crew.—The crew allowed during races shall not be more than five men.

Scantlings.

TABLE OF DIMENSIONS AND AREAS.

17—Stem—	
Sided at head	3¾in.
18—Keel—	
Minimum depth	4 in.
Sectional area	36 in.
19—Frames—	
Oak, sectional area	3 in.
Spacing (maximum)	10 in.
20—Floors—	
Oak, sectional area	10 in.
21—Shelf or Clamp—	
Sectional area, middle	6 in.
Sectional area, ends	4½in.
22—Bilge Stringers—	
Sectional area, middle	4 in.
Sectional area, ends	3 in.
23—Deck Beams—	
Sectional areas, main	6 in.
Auxiliary	3¾in.
Half-beams	2¼in.
Spacing (maximum)	10 in.
23—Cabin trunk top—	
Sectional area house beams	2 in.
Spacing (maximum)	10 in.
24—Planking—	
White cedar or yellow pine, to finish full	1 in.
25—Deck—	
Cabin trunk top and cockpit floor	1 in.
Cabin trunk sides	1⅛in.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Mr. Hollis Burgess has sold the 25ft. knockabout Opah, owned by Mr. W. L. Davis, of Berlin, Conn., to Mr. Walter C. Lewis, of Boston.

In our last issue we made mention of a 43ft. launch that is being built from Mr. C. F. Herreshoff's designs for a New York yachtsman. This launch is now under construction at the plant of the Chase Pulley Company, at Providence, and is not being built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., at Bristol, R. I., as we stated.

Commodore Fred A. Price, of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, has announced the following standing appointments for next season: House Committee—J. F. Adams, chairman; H. A. Aronson, Walter E. Davis, Samuel C. Stewart, C. J. Duggan. Regatta Committee—Chas. E. Soule, Jr., chairman; H. J. Furber, W. L. Shepard, N. G. Conybear, Edward T. Balcom. Regular Entertainment Committee—George Tramel, chairman; William Lorimer, Jr., Chas. E. Soule, Jr. Special Stag Entertainment Committee—U. J. Hermann, chairman; G. J. Martel, Robert L. Doran, D. E. Nelson. Finance Committee—James A. Davis, chairman; J. B. Palmer, W. Y. Perry. Delegates to L. M. Y. A.—Edward T. Balcom and Henry R. Davies. Delegates to I. L. Y. A.—William Lorimer, L. T. Braun, and Wm. Cothroll. Fleet Surgeon, Edward H. Hayes; Judge Advocate, Edward E. Gray; Fleet Captain, Vernon C. Seaver; Measurer, William Cothroll; Historian, Le Roy Cook.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Designing Competition.

$225 in Prizes.

Two designing competitions have been given in FOREST AND STREAM. The first was for a 25ft. waterline cruiser; the second was for a 15ft. one-design class. Both competitions were very successful. The great interest taken in those competitions has prompted us to give a third one, open to amateurs and professionals. The prizes which will be given are as follows:

First prize—$100.
Second prize—$60.
Third prize—$40.
Fourth prize—$25, offered by Mr. Theodore Zerega for the best interior plan.

The designs are for a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. Centerboard cruiser, 40ft. l. w. l.
II. Boat must not draw over 6ft with centerboard up.
III. The lowest freeboard to covering board must be 3ft.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. The conditions have been made as simple as possible, that competitors might have all latitude and scope in working out their ideas. We wish to produce an able and comfortable cruising boat, one that shall have ample accommodation for two or three men living aboard for a period of several months, and one that can be easily managed at all times by two or three paid hands. The draft is restricted to 6ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all the desirable harbors, and may, thereby, widely increase her cruising field.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.—showing center of buoyancy, center of lateral resistance and center of effort of both rigs.
II. Half breadth, scale ¾in.=1ft.
III. Body plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.
IV. Cabin plan, inboard profile and at least one cross section, scale ¾in.=1ft.
V. Two sail plans, scale ¼in.=1ft.; one as a yawl; one as a pole mast sloop.

In the case of the yawl rig the position and height of the mast and length of gaff are to be the same as in the cutter rig. Plans must show working topsail and size of light sails.

VI. All ballast outside on keel except amount necessary for trimming.

An outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully made and lettered. All drawings should be on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used. The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only, and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than March 1, 1904. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all of the designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, who passed upon the designs submitted for the 25ft. with great care, has again consented to judge the designs and make the awards.

English Letter.

AT a dinner given to Sir Thomas Lipton by the American residents in London on Dec. 18, the occasion being the presentation to Sir Thomas of a service of silver plate from the people of the United States, the recipient of this splendid gift in a humorous speech, made the welcome statement that if nobody else stepped in in the meantime he intended to have a fourth and last try for the America's Cup. He qualified his announcement by saying that he would challenge again if he saw a reasonable prospect of success. Under the new rule, which has been adopted by the New York Y. C., and according to which any future challengers or defenders will have to be measured, it is certain that no such extreme types as Reliance or even Shamrock III. could compete with any prospect of success; as the heavy tax is placed upon shallow-bodied vessels sufficient to destroy all their winning chances. Nobody will regret the severe blow thus dealt at the skimming dish type, which, although undoubtedly the fastest yet discovered, has so many grave drawbacks and has done so much toward killing first class racing and encouraging one-design classes. Sir Thomas Lipton did not give any definite date for his next challenge, but he mentioned the significent fact that he had sent a letter on the subject to the New York Y. C., though he had not had time to receive a reply. The Hon. Henry Clay Evans, United States Consul-General, who occupied the chair at this dinner, spoke in glowing terms of the popularity which Sir Thomas Lipton had achieved in America, and of his unfailing good sportsmanship in spite of his three unsuccessful attempts to win the Cup, and he also made pointed reference to the friendly relations which had been fostered between the two great English-speaking nations by these international contests, especially those in which the Shamrocks had taken part. Everybody seemed full of good humor and good fellowship, and the message on the menu card written in code signals, and interpreted, "Better luck next time," was one which will be echoed widely by sportsmen in the United States.

The rumor that was afloat some time back to the effect that a Clyde syndicate were going to send over a challenge for the America's Cup, appears, like many others, to have been entirely without foundation. There is but little doubt that Sir Thomas Lipton will be the next challenger, as nobody is likely to want to step in if he is willing to try his luck once more—this time, as he says, "with a four-leaved Shamrock."

The Council of the Yacht Racing Association have under consideration the difficult and vexed question of improving—in fact, reviving—class racing among the bigger boats. This last season class racing in British waters stopped at the 52-footers. There was one 65-footer on the stocks at Fairlie, but as there was no likelihood of a competitor, she was not completed. The big class gave no sign of existence, and the question which the Yacht Racing Association have to face and settle is what measures should be taken to encourage owners to build. There can be no doubt that the first thing to go for is construction. It is not only highly desirable, but it is absolutely necessary that the flimsy construction of the present day rater should be made impossible by a judicious set of tables of scantlings. There is no question but that owners refuse to build under the existing conditions, because their band-boxes of boats, when done with as racers, will only sell for junk. Nobody would buy an ex-racer, built under conditions, after one or two seasons of hard racing, with the intention of turning her into a cruiser, and the natural consequence has been that racing in the large classes has gradually died out. It is to be hoped that the Council of the Yacht Racing Association will tackle the subject with determination, for many owners would be found willing to build if they could rest assured that their vessels would stand the stress and strain of racing without leaking like sieves or becoming pulled and twisted out of all fair shape. The present rating rule is by no means a bad one, its greatest fault, perhaps, being that it is inclined to limit draft, but a good, wholesome type of boat can be built under it which can compete with success, the most notable performer being the Fife 52-footer Magdalen, which had such a marvelous record two seasons ago, and which was a perfect little ship, fit to knock out any weather.

It is probable that the Mediterranean regattas will this spring receive a much needed fillip through the gift of King Edward of a cup to be called the Mediterranean Cup. This trophy is for an international race from Gibraltar to Nice, open to all yachts exceeding 40 tons, Thames measurement. It is rumored that the Scotch boats Kariad and Bona will both take part in the race, and, if that is the case, they will no doubt do the round of the Riviera races. It will be a handicap match, of course; as many different types of boat will be entered. The task of bringing the fleet together by time has been alloted to Mr. Andrew Thomson, who will find his task sufficiently difficult to satisfy even him. The race is to be run in three heats: (1) Gibraltar to Palma in the Majorca Island. (2) Palma to Marseilles, and (3) Marseilles to Nice. The President of the French Republic has given a Swiss vase as a second prize, and there are two other prizes. Five yachts are to start or no race. The date fixed is Feb. 8.

A new class of 30ft. restricted raters is to be formed on the Clyde, which has already met with a fair share of support, as five owners have intimated their intention of building. The Y. R. A. rules of rating will be followed with a few wholesome restrictions as to construction, etc. A minimum draft of water at 0.6 waterline has been fixed, as it is considered that the present rating rule taxes draft too severely. A minimum has also been fixed for beam and freeboard, and it is certain that the result will be a nice, moderate type of boat with rather full body and no excessive overhangs. Double skinned planking, balance rudders and hollow spars (with the exception of topsail yards and spinnaker booms) are barred. The object aimed at has been to follow out the Y. R. A. rules of measurement, with certain restrictions to suit local conditions, and the class should work out well. E. H. KELLY.

Lake Yachting.

COMPLICATIONS in yachting, like complications in business, are at best unpleasant, and when possible should be avoided. Sometimes, however, they are unavoidable, as in the present instance, which comes from Detroit. It was owing to the Country Club's enthusiasm in trying to lead all other fresh water organizations, that the present predicament, which, in reality, is one of the worst tangles with which any regatta committee was ever confronted, was brought about, and it will be many days, if not months, before the unfortunate committee succeeds in freeing itself from the dilemma into which it has been placed. The adoption of the 21ft. restricted cabin class of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, was a wise move by the Country Club of Detroit, and will eventually do more in promoting fresh water yachting interests than the combined efforts which have hitherto been brought into play. It is a wide-awake organization, and there is no doubt of its ultimate success; in fact, it is bound to become the greatest factor on fresh water provided its present policy is maintained. It has many things in its favor, of which other clubs are deprived, and the time is not very distant, when the Country Club will be the recognized head of all fresh water yachting organizations. That the club's next annual regatta will eclipse all previous attempts, there is no doubt, but in order to make it even more so, several of the members set about in an endeavor to have the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, send its entire fleet of 21-footers to compete for the Walker trophy. Accordingly, negotiations were begun with the owners of La Rita, Sprite, Hoosier and also Pilot, of Milwaukee. Little Shamrock's appearance was assured, as she won the trophy last September. The Columbia Y. C. is full of enthusiastic members, and it required little persuasion to induce them to agree to send their boats. Then the trouble began. Mr. E. L. Ford, of the Country Club, has a 21-footer which is rapidly nearing completion, and with which he has great hopes of winning the trophy. Mr. Ford raised an objection to La Rita, affirming that she was 1½ft. longer on deck than allowed by the restrictions, and that if the club hoped to be successful with the class, it would have to live up to the very letter of the law, as well as the law itself. Mr. Ford referred to the evil results attained in the M. Y. R. A. boats, through not limiting over all length, and stated that the same conditions would exist in their club if infringements of the rules were permitted. Several members argued that La Rita conformed in every particular to the rules, except in this one, and that in reality she was a smaller boat than his own, with this single exception. Mr. Ford was not easily convinced, however, claiming that his craft conformed with the restrictions, and that in the interest of the sport he believed in abiding by the rules. He went even farther and referred to rule No. 4, which reads, "A square or snub nose bow shall not be allowed. The beam measure on deck at a point equi-distant from the water line forward and the extreme bow, shall not exceed 45 per cent. of the greatest waterline beam, and the deck line shall not run at an angle with the center line greater than 30 degrees. Any evasion of the spirit as well as the letter of this rule shall disqualify a yacht from racing in this class."

By referring to this rule Mr. Ford had something else in mind, as later events proved. He was of the opinion that Little Shamrock, which boat won the cup last season, and Hoosier, were both ineligible to compete, owing to rule No. 4.

To determine this point, he sent his engineer to measure Little Shamrock and Hoosier, and found the latter 4 degrees in excess of the restriction, and the former one half a degree over the limit. This settled for the time being La Rita's, Little Shamrock's and Hoosier's chances of competing for the trophy. It also placed Little Shamrock in an embarrassing position, inasmuch as she was officially measured by the Columbia Y. C. measurer before entering in the Lipton series. Accordingly, she was permitted to enter the Country Club's races, the regatta committee accepting the yacht's measurement. The question arises, can Little Shamrock hold the cup, now that she has been found not to conform with the restrictions? It is true that the Detroit Club permitted the yacht to sail, but was the fault that of the club, the owners of the boat, or an error on the part of the measurer of the Chicago Club? On the whole, it is unfortunate business, and admits of technicalities, which can't help but be detrimental to the sport. Nor is this the extent of the club's difficulties. It now develops that Mr. Ford's boat, which is rapidly nearing completion, has also been measured, and the result shows her to be 2 degrees in excess of the deck width, as specified in Rule 4. The very objection Mr. Ford had discovered in the Chicago boats, or to speak more correctly, non-compliance with the rule, was also apparent in his own boat. Two degrees don't appear much, but, nevertheless, it is not conforming with the rule, and in order to race his boat next season in the class for which she is being built, he will have to pull her in that amount, or take off the bow and build on another that will conform to the rule.

The Country Club, practically a new organization, has made big strides since its formation, and is rapidly forging ahead. It has everything in its favor, a splendid location, a fine club house, and an abundance of influence and financial backing. The adoption of the 21ft. class has brought it prominently before the yachting public, but it now has a tangle to unravel that will require a bit of diplomacy, in order to protect the future interests of the club.

The Detroit Boat Club yachtsmen, of Detroit, held its annual election of officers at the Russel House, Tuesday, Dec. 22. Many of the members were desirous of having the retiring commodore, John H. Smedley, succeed himself, and had he said the word, his election would have been assured, but he respectfully declined the honor, explaining that his recent election as commodore of the Interlake Yachting Association, in connection with other arrangements made for next summer, precluded his serving the club as he deemed necessary in behalf of its best interests. After Mr. Smedley, Mr. John L. Dexter, one of the most widely known men on the chain of great lakes, was the choice, and was elected by a unanimous vote. Following is the list of officers that were elected: Com., John L. Dexter; Vice-Com., C. A. Newcomb, Jr.; Rear-Com., E. F. Lloyd, Secretary and Treasurer, Norman Warren; Fleet Captain, Dr. T. B. Aldrich. Directors at large, Messrs. John H. Smedley, John A. Rathbone, Philo Wright and Dr. E. M. Houghton.

In the fourth year of its existence the Lakewood Y. C., of Cleveland, stands preeminent, as one of the most successful clubs on fresh water. Three years is not a very long time, as the club is just entering on its fourth year, but a great deal has been accomplished during that time by this lively little organization. The year just ended has been a most successful one and is very gratifying. A goodly number of races were sailed, and the usual number of protests and kicks were omitted, which speaks well for the club. The club also scored an enviable victory, capturing more than its share of prizes. Chloris, one of the M. Y. R. A. 21-footers, purchased last spring by Messrs. A. J. Phelps and A. J. Primett, made a remarkably good showing, beating everything in her class whenever she was raced. Not satisfied with this, she went out of her class, and in this she was equally successful. The outlook for next season is very favorable. A number of new boats are well under way and several of the members are at present discussing the advisability of building for the 21ft. class, which, from all appearances, is going to be the popular boat for next season. It is quite likely that the club will build a boat for this class, and there is talk of a syndicate boat, also for the same class. It is strange to note the change that has taken place on the lakes during the last year. Formerly the 40, 35, and 30ft. classes were about all that was used, but the tendency seems to incline toward the smaller craft. The 25ft. yawl for Dr. N. W. Brown is rapidly nearing completion. While there is nothing of the freak about her, she is a likely looking craft, and may develop a good turn of speed. The work of planking has begun on the 18-footer, building for Mr. Harry Watterson at Maltby's yard.

Rev. W. A. Dietrick has plans from the board of Mr. W. H. Hand, Jr., for a 30ft. cruising yawl, but she has not as yet been laid down. It is understood, however, that she will be completed by next spring. Several boats will be purchased by club members during the winter and added to the already big fleet. Mr. Henry

D. Whiton is negotiating for a big yawl with Eastern parties. and the announcement of her purchase is expected at any time. Mr. Ralph W. Cobb will either buy or have built a large cruising launch. Mr. C. W. Schmidt, Jr., has purchased the Canadian Cup trial boat Hamilton, from Messrs. Maytham and Johnson. of Buffalo. She was a 35-footer under the old measurement, but under the waterline rule sails in the 30ft. class. While her showing in the trial races admitted of improvement. she has since developed good speed and has yet to lose a single race. A jib and mainsail rig of 1,550 sq. ft. will supplant the cutter rig which she formerly carried. It is believed that more speed can be obtained with this rig. and she will also be easier handled. The canvas will be made by Messrs Cousens and Pratt, of Boston. and she will be raced from Toronto to Chicago next summer in every fresh water event of any importance. Hamilton will be renamed White Ribbon. A white band will encircle the hull, beginning at the waterline, and extending upward 6in. Following is the official score for the season just ended:

	No. of Races.	Percentage.
35ft. Class.		
Grayling, G. Gerlach	5	252
Shamrock, E. Van Scort	6	240
Marietta, E. Hall	3	89
30ft. Class.		
Orinda, W. H. Fenny	5	323
Mona, Rackle	4	315
Commodore Gardner, Ahlardt	3	220
Undine, Watterson	1	100
25ft. Class.		
Chloris, Primmett & Phelps	5	500
Dreamer, Brodie	4	228
Vinco, Cobb	2	80
Raven, Millard	1	40
21ft. Class.		
Suzanne, G. Hall	5	328
Unique III., Wakefield	3	291
Ceylox, Krauss	2	155
Growler, Peterson	3	52
Special Class.		
Daphne, Hives	5	425
Truant, Horrigan	5	312
Nadje, Power	4	275
Mist, Watkins	5	158

C. W. SCHMIDT, JR.

In view of the closer relations of English and American yachting we have decided to publish every fortnight hereafter a letter on English yachting matters similar to our Boston letter, which has met with so much approval. The English letter will be written by Mr. E. H. Kelly, who is one of the editors of the London Field. Mr. Kelly is one of the ablest and best informed writers on the subject in Great Britain, and we feel confident that his contributions will prove unusually interesting. We will also publish letters sent in by our regular correspondents in Cleveland, St. Paul, Chicago, and New Orleans.



CANOEING

Hector and Me.

BY C. S. HOWARD, TORONTO.

The Story which won the First Prize of $50 in "Forest and Stream" Canoe Cruising Competition.

(Concluded from page 13.)

He would regard the irregular mass before him with puckered brow and draw geometrical figures upon it with the knife, in the hopeless effort to divide the thing evenly.

"Is that fair?" he would demand, after cutting it.

"Which is mine?"

"Either."

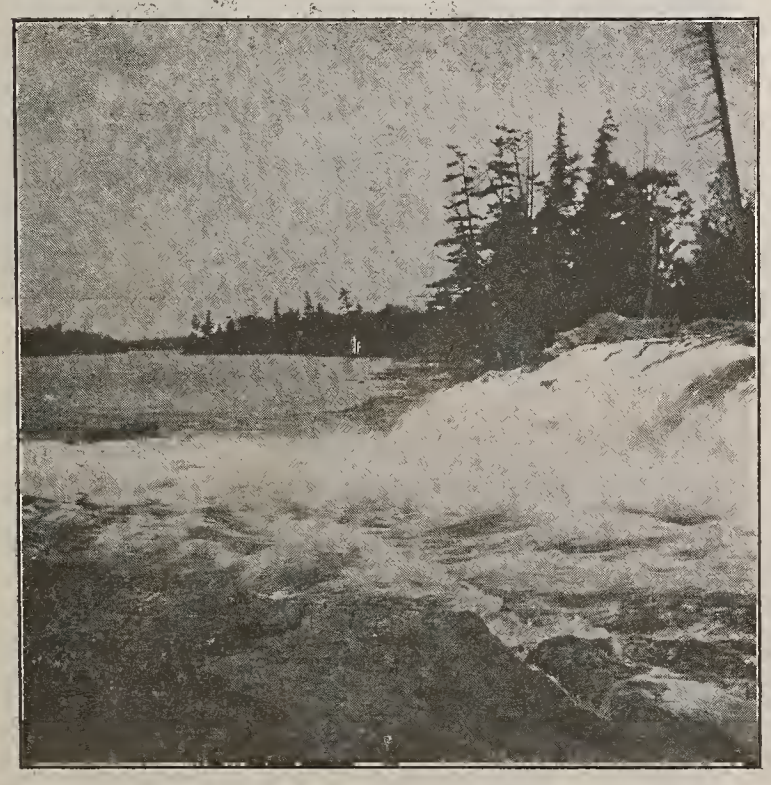
"Well, I'll take this one, but that leaves you rather more."

"You be hanged!" Hector would reply.

That fish, as Hector cooked it, was magnificent. I used to tell him so, but he was modest about it, and said that if he had a little flour he would undertake to show me how a fish could be cooked.

We went to bed immediately after clearing up, while on Hollow Lake—all except one night. And what do you think we did that time. Well—we played Indians!

Fancy Hector, head junior in the bank, the coming financier of the next decade, playing Indians! It seems absurd to those who don't know him. But he was born with an enthusiasm for the red man and his ways that amounted almost to worship. Until he was ten it was a matter for deep regret that he was not born an Indian. But he made a glorious make-believe one, and has, I suppose, scalped as many people in his savage childhood as any white man living. "The Indians never wash their faces, mother," was his indisputable argument in favor of doing likewise. Hector is older now, but although he washes his face without urging, he is still an Indian. As for me, I hold that holidays



No. 7 on the South Branch.

like Christmas, come but once a year, and if one cannot act in a light-headed way then—when can one?

So one night when the moon shone full and the lake was flat and smooth, we slipped out in the canoe and made a night attack upon some saplings which stood on the corner of an island. The conditions were not favorable to a surprise by commonplace white men, but first class Indians can accomplish wonders in the way of concealing their approach. We paddled in the shadow of the foliage, quietly, like thieves in the night.

Nearer and nearer we crept.

"They don't see us," murmured Hector.

They didn't appear to. They stood motionless and silent, their thin forms silhouetted against the sky.

We were almost there. Our shadows fell upon the tree trunks, black and grim. Presently they fell across the saplings, but they didn't move.

Then Hector suddenly yelled a blood-curdling Indian war cry. It echoed about the hills and came back



Another on the South Branch.

to us several times. Hank's dog heard it, away up the lake, and set up a responsive howl.

Hector had leaped from the canoe as it touched the shore and buried his hatchet deep into the heart of that innocent, unsuspecting sapling. It fell without a groan and never knew its fate. It was the most realistic piece of burlesque acting I have ever seen.

A grin of satisfaction was on Hector's face as we paddled back to bed.

"You know," he remarked, as he spread his blanket, "if a fellow ever intended to write any poety—Hiawatha or that sort of stuff—this would be the place to come to do it. Anybody could write poetry up here with this moonshine and that wolf howling, and so on. You ought to do it."

"I have too much sense," I objected, "why don't you?"

Hector has too much sense, perhaps. At all events he has never written the poetry.

And so the time passed. Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, were all alike to us, but were unlike any other days I had ever seen before, or shall ever see again, I expect. It seemed months since we left the city.

But all things come to an end (though there are some that we think shouldn't), and on Thursday morning, May 21, we left Hollow Lake and paddled up Loon Bay to the four-mile portage.

The canoe trip was to begin again.

It was five minutes past ten when we began that portage, and at precisely one o'clock we emerged from the bush at the other end and dropped the bags, where we had already placed the canoe, and sat upon them, with our elbows on our knees and our chins in our hands, to rest.

We did a little thinking then, the result of which proves to my satisfaction, and equally to Hector's, that the Government map is wrong. That portage is not four miles long. For, although no one thinks more of our achievements and our capacity for achievement than I do—except it be Hector—walking twelve miles in three hours on that path, under weight for two-thirds of the distance, is more than we can accomplish. For there is a limit to our ability, though you may not believe it. Two miles and a half is about right, I think, but even at that it is a day's work quite heavy enough for anyone. So we paddled across the bay and camped for the rest of the day.

It is sixteen miles from Dorset to Baysville, where the South Branch of the Muskoka begins. We paddled it the next day—Friday, May 22—before dinner. The wind blew strongly from the east, and as we were going toward the west, and had the wind behind us, as a consequence, we made good time. We followed the shore all the way.

It was eleven o'clock when we carried over the dam at Baysville. We had covered the distance in three hours and a half. Then the down-river work commenced, and the best part of the trip, although the most dangerous. For going down a strange river is a vastly different thing from ascending it, as every canoeman knows.

So we did a little sober thinking, Hector and I, as we started down, and decided, among other things, that assuming that we were not as good canoemen as old Tommy Harper and others, and that it was desirable not to come to grief, we had better use extreme caution about running rapids, and to subject each and every one to careful scrutiny before running it at all.

There are, according to our count, twenty-five rapids and falls on the South Branch. Of these we ran nine and portaged the remainder.. (The guides who, of course, will run rapids that others will not, consider the South Branch an easy river to go down. But it would be a herculean task to ascend. No sane person ever thinks of coming up that way.)

The first rapid is admirably suited to the initial venture of the novice, and, in fact, none but the novice would call it a "rapid." But I remember how carefully we scanned the twenty yards of broken water, and how grave we were at catching sight of a tiny rock timidly sticking its head above the ripples. We shook



"We didn't run that one."

our heads and said we would have to be "very careful." Then we steadied ourselves on the bottom of the canoe, gripped our paddles tightly and anxiously pushed out. The current seized us and bore us gently down, while we bent over, with paddles ready and stared ahead of us, and when at last we reached the bottom, and looking back, could perceive a slight disturbance on the surface, which marked the location of the "rapid," we drew a long breath and decided that running rapids was good fun—which it is.

We gained confidence and experience by this, but

did not lose caution. Often we would stop paddling and listen intently for a moment. If we heard nothing on we would go and presently we would notice that the current appeared to be swifter. Then we would listen again, and perhaps could detect a faint hum of falling water. We would proceed cautiously then, until we could see the white water ahead. Sometimes we ran them, after making an inspection. In fact, we ran everything in reason between Baysville and Bracebridge. But there was one we thought about for a long time. We didn't run that one. As Hector says. "we could have easily enough, but what was the use?" We heard afterward about a man who tried to do it. He left a widow and two little boys. One can't be too careful on a strange river—or anywhere else.

But sometimes we had to portage, and the portages on the South Branch are hard. The further down the river one gets the worse get the portages. The paths —after one finds them—prove to be overgrown with bushes, and obstructed with fallen logs. Sometimes they lead through the bush and often through low, swampy ground. Once we let the canoe down a rapid on a long rope fastened to the stern, and ran along the shore jumping from rock to rock, keeping her off with a long pole. We got "eleven portages" down that day. At various points on the river attempts have been made to clear the land and farm it. But the class of settlers who, attracted by the offer of free land, and knowing nothing of farming, made these attempts, has proven to be weak in the flesh, although, perhaps (in some cases), of willing enough mind. We passed several of these "farms" that had been deserted, and the buildings upon them were falling to pieces. We camped that night at Fraserburg—consisting of two houses and a store—and I went to buy some milk at a melancholy-looking farm close at hand. As I approached, I saw a man leaning in the doorway. In fact, the whole place had that lazy, uncared-for "leaning" appearance. A cow sleepily chewed her cud while leaning against the fence, and the fence, as though taking example from the living creatures, had half fallen upon the ground. The yard was strewn with a great variety of rubbish, and the fields looked barren and starved.

The man, himself, was a curious looking creature with a red face and an odd kind of side whisker. He wore a pair of gray flannel trousers, red flannel shirt and a felt hat with a feather in it.

He jerked his head in the direction of the kitchen at my request for milk.

"She ain't milked yet," he replied, "she's doin' it now. Lizzie, fetch a chair out here!"

"Oh, no thanks,"I hastened to say. "I ——."

"It ain't fer you, stranger. It's fer me," he reassured me, and to prove it he took the chair from the tired looking woman who had left her milking to fetch it, and sat upon it.

"What time is it?" he asked suddenly.

I told him.

"I ain't seen the time fer three days," he continued. "Not since I was in Bracebridge. I got a watch in there, but she's broke. Has been since last fall. I got a good clock, too, but she's kind o' out o' kilter, and I ain't never bothered to have her fixed."

"How do you know when dinner's ready?" I inquired.

"Smell it cookin'," was the unhesitating reply.

"How does your wife know when to cook it?"

"Cooks it when she gets hungry."

"I come here," he said, "twelve years ago. From Campbellford I come. And I would a done better where I was. But you see, I was out of a job about then and I got a free grant up here, and a fella kind o' has a home, ye see."

I saw. Such as it was, he undoubtedly had a home.



A Bad One.

"But I kind o' let things go," he continued. "What's the good of a man's killin' himself upon a place like this?"

I admitted the imprudence of such a step.

"Yaas," he agreed. "Lizzie, have you got that milk? The young fella's waitin'."

"How are you rigged?" he asked, as I paid Lizzie and prepaid to depart.

"For fishin'. How are you rigged?"

I displayed the trawling line and spoon we had used on Hollow Lake, and the expert looked it over.

"That all you got?"

"That is all."

He handed it back to me. "No," he announced, "you ain't rigged."

I felt hurt.

"I was goin' to say," he called after me, "that there was lots of speckled trout in that river. A fella can ketch all he's a mind to. But, pshaw! You ain't rigged! I used to fish meself once, but I don't now. A fella don't get time."

And there I left him, sitting with his chair tilted against the house, his hat over his eyes. I caught sight of Lizzie, working at a piece of cord wood with a buck saw.

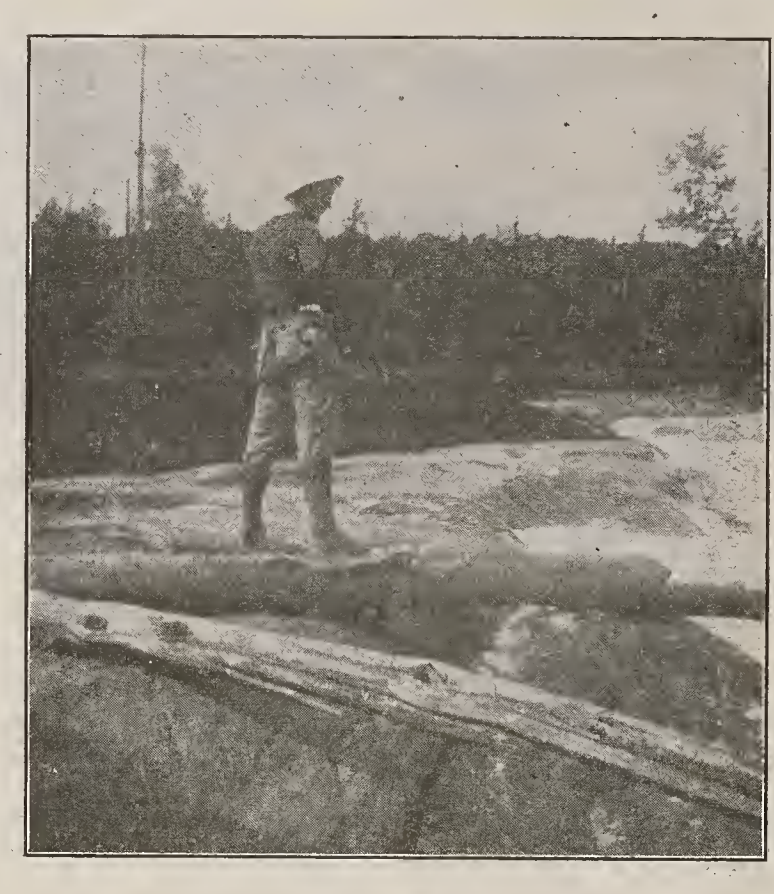
I don't know what he thought of me, but from him I acquired a pretty keen insight into the cause of that country's desolateness.

From Fraserburg to Bracebridge is nine miles by road. By river it must, I think, be more than twice that, but it is impossible to gauge it accurately, and nobody you ask can tell you. Distance, like time, would seem to be of no consequence. That is the difficulty of traveling on a river. We never knew how far we had gone. The distance is measured by portages.

"Bill Jones lives four portages down," they told us, "and one, two—and eight more—that makes fourteen from here to the foot of the high falls."

On Saturday we worked down to Muskoka Falls—three miles from Bracebridge by road. We had a fine day. The portages are not so hard below Fraserburg, and they are pleasantly interspersed with rapids, which can be run.

In places the river was "choked" with logs. The cut had been unusually large and the river was exceeding-



A Case of Portage.

ly low. Even then all the logs were not in the river or our passage would have been helplessly blocked instead of occasionally inconvenienced. The great bulk of the timber was being held in the streams on the other side of Lake of Bays, awaiting an opportunity to be towed across. A "head of water" was being held at Baysville to take them down.

But here and there, where the river was shallow, the logs were stranded for nearly the entire width, and we carried over them to the free water.

We camped that night just at the beginning of the last portage—one mile long—which would take us to the foot of the 200-foot fall.

When we crawled out of the tent the next morning the sky was clouded and everything pointed to bad weather before long. It came in ten minutes. We ate our breakfast sitting in the tent while a drizzle went on outside, and as it showed no immediate signs of ceasing, we stayed where we were until it should. But, as this was the first and only bad weather we had experienced, we had very little to say about it.

During a temporary lull we pulled the tent down, made up the pack and started. It began again, presently, as it always does under such circumstances, but we couldn't help that. We had to be home the next day. We carried the bags to the foot of the fall by a long, circuitous path through a farm and past a church (it was Sunday, too), and then made our second trip with the canoe on our heads. By the time we started paddling, we were unpleasantly damp, and then the rain, having done all possible mischief, stopped.

The logs now filled one half of the river, but were confined by a boom. The other half was perfectly clear, and as we paddled swiftly down, our spirits gradually rose, and we began to take a more optimistic view of things then when portaging in the rain. We had carried that canoe for the last time, and there was clear water to the lake—or should have been.

"It is a fortunate thing for us," I began to say, "that these logs——"

I said no more. We had swung around a bend and the river ran straight before us.

"Look there!" said Hector.

I was looking.

The boom had come to an end, and the logs spread across the river in a brown mass, in even rows, like the teeth of a comb, and with as little proportionate intervening space.

"Humph!" remarked Hector. There is a world of meaning in that word as he uses it.

So we paddled to shore, pulled the canoe out and considered the situation. The case was this: It was impossible to go forward; we hadn't time to go back; being without a balloon we could not go up; lacking a submarine vessel, we could not go down. There was but one course left, and the absurdity of taking it seemed so apparent that we purposely left it to the last. This was to climb the hill and portage to Bracebridge. The hill rose 90ft. above us. It was very steep and covered with bushes and fallen dead pine. A kind of cattle path began at the bottom and seemed to lose itself in a tangle of foliage half way up.

"What shall we do?" I asked. "Sit here and die?"

"Sit here and have lunch," suggested Hector. So we sat in the mud and ate it.

I felt irritated and out of patience. Why should we be inconvenienced in this way? What had we done to deserve such treatment? What reason had the owners of the logs for thinking they owned the river? And so on. I generally feel like this when at all put out. I can't explain it, and don't attempt to justify it.

Not so Hector. He never loses his head. He is always cool and collected. He delights in seeing the difficulties multiply and takes infinite enjoyment in overcoming them. While walking along the boom he slipped and fell into the river. He scrambled out, whistling all the time, and presently engaged in the heart-breaking task of lighting a fire with wet wood and without paper. He was only moderately successful in this, producing nothing but great volumes of smoke. But he didn't mind. He sat on the smoke and put on dry socks and sweaters and wrung out his trousers.

While Hector was drying himself, a man came down the cattle path. He had a fishing line set there, he told us, and had come to see to it.

We presented the problem to him. We gave him the hypothesis just as it had occurred to us, and left him to find a solution. He sat upon his heels and drew diagrams in the mud with his forefinger. He presently announced a flaw in the hypothesis.

"Yuz are goin' to have rough portagin' for a piece," he said. "There ain't any other way out of this except climbin' the hill to the road. There ain't no other way. Then keep down the road to the crick. You can paddle then, till you hit the flats along the river again. Keep on over the flats under the railroad bridge, and the tail o' the jam's right there. I know, because I went that way all last summer, carried my dinner there in a tin pail when I worked in the mill. I guess it's a mile. Perhaps a mile and perhaps more than a mile. Yuz have a Peterboro likely?"

Yes, we had a Peterboro. (No other make is ever seen in that country.)

"Oh, you're all right, then," he remarked cheerfully, and left us. "You're good and light."

"Do you think we'll ever come out of this mess?" I asked Hector.

"Sure!" responded Hector. "We'll live to laugh at it."

Whenever an acquaintance tells me of an impossible incident in which he has figured conspicuously and expects me to match it with an experience of my own, I tell him of the time Hector and I carried around a log-jam on the South Muskoka one Sunday in May. I describe the incident as it was, without additions—and with few deductions. I mention the height and steepness of the hill, allude to the long, weary stretch of sand road, and touch upon the wide expanse of common. I draw his attention to the weight of our packs and canoe. But I tell the truth, though I do not repeat a little of the language we used at times, or dwell upon how utterly exhausted we were, when we dropped the canoe in the river once more. He might believe the story, then.

"Weren't you tired?" he asks.

"I had rather an ache in the neck," I reply.

"I guess I'll be going," he announces after a pause. He doesn't believe me, and I am not troubled with him any more.

That is why I don't tell about it here.

But—don't go down the South Branch in the spring before the timber is out.

If you still doubt me—then go.

The river was now free beyond all doubt. There was a little current and we paddled swiftly down stream. We passed our camping spot of just two weeks before, and there on the bank was the label of the soup tablet. We reached the mouth of the river



A little romance about these fellows.

just at sundown and camped on the shore of the lake.

This was our last night out. For another year we would be tied down to civilization and must sleep in a wooden bed. It was a most depressing thought, so we went early to our bed of spruce and slept to forget it.

It was a glorious day the next morning when we paddled across the lake to the narrows. I felt rather blue, and even Hector didn't say much. If it had been raining I shouldn't have minded so much. We thought of the office next day and the rows of figures. We looked at three drivers working on a boom of timber. We stopped and watched them, and contrasted their wholesome, healthy labor to our own drudgery. They worked in that slow, deliberate way that becomes like second nature to a man who works by the day without regard to the amount he accomplishes. But they seemed different to the lazy lot of water-soaked rivermen of two weeks before, somehow. There did seem to be a little romance about these fellows as they balanced on the boom and worked at the logs with peevies.

Presently one of them began to sing a little thing I remember singing when I attended kindergarten:

"What is this the flowers say?
"What is this the flowers say?—

("Hi! Got any chewin' tebacca?")
"No!" we shouted in reply.
"Aw! what good are ye ——"

"What is this the flowers say?
It is lovely May."

Then he told the story of the tramp, who, two years ago, used a particular brand of soap.

"'Dear sir,' he ses, 'Since then I ain't used no other.'"

And they all three laughed heartily. But we didn't laugh. We paddled silently to the landing and pulled the canoe from the water for the last time. We looked back at the lake and the islands and the men on the timber. And then we looked at the railroad, which would take us back to town.

We checked our baggage for Toronto, exchanged a few weather platitudes with the baggageman and retired to the boat house to don city-going clothes.

We said nothing. Hector whistled, and I knew he was thinking. He always whistles when he thinks, and to do him justice, he thinks better than he whistles.

He didn't speak until we got aboard the train.

"Say," he said, "I've been thinking of a great trip for next year."

Carried off by a Lion.

GAME RANGER WOLHUTER, of the Transvaal Government game reserves, had on August 26 an extraordinary adventure with a lion, in which he showed great bravery and presence of mind. He was returning to the Sabi from a patrol, and tells the story in these words:

"I was riding along a Kaffir path about an hour after sunset; it had been a long march, and I had pushed on ahead of the 'boys.' My dog barked at something, and a moment later I saw a lion crouching close to me on the off side. I turned my horse sharply in the opposite direction, and this no doubt caused the lion to miss the spring.

"I was unseated, and simultaneously I saw another lion coming at me from the opposite direction. The horse rushed off with the first lion in pursuit, and the second, no doubt considering me the easier prey, picked me up almost before I touched the ground, and, gripping me by the right shoulder in such a position that I was face up, with my legs and body dragging underneath his belly, proceeded to trot off down the path, uttering all the time a loud, growling, purring noise, just like, on a small scale, a cat does when she walks off with a mouse.

"I have read Livingston's account of his being taken by a lion, but the state of apathy and absence of pain which he speaks of were not at all present in my case. I suffered terribly, both physically and mentally, especially the latter; my thoughts were horrible, as at that time I saw no possible way of escape. The lion took me nearly two hundred yards, my spurs all the time catching in the ground until the leathers broke. Suddenly I bethought me of my sheath knife, which I carry on my belt behind my right hip.

"On reaching a large tree with overhanging roots the lion stopped, and I then stabbed him twice in the right side with my left hand, near where I judged the heart to be. I found afterward that the first stab touched the bottom of the heart, and the second one slit it down for some distance. The lion immediately dropped me, and I again struck him in the throat with all my force, evidently severing some large artery or vein, as the blood poured over me.

"He jumped back, and stood two or three yards off facing me and growling. I scrambled to my feet, and having read of the influence the human voice is said to have, I shouted all the most opprobious epithets I could think of at him. I expected him to come at me again, but after a few moments he turned and went slowly away, still growling; soon the growls turned to moans, and then ceased, and I felt sure he was dead.

"Before this, however, I had got up the tree as fast as my injured arm and shoulder would allow me, and I was hardly securely seated, some twelve feet from the ground, when the other lion coursed along on my blood spoor to the foot of the tree. He had been pursued throughout by my dog, a large, rough, and very courageous animal. By this time I was feeling faint, and tied myself to the tree for fear of losing consciousness and falling off."

He was finally rescued by his "boys," and carried to Barberton Hospital. The lion he had so pluckily fought was an old male, with his stomach absolutely empty. The knife used was an ordinary sheath knife.—London Field.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 27-March 5.—New York.—At Zettler's, championship rifle gallery tournament.
June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 28.—Yesterday closed the annual medal contests of the Golden Gate Club. The medals and trophies were distributed in the evening after a fine supper in the park dining room. Scores:

Winner expert rifle class, one entry each regular shoot, 10 shots, 25-ring target, 200yds.: F. E. Mason 2240, A. Gehret 2209.

First class: G. Tammeyer 2148, M. F. Blasse 2148.

Second class: M. Kolander 2064, E. Woenne 1954.

Re-entry, best ten scores of the year, expert, rifle: A. Gehret 2273, D. B. Faktor 2253, C. M. Henderson 2245.

First class, M. F. Blasse 2207, W. F. Blasse 2095.

Second class: M. Kolander 2100, E. Woenne 2004.

Pistol, 50yds., standard American target, best ten scores of the year, expert: J. E. Gorman 981, W. C. Prichard 954, W. R. Proll 946, P. A. Becker 946.

First class: J. R. Trego 934, G. E. Frahm 934, M. J. White 892, G. Armstrong 913, J. Kullmann 907.

Germania Schuetzen Club monthly bullseye shoot: F. E. Mason 272, A. Jungblut 356, O. Bremer 412, C. Thierbach 664, F. P. Schuster 677, A. Gehret 759, N. Ahrens 812, E. H. Goetze 280, D. B. Faktor 373, J. E. Klein 641, L. Bendel 693, W. Blasse 730, C. M. Henderson 779.

Competition shoot: F. E. Mason 223, M. Blasse 214, M. Kolander 208, A. Gehret 222, F. P. Schuster 210, N. Ahrens 204.

Norddeutscher Schuctzen Club monthly medal shoot: First champion class, F. P. Schuster 420; second champion class, H. Huber 433; first class, G. H. Bahrs 388; second class, W. C. Morken 393.

ROEEL.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE scores of the members of the Zettler Rifle Club at the weekly shoot last week are appended:

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., 50 shots: E. Van Zandt 1224, R. Gute 1216, A. Kronsberg 1215, C. G. Zettler, Jr., 1211, H. C. Zettler 1201, L. Maurer 1196, C. G. Zettler, Sr., 1190, B. Zettler 1186, Geo. Ludwig 1181, W. A. Hicks 1175, Geo. J. Bernius 1163, Thos. H. Keller, Sr., 1154.

A call was made for a meeting of the members at the club at New Year's Day, for an individual match, but only four members were present to answer the call. The scores are as follows:

Match, 50 shots, 10-shot scores, 25-ring target, 75ft.: M. Dorrler 1221, H. Fenwirth 1214, E. Van Zandt 1205, R. Gute 1203.

Second match: E. Van Zandt 1223, R. Gute 1214, M. Dorrler 1208, H. Fenwirth 1190.

The next practice of the New York Central Corps will be held on Thursday, Jan. 14.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 12-15.—Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.
Jan. 13.—Guttenburg, N. J.—Handicap for Knockabout gun; handicaps, distance and bird allowance; 15 birds; entrance, price of birds. Gus Greiff, Mgr.
Jan. 18-23.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
Feb. 22.—Lexington, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club.
Feb. 23-26.—West Baden, Ind.—Colonial Handicap. Targets and pigeons. Open. $500 guaranteed. John L. Winston, Mgr.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Mr. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., has challenged Mr. W. Heer, of Concordia, Kan., to contest for the Schmelzer reverse angle trophy.

At Glen Rock, Pa., Dec. 29, Mr. C. E. Humer won the York County live-bird championship with a score of 24 out of 25 live birds, from the 30yd. mark.

At the shoot of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., Jan. 1, the Feigenspan cup was won by E. Gunther. Mr. Geo. Piercy captured a turkey by superior competition.

We are advised by Mr. John M. Lilly that the National Gun Club, of which he is president, will hold a tournament during the week commencing on June 27, at French Lick Springs, Ind.

Mr. H. C. Hirschy, famous as one of America's greatest shooters, was a visitor in New York during the holiday season. He departed for home on Saturday of last week. He met many old friends and made many new ones.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, with the amiability and earnestness for which he is famous and esteemed, was a visitor in New York during a few hours of last Saturday, while attending to his duties as secretary-manager of the Interstate Association.

In a contest for the English Hotel cup at Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 1, between Mr. Fred Erb, of Lafayette, and Mr. Ed Voris, of Crawfordsville, 100 targets, Mr. Erb won by a score of 85 to 84. He was challenged by Mr. Joe Michaelis, of Indianapolis to contest for it.

Mr. James Wolstencroft died on Dec. 24, at his home in Frankford, Pa. His death was caused by typhoid fever. He was once an officer of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, and well known in the trapshooting world. He was forty-four years old.

Mr. W. Sherer, the energetic representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. in the antipodes, appeared in New York's gun district last week, and thereby made glad the hearts of his many friends. He had a beautiful purse made of kangaroo skin, which was much admired and excited intense envy on the part of a few who had the privilege of seeing it.

At Wilmington, Del., on Dec. 30, a nine-man team race took place between the Wawaset Gun Club and the Baltimore Shooting Association. Each contestant shot at 100 targets. Wawaset won by a total of 691 to 611. A return match has been agreed upon to take place in the near future. The Wawaset club entertained the Baltimore team at a supper in the evening, about twenty-five being present at the hospitable event.

The secretary-manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, writes us as follows: "Kindly announce to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the Interstate Association has arranged to hold the fifth Grand American Handicap target tournament at Indianapolis, Ind., June 21, 22, 23 and 24, 1904, on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club. One thousand dollars will be added to the purses, and programmes containing detailed information will be ready May 16."

On the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club, a six-man team of that club contested with a like team of the Urbana Gun Club for the Phellis trophy, Dec. 30. Each man shot at 50 targets. The Cincinnati team won by a score of 250 to 236. The Urbana team issued a challenge for a return match to be held on a day of next week.

Mr. L. J. Goetter was the winner in the special prize contest at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, John S. Wright manager, on Jan. 1. The prize was a cut-glass punch bowl. It was an allowance handicap event. Three made the possible, 100. In the shoot-off at 25 targets, the scores were: G. Hatfield 18, L. J. Goetter 19, Winter 10.

The Hamilton Gun Club programme of the fourteenth annual Grand Canadian Handicap, Hamilton, Canada, Jan. 12-15, announces that $1,200 in prizes are guaranteed. On the first day events 1 and 2 are handicaps at live birds. No. 1 is at 10 birds, $5 entrance, Rose system, 5, 3, and 2; $100 guaranteed. No. 2 is at 25 birds, $15 entrance, $500 guaranteed; $100 to high gun; $400, Rose system, 5, 4, 3 and 2. Surplus added. Events 3 to 10 inclusive are at 20 targets, $2 entrance; six of these events have $20 guaranteed. On the second day there is a handicap at 10 birds, $100 guaranteed, surplus added, $5 entrance, high guns. The target programme is similar to that of the first day. The programme of the third day is similar to that of the second day. On the fourth day there is an event at 10 birds, $5 entrance, high guns. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock each day. A sliding handicap, 16 to 22yds., 3yd. limit, will be used in target events. Live bird handicaps, 26 to 33yds. Targets 2 cents. Free entry of guns may be obtained by shipping them to the president of the club, Mr. Thos. Upton, Hamilton, Can. Mr. H. Graham is the secretary.

The programme of the third annual Sunny South Handicap, Jan. 16-23, Brenham, Texas, can be obtained on application to the manager, Mr. Alf Gardener. On the first day there are two live-bird events, one at 8, $5 entrance, high guns, 40, 30, 20 and 10, and one at 12 birds, $8 entrance, high guns. Miss-and-outs will be shot if time permits. Live birds, 25 cents. On the second day the first event is at 8 live birds, $5. The next event is the Sunny South Handicap, 25 live birds, $30 entrance; handicaps 26 to 31yds.; moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., class shooting. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a silver cup, value $100. Entries must be made by Jan. 9, with $5 forfeit. Penalty entries $5 extra. Ties for trophy will be shot off miss-and-out. This event is also the programme of the third day. The event of the fourth day is the Houston Chronicle trophy, 100 targets, $10 entrance. On the fourth day there also is the amateur ten-man team race, 100 targets, $10 entrance. On the fifth day there is a preliminary handicap, 25 targets, $2.50, and the Sunny South Handicap at 100 targets, $100 added, $10 entrance; silver trophy in addition to first money to the winner. On the last day there are twelve 20-target events, $2 entrance, $20 added in ten events. Targets, 2½ cents. Send guns, etc., prepaid to the manager. Shooters from a distance can obtain winter tourist, colonist or homeseekers' rate. One and one-third fare round trip as far as Purcell, Denison, and Shreveport.

BERNARD WATERS.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The second annual tournament of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, held to-day, was certainly the biggest shoot ever held in the Hudson Valley, and it was probably the biggest one-day shoot ever held in the State. Fifty-two men took part in the shooting, which is more than was shooting at one time at the State shoot last June.

That this shoot would be a big success, the management felt certain several weeks ago, but no such attendance was anticipated as that present to-day.

The management worked hard to make this shoot a success, and that their efforts were well rewarded, a glance at the long list of prominent names will attest. Owing to the large number of entries, but eight of the eleven events regularly scheduled were run off, darkness interfering with balance of programme. Had we anticipated so large a number of contestants, we would have had another set of traps ready, but such was not the case; therefore, we did the best we could with the one trap, and in the six hours threw 4,580 targets, which is an average better than one in every five seconds.

The trade was represented by Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, Geo. R. Ginn, J. H. Briggs, Neaf Apgar, E. D. Fulford, Jack Fanning, and last but not least, Sim Glover. Mr. Herrington was looking after the interests of his paper, and when opportunity offered took part in the shooting. Although among us but a short time, these gentlemen made many friends.

The amateur talent consisted of the best from several States, and various clubs were represented; in this respect the Ossining club led, having eleven men present.

The Schenectady Gun Club was well represented, and to them fell the honor of winning first and second high averages, while to Ossining went third honors in this class. Ossining also scored a victory, and won the cup for good, by defeating the home team in the team match. The margin, 3 points, was small, but decisive nevertheless.

The Dutchess county championship went to Capt. Traver, who scored 91 out of his 100. Isaac Tallman was a close second with 90 to his credit.

J. A. R. Elliott captured the professional high average money with 95 5-13. Sim Glover was a close second with an average of 94 8-13.

The amateur average money ($5, $3, $2) went to the following three respectively: J. Q. Adams, 88 6-13; J. B. Sanders, 87 9-13; Amos Bedell, 85 5-13.

Had darkness held off a little longer a different story of the amateur average might be told.

In this last event there were still four squads shooting. Unfortunately for Capt. Traver, of the home club, who up to this time was a strong factor in the average game, darkness had settled before his squad, which was the last, was called to shoot. This squad actually shot by moonlight, and naturally the scores of those shooting materially suffered. This will probably never happen again at a tournament held by this club, as it is their intention to build another platform and install another set of traps, Sergeant system, as soon as the frost leaves the ground.

A glance at the scores will show who was present, the shooting they did, and will probably make you regret that you didn't attend.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	at.	Broke.
Elliott	14	14	13	15	15	19	14	20	130	124
Glover	14	15	14	15	15	19	13	18	130	123

Apgar	11	14	14	14	15	18	10	16	130	112
Fulford	13	13	13	13	13	17	15	17	130	114
Fanning	14	12	12	13	12	19	13	13	130	108
Tallman	13	13	12	14	15	18	13	..	110	98
Ironman	14	13	13	12	12	16	12	18	130	110
Foster	9	12	9	11	6	13	..	..	95	60
Smith	12	9	11	11	14	11	9	12	130	89
Marshall	10	10	9	10	11	16	11	13	130	90
Tompkins	10	9	13	14	11	17	..	..	95	65
Wahlberg	9	9	11	11	12	14	13	..	110	79
Valentine	14	14	14	15	12	17	13	9	130	108
Adams	11	13	15	15	13	18	14	16	130	115
Sanders	14	14	15	13	14	16	12	16	130	114
Adriance	12	12	10	10	9	18	14	13	130	98
Perkins	14	10	10	9	10	13	7	6	130	79
Sheldon	11	10	9	11	11	14	..	..	95	66
Cassidy	6	5	10	6	4	..	7	..	90	38
Snider	2	1	5	3	4	..	3	..	90	18
Brandford	13	14	14	14	11	17	..	..	95	83
Burns	13	13	13	13	14	13	..	..	95	79
Dyckman	12	10	10	12	11	14	..	..	95	69
Hyland	14	11	10	11	11	15	..	..	95	72
Clark	10	14	13	11	9	..	..	..	80	57
Bedell	14	11	14	14	13	17	12	16	130	111
Barlow	7	10	12	9	8	12	..	..	95	58
Hicks	13	11	13	11	..	..	..	..	60	48
Hubbell	14	14	6	12	13	18	..	..	95	77
Roberts	14	12	..	..	..	..	13	..	45	39
Thayer	14	14	15	13	14	18	10	10	130	108
S S Adams	10	8	8	..	5	9	..	..	80	40
DuBois	10	..	..	11	11	..	..	..	45	32
Winans	10	11	10	8	9	..	10	..	90	58
Dr Shaw	11	13	13	12	13	16	..	..	95	78
Hans	..	10	13	11	11	11	12	..	95	68
Schneider	..	12	10	10	9	12	..	12	100	65
Van	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	15	11
Wetterau	..	..	7	9	11	12	..	..	65	39
Stizer	..	..	6	7	8	7	..	..	65	28
Fisher	..	..	12	10	9	..	..	..	45	31
Zitzier	..	..	10	6	8	8	8	6	100	46
Campbell	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	15	8
Weed	..	..	5	7	..	..	..	..	30	12
Taylor	..	..	13	14	13	14	..	..	65	54
Herrington	..	..	8	10	14	15	..	..	65	47
Rhodes	..	..	..	12	11	16	..	..	50	39
Colt	..	..	..	12	12	..	..	..	30	24
J Rhodes	..	..	..	10	11	14	..	..	50	35
Briggs	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	15	11
Pickenpack	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	35	16
Claymark	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	40	22

Dutchess County Championship.

Dutchess county championship: Scores taken from first 100 targets shot at in regular events: Traver 91, Adriance 76, Perkins 71, Tallman 90, Smith 71, Marshall 70.

Ten-man team match, for silver cup, 25 targets per man. Scores taken from first 25 shot at in events 4 and 5:

Ossining.		Poughkeepsie.	
Burns	23	Traver	22
Brandford	21	Adriance	16
Dyckman	20	Perkins	15
Hyland	20	Hans	19
Clark	17	Marshall	17
Bedell	23	Smith	20
Barlow	15	Tallman	24
Hubbell	21	Tompkins	21
Dr Shaw	20	DuBois	17
Fisher	16—196	Taylor	22—193

Out of the 4,080 targets thrown, 3,373 were broken, which is nearly a 72 per cent. average for the whole shoot.

With but two exceptions, all work was done by paid help. Everybody was "on the job" and there was no intermission worth mentioning for the whole six hours.

Harry Valentine, of Albany, interested many of the boys with patterns made with a combination concentrator and spreader of his own invention.

The day was an ideal one for the game. The trap worked well, and good scores were the result.

Nearly every one present had a good word to say for the grounds, and in every instance pronounced the background perfect.

The clerical work was efficiently handled by Secretary A. J. DuBois, and Mr. C. A. Coutan. These gentlemen volunteered their services to the club.

Capt. Traver was a busy man. When not shooting, he was here, there and everywhere, always looking for an opportunity to make it pleasant for some one, and at the same time keep business running.

No boys were employed at this shoot. Boys can never satisfactorily do men's work.

Capt. Wahlberg made many new friends among those that had never previously had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

E. D. Fulford had a fine exhibition of his firm's products, and when not shooting was kept busy explaining various points in their make-up.

Geo. R. Ginn and J. H. Briggs distributed some good advertising matter among the boys.

H. E. Winans was a busy man. When another man was needed to fill up a squad he would fill in. When not shooting he was assisting the squad hustler, helping the trade representatives distribute their advertising matter, etc. Ed, however, was never too busy to sell a box of shells when asked for.

The honors for longest runs in the professional class were even, with Elliott and Glover, each having 46 to his credit.

John W. Hoffman, the well-known live-bird shot from "over in Jersey," was present, and was well up in the money.

J. Q. Adams led the amateurs in longest number of consecutive breaks, making a run of 43. J. B. Sanders was next in this class with 33 to his credit.

Neaf Apgar, J. W. Hoffman, S. S. Adams came up from New York on Thursday and took part in the regular practice shoot of the club. They made many friends, and Mr. Apgar gave several of the boys much valuable information.

Jack Fanning's ability to make friends is certainly "infallible."

Out of the 650 targets that the five professionals shot at, 581 were broken. Out of the same number, the five best amateurs broke 558.

SNANIWEH.

Ripley (Ohio) Gun Club.

THE attendance at the holiday shoot of the Ripley Gun Club was not what had been expected, and some change was made in the programme. Four events at 10, three at 15 and one at 20 targets, a total of 105 targets, instead of 140 targets, were shot. Entrance 10 cents per target; money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

J. V. Day was high gun with 99 breaks, or 94.2 per cent. W. G. Green second with 97, or 92.3 per cent. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	20	15	10		
J V Day	9	10	13	10	13	19	15	10	105	99
W G Green	9	8	15	10	13	18	14	10	105	97
E T Kirk	7	7	10	9	11	17	12	..	95	73
Dan Shafer	8	8	13	7	12	16	12	7	105	83
J S Wilson	6	7	9	5	10	13	11	6	105	67
T J Donald	..	5	10	5	11	17	11	9	95	68
Pittinger	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	6	45	25

BONASA.

An Expert Twenty-five Years.

THE Baltimore Sun of Jan. 2 contains the following account of a conspicuous and esteemed expert, Capt. James R. Malone, of Baltimore.

Capt. James R. Malone, of the Baltimore Shooting Association, with the last of 1903, closed his twenty-fifth consecutive year of trapshooting. Year after year Captain Malone has been found in the front rank of shooters, and is to-day shooting in as good form as he has ever done, and that is saying a great deal. Possibly the year 1903 has been the most successful one in his career. During it he won the championships in both live-bird and target shoots. In one he captured a gold medal given by the Baltimore Shooting Association for the highest average at target shooting. This, it must be understood, was won in Class A of the club, which represents the best shots—known as shooters of 85 per cent. and up—men who can be depended upon to break this percentage in 100 targets shot at.

The live-bird championship cup, the trophy of the well-known Maryland handicap, at five pigeons, was captured on Oct. 16, after shooting on a tie with E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., and E. H. Storr, of Baltimore. He also won the Hunter Arms Co. badge. This contest required three shoots. He broke 48 out of 50 targets in each of those events from the 20yd. mark. At the Ocean City shoot last August he shot against Lewis Coulbourn, of Salisbury, Md., and J. M. Hawkins, of Baltimore, for the Ocean City live-bird cup on a score of 20 straight kills. Then Messrs. Malone and Hawkins retired, and the cup went to Mr. Coulbourn.

Malone made his first appearance as a trapshooter at the grounds of the old Three-Mile House, on the Hookstown road, Sept. 12, 1888. He then won a silver pitcher in a 15-bird race, in which there were over twenty entries, including William Wagner, E. Mills and Senator McCubbin, of Washington; Frank Kelly, William Fiele, Clayton Wertsner, Fred Kell, Henry Engle, Perry Knight, W. Auey, Joseph Atkinson, C. Redmond, Frank Denny, George Webb, Nicholas Kittenhouse, H. Heinen, Capt. George Russell, Joseph Halstead and others. Of those mentioned, many have joined the great majority. William Wagner is about the only one who ever shoots in these days. They were all prominent shooters about the year 1888. This match was refereed by John A. Wilmar, who shoots only occasionally at the traps in these days. The trophy was won in this contest after shooting off a tie with Clayton Wertsner and the late Frederick Kell, at miss-and-out. The original tie was on 14 killed out of 15. In the shoot-off Malone killed 6 straight, Wertsner dropping his third and Kell his sixth. This trophy is to-day the one most prized by Captain Malone, since it was the first he ever won with his gun.

Among the events which Captain Malone shot in was that of March 17, 1897, when he won the State championship live-bird cup, given by the Baltimore Shooting Association. The cup was shot for during the season, and was won four times each by Malone and Charles Macalester. The pair shot the tie off at 50 birds, Malone killing 46 and Macalester 42. It was the first time Macalester was ever beaten in an individual match. On Nov. 20 of the same year Malone won the State championship cup at Monumental Shooting Park. In this event Malone killed 20 straight. The cup is 22in. tall, is of pitcher-like form and is valued at $250.

April 16, 1900, Malone was runner-up in the Grand American Handicap at Interstate Park, L. I. There were 108 contestants. Malone killed 69 straight. The race was won by H. D. Bates, of Canada, whose record, 60, stood unbeaten until 1902, when Mr. Hirschy, at Kansas City, made a straight kill of 86.

Among the prizes which Captain Malone values very highly is a pearl scarfpin, given by the late Jacob Pentz, of New York, to the Baltimore Shooting Association. It was shot for once each month at 10 birds each shoot for a term of six months. Each man counted his best five scores. In five of the six shoots Malone killed 10 straight.

Captain Malone for the last fifteen years has been a prominent promoter of the trapshooting sport in Maryland, and has ably managed many big tournaments in team and individual shooting. Those who have tried this work have found that the handling of the birds and gun is easy in comparison to the handling of the shooters; but Malone has proved equally as successful with each end of the game.

Captain Malone learned to shoot by "bushwhacking" when he was eighteen years old, on the Liberty road. A crowd of shooters would go out from the city, and Malone would be there with an old muzzleloader, and the birds that got away from the regular shooters generally fell to his gun. Mr. Malone's regular business is that of a dairyman, and he took up sports as a diversion, and for the benefit of the outdoor exercise. He has never been employed by any company interested in selling shooters' supplies. The nearest he has ever come to it has been the using of one maker's shells as a regular thing, but not for pay.

Captain Malone has also been well known as a baseball player. He began to play when seventeen or eighteen years old, and was associated with many of the prominent players of the '70s.

Captain Malone has been captain of the club for many years. In 1897 he, Claridge, Macalester, Bond, Ducker and Hawkins went to Chicago and shot for the DuPont trophy, and Claridge won from 105 shooters. In the following year Captain Malone took the "Oyster squad" to Buffalo, N. Y., and shot in the New York State shoot there. There were forty-seven squads shooting. The Baltimore squad, consisting of Malone, Fox, Waters, Hawkins, Storr and Supers, finished second to the Cleveland squad, which won.

In 1899 Captain Malone took the Big Six to Interstate Park and the work done there added to the fame of the B. S. A. There were over 200 shooters in this tourney, and the Big Six made the best showing of any squad from any one city.

Scranton Rod and Gun Club.

SCRANTON, Pa.—The Scranton Rod and Gun Club shot the following programme at their Capouse avenue grounds on Jan. 1:

In events 1, (25 cents), 3 (75 cents), and 5, (70 cents entrance), four moneys, divided by the Equitable system. Events 2 (90 cents) and 4 ($1.10) entrance), Jack Rabbit system. The following are the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	20	10	20
A A Brown	7	9	15	6	10
Geo Curts	8	9	8	4	11
B Griffin	8	10	17	..	..
L B Cornell	5	12	..	..	..
J Dayton	6	8	..	8	12
W H Langdon	6	11	12	10	14
H Cullen	10	13	19	8	17
J D Mason	6	12	13	10	20
H Spencer	6	11	13	5	15

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	20	10	20
J Shotto	7	7	13	7	14
F M Schaeffer	8	..	13	4	..
W Bittenbender	7	13	17	6	14
W Jackson	8	8	14	7	..
E Hardenburgh	..	8	14	8	11
J Perry	..	9	..	..	..
T J Snowdon	..	..	15	..	..
J Raine	..	..	15	7	..

J. D. MASON, Sec'y-Treas.

Interstate Association.

Tournament Committee Meeting.

A MEETING of the tournament committee of the Interstate Association was held at 10 A. M., on Jan. 2, in the offices of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., 99 Cedar street, New York city, Mr. Irby Bennett in the chair.

Present: Messrs. Bennett, Banks, Skelly, Keller and Parker. Mr. Eugene DuPont was represented by Mr. A. W. Higgins, by proxy.

The chairman stated that the meeting was called for the purpose of considering matters in connection with the holding of the fifth Grand American Handicap at targets.

The minutes of the meeting held Dec. 10, 1903, were read and approved.

Manager Shaner reported that he had made arrangements to hold the fifth Grand American Handicap at targets at Indianapolis, Ind., on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, June 21 to 24, inclusive, the same terms and conditions to govern as those which ruled the four previous Grand American Handicap tournaments. This met with the approval of the committee, and it was ordered that the report be laid before the stockholders of the Association, with a recommendation that same be adopted.

Some matters of minor importance were then considered, and the meeting, on motion, adjourned at 11 A. M.

Stockholders' Meeting.

A special meeting of the stockholders was held immediately after the close of the tournament committee meeting. Present: Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Irby Bennett; American E. C. and Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd., Edward Banks; Union Metallic Cartridge Co., A. C Barrell; Peters Cartridge Co., T. A. Keller; Laflin & Rand Powder Co., A. W. Higgins; Hazard Powder Co., J. T. Skelly; Parker Brothers, W. F. Parker. Remington Arms Co. and E. I. DuPont Co., were represented by proxies. Mr. M. Herrington, of Shooting and Fishing, and Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Association, were also present. President Bennett was in the chair.

The secretary read the call for the meeting, signed by the President, which stated that the call was issued for the purpose of considering the proposed amendment to the by-laws, notice of which was duly given at the adjourned annual meeting of the stockholders, held Dec. 10, 1903.

It was suggested that the minutes of the adjourned annual meeting, held Dec. 10, 1903, be read. They were accordingly read and approved.

Upon motion of Mr. Higgins, seconded by Mr. Skelly, the amendment to Article V. of the by-laws was adopted.

The action taken by the tournament committee at its meeting held Dec. 10, 1903, and at the meeting held this date, was presented to the stockholders by the Secretary, and on motion of Mr. Barrell, seconded by Mr. Keller, it was approved.

There being no further business the meeting, on motion, adjourned.

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND.—The shoots of the New York Athletic Club, held Jan. 1 and 2, had two specially interesting events, respectively, the Holiday cup and the Bradley cup. The scores of the competition on Jan. 1 follow:

Holiday cup, handicap, 50 targets:

	H.	25	25	T'l.		H.	25	25	T'l.
Perkins	12	15	19	46	Elias	18	16	20	50
Borland	12	21	25	50	Greiff	4	18	21	43

Shoot-off No. 1:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Elias	9	22	25	Borland	6	21	25

Shoot-off No. 2:

Borland	2	20	22	Elias	3	18	21

Other events resulted in scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	15	25	15	25	Targets:	25	15	25	15	25
Elias	15	11	16	8	17	Perkins	17	9	8	10	12
Borland	20	12	15	..	..	Greiff	21	11	20	13	..

On Jan. 2 there was a contest for the Bradley cup, 50 targets, as follows:

	H.	25	25	T'l.		H.	25	25	T'l.
Dr Brown	20	14	12	46	W J Elias	12	7	16	35
N Borland	8	15	15	38	G Greiff	6	16	17	33

Other events, handicaps, resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Brown	11	10	12	Elias	16	12	12
Borland	15	17	10	Greiff	21	21	19

Baden—Lick Gun Club.

WEST BADEN, Ind., Jan. 1.—Owing to a hard rain coming up and stopping the shoot, with darkness coming on, Messrs. Bullard brothers postponed the shoot-off until next Wednesday, club day.

The conditions were 50 targets, $2.50 entrance, for cup and championship of the country. Scores:

Braxtan, 18	00110111111110101110100101111110000010110111011111—32
Bailey, 18	11111011010001101111101101100101101111101111101010—33
L Bullard, 16	11101111111111111111100111111111111101010010101111—41
Bledsoe, 16	10111111111111011011100011110111011011111111111—41
Bledsoe, 10	10011001111111101100111110001101111111011011001—34
Fisher, 18	10110110010010001110611011110010111101111011100—28
Norton, 18	10111101111010001111111101111111111011010110011100—36

A. HASBEEN.

Richmond Gun Club.

NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., Jan. 1.—The Richmond Gun Club held its holiday shoot to-day on the club grounds, at Concord, Staten Island. Events 17, 18 and 19 were at 3 pairs. Event 20 was at 4 pairs. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	25	6	6	6	8
Schoverling	7	8	9	8	6	8	8	9	8	8	7	8	9	9	12	19	2	3	3	3
J Keppler	8	8	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	20	4	2	4	..
J Schoen	4	5	4	4	3	5	6	3	3	4	8	8	9	11	6	11	3	2	3	4
J J Scheuch	6	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	12	2	2	2	..
F J Crystal	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Cass	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	..	..	..	..	..

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Sec'y.

Mineola Gun Club.

Mineola, L. I.—These scores were made on the grounds of the M. A. C., Dec. 23, of a series of shoots to be held between the Port Washington Gun Club and Mineola Athletic Club.

First match, 25 targets:

Mineola A. C.		Port Washington G. C.	
Ansell	13	Cornell	18
H Carman	16	Smull	17
Simonson	16	Bradley	18
F C Willis	17	Hyde	14
Seaman	17	Rider	11
Stevens	22—101	Gildersleeve	13—91



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IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., Dec. 26.—There were difficult weather conditions, a high wind and cold temperature being the greatest obstacles in the way of making good scores.

The city trophy event, at 25 targets, was won by Jules, with the excellent score of 21. Events 1, 2, 4, 5 and 6 were for chickens.

In event 1, Farless and Young were the winners. In event 2 Jules won first, Young second. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
Farlee	9	..	..	4	8	..	..
Young	8	7	*	7	*	9	19
Jules	7	8	5	7	8	7	21
F W M	7	8	9	4	..	..	18
Bowers	7	6	6	5	7	..	..
W H M	6	5	7	4	9	9	18
Dock	4	4	7	4	5	..	..
Jones	..	8	..	7	5	7	..
Farlee	..	6	9	..	..	4	18

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
Wilson	..	..	7	8	9	9	..
James T	..	..	7	..	..	..	14
Davidson	..	..	7	6	4	..	..
Duryea	..	..	6	4	5	..	13
Thropp	..	..	2	5	5	5	18
J Jones	..	..	5	6	6	5	..
Phillips	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	19

Trap at Heflich's.

Jan. 1.—On H. M. Heflich's Hackensack River Gun Club grounds, near Carlstadt, N. J., two events were shot in the afternoon to-day. Event 1 was at 10 birds, $5 entrance, for a pair of sleeve buttons. They were won by Smith, with a score of 9.

F Linders, 29.....1002100211— 6
P M Tonn, 29.....0100001011— 4
F W Decker, 27....0000121010— 4
C R Tonn, 28.....0000000020— 1
W W Balch, 29....2020100202— 5
E B Smith, 29.....2210211211— 9

No. 2 was at 25 birds, also for a pair of sleeve buttons. Smith won, with a score of 19:

C R Tonn.....0000010100101000001001101— 8
F W Decker.....0101100000000001100001110— 7
P M Tonn.....0000001010001000100001100— 6
W W Balch.....0010001100001000101000000— 6
E B Smith.....1001111111011011111110111—19

No. 3 was a 10-bird sweep, $1 entrance, high guns:

W W Balch.....1000001000— 2
P M Tonn.....0000110110— 4
F W Decker.....0110101001— 5
C R Tonn.....1010101110— 6

North Side Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Jan. 1.—In the lead in the main event was Mr. C. Spear, who broke 19 out of a possible 25. H. Beckler, B. Terhune, C. Tiddes and W. Banta each broke 16 out of 25. The scores:

Atkinson .....1100110011100011010010001—13
Veenstrow .....0000100100010010011000100— 9
Lewis .....1110001001110101111101011—16
Beckler .....1100101100101111011110101—16
Terhune .....1100110010111110010111001—15
Teddis .....0001111111010101111110010—16
Storms .....0101010111010100001100111—13
Harris .....0001110100010110000001101—10
Vanderbok.....0100010011001011101000101—11
Spear .....1001011001011111111111111—19
W McGuigan .....1100001100010110111010110—13
E J Cocker.....0010111000111101001110111—15
W A Bogert.....0010011101011000000000000— 7
W Banta .....1011111101100111101100100—16
A Howard .....0000010000001011001000110— 7
F Eloner .....0010001000111011011000001—13
Storms .....1111100011011101011100001—15
J Foley .....0000100000001110100100101— 8
W Miller .....0110000111001000100001100— 9

Trap at Singac.

Singac, N. J., Jan. 1.—A large attendance witnessed the trap-shooting at Singac to-day.

A 5-bird match between John Plog, Richfield, and Dave Rea was won by the former; score 4 to 3.

On Friday, Jan. 8, at Bunn's, a 25-bird match between Arthur Bunn and Andy Radcliffe will be shot. There will be sweepstake shooting also.

Following are the scores:

First event, 5-bird match:
J Plog .....102011—4
D Rea .....010110—3

Second event, 7-bird sweep:
Van Horn .....2222201—6
Plog .....2100*20—2
Bunn .....1211121—7
Klotz .....2112201—6
Sherman .....2100002—3

Third event, 7-bird sweep:
Van Horn .....1021002—4
Plog .....1211000—4
Bunn .....1211111—7
Klotz .....2212012—6
Sherman .....0200010—2

Fourth event, miss-and-out:
Van Horn 3220
Klotz 0
Plog 11112210
Bunn 0
Rhodes 11122111

Fifth event, 10-bird match:
Plog .....1111121111—10
Klotz .....2101122001— 7

In this match between John Plog, of Richfield, and Edward Klotz, of Singac, the latter did not shoot up to his regular form, and killed only 7 birds, while his opponent grassed every bird. He used two barrels on only one bird, the others being grassed with a single barrel. The men then posted forfeits for another match. This will be at 50 birds for $50 a side. The match will be shot at Bunn's Hotel, but no date has been set.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Jan. 2.—A number came out to the grounds to-day in one of the most severe snowstorms we have experienced in Paterson in a number of years. Only four of them cared to face the traps.

Most of the birds were corkers, and were delivered at the grounds just before starting to shoot, fresh from the country.

The match at Bunn's next Saturday will be for $25 a side, and I expect a great shoot. Radcliffe is a comer. It starts at 1 o'clock. Fenny Radcliffe won a handsome cup on New Year's morning at Little Falls, at targets. It was presented by Robt. Beattie, of the Beattie Mfg. Co., of Little Falls, to be shot for by the members of the Little Falls Gun Club. Radcliffe is a member of the Jackson Park Gun Club also.

The men will shoot at 25 birds for a side bet. Arthur Bunn is about the surest shot around these parts. On the other hand, Radcliffe has been doing some remarkable shooting during the present season, and the match should be decidedly interesting.

To-day, in the third sweep Eddie Morgan shot in fine form, killing all 5, and only using two barrels on one of them. Barry missed his first bird, but killed the remaining 4. Radcliffe had considerable hard luck, 2 of his birds dropping dead just out of bounds. Doty also shot well, but one of his birds managed to get out of bounds before it was retrieved.

The second event was a 15-bird sweep, Morgan, Barry and A. R. Radcliffe participating. In this sweep Morgan missed only once, three of his birds dropping dead just out of bounds, making his total number of kills 11. Barry was second best with 10 kills, while Radcliffe killed 9. The scores in detail:

First event, 5-bird sweep:
Morgan, 29.....12022—4
Barry, 28.....02222—4
A R Radcliffe, 28.....22222—5

Second event, 15-bird sweep:
Morgan, 28....2212221*0*12*21—11
Barry, 28.....2*2202*20122202—10
Radcliffe, 28...22*02012201*012— 9

Third event, 5-bird sweep:
Morgan, 29.....11211—5
Barry, 28.....02121—4
Radcliffe, 28.....*21*1—3
Doty .....22*21—4

DUTCHER.

Lahlatang—Pattenburg.

High Bridge, N. J., Jan. 1.—A very pleasant day was spent at High Bridge to-day. The first event was, as the scores show, for supper. Our boys won, but were badly scared when the score only could be made to show 5 in their favor. The second event was for a very handsome gun case, which also followed our boys home. The event resulted in a tie between W. Sign, Mr. Barber, H. Gano and H. L. Gano. The Gano boys captured the prize.

Pattenburg Gun Club.

Harry Gano .....0111011101111110111001001—17
R Stamets .....1000111111001011110011000—14
C W Bonnell.....1101111111000011111011111—19
A K Hellman.....1111100101110101000111001—15
N Stamets .....1111111100111101101111000—18
H L Gano.....1111111111001101111101001—19
A E Holbrook.....1000001101111111010001011—14
E Eckard .....1100100100110100011110100—12
F Fleck .....1001101110011011101100001—14
S Opdyke.....1001011110111110000111110—16—158

Lahlatan Gun Club.

J Haim .....1111111111111101111100011—21
G Cramer .....1010011111011111101110001—17
F Sign .....1001101111111101111111011—20
R Warren .....0011101000010001000000110— 7
E T Wentzel.....1001110000101101110101111—15
J Transue .....0100011100101101100100000—10
T Sedgeman .....0010101110011100111110101—15
P Christie .....0101111011111110101101111—19
E Brown .....1011010101001101111101101—16
A H Exton.....0011001101100101011010011—13—153

C. W. BONNELL, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the North River Gun Club had twelve contestants. The programme had nine events, each at 15 targets. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Eickhoff	12	11	10	9	12	8	11	7	9
Dr Richter	11	10	14	11	9	10	14	..	..
Truax	13	11	12	11	11	13	12	10	13
Merrill	8	6	10	10	12	10	9	..	11
Vosselman	7	7	6	9	4	7	..	..	..
Harland	11	12	9	5	11	6	8	..	7
Hearn	12	11	10	11	13	15	14	13	..
Keim	8	10	8	8	9	11	..	..	..
Monahan	10	11	10	10	10	12	..	..	..
Morrison	..	9	12	12	14	14	..	..	..
Rex	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 1.—It was a busy day on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club. The main event was the Holiday shoot, for a cut-glass punch bowl, 100 targets, $1 entrance. There were ten contestants. The handicap allowances and scores in this event were as follows: Davis (35) 73, Haws 95, Hatfield 100, Winter 100, Goetter 100, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 79, Caunitz 90, Peckner 74, Hopkins 84, Dudley 92.

In the shoot-off of those who tied, the scores at 25 targets were: G. Hatfield 18, L. J. Goetter 19, Winter 10. Goetter thus was the winner.

Some sweepstakes were shot, with results as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	10	10
Dudley	6	7	..	..
Hatfield	6	8	..	..
O C Grinnell, Jr.	6	8	4	5
R H Grinnell	9	7	4	..
Winter	7	..	6	8

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	10	10
Greller	3	9	..	..
Davis	7	8	..	..
Caunitz	7	..	..	..
Peckner	5	..	..	..
Hopkins	8	..	..	..

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 2.—The first competition of January for the January cup was shot by the Crescent Athletic Club shooters to-day. Mr. H. M. Brigham, from scratch, broke 25 straight and won thus the first contest. His nearest competitor was Mr. F. B. Stephenson, who broke 24.

There were four other well contested trophy shoots. Scores:

January cup, 25 targets:

H M Brigham, 0.....25
F B Stephenson, 2.....24
A G Southworth, 3.....22
L C Hopkins, 4.....22
C J McDermott, 7.....22
L M Palmer, Jr., 1.....22
Dr Keyes, 21.....21
O C Grinnell, Jr, 5.....19
T W Stake, 4.....17
G G Stephenson, Jr., 2.....16

Sykes team cups:

Brigham, 0.....22
Palmer, 1.....22—44
F B Stephenson, 2.....21
G G Stephenson, Jr., 2....21—42

Trophy shoot, 25 targets: Stake (4) 23, Palmer (1) 22, Brigham (0) 22, F. B. Stephenson (2) 21, G. G. Stephenson, Jr. (2) 21, Hopkins (4) 20, Southworth (3) 19, McDermott (5) 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: F. B. Stephenson (1) 12, Southworth (1) 11, Keyes (1) 10, Hopkins (2) 9, Palmer (0) 9, Grinnell (3) 8, Stake (2) 7.

Palmer trophies, 25 targets: Hopkins (4) 25, Southworth (3) 23, F. B. Stephenson (2) 20, Brigham (0) 19, Grinnell (5) 18, Keyes (2) 18.

Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club shooters was well attended.

Mr. H. C. Hirschy, of Minneapolis, Minn., was a visitor.

In an event at 15 targets Mr. Frank B. Stephenson and Dr. H. L. O'Brien tied on a straight. In the shoot-off Stephenson scored 12 to 11.

In another 15-target event, Mr. F. T. Bedford, Jr., broke 14 and won first.

Messrs. G. G. Stephenson, W. W. Marshall and H. I. Meyers tied with 15 straight. Stephenson and Meyer each made 14 to Marshall's 13 in the first shoot-off, and then Stephenson and Meyer made 12 and 11, respectively, Stephenson winning the prize.

The Stake trophy was won by G. W. Hagedorn with 25 straight. F. T. Bedford, Jr., and F. B. Stephenson tied for second with 22 each. J. T. Skelly, of Wilmington, and H. C. Hirschy competed in this event as guests, and made 24 and 20, respectively.

A cup trophy was shot for, and F. B. Stephenson won it with 25 straight; D. V. B. Hegeman second with 23, and F. T. Bedford third with 22, after all three had tied in the main shoot for the prize. H. L. Marshall, of Harvard University Gun Club, a guest, made 20 in this event, Skelly 24, Hirschy 23 and J. Buckley, another guest, 17.

The holiday cup was by L. H. Hopkins, after a tie with D. C. Bennett. On the shoot-off they got 25 and 20 birds respectively. Hirschy made 24, Skelly 23 and Buckley 18 in this event.

A team trophy shoot at 15 targets per man, ten men a side. F. B. Stephenson and L. M. Palmer, Jr., captains, was lost by Palmer's team, the totals being 102 breaks to 90.

In the trophy race at 15 targets, T. W. Stake and G. Notman tied in the event, making full scores in the first event, then again tying in the shoot-off at 14. Notman won at the third attempt by 15 to 12.

Three special team matches wound up the fun. J. T. Skelly and L. M. Palmer, Jr., formed one team and G. W. Hagedorn and H. C. Hirschy the other. They tied at 42 birds in the first shoot, then shot off at 15 birds, and Skelly and Palmer won by 29 to 24.

The next one went to Skelly and Palmer by 41 to 40, and in the final match of the series Skelly and Palmer won by the score of 41 to 39.

Contest for Phellis Trophy.

THE match for the Phellis six-man team trophy between the Urbana and Cincinnati gun clubs was shot at the latter's grounds on Dec. 30. The morning was very cold, and few shooters arrived at the grounds until nearly noon, by which time the mercury had climbed quite a ways up the tube.

The Urbana team started from home early in the morning, but were delayed in Dayton, and did not arrive at the grounds until 1:15. As they came through the gate they were greeted with a salute from the guns of a dozen or more of the Cincinnati boys who had lined up on balcony.

The conditions in the afternoon were not good for high scores; there was little wind, but a heavy bank of smoke in the background made the targets exceedingly difficult to see, and accounted for many misses.

The match began at 2:15, and by 3 o'clock the last shot was fired, and the home club were the victors by a score of 250 to 236. The match was shot at two strings of 15 and one of 20 targets, a total of 50 targets per man. The visitors made a good start, and at the close of the first round were 3 targets to the good, the scores being 78 to 75. In the second round the home team got busy and scored 78 to the Urbana's 70, thus taking the lead by 5 targets. In the last round, at 20 targets, the home team still further increased their lead, breaking 97 to 88 and finishing with 14 targets to the good.

R. Trimble was high gun for the match, making the fine score of 48, losing the 2 targets in the first round. He was the only member of the team who broke straight in any of the rounds. Van Ness and Barker were second high men on the home team, each breaking 42.

D. D. Gross was high gun for the visitors, with 44. H. N. Kirby second with 43. Gross and Alf Hill were the only members of the Urbana team who broke straight in any of the rounds. A. Sunderbruch acted as referee; J. J. Faran official scorer.

Among the visitors was Mr. John Penn, the first secretary of the club. It is several years since he was here, and all were glad to greet him.

Supt. Gambell's son Lutie started for Indianapolis, where he will visit his uncle, Mr. Leonard Shepard, the superintendent of the Indianapolis Gun Club. He took his little 20-gauge Parker with him, and will break a few targets.

H. N. Kirby, of the Urbana team, was shooting in good form when he had the misfortune to break his gun, and was obliged to finish with a borrowed one. This knocked a few off his total.

Holding is always a 90 per cent. shooter, and no reason can be given for the poor showing made in this match.

Barker, of the home team, is one of the steadiest shooters in the club. He can be depended upon in an emergency to make a good showing.

Van Ness showed his old form in this match.

Ahlers would have made a better score if the weather had been warmer.

Mrs. Gambell served one of the dinners for which she is famous, and it was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Urbana team issued a challenge for another contest to be held during the week of Jan. 10.

Phellis trophy, 50 targets; scores:

Cincinnati Team. Targets:	15	15	20	
Medico	12	11	14	37
Van Ness	12	14	16	42
Ahlers	13	12	16	41
R Trimble	13	15	20	48
Gambell	12	14	14	40
Barker	13	12	17	42
	75	78	97	250

Urbana Team. Targets:	15	15	20	
J Muzzy	10	12	12	34
W Holding	11	12	15	38
H N Kirby	14	13	16	43
Alf Hill	15	10	14	39
E Holding	13	10	15	38
D D Gross	15	13	16	44
	78	70	88	236

Considerable practice shooting was indulged in, regardless of the cold, and the shooting was discontinued only when it became so dark that the targets could not be seen, the day's sport ending with a match between Faran and Gross, a team desirous of getting a reputation, and Gambell and Sunderbruch.

Team match, 25 targets:

Gambell	16	Faran	15
A Sunderbruch	13—29	Gross	20—35

BONASA.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—On Dec. 29 a few of the members met at the club grounds and smashed targets. The scores follow:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Gambell	90	76	Don Minto	50	36
Ahlers	75	54	Herman	125	70
Medico	75	58	Hancke	25	8
Barker	75	62			

Team shoot, 50 targets:

Gambell	42	Medico	37
Barker	43—85	Ahlers	34—71

The New Year was ushered in with a cold rainstorm, and very few of the members had courage enough to venture out to the grounds. Of those who went only three were enthusiastic enough to do any shooting, and scored as follows: Shooting at 100, Bullerdick scored 76, Meader 42; Williams broke 42 out of 75.

On Jan. 2 we were treated to a select assortment of New England weather, rain, hail, sleet and snow falling throughout the day, accompanied by a high wind. The attendance was consequently smaller than for many weeks, and some who were at the grounds preferred the comfort of the warm club room to the discomfort of out doors. A few, however, could not be frightened by the weather, and took part in a number of practice events, standing at the score with their overcoats and gloves on. The wind blew across the traps from left to right and with the falling snow, made the targets exceedingly hard ones.

In the cash prize shoot, distance handicap, Sunderbruch was high man with 40, which was very good work under such hard conditions. R. Trimble was second with 37. The scores follow:

Targets:	15	15	20		Targets:	15	15	20	
Block, 19	11	8	11	30	R Trimble, 21	12	12	13	37
A Sunderbruch, 19	9	13	18	40	Williams, 17	10	12	12	34
Barker, 19	12	10	9	31					

Not much practice shooting was done, though a few of them had courage enough to brave the cold and storm. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Block	35	26	Willy Green	75	29
R Trimble	15	9	Miles	75	27
Barker	15	12	Williams	25	15
Linn	75	44	Don Minto	25	15
Krehbehl	75	44			

The Urbana, Ohio, Gun Club's team will shoot for the Phellis trophy on Monday, Jan. 11. The traps will be ready for shooting all day, and the members are requested to turn out in goodly numbers.

The traveling men of the Peters Cartridge Co. will spend the day at the grounds on Friday, Jan. 11. There will be shooting all day. Come everybody.

The last contest in the cash prize series will be shot on Jan. 16, and then the boys will divide up.

BONASA.

Shoot at Dupont Park.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—A one-day's programme was carried out at the well-known St. Louis Park, under the management of Alex. Mermod. It was 11 A. M. before the programme was started, as the drizzling rain and dark clouds were not conducive to a good attendance. Some of the old standbys preferred making New Year's calls, rather than attempting to shoot at birds with the cold rain falling on their shooting eye. The management had provided a good supply of birds, yet they were handicapped by the weather. There were enough screamers to keep all guessing, and while there were four who killed 23, none went above that mark. Kenyon had two fall dead out and they were well hit, and one of them was almost within the grasp of the dog when it took wing and scaled the fence.

The noted shooters were Frank Riehl and Chas. Spencer with his new "pump." Each shot targets well, but Riehl was so far back from the traps that he did not get his eye or the gun lined up correctly. E. C. Fort, the well-known Ohio shot, was out for the first time, and but for a slip-up on an incomer, would have won first money. L. A. Cummings came over and started the year in his usual way of trapshooting. He landed third without a tie. Though he did not draw his entrance, still he was high money receiver. Rupel, who has been secretary of the Chicago clubs for several years, is now, like Fort, a resident of Chicago. He made three straights, one on 25 being alone, and thus won the most money of any one for the day.

A hot dinner was served in the club house. The boys were popping away when the light was very poor. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	20	25	25	at.	Broke.
H. Spencer	8	14	16	20	21	95	79
O Spencer	10	15	18	24	23	95	90
Rupell	10	14	15	25	..	70	64
Riehl	8	14	17	22	20	95	81
Cummings	7	14	15	22	15	95	73
Mermod	9	15	18	24	23	95	89
Childs	4	12	13	18	..	70	47
Knight	9	13	15	17	..	70	54
Smith	7	13	14	19	..	70	53
W Spencer	..	..	..	12	..	25	12
O'Niell	..	..	..	17	22	50	39
Cabanne	..	..	..	18	21	50	39

Twenty-five live birds, $10 entrance, three moneys, handicap:

C Spencer, 33	1111221122102212222010222—22
O'Niell, 29	1220222212122221211120122—23
Brooke, 29	2221102012211212112210221—22
Kenyon, 30	2111212111021112112111202—23
Riehl, 33	2222222120101020202022012—18
H Spencer, 30	2211202122121122211120221—23
Cummings, 28	2210122112202121201022212—21
Fort, 30	2222112122120022122112211l—23

Ten birds, $5 entrance, two moneys:

J Cabanne, 31	2202212202—8	O'Niel, 30	222202222—9
C Spencer, 33	2212212222—10	Riehl, 33	222022202—8
H Spencer, 30	2121202212—9	Mermod, 31	220222202—8

Riverside Gun Club.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The weather conditions were against high score making. The wind blew a gale, yet some of the scores were excellent. There was present an enthusiastic attendance of members and friends of the organization.

The 25-bird contest for the club's gold medal and the handicap championship proved a very exciting event, requiring 50 targets to decide it. It was won by William Wagner. Shooting from scratch, E. Loughlin broke 46 out of a possible 50, which was high actual score.

In the 20-bird event for a $5 gun case, H. J. Borden beat out George Gangloff in the shooting off of a tie for the prize. Other winners were Ed Smith and John Teesdale.

The club's regular season closed with yesterday's shoot. The next prize shoot is fixed to be held on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22.

In the following scores events Nos. 3 and 4 constitute the handicap trophy event, and the shoot-off of the ties respectively, the figures after the names showing the handicaps of those competing in this event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	20	25	25	10	10	Targets:	10	20	25	25	10	10
Finster	8	12	..	..	9	8	Brunner, 3	8	17	23	19	9	6
E Loughlin, 0	7	16	23	23	8	10	W Wagner, 3	8	13	23	24	8	7
Watts	5	12	..	..	8	6	Teller	8	18	..	..	8	..
Thoman	8	18	..	..	9	4	Windheim	5	18	..	..	10	..
Clarke, 2	7	15	21	..	8	7	Borden	8	20	..	..	8	..
Gangloff	6	20	..	..	8	6	J Wagner, 4	5	19	20	..	8	7
Kokesch	7	17	..	..	8	7	Mayhew	7	17	..	..	..	..
Smith, 1	10	15	23	19	8	8	Maine	7	13	..	..	7	9
D Loughlin, 1	8	15	23	22	8	..	Teesdale, 3	..	16	19	..	10	7
Bennett, 3	8	18	20	..	8	6	Dedell	..	15	..	..	8	..
Jones	6	14	..	..	7	6	Newton, 1	..	15	18	..	10	8

E. J. LOUGHLIN, Sec'y.

Glen Rock Gun Club.

GLEN ROCK, Pa., Dec. 30.—Yesterday was an ideal day for a shoot, and the lovers of the gun who were present at the shoot held under the auspices of the Glen Rock Club enjoyed the sport to the full extent.

Charles E. Humer defeated Charles S. Shirk in a 25-bird race for the live-bird championship trophy of York county, killing 24 to Mr. Shirk's 20.

Ten shot through the target programme of 175 targets. Hawkins, of Baltimore, was high man with 165, Humer 158, McSherry 157, and that jolly good fellow, Deardorf, pointed his gun at the right spot 156 times, and at times had our friends Humer and McSherry guessing. Dave says it is not in the shells so much as it is in the man behind the gun. The total scores follow:

Shooting at 175, Hawkins broke 165, Humer 158, McSherry 157, Deardorf 156, Shirk 139, Sweigert 138, Nelson 133, Jackson 125, Scitz 117, Heilman 107.

Shooting at 95, Rechard broke 56.

After the regular programme had been shot, three extra events, with a total of 50 targets, were shot, with the following result: McSherry 47, Sweigert 45, Humer 45, Shirk 44, Jackson 44, Deardorf 38, Nelson 38, Seitz 38, Heilman 33, Rechard 24, Andy 20.

ALLEN M. SEITZ, Sec'y.

Maryland Gun Club.

ORANGEVILLE, Md., Jan. 1.—J. A. Hartner gave us a very fine exhibition of his shooting by attempting to break 50 targets straight. He did so. He showed some of his old form. I saw him break 50 glass balls with a 12-gauge muzzleloader about thirty years ago, in a snowstorm; then he was only fourteen years old. He says shooting was a gift to him.

J A Hartner	1111111111111111111111111—25
	1111111111111111111111111—25—50

The following events were at 10 targets, 50 cents entrance, two moneys:

No. 1: Burch 7, W. Bond 7, Evins 8, Fritz 6, Steever 9, Lynch 7.

No. 2: Fritz 6, Steever 8, Bond 8, Lynch 8, Evins 6, Bush 7.

No. 3: Steever 8, Lynch 6, Evins 8, Mason 9, Bond 8, Madison 5.

J. C. EVINS.

Wawaset—Baltimore.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 30.—In a nine-man team race, the Wawaset Gun Club defeated the Baltimore Shooting Association by a total of 691 to 611, out of a possible 900. This was a victory on a margin of 80 targets, rather an emphatic performance. It was rather an unexpected defeat on the part of Baltimore, as they considered the Wawaset members their inferiors in point of skill.

A strong, cold wind from the west affected the scores seriously. Mr. H. C. Hirschy, famous as a shot of great skill, and a winner of the Grand American Handicap, acted as referee.

On the teams were shooters of the highest skill, and a large number of spectators was present to witness their doings. It was an overflow meeting, hence bonfires were made on the grounds for the comfort of those outside.

Baltimore was in the lead when the first squad finished shooting, but soon afterward Wawaset led. At the end of the 75th round the local team led by 60.

Each man shot at 100 targets. J. M. Hawkins, of Baltimore, was high man with 89. L. Z. Lawrence, of Wawaset, was high man for that club, with a total of 84.

Charles Buckmaster and Clarence Beadenkopf assisted in making the shoot a success.

The Wawaset Club will shoot the Baltimore team a return match within thirty days, and probably within two weeks. The scores:

Wawaset Gun Club.					
J T Skelley	13	21	16	15	65
W M Foord	13	19	20	19	71
E E du Pont	17	21	23	21	82
Roser	16	17	21	13	67
L Z Lawrence	22	21	21	20	84
J A McKelvey	19	18	23	19	79
G H Simon	18	21	21	21	81
L J Squier	18	20	21	20	79
Graham	20	21	21	21	83
					691

Baltimore Shooting Association.					
L S Graham	17	21	22	15	75
J M Hawkins	22	24	20	23	89
J R Malone	20	20	23	20	83
H Waters	20	17	19	15	71
E H Storr	12	15	20	21	68
Dr H Henderson	18	21	15	16	70
J W Chew	15	18	17	16	66
G Gent	13	9	10	11	43
Mordecai	8	13	13	12	46
					611

In the evening members of the Baltimore team were entertained at a supper by the Wawaset Club, at Ainscow's. About twenty-five were present. Speeches were made by former City Judge Sylvester D. Townsend, Dr. H. Henderson, Luther J. Squier, L. Z. Lawrence, William M. Foord, Grason Gent, and J. M. Hawkins. The Wawaset members were warmly thanked for their hospitality.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the Indianapolis Gun Club was well attended. Thirty-six shooters participated. The club members presented W. T. Nash, president of the club, with a handsome new gun and a life-size photograph which will be used to adorn the walls of the club room.

The 100-target match between Erb and Voris was won by Erb by a score of 85 to 84. Just before the men went to the traps it began raining and snowing, and high scores were out of the question. Erb won the cup some time ago from Mr. Roll by default, and later successfully defended it against C. O. Le Compte. He was challenged by Joe Michaelis, of Indianapolis.

About 3,000 targets were thrown during the day, and the sweepstake events were interesting. Farrell was high gun, with a total of 54 out of a possible 70. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	Broke.
Cooper	10	10	7	8	7	..	..	42
Michaelis	9	8	7	10	6	6	4	50
Nash	8	7	8	5	7	8	2	45
Moore	8	6	8	9	6	8	4	49
Johnson	7	8	8	8	6	5	..	42
Bender	7	10	8	6	8	7	..	46
Dawson	7	4	7	6	..	..	..	24
Bell	7	8	7	7	..	..	..	29
Spencer	7	6	9	8	7	..	..	37
Voris	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Scott	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	14
Reisner	6	8	6	8	7	8	1	44
Anderson	6	7	7	7	2	6	..	35
Farrell	6	7	9	8	7	7	10	54
Williamson	6	6	6	7	4	..	..	29
Dooley	6	8	7	..	..	..	..	21
Strong	6	8	5	9	8	..	..	36
Morris	6	4	7	..	..	..	..	17
Moller	6	7	9	8	2	7	8	47
Slow	6	7	7	..	..	..	..	20
Wilhite	5	9	9	8	4	..	..	35
Sutton	4	5	8	7	5	..	..	29
Van Neys	4	5	3	4	2	..	..	18
Harcourt	2	4	3	4	1	..	..	14
Walters	1	4	2	..	..	..	..	7
Helm	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	6
Denny	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	3
E H Tripp	..	..	7	8	6	9	8	38
A A Tripp	..	..	3	5	3	4	4	19
Trout	..	..	9	4	5	5	4	27
Smoke	..	..	8	8	5	..	..	21
Pfafflin	..	..	7	4	..	..	..	11
Sayles	..	..	6	4	..	..	..	10
Stilwell	..	..	5	5	..	..	..	10
Lewis	..	..	..	..	7	5	8	20
Erb	..	..	..	..	6	7	8	21

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Mr. Daniel Brown, of Thornton, R. I., manufacturer of the Hummer Shot Spreader, calls our attention to the material value of that device to all shooters who have choked guns which they desire to use in field shooting at short range. The choked gun is valuable as a long-range gun, and as a short-range gun when the spreaders are used, thus enabling the shooter to use his favorite gun at all times. Send for circular.

The Polk-Miller Drug Co., Richmond, Va., inform us that they are doing a rushing business in the sale of Sergeant's Dog Remedies, and that these remedies, after a thorough test, have been given unqualified praise by kennel owners, dog fanciers and veterinary surgeons in all parts of the United States. Mr. Polk Miller's valuable book, "Dogs," will be sent to any one whose application for it is with 3 cents postage.

At Glen Rock, Pa., Dec. 29, Mr. C. E. Humer won the York county live-bird championship. He used Peters Ideal factory loaded shells and Schultze powder. He also won high amateur average for the day at targets, scoring over 90 per cent., using Peters Premier shells loaded with Ballistite. At York, Pa., Dec. 17, high average was won by Hood Waters, with Peters Premier shells loaded with L. & R. Infallible.

At the tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Dec. 26, first, second and third averages in the professional class were won by J. W. Hawkins, Hood Waters and L. J. Squier, respectively. In the amateur class, the first high average was won by L. S. German. Each used Winchester factory loaded Leader shells.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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GAME AND FISH AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

AN officer of the Maine State Grange made complaint the other day because Maine was to display its game and fish resources at the Wold's Fair with what he considered undue prominence. Maine will not be the only State to make a showing of what it has to offer the sportsman. Colorado is to have an extensixe exhibit of live game in a suitable park; and Missouri is to be represented in the same way. There will be aquaria containing exhibits from the waters, ranging from Missouri's big catfish to black bass; and a tract of three acres will be devoted to large game, furred and feathered. The hunter's cabin, fly-casting ponds, camp-sites, and other accessories will add to the interest of the display.

Between the Maine and the Missouri sporting exhibits, however, there will be this essential difference, that while Maine will make its showing for the express purpose of inducing sportsmen from other States to visit it for shooting and fishing, Missouri will show what it possesses for the benefit of Missouri sportsmen only. Its laws forbid the taking of game by any but its own citizens. However attractive may be the display at St. Louis, no visitors will be allured to the Ozarks for hunting. When the Missourians contemplate with pride their wild animal resources as put on show at St. Louis, it will be with the pride of exclusive possession and use; and the visitor from another State may look on only with envy.

POSSESSION OF IMPORTED GAME.

IN the case of the people of the State of New York against A. Booth & Co., to recover penalties for the possession of brook trout in close season, Supreme Court Justice H. T. Kellogg, of Ogdensburg, handed down a decision last week finding for the defendants, on the ground that the provision of the statute under which they were prosecuted was void under the Constitution of the United States. The special provision reads: "Wherever in this act the possession of fish and game, or the flesh of any animal, bird, or fish, is prohibited, reference is had equally to such fish, game, or flesh coming from without the State as to that taken within the State."

This clause of the law was an outgrowth of the Buffalo fish case which came up in 1902. The Buffalo Fish Company was sued for penalties for the possession of fish imported from Canada; and the Court of Appeals held that as worded the statute under which suit was brought did not apply to fish imported into the State. To give the law explicit application to all fish and game, whether taken in the State or brought in from outside, the provision quoted was added as Chapter 194 of the Laws of 1903; and under it the suit was brought against A. Booth & Co. for the possession of brook trout which had been imported from Canada. It goes without saying that the decision of Justice Kellogg has created consternation among the friends of game protection, for it flies directly in the face of a principle which in this State has always been held to be good law. The leading precedent is the Phelps vs. Racey case, in which it was established that the defendant Racey, a game dealer, was liable to the prescribed penalty for the forbidden possession of quail, even though the birds had been killed in another State. This is only one of numerous decisions to the same effect both in New York and in other States.

The precedents have been in support of the constitutionality of the prohibition of the possession and sale of imported game in close season. Indeed the right of the State to forbid the possession of fish and game in close season irrespective of their origin is one of the accepted principles of game protective legislation and practice. Such prohibition is vitally important; it is so essential that the determination of this question of constitutionality cannot be permitted to rest with Justice Kellogg's decision. There is no intention on the part of the New York authorities to permit it to rest here. The case will be appealed. There is abundant reason for confidence that in the higher courts the decision will be reversed.

The Booth case has roused wide interest; for manifestly if Justice Kellog's ruling is good law for New York, it is good law for other States. A Massachusetts correspondent, who characterizes the decision as "a serious blow to all our efforts at game protection," declares that if it be allowed to rest here, "most of the game protective organizations will feel like disbanding."

ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

THE legislative committee on Adirondack forests gave a hearing in this city last week to persons interested in the subject. Among those in attendance was Judge Warren Higley, president of the Adirondack League Club, and first vice-president of the Association for the Preservation of the Adirondacks. Judge Higley correctly represented public sentiment, we believe, when he urged the resumption of purchases by the State, which were discontinued at the instigation of Governor Odell two years ago. The committee provided for at the last session of the Legislature to formulate plans for some comprehensive system of purchases will report at this session, and the matter should not be permitted to go over another year.

In his message Governor Odell expresses what is the sentiment of the people of the State when he says, "It is of the greatest importance that the State should eventually own every acre of land within the preserve."

There is a growing conviction, too, that New York must adopt a new policy with respect to the treatment of its forest lands. The contsitutional clause which forbids the cutting of trees, and requires that the woods must be let alone, must some time give way for a scientific economic exploitation of the forests such as is practiced in Europe. The constitutional clause was a necessity at the time of its adoption to thwart the plundering schemes of land grabbers and lumber thieves. To reason that the prohibition must be continued for ever for the reason that there are not in the State of New York ability and integrity to administer the forests in a capable and honest manner, is to make a humiliating confession of inability and dishonesty.

Doubtless the people are not now ready to repeal the constitutional provision. They will not be willing to do this until they shall have good assurance that any proposed system of forest administration will be the right one. But the new order is bound to come, and that soon.

Among the recommendations brought out by the forestry discussion is one by the New York Board of Trade and Transportation for the licensing of Adirondack guides. One prolific source of forest fires is the camp-fire of the careless campers. To lessen the damage from this source the board would have the Maine system of licensing guides applied to the Adirondacks, the guides to be held responsible for the perfect extinguishing of camp-fires by parties under their guidance. The licenses, it is recommended, should be issued annually to such guides by the State upon evidence of the good character of applicants and of their possessing the necessary experience to qualify them, and that their compensation shall be fixed by law at such maximum sum per diem as is now charged by competent guides. "This plan, if adopted," the board thinks, "will prevent irresponsible and inexperienced persons from pretending to knowledge of the craft they do not possess; it will insure the comfort and safety of campers, and the guides will become a very important factor in preventing infractions of the laws of the woods, not only in respect to fires, but in other respects also."

Manifestly the Adirondack guide is assumed to be composed of different clay from that of his brother in Maine. The licensing of guides in Maine has not resulted in preventing infractions of the game laws.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ABANDONED FARMS.

IN his New Year address, Governor Bachelder, of New Hampshire, reports gratifying progress in the movement to restore the abandoned farms of the State. Owing to several causes, chief among them the migration from country to city and to other States, the number of deserted farms had become so great that some fifteen years ago the subject was considered of such importance as to engage the attention of the Legislature. In 1889 a commission was appointed to devise ways to repeople the rural districts. There were at that time 1,343 abandoned farms within the State, and the abandonment of others has since gone on, but at a decreasing rate.

Meanwhile the efforts of the commission were so successful that the tide has turned the other way. There have been found purchasers for the deserted homesteads, some attracted by the cheapness of the land and the possibility of making it pay as a farm, but a greater number induced by the splendid opportunities everywhere offered for summer country homes.

The air, the scenery, the cheapness of living, all combine to make the valleys and hills of the Granite State ideal home sites; and as the unusual opportunities to secure generous country domains at low prices have been heralded abroad, there have come into the State new summer citizens from all parts of the continent. A canvass now being conducted by the State Board of Agriculture, and not yet completed, shows the names of 2,100 owners of summer country homes. Among them are representatives of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, the District of Columbia, Virginia, South Carolina, Florida, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Louisiana, Colorado, and California, as well as foreign countries. It is estimated that the 2,100 landowners, with their families, guests, and employes, add to the population of New Hampshire every summer not less than 20,000 people, and their real estate represents a permanent investment of not less than $5,000,000; while their annual expenditures within the State amounts to half of that sum.

The fish and the game, the open air country life, and the forest all have part among the attractions which are luring so many to the New Hampshire hills.

To most persons whom the town has called from the country, there comes at some time a longing to get back to the simpler life; and most country-bred men and women wish their town-bred children to know something of the pleasures of country living. The abandoned farms of New England afford opportunities for realizing these desires; we may expect the present movement to be permanent because it has its motive in a sane view of life.

THE non-resident sportsman's license idea is gaining ground. The latest proposition is embodied in a bill in the New York Legislature providing that no non-resident may kill a deer unless he shall have taken out a license, for which the fee shall be $50. This is in effect prohibitive. There are few men so ardent in the pursuit of venison that they will be willing to pay the tax in addition to the very considerable expense of a trip to the North Woods. It would be interesting to learn by what course of reasoning the advocates of the measure have reached their conclusion of its expediency.

BLESSINGS brighten as they take their flight. The bear of the Adirondacks has not been regarded in the past as a species deserving protection; but the growing scarcity has created a sentiment favorable to the preservation of the remnant. A bill has been introduced into the Legislature making a close season for bears from June 1 to September 30, limiting the "catch" to one bear by any one person, and protecting cubs under one year of age.

THE cruising competitions instituted last year brought in a series of capital stories of experiences and adventures afloat; and these are now in course of publication in our yachting and canoeing pages. The cruises make good reading, and should not be overlooked by those who may not be interested in the technical branches of the sport.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Angler's Dream of Spring.

ARBUTUS mauve, and lily white,
And rhododendron flowers bedight,
On winding banks are blooming.
Sky-gems, reflected through the night,
Woo violets nodding blue and bright,
That sway by waters crooning,
And peep all shyly o'er the bank
Beneath sweet-fern plumes tall and rank,
To thorn-flowers' cool perfuming!
Above, low, pine-rune zephyrs play,
As brook-notes sing, "Away! Away!"
And showers of seed-pearls gaily tossed,
Are silvered by the moon and lost;
There bamboo rods are whisked about,
While flies are cast for lusty trout.

L. F. BROWN.

In Old Virginia.

XIV.—The Return.

IN ancient times it was, "See Rome and die;" we do it differently now, we go back again, and perhaps again and again.

Spots dear to memory, hallowed by association with loved ones, call to us with each changing season, and as time passes and we grow less young, the home of our youth sends forth the call that is hardest of all to resist.

I have often seen her who first drew me to the "Old Dominion," struggle with the longing to answer the home call, and generally successfully, until this fall. This time the struggle was short, ending in complete surrender.

"We will go back to old Virginia for the entire month of November, and see the beautiful autumn colors in the forest, and have all the birds we want cooked as they should be, once more," said she.

A maiden lady cousin living with her two brothers took kindly to the idea, and said to come by all means at once, and bring the babies and Mammy. And it would have been just the same if we had suggested that our family consisted of a Presidential full house instead of but two little ones; she was of those who always have room in the heart, and can make it in the house. The genuine Virginia hospitality would not so much as hesitate at a herd of wild elephants if you wanted to bring them along on a visit.

It is only a few inches from Tennessee to southeastern Virginia (on the map), and not so very far in actual travel, as it is all by one railroad, and it is so good to be going back again.

We broke the trip by a stop over at night on account of the little ones, and the next morning crossed the Virginia line, which fact was immediately known to the native in our party.

"We are in Virginia," she said. "I heard a man out on the station platform where we just stopped urging another to get off the train and go home and stay a week or two with him; yes, we are in Virginia now, sure."

Without delay or mishap we reached the end of our railway journey, and found one of the cousins, "the Esquire," waiting with a conveyance which he said was "more ample and safe than stylish," and in which we finished in a most comfortable and satisfactory manner our journey, arriving at our final destination fairly fresh and fiercely hungry. A covey of fine well grown birds crossed the road immediately in front of the team as we drove up the last hill, and made us sincerely sorry for the preliminaries imposed on the non-resident sportsman by the Legislature of Virginia. The first half of the opening day of the season was devoted to securing a license from the clerk of the county court of the county of Mecklenburg to "Hunt and kill wild waterfowl, deer, wild turkey, pheasant or grouse, woodcock, partridges, quail, and other game birds during the open season in the next six months," and the reader of this chronicle will soon be led to observe that we by no means exhausted our legal privileges.

By hurrying through a dinner which under ordinary circumstances no man who loves good eating would have done, we were ready by mid-afternoon to enter actively on the campaign. The dog was a black and white setter bearing the unusual name of Roscoe, well bred and fairly well trained. He had faults—as who has not—but on the whole did as well as his masters in the field. A few hundred yards from the house, on a hillside where the cover was heavy, near a pine thicket, he found the first covey of birds, and came down in as staunch a manner as heart could desire. I waited for the Esquire (who was my companion), who was further down the hill, to come up and get position, which he at once did, but declined to do any shooting, although he had carried his gun, declaring that his role was "large and appreciative audience," as he was "no wing shot." An enthusiastic fox hunter, he was only tolerant of all other sport. Walking in I put up the birds, a covey of large strong flyers, which swung around to my left, affording my favorite shot. Having missed two consecutive seasons in the field I was a bit rusty and rather nervous, and was genuinely pleased and somewhat surprised that I made a clean kill with right and left.

At the crack of the gun, Roscoe dashed in and had bird number one almost as soon as it touched the ground, discovering, thus soon, one of his faults.

His retrieving was admirable, but he was invariably off at the report of the gun, which frequently resulted in flushed birds and lost shots. We could only surmise the line of flight of the covey, as we were under the hill when they rose, but concluded to try to work them up. After long and patient effort we found three single birds. The first flushed wild out of a fallen tree top, and showed no sign of discomfort from either one of the two long shots taken in haste at him.

The second bird lay well to the dog and was a fair shot. The third went sailing down through a thicket of pines at a rate of speed that was discouraging to a man who was but an open cover shot, and not such an extraordinary one at that, but to show that my intentions were good I swung in its general direction and unlimbered. At the second report the bird fell, but whether I had shot it or frightened it so that it had knocked its breath out against a tree, I was in doubt. And so difficult is this thick cover shooting to me (who learned, and shot for years, on the prairies), that frequently I almost doubled my own eyes when a bird fell that I had shot at with little or no hope of killing.

Roscoe seemed to actually congratulate me as he brought in this bird, laying it at my feet, looking up in my face and wagging his tail in a most approving manner. He had carried the others to the Esquire, but from that time on he brought all birds to me, and took his orders exclusively from me. It was getting well along toward close of day, but as we were not more than half a mile from the house, concluded to try for another covey. Skirting along down the edge of the pines we hunted the dog back and forth in the open field and in the woods. And of all the rangers that it has ever been my good fortune to follow in the field, the aforesaid Roscoe dog was far and away ahead of them all. He could not walk, he could not trot, in fact, he had but one gait, and that was his level best. I would cheerfully back him against any well bred dog of his weight and inches—or any weight and inches—to cover two miles to his one all day long, and beat him home at night. I hunted him three weeks, and never saw him for longer than half a minute in any other gait than a dead run, unless working immediately upon game.

It was a pleasure to see him now as he swung back and forth in front of us, first out in the field, and then back into the woods, with almost the grace and speed of a bird. Arriving at the lower end of the field, my companion stopped to show me where he had seen five wild turkeys a few days before my arrival.

He was returning from town on horseback when three of them crossed the road immediately in front of his horse, and the other two flushed from some weeds at the roadside. Of course he had no gun, one never has on such occasions.

Turning back in the direction of the house, we walked on some distance before it occurred to me that the dog had been missing for some time, and we returned to hunt him up. Well out in the pines we finally found him, down on a beautiful point, and I began to cast about for the best direction in which to flush the birds.

"I don't believe it is birds," said my cousin. "Look carefully at his tail and see if you don't notice a very slight quiver."

I looked carefully and admitted that I could observe a thrill permeating the caudal appendage of our faithful canine, but what had that to do with the game?

"It is a rabbit," said my companion with conviction, and so it was; and the next moment it was up and frantically tearing through the woods with the dog in hot pursuit. I managed to call and whistle Roscoe back before he ran entirely out of hearing, and his shame and penitence was pathetic. He was not a dog to be beaten, and so when I had reasoned with him vigorously for a season, we resumed our interrupted hunt, with me in possession of further information as to the faults of the dog.

"Been following the boys around the place and got into the rabbit habit," explained his master. "I don't blame the old rascal one bit for wanting to run them; running anything is fun, but what makes me mad is his trying to fool you when he points one; he knows full well it is not birds, and yet the only bit of his anatomy that does not lie when he points a rabbit is that supersensitive honest tail."

We again headed toward home, much to my satisfaction, as I was beginning to find the running vines and tough matted grass harder and harder to wade through.

"What are these confounded things good for, anyhow?" I asked, as I recovered from a violent plunge that nearly snapped my head off, caused by a tangle up in a running vine.

"Never heard but one man say," was the reply. A peppery old fellow from the rice fields of Louisiana moved up here and lived for a while, and he said our land was fit only to raise tobacco to cure and briers to cuss. If they are good for anything else I don't know what it is. They certainly do not add to the pleasure of walking, even when you are used to them."

At the upper end of the strip of pine timber along which we had come was a small grove of hardwood timber, and on the edge of this we found the dog down again. "No rabbit about that," said my companion. "Get ready for business."

I quickly saw that the bird would fly through the trees, and began to excuse the misses I foresaw by suggesting that fact, and calling attention to the gathering darkness; but on the flush two or three rose above the others and flew through an opening against the sky, giving me light enough for a fair shot, and I got a pair.

The house was near and we laid a straight course for the fire, whose welcome light streamed forth from the window. And as I began to sum up my sensations at the close of this, the first outing of my visit, I discovered that the matter interesting me most was how soon, after our arrival, would we have supper, and would there be plenty of it.

As we entered the house, the family came "en masse" to welcome us, including cousin Rob, who was confined to the house, entertaining an attack of rheumatism. If we had been favorite sons and brothers and had been away three months instead of three hours, our welcome could not have been more cordial and affectionate. And the birds were inspected, admired, and passed from hand to hand that their extraordinary plumpness might be noted, and our skill commended.

Had an alien been there to see he would have thought us "The Grand Pan Jandrum, with a little round button at the top," and our birds the only birds left of their kind, and the best kind at that. But it is just the Virginia way; they can't help it, and I hope they never can.

"Now here is just a little of my home-made wine to rest you and prevent any ill effects from your unusual exertion," said the dear lady of the house, when we had put off our shooting togs and taken comfortable positions before the open wood fire. "I shall always expect you to take a little something when you come in tired, so be sure and ask for it if I forget."

But I never had the opportunity to ask; it was invariably at my side a very few moments after I got in, and I readily saw why her brothers were contented to live along as bachelors under her thoughtful and affectionate ministration. The supper was not delayed, and quantity and quality was all that could be desired.

A pleasant evening before the open fire hunting the hunt over again with the "shut in" cousin, and then a ready assent to the question as to "whether it was not tired men's bed time," and this in spite of the fact that I had promised the boy (age 4) that he might be my bed fellow, and he had imparted to the supper table the information that he was "Doin' to sleep wif papa and kick him till he squealed like a pig."

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Recollections of Sand Creek.

HAVING no longer opportunity to practice either shooting or angling, I cannot avoid becoming reminiscent. From time to time, as the spirit moves me, as the Quakers say, I will jot down and mail you samples of the visions called up by memory, which, as usual, you are heartily welcome to dispose of as seemeth proper.

It was in the fall of 1892 that I first saw Sand Creek. With my troop I was attending a county fair at the little town of Spearfish, South Dakota, having been sent out with the rest of my squadron from our station to act, I suppose, as a kind of extra attraction to the fair, and incidentally to give the troops a little change from the humdrum of garrison routine.

The September weather was fine, and as the fair consisted largely of horse trotting—a species of entertainment that failed to appeal to either Capt. K., my comrade in field sports, or myself—we utilized all possible opportunity to visit the surrounding country within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles, with a view of both present and prospective possibilities for shooting, as at that time we were both but recently arrived at that station, and knew but little of the game resources of the neighborhood.

We were old sportsmen and well equipped for the chase. I had an excellent mountain wagon capable of holding everything necessary to a trip of several days' duration, and a splendid pair of horses for our purposes; they would take that wagon, loaded with three or four passengers and their baggage, wherever we wanted to go, road or no road, make their forty miles a day or such a matter, and apparently think nothing of it. K. had a fine red setter which understood what was wanted of him. In addition, we had all the minor equipment of shotguns, shell boxes, etc., necessary to our entire convenience; all we needed for our happiness was opportunity. This came occasionally; at the time we considered these occasions as exceedingly rare; but, as I now look back upon it in these days of ceaseless drudgery, I cannot help thinking that, after all, we were pretty well favored, and I have no doubt our colonel thought we wanted permission to be absent shooting and fishing all the time.

Our excursions during the fair had failed to profit us to any considerable degree, and, on one occasion, while in

conversation with a resident of the locality, we expressed our opinion, in rather positive language, of that territory as a field for the efforts of the sportsman. He replied that if sport was what we wanted we ought to go to Sand Creek. That was a new name to us; we hastened to obtain the necessary direction to reach a stream of which he proceeded to give us so golden an account. It appeared by his tale that it was distant to the west some fifteen miles, just across the line into Wyoming; had its rise in the Black Hills, flowed a few miles only in a generally northerly direction, and then emptied into the Red Water; that its waters fairly teemed with trout, and the forest through which it flowed for a portion of its course was fairly alive with both deer and bear; and that, in addition to all this, near the head of the creek lived a skilled hunter, who, for a reasonable consideration, would show all these things to strangers like ourselves. Neither K. nor I cared anything about either the deer or the bear; we had hunted deer a-plenty while in Texas, and as far as hunting bear was concerned, that seemed to us a species of sport wherein the fun falls mainly to the bear and the hard work to the hunter; but what did stir our red blood was his tale of the numerous trout in the waters. As we were already in the month of September, we expected nothing from them that year; but our fancy readily created visions of the sport we would have with them the coming June and July, if our narrator had told his tale truthfully.

We determined to locate this wonderful creek that very day, and view it with our own eyes, so that, if it gave promise, we might know just what to do in the following summer. We accordingly set out and readily found our way to the stream. It far surpassed in appearance any idea our informant's account had established in our minds. In fact, till I had really seen Sand Creek, I didn't know what beautiful streams existed in nature. I will briefly describe it as we found it later on, after we had carefully examined it and whipped it with our flies throughout its entire length, not once only, but many times. It has its rise in numerous immense springs boiling up among the tall peaks of the northern portion of the Black Hills, and sending their almost icy current winding back and forth down a beautiful cañon about a half mile in width, shut in on either side by almost vertical cliffs, accessible, apparently, only to the eagles which nest there, and which could be seen daily wheeling about over their summits. The fall from its source to the valley of the Redwater was steep, so that the creek, as a result, consisted principally of a succession of natural pools, from which the water passed to those below by small cascades of two or three feet in height, interspersed with long, rippling, swift shallows, commonly called "riffles." The entire bottom of the cañon was a forest of mighty oaks and elms, while the mountains on either side were dark with pine. These giant trunks had from time to time fallen across and into the stream, been washed down by high water, and stranded here and there, forming now and then a bridge or dam as well as many excellent hiding places for the *Salmo fontinalis*. The stream was of variable depth, generally about up to one's knees in the "riffles," but much deeper in the pools, many of them being over a man's head in depth; the purity of the water, however, where the overhanging branches admitted the light, tended to deceive one regarding its depth, and I recall an incident of my wife's first visit to this stream, wherein she was so misled by the apparent shallowness of a pretty pool that she had taken our little girls' shoes and stockings off and was about to allow them to wade and paddle in water probably up to their necks in depth, under the impression it was only about up to their knees. In width the stream was about right to afford a wading angler what space he needed for convenient casting and not much more. Without this width it would have been impossible to have fished the principal portions of the stream, as the dense vegetation prevented fishing them from the bank. While of course the bed of the stream consisted mainly of boulders and rounded stones of various sizes, over which the water chafed and frothed on its way, yet, sifted in among them, was quite a deposit of white, coarse sand washed down, I suppose, in freshets from the disintegrating cliffs on either side of the cañon. This sand added to the attractiveness of the stream, and doubtless gave it its name. Three dwellings were located upon this creek, all veritable log structures in most picturesque spots, and all occupied by peculiar and interesting characters. Space will not now permit of their description, but later on I may refer to them in connection with my visits to this stream. K. and I on this September afternoon meandered the stream throughout some two miles of its lower reaches, where the cañon had become more open; but we did not get up to the forest-clad portion of the cañon, nor to any of the dwellings referred to. We caught grasshoppers and tossed in here and there as we went along, but failed to obtain the rise we were seeking. We finally fell in with a resident, who told us that it was several miles of hard road up to the headwaters where the skilled hunter lived, and furthermore assured us that earlier in the season trout were most abundant. As it was then late in the day, and the stream appeared so attractive, we decided to do nothing further for the present, but to be on hand the next June with our rods and reels (and I came near saying "traces," such is the effect of the Red Gods discussion); to see what we could accomplish in season.

The following June—about the 20th, as I now recall it—we found opportunity to put this stream to the test; and, having obtained permission for a few days' absence, K. and I set forth in good spirits. We had with us an excellent man, a German by the name of Potswald; we didn't need him as cook or to do any work of that kind, as we always did our own cooking; but it was necessary to keep someone around our camp during our absences in order to protect it from cattle and meddlers, and to have a general supervision over our property. We had supplies of all kinds, and a small tent to protect us from rain in case we found it necessary; ordinarily we did not put up a tent, but we always carried one in case of a storm. We drove away about 6:30 A. M.; although about the summer solstice, the sky was overcast and a raw northerly wind made it feel more like March than June. We all wore heavy overcoats, and Prince and Jay trotted along at a merry pace, readily passing everything on the way. Shortly after 10 we reached Spearfish, distant 25 miles, and fed and rested here till noon. The hotel had a roaring fire, and it felt good to us, stiffened up as we were with facing a cold wind for four hours, even though it was summer time. We started on again about noon, reaching the stream between two and three hours later, and having followed it up a mile or two, went into camp before reaching the forest-bordered portion. We reasoned that if trout were as numerous as they were said to be, we should find plenty in that vicinity, and we preferred to camp away from habitations. This view, however, proved a blunder of great magnitude, as will be seen. We hastily put our tackle together, rigged with flies, set out for the stream, and whipped it faithfully for two hours or such a matter without the slightest rise. Our spirits had fallen somewhat, and Potswald's Teutonic countenance showed evident disappointment as we reached camp empty-handed; but we ate our supper of bacon and hoped for better luck on the morrow.

We whipped the stream faithfully till noon the next day, with the same result. As we had thus far been fishing the lower reaches, out in the open country, with flies, we now concluded to go further up and try the forest portion, and also to use minnows. After dinner we managed to seine out some twenty-five or thirty minnows, and with bucket in hand walked up the valley for several miles, baited with minnow, and began fishing the darker waters beneath overhanging trees. Before long I caught a trout; a small affair, to be sure, but we had come so far and toiled so hard without previous encouragement that I well recall our sensations as we gazed on this pretty, speckled, shining little fellow. We were like prospectors who had at last struck "pay dirt." We now forgot all previous disappointment and set about fishing in earnest. Soon K. caught a nice one that would weigh probably a pound; this gave us such a thrill that we chattered about it like boys who had never been on an outing before. We fished along down stream till 4 or 5 o'clock, however, without getting any more, when we were overtaken at a crossing by a gentleman in a buggy, and fell into conversation with him. He seemed surprised at our poor showing, and said it must be due to our fishing the lower portions of the creek. "Just go up to Boydin's," he said, "and I'll guarantee that you'll catch a hundred a day, if you want that many."

On the following morning we packed up and set out for the headwaters, the present land of promise. We had not gone far before we met Boydin himself, the hunter of repute. He was going away from home then, but told us to go ahead and make ourselves at home at his place, and if we couldn't catch all the fish we wanted he would show us how on his return. "Jack" Boydin, as he was known to all, was the typical hunter, the kind one reads about in the story books; small, lithe, alert, straight as an Indian, with an eye like an eagle. He had passed some fifteen years in the forest, part of the time as hunter for mining camps, and part as deputy sheriff. He was not given to boasting, and rarely referred to his experiences as sheriff; but at night, seated under the big trees around the camp-fire, it was a pleasure to listen to him as he recounted his tales of the chase and his observations as a naturalist. Among his wanderings in times past, he had stumbled upon this charming cañon, built a spacious log house at one of the principal springs, and now owned about two miles in length of the stream. Here he kept a few cows and raised some crops upon small patches of ground he had cleared. About five years before the stream had been stocked with several varieties of trout and put under a close period. Although this period had been but indifferently observed in the open country below, he had personally strictly enforced it on his own domain, so that now that the creek was open to fishing, while the lower portions were almost devoid of trout, as we had just discovered, his waters were fairly alive with them. He made a small daily charge for the privilege of fishing his grounds ,and kept away all who were unwilling to pay it; by this means his fishing remained constantly good. As he left us he remarked, "You'll find one pretty bad hill on the way, but your team is good, and you will make it all right."

We drove on and soon came to this hill. It was certainly a bad one; I recall but one worse—that up Old Baldy in Texas. On the right of the track the ground sloped precipitously to the creek below, so that, in the event of the horses failing to make the ascent, and letting the load draw them back a short distance, the whole might readily be displaced from the narrow trail and overturned into the stream many feet below, by no means an alluring prospect; and, as if to emphasize its probability, there was at the bottom the remains of a recently wrecked vehicle. Prince and Jay, however, scorned to notice the hill, and climbed it without a halt. From there on the drive under the big trees was delightful, the fords too picturesque for description, and when we finally brought up at Jack's pretty log dwelling we felt we had reached the sportsman's paradise. We camped a few feet from the edge of the creek, turned Prince and Jay into the pasture with Jack's horse, and, being within sight of his house and in a fenced inclosure, we neither feared cattle nor meddlers, but could all three abandon ourselves to the delights of trout fishing under perfect conditions.

We again rigged our tackle and stepped into the stream right at our camp, and soon had plenty of trout for dinner. Having now ascertained that we were at last where the fishing was really good, we stopped, cooked dinner, and lay about under the shade of the oaks (the weather had now gotten hot again), listening to the music of the stream till about two o'clock, and then set out to thoroughly explore its resources, and find out what it really contained. As we did not contemplate returning the next day to the post, we determined not to kill a fish that afternoon beyond the few small ones we needed for supper, but to try the most promising lurking places for large ones, and to carefully release every one hooked. What an afternoon we had of it! Although Jack's stream had been fished more or less, it appeared that K. and I were the first ones to use flies and to boldly wade its waters while fishing, all others having been content to fish with worms or grasshoppers, and from the bank. It was thus reserved to us to fish long reaches of the most attractive parts of the stream whose banks were so hemmed in by thickets as to have precluded all previous fishing.

According to the practice of anglers, we had each rigged three flies of different varieties in order to discover the most taking, but we soon had to remove all but one. The trout were so numerous and voracious we soon had two or three on at a time, not of the little frying-pan size, but fish that would weigh a pound or two each; and when one has two or three of them on at a time, above his knees in water in a swift stream, making his way about over rounded and slippery boulders, and endeavoring at the same time to preserve his rod from the overhanging branches, it is not overstating the case to say that he has his hands full. After reducing our tackle to a single fly—K. retaining a coachman, I a professor—it became more of a pleasure. We cast only in places where we had reason to expect large ones, and were rarely disappointed. Of course, we didn't catch all that struck, many getting away; still they were not at all shy, and would apparently bite a second or third time as vigorously as ever. Having hooked and played a fish till we could land him, we would carefully remove the hook and release him, and I am not certain but some of these paroled prisoners took up arms against us a second time as soon as they had recovered their strength. We kept no note or record of that day's sport; we needed none to keep it fresh in our memories, and as far as others are concerned, I doubt if any would have believed it if we had shown them an account record—that is, I mean none but our FOREST AND STREAM readers. About six o'clock it became too dark under the trees for the flies to take, so we gave over the chase till the morrow, and wended our way back to camp empty-handed, aside from some half dozen small ones we had saved for supper.

Upon our return to camp we could not find Potswald, and, fearing he might have wandered off hunting and gotten lost, we set out up the stream in search of him, calling out from time to time. He soon answered our halloa, and shortly was seen approaching. As he came into view he presented so ludicrous a spectacle that K. and I could not preserve our countenances. It seems he had never been fishing before in his life, and now, having found a stream where, if you threw in a baited hook, the fish literally caught themselves, it had made him almost delirious. When he first came into view he was climbing a fence, his rod and tackle under one arm, and both hands tightly clasping a bunch of trout scarcely above the legal limit, while tails of many others protruded from his various pockets; his face was flushed, and he could scarcely speak. Although a most exemplary man, we thought he must have been drinking, but it eventually came out that he was so elated at his unexpected success that it affected him like liquor. We showed him how to cut a forked stick and string his fish thereon like the proverbial small boy—he had something like fifteen or twenty of them—and on his return to camp, when his eye fell on the few that K. and I had brought in and he hastily concluded that these represented the result of our efforts, it was laughable to see the evident contempt in which he held our ability as fishermen. We didn't undeceive him, but complimented him on his success, cautioning him meanwhile not to catch so many again, as they would be wasted. It was useless, however; the next day he fished just as persistently, and came back to camp again loaded with little fellows.

We spent a pleasant evening round the camp-fire with Jack, who had meanwhile returned, and finally were lulled to sleep by the rippling murmurs of the stream only a few feet from our heads.

The next day we set to work, caught a good string of big ones—some over two pounds—dressed and packed them carefully for the journey, pulled out of the cañon before dark, and made the drive back to the post in the moonlight, arriving in time to furnish our friends fresh trout for breakfast.

WM. F. FLYNN.

FORT RILEY, Kas.

Seeking the Lost.

KELLER, Wash., Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Were you ever lost in the mountains? If you never have been, then you will hardly be able to understand my feelings when I went to town last Wednesday for my mail. I was told Billy Boles was lost, and had not been seen since Sunday. Mr. Greer, Lew Phillips and Billy went over on to the meadow on Nine Mile Creek hunting, and camped several days. Sunday morning Billy started out, and told the boys that if he did not get back that night not to get uneasy, for he might go over to his cabin, which is a mile above mine on Silver Creek. Billy did not get back, and Monday morning Greer and Phillips packed up and started over to Billy's cabin, expecting to find him at home, but there was no one there, and the snow around the cabin showed that there had been no one around the cabin since they had left a few days before. Tuesday they, together with Dan McMaster, went to hunt for Billy, and went back to camp and tried to follow his tracks, but the rain and the snow falling from the trees had so obliterated the tracks that they were unable to follow them, and they came back. Wednesday Dan McMaster and Canfield hunted, and not finding him, or any trace, they came to town. That was the first I had heard it. I told the boys that if he did not turn up or there were not some tidings of him, I would go the next day, and I thought if they could show me where he had been last seen I could follow the tracks. This the boys who had been out said was impossible. I said I would try, for we had to hunt, and if we could not follow tracks then we would have to hunt the country over. Billy had his dog with him, and if anything had happened to him the dog would stay with him, and we would be able to hear the dog howl.

Two of the boys that work for our company were over at the camp Billy left on Sunday, and they said they struck Billy's tracks about a mile above the camp and followed them to camp; where they first struck the tracks they turned up the hill, and they thought were heading for Copper Creek. But it was very foggy that day, and the boys were mistaken in the direction.

Thursday Lew Murphy and Mr. Harford came by my cabin, and brought me a saddle horse, and we were soon on the road to their camp; Dan M. and Indian Johnnie had gone a little while ahead of us. When we got up to the forks of Silver Creek, I told the boys with me that we would go up the ridge to the summit of the mountain, between Copper Creek and Nine Mile,

and swing around, so as to pick up the tracks where our boys had seen them. We went around till we had passed clear around, and, not finding any tracks, started for the camp, expecting to find others there, and when we had got to within about half a mile of the camp we came to Dan M. and Johnnie, who were following a track. I told them that was not Billy's track, it toed out too much, and if they followed that track a while they would find it came back to camp. This they did, and the track returned. Some of the boys at camp had been after birds. We went to camp, but none of those could tell just where Billy had left, and which ridge he had started up. Dan M. and Johnnie went up the ridge, Lew Murphy and Harford went up the next ridge above, I went out about a quarter mile from camp and made a complete circle of the camp; and when I got back to camp I found what I took to be a trail made by our boys, but it was very dim, as there had been rain all Sunday night, Monday, Monday night and Tuesday and Tuesday night, and till noon Wednesday. The snow that had fallen from the trees had put out all tracks under the trees where they were thick. I followed the tracks I found for over a mile, and came to where a track had gone up the hill, and this I felt certain was Billy's tracks. I followed for at least three miles and came to where a very big pine tree had fallen across a sharp point of the hill; it stuck up several feet, and under this I found Billy's tracks, as well as those of his dog.

When I got out on to the open ground I could see the track quite plainly. I hollered for the boys and soon they answered and came. We followed the tracks quite fast, separating a little way, and in keeping the direction when one would lose the tracks the other would pick them up. We followed till half-past one, and stopped for lunch. Then we took up the tracks, and went right along. Soon we came to where Billy had started some deer; we could tell by the many impresions in the snow, but we had trouble in finding where he had gone, as we tracked him around to where he had recrossed his tracks several times. It was getting late. I found where he had gone down a hill toward Nine Mile, and I told the boys we had better return to town and get pack horses and come out again, as it would be after dark before we got back. This was agreed to, and it was dark before we got to the summit, and when we got down in sight of Billy's house we saw a light, and I tell you we were greatly pleased, for we thought he had come in, which proved to be true. We hollered at him, as the road did not go close to the cabin, and we thought we would learn the particulars later. He had wounded a deer where we had left the tracks and followed it down toward Nine Mile, and he laid out Sunday night, and Monday he went down Nine Mile to a miner's cabin, which he reached at 4 P. M., tired and hungry, and as it rained all day Tuesday he stayed in camp, and the same Wednesday. He said he never thought of us hunting him till Thursday morning, when he started home, which he reached a little ahead of us. I tell you we were glad that we did not have to return next day, for following tracks is hard work for

LEW WILMOT.

The Cruising Outfit.

AN OPEN LETTER TO RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

DEAR SIR—I have read with interest your account of preparing for a trip down the Mississippi River. There seems to be something lacking; but of course no two could have agreed on everything. There are a few things I insist on; one is comfort. There is only one way to enjoy this perfectly on such a trip. You must have a 7x7 tent, 3 foot wall, and a good tent stove. Not an oil stove to cook on; you can take one of those, too, if you like; but a sheet iron tent stove to burn wood in and keep you warm and cheerful on rainy, gloomy days and nights. A box 7 inches square and 14 inches long, with 2½ inches pipe, not smaller, will keep you warm in the coldest of weather inside a good 7x7 tent. Also you could take a folding cot, then you will be complete in that line, and have added only about forty pounds to your load, which in a boat so commodious as yours is nothing. Now, I want you to add these, for I am going to think of you often during the winter, and I would like to think of you on rainy nights as camped on a bayou under the mistletoe or cypress, as the case might be, tent walls aglow with fire and lamp light, leaning back in deepest reverie or jotting down the events of the day. You are at home. You have grown familiar with your surroundings, and inside with the flaps closed you are comfortable and content, no matter in what wild spot or how the rain patters or the wind moans through the pines. I have been there through many hundreds of crooked miles. Now, help a fellow out and get in shape and "I'll be with you 'til the roses bloom again."

E. P. JAQUES.

"It Just Happens So."

YOUR editorial (in issue of January 2) is in line with experiences of my own. Time and again when finding a man out and awaiting his return for a reasonable time—in other words, when I became satisfied that time was up—I have brought the man into his office by simply writing him a note. Sometimes he comes in before I have written two lines, and again as the note was finished. Repeatedly have I done this. Sometimes I have said to the clerk, "I guess I will hurry Mr. So and So up. Please give me a piece of writing paper and see if he does not return at once." And so it would happen.

I even did this on you once. I think you had been out to lunch a matter of two hours or more. I, too, here called you to your desk and duty by writing you a note, only to tear it up as you walked in. It works every time; in fact, I can recall no case where I tried it and failed. I never tried it on a man who had gone to Europe or out of town; I do not know just how it would work in such cases. Write this up for the benefit of humanity.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Natural History.

Cats Eating Corn.

AS I SEE that several writers seem to think this an unusual occurrence, I will say that my experience is that a large majority of cats will eat sweet corn both when cooked and also raw off the cob. They do this from choice, and not because pressed by hunger. Many cats will also eat turnip, squash, and potato when cooked.

While scientists separate animals by dentition into rodents and carnivora, the fact is that nearly all of the rodents will eat both flesh and fish, and most of the carnivora will eat some kind of vegetable food. Rats, mice, squirrels and porcupines will eat meat as quickly as any of the carnivora; squirrels will not only eat meat, but will kill young birds and suck eggs; chipmunks will kill and eat mice, and I have known of one carrying in his mouth a snake a foot long which he probably intended to eat. Flying squirrels will eat others which are in traps. Anyone who has ever set traps for bears knows how often porcupines and rabbits get into their traps. Some will say that they are attracted by something salt which was used for bait, but I have taken porcupines where the bait was perfectly fresh meat, and have taken rabbits in log traps when set for both sable and mink, which in some cases were baited with perfectly fresh fish, and in others with fresh meat. I have known muskrats to be caught in a log trap baited with meat. Samuel Hearne, in his "Journey from Prince of Wales Fort to the Northern Ocean," says, in speaking of a tame beaver, that he has kept several of them, and that "in general during the winter they lived on the same food as the women did, and were remarkably fond of rice and plum pudding. They could eat partridges and fresh venison very freely, but I never tried them on fish, though I have heard that at times they will prey on them."

The only rodent I know of which will not at some times and under some circumstances eat meat and fish is the woodchuck, and I should not be surprised but, if taken young, one could learn.

On the other hand, nearly all carnivora will eat vegetable food. Wolves and foxes will eat beech nuts when they can get plenty of other food. I have seen where a wolf ate beech nuts where just before he had eaten deer meat. I have seen a wolf taken in a bear trap in June whose stomach was full of young beech leaves. There was no doubt that this wolf was very hungry, or else he would not have entered into the trap, but it proves that in some cases they will eat even leaves. Every hunter knows that both bears and raccoons will eat every kind of grain, nuts, or berries. Bears also eat many kinds of roots, some of which—like the Indian turnip (Jack-in-the-pulpit)—few other animals would touch. Pine martin and fisher will eat the berries of mountain ash, also beech nuts. Whether any of the deer tribe will ever eat meat is something I do not know, but I have seen a horse eat a dish of stewed meat, and travelers tell us that in some parts of Norway and Sweden the cattle in winter are fed on dried fish heads, so it seems there are no hard and fast rules as to what animals will, or will not, eat.

M. HARDY.

BREWER, Me., Jan. 8.

The Meadowlark Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your worthy contributor, M. of Northside, in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM, made such kindly allusion to some of the letters of Coahoma, that my appreciation thereof is but little marred by the mild censure that follows. Yet am I constrained to offer defense of what I consider to be a very natural position assumed by me concerning the shooting of meadow larks, which resulted, unfortunately, in wounding the sensibilities of M. of Northside, and perhaps of others, who view the question from a different standpoint than my own.

My courteous opponent appears to have retained a somewhat mixed impression as between my own utterances and some that were quoted by me from the pen of John James Audubon; as the suggestion that meadow larks were an easy mark for young sportsmen to practice on was Audubon's and not my own. Your contributor seems also unmindful of the circumstances that called out my article of which he complains, which was to defend a minister of the church, who is a Southerner, against the unseemly abuse of a brother minister, who rudely charged him with moral turpitude of the grossest character because he shot some meadow larks, and in doing so unwittingly violated a local game law. My object was to show that it was perfectly natural for a Southerner—at least one from the Gulf States—to shoot these birds without the slightest suspicion of wrong doing in the eyes of other people; and used arguments to that end which merely reflected the common and generally accepted view of the matter in this part of the country.

The simple fact is, as I endeavored to show, that in the Gulf States the meadow lark is regarded as a game bird and not as a song bird. This is sufficiently attested by reference to the game law of Mississippi, which includes the meadow lark in the category of game birds, along with doves and partridges; and affords him the same measure of protection by fixing for him a close season along with the other named game birds. The meadow lark here is more in evidence during the fall and winter months than in the spring and summer. He is found in association with doves and partridges, feeding on the same ground and possessing the same general habits; and is, moreover, very abundant, with everything to suggest the propriety of shooting him along with the others, except that he is not held in the same esteem as a target for skillful shooters.

It would probably never occur to dwellers in the Gulf States that the meadow lark is to be considered as a song bird; and the suggestion would strike such an one as decidedly novel. As between the frequent, clear, and musical call of Bob White, and the feeble and infrequent notes of the meadow lark, the former would probably be voted to have much superior claims of the two to be exempted from the list of game birds and exalted to that of the songsters in this part of the country; and yet such a proposition would be regarded as absurd.

We are apt to forget that there is no such thing as bird ethics, except as created in the human mind, with reference to human sensibilities and utilities, and the kind of esteem in which different birds are held by different people is purely a question of environment, depending upon latitude and climatic conditions, which in turn control the local character and habits of the birds.

But it is difficult for any of us to overcome that inborn spirit of provincialism in this and other matters that prevents us from making due allowance for the differing views of those who are differently environed, and looking at a subject from a different standpoint.

I trust that my esteemed friend, M. of Northside, to whom I should like to extend a hand of welcome, both as an "Old Virginian" and one of the noble FOREST AND STREAM brotherhood, will vouchsafe a modicum of charity toward his less sophisticated (in bird ethics) fellow Southerner from further South, and at least accord to him as favorable a footing as that of "the poor benighted Hindoo," etc.

With a happy New Year to FOREST AND STREAM and all its readers, I subscribe myself, everybody's friend,

COAHOMA.

P. S.—I will suggest to the editor that he apply the refrain put into the meadow lark's song by the Southern negroes—"laz-i-ness kill yo-u-u"—to the musical notes given in the last FOREST AND STREAM as representing its musical expression, and note how more perfectly they fit its cadence than do the words "Spring o' the year."

COAHOMA.

The Night Hawk.

THE communications relating to the night hawk have been of more than passing interest to me. I have on a number of occasions seen these birds flying about in Manhattan, their flight being sometimes high in the air, and as often hardly above the roofs of the buildings. That they deposit their eggs and rear their young on the flat roofs I have not the shadow of a doubt, for as they are here in considerable numbers throughout the summer we can hardly imagine that they do not breed here, and it would be nothing strange that they should do so, for it is their habit to nidify on the flat tops of buildings in other cities.

I have on several occasions found their eggs on flat roofs in Boston, and when I was connected with the State Cabinet other specimens of the eggs that were also found in such places were brought to me for identification.

In W. A. Stearn's book on birds (edited by Dr. Coues), it is stated that the eggs are laid on "the flat concreted roofs of houses in large cities, where the heat of the sun helps to incubate them, as it does those of terns and sandpipers, while the birds are flying about in broad daylight."

Dr. Thomas M. Brewer, who was in his day an ornithologist of repute, affirms that the mansard roofs of many of the houses in Boston afford "a safe and suitable shelter at night, as well as a place of deposit for its eggs."

Dr. Turnbull also states that the flat roofs of extensive warehouses in Philadelphia near the river were employed for similar purposes. The birds are more numerous as summer residents in New York than most persons imagine; in fact, the number who have noticed them here in their peculiar erratic flight is probably very small.

A good point from which their aerial evolutions may be witnessed is the Battery; dozens of the birds may occasionally be seen there on summer afternoons darting about in pursuit of their insect prey.

In their woodland homes they construct no nest, but deposit their eggs on the earth or dry humus, or the moss-covered surface of a ledge.

An extract from the description I have given of the habits of this bird in my book on ornithology may be of interest here.

"This bird arrives in New England about the tenth of May; at this time great numbers may be observed at early twilight coursing through the air in different directions, sometimes at a great height, and often just above the fields and marshes when near the sea coast, where they destroy great numbers of insects.

"Their flight is very rapid, their long wings giving quick, powerful sweeps, and as they dart about in many eccentric movements busily gleaning their food, they utter at oft-repeated intervals their short note or squeak, which almost exactly resembles that of the common English or Wilson's snipe.

"About the middle of May, or certainly by the twentieth of that month in a latitude as high as Maine, the male commences his attentions to the female, his movements at this time are interesting, and from their common occurrence are familiar to all who live in the country.

"At early evening and in cloudy weather throughout the greater part of the day he ascends into the air, and when he has attained a considerable height partially closing his wings he drops with great velocity through the distance of seventy-five or one hundred feet, sometimes nearly to the earth.

"The sound made by the air passing through the wing quills is so loud that I have often heard it at certainly the distance of half a mile; it resembles, as Nuttall truly says, the sound produced by blowing into the bung-hole of an empty hogshead. This act is often repeated, the bird darting about at the same time in every direction, and uttering his snipe-like squeak.

"Wilson was of the opinion that this habit of the night hawk is confined to the period of incubation, the male acting in this manner, as he thought, to intimidate any person from approaching the nest.

"I have had abundant opportunities for observing the bird in all times of the summer and during its stay in the north, and I should unhesitatingly affirm that from the time of early courtship until the young are hatched, if not after, the male acts in this eccentric manner.

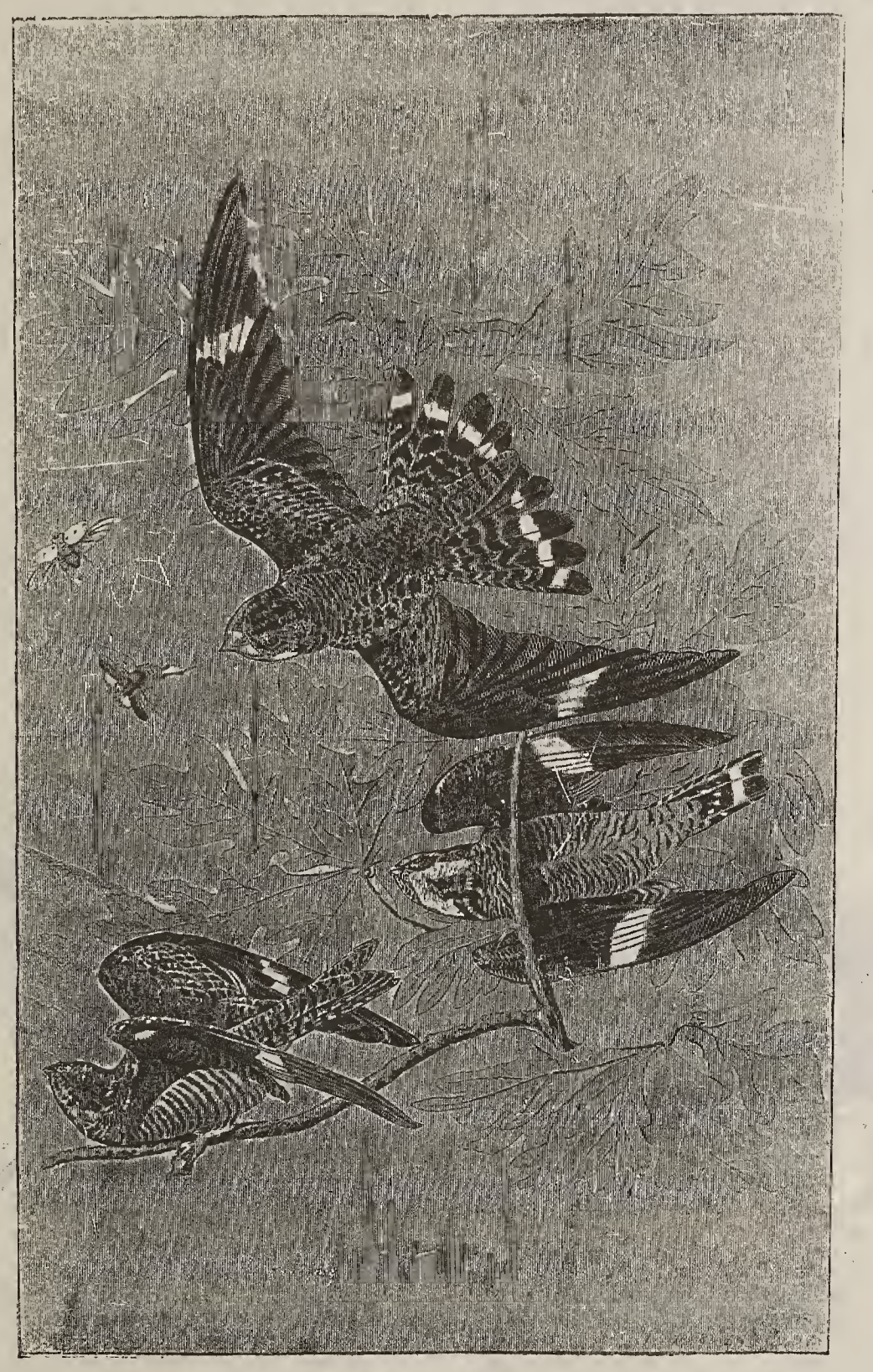
"The eggs are two in number, elliptical in shape, of a dirty white color, with fine dottings of different shades of brown, with obscure markings of slate color, and some spots of lavender. I have found numbers of their nesting places in northern Maine, where in walking over a pasture or rocky field I have flushed, sometimes, a bird in

every ten rods. I remember a ledge of rocks back of the little settlement known as Wilson's Mills, which seemed a favorite breeding place for these birds, and in the space of every four or five rods a female was incubating her eggs. The male assists the female in incubating, as I have witnessed many times; when perching by her on a limb of a tree or a fence rail, he always sits along the limb or rail, instead of across it, a peculiarity which is also noticeable in the whip-poor-will. Some authors in alluding to this fact, explain it by noticing the comparatively small size of the feet, and apparent weakness of the legs. I think this can hardly be a sufficient cause, for both species while on the ground can run with considerable speed, and if captured cannot only perch across the finger or the branch or the back of a chair, as I have proved, but can rest on one foot, drawing the other up into the feathers of the belly like other birds.

"About the last of August after the young have become able to provide for themselves, all the families in a given neighborhood assemble in a large scattered flock, after the manner of the swallows, and after having become completely recruited from the labors of incubation, they all leave for the South."

The name "night hawk" is a misnomer, for it is abroad the greater portion of the day in search of its insect prey, which, like the swallow, it sometimes seeks high in the air, so high as to be almost invisible.

It prefers pasture lands, barrens, and other rather desolate places to heavily wooded localities; in the extensive



THE NIGHT HAWK.
From Audubon's "Birds of America."

tracts of barrens in Annapolis and Queens counties in Nova Scotia it is very abundant, scores of birds often being in sight in any given spot.

It is one of the most widely distributed of all our native birds; it ranges from Texas and Florida on the south to high northern latitudes, and from the Atlantic Ocean westward to the great central plains. At Matamoras Mr. Dresser discovered it to be a rather abundant summer resident, and throughout the fur countries Dr. Richardson found it to be an abundant and well-known species.

The magnitude of its numbers can hardly be estimated. I once had a good opportunity to form an idea of how numerous the species is. I was tenting on Grand Lake Stream, the connecting link between two of the Schoodic lakes, Maine, in September, forty years ago.

I was sitting with my companions one evening before our camp-fire enjoying our go-to-bed smoke; the moon, which was nearly in its full, illuminated the scenery around us with almost the brightness of day. As we sat there swapping fish stories and recalling pleasant reminiscences, our attention was attracted by the fluttering of wings around us, and looking up we discovered that there were hundreds, if not thousands, of long-winged birds darting about us, but all seemingly moving in one general direction, from north to south. To ascertain what they were I seized my gun and selecting one of the birds that was winging its way within easy reach, I dropped it, and to our surprise we discovered it was a night hawk. That such a prodigious number of these birds, which kept up a procession several hours in length, could be of this species was simply astounding to us. We had never imagined there were so many night hawks in creation.

Of course the birds were in their autumnal migration, but how they managed to get together in such numbers, or why they should simultaneously be seized with the desire to thus come together at that particular time and by that special route, has always been inexplicable to me.

Whether they kept together until they arrived at their winter home or their numbers were scattered as they moved southward we shall never know, for I never heard of any other ornithologist making note of this procession.

Birds of such rapidity of flight as the night hawk could, no doubt, move in very long stages.

My friend, Mr. C. J. Maynard, in writing me on the velocity of the flight of birds, says, according to his own and others' observations, geese, swans, and other large species move at upward of 100 miles an hour; thus they can readily accomplish a distance of 1,000 miles between meals. Ducks, especially the smaller species, like teal, scaup, etc., move more rapidly than this, the average being probably as high as 150 miles per hour. Shore birds move even more rapidly, averaging 180 miles per hour. It is a well established fact that the golden plover sometimes may take one uninterrupted flight from Newfoundland to the West Indies in a straight line, thus covering 3,200 miles. Now, if these birds can cover such great distances, there is no reason why the night hawk cannot make such long flights also.

There is no doubt that it flies across from the continent to Nova Scotia in the spring and autumn; the distance across Massachusetts Bay and the Bay of Fundy is no trifling matter, and this is undoubtedly covered by many thousands of smaller birds, warblers, sparrows, swallows, and other migratory species, and we know, also, that myriads of other migratory birds cross the Mediterranean Sea every year.

The night hawk is not the only species of our *feræ naturæ* that is more or less often seen in Greater New York, as can be easily proved by those who will take the trouble to look around them.

A year or more ago FOREST AND STREAM printed a communication from me which noted the occurrence of a pair of weasels or ermines in Fordham; in the same neighborhood I have seen the striped squirrel and the gray squirrel, and have within a year flushed a common bittern or "stake driver" in the swamp through which a small creek runs in the same locality.

One afternoon last summer as I was enjoying a stroll through Riverside Park, I chanced to look upward and saw, high in the air, a great blue heron that was winging its way across the Hudson River, its destination probably being the extensive stretch of marshes a few miles the other side of the Palisades in New Jersey; whence it came of course we can only conjecture, but there are hundreds of localities along the Sound that would have attractions for the bird, and the heron could easily cover such a trifling distance as I have named.

To be sure, not every one has the leisure and inclination to spend much time in gazing skyward, but those who are thus blessed will often see birds winging their way in various directions whose presence would hardly be looked for in the neighborhood of one of the greatest cities on earth.

It has been my practice for years to thus scan the heavens, and almost always I have seen something interesting in the ornithological line.

Once while resting on a seat in Central Park I saw soaring high up in the air a bald eagle, and a very large one at that. There was no mistaking the identity of the bird, for I have seen in past years a number of them in flight. On other occasions I have seen wedge-shaped flocks of geese and ducks winging their course across the sky, and flocks of plover and other shore birds are common.

In fact, if one had a favorable situation from which to make his observations, I have no doubt that he would, almost any day in summer or autumn, be amply repaid for the time consumed.

I have, once or twice when sitting by my window at night, heard the unmistakable note of the qua bird, or night heron, high up in the air, and on two different occasions have at night heard the shrill, quavering cry of the loon as he was winging his way over the metropolis.

The presence of large birds in the neighborhood of a great city, however, is not confined to New York, for scoters, coots, and other sea ducks and black ducks often pass the winter in the Back Bay Fens and the Charles River in Boston, where they seem to know intuitively that gunners will not molest them; and the same aquatic fowl are often seen on the Delaware River near Philadelphia, while steamers and tugboats ply around them.

Lions for Two Presidents.

Correspondence New York Evening Post.

CONSUL-GENERAL SKINNER, now on his return from the Abyssinian capital, "has been charged to deliver to the President two lions" as a present from King Menelik; and, as they could not well be shipped by express from Abyssinia, presumably the Consul-General has them in his personal custody. It is to be hoped he enjoys the mission thus imposed upon him better than a certain earlier consular officer did a like trust.

In 1839, while Thomas N. Carr was Consul at Tangier, a rumor came to him from Fez that the Emperor of Morocco intended making him the recipient of some barbaric present or other expressive of his regard for the Government of the United States. Consul Carr took immediate alarm, and sought the bashaw, who was the chief official at Tangier, to remonstrate. From the bashaw he got no satisfaction, and set about communicating with the Emperor; but, before he could do so, there came to his door a glittering official, attended by a file of soldiers, and bringing a full-grown lion and lioness—the finest ones, said Mr. Carr, that he had ever seen. The Moroccan official said he had come to give the Consul the lions as a present. The Consul said he could not take presents; the laws did not permit it. "But you are expected to forward these to your President," said the official. The Consul said that the laws of Congress did not permit the President, either, to accept presents from a foreign Power. "Then you may send them to your Congress," replied the official. "But," remonstrated the distressed Consul, "Congress will not accept presents; it has resolved to that effect." "Well," next inquired the Moroccan, "who is back of your Congress—who is the highest authority in your country?" "The people," responded the American. "Then send the lions to the American people," was the conclusive and triumphant answer of the official. Then the Consul refused point-blank to receive the lions for anybody or on any terms. "But," answered the Moroccan, "that is impossible. I have been sent to give you these lions, and give them to you I must and shall; it is the Emperor's orders, and in Morocco to disobey an order means to lose one's head; if you don't take the lions, I shall turn them loose in your street and put a guard across the head of it to keep them there."

Mr. Carr wrote to the State Department that the street in which he lived was a short *cul-de-sac,* in which were only half a dozen houses besides his own; that to turn lions loose in it would have made it uninhabitable, and, at the end of all his resources of resistance, he could see nothing to do but clear a room in his house and turn the lions into it. This he did, and his letter relating to the State Department the story of his adventure and his helplessness against the overpowering generosity of his Moroccan admirers is a most pathetic and moving paper. It is printed in full in House document No. 221, Twenty-sixth Congress, first session.

Communication sixty-four years ago was tedious to an extent which it is hard for those of our day to realize, and his letter, dated September 3, 1839, did not reach the State Department till November 5 of the same year. On November 12 a reply was forwarded in which Mr. Carr was told that as it appeared he had done all that lay in his power to repel the invasion of the lions, he might send them to the United States by the first available ship, and the charges for transportation and for the subsistence of the animals while they remained members of his family would be allowed in the settlement of his accounts. At this point Document No. 221 drops the story. If the chapter—probably of equal or greater interest—relating the shipment of the lions, their arrival in this country, and their reception by the President, is in the public documents, I have not yet run across it. Giving the State Department's letter two months to reach Tangier, and making reasonable allowance for delay in securing a ship (only accidental sailing ships being available), the unfortunate Consul must have had the lions in his household for the better part of six months.

The story of the progress of Consul-General Skinner's menagerie will, of course, be told more minutely, and if King Menelik's lions reach President Roosevelt he will have an easy outlet from the dilemma by way of the National Zoological Park in Washington, which, of course, did not exist in President Van Buren's time.

F. A. CRANDALL.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Kadiak Grizzlies.

READING in recent numbers of Outing the exceedingly interesting articles of Mr. James H. Kidder on "Hunting the Big Game of Western Alaska," one cannot but admire the hunter's determination and persistence in following up the hunt for his first bear so resolutely, which, Mr. Kidder states, took eighty-seven days of actual hunting.

I have no doubt that the hunter felt well repaid for his long chase when, on the 15th of May, 1900, he brought down a Kadiak grizzly or "big bear" at Kadiak Bay. Possibly he felt well rewarded at night for each day's exertions, for hunting, with the true hunter's spirit, is in one respect like virtue—being its own reward.

But if Mr. Kidder had preferred to make short work of killing his first bear, and had gone to a certain place on Kadiak Island at the right time of year, I think much hard work might have been avoided, to say nothing of the time that would have been saved.

This remarkable place to which I refer—perhaps it has not a parallel in the whole world for grizzlies—is Karluk Lake in the interior of Kadiak Island. Karluk Lake is at the head of Karluk River, and is about half way across the island in a general southeasterly direction from the famous salmon fishery at Karluk beach. The lake is uninhabited by white men or natives, but during the spawning season of the "red salmon" or "blue backs" (*Oncorynchus nerka*), when they ascend the Karluk River to spawn on Karluk Lake, it is a carnival time for the Kadiak grizzlies, and they come down from the surrounding mountains and hills, and I fancy from a large part of the surrounding country, too, to feast on the spawning salmon, which then become an easy prey to the great bears, gathered together as the salmon are in great numbers in the shallow waters near the shores of the lake. Here the enormous grizzlies congregate during the spawning season of the salmon (August and September), and here, where they obtain food so easily and certainly, and in such quantities, I am strongly inclined to think they stay till the spawning season is over, particularly as it is a place rarely ever visited by white men, and very seldom even by the native Aleuts.

Judging from the numerous tracks which cover the shores of the lake, and which along the water's edge were like the beaten cowpaths in a cattle pasture, these big bears must be very numerous around the Lake at this season. This was confirmed by our own experience when we formed part of a Government expedition which, for the purposes of surveying, photographing, and general investigation, visited Karluk Lake and explored the whole length and breadth of the lake in the summer of 1889.

A portion of the party, consisting of two white men and two Aleuts, made a tour of the whole lake shore in two baidarkas on the 19th and 20th of August, and in those two days' paddling, without making any effort to hunt grizzlies, they stumbled, so to speak, on six of the "big bears," of which they killed one. This circumstance, connected with the fact that grizzly tracks were so thick around the lake, leads one almost necessarily to the conclusion that these bears are very numerous at Karluk Lake while the salmon are spawning; and it seems to me that if Mr. Kidder had gone in August into the interior of Kadiak Island, and hunted on Karluk Lake, he could have almost have averaged a "big bear" a day.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

Moose Ages.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* How old is my moose? The question is often asked over the campfire when the successful hunter can hardly leave the head long enough to get his much needed night's rest. There is some difference of opinion among old hunters as to the length of time required for the development of the horns, but the most generally accepted theory is about as follows: The first year the six-month-old calves have merely bumps on the skull where the horns are to be. The second year the yearlings have spike or prong horns according to the size and development of the individual. Two-year-olds to five-year-olds are almost indistinguishable, running three to eight points on a side, usually with some palm and about 30 to 40 inches spread. The size of the moose as well as of his horns gradually increases during these years, but the individual differences are greater than the yearly, so that it is impossible to tell the age with certainty closer than to within three years.

From the seventh to the ninth years he reaches his maximum, both as to size and spread of antlers and width of palm. There should then in the eastern moose be a spread of 50 to 65 inches and about 13 points on a side. The Alaska moose of course runs a larger spread and more points. Somewhere about the fourteenth year the horns are grown with a narrower spread, smaller palms and thicker, heavier points. The moose is "aged," the horns run to points, and the head is ragged looking. Such old veterans are not apt to be found where the country is very much shot over. The bulls are lucky enough if they reach their prime, and seldom get a chance to pass it.

The long whip-lash bell is usually seen in cows or young bulls under six years. In their prime the moose usually have a short bell with a very long base. The aged moose have little or no bell. I have seen a moose with a long whiplash bell, the end of which was a suppurating sore. It looked as if the tip had been torn or bitten off. Repeated injuries of this sort might help shorten the bell not only by tearing off portions of it, but by cicatricial contraction of the stump.

The teeth of the young moose are dead white, marked, especially in the grooves, with very dark color almost black. Even in moose in the prime of life caries may often be found. The teeth of the aged moose are yellow and worn down.

It would be interesting to hear from your readers if these theories tally with their experience, especially from those who have watched moose develop in captivity and can give facts rather than theories.

Last fall was an unusually good year for large moose horns in central New Brunswick. This was said to be due to the open character of the last two winters.

Partridges (ruffed grouse and Canada grouse) were more plenty than they have been for many years, as noted in your last issue by Mr. Butler, of Pittsfield. Horned owls, hawks, and foxes seemed, however, to be doing their best to restore the balance of life, as many bunches of feathers scattered in the trails testified.

DAVID E. WHEELER.

The Hoop Snake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I desire to publicly thank Mr. Hay for his valuable criticism of my last article on the "Joint Snake," which appeared in the December 26 FOREST AND STREAM; and to add that I hope no reader has jumped to the conclusion that I intended to oppose my bare "guess so" to hard scientific facts; but I do want to affirm that I consider a number of orthodox scientific opinions (negative ones) far from infallible; and while I, at present, seriously respect the conclusions of men of learning—leaders in their line of research—yet I prefer to remain open to contrary evidences, and to boldly and candidly declare a "change of mind" whenever convinced that a pet theory is in error.

I have known a turtle to live, and remain active, for about thirty hours after its head had been entirely removed. Any scientist, who had never seen or heard of a turtle, would call that a miracle, or an impossibility. The turtle's heart will continue to beat strongly for a very long while after it has been taken out and entirely disconnected.

Frog's legs, removed from the body, skinned, and laid away for awhile—I forget the exact time—will begin to quiver violently as soon as salted.

I could name many other facts that seem to defy scientific notions. Of course none of these prove that a broken "joint snake" can re-unite; and reason—as well as science—says it is very unlikely that the reptile can do so. Does either, however, dare to say positively that it cannot? Has the matter ever been proven? And, indeed, it seems to me that it would be easier to re-unite parts of the "snake" than to graft skin (or ears or noses) on to human beings—especially as the creature's vitality is much greater than human vitality. But the operation might require human skill instead of brute instinct; and this brings me back to the evident unplausibility of its intended self-restoration. So I am bound to agree, after all, that the skepticism of the naturalists is reasonable, and almost unassailable. However, albeit I am no surgeon, I intend to try another experiment on the first uninjured "joint snake" I can secure.

L. R. MORPHEW.

ARKANSAS.



Possession in Close Season.

The Booth Case Decision.

CONSIDERABLE interest having been aroused by a recent decision of Justice John M. Kellogg, of Ogdensburg, in the New York case of the People vs. A. Booth & Co., a foreign corporation doing business in this State, in which it was held that the people could not recover a penalty for the possession, sale, and transportation of brook trout in the close season (as the evidence showed that the trout were imported from Kingston, Canada, to a warehouse at Cape Vincent, N. Y.), a reporter called on Major J. W. Pond, Chief Protector of the Forest, Fish, and Game Commission, who, in reply to questions as to what bearing he thought the decision would have on future actions of a similar character, said in part:

"I do not believe this decision will have any bearing on game which Justice Kellogg has alluded to in several instances in his decision that was not involved in this litigation, as the Act of Congress known as the 'Lacey Act,' which became a law May 25, 1900, provides 'that all dead bodies or parts thereof of any foreign game animals, or game or song birds, the importation of which is prohibited or the dead bodies, or parts thereof, of any wild game animals, or game or song birds transported into any State or Territory, or remaining there for use, consumption, sale, or storage therein, shall, upon arrival in such State or Territory, be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory enacted in the exercise of its police power, to the same extent and in the same manner as though such animals and birds had been produced in such State or Territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced therein in original packages or otherwise.'

"It is doubtful if Judge Kellogg was thoroughly familiar with this law, as he cited several cases showing that the States have no power to regulate commerce with foreign countries or with each other, but that such power has been delegated to the Congress of the United States, and that body can by law determine what shall or shall not be permitted to be imported. We are pleased at this decision of Judge Kellog, which has been sustained by the United States Court, as found in 140 U. S., 545, an action that arose on habeas corpus proceedings in the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Kansas by Charles A. Rahrer vs. John M. Wilkinson, sheriff of Shawnee county, Kansas. The litigation referred to was for the sale of liquors transported from the State of Missouri into Kansas in the original packages. The courts held:

"'That all fermented, distilled or other intoxicating liquors or liquids transported into any State or Territory, or remaining therein for use, consumption, sale or storage therein, shall, upon arrival in such State or Territory, be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such States or Territories enacted in the exercise of its police powers, to the same extent and in the same manner as though such liquids or liquors had been produced in such State or Territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced therein in original packages or otherwise.'

"This decision, with others cited by Judge Kellogg, should be taken as a concession on his part that the Lacey Act is constitutional."

When asked what attitude the Forest, Fish, and Game Commission proposed to assume with reference to game that may not be turned over for sealing and bonding as the law requires, on account of Judge Kellogg's decision, as certain dealers had withdrawn from the lists submitted to the Department certain foreign game which it was the intention of the Commission to seal, Major Pond said:

"The Department is fully convinced that its interpretation of the law is correct, and will not in the most minute detail deviate from the course it has hitherto pursued, for if the sale of foreign game is permitted no protection is furnished to State game, as was the case under Section 149, which caused so much contention some years since that its repeal was demanded and secured. Under that law the Department detected grouse going into the New York markets during the winter and early spring. Judge Kellogg's opinion seems to be based wholly on the decision in the case of the People vs. The Buffalo Fish Co., 164 N. Y., 93. Since that decision the game law has been amended to provide that where the possession of fish or game is prohibited, reference is had equally to that coming from without as to that taken within the State. It was a divided court in the decision in the Buffalo fish case, standing three to three—the seventh judge concurring in the opinion of the lower courts, but stating that he formed his opinion upon the basis that the State law as it then read did not apply to foreign caught fish.

"The amendment to the law made since the decision in the Buffalo fish case obviates the objection as to foreign fish, and the Commission is firm in the belief that should the case be resubmitted to the Court of Appeals, but one decision could be rendered, and that in favor of the people, and it is hoped that no dealers in fish and game will be misled by Judge Kellogg's decision to their own disadvantage."

The New York City Game Markets.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The markets here are now literally glutted with game, and fully 90 per cent. of it is shipped in from Western States. In Washington market I saw prairie chickens that they said came from Minnesota, ducks (mostly mallards) from Kansas City, and rabbits by the tens of thousands alleged to have come from Michigan. It is wonderful to see the numbers of rabbits; surely wherever they were gleaned from rabbits must be plentiful, indeed.

It is truly a great pity that the selling of game cannot be wholly prohibited. Much of the game sent to New York must bring the shooters rather small prices, for it often looks badly, coming packed in barrels, and when offered for sale has a sadly mussed and distorted appearanc.

Last spring I saw at one place in Washington market ten boxes of jacksnipe, each box containing twelve dozen, or about 1,440 snipe, all shipped from Indiana, while that number of ducks or even quail would not seem so great; it is a lot of snipe sure.

COURTLANDT BABCOCK.

Maine Sportsmen's Association.

BANGOR, Me., Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The sportsmen from all over Maine particularly interested in the work of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association, met in annual meeting Tuesday, the fifth, and passed a delightful evening congratulating themselves and each other on the success of the laws advocated by this association in the past, and considering the pronounced danger from the recently announced attitude of the State Grange, which has started out to wipe all fish and game legislation from the statute books.

Previous to the business session the visitors participated in a dinner at the Bangor House, and the dining room was then given over to speeches and elections.

Chairman L. T. Carleton of the Fish and Game Commission was the first speaker of the evening, and was announced by President C. A. Judkins to speak on the work of the Commission for the past year, and of the results of the first year of the new hunters' license law. Space forbids a report of his speech, which was largely devoted to a laudatory resumé of the work of the association in advocating and passing the important features of fish and game legislation, and a scoring of those who have opposed any or all of the measures advocated. He felt that the top notch of wisdom had been reached in the enactment of the law requiring all non-resident hunters to pay a license for entering the woods to hunt, although he was very frank in disavowing any credit for it personally, since there were several features which he advocated and which were eliminated from the original bill. Among these was the graduating scale of license, which would include game birds as well as big game, and one would pay only according to the kind of game he was going to shoot; the permitting of marketmen to handle partridges and woodcock, and permitting hunters (residents) to sell not more than ten of these birds in a season to the markets; and the clause permitting a non-resident who had paid for a license to hunt to take a limited number of game birds home with him, whereas the present law forbids the taking of any game birds from the State. These were some of the features of the law which, omitted, made it weaker than he would like to see it, but he unhesitatingly declared it "an unqualified success," even in this its first year of operation. He felt that all the "legitimate, desirable sportsmen" the game supply would stand had been here this past season.

Other speakers in favor of the workings of the law included Hon. I. K. Stetson, of Bangor; Hon. V. W. Macfarlane, of Greenville; J. F. Sprague, of Monson; while Secretary Farrington's report reviewed with much satisfaction the important addition to the treasury of the fish and game department of the State, the result of this law's workings in its first year.

Hon. Wm. Engel, of Bangor, who had been aroused by the reports that the agriculturists of the State, in session at the convention of the State Grange, at Waterville recently, had decided to sweep the obnoxious fish and game laws from the statute books entirely, presented what was beyond question the most important speech of the evening. Mr. Engel is a business man, never goes hunting or fishing, but looks at the question purely from a commercial point of view, and as chairman of the legislative committee on fish and game a few years ago, learned much that surprised him in regard to these important interests. He brought figures, taken from the books of the State assessors, to show just where this money ($25,000) appropriated for fish propagation comes from, and he showed that the average farm in Maine was assessed, last year, only three cents and a few mills as its proportionate share of this amount. On the other hand, no class receives so much immediate and direct benefit as the farmer from the incoming of sportsmen, who buy his produce at his own door at the highest market prices—and, he might have added, even higher than that at times.

Hon. Wm. T. Haines, of Waterville, spoke of the importance of uniting with the landowners and lumbermen in a crusade of education to bring the people up to a realization of the need of preserving the forests, and so maintaining the water powers that are dwindling because of the loss of the forests.

Hon. Charles E. Oak was called upon, and he wanted to correct one statement made by Mr. Carleton, that the license law had proven itself "an unqualified success." He preferred to view it as a financial success, but he was willing to give it a reasonable time in which to prove its real right to exist. If at the end of two years it is not deserving of a place on the statute books, he will be found ready to fight for its repeal. He has from the first been the chief opponent of the law, although he was unwilling to longer fight when he saw that the Legislature was bound to pass it, and, as a former member of the Fish and Game Commission, and a loyal member of the association, he has stood to one side to let the law have a trial.

Quite a ripple of interest was created by a letter from Hon. H. M. Heath, of Augusta, who has been for many years, if not from its inception, the attorney and counsel for the organization, and who has been the past year the only officer thereof not in accord with the license idea. He suggested that he was still of the same mind, and that the license is wrong in principle. But he suggested further that he wanted them to know just where he stood, and if, after his declaration of principles, the associaton wished him to stay in his office, he would serve it as well as he could. He reviewed briefly the dangers that confront the game and fish laws from the attitude of the Grange, pointed out its unreasonableness and lack of wisdom in the reported attitude of the agriculturists, and urged that all friends of fish and game stand firmly and unitedly, forgetting, or at least burying, personal differences of opinion for the next three years, giving the new law a chance to prove itself worthy or unworthy, and preventing every attempt to change in the least degree any of the laws on the State books affecting fishing and hunting. He believed that fully as much unrest and dissatisfaction comes from the frequent "tinkering" which these laws receive every two years, and he believed in letting them stand as they are for at least one whole session of the law-makers.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of the following: President, C. A. Judkins, Kineo; Vice-Presidents, I. K. Stetson, Bangor; C. A. Marston, Skowhegan; F. C. Barker, Bemis; J. W. Brackett, Phillips; W. T. Haines, Waterville; A. H. Shaw, Bath; W. H. Newell, Lewiston; Secretary and Treasurer, E. C. Farrington, Augusta. Directors, C. A. Judkins, J. F. Sprague, of Monson; W. H. Gannett, of Augusta; V. W. Macfarlane, of Greenville; E. C. Farrington, A. B. Farnham, of Bangor; G. G. Weld, of Oldtown; Harry R. Virgin, of Portland; appointed by Governor and Council, W. T. Haines, of Waterville. Attorney and General Counsel, H. M. Heath, Augusta.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

High Game.

WHENCE originated the theory and practice of allowing pronounced decomposition to set in before game is thought fit for the table?

Some give the credit to the English and explain as follows: In the days of the stage coach the grouse and pheasants shipped from the north were days en route, packed in hampers, and when unpacked in London were invariably found to be of high odor and flavor; in other words, tainted. As game reached the market in no other condition it was accepted as the proper form in which game should be eaten.

Brillat-Savarin, perhaps the greatest gastronomic authority the world has known, in writing of the proper condition of food, says: "* * * Others when they begin to decompose, such as snipe, woodcock, and pheasant."

Decomposition as related to food, I presume, must be accepted as a matter of degree. Decomposition may be broadly defined as a change from one condition to another.

Presumably with the cessation of life decomposition or change at once begins; this applying to vegetable and animal food.

The Englishman has his mutton "hung" until it "tenders." They tell a story of Frank Forrester, who was an Englishman, when living in New Jersey, how he secured mutton to his liking and at a low price. He would order a leg of mutton "hung" one side for him and kept until called for. Days would go by and the mutton would remain uncalled for. To the butcher's ordinary trade it was unsalable, but about the time the butcher in despair would decide on throwing it in the scrap barrel someone wanting some cheap meat and not over particular would come in, and of course the butcher would be glad to sell it at a reduced price. The customer was said to be an obliging friend of Forrester's. If this story were true, Forrester must have either eaten mutton sparingly, or he must have had a large circle of butchers to draw from.

Dickens speaks of the ceiling of a butcher's shop hung with mutton "like a grove."

When first married and living in London, my wife and self attended a dinner at an English barrister's. There were but four of us at the table, the host and his wife besides ourselves. When the game course was served a roasted pheasant was placed in front of the host and a roasted teal duck was set before me.

The duck was nicely cooked and tastefully garnished, and withal was a tempting morsel. Before carving the bird, I noticed a decided greenish hue of the skin covering the umbilical region of the duck. But I went bravely to the task, and as I carved an odor went up that not only cried to my nostrils, but also, I thought, to the very heavens. It was a nauseating and trying ordeal. I served my wife a portion and myself in turn, and only by dexterous playing with our knives and forks, and, as soon as decency would permit, a paralleling of our knives and forks upon our plates (which notice the servant understood), did removal bring relief. Yet the pheasant was just as gamy as the teal, and was freely partaken of by our host and hostess.

We might go a step or two further and refer to the cheeses. There are those who stop at a fresh American cheese; others who enjoy Roquefort, and then draw the line, and so on down the line until Limburger is reached. Now, I have no love for Limburger, for I remember how it nearly spoiled a day's duck shooting for me because some of the party would eat it for lunch, and were foolish enough to throw the emptied tin (it was imported Limburger in a tin—the genuine article "made in Germany")—on the ground beyond our blind. The ducks coming up wind scented it and veered hundreds of yards to the right and left and rocketed over our heads. The burial of the tin alone restored the atmosphere to normal conditions, and good shooting was had once more.

But as to game, high or low, mutton, cheese, and other things, it is a matter of taste and *de gustibus non disputandum.*

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

New York Legislation.

Special Correspondence Forest and Stream.

ALBANY, Jan. 9.—There is promise this winter of considerable legislation relating to fish and game interests. Although but one day of the session has yet been held, a number of game bills have already been introduced and others are looked for as soon as the Legislature reconvenes. Those thus far offered emanate from Senator Townsend, of Oneida, and in brief provide as follows:

Prohibiting the killing of black bear in June, July, August, and September.

Providing that a person who violates the game law relative to non-resident hunters shall forfeit his license, and in addition thereto shall be fined fifty dollars.

Providing for the licensing of non-resident hunters to hunt deer in this State.

Making the close season for wild deer from November 1 to August 31.

The Senate Committee on Forest, Fish, and Game will probably be continued as it was a year ago—Senators E. R. Brown, of Jefferson; Armstrong of Monroe, Allds of Chenango, Lefevre of Ulster, W. L. Brown of Otsego, Townsend of Oneida, and Keenan of Queens.

The composition of the Assembly Committee on Forest, Fish, and Game, which is not a hold-over body like the Senate committee, has yet to be made public by Speaker Nixon.

New York's Forests.

From Governor Odell's Message.

Cornell School of Forestry.

BY chapter 122 of the laws of 1898 the State purchased townships 23 and 26 in the county of Franklin, and Cornell University thereupon took title and undertook practical demonstration and instruction in the School of Forestry. Its operations had for their object the substitution for so-called worthless timber valuable growths, but this has resulted in the practical destruction of all trees upon the lands where the experiment was in progress. No compensating benefit seems possible to the present generation. The preservation of the forests is primarily for the protection of the water supply, and this is not possible through the denudation of the lands. Therefore, this school failed of its object, as understood by its founders, a failure which was not due, however, to the work of the university, which followed out the letter and spirit of the law. The report of the committee of the Assembly at the last session of the Legislature, and the knowledge of the disapproval of many of our citizens, led me to veto the item for its support in the appropriation bill of 1903. The question, therefore, is before you, and to the Legislature we must accordingly look for such action as will properly protect all interests. Cornell University undertook this work at the request of the State, and as such was its agent. In so doing it has made contracts for which is is primarily responsible, but which responsibility as the agent of the commonwealth it should not be called upon to assume. Neither should the school it founded be discontinued, because with the lapse of years a proper understanding of scientific forestry will become more and more a necessity. This is particularly true of farm forestry, which will form an important part in the future of agriculture within the State. That our people do not desire, however, that public lands shall be denuded is beyond question. It would seem, therefore, desirable that immediate legislation be had to recover to the State this property, of which there is about 30,000 acres, and for the payment into the treasury of the unexpended portion of the capital fund advanced by the State. Permission should be given to clear up and remove all cut timber and wood by the university, so that the danger of fire may be lessened. The contracts made between Cornell and the Brooklyn Cooperage Company might be left with the executive for adjustment, and failing in this, either to the Court of Claims, if the State is to be the party defendant, or to the Supreme Court if Cornell should be the responsible defendant. In neither case, however, should any burden be placed upon the university.

Forest Preserve.

The purchase of land in the Adirondacks and Catskills by the State was discontinued two years ago, because of the belief that some comprehensive plan should be formulated for the continued acquirement of property and for avoiding the constant increased price of land which followed each appropriation. A committee appointed in accordance with the recommendation made in my last annual message has investigated this subject, and will doubtless report some method of arriving at the desired results. It would seem to me that in every private camp, since it is the object of the State to protect the water supply, that at least the timber rights should be secured either through purchase or condemnation, and that all other lands should be acquired in full. There are in private reserves 705,914 acres, and in other holdings 1,356,816 acres. Much of this land has been lumbered over. Much has been burned and destroyed. In both cases replanting and protection should begin at once. The numerous forest fires, causing great destruction, call for greater vigilance upon the part of the State. Restrictive laws and additional means for properly patrolling those points where danger exists should be provided. The many disputes, with consequent litigation as to ownership, it seems to me, call for a comprehensive plan to prevent the acquirement of lands by people who rely upon vague titles for possession. It is of the greatest importance that the State should eventually own every acre of land within the preserve. Some action, therefore, should be immediately taken to acquire quasi possession at least, and thus prevent speculation in that which it is the policy of the State to own. The recent fires have left dangerous débris which should be removed. To sell it is beyond the power of the State, but to clear up burned over tracts is necessary for replanting. If a constitutional amendment is required to accomplish this end, it should be undertaken at once.

Nova Scotia Moose.

SOUTH BROOKFIELD, Nova Scotia, January 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our successful hunter, trapper, and guide, James B. McLeod, has spent a large portion of his time in the woods for the last ten winters. He has been very successful in getting game with all who have called on him to act as their guide, also on his own account. His record for the past four years is: For 1900, 100 wildcats and 75 foxes; 1901, 85 wildcats, 38 foxes, and 9 bears; 1902, 36 wildcats, 16 foxes, and 2 bears; 1903, 13 wildcats, 2 foxes, and 13 mink to date, January 1, 1904. He has also got his quota of two moose each year for the last ten years.

Since writing you last on November 4 I have to report a great many moose killed, and some of them very large. About twenty killed near here in the past two weeks. Some of the parties were only a few hours from home before they got their game, and I am pretty sure hardly anyone was more than one day gone. Bears took the hint that it was better to leave this section, and there have been few trapped or shot. Our American friends have had very good luck in general. Mr. Wm. G. Miller, of West Medway, Mass., takes home a fine head and antlers. Moose have been very plentiful this season, and it is quite evident that they are increasing in number.

GEORGE SEAMAN.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Adirondack Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting held by the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, in Syracuse, in December, it was voted by different club members to recommend that the last fifteen days of the present open season on deer be cut off, instead of cutting off the first fifteen days of September. The game law is intended to give the sportsmen of all sections of the State an equal show in securing and participating in the use of its game. To cut off the fifteen days' open season in November would deprive a great share of those in the southern and western portion of the State of participating in the sport at all, for the reason that they could not ship their game in warm weather and have it arrive in a sanitary condition. Even that secured in the first half of November must quite often be disposed of by a free distribution to friends and neighbors.

Secondly, such a change of the law would not only deprive the sportsmen above mentioned, but would shut out all hotels, restaurants, boarding-houses, and consumers throughout the State of securing it in November, whether killed in this State or elsewhere, as the Lacey law would take effect when our open season closed. Thus many of our townsmen would be debarred of privileges that other States freely accord their citizens. The object of this proposed cut cannot be on account of the scarcity of game or of the immediate extermination of the same, as the outlook, judging from all accounts, especially on the west side of the woods, never appeared more favorable than last fall for deer. In the coming report of game shipped out of the Adirondack woods during last open season, I hope we may have the numbers given of the shipment for each month separately, instead of the total for the season, thus giving us a pointer as to when sportsmen prefer to still-hunt for deer.

CAP LOCK.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Pennsylvania Game.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Jan. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since writing you last I have made a short trip through Pennsylvania and found by questioning the shooters that Pennsylvania has had good grouse, deer, and wild turkey shooting during the season of 1903. I also talked with Dr. Kalfus, secretary of the State Game Commission, who is the noblest Roman of them all. He says that the State of Pennsylvania will have to look after the wildcats, foxes, skunks, owls, etc., if they would thoroughly protect the grouse, quail, and turkeys. The doctor was out in the deer section twelve days during the season, and in that time counted the tracks of at least sixty cats and 200 foxes. There was snow on and it made a good register to read their record in.

Our duty in this State and every State is to stop the sale of game, feed the birds during the cold weather and deep snows, make the open season short, restrict the bag, make uniform laws for New York and Pennsylvania, all game to come in at one time and close at one time; no shooting in July or after the season closes. All work together for the same grand purpose—to protect the game and give it a fair show; and we can use automatic and pump guns galore—I think.

I found a new thing to-day that will perhaps interest the sportsman. That is a soft brass hob nail ½ and ¾-inch long, ½-inch for sole, ¾-inch for heel of our hunting and fishing boots and shoes. Mr. L. M. Millspaugh, of this city, had them, and, like all our shooting friends when they have a good thing, wished to divide with three fellow sportsmen. Most of us can remember the old soft iron hob nails; they were good. Then came the steel nail that would get slippery as glass and break half the heads off in a day's tramp, and are worthless. This soft brass hob will stick to a stone in or out of water like a puppy to a root, and I advise my fellow cranks (bless the name) to get some and try them.

I am off next week for a trip through the South and I hope to find something interesting to write you from there.

E. H. K.

A Good Shot on Birds.

FORT MITCHELL, Va., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On re-reading some of my old files of your paper, I found an article relative to quail shooting in Minnesota, stating the birds are so much stronger and harder to hit than southern birds. A gentleman has been shooting on my preserves this year who, I believe, can kill 45 out of 50 quail either in Minnesota or any other State in the Union. I am considered a pretty good shot myself, and have entertained some of the best shots from northern cities, but Major La Rue is the greatest shot with shotgun and rifle that ever visited this country. I have hunted with him day after day and he takes every shot that comes his way, very seldom scoring a miss, and frequently killing three quail on the covey flush with his pump gun, all single birds, firing the three shots as quickly as most good shots fire a double gun. Day before yesterday I flushed a single quail in the thick pine woods that flew directly at Major, who poked his little Winchester skyward and shot off the bird's head as cleanly as though cut off with a knife. Incomers, drivers, quarterers, twisters, all look alike to him, and it's a lucky bird that dodges his charge of shot.

With a rifle he is equally at home, making the most wonderful kills that I ever saw.

Wild turkey and deer are very wild just now, and other game hard to find owing to the unusually cold, dry weather and heavy winds, so we have about given it up for this year. We had woodcock and quail for Christmas dinner, and have a fat 'possum in the oven now for to-day's dinner.

Major has gone up the State to look after some mining interests, much to the regret of the many friends he made while here.

There will be fine shooting here next fall, as the cover is heavy, feed plentiful, and conditions favorable in every way.

R. A. THOMPSON.

A Bronxite's Bargains.

LOCUST VALLEY, L. I., Jan. 7.—This is the story of a sportsman from the Bronx and two Locust Valley farmers. There is no need to mention the names of any of the parties to the incident; the story is just as good as if the names were printed in full. It was a few days ago that the sportsman, who had been hunting in this neighborhood all one day, with poor success, drove up to the homestead of a well-known Locust Valley man, and, seeing a flock of pigeons about the place, asked the farmer what he would charge to let him take a shot at the birds. The farmer, who evidently thought the stranger could not shoot very well, said, "Twenty-five cents." The Bronx man handed over the money, raised his gun and fired, and six pigeons fell dead. The sportsman gathered up the birds, and then asked the farmer if he could go into the house and get warm. Permission was given him, but not very graciously, for the farmer was evidently mad, although he had too much sporting blood in his makeup to say anything, for if he had played a losing game he had no one to blame but himself.

After warming himself at the farmer's fire the crack shot from the Bronx drove on a short distance and soon came to another farmhouse, in the yard of which he saw a fine flock of fowl. He decided that some chickens would be a good thing to have if he could get them at a reasonable outlay, and asked the farmer, who was in the yard, what a shot at the flock would cost him. The farmer answered that he could shoot into the flock for 50 cents, and the sportsman lost no time in putting up the cash and firing the shot. His aim was good, and four fat pullets lay dead on the ground. These were quickly gathered up, and the sportsman from the Bronx returned to his home with material for a savory pigeon potpie and a chicken fricassee, and all at the modest outlay of 75 cents, plus the cost of two shells. He has, however, made it difficult for others to work a similar trick upon the farmers of this vicinity, for they are now "wise."—Brooklyn Eagle.

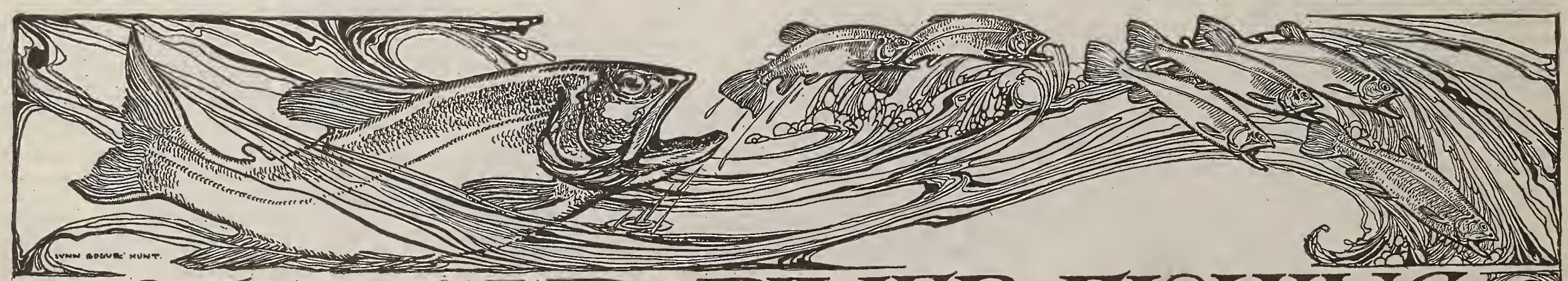
The Webb Preserve.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note your report that Dr. Webb's Adirondack game preserve has been thrown open and the game set free.

Dr. Webb was the first, if I am not mistaken, to take advantage of his wealth and fence the "po' white trash" out of an enormous tract, and his is the first example of common sense being roused to crowd out selfishness and work for the interest of himself and the general public, and I predict that others will be forced to follow suit; for this war will never end until they do.

I hope you will open the question of State ownership of all wild lands. If that can be brought about there will be but little opposition to game preserves of 5,000 acres; but not an acre over that should be allowed.

DIDYMUS.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

The Michigan Whitefish Case.

Memorandum for Judgment on Order to Show Cause.

UNDER the acts of Congress providing therefor, the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoints a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, whose duty it is to investigate the subject, with a view of ascertaining what diminution, if any, in the number of food fishes of the coast and the lakes of the United States has taken place, and from what cause the same is due, and whether any protective, prohibitory, or precautionary measures should be adopted in the premises, and report upon the same to Congress. It is also provided that the heads of the several executive departments shall cause to be rendered all necessary and practical aid to the Commissioner in the prosecution of his investigations and inquiries, and section 4398 of the Revised Statutes provides that "the Commissioner may take or cause to be taken at all times in the waters of the sea coast of the United States, where the tide ebbs and flows, and also in the waters of the lakes, such fish or specimens thereof as may in his judgment, from time to time be needful or proper for the conduct of his duties, any law, custom, or usage of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

On November 6, 1903, which was during the closed season, under the Michigan statute, while the eggs of whitefish and trout for the purpose of propagation in Michigan were being gathered near Marquette, in Lake Superior, under the direction of S. P. Wires, superintendent of the United States Fish Hatchery at Duluth, he was arrested by the defendants in this case and the fish in his possession were confiscated. The action of Superintendent Wires and his men, in submitting to the humiliation of the forcible boarding of their boat and the seizure and confiscation of the fish, without forcible resistance, and appealing to the courts, where controversies of this nature between two sovereign governments should be settled without friction, cannot be too highly commended.

The defendants are the Michigan State Game and Fish Warden and his deputy, who claim that all fishing by the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, in the Great Lakes bordering on the State of Michigan, must be done under the supervision, and that the only right the United States Fish Commissioner has to fish, for the purpose for which Congress created it, in Michigan waters during the closed season, is conferred by Act No. 88 of the Public Acts of 1899, which reads: "It shall be lawful for the United States Commission, through its representatives or employes, to fish with nets in any of the waters of this State, during any season of the year, for the purpose of gathering spawn from such fich caught, to have and to hold both ripe and unripe fish, and to have the privilege of selling such fish after stripping, to help defray the expenses incurred in the work of propagation. Provided, that such fishing by said Fish Commission shall be under the supervision and control of the State game and fish warden, and; Provided further, that at least seventy-five per cent. of the fry resulting from the spawn so taken shall be planted in the waters of this State, the same to be determined by reports of the State game and fish warden."

A deputy of the State game and fish warden demanded the right to superintend the fishing operations of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, which demand was refused, and he then seized and confiscated the fish in the possession of the commissioner's agent and caused the arrest of Wires and the persons found assisting him.

If the United States has the right which Congress evidently intended to confer by the legislation above quoted, and a deputy game warden can legally interfere with the exercise of that right, in the manner admitted in the answer filed in this case, then the Government is entitled to the contempt which the deputy game warden exhibited toward it. The United States cannot undertake any work where it is not supreme, and a Government officer could not, in any legitimate function of the Government, be under the direction and control of a State officer. If the Federal statute by which it was intended to confer on the commissioner the right to take, or cause to be taken, in the waters of the lakes, such fish as in his judgment is needful for the proper conduct of his duties, is constitutional, that legislation is exclusive, and any act of any State, so far as it conflicts with that legislation, is void. The attorney general in his brief says: "The defendants contend that the right of complainant to so take fish can be exercised only pursuant to the authority granted to the United States Fish Commission, by the laws of the State of Michigan; that the power of complainant is limited and defined by those laws, and that any enactment of Congress contravening the statutes of this State in relation to such fishing is unconstitutional and void." The act of Congress, if invalid, is so because it conflicts with the Federal Constitution, and not because it contravenes the statutes of the State of Michigan. If it is decided that the United States has no right to take fish under the act of Congress, its propagation of food fishes must cease because it would be intolerable for it is to exercise any of its functions under the direction and control of persons over whom it has no authority.

If the acts of Congress creating this department are void, the Government must of necessity suspend it, and such suspension would mean an immense loss to the State of Michigan, and probably a much greater loss to the States bordering on tide water, where shellfish are propagated. The constitutionality of this legislation has not before been questioned in the courts, and if the laws of the United States seeking to confer upon the commissioner of fish and fisheries the right at all times to take fish needful for the conduct of his duty, notwithstanding contrary legislation by the State, is unconstitutional, such grave consequences must flow from a judgment announcing it, that it seems to me not proper to pass upon that question on a preliminary hearing where the preparation must of necessity

be inadequate. The precipitate action of the defendants in this case indicates that a dissolution of the injunction will remain in force until the final hearing of the cause.

Lake Champlain Pollution.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is a great deal easier to sling mud than to remove the traces of it. I spent several days that I could not afford to spare investigating the charges of Edward Hatch, Jr., and his associate as to the pollution of Lake Champlain by the Willsboro pulp mill, and I think I made out a case that any fair minded man will accept.

Mr. Hatch has replied that my introductory is a "silly denial of facts which can easily be substantiated by any school boy living in the region in question." I am not a rich man, but as owner of lake shore property Mr. Hatch is doing me incalculable mischief, and as the matter has now resolved itself into a simple question of veracity, I make the following proposition, and I think FOREST AND STREAM owes it to me to see that it is carried out.

I will pay the traveling expenses of any impartial man FOREST AND STREAM may select to come to Essex to make an investigation, and will donate $50 to any charity named by FOREST AND STREAM if Edward Hatch, Jr., can prove one of his statements controverting mine.

The only conditions I make are that such representative be sent at once before the lake freezes, and that FOREST AND STREAM, having as arbiter satisfied itself of the falsity of Mr. Hatch's statements, shut off the discussion.

JOHN B. BURNHAM.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have no desire to become involved in the controversy in regard to the alleged pollution of the waters of Lake Champlain, but the interview with me, published in your issue of Dec. 19, is such a misstatement of my views, and of what I really said, that it compels my attention.

Some weeks ago a man representing himself as being sent by Mr. Edward Hatch, Jr., called on me. I had some conversation with him, supposing that he represented Mr. Hatch, and was entirely unaware that I was being interviewed for publication. Mr. Hatch has since informed me that he has no such agent.

For the past fifteen years I have lived during the summer months at Essex, on Lake Champlain. My place is situated about a mile below the mouth of the Boquet River. We have always used the water from the lake, and have found it an excellent and healthful drinking water. I have never noticed any disagreeable taste or odor, nor have I heard any complaints in regard to it from my neighbors. An analysis made a few years ago showed the water to be pure.

The only basis for any part of the interview as published, is that I stated that I proposed, in view of all this newspaper notoriety, and merely as a matter of precaution, to have the water again analyzed before returning to Essex for the coming season.

I have read with interest the letters to you written by Mr. John B. Burnham, which are published in your issue of January 2, and it seems to me that they cover the facts in the case clearly and concisely, and his views accord with mine in all essential particulars.

Essex is so far distant from any source of contamination (other than the alleged pollution of the Boquet River), that this subject is the source of no anxiety to me. I am, however, heartily in favor of any intelligent and honest effort that may be set on foot to keep the waters of the lake pure, but it certainly does not seem to me that the present agitation comes under that head.

D. CRAWFORD CLARK.

[The foregoing disclaimer having been submitted to the reporter of the interview, he assures us that he represented himself to Mr. Clark as a newspaper man; and that the interview as published in the FOREST AND STREAM was substantially correct.]

Shark Fishing in Cuba.

IF anyone doubted the existence of man-eating sharks in Cuban waters, doubts were forever put to rest while within sight of the city not long since while a Havana steamer bound for New Orleans was passing out of the bay.

As one of the sailors was hauling down the Cuban flag a short distance out of port, he fell backward into the water. A boat was lowered at once and hastened toward him. He was seen to be splashing the water with his hands, and the practiced eyes of his fellow sailors knew that he had been attacked by sharks. Hoping to hasten his rescue, they threw him a rope. He seized it eagerly, but it proved to be a fatal move, for the instant he quit fighting the water the sharks lost fear. It became a race between the men in the boat and the deep sea monsters. The latter won.

The rest is soon told. There were three sharks, and they attacked their victim viciously. It was ghastly play that the passengers of the ship watched the three brutes struggling for one man. Some turned away, unable to look on any longer. When the sailors finally succeeded in snatching the prey life was all but gone, and death came within a few minutes.

The ship turned back to the city to leave the body of the dead man, and then went on its way again.

The incident is attracting much attention and comment in the city, for it is the first well-authenticated case of a living man being attacked by a shark that has occurred during the past five years. From time to time other stories have become current, but none have gained much belief, as investigation has showed that they were founded on circumstantial evidence; no one has seen the shark—the only fact known was that the man in the water had disappeared. There has been a great deal of discussion, both public and private, on the subject, while the majority of persons believed that these sharks would attack living persons, very few knew positively of their having done so.

One man, in his desire to learn definitely whether these sharks are of the man-eating variety, offered a reward of $1,000 for any well authenticated case. It has been suggested that the sad occurrence of Sunday be brought to his attention and the money turned over to the family of the dead sailor.

There has been some talk of the city council offering a reward for sharks since they are so numerous, but as yet this has developed into nothing more than a suggestion.—New Orleans Democrat.

The Indianapolis Outing Club.

THE Indianapolis Outing Club is the name of an organization which owns a club house in northern Wisconsin. The club was organized in the winter of 1902. The committee having charge of the arrangement purchased between six and seven acres of land on Lake Planting Ground, one of a chain of twenty-six lakes in Oneida county, and located near the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, 341 miles northwest of Chicago. The station is Three Lakes, and the club house is located about four miles from the station; the committee contracted for and had built an ice house, boat house, and a ten-room club house, and furnished the club house with a complete outfit, also purchased an eighteen foot Fay & Bowen gasolene launch and necessary rowboats.

The club house is arranged for the entertainment of members and their families, and the wives and little ones get as much enjoyment out of the affair as the men folks.

The club is capitalized for $2,500, providing for twenty-five members, who are required to take one share of stock of $100. During the open club season, which is from



The Club's Wisconsin Home.

June 1 to September 30, all matters pertaining to the management of the club are looked after by a house committee.

Last summer was the club's first season, and all the members who availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the club during the summer came home delighted with the club's location and surroundings, and pronounced it a typical summer resort.

That part of Wisconsin being what might be termed the "wilds of Wisconsin," affords the members of the club and their guests an opportunity for every conceivable kind of recreation; fishing is excellent, as evidenced by some of the fine catches made by members of the club. These lakes abound in muskallonge, bass, pike, pickerel, and other smaller fish, and the larger ones caught by the members the past season were one weighing 16½ pounds by Mr. Bookwalter, a 23½-pounder by Mr. Tutewiler, and the daddy of them all, a 35-pounder, landed by Mr. Bowlus.

Hunting in the vicinity of the club's property is excellent, there being a goodly number of deer, partridge, ducks, and other wild game, and while none of the members availed themselves of a trip during the hunting season this year, in all likelihood another will not pass without some of the members taking advantage of this fine shooting, as some of them are not only experts with rod and reel, but with the rifle and shotgun.

The club members are now discussing the building of an addition to the club house which will add about eight or ten bedrooms, which will answer for all purposes.

The Angler's Toast.

WHEN men meet to drink to those they love most,
Let anglers fill up their cups for a toast.
Touch lip to no glass
To proud dame or lass
Who from gentle sport will tempt you to stray;
But let your cups clink,
Ye anglers, and drink
A health to the fish,
To the biggest fish,
The fish that got away!

You lured him by craft; he fought you at odds—
In fair fight or foul, he splintered your rods.
Barbed weapon of steel
You've oft made him feel:
But, valiant and strong, he won every fray.
Then fill to the brim
And drink deep to him—
A toast to the fish,
To the biggest fish,
The fish that got away!

What others you've killed with cunning and skill
You've never caught him and never you will.
In brook, lake or sea
The monarch is he—
Ye anglers, stand up and due homage pay.
Let every glass ring,
A toast to the King—
Long life to the fish
To the biggest fish,
The fish that got away!

—Norman Jeffries in the New York Sun.

Fish and Fishing.

What the Ouananiche has to Contend Against.

Mr. J. G. A. Creighton, of Ottawa, tells of catching a ouananiche about a pound in weight, which, before it was landed, was seized and swallowed by a pike weighing 10½ pounds, and says that upon another occasion he saw another ouananiche of 5½ pounds swimming about in an odd and helpless manner, and found that his spine had been broken by a pike so that he could not use his tail.

I well remember, too, that some years ago, after a day's fly-fishing for ouananiche in the Grand Discharge with Mr. A. N. Cheney, we both trolled for pike for part of an hour in Lake St. John, immediately in front of the Island House. My spoon was promptly taken by a small ouananiche, and Mr. Cheney, following close behind, had his troll seized in almost the same spot by a 12-pound pike, a second one of the same size taking my troll a few minutes later. These monster pike must do a frightful amount of slaughter among the ouananiche, particularly in Lake St. John itself, and in the rivers flowing into it, for in the rapid waters of the Grand Discharge they are apparently less abundant.

More rapacious still, however, are the burbot or ling of Lake St. John, sometimes known as fresh-water cod. It grows to an immense size in this lake, and is more dangerous to its betters from the fact that it is largely a night feeder. This huge skulker not only preys upon the unsuspecting young of the fresh water salmon, but specimens of the ouananiche half as large as itself have been found in the stomachs of these prowlers of the deep. It is supposed that they commit their worst ravages among the ouananiche during the winter months, when the latter are most abundant in the lake. Large numbers of the burbot are then taken through the ice on night-lines by the settlers about the lake, who use them for food, and very good they are, too, at this season of the year, being almost as firm and flaky as cod, despite their somewhat repulsive appearance. Mr. Yarrell, in his "British Fishes," says that the flesh of the burbot "is white, firm, and of good flavor, and by some considered superior to that of the eel." In fact, this burbot is a species of cod or ling, and from its liver may be extracted an oil similar to cod-liver oil. The habitants call it *lush*, and, before I had obtained specimens for examination and identification, frequently and erroneously described it to me as a catfish. I take their name of the fish to be a mispronunciation of the French *loche* (losh), though that "most dainty fish," as Walton calls the laoch, neither belongs to the same family as the burbot, nor yet has it the same peculiar arrangement of fins. But while without the tapering, eel-like form of the hinder part of the burbot's body, the little loach "has a beard or wattles like a barbel," and lives and gets its food close to the bottom of the water. In these respects he is resembled by the burbot, and herein it may be that the latter has received the name by which he is known to the French-Canadians of the Lake St. John country. In the greater depths of the inland sea he often attains a size much exceeding that to which he grows in English waters, and has been taken there from three to four feet long.

The burbot of Lake St. John is the ordinary *Lota americana*—the *Lota maculosa* of LeSueur, which is found as far south as the Mississippi. It is common in Lake Ontario, and is known in various localities as ling, eel-pout, lake-lawyer, and fresh-water cusk. Experiments have proved that it is capable of being so salted and dried as to be practically undistinguishable from salt cod-fish.

North American Fish and Game Protective Association.

The Hon. Leroy T. Carleton, of Augusta, Maine, president of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, has called the annual meeting of the Association for the 20th and 21st of January next at Portland, Maine. It is expected that there will be quite a large attendance of eastern Canadian and New England members of the Association at this meeting.

A Cod that Swallowed the Burial Service.

Perhaps one of the strangest articles ever found in any member of the finny tribe was that discovered by Mr. C. Volcker, of Penzance, Cornwall, in the stomach of a cod. According to his own account, this gentleman was fishing off Lamorna Cove, near Newlyn, when he caught a cod-fish weighing nearly 19 pounds.

On being opened and cleaned the following morning, the stomach of the fish was found to contain a copy of the Burial Service of the Episcopal Church, in a complete state of preservation. By certain writing which was found in the book it was possible to identify an undertaker who had provided the book at a funeral seven years before, but there was nothing to show how it came to have been cast within reach of the fish. Probably, however, it was dropped some time later overboard from some vessel, for as both the print and the writing were quite legible, it does not seem likely that the book had been for any great length of time either in the water or in the stomach of the fish.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Long Journeys Made by Whales.

ADDRESSING the Academy of Science of Christiania, Professor Goldlob said that the whales that swim about the islands which lie off the coast of Norway and Finland in March and April travel immense distances. In May they turn up at the Azores, or even at the Bermudas, and sometimes pay a visit to the Antilles. They swim fast, for in June they are back again off Norway. Some of these whales have been known to bring back evidences of where they have been, for harpoons of the peculiar kind used off the coast of South America have been found stuck in them.—St. James's Gazette.

A Fish Story.

A FISHY old fisher named Fischer
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure;
A cod, with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in—
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

—Cincinnati Tribune.



Cruise of Mblem.

BY GEORGE E. DARLING.

The Story Which Won the Second Prize of $50 in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the announcement made in your paper, it stated that you regret that I did not send pilotage notes for entering Chatham and Small Point harbors.. I would say regarding Chatham, that there is not over 3ft. of water at low tide, and the channel will sometimes change anywhere from 50ft. to 100ft. one way or the other in a night, when a heavy sea is running, and the best advice that can possibly be given the average cruising yachtsman would be to keep away from it unles he has some one with him who is acquainted with the place and the peculiar conditions existing there. The tide out of Pleasant Bay sweeps from the northward in such a way that the point of sand to the southward of Orleans Life Saving Station has "made" nearly a mile to the memory of Chatham residents, and only a man who is experienced in handling a boat in the breakers and one who could pick his way in by the look of the waves, has any business to enter the place. The seas do not look as bad from the outside as they do from the shore, and this place in particular is not safe for a stranger.

The harbor at Small Point is nothing more than a hole in the ledges back of Seal Island, so small that we rowed the Mblem out the next morning, and it would not be a safe place to run into with a boat drawing over 3ft. of water, or with a boat that could not be depended on to spin round like a top, if necessary. It would be impossible to sail any boat out of it with the wind anywhere from northeast to southeast. The day I entered it the wind was west, and we worked the boat in a good deal as one would wheel a wheelbarrow into a shed.

G. E. DARLING.

MBLEM was built during the spring of 1900 by Daniel and Charles Crosby at the home of the Cape Cod catboat, Osterville, Mass. She is 28ft. long on deck, 23ft. waterline, 10ft. 10in. beam, draws 1ft. 10in. Self-bailing cockpit, 9ft. long, 8ft. wide. Cabin trunk, 11ft. long; cushions in cabin 13ft. long. Sleeping room for four, 4ft. 6in. head room; lockers and shelves in abundance. Interior of cabin and cockpit finished oak and cypress, varnished. Sides of cabin trunk, curbing and rail, oak varnished. Decks and cockpit covered with canvas, painted. Square stern, with "barn door" rudder, and steers with a tiller. Her keel is nearly flush with the planking, wood centerboard and balanced rudder. A large hatch in cockpit opens to ample space for supplies, extra anchors, warps, ice-box, etc.

Her rig is simplicity itself; the throat and peak halyards lead to the cockpit on the starboard side. The sail hoists between two independent topping lifts, both of which lead to the port side. These ropes, with the main sheet, complete the running rigging. I have a spinnaker for use on long cruises. By tying in a 6 foot reef it makes a fine balloon jib, using the pole for a bowsprit. Her boom is 37ft. long, gaff 24½ft., mast 33½ft., and spinnaker pole 24ft.

The principal specifications I gave her builders were that she should be fast as possible, yet able and seaworthy under all conditions.

I did not tie them down to "so long" and "so wide," etc., but left her model and dimensions to their best judgment. How well they executed their commission may be judged from her racing record for the past four seasons. During this time three boats have been built for the express purpose of beating her, yet out of 51 races she has won 33 firsts and 7 seconds.

One of her 1903 performances was the winning of a silver cup in a series of three races by three straight firsts.

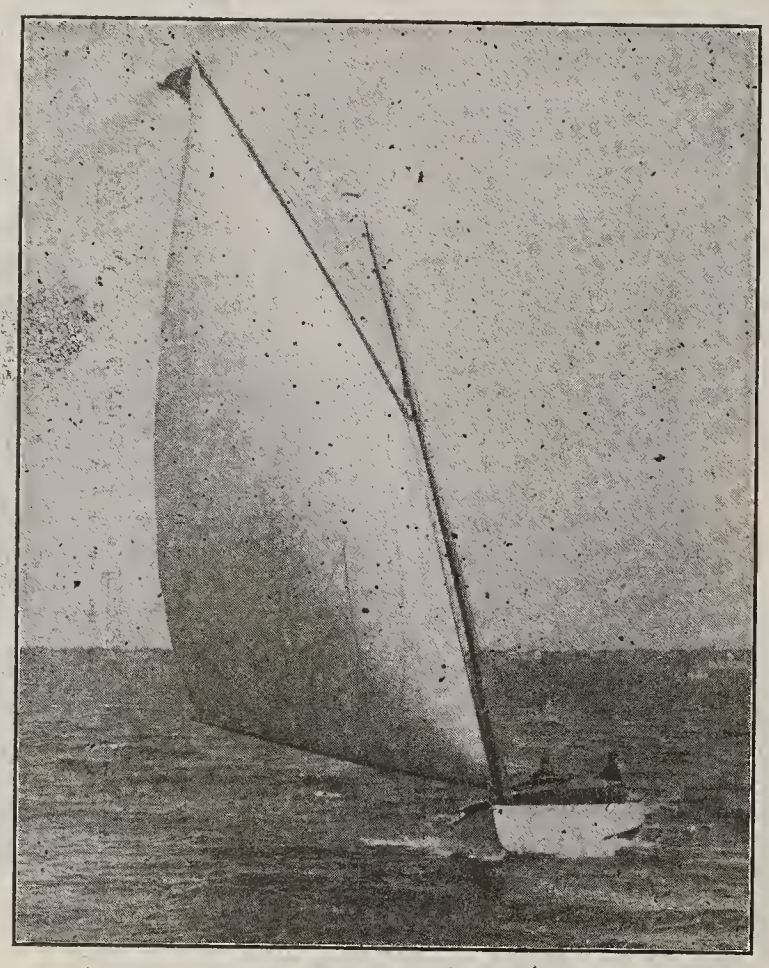
How staunch and seaworthy she is, may be judged from the following "yarn."

Mblem's Down East Cruise.

ALL through the twelve years that I have owned a seaworthy boat I have been looking forward to the time when I could take a cruise from Narragansett Bay to Maine. The idea of rounding my own boat up into the wind and anchoring off the rocky shore of the old farm overlooking Penobscot Bay, where my earliest attempts at boat sailing in a flat bottom skiff were made, and where I had the best times of my boyhood days, was a delightful one.

Early last spring I began "sounding" such of my friends as I considered "salt" enough for such a trip, and while several practically agreed to go, only one came to the starting line when the time was up. He—and suppose I introduce him as Sam—had spent one summer on a fisherman for the fun of the thing. Then when the Spaniards got saucy he shipped on the St. Paul as an able seaman under Capt. Sigsbee, and the "yachting" experience he gained was the real thing, and such as few amateurs have with them. You should have seen him with his sleeves rolled up showing artistic designs of skulls and bones, coats of arms, bed bugs, flags, etc., in India ink, and a generous cud of chewing tobacco behind his cheek. The tales of the sea that he could reel off would cause the average enthusiastic amateur to turn green with envy.

"All aboard" was called at 6 P. M. on Saturday, June 27, and with a west wind and a fair tide we left our mooring at Pawtuxet with a feeling that we were now off for a royal experience. We made good progress down the bay and passed Conimicut lighthouse before the sun went down; Sam at the tiller, I storing away a generous supply of provisions. At 8:15 we rounded Popasquash Point, ran through Bristol Harbor and narrows and up Mount Hope Bay to Common Fence Point, then turned into the Sakonnet River. At 9:30 we passed through the railroad and stone bridges. The railroad bridge is easy to pass, having a wide draw, but the stone bridge opening



MBLEM.

is only 30 feet wide, and the tide runs like a mill race. This is a bad place for a stranger after dark. We went through flying, and continued on for Sakonnet, steering by compass down the channel, which is lined on both sides by fish traps with leaders extending well out into the channel. By dropping the centerboard half way

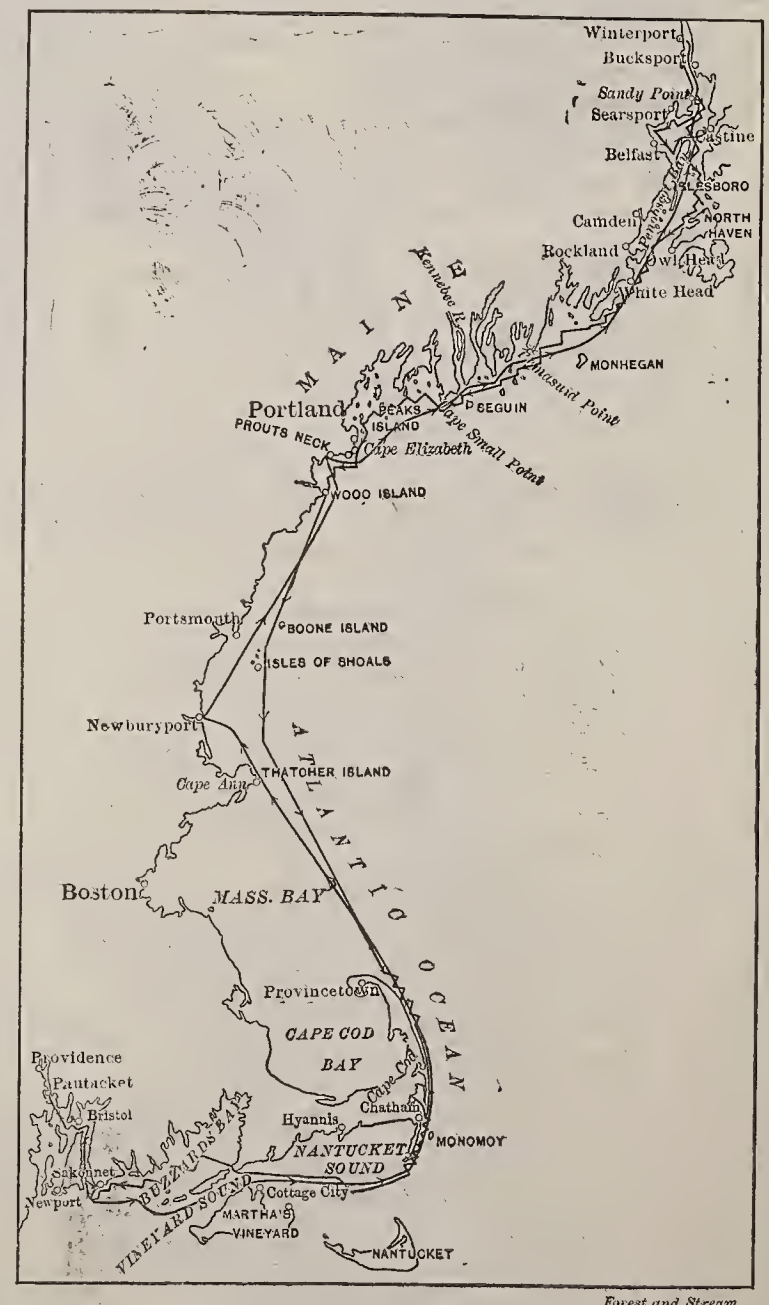


Chart of Course taken by Mblem.

down we were able to run over these safely, though the remarks we made as one after another showed up across our bows must have started the ears of more than one "Gee" fisherman itching.

Sakonnet lighthouse soon opened up, and at 12:30 we ran into the harbor, keeping well to the north shore to avoid a dangerous ledge. A short breakwater protects the steamboat wharf, and to one familiar with the place a fine berth can be found in a south wind by luffing sharply around this breakwater and running within 30 feet of it up to the wharf in perfectly smooth water.

June 28.—We were up as we had planned "with the chickens," and at 5 o'clock were under way. We met two fishermen and bought a small blue for breakfast. The southwest wind did not have strength enough to hold the four parts of the sheet out of the water, so we unhooked the inner block off the boom, doing away with two strands. We made slow progress steering east by south, and at 11:30 were slowly drifting past Cuttyhunk Island, when we came up with a Greek fisherman pulling lobster pots. Passed the general observations of weather and tide with him, and were delighted to hear him ask, "Want some lobster?" "Well, I rather guess yes." Sam was in the small boat with a couple of cold bottles in about fifteen seconds, and came back with all of a half bushel. Of course we had no foot rule. We didn't care to measure them anyway. Good lot like "looking a gift horse in the mouth," but it is sufficient to say we had a kettle going, boiling lobsters well into the afternoon.

The tide from Buzzard's Bay carried us south of Sow and Pigs ledge, and we ran into Vineyard Sound just in time to meet the first of the western tide. The wind blew up a little stronger and our course up the sound was straight before it. Set the spinnaker, pulled the centerboard way up, and she slid over the water very nicely, but was making slow headway over the bottom, as the tide runs three to four miles an hour. With both her sails drawing Mblem was a picture. I sat in a steamer chair with plenty of pillows, steering, and took life like $1,000 a week, while Sam ate lobsters. It was a glorious sail.

A large steam yacht with quite a stag party on board passed within one hundred feet of us. All lined up along the rail as we flew by, and just as evidence that we had no jealous eyes on them, I called out through the megaphone, "We're having a sail that discounts yours." From their expressions they thought so, as all had a hand in the air, or salute of some kind for us.

At 5 o'clock we made West Chop wharf, tied up to wait for the tide to turn, and had a very pleasant call from the lighthouse keeper. He looked over our line of cups and prizes that were tied up around the cabin in wonder. About 6 o'clock the tide turned and wind freshened, so we made sail again. We had figured on making a harbor for the night at Cottage City (or Lake Anthony), which is just to the south of East Chop light. This is a very handy and safe harbor for boats of not over five feet draft. It was such a beautiful night, clear as a bell, that we decided to keep going and get full benefit of the easterly tide. I held the tiller until 11:30, when we were just past Handerchief light vessel, then turned in, with Sam on watch. He kept her on her course till past one, when the tide turned against us, then he called me and we anchored off Monomoy, one of the most dangerous spots on the coast, but the water that night was as smooth as a pond.

June 29.—Monday morning we were on deck bright and early, the tide had just turned to the eastward and a fine whole sail breeze from the east-northeast was blowing. We were under way at 5:30, and with the sheet started just enough to make the Mblem foot fast, we could lay our course up the beach. Passed Chatham Bar at 6:45, and at 10 were off Cape Cod light. The wind held true and was freshening, the sea smooth, with a long easy roll and occasionally a white cap. We laid a course N. N. W. for Thatchers Island light and with sheet well off, board half up, and the wind abeam, we reeled off the knots at a rattling pace. At 3 o'clock raised the land under our lee bow, and at 5:45 we passed inside The Salvages. It was a lowery evening, and Thatcher Island twin lights certainly looked like grim sentinels of the sea. The wind had freshened very much, so we pulled down and tied in two reefs and kept going up the coast, figuring that in the prevailing conditions we could make Portsmouth by 9 o'clock. By 7 o'clock it began to look stormy and rained so we ran into Newburyport and dropped our mud hook at the mouth of the Merrimac River for the night, well satisfied that we had covered a good bit of our long road to Maine, and were safely past the dreary, dangerous stretch of sand beach known as Cape Cod.

June 30.—The sea was like glass, a faint northwest wind barely raised the telltale, and we did the wisest thing possible—laid at our anchor, cooked a fine breakfast, and waited for a breeze. About 9:30 it came west and we started up the coast. As the forenoon wore on the wind freshened and hauled around to southwest. At 4:30 we were off Wood Island with Cape Elizabeth a long way ahead in the breeze that was blowing, so we ran in by Stratton Island and saw the wreck of the new five-master, Washington B. Thomas. Her bow was standing high out of water, with all the fore rigging in place and perfect, the main mast out of line with the fore, and every part of the hull from 20 feet aft the main mast gone. It was a sorry sight.

Running in behind Prout's Neck, we anchored at low tide in five feet of water, and went ashore to mail word home and get the daily papers. Here some local yachtsmen said we would get into all sorts of trouble if we re-

mained at our present anchorage over night. They could not figure how a boat of Mblem's size could lay in such shallow water. We, however, were looking for smooth water and a good night's rest, and had no idea of moving off shore.

July 1.—Wednesday morning broke bright and beautiful, but the winds were on strike, and continued out of business all morning. We finally got a breath of air southwest, and drifted out past Cape Elizabeth, where we passed a typical down East Yankee fisherman pulling in codfish. For twenty-five cents he gave us three fine fish.

At 2 P. M. we passed Half Way Rock, and at 4 Cape Small Point, where we met three fine fishing schooners standing out to sea. We had a view of Seguin Island with the fog gradually closing around the higher lands and slowly drifting down over the leeward side, while the steam fog signal gave its note of warning. Gradually the fog shut in, the wind died down, and we made a harbor under the lee of Salter's Island, a barren spot with perhaps three acres of scrubby spruce and a few sheep for inhabitants. It was with "just out of school" feeling that we stepped ashore, after getting everything snug for the night. We found loads of dry drift wood, and it occurred to us that a fire and a feed on shore would be a welcome change. So with all our "fixins" and a codfish we made a chowder—such a chowder! The memory of that feed, as we sat on the grass beside a roaring fire, in fog so thick we coudn't see fifty feet; with the roar of the surf, the dismal tolling of the bell on Pond Island and the horn on Seguin for music, will always be a delightful one.

July 2.—Thursday showed up with fog as thick as ever, and Sam slept off the effects of his chowder while I went fishing for lobsters. Had fairly good luck, landed a dozen good sized ones in a half hour, and felt very thankful to the kind man who owned the pots.

By 8 o'clock we were disgusted with waiting for the fog to clear, so got under way and sailed around the north end of the island and steered E. ½ N. for Cuckold's fog signal. Made our course good and also proved that little dependence can be placed upon a bell buoy in a fog. We passed to windward of one within 300 feet, yet could not hear it ring until well by and further to leeward. After passing Cuckold's we made a new course for Ram Island lighthouse. In a freshening breeze made good time and passed at 9:30; the bell buoy at The Hypocrites soon after, and at 10:30 the fog lifted sufficiently so we made out Pemaquid light under our lee bow. The wind continued to freshen, the fog cleared, and at 12 when we were off Allen's Island had developed into a smoky southwester, and the sea was getting decidedly rough. We dropped the sail and tied in two reefs. We expected to surely make our destination that night, so dressed ship with two new club pennants at the peak and ran for White Head; passed the light at 1:30, and were thinking that the rough part of our trip was over, but had gone less than a half mile when a regular knock down squall from well to the westward nearly put us out of business. We lowered the peak and eased her through the worst of it, then hoisted it again. As we proceeded up through Mussel Ridge Channel the wind kept working further to the west, and came off the land hot and in ugly puffs. As we approached the red Nun buoy off Sheep Island we met a light coaster bound out. With everything set, she was bowling along at a great pace. We kept off to pass to starboard, and she nearly ran us down, as she was sliding to leeward about as fast as she went ahead. Her captain went through all the motions of a Dutch windmill, and we haven't yet been able to figure out just what he meant. At Owl's Head we could see that things were wet up the bay; coasters were plowing along under shortened sail, one two-master just ahead of us took in all except foresail and staysail, and we pulled down again and tied in two more reefs. This brought the jaws of the gaff within five feet of the deck. The tide was running against the wind, and such a mixup and tumble and slop of a sea as that blow did kick up was a caution. Sam sat at the top-lift while we ran off to leeward of Mark's Island, and at times had to swing the boom high into the air to keep it out of the water, while I luffed and eased her through the fiercest squalls. We were making railroad time, however, and throwing spray practically all over the sail.

By running close to leeward of Isleboro we had comparatively smooth water, but the squalls came off the land in such ugly puffs it seemed best to keep about one-fourth mile off shore, far enough so the squalls could get straightened out, and we could see and judge their force and direction better as seen on the water. At 5:30 we were off Castine and our two-masted friend was hull down astern. From here to Fort Point was dead to windward, and after our hard day's pull at the tiller it seemed like a long road. We finally made it, however, and as the wind began to drop with the sun, we pulled out two reefs, and at 7:15 tied up at our destination, Sandy Point, a salt looking pair. Oilskins from head to foot, the sail wet except the highest part of the peak, and when we informed several retired sea captains that we left Salter's Island at eight that morning they had hard work to believe it. The facts were, while they had expected to see us soon, their judgment was that on such a boisterous day we would be tied up in some snug harbor waiting for "Ladies' Day" weather.

During the following twelve days we made many short trips around Penobscot Bay; visited Belfast, Searsport, Islesboro, Castine, Bucksport, etc. Anchored one night off the mouth of a trout brook in Searsport, and at four o'clock next morning, in a drizzling rain, started up the stream. We wore full suits of wet weather clothes, hip boots, oilskins and sou'westers; and perhaps we didn't have a good old-fashioned time wading in water knee deep, climbing fences, ducking and scrambling through the wet underbrush, fighting mosquitoes, and eating cobwebs. We returned to the shore at noon, a happy, hungry pair, with forty-five trout, some of them measuring more than 4¾ inches long.

We left our small boat that morning at low tide, with a long rope leading up the beach to a rock. On our return found the rock covered with water and the boat floating off shore. I waded in to the top of my boots, fished up the rope, and was slowly backing ashore, when one foot went into a hole and I sat down in a mixture of salt water, oilers, big boots, and big words. Needless to say Sam had a glorious laugh at my predicament.

Another day with quite a party on board we sailed up the river past old Fort Knox and Bucksport. When we returned the tide was running ebb, about four miles an hour, the wind south, dead ahead, and strong enough for two reefs. Talk about going to windward, I would like to own a "wind jammer" capable of getting over the ground in dead water as fast as we worked down through the Narrows. It was great sport.

Tuesday, July 14, at 12 o'clock set sail for Pawtuxet. A fine southwest wind just right for the whole sail was blowing, and we started on a long thrash dead to windward. We took the east channel down the bay as being the most picturesque scenery, and found it very interesting sailing among the little islands. At 7 o'clock we ran in to North Haven and anchored for the night. This is one of the finest little harbors on the coast, perfectly protected, with water deep enough for a battleship.

Wednesday, July 15, we were up at 4:30, found the same southwester blowing a fine steady breeze. Took a long port tack to Owl Head, then worked down through the channel to White Head, and out past the light. At 10:30 we passed Mosquito Head and went inside the island. Passed Marshall Point and Franklin Island lights, always sailing to windward; first a short starboard tack of a half mile or so, then perhaps several miles on port tack. We went to windward of island after island that day when the ship channel was to leeward, but such a thing as running off the wind when we had everything to windward wasn't for a minute to be seriously considered. In a boat of Mblem's draft we were safe to go anywhere the seas did not break.

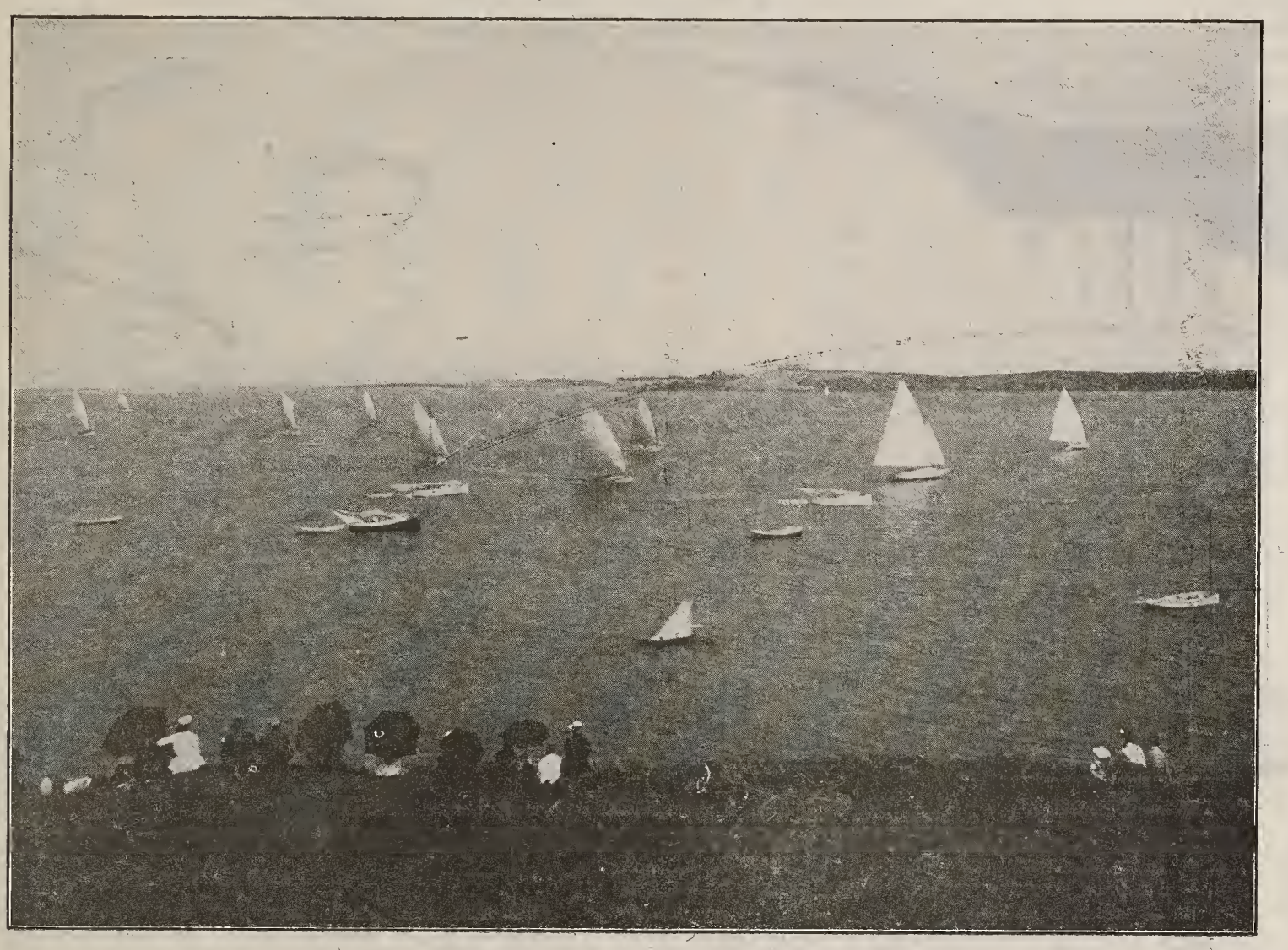
At 2 P. M. were off Pemaquid Point. The ebb tide running to windward out of Muscongus Bay made the sea very rough, and we put in two reefs. About this time Sam got hungry for a chowder, so after preparing all the "fixins" he lit up the stove just as I tacked for a long run up toward White Islands. When the chowder was boiling hot the stove ran dry of oil, and in trying to fill it and keep the hot kettle right side up at the same time, he mixed a liberal portion of kerosene oil in the chowder, and then capped the climax by turning the whole thing up side down on himself and the cushions. The sight he presented was a whole show. He was saved from a serious burn by the oilskin pants he was wearing.

Passed Cuckold's at 5 and at 6 o'clock were off our old stopping place—Salter's Island. We were figuring, however, to keep going, pass Cape Small Point and make Peak's Island sometime in the evening, but the wind changed west, and an ugly looking thunder squall was working out over the land, so we ran in behind the ledges at Seal Island. It was low tide, the water clear, and we worked into a snug little harbor with an anchorage like a mill pond, so limited that we put out anchors at bow and stern for the night, the surf from the ocean breaking 200 feet away.

Thursday and Friday, July 16 and 17.—Woke at 5 o'clock, found a light northwest wind, rowed Mblem out of her snug corner and made sail for another beat to windward across Casco Bay. Found it rough outside from yesterday's blow, and the northwester not quite strong enough to hold the sail full as she pitched over the waves. The beauty of the distant islands and ledges, with the surf dashing against them more than compensated for the dull sailing. Stopped at Peak's Island House and had a fine dinner. This is an ideal stopping place for yachtsmen, a fine harbor close to the open sea, supplies of all kinds handy. At 1 P. M. we ran outside again in a west wind that was caused by a thunder squall which we barely dodged, getting full benefit, however, of the strong fair wind. At 2:30 as we passed Richmond's Island the wind came southwest very light, we beat to windward past Stratton Island, saw the wreck of the Washington B. Thomas again, everything down and out of sight except her port bilge, and wreckage floating around as though yesterday's blow had been smashing her to pieces.

At 6 o'clock we were off Wood Island light, and the wind changed again to west; fair and steady at last, a beautiful night promised, without a cloud in sight. The sun set a ball of red, and as the moon was due to rise at 10:30, we decided immediately to run all night. Laid a course to clear Isles of Shoals, and Sam took his trick from 8 to 11. The westerly wind knocked down the choppy southwest sea very fast. The breeze was steady as a mill and just right for whole sail; in fact, the conditions were what I considered Mblem's best time to go fast. Passed Goat Island light at 8:05 and Cape Neddick Nubble at 11, with Boon Island under our lee. The Portland steamer picked us out with her search light, and kept it full on us for some time. I took the tiller at 11, and it was certainly one of the most beautiful nights I ever spent on the water. Mblem's big white sail looked like a snowy wing. She was flying along at a great pace, and held so true to her course that I lashed the tiller, and for over three hours she forged ahead without varying more than a point one way or the other. Isles of Shoals' light was on our weather bow, flashing its warning of white and red.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



On the way to the weather mark—Mblem leading—Pleasure Bay Y. C. race.

American Power Boat Association.

A MEETING of the American Power Boat Association was held on Friday afternoon, January 8, at the office of Mr. A. B. Cole, 68 Wall street, New York city. The delegates discussed the racing schedule for the season of 1904, and definite action was taken.

The first race will be held under the auspices of the executive committee on Decoration Day, 1904, and will be open to all boats whose owners are members of clubs which are enrolled in the association.

The race will be open to all classes and will be held in Manhasset Bay, off Port Washington, L. I., starting at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The course for the small classes will be confined to the waters of Manhasset Bay, making a start off the Manhasset Bay Y. C. club house. The course for the larger boats will be from the same starting line out into the sound and return.

For first, second, and third prizes, the association will award a pennant to the winner in each class, and the winner will be entitled to fly this pennant as the winner of the class during the balance of the season.

The Association Prize Pennant, for first prize, is a broad pennant with a blue field and a white propeller in the center. In the upper left hand corner is the class letter and in the lower right hand corner the year. The second prize is the same arrangement, with a red field and white propeller and letter. The third prize is a white field with red propeller and letter.

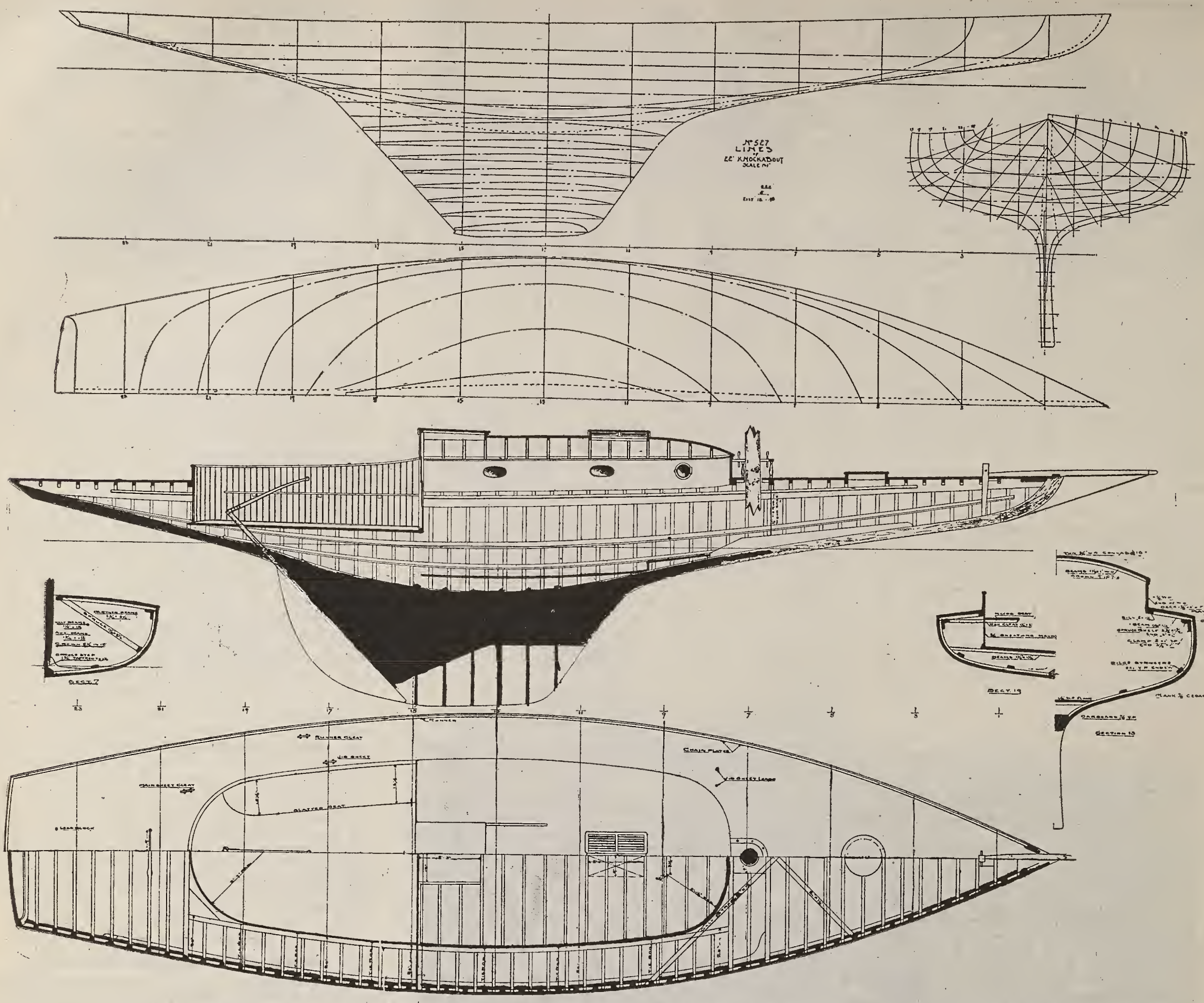
The Manhasset Bay Y. C. has extended the courtesies of the club house to the visiting clubs. Entry blanks will be mailed to each of the club members of the association. Entries will close at 6 o'clock the day before the race, and from the inquiries that have already been received by the sceretary interesting races are expected.

The association decided to offer a perpetual challenge cup, valued at about $1,000, open to boats belonging to any recognized yacht club in the world, except that such club, if located in the United States, must be a member of the association. Boats must be not less than 25ft. waterline, and must rate not less than 35 feet, under the measurement rules of the association, and in all cases the rating must not be less than the waterline length.

The first match, consisting of three races, will be held on the Hudson River on June 23, 24, and 25, 1904, the starting and finishing line off the Columbia Y. C. house, located at Eighty-sixth street and Riverside drive, the course to be about twenty nautical miles up the river and return.

Boats must be entered by the clubs to which the owners belong, not more than one boat from each club. Entries will be received up to June 13, 1904, at the office of Anson B. Cole, 63 Wall street, from whom all particulars can be obtained.

All contesting boats must be measured under the association rules by the association representative prior to the first race. The winning boat will be determined by the point system, whereby each contestant is allowed one



LINES AND CONSTRUCTION PLANS OF 22-FOOTER—DESIGNED BY FRED. D. LAWLEY AND BUILT BY THE GEO. LAWLEY & SON CORP., 1903.

point for going over the course, and an additional point for each boat which she defeats, all boats starting in one class and at the same time, corrected time to be computed in accordance with the association time allowance tables.

The club by which the winning boat is entered is entitled to hold the cup, subject to the provisions of a declaration of trust, until it is challenged for and won by a boat of another club.

Full particulars can be obtained from any member of the committee, composed of J. H. Wainwright, American Y. C.; H. J. Gielow, Atlantic Y. C.; E. W. Graef, Brooklyn Y. C.; E. M. MacClellan and Anson B. Cole, Manhasset Y. C.

This association, which was formed about one year ago, is composed of delegates from yachting clubs, and since its organization it has formulated rules and tables of time allowance, governing speed and endurance contests of power boats, which have not only become the standard of this country, but have been adopted by the Marine Motor Boat Association of England and elsewhere.

The purpose of the association is to encourage power boat racing and endurance contests, thereby improving power boat engines and models. The annual meeting of the association will be held at the Hotel Spaulding, Forty-third street, between Sixth avenue and Broadway, on February 3, at 8 o'clock P. M.

New Theories on Time Allowance for Racing Yach .

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the discussions of the principles involved in a rule of measurement for classification and time allowance which have recently appeared in your paper, I have looked in vain to find any criticism of the system at present in general use of basing the time allowed upon the length of the course sailed.

It seems to me that this method is wrong and that the time allowed should be proportioned to the length of time taken to sail the race.

If one yacht sails the course in two hours and has to give a smaller vessel ten minutes out of the two hours, it does not seem at all logical in case it takes the larger vessel four hours to sail the course that the smaller vessel should only get the same allowance or ten minutes out of the four hours.

In some of the foreign sailing clubs the amount of the allowance is varied according to the force of the wind, and in strong winds the allowance is much less than in light winds.

It appears to me that the time taken to sail the course gives us a true measure of both the distance sailed and the force of the wind, and that if the time allowance were based on the elapsed times of the race instead of on the distance sailed, a much more satisfactory and logical application of time allowance would result.

In carrying out this plan, the present tables of allowance per mile could be used with the addition of a speed column giving the average speeds opposite the rating measurements.

This speed column could be figured out with reasonable accuracy from past performances, and need only be correct in relative speeds.

The time allowed, instead of being figured the same for strong and light breezes, for quick and slow races, upon the distance sailed would be proportioned upon the time taken to sail the race.

The calculation of time allowance would be no more complicated than at present; the allowance per mile between the yachts being taken from the table and being multiplied by the average speed, would be the allowance per hour, and this, when multiplied by the elapsed time, would give the allowance for the race.

As an example, a yacht 40ft. R. L. allows one 30ft. R. L. 70 seconds per mile; with the average speed if fixed at 5.5 miles per hour, we would get an allowance of 6 minutes and 25 seconds an hour, and this multiplied by the elapsed time of the larger boat or the mean of the elapsed times of the two boats, would be the allowance for the race.

If the elapsed time taken should be two hours, the allowance would be 11 minutes and 50 seconds; if 3 hours, 19 minutes and 15 seconds; if 3 hours and a half, 22 minutes and 23 seconds. If the race should be sailed at the average speed of 5.5 miles per hour the allowance would be the same as if figured by the present method on the length of the course.

The only conditions under which this system might work unfairly would be in case of prolonged calm for part of the race and strong winds for the rest.

If this should be considered a serious objection, the allowances could be figured in the way suggested, and also on the length of the course and the mean of the two taken for the allowance in the race.

It seems to me that this plan would be a much more logical method of adjusting time allowances than the present way of basing them on the distance sailed without regard to conditions of wind or weather.

N. D. LAWTON.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Design for a 22-Footer.

THE 22ft. restricted class bids fair to be one of the most popular in Eastern waters next summer, and the design published in this issue shows a boat intended for it. The boat was turned out by Mr. Fred D. Lawley, and will be built for a Massachusetts yachtsman by the George Lawley & Son Corp., South Boston, Mass.

The design shows a smart looking boat that will no doubt have a good turn of speed. Her overhangs are long and full, which give long, easy sailing lines and ample deck room.

Under a cabin house, 11ft. long and 7ft. wide, there is good headroom, and under the skylight and companion there are 5ft. in the clear. The cabin floor is 3ft. wide, and on either side are bunks 8ft. long and 2ft. wide. Behind these are lockers. At the after end of the cabin, on each side, are hanging lockers, and at the forward end are sideboards. In the galley there is a two-burner stove, an ice box and dish lockers.

The cockpit is watertight and is 8ft. long, and on either side are slatted seats. There is a 20in. waterway all around the cabin house and cockpit.

The boat's frames are of oak, and she is planked with ⅞in. cedar. She will be steered with a tiller. The boat has a liberal rig, her sail area being 900 sq. ft.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—			
Over all	37ft.	8	in.
L. W. L.	21ft.	8	in.
Overhang—			
Forward	8ft.	10	in.
Aft	7ft.	2	in.
Freeboard—			
Forward	2ft.	8	in.
Least	1ft.	10½	in.
Aft	2ft.	½	in.
Breadth—			
Extreme	10ft.	1	in.
L. W. L.	9ft.	6	in.
Draft—			
To rabbet	1ft.	11	in.
Extreme	5ft.	8	in.
Sail area—			
Jib	180 sq. ft.		
Mainsail	720 sq. ft.		
Total	900 sq. ft.		
Lead on keel	3,100 lbs.		

King Victor Emmanuel has offered the Club Nautique de Nice a silver cup for a yacht race between Spezzia and Nice.



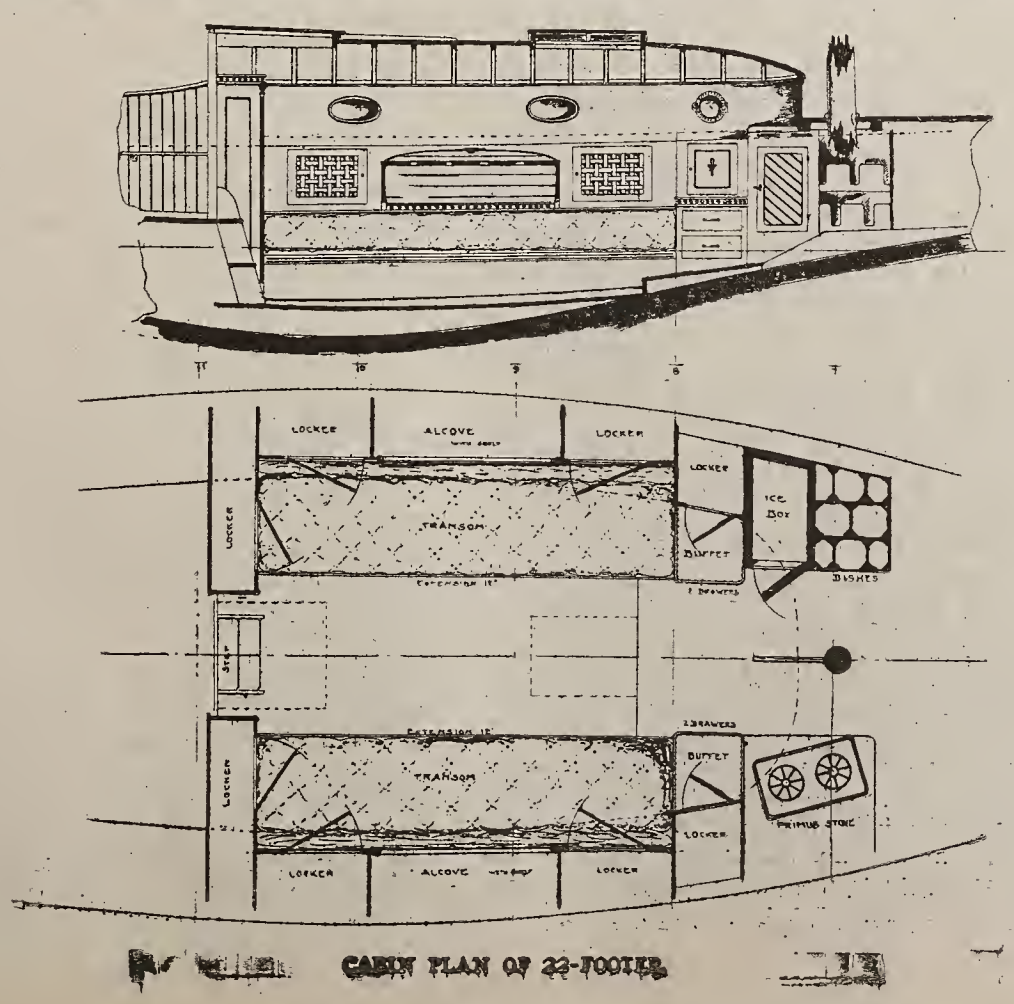
SAIL PLAN OF 22-FOOTER.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 11.—For the 30ft. class that has been recently formed by Massachusetts yachtsmen, there now seems to be the prospect of three boats with which to start the season, even if no others should be built. Mr. T. K. Lothrop, Jr., ordered one from Messrs. Burgess & Packard some time ago. Mr. F. G. Macomber, Jr., is almost certain to have one of the new boats. Mr. S. Reed Anthony is said to be another prospective owner. It is understood that Mr. Macomber's yacht will be designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, of New York, and it has been said recently that Mr. Macomber's boat and Mr. Anthony's boat will be built from the same lines. Both boats will be built by Fenton, of Manchester. In the present state of apathy into which yachting has fallen, the prospect of even three new boats for a new class is encouraging. More than one Boston designer has expressed the belief that if the boats to be built were a little heavier they would be better for all-round purposes, and would prove about as fast as they will on a displacement of about 15,000 pounds. However, this will all have to be proved in the sailing.

One boat is now under construction for the new 21ft. class recently adopted by the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. She is for Rear-Commodore Walter Burgess, of the Boston Y. C. She was designed by Mr. W. B. Stearns and is being built by Messrs. Stearns and McKay, at the Marblehead Y. C. Her sails will be furnished by Messrs. Cousens & Pratt. The design shows a boat of moderate dimensions, with well-rounded bilges and some deadrise. The form, on the whole, is easy, and the boat should be a good actor in a seaway. She is 32ft. 6in. over all, 21ft. waterline, 7ft. 9in. beam, and 5ft. 3in. draft. She has a very roomy water-tight cockpit and cabin 8ft. 6in. long. This gives two large clothes lockers alongside the companionway, two good transoms wide enough to sleep on, ice chest, racks, etc., on the port side, dish locker, stove space and small sideboard on the other. This really gives fair accommodations for spending a couple of nights or more. The headroom is 4ft. 5in.

Mr. W. B. Stearns, who designed the boat, says of the class: "In point of speed this class ought to show up exceedingly well, and should give very interesting racing without exacting quite such close attention or becoming quite so much of a business instead of a pleasure, as racing in the more extreme classes. So far as the skill is required in designing a boat of this sort, it would seem from the result that the most sensible restricted classes we have ever had—the raceabouts and knockabouts—approached more closely to being models of boats found practicable in larger classes than those in which the designer is given a free hand. We believe the nucleus of a class is assured and two or three more boats will lend some excitement to the sport. It will be some satisfaction to the owners of these boats, whether they are winners or not, that they will be worth to sell the second season probably seven-eighths of their cost price, and are of the most marketable size on the coast."



CABIN PLAN OF 22-FOOTER.

The first of a series of winter meetings and dinners of the Lake Winnipesaukee Y. C. was held at the Hotel Bellevue, on Wednesday evening last, at which Mr. Parker H. Kemble gave an interesting general talk on power boats, the principles of design and the relative values of steam and gasolene. The Lake Winnipesaukee Y. C. is quite a new organization, having been formed in March of 1903. It is mostly composed of residents of Boston and vicinity who have summer places on the lake. As is the case in most inland waters, the fleet of the club, which is growing quite fast, is mostly composed of power boats. Since the club was started the members have become much interested in improving the lake as a summer resort. During the winter talks will be given on ways and means of clearing the lake of pollution, the strict enforcing of pilot regulations, rigid examination of hulls and boilers, and the lighting and buoying of the lake.

Mr. W. H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford, has turned out lines for the following boats: One-design class of 15-footers for members of the Buffalo Y. C., to be built by Weir, of Hamilton, Can.; 30ft. cruising yawl for Mr. E. P. Hussey, of Buffalo; restricted 16-footer for Mr. George E. Gooderham, of Toronto; restricted 15-footer for Mr. Charles E. Whitcombe, of Hamilton, and an auxiliary 21-footer for Mr. John A. Goldsmith, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Hand is now at work on the lines of a new one-design class for the Marine and Field Club.

Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has an order for a 52ft. auxiliary centerboard yawl for Mr. Sumner Hayward, of Buffalo. She will be 72ft. 6in. over all, 52ft. 6in. waterline, 17ft. beam, and 2ft. 9in. draft. She will be built in the west. Mr. Crowninshield also has an order for a boat to compete in the trial races to select a challenger for the Seawanhaka cup, for a syndicate of White Bear Lake yachtsmen. She will be built at White Bear Lake. The 21ft. raceabout which Mr. Crowninshield has designed for a New York yachtsman will be built by Rice Bros., at East Boothbay. She will be planked with mahogany.

Messrs. Stearns & McKay, at the Marblehead Yacht Yard, are at work on the lines of a 21ft. auxiliary yawl for Mr. J. A. Donovan, of Lowell, and a 21ft. cruising raceabout for Mr. C. R. Clark, of Plainville, Conn. The yawl will be a powerful boat, 40ft. over all, and will carry 925 square feet of sail. A novel speed launch is being built at this yard. She will be only 17ft. long and will carry a 20 horse-power engine.

The auxiliary knockabout, Chester Kilburne, owned by Mr. F. K. Priest, of Nashua, N. H., has been overhauled at Messrs. Murray & Tregurtha's. She has been equipped with an eight horse-power double-cylinder M. and T. engine, which is expected to give her good speed when not under sail. This firm has sold to Mr. C. S. Chandler, of Worcester, Mass., for use in Florida waters, the 47ft. gasolene launch Idler. The 85ft. gasolene yacht Tuna has been sold to Mr. W. B. S. Whaley, of Columbia, S. C.

At the annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., to be held at the Boston Athletic Association on Wednesday evening, the following officers and committees will be balloted for: Commodore, J. O. Shaw; Vice-Commodore, Butler Ames; Rear-Commodore, Frank E. Clark; Secretary, Everett Paine; Treasurer, J. B. Rhodes; Measurer, W. B. Stearns; Executive Committee, Frank E. and W. H. Rothwell; Regatta Committee, Herbert S. Goodwin, Lawrence F. Percival, Harry H. Falker, William L. Carlton, and Stephen Bowen; Membership Committee, Percival W. Pope, O. W. Shead, Frederick Estabrook, and Charles D. Wainwright; House Committee, three years, Fritz B. Talbot.

At the annual meeting of the Columbia Y. C., held Wednesday, Jan. 6, the following officers were elected: Commodore, Frank E. Grainger, Vice-Commodore, Hiram Patterson; Rear-Commodore, Manuel B. Roche; Secretary, Thomas A. Shephard; Treasurer, Albert E. Justice; Trustees, Lewis Masters, A. E. Justice, and Hiram Patterson.

The annual meeting of the South Boston Y. C. was held Wednesday, Jan. 6, at which the following officers and committees were elected; Commodore, Fred W. Rauskolb; Vice-Commodore, Harry S. Brown; Rear-Commodore, George M. Hannan; Secretary, P. J. McMahon; Treasurer, W. H. French; Measurer, Fred H. Borden; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Thomas G. Reed; Trustees, Arthur Fuller and W. J. O'Brine; Regatta Committee, G. E. W. Armstrong, Thomas Colo, Walter Dixon, Arthur L. Leary, and Maurice Lee; House Committee, George P. Field, James H. Hayes, Theodore L. Kelly, M. J. Lynch, and H. T. McArdle.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The organization of a motor launch section has, for several months past, been in contemplation by the Long Island Automobile Club. The agitation resulted in a final and decisive action at a recent meeting. At a gathering of the officers and board of governors, President F. G. Webb named the following committee to take suitable steps toward a definite plan of action and enrollment; Chairman, L. R. Adams; J. Adolph Mollenhauer, commodore of the Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C., of Bay Shore, and C. H. Tageman, the well-known club man, who is having a high-speed launch built for his purposes in Italy.

From the numerous expressions of approval from launch-owning members, the future of the "Motor Launch Section" seems an assured success. H. L. Towle, the chairman of the technical committee of the club, is to act in advisory capacity to the committee.

Through co-operation with the Tavem Club of Brooklyn, which owns a commodious house-boat, it is expected to maintain a permanent summer rendezvous in Hempstead Harbor, as the Tavem Club contemplates anchoring off Glenwood, about a mile south of the Sea Cliff Y. C. house. A number of the members of the Tavem Club are actively interested in the automobile club. This probably is the first of a number of affiliations which later will be formed.—Brooklyn Eagle.

* * *

Mr. Sydney Russell has gotten out plans for a 21-footer for Mr. F. H. Walker (donor of the Walker cup for 21-footers). The new boat will compete in the races for the cup next summer, and she will be sailed by her designer,

Designing Competition.

$225 in Prizes.

Two designing competitions have been given in FOREST AND STREAM. The first was for a 25ft. waterline cruiser; the second was for a 15ft. one-design class. Both competitions were very successful. The great interest taken in those competitions has prompted us to give a third one, open to amateurs and professionals. The prizes which will be given are as follows:

First prize—$100.
Second prize—$60.
Third prize—$40.
Fourth prize—$25, offered by Mr. Theodore Zerega for the best interior plan.

The designs are for a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. Centerboard cruiser, 40ft. l. w. l.
II. Boat must not draw over 6ft with centerboard up.
III. The lowest freeboard to covering board must be 3ft.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. The conditions have been made as simple as possible, that competitors might have all latitude and scope in working out their ideas. We wish to produce an able and comfortable cruising boat, one that shall have ample accommodation for two or three men living aboard for a period of several months, and one that can be easily managed at all times by two or three paid hands. The draft is restricted to 6ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all the desirable harbors, and may, thereby, widely increase her cruising field.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.—showing center of buoyancy, center of lateral resistance and center of effort of both rigs.
II. Half breadth, scale ¾in.=1ft.
III. Body plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.
IV. Cabin plan, inboard profile and at least one cross section, scale ¾in.=1ft.
V. Two sail plans, scale ¼in.=1ft.; one as a yawl; one as a pole mast sloop.

In the case of the yawl rig the position and height of the mast and length of gaff are to be the same as in the cutter rig. Plans must show working topsail and size of light sails.

VI. All ballast outside on keel except amount necessary for trimming.

An outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully made and lettered. All drawings should be on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used. The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only, and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than March 1, 1904. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all of the designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, who passed upon the designs submitted for the 25ft. with great care, has again consented to judge the designs and make the awards.

Little Shamrock's Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The statement of Mr. C. W. Schmidt, Jr., in his article on "Lake Yachting" in your issue of this date, regarding the measurement of the yacht Little Shamrock is incorrect.

First—The bow of Little Shamrock complies with rule 4, being within the thirty degree limit.

Second—That the yacht Little Shamrock was measured before participating in last year's Country Club competitive cup races by Mr. S. Russell, the official measurer of the Country Club, assisted by Mr. J. W. Dyar, at that time secretary of the yachting committee of the Country Club.

I had charge of and sailed the Little Shamrock in the Country Club competitive cup races, and personally requested that the yacht be measured before starting in the races, and was present when measured, and I am therefore positive no fault can be laid to the owners of Little Shamrock or its crew as to its admission to competition in last year's Country Club competitive cup races.

I can very easily comprehend how the bow could be measured on a drawing and found over the thirty degree limit, as on measuring three different drawings of deck plan it was found that one measured thirty and one-half degrees, another exactly thirty degrees, and the other twenty-nine and one-half degrees. This is very easily accounted for, as a reduction of a deck plan from thirty-six feet to thirty-six inches make it so small that the minutest increase in inked line on the drawing will make angle vary a half degree one way or the other, or the slightest variation of pen or ruler will do the same thing, and such a measurement can only be determined by measurement of the deck of yacht itself.

Little Shamrock is laid up here, and can easily be reached and measured, and thus stop all controversy on this subject, which all seems to have arisen from the bare statement of a disappointed designer and builder who has made two attempts to build within the rules and failed in both instances. EDWARD T. BALCOM.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Messrs. Wilson & Silsby, the Boston sail makers, have recently gotten out a very handsome picture of the auxiliary schooner Ariadne. The sails for Ariadne were made by this firm and the picture shows off the splendid suit of canvas to the best advantage.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Indian Harbor Y. C. will be held at the Club Cottage, Rocky Neck Point, Greenwich, Conn., on Wednesday, January 13, 1904, at 8:30 P. M. The nominating committee presents the following nominations for officers, directors and regatta committee: Com., George Lauder, Jr., schooner Endymion; Vice-Com., Edward Shearson, schooner Quickstep; Rear-Com., Wilbur C. Fisk, yawl Onawa; Sec'y, Charles P. Geddes; Treas., Richard Outwater; Meas., Morgan Barney; President of the Corporation, Charles T. Wills. Directors (term expiring 1907), Charles T. Wills, Louis R. Alberger. Regatta Committee, Frank Bowne Jones, chairman; Charles E. Simms, T. J. McCahill, Jr.; E. Sterne Wheeler, Geo. J. Bradish.

* * *

The handsome club house of the Winthrop Y. C., of Winthrop, Mass., was totally destroyed by fire on December 28. The club house was of wood, and with the flames fanned by a strong breeze the building was soon consumed. The damage sustained by the club will be $10,000 for the club house and $1,500 on its furnishings, upon which there is only $5,000 insurance. Absolutely nothing was saved. The loss to members in sails, rigging, tenders, etc., cannot be fully estimated, but the total will be large. A meeting of the directors to take action on rebuilding will be called at once.

* * *

There is building at Woods' yard, City Island, a cruising yawl from designs made by Messrs. Cary Smith & Ferris. The boat is for Mr. Henry S. Gibson, and her dimensions are as follows: Over all, 50ft.; waterline, 30ft.; breadth, 12ft. 2in., and draft, 7ft.

* * *

The schooner yacht Dixie owned by the Rev. S. C. Thomson, of Coxsackie, N. Y., encountered a bad storm off Cape Charles and was dismasted. The yacht was towed into Norfolk, where she will repair and proceed to Jacksonville, Fla.

* * *

Mr. H. E. Tinker is having a cruising schooner built at Bayley's yard, Port Jefferson, L. I. The yacht is a centerboard boat of heavy wood construction. She is 100ft. over all and 70ft. on the waterline. The boat will be coppered. Mr. Tinker will name the boat Palestine.

* * *

Vergemere, the auxiliary schooner owned by Mr. Albert C. Bostwick, which left New York on December 22, experienced good weather on the run down the coast until within fifty miles of Bermuda. At this point a S. W. gale struck the yacht and she was hove to for some time. Vergemere was designed by Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey, and built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, Wilmington, Del. She is of steel throughout, 158ft. 6in. over all, 120ft. on the waterline, 28ft. breadth, and 16ft. draft. The engine is of the compound type, with cylinders 12in. and 24in. in diameter by 14in. stroke. Steam is supplied by two Almy boilers. The yacht has liberal sail plan, with about 10,000 square feet of canvas in the lower sails.

In another column we print a letter written to us by Mr. N. D. Lawton. Mr. Lawton comments on the time allowance tables now in general use, and advances some new theories on the subject that are most interesting. It is difficult to tell how measurement rules will work until they are put into actual practice, and the same thing may be said of new time allowance tables, but we believe Mr. Lawton's suggestion has merit, and we hope it will bring about some beneficial results.



CANOEING

The Nomads on the Osage.

BY PERRY D. FRAZER.

The Story which won the Second Prize of $25 in "Forest and Stream" Canoe Cruising Competition.

THE canoe in which the cruise I am about to write of was made, is an all cedar Indian model open paddler, 15 feet in length, 32½ inches beam, and 47 pounds weight. She was built by J. H. Rushton, Canton, N. Y. Her ribs are fashioned like those of the common canvas-covered canoe, being very broad and continuous from side to side. In the center they are about two inches in width and are spaced that far apart, while the space between each rib for almost the entire length of the craft is filled with a bit of cedar of equal thickness with rib, and of such length that these pieces and the ribs form a solid floor, which is far superior in regions where there is as much mud as in Missouri, to the regulation floor-boards or gratings. Another feature made possible by the adoption of these wide ribs is that this canoe has no inwales. Each rib is made fast to the gunwale with a round-head brass screw. Mud, sand or dead leaves may, therefore, be swept out of the canoe almost as readily as though her interior were perfectly smooth, either by turning the canoe on her side on shore and using a moist sponge, or by washing the interior thoroughly while she is in the water and then shaking the water out in the customary way. She has three thwarts and very short decks. Her sheer is pronounced. She has a substantial oak shoe her full length, and this and the gunwales, which are of cherry, constitute all the material in her make-up that is not white cedar, the copper nails and brass screws also excepted. Nomad has a very flat floor and such full lines that her capacity is enormous for her size, but while she is not as fast as the average canoe, she is surprisingly steady and a good load carrier. Single blade maple paddles, 5ft. 4in. and 5ft. 5in. long, are used.

The outfit consists of the following principal articles: A brown conical tent 8½ft. high and 9ft. wide, fitted with door awning, window, sod cloth and floor cloth, with netting for both window and door. No poles or pegs were taken, although both are at other times used. Two pneumatic mattresses, each 25 by 75 inches in size, and three small air cushions occupy small space when deflated. There are two heavy army and two other double blankets, two small pantasote blankets, a mackintosh cape and a pantasote coat, heavy sweaters, a heavy wool cape, which my wife wears when the days are cold, and rubber soled canvas sneakers for canoe wear. A round box of heavy tin, 10 by 11 inches in size, and with a hinged cover, protects a vapor stove, two quart kerosene cans, 1½ pints of wood alcohol for priming the vapor stove, and several tight top tin boxes containing matches, soap, salt, etc. A small padlock protects the contents. The grub box is 15 by 16 by 8 inches in size. It has a shallow cover which is braced with a brass rod when serving as a table. It has four removable legs, and these were stowed within the box, together with five aluminum plates, three aluminum cups that nest in the coffee pot, an agate ware frying-pan, a kettle and a low coffee pot, also agate ware. Three shallow saucepans, a long thin cracker can for spoons, forks, etc., a coffee ball, whetstone, waterproof salt and pepper shakers, and several tins for daily supplies, all were stowed in this box for shipping. A rather large tackle box contained screwdriver, file, cleaning material for firearms, combs, etc., and was a most useful companion. A folding camp chair, two cork cushions, and a brass lantern complete the outfit.

It was on September 26, 1903, that I paddled Nomad from Meramec Highlands three miles up the Meramec river to Valley Park, with my outfit packed for shipment. At the railway bridge I went ashore, and hailing a small boy and his sister, who happened to be driving by in a wagon, persuaded them to haul the canoe and outfit to the railway station, a short distance from the river. In a few minutes, therefore, the outfit was placed in the wagon, and with the canoe over all, we started for the station. Arrived there, the young people were satisfied to name 25 cents as their reward, and drove away well pleased, while I congratulated myself that I had met at least two persons that day who had not been spoiled by contact with fee givers.

The station platform was broad, there the canoe was placed on a large piece of burlap, a sail needle and a ball of twine produced, and I went to work. The paddles were tied to two thwarts, the chair, a bag of light stuff and the lantern to the other one, and then the canoe was sewed up in the burlap and tagged. The grub box was wrapped in the tent and securely tied, as it was heavy though frail. The floor cloth was

then spread out and the beds, blankets, etc., wrapped in it, and tied up. The tin box containing the stove and other articles was provided with a rope handle. The fifth parcel was a large canvas bag containing loose articles and changes of clothing. The station agent shipped the canoe by express to Osage City, Mo., 117 miles distant from St. Louis, and about 99 miles from Valley Park, while he checked the other parcels as baggage, all going over the Missouri Pacific railway. This is one of the railways that will not carry canoes as baggage. Some roads will carry them as baggage; and one road merely requires full tickets for two persons, and the assurance that they are members of the American Canoe Association, and entitled to the privilege. I was compelled to pay for the canoe at the rate of four times first class express matter.

Three days after the canoe and outfit had been shipped, Mrs. Frazer, little Helen—who is almost a veteran canoeist, although little more than two years of age—and myself, all clad in comfortable old clothing, arrived at Osage on an afternoon train, carrying with us a camera, two fishing rods and two .22-caliber rifles, one of them a single shot and the other an automatic with telescope sights. At the little station we found the canoe, the outfit and a box of groceries we had shipped from St. Louis, all in good condition.

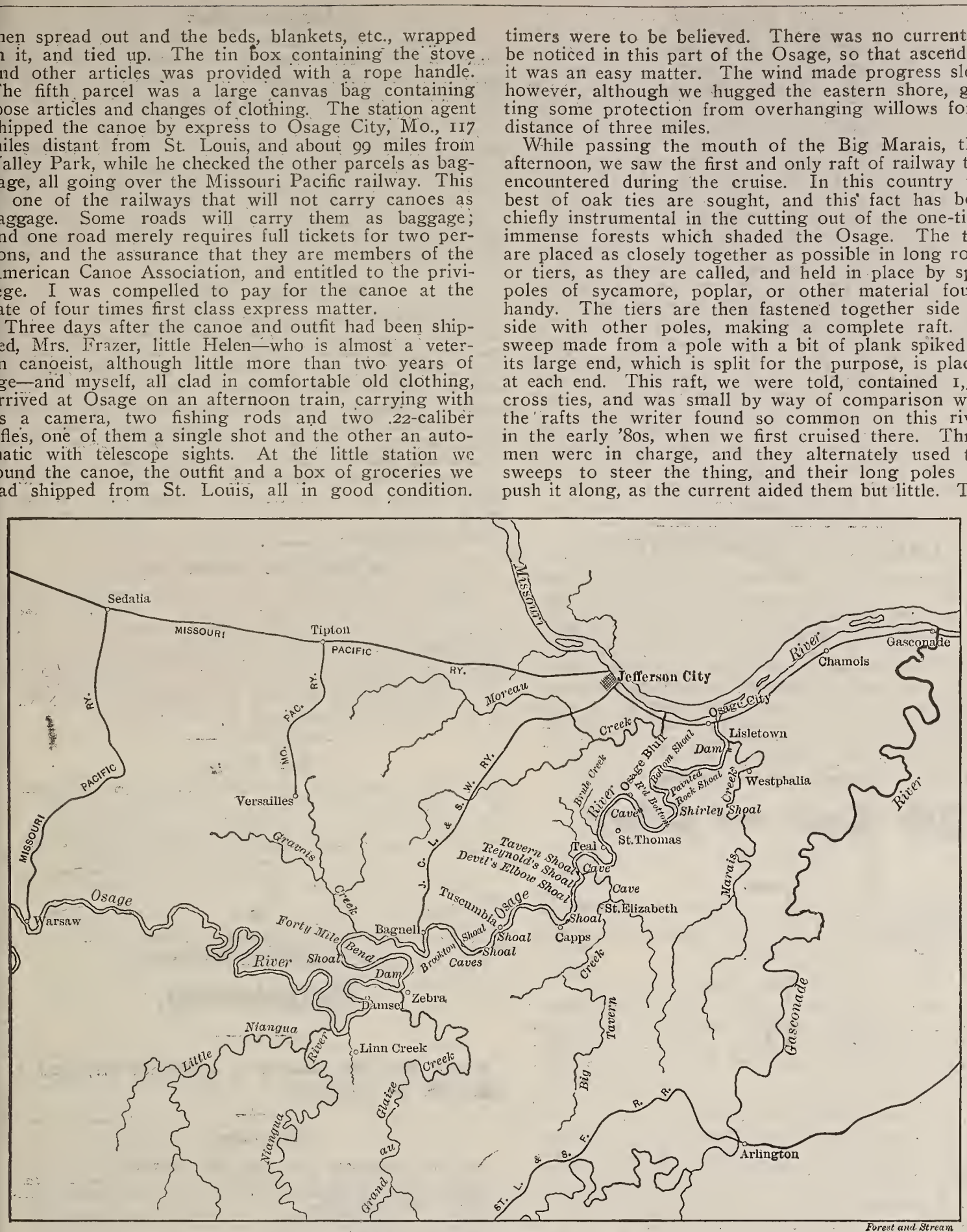


CHART OF THE OSAGE RIVER.

The agent was a St. Louis man who had grown homesick and lonely during his enforced stay in the village, and as he was glad of the opportunity to talk with anyone from his home town, he was very friendly, and aided us in many little ways, besides permitting us to leave a bag and the burlap in his office until our return, in a fortnight. And as this was at one time an important railway crosstie shipping point, and the negro workmen were at that time idle, it was not difficult to obtain help in transferring Nomad and the outfit from the station to the shore of the Osage River, 300 yards distant. In fact, it was a matter of asking the crowd of loafers if anyone was willing to help me. All were willing enough, so I chose the first man I came to. Meanwhile, my wife went across the way to a general store and purchased a supply of fresh eggs and butter. I carried the canoe to the river, expecting to return with my helper for the other parcels, but was astonished, on putting the canoe down at the water's edge, to find every article en route for the river, each on black shoulders, some big, others little, but all filing down toward me. A pickaninny brought up the rear guard with the lantern, which had dropped out of the canoe on the way. The big fellow whom I had engaged said, "two bits," (25 cents) was enough for him, but it was fortunate we had some small silver for the others. Altogether there was a gathering of well pleased individuals on the muddy bank of the Osage, most of whom found reserved seats on the nearby ties and watched the two men who helped me stow the numerous heavy articles in the canoe.

"I 'spec' you ain't never goin' git all dem t'ings in dat lil boat, boss," said one, while another afterward agreed that "Hit do beat all whar dem t'ings went to," although there was room for both of us to sit or kneel, at our option, and a cosy space amidships for Helen to sit on the blankets, and issue orders to the old folks, or play with the different articles she could reach and pull out of their places. The bank was a very muddy one, but by means of two planks and a skiff tied at the water's edge all hands reached their places and we paddled away into a fresh breeze that had sprung up within an hour.

We left behind us the village, and the long steel bridge at its foot. Here and there a stern wheel steamboat was moored along shore, and a glance down stream revealed the long curve of the river where it hastens to meet the Missouri, a short distance beyond. There ahead of us was a long reach of water perhaps 400 yards in width, somewhat muddy because of recent rains, its surface ruffled by the wind. The shores were low and fringed with willows, which, in turn, hid the wide and rich bottoms that were covered everywhere with water the previous spring, when the Missouri was higher than it has been since 1844, if the old timers were to be believed. There was no current to be noticed in this part of the Osage, so that ascending it was an easy matter. The wind made progress slow, however, although we hugged the eastern shore, getting some protection from overhanging willows for a distance of three miles.

While passing the mouth of the Big Marais, that afternoon, we saw the first and only raft of railway ties encountered during the cruise. In this country the best of oak ties are sought, and this fact has been chiefly instrumental in the cutting out of the one-time immense forests which shaded the Osage. The ties are placed as closely together as possible in long rows or tiers, as they are called, and held in place by split poles of sycamore, poplar, or other material found handy. The tiers are then fastened together side by side with other poles, making a complete raft. A sweep made from a pole with a bit of plank spiked in its large end, which is split for the purpose, is placed at each end. This raft, we were told, contained 1,500 cross ties, and was small by way of comparison with the rafts the writer found so common on this river in the early '80s, when we first cruised there. Three men were in charge, and they alternately used the sweeps to steer the thing, and their long poles to push it along, as the current aided them but little. The ties were so low in the water that the men were wading constantly in tramping back and forth, but a fire smoldered and smoked on some green poles placed in the center of the raft for the purpose of maintaining a fire. Just below the Marais, the first bluff was seen, and also the first squirrel. And this high hill is interesting for two reasons: On its summit are to be seen several Indian mounds of large size, and also on its summit there stands an immense pole from which telegraph wires span the river, their next support on the western shore being a series of poles so high that I would be afraid to even estimate how far in the air the wires swing. At the Marais there is a sweep-propelled ferryboat and a steamboat landing that is called Westphalia Landing, a well-traveled road leading off among the hills to Westphalia, an inland town, where many anglers and quail shooters go for sport.

It was our intention to make camp that night on the western shore, in a picturesque spot where I had often camped in other years, but as the banks had been covered with a deposit of deep mud, and the woods in question had disappeared, we went on, stopping a short time under an overhanging tree while a shower passed. The old camping place being out of the question, and the next available one several miles distant, we crossed the river and at last found a place under a wide-spreading hickory tree in a bit of woods close to Westphalia Landing No. 2. At dusk the steamboat Romana, which plies between this landing and Osage, tied up for the night, leaving in the morning.

Getting away the first morning of a cruise takes time, as the whole outfit requires overhauling in order to stow the different articles where they belong, so we did not leave until late, meeting a shower just as we passed through the open lock of the new dam the Federal Government began to build at the foot of Shipley's Shoal, then left to the mercy of the elements, lacking an appropriation from Congress. If this dam is ever finished and put into operation, the river as a cruising stream for canoeists will be ideal, as the waters for miles above this point will lack current, and it will be comparatively easy to reach points nearly 100 miles from the mouth without encountering any current worth mentioning. At present, however, the dam affects the river very little, as it does not extend entirely across the river, and its finished parts rise only to the surface of the water at the stage found at the time. A half-dozen immense pillars of dressed stone mark the height of the proposed structure, and judging from these, one would infer that when the dam is completed the river immediately above it will be at least twelve feet deeper at low water than at present. The finished lock is a fine structure. It is on the extreme western side of the Osage, and seems large enough to accommodate any of the river craft likely to ply these waters. Immediately below the lock, far up on the low shore, lie several stone barges that tell how high the water was last spring; and also that those responsible to Uncle Sam were either unable to float them into deeper water, or too lazy to do so, in time to save them when the water receded.

Not far above the dam we came to the low gravel bars and the towheads that gave a practical illustration of the need of the dam to the friends of the Osage country. For a long distance the eastern two-thirds of the river is occupied by these obstructions to any craft drawing more water than a canoe, while at low water there is more shingle than water. And here, in a comparatively small space, is enough magnificent red, clean gravel to pave every street in New York city several inches in depth. Every tiny particle of stone forming these bars is as smooth and as clean as if polished by hand, and if such bars were referred to by Kipling, I do not wonder that he was fond of basking in the sun-



Nomad Under Way.

shine on them. And all along the stretches of clean gravel were thousands of beautifully tinted mussel shells that had been washed down by the freshets, and polished by the gravel until not a vestige of the freshwater clams they one time shielded was to be found in them. Crows stalked along the bars in numbers, seeming to understand that we were too busily employed with the single blades to disturb them; for a west wind had sprung up and freshened with the passing clouds, and presently the sun was shining brightly.

Shipley's Shoal consists of a low dam and chute placed there by the Government during the Civil War for the purpose of making the river navigable to gunboats of small size which, it was anticipated, would be used on that stream in the event of the seat of war being west of the Mississippi river. And this dam is the first of a series to be found at intervals along the river as far as my acquaintance with it extends. This shoal compels the canoeist to use his blade steadily for about 300 yards, but when we reached the head of the chute, we bore off to the left-hand shore, following close to the bars until Rice's Island was passed, when the river widens slightly and is deeper. As we gradually turned northward and then to the northeast, in circling the first great bend in the river, the wind hindered progress less and became a beam wind. Then a small flock of ducks rose a long distance ahead and we remembered that autumn had come, but the sun seemed bent on reminding us of its power in August. Again, in passing a small creek, four wood ducks scurried



The Osage from the Bluff; Round Bottom and Harrington's Shoal in the Right Background.

out and over the tree tops, and shortly afterward a great blue heron was disturbed, and it flappel along, alighting here and there until we had passed Prince Edward's Island, in the shoal water at the head of which it took its final stand and refused to be disturbed again.

We had completed the first curve and were turned in the opposite direction when hunger, and a grove of persimmon trees with the fruit ripening, sent us ashore. A splendid spring of water pours out from under the bluff at that place, and this was an additional attraction. While eating luncheon we could look across the wide bottoms on the eastern shore, now denuded of every tree that could cast a shadow, and although I could recall the day when woods extended almost everywhere on that side of the river, so utterly desolate was the place then that remembrance seemed more of a dream than reality. Turning further west that afternoon, in rounding the second great bend in the river's course, we felt the full force of the wind. At Castle Rock, once an important town on the river, all that remained were a few tumble-down houses and the ferry, a flat-bottomed scow, large enough to transfer wagons from one side to the other. In antebellum days, steamboats were built here, and the village boasted a hotel, a great

sawmill, stores, warehouses and numerous homes. At the time of which I write, the houses where I had often stopped while hunting quail in the bottoms and squirrels in the woods, was the only one that was occupied. Not far above the village we passed the cliff from whence the name was derived, a square-topped wall of stone not unlike some old castle. Its base is pierced by caves, one of which is quite large, and in it there is a natural fireplace, the chimney being a vertical outlet to the hill above, so that the smoke from a fire built in the fireplace ascends as freely as in one fashioned by man. Not far from the rock we saw our first water moccasin. It was a large one, and it was coiled among the branches of a willow at the water's edge. Which reminds me to warn fellow canoeists to paddle at a respectful distance from the many overhanging willows to be found in these waters. Moccasins and other snakes are fond of lying on these low-hanging stunted willows, and so close to the water that if disturbed they can drop into the water and disappear. I have often knocked them off the bushes while using a double blade paddle, in hugging the shore in the shoals, so difficult is it to see them as they lie among



The Noon Hour.

the leafy limbs; and once, in a swift and narrow chute, as the canoe passed under a willow, an ugly moccasin dropped on my shoulder, fell to the gunwale and slipped into the water before I had time to get away. As I told my companion at the time, it was a good thing the reptile went overboard, as the canoe was not roomy enough for both of us, and the place was not a favorable one for jumping overboard anyway.

Passing Rock creek, I was reminded of more devastation on the western shore, for where there was at that time an almost barren waste grown over with cockleburrs, deep and dark woods stood twenty years ago, and in those woods I had hunted turkeys and had seen deer. A mile from the river, and alongside of the creek mentioned, was a spring which flowed out of the solid rock in a strong stream almost a foot in



Under the Maples.

diameter, the water cold as ice, yet, according to the farmers, that water never froze over in winter. For this statement, however, I cannot vouch.

Bolton's Shoal came next. This shoal also consists of a wing-dam and a chute, but as the latter is very narrow, the current near its head is quite lively and we were glad to reach the still water beyond. The river bears away to the east, too, and this brought the wind abeam again, this time on the starboard hand. The Civil War and the ax wrought havoc in this part of the beautiful valley of the Osage. On a high hill on the western side of the river stands a great cottonstone mansion that was the pride of all the Boltons and their numerous slaves; across the river and on another hill is the ruin of the late Major Clarke's stone palace and plantation, with its row of neat quarters for the slaves. To-day the scrub oaks hide the great house from the river. Paddling on, we passed the old Thornton farm. The bottoms are almost a mile wide there, and they are bounded on the east by a sort of hogback that it is possible to scale in few places, while beyond the ridge lies a narrow valley. To-day the old house stands in a field of corn. In '83, when I saw it first, there was a wide grassy yard running down to the river, maples and pecans and sycamores shaded it, and a colony of fox squirrels frolicked about the house and yard in perfect safety. Along the river there was a fringe of trees; now every one has been cut that in any way shaded the fields. I will never forget the day, now ten years distant, when, in descending the Osage for the first time after a long absence, I scaled the cliffs back of the farm and hurried down their eastern slope, my mind filled with thoughts of the great trees I knew as friends, many of them, in the deep woods that clothed both slopes. But I stopped in astonishment, for there lay the valley, a wreck of tree stumps and decaying limbs. The tie-hacker had been at work in my absence. Oh, the pity of it all! It was in that valley that I had first found that I could use a wing bone caller well enough to deceive old man Schneider, the hunter who lived in a log house hard-by. I will never forget the morning in question. Sitting behind a fallen log, watching for a squirrel, I took the curious caller out of the pocket in my flannel shirt, and began softly to practice, as I had often done, forgetting for the moment where I was. Perhaps I called three or four times, when I was astonished to get a reply—and from a gobbler at that; no one could mistake the sound. But when I peeped over the log, there was the old man, crouching behind his rail fence, rifle in hand, peering anxiously in my direction. My cup of joy was full, for, if I could deceive a hunter who never missed a shot (my opinion of him at that time), what would happen if a gobbler should listen to my quavering call? There may have been doubts as to the gobbler's opinion of my efforts, but there were none in the mind of old man Schneider, if his forcible expressions were true indications of his feelings. And thereafter a coolness existed between us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The Duquesne C. C. held the annual election on Tuesday night in the town house, No. 300 Meyran avenue, Pittsburg, with the following ticket elected without any opposing candidates: Com., Frank C. Demmler; Vice-Com., Edward H. Demmler; Sec'y-Treas., Albert Heeren; Trustees, W. C. Weckerle and Alton Brown. The club is in fine condition, and all anticipate a record breaking season. The members are keeping in close touch with one another during the winter by frequent social affairs in the town house. Elaborate summer outings and trips are being planned.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 27-March 5.—New York.—At Zettler's, championship rifle gallery tournament.

June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

New York Corps.

SEVENTY-THREE members were present at the bi-monthly practice shoot in the Zettler gallery on Friday night, Jan. 8. R. Gute and Geo. Ludwig led for high scores on the ring target. On the bulls-eye target P. Heidelberger made the best center shot. Wm. Schultz was second.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target: R. Gute, 245, 243; G. Ludwig, 238, 244; O. Schwanermann 238, 234, B. Zettler 235, 240; G. Thomas, 237, 231; G. Offermann, 226, 231; J. C. Bonn, 232, 231; J. Facklamm, 224, 232; F. Facompre, 232, 226; D. Pepper, 228, 225; W. Dahl, 220, 225; J. N. F. Siebs, 222, 226; C. Schmitz, 221, 223; C. Mann, 225, 221; P. G. Tholke 223, 217; H. Lohden, 217, 227; H. Decker, 226, 218; H. Nordbruch, 225, 217; W. Schultz, 207, 230; G. Junge, 218, 215; C. Konig, 216, 216; H. Haase, 209, 231; H. R. Coplan, 226, 206; N. C. L. Beversten, 218, 217; H. Beckmann, 211, 227; C. Brinckama, 218, 215; A. W. Lemcke, 211, 222; J. H. Meyer, 206, 229; H. D. Meyer, 204, 232; H. B. Michaelsen, 216, 222; R. Ohms, 211, 219; H. Rottger, 222, 216; L. C. Hagenah, 225, 211; A. Beckmann, 220, 213; H. Meyn, 210, 214; M. J. Then, 207, 222; G. Voss, 206, 217; E. F. Lankenau, 209, 207; F. Feldhusen, 216, 197; H. C. Hainhorst, 216, 213; J. Jantzen, 227, 190; H. Offermann, 194, 215; W. Schaefer, 190, 211; F. Dierks, 191, 214; P. Heidelberger, 192, 235; H. Leopold, 208, 192; H. Winter, 201, 205; J. C. Degenhardt, 193, 203; J. C. Brinckmann, 203, 194; J. May, 189, 205; F. Schultz, 194, 201; J. H. Doscher, 153, 207; A. Evers, 206, 133; J. Paradies, 163, 200; H. Quinten, 128, 200; D. Ficken, 196, 197; H. Gobber, 201, 157; Gus Hagenah, 187, 191; D. Van Glahn, 199, 183; H. D. Von Hein, 184, 209; N. Jantzen, 200, 189; H. Konig, 193, 196; A. Lederhaus, 177, 181; J. H. Grote, 190, 149; L. L. Goldenstein, 176, 196; J. Gobber, 147, 189; D. Dede, 167, 171; D. H. Brinkmann, 169, 193; J. C. Kruse, 198, 203; N. W. Haaren, 158, 164; H. Haaren, 141, 128; B. Kumm, 133, 158.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, best center shot to count, by measurement: P. Heidelberger 32 degrees, Wm. Schultz 36½, D. H. Brinkmann 45, J. H. Meyer 48½, G. Offermann 51, H. R. Caplan 52, Geo. Ludwig 53½, H. D. Meyer 58, A. Evers 64½, R. Gute 71½, D. Pepeer 71½, H. Lohden, 73½.

G. A. Schuetzen Bund of New Jersey.

THE organization of German-American riflemen known as the German-American Schuetzen Bund, of New Jersey, contains seventeen separate companies, with a membership of about 600. The annual election of officers was held at its headquarters, Lohman's hall, West Hoboken, Jan. 6 and the following board elected: Chas. Gent, President; Fritz Ganzberg, Vice-President; A. Habedank, Recording Secretary; Geo. Wagenbrenner, Financial Secretary; Frederick Schopmann, Treasurer, and Otto Fleischaur, Custodian.

At the next meeting, which will be held on the first Wednesday in February, the several committees and a sergeant-at-arms will be appointed by the president.

Miller Rifle Club.

THE weekly shoot of the Miller Rifle Club was held at the club's headquarters, 423 Washington street, Hoboken, on Jan. 6. Only a few members were present. Nevertheless good scores were made: F. Unbehaum 244, D. Dingman 242, R. Goldthwaite 243, O. Smith 242, C. Miller 241, W. Evans 235, E. Daley 239, P. Schultz 226.

On Dec. 30 the scores were as follows: R. W. Evans 241, F. Unbehaum 240, D. Dingman 240, D. Miller 237, H. Bahn 236, C. Miller 235, E. Doyle 235, H. Meyns 231.

New York City Corps.

NEW YORK.—The New York City Corps held its bi-monthly gallery shoot at the Zettler gallery on Jan. 7. Aug. Kronsberg led the group with a total of 481.

Ten-shot scores, two to count: A. Kronsberg 481, C. Wagner 474, O. Schwanermann 473, R. Busse 472, J. Facklamm 472, R. Schwanermann 466, R. Bendler 466, J. Keller 447, A. Wiltz 415, C. Schmidt 403.

Zettler Rifle Club.

ON Tuesday, Jan. 5, the Zettler Club held its monthly meeting, which was the annual meeting for the installation of the new board of officers elected in December. It was decided to present the National Board with a prize of $250 for the June tournament, to be sub-divided into five prizes of $50 each.

In the club's winter gallery contest the competition was keen and the averages close. In the 100 shots, E. Van Zandt and Louis C. Buss finished their scores only one point apart:

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, 100 shots: E. Van Zandt 2449, L. C. Buss 2448, Geo. Schlicht 2422, Aug. Begerow 2310.

Fifty shots: W. A. Tewes 1223, R. Gute 1217, Aug. Kronsberg 1214, W. A. Hicks 1207, C. G. Zettler, Jr., 1201, H. C. Zettler 1193, B. Zettler 1187.

Italio-American Riflemen.

AMONG the great body of riflemen in and about New York city there is an active group known as the Societa Tiro A Segno Nazionale Italiano, in plain English the Italian Rifle Association. It is made up from the best element of our Italian-American citizens. They are enthusiastic shooters with both the rifle and shotgun. At the fall meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association at Sea Girt last year, in the Inter-club team match, the Italian team was second, and it is yet an open question as to whether they should not have been given first prize.

It began its winter gallery practice Jan. 4. Scores: Blanche 236, G. C. Conti 230, De Anglers 224, Louis Reali 220, A. Orseniga 192, E. Orseniga 191, G. Fontanella 181, S. Fontanella 180, Soldarini 166, Vigiino 158.

Our Own Club, Hoboken, N. J.

THE Our Own Rifle Club has at its weekly practice shoots from fifteen to twenty-five men in line. On Jan. 5 scores were made as follows, 10 shots, 25-ring target, distance 75 ft.: John Ortlieb 240, J. H. Kruse 234, J. Kemmer 236, A. Schmidt 226, W. Dilger 224, S. Fisher 224, Wm. Armson 224, C. Lewin 224, L. Christ 226, J. Trus 220, L. L. Levy 227, C. Drees 218, F. Buehler 220, A. Thomas 216, A. Naar 214, A. Puhn 214, Ch. Oltmer 212, H. W. Von Holten 214, W. Brand 210.

Rifle Notes.

The next practice of the New York Central Corps will be held on Jan. 14.

The next shoot of the Plattdeutsch Corps will be held Jan. 18.

The New York City Corps will hold its next practice shoot on Jan. 21.

The New York Corps' next practice shoot is on Jan. 22.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 12-15.—Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.

Jan. 13.—Guttenburg, N. J.—Handicap for Knockabout gun; handicaps, distance and bird allowance; 15 birds; entrance, price of birds. Gus Greiff, Mgr.

Jan 16.—Wanderers' shoot for L. C. Smith gun on grounds of Brooklyn Gun Club.

Jan. 18-23.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.

Jan. 20.—Brown's Mills, N. J.—Match at 100 live birds each, between Fred Miller and Richard Lamb.

Jan. 23.—Edgewater, N. J.—Shoot for L. C. Smith gun on the grounds of North River Gun Club.

Jan. 30.—Bound Brook, N. J., merchandise shoot

Jan. 30.—Newark, N. J.—Shoot for L. C. Smith gun on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club.

Feb. 12-13.—Paterson, N. J.—Jackson Park Gun Club tournament; live birds and targets.

Feb. 21.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. A. L. Hughes, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Valentine Wallburg, Capt.

Feb. 22.—Lexington, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club.

Feb. 23-26.—West Baden, Ind.—Colonial Handicap. Targets and pigeons. Open. $500 guaranteed. John L. Winston, Mgr.

April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Patriots' Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.

June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.

Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Jackson Park Gun Club has fixed on Feb. 12 and 13 for a two-days' shoot at targets and live birds.

On Wednesday of last week, Messrs. Fred Miller, of Philadelphia, and Richard Lamb, of Brown's Mills, N. J., shot a 100-bird match on the Point Breeze race track, Philadelphia. Miller won by a score of 89 to 82.

The members of the U. M. C. Southern Squad were guests of the Little Rock Gun Club, at Little Rock, Ark., on Jan. 4. They shot for targets only. Messrs. Frank E. Butler and J. L. Head are the avant couriers of the squad in its Southern tour.

The Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, contemplates a series of shoots to be held on the grounds at Holmesburg Junction. A valuable trophy will be one of the chief inducements to evoke active competition on the part of the club members.

Under date of Jan. 8 Mr. A. B. Cutcliffe, secretary of the Brantford, Can., Gun Club, writes us as follows: "This club claims Aug. 10, 11 and 12 as dates for the Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament, to be held at Brantford, Ont."

The dates of the three last shoots of the Wanderers' series for the L. C. Smith gun are mentioned in our list of fixtures.

The secretary, Mr. C. L. Kites, informs us that the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club will hold a spring tournament on Patriots' Day, April 19.

The next regular shoot of the New York Athletic Club will be held on Travers Island, Jan. 16. The main contest will be for the J. N. Borland trophy.

Mr. W. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kans., has accepted Mr. W. R. Crosby's challenge to contest for the Schmelzer trophy. Time and place will be named later.

Mr. Valentine Wallburg informs us that the Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a tournament on Feb. 22. The programme comprises ten events of 15 targets each, $1.25 entrance, Rose system.

A correspondent writes us as follows: "The greatest shooting match that has ever taken place in this country will be held at Brown's Mills, N. J., on Jan. 20, between Fred Miller, of Philadelphia, and Richard Lamb, of Brown's Mills. Conditions, $100 a side, 100 birds each, 30yds. rise, loser to pay for the birds."

Mr. Charles G. Grubb, of Pittsburg, Pa., writes us as follows: "I desire, through your paper, to thank the several clubs of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League for their very beautiful token, consisting of a set of handsome military brushes and clothes brush, presented to me at the recent meeting in this city."

A target and live-bird tournament will be given at Detroit, Mich., on Feb. 17 and 18, during the week of the automobile exhibition. The tournament will be pulled off on the Rusch House grounds, and will be managed by Mr. Jake Klein, the proprietor, assisted by F. S. Foster, Michigan and Indiana representative of the Winchester Arms Co., and Jack Parker.

At the monthly shoot of the Freeport, L. I., Gun Club, Jan. 9, there was a good attendance. The gold medal presented by Mr. George A. Barker, of Baldwin, was won by a shooter of great skill, Mr. Thomas E. Ryder. This was his third win of it, and it now becomes his personal property. The next shoot of this club will be held on the first Saturday in February.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke was married to Miss Lena K. Dependahl on Jan. 5. He will make his domicile in Little Rock, Ark. Mr. Litzke is widely and favorably known, having been identified with trapshooting in a literary, technical and practical way, besides for some time past being one of the most successful representatives of the Peters Cartridge Company. May all happiness be his ever.

The Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club announces an all-day shoot, to take place on Jan. 30. Competition begins at 10 o'clock for merchandise prizes in 10-target events. Paid representatives may shoot for targets only, but the one making the highest and the one making the longest run will be each awarded $2.50. Shells and guns sent prepaid to Dr. J. B. Pardoe will be delivered on the grounds without charge.

Mr. C. G. Blandford, financial secretary and captain Ossining Gun Club, writes us Jan. 10 that "the annual President's shoot for members will be held on these grounds Saturday, Jan. 16, at 1:30 o'clock, for four cups offered by the president of the club, Mr. Franklin Brandreth. These events will be 10-clay-bird handicaps; ties to be shot off at 10 birds, under original handicaps. All members are invited. No shooter shall win more than one trophy."

At the annual meeting of the Hudson Gun Club, held in Jersey City, N. J., recently, officers were elected as follows: President, Jos. R. H. Whitley; Vice-President, Geo. W. Brewer; Secretary, A. L. Hughes; Financial Secretary, Thos. Kelly; Treasurer, E. G. Heritage; Shooting Captain, Chas. E. Banta; Board of Directors: L. H. Schortemeier, A. D. Delong, Jos. J. Doran; Sergeant-at-Arms, Wm. O'Brien. The club will hold an all-day shoot on Feb. 21. The club's finances were in excellent condition.

Feb. 2-5 are the dates fixed upon for the Omaha, Neb., midwinter target and live-bird tournament. There are added cash $210 and two $40 cups. There are respectively 12 and 9-target amateur events on the first and second days. On the third day the programme provides a five-man team race, 50 targets per man. On the fourth, the event is a 25 live-bird handicap, and on the fifth day the event is a five-man team race, 25 live birds per man. The team races are open to all teams from Kansas, Missouri, Iowa and Nebraska. For programme apply to Mr. W. D. Townsend.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trap at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 9.—The live-bird handicap shot on the Point Breeze race track to-day was very closely contested. There was a large attendance. In the $50 purse event, H. B. Fisher was first with 49 points, and won first money, $20. A. A. Felix won second money, $15, on 47 points. Fred Muller was third, and won $15, and Frank Murphy was fourth, winning $5.

In the final of the prize series, 10 birds, handicap rise, optional sweepstake, $3 entrance, two moneys, the scores were as follows:

F Poulson, 26	1222222222—10	Schoenfeld, 26	2122101011— 8
F Coleman, 31	2222222222—10	A Felix, 30	*222222220— 8
E Coleman, 23	2222121212—10	A Rivel, 27	2122220012— 8
F Muller, 29	2222222220— 9	D Clegg, 27	1022*02222— 7
F Murphy, 26	2222021111— 9	G Wilson, 26	0202222000— 5
H B Fisher, 31	22022*2222— 8	R Williams, 26	*010121*10— 5
W Charlton, 26	2222022202— 8		

Miss-and-out sweepstake, gold watch prize, $1: M. McAnany, 30yds., 9; F. Coleman, 30yds., 9; F. Muller, 30yds., 7; Aimen, 30yds., 6; Edwards, 27yds., 5; Cummings, 29yds., 4; Murphy, 28yds., 2; Clegg, 27yds., 2; Schoenfeld, 27yds., 2; Apker, 30yds., 2; Wilson, 27yds., 2; Paulson, 0; Williams, 0; Felix, 30yds., 4; Cramer, 26yds., 1.

Dr. Henry Victorious.

IN an impromptu target club shoot of the Meadow Spring Gun Club, Dr. Henry carried off the high gun Jan. 8 at the club's grounds, with 21 breaks out of a possible 25. Smith, with 18, was the only other marksman to give him a rub. The scores:

Twenty-five targets, 16yds. rise, unknown angles: Dr. Henry 21, Smith 18, Martin 16, Peffer 15, Smith 14, Garrett 12, Henry 12, Davis 9.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—There was a larger crowd at the grounds on Jan. 9 than for a number of weeks. Over thirty shooters and spectators were present. The day was not cold. A clear sky and no wind made ideal weather for shooting. The contest in the Parker prize gun series was started about the usual time, but there were so many shooters that it was too dark to see the targets before the last squad finished their fifth round. This accounts for the drop in Phil's score. High man in actual breaks was A. Sunderbruch, who broke 89. R. Trimble and Randall were second with 86 each.

Nine men finished with perfect scores, including their handicaps.

Norris showed the lack of practice, as he fell below what he was doing a few weeks ago. However, he will soon get back into his old form again.

All were glad to see Ackley on the grounds once more after an absence of several weeks.

The genial Phil took a hand in the sport to-day, for the first time in many moons.

Mr. C. W. Phellis has received complaints from clubs in the State, claiming that Mr. R. L. Trimble was not eligible to contest with the team of the Cincinnati Gun Club for the Phellis trophy, he being a resident of the State of Kentucky. To-day Mr. Phellis appointed a committee of five gentlemen, viz., Col. R. M. West, J. W. Coleman, J. B. Mosby, Jas. J. Faran and Lou Ahlers, to consider the question and render a decision. After discussing the question thoroughly, the committee decided to insert the following clause in the rules governing this trophy: "The contestants must be bona fide residents of the State of Ohio." This deprives the club of the services of one of its best shooters; but is, we think, a just decision, as the trophy was given for competition between Ohio teams.

They work quickly on these grounds, only one set of traps was used, and 2,000 targets were thrown in two hours and ten minutes, an average of a little over 15 a minute.

The club members will meet at Joe Coyle's Stag Hotel on the evening of Jan. 19, enjoy a banquet and a few hours' social intercourse. Many of the members seldom visit the grounds, and this occasion will give all a chance to meet each other and really find out what a crowd of good fellows belong to the club.

Following are the scores:

Parker prize gun shoot, 100 targets, handicap of added targets:

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Herman	19	13	19	12	13	68	30	98
Ackley	9	9	12	12	w	..	35	..
Joe H	19	12	19	12	11	65	35	100
Randall	18	16	19	19	18	86	15	100
Osborn	17	18	19	18	16	84	16	100
Jay Bee	10	14	14	13	10	61	25	86
Thomas	12	14	19	6	13	60	40	100
Hightower	16	15	18	17	11	77	23	100
Harig	11	13	13	15	13	65	40	100
Butterdick	17	14	18	17	15	81	30	100
Medico	19	15	15	16	15	83	12	95
Williams	13	16	19	13	14	75	18	93
Faran	19	17	18	17	15	82	18	100
R Trimble	19	18	17	18	18	86	9	95
Gamoell	18	15	18	16	17	84	10	94
Ahlers	17	17	12	14	w	..	10	..
Phil	15	13	20	18	8	74	9	83
See	16	15	17	14	12	74	10	84
Carter	11	13	16	14	9	63	37	100
A Sunderoruch	18	17	20	19	15	89	10	99
Roanoke	10	11	13	8	w	..	40	..
Norris	19	17	14	11	12	69	30	99

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, Jan. 9.—On Jan. 9 the trapshooters of the New York Athletic Club thought it their duty to be on hand at the Travers Island traps, as the seventh shoot for the D. I. Bradley cup was to take place. This cup had been shot for and won by six different men. The conditions for the trophy were 50 targets per man; the cup to be won twice by a contestant, to become then his property. The winner of to-day was Mr. W. J. Elias, who had won the trophy at the first shoot. He showed wonderful improvement in his shooting, in this last contest, in which he came out the winner after a hard struggle with Mr. G. E. Greiff, whom he beat with his handicap allowance. Dr. De Wolff and Mr. J. D. Foot were close seconds, with 47. This was Mr. Foot's first appearance at the N. Y. A. C. traps for over four years. Mr. H. Sauer, a guest, shot very well considering that he never shot at the traps before in his life.

Main event, 50 targets:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Dr De Wolff	1	40	47	D Brown	9	22	31
R Rainey	10	35	45	*A Whitney	0	18	18
J D Foot	16	31	47	*H Sauer	0	31	31
G E Greiff	6	42	48	*H Whitney	0	32	32
W J Elias	14	34	48	*Rench	0	34	34

Ties of main event:

G E Greiff	3	19	22	W J Elias	7	18	25

No. 2, special cup race, also won by Mr. Elias, with Mr. Sauer and Mr. Rainey as close seconds:

Dr De Wolff	4	18	22	*Brown	8	12	20
R Rainey	5	19	24	J D Foot	8	15	23
G E Greiff	3	18	21	W J Elias	7	18	25
A Whitney	9	15	24	H Sauer	8	12	20
H Whitney	6	18	24	W Rench	4	14	18

No. 3, special cup contest, was captured by Mr. W. J. Elias, who was followed closely by Mr. A. Whitney and his brother, H. Whitney. Scores were:

R Rainey	5	16	21	D Brown	8	10	18
G E Greiff	3	19	22	J D Foot	8	15	23
A Whitney	9	11	20	W J Elias	7	18	25
H Whitney	6	17	23	H Sauer	8	16	24

No. 4 was another cup event, and was captured by Mr. Foot, and followed as close second by Mr. A. Whitney. Scores:

R Rainey	5	17	22	J D Foote	8	17	25
G E Greiff	3	20	23	W J Elias	5	17	22
A Whitney	9	15	24	H Sauer	8	15	23
H Whitney	6	17	23	D Brown	9	14	23
W Rench	5	12	17				

*Guests.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 7.—At the regular monthly shoot of this club to-day the club cup and the Traver cup were both shot for. The conditions for shooting were very favorable, and good scores were the result.

Capt. Traver distinguished himself by breaking all previous club records. Out of 105 shot at he broke 97, averaging better than 92 per cent. Out of his last 75 he broke 73, and made a run of 50 consecutive breaks, which is club record.

Mr. Rhodes is a new member of the club. He is an old hand at the game, but has been "out of the harness" for a number of years, considering which the scores made by him to-day show up well.

In the race for the club cup, four men tied on full scores.

In the next event, in which the Traver cup was the trophy, it was agreed upon that the one who made the best score among the four who tied on the club cup would be the winner of that trophy. After shooting for the Traver cup, four men were tied therefor, and two of the first four were still tie, making two ties on the club cup and four on the Traver cup:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10
Traver	8	8	8	..	9
Rhodes	9	7	7	6	6
Hans	8	..	..	8	5
Winans	..	4	8	7	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10
Smith	..	..	..	..	9
Marshall	..	..	7	8	6
Roberts	..	..	..	6	..
Adriance	..	..	..	..	8

A shoot-off of all the ties then took place, after which two were still tie on the club cup, and three on the Traver cup. Darkness then interfered, and ties will probably be shot off next week. In the shoot-off Hans shot along. Scores follow:

Club cup, event 6, handicaps, actual breaks and totals in the order following each name: Traver (2) 24, 25; Rhodes (0) 19; Hans (3) 15, 18; Winans (6) 22, 25; Smith (3) 14, 17; Marshall (6) 20, 25; Roberts (7) 19, 25; Adriance (3) 19, 22; Claymark (7) 16, 23.

Traver cup, event 7: Traver (2) 25, 25; Rhodes (0) 17; Hans (3) 19, 22; Winans (6) 18, 24; Smith (3) 19, 22; Marshall (6) 22, 25; Roberts (7) 17, 24; Adriance (3) 22, 25; Claymark (7) 18, 25.

Shoot-off: Traver (2) 24, 25; Hans (3) 19, 22; Marshall (6) 20, 25; Adriance (3) 24, 25; Claymark (7) 15, 22.

SNANIWEH.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 9.—The second shoot for the January cup had thirteen contestants. Of these, Mr. David C. Bennett was high man with a full score of 25. He also was high gun in this event, apart from the handicap allowances. Harry Brigham, scratch, and Capt. A. W. Money, with an allowance of 1, tied for the Palmer tropny.

In the shoot-off for the Sykes team cups, E. H. Lott and H. B. Vanderveer won, Lott making the best score of the day. The scores:

January cup, 25 targets, allowances added:

	Hdcp.	Brok.	Tot'l.		Hdcp.	Brok.	Tot'l.
D C Bennett	4	21	25	H M Brigham	0	20	20
H B Vanderveer	3	20	23	G Stephenson, Jr	2	17	19
E H Lott	2	19	21	F T Bedford, Jr.	2	17	19
O C Grinnell, Jr.	5	16	21	W W Marshall	4	14	18
G Notman	4	17	21	Capt A W Money	2	16	18
L C Hopkins	4	17	21	Dr J J Keyes	2	16	18
F B Stephenson	2	18	20				

Shoot for Palmer trophy:

Brigham	0	23	23	Meyer	2	17	19
Money	2	21	23	F B Stephenson	2	16	18
Notman	4	18	22	Hopkins	4	14	18
Lott	2	17	19	Grinnell	5	12	17
Keyes	2	17	19	Marshall	4	11	15

Shoot for Sykes team cup:

F Stephenson	2	15	17	Keyes	2	15	17
G Stephenson, Jr	2	18	20—37	Bedford	2	15	17—34
Money	2	15	17	Palmer	2	16	18
Hopkins	4	12	16—33	Brigham	2	15	17—35
Lott	2	21	23				
Vanderveer	3	17	20—43				

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Money (1) 14, Palmer (0) 13, Grinnell (3) 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Grinnell (3) 15, Money (1) 15, Palmer (0) 13.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Money (1) 14, Grinnell (3) 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Money (1) 14, Brigham (0)13, Palmer (0) 12, Hopkins (2) 12, Werleman (4) 11, Grinnell (3) 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Lott (1) 15, Vanderveer (1) 15, Brigham (0) 14, Grinnell (3) 13, Werleman (3) 13, Meyer (4) 13, Palmer (0) 12, O'Brien (0) 12, Bedford (1) 11, Hopkins (1) 10, Money (1) 10, Notman (2) 9.

S. S. White Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 9.—The S. S. White Gun Club, on its grounds at Gorgas Station, held its first shoot of 1904. The feature of the competition was an eleven-man team shoot, 25 targets per man. The home team won by a score of 183 to 179. The scores:

S. S. White.		North Camden.	
Harper	21	Marcy	20
Beyer	20	Tilton	20
Denham	18	Fleming	18
Cotting	18	Cavalier	17
Parry	17	Bryan	17
Cantrell	16	Garrigus	16
Hinkson	16	McLoughlin	16
Witherdon	16	Pratt	16
Reade	16	Stratton	14
Brenizer	15	Bergen	13
Robinson	10—183	Bray	12—179

Club shoot, 25 targets, 16yds. rise: Harper 21, Beyer 20, Wilkins 19, Denham 18, Cotting 18, Parry 17, Heite 17, White 17, Cantrell 16, Hinkson 16, Reade 16, Witherdon 16, Semper 15, Brenizer 15, Kendall 13, Nelson 11, Hise 10, Brewster 10, Robinson 10.

Miller—Lamb.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 6.—A match at 100 birds each, 30yds. rise, between Fred Miller, of Philadelphia, and Richard Lamb, of Brown's Mills, N. J., was decided to-day on the Point Breeze race track, and resulted in favor of Miller by a score of 89 to 82. The birds were a good lot. A heavy mist in the latter part of the afternoon added to the difficulties of the competition. Scores:

F Miller	20202222222202212202222222*22220222222202220220222222222222222222222222222222222222222222222222*22222222222222222222—89
R Lamb	10122222222202201202110222201120210022122222222211022211222 2*22221202220222122202212221010100221 1—82

North River Gun Club.

EDGEWATER, N. J., Jan. 9.—The scores made at the shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	10	25	10	15	15	10
F Truax	10	8	17	9	12	14	8
C E Eickhoff	9	7	19	9	13	13	7
J Kellar	8	7	16	7	10	..	..
H B Arnold	11	4	17	9	13	..	..
I Taylor	8	4	16	8	9	..	..
Geo Allison	..	..	..	..	12	12	6
F Vosselman	..	..	..	..	12	13	6
E Reynolds	..	..	..	..	..	6	..

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Interstate Association and Agents.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—At a special meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association, held in New York city on the 2d inst., the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That the Interstate Association respectfully suggests to all gun clubs that at their tournaments it is not necessary or advisable to admit manufacturers' agents to competition for money. It is felt that this often prevents a full attendance of amateurs. The allied interests of the Association will be glad to send shooting representatives if a full attendance of amateurs is expected to take part.

"Resolved, That this be published in the sporting papers."

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Mgr.

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Missouri State Amateur.

ST. JOSEPH, Jan. 2.—Appended are the scores in full of the midwinter tournament just closed here. The attendance was very gratifying. The weather was exceptionally fine, and some very good scores were made, both at targets and live birds.

When Sherman announced all in readiness, Gilbert was there and smashed out a few straights just as a warmer up. He had a partner in Clayton. Such other good shots as Holmes, Burmister, Wetzig and Cunningham were not so far in the rear. All seemed pleased to see how well the new trap was sending out the little clay disks.

Monday morning witncssed an unusual thing in the tournament line, as all such affairs are generally started on Tuesday. The weather was very fine for the time of year, and there were forty shooters to enjoy it.

The fine weather and all the conditions of the tournament were such as to draw a crowd and what's more to hold it. Cunningham can now see the difference in the way the boys stick when they can hit 'em and when the scores are so poor that all are ashamed of them, and here is a lesson that all tournament managers should heed. Last April, when he had all the shooters here that any one could wish, several of the professionals quit, as the targets could not be scored. This time, with 45yd. flights, all stayed through the day. There was no kicking on the handicap committee, for there was none; all at the 16yd. mark. It is safe to say that the greatest tournament manager of the West will never hold another shoot with a distance handicap on targets. Then the money division on the Rose system, and an extra charge of entrance for professionals, and a penalty for shooting well.

The principal thing in issuing a programme for a tournament should be to draw the shooters, and when they have started in, make all the conditions so that all will shoot the whole programme through. Managers of big shoots would do well to write to Mr. Cunningham and get the full understanding of the best of all handicaps, as it has been tried here and not found wanting on two occasions, and comes nearer placing all on an equal footing than anything that has ever been tried.

No one seemed to begrudge Gilbert his little portion of money won. At the same time, Gilbert was in a position where the record made placed him at the head of the list, a position he could not hope to reach if shooting from the 22yd. line. Charlie Spencer was a good second, and he would have been weary from the way-back-line, as he was trying out a new "pump." Mr. Heer, the Kansas champion, was also a little off in shooting, as he was starting out with a new gun for the coming season. He had some good friends from his State, who were getting to the front, and that was encouraging. Fred Libbe was not shooting, as he was needed in the cashier's office.

The second day was about on a par with the first, only that Gilbert forged ahead until he was 10 targets to the good with a loss of only four. The Kansas good ones, Heer, Arnold and Anderson, were a tie with 136, while Spencer, with one less, was the second high for the two days.

When the team race was started then the interest became intense, as that is the real game that causes all to "tiptoe." It was Kansas that came on so fast and steady that there was only the excitement of how the second teams would finish. When five men line up and all of them break over 45 each on average, there is not much chance of heading them off. And they finished 19 to the good. Omaha was second with only two to spare, as the others were tie.

With the opening of the first gun on the third day it was seen that the targets had been laid away, and only those who prefer the real thing were out to try and down Gilbert. There was a fine trophy to shoot for, and all were out for that sole purpose of winning. How well the handicap committee succeeded in their labors can be estimated by the scoring of 24 by nine of the 26 men who entered; four made 23 and five 22, so that another cup will go to that little town of Spirit Lake.

The fourth day was all taken up with the five-man team race. It was up to the live-bird team of Kansas City to show the target team that they could hold up the reputation of the famous shooting town, and there was much regret on their part that there was not a team present from St. Louis that they might get sweet revenge for that defeat of last fall. Three of that faithful gang went out with 24, one with 23, and the other had the good score of 22. Thus with five men shooting at 125 birds, there was a total loss of but 8 birds. The Omaha team averaged up well and were a good second. Some of the men on both the other teams made the top scores, and still there was that usual showing that generally falls to the lot of all teams, that of one good man going wrong. There was Rohrer, a strong target shot, falling to 19, and that was the same made by that other well-known hard shooting Kansas target shot Timberlake.

At a meeting held at the hotel, it was decided that Omaha should hold the next shoot, and Feb. 2, 3, 4 and 5 will be the dates, as selected by one Billie Townsend.

Dec. 28, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
Waddington	13	14	18	14	13	12	12	14	15	11	14	15	200	166
C J Sacht	14	10	19	15	15	18	12	12	17	11	14	17	200	171
Morrill	15	15	17	13	14	17	15	13	16	12	13	16	200	176
Carter	14	13	17	12	13	17	14	14	18	13	13	19	200	178
Linderman	13	10	15	13	14	18	11	13	18	13	14	16	200	168
Heer	14	14	18	12	15	19	15	15	16	11	14	18	200	181
Murphy	15	14	17	14	12	17	14	14	20	15	15	20	200	187
O'Brien	15	14	19	13	12	17	11	15	15	14	13	19	200	177
Timberlake	12	12	17	11	13	17	12	12	19	14	14	18	200	171
Arnold	13	14	20	15	13	18	15	12	20	13	15	18	200	186
Clayton	14	14	18	14	11	18	11	14	18	14	14	15	200	175
Holmes	12	10	18	13	12	13	8	12	19	10	13	12	200	152
Bramhall	13	11	16	11	9	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	76
Gotlieb	13	7	16	12	11	12	13	10	15	13	12	16	200	150
Wickey	12	8	12	7	10	9	12	6	13	8	10	4	200	111
Anderson	15	15	17	14	13	19	11	15	19	15	14	19	200	186
Wetzig	15	14	17	13	14	19	14	13	13	12	13	19	200	182
F Sacht	13	14	19	11	13	16	13	15	13	13	14	19	200	173
Scoville	12	14	16	14	12	17	12	14	14	10	12	14	200	161
Cunningham	10	10	17	11	14	16	12	14	18	13	13	18	200	165
Zim	14	12	19	14	11	17	14	14	13	14	14	17	200	173
Lord	10	11	14	12	12	16	14	12	18	13	14	16	200	160
Smith	11	13	18	12	13	16	12	15	18	15	14	16	200	173
Thomas	12	12	19	11	14	16	15	14	18	12	14	20	200	177
Gilbert	15	15	19	15	15	19	15	15	20	13	15	20	200	196
Burmister	10	14	14	10	12	15	13	10	18	10	13	17	200	156
Spencer	14	14	19	14	15	18	15	13	19	15	14	19	200	189
Townsend	11	12	19	14	14	20	14	14	19	12	14	16	200	179
Goodrich	11	11	17	14	11	15	11	11	12	12	13	15	200	159
Rohrer	15	12	17	14	15	18	14	12	17	12	12	15	200	173
Peck	15	11	19	12	11	18	14	13	18	13	..	..	165	144
Hodge	8	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	26
Norton	13	12	15	12	14	17	14	12	18	13	15	13	200	178
Arnhold	12	13	18	14	13	17	15	15	19	13	13	19	200	181
Record	10	11	13	13	9	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	80	52
Richey	12	11	15	11	13	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	95	79
Darby	..	..	..	11	12	13	14	9	16	14	13	15	150	117
Stout	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	12	12	13	70	54
McGee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	10	15	17	70	59

Dec. 29, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
Heer	14	13	19	14	15	15	15	11	20	150	136
Murphy	13	12	16	10	13	17	14	14	19	150	128
O'Brien	9	15	18	15	12	18	14	13	15	150	129
Timberlake	12	14	18	12	11	19	15	14	20	150	135
Arnhold	14	9	19	15	13	17	15	15	19	150	136
Gilbert	15	15	20	15	15	19	13	14	20	150	146
Burmister	11	12	15	12	13	17	13	13	17	150	123
Spencer	13	12	20	14	15	17	12	13	19	150	135
Linderman	7	4	14	12	12	14	13	8	18	150	102
Goodrich	9	11	16	6	12	12	11	13	15	150	105
Norton	9	11	15	13	14	15	14	13	19	150	123
Wilson	12	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	18	50	40
McGee	10	8	17	11	9	16	10	7	18	150	106
Gotlieb	14	10	17	8	11	16	10	12	12	150	110
Waddington	12	8	16	14	11	19	10	12	16	150	118
Wickey	12	12	11	12	11	9	10	13	14	150	104
Carter	14	13	18	13	12	19	13	13	16	150	131
Morrill	14	12	14	11	13	18	12	14	17	150	124
Townsend	13	12	20	11	14	16	14	13	20	150	133
Darby	15	13	19	14	11	15	..	..	..	100	87
Rohrer	11	12	18	15	15	19	11	12	18	150	131
Cunningham	8	12	18	11	14	13	9	8	16	150	109
Zim	12	14	18	13	15	17	14	12	19	150	134
Arnhold	15	14	20	15	13	20	13	15	17	150	142
Anderson	14	14	15	12	15	17	15	14	20	150	136
Lord	8	14	18	13	14	18	11	12	16	150	124
Wetzig	12	15	19	12	14	18	12	15	16	150	133
Scoville	11	13	20	11	12	20	14	15	18	150	134
Smith	13	14	13	11	15	17	14	14	17	150	128
Peck	11	13	16	13	12	16	14	12	17	150	124

Team race, 50 targets per man, 250 per team:

All Kansas Team.		St. Joseph Team.	
Anderson	46	Arnhold	43
Murphy	48	Zim	40
Wetzig	43	Rohrer	48
Timberlake	44	Libbe	37
Arnhold	46—227	Cunningham	38—206
Omaha Team.		**Kansas City Team.**	
Morrill	37	Smith	44
Linderman	43	McGee	43
Waddington	44	Wickey	40
Carter	41	Norton	41
Townsend	43—208	Sherman	30—198

Dec. 30, Third Day.

Preliminary live-bird matches:

Clayton-Arnold.

Clayton .....211111021211211111211112111—24
202222111111122012212221—23—47

Arnhold .....222221222222220212202222—23
202220101222000222222222—18—41

Gottlieb—Zim.

Gottlieb .....022102122202220222222222—21
Zim .....211021110211221222222222—23

Twenty-five live birds, for Wythe trophy; open to the world, handicaps 27 to 33yds.:

Gilbert, 33.....2122222122112222222222222—25
Burmister, 28.....222220122220211121211121—23
O'Brien, 30 .....020212222222012102w
Peck, 28.....221212221212020112022212222—22
Clayton, 30 .....222220111112212121221221—24
C Cockrell, 30 .....201111211221111212222212—24
Cunningham, 30.....222220222222222222222222—24
Heer, 31 .....201201120121212222211112l2—22
Holmes, 29 .....012101202201011w
F Cockrell, 29.....212221101212212111222222—24
Townsend, 30.....222202222222222202222222—23
Waddington, 30.....221222211120122122122222—24
Wicke, 27 .....222221212021212100100w
Gottlieb, 30.....220201102212222222222222—22
Hindmarsh, 30.....122221121112211102222120—23
Goodrich, 28.....222202222220022220222w
Lord, 29.....221222022122122222022122222—23
Zim, 29.....122212212201121222212222—24
D Elliott, 31.....220200122220222212222122—21
Tipton, 29.....101202222121222222222221220—22
Linderman, 30.....222222220220222222022100w
Spencer, 32.....222222212212212212220222—24
Arnhold, 30.....222221101112221122212212—24
Anderson, 29.....101221112011221112212100w
Timberlake, 28.....020101121111121212122222—22
Arnhold, 29 .....211222210122122122122222—24

Dec. 31, Fourth Day.

Team race, 25 birds per man, 125 per team of five men:

Kansas City.

Clayton .....221222222221120212222112—24
Cockrell .....221220212211112211221212—24
Bramhall .....222222121102201022122221—22
Holmes .....122222222202211222122222—24
Tipton .....201121101222211211221212—23—117

St. Joseph.

Libbe .....221212222211021122020222222—23
Cunningham .....202222022212220222121122222—22
Zim .....222202122222222221012221l2—23
Rohrer .....222002022220102220222222l—19
Arnhold .....221101222212221012112111111—23—110

Omaha.

Joncs .....101202220222220221122221122—21
Hindmarsh .....220222122122112121112212l2—24
Linderman .....220202221022222222222222—22
Waddington .....201022112121222220211212l—22
Townsend .....220112221201221122222122—23—112

All-Kansas.

O'Brien .....102122222121222222222222—24
Anderson .....202222222222212022012122222—24
Arnhold .....222222222222122201222222—24
Peck .....202222221220222202022222—21
Timberlake .....122222110001101111212120O—19—110

Consolidated Gun Club.

THIRTY-THREE shooters took part in the merchandise shoot given on Jan. 1 by the Consolidated Gun Club at their grounds in West Toledo, O. Nearly 100 spectators, including a number of ladies, witnessed the sport.

Root and Grasser tied for first on 72 out of 90. Geo. Volk and A. Server tied on 70 for second; Keller was third on 68, and W. Green and 24 tied for fourth on 67. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
24	8	7	10	7	14	6	8	7	90	67
Keller	10	8	8	8	11	9	5	9	90	68
A Server	10	10	8	7	10	7	7	11	90	70
Grasser	8	7	10	9	10	7	10	11	90	72
Knierim	6	4	7	9	8	3	3	7	90	47
W Green	8	8	9	6	9	7	7	13	90	67
Rakestraw	4	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	20	10
Parks	1	3	7	4	7	6	2	6	90	36
Volk	9	9	9	8	11	9	4	11	90	70
Root	8	9	10	10	11	9	4	11	90	72
Lefevre	5	3	3	6	..	..	..	..	40	17
Mickens	2	4	6	9	10	..	6	..	65	37
Mutzinger	3	6	4	4	11	..	7	..	65	35
Hilder	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	3
Berk	0	4	..	2	..	..	..	..	30	6
Crabb	7	8	6	6	7	N	6	10	80	50
Rierson	..	4	7	6	9	..	3	7	70	36
H Kern	..	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	20	12
Whiting	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	10	4
Jackman	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	10	4
Heitzman	..	..	7	8	9	6	..	..	45	30
Freeman	..	..	4	4	6	3	3	..	55	20
Alvin	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	10	2
Shaw	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	10	5
Hyatt	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	10	3
Hoag	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	10	1
Bishop	..	..	..	0	5	1	2	..	45	8
Glance	..	..	..	2	5	2	..	..	35	9
O Bollin	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	15	6
Ahrendt	..	..	..	..	5	6	4	..	35	15
Reinley	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	10	35	21
Ballom	..	..	..	..	6	7	8	9	..	45	30
Ed Kern	..	..	..	..	4	7	5	6	..	45	22

BONASA.

Hillside Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 9.—The 50-target handicap of the Hillside Gun Club, held on the Chestnut Hill grounds, was won by Bert Bisbing. He also won the badge for the longest run in the beginning of the score, 8. Mr. Bisbing won the Laurent for the greatest number of straight breaks made during the event other than at the start. The scores and handicaps follow: R. Bisbing (9) 48, L. Parsons (8) 44, M. Bisbing (11) 44, J. Hamil (12) 43, Clark (12) 43, P. Laurent (8) 40, W. Aimen (11) 39, Kelly (10) 37, A. Cale (11) 35.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

IN connection with the presentation of a new gun to the president of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Mr. W. T. Nash, as an important incident of their New Year's Day shoot, Dr. S. H. Moore made a presentation speech as follows:

"I have been delegated to bring a very serious matter to the attention of the club.

"One of our members, now president, has caused a good deal of talk among the club members. He is charged with many misdemeanors, among which are the following:

"First—He has neglected his personal business in a shameful manner.

"Second—He has neglected his family and his social obligations most outrageously.

"Third—He has been so absorbed in his hobby that he even neglects to speak to his friends on the street, but passes them by without recognition.

"Fourth—Instead of attending to business and giving a portion of his time to his family and friends, he seems to think it is his duty to cater to a lot of 'gun cranks'; seems to think that it is his duty to see that every one, except himself and family, has a good time, and is made to enjoy himself.

"Fifth—By hypnotic influenees or otherwise he has obtained the State tournament to be held on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club. And by methods known only to himself, and which no one except an expert in the matter could have employed, he has induced the board of directors of the Interstate Association to hold the Grand American Handicap, the greatest shooting tournament in the world, on the Indianapolis Gun Club grounds, thereby giving him an opportunity, of which you may be sure he will take advantage, to still further neglect his business and family and friends.

"The member who is charged with all these misdemeanors is well and favorably known as William T. Nash, president of the Indianapolis Gun Club, and I call on the members here assembled, who have heard these charges, to state whether or not he is guilty.

"Having been pronounced guilty by a jury of your peers, I now call on you to stand up and receive your sentence—and, oh, you old Indian, you don't know how much good it does me, to pronounce this sentence.

"In explanation of the mildness of the sentence, I will say that the members of the Indianapolis Gun Club are not little men. They are made on a broad-gauge plan, with great big warm hearts in the right place.

"They don't believe in waiting until a man is dead and then putting eulogistic inscriptions on his tombstone. They believe that words of commendation and encouragement while here will help to round off the rough corners in the journey of life and are worth more now than after one is dead.

"And, while we do not think the sentence is commensurate with the crime, still it shows the good will and intent of the members, and we hope that you will accept it in the spirit in which it is given, and that it will do you good, and that you will learn a great lesson therefrom—namely, that modest ability and duty well performed will always be recognized, and that warm hearts and glad hands will always be at the service of him who thus performs his duty.

"And, while we fully appreciate the obligations we are under to the board of directors for their unselfish efforts in the interest of this club, still feel that the phenomenal success of the club is very greatly due to your untiring and efficient services.

"This being the feeling of the members of the Indianapolis Gun Club, they have, after mature deliberation, decided on the following sentence:

First—That you be deprived of the use of your old gun, which is dear to your heart, and with which you have made so many good scores; and

"Second—That so long as you are a member of this club, which please God, will be many years, you will be compelled to shoot with this old blunderbuss, which I now have the pleasure of presenting to you, and may your scores, as well as your shadow, never grow less, is the sincere wish of every member of the Indianapolis Gun Club."

Glenside Gun Club.

AUBURN, N. Y., Jan. 8.—The Glenside Gun Club, Skaneateles Junction, N. Y., gave a successful tournament on Jan. 7. The main attractions were one-cent targets and an L. C. Smith gun in merchandise event 5. Shooters were present from Rochester, Syracuse, Auburn, Wolcott, Fulton, Baldwinsville and Newark.

In event 5 C. S. Cattle, president of the home club, won the Smith gun with a straight score of 20; Norton, of Rochester, second a nice gun case; Weineith, of Hatlot, third, pipe and case. The scores all show lack of practice at this time of year among the shooters present, with the exception of ex-Sheriff Marvin, of Syracuse, who shot in his usual good form.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15
Adkin	7	13	8	8	15	8	12	17	10	12
Clark	8	11	8	9	14	8	11	17	8	12
Hunter	8	13	7	9	15	4	8	18	9	9
Cottle	7	9	8	10	20	8	11	18	9	13
Morton	9	12	10	11	19	7	13	16	8	12
Knox	8	10	9	12	14	6	11	17	9	12
Wadsworth	4	12	7	8	15	7	11	17	7	12
Snyder	6	12	10	13	17	7	10	18	9	14
Meagher	4	11	6	13	15	7	10	15	7	8
Marvin	9	12	9	14	16	9	14	20	9	14
Lewis	9	12	8	13	16	7	11	18	9	14
Chapman	8	10	8	13	17	9	12	16	7	10
John Cottle	..	10	5	12	15	7	8	15	..	10
Knapp	8	13	9	12	14	9	12	17	7	12
Doman	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Weineith	..	..	..	..	18	..	9	..	..	..
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	7	11
Tuttle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14
Leader	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..

JOS. N. KNAPP, Sec'y.

Wilmington Country Club.

WILMINGTON, Del.—On Friday of last week, the grounds of the Wilmington Country Club were the scene of high class competition between some of America's greatest shooters. The weather was disagreeable, and as a consequence the attendance of members was only fair as to number. The shooters who participated were Messrs. Fred Gilbert, Jack Fanning, Hood Waters, J. T. Skelley and Luther J. Squier. Cold weather and a dark background combined to make a formidable difficulty in the way of making high scores. Gilbert made a score of 98, having a run of 67. The fine work of Skelley resulted in a score of 96.

The scores of the exhibition shoot follow:

Gilbert	25 25 24 24—98	Squier	20 23 23 24—90
Fanning	23 24 24 21—92	Skelley	23 25 24 24—96
Waters	22 23 23 25—93		

In addition to the exhibition shoot there was some practice shooting on the part of a number of the Country Club members.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Bunn—Radcliffe.

Singac, N. J., Jan. 9.—The match between the two famous shooters, Mr. Arthur Bunn, of Singac, and Mr. Andy Radcliffe, of Little Falls, at Singac, drew quite a large crowd of spectators. It was rumored that Bunn was to give Radcliffe a handicap of 5 birds, but this was found to be false. The match, as originally arranged, was on even terms. Every one thought that the match was easy for Bunn. Radcliffe, however, has been doing some remarkable shooting this season, and in the match yesterday he was there from beginning to end. It was one of the most evenly contested that has been seen in this vicinity for some time past, and from a spectator's standpoint it was a fine exhibition of trapshooting. Both men started off in fine style. Both killed their first four birds, and it looked as if they would make clean scores, but the expected break came when Bunn's fifth bird got away from him. In the meantime Radcliffe was killing his birds in fine style, the majority of them by using only one barrel. When Radcliffe missed his seventh and eighth birds it looked to many as if Bunn would have a walkover, but after this both men settled down, and there were no further misses until Radcliffe lost his 22d bird. Bunn fell down on his next shot, and it was then thought that Radcliffe would tie him, but he again flunked on the next shot, which gave the match to Bunn by a score of 23 to 21.

The birds were all fast, but they were backward in leaving the traps when liberated, and this kept the shooters guessing. The scores:

A Bunn	21***21211211121222110121—23
A Radcliffe	11111100121121211212121*102—21

There were two sweeps of 5 birds each, one before and one after the match. Connors took first money in the first event by making a clean score. Garret A. Hopper was next with 4 kills.

In the second sweep Bob Radcliffe and Garret A. Hopper tied, and they split the money. Andy Radcliffe, George Radcliffe and Kayhart each got 4 out of the 5.

After the regular match Bill Sherman and Bert, both of Little Falls, arranged a match to decide for once and for all which one is the poorest shot. Sherman managed to kill 2 out of the 5, while Bert killed one, and barely missed a second. While Sherman and Bert were having it out. Andy Radcliffe and Connors agreed to meet in a 5-bird match. Each man killed 4 out of 5. It was then too dark for a shoot-off, and they agreed to call it a draw.

First event, 5-bird sweep:

A Radcliffe	10010—2	Connors	11212—5
Bert	00002—1	Kayhart	10011—3
Sherman	00110—2	Hopper	11011—4
R Radcliffe	10101—3	G Radcliffe	1000*—1

Second event, 5-bird sweep:

A Radcliffe	20212—4	H Gillon	00100—1
Bert	00000—0	Hopper	22122—5
Connors	02222—4	Kayhart	10221—4
W Sherman	*0020—1	R Radcliffe	21122—5
G Radcliffe	11011—4		

Third event, 5-bird sweep:

W Sherman	01010—2	Bert	00*10—1

Fourth event, 5-bird sweep:

A Radcliffe	22012—4	G Connors	02122—4

Only four members of the North Side Gun Club put in an appearance at the regular weekly shoot yesterday afternoon, and only one 25-clay-bird sweep was held. Following are the scores: C. Teddis 20, H. Becker 19, F. Elmer 10, G. Deitrich 17.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., Jan. 7.—The members were not favored with the best of weather for this shoot, Dec. 26, consequently some very poor scores were made. In the 25-target event, Dr. Pardoe scored 12, Rosenthal 10, and Rushmore 8.

The club is making arrangements for an all-day shoot open to everybody, Jan. 30. The club is looking forward to it as a great day. Messrs. Neaf Apgar, Money and Butler, paid representatives, have all promised to be present on this occasion. Mrs. Butler (Annie Oakley) is also expected.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	5	10	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	10
Rosenthal	6	5	5	..	1	2	3	2	2	..	..	..	7
Pardoe	4	4	3	..	5	6	5	4	5	4	4	3	9
Cleaver	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Statch	..	..	..	..	3	..	4	2	..	2	..	..	..
M Statch	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
M P Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	..
L C Force	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	3	..	..
C Higgins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	..
Geo Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	0	..	..	..
Brampton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	0	..	..

STANLEY BRAMPTON, Sec'y.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Jan. 9.—The Jackson Park Gun Club will hold a two-days' tournament at Jackson Park, Paterson, N. J., on Feb. 12 and 13, at both live birds and targets, and will endeavor to offer an attractive programme for the occasion, and also to provide for the entertainment of a large crowd of shooters. All targets will be thrown at the rate of 2 cents each, with a popular entrance in each event. In all live-bird events the charges will be 25 cents for each bird, price included in the entrance fees. Any shooter will have the privilege of shooting for the price of targets or birds only, if he so desires. The committee expect to make added allowances to the different events in the shape of added money and merchandise prizes, so as to offer additional encouragement for shooters to come out this way.

Commodore Ed. Morgan is quite seriously ill at his home in Paterson with grip, which is threatening toward typhoid pneumonia. A telephone message to me to-day informs me that he is resting a little easier.

Fuller particulars will be sent you later about the shoot.

DUTCHER.

Cleveland Gun Club.

THE Cleveland Gun Club dedicated its new dining cottage with a tournament and dinner on Jan. 1. Ever since the club sold its property in the South End and leased the present grounds on Mayfield road, this event has been looked forward to with much interest by the members. It is certain that the interest in the sport will now be renewed, and that the members will turn out in larger numbers than ever.

President Frank H. Hogen intends to make this club one of the strongest in the country, and is being greatly assisted in his efforts by Mr. F. H. Wallace, who has charge of the grounds.

Twenty-six took part in the various events, eighteen shooting through the programme. The race for high average was quite exciting. Snow won with a score of 126. Doolittle second with 120.

President Hogen had installed a new trap, whiched proved to be a big success. It throws a perfectly true target, without a curve, thus making the competition much fairer. The trap-puller sits and discharges the trap, while the trapper loads and changes the angles. It is a spring trap, and the targets are all thrown a uniform distance. During the day 3,300 targets were thrown, and there was very little breakage.

The club is receiving many new members, and the limit will soon be reached. An excellent dinner was served in the manager's house.

Events 7 and 9 were for merchandise prizes, the winners being as follows:

No. 7: Kramer first: Tully and Snow second, Saffold third, Raven fourth, Hogen fifth.

No. 9: Tully and Snow first, Doolittle second, Brock third, Battles fourth, Hogen fifth.

The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Hopkins	10	12	12	7	11	10	5	5	6	11	140	89
Mack	11	11	11	9	10	13	8	10	7	10	140	100
Doolittle	15	14	11	10	15	12	8	13	9	13	140	120
Hogen	11	14	12	13	10	12	5	14	6	15	140	112
Carter	8	6	12	10	11	9	5	9	7	6	140	83
Stoneman	5	8	10	9	8	5	6	11	8	10	140	80
Thomas	12	11	13	12	14	13	8	14	9	11	140	117
Tulley	11	11	11	14	11	12	8	14	10	15	140	117
Tobey	13	9	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	41
Sommers	6	7	7	10	6	7	5	..	..	..	100	48
J I C	5	9	10	5	9	9	5	10	7	10	140	79
Taylor	9	9	10	12	9	13	6	11	8	11	140	98
Brock	8	9	9	10	12	13	7	13	8	15	140	104
Battles	14	10	10	10	13	12	7	9	7	12	140	104
Snow	13	13	12	14	14	13	8	14	10	15	140	126
Raven	12	12	12	11	14	13	6	12	8	14	140	114
Kramer	8	14	11	8	9	8	9	14	5	14	140	100
Saffold	7	11	10	15	9	8	7	14	8	11	140	100
Sayer	9	12	10	12	7	4	5	9	10	14	140	92
Eadie	14	12	14	10	10	13	8	14	8	13	140	116
P North	13	13	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	50
C North	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	8	7	11	65	42
De Voe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..	25	15
E Flick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	10	40	29
Cannon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	11	40	32
Lower	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	0	9	40	15

High averages: Snow 126, Doolittle 120, Thomas 117, Tully 117, Eadie 116, Raven 114, Hogen 112, Brock 104, Battles 104, Mack 100, Kramer 100, Saffold 100.

BONASA.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

At the Poughkeepsie tournament, Jan. 1, high average was won by J. A. R. Elliott. Dec. 30, J. M. Hawkins won high professional average at Wilmington, Del. J. C. Graham won high amateur average. At St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 28, the professional first average was won by Fred Gilbert; second by Chas. Spencer. In the amateur class first average was won by Mr. Murphy. Fred Gilbert, who led the trapshooters in 1903, has missed but one live bird out of the last 200 shot at, his handicap being from 32 to 33yds. Each of the aforementioned used Winchester factory loaded shells. Messrs. Elliott, Hawkins and Murphy also used Winchester repeating shotguns. In San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 27, Ad. Topperwein, shooting for a record at flying objects with a rifle, hit 4954 out of 5000 wooden blacks 1¾ inches by 1⅞ inches. This was done in a bad light. He used two Winchester automatic rifles and Winchester greaseless bullet cartridges. Neither gun was cleaned from start to finish.

Any one who desires to possess the beautiful calendar for 1904 issued by the Savage Arms Co., of Utica, should remember to inclose ten cents in stamps with application for it. The scene is from a painting by a famous artist, Mr. Carl Rungius, who is an accomplished sportsman and has had much practical experience in big-game hunting in the far West. There is therefore a fidelity in his work consequent to practical knowledge. The scene is of the wilderness, and portrays a successful issue to a hunt. The hunter has dismounted, holds his Savage rifle ready for action, as he scans the fallen elk, which is in its death throes. The horse is saddled in true cowboy style.

The Excelsior Wire and Poultry Supply Co., 26-28 Vesey street, New York, have in stock every kind of standard food and medicines for dogs, kennel fencing and furnishings, and a full line of dog and cat collars, bench show and kennel chains, leads, muzzles, combs, brushes and dog and cat crates of all kinds. An illustrated catalogue will be sent to applicants.

The 1904 calendar of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway can be obtained on application to Mr. Alex. Hardy, General Pass. Agent, Quebec, Can. It is specially prepared for the use of sportsmen. With each month it presents a list of the fish which are in season, besides minute information concerning the statutory seasons referring to fish and game.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The New York Life Insurance Co.

THE life insurance business, as shown by the reports of the large companies, does not indicate any slackening in the demand for this kind of protection and semi-investment. The New York Life's annual report, which we publish to-day, shows over a million dollars in new paid-for business for every working day in 1903, a total of three hundred and twenty-six millions. This is the largest new business ever reported by any company in twelve months. The New York Life's paid-for insurance in force now exceeds seventeen hundred million dollars, which is also a record-breaker in the history of the business. It had been thought that the heavy decline in the market value of securities would make a big hole in the surplus of all financial institutions; but the New York Life announced several years ago that it would not thereafter invest in stocks, and sold what it then held while the boom was on. Its holdings of bonds show less depreciation than United States bonds or British Consols, and its unassigned surplus shows so small a shrinkage that it does not include therein some two million dollars of excess of market values over book values. The report is the best ever presented by the company, and shows that it has the largest income, the largest amount of insurance in force, and the largest new business of any life company in the world.

Washington.

THREE-DAY TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

ON Jan. 28 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run the second Personally-Conducted Tour to Washington for the present season. This tour will cover a period of three days, affording ample time to visit all the principal points of interest at the National Capital, including the Congressional Library and the New Corcoran Art Gallery. Round-trip rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip, hotel accommodations, and guides, $14.50, or $12 from New York, $13 or $10.50 from Trenton, and proportionate rates from other points, according to hotel selected. Rates cover accommodations at hotel for two days. Special side trip to Mount Vernon.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupon.

For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn, or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad street Station, Philadelphia.

The products of the Andrew B. Hendryx Company, of New Haven, Conn., have become so large that they are compelled to issue two catalogues; one of chains, cages, picture cords, etc., and one of fishing tackle. Either of these catalogues will be sent free on application.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE STRANGER IN TENNESSEE.

IN the simplicity of his mind he thought he would go to Tennessee for quail shooting. A friend suggested that it would be well to look up the license law. Recourse was had to the *Game Laws in Brief*. This is what he found:

Any person who is a non-resident and who desires to hunt in this State shall first procure a license, for which he shall pay the same fee as a resident of Tennessee is subject to in the State of said non-resident.

Being a resident of New York, he turned to the New York law to find what might be required of a resident of Tennessee before shooting in New York. This is what he found:

Nor shall any non-resident not the owner of real estate in this State and against whose real estate there are no delinquent taxes, take fish by spearing in this State except on a like license if there is any discrimination by requiring a license or otherwise in the State or country where such non-resident resides against residents of New York in taking fish in such State or country. Game shall not be taken by any such non-resident except pursuant to a license issued on payment of a fee not less in amount than the fee, if any, required of a resident of New York for taking game in the State or country where such non-resident resides, and if there be none, then on payment of such fee as the Commission shall prescribe.

Which made him think. The more he thought the more in doubt was he; and he has appealed for advice.

It is clear that a non-resident must pay a license fee for shooting in Tennessee, but what shall be the amount of the fee to be paid by a New York visitor is a subject of speculation. Tennessee exacts a sum equivalent to the fee charged by New York. New York demands a sum equal to that asked by Tennessee. Each is equal to, determined by and based upon the other. If one were known the other would be known. The visiting shooter may make choice of the one he thinks most readily to be found out, and find it out; or he may simply quote the two laws to the game warden of Tennessee and compel that functionary to do the thinking and solve the problem.

ALASKA INDIANS AND THE GAME.

A SUB-COMMITTEE of the Senate Committee on Territories visited Alaska last summer to investigate the conditions existing there. The committee consisted of Senators Dilingham, Burnham, Nelson, and Patterson. A report has been submitted, which in its financial summary shows that during the period since the acquisition of Alaska by the United States the Government receipts have exceeded the expenditures by nearly $1,000,000. From the 1902 output of canned salmon, 2,631,320 cases, valued at $8,000,000, the Government's revenue was in excess of $100,000. The committee recommends that Government salmon hatcheries be established, to be conducted at the expense of the canning establishments, each one being assessed in proportion to its output.

With respect to the Alaskan game law and its relation to the Indians the report says:

"Hunters by nature and habit, and able and willing before the influx of the whites to care for themselves, they are, through the game laws, wholly deprived of their chief means of maintenance. Why they should be deprived of their immemorial right to hunt at will passes the comprehension of the committee. The first measure for the relief of the natives, particularly the Eskimos and Aleuts, should be the absolute repeal of the game laws in so far as their provisions prohibit hunting and trapping by aborigines and natives, and the sale of skins so taken. The deplorable condition of these classes is such as to demand other and further relief at the hands of Congress.

"The business of Alaska is carried on by citizens of the United States. It is claimed by them to now be a 'white man's country.' To all intents and purposes, such is the fact. In every contest for gain, the white has been the gainer. Poverty, extreme and pitiful, prevails among the natives, and develops their tendency to disease. Death is ever present at their doors. Justice and humanity alike demand legislation for their relief."

With all that is here said of the duty of the American people to make provision for the present sustenance and permanent support of the unhappy natives, every right minded person must most heartily agree. That hardships are caused by the game law, which could be alleviated by the repeal of the law, is yet to be shown. As we have on a previous occasion pointed out, the Alaska game law does not relate to fur-bearing animals, but to game; and the Indians are specifically exempted from the provisions of the act. The game law of Alaska was designed to meet the new conditions which have been brought about by the settling of the country with whites, and to call a halt in the destruction of game, which destruction, without some such wholesome check could have no other result than the speedy extermination of species. The step thus taken was in every way most necessary and most wise. The interests of the Indians, so far as hunting was concerned, were intelligently and carefully observed and assured. The expedients which Congress may now adopt for the relief of the natives must be found in some other measure than a repeal of the Alaska game law.

GOOD ROADS.

THE Brownlow Bill now pending in Congress has for its theme the appropriation of $24,000,000 to be applied to the building of good wagon roads throughout the United States by the National Government. It was introduced by Hon. Walter P. Brownlow, of Tennesse, and Hon. Jacob H. Gallinger, of New Hampshire. The arguments advanced in its favor are so cogent that to read them forces one to concede their soundness.

The bill provides that the appropriation be available at the rate of $8,000,000 a year, apportioned to each State according to the relative number of inhabitants, excepting that those States whose population is less than 700,000 shall not receive less than $250,000. The bill further provides that each State, county, or town, to be a beneficiary of this contemplated national appropriation, must add an amount equal to the amount received, thus the total of the good wagon roads fund, as provided for in the Brownlow Bill, would be $48,000,000.

This bill comes up for Congressional action in the near future. It is directly and materially of important interest to every resident of the United States, but it is specially important to every dweller in the country districts. The sponsors of the Brownlow Bill adjure all citizens to write to their Congressmen and Senators, urging them earnestly to vote for it, and to use their influence with their fellow members of Congress to make it law.

As to the constitutional powers of the Government in relation to the purposes of the Brownlow Bill, the framer of it cites that the National Government appropriates about $30,000,000 a year for rivers and harbors; that it gives towns and cities great public buildings such as post-offices, court houses, etc.; that it gives manufacturers protection by the tariff; that it justly gives veterans and their families about $140,000,000; that it has loaned its credit to private individuals to build railways, and given them grants of millions of acres of land.

Concerning the economic advantages of good wagon roads, Mr. Brownlow presents the following illustration of the wide differences between good and bad roads. Taking $1.25 as a basis, he avers that it will pay for hauling one ton 5 miles on a common road, 12½ to 15 miles on a well made stone road, 25 miles on a trolley road, 250 miles on a steam railroad, and 1,000 miles on a steamship. He further presents for consideration that on a good wagon road the farmer can haul his produce to market and the necessary supplies to his home the year round; that he can haul twice as much and in less time, thus in a way obtaining a better price; that a saving on the wear of wagons, team, and temper is effected; that a farm contiguous to a good road has a much greater monetary value than if contiguous to a poor road, and that in short the facilities for rapid transit in the country are as necessary as they are in the city. He maintains that the benefits conferred by the trolley roads in the cities are equally to be conferred on the farmer by good wagon roads which insure rapid transit for the farmer and his produce.

It is further urged that foreign governments have appropriated large sums for the building and maintenance of good roads, notably France, which has 23,603 miles of wagon roads made and maintained at the government's expense; that Italy has 5,000 miles under similar conditions.

However, it should not be ignored that, to keep a good road good, the narrow wagon tires so common on all wagons light and heavy in the United States would need to be abolished. We think that in France and Italy the regulations strictly enjoin that wide tires shall be used on heavy traffic wagons. But in any event, the matter of good roads is directly related to national commerce and prosperity.

MACKENZIE'S WHITE BUFFALO.

IN the year 1801 Alexander Mackenzie published his remarkable "Voyages from Montreal," and revealed to the world a vast amount of new information as to what existed in the interior of northwestern America. He gave a detailed account of his long and arduous voyage from the Lake of the Hills, or Athabasca Lake, down the great river through Great Slave Lake to the frozen ocean, and of his subsequent journey up Peace River across the Rocky Mountains, through what is now central British Columbia to the Pacific Ocean north of Vancouver Island.

The record is one of infinite toil, requiring unfaltering determination and splendid hardihood, for the journey was through unknown wastes among unknown people to an unknown sea, and the man who accomplished it gave to one of the greatest streams of the continent his undying name. The account of his journey is to-day almost as interesting reading as a hundred years ago, and it abounds in curious and fascinating statements.

One of them possesses especial interest, as showing how easy it is to be misled by statements made in perfect good faith, and well exemplifies the human characteristics of comparing unknown objects which are described to us with objects which we know well, even though this comparison may, in fact, be altogether erroneous and misleading.

In Mackenzie's account of his descent of the river which has since borne his name, he speaks of a range of mountains seen to the west, concerning which he was told that bears were there abundant, and also small white buffalo. Again he says that certain of the natives said that they had never been beyond these mountains, to which, however, it was their custom to go to hunt the small white buffalo which were abundant there. In other places in his narrative these small white buffalo are mentioned.

Many of the natives whom he met on this river had never before seen a white man. They were still using knives and other cutting implements made of stone, and some of them seemed to care very little about iron, though expressing the greatest admiration and desire for the beads which Mackenzie had taken along for trade.

Mackenzie could not speak the tongue used by these natives, but he had with him an interpreter who was of the linguistic stock to which they belonged, and who could speak besides the Cree language. Mackenzie talked in Cree with the interpreter, who then turned the Cree into Chipewyan. This interpreter was familiar enough with buffalo, but since he came from the lower country we may feel sure that he knew nothing of the mountains or of the animals inhabiting them, and when the small white buffalo were spoken of by their Chipewyan name, we may feel quite certain also that he did not know what the animals were, and that it was necessary for the Indians to describe these white buffalo to him. What would they have said? They would have told of an animal covered with long shaggy hair, especially on the front part of the body, with long hair on the fore legs down to the knees, with a beard, with a hump on its back, holding its head low, and with black horns. In other words, an animal which, except for its size and color, would be described in terms that would exactly fit the buffalo. Of course, if the detail of the horns or the tail had been inquired about, it would at once have appeared that these were not buffalo, but omitting particular inquiry as to these parts it is not strange that the interpreter told the explorer that there were white buffalo in these mountains, and that the explorer believed it.

The naturalist of that day, if asked what these white buffalo were, could not have replied; for at that date the white antelope goat of the Rocky Mountains had not been described. Yet this is unquestionably what the Indians referred to, for even at the present day the mountains in question are said to abound, as they did then, in bears and white goats.

THE intensely cold weather and the conditions of snow and ice sheet which prevail over a large territory mean extreme hardship for the wild creatures of field and wood. The quail will take care of themselves if they have a sufficient food supply. Persons who are interested in the preservation of the birds and who have opportunity to put out food for them, can do nothing more efficient than this to assure the well being of the game.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In Old Virginia.

XV.—In the Field.

THE small boy made good in the matter of promised kicks, and there was early rising on my side of the house next morning.

I heard two or three shots fired in the yard while dressing, and questioned the boy, who came in to build the fire, about it. "Dot Marse Gawge," he explained. "He shootin' at robins an' Billy whickahs wid you' gun. He say he des hat ter git out an' shoot at somfin wid dat fine little gun."

"Billy whicker" is the name generally given to the yellow-hammer or flicker in Virginia.

It was a glorious day that was beginning when I got out into the yard that morning. The sun was sending long straight beams of golden light through the trees of the forest that lay east of the house, which broke against the buildings, stretched in narrow paths across the lawn in front, and shot in and out of the orchard trees in the rear. The air was still and crisp, while a light frost whitened the grass where the sun had not turned it to dew.

The cattle were lowing in the lot below the barn; the pigs were droning in dissatisfied contentment, as they scuffled over the few remaining grains of corn in their morning feed; the chickens and turkeys were busily engaged in foraging; a boy was swinging an ax at the wood pile, with moderation in his blows and excess in his grunts; a work-hand was hitching a team of mules to the wagon with much mule talk, loud and fierce, amid the musical rattle of trace chains; many bird voices could be heard from crows in the distance, to robins in the trees overhead, and amid it all there was peace and quiet. Not the peace of stagnation, nor the quiet of perfect stillness, but the better peace and quiet, the lack of strife and absence of discord. There was harmony in earth, air and sky, and the beasts of the field, fowls of the air, and even the ingrate, man, were moved upon to feel gratitude for the perfect day.

We made no haste to get afield, preferring to wait until the sun had dried the cover and made walking more comfortable.

It is never a good plan to get out too early after quail, for though a great fellow to travel after he once moves, he is slow to get started in the morning, especially if the conditions under foot be not just to his liking.

I felt a strong sympathy for the dog when he took the first two or three fences as though his legs were not geared up to the proper tension, for I had very decided symptoms of that next day after the first day out, disability, myself; but we were both soon limbered up and going smooth.

We hunted out some very promising looking cover the first hour and a half without raising a bird.

What I at first thought to be a very fine fat young rabbit jumped from under my feet in the first bit of stubble through which we passed, but I saw my mistake after emptying my gun at it; it was old, very old, and tough—very tough. I felt sure of this as I watched it speed away and disappear over the hill.

Roscoe worked well, but failed to find birds in the places where we felt sure they ought to be; but finally, in passing through a thin piece of pine woods, he struck a scent that, for the first time, looked encouraging. Back and forth he swung across the trail, gradually working out to the edge of the trees, and then striking the scent hot, roaded down into a little patch of sedge grass and came down fast and true. It was a small covey; not more than eight or ten birds, but large birds and speedy.

They were at full speed when they left the grass, and I was glad to see that one was stopped by my second barrel, although I had the humiliation of knowing that my first shot went wide of the bird I had intended it for by about three and one-half feet.

Following up this covey, we found them scattered on a sidehill in some small pines.

The dog was down on a bird when we came up to him, which proved itself altogether too difficult a proposition for the man out of practice. It flew almost straight away, not in the least disturbed by the two ounces of chilled shot which poured through the trees in its wake.

Roscoe ran over the next bird, which rose from under my feet, startling me so that I accidentally killed it the first shot.

Another bird flushed at the shot, but did not scare me sufficiently, so escaped. Two more birds rewarded the dog's honest effort, only one of which we got; the other one showed a hard hit, but got away. I had done all the shooting, the Esquire backing me up with compliments (undeserved) and condolence, much needed.

We swung around in a circle in the general direction of home, finding no more birds until near the house, when the dog broke in on a covey enjoying a "siesta" in a narrow thicket of briers and scrub growth, along where years ago there had been a fence. They went out on the opposite side from us, not so much as offering a chance shot, and the dog sneaked back, drooping apologies at every angle of his body. He probably deserved the thrashing he was evidently expecting, but got off with a very stern rebuke.

Taking their direction, we followed after the birds, and on the way jumped another rabbit. This one proved himself to be all that a rabbit should be by stopping short at the crack of my gun.

We found the birds in a bottom near a branch, in a heavy growth of weeds and briers. They had not scattered, and rose all at once. I made a clean kill of my first bird, and got a second one down in the edge of the woods, to which they flew; but it was only crippled.

We concluded not to try to follow them into the woods, but look up our wounded bird and go on to the house, get dinner and start afresh.

Roscoe soon located the bird, which, though unable to fly, gave him a short race, but was soon brought to bag.

On the way to the house we fell in with two brother sportsmen—the small boy and his little darky companion.

"Oh, papa," squealed the former, "did you dit any buddies and wabbits? Me and F'eddy has been settin' us a twap, and we will catch you all de wabbits you want."

I am not an advocate of the "twap" as a method of taking game, but it occurred to me that unless improvement showed soon in my shooting, it would be necessary to supplement my efforts with something of the kind if the family was to enjoy a game diet.

Taking the little fellow on my back, where he could put his hand on my gun, to the satisfying of his highest ambition, we jogged along to the house. The dear cousin, who spoiled young and old alike, started in to scold the little darky for taking her "dear little boy so far out in the fields and wearing him out," but the accused made a good defense, as follows:

"No, ma'm, I dinn' take him much fuh, an' he des would go. We only went down lil' way pas' de turnip patch to set a hare trap, an' I tote him all de way down on my back, an' he pappy tote him all de way back, an' now how he goin' git ti'ed?"

I had intended offering my services for the defense, but concluded it was ably and sufficiently represented, so left the mistress and little man to have it out.

It was by no means unwelcome news to hear that dinner was about ready, as we were beginning to adopt the voluntecr fire company's motto, as regards all meals, to wit: "Always ready." And what full, finished, well rounded repasts those dinners were, day in and day out. Your Virginian of the old school, when pressed by stringent times, gives up every luxury, and many necessities; but when the last panel of fence is down, the last head of stock gone, and his wardrobe reduced to units, and fractions thereof, his table will delight an epicure and satisfy a gourmand. Everything which the country affords or importation can furnish, is seen, in season and out of season, on these tables, although the tax fund may be about one or two-thirds shy.

If there is anything produced in that country which excels the justly famous ham, it is the lamb. The sheep are pedigreed, and are F.F.V.s as well as the shepherds. And the most elaborate function on the plantation is butchering a lamb. And so, instinctively, you begin, in Virginia, to do as Virginians do, eat often, and the limit each time; and instead of trying to remember where you put the pepsin bottle, or what you did with the soda mints and charcoal tablets so soon as you leave the table, you are so busy following those around who have actually eaten more than you—watching to see them die—that you positively forget to have the awful attacks of indigestion, which, in your case, usually follow such indulgence. Then after a while, when you remember what is due you, and begin to canvass your anatomy for symptoms, you find a clue, which you work out, only to discover that you are very hungry again.

It is a great country, is dear old Virginia, the nation's cradle, and full of good fellows who are proud of it.

You can kill every good impulse, instinct, and emotion in some men, all but the pride of his origin, in a Virginian.

Well, we did finally get back into the fields again, feeling as though—by token of quantity and quality of meat taken—we had strength to go far and fare hard.

There was heavy timber to the north and east of the house, and our hunting ground lay to the south and west. This time we went due south, and found a covey of birds in a stubble field on a hillside. I was a little slow with my first barrel, and undershot my bird; but quickening my action, got on it with my second, making a kill "out of bounds."

The birds sifted down through a heavy growth of brush and briers, which promised all sorts of difficult shooting, but following them up, we found they had gone on through this and scattered on a level bit of ground between two forks of a branch among some tall, straight pines, an ideal shooting cover, and here we had a veritable warm corner. They lay well, and we worked out the ground at our leisure, flushing them one by one, with an occasional double. The dog steadied down and his work was perfect, except for the fault of trying to be under each dead bird when it fell. The first bird up was a straightaway, and was clean killed, with the first barrel.

The next went around to the right, and in a hurry, so that I never caught up with it, although having two fair tries. Then the dog pointed by a bit of brush, and it proved a double. One bird went straight away, flying low, and the other high around to the left. I knew I was on the first bird when I pulled, but had my doubts about the second, but got them both.

I now began to feel that I was getting my hand in, and the rest would be easy, but the next one flew straight as a gun barrel, and went off without a feather ruffled. It is when you begin to think that you can kill anything that flies that you are developing symptoms of that pride which immediately precedes a miss. The next bird was considerate, giving me my favorite shot, around to the left, and was bagged. Then we crossed the ground two or three times without finding any birds, and were about to give up and go on when the dog came down out near the bank of the brook. Here we found two more birds, one of which got behind a tree immediately on the flush, and the other proved so tough that, though showing hard hit, flew some distance before falling, and gave us a troublesome search before we found it.

The sun was low, and we had enjoyed sport enough to satisfy any reasonable man, so we turned our steps toward home, with pleasant anticipations of the cheerful fireside and supper.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Life in the Woods.

I.—Alexander Sampson.

I CAN recall him now, after the lapse of many years, as vividly as if he stood before me or as if I had the capacity of a camera to reproduce with perfect truthfulness not only his form in general, but every detail of feature as well as of figure. Short, thick set, but withal well proportioned; of dark complexion, the predominating shade of which was brown; his dress of modest make, with blue and brown invariably the colors, and they so chosen as to harmonize and always appear in perfect keeping with all the other external attributes of his character. Of frank and open countenance wherein no guile or deceit was ever seen, a quiet, unobtrusive way was always with him, and yet in his make-up strength was displayed in all its essentials, and there lurked behind a consciousness of power that was infectious, that created voluntary respect and even prompted admiration. Faithfulness, too, was there portrayed, and steadiness, all calculated to win support, to cause confidence in him, and create self-reliance in his companions. There was a modesty and sedateness about him that was becoming, and though they seemed to indicate a quiet demeanor, yet they were accompanied by plain evidence of an abundance of reserved power. He was neat in appearance, and always careful about every detail of dress. A silent fellow who never spoke without sufficient reason, and this trait was so extreme that, although he had abundance of experience and often seemed most competent to decide, yet he never vouchsafed a word unless called upon to act. On such occasions he never failed to speak up promptly and decisively. He was successful in life, and his whole carriage indicated it, but in a way that was entirely free from that obnoxious quality which has been labeled "conceit." He was of a responsive nature, too, when one came to know him, which added another charm to his personality. With all these traits, is it surprising that he should make a good companion? He had his faults, and so have all of us, and many of them, too, are common to us all, but we learn to overlook them, the more readily, too, when we scan those which we ourselves possess.

Who is Alexander Sampson?

Before I answer this question I want to add a word or two to that which I have already said. I have told you he was faithful, and he was. He was ever ready to share activity or quietness, fatigue or rest, sorrow or joy. He took everything that came with a quiet indifference that was a balm to irritability or an incentive to enthusiasm, as the case might be. Praise or censure seemed alike to him, and I can truthfully say that during all my acquaintance I never knew him to lose his temper. How, then, can I call him aught but a faithful friend, and by that term does not man accord the highest meed of praise that is in his power to bestow? Aye, good friend, you are and always have been! Often have you stood by me. Often have you been tried and are willing to be tried again, but never have you failed me. You have shared with me my pleasures and my pains, my joys and my sorrows. You have born fatigue and hardships. You

have suffered neglect without a murmur. You have incurred unreasonable, unjust criticism without even recalling, except by your mute presence, the unkindness of the moments that have sped away. You have lived to see justification done you, and by no sign have you shown that you gloried in it or rejoiced over your final success. You have, indeed, been a true friend, and now I unreservedly yield to you that meed of praise which everyone who does his duty shall finally receive. And that it may not be myself alone who shall testify to your true worth, and before I reveal your personal identity I shall describe to those who care to read the details of some of the accidents and incidents through which we have passed together, knowing full well that you will never reveal them. Thus I shall leave it to you, reader, to pass judgment upon Alexander Sampson's worth.

II.—The Gilligan Guards.

The green birch wood in the little camp stove crackled and hissed. The dim oil light on the rough table sputtered to itself. The smoke drawn vigorously from three pipes rose in successive strata to the canvas roof. Outside the wind blew gently from the east while the first snow of the approaching winter fell damp and soft till a spectral gloom pervaded the great woods. On the edge of one of the bunks across the north end of the camp sat the "Colonel," his beard and hair as white as the snow outside, and his strongly marked, though kindly face, set off by a black skull cap. He was the first to break the Quaker-like silence by saying: "Boys, we will get our first deer to-morrow." "If we don't we better get out of the woods," remarks the "Old Trapper," in his usual sententious manner. And so, the first gun having been fired, the whole party take up the conversation and discuss the plans and outlook for the morrow's hunt.

When the Sirens passed away to other realms and Orpheus, having subdued all with the magic of his music, bade good-by to earth, each left with us not only the storied treasure of the history of their lives, but the sweetness of their voices, and their wondrous skill was bequeathed to the spirits of the air and they were bade to play these tuneful lays on the Æolian harps of the great pine trees. And so when nature thinks laggard man should renew his neglected homage to her charms she bids these spirits play, and calls him to her as she wills. And every true lover of her arts, especially he who in hunter's guise is one of her most ardent devotees, hears the call and answers without delay.

So perhaps on this account it comes about that every fall the Gray Rock camp in Wisconsin's northern woods, in the weeks of October and November, is peopled with men of kindred minds.

Close to the base of an immense rock, that in height and circumference would rival some of the castles of the barons of old, stands the camp. The other side of the rock runs the Pembine Creek, tearing along over its rocky bed on its never ending journey to the Menominee River. Rocky ridges are in sight in all directions, and from them stretch broad areas studded with arrowy Norway pines under which the brown pine needles form a carpeting rich and soft. Not far distant flows the Menominee River, the source of which is located far north toward the southern shores of Lake Superior. As the waters of this stream flow along they rapidly increase in volume, and for many miles before reaching Green Bay, into which they finally empty, the river becomes a majestic stretch, a part of some of the Badger State's finest scenery. In some places the river pours through rocky chasms and dashes over precipitous heights, forming cascades and magnificent falls, while in the background are high bluffs and miniature mountains, the summits of which are crowned with regal pines. At other times it flows with silent majesty along reaches where its banks are fringed with graceful cedars which cast their dark shadows upon the mirror-like surface of the water, and make a scene of wonderful impressiveness by reason of its silent grandeur. So, too, at times, as some lone voyager passes down these stretches standing erect in his canoe it creates in one quite an idea of the Silent Land.

Near-by also are six or more beautiful lakes looked down upon by hills and surrounded by dense forests, the trees of which never lose the color of youth. Old pine choppings, tamerack, and cedar swamps, ridges of hardwood, plains covered with a stunted growth of jack pines, high ledges of rocks and a large number of small streams are the other features of the country, and though the through trains on the "Soo" road, only a few miles distant, go hurtling by on their way to and from Boston and Minneapolis, and though the hand of man has disfigured the country by stopping the flow of the grand river with an immense dam used for logging purposes, yet the wild game is still there, and in the deep recesses of the forests the timid deer and wary bear and wolf are to be found, and in the thickets the small game abounds. It is here that our party of hunters built their camp and enjoyed for years, with a keenness born of love of nature, their annual vacations.

The party has been composed of true sportsmen, one of whom, S. B., was born and spent his childhood on his father's farm, now a part of Central Park, New York city, and who enjoyed his other sports among the highlands of the Hudson. As he grew to manhood he became imbued with the pioneer spirit of a true hunter and left the city for the western wilds to become identified with the history of a new country. The Colonel was born on one of the islands in Lake Champlain and spent his early days among the green hills of Vermont and the fastnesses of the Adirondacks. From his home could be seen the Green Mountains with their high peaks rising to the skies, while toward the setting sun lay the beautiful lake its bosom dotted with emerald isles. The "Buckeye," such by birth but a Badger by adoption; Mack, Bill, the "Old Trapper," all veterans of the late war, Louis and Henry, who claim Germany as their birthplace but America their home and the United States their nation, these, with the Young Badger and the dog Sport, completed the party.

Every fall for more than thirty years some of these veterans of rod and gun have had an attack of the "fever," which has always culminated in chests being packed, tents rolled up, guns resighted and put in trim, a gathering at the depot at early morn, a ten hours' spin over the rails to the little lumbering town, a trip of from eight to ten miles by team, a hunters' camp away from everyone in all its glory, several weeks of rare sport and pleasure. Every fall this has been the programme, and, though some have come and some have gone even beyond the confines of this life, yet in the main the party has been kept together and the experiences of the members while in camp form the basis of these sketches. In relating them also an epoch, fast pasing away, in the history of the State, is in some measure described, for though poorly told they give a few of the details in the history of the passing of the pine tree, and tell of hunting and pioneer life in northern Wisconsin, which, as it has in some of the Eastern States, is there fast merging into the life of the farmer and the resident of the city, and will before long have disappeared entirely.

The wind outside continues to blow soft and low and the blanket of snow becomes thicker and thicker, but the scene inside does not change. The sides and ends of the camp are boarded up with what was formerly the roof of an old lumber camp, and then chinked with moss and banked from the outside with sand. A snug fitting door at one corner is hung on hinges made from the soles of an old pair of rubbers. A heavy canvas roof is stretched over a strong ridge pole and fastened to the edges of the top boards, which are about five feet from the ground. Across the north end of the camp is built a tier of bunks, each one large enough for two men. In one of the south corners on the ground sits a small sheet iron stove, with an oven attached to the pipe, and behind it is piled a goodly supply of split wood. On one side of it are some shelves for the pots and pans, and on the other a roughly made washstand. On one side of the camp stands a table with legs like a sawbuck and a top as rough and black as a sidewalk. Piled on it are the supper dishes neatly washed, and over it from a small shelf shines a small lamp, while beside it sits a little clock, ticking as vigorously and homelike as one could wish. A large chest on the other side, a trunk or two, and two long benches complete the furniture, while on the sides, in brackets, hangs a formidable array of guns.

The Colonel still sits on the edge of the bunk. The Old Trapper stoops over and lights his pipe. Mack hugs one knee and watches closely, while the Young Badger takes down his Winchester and begins to clean it. "Boys, we'll get our first deer to-morrow," says the Colonel again. "This snow makes me think of the time in '76 when John, S. B. and I camped at Echo Lake. It seems almost like yesterday. We got over to the farm and it snowed so hard we stayed there over night. In the morning we started to make camp, and on our way to the lake saw any number of tracks crossing the road. John kept saying some venison would taste good for dinner. By and by I got tired hearing him say this, and finally told him and S. B. if they would take a stand a little ways ahead near some large Norways I would take a short circle and try and drive a deer to them. So they slipped on ahead. I hadn't much more than half finished my circle when bang cabung went S. B.'s old 'shower gun,' and pretty soon bang again. The sound of these shots excited me some, and I hurried through the woods pretty lively. When I got to the boys I found S. B. had killed two beautiful deer, a doe and fawn. So we had venison for dinner. Now I feel it in my bones that we will have venison for dinner to-morrow. There is one thing," continued the Colonel, "that we experienced that same night which won't happen to us here to-night. We worked lively the balance of the day, and by night had our camp about completed, but were so tired that as soon as supper was out of the way we were all ready to go to bed. I don't think we had been asleep more than an hour when we were awakened by the most unearthly sounds I ever heard. It is an actual fact that my hair stood up straight. At least it felt as if it did. It seemed as if a thousand demons had let loose the most diabolical noises they were capable of producing, and as if the whole posse of them had launched themselves at our camp and were not over fifteen feet away. 'For heaven's sake, what's that!' shouted S. B., while the rest of us were too scared for a moment to say anything. It was not long, however, before we realized that a gang of wolves had scented us out and had come to investigate. They didn't stay long, nor did they stand upon the order of their going, for we soon heard them howling in the distance, and could tell by the sound that they were retreating rapidly. We had slipped out to get a shot, but they were too cunning for us. You can rest assured we did not sleep much more that night. We all thought that we would kill at least one of the gentlemen during our three weeks' hunt, but not one of us got even as much as a sight of a single wolf during our entire stay."

The Old Trapper, when the Colonel stopped talking, scratched his head and said: "That makes me think of the time before the war when I worked in a lumber camp on the Little Cedar. There were no railroads up here in those days. We had to go by boat from Green Bay to the Menominee River, and then up through the woods to camp. I can remember I made the trip on a little schooner called the Polly Jane, and it was so cold we almost got froze in. I'll be hanged if the first thing I saw when I came on deck in the morning wasn't a big buck swimming right plump across the bay, breaking the thin ice like a good fellow. We took after him but he had more speed than a snow plow, and got to shore before we could reach him. When we got to where our company kept their supplies, they gave me an ox team hitched to a pair of bobs, loaded with supplies, and, among other things, a small keg of whisky. I hadn't been on the road more than half a day when the snow melted, and you can bet it was slow going after that. Consequently, you see, I got caught in the woods over night. Well, I unyoked the cattle, fixed them up the best I could, built a big fire, got some lunch, and then went asleep. Holy smoke! along in the night if I didn't wake up and think that a railroad train was running over me. The woods seemed full of wolves, and they howled and yelled around as if they were having a ghost dance. A young lad who was with me was so scared that he climbed a tree and wouldn't come down until daylight. I'll be honest and tell you that I didn't sleep much between keeping the fire going, the cattle quiet, and tapping that keg, I had about all I could do until morning. That's my only experience in the woods with wolves, and while I know they are usually cowardly devils, yet I would rather not meet a pack of them after dark."

After that everyone had to tell all he knew about wolves, and it was found to be the general experience of all, that while they had heard many frightful stories, yet they never knew, from their own experience in northern Wisconsin, of wolves attacking anyone or making any decided demonstration toward such a thing. In the meantime the fire burned low, and in a little while one by one the party turned in to their bunks, and soon the only sound in the camp was the ticking of the clock and the snoring of the dog. Nor did anyone arouse until about five o'clock in the morning, when the buzzing of the alarm turned out the entire party to breakfast, and for preparations for the morning's hunt.

CAROLUS.

Weather Prophets.

WHY does a duck look at the sun? That is a question I heard argued with great vehemence when I was a boy. One side contended that the duck wanted to get the time of day or the sun's altitude, while the other side held that the duck was not looking at the sun at all, but merely trying to relieve a crick in its neck. A quiet man who happened to come along while the dispute was at its height suggested that perhaps the duck was looking to see if there was any sign of rain. The disputants, with a complacence rare among men holding such opposite views, declared that this had never occurred to them before, and that probably it was the right explanation of the matter.

And probably it was and is. However, there are many things that birds and animals do which are not clearly understood, but have an undoubted significance. Especially is this so in regard to the weather.

I recall reading a letter in FOREST AND STREAM last fall, in which the writer predicted from his observations of wild animals in the Adirondacks an unusually severe winter. How fully the prediction has been verified we are all only too painfully aware. Undoubtedly the gentleman referred to must be a keen observer, and it would be extremely interesting to have from him particulars of his late observations.

The professional weather prophet is, I believe, given to smile disdainfully when told of the prophetic power of animals in regard to the weather. Or he may even exclaim, "All rubbish, sir—all stuff and nonsense! What in thunder can an animal out in the woods of Jersey, say, know of polar conditions, which alone make a hard or mild winter?"

On first blush, this question seems to be logical enough. What, indeed, can an animal out in the woods of Jersey know of polar conditions, or even conditions much nearer home? It has no observatories, no telegraph wire, no scientific instruments—nothing, in short, with which the professional weather prophet is equipped. And yet, although the animal has none of these things, it may still, possibly, be a very good judge of the weather.

Balzac has said, "L'instinct chez les femmes equivaut à la perspicacité des grandes hommes" [The instinct of women equals the perspicacity of great men]. Perhaps it is true also that the instinct of animals equals the perspicacity of the weather prophets.

Instinct is a thing which is but very imperfectly understood, as has often been pointed out in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. That it is closely allied to intuition, however, there seems to be little doubt. And therefore it is that instinct may leap to a right conclusion while reason—the much vaunted reason—gropes in the dark.

Creatures of instinct have their sensitive nerves or sensibility highly developed, and, it may be assumed, are alive, in a telepathic way, to subtle changes or indices which entirely escape the notice of reasoning intelligence. Now it is very probable that as early as September or October certain signs appear, foretelling the character of the coming winter. If we concede this, it will be easy to understand why animals act with providence or the reverse.

And after all, would it not argue a serious defect in nature's scheme if animals were not endowed with some prescience in regard to the weather? One hard winter might play havoc among them unless some unusual preparation was made. As it is, many of them do succumb, but we may be pretty sure that these are paying the penalty of carelessness or neglect of warnings, just as many a man pays the penalty of such conduct.

So the disdainful attitude of the professional weather prophet does not really seem justified. The modus operandi of this gentleman—i. e., stationing himself on the top of a high building in a city and observing the clouds, measuring temperatures, rainfalls and wind velocity, and connoting high pressures and low pressures of areas more or less remote—may be all right, and will, I sincerely hope, result in the evolution of an accurate science of the weather; but so far we must admit the predictions based on it have not markedly been in the habit of coming true.

As to the amateur weather prophet—that is, the man who casts a sage eye toward the horizon, sniffs the air and then will tell you infallibly when it will rain or clear up—I would say to him, emphatically: "To the woods!"

In connection with this type, I may relate a story which I recently heard, and which, I trust, will carry its own moral.

In a village down East there lived a weather sharp, whom we shall call Obadiah Squalls. He had a son out West who had long been trying to induce the old man to join him. But Obadiah loved his native place and the reputation he had earned, such as it was. Finally, however, the son one day was able to announce to his friends in the village store that the old man had agreed to come West. "And I tell you, boys," said he, "he's the boss weather prophet!"

"Kin he tell when it'll rain?" asked a man who had some corn in a bad way.

"Sure," replied the son. "That's his strong point."

But there were many skeptics, and wagers were laid on the old man's ability, it being agreed that on his arrival the son should have no opportunity of private talk with him—this for a reason which shall appear.

In due time the old man arrived and was met at

the railway station by a committee who conducted him to the village store, where was an assemblage of the notables, who accorded him a cordial welcome. After some general conversation, the chief notable arose, and formally welcomed the old man, telling him that his reputation had preceded him and how proud they were to have a man of his eminent talents among them (at which there were cries of "Hear! Hear!"). The speaker then proceeded to say that as there were doubters in the village, as there were in every village—men who never believed anything unless they had ocular demonstration—he repeated ocular demonstration (a cry of "Shame")—certain wagers had been laid on Mr. Squalls' ability, and in order to decide these wagers and cast confusion upon the doubters, he now requested that their distinguished fellow citizen, as he hoped he might call him, would give them a proof of his powers. What they were all anxious to know was, when were they likely to have rain?

The old man arose, trembling slightly, and thanked the speaker briefly. Then regaining more courage, he walked to the door, put out his hand a moment, and exclaimed: "Wind south—we'll have rain!"

On hearing this, the assemblage, for the most part, broke into a roar of laughter.

The fact was that in that section of the country it blew nearly always from the south, and there was rain only when it blew from the east or west.

Poor Obadiah had lost his reputation, and from that moment he pined away and died.

FRANCIS MOONAN.

"It Just Happened So."

CARTHAGE, O., Jan. 10.—The coincidences given in your editorial in FOREST AND STREAM of January 2 interested me very much, and are now again quite in evidence. In the issue of January 9, in reading Mr. Spears' "Floating Down the Mississippi," I was charmed with his researches and the exhibit made of then and now in the history of St. Genevieve and Kaskaskia; and having completed the perusal of the number from ad. to ad. of first and last pages, took up a volume just received entitled "The Conquest—the True Story of Lewis and Clark," by Eva Emery Dye, and was ere long perusing with eager interest the story of the exploits of Gen. George Rogers Clark at those very places, and the aid given him by Vigo and others named in Mr. Spears' article.

"The Conquest" is most truly "an epic of the West," written in terse epigrammatic style that holds the reader from beginning to end. E. S. WHITAKER.

Natural History.

Vagaries of Horses' Appetites.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Hardy in the current number under the caption of "Cats Eating Corn," gives an instance of a horse which ate cooked beef. I have in mind some three different horses which may be said to have had a perverted appetite. One, a small half-breed Texas horse which I had for a few months, would eat a fresh piece of beef as large as a dinner plate and an inch thick. He ate it just as a dog would, holding it down with his fore foot, then tearing off chunks of it and swallowing them. This appetite for fresh beef was so well known that none of it was ever left within his reach except by accident. When it was, whoever left it never saw it again.

The troop that I first served in had a horse that died in it when he was twenty-three years old. Seventeen of those years had been put in with this troop, fifteen of them under the saddle. He had been shot several times, once through the neck, and once in his flank; but neither shot had sent him to the rear. He never had been sick a day.

The last two years of his life he spent on the retired list, but was still marked fit for duty in order to keep him there; any other horse would have been condemned and sold; but he was kept as a matter of sentiment, and had nothing to do but eat and sleep. The only other horse that I ever knew to be treated this way was the one which survived the Custer Massacre; he was kept in a troop of the Seventh Cavalry until he died. He was saddled up and led out in every mounted inspection, but was never ridden by anyone.

This old horse of ours (we called him Bummer) was never tied in the day time, but let go where he pleased. He paid regular visits to the cook house, there getting his head in the slop barrel he would half empty the barrel. It did not seem to make any difference to him what he found there—bean soup, stale bread, cooked meat, or potato parings—all went. He did not need the stuff, he got just what the other horses got to eat twice a day.

Soon after the close of the war we were dismounted at Macon, Georgia, and sent to Texas; here we got the old horses that the Eighteenth New York had been riding, and I kept a lookout for a sorrel, but the best I could get was a small sorrel mare. Mares are never used in time of peace, but for the last four years before this anything that could carry a saddle would be used. We had three of these mares by the time we were all mounted. They had been "captured" down South; none of them had been bought. My mare just suited me; she could carry me fifty miles a day, then carry me back again next day if I wanted her to do it. I had her about two days when I found out that she chewed tobacco. She grabbed a small package of fine cut out of my hand, and then stood chewing it, paper and all. Seeing that it did not hurt her, I kept her in tobacco, buying the leaf tobacco that all these Mexican stores sold here then, a large "hand" of it for a silver dime; that would not have paid the duty on it had any been paid, but the collector had not got here yet; when he did come these men had to stop selling it at any price. I never went near my mare without bringing her tobacco; if she did not get it right away she would begin to shove me with her nose, and keep it up until I gave her the usual chew. When we were ordered to turn in our mares a few months after this I parted with her with more regret than I have since felt when parting with a better horse than she was.

I rode a horse for four years, my race horse Charley, which would eat half a peck of peaches as fast as I could remove the stones out of them. The same horse could eat a pound of sugar or candy without even stopping.

CABIA BLANCO.

An Apple Bird.

AUBURN, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of September 26 there appeared an article by Forked Deer in which mention was made of some "apple birds" which stirred up considerable discussion in your columns regarding their identity. The loose and unscientific description gave rise to considerable "guessing," some of which was right and some wrong. The name of the gentleman in whose orchard the bird was observed is Bloomiingcamp—not "Woolmincamp," and the name of the stream is Bogus, not "Bogers." There is a post-office at the ranch of the same name.

Having passed through this section several times on annual outings, and having seen many specimens of the Lewis woodpecker there, I was satisfied that it was the bird in question. But thinking that the better way would be to procure a specimen, I wrote directly to Mr. Bloomiingcamp, asking him to send me one. He replied that the fruit season was over, and the birds had gone, but that he would send me one at the first opportunity, as he was anxious to know what the bird was.

He has now kept his word, and has sent me a specimen, which I forward to you, under separate inclosure, together with his letter, a copy of which follows:

BOGUS, Jan. 7.—*Dr. Rooney*—Dear Sir: Being able to kill one of those apple birds that you wrote to me about under the date of October 26, 1903, I send you the specimen by to-day's mail, hoping you will give me a full description of the same, and oblige,

FRED. BLOOMIINGCAMP.

The skin sent me, as you will see, is a Lewis woodpecker—just as I expected, and as guessed by your editor. And now the guessing contest is over, although without the specimen, no one could possibly suspect the bird from the description given; they could only just guess.

R. F. ROONEY, M.D.

[The specimen has been received as stated. It is a Lewis woodpecker (*Melanerpes torquatus*), as suggested in a footnote to Forked Deer's article describing the bird.]

Notes on the Night Hawk.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your notes on the night hawk in FOREST AND STREAM of January 16 are full and interesting, but I can add some facts which are not included.

As a youngster I was quite familiar with the night hawk, or mosquito hawk, as he was popularly known in northwestern Massachusetts among the Hampshire Hills, and in midsummer often located their nests on the bare rocks near thickets and running water. We used to watch their erratic flight, so like a bat's that in the South they are known as bull bats, and supposed that the two raptors hunted insects in similar fashion. We always assumed that the downward dive, with a whirr, was a grand scoop with wide open mouth by which the birds took in the biggest part of a swarm of gnats, flies, or other diptera; while the sound they uttered was a grunt of satisfaction. Years after, while at Thousand Island Park on the St. Lawrence, and strolling just outside the canvas limits, I was moved by the simulated lameness of a night hawk to scan a ledge of rocks for her nest. It was the month of July, and so I expected to find half-fledged younglings, which would be more easily detected than sandy-hued eggs; but I quartered the ledge carefully in the vicinity in vain, paying no heed to the old bird's maneuvers, until I finally stood still quite discouraged, when, chancing to look down at my feet I discovered what seemed to be a bunch of angleworms! Then I saw that I was standing right on the nest, which held three chicks, and from one of them the entrails protruded.

I find that when the night hawks gather in the Laurentides and New England to begin their seasonal migration southward, they follow the trend of the Allegheny Mountain range, passing through the Middle States into Virginia and the northwestern part of North Carolina. In both of these States where observed the birds are shot at for practice and are eaten in large quantities as game. I have observed them at Asheville by the thousand early in September. Where they finally settle and locate I am not informed, but they are common in winter in Mississippi and Louisiana. I suppose they keep south of the Appalachians until they pass the terminal foothills in the vicinity of Anniston, in central Alabama, and then scatter. Meanwhile they have halted for sport and food (grub?) at numerous stations en route.

Let me add that your replica of the Audubon plate is simply exquisite, and shows the great advance in photo-engraving which has been made since 1873 ,at which date the first crude products of the American Photo-Engraving Company were used by the Harpers for a partial illustration of my "Fishing Tourist." CHARLES HALLOCK.

New Southwest Coast Mammals.

AN interesting paper containing descriptions of Twenty-Seven Apparently New Species and Sub-species of Mammals has recently been published by Dr. D. G. Elliot, Curator of the Department of Mammals in the Field Columbian Museum. It constitutes No. 14 of Volume III. of the Zoological Series of the publications of that institution.

The first animal described is a new sub-species of mountain sheep under the name of *Ovis cervina cremnobates* from the San Pedro Martir Mountains of Lower California.

In a paper published some time ago on the "Mammals of the San Pedro Martir Mountains," Dr. Elliot referred a number of specimens of mountain sheep collected by Mr. Heller to *O. c. nelsoni*, with a query explaining that he had not had an opportunity to compare them with undoubted examples of that form. Recently, however, such a comparison has been made, and Dr. Elliot concludes that the Lower California form should stand by itself. This determination bears out the opinion expressed to us some years ago in letters from Mr. Anthony, the ornithologist, that the Lower California form of mountain sheep differed from the Nelson sheep.

Besides several new forms of hare, and many other rodents, Dr. Elliot describes a fox from San Bernardino county, California, *Vulpes arsipus;* a new species of black bear, *Ursus hylodromus*, allied to the black bears of the Olympic Mountains; a new civet cat, *Bassariscus albipes*, from Vera Cruz, Mexico.

All these specimens were collected by Edmund Heller.

Ski Running.

SKI RUNNING as a sport is modern, though the use of the ski dates back many hundreds of years. Up to less than thirty years ago these shoes were used almost altogether for practical purposes; that is to say, for getting about from one place to another over the deep snows. But in the decade between 1870 and 1880 a few citizens of Christiania, who found skiing to be a good and pleasing exercise, formed a ski club, and set on foot those ski exhibitions and competitions in Norway which have since become so famous. For nearly forty years skiing has been practiced in the Rocky Mountains, and in many places there it would be imposible to get about except by this means. All the winter travel through the Yellowstone Park is on skis, and many of the high mountain passes further to the south are traversed only by this means. A few years ago Mr. Elwood Hofer taught a few people in New England the use of the ski, and the time will come when in the northern portions of the United States these shoes will be extensively used. Recently a



FIG. 2.—Skrid-Finner hunting (Olaus Magnus, ca. 1550)



FIG. 3.—Skrid-Finner (Olaus Magnus, ca. 1550).

ski club was organized in England, and a book on "Ski Running" has been published there by Horace Cox, which is practical and useful. It is a composite book, written by D. M. Crichton Somerville, W. R. Rickmers and E. C. Richardson, who also edits the volume.

There was historical mention of the snowshoe before the Christian era, while Norwegian traditions dating back some 1,600 years make mention of the ski. Perhaps the Lapps were the first skiers, and it is sugested that they may have brought the skis from Central Asia in their migrations so long ago. In Olaus Magnus are curious old cuts illustrating the ski running of the Lapps. In America the tendency seems always to have been to use the aboriginal snowshoe, commonly called webs, and skis never seem to have been used in Canada. Even in the northern Rocky Mountains, where timber is thick, web snowshoes of varying type are mostly used, and skis very little or not at all.

Needless to say the greatest skill with the ski has been acquired in those lands where it is part of the everyday outdoor life, and the peasants—men and women—of the district of Telemark are still perhaps the most skillful skiers in the world. At the same time the sport is easily acquired by any young and active person, and among the cavalry men stationed in the Yellowstone National Park are many men very skillful in the use of these implements. It is declared to be far less troublesome to learn to ski moderately well than it is to learn to skate moderately well, and the opportunities for skiing are very much more frequent than those of skating.

Obviously the important thing in learning to use the skis is to have good ones. These are fully described, as well as the outfit—including always the pole—the clothing, and any food that may be taken. Following this are pages, fully illustrated with photographs and diagrams, as to the very best methods of passing over different surfaces, and after instruction in walking comes a chapter on ski jumping, also very fully illustrated, and with directions which are easy to follow. A chapter called "Odds and Ends" brings out the good many interesting small points. It is suggested that to teach children to ski nothing more is needed than a couple of barrel staves pointed and rounded with toe pieces to hold the foot.

One would imagine that south of Scotland the British ski runner would not have much of an opportunity to use his skis, but it is altogether probable that a time is coming when ski runnig will in this country be a sport in high favor. **Price, $1.25.**

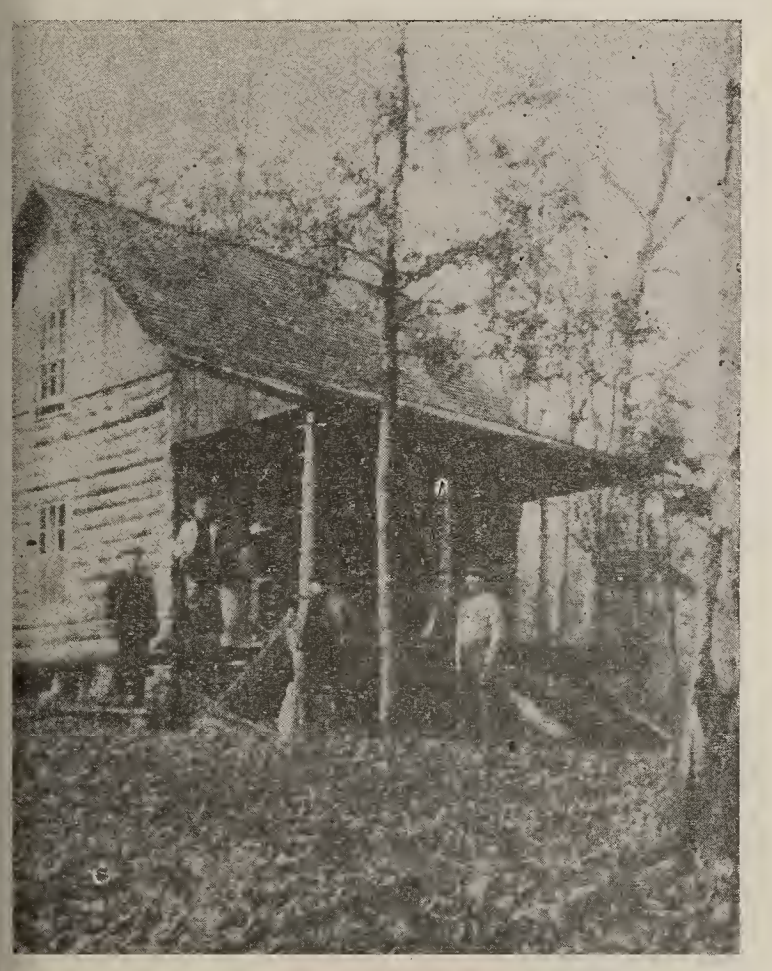


GAME BAG AND GUN

Stillwater Camp.

THIS is a veracious and unvarnished account of a week's delightful sojourn in the wilds on the De Grasse River, St. Lawrence county, New York.

At the invitation of Dr. Geo. J. Hornung, of Jersey City, a member of the club, afterwards most cordially seconded by Mr. John Bird, one of the proprietors of the 30,000 acre game preserve and said camp, who was making a short visit to Jersey City, we took the 11:30 train, N. Y. C. R. R., Tuesday evening, October 20, for a taste of cabin life among the fir and the balsam. At Canton we were met by Mr. Bird, our host, one of the most popular as well as energetic citizens of the county. Through him we were made acquainted with several of the many strenuous citizens, Mr. James Spear, president of the St. Lawrence County Bank, and one of the partners with Mr. Bird and Mr. Wells, of the game preserve; also Messrs. John Milligan and Will Sherwin; all three of these we afterward met in camp for a day; also Mr. Murry Ralf, who has the barge canal on the brain. I presume he is a happy man now the bill has been so largely indorsed. Right good fellows they all are; in fact the big heart (not big head) seems to be very prevalent in that section of the moral vineyard. As it was they were so profuse in their cordiality that we got off late for the trail. With a two horse team with baggage we drove 16 miles over a good road to Clare, Mr. Bird's farm, near where the trail begins up the steepest and rockiest path we ever saw, equal to any in the early west. They call the trail three miles, but it is the longest league I want ever to encounter. Dr. Hornung stood it like a veteran; he had been there before; but Jacobstaff, the last half mile in the dark, came very near giving up. He told the boys to go on and he would appear in the morning, for his enthusiasm pretty much evaporated before the welcome light in the window of the private cabin threw out its rays of glory. We were royally welcomed by Mr. Ruben Wells and given the freedom of the camp at once. The sight of a couple of three-pronged bucks hanging outside added immensely to our resting capacity. A hot venison stew with mealy



STILLWATER CAMP.

potatoes, good camp-made bread, canned goods of all kinds, and as good coffee as anyone gets at home, finished the rest, and all fatigue was forgotten. In fact, they are a strenuous lot here in the woods, and while they do hard work they believe in having the best of good things and plenty of them to keep the strain as well as enjoyment, and when you realize that all of this except trout and venison has to be packed in on that confounded trail, you may know what a class of men these are.

The Wells and Bird cabin is a substantial structure, 20 by 16 feet, of trimmed or squared logs, with ample kitchen and a sleeping apartment adjoining, which is the sanctum of Mr. Arvin Eastman, the guide of the camp. The house with porch fronts the still water of the Grasse River, from which it takes its name. De Grasse River is famous as a trout brook, the beauties running from 6 to 16 inches, and being of fine flavor. There are two other log cabins close by, the property of the Stillwater Club, who lease the privilege of the 30,000 acre preserve. They are some score members of the best citizens of Canton and vicinity. The three camps use the same water from a bubbling spring, soft, ice cold and never failing of supply. Of the guides, we have mentioned Mr. Eastman; the other, Mr. James O'Brien, is attached to the company's camp. Both men are examples of the true woodsman; keen of eye, rugged in build, unassuming in deportment, good shots, and knowing their business. It is a pleasure to be associated with such men.

We were up betimes in the morning, but it was too noisy in the dry leaves and no one got a shot, though flags were seen. Cervus was in a hurry and stopped not on the



Jacobstaff. Dr. G. J. Hornung.

order of his going. And now a word about a splendid character in the next camp—Doctor Manly. A Canton resident originally, a graduate of St. Lawrence University, then Long Island Medical College, and now settled in Brooklyn where he has a good practice, he came into the woods two years ago condemned by prominent physicians as a hopeless case of genuine consumption. A few weeks or months in this section of fir, balsam, and hemlock, with its splendid soft water, proved a charm and a cure. He comes up here now twice a year for trout and deer, and renewed life. He is a robust man, a thorough woodsman, a more than good shot. Retiring in disposition, but practical in every way, he has been a boon to the camp, having himself killed the first two deer; and one of the party having been taken seriously ill the Doctor in his practical business way soon brought him around; in fact, he furnished the camp with both meat and medicine.

Saturday evening brought in Mr. Spear with Mr. Kimball, Mr. Stanly, Elsworth Searfench, V. R. Stivers, of Fifth New York Infantry, now in the recruiting station at Canton; Messrs. John Mills and James Kahaly, who killed his first deer, in fact, it is said, the first deer he ever saw alive in the woods, and that only about a half mile from camp. "Some are born lucky, some have luck thrust upon them." We have been out several short trips and haven't seen a flag.

Tuesday evening a two-pronged buck was brought in by Dr. Manly; he won't shoot at a doe or small deer of any kind; three does passed him and he would not shoot.

Wednesday and Thursday *non dies.* Friday another buck for the other camp.

Saturday Mr. Wells left for Canton to bring in three invited guests—three clergymen from New Jersey. On Monday they came in over the trail a little before dark—Father Roger McGinley, of the New Durham diocese, Father John Westerman, Crawford; and Father Wm. Brothers, of Weehawken. Right good company they proved to be, rollicking good specimens of educated manhood. They took to camp life as a duck to water, were full of good stories, and very ready at repartee, and made a most wholesome addition to our social party after the cares and labors of the day. We inquired for Mr. Reuben Wells, their escort. "Well," said Father McGinley, "we struck a track crossing the trail about a mile back. Mr. Wells said it was fresh, dropped our bundles, told us to keep the trail for camp and he would be in later." Sure enough, in about half an hour after dark Mr. W. came in with a fat doe. Mr. Wells is strenuous in all he undertakes; he is president of the First National Bank of Canton, and is a large owner of the 30,000 acre preserve on which there are three pulp mills, logging camps, etc. The hospitality of Messrs. Bird and Wells keeps their camp full of the best class of men, and they are never more cheerful than when administering good cheer to their many guests. Mr. Wells' wife and daughter, with, I think, another fair one, tramped in on the trail last summer in the very worst storm of the season; and they got in long after dark wet as drowned rats, but as blythe and gay as from a ballroom waltz, bringing cheer and sunshine to all. Such are the folks around Canton.

My gun was a take down (of '96 I think), which Mr. Sanford of the Winchester Arms Company helped me select; it proved a darling, and did splendid execution, first at the targets, and then on Saturday it was duly christened at a bounding straight away two-pronged buck going I don't know how many miles a minute, more or less. The soft nosed bullet overtook him just below the tail, and passed out through the fore shoulder. The white flag dropped and the quarry was ours. It (the gun) has been greatly admired by those in camp, where there is a variety of shooting material—Daly, Piper, La Fevre, two other Winchesters, etc.

Tuesday morning. Mr. Bird, Mr. Wells, Dr. Hornung, and Eastman the guide and the three jolly fathers are all out to-day. It is a good sight to see these sensible exponents of the church having for the time being dropped their clerical habiliments and appeared in corduroys and canvas coats with big shooting boots ready for the woods, with all the earnest enthusiasm of a free life in the mountain air. May they at least see a flag even if they don't get a shot. All of the other camp are also out. But poor Jacobstaff is laid up with a touch of his old complaint, rheumatic gout.

It is very noisy in the woods, and unless they make a drive, as they call it, there is not much of a chance for success. At a drive the guides place their men at different runways, while they go away off a mile or two and endeavor to drive the animals to or by you. A dog of any kind whatever is not allowed on the preserve, and will be shot sooner than a deer. It is tedious this sitting silently and alone on log or stone for hours, as the deer mostly go off somewhere else or come by you with the velocity of a young whirlwind. Doctor Hornung was the only one that succeeded in getting a shot. The game was a fine



Jacobstaff. Father Westerman. R. Wells. Dr. Hornung. Father Brothers.

THE RETURN.

5-pronged buck. He would not have anything else. He would not take a shot at a fleeing deer yesterday because it did not have the embellishments of a he. Some folks are very particular. (Jacobstaff was satisfied with a fat doe later on, and his friends of the "Sit Down Club," of Jersey City, proclaimed it fine eating. So did Mrs. Jacobstaff.) All hands in about 12 for lunch; started six deer, too noisy, deer heard first. Out again. Started two but got nary shot, except that Eastman the guide got a long shot just before dark, found blood, but the deer swam the river and darkness coming on the hunter had to abandon the trail.

Wednesday.—Mr. Wells and Eastman off by daybreak for scene of last evening, returned in time for breakfast with the big doe Mr. Eastman had wounded the evening before. At 8 A. M. all hands except I off for a three-mile tramp and to bring back Hornung's buck killed on Tuesday and left by the guide hanging in the woods. They are accustomed here in these parts after bleeding and disemboweling the deer to leave it hanging in the woods for days; and if they have meat enough in camp, for weeks. In fact they will not eat venison here before it is from 36 to 48 hours old; say it is not healthy.

At noon they are all in, and the pack baskets that they strapped on are empty, with exception of one buck's head severed close above the neck—bear. Of all things Jacobstaff has doubted the propriety of leaving a fat quarry in the wilds for any length of time. When they arrived at the scene of the hanging up they found only the hoofs, backbone, and the head gnawed off close to the skull. A bear had preempted the whole property. Confound him! the fineset head of course, a 5-pronged gray head handsome and symmetrical. Hornung is inconsolable and swears he never will spare a bear's life in the future. He intended having it mounted providing he did not secure by his own eye a better one. But it will still do nicely on a panel.

Thursday.—Mr. C. Austin and Mr. C. Austin, Jr., came in this morning with mail from home and New York papers as late as Monday and very welcome. The guide, Mr. E., had wounded a doe late the night before and was going to hunt in some other direction; said this doe would be safe if as badly hurt as he thought for a day or two. Jacobstaff informed him that we didn't want any more bear work and it would be the proper thing to secure that deer first. They laughed, said they were rarely troubled with bear and the bear that got away with Hornung's deer was two or three miles the other way. Well, they went after this deer. On approaching the place where Eastman thought it would be found lying down dead, they heard a noise in the bushes ahead, and on approaching found their animal, but they broke almost on to a bear that heard them first; but he left the mark of his claws on the hip and hams of the deer. The noise made in the dry leaves saved the deer from further mutilation. An hour later and another good carcass would have been added to the loss of Stillwater camps. These may sound as good bear stories; but they are facts.

After a hasty breakfast of slapjacks (they call them) and maple syrup made only a half mile from camp, we



John Bird. Ruben Wells.

AT THE CAMP.

were off shortly after 7:30 A. M. Pretty noisy yet, but we have hopes. Tried a drive, but an hour and a half on a cold gray stone was enough for Jacobstaff, and he returned early to the genial warmth of the camp.

Father McG. left us this morning, having received a telegram of the sudden death of one of his parishioners. Before his departure he took several views of the camp and camp life, among them one as we came in from a successful hunt which we inclose to you and hope to see with this article in the best sporting paper of the world.

And now our time is about up, as we leave to-morrow, Friday, on the trail for home. How I dread this packing of our game over that carry—glad it does not weigh any more. But our friends must have some testimony of our success or they may believe this is all a fairy tale. We have had a most delightful eight days of camp life. It reminded us of life in old Winsconsin forty years ago. It has done our old bones and sinews good. The smell of the balsam and the hemlock, the moss on the south side of the trees, the crisp brown leaves, the pure crystal water, the woodpecker's tapping and the piratical, scoundrelly blue-jay's saucy talk, all bring back the glorious days of long ago. We have gained six pounds of healthy weight in avoirdupois.

Therewere in all in the eight days' camping, including those that came in for a day or two at a time, ten would-be shots, and eight good deer, besides plenty for camp, were divided up. It seems to be a good deer country. The animals are much smaller than those in the West, especially in antlers; a five or seven-pronged buck is the exception.

Good-by to Stillwater camps and the boys. May their shadows continue to grow. JACOBSTAFF.

Game Preserves.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Didymus in the current number notes the fact that Dr. Webb has thrown open his game preserve and let the animals go free. The papers that first gave us an account of that told us why he had done so, the forest fires of the past summer have destroyed his feed and he was not likely to keep those animals penned up and let them starve. Dr. Webb no doubt thinks still, as he did when he first made his game preserve, that he had a moral right, as he had a legal one, to make it, and he may restore it again when conditions allow him to do it.

CABIA BLANCO.

Among the Wild Geese.

A MUSICAL crackling sound such as might be made by a hundred fairy glaziers working close at hand, roused the writer one morning lately, and at the same time he became drowsily aware that the ceiling of his room had descended unaccountably near to his pillow. Moreover, just on the other side of this ceiling heavy feet were making energetic attempts at a highland reel. All these singular phenomena were explained, however, when the foresaid writer, shaking himself free from the last traces of drowsiness, woke up and recognized he was in his berth on board the little shooting cobble Snowflake, snugly moored in the creek of a northern estuary; that it was a cold morning with last night's ice breaking like glass all around as the making tide lifted it from the sedges; and lastly, that his only companion on board was already up and doing.

"Hullo!" said that individual, bursting into the cabin a few seconds later, "thought I would wake you up—nice sort of fellow you to come shooting! Sun been up an hour; sea black with geese; sky full of widgeon. Now get up, or, by heaven! I will take the guns and scuttle the Snowflake under you." Thus admonished I did as I was bid, and found my admirable comrade, usually known as "the crew," had already got breakfast under way, while above, when I scrambled on deck, was a lovely winter morning, with the sun—which, by the way, was only just rising—shining crimson over the salt lagoons, and lighting up with a wonderful fire the frosty haze on marsh and slob behind us. Needless to say, neither sky nor sea was quite as full of wildfowl as my friend had hinted, but there were undoubtedly many about, and I noticed the moment I came up a wisp of teal settle among the pools half a mile away which roused my enthusiasm to the highest pitch.

So we breakfasted forthwith; rashers easy to cook and appetizing; home-made bread from the farm ashore; coffee, warming and aromatic with all the spices of Arabia; then all hands mustered on deck to get up the anchor and punt out into the open where it became possible to hoist the sail and slip away on a freshening morning breeze to the northward.

We were after bean-geese, which differ from one or two other species haunting British coasts in winter time, in that they prefer inland feeding to salt water, and, above all, have a liking for the farmer's barley stubbles. Now, this year the barley has lain sadly long afield, herein being the geese's opportunity—and ours. My companion knew of a derelict farm, and especially a field or two coming low down to the marsh land, where crops had never been properly garnered and consequently all sorts of wildfowl held high revel since the autumn flight began. He had seen geese there in the stubble himself, and carefully noted the way they went seaward when disturbed by shepherds moving about on the uplands each morning. Could we but hide ourselves on their line of flight it might mean a couple of shots at least; so in high glee we slipped up along the coast before a frosty wind that powdered our deck with minute crystals of congealed mist, and in half an hour ran the ship in under a miniature headland where we made her fast. Then getting into our heavy boots and thickest jackets I took the big 8-bore, while "the crew" brought along the double barrel, and we set out silently, under shelter of the sea wall, for the barley fallows.

As will often happen, we met all sorts of tempting shots on the way, which on another occasion we would have gladly taken, but were now obliged to ignore. Half a dozen teal rose from an empty creek, while a couple of ducks came so close overhead we could hear the whistling of their wings as they passed through the mist. Curlews, too, generally the shyest of birds, flitted spectral to and fro, and I saw my friend making grimaces as he looked hastily away from the tempting sight.

The nearer we got the more cautiously we had to pick our footsteps, and then presently my friend, who was a red Indian for keenness when on the trail, stopped and listened intently. When he looked up it was with an expression of supreme contentment, and a hasty sign to follow told without words that his sharp ears had caught the sound of geese at work on the stubbles. So on we went again under shelter of the little marsh escarpment, scrambling forward in breathless haste for a bluff round which the birds generally came on their way to sea. At the base of the bluff lay a little watercourse with frozen reeds at bottom and some leafless willow bushes here and there. "The crew" led into this on all fours, looking in his heavy clothes for all the world like a frolicsome sloth bear, and I was seized with a desire to laugh. But the deadly frown which came on my companion's forehead when he discovered my emotion was so awesome that I hastily suppressed all traces of it.

And now the crisis was at hand. J. proceeded to worm himself along almost on his stomach up the left-hand slope to a knot of willows commanding the fields beyond, and I followed with my piece of ordnance as well as I could. We gained a vanatge point between those knotted stumps in safety, and peeping thence a sight to put even a hardened fowler's heart in a flutter met our eyes.

The frozen stubble, with wind-blown barley shocks still lying about in pitiful neglect, lay silent under the winter mist, with here and there an ice-covered pool beginning to take a rosy hue as the sun crept up over the far-away hedges. Round the nearest of these frosted puddles, but about eighty yards away, a dozen great brown birds were standing preening themselves. There was another of the same sort on a hillock still further off saying funny things with neck and bill pointed straight up in the sky, and beyond him again, but far out of shot, a second smaller group of geese. Here and there about the stubble several score of green plovers were running and stopping in their mouse-like way. Altogether it was a pretty picture of wild bird life, and I lay as still as a stone for a minute or two, partly to get my breath, and partly to admire it. My comrade, who never lacked for breath and admired nothing till the shot was fired, impatiently digged me in the ribs, however, at the end of that time, and whispered in my ear, "Now, then, with your blunderbuss! Are you going to sleep?"

Very slowly I drew myself together, and very slowly pushed the big 4-bore loaded with swan shot through the willow stems. But carefully as it was done, the barrel touched one of them, and down came a shower of tinkling icicles and powdery frost. The keen-eyed sentinel, who had perhaps been telling his sleepy comrades all along that he was sure there were men about, uttered one hurried "There, I told you so!" and lapsed into rigid silence. Close together stepped the flock, up went their necks, a dozen eyes were fixed suspiciously in our direction.

Now was our chance. There was a flake of snow in my eye and several blurring the ridge of the barrel, but I took the best aim I could for the brown mass in the distance and pulled trigger. The resulting noise was shocking in the absolute stillness of the morning, and the smoke hung among the twigs like a lace curtain, but there was joy in J.'s exclamation, "Good! Three down and a runner—lie still a bit." The latter bit of advice proved valuable. The remainder of our special covey swerved away and were soon off to sea, while the plovers, with some ruffs we had not noticed, circled about tumultuously in mid air. But another party of geese, disturbed from a stubble further inland, came straight down toward us. I put in a fresh cartridge in haste as they swept past us sixty seconds later at a tremendous pace, letting fly at the leader—and completely doubled up the bird next behind him! "The crew" failed to stop with the first barrel of his lighter gun, but hit hard with the second and that bird we found subsequently dead on the beach half a mile away. My runner was secured without any great difficulty, so that we had six birds to show for our stalk, and, I need not add, felt highly pleased with ourselves.

We had come out for wild geese, and had got some, which is better luck than the shooter of these watchful birds can always count on. When we reached the boat again after a heavy tramp with the spoil a suggestion of a second breakfast was carried enthusiastically, and thereafter we coasted out to sea, and round the edge of the mud flats picked up a couple of ducks besides a few fowl of lesser kinds to add variety to the main bag of a memorable morning. A.

Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Massachusetts Legislature has been very prompt in getting down to business, and both President Jones of the Senate and Speaker Frothingham are strenuous for a short session.

The chairman of the Committee on Fisheries and Game on the part of the Senate is Hon. Moody Kimball, of Newburyport, who was a House member last year, and is a believer in the doctrines for which the sportsmen have labored the past few years. The House chairman is Mr. Hinckley, of Tisbury, who was also on this committee last year. Senator Pratt is also a member again this year and will be remembered as the president of the Middleboro Sportsmen's Club mentioned in a previous letter.

In his inaugural address Gov. Bates recommends legislation "for the establishment of forest reserves in the various sections of the State," and the appointment of a State forester. He says the purchase by the State of 900 acres of so-called waste land for $6,000 in Rutland indicates that without extravagant outlay the land may be obtained for this purpose to the great advantage of "the Massachusetts of to-morrow." No doubt sportsmen will see reasons from their standpoint to give their influence in favor of the plan.

The annual meeting of the State Association was held at the Copley Square Hotel on last Wednesday evening (January 13), with President Reed in the chair. The treasurer's report was presented showing the total cash assets to be $2,556.78. The report of Hon. George W. Wiggin, chairman of the Fund Committee, showed that the fund invested in savings banks had gained an increase of $121.71 in 1903, it being now $2,550.74. A vote of thanks was tendered ex-President B. C. Clark, Maurice H. Richardson, M. D., and Mr. George O. Sears, for their liberal donation of $100 each toward the expenses of the annual banquet at the Algonquin Club last March. A similar vote was tendered the retiring president for his valuable services as the presiding officer for the past three years. Dr. A. R. Brown passed around sheets with words to be sung to familiar tunes which proved a pleasant feature of the meeting. After the routine business, Vice-President A. B. F. Kinney told the thrilling story of his shooting a grizzly, which was greatly enjoyed by all present. Two of our members at the meeting are in the present House of Representatives, Mr. S. O. Staples, of S. Framingham, and Mr. George H. Moore, of Boston. Representative Herbert Thayer, of Franklin, was also present. Five candidates were elected to membership and the officers elected for 1904 are as follows: President, Wm. S. Hinman; Vice-Presidents, James R. Reed, Benjamin C. Clark, Joseph T. Herrick, George H. Payne, Robert S. Gray, Irving O. Converse, A. B. F. Kinney, Heber Bishop, B. V. Howe, A. R. Brown, Salem D. Charles, A. C. Sylvester; Librarian, Edward W. Branigan; Secretary-Treasurer, Henry H. Kimball; Executive Committee—J. N. Roberts, H. S. Fay, M. H. Richardson, C. W. Dimick, Rollin Jones, N. LeRoy, Gilmer Clapp, Paul Butler, Frank Fallon, M. A. Morris, N. C. Nash, F. B. Crowninshield; Membership Committee—Thomas H. Hall, W. B. Hastings, R. V. Joyce; Fund Committee—G. W. Wiggin, B. C. Clark, A. D. Thayer.

CENTRAL.

Mr. Kinney's Bear.

AT the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association at the Copley Square Hotel on the evening of January 13, after President James Russell Reed had gracefully delivered his valedictory to end his three years in the chair, and after William S. Hinman, of Auburndale, had been unanimously elected president, the members pressed Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, for a fulfilment of a long standing promise to tell them how he got his grizzly. His good nature could not resist the solicitation, and so, taking position near the head of the table, he began, leading up to the climax by graphic preliminary, somewhat as follows:

I was born outdoors—that is, on a farm, and after I learned that I could do better indoors and had abandoned farming, I used to take an outing every year for the sake of keeping my physique in good trim. Away back, about 1875, before the railroads had penetrated the great Northwest, I used to go into that country, and it is the

fact that I have seen as many of 50,000 buffaloes in one herd and as many as 3,500 antelope. As time went on, I had shot every kind of game in the country and found that I had quite a reputation as a hunter. But I had never yet got a grizzly. I felt that I wanted that to earn my degree, that I was not a real professional until I had got my grizzly, and you know that when a man wants to get his degree he expects to pay for it and he does not mind a few dollars.

The year that the Northern Pacific extension was opened into the country about Yellowstone Park, a party of us went out in a special car. We left the track at the station nearest to the region where big game was most likely to be plenty. Quite a large party of us went into the woods with guides, horses, and a full camp outfit. We hunted there for two weeks. We got a silver-tip bear and moose, elk, and other big game, but we did not see a sign of a grizzly anywhere. It came time to return to the station and to our party there.

After we had gone two days' march and had about fifty miles more to go, after we camped for the night, I lay thinking it over and could not sleep. I said to myself that I should never be any nearer the grizzly country than I was then, that I should never be any younger, and that if I was ever to get my degree, then was the time. So I made up my mind to let the rest of the company go on and tell my family what I was going to do. My wife and daughter were in the party at the station, and I did not want to have them, or anybody else, try to turn me back. Then I rolled over and was asleep in a minute.

In the morning, when the others struck their tents, mine was left standing, for I had arranged with my guide to come back and return to the grizzly country. My companions of the party asked me if I was not going to strike my tent, too. I told them no, and that I should stay in it. They tried to persuade me not to do so, but I was determined, and the outfit departed for our camp. So, in due time, my guides returned with horses and provisions, and we went back our two days' journey.

I hunted around for a week, but did not find a sight of a grizzly. The weather had changed. Snow came on and it was evident that the bears had gone. You know that they are great travelers. One of their peculiarities is that, under such circumstances, they are likely to go to the north slope of the mountains, where the snow is more probably blown away. So I said to my guide that we would stay and try to find a grizzly if it took all winter, for I did not mind the cost of $15 a day which the guides charged me for their services, horses, and provisions.

After a while as I was going around the side of an elevation which had a growth of pines, I found tracks in the snow. They looked perfectly fresh and from their size I felt sure they were made by a grizzly. Now the guide and I had whistles to call each other by if we were separated and wanted to find the other. I blew my whistle for him and he was on the spot pretty soon. He said that there was no doubt that the tracks were made by an old "Ephraim," and that they were fresh. We followed sharp along the trail and could see where the grizzly had stopped to feed. Finally we came to a place which is called a coulee; this is a piece of low ground where standing water has killed the trees and then it has grown up to rushes, cattails, tall grass, and the like.

When we got in sight of the rushes we could tell from the motions that our game was there. He evidently heard us, for he stood up on his hind legs and looked at us. He was a genuine Ephraim. As we measured him afterwards we found that he stood eleven feet high, and he was as tall as a Jersey cow when he was on all fours. As he stood facing us, I said to the guide that I was going to do the shooting, and I didn't want him to do anything until it was necessary, for I believed that I could stand the bear off myself without any help. But I know more now than I did then. I aimed my rifle—and I had a good one—straight at his breast, expecting, if I did not put a bullet through his heart, to break his backbone and disable him in that way. So I let drive.

He dropped into the tall grass. We used black powder in those days, and I stepped one side to see what had happened. Now, when a grizzly is hurt and not disabled, he means business, and he means business right off. As soon as I could see by the smoke, I could see that he was coming straight at me. All his hairs were standing up and his mouth was open and he looked just like the pictures of bears that are made to scare people. "Good heavens! He is coming!" shouted the guide.

I let fly with another bullet, but it had no effect on the grizzly, not a bit. He was so tall and rangy that he was coming pretty fast, and I aimed again at his head. He was not more than 50 yards off, but the bullet did not stop him at all. Somehow I was just as cool as I am now. I aimed again and that bullet struck him right in the corner of the eye and went through his brain. He curled his head around and partly under him, and he wasn't more than 25 yards off then. He fell over on his side, with his head curled under him.

Though I had been so cool, when I looked around at my guide, the sweat was running down his face and off from his beard in streams, he was so excited. When the reaction came for myself, there was a minute when I felt my strength completely gone. I could not possibly have picked my rifle from the ground if my life had depended upon it. But it was all over in a minute, and I was myself again. The guide did not notice how I felt. As we went toward the grizzly, we were careful, but we saw that his breathing was coming slower and slower, and then it stopped.

It was then four o'clock in the afternoon of a short day and we were fifteen miles from camp. I told my guide that we must get out of there that night anyway. His pony was a good one, and it is a fact about the trained ponies of that region that if you give them their heads in a dark night, when you can't see the trail, they will bring you out all right. We had come through one deep mud hole, where I had been thrown off my pony into the mud, and we had come up one place which was so steep that we could not ride, but had to be dragged up, holding on to the tails of the ponies. We had to make those places in the dark.

When we skinned our grizzly, I found that my first ball had not gone straight through the body. I supposed that he was facing me squarely when he stood up in the rushes, but he had been turned to one side. He had not changed the position of his feet when he stood, but twisted his body to look at us, so that my bullet went out about six inches from the backbone and did not disable him. I found that the second bullet which I fired when he was coming at me went in at the hump over his shoulders and passed along about four feet under the skin where I took it out. It did not hurt him, but only warmed him up. The third bullet struck the cheek bone at an angle and passed along under the skin, coming out back of the ear, and did not penetrate the skull at all. It was the last bullet which settled him.

We loaded the skin on the pony and made our way back through the darkness, reaching our camp all right about nine o'clock. That is how I got my grizzly and earned my degree—i. e., having killed every species of game on the American continent.

Adirondack Deer Hounding.

HURRICANE, N. Y., Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Essex County Board of Supervisors, of which I am the Keene (not keen) member, seems to have started the ball of discussion rolling by passing a resolution in favor of deer hounding.

In a recent issue of your journal I find a signed protest against cutting fifteen days from the end of the deer hunting season, and also a copy of Mr. Flint's letter to the Elizabethtown (N. Y.) Post and Gazette, in effect asking for statements from the Essex County Supervisors.

There seems to have grown up a sentiment that the people of this section were, and are, opposed to a hounding law. I am at a loss to account for the growth of such a sentiment, except that it is founded on the "hollering of the other fellow," and our feeling that it was needless as well as useless to deny such statements. The facts are so self-evident to us, they need no bolstering. They are so fresh in our minds by constant living with them, and we were so sure that anyone who came into this region, and took the trouble to inquire intelligently, could come to but one conclusion, it did not seem necessary to say anything. Another reason we have kept quiet, to speak perfectly frankly, is that by the attention which was not paid to our protests by the Legislature at the time the present law was being pushed, we were given to understand quite distinctly that our wishes in the matter did not amount to anything. Yes, you say, but why this resolution then? On Lincoln's principle of "peggin' away, peggin' away," and also because we do not mean to sit quiescent and have the impression go forth that we who live in the Adirondacks, and have our interests here, admit we were wrong when we protested strongly against the passage of the present law.

In any argument or discussion it is useless to ever hope to arrive anywhere without some fundamental point of agreement—some ground on which the contending parties can stand, or some common object for which both are striving.

With this in view I would state as a general proposition this, at which both the opponents and defendants of the present law are aiming—a deer hunting law which will give the greatest amount of sport to the largest number of people consistent with the protection of the deer.

If any reader of this is aiming at the absolute protection of the deer with no hunting whatever, which seems to be the aim of our legislators, who last year cut off fifteen days at the beginning of the hunting season, and now propose to cut off fifteen days from the end, he need read no further, for agreement between us is hopeless. This letter is addressed to those who agree with me as to the end to be attained, but disagree with me as to the method of arriving at it.

That a hounding law will afford more sport to more people than any other form of hunting law is so patent it hardly needs support; still I shall put one prop under it.

It is a matter of history that the people of this section through their representatives, by articles to newspapers, and otherwise, fought strongly against the passage of the present law. Is it not the fact that we were, in effect, accused of desiring the hounding law continued because we cared nothing about protecting the deer, caring only for the business which came to us because that law was on the statute books? Was it not said that the hotels and guides accounted for all the opposition, and that they were "hollering so loud" because their business would be hurt so much?

If you agree with me that the guides and hotels of the Adirondacks could see more business for them under a hounding law, then you must agree with me that a hounding law would attain the end of "the greatest amount of sport for the largest number of people," and also that the present law most emphatically does not attain that end.

But would such a law fulfill the condition "consistent with the protection of the deer?" This needs careful attention, for unless the condition is fulfilled the first part of the proposition would soon cease to be effective—there would be no deer to hunt.

It was assumed at the time of the passage of the present law that deer were, and had been, decreasing for some time, and that the hounding end of the law was responsible for that decrease.

Admit for a moment the deer were actually decreasing, what evidence was there to prove that hounding was responsible? One hard winter of deep snow and little food would account for more deer than two or three seasons of hounding, and it would take a long while for the deer to recover. Jacking and salt-licks, while illegal, were practiced, and accounted for a great many more.

Now, on what is based the assumption that deer are increasing? The only evidence I have seen is in the reports of the Forest, Fish, and Game Commission. Portions of these reports are given wide circulation in the newspapers. They are compiled from reports of shipments, and cannot be accurate, for a great many are killed that are not shipped, and the Commission can have no accurate knowledge as to those. Even allowing them a certain value, and they have, they have no comparative value, because these statistics have only been collected for a few years, and nothing is known of the shipments when the hounding law was in force. The conclusions drawn in this year's report from the increased shipments, to my mind, are erroneous. To me, the figures given prove two things—more perfect methods of collecting data, and an increased number of violations of the law. And a little inquiry will lead you to the same conclusion.

I believe that deer were decreasing at the time the present law was passed, and I also believe they have increased since the law was passed. Nevertheless, I do not believe that hounding was responsible for the decrease, and I am far from giving the present law credit for the increase. Most of the credit must be given to the large number of private parks and reserves, which have been a safe refuge for the deer.

Aside from any comparison with other laws, the present law is bad for a number of reasons. It is responsible for the deplorable shooting accidents which have occurred every season since it became effective. It makes it possible to kill deer from a "blind" on the edge of a pond or marsh, when flies drive them to the water for relief when the weather is so warm that all the meat cannot be saved, and, worse than all, the majority of deer killed in this way are does. It is an axiom that an unjust and unpopular law is almost impossible of enforcement. Convictions before a jury for violations of the law are few and far between, not because of any lack of effort on the part of the protectors, but because of the universal sympathy with the violators, and the knowledge that the majority of men who come here to hunt deer cannot stand the fatigue incident to bonafide still-hunting, and it is a case of violate the law or not hunt.

For these reasons, if for no others, this law should be changed, and if a hounding law should be passed I would favor cutting out the still-hunting, at least from the beginning of the season.

While on this subject of game laws, I want to ask why this attempt to protect bears? No one in this section wants them protected. Essex county pays a bounty on them. They furnish no sport. No one hunts them. Those caught are trapped.

I have seen it stated somewhere that bears do not kill sheep. Why, then, do trappers bait their traps with sheep? A law to protect bears would be no more effective and no more observed than a law to protect panthers or wolves. Sheep raising is one of our most profitable industries, and no sentiment in favor of "poor, downtrodden Bruin" should be allowed enough influence to pass a law making it a crime for a farmer to kill him if he saw him chasing his sheep. There is a law now on the statute books which allows a man to kill any dog chasing sheep. Should bears be given a license to do it?

In almost all bodies of men, measures proposed which affect a particular section are passed or not passed largely on the approval or non-approval of the men representing that section, they being given credit for knowing more in every way of the conditions and effect of the measures on those conditions than men can possibly know who are not actually in touch with the people of the section affected.

Game laws in the Adirondacks are for the benefit of the people of the whole State, but you cannot get away from the fact that first and foremost they are the concern of the people of the Adirondacks, who know all the conditions, and know the direct effect of the laws.

I would suggest that if a hounding law be not passed applying to the whole State, let one be passed covering Clinton, Franklin, St. Lawrence, Essex, Warren, Herkimer and Hamilton counties. Let it be a law allowing hunting only from October 1 to November 15, hounding during the month of October and still-hunting the balance of the season.

ROBERT W. MOTISHER,
Supervisor of Town of Keene.

Pennsylvania Game Interests.

JOSEPH KALBFUS, secretary of the Pennsylvania State Game Commission and chief game protector, in his annual report says, "I have suggested to the Forestry Commissioner the propriety of establishing a preserve, in which to propagate deer and elk for distribution throughtout the State, and my idea is to surround a certain piece of land, at such place and of such size, on the forestry lands of the State, as may be decided upon, with a fence of woven wire that will hold deer, etc., and outside this fence, at a distance of say half a mile, stretch another single wire, completely surrounding the preserve, and allow no hunting whatever within the single wire. I know that where a preserve is established for deer, the deer within the inclosure draw the wild deer from the outside, and a sure place to jump the deer is within a few hundred yards of said fence on the outside.

"I have also recommended the setting apart of certain tracts of land, one or more on each reservation, of dimensions and location to be decided upon, as a harbor of refuge into which game and birds of all kinds can retreat, and be safe from harm at all times. These tracts should be surrounded with a single wire, simply as a notice to the hunters, the ground poisoned systematically two or three times a year, and I am satisfied the increase of game, deer, and birds will be very noticeable. The Forestry Commission seem disposed to furnish the land for either purpose, leaving the question of wire and the erection of the fence to the Game Commission and the sportsmen of the State.

"Many complaints come to us of various forms of violation of the game laws. The men who, up to a limited time, have been in the habit of using dogs in hunting deer, complain bitterly of the energy with which we pursue the dog that runs deer and punish the owner for permitting such running, and still permit the use of birds dogs in the deer country during the open season for deer, claiming, and justly, too, that the bird dog trained to stand a deer is far more dangerous than the running dog, and that nine-tenths of the bird dogs taken into the aforesaid country at that time are taken for the purpose of hunting deer, and nothing else. I myself saw several men this fall hunting with dogs they called bird dogs. In two instances the dogs were led, and the men carried Winchester rifles, every bird hunter, almost without exception, carrying cartridges loaded with buckshot. It does seem to me that there is much justice in the complaint of these men, and that it would be only fair that all dogs be kept out of the deer country during the open season for deer. I have recommended that this be done upon

the forestry reservations. The birds hunter will have two weeks in October and two weeks in December wherein he can use his dogs on these lands. He can hunt anything he pleases during November without a dog.

"My experience in the woods this fall teaches me that two deer to the hunter is a too liberal allowance, and should be altered. One deer is surely enough, especially when we consider the fact that the law forbids the having in possession of venison except during the month of November and for fifteen days thereafter.

"I feel that some law should be adopted to prevent, or at least curtail, the use of the pump gun, and the automatic gun, recently introduced. Our law at this time forbids the use of the swivel gun, which, in my opinion, is not to be compared, for destructiveness. to the guns above named, especially on the water, where there is no limit to the kill. These guns are also very destructive in the field, for experience teaches me that the great majority of men who carry pump guns, continue to rain their loads after flying game, long after there is any probability of killing it, frequently, after the possibility is passed, with the result that many a bird or animal is seriously wounded, yes, mortally hurt, yet because of distance is not knocked down, and is lost to the hunter.

"We have had reported to this office during the past year the following apparent violations: Deer killed out of season 10; other game killed out of season 50; game killed in excess of limit, 5; killing of song and insectivorous birds, mostly by foreigners, 160; running deer with dogs, 23; deer killed by dogs running at large, 9; hunting by non-residents, 21; hunting by unnaturalized foreign-born residents, 67; carrying game out of State, 10; hunting on Sunday, mostly by foreigners, 97; sale of game, 20; purchase of game, 11; possession of game out of season, 3; destroying birds' nests, 10; using ferrets, 17; game in captivity contrary to law, 3; game taken by methods forbidden, 31; trapping of song birds, 9.

"We have pushed to conviction the following cases: Game other than deer killed out of season, 9; purchase of game, 5; sale of game, 3; hunting by non-residents, 17; hunting by unnaturalized foreign-born residents, 57; hunting game on Sunday, 31; destroying birds' nests, 3; trapping song birds for sale, 7; killing deer ahead of dogs, 5; dogs killed for running deer, 40; using ferrets, 3.

"We have tried and lost the following cases: Killing deer out of season, 1; killing song and insectivorous birds, 5; killing game, other than deer, out of season, 7; hunting game on Sunday, 7; hunting without license, 15; hunting wildfowl from naphtha launch, 1."

Game in North Carolina.

RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent's publication of the fact that the law in regard to the killing of game, ducks and geese, at night is being violated in the county of Carteret, has created quite a stir among the officials of the State Audubon Society, and it brought Secretary Gilbert Pearson here in haste to see the Governor. Mr. Pearson and the writer talked over the matter quite fully. Mr. Pearson says that the game wardens in the counties of Currituck and Dare, have done their work admirably well, and that they have stopped the killing of waterfowl at night, by the means known as "fire-lighting." The wardens in those counties are very determined men, and have been on the go day and night, while in Carteret the warden seems to be afraid to do his duty, and as a result the shooting has gone on nightly. Secretary Pearson has gone to the Carteret waters and will endeavor to secure a warden there who will do his duty. If he fails to find one, he will take warden Weatherly from Guilford, a most determined and thorough man, and may also take a warden or two from Currituck. He is determined to put a stop to this sort of slaughter in driving away of game, which ruins legitimate shooting.

Speaking of the work of the Audubon law in Currituck, Secretary Pearson says it has increased the legitimate killing of waterfowl three fold. He is told by dealers there that this is a fact, and also learns that the men who kill such game have received this season about $5.000 a week. Two months of the season yet remains open.

The detection of fraudulent shipments of partridges out of the State, goes on with very great success. The men who are engaged in this traffic are now trying the scheme of first shipping from the place where they buy the game, to some place near the Virginia State line, and then re-shipping to the north. Birds have been found in trunks purporting to contain samples of goods, in valises and dress suit cases, in egg crates, in butter tubs and hidden between fresh pork. Trained dogs are now being used by the wardens in the detection of partridges and with very great success, warden Weatherly, of Guilford county, having first tried this smart scheme.

The Audubon Society has turned in to the State treasury $4,880, as its receipts up to January 1, this being regarded as a very good showing. It is well understood that in the next Legislature there is going to be a fight against the Audubon law, as the pot-hunters will rally all their friends against it. Secretary Pearson is well aware of this fact. Non-resident sportsmen are well pleased with the law, and 160 of them have taken out licenses in the county of Guilford alone, the license being $10 a season.

The amount of game in the State this season is unquestionably considerably greater that in recent years, as reports from various places show. As a general game market, Newberne appears to lead, and it is an admirable point for sportsmen to begin work from. Near Newberne the State owns many thousands of acres of land, known as swamp lands, and on this there are some of the finest lakes in the South Atlantic States, these being greatly visited by waterfowl, while the land shooting in the vicinity is excellent.

So far as yet reported the largest number of partridges killed in one day this season by one sportsman is 84, this "big string" having been made in Johnston county, near Smithfield. Many persons have an idea that the shooting in the central part of the State is by far the best, and that birds are more numerous there, but they will find if they visit the pine country, in Johnston and other of the eastern counties. that partridges are very abundant. It is true that the cover is rather thick in many places, but this only adds to the interest in the sport.

Several experiments in game breeding have been tried in the State. English partridges have been turned loose in Warren county, and the gay-colored eastern pheasants in several counties. The mountain pheasant, or grouse, is being fostered in Mr. Vanderbilt's Pisgah Forest, and also in the extensive tract of country near Linville, of which Col. Murphison, of New York, and other gentlemen are the owners.

F. A. O.

Cuvier Club.

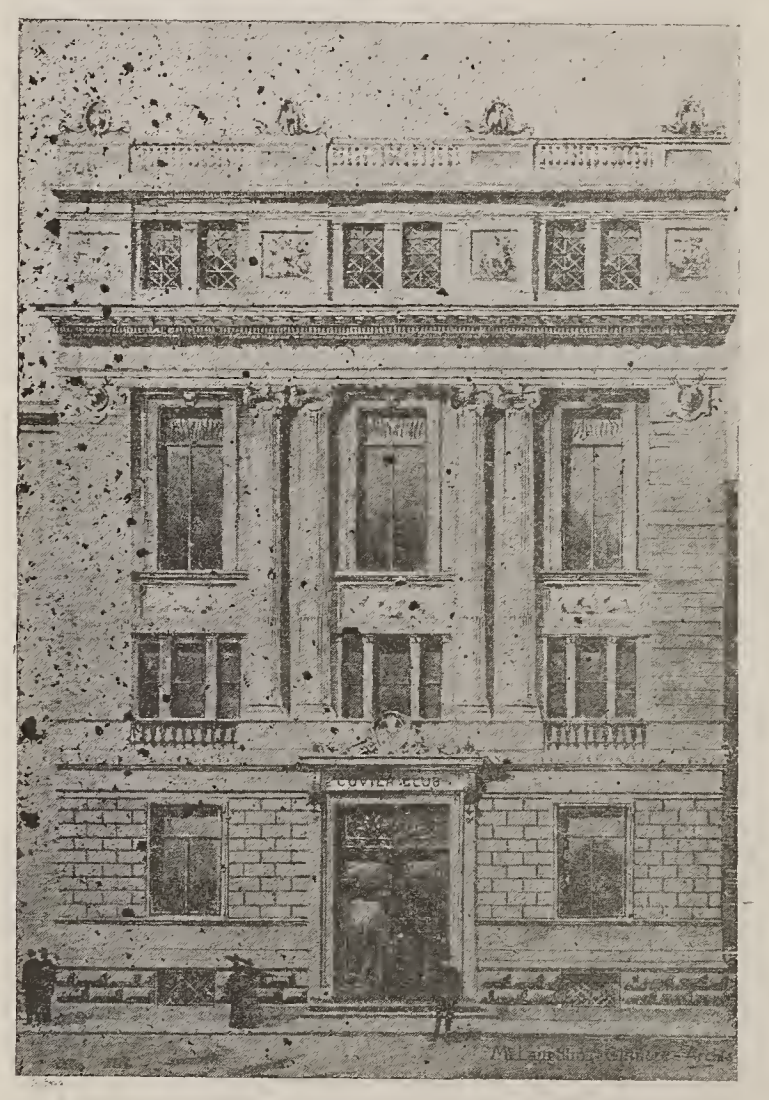
THE annual meeting of the Cuvier Club was held on January 9, and the following officers elected, President Starbuck being chosen to serve for his ninth term in that office: Alex. Starbuck, President; Peter F. Swing, Henry Hanna, P. E. Roach, First, Second and Third Vice-Presidents; Trustees for three years—E. G. Webster, J. T. Rouse, and Hon. Peter F. Swing. New members as follows were elected: W. S. Magley, Alfonso Aralus, Joseph Hummel, C. I. Donnell, O. C. Ellis, Walter B. Weaver, John H. Kuhn, and A. B. Trum.

The custodian of the museum and library, Mr. Chas. Dury, reported the receipt of several new specimens for the museum and books and pamphlets for the library.

Chas. J. Ryan, Deputy Game Warden, reported as the result of his year's work 40 violations reported, 25 arrests made, 18 convictions; cases pending, 4; and $471 assessed as fines.

The president delivered his annual address, which contained many points of special interest to sportsmen and game protectors. He reviewed the progress made by the club in its chosen work and in its gain of strength. He dwelt briefly on the gradual disappearance of game once plentiful in the State. Of the ducks he said:

"It seems like writing the history of a vanishing race to take up the large family of ducks—canvasback, red-



THE CUVIER CLUB'S NEW HOME.

head, teal, dusky and others that journey in myriads from the frigid regions of the North, where snow and ice are almost perpetual. This season there were few good bags made in our State, and these by the habitues of the club houses along the bays and inlets of Lake Erie. Judging from numbers slain, we arrive at the conclusion that the ambition of these gunners was simply to make a record. No wonder that spring shooting of these waterfowl is not abated, as this clan is always seen in the lobby of the Legislature looking to the continuance of it. It seems to be a gigantic undertaking to suppress this greedy class of red-handed butchers, but their day of sorrow and lament will soon come. While we notice that Indiana has suppressed the spring shooting of ducks, Illinois gives open season for them from September 1 to April 15. Fifty ducks per day is the limit, and twenty-five of any other game bird. Fifty ducks per day. Think of it for a moment, if you can, and then realize on its mathematics for the entire season of 227 days. This at 50 per day is 11,050 to a single gun, if the limit is reached; figure then on it for 100 gunners, and you have 1,105,000 ducks that have been taken from the feathered tribe, and here the problem of these vanishing fowls is completely solved. much to the shame of the Legislature."

Of the conflicting game laws of adjoining States, or those of similar climatic conditions, he says:

"There is still another embarrassment in the laws conditioned by conflicting open seasons, as per example: In Ohio you can kill quail from November 10 to December 2; in Indiana, from November 15 to January 1; in Illinois you have the open season for quail from November 10 to December 20. Here is a wide difference between these three States, while the Ohio River laves the shores of all three. Again, in North Dakota, the legal season for catching all species of fish extends to January 1; in South Dakota no fish of any kind can be taken in the month of December. These two States lie alongside of each other, with the Upper Missouri River running through both from end to end. Again, in Arizona a somewhat singular law prevails regarding black bass, which have been introduced into the waters of that State. The close season is legally from Decembr 1 to September 1. In the North, including Canada, these fish are through spawning in July, and why they are prohibited in the months of July and August in a section where the thermometer has frequently shown a registration of 120 degrees in the shade, and where the spawning season for them is certainly at an end by June 1, is known only to the rustic legislators. Nevada shows an analogous condition. A code of seasons adapted to each particular zone should be formulated by a convention of fish commissioners. We have harped on this for years in belief that some action would be taken that would rectify it, and we still live in hopes of seeing it accomplished."

The disappearance of the forests is mentioned. These, he says, are essential for the protection of fish and game. As Chas. Hallock says, "Preserve the forests and all is preserved." The National Irrigation Congress which met at Colorado Springs is a step in the right direction, and will prove of interest to sportsmen.

"Some game dealers conceived the idea that foreign black bass could be sold, and in attempting it they found themselves before a magistrate to answer for said offense. The cases were bitterly fought and finally decided against them, and not being satisfied with the decision, they appealed the cases to the Common Pleas Court, where they have recently been decided in our favor."

Of the difficulty of preventing poaching on the Miami River, he says:

"We regret to state that it has been a source of great annoyance to us and cost some treasure to patrol it. Nearly every farmer that is located on its banks or lives near by is the owner of a net, and uses it when occasion offers. Form a jury from this class to try a violator and acquittal or disagreement is the rule, and not the exception. What violators of this stream we have had found guilty have been the result of long vigil as well as its prosecution in a distant locality from this army of poachers. The angling there, despite the repeated seining, has been fairly good, so report some of our members who summer on its banks and listen to the hum of the festive mosquito and the grating notes of the cicada."

Mr. Starbuck's suggestions for changes in the game laws will be seconded by most sportsmen:

"Our State laws need some pruning and repairing, and there are also some new statutes required. The first defect discovered in our game laws enacted by the last Legislature was that of the rabbit law, which proved inoperative, and, as a consequence, was used as a subterfuge for all poachers with which to kill game birds. If overhauled when afield, by a warden, the plea presented was that of hunting rabbits, and so, perforce, Mr. Game Warden had to permit the release of the vagrant gunner. We want the open season for rabbit the same as the quail season, and then there will be no excuse for having gun in field or forest. Nearly everything in the land is taxed, and we see no reason why a license fee of $1 should not be charged for use of a gun during the open seasons. It would, in a great measure, stop our adolescents and others from waging war on everything that has feather and fur. This law was before the last Legislature, but it was defeated by the representatives from the country districts, as was the law for discontinuing the spring shooting of all waterfowl. We urge their passage again and hope our Senators and Representatives will give earnest support to this particular bill.

"There are, we regret to state, a number of opponents to the license law from the belief that the game and fish are for the people, but when we consider that 75 per cent. of the game birds have already been destroyed by the people with at least 50 per cent. of the fish, it looks very much like this democratic measure will not round out very well. If some such strong means as the license does not prevail to save the remainder of the game, it will vanish into a memory. Let us restore it if we can, some part of it or a good part of it.

"The only practical way of saving game, when we have such a horde of poachers and pot-hunters and cold-storage houses to hide the illegal plunder, is to entirely prevent the sale of it. The League of American Sportsmen heartily indorses it, and also a large number of thinking sportsmen are heart and hand in favor of it. I would not take the liberty of speaking for our organization on the subject of 'no sale for game,' but individually I feel that I am unquestionably being fast drawn to that platform by the presentation of adverse facts that show the rapid decimation of our game, and that because I desire to see it preserved and once more populous in our fields and forests. It is a sad thought to realize present conditions, and heroic treatment seems to be the only remedy for these destroying evils. To show how this principle of 'no sale for game' is spreading, I will state that it is forbidden in Alabama, Indiana, Iowa, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Wyoming, and in some of the counties of Maryland. It will, we are confident, soon become universal, and then, in a few years, the depleted flocks will again be filled and once more the game exceedingly abundant. Then you can generously give open seasons and also permit the sale of game.

"The State Fish Commissioners, in their report, recommend changes in several of the laws relating to Lake Erie, and especially that providing for the tonnage tax upon the fish catch, which they wish supplanted by a license tax. The operations of the State fish hatcheries along Lake Erie and at London, O., are reported as being reasonably successful. At the London hatchery it will be recommended that the experiment of propagating quail be undertaken, and that the fish ponds be increased in capacity. In regard to the distribution of fry this fall, the report states that from the car Buckeye nearly 500,000 fry, composed of large and small-mouth black bass, crappies and marble catfish were distributed. Four trips were made with the Buckeye car, which traveled about 1,475 miles. Fish were distributed to 165 persons, and of all the applicants only six or eight were missed. This was either caused by inability to reach them with the car or failure on their part to be at the station as notified. and shortage of fish on board to supply all wants on return trip.

"The hatchery has been most successful under the

supervision of George Morcher, producing double the amount of fish in 1903 that were raised in 1902. The car Buckeye has been used so long and in such a condition that we believe it can not be used another year with any degree of safety. We had much trouble with it last fall, and it was a source of uneasiness at all times."

Mr. Starbuck closed his address with a few remarks regarding the new home of the club, which he feels confident will be built before the end of 1905, if the members will all work unceasingly for that end.

Brown's Tract Guides.

THE annual meeting of the Brown's Tract Guides' Association at Old Forge, in the Adirondacks, on Thursday, January 14, attracted a goodly assemblage of men who are interested in the protection of fish and game and the preservation of the forests, about 150 being in attendance. The association has about 500 members, of whom 100 are active. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Richard Crego, Boonville; First Vice-President, William Stell, White Lake; Second Vice-President, Peter Rivette, Old Forge; Secretary and Treasurer, A. M. Church, Boonville.

Resolutions were adopted favoring the black bear bill now in the Legislature, condemning the sale of venison, brook and lake trout, opposing anchor and buoy fishing, advocating the further purchase of land by the State for the Adirondack Park, and condemning the cutting of timber on State lands. The report of the Secretary and Treasurer, A. M. Church, said:

Six years ago thirteen guides met in the boat shop of H. D. Grant, in Boonville, and formed this Association. The circumstances leading to this step and the necessity for such action is familiar to all. With the completion of the railroad came the summer tourist, and after them came incompetent and irresponsible men who posed as guides. To protect ourselves and the sportsmen and tourist from this class, and to furnish the constantly increasing army of hunters, sportsmen and tourists with good, competent guides, to patrol the section through which we worked and prevent violations of the game law, and to assist in the making of needed amendments to the game laws, has been the work of this Association.

At the time of the completion of the Mohawk & Malone Railroad, there were comparatively few sportsmen and hunters who visited this region. A few buckboard loads of hunters came during the open season. A few—it seemed like many in those days—came and fished. Now, every day of the season has its train loads, and for many days the train service has to be doubled to accommodate the constantly increasing throng.

These hunters and sportsmen are scattered far and wide, and there is no hill or valley but has its quota. The Game and Forest Commission report that nearly two thousand deer were shipped from the Adirondacks during the open season of 1903 by express, and they also estimate that for every one shipped there are four killed and disposed of in the woods. This would bring the total slaughter to nearly ten thousand, and this estimate is believed by many who are in a position to know, to be much too low.

For four years this Association has advocated the shortening of the hunting season by cutting off the two weeks in November, now allowed as open season, and it is very gratifying to know that this year we have nearly every sporting association throughout the State with us on this question. The New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, which is made up principally of delegates from other organizations, passed resolutions declaring it to be the sentiment of the League, that such November hunting should be stopped, and there is a bill before the Senate now that will close the season of 1904 on Oct. 31. During the session of the last Legislature bills were passed abolishing the shooting of wildfowl, ducks, etc., in the spring, and prohibiting the sale of woodcock, quail and partridge killed or taken in the State.

Deer seemed fairly plenty during the past season, but it is a question of doubt as to there being any increase in their numbers. The present winter bids fair to be one of the greatest severity, and as they are already feeding on the cedars about the lake shore and in many places are confined to the balsam swamps, indications are that there will be great mortality among them before spring. There were no grouse or partridge in our section this year.

Our herd of five elk, which we wintered at William Dairs, were turned loose in April and were a great attraction. But late in August one was run over by a train on the Mohawk & Malone Railroad and killed, and Sunday, Sept. 6, the remaining four were found shot and killed near the outlet and not far from Morse Lake. All were killed in the open and but a few feet apart. The shooting was without doubt intentional, and from pure malice. The case has been investigated under the direct care of Chief Game Protector Pond, but we have no report of progress. The Association, together with William H. Staake, of Philadelphia, and William Dart, of Second Lake, offer a reward of $500 for the arrest and conviction of the person or party who did the shooting.

The fishing season was in some respects satisfactory, but the fact cannot be denied that brook trout are growing scarcer each year. The Fulton Chain hatchery turns out many trout which were planted mostly in the vicinity of the Fulton Chain, and a full carload of lake trout, fingerlings, were liberated in the four lower lakes of the chain.

There has, of course, been the usual violations of the game law, but the fact is plain that there is a largely increasing sentiment in favor of a more rigid enforcement of the game and forest laws. There were a few valuable hounds turned loose in the woods, but for some reason the climate in this vicinity does not seem to agree with them.

There is another subject that has received much attention at the hands of the press throughout the State, and the comments thereon have not always been as favorable to the guide as they should, and that is the relation between the private preserve owners and the Adirondack guides. These comments seem to carry the idea that the owners of the preserves and the guides have nothing in common. The very reverse is the case, and the most cordial feeling exists between the members of the Brown's Tract Guides' Association, and the owners of all private preserves with whom they have come in contact.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

Dogs for Wounded Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed that deer hunting with dogs is not allowed in this country, and find this to be a very wise precaution. But why is it not allowed to use a dog for tracking wounded animals?

Lots of deer, elk, and moose must now be lost because even the best and most reliable trackers may fail to find them, and they are left to die in misery and rot, while the hunter bangs away at a new one. It would be very interesting to get an approximate estimate of the percentage of animals wounded and secured. A good woodsman, aided by a well trained dog, will lose very few animals, and the real amount of killed ought to be considerably diminished.

Many will say that to allow this will be to revive deer hounding; but this is not at all sure, and can easily be avoided by using the right kind of a dog. The German dachshund is specially well adapted to this, is an excellent tracker, and is often in Europe used for this purpose. It is true that this dog, when allowed to do so, will hunt deer, but his lack of speed and his inability to make any headway in rough country, makes him practically useless for hounding deer. The rough haired variety is a hardy dog and very cheap to keep. EUROPÆUS.

Quebec Game Shipments in 1903.

AYLMER, Que., Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed is a statement of deer, moose, and caribou shipped from a few points in the Province of Quebec by the Dominion Express Company, which speaks for itself. I would be pleased if you would notice that there were 55 moose shipped from Kippewa, Temiskaming, and surroundings, notwithstanding the misrepresentations made by one of the magazines. As soon as I receive other reports of the same nature I shall only be too pleased to send same to you.

Deer—Arundel 46, Masson 50, Calumet 3, Campbells 33, Conception 14, Coulonge 50, Gracefield 168, Kazabazua 167, Labelle 197, Megantic 374, Montebello 35, N. N. Mills 16, North Wakefield 24, Papineauville 317, Point au Chene 25, Scotstown 108, Shawville 52, St. Jovito 10, Thurso 24, Vonosta 1, Wakefield 8, St. Faustin 1, Kippewa 8, Temisgaming 7. Total, 1,736.

Moose—Megantic 2, Kippewa 23, Temiskaming 33; total, 57.

Caribou—Temiskaming 1. N. E. CORMIER, Prov. G. Warden and F. Overseer.

Tessie's Cougar.

SEATTLE, Wash., Jan. 12.—A mountain lion or cougar measuring 11 feet was killed yesterday by a little girl in the Cabinet Gorge country, Idaho. She accomplished the task, which required the steady aim and cool nerve of an old hunter, with that calm assurance born of freedom from knowledge of the word "fear."

Tessie Edwards is the little heroine of this startling adventure. She is only fourteen years old, but an expert with the rifle. Her father is a great hunter, and has made a chum of her in his rambles through the woods and over the hills. Yesterday they were hunting rabbits, which are numerous in Cabinet Gorge. Tessie became separated from her father, and was walking along a path when she unexpectedly came face to face with a crouching cougar. Without a moment's hesitation she fired, inflicting only a flesh wound. Made angry by the wound, the monster cat gathered itself and shot through the air at the little girl.

Just as the yellow fury left the ground, Tessie fired again; the bullet went true to its mark, and the monarch of the moutains fell helpless and expiring almost at the feet of its slayer. The bullet had broken its back.

Not until the trying ordeal was over did the girl realize what she had passed through. PORTUS BAXTER.

The Albany Committees.

ALBANY, Jan. 16.—The standing committees on Forest, Fish, and Game have now been announced in both branches of the Legislature, and they will begin work at once. The Senate committee, which is a hold-over body from last session, is made up as follows:

Senators Elon R. Brown, of Jefferson; Armstrong, of Monroe; Allds, of Chenango; Lefevre, of Ulster; W. L. Brown, of Otsego; Townsend, of Oneida, and Keenan, of Queens

The Assembly committee on Forest, Fish, and Game is an entirely new body, and will meet this coming week for organization. It comprises the following: Messrs. Reeves, of Suffolk; Merritt, of St. Lawrence; Bridgeman, of Orelans; Knapp, of Clinton; Simpson, of Sullivan, A. P. Smith, of Wayne; Matthews, of Franklin; Stevens, of Rensselaer; Pratt, of Oneida; Wood, of Fulton-Hamilton; Wolf, of Kings; Rosenstein, of New York, and Chanler, of Dutchess.

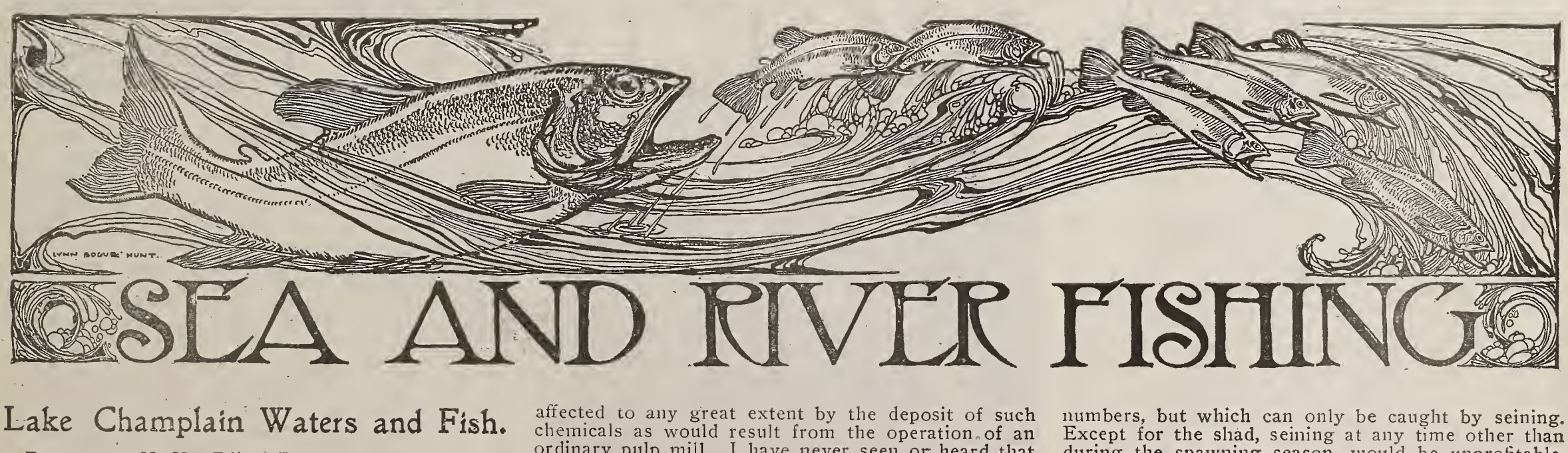
No bills on fish and game have made their appearance thus far in the Assembly. The Senate bills introduced already in that branch of the Legislature were reported last week.

Adirondack Guides' Association.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 15.—The Adirondack Guides' Association held its annual meeting in the town hall at Saranac Lake, Wednesday afternoon, January 13, and in the evening enjoyed a banquet and dance. About fifty guides were in attendance. The following officers were elected: President, Peter A. Solomon; Scretary, Frank Vosburgh; Treasurer, B. R. Moody. Dr. F. E. Kendall, of Saranac Lake, was elected honorary president.

Resolutions were adopted favoring the prohibition of the sale of venison, trout and bass at all times, and indorsing the measure now in the Legislature providing for the protection of black bears during the summer months.

W. E. WOLCOTT.



Lake Champlain Waters and Fish.

PLATTSBURG, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to your inquiry regarding the pollution of the waters of Lake Champlain by pulp mills, I beg to say that I have never observed any evidence of such pollution. It is true that there are no sulphite mills that would be likely to affect the portion of the lake opposite Plattsburg, unless it be the mill at Ausable Forks. As that is located, however, some seventeen miles distant from the lake on the Ausable River—which is a rapid running stream—I doubt if any effect would be perceptible at its mouth.

I have observed with interest the newspaper discussion regarding the mill at Willsboro. I am very much inclined to believe that the evidence of pollution from that source has been exaggerated; in fact, in considering the question of the pollution of these waters, it should be borne in mind that Lake Champlain is a large body of water, one hundred and twenty miles long, by some twelve or fifteen miles wide, with a considerable current toward its outlet, the Richelieu River. If it be a fact that there is no evidence of pollution from the drainage of the city of Plattsburg, with its ten thousand population, or the city of Burlington, with its twenty thousand people, I can hardly see how the waters of the lake would be affected to any great extent by the deposit of such chemicals as would result from the operation of an ordinary pulp mill. I have never seen or heard that fish have been injuriously affected from that source. I have never explored the shores of the lake in the vicinity of Willsboro, and only know of the situation there as described in the newspapers. I am informed by residents of the vicinity, however, that the evidences of pollution discovered by Mr. Hatch were not caused by the refuse from the Willsboro pulp mill.

As a resident of this locality, and as the chairman of the executive committee of the Catholic Summer School of America, not only am I deeply interested in preserving the purity of the waters of Lake Champlain, but I regard the preservation of the food and game fish of the lake as a most important matter. It is generally thought that the supply of fish has been depleted during recent years. I attribute this, however, more to the fact that during the early spring the pike, following the Vermont shore of the lake north to their spawning beds in Missisquoi Bay, in Canada, are caught and shipped to the New York market in carload lots. This seining is licensed by both the Vermont and Dominion authorities. The particular law of New York which does not permit seining in Lake Champlain at all is, in my opinion, unwise. Probably the most valuable food fish in Lake Champlain is the fresh-water shad, which obtain in large numbers, but which can only be caught by seining. Except for the shad, seining at any time other than during the spawning season, would be unprofitable. The number of pike, bass and pickerel, for instance, that could be caught by seining at this season of the year, would be of little consequence. If the FOREST AND STREAM can arouse a sentiment which will bring about uniformity of law covering the seining question, within the three separate jurisdictions to which the waters of the lake are subject, it will have accomplished a most valuable service. I do not wish to be understood as in any way justifying pollution of the waters of the lake from any source; but I confess that I do not believe that such an extensive body of water can be perceptibly affected by the discharge of the refuse of any one or ten pulp mills of the size of the Willsboro plant. If this were possible, then in my opinion the waters of New York Bay would be unfit to even navigate. JOHN B. RILEY.

Old-Time Rhymes.

A Fox is kill'd by Twenty Men;
That Fox, perhaps, had kill'd a Hen;
A gallant Act no doubt is here!
All wicked Foxes ought to fear,
When Twenty Dogs and Twenty Men
Can kill a Fox that kill'd a Hen!

A Camp-Fire on Fifth Avenue.—II.

THE second dinner of the Camp-Fire Club was held Saturday night, Jan. 9, at the Aldine Club, on Fifth avenue, New York.

The toastmaster for the evening was carefully selected, and he delivered himself again into the hearts of all his old friends and new ones, too. Mr. Dan Beard kept the fire aglow. The guest of the evening was Mr. Hamlin Garland, who read an admirable address on "The Joys of the Trail." Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton told his experiences in conducting a local game preserve at his summer home in Connecticut, of his conversion of the mischievous boys in his neighborhood from desperadoes to good Indians, from poachers to game protectors, from mortal foes to tried and true friends.

Dr. Robt. T. Morris told of the domestic troubles of Caribou Charlie. Prof. M. T. Bogart, of Columbia College, described the absence of dignity that in modern times is applied to the word professor. Mr. J. A. Dimock explained the difference between an old man and a man who has lived a great many years, and the ascendancy of the camera over the rifle in filling the game bag of reminiscent thought. Mr. L. C. Ivory called attention to the higher education of man in his pursuit of game, making it plain to all that the logical excuse for killing is hunger alone. Capt. E. B. Rogers, U. S. N., gave an interesting account of trout fishing in Japanese waters, and of an international boat race in Asiatic waters. Mr. J. Dunbar Wright told some very interesting stories and defined the difference between an automobile and a skunk, giving the automobile the benefit of the doubt.

Mr. C. Bardwell Brown, who has recently returned from the Bering Sea country and brought a bear cub with him which he presented to Mr. Hornaday, interested his hearers with the details of its capture.

In Dr. Geo. T. Harrison one could easily imagine that Harry Stilwell, Edward's Col. Crawford Worthington, had been brought to life, his story of the old darkey and the 'possum will be told "at" again and again.

Messrs. Ezra H. Fitch and Dr. T. K. Tuthill received a deserved vote of thanks as the dinner committee. One of the very many pleasant features of this dinner was a course called "That Reminds Me," which consisted of a tin plate, an iron knife and fork, and on this plate was served bear meat and bacon and a boiled potato. Each member and guest carried home with him his plate and knife and fork as a souvenir of the occasion.

T. E. B.

A Dinner to "Uncle Bill."

DR. J. P. BAKER, William J. Frey and Rufus E. Taylor, of Findlay, O., gave a dinner on New Years eve, to Col. William Thompson, of Platte Lake. Some eighty guests sat down to the tables, and the occasion was one of great jollity and good feeling. Says the Darby Courier: Colonel William Thompson, known in the upper lake regions of Michigan as "Uncle Bill," and by the same cognomen to the hundreds who have visited his famous hotel on the shores of Platte Lake and enjoyed his hospitality—this "Old Uncle Bill," seldom if ever before having strayed far away from his home among the pines, came down to Findlay, Thursday evening, to be present at the dinner designed in his honor, by Messrs. Baker, Frey and Taylor, three of the most enthusiastic fishermen that ever held a rod and reel or dipped a net. He put on a suit of clothes quite unlike the kind he wears when at home and a "biled shirt" and collar. He appeared in Findlay quite unlike the "Uncle Bill" of Platte Lake, except for his characteristic smile, his open, frank manner, and the heart that in generosity must be bigger than several men of his diminutive size.

The table at which the guests of honor were seated was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Three rods and reels, supporting a landing net filled with beautiful carnations occupied a place in the center of the table. A thirty-pound muscalonge, presented to Dr. J. C. Tritch for Christmas by friends in the Platte Lake regions, had been generously contributed to Messrs. Baker, Frey and Taylor for the dinner.

League of Salt-Water Fishermen.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—The Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen was organized in 1898, for the purpose of obtaining legislation in regard to the protection of the salt water fish, and the doing away of the wanton destruction and criminal extermination of certain game species. They desire the help and co-operation of all anglers in conforming to and enforcing existing laws, and generally in furthering and aiding all lawful methods looking to prompt action in all violations of the law.

The regular meetings are held on the second Wednesday evening of each month, at 8 P. M., at 106 West Thirty-first street. Membership is only $1 a year.

The officers of the League are as follows: President, Albert Baywood; Vice-President, Michael Roach; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, John C. Smith; Financial Secretary, Fred Hochgraef; Treasurer, Louis Bergé.

The entertainment is under the direction of the following committee: A. F Albert, chairman; Martin Kuhnke, Emil Drescher, Charles Habenstein, Michael Roach, and Charles Noehren.

The League extends a cordial invitation to all anglers to come to their meetings and investigate. The sixth annual Grand Stag of the League will be held at National Hall, 1021 Second avenue, between Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth streets, Wednesday evening, January 27, 1904.

JOHN C. SMITH, Secretary.

A Harpoon Carried Twenty Years.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A short note in the current number about long journeys made by whales mentions the fact that harpoons are sometimes found in them. While out with the whaler in 1874, we took a rather small one, and when cutting in found the remains of an old harpoon that had been rusted off, and had the flesh grown over it.

It was passed up on deck and cleaned off to find out what ship it belonged to. The name would be on the shank. The name was here, but none of our mates had ever heard of that ship. The captain, on being shown the harpoon, said that this ship had been lost in the Arctic in 1855. The whale had been carrying the harpoon at least twenty years, and maybe twice that long.

CABIA BLANCO.

The Kennel.

The Lonesome Puppy and the Glass Pig.

THERESA, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading your valuable paper from time to time I have noticed many useful articles in regard to the care of dogs, birds, etc., and thought perhaps you and your readers might be interested in knowing of an experiment that was recently tried with a five weeks old pup.

The pup was a full blooded English pointer, and had been purchased from Michigan by Mr. J. B. Cooper, of this place, and had arrived from that State on the evening train, December 6. The little fellow had whined and cried incessantly for a period of two days and nights. Mr. Cooper was about to find another home for the dog, when I suggested that he place in the basket with him a small glass pig which lay on the table near-by, and was doubtless used for ornamental purposes. After the pig had been placed in the basket with the pup, the pup began immediately to lick the pig with his tongue, and lying down by the pig went to sleep with his head resting over the back of the pig.

After it was discovered that the pup wanted company, two toy dogs were procured, and from that time up to the present the pup has been thoroughly contented with his new companions, and can be found daily among them fast asleep; and when they are removed he becomes uneasy and whines for their return.

This article is written with the hope that it may fall into the hands of some person who has the bringing up of a young dog, and does not want to be annoyed by its constant crying, and who desires, most of all, to see the little animal enjoy itself.

DAVID W. TYLER.
Red Lake Oarsman and Guide.



CANOEING

The Nomads on the Osage.

BY PERRY D. FRAZER.

The Story which won the Second Prize of $25 in "Forest and Stream" Canoe Cruising Competition.

(*Concluded from page 56.*)

Beyond the Thornton farm we hugged the left-hand shore. So far the channel in shallows had been on the other hand with one exception, and that one in the passage of Prince Edward's Island. Here the shores became cleaner and more attractive, consisting of bright red gravel on which it was a positive pleasure to walk. There was a two mile stretch of this, and then we came to the bluffs again on the left-hand side. I had long ago made the acquaintance of every tree and rock and cave along these bluffs, and even remembered where to look for a certain cluster of persimmon trees, which we found to be bearing fruit as bountifully as of yore. And as we fared along, Bloody Island, with its great stretch of shingle and its fringe of cottonwoods and sycamores, an island at high water, but only a peninsula as we saw it, brought forth another flood of memories; for it was among the cedars beyond it that I hung up my first deer; and it was on its gravel that a fellow canoeist and myself had crawled ashore one night, tired and hungry after a long day's paddling, cooked our dinner and turned in without further preparation than to spread our blankets, to be awakened long after sunrise by an ugly, lean razor-back hog that had spilled all of our cornmeal that it had not eaten, and was walking over us in search for more. To-day there is a miserable log hut midway of the island, and ere we passed it, one head, then another and another bobbed up behind a fallen sycamore until we counted six, of all ages but without acquaintance with the clear water that flowed so near at hand. The nets and the john-boat moored at the water's edge told of the calling of the head of this family.

Passing on, this time to the left-hand shore, we heard a mighty wheezing and snorting, and Helen, who had been napping at her post, announced the coming of a "choo-choo boat." This one was a diminutive affair, propelled by a gasolene engine, and it had a barge in tow that was partly loaded with wheat in sacks. And presently, in response to a signal waved by two men on the other shore, the captain swung round, and with much puffing and fuss, the barge was pushed into the soft mud of the bank, and loading wheat began. It seemed meet that the wind should cease blowing and that the surface of the river should become as a mirror, for we were approaching Painted Rock, that weird and curiously fashioned landmark, once the gathering place of all the Osages in the days of old, before the coming of the white man. Even of the old legends there is now a dearth, evidence of which fact is to be seen on the clean white face of the great cottonstone cliff, where the curious pictures and marks, placed there by the red men, have been daubed over in places with black paint by young rascals, who have desecrated the old landmark with their own names. That villages existed among the hills is evident from the number of arrowheads to be found thereabout, and we picked up a very large one on the gravel at the water's edge. And whether by accident or design, it is impossible to say, but the fact is that both edges of this dart are curved, seeming to carry out the theory that has been advanced by some writers, that the spiral motion was not first imparted to rifle bullets, but to arrows.

The shadows were long ere we drew away from the Painted Rock, and sought a camp site. Immediately above the rock two hollows merge into one, cold water seeps through the white gravel of both little streams, and the long grass hardby the pawpaw bushes suggests rest—and ticks. Formerly the lowland of these hollows was a famous place for squirrels and turkeys, and time had changed this place for the better, from the hunter's point of view—save the game, which is now only moderately abundant; but we went a little further along to a spot where another tiny run breaks through the cliffs, leaving on its western side a bit of level ground, where I had often camped. This place was high above the water's edge, and but for a log that had long ago fallen down the slope and served as a gangway, we could not have gone ashore at all in comfort, if indeed in safety, so soft and deep was the deposit of mud near the water's edge—one of the mementoes of the great overflow of the summer time. It was for our own information and guidance that George Irwin and myself had called this place Turkey Hollow, when, in the early '90s, we passed several weeks along the Osage, making this our permanent camping ground. It was at dawn one morning that I climbed the steep hill to a spot further up the rocky gulch, where a trickling spring provided us with water, and putting the tin coffeepot down on a stone with a clatter, was dumbfounded to hear a great crashing in the trees hardby as several turkeys, disturbed on their roosts, sought safety in flight to the summit of the hill above. Often had we laughed over this occurrence, we who were hunting turkeys in far distant woods, when a number of the great birds were roosting—at least that night—in our own backyard, so to speak. Is it remarkable, therefore, that on the morning following our recent visit to the old camp ground I should, on awakening, have fancied only one night, instead of ten years, had passed, and that my old friend and myself were still in the same old pup tent and a drove of turkeys making a great clatter in the hills? I rubbed my eyes and sat up, looking about me for some time before I could realize that I was wide awake and that George was thousands of miles from that spot. But the turkeys—they were real and no mistake. Nothing else could make a fuss like unto that which came to my ears as I hurried into knickerbockers and moccasins. Even little Helen sat bolt upright and said "Phut," signifying astonishment, in her own baby language. I hauled the automatic out from its dry bed on the edge of the blankets, then put it back again, remembering that the open season for turkeys was still a month in the future. Armed only with a desire to see the big birds, therefore, I climbed softly up the gulch, and although the hour was past seven, and the sun was shining brightly athwart the hilltop, those turkeys were still in the trees. I counted fourteen birds in good condition, taking my time in examining them, before a stone slippel under my foot and tumbled down the rocky slope, startling the birds to

flight. Even then not all of them sought the ground, a few fluttering down into the dense growth of scrub oaks, while others flew to trees further up the hill and craned their necks in my direction. Once afterward I heard this or another lot of turkeys while in the woods, but during our stay they did not go to roost in that place, which recalled the conclusion arrived at by Irwin and myself, that these birds did not always roost in one place, else we should have heard them and not been surprised to find them in the trees several days after our coming. However that may be, it was pleasant to fancy these birds to be of the same group seen there so long ago. Not that such a thing is probable, but it was good to think so, and be content with that.

Breakfast over, and the camp made snug that morning, we had time to look about us, and I for one surveyed the old camp site with deep interest. The tent stood beneath a noble oak, while beside the larger tree were three smaller ones that had grown wonderfully during the decade that had passed since my last cruise in these waters; but on looking at the trees carefully I found six or eight wire nails in their trunks seven feet or so above the ground, and knew at once that those nails were driven by Irwin and myself, and that they were brought with us from Denver, being of a sort not seen to-day. We had, in preparation for our cruise down the South Platte River, included a few of these nails in the outfit, and as that cruise was abandoned on the plains, and all our camping duffle was shipped with the canoe to the Missouri, we had not again noticed these wire nails until camp was made in Turkey Hollow, when, finding no other use for them, we drove several in the trees and hung our rifles, salt meat, sweaters, etc., on them. Time had dealt kindly with them, and they were still serviceable to us, although the bark of the oaks left but an inch or so of the nails exposed, so much had the trees increased in diammeter. Forty feet from the tent the hill above terminated in a little cliff twelve feet in height that was at right angles to the main cliff facing the river. The corner was almost as even and smooth as the corner of a stone house, while a perfect tunnel about five feet in diameter pierced the walls from side to side, making an arched shelter that had often been used by man and beast, if the numerous signs told the truth. One could scarcely believe this tunnel had been formed



Skinning Squirrels.

by the action of water, so smooth and even were all the walls, but without doubt thousands of years have passed since it was first exposed to the light. Above it the hill rose sharply to the summit of the cliff that overlooked the river, at which point of vantage the view was sublime. As we sat there in the sunlight and watched the great buzzards soaring in the blue sky above, and the myriads of wasps whisking here and there, the outline of the great Round Bottom, from Bolton's Shoal to Osage Bluffs, could be followed with the eye, a distance of thirty miles, perhaps, by water, but only three or four across the neck. In the '80s this immense tract of lowland was all heavily timbered, save a tiny spot here and there along the river where some Dutchman, more enterprising than his neighbors, had cut out a field or two and was content with the handful of live stock and the puny crops the land provided for. Those trees were grand—tall oaks and hickories and sycamores, that sheltered myriads of small game and prevented the numerous creeks, springs and swamps from drying up. One could shoot enough squirrels to satisfy the needs of camp without walking a half mile, and often without moving about at all, once he had found a comfortable resting place on a fallen log. As we saw Round Bottom the condition of it all was sufficient to bring tears into one's eyes who had seen it in all its natural beauty. Strips of woodland ran here and there, marking the timber that was deemed of little value for cross-ties or cordwood. Elsewhere the fields were thickly dotted with the ghosts of one-time giants of the deep forest; great bare snags, devoid of foliage, their limbs fallen or falling in every storm, their trunks bearing the telltale girdle made with the ax for the purpose of rendering them barren of leaf or sap—in other words, the shiftless man's method of preventing the shading of his fields without going to the trouble of cutting the trees down and removing the wood from the spot. Enough grand timber to provide houses for millions of poor people is thus utterly wasted in this country; wasted because these girdled trees are left to stand until the elements accomplish their decay and they fall, breaking up into bits that also are permitted to lie until sufficiently decayed to be plowed under with the soil.

One improvement noticeable to me was the rapid growth of the small hickory trees on the hills surrounding our camp. And every tree twenty or more feet in height was groaning under its burden of nuts, while even then, although the few frosts that had visited the region were mere reminders of those to come, the ground was so generously sprinkled with the ripening nuts that we had no difficulty in filling pockets with them wherever we went. Persimmons, too, were ripening nicely, and the great luscious fruit lay here and there among the stones at the water's edge, waiting for us to pick it up, so that camp was bountifully supplied with this delicacy, although the persimmons disappeared like magic, while it seemed that the pawpaw crop would be exhausted in short order, so well were these peculiar things liked by us all. Not every person acquires a fondness for pawpaws on short notice, but both Helen and her mother, who tasted both persimmons and pawpaws for the first time that day, became very fond of them.

Heavy winds and dark skies kept the squirrels at home, and I devoted a part of the day to building a



Marais Creek.

corduroy runway from the top of the slope to the water's edge. This was an easy matter, as a great quantity of driftwood lay a short distance from camp, and all that was necessary was to select short bits of wood and carry them to the place selected. The first stick was dropped in the soft mud, and my weight put on it, whereupon it sank half its diameter and remained there as solidly as if it had been glued. Another stick three to four feet long was placed just below it and treated in the same manner. Continuing in this fashion down the slippery incline, it was not long before I reached the water's edge. For a landing two huge logs were rolled down and set in the mud side by side. Then two long oak saplings were cut, and after having been shorn of limbs with the ax, were pushed down in the mud until bottom was reached, so that they prevented the logs from rolling off into deep water. How long those poles were I will not say, but their tops were even with our heads when we stood on the landing, so that the depth of the mud is left to the imagination of the reader. The walk was as even and dry as the most exacting canoeist could desire, although a misstep would have placed one in a very unpleasant predicament.

Several days were passed in this camp, some unpleasantly warm for October, others dark and with drizzling rain. There was one evening when thunder was heard afar off in the west at sunset, followed later on by lightning. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and the storm that was gathering muttered and rumbled until 3 o'clock the next morning before it reached our vicinity. Snail-like it crept along until a few drops of rain fell on the tent; then a heavier shower, and presently the rain was falling in dense sheets, while the thunder was tremendous, and lightning flashed so rapidly that the woods were a glare of light. How



Our Camp at Friday Hollow.

long the downpour lasted we did not know, for we went to sleep again presently; but in the morning the river was discolored and rising slightly, which argued that the rain had been of wide scope.

The one thing we had forgotten in starting on the cruise was kerosene for the vapor stove, and thinking of the little backwoods store where I had purchased supplies years ago, and which was but two miles due east on a county road, we closed the tent one morning, and taking Helen "pick-a-back," we climbed the hill, and in due time arrived at the spot where the store once stood, but not a vestige that would lead one to believe human beings had ever lived in that tiny open spot in the woods was to be found; yes, one: a certain oak that was some thirty yards from the store and dwelling showed, three feet from its roots, a group of tiny rough spots that recalled how, during the visits of Irwin and myself to the store, its keeper and his wife had practiced rifle shooting with us, and the target was tacked against the oak. That little rough spot as large as one's hand, then, was all that was left to tell that a house had stood hard-by a few short years ago.

Behind our tent there was the dry bed of a stream, as previously mentioned. And across the ditch there was a well defined game trail that wound along under the cliffs to other hollows below. That it was used while we were asleep was not to be doubted, and often, as we sat beside the smouldering fire of logs, the patter of small feet could be heard as some small creature passed along the path on its way up the hill or down the riverside. One very bright moonlight night I happened to be looking in that direction when I saw a bobcat in the trail, headed toward the slope, and in no haste to reach it, as it stopped a moment on seeing the camp, then moved on, looking back now and then, as if to satisfy its curiosity. The guns were at the time carefully stowed away in the tent.

One afternoon I happened to be standing on the edge of this trail trying to locate a squirrel we had seen from camp, when a familiar sound reached my ears, and looking up the trail I saw a single file of quail coming toward me in the nervous, jerky walk these pretty birds assume when the springs in their legs and wings are drawn tense, ready for instant expanding. On they came until they were twenty feet distant, when the file executed a right oblique movement and sought a higher level along the lower ridges of the cliff. No leaves had as yet fallen, so that my footsteps gave out no sound as I followed the quail in a general direction for fifty yards or more, then stopped where I could command an open space slightly above me. Hardly had I stopped when the leader reappeared and hopped up on a block of fallen stone, then sprang on a dead limb that had fallen from the height above and lay in a horizontal direction with its outer end resting in the top of a sapling. Along this the leader edged, his company following, until all were standing side by side. The leader called, as I afterward concluded, to learn if all were present. This was followed by a jerky ruffling of feathers, then came another low note, the birds took wing in unison, and in a trice the covey was making its way across the river. This was the first time it had ever been my good fortune to see so much discipline and preparation observed by Bob White, and in view of the fact that the flight of these birds is short, and many persons claim they



Nomad and the Mate.

seldom or never cross wide streams, in my opinion this covey was agitated over the matter and had fears that it would not reach the other shore; but as the river is less than a quarter of a mile wide at that point, the covey gained the fields on the opposite shore in good order.

There are some of the most curious things to be observed along the honeycombed bluffs of the Osage. For instance, while watching for squirrels one morning a short distance away from camp, my vigil was rudely disturbed by a huge stone that came rattling down over a low bluff and fell some twenty feet away with a crash. As it happened that I was looking at the bluff that rose above the level place where the stone came from at the moment the stone made its appearance, I could see that it was pushed over the lower bluff by some power not visible to me. Training the telescope sight on the spot revealed nothing unusual, and half forgetting the occurrence, and seeing no game, I presently moved on to a small group of persimmon trees and was in the act of gathering some of the luscious fruit when another stone, weighing thirty pounds or more, bounded down from the same low bluff and hurtled through the persimmon grove to the water just below. Again I examined the entire face of the broken bluff, but could see nothing; and intent on discovering what animal powerful enough to move those stones was in the vicinity, I circled about and approached the far end of the bluff, working toward the place against the wind and as cautiously as possible, keeping hidden behind pawpaw bushes until within ten yards of the place, but nothing could be seen. No human being was near the place, nor could one scale the low cliff, judging from my own unsuccessful efforts. "Brer Fox," I finally concluded, and sat down in a place commanding a clear view of the level spot on the bluff, keeping the glass handy, but no more stones were rolled down in the half hour I remained hidden.

It was on this morning that I found myself in a wide hollow, where in years past the trees had been tall and sheltered countless squirrels, both fox and gray; but all were gone, and the place was a waste of stumps and dead timber and persimmon scrub choked with Spanish needles. The one-time pretty stream that drained the valley was a mere ditch, with almost vertical banks inclosing a bed of deep ooze, in the center of which a tiny thread of water wended its way riverward. Beyond the creek stood a few tall hickory trees, left by the tie-hackers as fit for fuel only, and these were groaning under their weight of nuts. And while I sat behind a soft maple tree on the bank four

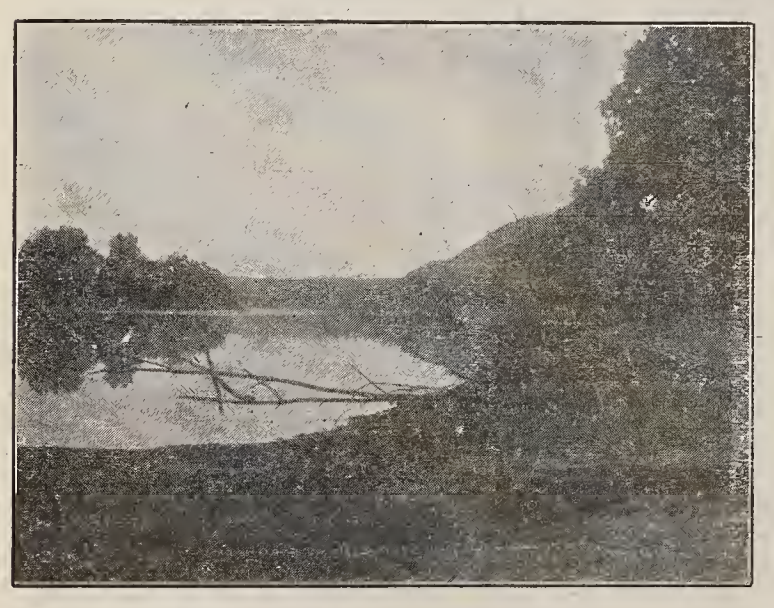
gray squirrels frisked about in those hickories and on the ground, devoting no attention whatever to me, although their keen eyes had made me out. They seemed to know I could never get across the creek to their side, and also to understand that to shoot them would have been mere waste, as a landing for the canoe was a matter of paddling a long distance and wading a half mile; therefore, not worth the trouble, seeing that there were other squirrels nearer camp. But those along the bluffs and in the wooded hollows were difficult to find, the leaves being so thick and the character of the country such that we earned every gray squirrel we killed. No fox squirrels were seen, save one, and that one the last day but one of our cruise. In former days these beautiful animals were almost, if not quite, as abundant as their smaller cousins, the grays; and being more like their namesake, it was a greater pleasure to bag three of them than a dozen grays, one being compelled to exercise all his skill as a still-hunter before he could hold his foresight fairly on the little brown head and be reasonably certain of a kill.

Helen had her first experience in going squirrel hunting one afternoon, and for a beginner she gave promise of being good company, at least, although she has a natural fondness for the woods and is growing to notice things of interest. At first she wanted to prattle at every opportunity; but after being cautioned in a whisper and by the holding up of a warning finger, she took to whispering herself, and seemed to take pride in the lark. Only when she was left alone for a few moments did she break out, and the firing of our rifles caused her to bubble over with keen delight; but it was with real grief that she declared, on seeing the fresh blood on a squirrel, that the "poor kitty had a sore foot," though the wound was often in the head.

In few other places can one feel safe in going away from camp for hours, leaving his canoe and camp traps at the mercy of every two or four-footed pilferer that may happen along; but we had nothing to fear but the razor-back hogs, and even they visited us but twice, each time while we were in camp, so nothing was lost. There were too many things of interest to be seen and visited for us to remain in camp long, and the wealth of bird life was a continual source of wonder to my wife, who had never before seen and heard so many winged creatures in so short a time. At first the owls kept her awake at night, but she soon ceased to fear their weird cries, although in few other places can one hear four or five owls of different species calling at the same time, a nightly occurrence at Turkey Hollow.

Time passed and one day our "Henna house"—Helen's own curious name for her brown tent—was struck, and the canoe headed toward Harrington's Shoal. For the reason that our time was short, and we had been too long content to haunt old familiar places near Painted Rock, we did not ascend the Osage further, but turned back at the shoal, passing the balance of our vacation in idling here and there, crossing and recrossing the river, doubling back, and drifting for hours, as the whim suited our moods. As, however, the long reaches of the river above and beyond the shoal mentioned have been cruised again and again by me, for the benefit of fellow canoeists I will describe as briefly as possibly the places of interest.

Harrington's Shoal, distant from the mouth of the Osage about twenty-seven miles, is rather long and somewhat swift. Its wing-dam reaches from the left hand or eastern shore to a point two-thirds the width of the river, the chute confined within a long line of riprapping which follows the lines of the western shore. From this side a spur extends a short distance into the channel, making the ascent of the shoal by



Early Morning on the Osage River.

paddling slow work. It is possible at high water to cross the low dam with ease by hugging the right-hand shore, or in passing through a break inside the wing-dam at any other stage than low water, while at medium stages "cordelling," as the raftsmen call towing a craft through quick water, is a simple matter along these stone dykes, which are so water-worn as to give safe footing. This work is rendered far easier than paddling, when the canoe is laden, by joining the bow and stern painters, making a continuous line from bow to stern. Grasp this a little forward of its center, and at the first attempt the canoeist will be astonished to see how rapidly the canoe will tow, and with almost no other effort than walking on the part of he who holds the joined painters. It is necessary to hold the line so that the canoe will continually head away from you the merest trifle, the lateral resistance of the current on the bow preventing the craft from swinging toward you as it would do were the line made fast to the bow alone.

Above Harrington's Shoal there is a long reach of dead water, or an eddy, as the river men call these stretches of almost quiet water. On the left-hand side one passes Profis Creek, whose woods-bordered shores were once swampy and the haunts of much small game. Further on one turns to the right and approaches Round Bottom Shoal. The chute is to the left, but if the river is not too low it is easier to hug the right-hand shore and pass through a break in a short dam extending from that side to a long tow-head in midstream. Just where this crossdam lies one should go ashore and climb the bank, then look about him for a large cave that is worthy of his investigation. Its entrance is gained by a descent of fifteen feet, which finds one in a large chamber which turns sharply to the right a hundred feet from its entrance. The natives say one can walk for miles in the different galleries, but this I doubt. A fine spring is not far distant, and there is a pretty spot a short distance beyond the cave for a one-night camp near open woods, where in the autumn one may see not only squirrels, but turkeys. I camped at this spot one night because a flock of turkeys crossed the river just as I was about to run the rapid, and going ashore in pursuit, we—for there were two of us—got a fine hen and a gobbler, and a couple of squirrels the next morning.

Dixon's Shoal follows, and is long, but the current is not too swift for leisurely paddling. Osage Bluffs is on the right-hand shore one mile further on, and here one can replenish his larder. There is a ferry at this point, on the county road, and the village marks the upper curve in the neck of Round Bottom. Jefferson City, the State Capital, is just thirteen miles distant by this road, while by water it is almost fifty. Continuing, one finds islands here and there, the river gradually curving toward the left once more, then in the opposite direction for a short distance to the Brule,



Meramec River.

once a famous stream for fishing, and its bottoms for squirrels. When I saw it the last time it was shaded by the largest trees then to be found on the lower reaches of the Osage—giants of the primeval forest—so that when one brought down a squirrel from their topmost branches he had cause to feel proud of his skill with the rifle. One follows the western shore through the next shoal, whose name I cannot now recall, which is both long and crooked, but deep and somewhat rapid at its head, gaining which, one turns abruptly to the right, and is immediately in a wide deadwater. At Teal supplies can be purchased, while the farmers will help one out with farm produce at reasonable prices.

At Schuyler's Ferry there is the nearest approach to a fall so far to be encountered, the shoal being narrow and with a marked drop, but with sufficient water for canoe navigation at all stages. For a short distance the going is slow. Swinging still to the right hand, one comes to Sugar Creek Shoal. The channel turns sharply to the left throughout its short course, while on approaching its head I have found it easier to tow the canoe, walking along the shingle of the island until within ten yards of the crest, then paddling across to the deadwater above, requiring one's best efforts for five minutes. This point, according to various estimates of river men and others, is some forty miles from the mouth of the river; but the distances I have given I will not vouch for, as Government data are not at hand to make corrections, and the farmers seem to know little concerning the subject. As an example, we stopped at a farmhouse near Schuyler's Ferry one day to purchase eggs and sweet potatoes, and on asking, were told the Big Tavern River was twenty miles distant. "But," we protested, "some men down the river told us yesterday afternoon the Tavern was just twenty miles distant, and we have been paddling hard ever since." "Well," came the reply, "it may not be more than ten miles." The truth is the distance was less than ten. Kirkman's Shoal comes next, and the channel is on the left, swift for a short distance only. Here the great Brouse's Bend commences, and if the canoeist is fond of fishing or of shooting in season, he will be well satisfied to limit his meanderings to Kirkman's at this end and the Devil's Elbow at the other extreme, which will give him some fine country and two grand streams, the Big and Little Tavern. Some day in the near future, I hope to be able to tell readers of FOREST AND STREAM that a railway which will cross the Osage in this region has been completed, and that one may ship direct to this point and cruise down the Osage, a trip that cannot be excelled for variety of scenery and sport, in the foothills of the Ozarks at least.

There are bluffs of cottonstone everywhere along the river; but in the eddy below Little Tavern Creek some of the most picturesque ones are to be found, and here the camera will be wanted, as the surroundings are grand and well worthy of reproduction through photographic processes. The Little Tavern will scarcely be noticed unless one wishes to explore it, as it enters the Osage at a point where one's attention is taken away because of a roar of water coming from above an exceedingly sharp turn to the left hand; but the creek enters from the right-hand side, its course for a short distance being just the opposite of that of the main river. Crappie and bass may be caught in its clear waters, and there is game in the surrounding woods.

This brings us to the hardest proposition so far, a shoal that is very narrow, has a marked fall, and through which a large volume of water rushes. Two single blades will take the canoe up to its head, however, but only when the paddlers have dodged into all the little eddies and hugged the left-hand shore as closely as possible, towing being out of the question because of the high and steep clay bank along that side. Once the eddy above is gained, however, one will forget that he is breathing deeply, for just there a great cliff rises almost from the water's edge, and near its summit a cave is to be seen whose entrance would easily accommodate a tally-ho coach. Ropes or ladders, however, are necessary in reaching and exploring its numerous galleries. Beyond the bluffs bear away from the river, and following that shore, the left-hand, one fancies he is about to pass a large island, and may paddle a mile in the Big Tavern before he realizes that he is in another stream. Do not make haste to leave this charming waterway, but make camp in the woods, where a pretty spot may be selected almost anywhere and pass a few days in exploring the upper pools and shallows of the Tavern, or in fishing for bass. Ten years ago the low bottomland along the Tavern was ideal for squirrel shooting; we killed numerous turkeys about the small fields, and bobcats grew so bold as to visit our camp on dark nights and fight over scraps thrown away by us. There are numerous caves in the cliffs, and these were occupied by these interesting animals. One of the cliffs is pierced by a cave of large size, reached by a climb of fifty feet. Across the Tavern, in woods where sycamores predominated, there was a blue heron roost, or more properly a nesting place. Their nests were four to five feet in diameter, composed of sticks and grass or rushes, placed in the highest forks of the great trees. Twenty or more of the nests were to be seen in that group of trees, while the going and coming of the immense birds added to the attractiveness of the place. The Tavern is very crooked, and when the river is not low one can paddle far up the former, fishing the shallows or watching for squirrels along the low banks.

Continuing the ascent of the river, one passes Reynolds and the Devil's Elbow Shoals, the latter crooked but short; past Capps, a tie camp now probably deserted, and finally bringing up on the beach at Tuscumbia, a somewhat wild and woolly village as we found it one day when we stopped there for supplies and were almost mobbed by a crowd of half-drunken backwoodsmen, who had never before seen anything so curious as our old canoes and modest outfit, while I innocently called down the righteous wrath of the mob by saying, truthfully, in answer to a query as to the contents of a quart bottle lying in my canoe, that it contained black coffee we had saved from the last meal for the purpose of quenching our thirst. And that in a country where moonshine whisky could be had at less than fifty cents per gallon!

From Tuscumbia one must either follow the chute through the long shoal just above or pass through a break in the wing-dam, in this case keeping to the western side, according to the stage of water. Brockton Shoal is the next one of importance, marked by a long and low bluff full of caves near the water's edge. Take the right-hand and tow the canoe, for the current and the rock-strewn channel make this shoal the most difficult one to be encountered so far. Then follow numerous islands and small shallows, and Bagnell comes into view on the western shore. This is the terminus of the Lebanon branch of the Missouri Pacific Railway, and one can ship his outfit and go himself to the capital, taking the morning train to Bagnell, distant about fifty miles, and descend the Osage from there, a most delightful cruise. It is a half day's paddle from this point to the Big Gravois River, which enters the Osage from the right at the foot of a long island, and should never be passed by, as its clear pools contain game fish and there is a large cave hard by which merits exploration.

Leave this stream by way of the smaller channel, behind the island. Miles of still water, alternating with short shallows, and beautified by high bluffs dotted here and there with small pines, reminding one that he is approaching the Ozarks, follow, and when an unusually loud roaring comes to one's ears he can look for Zebra dam and



The Osage River.—Painted Rock on the Right; Bloody Island in the Distance.

prepare for a bit of quick water, the ascent of which suggests wading, so shoal is the water in the channel, but towing from shore is possible. At its head the Grand au Glaize enters the Osage, and one should ascend it to the first shallow, camp there, and pass a day in fishing. Immense channel catfish will be caught, whether he wants them or not, but an occasional bass or crappie may reward his efforts. Anyhow the stream is a pretty one, and a camp there will be long remembered. At Zebra, the village at the mouth of this stream, I have purchased grand eggs at six cents per dozen, and other supplies as well. But as the distance to Linn Creek and the village of that name is not far, one should wait until he arrives there before buying more plunder. Linn Creek is midway of a shoal that deserves the name, but at its head a landing should be made and a tramp of a mile east will surprise the canoeist, for a pretty village lies at that point on the creek, and for a change a hotel meal may be enjoyed, while groceries of almost any sort may be had.

Afloat again, one sees an immense bluff on the left, while what resembles a large island is just ahead. Turn to the left hand and enter the Niangua River, the largest feeder of the Osage, and one of the finest streams for fishing to be found in the West. Its course is almost due north, its water clear and sparkling, its pools abounding with gamy fish. I am almost afraid to hazard a statement

as to the distance from the mouth of the Osage to the Niangua, but in a cruise to the Niangua in the nineties, both Gerhardt Guenther and myself, after careful estimates and information such as we could gather, agreed that the distance was not far from 140 miles, or 120 allowing for overestimates. Just here I should state that the descent of the Osage to the Niangua is possible only in this manner, if one wishes to avoid a long portage by wagon over the roughest roads imaginable. By rail to Warsaw, said to be 240 miles distant from the mouth of the river; or from Osceola, still further. As the ascent thus far is not difficult or dangerous, however, provided one goes slowly, it is preferable. The ascent of the Niangua, because of the numerous shallows, will be more tedious, though the current is not too rapid for easy going, and the natural beauties as well as the fishing in this almost unknown stream, will repay all the efforts required in the ascent of the main river. Once there, too, one will enjoy a feeling akin to that which impels the small boy to walk a couple of miles in order to be able to ride back on a train, for the descent of the Osage can be made most delightfully easy if one does not hurry. Then, instead of dodging into eddies and hugging banks, as in the ascent, he steers for mid-channel and goes with a rush through rapids that are for the most part devoid of stones and snags; therefore, a safe voyage and a delightful one.

The Niangua is bewilderingly crooked, a succession of tree-shaded eddies and tiny rapids where great channel catfish lurk and bass are to be had when the wall-eyed pike are not hungry, though these voracious fish, known only as jack-salmon in these waters, will give one a lively fight before he can conquer them. Cold springs abound; indeed, this river takes its source in great springs; and interesting caves and other natural formations are to be found all along the river's course. Camping grounds need not be sought, as the shores are well adapted to the purpose. The time for a cruise to these waters, in my opinion, based on many trips on the Osage and its feeders, should be one month, beginning October 10 or 15. Even if cool days do come in November, one will not feel them, so guarded by hill and bluff are these waters. On the other hand, an earlier trip will be attended by many little annoyances, not the least of which are mosquitoes and ticks and snakes, while several heavy frosts are needed to bring down the dense leaves and make the squirrel shooting good, as well as to ripen the nuts and persimmons. Frosts can be counted on October 15 or later, rains are not frequent at that time, and the calm, hazy, mild days are unequaled. The fishing is always good then, too, so that one may carry and use both the rifle and rod, although the season for turkeys is not open until November 1, and squirrels are not now protected.

Returning to our own recent cruise, the day we broke camp at Turkey Hollow was passed in loafing and in gathering pawpaws and persimmons. On the shingle at Harrington's Shoal we saw a bunch of ducks numbering hundreds, which, on our approach, arose with a roar and settled again less than a half mile away. And again, when we went ashore on the shingle a mile below Bloody Island, another flock was seen on a bar just opposite, and although we were in plain view and not 300 yards distant from them, the ducks remained all afternoon while we made camp. The next day was the sixth of October, marked by a gale of wind and a torrid temperature. The water was so warm that our last swim of the season, taken that afternoon, was protracted. Nor did the high west wind go down with the sun, but it grew cooler, and the fire built before the tent was appreciated. Immense banks of black clouds came out of the north, but these passed away and the full moon shone in a clear sky at bed time. Imagine our surprise, therefore, when, long after midnight, the roar of wind and driving rain roused us. It came from the north and with terrific force; indeed, had it not been for the fact that our tent was supported by an unusually strong pole and pegs driven deeply into the gravel, while the upturned canoe was anchored fore and aft with huge stones, everything would have gone with the first blast. As it was we inspected our quarters by lantern light, and finding that the ditches about the tent were turning away the flood of water, and that all was dry, we went to sleep again, to awake and find the sun shining in a clear sky, a cold north wind blowing, and the narrow channel covered with miniature whitecaps. On breaking camp we found that water had made its way under the tent during the storm, but the duck floor cloth kept it from wetting any of the contents. So heavy had the storm been that the river was rising rapidly when we put off that day, and although the high wind retarded our progress, we cared not, but idled along until noon, stopping for luncheon near a persimmon grove at Prince Edward's Island. For the balance of the day the wind was behind us, our course then being southeast. Snakes in hundreds were seen as we paddled along, and ducks, too, while we passed close to a gathering of turkey vultures which were sunning their feathers on Rice's Island. Camp was made under the big hickory tree near Upper Westphalia Landing, where we had camped our first night out, and it was well that we had decided to stop there, for the tent was hardly up when a terrific squall came out of an almost clear sky and blew for fifteen minutes in a fashion worthy of a young hurricane. In fact, the hickory nuts were driven out of the trees with such force that all hands were compelled to remain in the tent until the storm passed, although but few drops of rain fell. We had not until that time supposed hickory trees bore nuts in such abundance, but a welt or two at once convinced us. If the wonderful hailstorms one hears so much about in the West in summer are so severe as that hail of sharp-pointed hickory nuts, we trust they will not pass our way while we are cruising. Out from our camp the Osage was barely 300 yards wide, but in a few minutes immense seas were running that reminded us of a rough winter day on the Hudson River. An hour later the sky was clear and a deep red glow lighted the western hills. We went to sleep listening to the sweet music of hounds on the trail of 'coons.

On turning out in the morning we found that the river had been kind to us and was still rising rapidly, for where there had been a gently sloping shore on our arrival, necessitating a carry of almost fifty yards, now there was scarcely a third that distance to lug the heavy outfit and the accumulation of hickory nuts to the canoe. And while we were making ready to depart an inquisitive old farmer plied us with one question after another as fast as he could talk—and he was by no means slow. As usual, he began with the cost of the canoe—a stereotyped, question of the Missouri backwoods concerning anything novel to the visitor. Most of his questions we parried, for your backwoodsman has during his uneventful life come in actual contact with so little cash that he doubts any statement involving a larger sum than he is accustomed to handling when "the crops" have been sold; but this old fellow put us through the mill in a fashion that would have made a fortune for him had he chosen the law instead of agriculture. Beginning with the vapor stove and going through the list of air beds, and blankets that were neither wool nor rubber, yet would turn water; my wife's camp chair, which was large and comfortable, yet he saw it collapsed and stowed away in the canoe like a bundle of slender sticks; an automatic rifle with a "spy-glass" to look through—it was entirely too much for him, and he went away to tell his wife about it. We could not hear what she said, for the wind was rustling the leaves of the trees under which she was picking hickory nuts, but if her gestures were as eloquent as they seemed to be, without doubt she believed the old man had suddenly parted with his senses. We could not help laughing over the pride with which he had informed us that the little stern-wheeler Romana, just departing for Osage, made two trips a day to Westphalia Landing.

The day was clear and beautiful, but with a strong northwest wind which made our progress slow. The Big Marais was ascended several miles, but it, too, was rising, and its usually clear waters were yellow with flood water. This is a stream well worthy the canoeist's investigation. It is navigable for miles, winds here and there, is shaded by many trees, springs, as well as fine camp sites, abound, while squirrel shooting is above the average, and fishing for bass, crappie and jack-salmon is good until thick ice comes. Passing down again, we were fortunate enough to kill several ducks before making camp for the last time. A place less than two miles from Osage was chosen, but on the eastern shore, among the overhanging willows. That night the air grew cold and the morning saw white frost and a heavy mist. We had hoped for several heavy frosts to clear the woods of their dense leaves and make it possible to see the squirrels when they barked at us, but it came too late. When camp was broken every article was packed securely for shipping. Nomad was launched less than ten feet from the tent, as the rising river had covered all the slope that had intervened between the river's edge and our tent the evening previous, and when we paddled out into the stream it was to find a goodly current and a mass of floating drift hurrying toward the Missouri.

At Osage all the negroes in the village lined up on the piles of railway ties on our arrival and helped carry the duffle to the station. There Nomad was again wrapped in burlap and shipped home by express, together with the four bundles containing our duffle, and two duffle bags filled with hickory nuts. These two, on being weighed, reminded us that we had gathered an immense quantity of nuts, which accounted in part for the slow speed of Nomad against head winds, ballasted as she was with so much dead weight. The agent at Osage deserves a far better position with the railway company than he at present holds. He was kind, considerate, and obliging to us in many ways. Not every railway station agent can say as much.

In conclusion, this cruise, though not a long one, was most pleasant in many respects. We did not kill much game, as some persons measure their success, but we had enough. It was rather a feast for the eyes—and a bountiful one, too—for in few places can the woods lover find more of the things beautiful in nature than along this same old Osage. There is an old Indian legend to the effect that if, on leaving the Osage for a journey, one will lie at full length and drink of its waters, he will live to come again to its shores. If you, brother canoeists and lovers of God's own temples, visit this charming waterway, follow the advice of the Osages; for that you may see it again and still again is the wish of three persons who so lately found rest and happiness on its bosom and its shores.

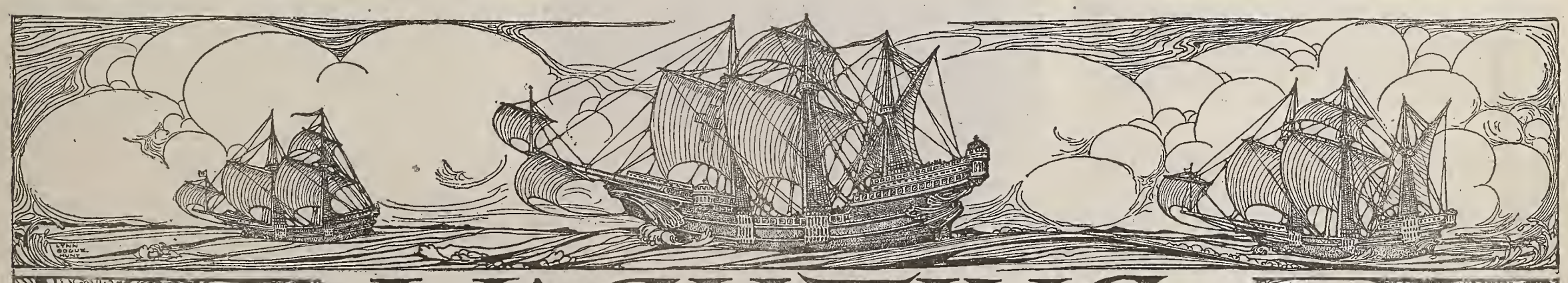
Red Dragon C. C.

THE twentieth annual meeting of the Red Dragon C. C. was held at the Hotel Hanover, Philadelphia, Pa., Friday evening, January 8. There was a large attendance of members and the following officers were chosen: Com., J. C. Maclister; Vice-Com., W. C. Thompson; Purser, W. H. Logan, Jr.; Quartermaster, H. W. Fleishmann; Fleet Surgeon, F. O. Gross, M.D.; Meas., Harry Blumner; Correspondent, Will K. Park; House Committee, W. H. Wolstencroft, M. D. Wilt, P. F. McMichael, and H. E. Davis; Trustee for three years, Joseph Edward Murray. A number of new members have joined the club within the past three months, and the Red Dragons were never in a more flourishing condition. Several new canoes have been added to the fleet, and next season's cruises are already being planned. A run down the Delaware in May will have a large gathering of canoeists, and Commodore Maclister promises several short cruises of an interesting nature.

The Red Dragons have been quite active at the club house during the past month or two, new sleeping quarters being prepared and other improvements added to their home.

The trap shooting contingent have found additional enthusiasm in the advent of new blood, and the traps on the end of the wharf are in use every pleasant Saturday afternoon.

The annual club mess was held at the club house at Wissinoming on the Delaware on Saturday evening, January 16. W. K. P.



YACHTING

Cruise of Mblem.

BY GEORGE E. DARLING.

The Story Which Won the Second Prize of $50 in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

(*Concluded from page* 51.)

At 2 o'clock called Sam, and just to show that we were well and happy we had a good square meal, hot coffee and plenty of it, as the night was cool, huckleberry gingerbread, cold corned beef, etc. Passed Shelter Island at 2:15 and made a new course to pass east of Cape Ann. At 4:30, broad daylight, Thatcher Island lights were about six miles away, three points on our weather bow, and we swung her off south by east for Cope Cod light. This gave us the wind abeam. Put a reef in the spinnaker, and using the pole for a bowsprit set it as a balloon jib, and maybe she didn't dust for "Home Sweet Home." Heeling to a breeze that must have been made to order, she flew on past Thatchers and out to sea. Evidences of Boston shipping were many, coasters bound to the northward, a liner just in from across the pond, and a tow of barges from around the Cape, beside a half dozen fishermen, made quite a line of "sail" in sight. Two of the fishermen had evidently sailed from Cape Ann that morning bound around the Cape. We were within three miles of them for a long time, both sailing the same course. With everything set they looked yachty and beautiful.

At 10 o'clock we made out the sandy beach of the Cape through the haze on our weather bow, perhaps four miles away, and a half hour later Cape Cod light opened up dead ahead. Off the light we ran into a doldrum, absolutely no wind, and getting tired of hearing the sail slat, we lowered it and waited for a breeze. It was past 2 o'clock before it came southeast, and we began beating to windward down the beach. At 4 o'clock the wind changed to southwest very light, and we were able to lay our course without tacking; but it is a long road around the Cape, and I don't wonder that many a fine craft with her sturdy crew has found it a death trap. Looks innocent enough with smooth sea and wind off shore, but fifty miles of sand bank is a long stretch to weather. Off the wireless telegraph station we met four fishing schooners bound for Boston with fresh fish. Everything set, including bunting; this was a race for fair, and a beautiful sight. Just before we met, two of them had a luffing match. The hindmost quickly won her point and passed clear of the others and showed them her heels in great style. We wondered at this until we were abeam of her when we heard the familiar puff puff of an engine exhaust under her quarter. She was bowling along throwing a wash like a steamboat while her brawny crew took life easy. We made Chatham bar at 8:30, and as I had had some experience with its treacherous bars and shallow channel, anchored off the beach a short distance to the north of the bar for the night.

July 18.—Saturday morning we took a good long sleep and did not get up until past 9 o'clock when we got under way. Sailed in over the bar and picked our way up the crooked and shallow channel to Pleasant Bay, and anchored off the Pleasant Bay Y. C., glad to again rest quietly in smooth water. Went ashore and entered for

the race of the afternoon. Two friends whom we met shipped with us to make up a crew. We took out the heaviest of our cruising dunnage, and had the boat measured. Had a fine dinner on shore, and at 1:30 made sail for the race. A strong southwest wind was blowing, so we tied in one reef and lined up at the start with the pick of Chatham's fleet of seventy-five catboats. These boats go fishing off the Cape, and the men who sail them know what it means to sail for bread and butter and for life. Usually starting at 3 to 4 A. M. out of their snug harbor, they steer off shore southeast with the prevailing summer southwest wind abeam, and run from twenty to thirty miles, fish the tide and catch from a few fish to a solid boat load, depending on conditions. But mind you, when they go out over the bar and steer southeast, they leave home behind and have nothing but the ocean and Spain ahead, and after catching their fish they must sail back again. Imagine getting caught thirty miles off shore in a twenty-five foot boat loaded deep with fish, and your only harbor a bit of a hole in the sand one-eighth mile wide, with the waves breaking ceaselessly on the bar. I speak of this that you may appreciate the fact that we were up against real sailors that day. Their boats were not out and out racers, but neither was mine. They were



Penobscot River at Sandy Point, Maine.

clean and slick, and had cross cut sails. The way they were handled was perfection.

At 1:30 preparatory gun was fired. We start in ten minutes. As we ran down for the line before the wind, figuring the time down to seconds, three others lined up abeam of us and we four crossed with the crack of the gun, practically neck and neck. Mblem began to show herself immediately, and in the run to the first mark opened up several lengths on our friends. We gybed around, trimming the sheet as the sail flew over for the reach to the next mark; continued to draw away and passed the second mark 1½m. ahead of second boat. Always holding to windward of the others, we worked back to windward, tack for tack, and finished the round 3¼m. ahead. We finished the race 5m. 25s. ahead of second boat, and as evidence that we went fast, I will give you a clipping from the Boston Sunday Globe of July 19:

THE MBLEM A FLYER.

TWENTY-FIVE FOOT KNOCKABOUT BEATS THE THIRTY-FOOTERS IN THE PLEASANT BAY CLUB'S REGATTA.

CHATHAM, July 18.—To-day's Pleasant Bay Club race was sailed twice around a six-mile course in a fresh southwest breeze.

Interest centered in the phenomenal speed shown by the new 25ft. cat knockabout Mblem, built by D. & C. Crosby, of Osterville, and owned by George E. Darling, of Providence, which on corrected time proved herself faster than the large knockabouts.

The old rivals, Thelma and Selm, had a fine race, the former winning decisively, however.

The sharpie race was won by A. B. Chase's Gladys, this being the first leg of a series of races in the sharpie class for a special prize of $25 in gold, in addition to the regular club prizes, and for a second prize of half that amount. The Florence was second and the Leslie third, there being an intense rivalry between these little craft. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
30-ft. Knockabouts.		
Thelma, G. W. Brown	1 14 01	0 58 08
Selm, S. W. Winslow	1 14 45	0 58 34
First Class Cats.		
Mblem, Geo. E. Darling	1 16 50	0 57 54
Winged Arrow, W. H. Rogers	1 22 15	1 01 33
Hazel, C. Y. Mayo	1 23 38	1 03 10
Pearle, T. C. Nickerson	1 24 15	1 03 33
Second Class Cats.		
Iona, L. G. Powers	1 32 05	1 08 57
Dolly Varden, G. A. Griffin	1 33 52	1 08 13

We tied up at the wharf, and it was a pleasure to see the folks who came aboard size Mblem up. I felt that I must get back to Providence Sunday night, so at 5 o'clock we ran down the harbor and out over the bar. We had a fair tide, and figured that we could get to Cottage City by 10 o'clock, and while the weather was not all that could be desired, none of the Cape Cod people seemed to think that bad weather was coming. We found a strong breeze outside and put in three reefs, but a half hour later it dropped to almost a flat calm, and we shook out the reefs and drifted down the Monomoy shore. At about 8:30 the breeze freshened, and we were able to make very good headway. Passed the Point at nine and followed the ship channel for Cottage City. About 9:45 it began to rain and grew very dark, and shortly after an ugly puff of wind from the southeast made me wish we were back at Chatham. We immediately put in two reefs, and soon found that we had all the sail we could handle, so rather than run any risks, pulled down again and put in the other two reefs. The weather was growing worse, and in another half hour we were driving before the wind with all we could smother to, and it took careful handling to keep the boom clear of the seas, though we had it topped up high in the air. The southwester of the afternoon had left quite a chop, and the wind we now had was rapidly stirring up a worse one. By 10:30 it was a howling gale, and we lowered and lashed the jaws of the gaff to the boom, lowered the peak part way, pulled the boom in and lashed it solid in the crotch, and with just the peak of the sail showing, made great headway. The wind continued to gain strength, and between the spray she was throwing and the rain, it seemed as though the sail was full of water at times. It finally became so bad we had to take in what little sail we had up. At that time we were within three miles of Cross Rip light vessel. We tried to hold our course for Cottage City under bare pole, but found it impossible, and it was now a case of anchor and ride it out, or drift across the sound and go ashore somewhere in the neighborhood of Succonesset, which would have meant disaster to all concerned, as the seas by this time were running very high. We got out a new warp 300 feet long with a 28-pound fisherman's anchor that I bought on Cape Cod, and after running off clear of the ship channel, sounding as we went along, dropped the anchor in about 40 feet of water and threw all the rope after it, being careful that there were no kinks or twists in it. This gave the anchor a chance to get well settled on the bottom before the boat brought up on it, and when she did it was a great relief to feel it hold and swing her into the wind. About the first sea she jumped over, however, whipped the warp out of the chock and it came down across the port chain plate. It took all my strength to pull it away far enough to get the calf of my leg in between so it would not cut off. Then we put rope chafing gear everywhere it touched the boat forward. Next thing to look after was the mast, for she was jumping about in a terrible way. We put both back stays on, and pulled top lifts and halyards as tight as we could. Even then it seemed as though she would either pitch it out of her or split her bows open. The tide turned to the eastward about midnight, and while it was bad enough before, the tide running against the wind caused a fearful mixup of a sea. Our good little ship was leaping and rolling and squirming out through and over the waves in a wonderful way. Occasionally the top of a comber would come over her bow and make a clean sweep over the cabin into the cockpit. Then as she went down between the seas the tide would throw her around sideways to the wind, though we had the centerboard pulled way up and tiller hard a starboard. Occasionally a breaker would catch her broadside, and when they did salt water was about the only thing in sight. I examined the chafing gear every little while, and about midnight found that it would not hold much longer, so after thoroughly greasing the warp, bound a large flat pillow stuffed with cotton around it and lashed it down to her bow. This made a fine shield for the rope and held until morning, though there wasn't much left of the pillow by that time. Such a night I hope never to pass again. Between the rain and the spray the air seemed full of water. It was impossible to look the wind in the face, for it would cut like hail. I realized that the anchor warp was our main hope, and examined the chafing gear every little while all night. Before morning it seemed quite a task to go forward. Incidentally I took several dives through the seas that came over her bow, while I hung on for dear life. Cape Cod people told me that the anchor I had would "ride my boat to the bottom," and at times I almost expected it would. It was a great relief about 3:30 to see that it was growing lighter, though the wind was howling as industriously as ever, but as daylight came on it gradually lessened in force. By 5 o'clock we were feeling quite comfortable, though a squall about that time swept the tops off the waves as it went driving past, a sight I will



Mblem at her moorings, Pawtuxet Cove, R. I.

never forget, though it did not feel as bad as the squalls we had passed through during the darkness of the night. A tear in the leach of the sail showed that we carried sail the night before up to the last minute. It was a wonder that it had not ripped clean across with the start it had. About 6:30 things had quieted down so we were able to get under way, though "tall water" was yet very much in evidence. By taking in on the anchor warp as she went into the trough of the seas and holding fast as she rose over them, we were able to get it after a long pull. When we took the anchor aboard we found the stock bent, and the shank that had been buried in the sand polished as though it had been filed. We kept our four reefs in and started for Cottage City, but by 8 o'clock it came in thick fog and the wind changed to southwest, so we made a course for Wood's Hole instead, and tied up at the fish commission wharf about 11. Quite a number of seamen from various crafts looked us over, and when informed where we spent the night wondered that we ever lived through it. The wind had held a velocity of about 60 miles an hour from 11 till 4, and shipping of all kinds was in trouble. One four-master lost her sails off Nantucket; another two-master was dismasted off the Cape; the New York Y. C. had a mixup in New London Harbor; the Sound steamers were delayed, etc. Cape Cod residents and life-saving men expressed wonder that we were alive, and later sent me word that never before, to their knowledge, had a boat of Mblem's size lived through such a gale on Nantucket Shoals. (See copy of letter attached.)

Mblem went through this blow without leaking, or apparently straining any part of her, and all her rigging held hard and fast. The way in which the paint was scoured off her deck and the front of the cabin trunk, however, was good evidence of what she had been through. Among other things, I learned one lesson, never go on a long cruise with the idea that you must get back at any stated time. When night time finds you in a safe harbor, stay there, especially in Cape Cod waters, as harbors are few and not of the best.

July 20.—Monday morning with a light southerly wind we made sail for Pawtuxet. The tide had just turned north through Wood's Hole, so we ran into Buzzard's Bay. It was noon before we passed Sakonnet, and as we had a fair wind up the river it was very nice sailing with the spinnaker set, and our rough experience seemed like a bad dream. We had figured on reaching the bridges at Tiverton earlier, and when we did arrive there the tide had turned. It took all the power there was in the sail, in addition to our strength, pushing against the piers to get the boat through the draw. We succeeded, however, and a freshening breeze enabled us to make our mooring at Pawtuxet shortly after 6 o'clock.

Such a cruise as we enjoyed will always live in my memory as both a delightful and awful experience. Never



Owl's Head, Maine.

again would I from choice ride out a 60-mile-an-hour southeaster on Nantucket Shoals. The good little ship that carried us safely through it all is not for sale; she has earned a place as "one of the family."

The following copy of a letter which I received from a friend in Chatham who was for several years a sea captain and could appreciate what we went through that night, may prove interesting in connection with my story.

"CHATHAM, July 22, 1903.—*Mr. Geo. Darling:* Dear Friend—I want to congratulate you on your miraculous voyage from this place on the night of the 18th inst., for it seems to me nothing short of a miracle that any catboat could live on such a night in Nantucket Sound, for although she may be staunch and seaworthy, under ordinary circumstances, yet must she have been a mere cockle shell tossed, tumbled, and driven at God's mercy that night. She must have been an extraordinary boat, and an extraordinary boat handled with extraordinary consummate skill, to have weathered such a storm as that was. Your boat must certainly be a wonder, and all hats off to any man who could keep a catboat alive in such a gale among the dangers of Monomoy and Nantucket Sound. I got up at midnight and could sleep no more, for it seemed to me that you must surely be going to your doom. I told Mrs. N. that the only chance for you was that you had been able to weather Monomoy before dark and get into Hyannis before the storm came on. I called Monomoy Life Saving Station next morning and they said 'No boat passed Point Rip before dark,' and Hyannis said there was no boat answering your description there. I tell you it looked like rather a hard show for Mblem. As I came up the street that was choked with trees and limbs that the gale had rooted up and broken, I said 'Poor old George, I don't know.' There must have been a little fellow sitting up aloft that looks after the sailor.

"Hoping that you may take many more cruises in the Mblem (but none like that), I am,

"Yours,

"OSCAR C. NICKERSON."

English Letter.

THE prospects of class racing for the coming season are by no means brilliant, especially as regards the bigger vessels. A few months ago there were clearly defined rumors of a revival of the too long extinct 65ft. class, but prospective owners have cooled in their ardor since the fall of last year, and little is now heard of the much talked of addition of two or three vessels to the 65-footer which has been lying half finished on the stocks at Fairlie for the Messrs. Connell for more than a year. As regards the first class racing, that appears to have utterly died out, nor is it likely to be revived until something definite has been done to provide effective restrictions as to scantling, and thus give a death blow to the extreme lightness of construction which has prevailed for the past decade, and which, though reflecting the highest possible credit on designers and builders, has proved one of the most fatal drawbacks to the popularity of the modern racer. As Mr. C. E. Nicholson, one of our foremost designers, pointed out in a letter to the Field, written some two months ago, people will not build in the big class because they see no prospect of disposing of their vessels at a reasonable price after their racing career is over. The extreme lightness of construction which, in default of proper scantling restrictions, has been brought to a fine art at the expense of strength and seaworthiness, makes it impossible for ex-raters to take their natural place among the handicap contingent, and continue racing in that class for years as in the old days, for the weakness of construction soon begins to tell, and constant patching up is required to keep them in a habitable condition. Leaky decks and topsides are by no means an unmixed blessing; the result is that many ex-raters which would have had a long and honorable career

before them as handicap boats had they been better put together, are hauled up or placed in mud berths until in course of time they fall into the breaker's hands.

The evil has become so pressing that the council of the Yacht Racing Association recently appointed a committee to inquire into the state of class racing and to suggest remedies which may tend to the revival of the larger classes. The report of the committee was exhaustive, but the two chief suggestions out of eight put before the council were (1) that the present rating rule encourages a bad form of bow, and that the method of measuring the length L should be reconsidered (that is, presumably, a tax should be put on excessive overhang forward); also that the minimum draft at the point where the girth measurement is taken be increased from half the beam to 0.6 of the beam. (2) That the Y. R. A. should impress upon the various yacht clubs the desirability of encouraging the Y. R. A. classes by offering better prizes. The committee also suggested the advisability of the adoption of the new Lloyds scantling rules for racing yachts.

Unfortunately the council did not see their way to readjusting the waterline measurement or interfering with the minimum draft for girth measurement, as the rule had been passed for seven years and has still four years to run; neither were they prepared to recommend the adoption of Lloyds scantling rules, as they did not have a two-thirds majority in favor of them, but they have instructed the secretary to sound present and prospective owners on the subjects, which will be brought up again at the general meeting on February 2. It is to be hoped for the sake of the sport that the Yacht Racing Association will not allow themselves to be too much bound up with their own red tape, for drastic remedies are certainly required to put class racing on a sound basis, and no half measures will serve any good purpose. Yacht owners want a good, sound, wholesome type of boat, especially in the large classes, and until they can be sure of getting a ship and not a bandbox they will refuse to buy or to build.

We regret to record the death at the early age of 44 years of Mr. C. L. Orr Ewing, M. P., after a short illness. Mr. Orr Ewing came of a yachting family, and had his first experiences of yachting with his uncle, Major Ewing, who owned and raced the famous 40-tonner Norman with such conspicuous success for so many years. During the season of 1880 Mr. C. L. Orr Ewing went the rounds with Norman, and the fine old ship won twenty first prizes out of twenty-three starts. Mr. Orr Ewing started yachting on his own account with the steam yacht Rainbow, in which he made several cruiscs to the Mediterranean. He subsequently owned the smart little Sibbick 36-footer Heartsease, which he raced with such success on the Solent that she had the wonderful record of 26 first prizes, 14 seconds, and 4 thirds out of 48 starts. His last vessel was the great Watson schooner Rainbow, considered by some critics a very handsome vessel, and by others rather the reverse. She had rather a short counter and an immense forward overhang, but whatever her looks, there was no doubt as to her great speed under favorable conditions. In her first match from Dover to Heligoland in 1898 for the German Emperor's cup, Rainbow is said to have logged over sixteen knots for a considerable period. She was laid up the following year, and has been since purchased by a German syndicate and renamed Hamburg. Mr. Orr Ewing was a prominent member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and belonged to many other of the leading yacht clubs, and he will be sadly missed on the Clyde as well as in southern waters. Other prominent Clyde yachtsmen who have passed away during 1903 include Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, of Ardgowan, Commodore of the Royal Northern; Mr. John Scott, C. B., Commodore of the Royal Clyde, and Mr. James Stevenson, of Largs.

The yacht builders are very quiet as regards new work. Very few new boats are on order, the most important being the new 150-ton yawl building at Southampton for Mr. M. B. Kennedy, and the 65-ton yawl buliding at Fairlie for Mr. A. K. Stothert, both from designs by Fife. These two boats will be up-to-date fast cruisers, and will take part in the handicap class races. It is stated that Fife has received an order for a schooner of about 300 tons for a German syndicate, but as yet the rumor has not been confirmed. If true, it will be a notable addition to the fleet of fine schooners already in German waters.

EE. H. KELLY.

Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.

THE Horseshoe Harbor Club, of Larchmont, was organized in 1889 by Charles A. Singer, its first president, assisted by Wm. Haigh, A. C. Fargis, D. E. B. Foote, George Plumb, F. E. Towle, all of whom are still active members of the organization.

In 1890 the club was incorporated by Charles A. Singer, John P. Hull, George G. Murray, and George Plumb, from which time it has steadily grown until in the present year it has a membership of 221, a full treasury, and a large fleet of sail and power yachts.

Its club house, which was the former home of the Larchmont Y. C., was presented to it by that organization, and with additions still serves to house it. The house was originally built for a church; the congregation, however, soon outgrew it; after this the Larchmont Y. C. soon outgrew it; and now the hope is entertained that some day a new house will be built for the Horseshoe Club on the rocky point which forms the southern entrance to the Horseshoe Harbor.

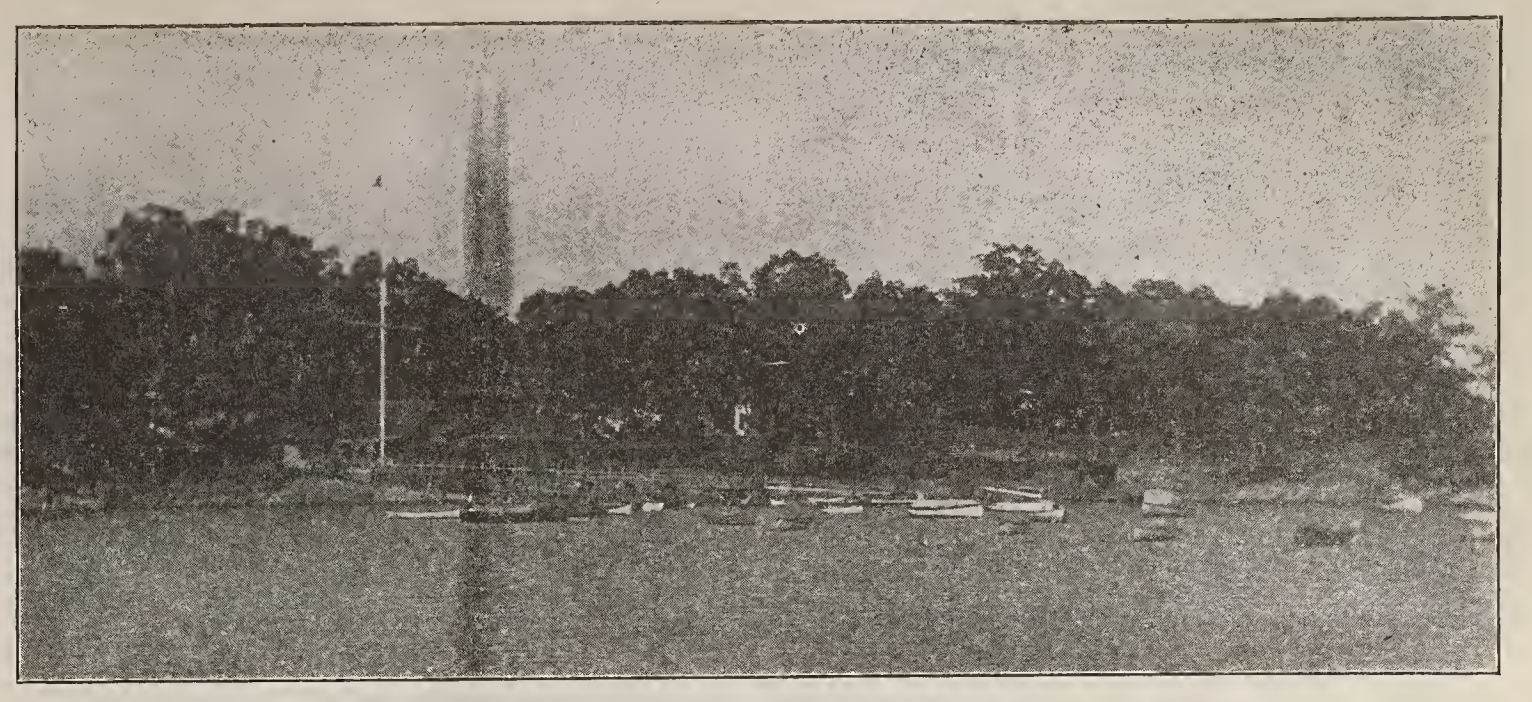
This club occupies a unique place in Larchmont, as it gives at small expense to many people the advantages of a landing stage, and a means of enjoying sailing, rowing, and fishing on the Sound.

Wives and daughters of members have full access to the club house and floats at all times, and thus many women are enabled to enjoy boating on the Sound and the privileges of the wide verandas.

Practically all the available water front within many miles of New York city is now owned by private persons, who naturally keep out other people not so fortunately situated. The Sound at Larchmont offers exceptional advantages for boating of all kinds, and those who can avail of them appreciate what a privilege it is to enjoy the advantages offered by this little club.

The Horseshoe Club has always made a great point of its annual regattas, which have been invariably successful. The club has for several years past had a full treasury, and as a consequence has been able to give generously in prizes at its annual regattas and other special races. Its annual water sports and annual cruises have been very successful, and are now considered features of the summer amusements at Larchmont.

During the past season under a progressive board of officers and very able regatta committee, the club has reached practically its greatest success so far in point of membership, finances, and successfully conducted races.



THE HOME OF THE HORSESHOE HARBOR Y. C.
The club house is on the left by the flag pole.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Horseshoe Harbor Club, of Larchmont, held its annual meeting at the Manhattan Hotel, New York, on Wednesday evening, January 13. Nearly fifty members were present. The treasurer rendered a statement showing the finances to be in excellent running order. The outgoing trustees and the club members presented ex-Commodore Crisman with a yacht case of knives, forks, and spoons. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Com., William A. Marble, Nymph; Vice-Com., Lester H. Rilly, Ping Pong "G. G."; Sec'y, William S. Allen, Indra; Treas., L. A. Winship; Trustee, William Haigh, Yankee Girl.

Several matters of great importance to Larchmont sailors were discussed, and a committee appointed to assist, if possible, the endeavor being made to increase the protection afforded visiting yachts anchoring off the station, which is particularly exposed to storms driving over the Sound from Hempstead Harbor. The club served a collation, and Commodore Marble put a long splice in the main brace. Every indication points to a successful year during 1904.

FRANK E. TOWLE.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 18.—Mr. Henry Bryant, one of the best known and most popular yachtsmen in this country, was found dead at his country place, Waquoit, Mass., on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 6. The cause of death was apoplexy. Mr. Bryant was one of the first to realize the great possibilities of Cape Cod as a summer place of residence, and for many years he spent much time there. He built his residence in Waquoit four years ago, and, although having a residence in Boston, he spent the greater part of his time at his Cape Cod residence.

Henry Bryant was born in 1852, and was the son of Henry Bryant of the famous shipping firm of Bryant and Sturgis, which, in the '40s and '50s of the last century, opened up the great northwest coast of America, now known as Alaska, Oregon and British Columbia. Both he and his brother, Dr. John Bryant, also noted as an amateur yachtsman, inherited large fortunes made in the northwest trade.

Early in life he became devoted to the sport of yachting. He studied naval architecture and nautical science generally. He studied in this country, and then went to Glasgow to complete his nautical education. He had no superior in the amateur ranks in this country. He was a bright progressive man, a splendid mathematician and a yacht designer of ability. Two of his designs have been well-known in this country, the sloop Thetis and the schooner Alert. Thetis was said to be the first of her type in this country, giving him the honor of building the first compromise centerboard sloop in America. Alert has long been known as one of the finest schooners in the cruising class. Mr. Bryant had his own notions on yacht designing, and he struck out radically. His ideas have brought forth good results.

During the Spanish war Mr. Bryant was navigating officer on the coast defense vessel Hannibal, with Commander Colby. He volunteered as a clerk in Commander Colby's office when that officer was all but swamped with work on the coast patrol fleet. Mr. Bryant, student of ship building and navigation, took off his coat and worked with a will, and without pay, until matters had been straightened out. Then he took an examination, was commissioned Lieutenant, and served as navigating officer.

Mr. Bryant was always popular and ever ready to help out some struggling designer, although he always averred that he knew nothing about yacht designing. His funeral, held on Saturday, Jan. 9, was attended by yachtsmen of national reputation, who have been closely indentified with the defense of the America's Cup. Up to the time of Mr. Bryant's death, he held membership in the Boston, Eastern and New York yacht clubs.

One new 22-footer has been heard from. This boat will be for Mr. Sanford C. Winsor, from designs by Mr. Fred D. Lawley, and will be built at the Lawley yard. The plans of this boat appeared in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM. No expense will be spared in making this boat all that can be obtained under the rules. Mr. Winsor's 22-footer Chief, has been sold to Dr. George G. Hayward. Dr. Hayward intends racing Chief at Northeast Harbor, Me., and so, while a new boat will be added to the class, it is not likely that the class will gain in numbers thereby. It is quite possible, however, that there will be more 22-footers in the regular races this season than there were last season, as some of the old boats are now being overhauled for racing.

Commodore H. H. Wiggin, of the Annisquam Y. C., it is stated, will go into the 15-ft. class, and will have a boat designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley. It is understood that Commodore Wiggin was undecided between the 15ft. class and the 22ft. class, but that he has finally chosen the smaller boat. An effort was made to start the one-design class of 15-footers among members of the Annisquam Y. C., but, so far as is known, the class has not yet been started.

Last Wednesday evening the annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, was held at the Boston Athletic Association, when the officers, announced last week to be ballotted for, were elected. At this meeting the recently organized class of 30-footers was proposed for adoption, but the club refused to accept it. One of the yachtsmen interested in the new class spoke in favor of adoption and nobody spoke in opposition, but on vote the sentiment of the silent members was brought out.

At the annual meeting of the Savin Hill Y. C., held at Young's Hotel, last Thursday evening, the following officers were elected: Com., J. E. Robinson; Vice-Com., A. Coombs; Rear Com., F. W. Merrick; Sec'y, H. T. Washburn; Treas., C. A. J. Smith; Meas., C. H. Conant; Directors, E. S. Dorr and William Hoag; Membership Committee, W. R. Beetle, E. L. Bragg, W. S. Harvy, A. L. Kidd, Dr. M. F. Rogers, Guy C. Scott and C. R. Willard.

Messrs Small Bros. have designed a 24ft. speed launch for Mr. Muron L. Crowe, of Dorchester, with lines similar to those of Mr. C. D. Mower's Express. She will be of 4ft. beam and will have an 8 horse-power engine.

Mr. Fred D. Lawley has an order for a Seawanhaka cup challenger for a syndicate of White Bear Lake yachtsmen. This will make two Boston-designed boats for the trial races, the other being by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield. Both boats will be built in the west.

Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has an order for an 18-footer for Mr. Raymond Brackett, of Marblehead. She will be built by White, of Manchester. He also has an order for a steel three-masted schooner, to be used in the Mexican trade.

Messrs. Burgess & Packard have an order for a one-design class of 15-footers for members of the Wianno Y. C., of Osterville, Mass. They also have an order for a 21-footer, for a New York yachtsman. They have sold the yawl Elf, owned by Mr. A. P. Irving, to Mr. J. L. Trevor, of Ithaca, N. Y. She will be taken through the canal.

Wilson & Silsby have orders for suits of sails for the following yachts: 30-footer for Capt. Sprague, Beach Haven, N. J.; 30ft. cat, W. H. Cowperthwait, Beach Haven; Umbrina, W. H. Childs; Mavis, W. M. Lovering; Chanticleer, G. W. Weld; 18-footer for Hon. Chas. Francis Adams 2d; Ada, Fred H. Seavey; Medric, H. H. White; Thorina, F. B. Wales; six suits for Bay State Y. C. dory class, and headsails for the Wasp, Gordon Dexter.

Messrs Cousens & Pratt are at work on sails for the following boats: Yawl Brigand, Robert Saltonstall; 52-footer for J. H. Cromwell; schooners Baboon, Gerfalcon and Margaret; 21-footers for T. W. Rogers and Chester Bearse, designed by Burgess & Packard; 21-footers Bestey and Jenny Wren; 18-footers for J. W. Olmstead, R. deB. Boardman, Mr. Bowden, George P. Keith, Reginald Boardman and A. W. Finlay; 15-footers for Keith Pevear and A. P. Loring; 21-footer for Kenneth Stevenson, of Detroit, and the White Ribbon, ex-Hamilton, built for defense of the Canada's cup.

At the annual meeting of the Dorchester Y. C., held last Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com., Theodore W. Souther; Vice-Com., John P. Meade; Rear-Com., W. A. Rumpf; Board of Directors, Harrison W. Smith, Chas. H. Nute, Coolidge Barnard; Treas., Hjalmar Lundberg; Sec'y, William S. Mace; Meas., Clifton W. A. Bartlett; House Committee, William E Richards, John E. Holt, Peter McKenzie; Regatta Committee, Louis M. Clark, John P. Meade, Theodore W. King, John E. Holt, Hjalmar Lundberg; Membership Committee, C. W. A. Bartlett, Albert F. Foster, John P. Meade, Stephen P. Perrin.

For a few seasons past, the young ladies of the

Marblehead summer colony have been seen sailing small boats around the harbor. Now they want a one-design class, to be raced only by ladies, and they are going to have it. too. Mr. John G. Alden has drawn lines for a boat 25ft. over all; 17ft. waterline; 7ft. beam, and. 8in. draft, carrying 330 sq. ft. of sail under a knockabout rig. The class will be started with three boats, and it is believed that there will be more before the season opens.

Mr. Norman L. Skene, with Mr. Hollis Burgess, has designed a boat for ex-Commodore George H. Richards, of the Beverly Y. C. This boat will be used in Long Point Bay, Lake Erie, where Commodore Richards has a summer residence. She will be used for afternoon sailing, and for hunting trips. She will be 40ft. over all; 27ft. waterline; 9ft. 3in. beam, and 2ft. 6in. draft. She will be fitted with bilge boards which are characteristic of yachts sailed in that section. There will be a cabin trunk, under which there will be 4ft. 9in. headroom, with transoms that will sleep four people. There will be 750sq. ft. of sail, and the boat will carry only 1,000 pounds of ballast.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Design for a 31ft. Hunting Launch.

THE accompanying plans show the hunting cabin launch Estella, owned by Mr. Geo. F. Nock, of Providence. This boat was designed to meet the requirements of the owner, who desired a boat with good cruising qualities rather than speed; she was to be a craft of moderate draft and to be supplied with two thousand pounds of ballast; while the addition of ballast does not tend to increase the speed, it certainly is an improvement where the boat is to be used for rough water, and the owner often makes trips from Providence to the westward, and if he makes up his mind to go to New London he generally goes irrespective of the weather conditions.

The cabin is large and roomy, and the cockpit large enough to accommodate quite a number of persons. The sides of the cabin house and cockpit coaming are of mahogany, as also all exterior woodwork, such as doors, slides, companionways, etc. The construction is rather heavy, the keel of oak sided 4in., frames are of oak 1¾in. by 1¾in., spaced 10in., planking is of yellow pine finished ⅞in.; deck is of clear white pine 1⅛in.; cabin house deck is of ⅞in. cypress covered with canvas. The headroom at the after end of the cabin is 5ft. 10in.; 9ft. from the after end of the cabin house is a bulkhead, this allows of a berth on each side 7ft. 6in. in length, which are arranged to extend so that two persons can sleep comfortably on each side; the clothes presses at the after end are of ample proportions. Forward of the bulkhead on the port side is a toilet room, and the galley is situated on the same side; on the opposite side is a large ice-box and locker under a transom which can be used for a berth if desired.

At the forward end of the cabin is a large locker for provisions, etc., which extends to the bulkhead aft of the water tank.

The motor, which is a 14 horse-power Buffalo, is situated under the forward end of the cockpit, and hidden from view to the inside of the cabin by a flight of steps. When these are removed there is ample room to get at all parts of the motor; there is also a hatch in the cockpit floor to admit of further access to the motor. The The gasolene tanks are of heavy galvanized iron, cylindrical in form, and situated under the cockpit well out on the sides. An awning that can be removed when desired affords protection from rain or sun.

Estella was designed by Mr. F. S. Nock and built at his yard in East Greenwich, R. I.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over. all	33ft.	9in.
L.W.L.	31ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward		6in.
Aft	1ft.	3in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	9ft.	
L.W.L.	8ft.	
Draft—		
To rabbet	1ft.	10in.
Extreme	2ft.	4in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	4ft.	
Least	2ft.	6in.
Aft	2ft.	9in.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Three good sized boats are now being built by the Chase Pulley Company, of Providence. The largest of the trio is a speed launch that was designed by Mr. C. F. Herreshoff. This boat is 43ft. over all; 5ft. extreme breadth; and 6in. draft of hull. The point of greatest breadth is about 15ft. from the stern, and she is very fine forward. The hull of the boat is doubled planked, the outer skin being of mahogany. The frames are of oak. A turtleback deck extends back about 11ft. from the stem. Just abaft the turtleback is the helmsman's cockpit, with room for two persons. Aft of this are the engine spaces, about amidships, where the two 20 horse-power Rochet-Schneider motors are to be installed. Still further aft is the main cockpit, 6ft. long and 4ft. wide. The launch is expected to be finished in about three weeks and then it will be sent to New York to have the motors and other automobile equipment installed. After that it will be exhibited with others at the Sportsmen's Show at Madison Square Garden.

Another launch is being built by this firm. She is a smaller boat, designed by Mr. William H. Hand, Jr. She is 26ft. over all, 6ft. breadth, and 2ft. draft. The planking is of white cedar, fastened with brass screws and copper rivets. The sheer strake, decking and cockpit combing are of white oak. The cockpit is 16ft. in length and finished in cypress. The motive power is a 6 horse-power Rhode Island motor, with a 20-in., three blade propeller.

The third boat is an auxiliary sloop, designed by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, for Mr. G. F. Holmes, of Plymouth, Mass. She is 36ft. over all; 22ft. waterline; 10ft. breadth; and 2ft. 6in. draft. The cabin house is 12ft. long, and there is 5ft. 6in. head room under it at the after end. The boat will be equipped with a 4 horse-power gasolene engine, which is placed forward of the centerboard trunk. The propeller shaft will be just off the center line of the boat and will run along one side of the trunk. All the joiner work on the boat will be of mahogany.

Invincible, ex-Intrepid, owned by Mr. H. R. Wolcott. left New York for Bermuda on the morning of January 8. From Bermuda Invincible will proceed to San Juan, where it is thought she will be joined by Atlantic, Mr. Wilson Marshall's new auxiliary. From there the yachts will cruise in company. Stops will be made at the Leeward and Windward Islands, Trinidad, and ports in Venezuela. On the return trip the yachts will visit Curacoa, Santo Domingo, ports in Cuba and Nassau.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Williamsburgh Y. C., held a short time ago, at the club's city house, Manhattan avenue, Brooklyn, the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: Com., Lawrence Rice; Vice-Com., Charles Hartman; Rear Com., D. Reynolds; Sec'y, James Spears; Cor. Sec'y, Thomas Doremus; Treas., James Schuessele; Meas., G. Schwarz. Board of Trustees: W. Long, Edward Padborg, G. Schwarz, J. New and A. Silk. Regatta Committee: Thomas Doremus and Charles Weiland.

The Stuyvesant Y. C. held its annual meeting recently, and elected the following officers: Com., A. Eberhardt; Vice-Com., J. Babst; Rear Com., H. Ludwig; Cor. Sec'y, J. McCauley, Fin. Sec'y, W. C. Cartwright; Treas., C. S. Odgen; Meas., M. La Barre Moore; Fleet Sur., Dr. J. L. Hiller; Fleet Chap., the Rev. J. F. Scott. Board of Directors, J. McGregor, J. R. Cliff, A. Koebel, F. C. Kaiser, J. Kraus. Regatta Committee, J. O. Wright, C. H. Clapper, H. Berg, Jr.; M. Fauth, G. F. Zeller. Law Committee, R. C. Ten Eyck, F. P. Buell.

At the annual meeting of the Indian Harbor Y. C., held at the club house, at Rock Neck, Greenwich, on Wednesday, January 13, the following officers were elected: Com., George Lauder, Jr., schooner Endymion; Vice-Com., Edward Shearson, schooner Quickstep; Rear Com., Wilbur C. Fiske, yawl Onawa; Sec'y, Charles T. Geddes; Treas., Richard Outwater; Meas., Morgan Barney; President of the Corporation, Charles T. Wills. Directors for three years: Charles T. Willis and Louis E. Alberter. Regatta Committee, Frank Bowne Jones, chairman; Charles E. Simms, T. J. McCahill, Jr.; E. Sterne Wheeler and George J. Bradish.

At the annual meeting of the Harlem Y. C., the following officers were elected for 1904: Com., William Strauss; Vice-Com., Richard Webber, Jr.; Rear Com., William Shearer; Treas., T. B. Bates; Fin. Sec'y, H. B. McAllister; Rec. Sec'y, James F. Proctor; Fleet Sur., George H. Wilson, M. D.; Trustees, to serve two years, J. Surman, H. Merz, A. C. Block; Trustees, to serve one year, William Towner, F. McDermott and A. G. Austin; Meas., W. S. Sullivan; Chairman of Race Committee, John Wimmer.

The Bensonhurst Y. C. held its annual meeting in the Johnson Building, Brooklyn, on Wednesday evening, January 13, and the following officers were elected: Com., A. C. Bellows; Vice-Com., A. W. Wells; Rear Com., C. E. Allen; Sec'y, C. H. Parsons; Treas., C. H. Clayton; House Committee, J. F. Eggert, J. E. Nicholson, W. T. Remmy; Race Committee, A. Mackay, G. D. Eggert, T. J. France, R. W. Rummell, H. L. Cummings; Auditing Committee, A. Semple, J. A. Assenheim, C. J. Schulz; Nominating Committee, W. R. Sainsury, A. J. Boyd, W. W. W. Roberts, C. H. Hamilton, W. J. O'Neill; Delegates to Y. R. A. of G. B., A. Mackay, G. W. Waters.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Corinthian Y. C. were held at the Bellevue, on Tuesday, evening, January12. The following officers were elected: Com., Alexander Van Rensselaer, steam yacht May; Vice-Com., E. Walter Clark, Jr., sloop Irolita; Rear Com., C. Howard Clark, schooner Savarona; Sec'y, Addison F. Bancroft; Treas., George E. Kirkpatrick; Meas., Frederick J. Perry; Race Committee, Addison F. Bancroft, Harvey J. Mitchell, H. S. Jeanes; Committee on Admissions, Charles H. Brock, Alexander Van Rensselear, Frank H. Rosengarten, Brereton Pratt, George C. Carson; Trustees for three years, Robert Toland and Robert J. W. Koons.

The annual meeting of the Bay Side Y. C. was held in Literary Hall, Bay Side. L. I., on Saturday night, January 13. and the following officers were elected: Com., G. Waldo Smith; Vice-Com., Charles M. Gould; Rear Com., W. W. Cole; Treas., Hugh L. Webber; Sec'y, William H. Johns; Fleet Sur., Dr. Charles B. Story; Legal Adviser, Elmer G. Story; Meas., George H. Petit.

The club was organized a little over a year ago and it now has 80 members and 25 yachts in the fleet. There is enough money in the treasury to pay for the erection of the handsome club house now in course of construction, on Little Neck Bay.

The annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held at the City Club's new home, 45 West Forty-fourth street, New York City, on Tuesday evening, January 12. Some amendments to the by-laws were made, and the following officers were elected: Com., Arthur Curtis James, auxiliary brigantine Aloha; Vice-Com., William J. Matheson, steamer Lavrock; Rear Com., Frank S. Hastings, yawl Peggy; Sec'y, Francis G. Stewart; Treas., Frederick P. Moore; Meas., John Hyslop; Race Committee, Henry H. Landon, Clinton H. Crane; Committee on Lines and Models, John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and St. John Smith; Law Committee, Henry W. de Forest, William A. W. Stewart and William Low, Jr.; Trustees, class of 1907, Charles A. Sherman, John D. Barrett and Howard Smith.

The Race Committee submitted its report. It was rather interesting, and we publish it in part:

Jennings cup, presented by Walter Jennings; won by Merrywing.

Leland Corinthian challenge cup, presented by Chas. H. Leland; won by Sabrina, June 27.

Robert Center memorial cups, presented by Mrs. C. M. Ludlow; won by Mimosa, Merrywing and Sabrina.

Prizes for ladies' race (fifteen footers), presented by Rear Commodore Frank S. Hastings; won by Miss Agnes Landon, July 18.

Prize for ladies' race (fifteen footers), presented by Rear Commodore Frank S. Hastings; won by Miss Coffin, July 25.

Alfred Roosevelt memorial cup; won by Merrywing.

Corinthian challenge cup (fifteen footers); won by Cayenne.

Cup for America's Cup class, presented by the Board of Trustees; won by Reliance.

Corinthian crew prizes, presented by the contributors to the Founder's Fund.

A change was made last year by holding tournament races on Sept. 10, 11, and 12 for raceabouts and 15-footers all three days, and a race for 30ft. sloops on the last day. Rascal won the tournament in the raceabout class and Sabrina in the 15ft. class.

A special race was arranged on June 20, for the America's Cup class, Reliance, Constitution, and Columbia. The Reliance won by 4m. 15s. actual time from the Constitution, and 7m. 31s. from Columbia.

The Center Island cup series was changed to the 15ft. class, and brought out more boats than ever. The cup was won by Bobs, Cayenne second, and Sabrina third.

The Corinthian challenge cup race for 15-footers was most interesting and will extend over next year. The winner of 1903 was Cayenne, with Sabrina second, and Bobs third.

Thirty races were sailed last year, as against thirty-five in 1902, and 325 yachts started, two more than during the previous year.

The annual meeting of the National Yacht and Skiff Club, of Toronto, was held on January 11. The following is a list of officers for 1904: Com., E. B. Collett; Vice-Com., Dr. McKibbon; Rear Com., William Downer; Capt., James W. Commeford, Jr.; Treas., H. B. Hudson; Meas., G. M. McTaggart; Ass't Meas., G. B. Martin; Sec'y, R. F. Fielding; Ass't Sec'y, Edward Witchall; Chairman of Executive, Thomas Riley; Executive Committee, John L. Lee, J. S. Ellis, John Johnson, William Ellison; Sailing Committee, Bert Archer, Art Winton, R. G. Low.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 27-March 5.—New York.—At Zettler's, championship rifle gallery tournament.

June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK.—The weekly shoot of the Zettler Club, Jan. 12, had more than the usual attendance of the club members, due in part to the fact that they were to contest for the badge of the National Rifle Association, which is one of the many that is given annually by the Association to each of the societies affiliated with the N. R. A.

This badge is supposed to be shot for by the members of each society, and the name of the winner returned to the secretary of the N. R. A., to be recorded in the annual report of the Association. In this contest the shooting committee decided to have the members use the bullseye target, one shot, and the best center to count. Wm. A. Tewes won with 43 degrees, H. C. Zettler and G. W. Plaisted were tied for second place, each with 47 degrees.

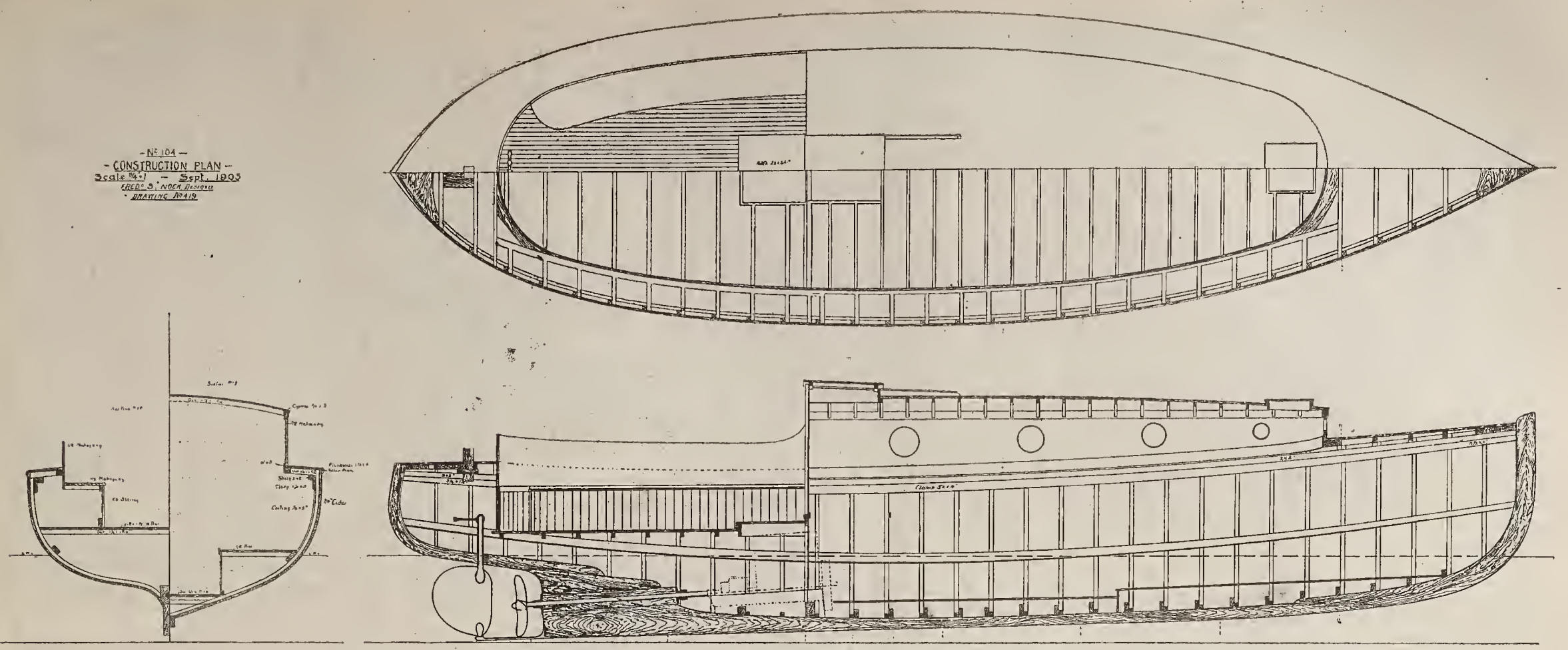
On the ring target, for the best 50-shot score, Capt. Tewes was again first, with a total of 1222.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: W. A. Tewes 1222, E. Van Zandt 1219, L. C. Buss 1216, A. Kronsberg 1216, R. Gute 1212, C. G. Zettler, Jr., 1211, H. C. Zettler 1198, C. G. Zettler, Sr., 1193, W. A. Hicks 1192, Begerow 1190, Maurer 1187, B. Zettler 1187, H. Fenwirth 1170, G. J. Bernius 1134.

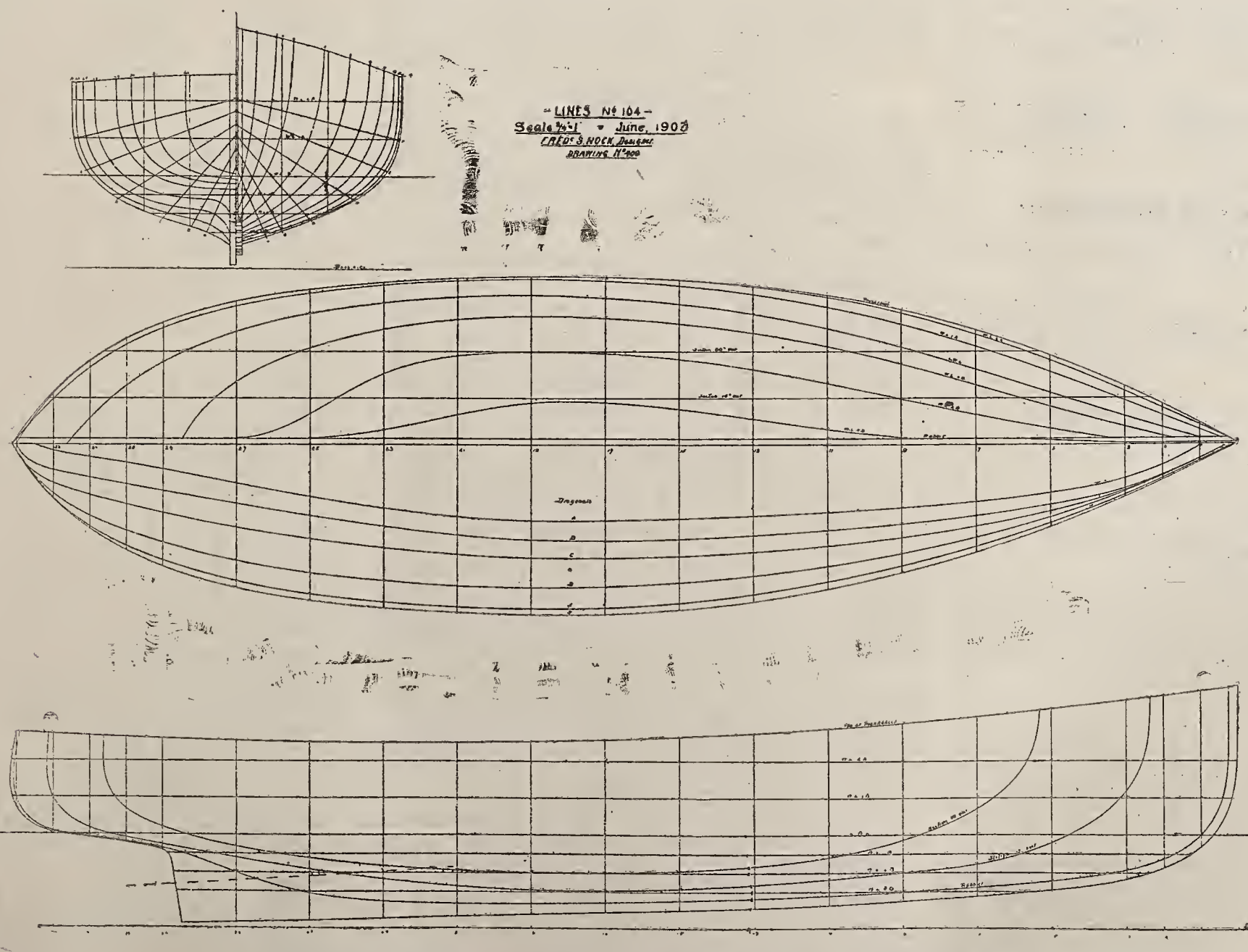
Bullseye target, 4in. carton, best center shot to count, N. R. A. badge, degrees: W. A. Tewes 43, G. W. Plaisted 47, H. C. Zettler 47, H. Kosters 53. A. Kronsberg 60, Begerow 65½, B. Zettler 73, L. Buss 81½.

National Rifle Matches.

IN Washington on Jan. 18 the Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice held a meeting. Representatives of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps and National Rifle Association were present.. Among the representatives of the latter body were Gen. Bird W. Spencer, of New Jersey; Major-General Charles F. Roe, of New York; Gen. P. Farmer Wanser, of New Jersey, and Major David S. B. Chew, of Pennsylvania. This Board determines upon the rifle and the regulations of the national contest. A sub-committee of the Board reported favorably on dropping, in future contests, all members of successful teams. This was earnestly opposed by General Roe, of New York. This rule, if adopted, would shut out the members of the New York team which won last year. General Spencer informed the Board that at its recent meeting the National Rifle Association, by resolution, opposed dropping more than three members of the winning team. The Board finally decided to make no change in this matter. No place has yet been fixed upon for the national matches. New York and New Jersey respectively desire to secure the contest, but the military members of the Board are in favor of holding the event in the Middle West.



THIRTY-ONE-FOOT HUNTING LAUNCH—CONSTRUCTION AND CABIN PLANS—DESIGNED BY FRED S. NOCK.



THIRTY-ONE-FOOT HUNTING LAUNCH—LINES—DESIGNED BY FRED S. NOCK.

National Rifle Association.

THE National Rifle Association Board of Directors held its annual meeting in Washington on the evening of Jan. 16. General Bird W. Spencer presided.

Concerning whether or not the American team used an irregular rifle in the great International match at Bisley last year, there was a full discussion. Col. Leslie C. Bruce, captain of the American team, explained that the rifling of the rifles used by the American team differed from that used in the regular army, yet the use of the special barrel in no wise violated the conditions of the match. There was no attempt made to conceal that fact, and it was a commonly known fact, and no question was raised concerning it at that time. The English contestants used rifles of different rifling from those used by the regular army, and these arms were of special and expensive material. The conditions required that the rifles should be similar in pattern to that of the regular army of the country whence the team came. The use of special barrels did not make the rifle of a different pattern.

Gen. Spencer was authorized to send a reply accordingly to the secretary of the British Rifle Association.

The next meeting will be held on Sept. 1 to 10. The international match for the Palma trophy is to take place on Sept. 3.

Officers elected for 1904: President, Gen. Bird W. Spencer, of New Jersey; First Vice-President, Gen. George H. Harries, of the District of Columbia; Second Vice-President, Gen. N. A. Haskell, of New York; Third Vice-President, Gen. L. Griggs, of Maryland; Treasurer, Lieutenant Reginald Sayre, of New York; Secretary, Lieut. Albert S. Jones, of New Jersey, who was instructed to invite the different foreign countries to take part in the international contest

Our Own Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—Some twenty odd members of the Our Own Club shot in the weekly gallery match on Jan. 13. A. Von der Decken was high man with 239.

Ten shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: A. Von der Decken 239, J. H. Krouse 236, L. Levy 230, J. Ortlieb 230, Wm. Weiz 227, F. Buhler 227, Wm. Dilger 225, M. Appel 225, J. Trus 222, A. Biehler 221, M. Pfundheller 222, C. Drees 224, A. Gottlieb 215, J. C. Mehrten 200, G. Justus 215, C. J. Mehrten 210, C. Petersen 208, A. L. Weinthal 215, S. Fisher 202, L. Christ 214, G. Cordes 200.

Miller Rifle Club.

NEW YORK.—At the weekly shoot of the Miller Club, Jan. 13, twelve members took part in the contest. There was a close race between four of the members.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: F. Unbehaum 243, C. Bischoff 243, Owen Smith 242, D. Miller 242, D. Dingman 240, R. A. Goldthwaite 240, R. W. Evans 239, J. Bischoff 239, R. A. Blake 237, W. Wahlstrom 233, C. Bayha 233, C. Miller 232.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Jan. 18-23.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.
Jan. 20.—Brown's Mills, N. J.—Match at 100 live birds each, between Fred Miller and Richard Lamb.
Jan. 23.—Edgewater, N. J.—Shoot for L. C. Smith gun on the grounds of North River Gun Club.
Jan. 30.—Bound Brook, N. J., merchandise shoot
Jan. 30.—Newark, N. J.—Shoot for L. C. Smith gun on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club.
Feb. 2-5.—Omaha, Neb., midwinter tournament.
Feb. 6.—Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association all-day shoot; merchandise prizes. J. R. Taylor, Gen'l. Mgr.
Feb. 12-13.—Paterson, N. J.—Jackson Park Gun Club tournament; live birds and targets.
Feb. 21.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. A. L. Hughes, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Schenectady, N. Y., tournament.
Feb. 22.—Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Valentine Wahlburg, Capt.
Feb. 22.—Lexington, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club.
Feb. 23-26.—West Baden, Ind.—Colonial Handicap. Targets and pigeons. Open. $500 guaranteed. John L. Winston, Mgr
April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Patriots' Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Colfart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club has fixed upon Feb. 22 for a tournament.

The Soo Gun Club, Sioux City, Ia., has fixed upon June 7, 8 and 9 as the dates for its tenth annual amateur tournament. Added money will be offered. The secretary is Mr. W. F. Duncan.

Mr. L. Caunitz, of New York, and Mr. James Morrison, a member of the North River Gun Club, have arranged a match at 100 targets, for $50 a side, to be shot at Edgewater, N. J., on Dec. 27.

The conclusion of the live-bird shoot, known as the J. P. Sauer & Son gun handicap, will be shot on Friday of this week, on the Guttenberg race track, N. J. Sweepstake events will also be shot. Shooting off the ties commences at 12 M. sharp.

The Hudson Gun Club will hold their next shoot on Jan. 24, and an all-day shoot on Feb. 21. Notwithstanding the many obstructive happenings of flooded grounds, a looted club house, and stormy shooting days, the members will continue their club shoots as energetically in the future as in the past.

The General Manager, Mr. J. R. Taylor, announces that the Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association will hold an all-day shoot Feb. 6, on the Interstate Fair grounds. There will be many merchandise prizes, for which the entrance is the price of targets only. Competition commences at 10 o'clock.

The main event of the Grand Canadian Handicap was at 20 live birds; $500 cash guaranteed. There were thirty-seven contestants. It was won by Mayhew, from the 31yd. mark. Eight tied on the high score, 19. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Mayhew killed his fifth bird and won; Kirkover, shooting from the 32yd. mark, being runner-up.

The Pinehurst, N. C., Gun Club has arranged an attractive programme for the months of January, February and March. A shoot is held each week. The dates for the annual Pinehurst Gun Club championship trophy are March 31, April 1 and 2. Address the secretary, Mr. Herbert L. Jillson, Pinehurst, for particulars.

In a match at 25 live birds at Ledgewood, N. J., Jan. 15, between Messrs. F. Class, Jr., and L. Kerns, for $25 a side, the latter withdrew at the twentieth round, the score then being 12 to 7 in favor of Class. In a match at Lake Denmark, same contestants and conditions, the scores were: Class 22, Kerns 10.

The trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM starts this week for an outing in Tennessee, where the quail are plentiful, where the bird dogs are of the best in the world, and where there are sunshine and moonshine of far greater excellence than there is in the North at this arctic season. Matter intended for publication should therefore be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM.

The Brooklyn Gun Club, Jan. 16, had a larger attendance than common, owing to a number of the Wanderers being present. The main event was the 25-target shoot for the L. C. Smith gun. In this event, six Wanderers competed. Mr. John Martin broke 21, and with his handicap of 5, made the possible 25. Without the handicaps, his score also was the highest.

Messrs. Wm. Hopkins and Geo. Conover have arranged to shoot a return match on Jan. 30, at Flatlands. The conditions are 100 targets, $50 a side. The first match was shot at Aqueduct, L. I., and was won by Mr. Hopkins, the score being 78 to 74. If Mr Conover should win the forthcoming match, the third match will be shot on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club.

At Havre de Grace, Md., on Jan. 16, there was a trapshooting contest for the championship of Cecil and Harford counties. Harford county was represented by German, who killed 10, J. Poplar 10, V. Sentman 10, W. Poplar 10. Cecil county was represented by Miller, who killed 10, Baily 9, Coale 9, Davis 9. Some miss-and-outs were shot, in which Mr. J. M. Hawkins, of Baltimore, was the chief winner.

At the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club for Jan. 16, Mr. A. G. Southworth scored a win for the January cup with a score of 23 out of 25. Messrs. Marshall and Southworth scored a win in the two-man team contest for the Sykes trophy. Mr. T. W. Stake won a trophy contest after shooting off a tie with Mr. D. C. Bennett, who previously won a trophy event with a full score of 15. Messrs. Lott and Driggs also were trophy winners.

W. J. Rawlings, Chief of Police of New Britain, Conn., has sent out notice, as follows: "Taken from F. C. Monier, Jr., 147 Main street, Jan. 13, one Smith & Wesson pearl-handled 6-inch .32cal. revolver, six hammerless Ivor Johnson .32cal. revolvers, twenty hammer .32cal. revolvers, of three makes—Ivor Johnson, H. & R., and Tems. Six meerschaum pipes, in cases, twenty brierwood pipes, straight and crooked stems, in cases, $5 in pennies. Please keep sharp lookout for these goods."

At the annual meeting of the Crescent Athletic Club, held in its city house, Clinton street, Brooklyn, Saturday evening of last week, the official reports showed the club to be in a flourishing condition. There are now 2,045 members, of which 1,695 are resident, 247 non-resident, 100 life and 3 army and navy. The income of the club last year was $198,405.19; expenditures, $153,974.04, thus leaving a surplus of $44,428.10. The athletic expenses were $5,130.20, divided as follows: Baseball, $1,080.14; cycling, $175; golf, $1,347.20; hockey, $196.83; lacrosse, $1,761.33; lawn tennis, $418.18; shooting, $151.46.

The Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club is fortunate far above the commonplace in having a president who so generously and materially appeals to the friendly interest of the members. In the interesting report sent us by the captain, Mr. C. G. Blandford, is stated that on Jan. 16, the annual president's shoot was held, the prizes of which, two silver berry dishes, a silver soup tureen, a silver samovar, and a large silver pitcher, were donated by the president of the club, Mr. Franklin Brandreth, to which he appended the conditions that targets and shells were free; that lunch and cigars were hospitably a part of the pleasant event, all of which would indicate that if any one failed to enjoy that event his capacity for enjoyment was dull indeed. BERNARD WATERS.

Bristol Gun Club.

BRISTOL, Tenn., Jan. 11.—The Bristol Gun Club held a shoot in honor of their distinguished guest, Mr. Fred Gilbert. After missing 4 birds in the first 35, he made 114 out of the next 115 targets. He made 85 straight run. E. K. Bachman made 42 straight run. Dr. S. W. Rhea made 28 straight run.

The weather was very bad. Still, a large number of visitors were on hand.

Some of the club members fell under their usual record. Mr. Gilbert will always have friends here.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
F Gilbert	150	145	E B Smith	125	102
E K Bachman	125	118	J M Berry	125	101
Dr S W Rhea	100	91	H A Arrant	100	81
A M Hatcher	125	111	A S McNiel	75	55
C C English	125	107	J Buffum	50	35
R M Cumley	150	125	P W Fleck	50	32
S G Kelley	175	147	J P Davis	50	34
J T Cecil	150	127	W B Kilgore	25	19

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Jan. 16.—Bad weather marred the weather conditions governing the shoot of the Keystone Shooting League to-day. Two events were shot. The first at 15 birds, 30yds. rise, with a $5 optional sweepstake. I. W. Budd won first money alone, with a clean score. Charles Geikler and Richard Lamb divided second money with 14. F. M. Eames lost one dead out and missed a hard driver on his last shot.

I W Budd.....2222 1211 222222—15
C Geikler.....2222222222210222—14
R Lamb.....2212201222211221—14
F M Eames...22*222222222220—13
W Harrison...*21120222210211—12
E Coffin.....2102*2222220222—12
A Anderson....20222*22002 222—11
Andrews .....222*022220 2222—11

In a four-cornered sweepstake at 10 birds, $2.50 entrance, Budd and Lamb each scored 9, and Geikler took second money with 8. Eames had more hard luck, losing the first 3 dead over the wire, each bird being hard hit. The scores:

I W Budd.....1122120111—9
R Lamb.....2221120122—9
C Geikler.....2220222*22—8
F Eames.....***220*010—3

Indianapolis (Ind.) Gun Club.

THE first shoot for the Julius C. Walker & Son cup was held on Jan. 9. This will be shot in a series of twelve weekly contests, at 50 targets each, handicap of added targets to be adjusted according to previous record of each shooter. The scores:

Denny (14) 49, Moller (3) 45, Michaelis (0) 44, Allen (4) 43, Heaton (16) 43, Moore (1) 40, Bill (0) 39, Beckman (0) 40, Dixon (10) 39, Schwyer (10) 38, Hart (4) 38, Nash (0) 37, Lilly (10) 37, Pfaffler (6) 37, Albertson (32) 34, Morrison (14) 34. BONASA.

Phellis Trophy Contest.

THE second contest between teams of the Urbana and Cincinnati gun clubs was held on Jan. 11. The teams were the same, except that Jack took W. Holding's place on the Urbana team, and A. Sunderbruch shot on the Cincinnati team in place of R. Trimble. This change in the latter team was made necessary by a new clause, which was added to the rules after the first match with Urbana, providing that members of teams contesting for the trophy must be bona fide residents of Ohio; and as Trimble hails from old "Kaintuck," he is barred from future matches.

A heavy storm of rain and sleet on Sunday night and Monday morning covered the ground with ice, and made the footing at the score rather precarious, until Supt. Gambell had a lot of dirt spread over the 16yd. path. The weather was cold and cloudy all day, and, although there was no wind, the targets were difficult to see; but some very good work was done.

The Urbana boys arrived about noon, and were greeted by a large crowd, which had assembled to shoot and watch the sport. After partaking of one of Mrs. Gambell's famous dinners, the Urbana team did a little practice shooting, and at 2 o'clock the first squad of four men, two from each team, faced the traps. The match was shot in two strings of 15 and one of 20 targets. At the close of the first round Cincinnati was 1 ahead, the score being 74 to 73. Urbana overcame this lead in the second round by breaking 80 to 75, and the match stood 4 in their favor. In the last round the home team pulled themselves together and smashed 103 to Urbana's 94, winning the match by 5 points, with a total of 252 to 247.

E. Holding, of Urbana, was high gun for the match, with 47, a much better showing than he made on Dec. 30, when he was not shooting in form. Barker was second high gun for the match with 45. He is a steady shooter, can be relied upon for consistent work, and does not get rattled when in a close competition. Sunderbruch was third with 43.

Gambell is entitled to credit for shooting at all, as he was only partially recovered from a severe attack of sciatic rheumatism, and was unable to get around without the aid of a crutch or cane. He showed great pluck in staying in to the finish, and every trapshooter knows that he is good for quite a number more targets out of 50 than he got here.

Judges: R. Trimble, C. Dreihs. Referee, D. Elliott. Official scorer, J. J. Faran.

The scores in the match follow:

Cincinnati Team.					Urbana Team.				
Gambell	11	12	16—	39	Gross	11	13	18—	42
Barker	14	13	18—	45	Kirby	14	12	14—	40
Medico	12	14	15—	41	Jack	12	12	11—	35
Don Minto	14	10	18—	42	Muzzy	12	13	16—	41
A Sunderbruch	12	14	17—	43	E Holding	13	15	19—	47
Ahlers	11	12	19—	42	Hill	11	15	16—	42
	75	75	103	252		73	80	94	247

Point Breeze Trap.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 16.—A sweepstake, miss-and-out, drew a large attendance of shooters and their friends on the grounds at the Point Breeze track to-day. It was an unusually large gathering in numbers.

The weather conditions were unfavorable to the shooters. The birds were about an average lot, poor and good. There were a number of the best shots which Philadelphia can boast, who participated in the competition. As to the handicaps, 30yds. and 27yds. were the limit. There were twenty individual shooters and forty-eight entries, several contestants shooting for other tickets besides their own.

Seven dropped out on the first round; six on the second; five on the third; three on the fourth, two on the fifth; two on the sixth; two on the seventh; seven on the eighth, and thirteen finished out the ninth round with clean scores, when the shoot was stopped on account of darkness and postponed until Jan. 22, in the afternoon.

A hammerless gun is offered as first prize. Scores:

F Miller, 30.....222222222—9
John Morris, 30.....222222222—9
John Morris, 30.....222222222—9
F Miller, 30.....222222222—9
J Morris, 30.....222222222—9
E Coleman, 28.....211212222—9
C Mink, 30.....222112222—9
A J Miller, 29.....222211222—9
S C Amen, 29.....221122222—9
Blunder, 27.....222222222—9
C Mink, 30.....221222122—9
H Sax, 27.....122122212—9
Winchester, 28.....2222 2222—9
H McAnany, 29.....2222 2222 —8
J Morris, Jr, 27.....12221111 —8
H Fisher, 30.....22222222 —8
C Mink, 30.....22222222 —8
F B McCoy, 30.....22222222 —8
A A Felix, 30.....22222112 —8
F Murphy, 28.....21122221 —8
F B McCoy, 30.....2222222 —7
F Murphy, 28.....2212121 —7
D Sanford, 29.....222222 —6
D Clegg, 27.....222221 —6
E Coleman, 28.....2222 —4
W Wilson, 28.....2222 —4
D Sanford, 29.....222 —3
A A Felix, 30.....211 —3
F B McCoy, 30.....222 —3

A. J. Miller 2, Morris, Jr., 2, Morris, Jr., 2, McAnany 2, Blunder 2, F. Muller 1, Sanford 1, E. Coleman 1, Clegg 1, Blunder 1, Gallagher 1, A. J. Miller 0, E. Coleman 0, Clegg 0, McCoy 0, Ewart 0, Wilson 0.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 14.—A strong wind blowing from the 9 o'clock quarter, and the temperature hugging the zero point were conditions not only unfavorable, but decidedly uncomfortable for trapshooting to-day. Under such conditions, however, the regular weekly shoot of this club was held, and as a result good scores were few. Several visitors were present and took part in the shooting.

In the cup event, P. J. Smith made highest score and was high gun as well. With the very unfavorable conditions considered, Pat "certainly had his eye" in this event. H. W. Marshall, in this same event, won both cups of last week in the shoot-off of ties.

Dr. Snow was present, and his gun, which was the most beautiful ever seen on the grounds, was the admiration of all present. The Doctor, being unused to the gun, did not shoot up to his standard. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	25
Traver	6	..	8	..	3	18	..
Adriance	10	6	6	..	6	23	19
Dr Snow	5	4	2	4	..	8	10
Smith	9	..	6	..	..	..	..
Wicker	3	8	..	..	..	..	..
Scott	..	5	..	3	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	25
Rhodes	6	..	7	4	..	21	..
Kaley	..	4	..	5	5	11	16
Moore	..	..	..	..	..	1	..
Marshall	..	..	..	..	..	7	17
Winans	..	..	5	..	4	..	..

Traver cup, 25 targets:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Dr Snow	5	4	9
Marshall	18	5	23
Winans	15	5	20
Adriance	20	3	23
Traver	19	2	21

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Smith	21	5	25
Scott	8	7	15
Wicker	17	7	24
Cheney	14	7	21

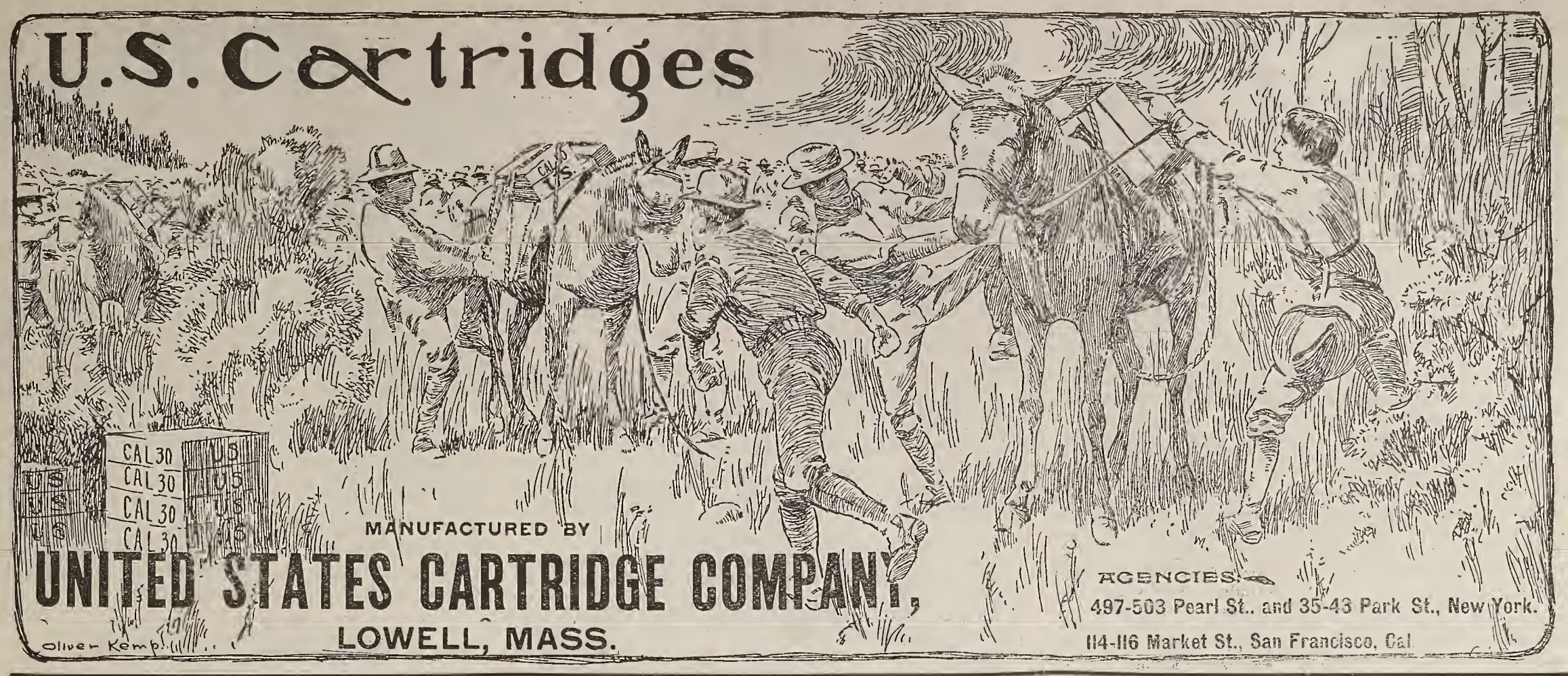
SNANIWEH.

South Gloucester Gun Club.

GLOUCESTER CITY, Pa., Jan. 16.—Notwithstanding that the afternoon was stormy, there was a fairly good attendance. The scores follow:

Targets:	10	10	10	10
F Hook	..	7	5	..
W Murray	9	..	7	6
H Thomas	8	..	8	7
G Hutchinson	6	..	6	8
M Hughes	7	8	..	..

Targets:	10	10	10	10
T Work	4	..	6	6
J Farrelly	4	10	6	..
J Sullivan	4	6	6	..
G Grove	4	8	..	..



Wawaset Gun Club.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us from Wilmington, Del., Saturday, Jan. 9, the following interesting clipping:

The exhibition shoot given by Fred Gilbert, the world's champion, and Jack Fanning, of San Francisco; Hood Waters, of Baltimore, and Luther J. Squier and J. T. Skelley, of this city, at the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club on Saturday afternoon was a big success, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather. As on the previous day, the men shot under unfavorable conditions, the biting southwest wind which blew interfering to a considerable extent, and making good scores a difficult matter. There was a big gathering of local sports, and the club house was unable to hold more than one-third of the number at one time. But the spectators stuck it out, and considered standing in snow and ice well worth the privilege of witnessing such a notable event.

The scores were not as good as those made at the grounds of the Wilmington Country Club on Friday, but Fred Gilbert again was high man, with 91 out of a possible 100. This score was 7 targets less than his record for Friday. By far the most exciting feature of the shoot was the rivalry between Gilbert and Hood Waters for first place. Gilbert had a bad start, missing his second target, and getting but 6 out of the first 10. At the close of the third round Waters led by 4 targets, but Gilbert going up for the final round broke his 25 straight, as the local sportsmen looked on with admiration.

Fanning did not shoot in his usual form, because of the cold, and Skelley took a slump, making but 66 against his 96 on the previous day. Squier did good work, making a total of 84. The score follows::

Fred Gilbert 91, Jack Fanning 70, Hood Waters 90, L. J. Squier 84, J. T. Skelley 66.

The official record of trapshooters recently issued proclaims Fred Gilbert still champion, and gives the number of points won. Twenty-four shots are on the honor list, including Luther J. Squier, of this city, whose number of points won is 215. The list of points won follows: Fred Gilbert 336, W. H. Heer 317, W. R. Crosby 294, C. G. Spencer 271, R. O. Heikes 262, C. W. Phellis 251, J. A. R. Elliott 241, Neaf Apgar 236, J. M. Hughes 229, J. M. Hawkins 218, L. J. Squier 215, Ralph L. Trimble 211, Frank Faurote 204, E. D. Fulford 185, J. S. Boa 165, H. C. Hirschy 146, Turner E. Hubby 133, Max Hensler 132, Frank C. Riehl 134, Lou B. Fleming 125, Charles W. Budd 116, Russel Klein 108, Hood Waters 108, Harry Watson 100.

The following table shows L. J. Squier's record from January to August of 1903:

Mason, O., Jan. 27-28	395	.882
Mason, O., Jan. 27-28	395	.833
Pittsburg, Pa., April 22-23	350	.917
Derry, Pa., April 29-30	360	.840
Irwin, Pa., May 5-6	350	.930
Wilmington, Del., May 7-8, 16-20 yards	350	.911
Du Bois, Pa., May 13-14	380	.952
Williamsport, Pa., May 27-29	555	.888
Derry, Pa., June 30-July 1	360	.886
Glen Rock, Pa., Aug. 6-7	400	.975

Wawaset—Baltimore.

THE following, taken from a Wilmington, Del., daily of Jan. 14, explains itself:

Much disappointment existed in local shooting circles last night when it was learned that the match shoot scheduled to take place between teams representing the Wawaset Gun Club and the Baltimore Shooting Association, in Baltimore, to-day, will not take place, owing to the fact that the Baltimore Association at the last moment backed out under the plea that some of its shooters are sick.

Sportsmen who have been looking forward to the shoot with considerable interest were much disappointed and were inclined to look upon the Baltimore team's reason for backing out as a flimsy excuse. Members of the Wawaset Club did not discuss the matter beyond stating the reason advanced by Baltimore.

In a match shoot between Wawaset and Baltimore in this city a few weeks ago, the Baltimore team was badly beaten, the score being 691 to 611. After the shoot the captain of the Baltimore team asked for a return match, and the Wawaset club readily assented. It was agreed that the shoot should take place within thirty days. Since that time preparations have been going on for the event, and the local shots were in readiness to go to Baltimore when the news came that the Baltimore Association had declared the shoot off for the time being. The captain of that team thinks it will be possible to hold it about Jan. 30. This will be the limit of the time agreed upon, and in case it is not ready by that date, it is not probable that the local shooters will agree to a further extension of time.

As the Baltimore Association has a large number of shots credited with good scores, it seems nothing short of strange that the sickness of a few members should interfere with a shoot. Many are inclined to believe that the bad defeat which the local shooters inflicted upon Baltimore in the last shoot has something to do with the postponement.

The Wawaset club was in a position to send a strong team to Baltimore, having at least fourteen available shots at its disposal.

The match shoot between Roser and J. T. Skelley which was scheduled to take place to-day has been postponed for a short time, as Skelley is absent from the city.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Jan. 16.—Though a heavy snow squall somewhat marred that which promised to be a perfect afternoon for a shoot, sixteen shooters braved the weather and came out on invitation of the president of the Ossining Gun Club, Mr. Franklin Brandreth. This was called the "annual president's shoot," and those fair weather sportsmen who did not come should get together a "kicking squad" and take turns on each other. Here was what our genial president offered us, and, mind you, not a cent did it cost any one but the president. You couldn't even pay for shells or targets, or chip in for the trappers. Prizes: two fine silver berry dishes, a silver soup tureen with gun metal handles, a silver samovar and a beautiful silver pitcher with a capacity of at least two quarts of claret punch. With these thrown in were a lunch—eatables and drinkables—and cigars of good persuasion. Think of all this, fellow shooters, and envy us for the day we had.

The scores made were fair, considering lack of practice of the majority of the shooters. The handicaps were equitable, as the scores will testify. In making handicaps we aim to favor those who practice consistently. A man who has not shot a target for a year should not expect an allowance which would land him an easy winner.

Longest run of the day was made by Mr. F. Brandreth, 26 straight.

Practice, 5 targets: D. Brandreth 5, A. Harris 4, W. Fisher 2, J. C. Barlow 3, G. Hubbell 3, J. Hyland 2, C. Blandford 4, A. Bedell 3, J. Willi 2.

First trophy, 10 bluerocks, silver berry dish. Hubbell won on shoot-off:

	Yds.	Added.	Tot'l.		Yds.	Added.	Tot'l.
C Blandford	18	0	8	G Hubbell	16	1	10
A Harris	14	3	7	F Brandreth	16	0	7
W Fisher	16	1	8	I Washburn	16	0	6
J Hyland	16	2	9	G R Schneider	16	0	7
W Smith	14	3	1	Hans	16	0	5
J C Barlow	16	2	10	A Bedell	18	0	9
D Brandreth	16	1	w				

Second trophy, 10 bluerocks, silver berry dish:

A Harris	14	3	7	F Brandreth	16	0	10
W Fisher	16	1	9	I Washburn	16	0	8
J Hyland	16	2	10	Hans	16	0	6
W Smith	14	3	5	G R Schneider	16	0	8
J C Barlow	16	2	9	V Coleman	16	0	8
D Brandreth	16	1	8	C Blandford	18	0	9
G Hubbell	16	1	9	A Bedell	18	0	9

Hyland won on second shoot-off, in which F. Brandreth made a run of 22 straight.

Third trophy, 10 bluerocks, silver soup toureen. Coleman won:

A Harris	14	3	8	F Brandreth	16	0	w
W Smith	14	3	7	I Washburn	16	0	w
W Fisher	16	1	7	Hans	16	0	4
J C Barlow	16	2	9	G R Schneider	16	0	6
D Brandreth	16	1	w	W Coleman	16	0	10
G Hubbell	16	1	8	A Bedell	18	0	w
J Hyland	16	2	8	C Blandford	18	0	w

Fourth trophy, 10 bluerocks, silver samovar. Hans won on shoot-off, with 10 targets straight:

A Harris	14	3	9	I Washburn	16	0	9
W Smith	14	3	5	Hans	16	0	9
W Fisher	16	1	7	G R Schneider	16	0	9
J C Barlow	16	2	w	C Blandford	18	0	8
D Brandreth	16	1	w	A Bedell	18	0	9
F Brandreth	16	0	8				

Fifth trophy, 10 bluerocks, silver pitcher. Blandford won on shoot-off:

W Smith	14	3	w	J C Barlow	16	2	9
A Harris	14	3	w	C Blandford	18	0	10
W Fisher	16	1	9	A Bedell	18	0	9
D Brandreth	16	1	10	Hans	16	0	6
F Brandreth	16	0	9	G R Schneider	16	0	7
I Washburn	16	0	8			C. G. B.	

Florists' Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 12.—The Florists' Gun Club held its regular shoot for class prizes at Wissinoming to-day. The weather was favorable, and should have drawn a larger attendance.

In the club race at 50 bluerock targets, from magautrap, Mrs. Park led with 46 out of 50, breaking the last string of 25 straight. Shew was second best with 45, Harrison third on 44, D. Sanford and State Champion Fred Coleman broke 42 each.

Several extras were shot, with no remarkable scores. Geo. Anderson had lost his form as well as his voice, but failed to recover either. The scores follow:

Targets:	25	25		Targets:	25	25	
Mrs Park	21	25	46	Geo Anderson	17	20	37
C Shew	22	23	45	W Park	18	19	37
W Harrison	24	20	44	E Coleman	18	18	36
D Sanford	23	19	42	W Massey	17	17	34
F Coleman	22	20	42	E Thomas	17	13	30
W Wescott	18	23	41				

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 16.—The shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day was well attended, there being twelve shooters present. The Wanderers were visitors and participants, and their club contest for the L. C. Smith gun was the main event. It was closely contested. Mr. John Martin was high with a full score of 25, and also high in the scores, handicaps unconsidered. The scores:

Shoot for Wanderers' gun, 25 targets:

A A Schoverling, 3	1101010111110111111110110—20
H B Williams, 3	1110111110101111101110110—22
John Martin, 5	0111111011111101111111011—25
Capt Money, 2	0101001110111111111111111—22
James Morrison, 4	1010010110001111111011111—21
E A W Everitt, 5	0011111111011111101101001—23

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	15	15	20	10
W Hopkins	9	13	8	14	7	10	..	14	..	8
Capt Borland	6	14	5	7	10	7	10	8	..	..
J S Wright	5	8	7	10	8	5	9	6	13	8
H B Williams	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H D Bergen	6	9	6	12	6	8	12	..	..	..
H Dreyer	4	11	8	8	6	8	..	..	..	..
J Kelly	2	11	9	13	5	5	13	13	13	8
A A Schoverling	5	12	9	9	10	..	11	..	..	..
John Martin	6	12	..	13	..	..	12	..	..	..
Capt Money	..	14	..	13	..	..	12	..	20	9
E A W Everitt	..	7	5	7	5	..	9	..	8	..
James Morrison	4	..	5	13	..	..	..	..	..	..

Baden—Lick Gun Club.

WEST BADEN, Ind., Jan. 9.—Things have been rather lively in "the Valley" this week. On Wednesday Messrs. George and Logan Ballard shot off their tie for championship of Orange county, and the race was a nice one, as follows:

Ties at 25 targets: L. Ballard, 16yds., 17; G. Ballard, 18yds., 17.

Second tie, at 25: L. Ballard 20, G. Ballard 14. L. Ballard won championship trophy.

On this day Rand put in an appearance. Of all the "busy" men we ever saw, Rand is the busiest. He immediately mixed us up and kept us going for three days. We want him to come back to the big handicap in February, and the writer will shoot that double race over again for $1 a pair. The following scores will show what he did to us, 100 targets, $20: Rand 88, Hasbeen 90.

Jan. 7, 100 targets, $10: Hasbeen 87, Rand 84.

Jan. 8, 50 pairs, $20: Rand 83, Hasbeen 72.

He beat us easily at our own game, one we love particularly well. Cause: Gone stale; too much shooting for one so old, and worn by expectancy, watching and waiting for those amateurs and factory boys who "can beat me easily, you know, only they don't shoot for money (unless they are sure they can get it), or their companies will not permit them to." Please, somebody, come. This is a delightful place to stop at; no expense.

That bunch of 250 dark blue hen birds is breaking me to feed and for "blanks," and the cup is a beauty. Rand thought he could, and then he thought he couldn't, much to our disappointment. And he has flown to Jamestown, but says he will come back to February handicaps and bring "a bunch" like himself. He will not, because he cannot find them. Rand tells us Hirschy is coming down to take the waters soon. Well, three days are all we want. Amateur? Of course, he's one. Doesn't he shoot like one these days?

Look out for our programme, to be issued on the 15th. It is plain and to the point. But study it out. It is a big one, and a money-maker to "a shooter." A HASBEEN.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 13.—Possession of the Monroe county championship title and medal still remain with Mr. Harry M. Stewart, who successfully contested in their defense to-day. The weather was unfavorable.

Competition began at 2 o'clock, while it was snowing hard. There was a strong wind. It was sometimes difficult to see the targets. About two-score shooters were at the traps. During the afternoon several special matches were decided.

Eight men competed for the county championship, and the diamond medal. Stewart made a remarkable showing. He assumed the lead at the end of the second string, and thereafter he was never in danger. He finished with 25 straight. McCord and White each broke 24 out of a possible 25.

G. D. B. Bonbright filed with Secretary McCord, of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, a challenge for the trophy. The challenge was turned over to Stewart, and he selected next Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock as the time at which he will be at Cobb's Hill to defend the title and medal. Scores follow:

Targets:	25	25	25	25		Targets:	25	25	25	25	
Stewart	22	22	23	25	92	White	19	21	21	24	85
Snow	22	21	22	23	88	Clark	20	21	19	23	83
Adkin	21	23	22	21	87	Kay	23	18	22	20	83
McCord	21	24	23	19	87	Fraley	18	18	20	21	77

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Guttenberg.

Guttenberg, N. J., Jan. 13.—The shoot for a Knockabout gun, managed by Mr. Gus Greiff, struck a popular and responsive chord in public appreciation. There were sixty-eight contestants. This contest appealed to all the shooters within a radius of about fifty miles of New York. New York and Connecticut were well represented, and as a matter of course, New Jersey was represented strongly. The conditions were made very generously. The gun was donated by Mr. J. P. Sauer. The entrance was only the price of birds. The handicaps were easy for the amateurs and hard for the professionals, the latter having the back mark of 33yds. Only one professional, Mr. Sim Glover, participated.

The conditions were 15 live birds, $3.75 entrance; handicaps 25 to 33yds. A bird allowance was given as follows: 25yds., 2 misses as kills; 26yds, 1 miss as a no-bird, one miss as a kill; 27yds., 1 miss as a kill; 28yds., 1 miss as a no-bird. The handicaps were liberal. Many of the shooters had not had much experience in live-bird trapshooting, and a number claimed that they never had any at all.

The weather conditions were as unfavorable and uncomfortable as could well be imagined. A cold, steady rain fell all day. It was light in the morning, but steadily increased till early in the afternoon it was a steady downpour. The sky was heavily and darkly overcast, and there was a consequent dull, bad light. The grounds were covered with slushy snow. Consequent to these conditions, the birds took wing reluctantly. There was a very large percentage of sitters. The birds were a mixed lot, good and poor.

The shooting for the day ended at the eleventh round, excepting three, Mowry, Kisner and Westerfield, who shot at their twelfth bird. The remainder of the event was postponed to the following day, which was clear, cold and windy.

	Hdcp.		Total.
Mowry	26	2212211111111110—14	15
Thompson	29	202021111w	
O'Rourke	26	22122111010w	
Harland	25	2201129222 2w	
Kisner	25	1221222122122222—15	15
Westerfield	25	210002121w	
Ruch	25	1222110221112 12—14	15
Gruman	27	000211222w	
Marcey	28	210201002w	
Glaser	27	001001220w	
Kent	25	202110 20222w	
Piercy	30	202221211 12w	
Whitley	26	1222212121221—15	15
Munson	28	22102222222w	
C C	29	22221112111w	
Vosselman	25	2122112221112 21—15	15
Schoverling	30	202220w	
Voorhies	26	202222w	
McKane	28	00221w	
Hearn	26	1222022111212 22—14	15
Van Allen	30	2222112211122222—15	15
Colquit	30	2022222222w	
Gille	25	2120222221220022—12	
Traver	25	000111w	
Hasbrook	26	220221200w	
Whitehouse	27	22020w	
Juster	25	10001012w	
Hexamer	26	22222202022w	
Smith	25	1221212212222221—15	15
Peabody	28	122202212222w	
Wright	26	2122212 2011w	
Squires	26	0011122111212 12—13	15
Overton	26	011011111 21w	
Hathaway	28	112001110w	
Burns	26	2210211122221 22—14	15
Fleischman	26	2212121201112 11—14	15
Bellingham	25	210021110w	
Fleflich	29	212210122 21w	
Truax	26	11221022010w	
Martin	27	2222 2221212220222—14	15
Gregory	26	00201112w	
Merkel	26	211110100w	
Sadarini	27	22222220222w	
Harms	27	10122211212w	
Gerbolini	27	1212222212111 21—15	15
Costello	26	2210111201110 21—12	
Bodei	26	222002122 0w	
Whitehead	25	121211122000 21—12	
Glover	33	22222022222w	
Eickhoff	26	2201202121 21122—13	14
Keenan	26	22120220212w	
A Radcliffe	26	1222222211111 20—14	15
Bunn	28	2222212222122222—15	15
McAndrews	25	21111101202w	
Schirmer	25	20200111211w	
Hoffmann	25	12002221202w	
Ferrel	25	1112211222122 11—15	15
Mathews	27	2222102112222 22—14	15
Feltman	25	2222211101022 22—13	15
Muldoon	28	0 2211 211222112—14	
Rolfs	26	1121210110 2w	
Danser	27	2211 21111212121—15	15
Weiss	25	201011110w	
Schmelzel	25	112202 01102w	
Roberts	25	202212211 10w	
Cathcart	25	211110111 0w	
Morrison	26	2112121112121 22—15	15
R Radcliffe	26	1020021w	

On Thursday, after the main event was finished, the tie competition was begun and continued to the fourteenth round. The conditions were miss-and-out, with the bird allowances to count as in the main event. At the fourteenth round, eleven contestants had used their allowances, and were on an equal footing. Three men had one allowance in reserve. One man had two allowance in reserve. Five men were out. The competition will be continued on Jan. 22, commencing at 12 M. The ties follow:

Mowry, 26	21021112221201	Martin, 27	22222221222222
Kisner, 25	22221111111222	Gerbolini, 27	1222212212 2111
Ruch, 25	2110122 1121201	A Radcliffe, 26	2120212222 2020
Whitley, 26	022121221221 11	Bunn, 28	2212222222 1202
Hearn, 26	2021202122 2220	Ferrel, 25	2112210101 2222
Van Allen, 30	1121212222 10w	Feltman, 25	2012111012 2211
Smith, 25	12201011221222	Mathews, 27	12020w
Squires, 26	1221121202 1120	Danser, 27	2120111212 2222
Burns, 26	1112111222 0121	Morrison, 26	2112102021 2212
Fleischman, 26	012212120 10w	Vosselman, 25	1221122202 0221

Riverside Shooting Association.

Carlstadt, N. J., Jan. 12.—The Riverside Shooting Association held a live-bird shoot on Outwater's grounds to-day. There was a small number of shooters present. In the fifth event "Garrison" killed 9 out of the 10 with one barrel. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	5	5	10	10	10	Targets:	10	5	5	10	10	10
G Piercey, 30	10	5	4	10	7	10	Outwater, 30	6	..	..	9	10	..
J. Colquitt, 29	10	4	5	9	9	8	Hathaway, 28	9	3	4	6	9	..
Garrison, 27	9	..	5	10	7	..							

Miss-and-out: Piercy and Colquitt 7, Hathaway 6.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 11.—Following are the scores made by the members of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City. This club has had very bad luck lately. First, the grounds were flooded so as to prevent shooting. The next thing that happened was not so bad. The house was broken open and everything worth anything was taken. Then followed two rainy shooting days. The rainfall was so heavy that few of the members attended. But the club is still very much alive, and will hold shoots as usual. Jan. 24 is the date for the next shoot, an all-day shoot will be held on Feb. 22. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	25	25	25	15	15	25	25	15	15	10
Schoverling	12	21	22	12	10	..	..	..	11	..
Southard	..	17	19	10	9	..	21	11	11	..
Hausman	..	15	12	9	10	15	..	..	7	9
Staples	17	18	17	12	..	23	21	..	..	..
Banta	19	18	19	12	..	..	..	..	12	..
Kelley	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	7
Gille	16	19	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Doran	15	..	..	9	7	..	..	..	..	..
Peasall	19	14	16	..	..	..	19	12	..	..
Hughes	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Pearsall	19	14	16	..	..	..	19	12	..	..
Whitley	..	..	..	..	8	12	8	..	..	..

JAMES HUGHES.

F. Class, Jr.—L. Kerns.

Lake Denmark, N. J., Jan. 12.—In the first match at 25 live birds to-day, between Mr. Frank Class, Jr., and Mr. Luther Kerns, for $25 a side, young Class won on the excellent score of 22 to 10. He scored 18 birds with one barrel.

The scores follow:

F Class, Jr. .....*1212121110111111111211101—22
L Kerns .....0211000201010101002001000—10

Jan. 15.—The second match took place at Ledgewood, N. J., under the same conditions as to the number of birds and the amount of the money. Young Class again proved to be the victor, as the following scores show:

F Class, Jr. .....1210201022120010 2002—12
L Kerns .....0200102020100200020 0— 7

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Jan. 16.—There was a goodly attendance of shooters at the Montclair Gun Club to-day. Notwithstanding the fact that the snow fell fast and the afternoon was very dark, the scores show that something was wrong, and of course, it must have been the weather. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Fitch	5	9	7	8	6	5	6	7	8	..
Fowler	4	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Darling	4	3	4	6	3	3	4	5	4	5
Abercrombie	1	4	2	4	4	4	5	1	8	..
T E Batten	5	4	5	2	4	5	8	6	6	4
Winslow	4	7	6	6	4	3	..	..	..	..
Holloway	6	6	4	7	6	..	..	..	..	..
Babcock	7	9	7	6	8	6	5	..	..	..
Dr Batten	5	6	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Geo Batten	6	6	4	5	6	5	5	..	..	..
Cockfair	7	8	6	7	8	..	..	..	..	..

The Peters Re-Union.

CINCINNATI.—The traveling representatives of the Peters Cartridge Co. gathered in Cincinnati last week from all points of the compass, to attend the annual reunion and have a good time.

Friday, Jan. 15, was spent at the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club, where they were entertained at dinner by the company, and had all the sport they wanted at the traps.

A feature of the day was the exhibition of fancy shooting given in the afternoon by Capt. Bartlett and Messrs. Carter, of Montana; Leach, of Nebraska, who holds the record of 1601 targets broken with a .22 rifle; Hardy, of Arizona, and Wallace Miller, of Austin, Tex., all representatives of the company. This exhibition was witnessed by a large crowd. Capt. Bartlett took the lead and performed many wonderful feats with .22 and .30-30 rifles, breaking pieces of brick, walnuts and other objects thrown in the air. Sighting in a mirror, standing back to the mark; holding rifle upside down, and at arms' length over his head, using a mirror for sighting, etc. Capt. Hardy, who is especially expert with the revolver, broke 51 out of 58 targets thrown in the air, and allowed that if this was not a record he would make one. He also drew letters and figures on cards held by Mr. Carter, using the bullets from a .22 rifle as his pencil. His hardest feat was when he held the butt of the rifle on his breast, standing with back to the mark, walnuts placed on a box, then leaning over until his head touched the ground, he fired and broke them, the rifle being upside down.

Wallace Miller is an expert in the use of a shotgun. He placed gun on his right foot, threw two targets in the air, tossed up his gun with his foot, caught it and smashed both targets. He then held a target in each hand, grasping his gun also, tossed gun in the air, threw up the targets, caught the gun, and made dust of the targets.

Messrs. Carter and Leach performed similar feats to the others, breaking walnuts, balls, and hitting small iron washers thrown in the air, using a .22 rifle. It was unquestionably a fine exhibition of skill, and was warmly applauded.

Shooting at the traps was continuous all day, the principal events being a match between teams of representatives from the North, East, South and West, and two teams known as the "Has Beens" and "Would Be's." There was also an exciting match between Charlie Grubb, of Pittsburg, and Geo. Benjamin, of New York, which was won by the former with the phenomenal score of 2 to 0.

Maurice Kaufman staid in Cincinnati long enough to see the sun shine, and said he could go home to New Orleans happy after that strange event.

Del Gross was squad hustler, and kept the boys on the move. The trap boys registered a kick, as they got no rest between squads.

As is usually the case, genial Tom Keller was the life of the crowd, and kept every one in good humor. The scores follow:

North.		G King	16
L H Ried	23	Leach	16
French	20	Thomas	14
Richmond	14	Knouse	9—156
J E Ried	16	**Would Be's.**	
Frohliger	13	Kaufman	21
Tuttle	13	L H Ried	19
Myers	12	Richmond	17
Parker	15	Osborne	16
Lindsley	11—137	Porter	16
East.		Litzke	15
Apgar	24	Lindsley	15
See	23	Wade	14
Storr	23	Parker	14
Lempke	21	Tuttle	13
Keller, Sr.	19	Hightower	13
Peters	18	Davenport	13
Coyle	18	J E Ried	12
H King	17	French	11
Keller, Jr.	15—178	Frohliger	8—217
South.		**Has Beens.**	
Miller	23	Kirby	22
Wade	21	Miller	22
Kaufman	20	Apgar	21
Litzke	19	See	20
Hightower	19	Peters	20
Gross	19	Storr	18
Porter	18	Lemcke	17
Osborne	16	Keller, Sr.	17
Davenport	14—159	Gross	17
West.		Bartlett	14
D. Elliott	24	Myers	13
Bartlett	22	Thomas	12
Kirby	19	Keller, Jr.	10
Hardy	19	Krouse	9
Carter	17	Grubb	2—234

BONASA.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE following scores were made in the Parker prize gun contest of Jan. 9 by members who were unable to be present that day on account of the weather: Pohlar (35) 66, 100; Pfeiffer (40) 62, 100; Gambell (10) 91, 100; H. Sunderbruch (40) 55, 95; Dick (22) 73, 95; Davies (23) 70, 93; Grau (12) 86, 98.

Jan. 16 was the first day for many weeks that the weather has allowed of comfortable shooting. The day was clear and warm, with a fairly strong wind, affecting the targets a little, and twenty-eight members took part in the last shoot of the cash prize series. R. Trimble was high gun with 44, Medico second with 43, a little nearer to the gait he was shooting a while back; Gambell third with 39.

Among those present was Jack, who has been a stranger to the grounds for many weeks. Captain also took a hand in the game once more. Ackley was on hand, and we hope, as the weather gets warmer and pleasant, that he will be one of the regulars again. Phil leaves the city on Jan. 18, and the match with Mechanicsburg for the Phellis trophy is indefinitely postponed on that account. This leaves the field open to other clubs. Where is Dayton, Troy, Springfield? One of them should take the cup.

There was not much practice shooting done to-day, as it took nearly all the time until dark to finish the main event. The scores, distance handicap, follow: Bullerdick (16) 29, Ackley (16) 23, Perin (16) 32, Hake (16) 20, Jack (15) 33, Medico (19) 43, Block (18) 27, Williams (17) 32, Ahlers (18) 32, Barker (18) 37, Jay Bee (16) 34, Don Minto (16) 36, C. Dreihs 38, Linn (16) 31, Underwood (16) 23, A. Sunderbruch (19) 35, R. Trimble (21) 44, Gambell (16) 39, Herman (16) 31, Norris (16) 29, Harig (16) 33, Faran (16) 35, Captain (16) 31, Miles (16) 36, Lampbert (16) 29, E. Trimble (16) 31, Osterfeld (16) 33, Boch (16) 22.

BONASA.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Jan. 14, at Taylor, Capt. Clif F. Gilstrap, of the Taylor Gun Club, scored, in open competition, 95 bluerocks and 10 live birds, quitting without a miss. He shot "Infallible."

At the Linden, Iowa, tournament, Jan. 6, high average was won by F. Campbell. Jan. 8, at the Baltimore tournament, J. M. Hawkins won high professional average, and Mr. L. S. German amateur average. The annual live-bird cup competition was won by L. H. Shaab. Each shot Winchester factory loaded shells. Messrs. Hawkins and Shaab used Winchester repeating shotguns.

Penn Forest Brook Trout Co., Mauch Chunk, Pa., a firm which makes a specialty of brook trout for table and stocking purposes, has issued a beautiful calendar for 1904. It is in the form of a matted picture ready for framing. The picture, in colors, is a reproduction of a painting by Albert Lache, and is entitled "Gee! A Whopper." It portrays an angler in an ideal trout stream, with bent rod and taut line, holding a trout steadily with his right hand, while with his left, he is gently using his landing net in the act of capturing; and on the angler's face is that benign expression which denotes that success is assured, and that the day is pleasant. It will be sent free to applicants.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Southern's Palm Limited.

Leaves New York daily, except Sunday, 12:40 noon, via P. R. R. and Southern Railway.

Is operated through from New York to St. Augustine, with the exception of one Double Drawing and Stateroom Sleeping Car, which is operated to Aiken and Augusta, Ga. The train is composed of Pullman Compartment Cars, Drawing and Stateroom Sleeping Cars, Club, Library and Observation Cars and up-to-date exquisitely appointed Southern Railway dining car, with service equal to any high class hotel.

Other Handsome Trains.—Two other first-class through trains, with elegantly appointed Pullman Sleeping Cars and up-to-date Dining Cars, speed between New York, Washington and Florida, making travel on the Southern Railway a pleasure and delight. Thus it will be noted that three high-class trains are operated between the East and Florida by the Southern Railway.

Round-trip tourist tickets are on sale at reduced rates to all the principal resorts of Florida and the South, which will allow stop-overs en route, thus enabling passengers to make side trips to other resorts, if desired. For further information call on or address New York offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway, Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent.

Concerning the Proctor Playhouses.

IT is a noticeable fact that, during the investigations of the newly appointed Fire Commissioner, none of the theatres controlled by Mr. F. F. Proctor, (the Fifth Avenue, Twenty-third Street, Fifty-eighth Street or One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street) have been mentioned by him as requiring any additional precautions. The "Proctor Plan" appeals particularly to matinee audiences of women and children, and this has made Mr. Proctor additionally cautious in providing for any emergency.

It is creditable that, although Mr. F. F. Proctor has, at various times, owned more theatres than any other manager in America, he has never, during the course of his career, suffered serious loss from a fire. This is not due so much to luck on Mr. Proctor's part, as to his appreciation of the possibility of conflagration, and his extreme care in providing for such emergency. Mr. Proctor was one of the first managers to introduce the fire drill, and the equipment of the auditorium and stage with an ample supply of fire hose, and his system of late years has been developed and amplified until the Proctor houses stand to-day the safest theatres in the country.

Florida.

Two Weeks' Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

THE first Pennsylvania Railroad tour of the season to Jacksonville, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington by special train on Feb. 2.

Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, $50; Trenton, $49; Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Baltimore, and Washington, $48; Pittsburg, $53, and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and other information, apply to ticket agents, or to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Postal Checks.

THE rapid extension of the rural free-delivery service increases the demand that the Government shall provide some easy, convenient, and safe method for the transmission of small sums of money through the mails, and I urge upon Congress the importance of passing some law which will insure to our people this advantage at an early a date as possible.

As the rural free-delivery service has been extended the number of letters carrying small amounts of currency has greatly increased. At present there is no convenient method provided in the rural districts for making such remittances through the mails except in currency or postage stamps, and such currency and stamp remittances are a constant temptation to those handling them.—Extract from Report of Postmaster-General Henry C. Payne for 1903.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB.

THE Boone and Crockett Club, whose annual meeting was held in Washington last week, is not an old institution as things go in this country, having been founded only twenty years ago. Its original purpose was to bring together a number of big-game hunters for social intercourse, which would include an exchange of experience as to game localities, hunting rifles, and methods of travel —pleasant and profitable to its members.

It very soon developed that these objects did not satisfy the energies of the members of the club. Game had already begun to be scarce, and the need of its protection had been strongly emphasized by the practical extinction of the buffalo. It was felt that the taking of game should be regulated, and further that a local club could not accomplish much in this direction. The result of this was a great widening of the club's influence by the election of members from all over the country, so that its membership represents the West and South, and one of its vice-presidents is a resident of Wyoming and another of Colorado.

With the rapidly changing conditions as to wild life and wild regions in America, the activities of the club have become still more modified. While a proportion of its members continue to be hunters and explorers of little known regions from the Arctic Ocean to Central America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in Africa and Asia, these members occupy themselves less with killing game than with the investigation of new countries and new game animals, and the bringing to scientific institutions material for study by the naturalist. In this way—as was said last year at a meeting of the club—it has changed from an association of destroyers of wild life to one whose objects are largely the protection of life—chiefly as represented in the great wild creatures of the land, as well as of the forests which they inhabit.

As the views of the club slowly changed, men were elected to membership who were in no sense hunters, but whose work in exploration, investigation, and the protection of the natural wonders of the United States for the benefit of the people had been noteworthy. Such men did their part with other members of the club in arousing public sentiment in behalf of the natural wonders, and the club's efforts largely influenced the passage by Congress of laws for the protection of the Yellowstone Park and all that it contains, with the result that to-day we have there the most interesting game preserve in the world.

Since wild life and all that goes with it appeal most strongly to the club, it has always appreciated the importance of interesting the great public—which has so little opportunity to see the wilderness—in nature as exemplified by the creatures which flourished there. For this reason the club, through a committee appointed by Mr. Roosevelt, then its president, established the New York Zoological Society and its park, which now possesses the greatest collection of wild animals in America. Members of the club have always been the moving spirits in that Society, and the good which they have done, and the pleasure which they have given in the greatest center of population on this continent, can hardly be overestimated.

Persons who know of the Boone and Crockett Club only by name, are apt to think of it merely as an association of persons who enjoy hunting and killing wild animals, but it is not this. A considerable proportion of its members now never hunt wild animals, but, looking to the future, are endeavoring to preserve for this country a reasonable stock of its indigenous wild creatures, which will be beautiful and historical objects for succeeding generations to admire. The club is deeply concerned in the adequate preservation of the forest reserves, and is heartily in favor of legislation at Washington which shall transfer the Forestry Bureau from the Department of the Interior to that of Agriculture. This, it is believed, will give better protection to the forests and the wild things that inhabit them, and thus will conserve to this country a great source of wealth, together with many objects of interest and beauty.

The club fully realizes that no legislation can ever accomplish anything unless backed up by public sentiment in the localities affected by the legislation, and heartily indorses the wise words of President Roosevelt, its founder, who declares in substance that the efficiency of any legislation in behalf either of game or forests depends on making the public directly affected understand that this legislation is for their benefit, and favors their interests. Incidentally such localities should be encouraged to feel a just pride in the forests, the herds of game, or the natural wonders in the neighborhood in which they reside, and which will be affected by such legislation. The local population are the natural protectors of such wonders, and such a feeling of pride is the best guarantee of support of any laws that may be enacted. Where this feeling exists the work of protection is made much less difficult. Thus, Major Pitcher, superintendent of the National Park, declares that his work of protecting that interesting region has been made easy and pleasant by the hearty co-operation that he has received from the people of Montana and Wyoming.

During the years of its existence the Boone and Crockett Club has done much good work, and since its influence is constantly increasing, we may hope that it will long continue to be a power for good in the land.

WHALEBONE.

A CABLE dispatch the other day reported from Dundee, Scotland, a sale of two and a quarter tons of whalebone for £3,000 (or over $14,000) a ton; and it was added that there were only four tons of whalebone left outstanding in the market, all the other supplies, British and American, having been cleaned up. The price of whalebone has risen in seventy years from 13 cents to $7 a pound. The rise has been due to a growing demand and a lessening supply. It has reached a point where a bowhead whale may be regarded as an animated marine gold mine. The bone yield of a bowhead ranges from 1,600 to 3,000 pounds. At ruling prices of $6 to $6.50 a pound, this means that a whale is worth from $10,000 to $20,000; and the bowhead fishery should be attractive if there are any bowheads left. In spite of the meagre returns in numbers of whale taken during the last few years, a diminishing of catch which has resulted in the rise of price, it has not been shown to the satisfaction of whalemen that the whales have actually been exterminated. Some whalers hold that there are as many whales to-day, both sperm whales and bowheads, as there were in the palmy days, when the American whaling fleet numbered over 700 sail against the beggarly 40 of to-day. Whales breed as rapidly now as they did then, it is reasoned, and are less closely pursued; they must be as plenty to-day as ever; that they are not found is due to a change of their haunts. Victor Slocum, of this city, a whaleman of experience, some of which he has related for FOREST AND STREAM readers, expresses the conviction that the bowheads are in Arctic waters on the Atlantic side of the continent waiting for the coming of American gun harpoons; and he is fitting out for an adventure in quest of whalebone. For this purpose he is building a 10-tonner, the Fox, at New Rochelle, building it himself from the keel up—a method which is calculated to give one confidence in his ship in time of stress. Next July, according to programme, he will sail from St. Johns, Newfoundland, for Hudson's Bay. Leaving the Fox there in safe anchorage he will make a sledge journey of 600 miles across the ice to Melville Sound, where his hunting camp will be established. The return will be made in September of 1905. "If the bowheads are there—," someone began. "The bowheads are there," interrupted the master of the Fox. If they shall indeed be found, Mr. Slocum promises that we shall have the story of the whalebone fishing of Melville Sound.

WE print from advance sheets those parts of the report of the New York Commission which have to do with game. The deer statistics are of most interest. They show a continuation of the steady increase of deer which has been a feature of all reports since the present law was adopted.

THE report of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, United States Forester, to the Secretary of Agriculture, is an interesting and cheering document. No previous year has seen such progress in forestry as the last, which has shown a constantly growing interest and an increasing amount of practical forest work. The change in sentiment in the West is due partly to a growing realization of the importance of irrigation in the Western States, and the influence of the forests on the water supply is gradually becoming understood by residents there. The great lumber interests are expressing themselves in favor of the perpetuation of forests by wise use. Railroads are considering the future of their timber supply, and are disposed to take measures for its perpetuation. The States are more than ever disposed to co-operate with the Bureau of Forestry, and State forest problems are constantly being submitted to the bureau for opinions. While the tendency of the bureau is to devote its energies to Government work rather than to the assistance of private owners, the number of requests for such assistance from private citizens is constantly increasing. Such requests must be met, because the proper working of a small tract of woodland by its owner exerts a very strong educational influence in a community. The subjects cared for by the bureau are forest management, forest investigation, forest extension, forest products, and of course the preservation of the records of the office. Mr. Pinchot has unquestionably done more to popularize forestry and to help forward an interest in it than any other American, and he will do more.

WRITING from the Adirondacks, Mr. George L. Brown questions the reasonableness of our assumption that the residents of the North Woods want their bears protected. Instead of being regarded as a blessing whose growing scarcity is viewed with alarm, he avers that the bear is cordially hated as a sheep stealer, and that what the Adirondack farmers would have is not bear protection, but a good generous bear bounty. Figures are quoted to prove that there has been no decrease in the bear supply, and doubtless the anti-bear side would be strengthened if we had statistics of the pigs and sheep which the farmers have contributed to the support of the species. The situation, in short, is this: Certain sentimentalists who do not live in the North Woods would have the bear protected; residents of the country, who are of more practical turn of mind, demand the destruction of the bears that they may raise hogs and sheep. We are bound to say that the Adirondack farmers have reason on their side. Common sense demands that the preposterous measure now before the Legislature to protect the bear should not be permitted to become a law.

MUCH has been heard of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt's game preserve at Biltmore, N. C., and of the means taken to increase the original stock of game and fish in the territory. During the eight years the preserve has been established, trout and deer have been liberated, the quail and the wild turkeys have been fed, salt licks have been maintained to attract the deer, hundreds of traps have been kept at work in the woods for the destruction of wildcats, mink, 'coons, and other vermin; forest rangers have patrolled the tract; and in all these ways the covers and waters have been well stocked. All this has naturally given the public an impression that the owner of Biltmore is a sportsman; but the curious feature of the Vanderbilt game preserve is that its owner never touches rod or gun; and personally cares not in the slightest degree for fish and game.

AT a special meeting of the Millinery Merchants' Protective Association, held in this city last week, it was formally resolved to abandon the fight against the laws forbidding the use of bird plumage in millinery. This step, it was explained, has been taken because of a change of popular sentiment as to the wearing of bird feather adornment; and the change has been brought about chiefly through the continued agitation of the question by the Audubon Societies and the American Ornithologists' Union. The dealers would be willing to keep up the fight against the law, and might hope to win, but there is no such thing as standing in defiance of popular feeling, in particular the sentiment of women.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Tough Side of It.

BETWEEN the Seboomook and Northeast Carry region of the West Branch of the Penobscot on the west, and the tumult of the Hulling Machine Falls on the east, there is a stretch of shore that they still call the "Dark and Bloody Ground." In the old days before many of the rocks were blasted out it was of all river stretches on the Penobscot deadliest to drivers. And those who were killed in the breaking of the jams here or who were drowned and cast out of the vaporous throat of the Hulling Machine were buried right on the bank. There are now a score or more of up-ended stones or rude wooden crosses showing where these victims lie mouldering.

In those days the State law allowed employes to bury men where they died. Now the bodies must be shipped out to the nearest undertaker, who incloses it in a casket and sends it to the man's home. And more than that, it is incumbent on lumber operators to get their sick men out to town if it is possible, or else to get the physicians in to attend the ill and the injured in the camp. Such reformations as these have helped out some of the hard features of Maine woods' life in the winter, but there are still big welts on the seamy side. The man who groans because his doctor does not come slamming up to the door within ten minutes after the call is sent would find the lines in the woods pretty hard.

And for that matter, the physician who can only go about to his duties in an automobile or behind the French plate of a brougham wouldn't be an amiable man by the time he got to a woods patient.

I have a friend who is a physician in one of the Maine towns located up near the jumping-off place. Every now and then he has a hurry-up call from some one of the big lumber operators to attend cases in their camps, and he drops his practice and goes, for there is money in it as well as infinite fatigue.

One year it will be the grip that ravages the men in the camps and lays off scores out of the working forces. This year the smallpox has ducked over the line from Canada and is causing all kinds of trouble. Dozens of camps have been peppered with it, and some of the game wardens of the State have been quarantined up there to the great detriment of their vocation and their temper.

"I got one of those calls the other day," relates the physician. "First I jumped on the train and took a forty-mile ride to West Cove on Moosehead Lake. At the station were two brawny woodsmen, who approached me and asked if I were the doctor that had been wired for. When I owned up they said that they had been sent to take me into camp.

"'Can ye skate?' asked one of the men, tucking back under the flaming, strapped wool jacket his plug, from which he had wrenched a bracing chew.

"Yes, I said.

"'Well, then, p'raps ye'd like better to skate than to ride,' said he, pointing to a moose sled pulled beside the station platform. He explained that when I got tired skating up the lake he and his chum would haul me on the sled.

"So we strapped on our skates and started away for a fifteen-mile spin up the west shore of the lake. I hadn't skated for some time, and I was hardly a match for those woodsmen, but I didn't let on that I wasn't.

"For that matter, they were a bit hampered, for one carried my medicine kit and the other my surgical outfit, and towed the sled between them. I did ten miles of it, and they said that I'd better take to the sled, for there were 'riffles' ahead, and the ice wasn't exactly safe. A riffle, you understand, is where the ice has buckled up into a sort of ridge. Sometimes it's all right to cross, and sometimes it isn't. You usually find out all about it after you get on to it. It's like eating toadstools, you know.

"I rode bundled up on the sled and the men went cautiously over the riffles, poking with long sticks into suspicious places. Once one of them went down clean to his middle, and I yelled in fear. But he only laughed at me. He had gone through a coating of shell ice on to the firmer ice beneath. But he admitted that half the time the hole went all the way to the bottom of the lake.

"That was the way Pete Labree found it. He skated down to the village of Greenville after the mail for the lumber camp where he worked, and when coming back went down into one of the riffle holes. The ice broke so badly around him that he couldn't get out and felt himself chilling to death. He struggled to the edge of the ice and though it wouldn't support him so that he could draw himself out, yet it would hold his cap and the letters. And even while dying there, he was thoughtful enough to leave the mail where passers might see it. I tell you, my dear fellow, that's true bravery that can think of others in the supreme moment of life.

"Well, we finally got up the lake shore to the outlet station of the Canadian Pacific Railroad that from here takes a direct line across the State to the Canadian line. Our camp was up the railroad twenty miles.

"There would be no train till morning. But the woodsmen got hold of a handcar and we started for a twenty-mile pump. You know how those cars are fixed. It's easier to stand up and pump at the handles than to sit and let your feet hang down. And also it's warmer when the thermometer is at zero and a little below. I thought my back would give out before we got there, but by soldiering a little on the upstrokes I managed to make out.

"Then the men loaded me on to another moose sled and started away up a tote road for an eight-mile tramp—and a woods mile is an old linger. Whenever my feet got cold I got off the sled and hoofed it.

"And that's the way we got into that camp! It was well into the night when we came over the rise of land and gave them a 'Hullo!'

"Nineteen men were sick there. Eight of them had smallpox and were isolated in the wangan camp. I worked all night, and though I was pretty near dead the poor chaps appreciated it. A woods cook is a pretty busy man, you understand, and he hasn't much time for messing up medicines. Ginger tea is the extent of his pharmaceutical attainments, usually, and he'll make that strong and hot enough to parboil a man from teeth to duodenum. You can readily appreciate that the men were glad to shift doctors.

"The cook had long whiskers and a squint eye. He got me a special breakfast after the well men had eaten and gone away into the woods. While I was stuffing cream of tartar biscuit into me and swoofing up hot tea the cook stood there with his red hands rolled in his apron and regaled me with conversation.

"'Quite a joke on me a few days ago,' he said. 'McConnell's tote team came down the road and the fellow pulled up out there and come in for a snack and a sip of something warm.

"'He said he was going down to the station after a load of cracked corn and baled hay. 'Takin' down a sick man, too,' he said. 'It's one of them Foster boys of Shirley. He's been sick for a week or so with some kind of a fever—typhus, I reckon—an' he thinks if he can only get out of that old bunk and into his mother's feather bed with her to nuss him, he'll be all right. But he's termendous sick to start off for a ja'nt like what's before him.'

"'P'raps he'd like a bite,' says I.

"'Mebbe,' says he. So I took a pannikin o' tea and a new-laid doughnut and went out to the team. He laid there all wropped up and the blanket drawed over his face.

"'Wake up, Foster boy,' says I, 'an' take a soof of something good for your in'nards.'

"'He didn't say northin', an' so I drawed down the blanket—an', as I told ye back along, it was a good joke on me. There I stood with my hot tea an' a doughnut, an' the cuss was deader'n a rail. Was all cold. Had prob'ly been dead a ha'f hour an' that driver never knowed northin' 'bout it. He took him right along, though, an' sent him home in the baggage car instead of the smokin' car.'

"It struck me," went on the doctor, "that the woods idea of a jest was a little stout for the consumption of the squeamish.

"Early that morning two men from McConnell's camp came for me with a moose sled, for the word had gone abroad in that section that I was coming. There was no way of avoiding that call—ten men sick and one near to death. I found him dead when I got there. And before I finished with the McConnell camp the Petersons came for me, and I rode half a dozen miles further into the woods on a jumper drawn by a pair of horses who bumped us over stones and stumps at a great rate.

"I was up there five days in that country—about from camp to camp—and when you talk about busy doctoring! Say, it beat a week's run of stork cases all out and hollow!

"One of the most pathetic cases that ever came under my observation was when I was on my way out. A couple of men from one of the Spencer Bay camps away up to the east of Moosehead brought out one of their comrades to take the train at West Cove. The man was loaded into the baggage car and some blankets were spread for him. I saw the men putting him in and I went forward. They were just shaking his hand in farewell and bidding him to be of good cheer. I think the two of them would have cried like babies if the crowd had not been standing around. One of them told me that he was afraid the trip out had killed Jim, but in their own defense he said that the man had begged and prayed so frenziedly in camp to be taken home so that he might see his wife again that there was no withstanding his appeals. The man anxiously wanted to know if I thought Jim would get there—a station about twenty miles down the line—before he died. The poor fellow was gasping then in most alarming fashion.

"I examined him and found that he was in the last stages of pneumonia. The excitement and the effort of the trip had set his heart to pumping in such a way that it was too much for even his rugged constitution. There was where the trouble was going to be—his heart. I pushed the strychnia to him and stayed right by him in the baggage car. As we drew near the station where he was to leave the train, I felt as much excitement as though I were at a race. And was it not a race—a race with Death himself?

"In spite of all I could do or say, that fellow would bounce about and keep talking about his wife—how she would be at the station to meet him, and all that.

"In his poor weakness he got fairly wild with anxiety as the train went on. 'I'm going to see her—I'm going to see her!' he cried, and then blest if he didn't try to get up, under the spur of the medicine, and look out of the window. He gave one flop, and his heart stopped on him like that!" The doctor snapped his fingers.

"They loaded him out at the station, and tossed his dunnage bag after him, and when the train pulled away I saw a little woman kneeling on those old duds and weeping her heart out over the poor fellow.

"If ever you want to get next to the tough side of sickness and suffering and death, you just come along with me up into the woods some time. And yet the conditions are now paradise beside what they were in the days when a man died where he suffered, and was buried where he died."

HOLMAN F. DAY.

In Old Virginia.

XVI.—A Little too Close.

THE Esquire made an engagement for us to hunt with a young gentleman who was recuperating on a neighboring plantation, and a few days after the last trip detailed, we set forth early in the morning to go by for him.

I was not especially enthusiastic about going out with an untried shooting companion, as the more experience I have in the use of firearms, the less inclination I feel to get out with a man who may not exercise due caution in handling a gun. Looking into the muzzle of a loaded gun was never a favorite pastime with me, and it gives me little real pleasure to hunt with a man who, with any degree of frequency, affords such opportunities.

Our man came forth armed with a single barrel, 12 gauge, breechloader, and after the formality of introduction was got through with, we planned the course of our hunt. Eddie, as the Esquire called our friend, was a big man all round. A little less than six feet in height, and four feet in breadth, he was what the Irish would call a "broth of a boy."

"I have only been hunting squirrels and rabbits," he said, "as I have no bird dog, but I know where there are any number of birds, and as you have your dog we will go after them. Biggest covey I ever saw, about a hundred of them, get up with a roar like thunder every time I go through the field. Come on, now, and we will get them right up." Thus discoursing the young man led us to a small field of thin stubble between the orchard and barn that looked anything but a promising place to find either a large or small covey of quail. "Here we are," said he, approaching the fence at a low place, "right over in this field I see them every day, never fail."

The fence protested, but stood the strain without breaking, and we were soon lined out and crossing the sure shot preserve. The dog went straight across and back, and then back again to the far side, where he took the fence and went on to the next field.

Half across the field some doves flew up, and our young friend shouted enthusiastically, "There they are! See, there they go!"

We told him that the birds he saw were doves. He looked hard after them for a moment, and then admitted his mistake. A little further on larks began flying up, two or three at first, and then a great flock. "There!" he shouted. "Now you see them. Didn't I tell you it was a big covey? Call the dog back."

"They are field larks, Eddie," said the Esquire, kindly yet firmly.

"Field larks," was the reply, "well, I believe they are, now that I come to see them plain."

"Perhaps they are the birds you saw before and mistook for quail," I suggested.

"No, indeed," he insisted, "they were certainly quail that I saw. I have seen them here every day, a big flock. They fly up every time I pass through the field. I know they were quail, and they flew up and lit in the trees. Quail light in trees, don't they?"

"Not often," said the Esquire, dryly.

We found no quail in the field, and it was really pathetic to see the mental strain through which the young man passed in his effort to figure out the puzzle of why the birds had absented themselves from their invariable haunt on that particular morning; nor would he spare himself or give up the task. As we tramped mile after mile, and worked cover after cover where he "knew positively" the birds were, the only rest he gave his overtaxed intellect was the fitting of his excuses and explanations to new localities.

It was high noon when we finally concluded to give it up, and we had not seen a single bird. It realy was a puzzle to all of us how we could cover as much good ground as we had and not find birds, and as our sanguine guide had exhausted the last shot in his excuse locker, we concluded to compromise by simply saying he was "Jonah." I have hunted small game for many years, and have walked more weary miles than I care to tell with the accommodating individual who knew exactly where they "never under any circumstances failed to find them," generally adding only to my fatigue thereby.

While seated on the fence in front of our friend's house, visiting and resting before going home, we heard a

sound like quail flushing back of us where the road passed through the woods.

Calling the dog, we went in the direction of the sound, and he at once struck scent on the roadside. As he seemed puzzled, the Esquire suggested that it was probably where the birds had flown from, and so it proved, for crossing the road and working out in the woods a little way, we struck the trail. The birds were running, and led us a long chase, refusing to lie to the dog. Seeing that the dog was close on the birds, we kept as close to him as possible, and finally, on the edge of a steep bank, the birds flushed.

I was immediately behind the dog, and as we were following a path the others were close in my rear, in single file. The birds went straight away, and I killed with my first barrel. The second bird I held on dropped, as did another in line with it some distance in advance, but whether I killed both, or either one, I could not tell.

Our heavy friend, from his position in my rear, took a hand in the shooting at this stage, and fired his big gun within a few inches of my ear, the result being to me about the same as though he had struck me on the side of the head with the flat side of a wide plank. Had I followed my first inclinations, I should have clubbed my gun and attacked him with spirit and vigor, but controlling myself as much as possible under the circumstances, I merely suggested that he had come very near putting me out of commission. "Birds up," was the response, in a jovial manner. "Everybody ought to get to business. I believe in getting into the game when anything is doing. Why did you not shoot, Esquire?"

And I was sorry the Esquire had refrained from shooting, as he was immediately in the rear of our broad friend, and could not have missed him.

By the time we worked down to where our birds were I had partially regained consciousness, and took pleasure in assuring our reckless friend that he had killed a bird—perhaps two. Was rather inclined to urge him to take all three birds and spare my life.

Following the covey we found them scattered in the woods beyond the branch to which they were making when we got on their trail. Roscoe located three birds, and two of them flushed wild, but not another one did we succeed in bagging. The cover was thick, and most of the shooting difficult, but several birds gave me perfectly fair shots, which I simply missed.

The big gun in the hands of my ever-ready friend was a handicap I could not overcome, and I paid more attention to him than to the birds. It was embarrassing to shoot badly as I was doing, but especially so under the circumstances; as after the first two or three misses I heard the Esquire explaining and apologizing for me, assuring our friend that I really was not a bad shot, as he would see when I "got down to business." But down to business I did not get again until we were entirely out of range of the gun carried by our reckless friend.

As we climbed the fence into the stable lot at home, the men were driving to the crib with a load of corn from the field. "Yo' dis come in time, suh," called out the driver. "Dey's a fine gang of birds out yonder undah de big cherry trees. We des drove right by um, an' Chestah thowed as yeah com' at um."

Our experience of the morning had inclined us to arrant skepticism. I would not have put implicit faith in the shade of the cherry tree hero himself, if it was birds he reported on. Yet as the cherry trees (two very large ones standing side by side) were just outside the orchard fence, and but a few steps distant, we concluded to give the man the benefit of a doubt, and prove his story. The small boy and his mother joined us as we crossed the back yard, and accompanied us to see the sport.

Arriving at the cherry trees we put the dog out, and his actions at once encouraged us to put some faith in the news of birds near about. Undoubtedly there had been birds around the trees, but after working out the ground carefully and thoroughly, the dog gave us to understand that it was a case of "gone, but not forgotten."

"Those birds flew when the boys threw at them, and the rascals did not want to admit it," said the Esquire. "You all wait here a minute, and I will go get the straight of it."

He went back, returning in a short time with the information that the boys had admitted, under severe cross-examination, that the birds had flown a very short distance due south.

Doctors say that the weight of babies is the subject of more prevarication than any other one thing. Fishermen say it is the weight of fish, but the sportsman knows it is the amount and whereabouts of game. A covey of birds numbering eight to ten is never reported as less than twenty-five. Seen twice in the same neighborhood, they are always exactly in the same place "any time you go there." Scared up the day reported, they are always right where they flew from, although your informant has watched them fly half a mile. And all this is not confined to the local Munchausen, but to fairly honest, good-hearted fellows who really wish to help you to sport.

The boys had protested that the birds we sought had "des flew a little ways," but we did not believe them. However, as the field was level, the cover light, and the small boy and his mother eager to go on, we started off. About three hundred yards out the dog found scent, and was soon close on to the birds, which were running straight away. Walking fast we closed up on the dog, when the birds, probably under the impression that another fusilade of corn on the cob was imminent, flushed. They were rather a long shot away, but flew across to the right, giving a fair shot. As I was shooting before a lady who firmly believed me to be one of the best field shots in the country, I killed a bird with each barrel, and was as cool about it as though I never did otherwise, even when the shot was long.

Everyone was satisfied except the small boy, who insisted that I should have "dot a whole heap of buddies, taus dey was dare, taus I saw all of dem."

There was quite a sentiment in favor of following the covey, but as they had flown some distance, and I knew the cover into which they had gone, I advised against it.

Returning to the house I swung out to one side to pass through a bit of cover from which I had twice before jumped a rabbit. He was a rabbit with a peculiarity, as I had observed on the two occasions referred to, and this was his ability to change his course at acute angles while at full speed. His running resembled the flight of a jacksnipe more than anything else I could liken it to. I found the rabbit at home at the far edge of the cover, and so jumped him practically in the open. The first load of shot went into the ground exactly where he would have been had he kept on as he was running when I fired, instead of jumping suddenly to the right, and my second load went where he would have been had he not jumped just as suddenly to the left. In all, first and last, I had either six or eight shots at that rabbit, in fairly open cover, and never so much as cut fur.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Natural History.

Star Routers.

WITH a warm place always in my heart for a good horse I read with much interest what has been said in FOREST AND STREAM of trail horses. Every frontiersman could, if he would, say something good in that direction, although it is not everyone that has been blessed in the ownership of an animal gifted with the faculty of back-tracking. All horses can do it to a limited extent, but thoroughbreds to the business are never very plentiful. In camp parlance we know them as "Star Routers," and when a horse showed his ability in that direction life was always made easier for it. In what are known here as early times, in the arid southwest, such horses had a decided value above its fellows. Of the two to be mentioned here, one was a little black cow pony, quiet and gentle, but he was a thinker and a student of the country. I never knew him to make a mistake, but I have known him to hesitate and apparently work the subject over in his mind before reaching a decision, but when he did reach it his rider never had a misgiving. The other was a bay, of California stock. He was a bad tempered animal, but the king of any country he ever traveled over. He was all resolution and self confidence. I never knew him but once to seriously flinch from anything, and then, for a moment it looked as if the jig of life was over with us both. During the time I owned him he was not, to my knowledge, ever touched with whip, spur or currycomb.

Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, unfamiliar with the life of a pioneer prospector in the arid southwest, can have but little idea of the hardships and privations gold hunters were compelled to face. I have heard it said many times, "There is no God on the desert." Sometimes it does certainly seem so. An empty canteen will turn a man of iron nerve into a gibbering idiot. But it is in the arid southwest that a man really learns to love his horse. It is his companion and his friend, his first thought in the morning and his last care at night. If there is any advantage to be given it must go to the horse and not to the man, for without the horse there can be no man.

I was one of the three to go into Death Valley, California, to look for a man that, crazed with thirst, had broken away from his companions. We found him stark naked, sun blistered and crazy, but holding to his horse. The instinct was still strong within him that the horse was his and must go with him. Where water holes are known, no matter how great the distance between them, provisions can always be made for reaching them, but in a new and unknown country a wise man will hesitate long before he cuts loose from a known supply. In early days the untraversed deserts and unknown mountain ranges of Arizona and northern Mexico were objects of great expectation to the daring adventurer. Above them the golden ball of fortune danced and shimmered in the sun. That others had been killed by Indians, died of thirst, or had narrowly escaped death were trifles easily explained away in the mind of the next adventurer. Some necessary precaution had been neglected, good judgement had not been used, and a thousand excuses were ever ready to satisfy a willing mind. Some of these places, even at an earlier date than the one in which the writer played his part, had undergone partial exploration and investigation, but others were wholly unknown. To explore such places required the best material there was in man and beast. It was never safe to get beyond the reach of one water supply until another had been located. Every canyon and promising spot on the line of travel is worked for water, and if none is found we must back-track to our water supply base. This back-tracking was nearly always done in the night time, and here is where the beauty and usefulness of a "Star Router" is to be seen. Night travel over an unknown country is always attended with danger and uncertainty. Great gorges and canyons slash the mesas from the valleys to the foothills, and frequently long detours have to be made before crossing places can be found, and some of them, when found, require the greatest of care in getting down. At night this class of travel becomes trebly dangerous and difficult. Any prospector with an average bump of locality has wit enough to know the general trend of the country, but that is not sufficient when one has to back-track at night a trail made all the way from two days to six months before, and the horse best qualified in that direction, whether saddle or pack animal, must take the lead. Night or day that was always the place for the bay, and he set the pace for travel. At times, when famished for water, his indomitable spirit had to be continuously held in check. He cared nothing for anything there was behind him. When water was reached his wants were always the first to be attended to. He soon came to regard this as his right, and would kick and bite at anything that dared to interfere with his prerogative. On the other hand the little black would invariably give a sigh of relief the moment his journey's end had been reached and his saddle girth loosed. I always thought that he understood fully the responsibility that rested on him. Another feature in back-tracking was the ever present possibility of bumping into hostile Indians, and it was no uncommon occurrence to find that they had been at the water during our absence. As a rule the Indians of the southwest never make night attacks, and by star routing we avoided such little unpleasantness, but the one great reason for it was the hot sun. Under a heavy pack it will soon burn the life out of the best of anything.

Some horses are like some men, they need watching. So long as it is daylight they can follow directions, but after dark they invariably manage to mix things up and go wrong. I was once lost in a bunch of mesquite timber through the stupidity of the horse I was riding. He had been a stallion, and while smart enough in the day time, he was a dummy at night. The timber was probably a half mile wide, by ten miles long, but wider in some places owing to the configuration of the valley. It was during the winter season and the night was cold, rainy and black, but the road I was on was well worn and wound through the timber at its narrowest part. It was about ten o'clock at night when I struck the timber, and two o'clock the following morning when I was well clear of it on the opposite side. The brute persisted in leaving the road, and twice I succeeded in righting him, but in the end I made matters worse by cutting for the road in the wrong direction and was soon hopelessly lost. Although I had no business to be there when daylight broke, I twice unsaddled, but with each lull in the storm I again pushed on, my object being to reach the open country before the day broke, ride a few miles out on the mesa, seek the protection of a friendly bush and wait for the sun to come up before going further. Although I cannot be called superstitious, I was, shortly after getting clear of the timber, annoyed by the antics of a coyote. At a distance of about twenty feet it persisted running along, growling and snapping at me, and it was only after I had repeatedly tried to run the horse over it that it left me. I was not in very good humor with my horse, so when he hesitated to jump what, to me in the darkness, appeared to be a narrow gulch I forced him over, but instead of landing on the opposite side he struck it only with his fore feet. For a moment he struggled desperately to hold on, but slipped and rolled to the bottom. I was instantly out of the saddle, but this did not prevent me going down with him. Just how I escaped being seriously hurt in the mix up I do not know, but fortunately I did. As I was drenched with rain, bruised, and miserably cold, I concluded that we had better wait for daylight where we were, and we did. The wash proved to be between fifteen and twenty feet wide.

One of the most remarkable instances of back-tracking that I ever heard of is that of an old bell mare. She was driven with a band of horses from eastern Oregon to central Nebraska, a distance of about a thousand miles. In the following year she turned up at her old home with three others. She belonged to a Mr. Devine. He told me that he was five months in making the drive.

Since I commenced this letter I have been ruminating over the past and, according to my way of thinking, it is now twenty-seven years since I wrote my first letter to the FOREST AND STREAM, and off and on, have been a contributor to it ever since. I had gone to Tucson for supplies for my camp in the Santa Ritas, and while there, had bought a copy of FOREST AND STREAM. The regular price for all such papers was twenty-five cents. They were kept for sale by a worthy old pioneer by the name of Mansfeld. Once I called his attention to the published price of Harper's Weekly being but ten cents. The old gentleman looked at me with well feigned surprise and said, "But, my dear sir, you forget the postage." At the time in question a controversy was going on in the FOREST AND STREAM over the merits of different guns for the killing of big game. I butted in to the effect that the efficiency of a gun depended largely on the man behind it. I had seen most all classes of guns tried, and knew pretty well what I was talking about. Well this is out of the line of back-tracking horses, so good-by for the present.

PAPAGO.

YUMA, Ariz., Jan. 17.

Her Heart was True to Missouri.

ALMA, Ark.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with some interest in some of the recent issues of FOREST AND STREAM of the "back-tracking instinct" in horses, and am reminded of a trait possessed by a large bay mare owned by my father when I was a small boy living on the old farm in the Ozark Mountains in Washington county, Arkansas.

My father was a Confederate soldier, belonging in a cavalry company; and when he with his command surrendered, he was allowed to keep his mount. He had purchased the mare from a party from Missouri, who had taken her from some point in Missouri to the Red River country in south Arkansas at the beginning of the Civil War.

She was about five years old when the war ended, and we kept her ten years, and to my certain knowledge never at any time did she gain her freedom but that she started north in the direction of Missouri, and traveled until overtaken and brought back. We tried all kinds of expedients to induce her to remain; but nothing but confinement kept her in Arkansas. In those days the grass was fine in the mountains, and all kinds of stock grew and fattened on it, with no cost but a little salt occasionally. But even after three or four of her colts were grown up and in the herd, and with a colt in the pasture, she would occasionally gain her liberty and start north on a fast trot, and had to be caught and brought back. And finally, when she had become old and of small value, one spring day my father ordered me to take her out and turn her on the range and let her go. This I did, and within ten minutes she began to feed out north, and I took one look at her, went home, and never saw her again.

J. E. LONDON.

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Winter Birds in Greater New York.

PRINCE'S BAY, Staten Island, New York City, Jan. 21.—The intensely cold weather of this month has been hard on the birds, and that was a good suggestion about it on the editorial page of FOREST AND STREAM. It costs nothing for people living in the country to feed the birds, and once they know where to get a few crumbs they will come again. All through this cold weather I have fed the song sparrows, and they seem to tell all of their relations, as more come every day. Meadow larks have had a hard time, and would come close to the habitations of man seeking food, and some have been fed. It is strange how apparently tame the larks are; but it is not tameness, it is from sheer necessity that they hover around the huts of their enemy.

I have seen in the past week fifteen to twenty English starlings eating frozen apples on a tree in my yard. I have thrown out cracked corn, wheat, buckwheat, etc., but they will not touch the grain; they seem to prefer the apples. At New Dorp, six miles from here, there are three starlings that roost with some tame pigeons every night. The other day a man showed me a bird he had found frozen in his hen house; it was an English starling, and if some can live through this winter I think the species will be well established in this vicinity. Bluebirds are here with us, and it seems a shame that they did not take Townsend's Seaboard Air Line for the south in the fall.

We have left a few quail that Teutonic blood did not destroy last fall, and we are feeding them. The quail will pay all back in the spring when they say "Bob White." That's good pay with interest.

Even the muskrats have had a hard time around here; several have been seen along the roads with just life enough to walk; they appear to have been frozen out; perhaps some were frozen in. A man killed a muskrat the other evening that was sitting on the back piazza with the family cat. The rat was doing no harm, but the instinct to kill is so great in this man that if his grandmother had been there she might have suffered the same fate. ***

Adrift.

BOSTON, Jan. 19.—The inclosed item about the body of a reindeer found afloat on a bit of ice off Nantucket seems to me of unusual interest.

NANTUCKET, Mass., Jan. 16.—The patrolmen of Coskata life saving station espied an object floating on an immense cake of ice about quarter of a mile from shore this afternoon, which was thought to be a human body, and a small boat was launched. The object was found to be a large Arctic reindeer, which had apparently been dead but a few days. The antlers were removed from the carcass and will adorn the interior of the life saving station. The deer probably weighed 200 pounds, and the ice on which it rested seemed to have been a portion of an iceberg.—Boston Herald, Jan. 17.

The papers a day or two ago had an account of the drifting of some natives from the Pelew Islands over 1,000 miles, and their stranding and rescue in a frightfully exhausted and emaciated condition on the Island of Formosa. These natives were fishermen, and, having fishing apparatus, were able during their long and involuntary voyage to catch just enough fish to barely keep them from perishing. The account was circumstantial and seemingly true, and has much interest in connection with the problem of how the South Sea Islands, including the Hawaiian group, were themselves peopled, and how the continent of America may have been peopled from Asia by various occurrences of this kind, aside from the passage across Behring Strait in the far north. A.

Animal Foods and Appetites.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Concerning cats eating corn, all the felines of my acquaintance share this taste, and whenever we cut green corn from the cob, the present family cat, like all her predecessors, watches the process with interest until the cobs are discarded, when she licks and chews them to get any remaining milk. Stewed corn is eaten with equal zest. I knew one cat with a passion for raw sweet potatoes and chestnuts, and several with a liking for raw white potatoes. All these cats were mighty hunters. I think what we call an animal's natural food is often merely the result of environment. I used to feed a succession of pet turtles on earth worms, and never learned until last year that they have an eager appetite for fresh lettuce. E. T. ROYLE.



GAME BAG AND GUN

Report of the New York Commission.

From advance sheets of the Annual Report of the New York State Forest, Fish and Game Commission.

EVERY department—Forestry, Fisheries and Game Protection—is productive of some return, and in each case the income is greater than the appropriation made annually for its support.

The Adirondack forest, concerning which a separate and more extended report will be presented to your honorable body later in the session, is a source of great revenue to at least ten of the counties of the State, and the purchase of land in this region has been a most valuable investment. Up to January 1, 1903, the State had paid for Adirondack lands, exclusive of tax sales, $2,329,101.60. The receipts from visitors to this region during the year 1903 amounted to $3,999,139. This large sum of money was distributed directly to the people, and was spent by thousands of visitors who sought the forest for rest, recreation, or health.

Within the woodland territory in particular, and also in many other localities, are located almost innumerable lakes and streams which are stocked liberally from the system of fish hatcheries which the State has established. To these waters flock annually thousands of fishermen who are able and willing to spend money freely in pursuit of their favorite pastime. It is no longer disputed that the continual replenishing of our waters with fish is necessary to keep pace with the steady growth of our population. Without such attention as is given to public waters by the commission, it is conceded by those who have studied the problem that a most desirable and comparatively inexpensive variety of food would speedily be lost to the people—not to mention the loss of a form of recreation that finds favor with thousands of sportsmen whose requirements have created industries which produce goods worth great sums annually, and which give employment to an army of workingmen. The hatchery system maintained at a moderate cost returned last year in the actual market value of the fish produced, more than three dollars for every dollar spent for its maintenance. The value to the people of the inland fisheries thus fostered amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, as the statistics show.

In the Department of Shell Fisheries, to which careful supervision is given by the commission, an even greater value is shown by the returns. The figures given indicate that the business done amounts to nearly seven millions of dollars yearly, that this results in the payment of over a quarter of a million of dollars in wages, and that vessels are employed in the work worth over six hundred thousand dollars. The amount of money spent by the State for the care of this great industry is very small in comparison with the results secured.

Similar remarks might be made with reference to the work of protection, which gives employment to a limited number of experienced men whose constant watchfulness is necessary to prevent infractions of the law, and whose work is productive of much good to all the interests concerned.

Moose, Black Bear and Beaver.

It will be a matter of satisfaction to all sportsmen to know that the statistics show a steady increase in the number of deer in the State forests. No better argument can be advanced in favor of the present system of protection, and it is believed that local interests are steadily becoming convinced that the laws as they exist are for the good of all concerned. The eagerness with which information is sought as to the success of the hunters annually is an evidence of the widespread interest that is taken in these returns, affecting, as they do, a very large number of those who derive a considerable portion of their income from the sportsmen who seek a few weeks' recreation in the forest, as well as from the transportation lines, whose business is materially increased by the hunting season.

From the statistics furnished by the American and the National Express Companies, the following figures showing the shipments of deer have been compiled:

Year.	Carcasses.	Saddles.	Heads.
1900	1,020	89	95
1901	1,062	103	121
1902	1,354	113	193
1903	1,961	145	188

The percentage of increase in the shipments, which last season was about 30 per cent., is seen this season to be more than 44 per cent. over that of the previous year. Following the apparently reasonable rule that for each deer shipped out at least four others are killed in the woods, it can readily be seen how greatly the deer have increased under our present laws.

According to the carefully compiled figures of shipments furnished by Superintendent John L. Van Valkenburgh of the American Express Company, and Superintendent T. N. Smith, of the National Express Company, the number of deer sent out of the Adirondacks by hunters during the season just closed was as follows:

Mohawk & Malone R. R.	985	58	51
New York & Ontario R. R.	148	..	33
Utica & Black River R. R.	349	20	9
Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R. R.	45	9	1
Fonda, Johnstown & Gloversville R. R.	134	21	25
Little Falls & Dolgeville R. R.	17	1	..
New York Central & Hudson River R. R.	9	1	..
Rutland R. R.	10	..	16
Cranberry Lake R. R.	61	6	12
Delaware & Hudson R. R.	203	29	41
Total shipments	1,961	145	188

Some of the larger deer mentioned in the shipping receipts indicate a growth that is highly gratifying. Among the shipments were these:

Some Notable Shipments.

R. R. Station.	Consigned to—	Dressed Weight, Pounds.
Clear Water	F. S. Smith, Auburn	200
Fulton Chain	J. McGuire, Utica	200
Long Lake West	H. Walters, New York	200
Loon Lake	M. Keefer, Utica	200
Loon Lake	Charles Keaton, Rosendale	250
Owl's Head	Kate Butrick, Malone	200
Owl's Head	E. W. Savage, Moira	250
Piercefield	W. McKim, Saranac Lake	210
Potsdam	J. F. Kelley, New York	203
Benson Mines	W. Richardson, Canton	200
Harrisville	R. Harding, Syracuse	207
Newton Falls	W. Heims, Oakfield	200
Newton Falls	H. Mathews, Syracuse	200
Oswegatchie	E. W. Eissig, New York	200
Port Leyden	F. Price, Great Bend	200
Prospect	J. W. Seator, Utica	200
Prospect	Arthur Martell, Utica	200
Derrick	John Kimball, Utica	200
Derrick	W. M. Bell, Long Lake West	200
Derrick, C. Naylake	Tupper Lake Junction	210
Derrick	W. Jarvis, Big Moose	210
Santa Clara	E. Walsh, New York	220
Northville	J. Bartholomew, Amsterdam	210
Northville	John Kreed, New York	237
Northville	J. Kinnear, Albany	200
Northville	R. M. Evans, Johnstown	210
Northville	B. D. Smith, Johnstown	200
Northville	J. H. Easton, Fonda	200
Northville	F. S. Dunn, Albany	200
Northville	E. Shannon, Amsterdam	200
Northville	N. Brownell, Amsterdam	205
Onekio	F. M. Jackson, McKeever	250

In addition to these interesting figures, a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, on November 21, mentions several large deer as having been shot within his knowledge. His list included a 230-pound 10-pronged buck, shot near Minnehaha by George Benton, of Utica; a 250-pound buck shot at Horn Lake by Seth W. Pride, of Holland Patent; a 250-pound 7-pronged buck shot near Star Lake by Schuyler S. Bardlong, of Chicago; a 250-pound buck shot near Booneville by Captain William Connor, of New York; a 250-pound buck shot by J. F. Dorrance, of Camden; a 247-pound buck having 15 prongs, shot near Alpine by Edward Floyd. The last weight given is specifically mentioned as being dressed weight. A number of other deer shipped out by the express companies weighed over 200 pounds, but unfortunately the name and address of the successful hunter was not given.

In connection with the deer season it is a matter of satisfaction to be able to note that very few casualties were reported this year. The number of minor accidents was inconsiderable, and the number of fatalities so small as to warrant the belief that the warnings of previous years have had a salutary effect.

The Elk and the Moose.

The effort to restore elk and moose to the Adirondack forest which was begun by the State with the co-operation of a number of public-spirited citizens two years ago, continues to be a subject of much interest. The restoration of the elk, thanks to the continued generosity of Hon. William C. Whitney and others, has progressed so rapidly since the first consignment of 22 was liberated at Raquette Lake in June, 1901, as to have passed already almost beyond the experimental stage. During the year just closed 73 elk were liberated at various points in the woods, the work being superintended by Mr. Paul Smith, the veteran hotel proprietor, Dr. F. E. Kendall, of Saranac Lake, and Ernest H. Johnson, the superintendent of Mr. Whitney's Adirondack estate. These elk were all contributed by Mr. Whitney.

The total number of elk which have thus far been liberated in the Adirondacks is 140. The number of young which have been born in this region during the past two years has been approximated at 50. Of this total of 190 elk, four have been accidentally killed by trains, and eight are known to have been shot. Allowance should also be made for perhaps ten deaths through natural causes since June, 1901. There would thus remain at large in the Adirondacks 158 elk, which estimate probably represents very closely the actual number in the Adirondacks to-day. When first liberated the elk seem disinclined to roam far from the immediate locality in which they had been set free, and for months could be seen at almost any time grouped together within a few miles of the spot where they had first been liberated. But as the young were born and the animals became more accustomed to their surroundings the herds began to split up into families of three or four, and to move off into the deeper forest in every direction until within the past few months their presence has been reported in seven out of the ten Adirondack counties. Wherever they have been seen they have caused much admiring comments on the part of summer tourists, many of whom have found great pleasure in photographing the animals. It is probable that as the young elk gradually take the place of the older ones, these animals will again become as truly a

wild denizen of the Adirondacks as naturalists tell us they were in the past.

Without a continuation of the appropriation which lapsed last year nothing further can be done toward restocking the Adirondack region with moose. Thus far the animals liberated have done well, and have scattered widely through the forest. Three have been shot by unknown persons, and no natural increase has thus far been reported. If the experiment is to be continued, it will be necessary, in the opinion of those who have given attention to the problem, to procure and liberate at least fifty or preferably one hundred more of these animals in the Adirondacks. The commission stands ready to carry out the instructions of the Legislature in the matter, and undoubtedly that body will respond to the public sentiment which makes itself apparent.

The Black Bear.

The commission has previously recommended, and again suggests, the passage of an act giving to the black bear of the State some measure of protection. The trend of modern sportsmanship is toward the pursuit of large game, as is shown by the great number of hunters who annually visit Canada, the Rocky Mountains and the southwest, and who even cross the ocean to hunt still larger and more savage game. Could the black bear of this State, an animal absolutely harmless to human life, yet affording the keenest sport to its pursuers, enjoy for a few years the protection of a close season, it would be possible to introduce bear hunting as a feature of Adirondack life, even as it is now carried on as a profitable sport in many parts of the West and South. The commission recommends that as the bear is commercially valueless during the summer months, his pursuit be prohibted at this season of the year, and that suitable regulations be provided as to trapping.

The Beaver.

This most interesting of North American fur-bearing animals, which formerly existed so abundantly in this State, is on the brink of extinction within our borders.

"No animal," says Dr. C. Hart Merriam, "has figured more prominently in the affairs of any nation than has the beaver in the early history of the new world. Its influence on the exploration, colonization, and settlement of this country was very great. The trade in its peltries proved a source of competition and strife not only among the local merchants, but also between the several colonies, disputes over the boundaries having frequently arisen from this cause alone. Indeed, on more than one occasion jealousy of the beaver trade led to serious difficulties in the struggle for supremacy between the three rival powers—the Dutch, English, and French."

How great the number of wild beaver in this State once was may be inferred from the statement of the Dutch author quoted by Merriam, who, writing in 1671, states that at that time the colony of New Netherlands furnished "full 80,000 beaver a year." As late as the year 1815, we learn from DeKay that the beaver still existed in such plentiful numbers in the Adirondack region that it was possible for a party of St. Regis Indians who that year ascended the Oswagatchie River, in St. Lawrence county for the purpose of pursuing these valuable animals, to return after an absence of a few weeks with 300 beaver skins. In 1895 Mr. Wilbur C. Witherstine, of Herkimer, shot a beaver in the outlet of Madawaska Pond. About the same time two beavers were caught by trappers from Saranac Lake. These are the last wild beavers that are known to have been taken in this State. The following winter the Legislature passed a law absolutely prohibiting their pursuit under a severe penalty.

While the beaver to-day is practically extinct in the State, there are known to exist one or two small families in the Adirondacks. The commission is of the opinion that as the Adirondack region is a natural beaver country, and as the beaver multiplies rapidly, a small appropriation is desirable to procure several colonies of these interesting and valuable animals for the purpose of eventually restoring them to the woods.

Mongolian Pheasants.

Reports received from the foreman of the Pleasant Valley hatchery, at which place these birds are reared, and where the stock is kept, indicate that the past season was not favorable to them on account of the prolonged cold, wet weather which prevailed during the hatching period. The total output, however, was approximately equal to that of the previous year, being 208 birds all told.

The stock of pheasants in western New York is largely increased each year by the number of birds raised and liberated by citizens interested in their culture and by game clubs. Reports have been received showing that 350 pheasants were liberated during the year by Hon. W. A. Wadsworth, of Genesee, and 20 by members of the Chautauqua County Sportsmen's Association.

The distribution by the State is shown in the following table:

		Cocks.	Hens.
1902.			
Nov. 3	George F. Scriba, Constantia	3	3
" "	Walter King, Constantia	2	2
1903.			
Mch. 20	C. W. Hatch, Lockport	4	4
" "	E. B. French, Middleport	3	3
" "	W. E. Shaeffer, Lockport	2	2
" "	Thos. J. A. Donohue, New York	3	3
" "	William Burch, Ilion	2	2
" "	Daniel G. Gates, Chittenango	3	3
" "	John Wilkin, Middletown	4	4
" 23	J. B. Smith, Horseheads	2	2
" "	G. H. Kingsbury, Caneadea	2	2
" "	Claude W. Persons, Delevan	2	2
" "	J. W. Alverson, Ellington	3	3
" "	Thos. E. Marsh, Castile	4	4
" "	S. R. Cleveland, Watertown	6	6
" 24	W. M. C. Burrell, Little Valley	2	2
" "	C. B. Edwards, Tonawanda	2	2
" "	C. T. Cole, Solsville	2	4
" "	John Yarrow, Ellenville	4	4
" "	W. D. Ball, Carthage	2	3
" "	J. Freston, Milton	3	3
" 25	J. W. Feeter, Highland	4	4
" "	Lemuel Brown, Hunter	2	2
" "	W. C. Preston, Kingston	2	2
" "	Francis Huber, Kingston	2	2
" "	Myron Barney, Adams	1	..
" 26	J. R. McLaren, W. Sand Lake	4	4
" "	E. Buchaus, Creek Locks	3	3
" "	Julius Seymour, New York	3	3
" 30	J. A. Colloton, Albany	2	2
" "	J. W. Pond, Albany	2	2
" "	Frank O'Brien, Shortsville	2	2
Apr. 6	A. E. Billings, Jamestown	4	4
" "	P. F. Foley, Elmira	3	3
" 8	F. F. & G. Com., Albany	3	2
" 9	E. D. Wagoner, Delhi	1	1
" "	T. M. Ware, Marridale	2	3
" "	F. W. Medcraf, Utica	1	1
" 13	C. Crittenden, Rochester	2	2
	Total Output	103	105
	Total distribution for the year		208
	Old birds on hand	72	
	Young birds on hand	168	
	Total Stock		240

The foreman in charge reports that eight of the old birds were lost during the season, and is of the opinion that the number of stock birds should be increased at least four cocks and twelve hens more from the young birds on hand. This would cut down the number of birds available for distribution during the coming spring, but would correspondingly increase it next season. He also favors exchanging a number of the State's birds with other breeders of pheasants with a view to improving the stock.

Adirondack Bears Not Blessings.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., Jan. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With a profound sense of sympathy for those who have suffered and are still suffering from the effects of uncalled for and unwarranted legislation in the State of New York, I quote the following from the FOREST AND STREAM of January 16, 1904:

"Blessings brigten as they take their flight. The bear of the Adirondacks has not been regarded in the past as a species deserving protection, but the growing scarcity has created a sentiment favorable to the preservation of the remnant. A bill has been introduced into the Legislature making a close season for bears from June 1 to September 30, limiting the 'catch' to one bear by any one person, and protecting cubs under one year of age."

Having been born and raised in the central portion of Essex county, N. Y., in the very heart of the bear section of the Adirondacks, where the sheep raising and wool producing industry has been practically knocked out by bears, it is difficult for the writer to determine just when "bruin" became a blessing. Certainly the farmers of the Boquet Valley (where the writer was born and raised) who kept over 2,000 sheep thirty years ago and who do not keep over 300 to-day because the bears are, and have been, so destructive, do not feel like voting "bruin" anything in the way of pension.

When the pioneer settlers reached the Adirondack region they found a country abounding in all kinds of game, large and small. Wolves, bears, and panthers were numerous here in early days, being fierce and daring to such an extent as to make it unsafe to go about unarmed. The early settlers made it their business to kill off the large wild animals, aiding themselves temporarily and incidentally laying the foundation for the present race of hunters and trappers scattered throughout this region. The result of the persistent warfare waged by the early settlers was a marked change in the habits of most of the large animals. Panthers grew more cowardly, and after a while became scarce. The influx of the white man and incident civilization exterminated the native moose and "cornered" the cunning beaver. Wolves, too, detected danger in the sound of the settler's ax and gradually fell back before the advancing wave of civilization, until few, if any, exist in the Adirondacks to-day.

Bears, however, have held their own in the Adirondacks with much greater success than either wolves or panthers. One of the reasons for this is that bears are omnivorous, being able to eat almost anything and live, and their liking for fresh meat does not run away with their judgment where man is directly concerned. As a rule the black bear of the Adirondacks flees from man with a stealth and rapidity almost marvelous when the size and apparent clumsiness of the animal are considered. In walking, the toes of the fore feet of the bear are slightly turned in, while the use of the nether limbs is so human as to appear like a burlesque on *genus homo;* but if the casual observer be thus struck, the anatomist or student of nature recognizes in this exaggerated formation the means supplied by nature to ascend trees, escape enemies, or earn support.

The presence of the bear here in large numbers to-day justifies one in saying that it is a case of the "survival of the fittest," for the bounty, together with the liberal prices paid for the skin, not to speak of the destructive propensities in the line of sheep and cattle killing, the loss of apple trees, and product, etc., have combined to make bruin an object much coveted and sought after by hunters and trappers in general. The chief reason for the flourishing condition of the bear is that he is a shrewder, more cunning and calculating animal than the others. Bears learn fast, and are progressive, though those unacquainted with the animal give "bruin" credit for one merit only—brute strength. Men who have had experience hunting or trapping bears are alone competent to measure bruin's prowess.

And now, lest those who back the "growing scarcity" theory charge the writer with misstating facts and conditions, I propose to do what they have not done and cannot do, give official figures to support my contention as to "bruin" holding his own down to the present time—at least so far as Essex county is concerned.

A careful examination of the Journal of the Proceedings of the Board of Supervisors of Essex County from 1877 to 1902, inclusive, a period of twenty-six successive years, shows that 931 bears were killed here during that time. In 1877 21 bears were killed, $5 bounty being paid on each. In 1878 45 bears were killed, the bounty being $5 on each. In 1879 18 bears were killed, in 1880 30, 1881 27, 1882 50, 1883 53, the bounty on all these being $8.

However, on Nov. 16, 1883, Darwin L. Weeks, Supervisor of Schroon, moved that on and after January 1, 1884, the bounty on bears be fixed at $10 for each bear killed. The motion was adopted 10 to 7. And it will save time and space to say that from January 1, 1884, to the present date (over twenty years), Essex county has, without shadow of turning, paid a bounty of $10 on each bear killed. In 1884 there were 41 bears killed, 1885 57, 1886 39, 1887 26, 1888 38, 1889 31, 1890 51, 1891 51, 1892 46, 1893 40, 1894 55, 1895 20, 1896 33, 1897 39, 1898 29, 1899 25, 1900 34, 1901 21, 1902 35.

Dividing the twenty-six years into halves, it will readily be seen that during the thirteen years from 1877 to 1889, inclusive, 463 bears were killed, an average of 36 5-13 each year. By a similar process it is found that during the last half of the given time, from 1890 to 1902, inclusive, 478 bears were killed, an average of 36 10-13 each year. It is thus proved by official figures—public records ever open to inspection and scrutiny—that bruin has not only held his own, but has, apparently, shown a slight increase during the past few years. And that bruin is having the opportunity to increase may partly be accounted for by the fact that Elijah Simonds, "Sam" Sanders, Max Tredo, and several other noted and successful bear hunters, have been called to the "happy hunting ground" within the last few years!

While the figures are not at hand for the year 1903, I can state positively that bruin was never more in evidence throughout this section during my residence here of thirty-eight years than last summer, no sign of the "growing scarcity" being detected.

Various writers have stated that the close season for bears should be from May 1 to September 30 because the fur is worthless. Such writers are, of course, unaware that fur is good on a bear up to July 1, and that some of the best bear skins are obtained in June.

The writer notes that at the eleventh annual meeting of the Adirondack Guides' Association held at Saranac Lake, January 13, a resolution favoring the protection of black bear was adopted by a vote of 23 to 12. There were 50 guides, or rather members of the association present. Questions: Why did they not all vote? If they had all voted, would the resolution have gone through? And again, the Saranac Lake region is not noted for sheep raising. And if the majority of the guides or rather members of the association then at Saranac Lake favor protecting bears that is their business, and they have a perfect right to vote as they see fit.

Now, it is well known that a lie will travel further than the truth. However, it is equally true that "truth crushed to earth will rise again." It may be that men who spend a few days in the Adirondacks in summer time know more about existing conditions than those who have lived with bears all their lives. The city boys say Essex county is the only county in the State which pays a bounty on bears. This bounty paying, however, is Essex county's business. It is home rule exemplified.

The writer is the owner of wild land inhabited by bears, but lest he be accused of working on "commercial grounds," he will here state that no bear has suffered at his hands since 1886. This is simply a recital of plain, unvarnished facts about existing local conditions, standing up for home rule, something the writer believes in from the word go. The people of this section are overwhelmingly opposed to protecting bear at this stage of the game. Lastly, don't jam this bear preservation business down our throats against our will. If you must have the black bear preserved in other sections, please exempt Essex county, as we have too many for comfort or convenience now. If the bear preservation bill become a law, taking in Essex county, I won't answer for the consequences. The anti-deer hounding law, kept on the statute books of the State in spite of the almost unanimous protest of the people living in the Adirondacks, has been violated without stint during the past few years. This ought to be a lesson. Don't outrage home rule again and thereby place a premium on perjury and invite the violation of law, because a farmer who catches a bear killing one of the few sheep he has left will do what he can to protect his dwindling flock—law or no law.

GEORGE L. BROWN.

The Birds of Nantucket.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Jan. 22.—Inclosed may interest you. It is part of a letter from Woods Holl, Mass., in The Morning Mercury of this city, and of this date.

F. L. P.

The sea fowl and birds that make their homes about Nantucket are suffering from starvation, according to reports received from there this morning. Hundreds have been found dead along the ice-bound shores of the island, and they are suffering for food so badly that they fly into the houses, and many have been picked up nearly dead in the main streets of the village.

Even the crows have suffered for food, and several of them have been found frozen in the streets. Two big ones were found in front of a store there a few days ago. One of them died of starvation, while the other survived, after being tenderly cared for, and is now in a big cage in the shop window.

The sea fowl present a pitiful sight as they limp about on the ice in the harbor, which covers their feeding grounds. Hundreds of them are being shot as a matter of mercy, to end their sufferings. These birds must obtain food from the harbor bottom or along the shore in order to sustain life, and so general is the freeze-up that they cannot find an open spot through which they can dive for nourishment.

The quail and rabbits which are found in large numbers in the moors of the island it is believed will be exterminated if a thaw does not soon follow. Already large numbers of them have been found on the outskirts, and the residents say that the birds cannot endure the extreme cold much longer. The whole island is covered with a glare of ice, something which was never before known there. Owing to the great scarcity of grain on the island, it is impossible to feed the quail, which do not take kindly to the food on which the sparrows and other birds could sustain life.

It is feared that the quail and other birds about here will all die of starvation as the result of the extreme cold, and the ice covered woods and fields.

Sea fowl in great flocks may be seen all along the shores of Buzzard's Bay seeking the few open places in the ice, and the gunners have killed hundreds of them.

In a small opening in the ice, near the Buzzard's Bay bridge, this morning one gunner counted 75 "whistlers," and he said that for two weeks past the place, which has been open by the swift running tide, has been alive with them.

Boone and Crockett Club Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club was held in Washington, Saturday, January 23, at 4:30 P. M., at the residence of Mr. Arnold Hague, 1724 I street. President Wadsworth was in the chair, and there was a good attendance of members. The report of the secretary showed that during the year there had been but one death among the members—that of Mr. Chas. E. Whitehead—and that the membership of the club at present was full.

The report of the treasurer showed the finances of the club to be in a satisfactory condition. The publication committee reported that the new volume was under way.

As officers for the ensuing year the following gentlemen were chosen: President, Major W. Austin Wadsworth, Geneseo, N. Y.; Vice-Presidents, Chas. F. Deering, Illinois; W. B. Devereux, Colorado; Howard Melville Hammond, Ohio; Col. W. D. Pickett, Wyoming; Archibald Rogers, New York; Secretary, Madison Grant; Treasurer, C. Grant La Farge; Editorial Committee, George Bird Grinnell and Theodore Roosevelt; two members of the executive committee to replace Messrs. Gifford Pinchot and Caspar Whitney, whose terms have expired, and to hold office until 1907, Messrs. Arnold Hague and Winthrop Chanler. The other members of the executive committee who hold over are Dr. Lewis Rutherford Morris, Dr. John Rogers, Mr. Alden Sampson, and Mr. Owen Wister.

The meeting then adjourned.

The annual dinner was held at the Metropolitan Club, in Washington, at 8 o'clock the same evening. Mr. Wadsworth presided. Among those present, either as guests or members, were Messrs. D. M. Barringer, W. J Boardman, Capt. Willard H. Brownson, W. B. Devereux, Madison Grant, De Forest Grant, Arnold Hague, C. Grant La Farge, James H. Kidder, Geo. Bird Grinnell, Dr. Lewis R. Morris, Henry May, Lyman Nichols, M. G. Seckendorf, Alden Sampson, Casper Whitney, James S. Watson, Mr. A. P. Gordon Cumming, Mr. Gordon Cumming, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Prof. Henry F. Osborn, Mr. Chas. D. Walcott, of the Geological Survey, Hon. Joseph Cannon, Speaker of the House, Mr. Frank Mondell, Representative from Wyoming, and a number of others.

At the close of the dinner the President of the club entered the dining room with the President of the United States, who was also the founder of the club. He was received with much enthusiasm by his fellow members. Mr. Henry F. Osborn delivered an exceedingly interesting address on the preservation of game, referring incidentally to the forests, as typified by the big trees of California, the great Sequoias, which are threatened with destruction by the lumber interests, and for the preservation of which efforts are now being made. Mr. Osborn made a strong point of the antiquity of these various types—the trees and the great wild animals. It has taken millions of years to develop these, yet within fifty years they have been almost swept out of existence. A very little more carelessness on the part of the people and legislators will witness their complete extinction. Estimates made by the most competent authorities put the age of some of these big trees at 4,000 years. Thus they were perhaps 1,000 years old when Homer wrote the Iliad, and 2,000 years old when Christ walked upon the earth; yet for a few dollars to be paid for shingles and boards the commercial spirit of the age is willing to utterly destroy these monuments of antiquity. If Westminster Abbey were to be leveled to the ground money could reproduce it, but one of these huge trees destroyed could by no possibility ever be restored.

Mr. Osborn's address was listened to with interest, and was punctuated by frequent applause.

President Roosevelt listened with close attention to the address of Mr. Osborn, and at its close President Wadsworth proposed the health of the President of the United States, which was drunk. Mr. Roosevelt acknowledged the toast, at first in humorous fashion, referring to his participation of this meeting as a holiday from the toils that occupy him the most part of his time. He told something about what might be done by the establishment of game refuges, as shown by his visit to the National Park last spring, of which he gave some brief account. The elk, the bears, and the mountain sheep were referred to, and a story or two told about the way in which the tourists and the bears mingle in the Park. He told of a telegram received by Major Pitcher from the superintendent of a hotel there, which read somewhat as follows: "Please send detail of soldiers down here to protect the bears. My tourists insist on throwing things at them, and an accident is sure to happen." The ferocious grizzly which in the time of Lewis and Clark and later frequently tore men to pieces, has now become a semi-domestic animal to be chased about by the women and children who visit the National Park.

The President urged the members of the club to realize that it was useless to seek for Federal or State legislation in behalf of great game, unless the people living in the country affected could be made to recognize that such legislation was wise and for their own best interests. Nothing can be more ineffective, and so more foolish, than to assume an attitude of hostility or of superiority toward the people to be most directly affected by such legislation. He referred again to a point brought out last year, that game protection by Federal and State legislation is truly democratic, since wealthy men can secure great areas of land, and are able to stock them and so to have their own game and their own shooting directly under their own hands, while the game and the shooting of the poor man, or the man of moderate means, must be cared for by the Government.

The strong common sense of President Roosevelt's speech was very impressive, and was heartily applauded. At the close of his address, the President again expressed the pleasure he had had in attending the meeting, and left the room. He was followed by Mr. Frank Mondell, of Wyoming, who declared himself opposed to game preserves, and who was frequently interrupted by shrewd questions by Speaker Cannon. The speaking was kept up to a late hour.

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Foxhounds and Foxes.

THE old-fashioned New England foxhound is getting scarce in this section. Now and then a good one can be found, but is seldom for sale. There are so many qualities that a really good fox dog (for our New England manner of hunting) should have, that a dog having them is very hard to buy.

I never care to use but one dog at a time, if I want to shoot a fox. I want the dog to work alone and pay no attention to other dogs he may hear. A young dog trained to hunt foxes in company, gets in the habit of joining other dogs he may hear, and it is almost useless to try and break him of it. Again, a dog which runs well will not have the right voice, and a fox seems very much afraid and will run over a great deal of ground, often running out of hearing and not come back during the day. While with another dog with a different voice the same fox will fool around over a small space and seem to enjoy it. I owned just such a dog some years since, and killed a good many foxes with him, many of them standing looking back at the dog on their trail, not over fifty yards away.

With the passing of my old fox dog (from old age) last winter, I thought I would give up hunting foxes. In the early part of last December the sight of quite fresh fox tracks nearly every morning, within a quarter of a mile of my house, rather stirred me up, and I have been looking for a fox dog. Have tried three and none suited. Have now the fourth. This dog is of medium size; two years old, well marked, black, white and tan. Has the long ears I like in a foxhound. He has been hunted a few times, and two foxes killed with him. He looks to be all right, but a trial will show what he can do. Just at present we are having a streak of about the only poor fox hunting weather of this winter. Several inches of snow with a crust which holds a fox.

As to the foxes, they are not as numerous as in some years. During the early part of last December, I saw quite a number of tracks where two or three foxes had crossed during the night, quite near to my house.

Occasionally a fox, other than red, is reported being seen. During the years that I hunted them, I killed something over three hundred, and I have seen four gray ones, killing two of them. A number of years ago I saw what I am quite sure was a black fox. The fox was some two hundred yards away, came into the open field and sat for some time on the snow. On that day I was trying a fool of a foxhound, which did most of his running on old or back tracks. I hunted a good deal afterward in that section with a good dog, but never saw the black fox again. During the first part of last December there were a few days when there was a few inches of crusty snow with half an inch of dry snow on top. A neighbor telephoned me one morning, saying, "I saw a black fox this morning in the road, near your old saw mill." The man said he saw the fox plainly some thirty yards away, and he was willing to bet all he had that it was a black fox. I did not have a dog at the time, and could not get one anywhere near. I found the fox had crossed a field near my house and I followed the trail a long time and finally lost it in quite a tract of small pines. The following afternoon, about sunset, I went to the field and waited; as it was getting dark a fox came into the field and I shot it, a red one, of course. I see every few days a fox track crossing the field pretty near where the black one was said to have been. Should the dog I now have, prove to be a good one, I mean to give that fox a chance to get killed.

There is a certain attraction connected with our New England way of hunting foxes which lasts. A man who has done such hunting and killed a few foxes, usually dislikes to give it up. After one gets the knack of knowing where to stand, and has the patience to stay there, he usually becomes much interested.

Foxes and rabbits furnish our only hunting during the winter months. I would just as soon sit in my door yard and shoot chickadees as to hunt rabbits. The latter are too easy, and (to me) of no use after being killed.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Jan. 15.

Massachusetts Quail.

BOSTON, Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. W. C. Woodward, secretary of the newly organized sportsmen's club of Middleboro, writes this week that "the quail are suffering terribly at this time, and we have commenced to-day (Jan. 18) to feed them, having different members of the association distributing barley, cracked corn, ground oyster shells, and wheat in different sections. A good number of bevies," he says, "were left over, and some of the birds have been found so weak one can pick them up, being unable to fly."

This is anything but pleasant news for our quail hunters, although not surprising, in view of the heavy snows and unusually cold weather.

The North Attleboro Association has made a special appropriation to feed the birds. Scenes have been witnessed on the shore side of Boston the past week right within less than a mile of the South Union station such as were never before observed in the life of the oldest inhabitant. On the South Bay persons walking on Southampton street (formerly Swett street) saw hundreds of ducks swimming around, many of them within less than a hundred feet of the street. One eye-witness says "they were as thick as bees about a hive in summer." As there is a city ordinance which prohibits the discharge of firearms within the city limits, the birds were not molested.

On Friday evening the formation of a new club called the Middlesex Sportsmen's Association was celebrated by a banquet in Menotomy Hall, Arlington, where about 125 devotees of rod and gun gathered about the tables. Flanking the president right and left were the State Commisisoners, Mr. C. W. Dimick and Dr. Heber Bishop, of the State Association; Dr. D. W. Well, of Watertown, and Dr. F. M. Lowe, of Newton. The association secured its charter the 10th of the present month, among the charter members being President Napoleon J. Hardy, of Arlington; Vice-President Abbott S. Mitchell, of Lexington; Treasurer James R. Mann, of Arlington Heights; Secretary John W. Bailey, of Arlington. The club already has 100 members, and a large waiting list. Among the speakers of the evening were Capt. J. W. Collins, the Rev. J. C. Jaynes, of W. Newton, who is, as you know, Mr. Editor, one of the most entertaining of after-dinner speakers to be found anywhere; Dr. Well, and Dr. Bishop. Of the exhibition of trophies, hunting and fishing outfits, curios, etc.—one of the best amateur collections ever shown in the State—I may write at another time.

CENTRAL.

Washington Duck Shooting.

SEATTLE, Wash., Jan. 20.—Inland duck shooting in western Washington has been a dismal failure this season. Why this should be so is a difficult matter to explain. It may be due to the long spell of comparatively warm weather and absence of the usual amount of rain, yet the fact remains that even when the waters of Puget Sound have been swept by severe storms no ducks have appeared on the lakes and sloughs. In making this statement I do not mean that there is an entire absence of waterfowl. Of course there are a limited number of mallards, teal, and widgeon, but the skill with which they avoid the decoys would seem to indicate that they are not birds of passage.

In past seasons the shooting has almost invariably been good after storms, but this year there has been little doing, no matter what happened. Take for instance the storm which wrecked the steamer Clallam; that wind was unusually severe, and it kept up for several days. It is true that it was not cold, yet one would naturally suppose that some of the birds would be driven inland.

What was the actual condition? Sunday all the hunters went down White River Valley south of Seattle. Thirty or forty of them came home on the night train, yet there were not ten ducks shown for the entire day. Hunters sat in the blinds from morning until night and freely confessed that they did not get even one shot. The same conditions existed on Squak Slough. High up in the air quite a number of mallards passed over; there were also several large bands of sprigs, yet no one got any shooting.

Close to the salt water conditions were somewhat better, the Swinomish Club reporting good sport. It would appear, however, from different statements made that even along the salt water sport was not invariably good. It should have been, just the same, because all conditions conducive to a good flight were present.

PORTUS BAXTER.

Artists Who Didn't Know it was Loaded.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several didn't-know-it-was-loaded accidents reported in the papers of late impel me to make a few notes on the subject. I wish to call attention to the mistakes of illustrators in this line. G. O. Shields poses for his picture leaning on his rifle. Of course, paper guns do not go off and kill people any more than game shot with a fountain pen lessens the supply; but the one incites to carelessness, the other to slaughter. Again, in one of his extra good group pictures, Oliver Kemp has his central figure leaning on his gun. In the Youth's Companion about a year ago was a picture illustrating C. A. Stephen's story of a camel hunt in southern Arizona. The men have been alarmed by the yell of an Indian, and are standing with rifles at ready. The hunter in front has his gun presented at the woods, but those behind are each leveling their weapons at the next in line. Should the rear man accidentally discharge his gun the whole line would surely be killed. In a current rifle advertisement is a man and a boy going to the rifle range. Boy trots on ahead and man has gun leveled at boy's back. Countless others could be cited, but I think a very little discussion will correct this careless handling of guns by artists.

Of course, where a group of trained hunters meet to talk it over, there are no loaded guns in the crowd; but this does not show in the picture. Neither should precaution cease with taking the shells out of your gun. Never let your gun point at any human being. Practice this for a while and it becomes second nature, and comes as natural as it does to take the shells out when you enter a house or stop to talk with a friend. After you are used to it, it looks frightful to see a man leaning on his gun, or swinging it about and pointing it at any one and every one in sight, even if you do know that it is not loaded.

THE PARSON.

Ohio Quail and License.

MACOMB, Ill., Jan. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The quail season ending December 20 was in most respects a good one. The one trouble seemed to be that the birds would not lie well for the dog. My own score with another shooter each day was 32, 19, 22, 25, 16, and 20. There are plenty of birds left over, and unless we should get a killing snow before spring, there should be plenty next year. The new game law "graft" worked very well as far as the graft is concerned, but as for protecting the game any it failed in this section. If the State had used the money collected for licenses for protecting game instead of using it for "political graft," it would have been a good thing; but as it is, it protects only the few game wardens, so called, by giving them a good job. Besides this they have the law in such a muddle that it cannot be enforced.

EN AMI.

Exhibition of Shooting Sketches.

SPORTSMEN residing in New York and vicinity will be interested in an exhibition of original drawings and sketches by Mr. Dwight W. Huntington, which are to be on exhibition from Wednesday, January 27, to February 13. They will be at Messrs. D. B. Butler & Co., 398 Fourth avenue, one block above the Madison Square Garden, New York.

Mr. Huntington's sketches, in reduced form, are familiar to all readers of Scribner's Magazine, the Century, and Mr. Huntington's capital book, "Our Feathered Game." Some of those to be exhibited have appeared in the publications named, and sportsmen will be interested to see them in their original form.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

North American Association.

PROBABLY the most successful meeting yet held of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association was the fourth annual convention which sat at the New Falmouth Hotel, Portland, Maine, on the 20th and 21st inst.

The utmost interest was manifested in the proceedings of the association by the sportsmen and fish and game officials of the Pine Tree State, and among those in attendance were the Hon. L. T. Carleton, Chief Commissioner of Fish and Game, president of the association; Vice-President H. O. Stanley, of Maine; C. H. Wilson, of New York; J. T. Finnie, of Quebec Province, and General F. G. Butterfield, of Vermont. Among the members of the executive committee present were Charles E. Oak, ex-Fish and Game Commissioner, and ex-Land Commissioner of Maine, and D. G. Smith, Fishery Commissioner of New Brunswick. The absent officials all sent excuses. Among them were J. Fottler, Jr., Boston; Ivers W. Adams, of Boston; R. E. Plumb, of Detroit; Hon. A. T. Dunn, of New Brunswick; Hon. J. H. Seymour, of New York; S. T. Bastedo, of Toronto, and C. E. E. Ussher, of Montreal. Ex-Presidents the Hon. S. N. Parent, of Quebec, and the Hon. F. R. Latchford, of Ottawa, also sent their regrets. Messrs. L. O. Armstrong and H. G. Elliott, of Montreal; Thos. F. Allen, manager of the Tobique Salmon Club, Andover, Maine; A. T. Bassett, of Norway, Maine; Dr. C. W. Bray, of Portland; Chas. F. Burhans, of Warrensburg, N. Y.; Mayor Baxter, of Portland; Chas. W. T. Goding, president of the Portland Board of Trade; J. Waldo Nash, Portland; G. H. Richards, of Boston, and Hon. F. G. Sprague, Harry P. Virgin, George F. West, Colonel F. B. Boothey, Hon. B. F. Chadbourne, Hon. A. R. Nickerson, and others of Maine, were among the many who were present.

Fish and game protective objects are engaging so large an attention at the present time that the president, in his opening remarks, enlarged upon the opportuneness of the association meeting just now in Maine, where, he said, the great present need is the dissemination of correct information upon fish and game subjects. He warmly approved this part of the programme of the association, as well as its recognition of the value and importance of newspapers and magazines as the great educational force of the United States and Canada. He gave it as his opinion that there will be no difficulty in these two enlightened nationalties securing all needful laws and appropriations for the proper protection and propagation of fish and game, when the people shall understand the value in dollars and cents of these allied interests.

Particularly timely references to the importance of these subjects were also made by Mayor Baxter, President Goding, of the Portland Board of Trade, and ex-Mayor Charles F. Libby, who officially welcomed the members of the association to Portland.

The annual report of the association shows a gratifying increase in both its membership and financial condition. Three deaths in the membership were reported by the secretary; those of L. Z. Joncas, first secretary of the association; Hon. H. T. Duffy, treasurer of the Province of Quebec, and John W. McGeary, of Burlington. By its recommendations, the association succeeded last year in having a bounty placed upon wolves by the government of the Province of Quebec, and also in securing the abolition of spring shooting of ducks in the same Province. The influence of this latter action will doubtless prove to be very widespread, since the protection of the birds in the breeding season must have an important effect upon the shooting wherever the ducks are hunted during their annual migrations. It is in studying the needs and requirements of North America as a whole in the matter of fish and game protection, instead of those of one State or Province alone, and in using its large and constantly increasing influence accordingly, that is to be found one of the chief elements of the usefulness of the association. Its recommendations to the Dominion Government to so change the provisions of the fishery act as to facilitate the prosecution and conviction of poachers found in possession of spears or nets when and where they cannot legally be used, was not so successful, however, the minister at the head of the department declaring that it would not be wise to make the change.

Both the papers read at this convention and the resolutions adopted by it are of considerable importance. The papers are to be printed in the official record of transactions. Almost all of them were of quite a high order. Reports of the condition of the protection of fish and game and of the legislation affecting it were presented from all the States and Provinces represented in the membership.

For Maine, Mr. H. O. Stanley made report. He referred to the great change in the sentiment in regard to protection which had come over the people within the last thirty years. Over $25,000 was now annually spent in Maine in the cause of protection, but the return which this expenditure yielded was almost beyond calculation. Mr. Stanley spoke out very plainly in regard to the talk about damage caused by deer and partridges to growing crops. He believed them to be greatly exaggerated. He went into the subject at considerable length, giving instances which he had personally investigated, and in which he had found very ridiculous claims.

Mr. G. H. Richards reported for Massachusetts, showing that some advance had already been made in legislation concerning fish and game during the last year. The sale of trout had been forbidden, except of those artificially cultivated within the State. The act protecting deer had been renewed for another term of five years. He reported an increase of deer in the western part of the State, but thought that the number upon Cape Cod remained about stationary because the Indians there killed enough to compensate for the natural increase.

Mr. D. G. Smith, of Chatham, N. B., reported for New Brunswick. He reported a great increase in both fish and game, and entered somewhat into the relative value of salmon and trout, objecting to those salmon fishermen who wished for the destruction of the brook trout, upon the score that there are fifty trout fishermen for one salmon fisherman, and that it was the duty of fish and game commissions to consider the greatest good for the greatest number. Since the principle of licenses had been established in his Province it had proved a valuable asset, while the large gain in the number of hunters was illustrated by the fact that last year the increase of receipts in the fisheries and game department amounted to $6,073.53. Mr. Smith reminded the American members of the association that each of the Canadian Provinces enacted its own game laws, so that it was not correct, as was often done, to speak of the laws of one as the Canadian laws, when that one Province might have a law which could not be found in any other.

Mr. C. H. Wilson, of Glens Falls, in reporting for New York, said that the laws of that State had been very much improved during the last year, among the new amendments being found some prohibiting the spring shooting of web-footed wildfowl, with the exception of brant on Long Island, and the sale of grouse and woodcock killed in the State. He made mention of the various bills affecting fish and game interests now before the House, and to the liberation of large game by Dr. Webb, a member of the association, and by Mr. Whitney.

Dr. John T. Finnie, of Montreal, reported for the Province of Quebec, rejoicing at the legislation of last session, which placed a bounty of five dollars per head upon wolves, and prohibited spring shooting of wildfowl. Large game was very plentiful in the Province, but he had to deplore a decrease in partridge and woodcock. Dealers continued, in some instances, to circumvent the law prohibiting the sale of partridges, despite the watchfulness of guardians, and it was quite a question whether the Government should not altogether prohibit the killing of the birds for a term of years. As for the decrease in the number of woodcock, he much feared that it was largely due to the killing off of the birds when they went south to breed. Dr. Finnie is in favor of shortening the present season for big game in the Province of Quebec, which has at present the longest of any State or Province.

Within the limits of the space which one issue of FOREST AND STREAM might afford, it is scarcely possible to touch upon all the matters of interest which came before the association in one shape or another. Several resolutions and recommendations of considerable interest were adopted after reference to the executive committee. A protest was adopted against the issue of licenses for netting game fish in any waters, but upon the strength of an interesting paper entitled, "What to do with the Pike," read by Mr. L. O. Armstrong, of Montreal, and which may be referred to in a future issue of this paper, the association, in which *Esox lucius* seems to have no friends, resolved that the best thing to do with him was to destroy him.

The entire Canadian delegation to the association was appointed to urge upon the Federal and Provincial Governments harmonious action with the Governments of the States of New York and Vermont in the regulation of the distastrous netting in spawning time that is now permitted in Missisquoi Bay and at the entrance of the Richelieu River.

The Hon. C. E. Oak, of Maine, read a very important paper upon the relations of wild land owners to fishing and hunting interests, urging that if even it became necessary to sacrifice the fish and game, it was absolutely essential that the forests be protected against fire. He claimed that this should be the first consideration in the framing of all fish and game laws. His appeal in this direction was a very eloquent and forcible one, and the association felt it to be so, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, The outing interests of North America have assumed such vast proportions, and are constantly increasing, and whereas, the great areas of wild land are of fundamental importance, not only to these interests, but to all moral and material interests, and

"WHEREAS, The large influx of people into these forests on excursions—canoe, fishing, and hunting trips—are a source of more or less danger to the forests, from carelessness on account of fire;

"THEREFORE, Be it resolved by the N. A. P. F. & G. A. in annual meeting assembled, as follows:

"First—That we will by example and precept do all in our power to spread intelligence broadcast of the great necessity of absolute and perfect carefulness on all outing excursions and trips; that all camp-fires must be entirely extinguished; cigars and pipes should only be used while at rest in camp, and all cigar stubs drowned; we will on every occasion give prompt notice to the authorities of any carelessness in this respect on the part of anybody that comes to our notice, and will recognize no one as a sportsman who does not comply to the letter and spirit of these resolutions.

"Second—Resolved, that we will favor no legislation that jeopardizes the great forest interests of North America."

Col. Boothby delivered a twenty minutes' talk on "Maine as a Vacation State," eloquently describing the beauties of Maine, and her great advantages over other States for tourists and fish and game sportsmen. Col. Boothby said that Maine has 1,620 lakes and 5,151 rivers, and the great majority of these waters are filled with gamy trout and salmon and many other kinds of fish such as sportsmen like to catch. For game Maine can stand up with the rest of them, as the number of moose, deer, and bears killed each year well showed. He said in 1897 there were killed during the season in Maine 136 moose, 3,556 deer, and in 1902 266 moose, 6,885 deer, and 61 bears. During 1903 with the famous license law in effect, there were shot 266 moose, 5,677 deer, and 26 bears. Maine has steadily gone to the front as a hunting and fishing State, as all statistics show. Col. Boothby told of the immense amount of money that was brought into Maine by tourists and sportsmen, and said that many people were getting their entire living through this ever-increasing business. He spoke of the Rangeley and Moosehead lakes regions as great hunting and fishing resorts, and mentioned many other places in the State of Maine of almost equal fame. President Carleton, as chairman of the Inland Fish and Game Commission, supplemented Col. Boothby's remarks with many additional facts proving conclusively that Maine has no second in the hunting and fishing and vacation field.

This afforded the opportunity evidently watched for by representatives of the farming industry to complain of the alleged destruction of crops by game birds and big game.

"Farmer" William H. McLaughlin, of Scarboro, who was present, rose and requested the privilege of asking some questions, and President Carleton granted him the floor.

"Do the deer in the north destroy the crops?" he asked President Carleton.

President Carleton asked Hon. Charles E. Oak, of Bangor, as one from that section of the State and thoroughly familiar with the subject, to answer the question.

Hon. Mr. Oak replied that he did not believe they did.

Mr. McLaughlin then asked Mr. Oak if he had heard of the complaint of S. A. Parsons, of the Rangeley region.

Mr. Oak said that he had, but that he believed the greatest amount of Mr. Parsons' damage had been from slight freshets from the Dead River, and not by deer. He thought the danger from destruction of crops by deer was more imaginary than real. He said that Land Agent and Forest Commissioner E. E. Ring had investigated several of these cases, and he had reported that deer "do not nip and bite all through an oat field, but in only occasional places."

"Have farmers," asked Farmer McLaughlin, "ever been arrested in the State for shooting deer found destroying crops on their land?"

"Not to my knowledge," replied President Carleton.

Mr. McLaughlin then wanted to know why there was no bounty on bears, and why it had been repealed.

President Carleton in reply to the question regarding damage by bears, said he had had several claims of this kind, and in the cases where actual damage had been proven, the owner of the land or crop had received payment from the State for the amount of injury done.

President Carleton announced that the game commissioners were willing and anxious to meet the farmers on the same level and hear any complaints or suggestions which they might have to make. He said it was wicked to have the farmer and sportsmen arrayed against each other, and denounced in withering terms the demagogism that was at the bottom of the insidious attacks upon interests that were largely the mainstay of the State.

An extremely valuable paper upon "Accidental Shooting in the Woods," was read by the Hon. J. F. Sprague, of Monson, Maine.

That upon the history and prospects of the lobster industry in Maine by Hon. A. R. Nickerson, Commissioner of Sea and Shore Fisheries, is a most interesting addition to the literature of the subject, and encouraging, moreover, in the views expressed as the future of the supply.

Election of Officers.

The newly elected officers of the association are as follows:

President, J. Tweedle, Prime Minister of New Brunswick; Secretary and Treasurer, E. T. D. Chambers, Quebec, Canada; Vice-Presidents, H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me.; W. F. Hinman, Boston, Mass.; R. E. Plumb, Detroit, Mich.; A. T. Dunn, St. John, N. B.; C. H. Wilson, Glens Falls, N. Y.; G. A. McCallum, Dunnville, Ont.; J. T. Finnie, Montreal, Quebec; Gen. F. G. Butterfield, Derby Line, Vt.; C. S. Harrington, Halifax, N. S.; S. A. McGrath, Franklin, Pa. Executive Committee, J. F. Sprague, Monson, Me.; George H. Richards, Boston; H. G. Elliott, Montreal; Henry Russell, Detroit, Mich.; D. G. Smith, Chatham, N. B.; J. H. Seymour, New

York; S. T. Bastedo, Toronto, Canada; F. L. Fish, Vergennes, Vt.; H. M. Wallace, Halifax, N. S.

It was voted to hold the next annual convention at St. John, N. B., the last week in January, 1905.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Trout Killers.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

IT is essential that owners of trout preserves shall be ever on their guard against the numerous enemies that are constantly pressing upon the treasures which have cost them much labor and sometimes the expenditure of considerable money.

A number of instances of the extirpation of trout in waters that were supposed to be well protected have come to my knowledge, and the foes when discovered were proved to have been enemies whose presence had never been looked for.

In all periods of their existence there is always something ready to prey upon them, and it has always seemed to me a piece of strange good luck that the troutlets reach and pass the fingerling stage.

When the fry leaves the egg it is a delicate, helpless little creature; indeed, it is then incapable of moving quickly to escape its enemies, and consequently it falls an easy victim to their rapacity.

The spawn of the parent trout is usually cast in brooks, streams, and other running water, although there are, of course, exceptions to this rule, a notable one being the famous spawning beds of large trout in Lake Mooseluckmaguntic one of the Rangeleys series, but whether in the more or less shallow water of the streams, or the deeper water of the lakes, the predaceous insects which are ever on the alert to seize the helpless fry are almost numberless; among these the larvæ of the dragon fly, the horned corydalis or helgramite, dytiscus beetle, or water tiger, are most destructive; these are all active at the season of the year when the fry emerges from the egg.

If by good fortune these enemies are escaped from and the fry attains the length of an inch, it is generally able to elude these insect foes, but it now is obliged to face dangers from another source.

Living in the same waters as those in which the fry are hatched are the young of the predaceous yellow perch, which is an active and relentless enemy, the pond fish (*pomotis*), and different species of minnows, which, acting on the principle that "turn about is fair play," devour great numbers of the fry, and in their turn fall victims later to trout of a larger size.

If all these enemies are avoided and a still larger growth is attained, the troutlings are pursued relentlessly by older and larger relatives, for the trout, about whom so many lines of romance have been written, is a most incorrigible cannibal, and if the fingerling stage is reached, other foes such as sheldrake, kingfishers, frogs, turtles, eels, and various rapacious fish, are ever on the qui vive to capture these delicate tidbits.

I have found that horned pout, whose homes are often made in waters inhabited by the trout, capture troutlings of an inch to two inches in length. I first became acquainted with this fact a number of years ago while fishing in the Liverpool River, Nova Scotia. Our canoe was anchored near the mouth of a large brook which emptied into the river, and while I was engaged in casting the fly my guide was busy with a short rod and line, using for a lure a common angleworm; he succeeded in pulling up one or two trout, and finally threw into the boat a good sized hornpout. The abdomen of this fish was so distended that it attracted our notice, and later, on opening it, we found that it contained a small yellow perch, two or three snails, and a young trout about three inches in length.

I had until then believed that the pout was a slow moving bottom grubbing fish, and feeding mostly at night, but that such is not its nature I then became convinced.

Since that time I have proved this fish to be quite active and predatory in its habits.

On one occasion I was fishing for black bass in a pond in Plymouth county, Mass.; we were using minnows, helgramite, and young frogs, and we found that all these baits were seized by the pouts, no matter how rapidly they were drawn through the water. In fact, it was next to impossible to get one of these baits down to the bass, they were seized so quickly by the horned marauders. I tried the experiment of skittering, or rather quickly dragging just below the surface of the water one of these baits, and it was invariably seized by the pouts, who darted for it as quickly as would a good sized trout.

The numbers of young trout that are captured by sheldrake, mergansers, and other fishing ducks, are by no means small, and if the owner of a trout preserve sees any of these birds in his water it will be well for him to shoot the intruders at the earliest possible moment.

I once knocked over a sheldrake that incautiously permitted me to approach within gun shot of it, whose stomach when examined was found to contain over forty young salmon.

The kingfisher is also very destructive, and, together with the various herons, are a constant menace to the preserves. After the fingerling stage is past, the young trout having become experienced in avoiding the foes that surround them are able to take care of themselves fairly well, although a large proportion of them fall victims to other depredators; among these the mink, another wholesale destroyer, is much more common than most people are aware, even in pretty thickly settled sections of the country. It destroys more fish than it can possibly eat, and seems to kill simply for the sake of killing; this may be readily seen when I state that on one occasion I saw a mink capture in less than an hour's time five trout, each of which was nearly a foot in length.

Eels are also among the most destructive foes to trout preserves; for, although they are ordinarily bottom feeders, they can, when in pursuit of other fish, move with the greatest rapidity; I have, on several occasions, seen them dart into a school of smelts, and they were almost always successful in seizing one. Living, as they often do, in trout waters, they have every opportunity for capturing the spotted beauties.

I once killed an eel in a lake in Nova Scotia—the headwaters of Indian River; this eel was a monster in size, being quite three feet in length, and at least three inches in diameter at the middle of the body. On examining the contents of its stomach I found they consisted of several small salmon, a frog, and two small trout. I have also at various times examined the stomachs of other eels, and found them to contain, among other food, shiners, perch, and other small fishes, and in waters which contained trout, these were often proved to have fallen victims to the destroyers.

From these facts it will be seen that owners of trout waters should spare no effort to place these slimy depredators under subjection, and this may best be accomplished by keeping a number of eel pots, or traps, in constant operation.

The otter is also an irrepressible trout killer, and if one succeeds in attaining access to a preserve, he quickly depopulates it; for, like the mink, he often kills more than he can possibly eat. I once had a good opportunity for observing the otter's rapacity.

A number of gentlemen who had formed a fishing club owned a series of small trout ponds which, at the beginning of their occupancy, were well stocked with good sized fish; these waters were not at any time over-fished, but in some manner they became less and less fruitful, the large fish disappearing with unaccountable rapidity. Efforts were made to capture the poachers, at whose doors the mischief had been laid; but the attempts to detect them failed, and it was only when the tracks of an otter were discovered in a light fall of snow that the robber was located. The animal had undoubtedly traveled a considerable distance to reach these ponds, and finding them well stocked, he took up his residence in a thick covert near them, and until he was trailed and shot "he lived in clover."

That the great snapping turtle destroys trout I have proved conclusively. While the trout is ordinarily a quick moving fish and usually an active one, it has its periods of indolence in which it remains almost motionless on or near the bottom of the river or pond, sometimes for hours at a stretch; on such occasions it often falls a victim to this reptile. Every angler has at times taken trout with large deep gashes in their bodies which were undoubtedly made by the turtle.

Trout also often fall victims to the lamprey eels, particularly in rivers which empty into the ocean. I have taken several of these fish with lampreys attached to them; one of them, which ought to have been a good two-pound fish, having been so reduced in flesh that it was hardly more than a moving skeleton; the lamprey was fastened to the trout near the gills, and had sucked out the life blood of the unfortunate fish.

In treating of the habits of the lamprey, George Brown Goode says: "They cling to the side of the fish beneath the pectoral, and suck its blood until the flesh becomes as white as paper. There can be little doubt that to the lampreys may be credited an immense destruction of the various food fishes which enter estuaries and rivers. It is by no means uncommon for fishermen to find them attached to halibut and other large species caught at sea. Lampreys are found far inland, ascending most of the creeks and rivers of central Europe and of temperate North America far toward their sources."

The structure of the mouth of the lamprey as described by Blanchard and quoted by Prof. Goode is as follows: "This is completely circular and forms a great sucker enormously capacious, surrounded by a fleshy lip studded with tentacles and supported within by a cartilaginous framework. This mouth is covered over its entire interior surface with strong teeth arranged in concentric circles, some single, others double, the larger occupying the central portion, and the smaller forming the exterior rows. A large double tooth, situated above the aperture of the mouth, indicates the situation of the upper jaw; a large cartilage, supporting seven or eight teeth, represents the lower jaw. The tongue also carries three large teeth deeply serrated upon their edges."

Mr. Chambers, in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM, in describing the perils by which the ouananiche is surrounded, mentions among its destroyers the fresh water cusk, often called the burbot, eel-pout, etc. While these fish are not, as a rule, numerous enough in waters inhabited by the trout to be a serious menace to those fish, that it preys upon them if opportunity offers I have proved.

A number of years ago while stopping at the little village of Gilead, Me., I went out several evenings "cusking" with one of the natives in the Androscoggin River near by. We caught several of the uncanny looking fish, and on examining their stomachs I found they contained with other food several small chubs, and one or two trout four or five inches in length.

What those small trout were doing in the river, which at that time contained many pickerel, can only be conjectured; but as the Wild River empties into the Androscoggin near that place they may have come down from that stream.

I suppose that a trout in that neighborhood would nowadays be a rarity, particularly in the Androscoggin, for Bethel, the summer home of many from the great cities, is but a few miles distant, and every inch of the water in the river is fished most industriously every season; in fact, so strenuously is it ransacked that pickerel which formerly were very abundant are now scarce anywhere near the town; as to the cusk or burbot, I have no means of knowing how abundant it is there at the present time, but imagine it is now quite scarce.

On the Florida East Coast.

MELBOURNE BEACH, Fla., Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Major Graves has lent me "Uncle Lisha's Shop" to read, and I want you to mail a copy of it to the inclosed address. Sea trout have been rising freely on to our 700-foot dock two weeks past till day before yesterday, when a norther sent them to deep water, where they still remain with their feet in the mud, hands in their pockets, and mittens on their ears. We expect them back at sunrise this morning; for the thermometer says 48 and rising at quarter past five, the moment of this writing. Lots of fun here for boys of 72 and thereabouts. We troll casting phantom minnows off the dock. I got one Monday morning that weighed exactly 7 pounds. Led him to this beach, walking the ends of the planks, and landed him on the dry sand. We find plenty of oysters here in our front yards.

Q. G.

American Fisheries Society.

APPLETON, Wis., Jan. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the meeting of the American Fisheries Society at Woods Hole, Mass., July 21, 22, and 23, a special committee on location of next meeting was named, consisting of the president, Frank N. Clark, of Northville, Mich., vice-president, Dr. Tarleton H. Beam, of New York, and secretary, Geo. F. Peabody, of Appleton, Wis.

This committee met at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, on Friday, January 15, and selected Atlantic City as the next meeting place. Date of meeting July 26, 27, and 28.

GEO. F. PEABODY.

Megantic Club.

THE seventeenth annual banquet of the Megantic Fish and Game Club, of Maine, will be given at Delmonico's on Saturday evening, January 30, and a very large attendance of members and their friends is assured. Some of the trophies of some of the members of the club will be exhibited.

The Kennel.

St. Augustine's Bloodhounds.

From the St. Augustine, Fla., Record.

SULLEN and disconcerted, with two ferocious bloodhounds close to his heels, a white prisoner who escaped from the work gang yesterday morning shinned up a pine tree and waited the arrival of the sheriff and his deputies.

The man gave his name as Shine when arraigned in the court some time ago, charged with trespass. He, with nine other prisoners, was sent to work on the road near the Catholic cemetery yesterday morning, but evidently did not take kindly to the employment assigned to him, and when officer Taylor, who was in charge of the gang, was engaged down the road a little way, the prisoner slipped into the bushes and quietly sneaked away.

Shortly afterwards the officer missed the man and searched the woods in the vicinity without finding trace of him. He immediately rushed to New Augustine and telephoned the sheriff, and the latter notified his deputies. The bloodhounds, one owned by Mr. Jos. T. Pacetti, and the other by the county, were leashed and taken to the scene of the incident. When the trail was discovered, Deputy Snowden took charge of the dogs, following them on foot, while Sheriff Perry, and Deputy Sabate drove along the road in a wagon. The trail led into the woods, through scrub and forest, marsh and creeks. The dogs warmed to the work and followed without the slightest difficulty the scent of the fleeing prisoner. Again and again the trail left the woods and led down the high road. The man, with great cunning, kept to the middle of the road in the horse path, presumably for the purpose of confusing dogs by having his trail obliterated by passing teams, but the dogs were not fooled, and were close behind him when his track led accross the road near the Reyes place at Moultrie. On striking into the woods again the dogs headed for a creek near Fort Payton, and the officers arrived just in time, for the man's further progress was blockaded by the creek, and the dogs were almost upon him. He sped for the nearest tree, and up he went, while the loud baying of the dogs notified the officers that their quarry was run to the earth. When the prisoner saw the officers he was unable to hide his chagrin, and submitted in sullen silence.

Deputy Snowden has not yet recovered his breath after his strenuous ten mile sprint, and the muscles of his legs are afflicted with that tired feeling. He believes the prisoner is an old hand at the game of hide and seek with a pack of bloodhounds, from the skillful attempts he made to elude his pursuers. The prisoner on his way back told the officers that he had hoped to spend his Christmas in the woods, but would not make another attempt, as the race for liberty called for too much exercise.

Shine is out with other prisoners to-day working on the Moultrie road.

Sheriff Perry, in conversation with a Record representative relative to the training of bloodhounds, said the dogs forgot allegiance and friendship when on the trail, and the fugitive had better take refuge in a tree or some other secure place. In training the dogs he sends some one off on a sprint and when sufficient time has elapsed to insure their safety, the dogs are turned loose and guided in their work. In remarkably short time the sagacious brutes learn what is required of them, and will follow the scent without encouragement.

On one occasion the negro cook at the jail made a wager that the hounds, which he fed every day would not molest him if placed on his trail. The wager was taken, and the test made. The trail was warm and easily followed, and a large bloodhound galloped over it at full speed, catching sight of the fugitive as he was jumping the jail fence after a long circuit. Instead of following the trail further, the dog took a short cut through a gate and attempted to cut the man off. The darkey sprinted as he never had before, and fled by the sheriff, who came to the rescue, escaping the dog by a few feet. With difficulty the brute was beaten under control; he wanted that nigger, and wanted him bad, and would have got him but for the timely arrival of the sheriff. That night when the cook went to the yard for wood, the dog made a dash for him, and the officers were compelled to tie it up before the terrified cook dare venture into the yard.

The cook had always fed the dog, and had every reason to believe he was immune from its ferocious instincts, but he does not make any more wagers to that effect now.



In Southern Seas.

A Cruise Around the Island of Oahu.

BY ALLAN DUNN.

The Story Which Won the Third Prize of $25 in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

THERE are few places where the American yachtsman can better enjoy his sport than in the Territory of Hawaii. From a catboat to an auxiliary two-sticker, from the smooth inland waters to the deep chested billows of the open sea, all varieties of the enjoyment that comes from the combination of a stick, a sheet, and a sail, are his; with the addition of a year long season, steady breezes, perpetual summer and infinite variety of sea and land. Let me tell the tale of a simple cruise amid Pacific Island waters, where the Stars and Stripes flies dominant, that may give a faint and fleeting glimpse of yachting in Hawaiian seas and, perhaps, tempt some brother sailor to come down and share our pleasures.

It was bully summer weather in the last week of September; there is always a trade blowing and a summer sun shining in the Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A., as we ran down in the train from Honolulu to the Peninsula, Pearl City, where, on the shores of the big inland waters, so soon to become a famous anchorage and site for a U. S. naval station, the club house of the Hawaii Y. C. is situated and many of its craft are moored in the brackish waters.

The almost completed schedule of the season's racing had brought forth many pleasant cruises and close contests, but the present occasion was the first real holiday of the year and the most important cruise. The owners and regular Corinthian crews of three of the first-raters of the fleet had long contemplated a cruising race around the Island of Oahu, a total distance of 108 nautical miles on various points of sailing well calculated to test the best qualities of each competitor, but business engagements had hitherto stalled off the date. Now, however, all was arranged and the eleven o'clock train took down the captain and crews of La Paloma and Gladys, with the members of the regatta committee appointed to their boats, to moorings at the club house at the head of the Pearl Harbor lochs, four miles from the sea. The owner of the Helene was detained in town until the last minute and all had agreed to meet off the recently dredged channel to the harbor, and make the start from that point at five o'clock in the early evening with the expectation of



Gladys.

making the first leg of the race by early daylight the next morning and there spending the day ashore.

The Hawaii Y. C. has eight craft whose over all length raches 30ft., and four of these have been placed in the first class, the Helene, La Paloma, Gladys and Bonny Dundee. The last named is a cutter designed by Fife, and sent out to the islands several years ago The heavy seas encountered in mid-island channels and on windward shores, effectually debar her from entering for any deep sea trips. On such attempts as have been made, her crew has had the doubtful privilege of going below and viewing the scenery to windward through the weather planking. La Paloma, the flag ship, owned by Commodore Macfarlane, is a converted schooner, now a sloop. Her displacement is 22 tons, and her sail area proportionate. Her mast was placed, on conversion, in the original stepping of her foremast, and she carries one working jib. Before the wind she sails a ten to eleven knot clip in the regular trades. On the wind she is speedy, but sags to leeward. It is in working to windward that the smaller yachts of her class even matters. In a heavy sea the Paloma shoves her nose well into it and pitches with a perseverance worthy of a better cause.

The Helene, 12 tons displacement, is not a racing type, but her owner, Fred Whitney, who has sporting proclivities, has fitted her with racing canvas and in a good breeze she makes good time of it, being considerably stiffer than La Paloma. Her work-a-day canvas includes a gaff topsail and two jibs.

But it is of the Gladys, the little 8 ton, cruising knockabout Gladys, owned, designed and built on



La Paloma.

modern lines for our first commodore and inaugurator of our club, T. W. Hobron, that we sing. Designed as a wholesome cruising type, she sailed around the San Francisco fleet before coming to Honolulu, and has since beaten the home fleet in all kinds of weather, all conditions of water and all distances, sailing on even terms without asking for time allowance, even from the big La Paloma. There were two of us labeled Gladys on the way down to moorings, the skipper and the committeeman, who was also to act as crew, to be joined later by one more stalwart Corinthian on the afternoon train, and later in the race by the manager of the big sugar plantation who regularly seeks surcease from the cares of crystallization reports by going a-sailing.

The train landed us close to the club house and near the commodore's country house where, at his private wharf, the Gladys and La Paloma lay moored. With pleasant jest and prophecy all walked down the jetty, and the Paloma's spacious cabin swallowed up our rival's crew. The club house in on the southwest and lee side of the big peninsula that splits the inland waters into separate lochs and the moorings are ideal. The Gladys was swinging clear of the warf with lines out fore and aft, and before boarding her the skipper and the committeeman, known on the trip as Mr. Referee, stopped for a minute to admire her as she lay on the quiet waters. Diminutive she looked by the side of her big rival, but we know her qualities and were used to viewing the Paloma's bows over our taffrail. With the emerald slopes of cane and the jagged range of dead volcanic mountains for a background, she looked, to a critical eye, the embodiment of speed with her sweet lines and modern bow, "shark-nosed," the natives call her, clean as a whistle and as snowy as a swan.

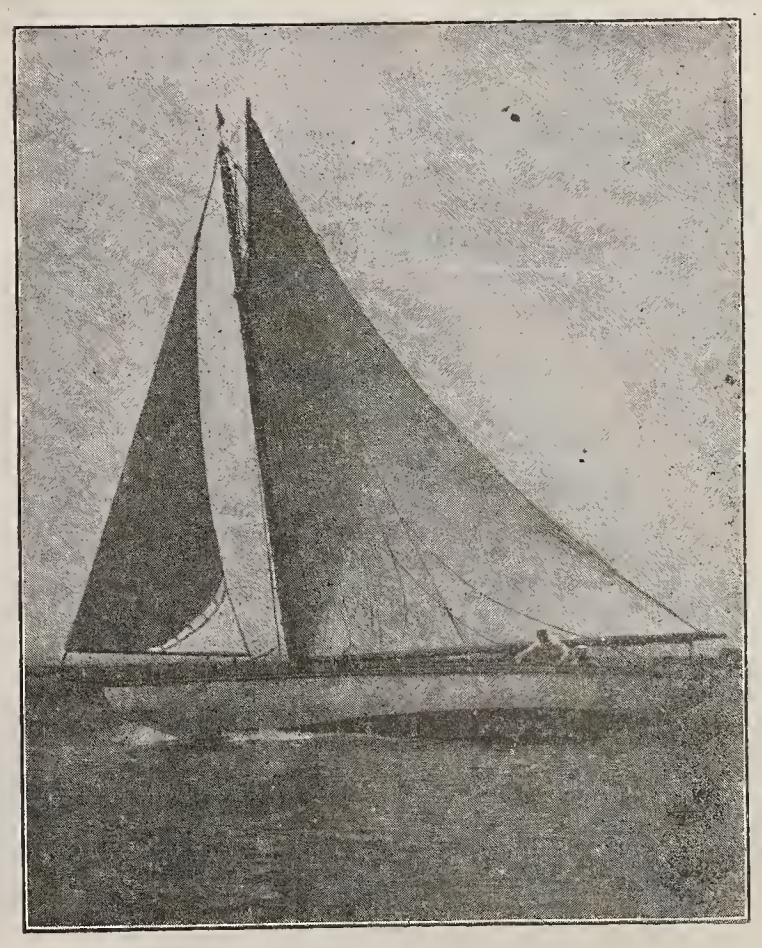
The Gladys is a keel knockabout, designed by V. D. Bacon, of Barnstable, Mass. The owner desired a craft capable of going anywhere about the islands, and the outcome was a boat of the following dimensions: L. O. A. 37ft. 7in.; l.w.l. 25ft.; beam 10ft.; draft 5ft. 3in.; least freeboard 2ft. 6in.; displacement 14,900lbs. Total sail area 850 sq. ft.; iron keel 6,000lbs.; inside ballast for trimming, about 1,000lbs.

The cabin contains two bunks on either side, full length with a 3ft. aisle between. Forward of starboard transoms, is a locker for double burner Primus stove. Opposite, an ice box, clothes locker and Sands folding wash basin. Forward of the mast is a large space for storage of ropes, anchors, etc. Full 6ft. of headroom under carlins.

At the forward end of the cockpit is a full deck 28in. wide, and under this a Sands marine toilet is located. The lazarette is very roomy with plenty of space for spare ropes, sails, anchors, sea anchors, and the general dunnage of a cruising yacht.. On the starboard side of the cockpit is a water tank, which is piped to the washstand and galley.

The boat is of generous displacement, and constructed very heavily, giving her all necessary strength for crossing wind-swept channels and heavy seas. She is equipped with an Edison screw steerer, and an Enos windlass. The waterways between the house and the rail are 22in. wide, giving ample room for crew maneuvers. She was built in San Francisco, and shipped to Honolulu on the deck of a sailing vessel. This is her fifth season in Honolulu, and she has given great satisfaction to all who have sailed in her company. She has withstood all kinds of weather equally well; once being out under trysail in a gale of forty, increasing to sixty miles registered velocity. She has never lost an off-shore race.

Little work was done before we were summoned to lunch by Mrs. Commodore, and our last meal ashore for several hours was discussed on her broad verandahs with healths to each other and mutual promises to show the way in. After lunch we jumped to work, while the referee's wife, who takes the wheel herself at times and is well enough up in sailing tactics to be severely critical when the mood strikes her, superintended our efforts. The first nine miles of the race constituted a run before the wind, so the spinnaker was brought from its bag and carefully pleated and stopped on the grassy lawn, leaving free the clubs at clew and tack. Spinnaker halliards were reeved, outhaul and sheet got in readiness and the boom set in the goose neck, clamped, and carried up by the mast in readiness to set as soon as the start was declared. Inspection of the water tanks and bilge came next, with stowage of provisions, overhauling of the tool chest, filling the stove and the binnacle and side lights, setting the life buoy in the cockpit, oiling the wheel, winding the timekeeper, putting handy the chart, marked with compass course of the trip, setting up the dead lights in the stays, overhauling every sheet and block and stay, and putting the night glasses, heaving lead,



Gladys Wins.

megaphone and pump where they would be handy. The spinnaker, carefully replaced in its bag, was safely stowed, and by 3:30 mainsail cover and gaskets were off, jib snapped on, sheets rove and every thing ready for the arrival of the third member of the crew.

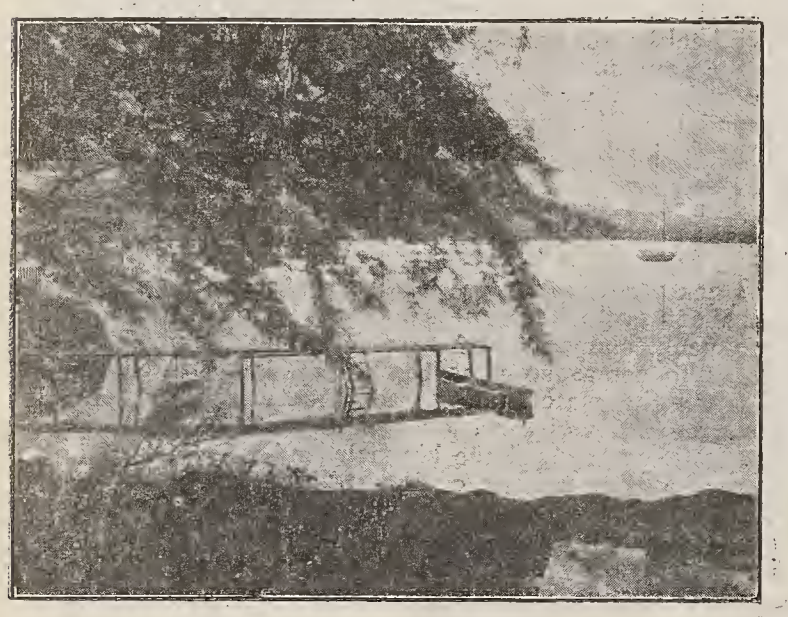
The afternoon train soon came in with our man and another member of the Paloma's crew, Prince Kuhio Kalanianaole, Hawaii's choice for delegate to Congress, a yacht owner and enthusiastic all around sportsman. This completed the muster of the Paloma, seven in all. Our new acquisition, an old time yachtsman, and well used to the Gladys, shall be dubbed the "giant" for this cruise by virtue of his inches and phsique.

At four o'clock up went the mainsail and, with Mrs.

Commodore and Mrs. Referee waving good-bys from the lawn, we drifted out of the lee of the land into the breeze. La Paloma cleared off a few minutes later, and we came about and waited for her, sailing in company with started sheets down the loch, past the club's cruising quarters at the entrance, through the channel recently scraped by order of Uncle Samuel to admit of the free entrance of battleships and so to the open sea. A steady northeast trade was blowing and some three miles to windward, half way from Honolulu, the Helene was seen bowling along to meet us.

Starting orders read that the committeemen should compare watches as the three competitors lay abreast with bows to windward. At the word "Go" from the Gladys, Mr. Referee being the chairman of the racing committee, it was up to the yachts to drop their spinnaker booms, come about, set their spinnakers and start. This was carried out with a beautiful start, the Gladys winning the windward and shoreward position by clever handling. The skipper and the referee ran forward to set the spinnaker, which had been laid out on the house while waiting for the Helene, and the giant took the wheel. Outhaul and halliards were quickly attached, the sheet taken aft to a cleat on the cockpit rail, the boom set to starboard and kept from soaring by a lashing to a scupper mouth and up went the big sail, breaking out to perfection. The big crew of the Paloma had their sail drawing before we did, but we beat out the Helene and its crew of five men and a boy.

The race was on. The Paloma's bigger spread of canvas and the fresh breeze soon caused her to forge ahead, but our time was coming later and we were content to see the Helene on our lee quarter unable to gain. All the sheets and halliards of the Gladys come into the cockpit, and the steady steering before the wind soon saw us disposed in comfort and talking over the course. A half moon, horns up, was in the sky as we started at five minutes after five, though the western horizon was only just glowing to sunset. The moon was due to keep us company for five hours. Past Barber's Point, nine miles away, where a lighthouse is placed, there was a prospect of using a balloon jib for another twenty-five mile stretch to Kaena Point. The skipper calculated on hauling the spinnaker boom forward and passing the sheet around the head stays, thus using the spinnaker as a balloon jib



Gladys's Anchorage at Pearl Harbor.

Under the lee of the volcanic cliffs which form the western coast of Oahu, winds are uncertain, however, and going out to look for a breeze would lose us the sure benefit of a three or four knot current that sweeps around the points. Considering the size of his crew, the skipper thought it would be the wiser plan to take in the spinnaker before moonset, unless the breeze seemed particularly favorable. The last stretch of this first half of the race was a fourteen mile thrash to windward with the prospect of plenty of wind; just the weather for the Gladys to get an hour or two ahead of the rest.

The western sky was soon gleaming like a topaz, and while light lasted we determined to eat. First, however, we established our lubber's mark and screwed the compass to the deck. The yachts were still in the same relative position, the Paloma steadily drawing ahead. The skipper went forward to set the side lights in their screens, and then we tackled our cold supper of fruit, meat, maccaroni and cheese, pickles, bread and beer. After supper the skipper decided to let the Helene, which had been trying to get on our weather quarter and blanket us for the past fifteen minutes, have her way while we stood out a little further to sea. Into the tawny sunset we sailed with the Helene on our starboard beam, her port light opposite our jealous eye of green, the Paloma ahead with her cabin lights aglow for supper. An inter-island steamer came up from Honolulu and overhauled us slowly, it being well on towards midnight before she dropped her lights below the horizon. The lighthouse on Diamond Head, the well-known promontory hard by Honolulu, shone like a gleaming eye, paling a solitary star that floated overhead.

All this so far was easy sailing, but hard work was coming at eight bells, so we took our ease as it came to us. The referee lit a cigar, and the giant and the skipper swapped shark stories as the moon slid down the western sky. The Paloma was, as we found later, well inshore, the reef running in close enough to let them hear land noises very distinctly. The shore is here very barren and precipitous, and only an occasional fishing village shows signs of habitation. The Gladys was well around Barber's Point by seven o'clock and the wind proving abeam, in came the spinnaker, the boom being lashed along the starboard rail. La Paloma we saw nothing of after this until the next morning, though she saw the Gladys from time to time, until our "lights went out" on her as we passed them at midnight. Our sheet was hauled in and the jib trimmed, but the breeze proved fitful. The Helene was ahead and to leeward

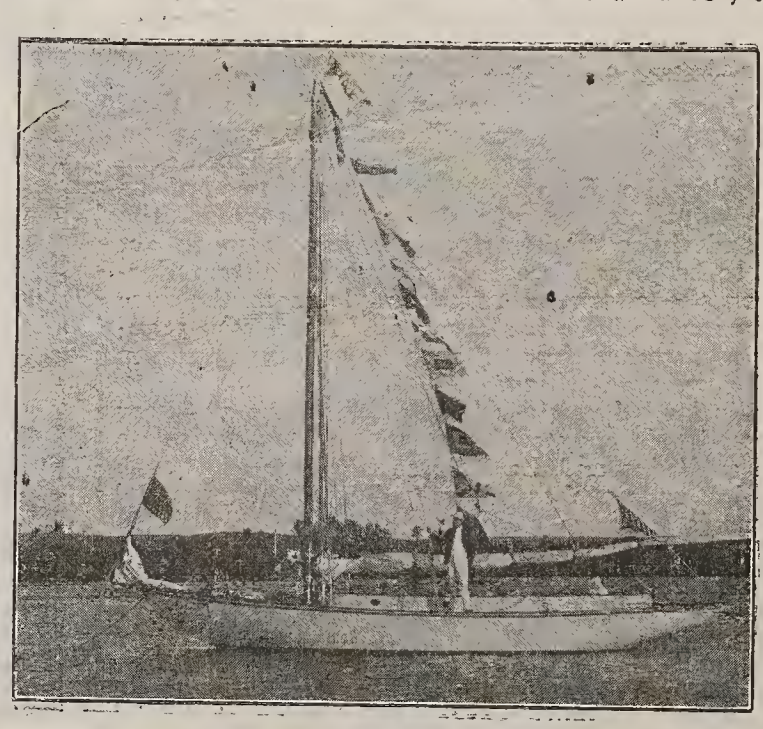


CHART OF COURSE OF GLADYS.

like a gray shadow. Doldrums were split by little squalls that came down the steep ravines, but the calms were frequent and at times we scarcely held steerage way. It looked for a while as if we would never make Kaena Point before daybreak, a tantalizing thought in view of the almost certainty that there was a half gale waiting for us once we got round the cape. The Gladys was getting the best of it in what breeze did happen along, however, and later comparisons showed that we were fortunate in finding wind that did not reach the others.

The water was brilliantly phosphorescent with promise of fine weather, the bubbles slipping past the sides like semicircles of blue flame. A school of porpoises churned the sea into liquid fire as they chased their supper. The moon was getting very low as we drifted, and the lights in the shrouds gleamed like "claret and creme de menthe," to use the simile of one bibulous minded individual, as we tacked in the hope of a better breeze. Just after ten the moon dropped into a bed of clouds and in her good-night greeting, across the waters we saw the Helene a mile to leeward and abeam. With alternate calms and windy spells, we glided along toward Kaena Point, steering N.W. ½ N. course by the card. Before rounding we caught a promise of the wind awaiting us, as the sea, quiet as a millpond for two hours past, became white capped, swirling in phosphorescent foam from the bows into a gleaming wake.

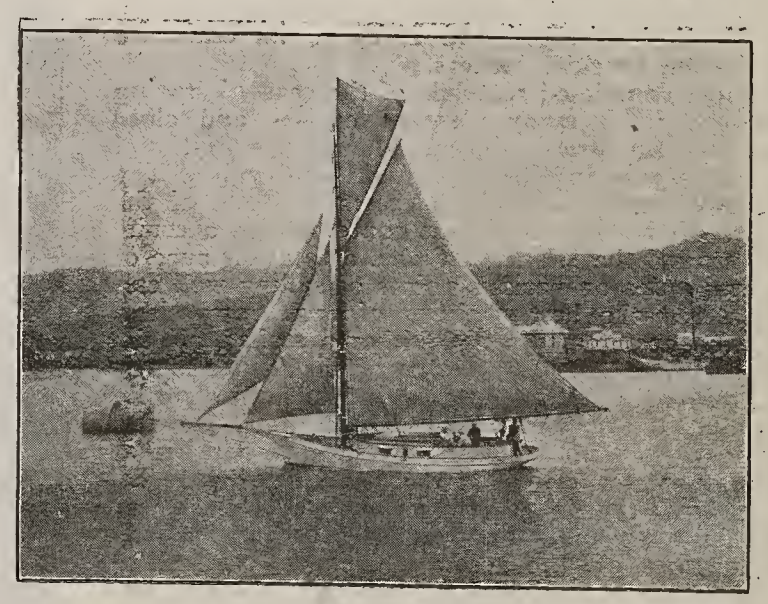
Committee figures later showed that the three boats must have rounded the cape within a few minutes of each other and midnight, but with the wind in her teeth, the Gladys soon bid them all good-by, fortunate in having reached Kaena Point on even terms. From now ahead for the rest of the cruise there was no lighthouse until Diamond Head, at Honolulu, and we were cruising in unknown waters. Somewhere, eleven miles ahead in the darkness, lay the finish of the first leg at Waialua where there was a harbor, a



Celebrating Victory at Waialua.

small one with a narrow entrance, as yet unvisited by any of the competing skippers. The harbor is seldom used, and the range lights have long since disappeared. The manager of a fine hotel, built for tourists, had agreed to hang a prominent light in the grounds, and mutual agreement made the finish at a point with the light abeam within a limit of two miles from shore, the light abeam being judged by the committeemen from the after line of the house on each yacht, the direction of the yacht's course and that of the shore being fixed. They also adjudged the two mile limit.

The wind strengthened, and the Gladys, tired of sailing in light winds on an even keel, bucked into it with her lee rail under. Water never gets into her cockpit except when windblown, and though she heels until a glance over the weather rail discloses the state of her copper paint; her well planned design spills the wind at the critical moment, and there is no thought among those who know her of any danger from cracking on. Like any femininity, however, the Gladys is capricious. She has a fixed determination to eat up the wind and a touch of weather helm works miracles. Her steering calls for constant attention, a glance at a rival astern by the man at the wheel, meaning time lost, before you get her head back to it. She is very



Dewey—A San Francisco Type.

tender on her helm and, while a marvel in stays, is a marvel at getting away from you unless you anticipate every movement. A tyro at the wheel is very liable to find the Gladys looking at him to see what he is doing, and even an average sailorman unused to a modern type will find it hard to get the most out of her ladyship until after long acquaintance. The skipper knew the Gladys and her whims, however, and there was very little lost effort in that thrash to windward.

The water boiled in intense phosphorescence as Hobron kept her always moving. It surged over the rail at the shrouds, flashed into spray that flew like a swarm of fireflies, died in the glare of the sidelights and rushed along the deck over the quarter into a luminous wake like a steamer's trail. Beads of fire fell on the sail and rolled to the boom glowing until it seemed as if they must burn the cloth. Eyes were masked with the salty spume as with a cast, as a lookout for crossing boats was kept. Spray tried to penetrate the oilies, get through the hard closed ports and put out the lights. The trades were abroad with a 4-5 velocity, and the sailing was glorious. Every one in turn attempted a turn below in the cosy little cabin, but it took more than weather boards to keep a man in his bunk, and sleep was not forthcoming. The skipper and the giant shared the helm until midnight, when Hobron took charge for the rest of the night.

The course was set S. E., and we fought our way to the finish with short inshore tacks. Hard on two o'clock lights were seen where the laborers of the big plantation near the hotel live, and soon afterwards a big star flashed out over the port bow under the club of the jib. It was fixed and brilliant, and it was in the right place. A shout from the skipper brought the referee on deck from a vain attempt at a snooze, and with all three jubilant, though wet, straight into the wind went the staunch little craft with the big seas smacking her bows like a drum, straight for the mark.

At 2:30 the light was well abeam and thought to be within the two mile limit as the lights of the houses and the hotel were plainly seen, but the referee wanted to make assurance doubly sure, and ordered another tack. At 2:57 he was satisfied, and duly registered the time. Distance, 45 miles; time, 9h. 52m.

Two hours to daylight yet remained to kill, and the skipper suggested heaving to under a storm trysail, but a glance at his wet and diminutive crew, left it merely a suggestion, and the mainsail remained up. About she came, and out to sea with a free sheet and a pleasant conviction that the Paloma and Helene were still

digging their way, bowsprits under, well in the rear. The bows of the Gladys enable her to breast the big seas with ease and slide on to the next wave without sousing her jib or making apparent effort. An occasional mother wave hits her like a cooper sounding a barrel, but there is little jar and no fuss or setback, only a lift along and a friendly slap by way of encouragement, as it were, from Neptune.

The first warning of dawn found us well out to sea, though some four miles to windward of the anchorage, and we stood in for the shore anxiously waiting to catch a glimpse of our competitors. Finally the rising sun struck the sails of a sloop well down to leeward, and the glass revealed two head sails, the Helene, hours behind. Still the Paloma remained invisible, only some small Japanese fishing sampans standing out from shore. At last the sun bleached her big mainsail to white, and we saw her close in shore, and to leeward of the harbor. This looked like a bigger beat that it turned out afterward when we found that she had made the light a short time before dawn, but had since drifted down the coast with the current, now against her as the tide changed.

We all were eager for anchorage, and started for the harbor, recognizing it by the big hotel. It seemed to be a close thing as to who would anchor first, ourselves or the Paloma, but of course the time mattered nothing. A mile off the entrance we struck a calm, the Paloma finding it a few minutes later. There we floated round, while the Helene came in from the sea with a spanking breeze. The referee took the helm and the giant whistled for a puff which finally came. The chart showed a very narrow entrance between two nasty reefs, so the skipper went up to the spreaders to con the way in. The anchor had been made ready forward, and the giant took the helm, while the referee hauled in the windward jib sheet and went forward to smother the sail as the giant let go the halliards. The Gladys got in first, and the skipper, with an eye to getting out on the morrow, picked out the best berth. "Stand by, forward," he yelled, and over went the sixty pound anchor as down came the mainsail between the lazy lines, and we anchored in three fathoms at 7:15. The Paloma dropped her hook at 7:40 and the Helene at 7:48.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Interlake Yachting Letter.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 24.—Small boats are increasing in popularity in this section of the lakes, and the latest to be adopted is a 16ft. class, by the Detroit Boat Club Yachtsmen, of Detroit. A similar class has been in existence for some time on Lake Ontario, and has been very successful, which had some influence in prompting the step taken by the Detroit organization. Of course, there have been 16-footers, and also 15-footers built, but there has been no uniformity of design or type, and it is believed that the adoption of this class, according to its rules and restrictions, which will produce a staunch and seaworthy little craft, will do much toward promoting interest in small boat racing. It is one of the ideas of the boat club yachtsmen in adopting this class to pave the way for inter-club racing among 16-footers, as well as inter-association racing. A 16ft. class was supposed to exist in the Inter-Lake Y. A., but it was sadly deficient, lacking in vital particulars, that which is essential in producing a good wholesome type of boat. The boats are to be of the knockabout order, having a small cabin, with sufficient accommodations to stow dunnage and afford shelter in bad weather, and will also comfortably sleep two men. Following are the restrictions governing the class:

Maximum L.W.L., 16ft.; maximum draft, 4ft.; maximum sail area, 350 sq. ft.; minimum beam (L.W.L.), keel, 5ft. 7in.; centerboard, 6ft. 2in.; minimum area largest immersed vertical cross-section, 6,125 sq. ft.

The centerboard opening shall be included, and the centerboard itself excluded in measuring the said immersed vertical cross-section. There shall be but one centerboard and rudder.

The angles of the exterior outline with the vertical center of the vessel above the outside ballast shall at no point be less than 90 degrees. Minimum freeboard, 17in.; keel, 18in. Cabin trunk, with not greater than 70 per cent., nor less than 50 per cent. of the greatest beam on deck. Cabin trunk height at least 2½in. for every foot of greatest beam on deck; stem, oak, sided at head 2¼in.; overhang timber, oak, forward, 1⅞in. thick; aft, 1⅞in. thick; frames, oak, sectional area, 1 sq. in.; frames, maximum spacing, 9in.; floors, oak, ⅞in. thick; clamp, sectional area, 2¾ sq.in.; bilge stringer, oak, sectional area, 2¾in.; deck beams, oak, sectional area, main, 2¼in.; do., auxiliary, 1⅛ sq. in.; do., half, 1 sq. in.; deck beams, maximum spacing, 9in.; planking to finish full, 11-16in. thick; deck to finish full, ⅝in. thick; cabin house deck to finish full, 7-16in. thick; crew, maximum, 3. Wood centerboards in centerboard boats, weighted only sufficient to overcome flotation. Metal centerboards not to exceed 3-16in. in thickness. Solid spars only. Sails to be cotton. A yacht using a centerboard to increase the area of lateral plane, and drawing at least 3ft. length of keel, shall be considered a keel boat.

Rear-Com. E. F. Lloyd has ordered a boat for the class, and two members of the club have signified their intention of building, but as yet have not placed their orders. Several members of the County Club and the Detroit Y. C. have expressed themselves as highly pleased with the idea, and it is probable that from six to eight boats will be built in time for next season's racing.

The Detroit Y. C. held its annual election of officers at the Hotel Ste. Clair, Detroit, on Monday evening, Jan. 11. The following were elected: Com., W. J. Funke; Vice-Com., E. A. Greening; Rear-Com., Wm. R. Shapland; Sec'y, J. K. Moore; Treas., A. C. Kramer; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. A. C. Lee; Directors, H. C. Kendall, S. S. Weinman, Otto F. Barthell, C. Teal and G. W. Willebrands. The secretary's report showed a membership of 391.

The Cleveland Y. C. held its annual election in the club house on Monday, Jan. 11, and the following were elected: Com., Geo. Worthington; Vice-Com., Capt. C. E. Benham; Rear-Com., E. W. Briggs; Sec'y and Treas., E. E. Pettibone; Fleet Captain, C. W. Kelly; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. M. Ingersoll; Meas., O. P. De Mars; Ass't Meas., F. A. Krauss. The following committees were also elected: Regatta Com., E. E. Pettibone, A. Triever and Geo. Marty; Entertainment Com., C. R. Hills, E. W. Briggs and M. C. Willis. Directors, M. J. Lawrence, John Barth, E. W. Briggs, F. G. Overbeck, Dudley Perkins and Albert Triever

A new yacht club has been organized at Detroit by about thirty members and the following organization committee was appointed: J. O. Teagan, chairman; Fred Van Fleet, John Schweikart, Gus Moebs and E. A. Conyone. The committee on membership is as follows: John M. Sweeny, chairman; H. C. Glidden, Geo. Engel, A. N. Weber, J. Martin and James Hardy. It is the intention of the new club to erect a club house somewhere in the vicinity of the Water Works Park, which is a beautiful site for a yacht club. A name has not been decided on for the club, but will be done at its next meeting, to be held within a week.

C. W. SCHMIDT, JR.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

From the reports that have been received about the wreck of the auxiliary schooner Roamer, Capt. George D. Campbell owner, on Rum Cay of the Bahamas on Dec. 10 last, it would seem that the black inhabitants of these islands have inherited to a marked degree the buccaneering and piratical proclivities as well as the inclinations of their ancestors.

The yacht left Baltimore on Nov. 30. Col. Campbell and is wife were the guests of his son, who was in command of the boat. The crew consisted of a mate, a steward, and five seamen. After leaving the Florida coast the yacht worked her way in and out of the islands until she arrived off Rum Cay on December 9. Captain Campbell decided to land on the island. The mate kept the yacht jogging along in the offing. When Captain Campbell hailed the yacht and stated that he was coming aboard again, the mate headed the yacht toward the shore in order to avoid those in the small boat from having a long pull.

When the yacht was well inshore an effort was made to bring her about. She missed stays in the heavy sea that was rolling in and she was carried in on the reef. An effort was made to work the yacht off shore with the aid of the engine, but this was not powerful enough to stem the sea and a strong current that was setting shoreward. After striking the yacht soon sprung a leak, and it was decided to abandon her.

The news that there was a vessel ashore spread like wildfire among the natives, and they swarmed down to the shore. The black wreckers and pirates, many of whom were women with little or no clothing on, proceeded to strip the yacht and rob the Campbells and the crew of the few things they had saved from the wreck.

Col. Campbell, who went on the cruise for his health, suffered greatly from the shock that the wreck caused him. The natives were indifferent to the castaways, and did nothing to relieve their distress and suffering unless they were well paid for it. They even charged for water which was brackish and hardly fit to drink. In order that the wreck should be properly stripped and nothing overlooked and the unfortunates should be systematically robbed, the wreckers appointed a master, who was afterward arrested and punished by the British authorities at Nassau, N. P.

The steamship Orizaba brought Col. Campbell, his wife, and Captain Campbell, as well as the crew, to New York from Nassau. Col. Campbell died after reaching New York as a result of the hardships encountered.

Captain Campbell states in an interview after reaching New York:

"The black rascals pretend to live by raising pineapples and cocoanuts, but they really subsist on wrecks. There wasn't anything left of the Roamer when we got away from the island aboard a little mail schooner from Nassau that touches the keys. The schooner was crowded and my father and mother had to sleep on deck. We were seven days on Rum Cay and eleven days waiting at Nassau for the Orizaba.

"Fortunately the stewardess of the Orizaba, Miss Margaret Nelson, is also a trained nurse, graduated four months ago from the New York Hospital. She gave my father as good care as he could have had under a doctor.

"The Roamer was a hoodoo yacht. She was built for Clifton Perry at a cost of $22,000, and he died aboard her. She was sold to a man who found he didn't want her, and then I bought her. I had an insurance on her of $4,000 on a valuation of $10,000."

* * *

Mr. Hollis Burgess has sold the 18ft. knockabout Chance, owned by Mr. Reginald Boardman, of Boston, to Mr. Gustav E. Kissel, of New York. Chance will be raced next summer at Ilesboro, Maine.

* * *

Harry Tracey, one of the best known of the inland lake yachtsmen, died at Toledo, O., on January 19. He was sixty-seven years of age.

* * *

Endymion, owned by Mr. George Lauder, Jr., sailed from New York for Charleston on January 17. The owner will make a cruise to the West Indies, and at Charleston he will be joined by his parents and his sister.

* * *

The new auxiliary schooner Atlantic, owned by Mr. Wilson Marshall, left New York for Bermuda on January 24. Mr. Marshall has as his guests Vice-Commodore Fred M. Hoyt, of the Larchmont Y. C., Messrs. C. B. Seeley, Morton W. Smith, H. A. Bergmann, William Gardner, Hubert Vos, W. K. Major, and Warren Demarest.

* * *

Conditions were agreed upon January 14 for the match race for a two-thousand dollar cup between the automobile boats of Hollander & Tangeman and Smith & Mabley. The conditions are:

Over all length of boats to be not over 45ft. and not under 30ft. Each boat must contain at least two persons when racing. Boats may be raced with or without mufflers.

The two thousand dollar trophy shall be won by the boat winning two races out of three. The course shall be triangular and thirty miles in length. The date of the race shall be between May 1 and June 1, the exact date to be settled before April 15.

Both boats must be equipped with reversing gear and two life preservers. Each boat must contain in its tank at least twenty-five gallons of gasolene on crossing the starting line.

The match to be held in conformity with rules regarding time allowance, to be mutually agreed upon by both sides, and this with the intention and desire of testing said rules as regards their fitness for future contests for the trophy.

* * *

There is building at W. P. Kirk's yard, Tom's River, N. J., from designs by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, an auxiliary yawl for Mr. R. Galloway, of Memphis, Tenn. It was essential that the boat be of light draft, as she will be used for cruising on the lower Mississippi River and its tributaries, and the shoal bayous and lagoons along the Mexican Gulf coast. She will be 80ft. over all, 65ft. waterline, 17ft. 6in. breadth, and 3ft. draft. The engine will be 25 horse-power, which, it is expected, will give the boat a speed of eight miles in smooth water. The arrangements below deck are very unusual, the owner's quarters being forward and the crew's aft. The sail plan is moderate, and is made rather lower than ordinary on account of passing under several bridges where the clear head room is limited to fifty feet.

* * *

The Electric Launch Company, of Bayonne, are building from their own designs a large gasolene boat for Mr. James Corrigan, of Cleveland, O. She will be 95ft. over all, 16ft. breadth, and 4ft. draft. The frame is to be of heavy oak, and the planking long leaf yellow pine, copper fastened throughout. The raised pilot house and the long, low trunk cabin will be of mahogany. The roof of the cabin house will be arranged for a promenade deck with an awning and accommodation for chairs and settees.

The interior will be in mahogany, white and gold. There will be a large private stateroom with a double berth for the owner, and eight swinging Pullman berths aft divided off by portieres, accommodating as many guests. When the berths are up the space provides a large saloon, which will be used for a dining room.

The yacht will be fitted with a 200 horse-power Standard engine that will give her a speed of between 17 and 18 miles. The yacht will carry 2,000 gallons of gasolene, which will give her a wide cruising radius. An electric light plant will be installed, with storage battery auxiliary power, furnishing electric lights in the cabins and a powerful searchlight on the pilot house. Two tenders will be supplied, one to be equipped with a 1½ horse-power engine. The yacht will carry a crew of three men, and will be ready for delivery April 15. She will be used on the St. Lawrence River and on the Great Lakes.

* * *

Members of the Winthrop Y. C. have decided to rebuild their club house that was destroyed by fire on Dec. 28.

* * *

The Automobile Club of America has decided to interest itself in power boating, and has appointed a committee to look into the matter: Messrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, chairman; John Jacob Astor and William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., are the committee.

* * *

The Milton Point Shipyard, of Rye, N. Y., has received an order for ten sharpie catboats from Mr. C. H. Southard, president and treasurer of the newly organized Hempstead Bay Y. R. A. The boats were designed by the builders, and will be ready for delivery on April 1. They are 24ft. over all, 18ft. waterline, 7ft. 8in. breadth, and 1ft. 3in. draft. The boats will carry 340 square feet of sail. They will be well built in every way. The keels, frames, deadwood, transoms, etc., will be of selected oak, the deck fittings of bronze, the spars of clear spruce, the running rigging of the best manila rope, and the standing rigging of the best of steel, set up with bronze turnbuckles. The boats will be owned by the following gentlemen: F. K. Walsh, Woodmere, L. I.; I. R. De Nyse, Hempstead, L. I.; W. H. Tracy, Rockville Centre, L. I.; W. P. Miller, Freeport, L. I.; C. H. Southard, New York city; J. H. Cruikshank, New York city, and H. L. Mason, New York city.

* * *

Commodore E. T. Affleck, of the Toledo Y. C., has purchased the auxiliary yawl Hussar II. through Messrs. Macconnell Bros. from Mr. George H. McNeely, of Philadelphia. Owing to the yacht's beam it will be impossible to take the yacht through the Erie Canal, and it will be necessary to sail her up the coast and through the St. Lawrence River and Welland Canal.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The Orum Y. C. has elected the following officers for 1904: Com., Anthony J. Schriner; Vice-Com., John Gross; Rear-Com., Herman Schnorr; Record. Sec'y, William Wentz; Finan. Sec'y, E. Sauer; Treas., C. Sauer; Meas., H. Gebhard. Regatta Committee—William Wentz, H. Gebhard, and E. Sauer.

* * *

The thirtieth annual meeting and dinner of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was held at the Hotel Manhattan, New York city, on the evening of January 20. The following officers were elected: Com., James N. Norris; Vice-Com., W. B. Beam; Rear-Com., Dunham Wheeler; Treas., George H. Cooper; Sec'y, J. C. Lenkenson; Meas., W. C. Leiber; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. G. D. Hamlen; Directors, H. Stephenson, Rodman Sands, G. Edgar Allen, F. H. Stillman, and C. W. Schlessinger.

N. Y. Y. C. Measurement Rule.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It appears from Mr. Lawton's communication in FOREST AND STREAM Dec. 26 ult. that the writer was mistaken in assuming that D was used as a divisor in the formula of the New York Rule in order to influence form. Whether that was the purpose or not, the history of racing rules shows that without exception they have had the practical effect of barring out from successful racing all but one peculiar form especially favored by the rule. And there seems to be no reasonable doubt that the present rule will develop its peculiar winning type as the others have done.

Mr. Lawton's letter, coming from one who was a member of the committee that prepared the rule, is especially interesting, because it states authoritatively the theory on which the rule is based, viz.:

The principle is accepted that within economic limits opportunities for speed vary in different vessels as the square roots of their respective lengths (provided they have the necessary motive power). Then it is found that the necessary power will be supplied, if sail area be allotted in proportion to displacement. Under these conditions speed will be proportional to the square root of length.

There is some discussion of the relations between sail, bulk (power to carry sail), and resistance; but there is nothing in the letter to explain how the amount of sail necessary to produce the required variation of speed was determined. Thus the theory is stated, but it is neither explained nor justified. Both explanation and justification seem to be required because the theory of the rule is apparently a novelty, and in conflict with generally accepted theory.

According to text-books of naval architecture, in theory the resistance of a vessel at low speed is wholly due to skin friction, and varies (1) as the wetted surface, (2) as the square of the speed.

If, then, a yacht's wetted surface is increased, say, by enlarging the model or design, in order to maintain her original speed sail would have to be increased proportionally to the increase of wetted surface. But according to the rule her speed would be increased by reason of the added length.

Nearly the same results would follow if the yacht were lengthened without increasing displacement and sail. In this case also the theory of the rule calls for an increase of speed proportional to the increase of $\sqrt{L}$; but according to generally accepted theory, there would be not only no increase of speed, but a small decrease on account of the larger wetted surface due to lengthening the hull. If in either case there were to be an increase of speed as the rule calls for, resistance would further increase as the square of the speed, but the rule provides no increase of sail to meet this increased resistance. At low speeds, therefore, assuming the water to be smooth, according to orthodox theory, speed will not vary as $\sqrt{L}$ as the rule requires, but will be constant when sail is proportional to wetted surface.

At higher speeds, when wave-making resistance is encountered in addition to that of skin friction, the only theoretical way of comparing the resistances of vessels of different length and displacement, at different speeds, known to the writer, is by Froude's law of corresponding speeds; and then the vessels must be similar in form, i. e., made from the same lines, one being simply an enlarged model of the other. That law provides that if the speeds vary as the $\sqrt{L}$, then the resistances will vary as the cube of the ratio of the linear dimensions. Thus if one be 2 times as long as the other and have 4 times the wetted surface, her resistance will be $(2)^3=8$ times as large when her speed is $\sqrt{2}=1.41$ times as great; and she would therefore require 8 times as much sail. But, according to the New York Rule, she would require only 4 times as much sail, having only 4 times as much wetted surface.

At all speeds, then, the New York Rule seems to be at variance with commonly accepted theory.

There are some observations which show the variation due to increase of length when displacement is kept constant. Froude towed two yacht-shaped models (that is without parallel middle body) representing ships of equal displacement, one 318ft. and the other 368ft. long, the longer boat necessarily having the larger wetted surface. Up to 16 knots the resistance of the shorter vessel was the smaller, the saving in skin friction being more than sufficient to offset any loss by wave-making resistance. According to the New York Rule the resistance of the larger vessel should have been the smaller.

The precise applicability of text-book theories of resistance to the case of racing yachts is not here urged. It is only attempted to show that, tried by those standards, the theory of the committee seems to be a novelty, and to need further justification. Froude's experiments were made with models of large vessels which would probably be little affected by such waves as yachts commonly encounter in racing, whereas every yachtsman knows that ordinary summer waves do largely affect the speed of the smaller yachts at least. But if any new theory is to be substituted for the old; or if that is to be modified to suit changed conditions, the changes should be explained and justified. The problem requires quantitative solution; but there is no attempt in Mr. Lawton's defense of the rule to prove the quantitative relation set forth in the theorem.

The truth seems to be, as nearly as the writer can make it out, that the hydrodynamic relations governing the resistance of yachts of different size and shape moving at different speeds through waves of varying dimensions, are so complex that any measurement rule based on theory can give but roughly approximate results. Mr. Hyslop, who well understands the theory, who has had much practical experience in making rules, and who, moreover, is a friendly witness, testifies to this in his remarks on Mr. Poor's criticism of this rule. And if any further proof were needed that the rules of this type are empirical, notwithstanding protestations of their scientific basis, it is afforded at once by the fact that they who make the rules proceed at once to discount their theoretical results anywhere from 20 to 60 per cent. when applying them in practice.

There is little or no use of refinement in methods when the probability of error varies from 20 to 60 per cent., and it would be better to get approximate results by simpler methods. If yachts be classified by length and taxed for sail area alone, they will soon be built either to the head or the foot of their class, and be of substantially uniform length. This will eliminate all uncertainties concerning resistance arising from differences of length.

If freak forms be barred by suitable restrictions, the difficulties arising from difference of form will also be eliminated; and then SA will be a reasonable satisfactory measure of speed until yachtsmen decide to abandon time allowances altogether. The objection commonly made to this plan is that it does not give the designer sufficient freedom, and tends to a uniformity of design. The answer is that the designer should have no freedom to go outside the limits that surround desirable forms; and that there ought to be a tendency toward one form; namely, the fastest—the form of least resistance. The more nearly yachts are matched in speed, the greater the interest for spectators, and the sharper the zest of skipper and crew which arises from the personal factors in the contest. Imagine, for example, the effect of allowing time in trotting races for heavy wagons, drivers, or other load.

SEXTANT.



15-FOOT KNOCKABOUT—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY E. A. BOARDMAN FOR COLONEL ISAACSON.

Design for a 15ft. Knockabout.

WE publish herewith the plans of a 15ft. waterline keel knockabout that was designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman for Colonel Isaacson, of Halifax, N. S. The yacht will be used as a day boat and for racing in Halifax Harbor.

The design shows a nicely turned little boat of substantial construction that should make a durable and satisfactory craft.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—			
Over all	27ft.	10	in.
L.W.L.	15ft.		
Overhang—			
Forward	6ft.	1	in.
Aft	6ft.	9	in.
Breadth—			
Extreme	6ft.	6	in.
L.W.L.	6ft.		
Draft—			
Extreme	4ft.	6	in.
Rabbet	1ft.	2	in.
Freeboard—			
Forward	1ft.	11½	in.
Least	1ft.	4	in.
Aft	1ft.	6	in.
Ballast lead	1,000 lbs.		
Sail area, total	304 sq. ft.		

Messrs. H. I. and J. T. Pratt have ordered two motor boats built, and it is expected they will develop high speed. One will be a rigged screw boat, 60ft. long, with a 110 horse-power engine, while the other will be a twin-screw boat 90ft. long, with a 500 horse-power motor. Messrs. Gardner & Cox will design the boats' hulls.

* * *

The first club house of the New York Y. C., which stood on Elysian Fields, Hoboken, for many years, is to be used in the future as the club station at Glen Cove, L. I.

The Scale of Time Allowances.

Editor Forest and Stream:

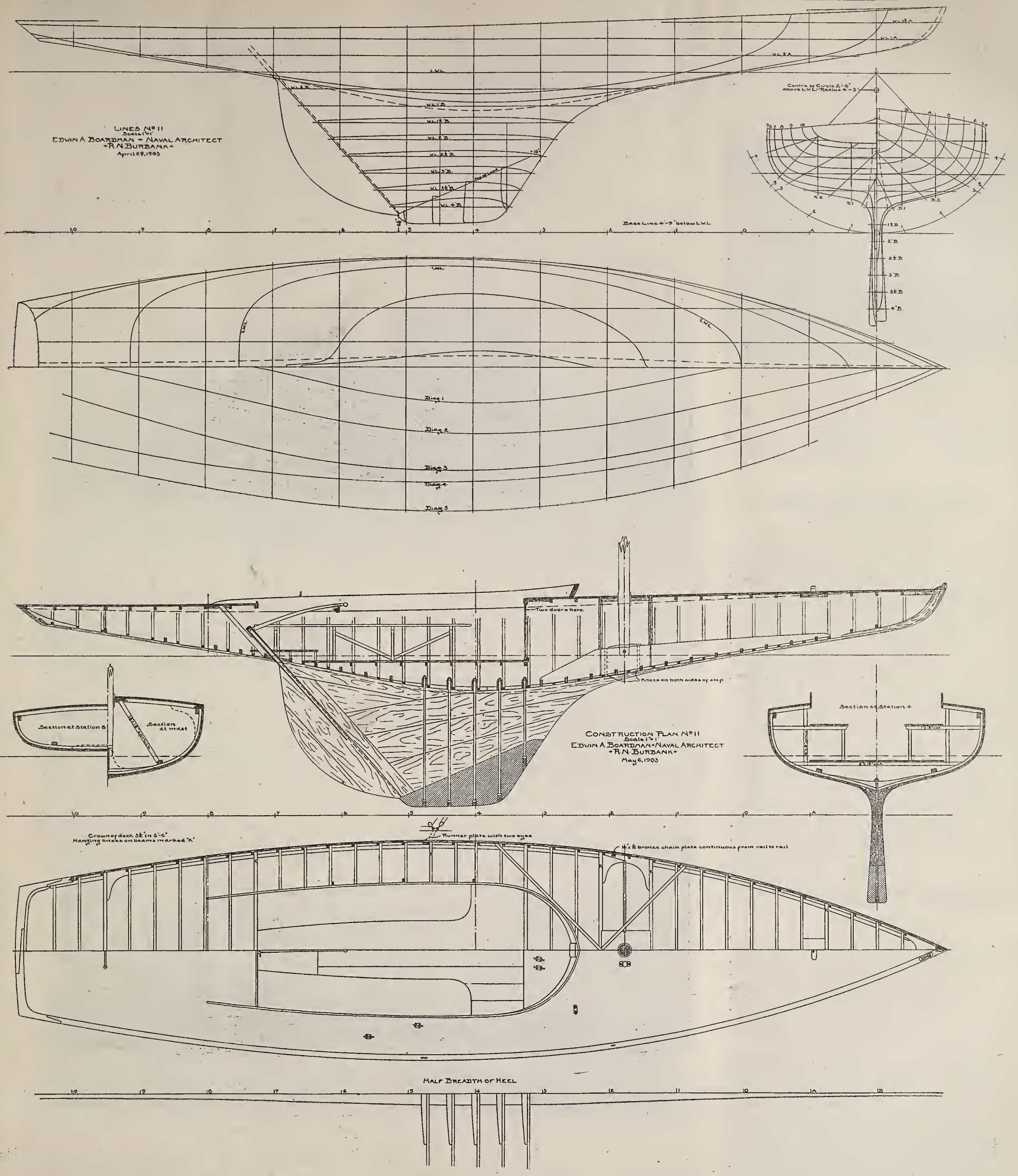
I am glad to see that Mr. Lawton has opened up this subject. The tables in use, with the various forms of the length and sail area rule, are so crude and erroneous that it is impossible to justify them except by pleading extenuating circumstances, the commonest being that in class racing boats are so nearly of a size that the allowances are too trifling to affect the result of a race. In some places—Lake Ontario, for instance—it has been found quite feasible to abolish time allowance in class racing, and there is no doubt that such an arrangement, where it can be fairly applied, gives better and more interesting sport. But there are always events which demand that two or more classes must sail together; and so long as conditions exist that require the use of time allowance it is only just that the fairest and most accurate system should be used.

The explanation of the "Table of Time Allowance," as set forth in the books of clubs using the length and sail area rule is not only curt but incomplete; and probably few yachtsmen have ever taken the trouble to find out what it means. The introduction of a formidable looking algebraic expression, and the extension of the actual allowances to hundredths of seconds, convey an appearance of great care and accuracy to the casual reader; but these are no better than fine polish on rotten timber. But let us go into details. The rule books say, "The allowances in this table are based upon the rule accepted by naval architects; that, within economic limits, opportunities for speed vary in different vessels as the square roots of their respective lengths."

Applying this to two yachts, A of 25ft., and B of 36ft. length, we infer that their possible speeds vary as 5 and 6. If they are to race together, one way of putting them on an equality would be to lay out a course of, say, 10 miles for A and 12 miles for B, and the first to complete her course would win the race. This plan is quite out of the question in practice, and is mentioned only as a simple illustration of the principle involved. An alternative is to require each yacht to sail, say, 12 miles and to make the allowance to the smaller in time. And as time and speed are in inverse ratio, the allowance should be one-sixth of the time of the larger, or one-fifth of the time of the smaller yacht. This involves the selection of one or the other as a standard; but with only two yachts, which are well matched, the choice is not important, and the rule in this form is workable. With more than two yachts in a race this method would lead to complications, and the calculations would be tedious, although a proper table of allowances could easily be arranged to minimize the latter difficulty. In practice both have been overcome by the use of the startling assumption that $\sqrt{}$length (in feet) equals speed in miles per hour.

On this basis the allowances per mile are shown in terms of time, all of which is very handy and decidedly wrong.

I do not know who first propounded the above speed formula, nor am I able to explain its persistent omission from the theoretical explanation of time allowance published in the books of the various clubs. It is an essential link in the chain of reasoning which the curious yachtsman is allowed to deduce from the



15-FOOT KNOCKABOUT——LINES AND CONSTRUCTION PLANS——DESIGNED BY E. A. BOARDMAN FOR COLONEL ISAACSON.

context. Originally it may have been left out by accident—the mistake of a clerk or a printer—and the omission has been perpetuated in all the books I have seen. But, as to the facts of the case—can we regard five knots as a fair average speed for a yacht of 25ft. length, sailed with fixed ballast over a triangular course, with one leg to windward? It is certainly a high average, and the fact is more apparent in the case of yachts of 50 or 60ft. corrected length, to which the rule is made to apply. At the best, it represents a maximum speed over average courses in strong steady winds, and many good races are sailed in light to moderate winds, at speeds far less than those assumed in the rule. In such cases, it is unfair to the yachts which receive time, but so far from attempting to allow for this, the rule goes off on the other tack, and says: "As strong winds are required, however, to give to larger vessels the full extent of their advantage in size, and as such a scale of allowance is not adapted to ordinary summer racing, 50 per cent. only of the allowance due to the rule is given in the table." Some clubs have used more than 50 per cent. and some less; but I do not know of any case where the full allowance has been used. But why should there be any discount at all? Perhaps the original framers of the rule owned large yachts, snugly rigged for general work, and consequently at some disadvantage in light winds. But at the present time large yachts (say of 70ft. or over) are usually good performers in light weather; that is, assuming that they are really racers. The mere height of their sails above the water gives a distinct advantage in fluky winds, while their increased size and displacement steadies them in a dead roll, enabling them to hold their course with sails asleep, when smaller craft are tossing up and down without steerage way. The moment it breezes up away goes the big yacht, and the small craft has no chance at all with the existing allowance of time. Even assuming some special concessions are occasionally required by large yachts, why should a whole system of time allowanve be cut down until it becomes an absurdity? The assumed speeds are, if anything, too high for racing in strong breezes, and consequently the differences or allowances in time for distance are too small and unfair to yachts receiving them in any case. The slower the speed the longer the time, so that for light winds they might reasonably be doubled. But just at this point the rule introduces a factor which has nothing to do with the original principle, and reduces the allowances just when they should be increased; and the mutilated figures are made to apply to all cases, the actual weather conditions of a race being wholly disregarded. Thus the speed formula actually assumed in compiling the tables on a 50 per cent. basis would be: $\sqrt{L}$ (in feet) $\times 2$ = speed in miles per hour. For a 36-footer this assumes a speed of 12 knots, and for a 100-footer, 20 knots!

Leaving aside the question of whether "larger vessels" ever require special concessions, it is perfectly clear that there is no necessity for anything of the sort between yachts nearly of a size. Yet, under the rule a 51-footer is assumed to be a "larger vessel" than a 50-footer, and unable to realize on her "advantage in size," except in "strong winds." Now, under the L. and S. A. rule they may be almost identical in length and other hull dimensions; but the 51-footer may measure more owing to a larger sail plan. Such a thing would be exceedingly common with a classification by waterline length with allowances based on corrected length. The yacht with the larger rig would probably be a light-weather boat, and a rule that increased the allowance according to the elapsed time of a race would be fair to all parties. But the present rule as-

sumes that she wants "strong winds" in order to use her big sails! There was an Irishman who on his first voyage expected the captain to reduce sail when the wind fell light. "With so little wind," he argued, "not much sail is needed to catch it." Perhaps this man eventually became rich enough to keep a yacht and join a club. There are some things in the rules that suggest that he was a member of a committee on measurement.

In practice it is frankly admitted that existing allowances are too small. Every designer understands that it is more blessed to give than to receive—time. Every yacht owner wants the biggest yacht in the class. The application of a correct time scale would do away with many existing abuses. No new principle is involved; no complicated measurements—merely the courageous application of the principle which has been admitted as the basis of time allowance for a quarter of a century. The remarkable thing is that the subject has not received attention before. It is fair to assume that the original time scale was tentative and experimental, and that it would be revised from time to time, in accordance with the actual results of practice. The 50 per cent. arrangement has become fixed, and its faults attributed to something else. If elapsed time were taken as the basis, present allowances would be doubled, even in strong winds, and perhaps quadrupled in light weather.

The suggestion made by Mr. Lawton that the present scale could be used, is very good, but it would be simpler to compile a new table based on time alone.

A yacht of large size could be taken as a standard of elapsed time expressed as unity. Thus if L represents the large yacht, L—x represents a smaller yacht; then the formula $\frac{\sqrt{L}}{\sqrt{L-x}}$ gives the relative elapsed time for the smaller yacht. This divided into her actual elapsed time, gives her corrected time. A table of relative elapsed time for every size of yacht, with the logarithm of each number printed in a parallel column, would be useful.

The present tables of time allowance—on a 50 per cent. basis—assume that the speed of each yacht is equal to twice the square root of her length.

To use them on a purely time basis, I think it would be necessary to take the difference for one mile and multiply it by twice the square root of the largest yacht or scratch boat. This would give the allowance per hour of elapsed time, and would be multiplied by the actual elapsed time of a race.

In practice I think the elapsed time of the first yacht to finish in her class could be taken as the standard, and for convenience in working it might be expressed in hours and tenths, every six minutes being a tenth, and the nearest tenth being used. Thus, for an elapsed time of 3 hours 19 minutes, 3.3 would be used as a multiplier of the allowance per hour. This work would be no more tedious than the present method of multiplying by the distance sailed.

One of the first effects of the proposed system would be to check the extravagant growth of sail plans on a given length. The same end has been attained by classification by corrected length; but this plan has not come into very common use, and its sudden introduction always disarranges existing classes. It might be found that a proper assessment of large sail areas would lead to the use of moderate rigs, which in turn would modify many of the extreme features of design in general. The adoption of a just time scale is a most proper and reasonable expedient, which can be instantly put into practice, and a trial, even in a few races, might develop important and unexpected results.

WM. Q. PHILLIPS.

Sachem's Head Y. C.

BY W. E. PECK, COMMODORE SACHEM'S HEAD Y. C.

ABOUT fifteen miles east of New Haven lies a rocky projection named Sachem's Head. It is a romantic spot, where in 1837, according to history, the chief of the Pequots was beheaded by Uncas, the chief of the Narragansetts. At the same time the entire band of Pequots was exterminated on the present bathing beach, known ever since as Bloody Cove. According to tradition, the Narragansetts left the head of the dead Sachem mounted on the top of a pole fixed in the rocks, and hence the name "Sachem's Head."

About ten miles east the promontory of Hammonassett stretches its emerald crest far out into the bosom of the sea, while two miles to the west lie the romantic and picturesque Thimble Islands. Until about 1865, when it was destroyed by fire, a large hotel stood at Sachem's Head, with accommodations for some 500 guests, who were brought to the hotel either by steamboat or tally-ho coach from New Haven, and later, after the completion of the Shore Line Railroad by omnibus from Guilford. After the destruction of the hotel there were no accommodations for summer guests excepting in the few farmhouses scattered about the Head until the erection of the Sachem's Head House in the summer of 1878. Within a few years from 1878 some forty cottages, quite simple and inexpensive, were built, and in later years many of these have been enlarged or supplanted by summer homes of a more pretentious type, and new sites have been occupied, until the visitor driving from the station through the woods suddenly has a bird's eye view of a crescent-shaped village almost surrounded by water, and an unobstructed view of the Sound stretching east and west as far as the eye can see, and south for twenty-two miles to the bold sand shores of Long Island.

The growth of cottages naturally attracted summer residents who were desirous of sailing and fishing, the type of boat mostly used being what is known as the Connecticut River drag net sloop. It was but natural that the owners of these boats should race them home from the fishing ground, or meet in impromptu races on a pleasant afternoon. These frequent brushes in the waters about Sachem's Head and the Thimble Islands were so productive of interest and good fellowship that a yacht club resulted. The club was organized in 1896 by four summer residents "for the purpose of encouraging the Connecticut River type of sloop and holding a regatta each Labor Day." So keen was the interest shown in the first season's racing that at the first annual meeting, held on the porch of one of the cottages, on September 6, a committee was appointed to draft a constitution for adoption in place of the existing articles of the association, and later on a building committee was appointed. Owing to the genius and indefatigable work of Mr. E. C. Seward, the club's first fleet captain, the small island known as "Chimney Corner" was purchased, largely on faith, and a pretty club house was completed and ready for occupancy on the opening of the club season, June 18, 1898. During the same winter another committee deviscd a uniform and cap device, which, with only slight changes, have been adhered to since the season of 1898.

Captain Oliver N. Brooks, of Guilford, keeper of the lighthouse on Faulkner's Island from 1851 until 1882, became the first superintendent of the club house.

The Shore Line Times of June 24, 1898, contained the following description of the club house:

"The building is located on a large rock known as Chimney Corner at the extreme western end of Sachem's Head, and is one of the finest locations for the purpose along the Connecticut shore, as it has deep water all about, and in the bay is deep, safe, and sufficient anchorage for a fleet of the largest yachts. After the formation of the club the desirable advantages presented by this location inspired the thought among many of the yachtsmen that a club house would greatly add to the interests of the club and the attractiveness of this popular resort. With this end in view six of the wealthy gentlemen of the club associated themselves into a corporation with the result that Chimney Corner was purchased, and the new club house erected and furinshed and a bridge and dock constructed, resulting in a rendezvous which is a monument to the aforesaid gentlemen's progressiveness and generosity. The house and grounds are to be leased to the club at a nominal annual rental sufficient to cover interest for the expenditure.

"The building is very attractive. The interior consists of one room 25 by 40 feet and surrounded by a veranda 10 feet wide with a clear view of the water from all sides. The interior is furnished with comfortable chairs and small lunch or card tables. In one corner of the room is a large sideboard of black oak of antique design. Upon this is a complete tea service for the use of the ladies of the club who will hold afternoon teas occasionally during the season.

"In the center of the room is a heavy oak writing table with chairs to match and a supply of writing material.

"At the south end of the room is an elevated stage 8 by 10 feet, upon which is a piano. On the east side is a large open fire-place and chimney, the fire-place being about 3 by 8 feet and constructed of cobble stones in the rough. Large double doors provide exit from the sides and large airy windows look out upon the sea.

"The reading table will be provided with several daily papers, also weekly illustrated and sporting periodicals.

"The house and grounds will be open to members from 8 A. M. to 10:30 P. M. No games of chance will be permitted on the premises. Religious services will be held in the club room whenever application is made through the committee, when the church pennant will be displayed from the masthead.

"There is a dock 35 feet long and 6 feet wide for the accommodation of yachts and small boats, with a depth of water of five feet at low ebb.

"When the hour arrived for formally placing the house in commission, those present gathered on the western veranda, and interesting remarks, flavored with humor, were made by Vice-Commodore John Elton Wayland, of New York, who, in behalf of the corporation, formally turned over to Commodore A. A. Hull, the house and grounds for the use of the club. Commodore Hull, in a few well-chosen remarks, accepted them with many thanks in behalf of the club, and at 12 M. the opening gun was fired, and the club pennant run up to the masthead by that old veteran, Captain O. N. Brooks, amid hearty cheers."

The season of 1898 was so successful that an addition was erected during the spring of 1899, containing a dining room and kitchen. In the spring of 1900 a boat house was erected, equipped with lockers, toilet and dressing rooms, and other conveniences besides a work bench for repairs. This building has been most serviceable to club members, but it was the only building erected where the building committee were not foresighted enough to erect a building large enough for the requirements of future years.

On January 8, 1901, the executive committee decided to have a dinner at the Arena in New York, in order that the club members in that vicinity might meet together socially and discuss the question of asking the corporation to erect a new building for sleeping accommodations for members and their guests. The meeting was appointed for January 26, 1901, and twenty-four members were present. The consensus of opinion as expressed indicated that the members present were ready for such a building, and plans were immediately drawn for a new structure, which was ready for occupancy on the opening day in June. Now there are ten bed-rooms at the disposal of the members and their guests, and each room commands a pleasant marine view and each is tastefully furnished, while the new dining room is commodious and cheerful. Although the club house has been built piece-meal, the edifice on the whole is a pleasing one, and most admirably adapted for the purpose for which it was erected.



Sachem's Head Y. C. House, Chimney Corner, Sachem's Head, Conn.



Harbor of Sachem's Head.

RACING.

The Sachem's Head Y. C. has earned the reputation of being one of the sportiest clubs on Long Island, as there has been a series of six club races each season in addition to the ladies' race and the annual open regatta. No sort of weather has interfered with the starts, the captains having always shown themselves ready to face a threatened calm or raging tempests. Each year an increased number of racing boats have been attracted to Sachem's Head, and a generous number of prizes have been provided and promptly awarded. In the first club race on July 5, 1897, twelve yachts competed, and in the first annual regatta on September 6, 1897, there were seventeen entries, the yachts competing in five different classes. In the first races the yachts that competed were of a nondescript class, so much so that it took a mathematical expert to figure out the time allowances, but the tendency of late has been towards one-design racing, and during the past season nine of the original Seawanhaka knockabouts owned by club members competed in the club races; another class being the Sachem's Head one-design knockabouts, having a 17-foot waterline and a sail area of 360 square feet. This class was designed and built in 1902 by Wyckoff Brothers, of Clinton, Conn., and the class has been quite successful.

The captains have been very neighborly, and have not only competed every year in the races of the New Haven Y. C., Pequot Association, and Hartford Y. C., but they have occasionally gone further west and competed at Bridgeport and Port Washington. In September, 1902, the club sent a team of five Seawanhaka knockabouts to Oyster Bay to contest for a $100 cup put up jointly by the Sachem's Head and the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.'s. The Sachem's Head Club suffered rather a bad defeat, owing largely to inexperience in team work and laek of knowledge of action of tides and currents in these strange waters. It is to be regretted that a return race could not have been sailed in the waters off Sachem's Head, as the experience of the captains at Oyster Bay was most valuable.

The racing spirit of the Sachem's Head captains is shown by the fact that to compete at Saybrook in the

regattas of the Hartford Y. C., they are obliged to start very early in the morning, sail eighteen miles, compete in the races, and then sail home again. Up to last September the weather conditions have been each year so favorable that the Sachem's Head has been able to get down to Saybrook in time for the regatta and return before sunset, not only competing in the regatta, but racing both ways. Representatives of the fleet have also contested for prizes at Shelter Island, New London, and other ports. A gentleman who spends his summers at one of the hotels on Fisher's Island happened to meet one of the members of the Sachem's Head Y. C. last August, and made the following remark: "We have had some very pretty views of a racing fleet last week. A yacht club with boats all alike has passed Fisher's Island four different times racing hard as long as they were in sight." The gentleman addressed said: "Well, the fleet you saw was undoubtedly that of the Sachem's Head Y. C., which passed Fisher's Island four times during the last annual cruise, always racing."



Sachem's Head Y. C.—Start of First Division, Annual Regatta, Labor Day, 1900.

CRUISING.

Until 1900 there were not enough cruising yachts belonging to the club and available to insure a successful cruise, but as an experiment to find out what results could be obtained, Commodore E. C. Seward, on August 1, 1900, issued general order No. 3, directing the fleet to assemble at the club anchorage on Saturday, August 11, for a run to Saybrook and return. The start was made at 11 A. M., and by 2 o'clock twelve sloops flying the club burgee were at anchor at the Hartford Y. C. anchorage. Some twenty members of the club sat down to a mess dinner in the evening at the club house of the Hartford Y. C. The return sail was made Sunday morning, the fleet leaving Saybrook at 7:03 A. M., and the last boat anchoring in Sachem's Head at 11:51 A. M. This little experimental cruise was so successful from every point of view and so enjoyable to the captains, that it was believed by the Commodore that the club would be justified in arranging for a week's cruise in subsequent years.

In 1901 a squadron was started from Sachem's Head on August 5, and made a run to New London, where a mess dinner was held at the Pequot House, thirty members of the club enjoying the sumptuous spread. The squadron sailed in two divisions, the first division being made up of the knockabouts and the second of the larger sloops and schooners. From New London the fleet proceeded to Shelter Island, Stonington, and Block Island, and thence to Sachem's Head. The run from Block Island to Sachem's Head was a most exciting affair. On Saturday morning, after a dense fog lifted, the first division started for home while the second division decided to only attempt Fisher's Island. A short distance from the island the fog again lowered, and charts and compasses were resorted to. Off Montauk Point the wind began to blow a gale, increasing to a hurricane off Gardiner's Island. The Gloria and Thelga hove to, the former having lost her tender and broken her tiller. Only three of this division finished, viz., the Senta, Midge, and Thelga, in order mentioned, the first two making the run from Block Island to Sachem's Head with one tack in seven hours and forty-five minutes, a record for boats of their class. The remainder of the fleet arrived Sunday noon. This second cruise was in every way a success, and spoke well for the enterprise and energy of so young a club. The yachting spirit of the Sachem's Head Y. C. is illustrated by the fact that sixteen yachts out of the fleet of such a small club took part in a week's cruise, and the racing every day was of the hottest kind. The success of the 1901 cruise settled the ability of the club to conduct a creditable annual cruise, and the captains have been almost unanimous in the opinion that the best route for the club is in eastern waters, deep and clear, where squalls are infrequent, the annual itinerary to include New London, Shelter Island, Stonington, Block Island, and West Harbor, Fisher's Island.

The third annual cruise, conducted by Commodore John Elton Wayland on the flagship Pawnee, was started on Monday, July 21, 1902, and the mess dinners, which had proved so enjoyable a feature of the previous cruises, were repated at three of the hotels visited.

The annual cruise is now a feature of the club life, and has come to stay.

SOCIAL LIFE.

From the very start the club members have recognized the necessity of having the co-operation of the ladies to make the club a success, and their co-operation has contributed largely to the successful seasons. Every Saturday night the club house is thronged with ladies, and unlike the situation at most summer resorts, all who go take part in the dancing. For a year or two the dancers were satisfied with piano music, but to-day they would not think they were getting their just dues unless the music was furinshed by two or three pieces. The two leading features of the social life are the anuual German and the annual regatta ball, on which occasions the music is furinshed by a full orchestra. The German is limited to twenty-four couples, and is as pretty an affair as can be seen at any shore resort. The regatta ball is held the evening of Labor Day, which is also the day of the annual regatta, and visiting yachtsmen often remark on the unusually large number of pretty girls who are present at this ball. From July 1 to September 1 entertainments of various kinds, such as whist or euchre parties, theatrical and musical entertainments, are held weekly at the club house, for some of which a small admission charge is made. The object of these entertinments has been threefold: First, to raise money in behalf of either the club or else village improvements, such as boardwalks and street lighting; second, to bring out and develop local talent, and third, to bring the summer colony together.

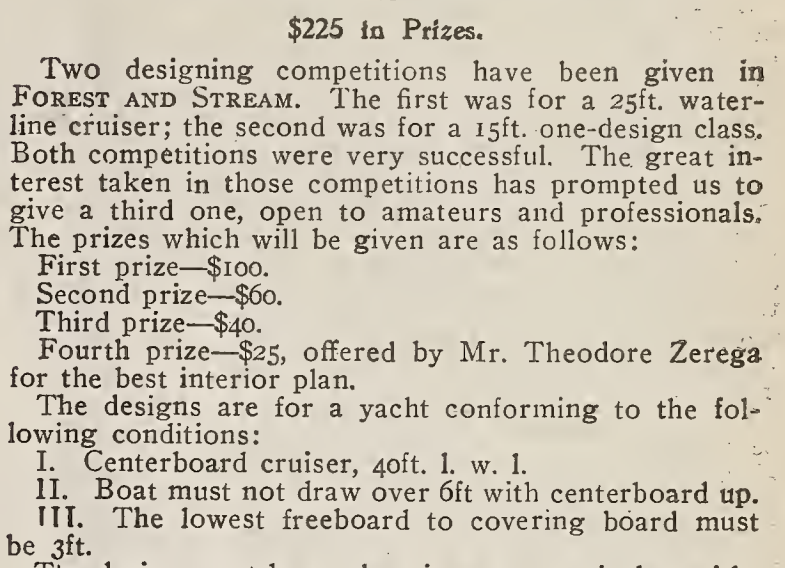
On Sunday afternoons the house committee permits the club house to be used for religious services, and during the continuance of any religious service the church pennant is hoisted on the ensign staff. These services are in charge of a church committee, and at many of the services sermons have been preached by the club chaplain.

The club house is everything in Sachem's Head, and if the statements of visiting yachtsmen are to be believed, there is no other one on the Sound where the members and their guests find greater enjoyment.

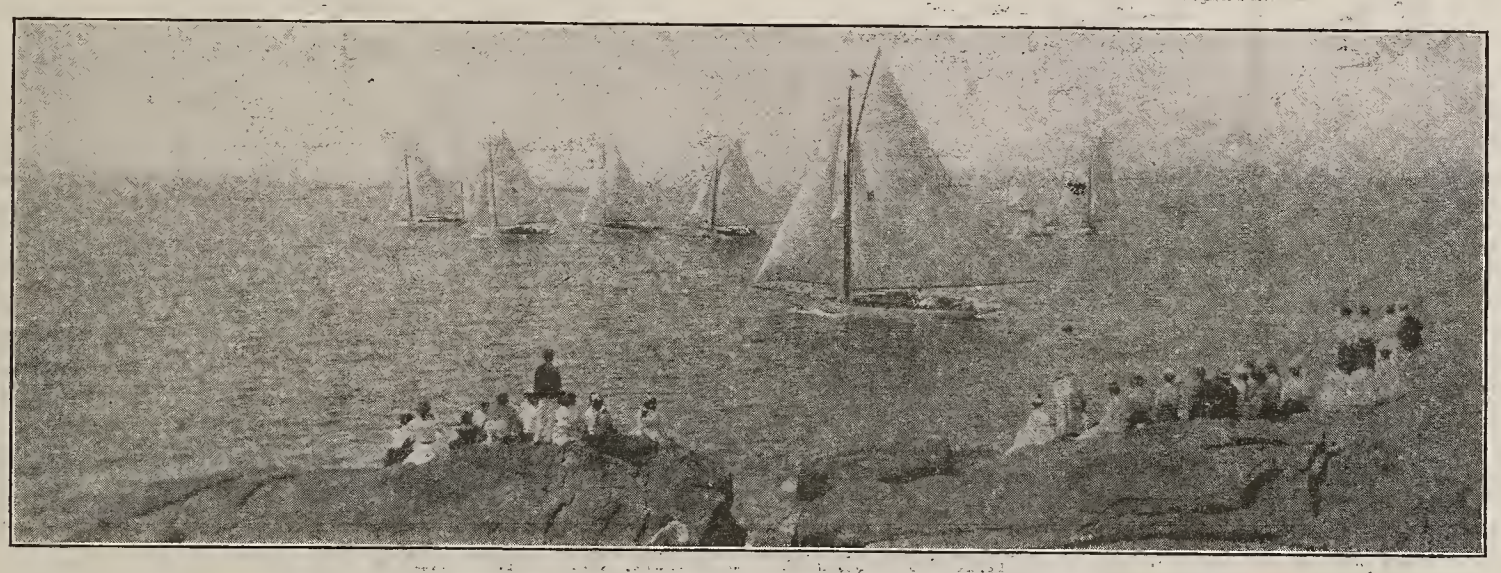
This article would not be complete without some reference to the social life at Sachem's Head outside of the club. The cottagers find amusement in croquet, tennis, fishing and sailing, and the links of the Pine Orchard Country Club near by offer an opportunity for golf over a most picturesque course. Many of the club members own islands of the Thimble group, or else reside on the numerous little capes of Great Harbor. Exchange of visits is therefore necessary by launch, and it is rather unique to attend a dinner party at one of the island homes where all the guests travel in launches. As the guests depart for their homes after such a party it is a pretty sight to see a half dozen launches with their red and green lights leaving the landing stage for other islands and points along the shore some three or four miles distant.

Last August the Commodore of the Hartford Y. C. paid the club a visit, and while on a tour of inspection, standing on the Nantucket balcony, which commands a magnificent view of the Sound and the coast line from New Haven to Hammonassett Point, remarked to a club member: "No wonder that the Sachem's Head Y. C. is a success; nature has done everything for you." The determinaton of the incorporators of the club has done what little nature left undone, and the club is a success because its affairs have been handled in a just and liberal spirit, while in racing the rules governing racing have been strictly enforced.

With its superb location on a small island, with its broad verandas, from which all the racing can be seen, with the beauty of its surroundings, the club, if as well guided in the future as in the past, will continue to be known as one of the sportiest, most social, and most successful on Long Island Sound.



Sachem's Head Y. C.—Interior View.



Sachem's Head Y. C.—Start of Second Division, Annual Regatta, Labor Day, 1900.

Designing Competition.

$225 in Prizes.

Two designing competitions have been given in FOREST AND STREAM. The first was for a 25ft. waterline cruiser; the second was for a 15ft. one-design class. Both competitions were very successful. The great interest taken in those competitions has prompted us to give a third one, open to amateurs and professionals. The prizes which will be given are as follows:

First prize—$100.
Second prize—$60.
Third prize—$40.
Fourth prize—$25, offered by Mr. Theodore Zerega for the best interior plan.

The designs are for a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. Centerboard cruiser, 40ft. l. w. l.
II. Boat must not draw over 6ft with centerboard up.
III. The lowest freeboard to covering board must be 3ft.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. The conditions have been made as simple as possible, that competitors might have all latitude and scope in working out their ideas. We wish to produce an able and comfortable cruising boat, one that shall have ample accommodation for two or three men living aboard for a period of several months, and one that can be easily managed at all times by two or three paid hands. The draft is restricted to 6ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all the desirable harbors, and may, thereby, widely increase her cruising field.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.—showing center of buoyancy, center of lateral resistance and center of effort of both rigs.
II. Half breadth, scale ¾in.=1ft.
III. Body plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.
IV. Cabin plan, inboard profile and at least one cross section, scale ¾in.=1ft.
V. Two sail plans, scale ¼in.=1ft.; one as a yawl; one as a pole mast sloop.

In the case of the yawl rig the position and height of the mast and length of gaff are to be the same as in the cutter rig. Plans must show working topsail and size of light sails.

VI. All ballast outside on keel except amount necessary for trimming.

An outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully made and lettered. All drawings should be on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used. The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only, and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than March 1, 1904. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all of the designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, who passed upon the designs submitted for the 25ft. with great care, has again consented to judge the designs and make the awards.

By Way of Postscript.

OPINION of a Michigan Civil Engineer:

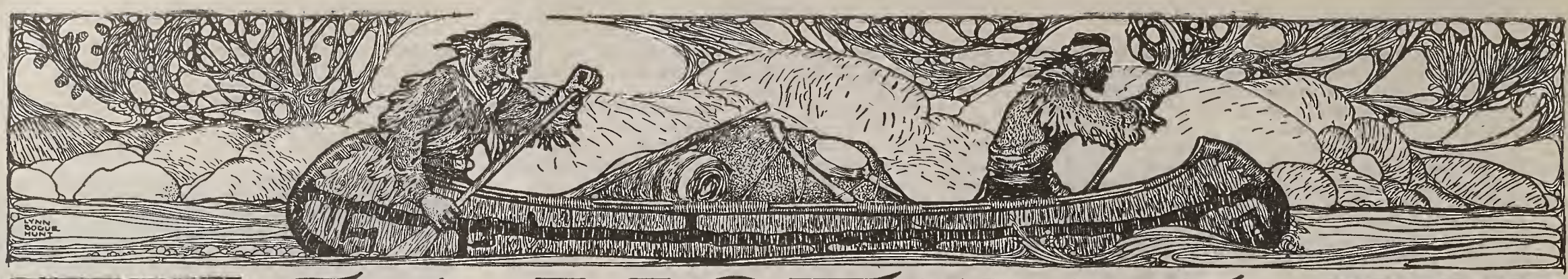
As I have said before, FOREST AND STREAM is a better paper than I had supposed could be made along those lines.

Opinion of a Michigan Physician:

I have been a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM since 1876, and your Christmas issue was the finest number that you have ever published; indeed the finest specimen of any journal devoted to rod and gun that I have ever seen. It was superb in its way.

A California opinion:

That was a great Christmas number. Pray, accept my congratulations; though belated, yet none the less hearty.



CANOEING

Cruise of the Red and the Green.

A Canoe Cruise in the Lake Temagami Region.

BY ARTHUR L. WHEELER.

The Story which won the Third Prize of $15 in "Forest and Stream" Canoe Cruising Competition.

THE region about Lake Temagami is probably the finest in the world for the canoeman. For some years we four had been trying to "take to the woods" together in that country, and in the present year the impossible came to pass: we were all able to go when the appointed time arrived. The time was July 1. On the evening of that day we took the night express from New York, over the Rutland Railroad, and landed in Ottawa the next day in time for lunch. Shifting then to the Canadian Pacific we reached Mattawa in the evening of the same day.

Mattawa is a town that once enjoyed a "boom." The "boom" has departed and left the town in a half developed condition, with a large French Catholic Church, apparently far too splendid for the town, and a remarkably full collection of large boulders evidently removed from the roadways. A good deal of business is, nevertheless, transacted, for the town lies at the confluence of the Ottawa and Mattawa rivers, and is the point of departure (by means of a branch railway) for Lake Temiskaming and the newly opened farming country to the north of that lake. Indeed, the stampede into that very rich region may bring back its lost "boom" to Mattawa.

Rising early and donning our outing clothes we found our supplies all ready for us in the store of L. H. Timmins, to whom we had sent our order by letter, and who can be recommended as a thoroughly reliable and intelligent outfitter. Practically everything was packed in two wooden boxes of convenient shape for our canoes. With these boxes and the rest of our personal outfit, we boarded the train on the branch line for Temiskaming, which we reached at about noon. Temiskaming lies at the foot of the very long and narrow lake of the same name. At this point the lake narrows and a short distance below begin the rapids of the noble Ottawa River. In fact, Lake Temiskaming is so narrow for forty or fifty miles above these rapids that it seems but a widening of the river.

To Temiskaming we had sent on ahead our two canoes, and our first move was made on the freight house. If the canoes were not there, it meant vexatious delay. We were soon set at ease, however, for we soon found them, the Red and the Green, and they had come through from Old Town without a scratch. Then followed a dash for the hotel, where we stored away a good dinner with the serious thoroughness born of the knowledge that it was to be our last civilized meal for nearly a month.

Early in the afternoon we took steamer up the lake for the mouth of the Montreal River, and while the steamer is plowing her steady way northward between the high cliffs of Lake Temiskaming, stopping now and again to drop a mail bag at some lonely landing, I shall have time to describe in detail the canoes and the outfit with which we made our trip.

The two canoes, which were christened the Red and the Green, on account of their respective colors, were made by the Old Town Canoe Company. They were 16ft. long, with an extreme beam of 32in.; depth, 11½in. The construction was the well-known canvas over cedar, gunwales of spruce, posts, decks, thwarts, and seat frames of white ash. Weight, about 65 pounds. Cost, $30 each.

These canoes proved thoroughly satisfactory in every way. They are much faster than a birch canoe, and yet are much safer, for they have a very full bilge, which gives them great steadiness in the water. They never leak unless very roughly used, and are easily repaired in case the canvas skin, by any chance, is broken. We had but one leak to repair on the trip, and that a very slight one. They will stand a surprisingly heavy sea (we were often out when the white caps were rolling), and though heavier that a birch canoe, we found one a perfectly comfortable load for one man on a portage. Through some misunderstanding the canoes came without center thwarts, but we managed to carry them very well with our tump lines. The thwart and paddle method is, however, more convenient.

Our supplies were as follows: 35½lbs. bacon, 11lbs. salt pork, 20lbs. shanty biscuit, 30lbs. flour, 15lbs. rice, 35lbs. granulated sugar, 5lbs. maccaroni, 5lbs. corn meal, 6lbs. coffee, 2lbs. tea, 9lbs evaporated peaches, 3lbs. baking powder, ¼lb. pepper, 5lbs. salt, 10lbs. maple honey (in can), 12 cans evaporated cream, 5 cans condensed milk, 6 small jars McLaren's cheese, 10 small tins of chicken, 4 small tins of tongue, 4lbs. raisins and prunes, 2 pails lard, 5lbs. butter (in can), 6lbs. sweet chocolate, 6lbs. bitter chocolate, 2lbs. Baker's cocoa, 1 bottle vinegar, 1 pail strawberry jam, 1 package self-raising flour, 3 glases orange marmalade, 4 bars soap, matches, both in boxes and bottles.

This list shows that we had a good variety. It should be added that part of the supplies were purchased at the Hudson's Bay Post, on Temagami Lake, viz: 20lbs. of sugar, 10lbs. of biscuit, 5 cans of condensed milk, besides a few luxuries like eggs, fresh yeast bread, and a little milk. We were, therefore, somewhat lighter at the start than the list would indicate.

It is never possible to estimate exactly what a party will eat in a given time unless its members have been on a similar trip before. We proved to be a trifle overstocked with bacon, lard, and rice, but a little short of condensed milk and cream. The rest of the supplies proved to be pretty closely estimated. The butter was, of course, not intended to last over a week, and the 6lbs of bitter chocolate was a mistake—it was ordered as sweet chocolate. The total weight of the supplies was about 250lbs., and we carried them in two pack baskets and the two wooden boxes furnished by Timmins. These boxes were of convenient size for the tump lines, and were thrown away when emptied.

The cooking and miscellaneous outfit consisted of 1 large water pail with cover, 4 small pails (4 quarts or less), 2 aluminum fry pans with adjustable handles, 5 tin cups, 4 tin plates, 4 each of forks, and spoons (each man carried a sheath knife), 1 aluminum baker (collapsible), 8 or 10 wire pot hooks of varying lengths. All these articles, except the baker, nested in the large pail which was carried on one of the pack baskets.

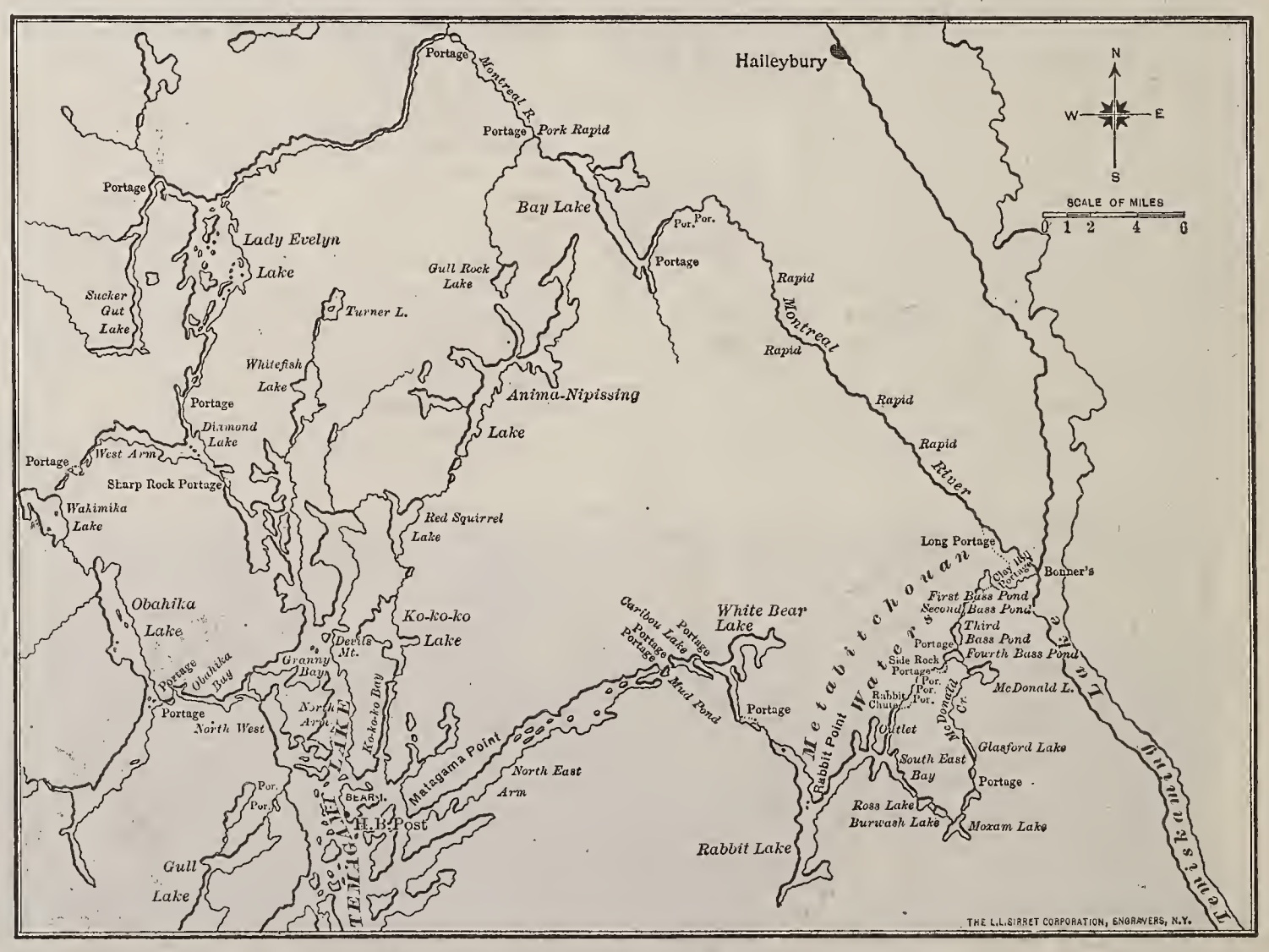


CHART OF COURSE OF THE RED AND GREEN.

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The large kit bags each held two small personal kit bags, two woolen and two rubber blankets. When thus packed, each would weigh 40 or 50lbs. The personal kits varied so much that no one will serve as an exact type of all. But I will give my own in the hope that it may prove suggestive: 1 waistcoat (no coat), 1 pair double seated, woolen knickerbockers, 2 pairs heavy woolen golf stockings, 1 heavy felt hat, 1 heavy flannel shirt, 2 pairs heavy woolen half hose, 1 pair heavy cordovan shoes, hob-nailed, 2 suits light cotton underwear, 1 suit heavy woolen underwear (for night wear), 1 heavy blue sweater (for night), 1 blue jersey, 1 pair old flannel trousers, 1 pair rubber soled tennis shoes. Small articles, handkerchiefs, toothbrush and powder, comb, soap, nailbrush, sheath knife, water-proof match safe, pipe, tobacco, book, note book, pencils, etc.

I could have dispensed with some of these articles, and should do so in a tramp trip, but in a canoe one need not be quite so careful about weight. I carried a small cotton bag which, when stuffed with extra clothing, made an excellent pillow. Going without a coat was an experiment which I had no cause to regret. A jersey is quite as good and much lighter.

We took no guide. Two of our party had been in the country before, but it should be added that even on the first trip they had no guide, and nothing but a railroad folder for a map. Nor did we follow their route all the way. We went with a desire to get the physical benefit and enjoyment that came from doing all the work, and there is a joy about going into a new country on one's own resources—something approximating the pleasure that an explorer feels. It would be difficult for one who knows the woods to get lost in that country, especially since he will invariably meet fire rangers every day or two. But I advise no one to go without a guide unless he knows exactly how hard the work is, and is prepared for the results.

And now I must return to my narrative. About forty miles above Temiskaming on the western shore the two rivers, Montreal and Metabetchouan, enter the lake. These are the two gates to the wilderness, theMontreal to the northwest and the Metabetchouan to the southwest, and through the latter we had decided to enter. The steamer slowed down and stopped. Our duffle was lowered into the large dory, used for landing purposes, whither two of us followed, the other two being needed to take the red canoe ashore. Almost before the steamer came to a stop the green canoe was leaping through the water, propelled by the skilful strokes of an Indian who was landing at the same point, and who wished to do us a service and at the same time try the new canoe. Once on the beach it was but the work of a few minutes to load the canoes. We were soon paddling along the shore of the lake to the inlet at the double river mouth. Leaving behind the few houses which constitute the meager settlement, we passed the waters of the Montreal, tumbling down a long rapid on our right and entered the swift current of the Metabetchouan. A brisk paddle of two or three miles took us to the foot of the famous Clay Hill Portage leading to Bass Ponds. The sun was near its setting, we had to rearrange our duffle, and so we camped on the left bank of the river opposite the portage.

Attempting nothing elaborate in the way of a supper, we bent our combined energies upon the erection of the tent, which was soon up, and luckily so, for one or two of the showers which are always prowling about that country visited us almost immediately. The lower course of the Metabetchouan is notorious for its insect pests, and our inner gauze tent received at once a thorough test. To our great satisfaction we found that the ubiquitous mosquito was absolutely excluded. In the morning hundreds were vainly butting their bill-nosed heads against the outside of the net, while their angry chorus was a cheering sound, indeed, to us who had so often been forced to bury ourselves in

blankets to avoid its sure accompaniment. Now we could breathe freely, and sleep undisturbed. A few midges succeeded in beating their way into our boudoir, but by covering the opening of the outer tent with a double piece of tarlatane, we excluded these little demons also. Thereafter, we were immune from the attacks of these scourges of the woods. What a boon this was all campers will understand.

We were now fairly started and, to bring order into the following account, I will add in their proper places brief logs of the route and the distances traversed whenever we were moving. Thus, the various stages of our trip can be easily followed on the map by anybody who may be interested. The distances are approximated, but I have tried to over estimate rather than the reverse.

July 5. Over Clay Hill Portage to First Bass Pond. Through First, Second, and Third Bass Ponds. Camp at the head of the Third Pond, on right bank of inlet; distance, about five miles, of which the portage is nearly a mile.

We were up early, and were soon making our preparations for the first portage, while the clear-voiced whitethroats uttered their matin calls all along the river. Clay Hill is reckoned one of the hardest portages in that country. Starting on the right bank of the Metabetchouan, it crosses an elbow of the river, which is too rocky for canoe work, and runs up over a steep hill, the river exposure of which is very soft and sticky. The woodsmen all speak of it with respect; and it is a stiff argument for one whose muscles are flabby from the flesh pots of civilization. But we were in for it and at it we went. We had in all more than eight full loads besides the paddles, axes, and small stuff. It was necessary, therefore, to make more than a double trip. Carrying a canoe was new work for two of the party, and they were surprised to find it not nearly so hard as they had anticipated. A 65lb. canoe is a heavy load for a man weighing 140lbs., but the weight rests entirely on the shoulders, the lungs have free play, so that it is probably easier to carry a canoe than it is to carry the same amount of weight in the form of a pack.

It was on this first portage that we had to invent some method of carrying our canoes which, as has been said, had no center thwarts. We discussed the feasibility of putting in the necessary thwarts, but as we did not have the requisite tools, we could not have done a neat piece of work. Finally somebody suggested the tump lines. These we found long enough to go twice about the canoe amidships, and we tied them so that the broad part of the strap rested on the shoulders. A little experiment taught each man just where to place the strap to suit his idiosyncracies on a carry, and we found the scheme so satisfactory that we used it throughout our trip.

The tump line, in its proper use, i. e., when attached to boxes and packs, was a new method of carrying to all of us, and I cannot say that I look back with glee upon those heavy boxes riding on the small of my back, and supported by the broad strap accross my forehead. Only one of the party professed any love for this style of packing; but it sufficed, and we yielded to the inevitable.

On the whole, the terrors of Clay Hill proved not so bad as they had been painted. We even had time to note the presence of many veeries, olive-backed thrushes, and whitethroats, in the woods by the trail. By noon we had transported all our stuff, and we lunched at the foot of the First Bass Pond before proceeding on our way. Hardby an Indian family was encamped, man, wife, and two small children, but a brief "Quai" was the only conversation that passed between us. After lunch we had a most delightful paddle of three or four miles to the head of the Third Pond. These lakelets are expansions of the Metabetchouan, and are very picturesque. The Second Pond in particular has some fine, high cliffs along its eastern shore. They are narrow, nowhere much over half a mile in width, and are separated by short runs of swift water up which it is not difficult to paddle. The water, as everywhere in the Metabetchouan region, is of clear amber tint.

As we paddled lazily along, a trolling line was unwound and the spoon was soon fast to a 2-pound bass. Shortly after another was taken. But there were other sights even more welcome than that of the bass. As we passed the point of an island, a family of sheldrakes went skirling away before us, the little ones not able to fly, but able to make prodigious speed for all that. Just before the end of our voyage, a deer was sighted feeding in a marshy inlet. Without a sound we crept upon her, and the camera was snapped at a distance of thirty or forty feet.

It was our custom when moving, to stop and make camp at about four o'clock. Sometimes we halted earlier, if a favorable place presented itself; sometimes we would push on in search of something better, but usually we were busy making camp by four o'clock. This gave us plenty of time to fish and enjoy the country through which we were passing; for in July the daylight lasts in that country until nine o'clock. Four men make camp in very quick time, if the site is a suitable one. Our tent required nine poles for its proper erection; two uprights, a ridge pole, four corner posts, and two side poles to which the stretching ropes were tied. While one or two men were busy cutting these, the others laid out the tent, arranged the packs, and got out the cooking outfit. When the poles were cut, the tent was raised, the corner posts driven at the right points, the side poles lashed to them, and the stretching ropes made fast. This completed the raising of the tent, except in exposed situations where winds were to be feared. In such places we usually guyed the tent fore and aft to some friendly tree or stone.

I have spoken glibly about "driving" corner posts. But in reality that country is composed of a sheet of rock so solid that rarely can the poor camper find a crevice into which he may insert a tent peg. Only once were we able to drive all four of the corner posts. On that occasion we were nearly prostrated with surprise. Generally, one or two, sometimes all posts, had to be propped up with rocks or guyed to trees.

But to return to making camp. As soon as the tent was up, two or more would set to work picking boughs; for a good bed is a necessity to those who are making a hard trip. The others, meanwhile, busied themselves with the cooking arrangements. Two forked uprights, with a cross piece on which to have pot hooks, were erected and a supply of wood was collected. Fortunately, good wood is nearly everywhere very abundant in that country, and we seldom had to go far for it. This completed our arrangements for the night, and the whole operation rarely consumed more than two hours. Then, while one or two remained to cook supper, the others could explore the neighborhood and catch the necessary fish.

July 6. The camp on Third Bass Pond was so pleasant and the initial portage had been so hard that we decided to lie over a day, for ours was a leisurely trip. We found the fishing good, and caught plenty of pike and wall-eyed pike or doré, together with one yellow perch, the only one taken during the trip. Bass were not so plentiful, although one nice one was taken on the fly at the foot of the swift water just above our camp. A fire ranger called on us, and we saw five Indians going in to Temagami, in a big birch canoe which carries the weekly mail. Verily, we seemed to be on a well beaten highway. The fire ranger, however, is omnipresent in that region, and you may expect to meet him anywhere. The country is divided into districts through each of which one of these rangers is expected to paddle each day, watching for fires and warning all camping parties to be careful. It is an admirable system, and there have been no serious fires since its adoption.

July 7. From head of Third Bass Pond to Fourth Pond, to southeast arm of Fourth Pond, and up the creek. Portage on right bank (half mile), to Cooper or McDonald Lake. Across west end of McDonald Lake to McDonald Creek; up creek (one short portage and a good deal of wading) to Glasford Lake. Camp on west shore of Glasford Lake. Total distance, about six miles.

The night passed with no more exciting experience than the visit of some playful being to our camp. Someone addressed him in a rude way with the command, Skip!—and he skipped. This incident we discussed at breakfast, and also our itinerary for the day. From Third Pond we had the choice of two routes to Rabbit Lake. The nearer and more usual way leads straight up the Metabetchouan, but as there are five portages, one of which, the Side Rock, is a mile in length, and as the other route is hardly ever used, except by an occasional ranger, we decided to take it as described above.

We got off before nine o'clock. The stage of water was such that we did not have to portage into Fourth Pond, although a portage is marked on the map, but were able to tow the canoes up the swift water, one man going ahead with the tow line and the other fending the canoe off the rocky shore with a forked pole. The swift water covers but a short distance, and we were soon afloat once more on Fourth Bass Pond. Paddling into the southeast arm, we entered the creek, and not far up on the right bank we found the portage. The trail, which passes an old lumber camp, about half way up and ends at an old dam in the lake, presented no great difficulties and we had packed our outfit over before noon.

Once launched in McDonald Lake, we met a strong south wind and had a stiff paddle but luckily a short one, until we reached the mouth of McDonald Creek. Indeed, this was especially fortunate, for we left a coat behind at the dam, and one canoe had to return for it. But just before we discovered this loss, we made another discovery—a huge bull moose feeding in the dead water at the mouth of McDonald Creek. We first saw his antlers swaying above the tall marsh grass. Then, with camera cocked, we stole noiselessly upon him, nearer and yet nearer, until we were within twenty or thirty feet of him. Then at last he lifted his dripping muzzle from the marsh and regarded us with so much interest that we might have secured a second picture of him—but we were at the end of the film.

McDonald Creek is not, in general, an attractive stream; it is dirty brown in color, full of rocks, narrow, and has none too much water. Not far above the mouth we made a short carry on the left bank, and we had to do a great deal of towing and wading. The old colonization road, long since abandoned, runs not far from the creek, and just before entering Glasford Lake we passed under one of its old bridges, now but a heap of rotten logs. On the west shore of Glasford Lake, which is somewhat over a mile long and very narrow, we found an excellent camping place on a little rocky point. Mosquitoes were numerous, as they were all through the lower Metabetchouan region; but the bass were numerous, too, and with the latter we spent a pleasant evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. H. Lansing Quick, of Yonkers, N. Y., is desirous of securing a copy of the year book of the A. C. A. for 1890. Anyone having a duplicate copy or one they would be willing to dispose of is requested to communicate with Mr. Quick.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 27-March 5.—New York.—At Zettler's, championship rifle gallery tournament.

June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

United States Revolver Association.

THE annual meeting of the United States Revolver Association was held in New York, Jan. 18. In the absence of the president and vice-president the meeting was called to order by the secretary-treasurer. Dr. Sayre was elected as temporary chairman. The following members were present: R. H. Sayre, Christopher Hartley, J. F. Silliman, W. W. Scheffler, T. E. Schulz, C. H. Chapman, B. F. Wilder, R. S. Scudder, W. J. Coons, C. V. Berg and A. L. Himmelwright.

The chairman of the committee on incorporation stated that all legal conditions and requirements had been complied with, and the certificate of incorporation had been duly issued and was ready to be recorded. The constitution as printed in the 1903 edition of the booklet of the Association was adopted. The report of the treasurer was read and approved.

The ballots received by mail for the election of officers were tabulated by the secretary and reported as follows:

For president, A. L. Himmelwright, 31; vice-president, P. A. Becker 36; secretary-treasurer, J. B. Crabtree, 30; executive committee, B. F. Wilder, 30; E. L. Hophan, 15; E. H. Kessler 8. The members present then cast their ballots, which, with five written proxies of absent members, gave the following as receiving the majority of the votes cast: President, A. L. Himmelwright, New York, 47. Vice-President, P. A. Becker, San Francisco, 32. Secretary-Treasurer, J. B. Crabtree, Springfield, 46. Executive Committee, B. F. Wilder, New York, 31. E. P. Kessler, St. Louis, 33. The chairman thereupon declared the said five candidates elected to constitute the executive committee for 1904.

Mr. Himmelwright then took the chair and Mr. Sayre acted as secretary of the meeting. On motion of Mr. Scudder the chair appointed Messrs. Wilder, Crabtree, and Sayre to serve on a committee to revise the constitution and adapt it to the new conditions resulting from the incorporation of the Association.

The questions submitted on blank forms by members of the Association were then considered. The practicability of increasing the number of vice-presidents and having them serve as members of the executive committee was discussed at some length, but without reaching a satisfactory conclusion. Mr. Scudder moved that the number of vice-presidents and local officers of other designated names be reported to the committee on revision of the constitution, and that such committee shall be advised that the preponderance of expression by mail seemed to be in favor of having such representation of the Association. This motion was seconded by Mr. Silliman and carried.

Mr. Chapman moved that question No. 2, in regard to changing the three distances of the military championship match to one distance, namely, 50yds., and question No. 3, in regard to the time of holding the annual championship matches, be referred to the executive committee, with replies of those members who had mailed answers to these questions. Motion was seconded by Mr. Wilder and carried.

Mr. Wilder moved that a committee be appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Mr. A. C. Gould. Motion was seconded by Mr. Silliman and carried. The chair appointed Messrs. Wilder and Silliman to serve on the committee.

It was voted on motion of Mr. Wilder that the secretary-treasurer be instructed to send a communication to the Massachusetts Rifle Association, thanking them for tendering the use of their range to the United States Revolver Association for the Franco-American revolver match, and that the new conditions of the meeting and the scores be entered into the minute book of the Association.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK.—Thirteen members were present and took part in the weekly gallery contest, Jan. 19. L. C. Buss was high man for the best hundred shots; also for the best 50 shots..

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance, 75ft., 100 shots: Louis C. Buss 2448, Geo. Schlicht 2415, C. G. Zettler, Sr., 2379, Aug. Begerort 2357.

Fifty shots: C. G. Zettler, Jr., 1213, Aug. Kronsberg 1210, E. Van Zandt 1207, B. Zettler 1194, Hy. Fenwirth 1188, H. C. Zettler 1186, W. A. Hicks 1199, Geo. J. Bernius 1139.

The Zettler Rifle Club's annual gallery tournament and championship match, which will be held on the Zettler ranges on Feb. 27 to March 4, will be one of the most successful of any of these annual affairs that have taken place in the past. The prize list in the 100-shot individual championship match has always been augmented by donations from manufacturers and friends of the club. This year the donations are coming in in greater numbers than in previous years. Up to the present moment they are: Stevens Arms and Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., one schuetzen rifle, .32-40, No. 52; Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, O., gold trophy; the W. H. Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn., a No. 2 Crest hammerless, single shotgun; Colt's Fire Arms Co., Hartford, Conn., repeating rifle; Empire Rifle Club, New York City, silver cup; Rufus Hurbert, No. 161 West Twenty-third street, New York, meerchaum pipe; Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., steel fishing rod; Syracuse Mfg. Co., Middlefield, Conn., set Lyman rifle sights; Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., Ideal loading machine; D. W. King, Jr., Denver, Colo., four patent triple bead sights; E. Van Schaick, 157 West Twenty-third street, New York, bronze ink stand; American Field, Chicago, Ill., one year's subscription.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

FOURTEEN members of the Lady Zettler Rifle Club, accompanied by their gentlemen friends, met at the club's headquarters, No. 159 West Twenty-third street, on Saturday night, Jan. 23. It was the regular monthly prize shoot. A number of visitors, friends of the ladies, and members of the Zettler Rifle Club, called at the gallery during the evening. Harry M. Pope, of Springfield, Mass., was among them. At the February meeting the club will give a reception to their gentlemen friends and members of the Zettler Rifle Club. After the close of the shooting programme the evening will be devoted to music, dancing and refreshments.

The scores made on Saturday night are as follows:

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, two scores to count, muzzle rest: Miss Kate Zimmermann 239, 246; Miss Millie Zimmermann 242, 242; Mrs. Harry Scheu 243, 240; Mrs. G. J. Bernius 239, 241; Miss F. Muller 241, 237; Miss W. Hart 234, 236; Mrs. H. Fenwirth 236, 234; Miss A. Koch 236, 233; Mrs. J. Watson 230, 234; Miss M. Laut 230, 232; Miss T. Eusner 229, 233; Mrs. L. Turbert 221, 235; Mrs. B. Zettler 212, 231; Mrs. J. Laut 176, 205.

New York Central Corps.

NEW YORK.—Twenty-nine members of the Central Corps attended the practice shoot in the Zettler gallery, Jan. 20. The high score on the ring target was made by R. Gute. On the bullseye target B. Eusner was first.

Ten-shot scores, 25 ring target, distance 75ft.: R. Gute 247, 240; F. Kost 237, 241; D. Scharninghaus 238, 233; H. D. Muller 230, 239; Geo. Viemeister 232, 232; F. Brodt 231, 228; J. N. F. Siebs 227, 231; J. N. von der Lieth 223, 228; F. Jaegers 218, 233, Wm. J. Daniel 230, 220; Fred Schroeder 229, 217; Wm. Wessel 220, 226; Fred Baumann 227, 218; J. Feldmeier 210, 234; B. Eusner 224, 216; Aug. Rohde 220, 216; F. Ritterhoff 216, 219; J. von der Lieth 212, 223; F. Schiller 223, 210; H. Schrader 215, 211, C. Tietjen 214, 205; F. Roffmann 210, 208; J. Spickmann 172, 220; C. Gerken 201, 205; H. A. Ficke 177, 194; H. Eckhoff 191, 171; J. Winters 157, 184, F. Engelking 213, 208, G. Pettloff 133, 135.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 17.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Hasenzahl was champion for the day with the good score of 225:

Hasenzahl	225	225	223	221	216
Payne	223	214	212	212	200
Roberts	222	220	214	205	204
Strickmeier	218	211	206	206	201
Nestler	217	216	211	211	206
Lux	217	209	208	207	205
Burns	213	208	208	204	203
Freitag	199	195	192	191	184
Hofer	197	190	189	189	186
Trounstine	195	190	188	186	177
Hoffman	185	176	173	151	...

Italian Shooting Society.

NEW YORK.—The Italian Society held the second shoot of the season on Jan. 1. Twenty-five members, of whom several were new, were present. As yet the new members have had little or no experience in gallery shooting. N. Gallina led with a total of 241, E. Minervini second with 239, P. Selvaggi third with 237.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: N. Gallina 241, E. Minervini 239, P. Selvaggi 237, L. Reali 232, Branchi 232, S. Gallina 227, D. Felice 223, Coppellina 224, B. Vigilino 222, De Salvo 211, Fontenella 198, C. Orsenego 201, S. Fontanella 196, A. Orsenego 195, N. Ciancinimino 188, E. Zucca 187, A. Konchi 181, Corbyone 180, Saldarini 179, Lampugnani 174, Mastropaolo 168, Piantanidas 163, Mercalli 119, Malnarti 104, G. Raimondi 104.

New York City Corps.

NEW YORK.—This corps held its bi-monthly shoot in the Zettler gallery, Jan. 21. There was some sharp competition for high scores. Aug. Kronsberg finished in first place.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance, 75ft.: Aug. Kronsberg 244, 238; Otto Schwanermann 236, 243; Capt. R. Busse 236, 242; R. Bendler 229, 236, J. Facklamm 233, 230; R. Schwanermann 227, 231; C. Wagner 227, 228; B. Eusner 223, 227; F. Kiele 223, 203; C. Coplan 210, 208; H. Vogel 202, 219; G. Schrotter 196, 213; W. Hiel 213, 193; J. Keller 215, 206; E. Sonner 194, 202; A. Wiltz 189, 202.

National Bund.

THE executive board of officers of the National Bund held a meeting at headquarters, No. 12 St. Mark's Place on Jan. 21. There was a large accumulation of matter before the board to be disposed of, principal among which was the examination of the tender for furnishing to the bund for the coming festival the gold and silver medals, king medal, the festival cups (silver), and the miscellaneous matter of printing, etc.

There was a great array of drawings, designs and samples from which the board are to decide upon and select as the most acceptable.

Miller Rifle and Revolver Club.

TEN members of this club were present at the weekly shoot on Jan. 20. Five of the ten had scores of 240 or better. First, C. Bischoff, with 245, R. Evans and D. Dingman were tied for second place with 242. The scores are appended:

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance, 75ft.: C. Bischoff 245, R. W. Evans 242, D. Dingman 242, H. Bahn 240, F. Unbehauen 241, O. Smith 239, P. O'Hare 237, E. Doyle 236, C. Bayha 233, C. Miller 226.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Jan. 30.—Bound Brook, N. J., merchandise shoot

Jan. 30.—Newark, N. J.—Shoot for L. C. Smith gun on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club.

Feb. 2-5.—Omaha, Neb., midwinter tournament.

Feb. 6.—Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association all-day shoot; merchandise prizes. J. R. Taylor, Gen'l. Mgr.

Feb. 12-13.—Paterson, N. J.—Jackson Park Gun Club tournament; live birds and targets.

Feb. 20-22.—Chicago Trapshooters' Association tournament at Watson's Park.

Feb. 21.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. A. L. Hughes, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Louisville, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club amateur tournament. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Schenectady, N. Y., tournament.

Feb. 22.—Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Valentine Wallburg, Capt.

Feb. 22.—Lexington, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club.

Feb. 23-26.—West Baden, Ind.—Colonial Handicap. Targets and pigeons. Open. $500 guaranteed. John L. Winston, Mgr.

April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Patriots' Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—Oklahoma City, O. T.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.

June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.

July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

In the return match at 100 live birds at Browns Mills, N. J., Jan. 20, between R. Lamb and Fred Muller, Lamb was defeated.

On Jan. 16 the Slackwood, N. J., Gun Club held a successful shoot. Seven events were shot. Messrs. Taylor, Page, Herbert, Farlee, Cole and Vialkovitch were the chief winners.

The Jefferson County Gun Club, Louisville, Ky., announces a tournament for amateurs, to be held on Feb. 22. Manufacturers' agents cannot compete for purses. Mr. Emil Pragoff is the secretary.

The balance sheet of the New York Athletic Club, Dec. 31, 1903, shows the assets of the club to be $1,567,572.11, with total liabilities of $636,571.11. The real estate at Travers Island, where the shoots of the club are held, is listed at a valution of $125,000; buildings, $23,291.51, and furnishings, $19,910.51.

Mr. H. M. Stewart, of the Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club, successfully defended his title to the Monroe county championship on Jan. 20. Mr. G. B. D. Bonbright tied with Mr. Stewart on 92 out of 100. In the shoot-off Mr. Stewart made the extraordinary score of 99 to 91.

Under date of Jan. 23, Sporting Life has the following: "Fred Coleman and his backer called at the Sporting Life office on Monday last and accepted, on behalf of Coleman, the defi of Fen Cooper, and posted with Sporting Life $100 to bind the match. Coleman names the Keystone Shooting League grounds, in this city, and suggests Friday, Feb. 12, as the day, or any other date before that time, the stake to be $500 to $1000 a side, loser to pay for birds, winner to take entire gate receipts; the match to be shot at 100 live birds, 30yds. rise, under Interstate Association rules; the final stakeholder and referee to be decided upon mutually as soon as forfeit is covered. It is now up to backers of Cooper to cover forfeit, which is now in Sporting Life's hands, and the match will be shot on the grounds and date above mentioned."

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Jan. 23.—The following scores were made by members of the North River Gun Club, and the Wanderers:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	15	15	15	25	15	15
Glover	14	7	13	10	13	20	14	14
Truax	13	7	14	14	11	22	9	10
Vosselman	9	6	9	8	10	15	..	..
*Piercy	13	10	12	13	14	22	15	12
*Schoverling	9	8	12	10	11	14	..	..
*Eickhoff	12	10	13	12	11	10	12	8
Wells	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
*Merrill	9	5	10	8	9	19	12	7
*Williams	10	8	10	..	12	21	..	..
*Morrison	..	..	11	13	10	17	13	10
Arnold	..	..	7	9	12	18	..	10
H Keller	..	..	10	7	9	15	9	10
*Marshall	..	..	..	12	10	17	12	12
Dr Richter	..	..	..	13	10	19	12	11
Caunitz	..	..	..	7	9	15	9	5
*Martin	..	..	..	..	13	18	10	8

Event No. 6 was Wanderers' gun shoot.

*Denotes Wanderers.

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Trap at Reaville.

Jan. 16.—In a live-bird match at Reaville to-day the scores were as follows:

Ten birds, prize $15:

Reed	2222222222—10	Van Marter	1211111*22— 9
Henzler	1222-10222— 8	Lott	*112221122— 9

Seven birds, prize $10:

Reed	2202222—6	Van Marter	211*120—5
Henzler	11*2210—5	Lott	0112111—6

Reed and Lott divided.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J.—In the shoot of the Trenton Shooting Association, held last week, Messrs. Taylor, Jules and Farlee did the best work. Two two-man team races were shot, besides several practice events, as follows:

Team raee, 10 targets: Farlee 6, Gould 5; total 11. Taylor 7, Wesley 5; total 12. Jules 8, Carson 6, total 14.

Team race, 10 targets: Farlee 8, Gould 4; total 12. Taylor 8, Wesley 3; total 11. Jules 8, Carson 4; total 12.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J.—The Montclair Golf Club, one of the strongest clubs of the kind in the country, has leased grounds across the road near the club house, and formed a gun club, put in three traps, carefully screened, and good platform and gun racks for twenty-five guns. As yet they are only protected from the elements by a tent. However, the enthusiasm is very keen, and a suitable shelter will soon be provided.

A committee has been appointed consisting of Mr. Walter Brown and Mr. E. H. Fitch, to arrange for a series of handicap cup shoots. These sessions will be begun at a very early date.

On Saturday, notwithstanding the bad weather, there were present E. H. Fitch, Geo. Batten, A. R. Allen, H. A. Eaton, W. T. Cross, Walter Brown and R. F. Abercrombie. Mr. T. E. Batten, of FOREST AND STREAM, was a guest of the club.

Scores of Jan. 23:

Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10
Winslow	6	8	5	9	3	9	4
Babcock	7	10	9	11	8	12	..
Wheeler	6	10	10	14	7	10	7
Cockefair	..	9	8	8	9	14	9
Crane	..	5	4	9	4	9	7

Weather, rain, dark and cloudy.

Trap at Guttenberg.

Guttenberg, N. J., Jan. 22.—To-day was the day set to shoot off the ties for the Knockabout gun, a $20 gold piece and a $5 gold piece donated by J. P. Sauer & Son, gun-makers, of Suhl, Germany. The readers of FOREST AND STREAM will no doubt remember this shoot, as the scores of Jan. 13 and 14 were published in the last number. Out of the original number of sixty-eight shooters, fifteen were left after the second day's shooting; but only thirteen appeared for the shoot-off.

The weather was very disagreeable, as it had been raining all night before, and to make conditions worse a heavy fog came up.

The birds were an excellent lot of flyers.

Messrs. Whitley, Martin and Gerbolini had still one of their allowance to their credit, and Mr. Kissner was the only one with a 2-bird allowance. All others had missed theirs and were scratch:

Mowry, 26yds	111212*
Rush, 25	20
Kissner, 25	12222202212222222202121*
Smith, 25	222*
Burns, 26	2211222*
Martin, 27	00
Gerbolini, 27	211202*
Bunn, 28	22221222122122221222122*
Feltman, 25	22111110
Vosselman, 25	*
Whitley, 26	22212112022122122212222222*
Ferrell, 25	22212222111111222121212222212221222
Danser, 27	21121121222222221111112111222110

Mr. Wm. Ferrell, from Clarksburg, N. J., won the Knockabout; Mr. W. C. Danser, of Millhurst, won the $20 gold piece; Mr. J. Whitley, of Jersey City, won the $5 gold piece.

The Interstate Association.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 23.—Kindly announce to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the Interstate Association will give a tournament at Winona, Minn., July 4, 5, and 6, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club.

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Mgr.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Jan. 21.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Sheepshead Bay Gun Club in its club handicap shoot for gold medal. Gewart won on shoot-off:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
D J Heffner	10	10	20
E H Garrison	12	5	17
G E Greiff	20	2	22
E Voorhies	23	5	25
D Cullum	14	9	23
J Pillion	15	10	25
T Cullum	14	8	22
I McKane	17	5	22

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
C Cooper	14	10	24
R Gewart	14	11	25
H Williamson	15	8	23
*R Snyder	21	..	21
Dr Gouboud	9	12	21
D Bailey	12	8	20
*J Bailey	10	..	10

*Guests.

Shoot-off, 25 targets:

Voorhies	14	3	17
Pillion	12	5	17
Gewart	13	8	21

Shoot for a handsome leather gun case. Won by T. Cullun on shoot-off:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Williamson	13	8	21
D Cullun	12	9	21
Greiff	15	2	17
McKane	17	5	22
T Cullun	20	8	25
Voorhies	12	5	17

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Cooper	16	10	25
Gewart	11	15	25
Dr Gouboud	9	12	21
Snyder	22	2	24
Pillion	14	10	24

Shoot-off:

T Cullun	18	4	22
Cooper	13	5	18
Gewart	11	8	19

Handicap shoot at 25 targets:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
McKane	13	5	18
Greiff	18	2	20
Snyder	16	2	18
Voorhics	13	5	18
D Cullun	11	9	20
Pillion	13	10	23

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Williamson	9	8	17
T Cullun	13	8	21
Dr Gouboud	12	6	18
Cooper	13	10	23
Geward	15	7	22

Chicago Trap Shooters Association.

CHICAGO, Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The trapshooters of Chicago have been for some time looking for a suitable location ,where convenient grounds might be secured. Mr. John Watson, being compelled to close up his shooting part at Burnside because of the crusade against pigeon shooting in Chicago, the shooters at once set out to secure the park as a home for the scattered target gun clubs of Chicago and vicinity.

The buildings in the park were purchased from Mr. Watson by the newly formed Chicago Trapshooters' Association, which was launched at a meeting held last Friday evening. This Association is at present composed of twenty-five members, representing nearly every gun club of Chicago and its suburbs. At the meeting the following officers were elected: President, F. W. Mrick; Vice-President, C. C. Hess; Secretary and Treasurer, E. B. Shogren. Board of Directors, Fred H. Lord, H. W. Vietmeyer, Geo. Eck and D. A. Hanagan.

The other members of the Association are Oswald Von Lengerke, J. H. Amberg, Dr. C. W. Carson, Dr. R. B. Miller, C. E. Willard, J. B. Barto, L. C. Willard, J. G. Parker, Jr., S. T. Kinney, M. J. Weber, John Edwards, G. H. Steenberg, Samuel Young, H. Walsh, L. H. Wilson, and J. W. Coakley.

The object of this Association is to maintain the Watson Park shooting grounds for the benefit of all the gun clubs that will locate at the park. Each club will have its own set of traps, over which they will shoot their club contests. The Association will employ a superintendent, who will reside in the park, and who will look after all the arrangements of handling the traps and see to the comforts of the shooters.

The Association will hold its inaugural tournament on Feb. 20, 21 and 22, which will be strictly an amateur shoot. All well-known high class amateurs will be handicapped to shoot from the 18 to 20yd. mark. There will be added money for high averages.

Programmes will be ready in a week, and same can be had on application to E. B. Shogren, Room 940, First Natlional Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Jan. 21.—Six men faced the elements as well as the score to-day, and did some good work, disagreeable and unfavorable conditions notwithstanding. Capt. Traver made highest score in single event by breaking 25 straight. Marshall was a close second for this distinction, with 24 to his credit, and shot in the best form of any one present by breaking 45 out of 50 shot at. Smith, too, "had his eye," as scores in cup event and shoot-off will show. Marshall has for some time back been handicapped with an ill-fitting gun, but did some good work nevertheless. His work to-day shows how much better the gun works since its faults were corrected.

Events:	1	2
Targets:	10	10
Traver	8	..
Smith	9	9
Roberts	..	7

Events:	1	2
Targets:	10	10
Hans	7	9
Winans	..	7

No. 3, Traver cup:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	To'tl.
Traver	16	2	18
Hans	19	4	23
Smith	22	5	25
Roberts	15	6	21

	Brk.	Hdcp.	To'tl.
Winans	19	5	24
Marshall	21	5	25
*Traver	21	0	21

*Re-entry.

Shoot-on:

Smith	21	5	25
Marshall	24	5	25
*Traver	25	0	25

*Shot along.

SNANIWEH.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, Jan. 16.—The weather was not such as shooters like. It was of the kind which prevents the making of high scores. Early in the afternoon rain fell and later it changed to snow.

The main event was for a handsome trophy donated by Capt. J. N. Borland. It was won by Mr. G. Bechtel.

Main event, 100 targets, handicap allowances added: W. J. Elias (20) 53, 73; J. D. Foot (32) 31, 63; G. E. Greiff (10) 74, 84; Dr. De Wolf (16) 52, 68; G. Bechtel (20) 64, 84.

Ties: Greiff (3) 14, 17; Bechtel (5) 20, 25.

Event at 25 targets, handicap allowances added: Bechtel (5) 20, 25; Greiff (3) 14, 17; Elias (5) 17, 22; De Wolf (5) 15, 20; Sauer (8) 9, 17; Marble (0) 11.

Score of N. Sauer in main event, 40 out of 100.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

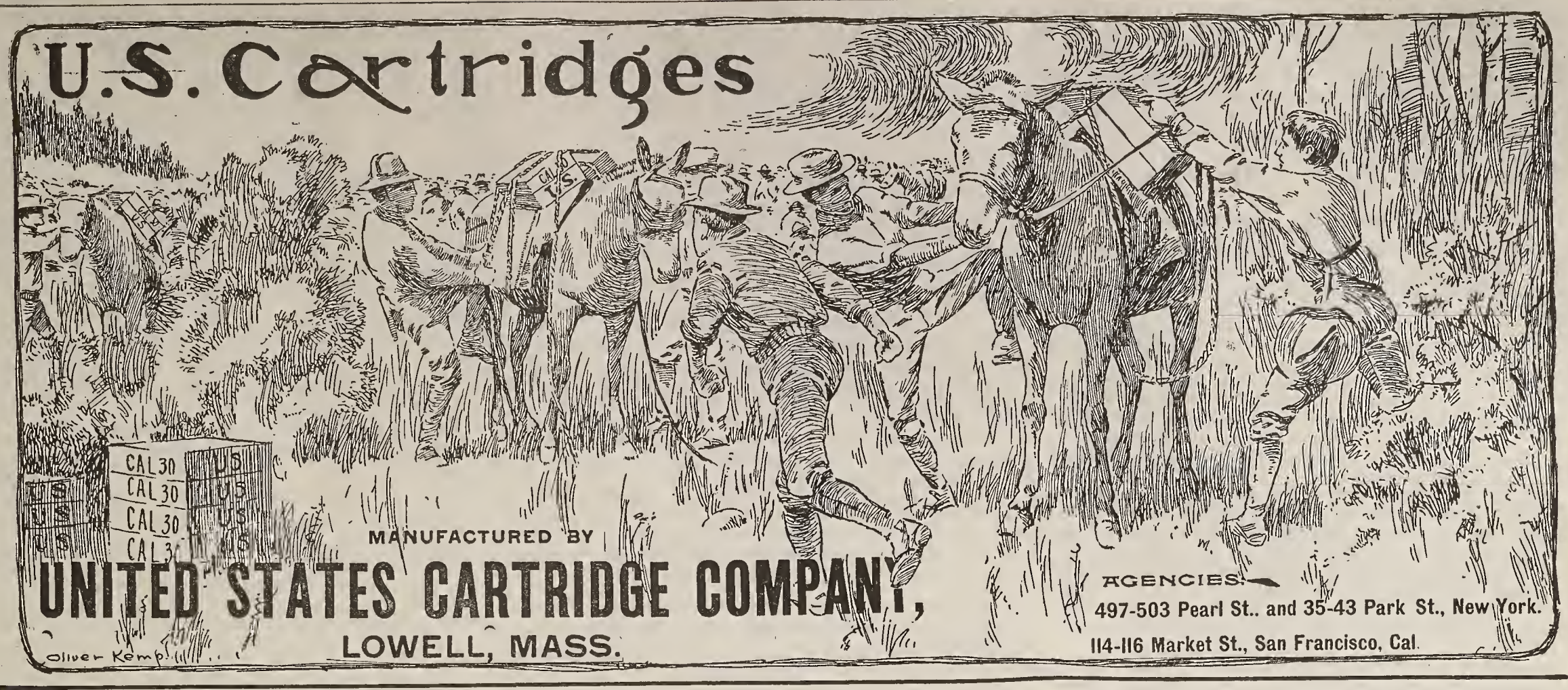
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 20.—The weather conditions were unfavorable for good scores, it being stormy. The main contest of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club was for the Monroe county championship, which was held and successfully defended by Mr. H. M. Stewart. The event was at 100 targets. Mr. Stewart tied with Mr. G. B. D. Bonbright on 92, and in the shoot-off at 100 targets, Mr. Stewart made the extraordinary score of 99 to Mr. Bonbright's 92. The scores:

Monroe county championship:

Stewart	23	23	24	22—92	Atkin	20	21	23	25—89
Bonbright	24	23	21	24—92	Kelley	17	22	20	22—81
Kay	22	23	22	23—90	Clark	18	18	19	18—73

Shoot-off:

Stewart	25	24	25	25—99	Bonbright	23	22	21	25—91



Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Ont., Jan. 16.—The Hamilton Gun Club held their fourteenth annual tournament and Grand Canadian Handicap at live birds on Jan. 12, 13 and 14. About fifty shooters attended.

The weather was all that could be desired, with the exception of the second day, when it snowed all day. The manufacturers' representatives present were: Messrs. F. H. Conover, A. W. du Bray, J. H. Cameron, J. S. Boa, R. Watson, J. S. Cole, M. Hensler.

Herewith are target and live-bird scores:

Jan. 12, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
J S Boa	18	18	16	19	19	19	18	140	127
J R Graham	17	17	16	18	18	18	18	140	122
M Hensler	14	17	15	14	13	20	18	140	111
Kirkover	17	15	16	17	19	17	..	120	101
F Westbrooke	12	13	14	18	16	16	..	120	89
H Westbrooke	17	11	..	..	..	..	..	40	28
Conover	17	18	18	19	18	18	19	140	127
Mitchell	16	16	17	17	13	15	..	120	94
Hacker	13	16	16	16	17	17	..	120	95
H D Bates	18	18	16	19	16	18	..	120	105
Upton	..	14	14	..	14	17	15	100	74
H Scane	16	17	..	..	..	..	..	40	33
C Scane	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	40	31
Cantillon	16	16	14	16	..	15	..	100	79
Hoffman	16	19	14	18	18	15	..	120	100
J Crooks	16	14	16	13	17	..	..	100	76
Fletcher	17	17	19	..	20	17	17	120	107
McLaren	19	12	17	18	18	18	..	120	102
Dodds	17	15	16	16	14	19	14	140	111
George	14	14	18	15	15	13	..	120	89
Phillips	16	16	13	15	15	19	14	140	108
Raspberry	13	9	16	15	14	..	..	100	67
Adams	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	20	10
Aitken	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	40	29
A Bates	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	14
99	19	17	14	..	..	..	..	60	50
Daniels	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	11
Horning	14	..	..	15	..	..	..	40	29
J Thomson	15	13	10	16	12	..	..	100	66
Reardon	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	11
Summerhays	19	17	14	17	15	..	..	100	82
Hartley	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	20	11
Barrett	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	20	10
Williams	..	..	7	..	15	17	..	60	39
Frank	..	..	15	16	14	..	..	60	45
Mason	18	13	..	13	12	..	..	80	56
16-ga.	..	..	..	16	15	..	..	40	31
McCall	..	..	..	..	..	16	17	40	33
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	40	34
Robbins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	20	10
49	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	14

Jan. 13, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
Boa	19	20	20	20	18	19	19	140	135
Graham	19	19	19	20	19	19	16	140	129
Hensler	18	18	19	20	19	18	18	140	130
Kirkover	18	15	19	18	20	16	18	140	124
Westbrooke	15	17	15	17	17	19	17	140	117
H Westbrooke	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	16
Conover	18	17	17	8	11	11	19	140	101
Mitchell	20	13	15	14	16	16	17	140	111
Hacker	18	17	17	19	15	18	17	140	121
Bates	13	19	17	17	16	20	..	120	102
Upton	16	14	20	16	17	10	16	140	109
Scane	19	18	14	14	16	..	..	100	81
C Scane	15	..	..	16	..	14	..	60	45
Cantillon	18	17	16	..	18	15	..	100	84
Hoffman	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	20	18
Crooks	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	16
Fletcher	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	17
McLaren	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	20	14
Dodds	16	15	17	17	15	17	18	140	115
George	20	15	15	15	..	..	..	80	65
Phillips	16	14	16	15	14	15	..	120	90
Raspberry	17	16	..	16	14	..	..	80	63
Adams	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	20	14
Aitken	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	20	11
99	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	40	34
Horning	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	20	17
Thompson	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	40	30
Williams	10	14	..	..	..	..	13	60	37
Frank	..	..	..	..	15	18	..	..	40	33
Masson	..	..	..	..	15	..	18	..	40	33
16-ga.	..	..	9	12	..	..	..	40	21
McCall	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	20	16
Norris	..	..	13	16	17	17	15	100	78
G Reed	17	17	14	14	..	..	18	100	80
Kay	..	15	..	17	..	..	..	40	32
D Graham	..	..	11	15	18	18	15	100	79
Crawford	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	20	20
Root	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	13
Brown	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	20	8

Jan. 14, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20		
Boa	20	18	16	14	17	20	120	105
Graham	16	18	15	17	18	15	120	99
Hensler	16	13	17	16	19	18	120	100
Kirkover	19	18	16	19	14	..	100	86
F Westbrooke	17	14	15	16	..	13	100	75
H Westbrooke	10	..	..	14	17	..	60	41
Conover	8	14	12	13	11	14	120	72
Mitchell	17	19	12	17	17	15	120	97
Hacker	17	19	14	16	14	..	100	80
Upton	14	15	14	..	..	..	60	43
H Scane	..	..	18	..	..	..	20	18
Cantilon	..	16	17	..	..	..	40	33
Hoffman	..	..	..	17	..	14	40	31
Crooks	15	..	16	..	..	15	60	46
Dodds	19	13	16	15	13	..	100	66
Phillips	17	17	15	16	..	11	100	76
Adams	..	..	..	11	..	10	40	21
99	16	16	..	10	..	..	60	42
J Thompson	..	..	..	..	10	..	20	10
Summerhays	17	15	13	17	..	17	100	79
McCall	14	..	..	..	..	..	20	14
Norris	..	18	12	12	..	..	60	42
G Reed	..	16	..	16	..	..	40	32
Kay	..	15	15	..	15	14	80	59
R Graham	11	15	13	13	14	..	100	66
Root	..	16	..	..	..	..	20	16
Brown	..	8	..	..	..	..	20	8

There was a 10-live-bird event each day, and the 20-bird event commenced on the first day and was to be run from day to day till finished. In the main event at 20 birds, there were thirty-seven contestants. The conditions were, $500 cash guaranteed, $100 to high gun; $400, Rose system, 5, 4, 3 and 2; surplus added; handicaps 26 to 33yds.; $15 entrance, including birds. The live-bird scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	20	10	10	10		
J R Graham	10	19	10	10	9	60	58
H Scane	9	19	7	9	..	..	..
Reardon	8	19	8	..	6	..	..
Kirkover	..	19	10	..	..	..	..
McLaren	9	19	9	..	..	..	..
Mayhew	9	19	10	9	..	..	..
Dr Wilson	..	19	..	8	..	..	..
King	..	19	..	..	9	..	..
G Stroud	..	18	..	..	..	..	..
J Stroud	8	18	..	..	..	..	..
Cantilon	10	18	9	9	..	..	..
Horning	10	18	..	..	..	..	..
H T Westbrooke	9	18	10	..	..	..	..
M Hensler	8	18	8	8	..	..	..
Summerhays	..	18	9	..	..	..	..
Hoffman	7	18	..	..	..	..	..
A D Bates	9	18	..	..	..	..	..
Burk	..	17	..	..	..	..	..
Fletcher	10	17	10	..	..	..	..
C Scane	8	17	10	10	..	..	..
Barrett	7	17	8	..	..	..	..
D Miller	9	17	9	10	..	..	..
Crooks	..	17	9	..	7	..	..
Robbins	..	17	..	..	..	..	..
Schofield	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
Du Bray	..	16	..	10	..	..	..
Mitchell	8	16	9	9	9	60	51
G Reid	..	16	8	..	..	..	..
Boa	10	16	9	8	10	60	53
Norris	..	16	9	..	..	..	..
Spittal	..	16	10	..	..	..	..
M J Miller	..	16	5	..	..	..	..
McCall	9	15	..	9	9	..	..
Phillips	8	15	..	8	..	..	..
McKay	..	15	8	7	8	..	..
Root	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Blackwell	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
Hartley	10	..	..	10	..	..	..
Upton	10	..	10	10	9	..	..
Daniels	10	..	9	..	..	..	..
Aitken	8	..	9	..	..	..	..
Farmer	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lewis	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
H D Bates	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
F Westbrooke	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Williams	..	..	7	..	..	..	..

Shoot-off, 20-bird event:

Graham, 31	2220	McLaren, 28	0
H Scane, 29	0	Mayhew, 31	12112
Reardon, 27	10	Dr Wilson, 28	220
Kirkover, 32	22220	King, 29	2220

Ruffsdale Rod and Gun Club.

RUFFSDALE, Pa., Jan. 19.—The Ruffsdale Rod and Gun Club held their second annual banquet on New Year's eve at the Hotel Albion, Ruffsdale, Pa. The dining room was gaily decorated in holiday fashion. Those present were all lavishly served by the genial proprietor and fellow member of the club, Mr. F. L. Keck, who overlooked nothing that would conduce to the comfort and enjoyment of all of his fellow members and guests.

Mr. E. C. Null, president of the club, acted as toastmaster, and everyone responded cheerfully and promptly to their toast. R. S. Deniker, captain of the club, entertained us very cleverly with a bright talk, embodying good advice for the success of the club during the new year, and particularly impressed the fact upon us that we wanted to land better than third place in the 1904 League shoot for the championship of Western Pennsylvania, which place the club ranked among fifteen competitors the last season.

It gave us great pleasure to have with us one whose joyful disposition and "chicken appetite" is so well known to all who take interest in the manly sport of trapshooting. I refer to Mr. Charles G. Grubb, of Pittsburg, whose record in the culinary line was two chickens and 101 waffles straight (no dusted birds whatever), all centered. With Grubb's ammunition and ambition, to say nothing of his appetite, you can't miss them; they are hit hard when "Grubb gets to grubbing."

It is customary with the club to hold a banquet shoot some time during December. All those taking part are entitled to a plate at the banquet, careful score being kept of all attending this "before the banquet shoot" and compared with the score of the New Year's Day or "after the banquet shoot," in order to determine the nerve of the member "the day after." Of course, it is needless to say that the boys all started the New Year with an excellent nerve, but as I haven't the score convenient at present, I will forego offering it for publication at this time. "Nuf Ced."

The club now leads a movement for the formation of a county league of Westmoreland county, which, if successfully organized, will enable me to supply you with considerable news of "doings" in trapshooting in Westmoreland during the season of 1904.

Many good stories were told, and a number of songs sung, making a royal good time when a jolly bunch of followers of the dog and gun round up to see the old year out and the new year in.

H. D. HASSON, Sec'y.

The Peters Cartridge Co.'s Annual Reunion.

THE annual reunion of the salesmen and demonstrators of the Peters Cartridge Company, in Cincinnati, Jan. 11 to 15, was the largest gathering of ammunition salesmen and expert shooters ever assembled. The company had arranged a programme interspersed with pleasant and entertaining features designed to make the week highly enjoyable as well as profitable.

Monday, Jan. 11, was the day set for the assembling of the men, and when the roll was called at an informal supper at 6:30 P. M. there was not an absentee. It was a noticeable fact that of the men present a year ago all but two or three were on hand, while seven new men had been added.

Tuesday at 10 A. M. a conference took place, and at 2 P. M. Mr. O. E. Peters, president, delivered an address and gave general instructions regarding the work of the year 1904. In the evening a smoker for the salesmen was given at the Business Men's Club, presided over by Mr. F. C. Tuttle, treasurer of the company.

Wednesday evening a theater party was given for the salesmen and a number of guests.

Thursday morning at 8:15 two special electric trolley cars took the entire party to the factories of the company, located at King's Mills, O.

All those who visited the plant one year ago were impressed by the numerous additions that had been made during the year, and were convinced that the company is determined to keep abreast with the ever-increasing demand for its goods.

Dinner was served at King's Mills Hotel, where everything that goes to satisfy the inner man was provided. This, however, was probably the last gathering of the kind that will be held in this dining hall, as the company is now erecting a large modern hotel accommodating nearly two hundred guests, which will be complete before the next annual reunion. At 4 P. M. the return to the city was made, and that night at 6:30 the annual banquet was given at the Business Men's Club. This was a most elaborate affair, covers being laid for seventy persons. The tables were handsomely decorated, and suitable music was rendered during the several courses. The menu was quite novel, embodying in a prominent way the letter P, the trade mark of the company, and was all that the most exacting taste could desire.

MENU.

Points on Shells
Puree of Peas
Peanuts Salted Pecans Pickles
Pompano Persillade
Pommes Parisienne
Punch Romaine
Pork Tenderloin, Roasted
Petite Pois Pommes Massena
Points de Asparagus
Peach Ice Cream Cake
Pots of Coffee
Principe de Gales Cigars

Mr. O. E. Peters was toastmaster and delivered the opening address. He thanked all those connected with the company for their zealous efforts in its behalf, and assured them of the company's appreciation. He expressed his regret that Mr. Tom Norton, a former employe of the company, and a most popular one, was not present, having been forced through illness to resign. Mr. Peters stated that he was informed Mr. Norton was improving, and would soon be able to work, and in view of this he had decided to again place him on the salary list of the company. Just as long as one of his employes was able to talk and sell Peters ammunition he proposed to let him do so, and to pay him for it. This tribute to fidelity brought ringing cheers from the salesmen, and was characteristic of the company's liberality and appreciation of faithful service.

Friday, Jan. 15, was spent at the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club, where a number of team races and exhibition shooting were indulged in. Prior to starting to the grounds the salesmen sprung

a little surprise on Mr. F. C. Tuttle, the treasurer of the company. He was invited down to Harmony Hall, a room especially provided for the assembling of the salesmen, and was there presented with a handsome gold watch by the salesmen of the company as a mark of their great appreciation of his treatment during the year. Mr. L. R. Myers made the presentation speech on behalf of the men, and Mr. Tuttle was taken completely by surprise, but responded feelingly, thanking the donors for the evidence of their good will and friendship.

The Tourist Trapshooters.

THE U. M. C. Southern Squad is composed of five of the best-known shooters who have the honor of holding a place in the shooting fraternity. They are T. A. Marshall, F. C. Riehl, William H. Heer, C. W. Budd and Turner E. Hubby.

Shortly after the New Year they started on this Southern trip, which is as unique as it is original. Their whole purpose is to meet the members of the various gun clubs, and the people who are interested in shooting. They having spent most of their lives in shooting, are interesting those who are not as old and experienced in the trapshooting game as they. Consequently all lovers of this gentlemanly sport welcome this genial squad, many of whom have attained honors abroad as well as much fame at home for their ability as marksmen.

The first exhibition was given at Jonesboro, Ark., Jan. 6, F. C. Riehl taking the honors with a score of 96 out of 100. Capt. Marshall won the honors at Pine Bluff with the same score. At Little Rock, Ark., Wm. H. Heer scored 98 per cent., while the squad's average for the day was 95½ per cent. Jan. 12 they were entertained at Texarkana, Texas, going from there to Paris, Texas, thence to Denison, Dallas, Fort Worth and Brenham, where they attended the Sunny South Handicap as the guests of the Brenham shooters.

Large crowds came to witness their exhibitions on all occasions, and no one has gone home unrewarded for his trouble, as the scores mentioned above show.

They will continue their trip through the South, which is being arranged for by Mr. J. L. Head and Mr. F. E. Butler, after the Brenham shoot, and will return to Indianapolis in time for the Grand American Handicap.

The shooting performances of some of the members of the squad are as follows: At Fort Worth, Texas, Jan. 16, W. H. Heer out of 50 broke 50; C. W. Budd and F. C. Riehl 49 out of 50.

At Dallas, Texas, in a 100-target event, Jan. 15, the scores in a strong wind were: Budd 90, Marshall 89, Riehl 88, Heer 85, Hubby 81.

At Denison, Texas, Jan. 14, shooting averages were: Marshall 98, Heer 96, Budd 94, Riehl 92, Hubby 88.

At Paris, Texas, Jan. 13, the averages were: Budd 98, Marshall and Riehl 96, Hubby and Heer 92.

Jan. 12, at Texarkana, the shooting averages were: Riehl 95, Marshall and Heer 93, Budd 92, Hubby 89.

At Camden, Ark., Jan. 11, the high averages were as follows: Riehl and Heer 96, Marshall 93, Budd 84, Hubby 79.

Cincinnati Gun Club Banquet.

On the evening of Jan. 19 the members met at the Stag Cafe and enjoyed a supper, and a few hours' pleasant entertainment. The committee having the affair in charge consisted of Mr. H. M. Norris, chairman; Dr. A. B. Heyl and Mr. J. E. Maynard. The following members were present: J. B. Mosby, president and toastmaster; A. B. Heyl, Thos. A. Logan, E. O. Hurd, J. E. Maynard, Geo. H. Krehbiel, Mr. Miles, T. Eveland, Jas. J. Faran, A. Donnally, John W. Coleman, Jos. E. Block, R. F. McComas, Ralph L. Trimble, E. G. Trimble, H. F. Jergens, Oscar H. Grau, W. E. Swift, J. L. Strauss, W. R. Randall, Morris Crawford, W. L. Garber, Jas. McQueen, Louis F. Ahlers, John Falk, H. Van Ness, E. B. Barker, Frank, L. Heffner, Frank W. Holz, H. Osterfelt, A. C. Dick, Anthony Kramer, Henry Rosenthal, F. D. Alkire, Dr. E. H. Thompson, A. K. Andrews, Louis F. Mooner, Arthur Gambell, Chas. Meninger, Jr., G. H. Merkle, Louis J. Merkle, Dr. R. R. Wilkinson, H. Seinsheimer, G. W. Schupler, J. P. Weller, B. W. Weller, Dr. Brooks, F. Beebe, Jos. Coyle, Col. Robt. A. West, H. M. Norris, Milt. Lindsley.

Mr. A. B. Mosby was the toastmaster of the evening. Hon. Thos. A. Logan gave some "Reminiscences of Early Trapshooting in Ohio." Mr. Mosby spoke of the growth of the club, both numerically and financially, since its organization, and of its need of larger grounds. He also urged those members who were not in the habit of visiting the grounds to come out. He then introduced Mr. Ralph L. Trimble as one qualified to draw a comparison between the Cincinnati and other clubs. Mr. Trimble said there were only three clubs in the country, the Indianapolis, Parkersburg, and Cleveland, to be compared with it. He said that the general impression among all shooters is that the Cincinnati club stands first, and all are well pleased with the shooting facilities and business methods of the club. The club officials and Supt. Gambell, by their business methods and attention to all details at the ground, have made the club what it is to-day.

At this point Mr. Joe Coyle made an attempt to deliver a carefully prepared address, but as he uttered the first word, the boys began to sing "It's a horrible death to be talked to death," and his voice was lost in the melody.

Col. Robt. A. West spoke on "Pigeon and Field Shooting." His closing advice was "Never mind the distance, but be sure of your bird."

Mr. H. M. Norris, chairman of the committee, was then introduced as "the gentleman who got you into all this trouble," and responded in a happy vein.

Mr. Milt Lindsley, who manufactured the first smokeless powder in the United States, gave an interesting and instructive account of the advancement of this powder from the invention of gun cotton to the present day. He was associated with Ditmar, who made the first smokeless powder in the United States, and manufactured the powder which Capt. Bogardus used on his trip in England.

Col. West, known to some as "the man who kills 'em with a wagon spoke," explained how that expression came to applied to him. Continuing in a more sober vein, he advocated uniformity in the game laws of the United States, and urged the members to work with this end in view. In order to accomplish this object a large fund will be needed, he said. He believes that doves, migratory birds, should be placed on the list of game birds, and proper open seasons provided. He referred to a bill prohibiting quail shooting for three years, which is to be introduced in the present Legislature.

Mr. Mosby spoke of the inconsistencies of the law which permits the killing of English sparrows in every way except at the traps.

Mr. G. W. Schuler related the amusing experiences of himself and party while duck hunting in the marshes near Peoria, Ill., last fall.

Mr. J. E. Maynard gave interesting reminiscences of early clay bird shooting. Mr. Maynard has been a member of most, if not all, of the clubs which have existed in Cincinnati and vicinity, and shot at the Ligowsky clay pigeon, the first manufactured. He urged that club shoots should be purely a matter of sport, and the money making idea in connection with them should be entirely climinated. He said that this had broken up clubs in the past and would do so in the future.

Other speakers were Supt. Arthur Gambell, on "What I Know about Targets"; Mr. F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O., one of the original members of the club, and Mr. H. Van Ness, who was asked to tell "How it happened."

A vote of thanks was tendered the committee for the entertainment furnished, and the meeting adjourned.

BONASA.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

COLD weather with a strong wind and snow flying in the air a portion of the time on Jan. 23, played havoc with the scores in the Parker prize gun shoot. Williams was high gun in actual breaks with 79. Only two were credited with full scores (handicaps included), Pohlar and Pfeiffer. The attendance was good, about thirty being present, though only sixteen shot through the main event. Not as much practice shooting was done as usual, and before dark most of the crowd had gone home.

Barker and Gambell put a chip on their shoulder and announced that they would shoot any two amateur members of the club a series of ten matches, 100 per man each, 16yds. rise. One race to be shot each week, Saturdays excluded. The challenge has been accepted by Sunderbruch and Medico, and a hot race is looked for.

Mr. S. Leever, pitcher for the Pittsburg Baseball team, was at the grounds to-day. He can't shoot quite so well as he pitches, but he don't do so bad at that. It was hinted that the Goshen, O., Gun Club had an idea they could lift the Phellis cup, and a challenge may be forthcoming very soon.

Maynard was on hand after an absence of several weeks. His hand is getting in good shape, after the surgical operation, and he will soon be able to handle his gun as well as of old.

The scores follow:

Parker prize gun shoot, 100 targets, handicap of added targets:

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Jay Bee	3	12	12	10	8	55	25	80
Herman	11	13	11	14	10	59	30	89
Harig	12	12	13	11	9	57	40	97
Faran	12	9	9	8	15	53	18	71
Maynard	10	13	13	10	12	58	18	76
Williams	14	17	13	18	17	79	18	97
Block	12	13	14	17	14	70	18	88
Linn	12	12	6	17	11	58	25	83
Boeh	12	7	6	9	5	39	40	79
Osterfelt	16	10	10	14	14	64	20	84
Medico	14	11	17	15	11	68	12	80
Bullerdick	12	12	17	11	11	63	30	93
Captain	12	11	12	12	9	56	25	81
Jack	12	9	13	12	9	55	30	85
Pohlar	12	16	16	16	18	78	35	100
Pfeiffer	15	15	16	15	13	74	40	100

Practice:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Don Minto	40	28	Osterfelt	70	41
Leever	105	77	Williams	50	39
Gambell	70	50	Jay Bee	40	22
Ahlers	95	74	Bullerdick	25	12
Barker	70	48	Herman	25	10
Falk	20	13	Block	25	14
Faran	85	51	Medico	35	28
Norris	40	22	Harig	25	17
Underwood	75	50	Linn	15	6
Colonel	80	17			

Cash Prize Winners.

Following are the scores made in the cash prize contest, which closed on Jan. 16, by those taking part in ten or more of the series. Sixty-two members have participated in this contest, but all did not shoot in the required number. The table gives the total number shot at and broken, with per cent. and average distance of those who shot at 500 or more:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.	Av. Dist., Yards.
R Trimble	1200	990	825	21
Gambell	900	722	802	19
Ahlers	750	597	796	19
Medico	1200	946	788	18
Randall	500	394	788	17
A Sunderbruch	900	695	772	18
Barker	1150	880	766	18
Maynard	950	702	739	18
Linn	700	489	698	17
Williams	1000	697	697	18
Faran	1100	764	694	17
Falk	900	621	690	17
McB.	650	448	690	16
Block	950	650	684	18
J B	1050	711	677	17
Jack	900	599	665	16
Capt	700	464	663	17
Herman	900	585	650	16
Ackley	850	534	628	16
A M Norris	500	282	562	15

Ten best scores in cash prize contest. The first column of figures shows the average distance. Prizes in each class are $30, $25, $20, $15 and $10. High guns:

A Class.

	Av. Distance, Yards.											Total Broke.	Per Cent.
R Trimble	21	47	46	45	45	44	44	43	43	43	43	443	88.6
Medico	18½	48	45	43	43	43	41	41	40	39	39	422	84.4
Gambell	19 9-10	45	44	44	43	42	42	41	41	40	40	422	84.4
Maynard	18	46	43	42	41	41	41	40	37	37	36	404	80.8
Williams	17 7-10	41	41	41	40	40	38	38	37	36	36	388	77.6

Class B.

Barker	18½	48	45	44	43	42	41	41	41	41	38	424	84.8
Sunderbruch	18	45	45	44	44	43	42	41	40	40	40	424	84.8
Faran	17 1-5	42	42	41	41	39	39	38	37	36	35	390	78.0
J B	16 7-10	41	41	38	38	37	37	36	36	35	35	374	74.8
Falk	16 3-5	39	39	38	38	37	36	36	35	35	34	367	73.4

BONASA.

Schenectady Gun Club.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Jan. 16.—The first prize at the midwinter shoot of the Schenectady Gun Club to-day was won by Mr. John Sanders; second by Mr. B. B. Hull; third by Mr. H. H. Valentine. The latter gentleman was tied by Adams, but owing to the lateness of the hour the tie could not be shot off, so the win was decided by the toss of a coin.

There were three prizes. The first prize was a valuable cup donated by Messrs. Warnick and Greene; second prize was furnished by Mr. Rice, and third was furnished by Mr. Miller. A strong east wind, a blinding snowstorm and a zero temperature were the weather conditions.

In this 100-target race the members were handicapped by adding percentages of targets broken to their total score. The club was divided into five classes beside the scratch men, who were handicapped from 7 to 35 per cent. The magnificent shooting of Senator Warnick, one of the scratch men, who lost but 8 targets during the mtach, was a splendid exhibition of nerve and good judgment.

The club was honored by the presence of George R. Ginn, of New Haven, Conn., who is remembered pleasantly by the Schenectady delegation who visited Poughkeepsie on New Year's Day.

The Schenectady Gun Club will hold a tournament on Feb. 22.

Below follows the complete score of the match:

	1	2	3	4	Total.
Sanders	7	100	89	6.23	95.23
Hull	15	100	82	12.30	94.30
Valentine	7	100	87	6.09	93.09
Adams	7	100	87	6.09	93.09
Miller	20	100	77	15.40	92.40
Cole	15	100	80	12.00	92.00
Warnick	sch.	100	92	.....	92.00
Jackson	15	100	77	11.55	88.55
Wallburg	7	100	82	5.74	87.74
Ferguson	20	100	74	14.20	85.20
A A Green	sch.	100	85	.....	85.00
Underhill	25	100	68	17.00	85.00
Murday	20	100	70	14.00	84.00
H E Greene	sch.	100	83	.....	83.00
Mead	35	100	61	21.35	82.35
Cruikshank	15	100	71	10.65	81.65
Christopher	20	75	49	.....	.....
Rice	15	75	43	Withdrew.	
Berg	7	25	16	Withdrew.	
Weatherwax	20	75	46	Withdrew.	
Stewart	15	75	58	Withdrew.	

Column 1 contains the percentage of broken targets added to the scores.

Column 2 contains the number of targets shot at.

Column 3 contains the number of targets broken.

Column 4 contains the percentage of targets to be added to the score.

Ossining Prize Shoot.

OSSINING, Jan. 23.—The prize shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, held on these grounds to-day, was fairly well attended, there being twelve shooters on hand. Mr. F. Brandreth secured a win for the rifle and telescope with a score of 19 out of 25. The glare of the snow made shooting somewhat difficult, and the targets were thrown well over the 50yd. line.

Just as the last event was pulled off three cadets from Holbrook Military Academy, Ralli, Slocum and Wickes, came over to try their hands at the game. Considering the fact that they shot with strange guns, their scores were fine.

Events Nos. 1, 5, 6 and 7 were from 16yds.; No. 3 from 21yds., and No. 4, at 5 pairs. Figures after the names denote yards handicap, as applying in prize event.

Please announce in your paper and put date in your "Fixtures" column of a shoot at 100 bluerocks to be held here on Feb. 12 (Lincoln's Birthday). A ten-man team from Poughkeepsie will be on hand that day to shoot for a silver punch bowl given by the president of this club for a series of matches between the two clubs. The first 25 birds in the 100 target match will decide the team race. This shoot will be open to all amateurs. Professionals and trade representatives are invited to shoot along for targets only, shooting will commence at 1 P. M. sharp; $5 entrance, money divided class, 35, 20, 15, 10, 10, 5, and 5 per cent. If five or more professionals shoot a silver cup will be presented to the winner.

Ossining is only thirty miles from New York city on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.. Trains run every hour.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	25	10	5p	10	10	10
G B Hubbell, 16	8	18	9	8	5	..	..
J Hyland, 16	8	17	..	7	8	7	7
W Fisher, 16	4	16	..	..	5	..	..
W S Smith, 14	4	14	..	4	..	..	..
C G Blandford, 21	10	18	..	..	10	10	..
E F Ball, 20	7	18	9	..	8	6	9
D Brandreth, 16	5	15	7	0	5	4	..
F Brandreth, 16	..	19	6	5	6	6	..
W Coleman, 17	..	13	6	7	7	..	..
H Ralli	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
E Slocum	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
A Wickes	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

C. G. B.

Rohrer Island Gun Club, Dayton, Ohio.

THE club held its annual meeting on Jan. 20, a large number of the members being present. Plans for the coming year were made, and the following officers elected: Herman Nohr, President; John Schaerf, Vice-President; Wm. E. Ketle, Secretary; Joseph Hohm, Treasurer. Board of Trustees, Jas. A. Achey, C. F. Miller, Phil Wentz, Jr., Charles Smith, Phil Hanauer. The club will open its shooting season on March 2.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

At Hamilton, Ont., on Jan. 14, the Grand Canadian Handicap was finished. This match, which is the blue ribbon event of Canada, brought out forty-three entries. Each competitor shot at 20 pigeons. There was not a straight score made. Only eight men made 19, all of whom shot Parker guns. In the shoot-off Mr. M. M. Mayhew was first, and Harry Kirkover was second.

At Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 13, in an exhibition shoot, with conditions hard on account of the dark and snowy weather, Fred Gilbert broke 94 out of 100 targets with DuPont Smokeless. This shows conclusively that Gilbert is still maintaining his form in shooting.

"The Cricketers' Almanac for 1904," the forty-first edition, is published by Messrs. John Wisden and Co., 21 Cranbourn street, Leicester Square, London, W. C., England. It contains 492 pages of reading matter, statistical and descriptive.

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For full information call on or address New York offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway, Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent.

Sportsmen's Exposition.

THE taxidermists' exhibit at the Sportsman's show this year will be much more extensive than in any of the past shows. This branch of the exhibit will be of great interest to visitors. Several of the largest taxidermists in the country will exhibit their work and the result of their collection of record heads.

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales have recently received a large consignment of antiques. They consist of Persian broad swords, gold inlaid blades, some plain ivory and others carved ivory handles; daggers, creeses, flint-lock duelling pistols, gold inlaid barrels, flint-lock Turkish rifles, Arabian flint-lock rifles. Among the lot are a pair of rare inlaid Persian vases.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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A COLD WEATHER SUGGESTION.

EVEN in northern latitudes, winter, with its cold and snow, its barrenness of insect life, and its scarcity of grain and seeds, is not without bird life. In the coldest, most blustering day, with the wind and snow, one may often see hurrying over the fields a whirling flock of snow buntings looking like an armful of leaves caught up by the gale. Visible but for a moment, they vanish amid the vanishing snow, but if the eye could follow them they would be seen to plunge down among the tops of some tall weeds which stand above the drift, and after feeding for two or three minutes in a hurried fashion, again take wing and fly to another feeding ground from which a few more seeds may be gleaned.

About barns and outbuildings, and often venturing into the woodshed, a few blue snowbirds seek shelter on bare ground. They are shy and retiring—timid if hastily approached, but quickly gaining confidence when they see no harm intended them.

If the barnyard adjoins wood or swamp, a brood of quail may venture into it during the winter, to feed on the grain scattered for the poultry, and thus to eke out the meagre subsistence which nature provides for them at this inclement season. Indeed, there are cases where the ruffed grouse has dared to associate with domestic fowls at a bird lover's home in the Adirondacks; as in the case recently recorded in FOREST AND STREAM, these birds have come up regularly to be fed by kindly hosts.

The depths of the wood have their feathered inhabitants as well. Over the treetops the red-tail and broad-winged hawks now and then flap their heavy way, while small congregations of noisy crows, which draw a fat living from the shocks of corn left in the field by the careless farmer, are often seen perched on the topmost sprays of the tall trees, or fanning their homeward way at night toward some forest of evergreens. The metallic clink of the bluejay is often heard, a few silent robins lurk in the depths of the swamp, and among cedars and deciduous trees alike troops of chickadees, with a small following of nuthatches and kinglets, work busily along tree trunks, and branches and twigs, prying into the smallest crevices in the bark, and throughout the season eating the eggs and cocoons of noxious insects, which, if undisturbed till next summer, would work woe to the farmer, and to all who depend on his products.

The birds which remain as our winter neighbors are not often seen by those homekeeping folk whose pursuits seldom carry them abroad into field and wood. Yet they are beautiful and interesting, and well worth seeing, and, if protected and their prejudices respected, they may be brought close to the house, so that women and little children may see them as well as hardy men and sturdy boys.

To the winter birds, food is the most important of all things, and if food is regularly offered them they will make daily journeys to the feeding place. Crumbs and seeds will attract sparrows of many sorts. Small grain will bring the quail, the doves, the jays, and the blackbirds. Meat or fat will lead woodpeckers and chickadees and nuthatches and brown creepers and kinglets to become daily visitors to the home, and after they have learned the location of the food, they will continue their visits, even though now and then the supply should be forgotten and the visit be fruitless.

After the food has been put out for the birds, it may take a few days for them to discover it, and one should not be discouraged if immediate advantage is not taken of the proffered hospitality. For the food offered to the grain-eating birds, a place should be chosen which is sheltered and warm, and care should be taken that the supply be not covered up by snow, and that if devoured by the domestic fowls it shall be renewed. It will be found that after the birds have discovered the food, the news of it will spread rapidly, and the number of those which come to eat will constantly increase. For the flesh-eating birds, strips of meat or bits of fat should be tacked up in the trees, and renewed from time to time, but often the red squirrel may discover these supplies before the birds do, and devour them with great relish. It may thus be necessary to choose between feeding the squirrels and feeding the birds, but the farmer usually has little liking for the red squirrel which destroys the corn in his crib in a most impudent and offensive way.

When the birds first come up to feed, they are shy and easily frightened away. Those who discover them at their repast should at first keep out of sight and show themselves little by little, instead of suddenly. It will not take long for the feathered visitors to become accustomed to their hosts, and to regard them no longer as enemies, but as kindly friends.

LONG ISLAND LAWLESSNESS.

REPORTS from Long Island declare that duck shooting has been going on pretty continuously there since the first of January. During much of this time, it is true, the bays have been frozen over, but, on the other hand, there are air holes to which the starved and chilled fowl resort, and where more or less of them may be killed. The bitter weather and the ice on the flats has shortened the food supply, so that the birds have had little to eat, but while many of them have sought open water by going south, there are many others—poor bunches of bone and feathers—that still remain in these latitudes, striving to pick up a living, but spending most of their time either sitting on the ice or resting in the air holes.

Last year, when the bill to prohibit the spring shooting of wildfowl was under consideration by the New York Legislature, Long Island gunners and others made a heroic fight against its passage. It was a losing fight, and the side of game protection won. On the other hand, those who advocated the passage of the bill realized that, as brant stop on the south shore of Long Island only during the spring migration, and as brant shooting is a favorite sport with many men, it would be an added hardship to cut off the spring brant shooting. Therefore Senator Elon R. Brown, who had charge of the bill, expressed to the representatives from Long Island his willingness to so modify the measure that it should not apply to brant, which the Long Island gunners should thus be permitted to shoot in the spring.

With this concession there went—according to our understanding—an implied agreement that the Long Islanders in return should respect the duck law, and should see that it was not violated.

This understanding has not been lived up to. Off Patchogue, Bay Shore, and Islip, there has been much shooting on the bay since January 1, and anyone who cares to visit these towns may listen to the booming of the guns out over the ice, which shows that the miserable skeletons called ducks are being killed in violation of the law.

It may be said that State game protectors should put an end to this; but, on the other hand, Long Island is well named; its waters are large, and it is almost impossible for a small number of game protectors to police them.

We understand that considerable irritation is felt by a number of people over this disregard of the law. Citizens of Long Island feel that either they themselves should shoot, or should stop other people from shooting; while other men, active in game protection, consider that a failure to observe the law is a distinct breach of faith on the part of the Long Islanders. Some of these people even go so far as to urge that a bill be passed forbidding the shooting of brant after January 1, and that a special effort be made by game protective societies to aid the State in enforcing its laws on these waters.

Long Island people, as a rule, have a most praiseworthy respect for law and order, and abide by most of the statutes as well as any community in the world; but many of the bay men and others who have gunned there all their lives consider it a hardship that they should not be permitted to kill the fowl in winter and spring as they have always been accustomed to. Yet this is one of the conditions of our modern American life. Each year there are in the United States more people, less vacant territory fit for the habitation of wild creatures, more guns, more shooters, and so fewer wildfowl, or wild creatures of any sort. We shall all be wise if we do everything in our power to hold our hands in time, before the stocks of the various wild species become so reduced that they can never re-establish themselves.

Time was, as we have recently shown, when the Labrador duck was not an uncommon species on Long Island waters. To-day that bird is extinct, and specimens of it bring hundreds of dollars, if offered for sale. There are other birds that are approaching the danger line, and we shall be wise if, all over the country, we shorten the time during which such wildfowl may be killed.

THE GUN IN PICTURE.

WHILE among artists there are many good sportsmen, there are also many good artists who are absolutely ignorant of everything pertaining to the craft. At the same time, every artist appears to be ready to turn his hand to making a drawing of a duck, a deer, an elk, or an elephant. When, however, it comes down to detail, the pictures which some of these artists turn out sometimes cause those familiar with the creature or the scene portrayed to smile. Such blunders are seen continually in the illustrations of high class magazines and periodicals, as well as in books, and notable examples of this will suggest themselves to almost every reader. We recall a case where an artist of eminence put on an antelope that was running away the tail of a white-tail deer, making a curious nondescript beast, which, however, the legend of the picture announced was an antelope.

The correspondent who last week called attention to the careless way in which artists who do sketches of sportsmen make their subjects carry their gun, performed a real service, and the advice which he gave about handling guns is good.

The first piece of knowledge that should be drilled into the beginner with rifle or shotgun is that this implement is a very dangerous one, and that, under no circumstances, whether it be loaded or empty, should it be pointed at any living object. The way in which one carries a gun is a matter of habit, and it is just as easy to form good habits as bad. By frequently calling the attention of a young gunner to his carelessness in the matter of handling his gun, he can be led to form the habit of never pointing it in the wrong direction, and this habit he will at length come to put in practice without even thinking about the matter.

It is true that there are sportsmen of large experience who are careless about the handling of their guns, but this is no excuse for others being careless, and, indeed, these careless men of experience are often the very ones who find most fault with other people who are careless.

A gun is a dangerous tool and should be handled with extreme care. Accidents are far too common under present conditions, and no words of caution expressed to the inexperienced are wasted. Incidentally it would be a good thing if artists and illustrators who are trying to picture scenes in which guns are used would learn something about firearms and game before attempting to depict them.

THE essential vulgarity of the popular mind is evidenced by its complacent toleration of the vulgar advertising signboards which in town and country alike everywhere confront the gaze, proclaiming the merits of whiskeys, cigars, and soaps, breakfast foods, and pills. The existence of these monstrosities and atrocities in town demonstrates that we have no æsthetic sense; their presence in the country makes a mock of our pretended appreciation of the beauties of natural scenery. Governor Murphy, of New Jersey, has undertaken the task of suppressing by means of proposed legislative measure the billboards which line the railways of the State. We wish him success; but he will find, as other reformers in the same field have always found, that public sentiment rather favors than condemns the gaudy proclamation of quack wares.

THREE bills have been introduced in the New York Legislature to repeal the law passed last year preventing spring duck shooting. The opposition to the present law comes largely from Long Island, with an accession of strength from the central waters of the State. Might it not be the part of wisdom to give the law as it stands a fair trial?



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Captain Sim's Swordfish.

BY GEORGE STORY HUDSON.

"What, never heard tell how Cap'n Sim Coffin harnessed a swordfish and coaxed the brute to tow him to port? That's strange, most everybody has—leastwise, round these parts."

When gear had been stowed below, and decks washed to remove traces of a successful fishing trip out on the Middle Ground, the skipper related to me the particulars of the singular adventure.

"Well, 'twas this way," began the skipper by way of introduction, "Cap'n Sim was a retired whaleman risin' 83, short and thick-set, stubby wool-colored whiskers from his ears down round his chin, no hair you'd notice on top his head, amusin' eyes, and fuzzy brows; that's Cap'n Sim from the ground up. He was the salt of the earth, too.

"'I've ben blowin' round the world,' Sim used to tell us boys when he gave up whalin' first-a-long, 'wallopin' whales till the bottom fell out of the oil market, and prices parted clean in the middle. Then I kedged onto a farm, hopin' to stay put.'

"He built a cottage just back from the beach," the skipper went on, "painted it white, with green blinds and a red roof to match the trimmin's on the runt of a catboat he called the Commodore Perry. Sim set a powerful store by that boat, too, and had named her after an old sawed-off blubber hunter, tied up at Bedford. There was a barn in the shade of the scrub oaks, and the hen yard was a-quiverin' with chickens.

"'It's as trim and fit a place as a man needs,' Cap'n used to say. 'There's the garden truck to feast on, chicken coops that don't need lashin's 'cause the seas don't fill the decks no more. The old hoss trots the gal and me to church and weekly meetin's, and there's no reefin' down and poundin' ice to keep the hooker afloat in a hard chance.'

"Well, one mornin' Si Daggett came in from the grounds with some sizable swordfish. Cap'n Sim, with a plantain leaf under his hat, was a-hoein' in his garden, when Si's sonny trotted over to borrow some sinkers, and told Sim about the fish his dad had took, mentionin' they was the first run of the season. Sonny said to Si, afterward, that the cap'n acted real queer at mention of the swordies, leanin' agin the fence, cogitaty-like. Sonny said he asked was there much of a flurry accompanyin' the killin'.

"Them swordfish set Cap'n Sim to titivatin', and the boys along the beach suspicioned he got out his cobwebby whalin' gear directly Sonny had gone and looked it over. He'd brought it ashore when he quit as master of the old Narraganset, which is a barge now runnin' coal coastwise.

"In a day or so Sim's wife—he called her his girl, everybody else called her auntie, she was that homelike and motherly—was at the steamboat landin' dressed out rave for a visit. Sim always hated to have her go away, be it even for a short visit with the daughters over on the mainland. This time, however, he didn't look so thoughtful when the sidewheeler cast off and headed for the cape.

"Soon's the boat was a decent bit away, Sim climbed into his wagon without stoppin' at the store to hear the doin's. Dust rolled up in clouds from under the wheels he squared for home that smart over the sand roads.

"There's something writ somewhere," the skipper went on, "'bout the spirit of the sea whisperin' to people. The fishin' fleet always reckoned that if Sim ever heard any whisperin' 'twas relatin' to the swordfish Si Daggett ketched backside the island. Anyhow, as it turned out, Sim got a plank of sizable length and built a pulpit on the Commodore. A pulpit, you know, is the platform we stand on for steadiness, to job down at the fish that roll along on top the water when they are asleep or sunnin'.

"Well, as Bill Eldridge was bound over to Tarpaulin Cove a mornin' or two after auntie went away on her visit, he saw Sim pokin' away from his moorin's in the Commodore Perry. Bill's a likely feller to take notice, and he spied a big blue kerosene oil bar'l in the boat's cockpit that took up about all the space.

"'Goin' after your winter's supply of oil?' Bill hailed, soon's Sim got handy.

"Sim hollered back he was goin' on a bit of a cruise and had the bar'l aboard so 's 'twould be handy to stow his catch in should he need it. Bill said the old chap chuckled and appeared real hity-tity as he pointed at the ends of the harpoon poles layin' out for'd along the bowsprit.

"Bill's course," continued the skipper, "was across sound, while the Commodore Perry stood along for outside. There was a pretty stiff wind stirrin', and the Perry's pulpit every now and then skittled through the tops of the seas. It was no small undertakin' for Sim to be handlin' the boat alone out in the picked water, for she steered uncommon awkward in the puffs, and was that hard on her helm she was all the time tryin' to look round at herself. It hurt Bill to see the old chap goin' foreign single-handed.

"When Bill was haulin' round the buoy at the mouth of the cove he met a mack'rel jigger comin' out, and told him what he 'spicioned Cap'n Sim was up to. The jiggers, knowin' Sim so well, at once got their glasses on him for a good look.

"Pretty soon," the skipper went on, "they saw Sim shoot his boat up into the wind, everything slattin', and as they watched, wonderin' iw anything had parted to disable him, Sim laid out along the bowsprit and slid into the pulpit. He raised a pole at arm's length, steadied himself to aim, and then jobbed straight down with all his might. Quick as a wink he came off the bowsprit, clumb along the cabin top and hopped into the cockpit and hove the big oil bar'l overboard with a splash.

"The jiggers were tol'bly sure Sim had struck a swordfish.

"Then it looked as if Cap'n Sim was havin' a peck of trouble, for he in with his sheet and bore down on the bar'l that acted mighty like a can buoy in a tide way. He'd be up for'd then aft quicker'n scat. All at once the Commodore Perry slewed round and headed to the east'rd at a good five-mile clip. Dead into the eye of the wind she was goin', her sail a-tremble, and her sheet trailin' astern, clippin' the tops clean off the cappers. Cap'n Sim had been fiddlin' at somethin' up in the bows, but now he stood aft at the tiller. The blue oil bar'l was surgin' ahead, a mass of suds and foam rollin' up around it. Now it settled most out of sight and then bounded up like a rubber ball. Land o' plenty, but didn't the jiggers stare at the strange carryin's on.

"It was a swordfish that raised the racket, and Cap'n Sim had him fast, sure enough. You see he had jobbed at the sleepin' fish with his iron but missed, but he was so excited he didn't stop to see where the iron landed. Throwin' the bar'l over the side woke the fish up, and he just lunged at it and thrust his sword clean through the staves on both sides. That held him fast, for he couldn't pull his bony beak out of the wood.

"Then the fuss began," said the story teller. "Cap'n Sim had intended to use the big bar'l for a buoy to fasten to his harpoon line, because all his buoys he had at home had got that dry the hoops fell off and they wouldn't stay put. So he had a line fast to the fish just as if he had jobbed him, as he intended. He managed to get the end of his anchor wrap fast to the fish just above the flukes, and then paid out on it so the bitts on the deck of the boat took all the strain. Gettin' a clove hitch around the point of the sword where it stuck through the further side of the bar'l, he had a proper pair of reins that could be saw'd on to turn the swordie's head to starboard or to port.

"The jiggers managed to get alongside, just long enough to ask Cap'n Sim if he wanted to be taken off. He was madder'n a hatter, after all the pains he'd been to in harnessin' the fish, but, you see, the jigger chaps weren't rightly sure just what had been transpirin'.

"Sim recommended them to go 'long about their business; and when he wanted to be taken off he would send his flag in the riggin', as was proper in times of stress. The boys saw he was almost blowed, and his face was as red as a rock cod. They hauled on his wake, after seein' 'twas a swordfish he was fast to, and vowed they'd follow and see it out, bein's fishin' wasn't brisk.

"The course of the Commodore Perry," the skipper explained, "carried her over toward Lucas shoal, where a long patch of broken ground makes off the point just t'other side of Cap'n Sim's house. 'Twas breakin' bad across the reef, bein' no fit place for a small boat to get into, 'specially when she wasn't under control. The jiggers vowed there would be trouble should the fish manage to drag the Commodore Perry on top of the rocks, where she'd go to pieces in a jiffy, her plank, butts and timbers bein' that old and dozy.

"Cap'n Sim was attendin' strictly to his navigatin', and he wouldn't cut the line while there was a chance to save the fish. 'Twasn't his way of doin' things when he went whalin'. The tide had swept him down almost into the rip, when the old chap bowses in on his sheet, lets his centerboard drop, and stands full and by along the edge of the shoal for deeper water. It was hyperin', I tell you, and when the Commodore Perry got a move on she marched right out of the mess a-draggin' the swordfish and bar'l foot by foot into better water. The jiggers said to me after it was all over that Cap'n Sim maneuvered as if he was handlin' a 600-ton ship. He gripped to the tiller with one hand and leaned back to the coambin' to get a strong hold with the other. Foam laced along his lee deck, spray drenched his face and chest, seas smashed over his bows.

"She was a-goin' and the swordfish had to follow and no mistakin' it. 'Twant more than five minutes of that kind of sailin' before Cap'n Sim let his sheet run, up stick and bore round the buoy with a good three fathoms under him. He got for'd to give the half-drowned fish a couple of pokes with an oar to liven him up, and then headed the Commodore Perry into the cove and in the direction of his moorin's, a shorter piece to the south'rd.

"The steamboat from the mainland had been comin' up behind Cap'n Sim while he wass too busy to notice. Cap'n Staghorn was in the wheelhouse wonderin' what the antics of the Commodore Perry could mean. Bill Folger, the quartermaster, thought she must be crazy and didn't mind sayin' so. The passengers shook their heads, and hoped that Cap'n Sim hadn't been sunstruck so's he couldn't sail straight and, moreover, why was he chasin' a blue bar'l that didn't look fit to take aboard for firewood? Somebody was for declarin' Cap'n Sim (they all knew him a mile off) had been secretly practicin' with some sort of a flyin' machine or submarine boat. There were all sorts of guesses.

"Strange to say, auntie was there among the passengers. She was comin' home earlier than she thought, and was bringin' a daughter with her.

"My, but wasn't auntie scared when she saw her Cap'n in such a dangerous muss. All a-trembly, she begged Capt'n Staghorn to put the steamer alongside the boat and take Cap'n Sim off. So the steamboat was headed right down on top the Commodore Perry; but Sim didn't see a thing that was comin'.

"The old chap was lowerin' his sail, thinkin' the fish would surely tow him the rest of the way in, when the brute takes a shy, and lambasted the Commodore Perry right into the bluff of the steamer's side. Auntie screamed and fainted. Lines were thrown, and a boat was ordered over, when out from under the folds of the sail that had fallen on him came Cap'n Sim, holdin' firm to the warp, fast to the fish. Over the bows he went with a splash, his bald head followin' in the wake of the fleein' swordie that had wrenched clear when the shock came.

"Cap'n Sim held on like a good one. He'd been stove more times than one while whalin', and I guess the old chap had his fightin' blood up. I'm not so sure he saw the steamboat at all till he was bein' whisked through the water, and making a bee line for his house on the beach.

"Next thing the people on the steamboat saw was Cap'n Sim haulin' himself along the warp toward the rapidly scullin' flukes. With the steamer close in his wake he finally got to the fish's back, grabbed the dorsal fin and managed to grip the sword where it entered the bar'l, with both hands. There he sat, a-straddle, soakin' wet, but mighty pert, I tell you.

"The upshot of it was that the steamer sent a boat to him, but he wouldn't leave his prize till he had it moored to the stake that his fish trap was hitched to. Then he waded ashore and the passengers sent up a rousin' cheer, auntie laughin' and cryin' all at once. The Commodore Perry had drifted easy on the beach, and wasn't hurt five cents' worth.

"That swordfish weighed pretty near 500 pounds, and Cap'n Sim gave it to some scientific fellows to exhibit in their fish pond over to the Hole," said the skipper, in conclusion.

In Old Virginia.

XVII.—The Up to Date Bird.

A CHRONICLE of this entire outing, recounting the days as they so happily sped by, would probably be monotonous reading, as the sport was, in the main, of the same general character.

There was abundance of variety in each day to the men behind the guns, but three or four weeks of bird hunting cannot be put on paper in an interesting manner by any one else than a genius. Never—even with rapidly maturing pecuniary obligations—has time flown as it did then.

Out early Monday morning, with delightful anticipations of a whole week of sport ahead, it would seem but two or three days until Saturday night rolled around. In the rush I came to feel like the energetic old lady who, to stimulate her too easy-going household, would say: "Stir about now, stir about. Here it is Monday, to-morrow is Tuesday, next day Wednesday, and then comes Thursday, followed by Friday, with Saturday right after—the whole week gone and nothin' done."

Each day found us shooting a little better, and less broken down by the hard going in heavy cover.

The season opening late (November 1), did away with one feature of bird shooting which has always been a drawback heretofore—the finding of immature birds. Not a bird of all the coveys we found but was well grown and full feathered, whereas when the season opened thirty, or even fifteen, days earlier, it was no uncommon thing to find many of the coveys flushed composed of birds not more than half grown.

Then, too, the nesting season had been unusually favorable, and the food supply good, the result being a plentiful supply of well nourished birds. The Virginia bird averages larger than any other quail of which I have any knowledge (unless it be the quail of southern Illinois, which is an exceptionally heavy bird), but this season they seemed heavier than usual. This was especially noticeable in the case of two or three coveys that had a range near by that we often did some business with during my visit.

The most marked peculiarity noticed was the fact that when flushed they flew unusually low. They seemed as speedy as the average birds, but would skim away flying barely above the top of the grass, and incidentally furnishing variety in the shooting line, so far as my quail shooting experience extends.

Generally the majority of birds missed are under-shot, but it is a safe estimate to say that two-thirds of those missed on this trip were over-shot. You cannot adjust yourself all at once to such a radical change as your bird skimming along the top of the grass instead of rising from ten to twenty feet before lining out.

The first morning we found one of these too-fat-and-lazy-to-fly-high coveys was memorable for more reasons than one. In the first place, it looked as though they never would get through boiling out of the thicket of briers on the creek bank where the dog finally found them, after a long search in heavy cover, so many there were. Then the shooting was so easy as the tremendous covey streamed up the hillside on to a level stretch of open pine woods; at least it looked easy. I carefully selected the doomed bird, victim of the right and left, and without confusion or undue haste, over-shot them both.

Surprised, but not discouraged, we followed on, and found them again upon a grassy flat among the pine trees, not in pine thickets, but among large trees sufficiently open for any man to shoot in, and here we had a half hour or more of sport to remember. We made—considering all things—a very poor average, but then there was no uncertainty about the reason therefor, or, in any event, it narrowed down very close, for it was undoubtedly either because the birds did not fly high enough, or else because we did not hold low enough. After I had shot anywhere from six inches to three feet over the first two or three birds, old Roscoe got impatient, and tried to run the next one down, and was crowding it close when he ran over one which flew from behind him, which I killed. This accident encouraged the dog, and he concluded to try me again.

The birds lay close in the heavy matted grass, and were hard to find, but one by one they were put up by the faithful dog, who worked beautifully. Gradually learning the peculiar tactics of these birds, I began to get meat, and found that I was killing well grown, full feathered young quail, and the largest of any I had yet found. I finally began to make my usual average, and even better, for several quite difficult chances were accepted. One of these, a double, was especially good. The dog, while going his usual gait full speed, had struck hot scent and frozen in his tracks on a long drawn out point straight as a gun barrel from tip to tail. When I came up to him, a bird flushed on each side of his head, showing that he had started to run between them, but stopped in time. The birds flushed simultaneously, and went away at about the same angle, so I took the easier shot, the one to the left, first. When I turned to the other it was just slipping behind a tree that was between us, and as its flight was only a slight angle, it was a long shot when it finally emerged to view. Sincerely hoping I would not strain the little gun, I drew close and carefully aimed with the hard shooting left, and at the crack of the gun the bird went into the grass.

Roscoe fairly wagged his tail up to his collar when he brought in the second bird and laid it by the first at my feet, and we were quite jubilant for the time being, knowing that it was well to rejoice in season, for the next bird up might cause a coolness between us. But my luck held, and the next bird—the most difficult shot of all—was killed. It was run over by the dog, who evidently thought about everything was up, and was a little careless, and flew across some thirty or forty yards in front of us. All but invisible as it slid over the top of the grass through the trees, I tried again and again to hold on it, and finally, when almost out of range, and flying through a little thicket of pines, shot where I hoped the bird was, and doubled it up most scientifically.

The Esquire—who was my companion—grew quite enthusiastic. "Tip-top," he cried. "That shot was worth a whole day's tramp to see. You certainly weeded him right out of the thick timber." Ah! a fine fellow was the Esquire, full of kind words and good deeds, and always ready with commendatory congratulations if anything like an opportunity offered, with never a suggestion of the remote possibility of anything but skill, science, and good judgment contributing to your successful shots; but ever ready and willing to expose the untoward and unavailable accident that caused you to miss. May his tribe increase in this vale of tears, and thereby make it a valley of smiles; for verily a little charity is a goodly—and all too rare—virtue.

Sportsmen are, as a class, artists and art lovers, and own pictures of more or less beauty and worth; but they have their rarest art treasures in memory's gallery, and these pictures grow more beautiful as the days go by. The soft lines grow clearer, and the harsh lines fainter when touched by the master hand of time, and by and by a picture that was originally painted hardship, toil, and danger, tones down to a masterpiece called a glorious outing. As the rugged, broken, rock-studded mountains, seamed with dark defiles, and crowned with storm-riven trees, grows soft in outline and beautiful in coloring when seen from a distance, so do the aches, pains, weariness, disappointments, and general hardships of an outing fade out under the gentle touch of time, leaving only the high lights of success, enjoyment, and unalloyed pleasure. But *"revenons a nos moutons,"* for faithful old Roscoe has diligently covered all the ground once more, and is down on another bird—which proves to be the last of the covey.

He found this bird in an open spot, and it lay close while we moved up on the dog and got the lay of the land. I felt sure it would go straight away over the top of the grass, like the others had done, and determined to exercise great care and hold low, and I did so. The bird flushed from under my very feet, and went straight away on an incline of about thirty-seven degrees, the fairest shot a man could ask, and with deliberate care I fired the first and then the second barrel, remembering to hold low, and then stood and watched the bird fly out through the trees, across an open field and into a thicket of pines nearly a quarter of a mile away. I had finally flushed one of the old birds and it did not fly low. Turning round I found the Esquire regarding me in puzzled amazement. "What was the matter?" he finally gasped. "I wouldn't have given a frosted tobacco stalk for that bird's life."

"Well, it was like this," I said, in an effort to be facetious, "as soon as the bird flushed the fact that it was an old one was apparent, and as we did not want any old tough fellows to mix in the lot of young birds we have, I shot under it."

The Esquire was too considerate to say what I ought to have heard then, but later in the day he took occasion to remark, as one under conviction: "For a man who does make hard shots, you can miss some of the easiest ones I ever saw." The justice and truth of which remark I mentally acknowledged without qualification or reservation.

And now, as it is too near the close of this chapter to bring in another day's experience, it may be well, at this time, to relate some interesting observations in regard to the present habits of the Virginia quail, which have undergone marked and radical changes in the past few years. It is something like ten years since I first became acquainted with this bird, and not only by observation, but by reliable testimony of resident sportsmen, I know that its habits have undergone a change. If not found bunched and lying close, or not run on suddenly by the dog, many coveys will run from fifty to two hundred yards, with the dog and hunter following close on, before flushing; whereas they formerly lay close immediately on the near approach of the dog. Then you may flush a covey where you will, and they will fly to the woods, or to a heavy thicket, never to the open fields, as was formerly the case—at least occasionally. Of the many coveys found in all my hunting, never one but went straight for timber—large or small—on the first flush. And they lie much closer now as compared with former times. It was then the usual thing to get up most of the coveys a second time, one by one; now this is very unusual, and often you will cover the ground carefully with a good dog, and not put up more than two or three members of a large covey well marked down.

It was formerly the exception that birds used the woods, now the exception is a covey that uses the open, except to roost in. Their manner of flight has changed, also, for they now swing sharply to the right or left more frequently than formerly, and the covey breaks into small squads. These changed conditions militate against big bags, even to the expert's gun, and the tyro finds his average so low that it is an excursion in higher mathematics to determine it, and "quail on toast" continues to be a luxury.

The cause of all this is found in the number of guns that are daily afield in this section in the open season. The climate is mild, game abundant, and accommodations for the non-resident all that anyone could desire, which attracts each season a small army of sportsmen from less favored points to swell the large number of local gunners that follow the brown bird in Virginia. As a dead bird acquires no wisdom that it can impart, and as the birds are trained and led by their experienced fellows, it stands to reason that many of the gunners have done much shooting that resulted, to the birds, in valuable training along the line of applying the first law of nature.

It was no uncommon thing for us to hear guns in every direction during my hunting, and all too frequently we heard the rattle of a repeater, which is a gun that no self-respecting sportsman should use on birds, unless he limit his load to two cartridges.

Personally I rejoice in the higher education of the quail, and hope he will continue to acquire ways that lead to safety. I like to go after him, and enjoy bringing him in, but the more difficult the quest the more desirable the game.

That night around the evening fire the natives told me of some "snipe" that inhabited the low land down by the creek, and after hearing a description of the so-called "snipe," I retired to dream of that king of game birds, the woodcock.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke opens a chapter in his delightful book, "Little Rivers," with this original paradox: "A great deal of the pleasure of life lies in bringing together things which have no connection." Judged by this standard, I should have derived a vast amount of pleasure from the foregoing chapter.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Notes and Incidents of Travel.

RECENTLY a grayhaired man said to the writer, "I was born in New York city, and have never been further away than Newark, N. J., in that direction, and Stamford, Conn., in the other; that is the extent of my travels." Another man, a grocer, said: "I was born right here, and have never been over twenty miles from home." Neither of these men is rich, nor is either of them poor in the sense of poverty stricken. But poor they must be in a far higher sense or in this age of marvelous traveling facilities they could not have made such statements. Göthe's declaration, "Him whom the gods true art would teach, they send out in the mighty world," may be applied to all the life of man. And so the untraveled man is generally the untaught man, for, as Stoddard says truly, "Expansion, growth, broader experience, and wider charity, these are the fruits of that real travel which is of the mind." In the hope of stimulating the desire for travel, and so of helping others to enjoy its fruits, these notes and incidents are written.

In any journey it is important to travel as much as possible by daylight, and by conveyance that will afford best opportunity for observation. Accordingly we went by the magnificent Empire State express, and stopped off to see Niagara Falls. In the party was an English lady past seventy years old. She had never been over the route before, and the beautiful scenery of the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys, and the rich historical views afforded, gave her constant entertainment, while the speed and comfort of the train enabled her to say on alighting at the falls, "I do not feel at all tired." It is doubtful if elsewhere in the whole country so much historic ground, mid such beautiful surroundings, can be covered with so much ease as in going from New York to Buffalo. Hamilton, Washington, Arnold, and Andre live again as one passes the Palisades, Newburgh, and West Point, while yeoman honor and patriotism, and Indian valor waken delightful memories and fresh appreciation as the train speeds on. The imagination needs not the help of Cooper or Irving to fill the scene with the people and incidents of the past, and poor indeed must be the heart that does not feel gratitude for that past and honest pride in the present. The scenic and historic elements are also inseparably blended.

At the Falls.

Memories of Gen. Winfield Scott and other military heroes are here enlivened, and it is recognized anew that one of the great benefits of travel is that it enables one to realize the truth of history. The writer felt this when, standing on the wall of Windsor Castle some years since, he heard the exultant words of a warden who was serving as guide: "Do you see yonder field of green hard by that wood? Well, that is Runymede!" There the English people wrested Magna Charta from King John, and English history has been more real to me ever since that morning at Windsor Castle. It is always so in travel. History is vitalized—its truth realized. The impressions made by the falls vary with different people as much as the views produced by a poor camera in the hands of a bungler differ from those made by a well equipped and skillful artist. Two incidents will illustrate the extremes. Some years ago one of my friends took a busy manufacturer to see the falls. Knowing the practical, impassive character of his man, the host began at minor points of interest and gradually worked up to a climax at the foot of the American fall. Thus far not a word of appreciation had escaped the visitor. The host began to be stirred up, and turning to the visitor slapped him on the shoulder and asked, "Well, what do you think of it?" Cocking his eye the visitor drawled, "Well, I was thinking what an almighty waste o' power." He would not think so to-day. How different the remark of Prof. ———, who, surveying the scene, exclaimed, "If there isn't a God there ought to be!" Surely, "The works of the Lord are great; sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."

Almost an Accident.

While we were at the falls a lady in another party nearly lost her life by a single misstep. She was at the Three Sisters islands, and in going down a path among the rocks did not notice a turn and stepped off the plank into the rapids. For an instant her dress caught on a projecting willow root, but it was long enough for a gentleman of her party, as he expressed it, to pull himself together and pull her out. She did not seem worse for the experience, but will not again flirt with Niagara.

A day's ride over the Michigan Central brings anew the joy of travel. Quietly seated in the cars we cross the river to Detroit almost without knowing it. The whole journey of life is much the same way. We little realize how much is done for us, and how dependent we are. To the thoughtful mind a well managed railroad is not only one of the greatest conveniences, but an illustration and an instructor in higher things. Feasting the eye by day or resting in a Pullman by night, the careful plans and co-operative labor of others speeds you to your goal. Such is life.

Chicago,

Like most large cities, is "as you like it." Waiting in one of its spacious depots, a stranger said, "My, but ——— street is fierce!" A few words further revealed that he had found what he was looking for—the under world. The writer had seen nothing of that world. But at Lincoln Park he had an amusing experience. In the Academy of Science a few words of explanation to some ladies regarding some of the collections brought forth inquiries about the comparative size and value of Central Park and its collections. The Chicago speaker seemed greatly disappointed when told that the Museum of Natural History in Central Park, and the floral and zoological displays in the Bronx, greatly surpass those of Lincoln Park. But he found solace in the thought that "Chicago is still young. Give her time and she will measure up to New York." Possibly New York may afford an object lesson to many people when in 1909 she celebrates the arrival of Hendrick Hudson three hundred years ago by a fair greater than the world has ever seen. We may be sure that whatever New York does in this direction will be as conspicuous as Mr. Potter Palmer's residence in Chicago. Strolling down the magnificent Lake Shore Drive, and inquiring for that residence, the writer was told, "You can't miss it, for it takes the whole block." To see this drive is worth a trip to Chicago. The city may be "still young," but she has made efforts for the preservation of local history, the cultivation of art, and the promotion of all that is highest and best in life that are in every way creditable. She seems to be drawing inspiration from her own Shakespeare statue in Lincoln Park. On one side of the base we read:

"What a piece of work is man.
How noble in reason.
How infinite in faculty."

On the obverse we see—

"He was not for an age, but for all time—our myriad-minded Shakespeare."

Beyond the Mississippi

One feels himself in a new country. And the further south he is the stranger it all is. Minneapolis reminds one of certain neat and attractive New England cities. The detached and tasty dwellings, the lawns, the shade, and the cleanly streets, give a welcome air of homelikeness. One does not soon lose this feeling as he journeys west from there. But in southern central Iowa the case is different. The country is prosperous, but less tidy. Land has more than doubled in value recently, and with good reason. The abundant crops and the sleek herds of stock give evidence of its capacity. Cornfields a mile long and including some hundreds of acres are eye-openers to an eastern man. Far as the sight can reach the rolling prairie, like a great billowy sea of fertility, stretches out into miles of productiveness, and the fat cattle, sheep, horses, and other stock, prove it is not delusion. A surprise to the newcomer is seen in the "pond" and "cave" on most of the farms. The one is a small pool of stagnant rain water

impounded for watering stock, the other is an outdoor cellar for storing vegetables and for refuge from cyclones.

One of the Pioneers

Was met on the train. He now lives in Washington, D. C., and was on a visit to his mother and other relatives in Iowa. His story was most interesting. Born in Delaware he moved to Iowa in 1849 with his parents. As a boy he did his share of pioneer work. He broke the prairie with a plow cutting a furrow 16 inches wide and 1½ inches deep, the plow drawn by twelve to sixteen steers. To feed his cattle he simply unyoked and turned them loose. The prairie bluestem grew thick in bunches and was higher than a man's head. At one hundred yards a man was invisible. Deer, wild turkey, and prairie chicken were plentiful and helped out the table supply. Except a few chickens these are now gone. In the winter he put on three pairs of trousers, as many shirts and stockings, and drew logs twenty-five to thirty miles for sawing into fence boards. He also drew farm products sixty to seventy miles to market. Pork was then worth 2½ cents a pound, and corn 6 to 8 cents a bushel at the farm.

Seeing a man riding a wheel plow drawn by three horses, the pioneer exclaimed, "He don't walk as I did." Then he spoke of other changes. In his boyhood schools were few and far betwen. After a few prosperous years his father sold the farm and moved many miles in order that the boy might have the advantages offered in an Academy. "Now," said he, "there is a telephone in nearly every farmer's house, he has the benefit of rural free delivery and a daily paper. Children are carried to graded schools in free public wagons, and under this graded system there are better school houses, better teachers, better supervisors, and better results, and all at less expense." After a short period at the Troy Academy, he had enlisted in the Union Army, July, '61, and was discharged August, '65. In all that time he was away from his company only twenty-eight days. How I honored the veteran! He was now 67, and at a familiar station went to the car door "to see if I can see any of the boys. Why, I feel here as if at home."

Another pioneer of Milton, Iowa, was just returning with his wife from a three months' trip in Idaho, Washington, Oregon, and Alaska. He had traveled intelligently, and was specially enthusiastic over irrigation in the Yakima Valley, Washington. He spoke of his trip "out West" as Eastern people do on going to the Mississippi Valley. He had probably seen more.

Southeastern Iowa as seen in going from Ottumwa to Burlington is attractive. The farm-houses are nearly all two-story, large and tidy, the barns are spacious, windmills pump good water for the stock from deep-driven wells, all the surroundings are neat, and the general appearance indicates intelligent thrift. One expects good looking towns and is not disappointed.

Crossing the Mississippi eastward at Burlington, the sportsman's eye is soon attracted to the large number of ducks in Crystal Lake and adjacent waters. He sees many club houses and boats, giving sure sign that the opportunities for shooting are appreciated. The writer longed to make the acquaintance of some of those clubs—and their game—but the "through express" did not tarry, and he could not. New York was reached on time, and the trip was over. But—

"As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me."

JUVENAL.

Rummaging Down the Mississippi.

MR. SPEARS struck some old-time documents in a "deserted village" river town, and, shaking the dust of almost a century from them, exposed them to the interested gaze of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

I am on my way to New Orleans, and in fact am trying to forget that our train is four hours late by writing these few lines as we, while trying to "make up," are constantly running behind, as all late trains do.

I was rummaging in a river town a day or two ago. I walked into an unpretentious art store, and, following the advice given on Wren's tomb in St. Paul's, I looked around. The proprietor was a genial, clever man, and to my query as to whether he had perhaps an "old master" or two tucked away in a dusty corner, he went behind and under his counter and brought forth a seventeenth century Dutch master which he called a Wouvermann. Before I had scanned it even he suggested that perhaps I might tell him whether it was genuine or not. Now, one must be careful in such cases. It is certainly shocking when a man goes to his safe and from a drawer within drawers takes therefrom a diamond only to be at once told that it is paste.

So I turned to my art dealer and asked him if he really wanted to know just what I thought of his prize—in fact, the truth. He said he did, and would be greatly obliged were I to say just exactly what I thought. And then and there I showed him why it was not a Wouvermann, but a copy, and not a good copy at that. And, surprising to relate, my opinion was neither combated nor was it accepted with anything but the best of grace.

"Are you fond of the old school of painters?" he queried.

"I am," said I, "passionately so."

"Well," said he, "there is an old gentleman in town who has about seventy-five old masters of all the schools—Spanish, Italian, French, Dutch, etc. He has a Murillo, a couple of Rubens, a Jordaens, a Vernet, three Salvator Rosas, a Hondekoeter, a Wouvermann, a Turner, and many others that I cannot recall. He has them stacked up in his home and has been a lifetime accumulating them one by one. I know he would be more than pleased to have you visit him and go over his treasures with him. If you would like, I'll give you his address and a card to him." And it was not long thereafter before I was knocking at the collector's door. The card and my statement that I collected such things myself were open sesames for me.

And seated in a sparsely furnished room I saw—faces to the wall and unframed—many canvasses that showed the dust, dirt, and grime of many years. The old gentleman had a way of introducing each painting. He would take it up in his hand with the back towards me and play a sort of Wagnerian motif in words before he put its face towards me. For instance, holding a canvas 30 by 36, he began: "You know Rubens spent some time in Italy." "Yes, I knew that." "Well, whilst there he was influenced by the Italian masters to a certain degree. You will notice that in this painting," and suiting the action to the word he exposed the painting to my sight. "David, the Psalmist," a picture that enraptured you with the first gaze. The drawing and treatment certainly by and of Rubens, but the coloring of a Tintorretto, and I sat and drank in its beauties. * * * And now here come some friends. An injunction is put upon my scratching on the train, and I must quit and swap fishing yarns with them, because to attempt to write further would be simply useless. So adieu to the "old masters" and au revoir.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Natural History.

One-Sided Statements.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wonder why scientific writers are so frequently heedless—even reckless? By scientific writers I mean all who (whether scientists or not) attempt to contribute to our store of general knowledge.

In order to seem impartial, I must correct myself first; and then I beg to be permitted to attack the motes in some of my brethren's eyes.

First—In my first article on the "glass snake," I intimated that the reptile might continue unjointing until "only the head and neck" remained! I meant head, neck, and stomach—it cannot unjoint in or in front of the vital organs and live. I have no excuse for the mistake, saving that, as the creature is so nearly all tail I, for the moment, forgot that it possessed a body with lungs, heart, etc. I have felt much mortified since noticing the error, for I pride myself on my exactness, and desire, above all things, to be considered absolutely reliable.

Second—Some other writer (in some farm journal), quite a long while ago, in praising birds for their assistance to agriculture, in addition to giving them their well-deserved credit for destroying insects, added that they do equal good in eating weed seeds, thus helping to keep these also in check, for "birds never void undigested seeds." If he had said "seldom" instead of "never," I'd have felt better satisfied. They do, most of them (probably all of the seed-eaters), "void undigested seeds" occasionally—often enough and ubiquitously enough to scatter plants into places where probably not many of them would ever otherwise appear. Indeed, I believe they sometimes take seeds purposely as physic. But, "however or wherefore," by their means seeds that are not likely to be carried by other animals nor blown thither by the wind, are planted very thickly, not only in neglected places, high or low, but in well-tilled fields. Nor do I, although a farmer, hold this "agin 'em." Rather I rejoice at it. The up-to-date agriculturist does not consider weeds an unmitigated nuisance. Without them the world would soon become a desert, in spite of man's best efforts to retain the soil—yea, it would never have become the delightful old world it is to-day. True, we don't want to allow them their own way entirely; we must restrain them somewhat; but the labor of keeping them "down" is well rewarded. I do not refer to the benefit of compulsory cultivation, a threadbare and nauseous maxim; they loosen the soil, whether plowed under or left lying upon the surface, help to retain the moisture, and, by their decomposition, enrich and augment the soil. Take the world over, man could not procure nor manufacture fertilizers in sufficient bulk to take their place. But, as if this were not enough, they are undoubted blessings in other ways too numerous to describe. Not the least of their good offices, in my opinion, is their habit of furnishing food and cover for the soul-cheering and beautiful birds that plant them. I fear almost all birds would soon become extinct without them, considering their many and powerful enemies. Then, of course, the weeds would rapidly diminish also (for probably none of them are so vile but some insect can be found to eat them); and so would all cultivated crops, despite man's mightiest efforts with chemicals and implements! A lion cannot defend himself entirely from insects, however he may defy "a foeman worthy of his"—teeth!

Third—But birds are not the only important destroyers of insects, as many writers seem to imply. Bats, toads, and all sorts of reptiles are mighty warriors against them. Besides, they have unrelenting enemies within their own kingdom—spiders and stinging insects chiefly; of whom the hornet is chief of chiefs. If I were asked to name, on my own responsibility, the particular creature most destructive of the greatest variety of insects, I would unhesitatingly and emphatically cry out "the lizard." And the reason I want it to glitter in the public eye in big capitals is because it is such a despised and unappreciated little creature. Men who are disposed to look upon it (like Mr. Hay) without prejudice, are very scarce. At first sight almost everybody fears or hates it. But the careful and just observer soon learns actually to admire and like it. See! it isn't half so much like a snake as you thought! It watches you with one eye and a fly with the other (a snake can't do that). There's a comical expression in the eye covering you, and you soon find yourself amused most agreeably, and wondering what is causing that swarm of flying ants to disappear so rapidly; hundreds of them are creeping out of the cells in that rotten stump upon which the lizard is so merrily bobbing up and down, yet very few of them fly away! Presently you are of the opinion that he must be snapping up several of the insects at every bob of his tireless head; but his tongue (very large though it be) is thrust out and in so rapidly—if the weather is hot, the hotter the better for the lizard—that you will seldom see it. And, unless frightened off, he will keep up his work so long that you will avow he has swallowed ten times as many as any bird of his size could have swallowed in twice as long a time! Unlike the snake, his digestion is so rapid that he seems never to need to stop and wait for either appetite or capacity! And if you will let him go fishing with you, you will find that he is able and willing to defend you from flies or mosquitoes better than any other creature of any size—in daytime; at night you'd better cultivate the friendship of bats!

But this is the common gray lizard, the boldest and most sun-loving of the family, and if your favorite fishing haunt is dark with shade, I'd commend to you the chameleon-like *Anolis,* which is timid in unbroken light, and prefers shady shrubbery to sunny stumps. It is commonly a bright green, but I warn you that it may change suddenly to "old gold," bright, velvety brown, or a fiery red! This I consider the most remarkable of all our lizards. I sometimes call it "the flying lizard," because, whether with the aid of the crimson membrane at its throat (serving as a parachute) or otherwise, it sometimes executes the most prodigious leaps, or flights, from one bough to another, fearlessly alighting, maybe, on a single leaf that looks too frail to support the weight of a grasshopper.

Though a lively enemy to grasshoppers, he is perfectly harmless to man (this being true of the gray lizard also, which is often spotted like a rattlesnake, and the striped "racer," which is called "scorpion" by the superstitious), and deserves to rank even higher than birds in our estimation. He is not likely to be considered a grain or fruit "thief" even by the stingiest farmer, as he lives entirely, so far as I can find out, upon insects. The gray and green varieties, after being gently handled a few times, lose all fear of man, and will work wherever they are placed, if they have sufficient light and warmth, and no birds or fowls are in sight. They fear all birds, from the hugest gobbler to the tiniest hummingbird. Yet, so keen, quick, and unerring is their eye, I have never known one to mistake any butterfly or moth, however large or near-by, for a bird.

Our little nephew, Chester M., claims all the lizards on the farm—and in the forest, too—and will not allow even his dearest dog or cat to kill or worry one if he can interfere in time. He often brings them into the house and puts them in the windows to catch the flies. He is now nearly seven, but began petting lizards when about two. He is not one of your "morbid" kind; he has a natural and wholesome fear of snakes, but evidently sees no resemblance between them and lizards. He knows more about the latter than does many a man with a reputation for knowledge and culture.

Fourth—Someone has lately published the startling statement that "The lower animals have no sense of humor or play; true, kittens and puppies frolic a little, aimlessly and mechanically; but only human beings really play." I ought not to include this in "one-sided statements," perhaps, for from my viewpoint it is wholly error. And I sadly recall that I also—long ago—made a statement, in a paper with a very large circulation, that seemed to imply that I considered animals lacking in imagination. But I was arguing that man's imaginative power (instead of his mere material knowledge) formed the real basis of his supremacy over brutes; and I still adhere to that, but must insist that there can be no reasonable doubt that brutes do possess imagination and humor, although in less degree than man does. Not a few species, merely, but nearly all animals are playful when comfortable and free; and not only while in infancy, but often in full maturity, and occasionally even in old age. Some of them show quite respectable cleverness and ingenuity in their comic representations, stratagems, and deceptions; and successfully affect, or mimic, all the emotions common to man—rage, fear, bravado, joy, surprise, grief, shame, disgust, indifference. I can't understand how any close observer can doubt any of this. I hope to illustrate all this most convincingly in the series of animal stories I am at present undertaking—stories of "real life," too.

The chief cause of so much ignorance concerning animals is a "race prejudice;" there are many men—religious ones, too, more's the pity!—who seem to think it necessary to belittle animals in order to prove man's possession of a soul, and to emphasize the divinity of the Bible, and to excuse themselves for killing animals! Now I, a Christian—and a minister, too, if that counts—see no such need, and wonder day and night how any conscientious person can be so absurd. Man may be better or worse than a brute. At the creation God pronounced them all "good!"

L. R. MORPHEW.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark.

"Not Science."

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE papers of Portsmouth, N. H., report the Rev. Wm. J. Long as recently lecturing there before the Grafort Club on "Animals and Animal Life." One hestitates to attach much weight to any newspaper report of what a man says, because the best of them may err, and the worst are sure to, but in the present instance the report is of so extraordinary a nature that it is certain some one has blundered, and it seems our right if "not to question why," to find out who has done it. If Mr. Long had not written over his own name so much natural history that, as he is reported to say, "is not science," and one has merely to cite his statement several times repeated in "K'dunk, the Fat One," recently published in the Outlook that the glowworm and the firefly are one and the same creature, we should lay this unhesitatingly to the reporter.

The newspaper (I suppose it is the Portsmouth Chronicle for Jan. 21, but the slip is sent me without date or heading) says: "He advanced the idea that they [animals] know no such thing as mental or physical pain, and that their existence is care free and happy." Now, while no one knows all that passes in the mind of an animal, it seems but fair to judge them by the same standard that we apply to a child too young to talk. When a child cries for its mother we admit that he feels mental pain; but who has not heard people say when a dog whines or howls when taken away from his home, "He is crying for his master?" Who has not heard a dog howl by the hour in a most lonesome, heart-broken way when the family are away, and he is left alone? Does he not feel mental pain? A young beaver will cry for its mother almost exactly as a child does, and for the same reason.

Now, as to physical pain. When you tread on a dog's foot why does he yelp if he feels no pain? Why does a rat squeal when the trap pinches? Why does a bear, when first trapped, often howl so that he can be heard half a mile away? Why are whips carried by drivers of horses if the animal can feel no pain? What man who has ever gunned our northern rabbits (hares) who has not heard them cry when wounded? I believe that every one who has ever had anything to do with animals knows that they feel pain just as men do, although the same cause might not in some animals produce the same degree of pain.

Again Mr. Long is reported as saying: "Animals are unable to recognize death." If this is so, what becomes of the many well authenticated instances where men's lives have been saved when attacked by animals because they were supposed by the animal to be dead? Who has not known of dogs showing plainly that they knew when their master was dead? Not only this, but I have known of animals showing sorrow for the death of other animals. Cows often show sorrow when the calf has been killed. I once knew a skunk whose young had been killed to come back and carry their little bodies, one at a time, a long distance to a spot where she could have her dead to herself. I have myself seen three separate cases where, when mink were in log traps, other mink had carefully covered their bodies with leaves and moss. As it is not the nature of the mink to hide or bury for future use, this would seem to indicate grief for the dead.

Again, the paper goes on to say: "The scientist," said Mr. Long, "will classify the oyster and the crab, but the lover of nature goes into the subject deeper. When the soft-shelled crab loses its shell it goes to the oyster, and the latter, instead of crushing it, as it would any other substance, opens its shell and admits the crab. When the crab wishes to leave its hiding place it goes to the mouth of the shell and the oyster, feeling it there, again opens its shell and permits it to leave. This would be repeated many times. Mr. Long believed that the existence of a deep feeling of friendship between the oyster and the crab was conclusively proved. This, he said, in dismissing the subject, is not science, but life."

Mr. Long is certainly correct in saying that this is not science! As the soft-shelled crab sold in the markets is the blue crab (*Callinectes sapidus* (Rathbun), *C. hastatus* (Simpson)), which has shed its shell, they cannot well shed their shells a second time to excite the sympathy of the oyster. If they had not already shed their shells they would still be the hard-shelled "blue crab." Moreover, they are so large (averaging almost six inches across the carapace) that no oyster could shelter one even if he should vacate his shell for the purpose. The crab which does live in the oyster's shell is the little oyster crab (*Pinnotheres ostreum*), which one sometimes finds in oyster soup. The female of this crab lives in the gill cavity of the oyster as a mess-mate, the male swimming free. The female enters the oyster when it is in the megalops stage, and remains there permanently, thus doing away with the pretty fiction of not needing a latch-key when it goes in and out of the oyster's house. The feeling of friendship is probably about the same as that which exists between a dog and a flea, or a bot and a horse. I am glad to agree with Mr. Long on one point—that what he says is not science. But it is also not truth.

M. HARDY.

Flight of the Flying Fish.

THE question how does the flying fish fly, has often been asked, and many replies have been made to it. A recent paper in the English Annals and Magazine of Natural History, by Capt. Barrett-Hamilton, records the results of his observations on the flight of the true flying fishes (*Exocœtus*), which are interesting. The writer's belief is that in these fishes the great fins which act as wings are never moved as organs of flight. "They may vibrate or quiver, under the action of air currents or the shifting of their inclination by the fish; but the whole motive power is supplied by the powerful tail. The wings are a parachute to augment the action of this propellor. Their motions are in no way comparable to those of the wings of a bird." In other words, these broad fins act on the principle of the æroplane, and the bird is supported on the air as it scales along, for the most part horizontally. This so-called flight is thus analogous to the "flights" of the flying squirrel.



Two Familiar Characters.

AMONG our acquaintances there are two men whom we see so often, and who are so familiar to us that we seldom stop to consider that they are the ones who are largely responsible for the failure of the people of this country to secure the preservation of their forests, fisheries, and game.

One of these persons is the man who measures everything by the good it will do his own pocketbook, or whether it is good to eat, drink, or wear, or fill any of the wants he may happen to feel. For what is interesting or beautiful in nature he has no perception. He never notices a tree or a piece of woodland, unless to estimate the number of feet of lumber it contains, or without a desire to get at it with an ax. He considers himself a very practical man. Of course he is in hearty sympathy with the parties who wish to convert the big trees of California into lumber, for of what use are they as they are now? If there is any spot in his neighborhood of sufficient natural beauty or interest to induce people to visit it, he places a large sign advertising the article he manufactures in the place where it will disfigure the landscape the most.

He is a good business man, and he may be kind-hearted and generous, but you cannot interest him in anything which does not bear a trade-mark consisting of a capital S with two vertical lines drawn through it. If you are foolish enough to make any such attempt, his invariable remark is, "I don't see what is the use of it." And he really does not see. He is so narrow-minded that he cannot understand that he is not the most liberal and broadest minded man in the world.

The other person is very different. He is bright enough. His difficulty is pure unadulterated selfishness, and his invariable question is, "What difference does it make to me?" If he does not care about shooting, he is opposed to game preservation because it will do him no good; if he does care about shooting he opposes it also, for he thinks the game will last out his day, and what happens after he is gone will make no difference to him. He does not believe in Government parks such as the Yellowstone or the Yosemite, because they are a long way off from where he lives, and he does not have the opportunity to visit them. He looks out for number one first, last, and all the time. Do not waste your time and breath trying to arouse his public spirit, for he has not got any.

Both these types are so numerous—they live in every city, town, and village in the country—that they are responsible for a great deal of harm, or at least negligence. It is because they are such a large class that many of the abuses which go on year after year are allowed to continue. We blame the market hunter for his wholesale destruction of game. We blame the game wardens for negligence in enforcing the laws, and the judges who persistently refuse to punish offenders guilty of violating them. None of them get more blame than they deserve, but they are not the only guilty parties. The man who says "Oh, what's the use?" and the man who says, "What difference does it make to me?" have been as much the cause of the extermination of the buffalo and the rapidly approaching extinction of many of our birds and animals, as the hide-hunters and market-gunners themselves.

It is such people as those we have just described that are making it possible to have the passage of the bill creating the Appalachian Forest Reserve put off from one session of Congress to another, until the lumbermen have stripped the entire area of its forests. Then they will graciously allow the Government to purchase it. It is largely the fault of our two friends that the spring shooting of wildfowl is still allowed to go on in most States. The people that actually commit and profit by such abuses are few, and they alone fight to be allowed to continue them. It is the indifference of the many that enables them to succeed. This indifference is but little better than actual participation in the offenses, for it is the only thing that makes it possible to commit them.

Wyoming Wolves.

WELLS, Wyoming.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Carney's remarks as to bear coloration reminds me that I never could make up my mind whether our bear here in the Rockies (other than the grizzly) were a black or a brown bear. They run all colors from a light yellow to black, and it is a rare thing to see a litter of cubs all the same color, or of the same color as the mother. I have seen but one such case, and that was a black she bear with two black cubs. Grizzlies also vary greatly in color, and I have seen some that were almost brown, but the long straight front claws of the grizzly are a distinctive mark. The black or brown bear has short, curved claws on the front feet. Grizzlies also have the inner fur darker than the long outside hair, while with black or brown bears it is the other way. I have seen bears that looked perfectly black, but on parting the hair have found the under fur brown. A silver-tip is nothing but a grizzly with dark under fur, the long hairs being tipped with gray. Nearly all grizzlies from a timbered country are silver-tips, while those from the open country have poor, ragged fur, and are much lighter in color—a grizzly gray.

We are now beginning to see the effect of the enlargement of the Yellowstone reserve on the game. One effect is that wolves, big and little, are increasing very fast. I have been chasing a big wolf which got away with a No. 4 trap and a twenty-pound clog, for the last three days. He cut the clog off all but about six inches, and being caught by but one toe, as I afterward found, could travel very well. He had two days' start, and three other wolves were with him all the time. They never left a tract a couple of miles square, and I learned a lot about wolf nature that I never knew before.

When I came up with the trapped wolf it was in thick jack pines, and I had left my horse. Finding that I could not outrun the wolf on foot, I started the dog after him, and went back for my horse. When I got back the wolf had jerked his toe off and Brig had him stopped in an open park. But in riding up my horse stepped in a hole, and we plowed a foot and a half of snow for twenty feet or so. By the time I found out where I was at the wolf had got to the timber, and the other three coming to his help, whipped Brig out, and he came back. By the way, Brig is the father of Turk, the fighting dog that Mr. Roosevelt tells about in the story of his lion hunt with John Goff. In his younger days Brig could whip any three-legged wolf, but he is old and stiff, and most of his teeth are gone, so he didn't have a fair show.

There is no doubt but that the reserve will become a breeding ground for wolves, coyotes, and cougar, and thus lead to greater friction between the reserve officials and the stockmen, and this friction is bad enough already, and has resulted in a demand by the Governor of the State for a change in the management.

As regards other game, the reserve is a benefit. Elk and deer are increasing, the elk being up to the limit of the winter range. It is hard to say about the mountain sheep. Last season (1902) I thought that there had been a great decrease, but this year I found out that the sheep had left the higher ranges and were down in the timber right among the deer. In our hunt we found many deer and elk above the sheep, and never saw a sheep above timber line but once, when seven ewes went above the trees for half a day. And in the same country that we hunted in 1902 without success we found a reasonable amount of sheep, and got a good head, and could have killed more had the law allowed. The best sheep heads are away back in the Wind River Range. But no one should tackle them unless he has plenty of time, because the country is very rough, and other game scarce.

WM. WELLS.

The Adirondack Deer.

As a person interested in the reasonable protection of game, both for the present and, at least, the next generation, and in "true sportsmanship"—and further as one who has noticed the virtual extermination of game in some parts of the United States, and has some property in the Adirondacks—I beg your permission to state some facts which have come under my personal observation regarding deer hounding and still-hunting, in reply to the article in your issue of January 23, entitled "Adirondack Deer Hounding."

The writer of the article suggests a basis of general agreement, viz., "a deer hunting law which will give the greatest amount of sport to the largest number of people consistent with the protection of the deer." I would only add "consistent with true sportsmanship," and "permitting of some increase in the number of the deer."

The addition of the words "consistent with true sportsmanship" has a very important bearing upon hounding, as it was generally practiced in the Adirondacks, and it is also true that such hounding did greatly tend to reduce the number of the deer, in two ways. Let me give one or two practical illustrations:

My experiences in the Adirondacks date from over twenty years ago. My first experience was with a hounding party. I had been standing on a runway, and my companion came up and said, "I have just murdered a deer in that lake." His description of the helplessness of the deer in the middle of the lake, pursued by himself and his guide in the boat, was so vivid, and his use of the word "murder" seemed so appropriate, that I then made up my mind that I would never so kill a deer, unless it was absolutely necessary for food.

During my second trip this matter was more fully illustrated. We had just pitched our camp on the lake, then called Albany, and though without hounds (our fine Lewis county guides did not believe in hounding either) had already killed one deer. The next day, looking out over the beautiful lake, we saw two men rowing, or paddling, after a swimming doe. They, of course, easily caught up with her. It was then in their power to shoot her with a gun, or a revolver, to cut her throat, or hit her over the head with an oar, but they did neither. They caught her by the tail and ducked her head under until she drowned.

My friend thought his shooting of the helpless deer at close quarters in deep water was "murder," and all sportsmen will agree with him. What was this drowning? It demonstrates, at least, the helplessness of a deer in deep water pursued by a boat, and the entire absence of true sportsmanship in this character of hunting.

It may be said that the above are exceptional cases. The second may be, but the first, unfortunately, was commonly practiced by many people who frequented the Adirondacks, and was even encouraged by men who leased, for short periods, small inns and hunting lodges for the profits arising from the accommodation of guests, and by certain guides. The slaughter of deer in this way was very great. The lessees did not care for the future of the country, or the deer, and the guides only considered present profits, not realizing that their future, as guides, depended upon there being deer in the woods and fish in the streams. A guide, I know, who once indulged in these practices has since seen his error and has become one of the strongest opponents to hounding in the North Woods. He now says: "One live deer in the woods is worth ten dead deer to me."

We decided to make a trip from our camp on Albany to see what was going on at the neighboring lake, as there were hounds in the woods every day. We found one of these little inns with half a dozen guests, and there were seven dead deer hanging in the woods (some of them spoiling) near the inn. They were putting out some six or eight hounds every day; the guests taking positions on the various lakes, or bays of the larger lakes, in boats with their guides. When the deer took to deep water in any of these lakes to avoid the hounds, he was—what shall I say?—"killed" or "murdered!"

The above is a fair specimen of the hounding of deer on lakes in the Adirondacks, and of the number so killed and wasted, and this occurred on many, many lakes, alas!

I do not mean to imply that all hounding is unsportsmanlike. Not at all. In many kinds of hunting it is necessary, and was practiced in the Adirondacks by some hunters in an entirely sportsmanlike manner. They took stands near a ford on some little river, or on a runway, and they used rifles, never shotguns. The number of deer killed in this way was comparatively small. I do mean to say, however, that if hounding is permitted in the Adirondacks, these unsportsmanlike practices cannot be prevented and, with the present greatly increased facilities of getting into the woods, the slaughter of deer would be so great that the number of deer in the woods would rapidly diminish, and the greatest sport for the largest number would last but a short time.

Hunters the world over have found that local interests are often careless, and look to immediate profits and advantages, that the protection of game by law is necessary to prevent its virtual extinction, and that proper protection gives the greatest sport to the largest number in the long run.

I wish to briefly mention two other matters relating to hounding and protection, and possible increase of deer, and to still-hunting:

Independent of the inevitable slaughter of deer where hounding is permitted in a country abounding in lakes, many experienced woodsmen believe that the running of deer by hounds seriously interferes with the does and prospective fawns; that hounding cuts both ways. From my own observation (this letter is too long to permit of further details), and my hunting has not been confined to the Adirondacks, the absence of hounding tends very greatly to the increase of the deer, and also to their comparative tameness and approachableness, making still-hunting much easier and, therefore, to be enjoyed by a larger number of people.

I know that I voice the feelings of true sportsmen, and of a large number of men who have property interests, or reside in many parts of the Adirondacks. Thoughtful consideration can but lead to the very general approval of the views set forth above, as they are not only in line with true sportsmanship, but will, in the long run, prove advantageous to the guides, permanent residents and regular visitors. Good hunting will hold the old frequenters and attract new visitors who will otherwise go to other parts of the country or Canada, where game is carefully protected, and the hunting (becoming) much better.

Keep the hounds out, let the deer have a chance to increase, and we shall not only enjoy better hunting ourselves, but we shall leave some for our children.

Nat. Henchman Davis.

Cincinnati, Jan. 25.

Canton, N. Y., Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season is now open for game law tinkering. I see that a few who are interested express their opinions, hopes, and desires in Forest and Stream, and will, with your permission and assistance, join the slender crowd.

First, is any amendment necessary? If not, why not let it alone? If change is needed, why, and what should this change be? If the supply of game is being maintained, why curtail the privileges of any person to kill? How can you tell whether the supply is being maintained or not? You cannot, except in a general way. If our chief warden keeps tab on all sorts of reports and information from year to year he can strike a sort of general average. More than this no one can do, as deer drift about. How far they drift I do not know, but I know that often a fresh track cannot be seen in a neighborhood where a few days previous the ground was cut up like a sheep yard, while one mile or five away the conditions will be reversed.

We legislate for the hunter, not for the deer. One hunter wants to kill early in the season. I do. I want to take my family to camp any time from August 15 to September 1. I want to kill a deer, hang it in the ice house, and loaf around until it is eaten. Then, if the party is large enough, I like to get another and do the same way with it. Then come home. I seldom bring any venison home. Now and then perhaps a piece to a friend who cannot go for it himself. I have not jerked a pound of meat in many years. I never sold any in my life. There are those who like to sell enough to at least pay a part of the expenses of the trip. There are others who wish to go to the woods later on. A jolly party of men, and they like to kill and eat, and then bring home one or two deer each. They want a late season to get a tracking snow. They will tell you that meat will spoil in September. Sure it will if not taken care of. But why not take care of it? Even if you have no ice you can keep it ten days if you but use a little care. How? Skin your deer, hunt out a dry place between the roots of some good sized tree, scrape away the leaves down to hard ground, spread your hide flesh side up on it, sprinkle a little salt over the hide; next cut the meat off the bones in pieces about the right size for jerking, toss them on to the skin, sprinkle the meat with salt, just enough for cooking purposes, draw the edges of the skin up around the meat, being careful meanwhile to have kept the flies off; be sure that only the flesh side of the skin touches the meat, tuck all the edges in with care, so no flies can get through, cover with moss, three, four, or even six inches deep, cover this with boughs, then with a bit of bark or sticks, not too heavy, but enough to keep the boughs and moss in place. Go to your cache in a week, and if you do not find your venison perfectly sweet (even though the skin may be spoiled), your experience will not be mine.

Schools begin about September 1. The law already cuts off teachers and students and parents whose children attend school. I send my school children home to board with the neighbors until the madame and I return. If you shorten the open season by cutting off the early part, you shut out everybody except the hardy men who like the chill November weather. That you can preserve the deer (if that is the object) by cutting off the November hunting, there is no doubt. The question is, is it necessary, and is it fair toward that class of hunters? I will not attempt to answer the question.

There is yet another class of hunters; one or more have spoken in your columns. These are the men who live on the borders of the woods, say within its borders. A large majority of these residents are honest, hard working men who seldom or never hunt. Now and then, mostly one or more in every backwoods neighborhood you find the exception. No use to legislate for him, for he goes his own way, and hunts whenever he pleases. In the legal open season he hunts openly, and sells his meat. During the close season he is close mouthed, and the game warden who catches him is a dandy. Perhaps he ought not to be caught. If he and his family endure the hardships and privations of the woods, maybe his violations of game laws ought to be condoned. Mostly it is, for it is pretty hard to convict him except on the most positive evidence.

In your last week's issue I notice that a gentleman from Essex county advocates a return to hounding. He asks that if the whole State does not want that, that certain counties, among them St. Lawrence, be given such a law. Since when, I would like to ask, has the gentleman from Essex been given authority to speak for the hunters of St. Lawrence? If he will but search the records of the St. Lawrence county Board of Supervisors, he will find that they prohibited hounding (under power given them by State law) long before the entire State became non-hounding. He will find that the first non-hounding law for the State was introduced by Gen. N. Martin Curtis, then a member of Assembly from St. Lawrence. He did it by request of a very large majority of the hunters of St. Lawrence. A year later the law was repealed, but at our special request St. Lawrence was excepted, and we have never had a hounding law since, and we never will if we can prevent it.

After St. Lawrence had a non-hounding law for a few years—the rest of the State meanwhile using hounds—we were overrun with hunters from other counties because we had deer while they had none. And I think if the gentleman from Essex could make the law (excluding St. Lawrence) he would be up in St. Lawrence looking for venison within the next five years. We will keep the dogs out, and if he does come he will find deer. I fancy, however, that there is very little danger of a hounding law.

J. H. Rushton.

Mr. Clarence L. Parker, of Norwich, N. Y., has addressed a letter to the Forest, Fish, and Game Commission relative to proposed changes in the New York law, in which he says, regarding Adirondack deer hounding:

Essex county's Board of Supervisors has passed a resolution asking the Legislature to allow the use of dogs for driving or hounding deer in that county. What effect and results can be expected in case it becomes lawful to use dogs for such purpose in Essex county?

It will largely counteract the good results already obtained by the law making the use of dogs, for these purposes, illegal in the Adirondacks. It will help educate sentiment and public opinion for game protection and preservation in the wrong direction. It will be a large and harmful step backwards. Even allowing the use of dogs to run, drive, or hound foxes and rabbits will be harmful, for it gives an excuse for keeping dogs in the woods, and it follows that the temptation to drive or hound deer will be added to and actually done.

The State paid out thousands and thousands of dollars to get the wolves out of the woods. One cur dog will kill more deer in a year than a wolf in its lifetime. A wolf only kills to eat and satisfy its hunger; a dog kills for slaughter all he can reach, same as "sheep-killing" dogs do.

How about our large game—elk, moose, caribou, blacktail deer, etc.? Our State has bought and set at liberty some of these; public spirited gentlemen have furnished many more, and there is good reason to expect that, with proper and adequate protection, the Adirondacks may again become stocked with large game.

Give the right to use dogs for driving or hounding deer, even in one county in the Adirondacks, and it will largely, if not entirely, in the end destroy the expected increase of large game. One cause not always recognized is the large number of does which go "dry" or "barren" each season from the effect of having been chased and disturbed by dogs in the rutting season.

A deer which has been dogged, hounded, or driven by dogs until it is heated and tired out will plunge into a river or lake, where it is generally killed by those who wait to shoot it. Sometimes it is headed off from the shore by men in a boat and shot, or clubbed to death with an oar, or has its head held under water and drowned, or caught by the tail and its throat cut.

It seems none of these ways of killing appeal to us as fair or sportsmanlike; besides which the venison is not only unfit for food, but is poisonous and detrimental to health. If our butchers run, or worried, or heated beef and mutton in this way and sold it to us, we would take action against them in our courts.

Public opinion in the Adirondacks and through the State has been educated to a point where it approves laws which prohibit the sale of trout, partridge, and woodcock; also the prohibition by law of shipping the same, unless accompanied by parties who own them, and then in limited numbers and quantity only.

These laws, with the shortening of the open seasons, with not allowing jacking, killing deer at salt-licks, or the use of dogs to drive or hound deer, have resulted in a large increase of native deer in the Adirondacks, and of all these it seems quite evident that prohibiting the use of dogs in that section has been most conducive to this large increase.

The writer has had over twenty-five years' experience in the Adirondacks, has also had experience in the Southern States and in the Rocky Mountains, and in the Alleghany Mountains, as far back as the year 1867.

From personal knowledge and observation, as well as from the lips of experienced men in camp, town, and village, he can state there are more deer, many more, now than twenty--five years ago in the Adirondacks.

He believes no backward steps should be taken, no restrictions removed, and nothing in any way done which will tend in the least to retard the satisfactory increase of our native white-tail deer in our State; nor that will help to again exterminate the large game in the Adirondacks.

If one county allows the use of dogs it will cause much trouble, litigation, and shooting of dogs. Neither men, as a rule, nor the game, or the dogs know where the county lines are, and care less, as a rule, when at such so-called sport, and in the adjoining counties which do not allow hounding or driving with dogs the officers and those who oppose the use of dogs will be on the lookout to cause legal trouble and to shoot dogs.

Some Alaska Moose Heads.

Peace Dale, R. I., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago, about last November, you reprinted an extract from a Tacoma paper giving an account of moose heads brought down from Alaska this fall. As that was very incorrect I inclose a more complete list of those from the Cook's Inlet country.

Seven parties were hunting on the Kenai Peninsula for moose this fall, two of Americans and five of foreigners. The heads they brought out were as follows, as the Government allows but one moose head to a hunter to be exported:

Messrs. Fobes and Hazard, who hunted with the guide Emil Berg west of Kussiloff Lake, a 74¼ and a 72-inch head respectively.

Mr. Handburry, with the half-breed guide, Philip Young, from the same district, a 71-inch head

Mr. A. J. Stone, with the guide John Kilpatrick, from Kachemak Bay, a 70-inch head.

Lord Elphinstone and Mr. Vanderbyle, who were with the Indian guide, Bill Hunter, on the second Kenai Lake, had a head of 44 points and 68-inch spread, one horn having a double row of points—shot by Lord Elphinstone—and a 69-ich head by Mr. Vanderbyle.

The others, except Dr. Maurer, who had a small head took out heads from 66 to 69 inches.

Captain Radcliff bought for the British Museum a head shot last year (1902) by Andrus Berg, which he had measured 77 inches, but we only made 75 with a steel tape this fall. It was a twisted, irregular head. The four heads over 70 inches were all quite regular, with good palmation. Mr. Hazard's 72 had a 20-inch palm and 40 points.

Mr. Handbury weighed his moose by cutting him into small pieces, and found him 1,576 pounds.

J. W. Fobes.

The Ducks and the Cheese.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read a communication in your January 16 number, by Mr. Charles Cristadoro, under the caption "High Game." Mr. Cristadoro, whose articles are always read with relish, ends this one with a curious statement to wit, that an empty can that had contained Limburger cheese, having been carelessly thrown behind his duck blind, had caused the ducks to fly shy of that blind, which he attributes to the strong scent of the cheese assailing the olfactories of the flying ducks.

It is a question whether Mr. Cristadoro intends this for a joke or for sober earnest. Assuming the latter to be true, several objections to his theory present themselves.

First, it is my impression that a verdict has been rendered by investigators upon the question of the smelling capabilities of birds, with the result that their olfactory machinery has been pronounced non-effective; in other words, that birds do not possess the smelling faculty. The common impression that carrion crows and turkey vultures are attracted to dead carcasses by the effluvia sent forth is pronounced to be a fallacy, the powers of vision alone being brought into play to discover the quarry.

The second point I have to offer is that even had the ducks' noses been regaled by the rich aroma of the Limburger, they should not have associated the smell with the presence of men, or at all events live men, and dead men should have no terrors for ducks.

In the third place, Limburger cheese could hardly exert such a powerful influence on the surrounding atmosphere as to project its scent to the approaching ducks, as it is frequently tolerated in German eating houses without giving offense to the noses of promiscuous patrons.

And lastly, a tin can exposed to the view of the ducks should sufficiently account for their shyness of the blind, as I have known a white shirt collar worn by the hunter to have a similar effect, and have also found it necessary to smear mud over the freshly cut willow stumps, made in building the blind, to obliterate the whiteness.

Coahoma.

Night Hawk Shooting in the South.

Asheville, N. C., Jan. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Jan. 23 our old friend Charles Hallock, in "Notes on the Night Hawk," mentions that in both Virginia and North Carolina the birds (night hawks) are shot at for practice, and are eaten in large quantities as game.

Such has been the case in North Carolina up till this past year, but our Audubon Society have entirely stopped the practice. "Bull bats" are protected now in North Carolina by a stringent law.

We well remember the slaughter of these birds the year Mr. Hallock visited us at Asheville (not that he participated, though). The tourists and visitors joined in with the resident and many birds were annually killed.

As president of the local branch of the Audubon Society of North Carolina, I did not hear of a single bull bat being killed last fall in Buncombe county.

We did not have near so many bull bats flying last September as is usually the case; certainly not over one-fourth as many as usual. I have no explanation to offer, but everybody noticed how scarce the bull bats were.

C. P. Ambler.

Ski Running.

Amherst, Mass., Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The present winter, with its snow-fall lying long on the ground without thaw, has given many of us an opportunity to practice on snowshoes, such as we have not had in a long time.

In past years I have been much interested by accounts given in Forest and Stream of the use of the Norwegian skis in the West, and have often wondered why they were not more used in the East, where the Indian snowshoes seem to have been the sole means used to support the traveler over deep snows. Can you tell me where skis may be purchased, and whether there are any works on their use which might make it easier for a novice to learn how to run on them? A. B.

[As our correspondent says, skis are very little used in the East, if at all, the obvious reason being the lack of snow in most parts of the United States. We presume these shoes may be had of sporting goods dealers, and believe that we have seen them in the shop of dealers here in New York. An excellent little manual of Ski Running is for sale by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, price $1.25.]

A Bad Year for England.

Brentwood, Essex, Eng., Jan. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your Christmas number was very good indeed. The wild turkey picture was magnificent,

The season of 1903 was very bad for game birds. Nearly all over England we had a very unusually wet summer which drowned nearly all the young birds at hatching time. Both partridges and pheasants suffered alike. I have been a game keeper for forty years, and I have never experienced a worse year, both for wild and hand reared birds. H. Hickmott.

Redhead Ducks on Long Island Sound.

Milford, Conn., Jan. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received two fine redhead ducks (*Aythyra americana*) killed in the Sound off Charles Island. Both were males, and delicious eating. Is this unusual?

Morton Grinnell.

[Quite unusual, we think. Although the redhead is often very abundant on the south shore of Long Island, it is very seldom reported from Long Island Sound.]

Megantic Club.

The annual banquet of the Megantic Club was held at Delmonico's, New York, Saturday evening, January 30, some 200 members and guests being present. President Jeremiah Richardson was toastmaster. Among the speakers were Gov. Chamberlin, of Connecticut; Hamlin Garland, William H. McElroy, and Job E. Hedges.

The New York Legislature.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 1.—Fewer game bills than ordinarily have been introduced thus far in the Legislature. As yet, neither the Senate nor the Assembly Committee on Fish and Game has held any meetings, except to effect an organization. Bills lately presented in the two houses are the following:

Assemblyman Hubbs', amending Section 103 so as to provide that the close season on Long Island for ducks, geese, brant and swan shall be from April 15 to Oct. 15, both inclusive, instead of from Jan. 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive. They shall not be possessed from March 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive, instead of to Sept. 30.

Assemblyman Dickinson has introduced a bill amending the following sections of the game law so as to make them apply to Cortland county: Section 13, providing that the close season for hares and rabbits shall be from Dec. 1 to Sept. 15, bith inclusive; Section 15, providing that the close season for mink, skunk, muskrat and foxes shall be from May 1 to Oct. 31, both inclusive; Section 41, providing that the close season for trout shall be from July 16 to April 15, both inclusive.

Senator Bailey and Assemblyman Reeve have introduced in their respective houses of the Legislature a bill amending Section 103 of the game laws in relation to wildfowl on Long Island so as to provide that wildfowl shall not be taken from March 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive, instead of from Jan. 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive, as at present.

Assemblyman Reeve has introduced a bill amending Section 103 of the game laws so as to provide that brant shall not be taken on Long Island from April 15 to October 15, both inclusive, instead of from Jan. 1 to Sept. 30, as at present, or possessed from March 1 to October 15, both inclusive, instead of to Sept. 30, as at present. The law now prohibits taking or possession of brant from May 1 to Sept. 30, or taking them in the night between sunset and daylight.

Assemblyman Leggett has introduced a bill amending Section 73 of the game laws so as to provide that fish may be taken with nets in Lake Ontario in Niagara county, except within one-quarter of a mile of the shore, one mile from the mouth of the Niagara River and one-half mile from any Government pier in that county. The taking of black bass with nets in Niagara county is also prohibited by the act.

Assemblyman John F. Crosby has introduced a bill amending Section 80a of the game laws so as to allow fishing in that part of Cayuga Lake lying north of Canoga Point, and of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad bridge across the lake, from Oct. 1 to April 30, both inclusive, instead of from March 31, as at present. In that part of the lake south of these points, and north of the line between Tompkins and Seneca counties, it shall be lawful to take fish from May 15 to July 15, both inclusive, with spear, except black bass, and also to take fish, except black bass, with gill nets.



Meditations of an Angler.

I.—Memories.

Now that the world is frozen up tight and fast, with the mercury hovering around the zero mark, nothing remains for the disconsolate angler save a quiet corner beside the fire with his pipe—and perchance a few other comforting accessories—and one or two congenial souls, or, in lieu of the latter, simply the memories of those joyous days—departed all too soon—when the fields and the woods were green, and the waters in the brooks sang their pleasant melodies the whole day through. Your rods are packed away in their cases; your tackle box, with its reel and lines and flies and things, is thrust back ignominiously into the darkest corner of the closet shelf; your fishing togs are stowed away in some old chest in the attic; everything, in fact, that was part and parcel of yourself in those balmy days of last summer, when you went a-fishing, has been sent into winter quarters, there to abide neglected, though not forgotten, until the first warm day of early spring again stirs the old-time fever in your veins.

The memories of so many delightful excursions to Elysian haunts, while indulging in my favorite pastime, crowd in upon me in such riotous confusion that they tumble over one another, as it were, in their desire to find expression. As they come to mind, so shall they be recorded; and even as the "softly purling brook glides on through silent vales," following untrammeled ways, so shall I ramble at will among the scenes and happenings pictured by these fond memories, as the winds and the waves and the fishes dictate.

Nothing but memories, 'tis true, and mayhap the wordly minded and those outside the pale of our brotherhood will laugh me to scorn. Yes, nothing but memories; but ah! what a host of them there are—a host of jolly troopers; not one of them that you would banish if you could, not one that could be bought with all the gold of Midas, for these be treasures that wealth cannot procure.

The pleasures that money alone buys and sells must of necessity be of some tangible form, and the memories begotten of these pleasures—these tactile, frothy sweets of life—are seldom welcome companions, and never less welcome than at a lonely fireside when the winter winds are howling wild outside and moaning in dismal tone down the chimney, for in their train such memories always bring remembrances of something we regret, or if not wholly a regret yet something we hasten to forget.

Can you recall a single day—a single hour—when you followed the windings of some tuneful brook, and angled for the wary trout, of which you would alter one jot or tittle if you could? True, perchance you failed to land that big 3-pounder that time he rose and seized upon your frayed Parmachenee-belle when you cast it so lightly in the shadow beneath the alders at the deep bend. *Mea dictu!* so did I; moreover, it was the last day of the season, and there was no hope of trying him again the next day.

He leaped high in the air, this lunker of mine, displaying his full length (even now I can close my eyes and see the gleaming sides, the deep red belly, the wide protruding jaw), and with a loud splash gained his freedom. His broad tail waved me a scornful adieu as he disappeared from view beneath the black surface of the pool, while I stood with mouth agape gazing at nothing.

All the sorrows, all the griefs and disappointments, all the woes of life were as nothing to that agonizing moment. "The earth was without form or void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." I could have wept; but, man-like, I merely swore, and swashed around generally. ("Swashed around" in this sense is purely an anglecan term, meaning, "To splash water about," "To make a great noise;" I did both), and then the hope that lies in every human breast, but doubly strong in every angler's breast, whispered soothingly in my ear, "Cheer up, he'll be here when you come again, or if not he, why then some other lunker in his stead. Patience, my boy. Remember, there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

So the world became the good old world once more, and Dame Nature smiled kindly while the brook laughed and gurgled noisily, and I waved my hat, in lieu of a tail, in the direction in which he had disappeared, and cried in scornful tone, "Au revoir, old top, au revoir, and bon voyage," which being interpreted signified, "I'll see you later, and I pray that you may live until you die by my hand." The "old top" was inserted to denote a friendly unconcern non-existent and wholly impossible under the circumstances.

But to pick up the line where it broke when you lost your 3-pounder, was not this one of those defeats that ofttimes proves a victory? Had you landed your fish he would be numbered among the dead by now. He would have served his allotted time, and the halo that now surrounds him with such ever-increasing brightness would have faded and grown dim. It is true that he would grow in weight as the years rolled by, whether "in corpore or in spiritu." It is in the nature of fishes so to do. But the fascinating element of doubt that makes of our piscatorial art a joy lasting and great would be scattered and destroyed by the cold breath of absolute certainty.

In the years to come you can tell your grandson that you once fought for an hour with a 6-pound trout, and failed to land him. You can embellish this tale with all the glowing colors that your fancy can depict, and tell it without a blush, and hardly feel that you are trifling with the truth. Had you really landed your fish, and had you seen the scales register three pounds and no more, you might—in a rash moment—tell your grandson that you once actually landed a 6-pounder, and expatiate over the feat, but you would have to smoke many pipefuls of your favorite brand even to make yourself half believe yourself. And then would come a time when the youthful scion of your race would attain to the skeptical age called "man's estate," when the bare and naked truth would stand forth robbed of the fanciful garb of your flowery imagination, and he would sigh in half admiring half regretful tones: "Grandfather was a fine old man, but grandfather was an awful liar," and upon your family escutcheon would thenceforth be emblazoned a bar sinister, with an Ananias rampant on a field azure; and your posterity, even unto the third and fourth generation, would rise up and call you liar.

No, it is just as well that you failed to land that trout. At the time it was a disappointment, perhaps, but there is no such thing as real disappointment in an angler's life—I mean the disappointment that leaves a sting behind to irritate the soul, and sour your disposition.

It is the fish that one does not catch that spurs a man on, and adds zest to the sport of angling. You have fished streams—we all have—where every cast of the fly meant a strike, where the creel soon became heavy, and you paused half ashamed at the slaughter you had indulged in.

"A fine catch," you said to yourself, as you emptied your basket on the bank and gloated over its contents. "A fine catch, but they run small; I'll just try to land two or three lunkers to top this off with."

And then you started on down stream with an eye for the deep pools only, where the big trout lie. But the big trout—like everything else in life worth getting—are the hardest to get. It requires skill and a nice touch of the rod to lure one of those "venerable men" from his hiding place. The smaller fry are not so fastidious. As your numerous efforts seemed productive of naught but failure, the pride you felt awhile back in your heavy laden creel dwindled correspondingly. Anathemas and invectives were fast becoming the order of the day, when suddenly the mighty splash sounded, the line grew taut, the supple rod bent like a reed, and the critical moment had arrived.

After the first electric shock, which paralyzed every nerve of your body for the moment, and made your heart jump into your throat and then descend as rapidly to the soles of your rubber boots, you braced yourself and prepared for the coming struggle. You would have sacrificed every fish in your basket rather than lose this 2-pounder; and when, after a battle royal, something all at once gave way, and you realized that the fish was gone—that you had lost the fight—well, it was worth the struggle after all; and whenever you shall tell of that day's fishing, the burden of your song will be—not the creel heaped to overflowing, though this will serve to embellish the tale—but the great fight with the "biggest trout you ever hooked;" and the memory of it will always stay with you, to cheer you on your way, long after old age has stiffened your limbs and bound your muscles, when the good old fishing days are past and over, relegated to that shadowy realm of "once upon a time."

Verily it is far better to have fought well and to have been vanquished by a worthy foe, than to strut about in the feeble glare of many petty victories.

I used to go a-fishing with a man named William—commonly called Billy. No matter what. Billy was a good fellow, but serious minded withal. Billy and I were one time fishing on a stream called Lunch Creek. Why Lunch Creek this deponent sayeth not. Probably because there was no place within seven miles of the stream where one could get a bite to eat.

On the day I have in mind, Billy and I had taken our luncheon with us. We hesitated at a farm-house because we espied a pump on the premises. Now, the farmers in that particular part of the country through whose land Lunch Creek meandered were averse to the society of anglers. In their creed there was no good angler save a dead angler, consequently we were obliged to employ diplomacy in our dealings with them. The golden rule which they all carefully observed appeared to be, "Give nothing unto others unless they give something to you." As we entered the gate of this particular farm yard, a yellow dog of nondescript character, seemingly all teeth and no tail, constituted himself the reception committee. His greeting was cordial, very—in fact, it might almost be termed effusive. A little more reserve on his part would have been appreciated. Obviously he was seeking to create an impression upon us. Being of a retiring disposition, Billy directed his nervous step toward the barnyard, escorted by the dog. He circled a corncrib once and a reaper three times. I took a more direct course; I was quite thirsty, therefore I may possibly have employed more haste than was becoming to my style of beauty.

As we drew near our haven of refuge—I mean as we rounded the barn—we "saw an aged, aged man a-sitting on a gate."

Emboldened by the presence of his master, the yellow dog waxed importunate. Billy, who was describing parabolic curves of which the Aged Man was the focus, commanded the latter, in language couched in forceful expletives, to "call off his dam-dog." The Aged Man was deeply engaged in the arduous labor of whittling, and heeded us not. And then I had an inspiration. A small bottle is a great pacifier, and a "wee nippy" a powerful advocate. I produced the pacifier; the Aged Man consulted the advocate, and we found ourselves established on a conversational basis.

We explained that we wished to eat our luncheon near the pump, the fates and the yellow dog being propitious. He merely stared, as though the explanation were superfluous, and told the dog in passionless tones to "Charge, you blankety-blank hunk of sausage meat." The command really sounded like one long word.

Billy laid his rod on the ground, and I leaned mine against the corncrib. We sat ourselves down upon a wagon tongue and proceeded to relieve our hunger. The Aged Man continued sitting on the gate, displaying but slight interest in our presence.

We had finished our sandwiches and arrived at the pickles, when a sudden commotion and a great squeaking attracted our attention.

The Aged Man pointed with the stick he had been so deeply absorbed in, and grunted:

"Hi, there! See the hen? You've ketched him."

"Great Scott!" cried Billy, leaping to his feet. "I've caught a fool chicken!"

It was the painful truth. An inquisitive hen had discovered Billy's fly, and seized upon it with an avidity worthy of a better cause. Billy snatched up his rod and proceeded to reel in. The hen had taken all the line. Billy gave her the butt, and she rose from the surface of the earth; that is, she soared aloft with a loud cackling, and then came down in a flutter of wings and feathers. Every fowl on the place joined in the chorus.

"What did he have on the hook?" the Aged Man placidly inquired.

"A fly," I replied.

"Must be," he drawled. Derndest fly I ever see. He went 's high 's the corncrib, by jimminy crimes!"

He absentmindedly stretched out a long leg and kicked the yellow dog. The dog roused himself and looked about for revenge. Espying the frantic hen, he made a dash for her. The hen "broke water" again, and Billy reeled in a yard or more of line.

"Get the net," he yelled, as the hen came my way.

"Not on your life," I shouted back. "I'm afraid of the dog."

"He's the most peaceful hen in the hull bunch," the Aged Man volunteered. Billy played the hen for about half an hour, while I shied corncobs at the yellow dog, who in turn plucked feathers from the hen's tail. The Aged Man was manifestly a mildly interested spectator, until the hen suddenly flew straight at him, when he fell off the barnyard gate, bringing the hen to the ground with him. I anticipated the yellow dog, and captured the squawking fowl. And then we held an ante-mortem.

"We'll have to cut the hook out," Billy declared. I never saw him look quite so wild before.

The Aged Man assumed a sitting posture where he had fallen, and rubbed his leg. "Ouch! I bumped my shin," he announced. "You suttenly ketched him on the fly," he added, meditatively.

"We had better cut the line and pay the man for the hen," I suggested.

"Well, what's he worth?" asked Billy, turning to the Aged Man.

"He's the most peaceful hen in the hull bunch," the latter dreamily made answer.

"Will a quarter be enough?" Billy impatiently demanded.

The aged one nodded assent.

We cut the line as close as possible and released the hen. Billy paid the Aged Man his quarter, and hurried away from the scene of conflict. I waited until we reached home before referring to the painful subject.

* * * * * * *

About two months later I chanced to be fishing in Lunch Creek alone. I stopped at the Aged Man's house to see the pump; he remembered me—the Aged Man, not the pump—and was mildly sociable.

As I started away a black hen scurried across my path.

"That hen makes me think of the last time I was here," I remarked.

"Yaas," said the Aged Man, "only he ain't quite as peaceful as he uster be."

"You don't mean," I began. "Say, what became of that hen, anyhow?"

"Nuthin'," the Aged Man replied. "He ain't as peaceful as he uster be. Barrin' a week or two when he didn't lay, he come out all right. See fer yourself," and he pointed a long, bony finger at the black hen that had just crossed my path.

"Tell your friend to come out and try some more fly-fishin'," he called after me, as I turned away and left him. "Got lots of hens and six roosters."

Nothing but memories! Yet all the yellow gold of Midas could not buy them. The world is bound fast in snow and ice; the trees stretch out their naked branches protestingly to the cold sky overhead, and the trout streams that we love so well flow through ice-fringed channels; but Memory can make the fields fresh and green, can stir the rustling leaves with warm summer zephyrs, and unloose the ice-bound streams.

This is the picture that paints itself so alluringly in the bright glowing coals of the open fire; this is the one great panacea for all the petty ills of this hurly-burly life when the rods and the reels and things are laid aside for the nonce, and the balmy days of last summer seem naught but a dream.

A winding stream in a wooded vale
At the close of a summer day,
Where, as the light begins to fail,
The trout are jumping at play;
And the night winds wak'ning amid the leaves,
Whispering soft and low;
And the shadows deep'ning beneath the trees,
Where the ferns and the mosses grow.

I can hear the voice of this winding stream,
As it chatters upon its way,
I can see the pool where the waters gleam
In the fading light of day;
And the fringing grasses are trailing there
In the eddies swirling by,
Where the big trout lurks in his hidden lair,
Watchful and wary and shy.

O, for a touch of the light bamboo,
And the sound of the spinning reel,
And a day in the dear old haunts with you,
With a rod and a well filled creel.
O, to escape the noise of the street,
And the sight of the hurrying throng,
And breathe the air of that cool retreat,
Where the brook sings its evening song.

Fayette Durlin.

Public Trout in a Private Cellar.

Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose clippings from the Syracuse Herald containing an account of a controversy between Hon. D. C. Middleton and the Anglers' Association of Onondaga.

We, and all sportsmen and others here interested in the protection of fish and game, believe that Mr. Middleton has done a great wrong, not alone to our association, but to all sportsmen and supporters of the law, a wrong in using his office and influence to condone an offense against the law which it is his sworn duty to enforce, a wrong to the whole cause of fish and game protection in this State; and has established a precedent which will work injury to that cause, and which will come back to plague him sorely in the future term of his office.

We know you to be a firm supporter of the game laws, and believing that they have been outrageously violated, we ask you to republish the matter. If you will do so, a statement of the work and character of our association may not be amiss.

The Anglers' Association of Onondaga was organized in 1890 for the protection and propagation of fish in the public waters of Onondaga county, later adding the protection of game as well. We are not a sportsmen's club, have no preserves, and do no work as to private waters or preserves, but all of our work has been done to aid the State in the enforcement of the fish and game laws, and to assist in the labors of the Commission.

We began immediately upon organization to employ a protector, and excepting in the months of December, January, and February of each year, we have kept a man at work every year since. Our protector has captured and destroyed hundreds of nets, has made many arrests of violators of the law, and convicted them. The value of the nets we have captured and destroyed since our organization has easily averaged $2,000 yearly, and in doing this he has traveled thousands of miles on the lakes, rivers, and streams of this county each year.

In addition to this we have obtained from the State and planted in public waters millions of fish and fry, as you will see from an extract I inclose from our report to the Board of Supervisors of this county, who, recognizing the value of our work and its public nature, annually contribute a sum of money to our assistance.

All of this work, all of our expenditure of money, and all the time devoted to the cause by our officers and members are absolutely and entirely for the benefit of all the people who choose to benefit by it and are entirely on public waters.

Our association numbers nearly 500 members, and comprises in its ranks the best business, professional, and working men of this city and county.

One of the streams which we have spent our time and money in stocking is Onondaga Creek. We have made it one of the best trout streams in the State outside of preserves, and it is from this stream that the trout concerned in this controversy have been taken and impounded, not in a decorative fountain or pond, but in an old cellar, and not for decorative purposes, but for table use in their club house, which is a few rods from the cellar. And it grinds hard to think that these trout which we have put in that stream for the public and for fishermen to take in a legal and sportsmanlike manner should be taken out with nets and kept for the private use of men who haven't a drop of fishermen's blood in their veins and never spent a dollar nor worked an hour for the good of the cause which is dear to us. And then to see that our appeal to the commissioner is disregarded, and that instead of upholding our hands and the law, he goes over to the side of the pirates and attempts by a retroactive scheme to legalize their piracy; it is more than human nature can endure, and the end is not yet, as Mr. Middleton will find out.

His defense, as reported in the press, is puerile and a deliberate falsification of facts, if he has been correctly reported, for when he states, if he does, that only about a hundred fingerlings were taken and put into the pond or cellar, he states what is directly contrary to the report of his assistant chief protector, Mr. Leavitt, of his Commission. Mr. Leavitt reported that there were 106 trout in the cellar, and that they ranged in size all the way from three to twelve inches in length, and that more than half of them were from eight to twelve inches long.

The Solvay Process Company, who have taken up the case of their employes, and who sent their attorney, Mr. John L. King, to the commissioner to cook up this scheme, is an extensive and wealthy manufacturing institution whom we cannot fight, especially with the commissioner on their side. We can only appeal to the public through the medium of the press, and trust to raise such a storm of indignant protest around the head of the commissioner that he will have to rescind his action or get out.

The Anglers' Association of Onondaga,
John H. Forey, President.

From the Syracuse Evening Herald, Jan. 27.

On September 14, 1903, it was reported to the officers of the Anglers' Association of Onondaga that on a farm of the Solvay Process Company in the town of Tully there were held in captivity a large number of trout which had been taken from the waters of Onondaga Creek and its tributaries in violation of the game laws of the State.

Protector Perry was at once sent out to investigate and report. He made his report on the morning of September 16 that he found four tanks in the rear of the house of Hugh Graham in which there were thirty-nine trout, varying in length from eight to eighteen inches, and in an old cellar, from which the house had been removed, which had been cemented upon the bottom and side walls and into which a supply of spring water had been conducted, more than 100 trout, varying in length from three to twelve or more inches each. This cellar, measuring about 30 by 20 feet, is on the property of the Solvay Process Company, and adjoining a club house recently erected by this company for the use of its employes in that vicinity.

As the case was of an entirely different nature from any other ever brought to the notice of the association, the president considered that the best thing to do was to report it to the authorities at Albany. This he did on September 16, requesting that a State game protector be sent home at once to investigate and that legal proceedings be begun at once against the violators of the law.

A few days later Assistant Chief Protector John E. Leavitt came to Syracuse and with Protector Perry made a visit to the trout-filled cellar in the Tully Valley. He reported to the chief protector at Albany that the charges made by the Anglers' Association had not been overdrawn, and that the parties who were responsible for the possession of the trout did not deny having procured them from the public waters. He further reported that from what he could learn they had been doing something of a business along these lines, retaining the trout for dinners at their club house, and to send to officers of the Solvay Process Company as occasion required.

As is the usual custom with the Forest, Fish, and Game Commission in cases of reported violations of the game laws, the accused parties were given an opportunity to be heard before legal proceedings were instituted. A short time afterwards John L. King, attorney for the Solvay Process Company, appeared before Commissioner Middleton at Albany and succeeded in making an arrangement whereby the trout in the tanks at the Graham place should be returned to the waters from which they had been taken, but that the trout held in captivity in the old cellar should be allowed to remain, as it was construed that this cellar inclosure was to be considered a "pond or fountain for decorative purposes," and that it was proper that this company should be permitted to maintain such a pond or fountain and keep therein a certain number of trout.

This stipulation or decision was rendered by Commissioner Middleton on October 8. After repeated inquiries by the officers of the Anglers' Association as to what was being done in the case a copy of the stipulation was sent to them on December 5.

At the regular meeting of the association held on December 14, a special meeting of the executive committee was called for December 16, at which the entire matter was fully discussed. The unanimous expression of the members present was that "the authorities at Albany have not treated our association fairly, have exceeded their authority, have undertaken to exercise and legalize a flagrant violation of the game laws of the State, and that, in order to appease public clamor and the law-abiding sportsmen of this county, the commissioner should at once rescind the stipulation of October 8, and that a State game protector should be sent at a very early date to the farm of the Solvay Process Company in the town of Tully, with orders to liberate and restore every one of the trout held in captivity to the waters of Onondaga Creek, frim which they were illegally taken."

On November 15 President Forey and Protector Perry drove out to the Solvay Process Company's farm and paid a visit to the trout-stocked cellar, where they counted 104 trout. According to President Forey, under the game laws of the State, someone should be prosecuted and fined as follows:

For violation of Section 40	$1,065
For violation of Section 43	60
For violation of Section 57	1,065
For violation of Section 40, relating to trout less than six inches long, about	525
Total	$2,715

"The anglers of Onondaga have labored hard and faithfully for nearly fourteen years," said President J. H. Forey, president of the association, "and have expended thousands of dollars in stocking and protecting the

streams and lakes of this county. They have captured and destroyed many thousands of dollars' worth of illegal devices for the capture of fish and have caused the arrest and secured the conviction of a large number of persons who have violated the laws relating to fish and game. They naturally take exception to the easy manner in which these violators are allowed to go scot free by the Commissioner of Forest, Fish, and Game in violation of his prescribed duties as laid down in Section 155 of the game laws. They hope by giving all the facts in this case to the public that such a storm of indignation will be raised throughout the State for his failure to attempt to punish the guilty as will cause the commissioner to retire from the position he holds.

"They feel that a great injustice has been done the Anglers' Association and all law-abiding sportsmen of this section. Notwithstanding the attitude of the commissioner in this case, the association has no thought of dropping the matter, but will continue to push it and if possible bring about the punishment of the violators, as they have evidence that the fish were taken with nets and other illegal devices."

Commissioner Middleton was in Syracuse on Monday and in consultation with officers of the local organization. He held firmly to his previous ruling of permitting the trout to be held in the cellar inclosure.

From the Syracuse Evening Herald, Jan. 27.

ALBANY, Jan. 28.—Dewitt C. Middleton, the State Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner, when questioned to-day concerning the charges made against him by the Anglers' Association of Onondaga county, that trout taken from the streams in Tully are being kept in a cellar bottom for officers of the Solvay Company, said:

"This is much ado about nothing! The facts of the case are these: The Solvay Process Company, which owns a farm in Onondaga county, has about a hundred trout in a reservoir on its land. The trout were taken from Onondaga Creek by some of the employes of the company. The fish have not been taken for the purpose of destroying or catching them for food or sporting purposes. The company has promised that when the fish are large enough for spawning that they will be put back in the creek from which they were taken. We have issued a permit to the company to take the fish under Section No. 57 of the State game law, which provides: 'Trout or lake trout shall not be taken from any of the waters of the State for the purpose of stocking private ponds or streams, but an owner of a private pond may, with the written consent of the Commission, stock the same with fish from a stream on his own premises.' The permission was granted to the company to take the fish last fall.

"Complaint has been made to us that the fish had been taken without authority. We investigated and the officers of the company assured us that they had no intention of violating the game law. The fish taken were mostly fingerlings. They were too small for the purposes of fishing. The company informed us that the fish had been taken more for the purpose of making them pets than for any other purpose. They assured us that they would never use the fish for fishing purposes, and that they would turn them back into the creek when they had become large enough for that purpose.

"The reservoir, as I understand, is a miniature affair. It has running water sufficient for the wants of the fish when young, and that is about all. I have had several talks with the representative of the Anglers' Association, and he understands the whole matter. Of course, I cannot help what he may publish. I have told you all that there is to be said. The affair does not amount to anything."

To the Editors of The Herald:

In regard to Commissioner Middleton's defense in the Tully case: Section 57 of the game laws says: "Trout or lake trout shall not be taken from any of the waters of the State for the purpose of stocking private ponds or streams, but an owner of a private pond may, with the written consent of the Commission, stock the same with fish from a stream on his own premises."

The cellar pond in question is on a farm belonging to the Solvay Process Company in the town of Tully. The Solvay Process Company made no request of the Commission to take trout from the waters of the streams running through their property for the purpose of stocking this pond, but employes of this company, without any written or other consent from the Commission, captured trout from the near-by public streams and placed them in this pond.

Commissioner Middleton says: "About 100 fingerlings were put into the pond." When Assistant Chief Protector Leavitt and our protecor, Perry, made their investigation the latter part of September, they counted 106 trout varying in size from three to twelve or more inches in length, and on November 15, two and one-half months after the trout season had closed, I made a visit to this "decorative" cellar pond and counted 104 trout, about seventy of which were from three to six inches long each, the remainder from eight to twelve or more inches in length; so it would seem that "the fish big enough for spawning" had not been liberated at the close of the fishing season, or that trout from eight to twelve inches long are not big enough to spawn.

In relation to Mr. Hazard's statement, "No trout had been used for table purposes, either by the officers of the company or at the club house," and that "everything had been conducted according to law," Mr. Leavitt, Mr. Perry, and myself were informed by men in the employ of the Solvay Process Company on this Tully Valley farm that trout had been taken from this pond and sent in to the officers of the company for their consumption, and Mr. Leavitt, in his report to the Chief Protector, said, "they were retaining the trout for dinners at the club house." If everything has been conducted according to law, who is the owner of the private pond; when, where, and how did he obtain written consent from the Commission to stock this pond with fish from a stream on his own premises?

No permission was requested until after the fish had been taken from the streams and placed in this pond, and no permission was granted until nearly a month after the Anglers' Association had notified the Forest, Fish, and Game Commission of the violation of the law.

Among the duties of the Commission, as laid down in Section 155 of the game laws, is that "the Commission shall have charge of the enforcement of laws for the protection of fish and game and the forests," and we fail to see where the commissioner is given power to act as judge and jury in case of violations.

In conclusion, I desire to say that there are not and never have been any personal differences between the officers of the Solvay Process Company and the officers of the Anglers' Association. We have always been courteously received by them when we have had complaints to make, or were in search of information, and we have always been ready to accord to them the same treatment.

In accepting the positions we occupy, the officers of the Anglers' Association promised to do our duty, and in this case we have done no more. We were refused assistance at the hands of the State authorities, and we have tried to set ourselves right before the people.

J. H. FOREY,
President Anglers' Association of Onondaga.

Syracuse, January 28, 1904.

John L. King, attorney for the Solvay Process Company, when seen at his office this morning, had this to say regarding the charges of the members of the Anglers' Association against his company and against Commissioner Middleton:

"The facts in the case are these: On the farm of this Solvay Process Company is an old cellar, as near as I can judge, about 12 by 25 feet, in which are kept about 100 small trout, taken from the stream which flows through the property of the company. The pond is merely for decoration purposes, and none of the fish from this inclosure have ever been taken or are to be taken for use upon the table.

"There is a statute that provides for the maintaining of such private ponds with the formal consent of the Commissioners of Forest, Fish, and Game. It is under this statute and with such formal permission of the commissioner that these fish are kept. It looks to me as if some of these anglers who go out and in a day slaughter more trout than we are holding in captivity were trying to get a little notoriety.

"If there is anything unlawful being done why do they not go ahead and prosecute?"

The Shark Astern.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An article copied from the New Orleans Times-Democrat appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of January 16 about sharks.

Every once in a while someone will rise up to tell us that there are no man-eating sharks. It would not do to tell an old sailor that. He knows better. Some years ago I met a young man who knows that there are such fish—he had left his left foot and part of his leg with one of them while he was bathing off Key West; and had not the ship's boat got to him the moment it did the shark would have eaten the rest of him.

When sailing in the steam whaler in 1874, one of our amusements was fishing for sharks. I made a hook after a drawing, and with it we caught a number of them. One of our boat steerers gave me his opinion of how the shark became a man-eater, and I have often since thought he had it right. Since then I have seen the same opinion advanced to account for the man-hunting tiger. All tigers are not man-hunters, any more than are all sharks man-eaters. His idea was that if a man-eating shark did attack a man, then any other sharks that might also be in the neighborhood would also attack him, and after these sharks had done so, then they, too, became man-eaters.

The shark is like the wolf in one respect. If he gets hurt any of his companions that may be present will tear him to pieces without loss of time. I have seen them do it.

We were under sail and were standing west under a light wind, hardly doing more than keeping steerage way, with the sea as smooth as a mill pond, when one morning just after daylight a shark was seen following us about one hundred yards astern of the ship. He had probably been doing this all night. Only his dorsal fin showed above the water, but he seemed to be a large one. Our hook was thrown to him, but the only notice he took of it was to drop a little further astern; he did not want the hook. At noon he was still in his place astern, and leaving the hook out for him, we went to dinner. He might get bold enough to take the hook when we were not in sight, I thought; but he did not, for when we next came on deck he was still as far astern as before; and now I made up my mind to shoot him.

We had rifles on board, but I could not use one of them without the captain's permission, and just as I had started to go and get his permission, he came on deck, and seeing the shark sent me for his glass and a rifle. I brought up an old Sharp's rifle, and while the captain stood at my elbow with the glass to coach me, I fired three shots, using his fin, the only part of him I could see, to aim by. I wanted to hit him amidships, and as low down as I could, and not have the water deflect my ball. The first shot was too high, the next one not high enough, but the third shot got him, and the ball had hardly hit him when two other sharks that none of us had seen before seized him, one on each side of him, and dragged him down.

For the next few minutes something seemed to be doing back there. The big shark got to the top of the water twice, throwing himself nearly out of it the first time, and giving us a chance to see how large he was; but each time the others pulled him below again. They were still fighting when we had dropped them too far astern to be able to see how the fight terminated.

These sharks will follow a ship day after day, to pick up what may be thrown overboard. The sailor thinks that it is he that they want to pick up. Some of them would not refuse him if he did drop over. When we found them following us we would bring up a bucket of kitchen refuse and throw it to them, then present them the hook; and some one of them generally made the mistake of taking it. When he did we only got him; the rest of them always left.

CABIA BLANCO.

A Lake Superior Seal Scheme.

BOSTON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly give space to the following clipping from the New York World, republished in a Boston paper, and a word of comment:

Preliminary steps for the formation of the Lake Superior Seal Propagation Society have been taken at Ashland, Mich., the object being to stock Lake Superior with fur-bearing seals.

The reported heads of the organization will be Seber Malaroff, a Russian, with thirty years' experience as a sealer, ex-Lieut.-Gov. Fifield, of Wisconsin, and J. S. Robbins, of Rhinelander.

It is figured that ten male and forty female seals in the lake will increase to one thousand in twenty years. The Apostle Islands, together with Isle Royal, and the rock shores of Lake Superior, would, it is believed, be ideal breeding places for seal, while in Malaroff's opinion the climatic conditions are perfect.

Efforts will be made to procure governmental regulation through agreement with Canada. The promoters figure large profits.

Concerning the scheme, Henry L. Ward, custodian of the Milwaukee public museum, and who spent several weeks last summer on the Pacific Coast, observing the habits of seals and sea lions, considers the experiment worth trying; but its practicability, he declares, would depend upon developments.

"The fur seal is naturally a salt water amphibian," said he, "but it has been known to live and breed in captivity one thousand miles from salt water. However, the captive seals were always well cared for and well fed. Fish is their chief food, and if fish are found in sufficient quantity in Lake Superior, that objection to the success of the plan would be removed.

"Climatic conditions are another matter to be considered. It is somewhat questionable if the intense cold of the Lake Superior region would not prove detrimental to the health of the seals. The fur seals of Alaska remain at their rookeries in the Pribylov Islands only during the heated season of the summer. The rest of the year they are somewhere in the Southern Pacific, at their feeding grounds.

"However, the project is one worth trying, and if it proves successful, a new value might be given to the great lake."

The names of at least some of the gentlemen mentioned in the article are such as should give warrant to the public for belief that before they would concern themselves in even "preliminary steps" for the formation of such a society they would discuss carefully the present economic values which might be endangered by such an interference with the present order of nature in the Lake Superior region. Perhaps this investigation has been made. The article, however, gives no hint of any such thing, and the recklessness with which such interferences have been made in the past, often with the result of enormous and irreparable damage makes it easy to believe that the promoters of the scheme may not have included in their calculations any possible damage to result from it.

I do not know what the value of the fishing interests of Lake Superior may be.

Those of Lake Huron certainly were important not very long ago. Those who know how destructive seals are to fishing interests in other parts of the world, and the bounties paid for the destruction of seals for this reason, will wonder what the fishermen of the Great Lakes will have to say about this new plan. I half suspect the whole thing to be only the product of some newspaper man's imagination; but if not it will be worth watching.

Some of the misguided people who put black bass and pickerel into Maine lakes lived to repent bitterly their folly. The same was true of some of the equally misguided persons who brought over from England the house sparrow. A long list of such acts could easily be made. The mischief is done, however, and for all time. "All the king's horses and all the king's men" couldn't undo it.

Seal raising in Lake Superior may be a very novel and interesting idea, but it is also just possible that it may be something worth considering very carefully in its relation to existing interests.

C. H. AMES.

New Jersey Pound Nets.

ESSEX FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Headquarters, 137 Belleville avenue, Newark, N. J., Jan. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The association desires to call the attention of your readers to the reasons why we are advocating the passage of House Bill No. 1, and Senate Bill No. 11, to prohibit the placing or maintaining of pound or fixed nets in the water of Sandy Hook and Raritan Bays and tributaries thereof, and compelling the use of 5-inch nets in all other tidewaters.

We positively are not in favor of abolishing the pound nets entirely. We claim that the legitimate demands of the people and markets can be best served by properly regulating the nets, so as to avoid the unnecessary slaughter of millions of small unmarketable food fish by the use of small mesh nets, as are now being used.

Senate Bill No. 11 is intended, and we are convinced will allow all small edible fish to pass through and mature, as nature and the demands of our markets desire in order to supply the future. At the present time the pound nets are surely destroying them at a rate that, according to all history, means extermination.

At the proper time we will produce affidavits from old and professional fishermen, showing that millions of small and unmarketable edible fish are being destroyed by the numerous pound nets and allowed to drift and wash ashore. At some points along our coast the above fish are so numerous that the stench is becoming very annoying to the people who are spending their summers along the coast.

We advocate House Bill No. 1 for the purpose of allowing the fish to enter the waters of Sandy Hook and Raritan bays for the purpose of spawning. As the above waters are especially adapted for this purpose, and are also about the extreme northern points of migration, we feel that after they have escaped the hundreds of nets and traps set for them they should not be molested here.

LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE.

Passaic County Association.

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 27.—The Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association will have a real sportsmen's show March 21 to 26. There will be everything from a hound to a fish hook, from a rabbit to an English pheasant, and fish of every kind. It is the intention to get sporting goods only. This will be a good chance for dealers to make a display to show their goods. This Association is one of the strongest in the State; each member acts as a game warden. We have a membership of 175. We have measures which we are going to present to the Legislature this winter for the protection of game and fish.

THOS. CARLESS, Sec'y.

The Kennel.

Points and Flushes.

The prize list of the twentieth annual dog show, to be given by the New England Kennel Club, February 22-25, Boston, can be obtained on application to secretary's office, Room 16, No. 521 Washington street. Entries close on February 6. The special prize list is long and valuable.

Southern Beagle Club.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 28.—The Southern Beagle Club will hold its second annual field trials at Centreville, Miss., on the I. C. Railroad, during the week beginning Feb. 22. We hope that beagle men everywhere will make entries. The fee is only $5. Southern fanciers of the little hound are especially urged to do so. They should also come forward and join the only organization which affords any opportunity to encourage the fancy of their favorite dog in this part of the country. Surely $3 a year, the membership fee, is not a heavy tax on any individual who loves and wishes to advance the cult of the beagle.

There will be four classes at these trials: A Derby for dogs and bitches 13 inches and under, and one for dogs and bitches from 13 inches to 15 inches; an All-Age Class for dogs and bitches 13 inches and under, and one for dogs and bitches from 13 to 15 inches. Entry blanks can be had of the secretary.

Henry Dickson Bruns, M.D., President.
J. T. Jones, Secretary, Baldwyn, Miss.



In Southern Seas.

A Cruise Around the Island of Oahu.

BY ALLAN DUNN.

The Story Which Won the Third Prize of $25 in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

(Concluded from page 91.)

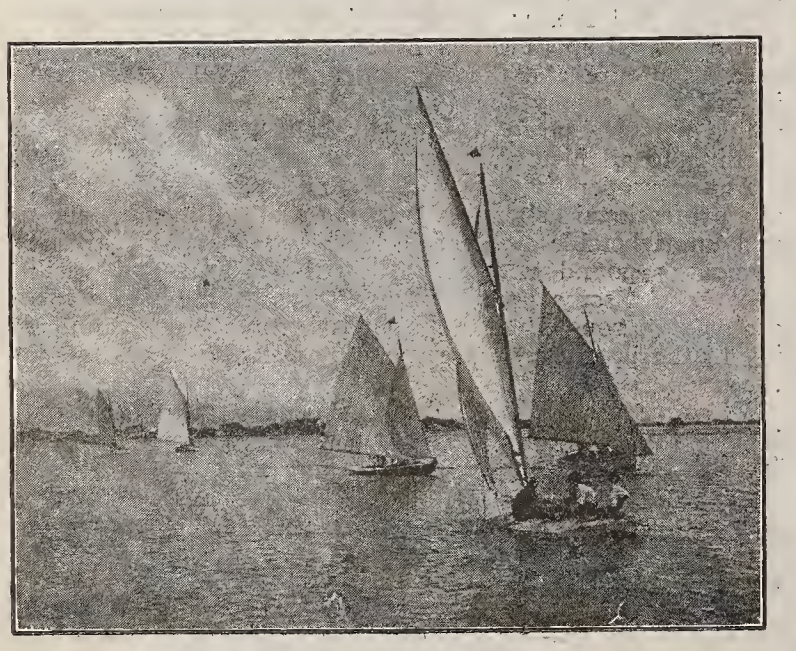
When the committeemen came over, the time of making the light was found to be 4:45, or 1h. 48m. behind our time, a nice little start for the next day,



Sloop Helene.

though we needed all of it in view of the running and reaching on the last half of the course, sixty-three miles, with only eleven miles of windward work. The Helene came in with a split jib.

We had breakfast aboard and then went ashore for a freshwater swim, a sleep, and a day's relaxation. First, however, we gave the mainsail a good furl, as it was well dried out, dressed ship with signal flags, and hauled down the club flag from the mast head,



A Pearl Harbor Regatta.

substituting the Gladys' name pennant, an example followed by the Paloma and Helene.

All enjoyed the day ashore at the excellent Haleiwa hotel. Times were telephoned to town, and the afternoon train brought back a short account of the first leg in the afternoon papers. The referee's wife and sister-in-law came down in a state of enthusiasm and helped to enliven the day. With them came the plantation manager who, for a decided resemblance to the chief executive of the nation, is dubbed Roosevelt in lieu of his christened name, and shall be called "Teddy" for the balance of the trip. The Helene skipper repaired his jib as best he could. His boat carries 12in. bulwarks, and all had a sloppy time of it, the skipper having no one to relieve him at his helm, his trick being all the harder by the use of a tiller instead of a wheel. Dinner over with healths in bubbling wine, a general talk kept us all up on the wide verandahs later than we meant to stay. At last we parted for the night, the Gladys and Helene crews rowing off to their yachts for the night while the Paloma was left in charge of one man. Before saying good-night the regatta committee handed out instructions for the start, which was arranged for seven or as soon thereafter as two skippers might agree as to the breeze which was reported light in the early morning. On their agreement a gun was to be fired from the Gladys, time to be taken five minutes later, all yachts to be at anchor at gunfire.

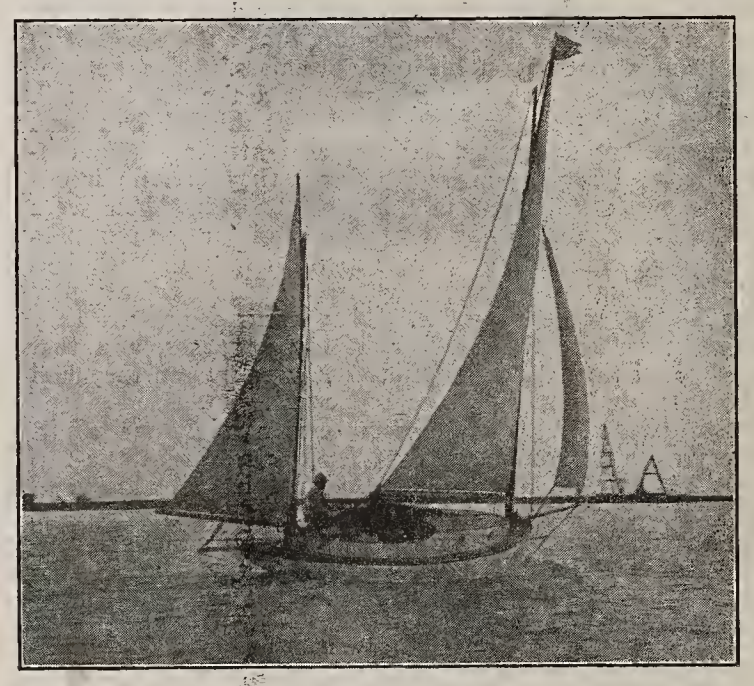
We were up at five, after a short night, the sea in the tiny harbor keeping the Gladys rolling all night. We shifted the spinnaker boom to the port side, overhauled everything, brought up on the anchor, threw off gaskets, had breakfast, and were ready by seven, sharp. There was breeze enough for the Gladys to work out, but the others kept us waiting until 7:41 before gunfire, and then we rushed at it. Up came the hook, mainsail and jib, and round we came in our own length just 8s. behind the Paloma. The Helene was too close to the reef to swing as we did and finally fell in irons, having to drop anchor afresh before she got a start, 7m. behind time. The Paloma went out of the entrance fifty yards ahead, but we were soon up to her and skirting the reef, passed to windward of her inside of 3m. To our joy the steady wind promised to be easterly rather than the regular northwest trade, which



At Waialua Anchorage.

meant a beat rather than a reach along the windward side, and greatly helped our chances. La Paloma tried a pointing match with us and got to pitching, making more leeway than headway, so that the Helene, standing up almost as well as the Gladys, crossed the Paloma's bows within the half hour, and got well to windward of her, ready for a ten mile beat to Kahuku Point. It looked as if the Helene was going to be our medicine, but luck was against her. Her damaged jib split once more, and she lost a man overboard while trying to secure it. The combination proved too much of a handicap for her skipper and he put back into Waialua, giving up the race.

Then the commodore changed his pinching tactics and gave the Paloma a rapfull; but two hours from the start we had her three miles astern and to leeward of us. The coast we were passing proved a perpetual delight. The mountains, sloping upward from the leeward side of the islands here, fall sheer to a narrow strip of level land in vast precipices, perpendicular, yet verdure clad, their summits pinnacled in jagged peaks that suggested, amid the alternating mists and sunshine, an imaginative landscape by Doré. Here an inviting valley opened with rainbow haunted vistas of sparkling river and sun kissed slopes, down the sides of which chase sparkling waterfalls. There a spur ran out from the main chain across the emerald, cane grown levels and showed a frowning forehead to the sea. Islands eroded from the mainland, of curious shape and evident volcanic origin, rose from the ocean bed outside and inside the projecting reef, always running parallel to the shore about half a mile off the beach. The long Pacific surges coming unchecked from the northland, broke in long rollers spume heralded. Now and then a heavy rain squall blotted out the land from view or, bringing wind with the downpour, heeled over the yacht to the garboard strake. We spared the staunch little craft nothing as we bucked into the steadily strengthening breeze, and with short tacks, seaward we devoured the miles, leaving the Paloma steadily behind. The steering was delicate, and the Gladys willing but impetuous. The sea was running very high, and the slightest inattention threw off the bows from the course. Promptness in catching, or



The Only Yawl.

rather anticipating her, was necessary to prevent her starting on a swing. Running seaward she climbed the big combers like a duck sinking in the hollows, and rushing up the slopes without a moment's hesitation. The giant took the wheel after a while, and the crew, as the sun got the best of the clouds, hauled up the slackened halliards as they dried.

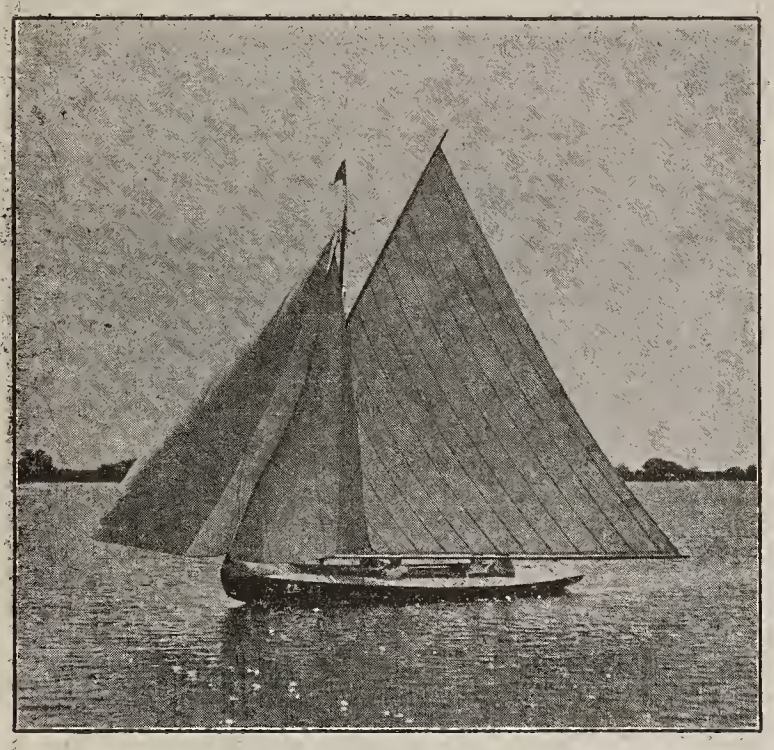
The little lady requires careful jib tending to get the



Far from Home—Swampscott Dory Oio.

best out of her, a too flat headsail seriously interfering with good work at the wheel. Getting the jib up to the racing mark was accomplished by passing the sheet across the cockpit from port to starboard cleat, or vice versa, thus giving two men a chance to haul on the sheet. We were not to get off without some trouble during the trip, however, as first the port, and then the starboard back stays, which we kept set up through the trip, snapped their lashings at the spreaders and fell back. This sent the skipper up the hoops with marline to remedy the mishap, and we lost time on both tacks in easing up the boat.

Paloma was still dropping behind, and we beat her by one tack round the first, and two round the second headland. At eight bells, just after we rounded the first point of Kahuku, she was a good six miles to the bad. There was no easing up on our part, however. Even if the head wind was in our favor, there was no telling when it might shift. There was now a thirty-four mile stretch to Mokapu Point, and there was a long spinnaker run from there home. So we kept racing, the crew, soaked through long ago, kept to the



A New Zealand Crack.

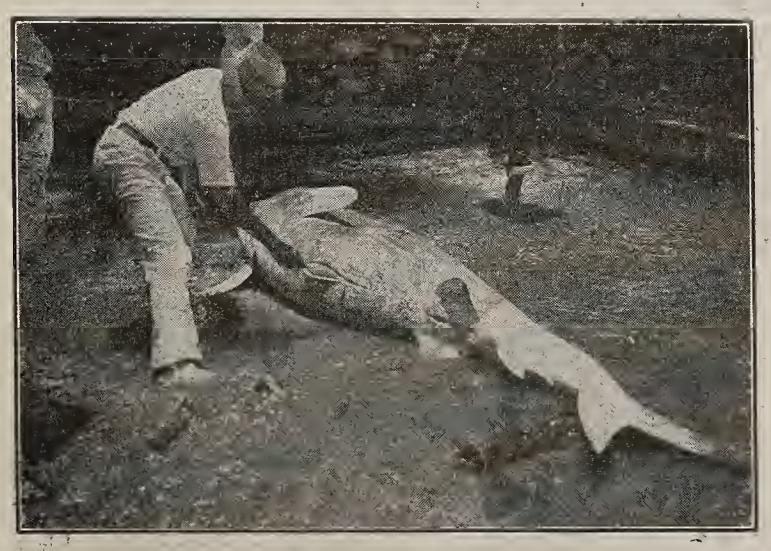
weather rail. Lunch consisted of the passing of a bowl of poi, the national Hawaiian dish, made from pounded taro root, not unlike arrow root in substance, washed down with a tot of grog.

Punaluu, the most prominent cape, took a long time to get by, and five bells struck before we passed it. Then sterile Mokapu Point loomed up out of a rain squall ahead. A mile off shore lies Bird Island, some 200 feet high, cone shaped, and white with sea fowl.



Rides without Whip or Spur.

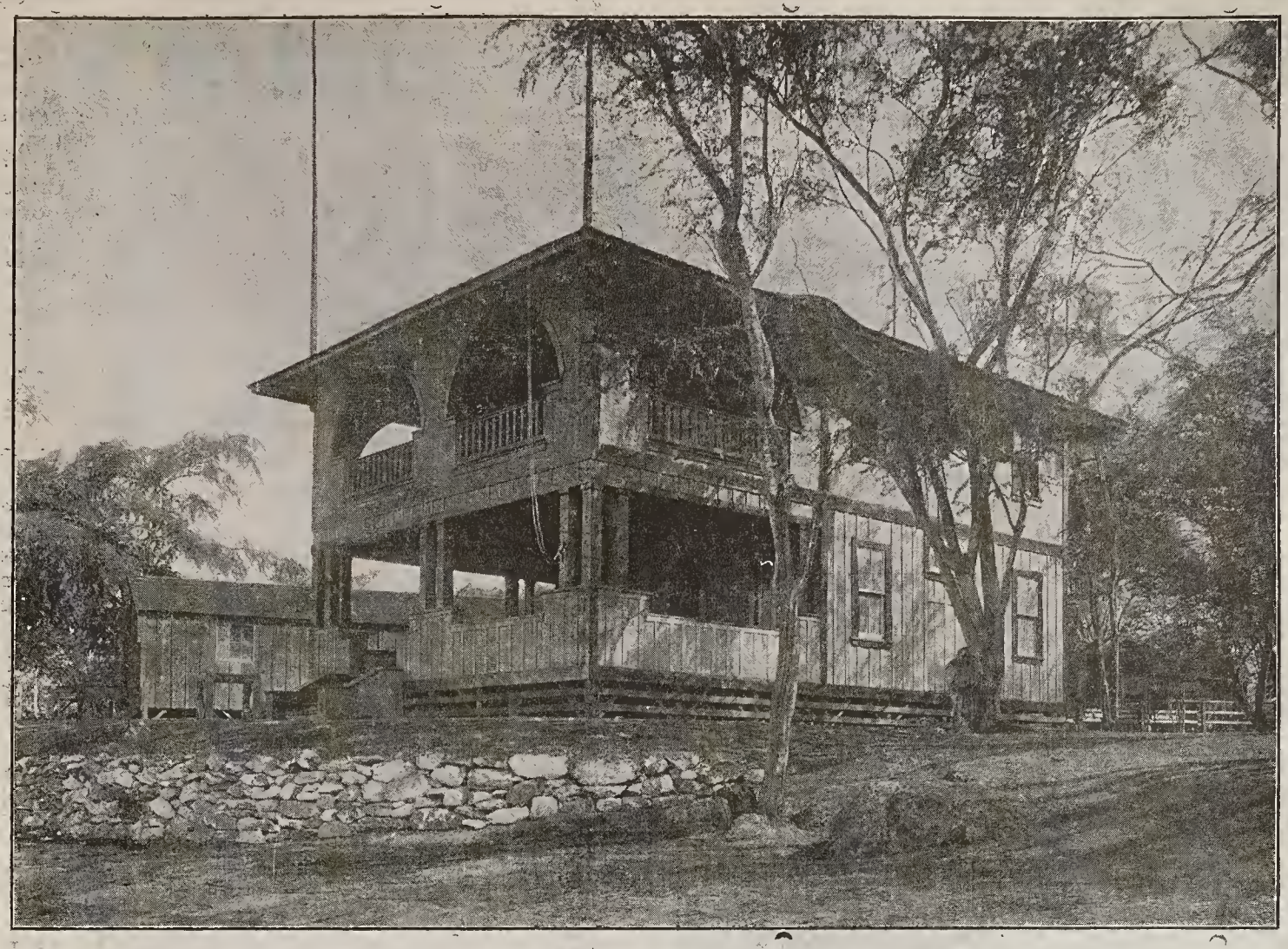
There is plenty of water between, but the sea boils like a cauldron. It is a short cut, however, and we steered for it. In the shelter of Mokapu lies a big harbor with a narrow entrance, deep water inside, but plenty of shoals or rather tops of miniature craters that need care to avoid. Out of this harbor came a coasting schooner as we neared the island passage. This was close on to 3:30, and the Paloma was now lost to sight behind a rain squall. When it cleared away it was good-by Paloma. We did not see her again until next morning in Honolulu harbor. Pointing well



Commencing Investigations.

into the wind we soon left the schooner astern, and passed between the island and Mokapu. This same schooner acted as a delusion and a snare to the Paloma which overhauled her later with the glee, thinking they had caught us in a calm until they found she had two sticks. As we passed the island we gave a whoop, and the top seemed to lift off it as a cloud of feathered fisher folk rose and wheeled and wheeled again with raucous cries at our rude disturbance.

There was still one more point to pass, and then we would fetch the home side of the island again. This was Makapuu, not Mokapu, which we had just passed at 3:45. Mokapu marks the south eastern corner of Oahu and an island lying off shore, known as Rabbit Island, and swarming with fuzztails, has often been an objective point in local races. Here, also, many stores of contrabrand have been landed, opium for the Chinese,



CLUB HOUSE OF THE HAWAII Y. C. AT PEARL HARBOR.

and rifles for revolutionists. Between Rabbit Island and the mainland lie smaller islets of jagged rock, between which there lies perilous passages; often taken advantage of in races, but not to be looked at this time in the growing dusk. The wind was as strong as ever, and rain squalls seemed frequent ahead.

Once round Makapuu there lies a dead run to Honolulu of some twenty miles, and here the heavy pinioned Paloma was sure to make up time. Five o'clock found us rounding Rabbit's Island and Mokapu, forty-four miles of beating in 9h. and 14m. We eased off the sheet as the wind came astern, hauling on the lee topping lift to keep the boom out of the heavy seas that followed us and, rising under our counter, sent us coasting down their sides at eleven knots. We sped along like a surf boat, and there was no necessity for a spinnaker. A heavy squall came up behind and urged the Gladys along like a surf boat. It was fast deepining to twilight, but we left the lights unlit. Ahead, over Honolulu, the sun sunk in sulphurous tinted clouds, while behind lay cold gray, storm-rack edged, with the warm afterglow. The scene was awe inspiring, coasting along the forbidding shore where the two scarred, extinct craters of Koko Head and Kokolipelipe, stood out with the sunset clouds behind them like



Dreadfully Cut Up.

the wraith of their former fires. Not a habitation was ashore, not a bird in sight, only the little white boat racing through the big green surges.

Teddy started to slacken the jib a trifle, and a gust came up unawares and flicked the wet sheet through his fingers. There was no preventing knot at the end of the sheets, and out flapped the cloth in the wind. Forward went the giant and the skipper, while Teddy and the referee took in the mainsheet and luffed the reluctant Gladys. It took ten minutes to secure the wilful jib with the yacht tossing fretfully on the big billows meanwhile, but soon all was secured once more and again we were winging it home. The rain caught us and washed the salt from our faces, but wind was with it and we welcomed it. All hands were beastly hungry, but Diamond Head, beloved of tourists, the dead crater that, like a lion couchant, rests by Honolulu, showed its rugged outline against the fading sky. The lighthouse at its foot flashed a warning, but we knew these waters, and coasting the reef within half a mile of shore, soon opened up the lights of Waikiki, Honolulu's Long Branch. Soon the range lights of the Honolulu harbor were visible, and before we knew it the spar buoy at the channel entrance loomed up on the starboard beam and the race was over. Time, 7:41:33; just 12h. from the start, a distance of 63 miles. Three short tacks up channel brought us to the warf where we were to lay for the night, and soon four hungry, but jubilant men climbed ashore. Carriages were in waiting. We, or rather a yacht had been telephoned by Diamond Head Charlie, and the referee's wife, confident in the Gladys coming in first, was waiting. Hardly had we finished our conjugal dinners at home when the Paloma was telephoned from the lighthouse. She had run into a heavy squall had come flying along, passing the mark at 8:47 an hour and six minutes behind on the second leg. The race was ours with three hours to spars, and no time allowance asked for. Total distance, 108 miles. Total time, 21h. 52m.

Next morning we repaired aboard, refreshed by a night's rest ashore, and still happy from our victory. The Gladys looked as ready for another spin as we



The Sunken Dredge.

were. Everything was a blowing and a drying, the skipper having sent a servant down early to dry out and clean up. The race had brought a little water aboard through the forward hatch, but that was soon pumped out, and putting our provender aboard, we stood out channel bound for Pearl Harbor and the completion of our holiday. The sun dried out sail and sheet speedily, and we were soon running off the eight and a half knots to the cruising club house at the mouth of the channel. The wind was free, the weather fine, and we fought our battle over again in the cockpi . With the mainboom to port we rigged out the jib



The Lone Fisherman.

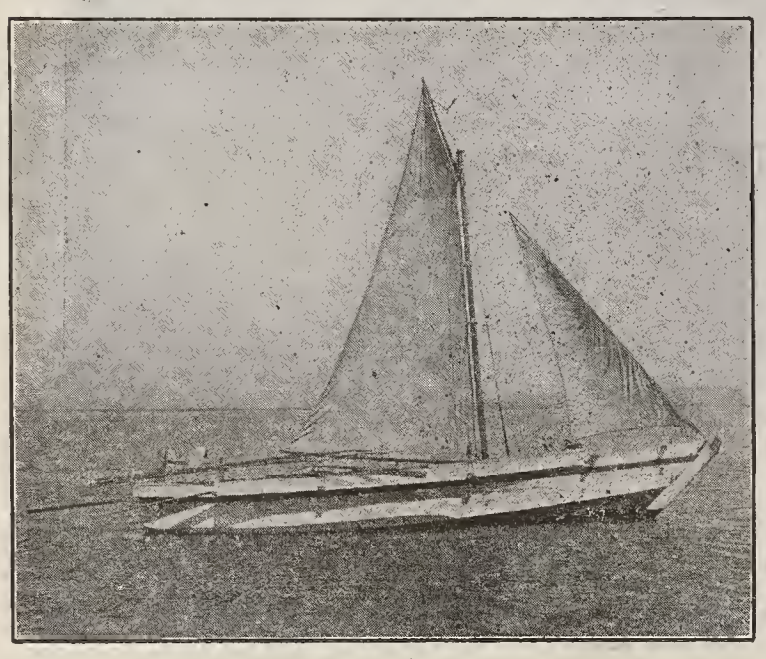
to starboard on a short spar and so went wing and wing, making the trip in an hour flat.

The lochs are ideal cruising places for our mosquito fleet, and indeed, for all craft of ordinary size. The water runs in places to 138ft. and the channel entrance has been recently dredged to a uniform depth of 30ft, and a width of 200ft. Inside is anchorage for all the fleets of the world. The lochs comprise a body of water some sixteen miles in area, running four miles inland to where streams render the water brackish. Peninsulas divide the water into three natural lochs shallowing for the last half mile, but of ample depth up to that point, varying from four to thirty odd fathoms. One large island and some smaller ones help out regatta courses, to cover which the steady trades blow the year round. Mountain ranges surround the lochs and the shores are emerald with cane.

Anchored off the club house, three and a half miles

up the middle loch, lies the mosquito fleet of the club and some of the bigger vessels, in brackish water that renders a trip to the marine railroad an expense seldom made necessary. Here we have sand baggers, New Zealand cracks, bilge centerboard freaks, fin keels, centerboards, small cabin boats, cats, skipjacks, a Swampscott dory, sidewalkers, Hawaiian built racers with good records, and one yawl, whose performances, both in racing and cruising, have been so satisfactory that the wonder stands that she is still the only craft of her type in Hawaiian waters. This is the Clytie, the skipper's first love.

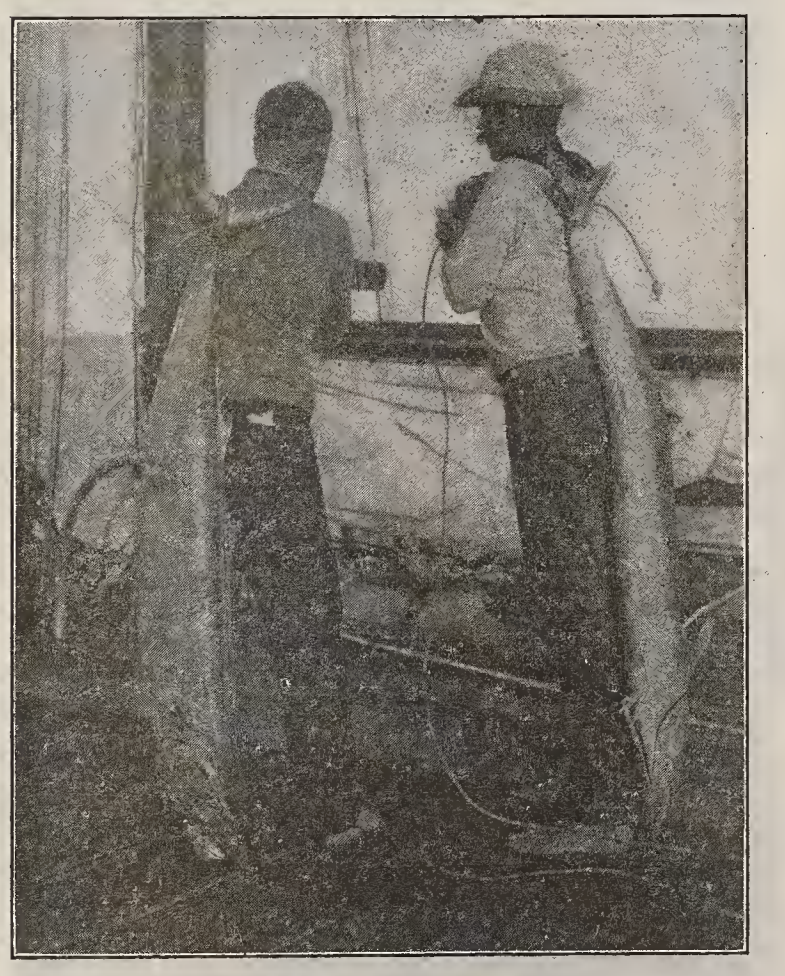
The waters teem with fish, mullet in shoals, giant rays, big ulua (tuna) turtle and sharks. Many native and Japanese fishermen make the lochs their headquarters for net and line fishing, often putting out to sea where the Japanese sampans make good weather. They have lately been rigged with jib and mainsail in sloop fashion and do remarkably well, especially on the wind. The Japanese handle them well with a usual crew of wife and child, and are successful fishermen. The big and sporty "ono" ranges the waters, and often



A Japanese Sampan.

gets onto the barbed end of a trolling line. The Hawaiians confine their fishing to the inland waters, sailing their outrigger canoes very speedy on the wind. The Chinese with their own type of heavy rowing boat are very successful with net fishing. Plover are plentiful in season.

The various reefs and shoals, some of which are to be blasted away by Uncle Samuel at his leisure, are all marked with stake or buoy by the yacht club, except when a sampan ties up to a stake over night or carries it away in the dark. Here we stayed for two days, cruising by day and anchoring at night near the harbor entrance in twenty fathoms off a native village, the inhabitants of which made night musical with their songs



Prima Facie Evidence—Two Big Ones.

and guitars. Of how we tried to catch mullet and spoiled our net with a crop of small hammerhead sharks; and of how we caught a 14-footer, a big shovel-nosed brute, there is yarn enough to spin into a separate story. A word as to our modus operandi may not be amiss. The hook, armed with six feet of chain, is baited with succulent beef and dropped into deep water, the line being brought into the cockpit and an alarm set with empty tins. A catch by night is intensely exciting. The big brute fights hard before he comes unwillingly to the surface, a green luminous whirl in the phosphorescent water. His big jaws snap viciously before a bullet between and just back of the eyes gives him the coup de grace. Then a running bowline secures the tail and a fall and tackle hoists him, mouth downwards, when the liver—a shark seems to be all liver—bulges out of the capacious maw. This we give to the natives, who dry it out for the oil. The backbone makes a good walking cane, and the jaws, when they quit smelling, make a notable trophy.

On the last day, before we left the Gladys at her quiet moorings and reluctantly returned to business cares, we cruised down toward Waialua under easy sailing, trolling a line, and our bid was fortunate in securing two fine ono after a tough fight, in which the skipper nearly fell overboard with the gaff. The camera was brought into requisition, and our last film recorded the catch in characteristic and undeniable fashion.

Hawaiian waters weave a spell which never leaves those who have sailed in them, and Hawaiian yachtsmen are always eager to welcome those from other seas to cruise with them, race with them, eat, drink, and be merry with them for a while. Our club has steadily grown to a fleet of forty craft and over a hundred members, and some day we hope to hold an international regatta along our shores.

Boston Letter.

Boston, Jan. 31.—The Regatta Committee of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, has organized, and is first to come out with fixtures for the season. A meeting was held at the town house of the Boston Y. C. last Thursday evening, when H. S. Goodwin was elected chairman, and W. L. Carlton, secretary. The other members of the committee are Lawrence F. Percival, Stephen Bowen, and H. H. Walker. The following list of fixtures was agreed upon:

June 11, Saturday—Club championship.
June 25, Saturday—Club championship.
July 2, Saturday—Club championship.
July 4, Monday—Invitation race.
July 16, Saturday—Club championship.
July 23, Saturday—Club championship.
August 3, Wednesday—Midsummer series.
August 4, Thursday—Midsummer series.
August 6, Friday—Midsummer series.
August 7, Saturday—Invitation race.
August 27, Saturday—Club championship.

There will be a conference later between representatives of the Corinthian Y. C., the Boston Y. C., the Eastern Y. C., and the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts in regard to the selection of dates, so that there will be the same harmony of arrangement that has existed for two seasons past. As the above dates come at about the same time as on previous years, however, it is quite likely that they will stand. After the season has opened, it is quite probable that Commodore John O. Shaw will issue orders for a club cruise.

The annual meeting of the Boston Y. C. held at the town club house, Rowe's Wharf, last Wednesday evening, was very well attended, and there was something doing all the time. The report of the Regatta Committee showed that the club expended on nine races during the season of 1903 over $1,600. While this is quite a generous allowance, it is estimated that at least $2,000 will be required another season, and from this estimate it may be inferred that the Regatta Committee expects a lively season for 1904, in spite of the handicaps that have been placed on yacht racing during the winter.

During the year 100 applicants were admitted to membership, and of these 56 were yacht owners. Of 12 admitted to the Dorchester division, 9 were yacht owners, and of seven admitted to the Marblehead division, all were yacht owners. The total membership of the club at the present time is close to 700, and it is expected that this number will be largely increased before the season has reached its height. The fleet of the club numbers 376, which is a very good percentage of the membership.

Many of the members are desirous of having a club cruise during the coming summer. It is the intention to cruise along the Maine coast, stopping at various ports. Yacht owners were consulted last season in regard to a cruise, but there were so few who would guarantee to take part in the port to port runs that it was not deemed advisable to issue orders. If anything like a decent percentage of the whole number of yachts enrolled in the club will take part in the proposed cruise this summer, there should be a fine fleet entering the different ports. Not only has the club a good sized fleet, but in it also may be found some of the finest sailing and steam yachts in the country.

The annual meeting of the Quincy Y. C. will be held next Saturday evening, when the following officers and committees will be balloted for: Com., Eben W. Shepard; Vice-Com., Frank Fessenden Crane; Sec'y, Herbert W. Robbins; Treas., Dexter E. Wadsworth; Meas., Robert A. Grant; Executive Committee—J. P. Bainbridge, Charles W. Hall, George W. Jones, and George H. Wilkins; House Committee—Herbert A. Billings, R. R. Bolles, George D. Follett, Arthur W. Harris, Elmer F. Ricker, Joel F. Shepard, 2d, and Ira M. Whittemore.

A somewhat novel scheme is being agitated by members of this club. It will be proposed at the annual meeting to build a 15-footer under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. The money for this boat is to be raised by subscription among the members, and different crews, composed of members of the club, will race her on the Y. R. A. circuit. After the close of the season it is proposed to turn the boat over to the club to be let to members until such sum as may be elected by the subscribers shall have been returned to them.

One of the new clubs in the vicinity of Boston—the Cottage Park Y. C., of Winthrop—is to have a new club house, which will cost upward of $10,000. The club has a very good membership, and it is felt that a good, modern club house can be handled without difficulty. Some time ago an appropriation for a new house was made. The club at that time had an excellent location, but there arose some question as to the title, in settlement of which it has been found necessary to go to the courts. This obstacle has now been done away with, and the club will be ready to go ahead on a new building as soon as possible.

Another new club house at Winthrop will be that of the Winthrop Y. C., to take the place of the club house that was destroyed by fire a short time ago. At the annual meeting of the club it was voted to raise $12,000 by bond subscription. As the old club house was not large enough for the accommodation of a growing membership, the club has secured land adjoining its present property. A fine, modern club house is to be erected, taking up about all of the land space in the possession of the club.

A bill has been presented to the Massachusetts Legislature by the Bay State Y. C., of Revere, calling for the erection of a sea wall in front of its club house. The club house faces the ocean, and much damage is often caused by easterly gales.

The utmost secrecy is being maintained in regard to the 30-footer which Mr. Frank Gair Macomber, Jr., is going to have built. Some time ago it was said that he would go to Messrs. Gardiner & Cox, of New York, for his design. The latest piece of rumor on this subject is to the effect that Mr. Macomber either has, or intends to place, an order with the Herreshoffs for his boat. It is also stated that Mr. S. Reed Anthony will have a boat from the same shops, if not on the same design.

John B. Killeen.

English Letter.

It is disappointing to learn that the race from Gibraltar to Nice, for which King Edward VII. has offered a cup as first prize, has fallen through, owing to the necessary minimum number of entries not having been received. Only three yachts were entered—Andrée, Harlequin, and the old English boat Samœna, now owned in France—whereas the stipulation was that five at least were to figure on the list. It was hoped that the Scotch boats, Kariad and Bona, would have been fitted out for the Mediterranean regattas this year, but, unfortunately, there is no prospect of either vessel crossing the bay, and the prospects for the French regattas, as regards the larger classes, are poor indeed. Navahoe was also looked upon as a possible entry for the race, but the preliminaries of the Gibraltar-Nice match were a little hurried, and owners did not have quite sufficient time to reflect as to whether they would elect to join in or not. The result has been somewhat of a fiasco; however, it is hoped that the offer of the cup may be renewed next year, in which case the necessary preliminary arrangements will be made with more deliberation, and, consequently, a greater chance of success.

It is unquestionably a fact that English yachtsmen are not nearly so keen on taking part in the early French regattas as they were ten years ago. The reasons for this are threefold. First, the Riviera season begins very early, and this makes it necessary for British boats which are to take part in it to start fitting out early in January. Second, the number of regattas arranged for in British waters has increased so much of late years that yachting men get quite enough racing in their own waters. Third, the German regattas held at Kiel immediately following the annual race for the German Emperor's cup from Dover to Heligoland, have undoubtedly done much to interfere with the success of both French and English seasons by drawing away British yachts to the Baltic which would otherwise have taken part in home regattas, and many of which would have found their way to France earlier in the year.

In truth, there is a glut of regattas but a scarcity of yachts of the larger size in both England and France, flimsy construction and imperfect rating rules being the chief cause in both countries. In Germany, yacht racing has never been at such a high pitch of excellence as it is to-day, but the reason is not because of better construction or superior measurement rules, but solely on account of the laudable desire of the Kaiser to make yachting one of the national pastimes in Germany. To this end he has spent his own money freely, and his example has been ardently followed by his own family and by a great number of his subjects, with such success that the beautiful waters of Kiel Harbor now present at regatta time as lively a set of white wings as may be seen on the Solent during the most successful of Cowes' weeks. The rise of German yacht racing to the level it has since attained may be said to have commenced with the first race from Dover to Heligoland in 1897, when the object of the Kaiser was nominally to commemorate the diamond jubilee of her late Majesty, Queen Victoria. There is no doubt, however, that the Emperor was very desirous of attracting British yachts to Kiel to swell the German pleasure fleet, which was then of small proportions, and for some seasons the British contingent may be said to have provided the backbone of the racing during Kiel week. Since that time, however, the Germans have themselves built and bought many fine vessels, and last year their big boats were divided into three classes, while the smaller fry were almost innumerable.

It is stated that the race from Dover to Heligoland will this year be thrown open to yachts of all nations. If this be so, there is every possibility of a very large entry, for Germany can produce half a dozen fine schooners, and the new vessel building on the Clyde from designs by Fife for a German syndicate will be a possible entry. This yacht, which will be schooner rigged, and of about 300 tons, is the largest vessel ever designed by the famous Clyde draughtsman, and, if she is anything like Cicely, will be one of the most beautiful two-stickers afloat.

Yachting matters in England at the present time are in a state of transition. The dead season is upon us, and the yards are not displaying much activity, except in the matter of alterations or repairs to old yachts. There is not much likelihood of new vessels being ordered until something satisfactory has been arranged about scantling and unlimited overhangs, and the sooner that something is arranged the better for all concerned.

E. H. Kelly.

The annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. will be held at the New York Club, on Feb. 8. The following officers and committees have been nominated: Com., Harrison B. Moore, steam yacht Zara; Vice-Com., F. D. Underwood, steam yacht Alice; Rear Com., E. B. Haven, sloop yacht Athlon; Treas., Charles T. Pierce; Sec'y, T. Alfred Vernon; Meas., Henry J. Gielow; Regatta Committee, Henry J. Gielow, Frederick Vilmar and W. A. Minott; Membership Committee, Geo. D. Provost, Walter H. Nelson and F. J. Havens; Library Committee, T. Alfred Vernon, John E. Beggs, and F. T. Cornell; Entertainment Committee, S. E. Vernon, Geo. G. McIntosh and Joseph H. Scranton; Nominating Committee, E. B. Havens, George D. Provost, H. G. S. Noble, H. B. Chamberlain, W. L. Pettibone and Paul D. Bernard.

New Rochelle Y. C.

BY EX-COMMODORE CHARLES PRYER, NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.

THE birth of the New Rochelle Y. C. may be said to have taken place in the cabin of the little sloop Curlew, early in the summer of 1885, where a few gentlemen of the place had collected to talk over the advisability of forming a local yachting organization. A few days after that discussion a notice was sent out to all the desirable people in the town supposed to be interested in the subject of the formation of such a club, and a place and time of meeting specified. At this meeting the organization was perfected by the election of the following officers: Com., Chas. Pryer; Vice-Com., J. H. Ryley, Rear Com., E. C. Sterling (their respective yachts were the sloops Curlew and Madeline, and the schooner Leona); Sec'y, Ph. J. Krackel, and Treas., Eugene Lambden. Committees were also appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, and select a desirable location for a home for the new club. At the next meeting these gentlemen reported, and the result was that the constitution and by-laws were adopted with some modifications and alterations suggested in the discussion that followed the report; and that Echo Island, at the entrance of Echo Bay Harbor, New Rochelle, was leased by the club for a term of years, on which it was proposed to erect a house, and a building committee was appointed. No regatta was sailed under the auspices of the club during the summer of 1885; but the membership grew very rapidly, and a substantial house was started. The first board of trustees was composed of the flag officers, and Messrs N. D. Lawton, C. P. Buchannan, and G. H. Barker.

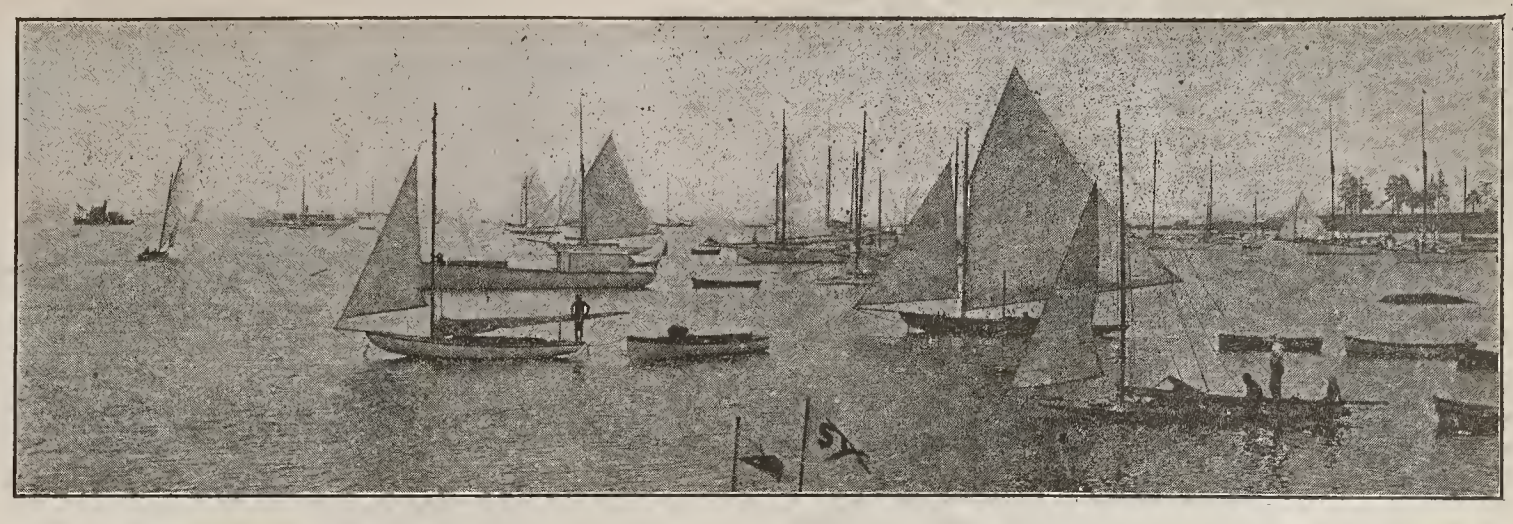
At the opening of the yachting season, 1886, the club house was completed, and there were about two hundred names on the roll of membership, while the fleet consisted of a little over fifty boats, of all sizes and rigs. The officers were the same, with the exception of the addition of several committees. In June of this year, the first annual regatta of the new organization was sailed, and was most successful. As it was an open race, the yachts of many other clubs were entered, the day perfect, a strong S.W. wind was blowing and the boats crossed the line well bunched when the signal was given. The race was particularly close in the schooner, and one of the cabin sloop classes, so that the spectators were very much interested during the entire contest. The wind was perhaps a little too heavy for comfort or even safety for the smaller craft, as several of the catboats capsized, and many an amateur sailor got a ducking, though nobody was materially the worse for that day's sport, and the members of the young club were much encouraged by the successful issue of the day.

During the year there were a number of entertainments held at the club house, and the Atlantic Y. C. rendezvoused off our club house upon the occasion of their annual cruise. The house and grounds were much beautified during the season, and the club made very material progress. It is not, of course, my purpose to follow each year of the club's existence in detail, as it would be uninteresting to most of the readers, and also take entirely too much space. But we may now be said to have fairly launched the organization in its career, having given it a home, and witnessed the results of its first regatta.

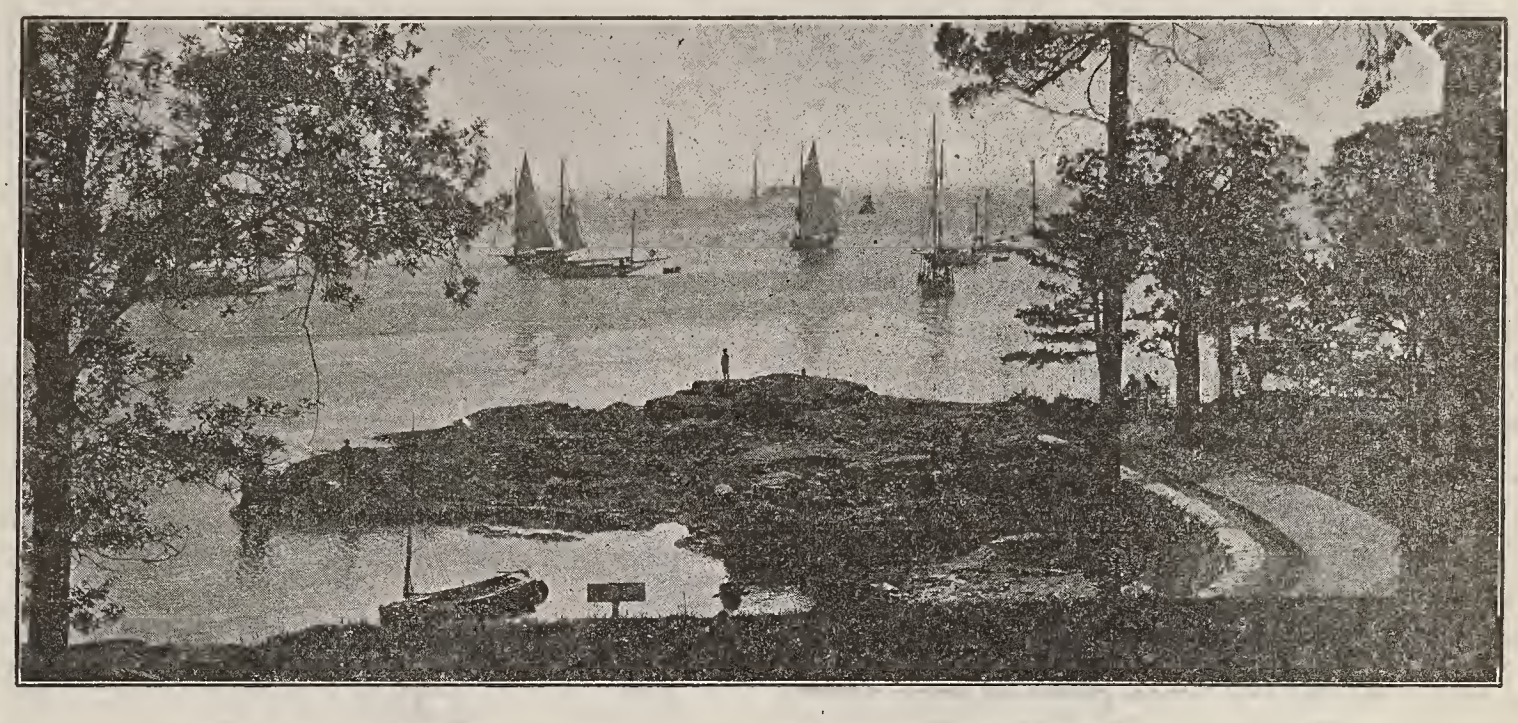
The season of 1887 opened very prosperously for us, and we were early in the field, but nothing of a very interesting character occurred to relate out of the inner club circle, the only important change in the board of officers was that the late W. H. Wilmarth was elected secretary, in place of Ph. J. Krackel, who declined to serve longer. The year may be said to have been a fairly successful one, though there were no particularly marked events, the annual regatta was good. In 1888 the commodore's flag was changed from the Curlew to the new Eurybia, then just off the ways. During the next few years the club managed to keep itself afloat in a fairly creditable manner, though, like all organizations of its nature, it had its vicissitudes, of which its finances was not the least. At times the membership would drop off considerably, and again it would pick up, but at no time was there any serious trouble. The officers during these years changed frequently, and the club has had numerous commodores, vice and rear commodores and, of course, the other officers were subject to many changes also.

We now come to the most crucial time in the organization's existence. The lease was about to expire, and the owner of Echo Island declined a renewal; but very kindly offered to give the club the house it had constructed, provided they could move it away within a specified time. After much discussion in the committee, appointed to look into the matter, they procured a very advantageous site from the town on the mainland adjacent, for a comparatively low rent. The next question was how to transfer the house from Echo Island to Hudson Park. This problem was solved after much difficulty, by making a contract with a company to float it over the bay on large wrecking scows, and place it on a foundation constructed for the purpose on the newly acquired leasehold in the Park.

The house was slid upon the floats with comparatively little injury, and prepared for its voyage across a sheet of water about half a mile wide, and now the real trouble began; the weather, which for some days had been fair, became cloudy and threatening, the wind shifted to the east and started to blow. The waves of the sound responded almost immediately, and began to roll in in such a menacing manner, that it commenced to look as though the house would be deposited in fragments along the rocks and beaches of the adjacent shore. The scows, though buoyant enough to float the building over under ordinary conditions, were not constructed for such billows as were now breaking over them nor was the house sufficiently strongly belayed to them to stand such pitching and tossing; in fact, it was a shore house and not an arc. For a time the members of the club looked on in great dismay at the struggling tug boat, the rocking floats and the cracking and straining timbers of the building. At last a happy thought struck some of the party. "Why not pull her into a small cove under a lee, and anchor her there until the gale blew itself out." The tug, of course, could not



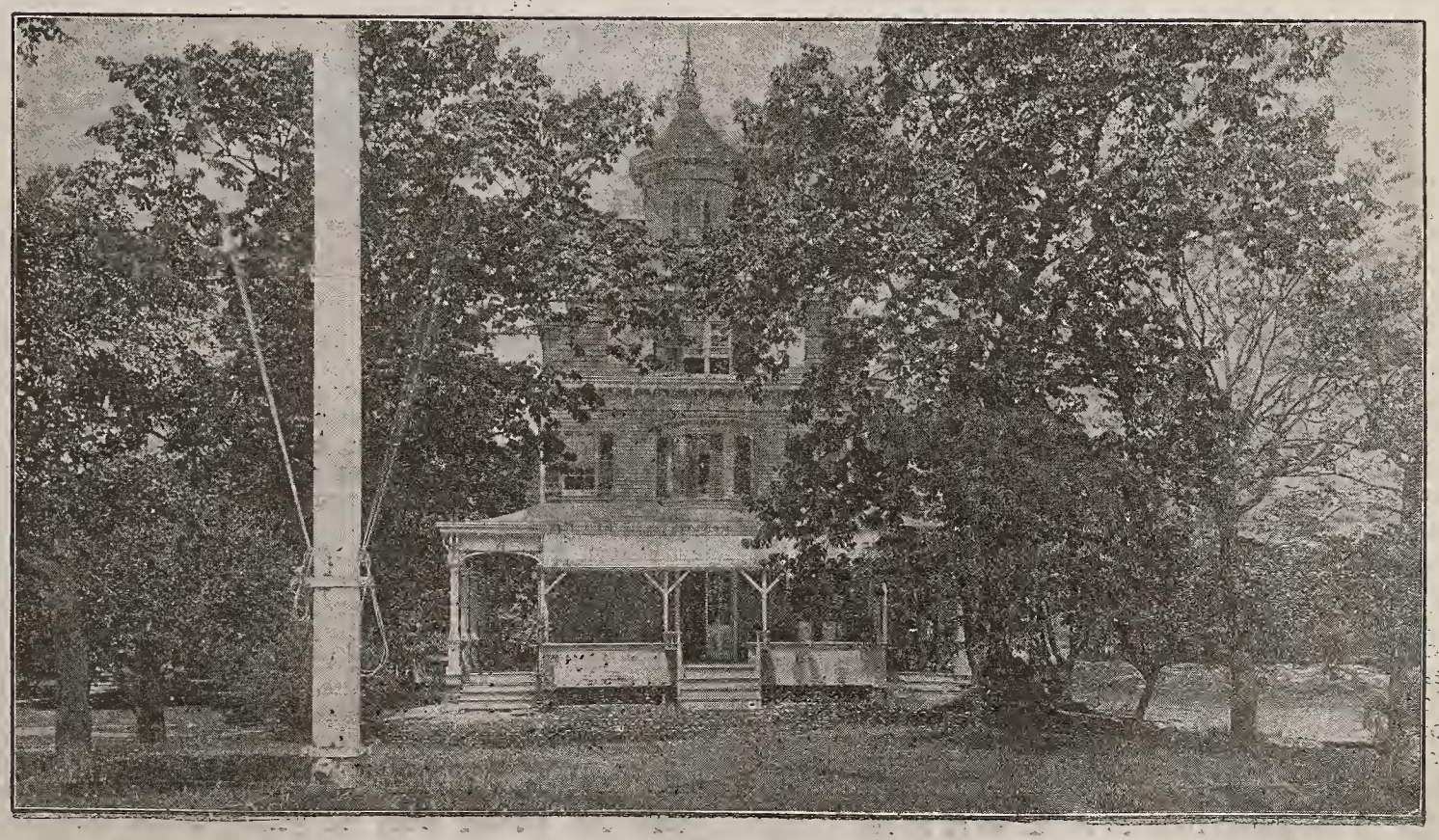
Echo Bay.—A view of the harbor taken from Harrison Island.



Some of the New Rochelle Y. C. Fleet, taken from the Club House. Reliance at anchor in the distance.



One View of the New Rochelle Yacht Club House.



Another View of the New Rochelle Yacht Club House.

enter the cove, as the water was too shoal, but when she came as near shore as possible, she was cast off, where many willing hands grasped the hawser and pulled their floating home into a place of comparative security, so that when the sky cleared and the sun broke forth once more, the building was found but little the worse for its tempestuous sea voyage. It was finally placed upon the new location; and many were greatly astonished at the small amount of repairs that were necessary to make it habitable for the club once more.

The new locality was found more convenient than the old, and for a time the club prospered greatly, but if it was easier attainable, it was less secluded, being in a public park, and a large portion of members wished we were again on the island, or at least, on some island where we could be more quiet, and less annoyed by the pleasure seakers, who came from all quarters to enjoy the summer breezes from the sound. Years rolled on and the organization progressed slowly, and though many difficulties were met, and at times the clouds were black and threatening, for us there was a gradual advancement. The fleet had increased immensely, and many of the finest racing yachts were enrolled under the club burgee. Most of the races were successful, though of course, in common with all similar organizations, some were marred by calms and storms, but we had our full share of good sailing breezes, and very little complaint can be made against our race days.

In the last year of the last century it became evident that we would have to move once more, not from the old cause, for the town now grown into the city of New Rochelle, had treated us with all courtesy, and we could retain our site as long as we desired; but we had outgrown our accommodations. Harrison's Island, a beautiful piece of property on the northern or inner side of Echo Bay, and containing several acres, was considered very desirable, especially as there was already a mansion of considerable size upon it. So this almost ideal spot for the home of a yacht club, was leased on very favorable terms for a long period of years, and it again became necessary to move the house. Again the floats were called into requisition, and again the building was slid upon them, and a much shorter and more land-locked voyage was started. This time, however, it was accomplished without accident or special incident, the elements being auspicious, and the yachting season of 1901 was started under the most promising conditions; the two houses giving us ample accommodations, while the lawn and shade trees afforded pleasant lounging places for the yachtsmen and their guests while on shore. The restaurant was much improved, and the additional space indoors permitted of numerous sleeping rooms. The club now increased very rapidly, and the roll was nearly, if not quite doubled in less than two years. Many improvements were made, such as floats, runways, etc. The fleet, at anchor in the harbor, kept pace with the increase of membership, until the fleet consisted of one hundred yachts, of all kinds, and unlike many of our sister clubs, a very large proportion of these vessels are always seen at anchor near the club house when not sailing or cruising.

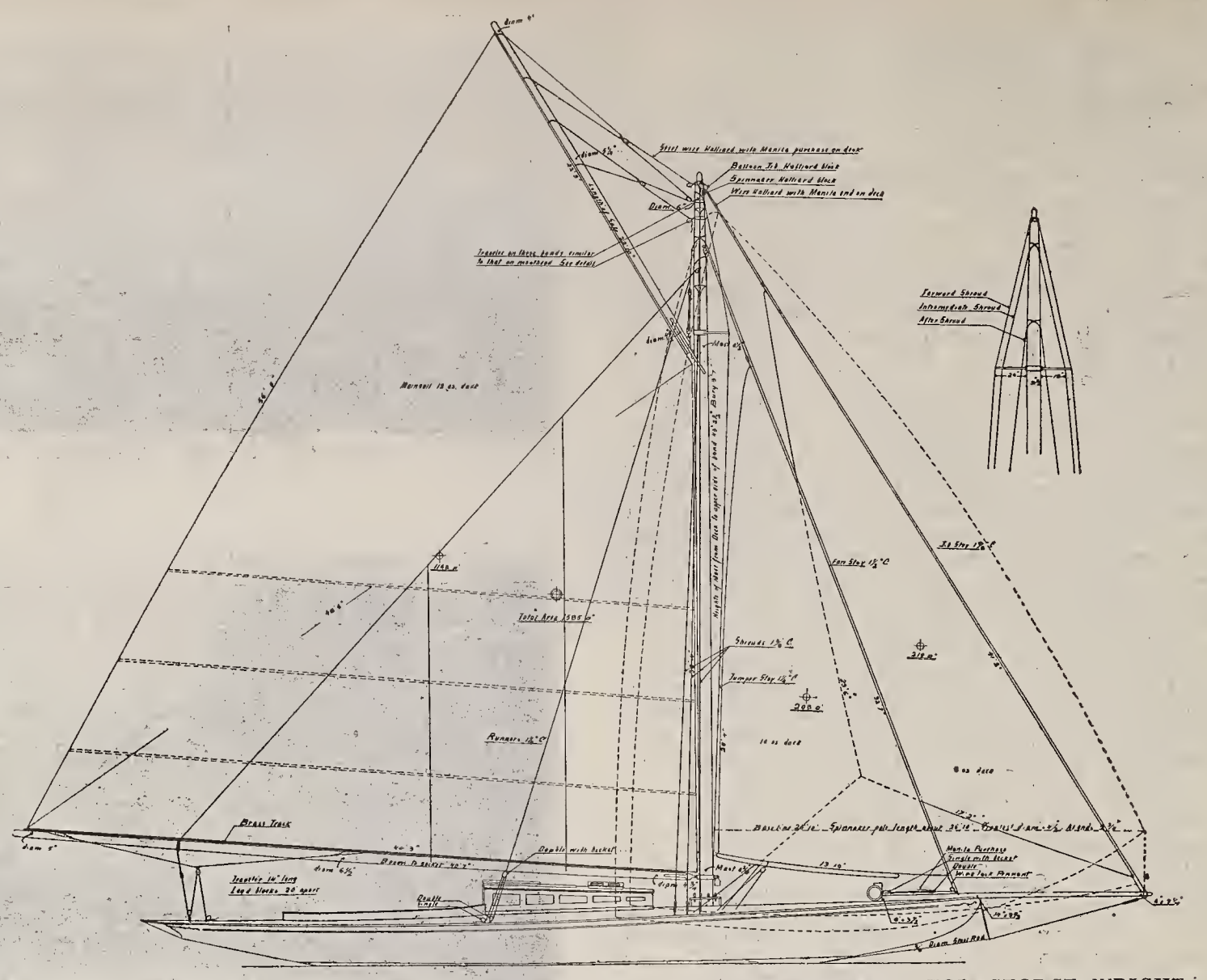
One of the most interesting features of the New Rochelle Y. C., is their summer series of short cruises. These usually started from the club anchorage on Saturday morning, and returned Sunday afternoon. Sometimes, however, we would get away on Friday, and remain away until Monday evening, especially if Monday was a holiday, as in the case of Labor day. Small trophies or run prizes were always awarded to the first boat in each port, and a handicap was made by the regatta committee so that all would have a chance. Often on these short trips the fleet would consist of from twenty to twenty-five vessels of all kinds, and many of these races would be of considerable interest. Last summer, for instance, in crossing the sound from Black Rock to Northport, the yachts were struck by quite a heavy squall in mid sound, and it was a very pretty sight to see those amateur sailors handle their craft in the blow. Many of them were mere boys, and some of the boats were small and hard pressed, but not an accident occurred, and most of the crews managed to keep their respective places in the contest, and the fleet reached Northport well bunched, though not a few decks were wet, and in some instances some water had been taken into the cabins, as we could tell by the great amount of bedding that was on deck when we reached our anchorage to receive the benefit of the last rays of the setting sun.

The racing rules, time allowances, etc., of the New Rochelle Y. C., have been for several years governed by the regulations of the Long Island Sound Y. R. A., of which the club, like most of the other yachting organizations along the Sound, is a member.

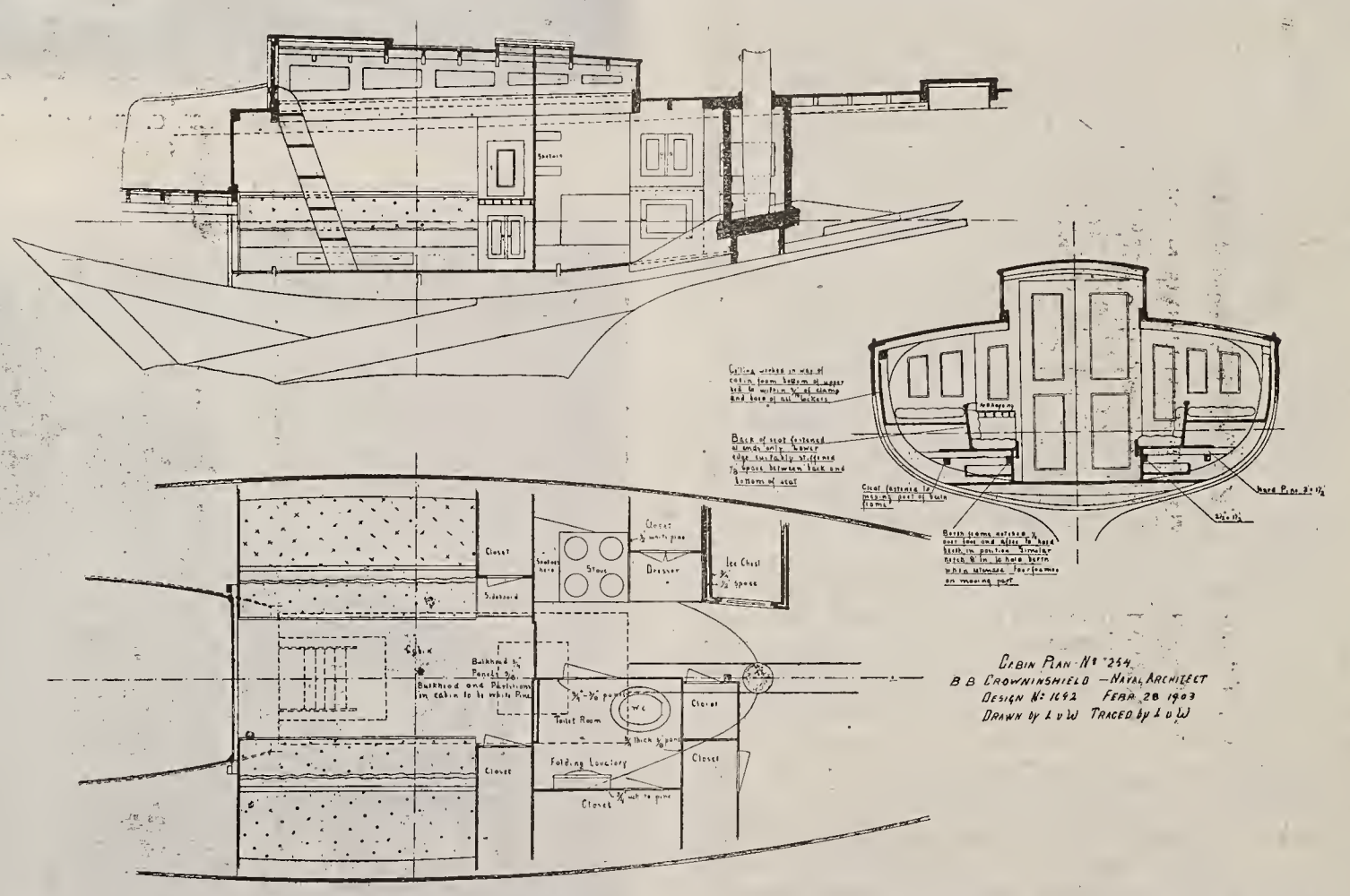
Mr. George Crouse Cook, of the firm of Messrs MacConnell & Cook, has gotten out plans for a 36ft. cruising launch, for Mr. W. A. Brown, of New York City. The boat will be named Chi Psi, and Mr. Brown will use her at Shelter Island, where he spends his summers. Chi Psi is 36ft. over all; 8ft. breadth; 4.6ft. depth; with a displacement of 12,000 pounds on a draft of 2.9ft. The hull is to be constructed of the most selected oak, cedar, and pine, and all fittings, together with the strut and rudder, are to be of special bronze castings. The absolute safety of the launch is assured by water-tight subdivision, and supplementary air tanks which extend under the deck on the port and starboard sides through the length of the boat. A speed of 15 miles is guaranteed in a continuous run. The yacht is being built at the yard of the Poucher Co., City Island.

* * *

The first American exhibition of pleasure boats moved by screw propellers, and measuring from 15 to nearly 50ft. long, will soon be opened. Its dates are Monday, Feb. 8, to Saturday Feb. 20, inclusive, and its home is the new Herald Square Exhibition Hall, at Broadway and Thirty-fourth St., This show will be open to the public from 10 A. M. to 11 P. M.



PRINCESS—30-FOOTER—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR GEORGE WRIGHT.



PRINCESS—30-FOOTER—CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR GEORGE WRIGHT.

Princess—30-Footer.

The pole-mast racing 30-footer Princess, plans of which boat appear in this issue, was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, and built for Mr. George Wright by Messrs. H. W. Embree & Son.

Princess is a smart looking boat, and the plans show a compact craft of excellent design. She is splendidly put together, and great attention was paid to her construction, as a glance at the plans will show.

As the boat was to be used for racing and ample deck room was essential for the handling of spars and sails, Mr. Crowninshield abandoned the old style of cabin house and substituted the narrow trunk cabin. This change was a great improvement in every way, for it gave much more room on deck, added to the boat's appearance, and did not injure the accommodations below. The cabin house is 10ft. long and 4ft. wide. The cockpit is 11ft. long and 5ft. 6in. in width at the widest point. Two deck beams running athwartships divide the cockpit from the cabin house, and these add greatly to the boat's transverse strength. This plan should be followed in all cabin trunk boats, no matter how small. In some cases it may seem objectionable in getting in and out of the cabin from the cockpit, but if the companionway is made sufficiently large, this will not prove a great annoyance, and more than compensate in the safety and strength gained.

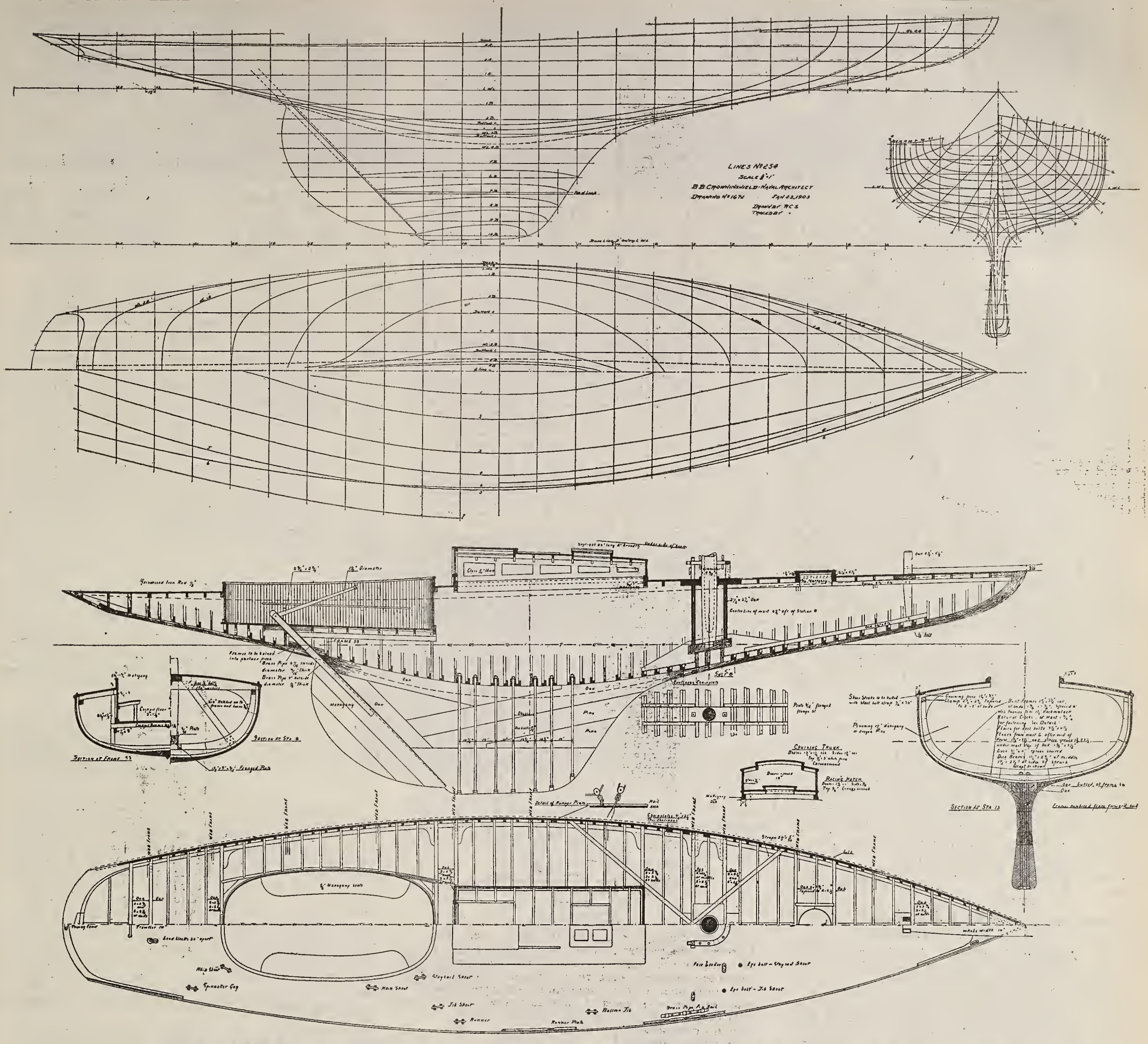
Below, Princess is quite roomy, and there is full head room under the house. The main cabin is 8ft. long. On either side are transoms or sofas, and behind these are wide berths 6ft. 6in. long. At the forward end of the cabin there is a sideboard and locker on the port side, and a hanging closet opposite on the starboard side. The cabin floor is 3ft. wide between the transoms.

A door on the port side of the forward bulkhead leads to the galley, a part of which is under the cabin house. The galley is very completely fitted. On the starboard side, and reached from the galley, is the toilet room, which is 4ft. long and fitted with a patent closet, a folding wash-basin, and a linen closet. A skylight ventilates the main cabin, the galley and the toilet. The boat is very cheerful below, as the oblong glass ports in the sides of the cabin trunk admit a great deal of light.

The sail plan was worked out with considerable care, with the result that it is a handsome and well balanced rig.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	50ft.	3¼in.
L.W.L.	30ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	9ft.	9¾in.
Aft	10ft.	5½in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	11ft.	2 in.
L.W.L.	10ft.	9¼in.
Transom	5ft.	7¾in.
Draft—		
Extreme	7ft.	9 in.
Fairbody	2ft.	6 in.
Freeboard—		
Stem	3ft.	9⅝in.
Least	2ft.	3⅞in.
Transom	2ft.	7¼in.
Area—		
Midship section	23.8	sq. ft.
Rudder	17.30	sq. ft.
Total lateral plane	124.4	sq. ft.
Total wetted surface	462	sq. ft.
Displacement	22,420	lbs.
Sail area—		
Jib	219	sq. ft.
Staysail	203	sq. ft.
Mainsail	1,163	sq. ft.
Total	1,585	sq. ft.



PRINCESS—30-FOOTER—LINES AND CONSTRUCTION PLAN—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR GEORGE WRIGHT.

Interlake Yachting Letter.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Jan. 30.—The little 16ft. restricted class is catching on in a remarkable way, and the prospects are, that at least a half dozen boats will be built in time for next season's use in Detroit. Rear Com. E. F. Floyd has ordered a design from Mr. Carlton Wilby, a young designer that has recently located at Detroit, and she will be built right up to the limit of her class. The preliminary lines have been turned out, are corrected, and the final drawings will be completed this week. Com. Lloyd is negotiating with two Detroit builders, and an Eastern firm, but has not decided just where he will have her built, but it is probable she will be constructed in the East. Several Cleveland yachtsmen have taken kindly to the idea, and it looks as if three would be built here. Mr. James Kenedy is considering a design, and is very favorably impressed with it. Mr. Kenedy has been a power boat man, but is so taken with the idea, that he has about made up his mind to desert the power boat for one of the little restricted boats.

Obtaining crews has been a detrimental feature to yachting hereabouts, but these little single handers, seem to supply a long felt want, and will in all probability become exceedingly popular before the summer is half over. Mr. Summer, of this city, has ordered a design from Chicago for a 16-footer, and she will be built by Cook. The 18-footer building for Mr. Watterson is about completed, and is a neat appearing craft. She is rather more conservative than the average racing boat, having quite moderate overhangs. Her bow is finely drawn out, giving her an easy entrance, and she has a nice run aft. Judging from appearances, she ought to be reasonably fast. She will carry an enormous jib and mainsail rig, having 650 sq. ft. in the two pieces. The yawl building for Dr. N. W. Brown, has been finished, and is a credit to her builder, Mr. Fred Platt. She is a typical cruising boat, and for her over all length has remarkable amount of room, both above and below decks. She will be launched the first of April, and after being fitted out, will be taken to the head of the lakes, thence to St. Louis, where her owner will remain several weeks, and then return to Cleveland. Mr. James Marshall, of Toledo, is building a 21-footer with which he intends to capture the Walker Cup, at Detroit, next summer; he also intends shipping her to Chicago to enter her in the races for the Sir Thomas Lipton trophy. An 18-footer is being built for Mr. Benis, of Erie, from a design by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston. She is to be up to the limit of the class, and will be sailed in the races of the Inter Lake Yachting Association, and will also compete for the Huntington trophy No. 4.

Buffalo has the building fever in earnest, and perhaps more boats are building in that city than at any of the other lake ports. A big yawl is to be built for Mr. Summer Hayward, designed by Crowninshield, a 30ft. cruising yawl for Mr. Hussey, designed by W. H. Hand, Jr.; and a 15ft. one-design class by the same designer, of which four boats were originally to have been built. This number has been increased to nine, or more than double the amount of the original order. A gentleman, whose name is withheld for the present, is having a 21-footer designed in the East, where she will also be built, and the order calls for her completion by April 15. In a letter received yesterday, he stated that the new boat would be as extreme as the law governing the construction of the restricted 21ft. class allows. It has practically been decided to have her canvas made by Messrs Cousens and Pratt, of Boston. Another boat for the same class is being built by one of the Buffalo builders, but has not been sold. Her builder and designer is a peculiar old salt. Each winter he selects some particular class, one he thinks likely to be most popular, gets out his design, and sets to work. When his task is completed, he looks around for a buyer, and invariably finds one. The remarkable part of this story is that in most cases he has turned out the speediest boats in the Buffalo Y. C., in their respective classes. The Hussar II, recently purchased from Mr. Geo. H. McNeely, of Philadelphia, by Com. E. T. Affleck, of Toledo, will start on her trip for the lakes, on or about May 1. On April 15, Com. Affleck's two sons, accompanied by a picked crew, will leave Toledo. The yacht will be brought through the St. Lawrence River and Welland Canal, stopping at all way ports on the trip. It is expected that the yacht will reach Toledo about June 15, after which she will be hauled out, and cleaned up. She will then leave for Put-In- Bay, to attend the annual regatta of the I. L. Y. A., where she will be entered in the races. After the regatta she will proceed up the lake with the commodore and his family for an extended cruise.

The announcement of the death of Com. Henry Tracy, of Toledo, has been a shock to the fresh-water yachtsmen, and all are deeply grieved at his sudden demise. Com. Tracy was one of the oldest yachtsmen on the lakes, and has done much for yachting. He was an enthusiastic yachtsman, and anything pertaining to the sport was sacred to him. It was primarily due to yachting that he met his death. Last year he was commodore of the Inter Lake Y. A., and when the time for the departure had arrived, it was blowing a gale. This, however, was the comodore's delight, as he enjoyed nothing more than to get out in a good blow. It was also imperative that he arrive at the Bay that night, as he was slated for a speech. To use the commodore's own words, "It was a muzzler, dead ahead, but I could not disappoint my friends," and he didn't. The trip was sixty miles from Toledo, and a beat all the way, but he put her through it, and while an old man, never uttered a single complaint, and that evening, as though nothing had happened, made a speech to the small gathering who had weathered the blow. Next day, after the gale had subsided, and the fleet began to arrive, the old commodore was on hand to greet each new arrival, and attended to the duties of his position as commodore. It was on the trip that he sustained the slight injury that ultimately resulted in his death. A scratch on the fore finger turned into blood poison. Little attention was paid to it at the time, but it failed to heal, and gradually grew worse, Finally the finger was amputated, but it appears that the poison had gone beyond the amputation, and on Jan. 19 he died. He was 67 years of age. A singular coincidence followed his sudden demise. His yacht

Dolomite was compeletly destroyed two days after his death. A freshet, caused by the breaking up of the ice in the river alongside of which the T. Y. A. yachts were hauled out, failed to go out into the lake. It backed up, overflowed its banks, and several of the huge cakes of ice were thrown with terrific force against a tug, which in turn, was thrown on top of Dolomite, smashing her beyond repair.

Mr. J. Johnson, of Buffalo, who was formerly part owner of Echota, one of the Canadian cup trial boats that was recently sold to a Cleveland yachtsman, has purchased Beaver, the Canadian craft that defended the cup, the year that Echota was built as a possible defender. Mr. Johnson states that he will have a new suit of sails made for the craft, and will enter her in all of the important races the coming season. With the purchase of Beaver, there will be four of the Canadian cup boats on Lake Erie, and there should be some spirited racing in this class. Detroit and Cadallac have had the field practically to themselves, and have run away from everything in sight. Echota, which has been rechristened White Ribbon, will be placed in first-class racing shape, and with a picked crew will try to carry off her share of the prizes. The same can be said of Beaver, and with four of these boats in one race being sailed the limit, and all being quite evenly matched, the racing should be of the very best. White Ribbon is more or less of a conundrum, never having been tried out against Cadallac or Detroit. In a series of races at the Pan American Exposition, in which two were sailed, she was once defeated by Beaver, in a heavy weather contest, by four minutes, and in the next race scored a victory over Beaver, in an eight to ten mile breeze, of more than ten minutes. Last summer the Beaver and Cadallac sailed three races, in which the latter won all three, but they were very close, some being decided by seconds. Detroit has never been tried out against either White Ribbon or Beaver, so that the result of a race between the four is very much in doubt, but at present it is the main topic of conversation, and predictions as to the outcome are heard on every hand.

The following officers were elected at the recent meeting of the Detroit Boat Club Yachtsmen: Com., John L. Dexter; Vice-Com., C. A. Newcomb; Rear Com., E. F. Lloyd; Sec'y and Treas., Northam Warren; Fleet Capt., Dr. T. B. Aldrich. Directors, Com. John H. Smedley, John A. Rathbone, Phil. Wright and Dr. E. M. Houghton.

The Grosse Point Ice Y. C., elected the following: Com., John Kies; Vice-Com., Archie Michie; Rear Com., John Pichea; Fleet Capt., J. Van De Spitte; Sec'y and Treas., Miner A. Gregg; Fleet Surg., Dr. Herman Kreit; Meas., Edward Rogers; Asst. Meas., Archie Michie, Jr.

The following officers were elected to serve for the coming year, by the Buffalo Y. C.: Com., Henry Bisgood; Vice-Com., Theodore N. Fowler; Sec'y and Treas., Maj. Frank E. Wood; Fleet Surg., Dr E. P. Hussey; Meas., Frank D. Wood. Directors, Eugene C. Roberts, John M. Fisher and H. A Warren. The following Regatta Committee was also elected: Robert A. Henssler, H. A. Chamberlain and H. Wilson Saunders.

Com. G. W. Maytham will build a 40ft. steel boat from designs to be selected from the FOREST AND STREAM designing contest.

C. W. SCHMIDT, JR.

American Power-Boat Association Challenge Cup for Power-Boats.

The American Power-Boat Association have offered a perpetual challenge cup, to be known as the American Power-Boat Association challenge cup.

The three races comprising the first match for this cup will be held on June 23, 24, and 25, 1904.

The course will be from a starting line in the Hudson River off the Columbia Y. C. club house at Eighty-sixth street and Riverside Drive, Borough of Manhattan, city and State of New York, to and around a stake-boat anchored up the Hudson River not more than twenty miles above the starting line, and return.

Entries for this match must be filed with the chairman of the Cup Committee on or before June 13, 1904, and a certificate of measurement as specified in sub-division "f" of Article VII. of the Declaration must be filed with the chairman on or before said date.

The first match will be managed by the Cup Committee of the association.

All boats entering must be measured by Mr. Gielow, or his assistant, before the race; all arrangements for same should be made with Mr. Gielow, 50 Broadway, New York city.

This match is open to power-boats of all kinds, viz., naphtha, steam, electric, and kerosene, which comply with the provisions of Article II. of the Declaration of Trust.

Except as herein modified, The American Power-Boat Association shall be deemed to be the challenged club in construing the Declaration of Trust.

J. H. Wainwright, American Y. C.; H. J. Gielow, Atlantic Y. C.; E. W. Graef, Brooklyn Y. C.; Edw. M. MacLellan, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Anson B. Cole, Manhasset Bay Y. C., chairman, 63 Wall street, New York city, N. Y., are the Committee on Challenge Cup.

The races for this cup are for the purpose of promoting speed contests and improving and perfecting models and construction of engines for, and lines of, power-boats. Below are the terms and conditions which shall govern the tenure of the said cup and the competitions therefor.

Article I.—Any organized yacht club in the United States which is a member of the American Power Boat Association, and any organized yacht club of good standing in any other country, shall always have the right to challenge for the cup and to sail a match therefor, provided such challenge shall be made and such match sailed in accordance with the terms and conditions of this agreement.

Article II.—Matches for the cup shall be limited to boats propelled by power only, and whose rating under the rules of the American Power Boat Association in force at the time of the challenge shall be not less than 35ft., and whose waterline length shall be not less than 25ft.; but in no case shall the rating be less than the waterline length.

Article III.—All matches shall be sailed under the rules and regulations of the American Power Boat Association in force at the time of challenge.

Article IV.—The match shall be managed by a committee of three judges, one to be selected by the challenged club, one by the challenging club, and a third to be chosen by the two thus selected. Each of said clubs shall nominate its representative, and notify the other club of his acceptance of the nomination within fifteen days after the acceptance of the challenge. This committee shall have all the powers of a race committee, and shall elect its chairman from its own number. Subject to the Declaration of Trust governing this cup, the committee shall have entire direction of the match, regardless of the number of entries.

Article V.—The club holding the cup shall defend it between May 30 and Oct. 1, both inclusive, against all challenges, under the conditions as set forth in this instrument. The date for the first race of any series for this cup shall be not earlier than May 30 nor later than Oct. 1.

Article VI.—All challenges shall be in writing, and signed by the proper official or officials of the challenging club. To insure a contest, one challenge must be delivered at least six months before the date set for the match. Subsequently, other clubs may challenge and enter the same contest on the terms proposed and accepted in the first challenge received; but no challenge shall be received later than ten days before the date set for the first race of the match.

Article VII.—(a). A match shall consist of three races, to be sailed on consecutive days, excluding Sundays. (b) Courses shall be not less than twenty nor more than forty nautical miles. (c). Courses shall be laid in water of not less than two fathoms, and as free from turns as practicable, but the finish must be at the starting line. (d). The start shall be one gun flying start, with a preparatory signal to be given five minutes theretofore, all boats to start in one class and at the same time. The time of start shall be sufficiently early to allow the slowest boat to cover the course and finish before one hour after sunset, barring accidents. (e). The winner of the match shall be determined by the point system, whereby each boat entering and finishing a race of a match receives one point for her entry and one additional point for each boat which she defeats, the winner being that boat scoring the highest aggregate number of points in all the races of the match. A boat which starts in a race, but does not finish before one hour after sunset, shall receive no points for that race, but shall be counted as a defeated boat in that race by the boats finishing (f). Each club whose challenge has been accepted shall name its representative boat in such challenge, and shall file with the challenged club, and the secretary of the American Power Boat Association, at least ten days before the date set for the first race, a certificate of the measurer of such club of the measurement of such boat, as measured under the rules of the American Power Boat Association in force at the time of such challenge, and written upon the blank form provided by the American Power Boat Association. (g). No club shall enter more than one boat for the same match. (h). A boat to be eligible to compete shall be the bona fide property of a member or members in good standing of the club it represents. (i). Boats must be measured previous to the match by the measurer of the challenged club, and must have aboard when measured and when racing a suitable anchor and cable, compass and two life buoys.

Article VIII.—The club challenging and the challenged club may by mutual consent and agreement fix and decide all the terms and conditions of the match (not inconsistent with the terms and conditions of this instrument), whether relating to dates, courses, notices, or any other matter whatsoever pertaining to the match or preliminary thereto, except that the challenged club must immediately upon receipt and acceptance of first challenge notify in writing the secretary of the American Power Boat Association of the fact, and transmit to him a copy of such challenge; and the date for the first race of such match shall not be set for a day earlier than thirty days after the course, dates, and any other matters having been agreed upon, and written notice of the same sent to the secretary of the American Power Boat Association. The challenging and challenged clubs may also, by mutual agreement, waive such provisions of this instrument as would otherwise govern the match or the preliminaries thereof; Provided, however, That the written consent of the executive committee of the American Power Boat Association shall have been first obtained.

Article IX.—If deemed desirable, the terms of this agreement may be modified by the American Power Boat Association while the cup is in their possession, and when not in their possession by agreement between the American Power Boat Association and the club having custody of the cup; Provided, however, That no modifications shall be made during the pendency of any challenge unless consented to in writing by all the challengers.

Article X.—In case the club having the custody of the cup shall be dissolved or shall cease to exist, or shall refuse to or fail to comply with all the terms and conditions hereof, the said cup shall thereupon revert to the American Power Boat Association, and shall continue, subject to the terms and conditions of this instrument.

Designing Competition.

$225 in Prizes.

Two designing competitions have been given in FOREST AND STREAM. The first was for a 25ft. waterline cruiser; the second was for a 15ft. one-design class. Both competitions were very successful. The great interest taken in those competitions has prompted us to give a third one, open to amateurs and professionals. The prizes which will be given are as follows:

First prize—$100.
Second prize—$60.
Third prize—$40.
Fourth prize—$25, offered by Mr. Theodore Zerega for the best interior plan.

The designs are for a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. Centerboard cruiser, 40ft. l. w. l.
II. Boat must not draw over 6ft with centerboard up.
III. The lowest freeboard to covering board must be 3ft.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. The conditions have been made as simple as possible, that competitors might have all latitude and scope in working out their ideas. We wish to produce an able and comfortable cruising boat, one that shall have ample accommodation for two or three men living aboard for a period of several months, and one that can be easily managed at all times by two or three paid hands. The draft is restricted to 6ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all the desirable harbors, and may, thereby, widely increase her cruising field.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.—showing center of buoyancy, center of lateral resistance and center of effort of both rigs.
II. Half breadth, scale ¾in.=1ft.
III. Body plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.
IV. Cabin plan, inboard profile and at least one cross section, scale ¾in.=1ft.
V. Two sail plans, scale ¼in.=1ft.; one as a yawl; one as a pole mast sloop.

In the case of the yawl rig the position and height of the mast and length of gaff are to be the same as in the cutter rig. Plans must show working topsail and size of light sails.

VI. All ballast outside on keel except amount necessary for trimming.

An outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully made and lettered. All drawings should be on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used. The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only, and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than March 1, 1904. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all of the designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, who passed upon the designs submitted for the 25ft. with great care, has again consented to judge the designs and make the awards.

House-boats and Inland Waters.

Thomas A. Fulton, whose house-boat Mon Mon was lost off the Oriental Hotel, at Manhattan Beach, on June 14, 1902, has failed in his suit to recover the value of the boat from the president and directors of the Insurance Company of North America, in which company he held a policy of marine insurance. The company had obligated itself to pay damages only in case the Mon Mon was lost in inland waters. Judge Adams, of the United States District Court, before whom the action was tried, has decided that the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, off Coney Island, cannot be held to be inland, even though they are within the lines established by the authority of Congress for the application of provisions concerning inland navigation. Judge Adams said in part: "The policy here was a New York contract, presumably framed with a view to the definition made by the courts of the State, and it cannot, apparently, be affected by the laws of the United States made for the purpose not within the purview of the parties at the time of the contract. This loss occurred over three miles to the eastward of Norton's Point, the western end of Coney Island, and the natural outer boundary of inland waters belonging to New York Bay. Ocean waters cannot be changed to inland waters by legislation particularly designed to secure safety from collision in navigation. * * * House-boats are not as frequent in this country as abroad, but it is well-known that here, as well as elsewhere, they are adapted for use in protected waters only."—New York Times, Jan. 31.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

The schooner yacht Scimitar, owned by Messrs W. A. and A. B. Hart, has been sold to Mr. George A. Suter. The transfer was effected through Mr. Stanley M. Seaman's agency.

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Mr. L. D. Sampsdell will conduct a yacht brokerage business at 612 Gravier street, New Orleans, La., under the name of the Southern Yacht Agency. Mr. Sampsdell will represent Mr. B. B. Crowninshield in New Orleans.

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The steam yacht Felicia, owned by the late E. W. Bliss, has been sold to a well-known yachtsman of Providence, R. I., through the brokerage department of Henry J. Gielow. Felicia, which is one of the speediest yachts in the fleet, was tested by a U. S. Naval Board, June 5, 1898, over the measured mile in Narragansett Bay, going four times over the course, and made an average speed of 17.39 knots, or 20.02 statute miles. In the summer of 1899 she made a sixteen days' cruise from New York to Bar Harbor and return, more than 1,000 knots, on a coal consumption of 38 tons for main engine, electric light plant, and all other machinery. She was built of steel in 1898, by the John N. Robins Co., and is of 213 gross, and 145 net tonnage. Her dimensions are: 179ft. over all; 142ft. 4in. waterline; 20ft. beam; 11ft. depth of hold; 3ft. 6in. draft.

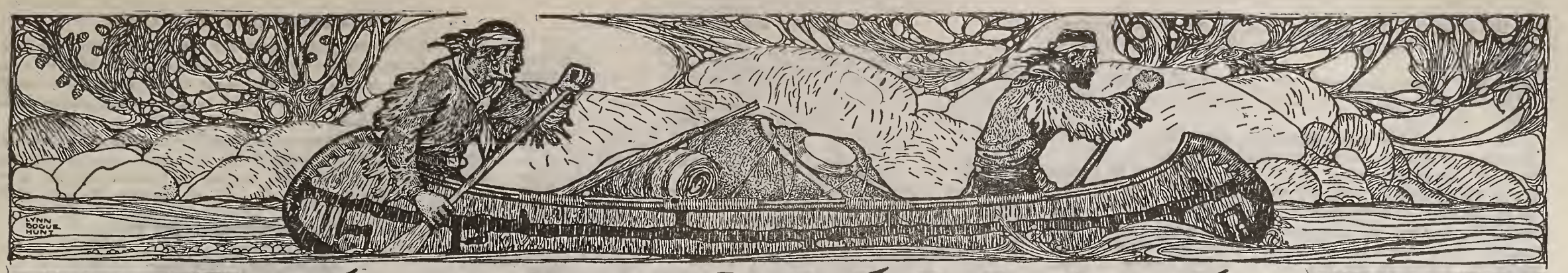
She is driven by four cylinder, triple expansion engines, supplied with steam from two Roberts water tube boilers. She has five watertight compartments, so arranged that she would keep afloat if any two of them were flooded.

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Telegraphic reports from Key West, Florida, state that the schooner Sylph, owned by Mr. John A. Berkey, of St. Paul, Minn., was wrecked on a reef 10 miles E. of Key West, on January 28. The owner, his guests, and the crew were taken off the yacht by a pilot boat, and were landed at Key West. The yacht lies in a bad position, and it is believed she will be a total loss. Sylph was built in 1889, by J. M. Bayles & Son, of Port Jefferson, L. I.

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A race will be held under the auspices of the American Power-boat Association, on Decoration Day, May 30, 1904, open to all boats whose owners are members of clubs which are enrolled in the association. The race will be open to all classes, and will be held in Manhasset Bay, off Port Washington, L. I., starting at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The course for the smaller classes will be confined to the waters of Manhasset Bay, making a start off Manhasset Bay Y. C. club house. The course for the larger boats will be from the same starting line, out into the Sound and return. For first, second, and third prizes, the association will award their pennant to the boats finishing first, second, and third in each class. The Association Prize Pennant for first prize, is a broad pennant with a blue field and a white propeller in the center. In the upper left-hand corner is the class letter, and in the lower right-hand corner the year. The second prize is the same arrangement, with a red field and a white propeller and letter. The third prize is white field with red propeller and letter. Other prizes will probably be given in each class. The Manhasset Bay Y. C. has extended the courtesies of the club house to the visiting clubs, members of the association. Entry blanks will shortly be mailed to each of the clubs, members of the association. Entries will close at 6 o'clock the day before the race, and from inquiries which have already been received by the secretary, a very interesting race is expected. The association rules and time allowances will govern the contest.



CANOEING

Officers of A. C. A., 1904.

Commodore,—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. E., Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer—John Sears Wright, 519 West End Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York.
Rear-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N.J.
Purser—M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., 201 Palisade Ave., West Hoboken, N. J.
Executive Committee—H. L. Pollard, 138 Front St., New York; N. S. Hyatt, Ossining, N. Y.; H. C. Allen, 54 Prospect St., Trenton, N. J.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vcie-Co urs-Ak g.ETAOIN SHRDL shrdlu etaoin cmfwyp shrdlu
Vice-Commodore—H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Rear-Commodore—H. C. Hoyt, 164 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Purser—Frank C. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Executive Committee—Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.; John S. Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, 14 Main St., East, Rochester, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Henri Schaeffer, Manchester, N. H.
Rear-Commodore—H. M. S. Aiken, 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
Purser, Edw. B. Stearns, Manchester, N. H.
Executive Committee—B. F. Jacobs, Jr., West Medford, Mass.; D. S. Pratt, Jr., Wellesley Hills, Mass.; Marcus Butler, Lawrence, Mass.; William W. Crosby, Woburn, Mass.
Board of Governors—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.
Rear-Commodore—Wm. Sparrow, Toronto.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E J. Minet, Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, O.
Rear-Commodore—Chas. J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, O.
Purser—Geo. A. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thos. P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section 1, of the by-laws of the A. C. A.:
"Application for membership shall be made to the Division Pursers, and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

Cruise of the Red and the Green.

A Canoe Cruise in the Lake Temagami Region.

BY ARTHUR L. WHEELER.

The Story which won the Third Prize of $15 in "Forest and Stream" Canoe Cruising Competition.

(*Continued from page 97.*)

July 8. From Glasford Lake up McDonald Creek. Short portage to Moxam Lake. Up creek into Burwash Lake. To Ross Lake. Short carry into southeast arm of Rabbit Lake, thence northwest to outlet of Rabbit Lake. Distance, about ten miles.

At breakfast we decided to make the outlet of Rabbit



"The Rabbit" on Rabbit Lake.

Lake before camping. Not far above Glasford Lake we saw another large bull moose feeding in a deadwater, but although we approached within fifty yards, we did not get near enough for a picture. The day proved very hot, and we found it necessary to take a siesta after lunch on Burwash Lake.

The map is wrong in showing a connection between Ross Lake and the southeast bay of Rabbit Lake. The two bodies of water are absolutely unconnected, although they approach to within a few rods of each other. A very short and easy portage is there necessary.

Another siesta was necessary after we had reached Rabbit Lake, and this was pleasantly supplemented by the discovery of a cold spring brook on the north shore. Springs are very scarce in that country, and this was the first one we had seen. Indeed, when I was told beforehand that there were no springs, I was incredulous, but it is true. Only the most painstaking search will reveal any springs, and then they are few and widely scattered. I suppose this is due to the geological formation of the country. The water of the lakes is perfectly good, but is too warm to be really palatable.

Rabbit Lake seemed to us magnificent after the small lakes through which we had come. It is a splendid sheet of water with high, rocky shores and many deep bays, and so large that one may paddle nearly twenty miles



Deposit of Glacial Boulders in Diamond Lake.

straight away. Nearly every foot of the shores is covered with splendid trees, mostly red pine. The exhilaration of paddling along this beautiful lake made us almost forget the extreme heat, and it was not long before we had covered the two or three mlies that separated us from the outlet. We had expected to camp on the right bank of the outlet, but finding two rangers already there, we crossed to the left bank, where we found an excellent spot just at the point where the Metabetchouan leaves the lake. We were now at the place which we should have reached had we come directly up the river from Third Bass Pond.

The fishing in Rabbit Lake was excellent. In about half an hour the fishing contingent caught in one troll five large doré, a large pike, and a good sized bass. They then returned to camp, since these were all the fish that we could eat at two meals. At the entrance to the river, where the water was from ten to twenty feet deep, we could see the doré lying by squadrons and divisions. The doré is a good fish to eat, especially when baked before an open fire with a strip or two of bacon dropped over him just to give him the proper flavor. We found him the equal of bass, and these two fish furnished most of our fish courses. They are inferior to lake trout, but much superior to pike. Indeed, we never ate the last named fish, for we could always secure the others.

The heat continued, and we passed a night that was fairly stifling. But civilization, as we learned later, suffered worse than we.

July 9. The heat and the news from the rangers that there were lake trout (or gray trout, as they call them), in the lake decided us to spend a day in camp, and have a try at the fish. We trolled deep with a pound or two of sinkers, but without success. Once a good fish was hooked, but it proved to be an unusually large doré. But we thoroughly enjoyed the beauties of Rabbit Lake. The northeast bay, with its high cliffs, is especially fine. And it was a perfect day. Who shall say that it is all of fishing to fish?

July 10. Through Rabbit Lake from the outlet around Rabbit Point to the inlet in northwest bay. Camp on an island. Distance, about eight miles.

Eight miles is not much of a day's work on paper, but we had good reasons for going very leisurely. The distance may actually be a hard day's work, if one faces a strong head wind all the way, a common occurrence on these large lakes. The wind was kind to us, however, and if we had been in a hurry we could have left Rabbit Lake behind. Indeed, I suspect that the desire to linger one more night on the lake had something to do with our leisurely pace. Moreover, another perfect day with a bright sky and transparent atmosphere added its persuasiveness. No one cares to waste even part of such a day on the portage.

As we paddled lazily along we saw on the southeast shore many fine glacial markings in the cliffs. Traces of the glacial period are very plain in many parts of the country through which we passed, and a geologist would find them of great interest.

The "rabbit" from which the lake takes its name is a large boulder on Rabbit Point. Somebody has scratched some eyes and improvised some ears with small stones, and from the lake the likeness is very good. We lunched shortly after rounding the point, and made camp on an island in the inlet at about three o'clock. From this camp we had a magnificent view down the northwest arm. Having plenty of time to fish I tried the fly a little and took at one cast a bass and a doré, each weighing about two pounds. The doré took the tail fly as it was trailed through the water by the bass, which was on the dropper. We also took on the troll a number of doré and a pike about a yard long. It will be seen that we had nowhere any phenomenal luck with the fly, but it was, nevertheless, sufficient to afford us a good deal of sport.

Getting supper at this camp proved to be a task, for a strong wind had risen and everything, especially the biscuit, was pretty thoroughly dusted with ashes. We comforted ourselves with the thought that a little potash occasionally is a good thing for the human system.

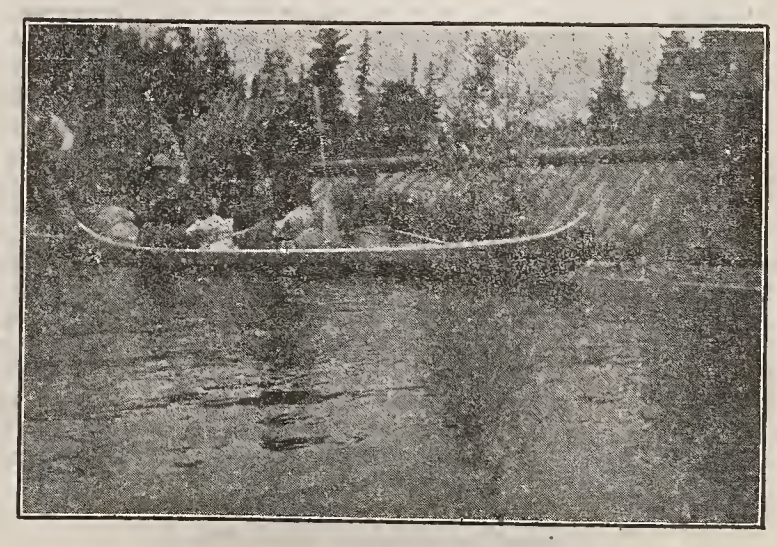
July 11. From head of Rabbit Lake up the river and over portage to White Bear Lake. Through west arm of White Bear Lake and portage to Caribou or Snake Lake. Portage to Mud Pond. Portage to northeast arm of Temagami Lake. Distance, about nine miles.

Breaking camp we paddled up the inlet to the portage into White Bear Lake, passing one bit of swift water on the way. The portage is on the left bank, and about a quarter of a mile in length. White Bear Lake takes its name from Chief White Bear, who has a house and the germ—hardly more—of a farm on the northwest shore of the lake. We sent one canoe to interview the chief, and at the same time to secure some fresh milk. Both attempts were futile, for Mr. White Bear was away, and the cow had ceased to be—"too much trouble to feed her," said Mrs. White Bear, whom we found at home. And so milkless, save for the preserved article, we lunched and proceeded sadly on our way.

From the west arm of White Bear we portaged into Caribou or Snake Lake—a short carry. This is not an attractive sheet of water, and it is said that no Indian will camp there because of the legend that snakes once devoured an ill-fated red man who had the temerity to do so. A more cogent reason with us was the fact that the only good camping site was occupied by some engineers, who were at work on the new railroad, which is soon—alas!—to be put through that country. At this point a shower came up, accompanied by a tremendous head wind, into whose teeth we dug in an effort to beat out the rain which was coming fast. It was a dead heat, for we and the shower reached the portage simultaneously. There was nothing for it but to unload our stuff and crawl under the canoes, where we remained curled up for half an hour. We then made the portage (about a third of a mile) up over a steep hill and down through a beautiful grove of red pines to Mud Pond. This portage marks the height of land between the Metabetchouan and Temagami waters. A short paddle across Mud Pond and a portage of a few hundred yards, nearly level, took us to the northeast bay of Temagami. On the portage we found quite a force of railroad workers encamped and a new post-office! There was also a small steamer at the landing which had been hauled in during the previous winter. Not wishing to camp so near civilization, we kept on about a mile down the arm of Temagami, and made camp at a very attractive spot on the south shore.

PART II.—THE TEMAGAMI WATERS.

July 12. It was Sunday, and our numerous portages of the preceding day made us very willing to lie over a day and recuperate. We spent the day in resting, writing letters, which we here had the chance to mail, and in eating—always a last resort when other occupations failed. We were at once struck by the difference between



At the End of a Portage—McDonald Lake.

the water of Temagami and that of the Metabetchouan lakes. Here the water was bright and clear with none of the amber tint so noticeable in the lakes through which we had passed. This difference is probably due to the different geological formation, and to the fact that Temagami is the source, not the result, of rivers. For bathing the water was perfect, and one could dive almost anywhere from the shore into very deep water. Another feature of Temagami which immediately impressed us

was the absence—or comparative absence—of mosquitoes. These pests troubled us very little in any part of Temagami.

July 13. Down northeast arm, around Metagama Point to Hudson's Bay Post on Bear Island. Distance, about sixteen miles.

This was a beautifully clear, cool day. Bright sunshine alternated with heavy cumulus clouds. We were soon out upon the broader portion of the arm, which is in places two or three miles wide, and thickly dotted with islands. These islands, rock-bound and densely wooded, are a prominent feature of Temagami, which contains no less than thirteen hundred of them large and small. We skirted the northern shore which is said to comprise some of the finest virgin pine lands left on this continent, and we could well believe it as we beheld the splendid trees occupying every nook and cranny in the rocks, and extending in an unbroken line as far as the eye could reach. Temagami affords the finest of lake scenery. The brilliant water, the rocky islands floating like ships on the distant horizon, the towering red and white pines, all seen in atmosphere of crystalline clearness, make a picture one long remembers.

We rounded Metagama Point early in the afternoon, having been delayed by a couple of short but heavy showers, by one of which we were thoroughly drenched. Here we entered the main part of the lake, although the islands are so numerous that were it not for glimpses here and there between them of twenty miles of distance we might not realize that he is in a large lake. At Bear Island we received a hearty welcome from the fire rangers, who have a very comfortable log house on the southern point of the island, and a little later from Mr. Woods, the Hudson's Bay Company's agent. But we had to make camp, and so, deferring visits to a later time, we struck off to a small island about three-quarters of a mile west of the post and prepared for a stay of several days.

Temagami is an ideal camping place. The water is, as I have said, perfect for bathing. Bass, doré, and lake trout (if you know how to get them) are plentiful, and good camping places are countless. The islands are of all sizes, from the large Tamagama with its three or four miles of feathery pines, to little toy islets with a toy tree, a bush or two, and scarce standing room for one. The shores of both the mainland and the islands are bold and picturesque. There is not a marsh on all the northern part of the lake, though we were told that to the south there are some extensive tracts of low ground. The absence of stagnant water doubtless accounts for the almost total absence of mosquitoes. While we remained in our island camp we did not use our net. I have never been in a country where the air was so consistenly clear. There may be sun or there may be clouds, but a hazy, thick atmosphere is very rare.

July 14 and 15. For two days we lived on our island, enjoying a thorough rest and the unwonted luxury of fresh milk and yeast bread, and even some eggs. These we procured of families at the Post, where there is quite a cluster of small buildings, eighteen or twenty all told, mostly built of logs. There is also a variable transient population of Indians dwelling in tents. Some farming is carried on, and there is a goodly number of horses and cows. Here, as everywhere in that region, the birch canoe is king, although there are many Peterboros among the rangers, and our canoes excited general comment and respect.

On the night of the 14th the weather suddenly turned cold with a high northwest wind. A roaring camp-fire was a great comfort, and, as there were no mosquitoes, we opened one end of the tent to gain the full advantage of the blaze. In the morning we tried trolling for lakers, but with the white caps rolling it was very difficult to keep the proper speed on the dancing canoes, and after two or three hours we gave it up. We had not the proper outfit for deep trolling in any case, for we found that those who had great success made use of the copper line and large, windlass-like reel. It was not difficult, however, to pick up with a surface troll all the bass and doré that we needed to eat.

July 16. Up north arm of Temagami to Sharp Rock inlet. Sharp Rock portage to Diamond Lake. Camp on island opposite the west arm of Diamond Lake. Total distance from Bear Island, about eighteen miles.

Regretfully, for we did not then know that we should return by way of Bear Island, we bade farewell to our camp and turned our faces to the north in quest of Diamond, or Non-wa-kaming, Lake. I well remember what a glorious day it was. The high wind had for the time died away, leaving the air as clear as air can be, and just cool enough to temper the bright sun. We paddled gayly along among the countless islands, where it is easy to lose one's way, and before noon had reached Granny Bay in one of the most picturesque parts of Temagami. On the east, rising sheer from the water, is Devil's Mountain, while the wide expanse of lake is inclosed on the west by high, perpendicular cliffs of bare rock. A few islands lie in the middle of the bay. Towards these we headed in our efforts to make head against the strong north wind which had again sprung up, and for two miles we had the stiffest paddle of the trip. It required all our strength to make any headway, and the bowmen got an occasional lap full of water which did not enhance the joys of the occasion. When at last we reached the northern shore, we were quite ready for lunch and a rest. The bright, cool air and a hot cup of tea soon put us in trim once more, and so we kept on through Sharp Rock inlet to the portage of the same name. The latter is short, not a half mile in length, but is very rocky, though not appreciably more so than most of the portages in that country.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

New Advertisements.

The twenty-first edition of the catalogue of the T. H. Chubb Rod Company, of Post Mills, Vt., has just been received, and is full of interest to anglers. The manufacture of rods both for fly and bait uses has long been a specialty of the Chubb Rod Company; but besides rods, it manufactures parts of rods of every description, reels, lines, leaders, hooks, flies, fly-books, tackle cases, and a hundred other articles useful to the angler, and the man who takes his recreation out of doors. Mr. Chubb's name has long been a familiar one to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and this catalogue should be on the table of every angler.

Marine Hardware.

It is essential that only the best procurable hardware should be used on yachts, canoes and rowboats, for it not only adds greatly to the boat's appearance, but in many cases means the safety of those on board. Many men when fitting out their boats feel the expense of the best hardware is excessive, and finally purchase some of inferior quality. This is always a fatal mistake, for metal is subjected to harder usage on vessels than it ever is when used elsewhere, and the action of water on the metal must also be considered. Many men have been thrown from aloft and badly injured by the breaking of a block of cheap material, and others have been carried overboard through the breaking of a poorly made cleat. Men are subjected to too many dangers on the water without running any unnecessary risks, and when buying hardware for a boat, as in purchasing anything else, secure only the best.

Bliss Bros., 170 Commercial street, Boston, Mass., have for years past devoted great attention to the manufacture of fine marine hardware. Everything they handle is of the best, and they make a specialty of fittings for yachts and launches.

Yachtsmen throughout the world are interested in the building of the boats they sail in. Many are disposed to build their own boats, but the great difficulties of getting out the keel, frames, etc., prevent them from undertaking the work. The really interesting part of boat building is in seeing the craft take shape; that is, in erecting the frames, putting on the ribbands, and starting to plank. Working out a boat's keel from the rough timber, cutting and steaming frames is a long and tiresome job, and requires expensive and elaborate tools and machinery. Mr. Fred Medart, of 3539 De Kalb street, St. Louis, Mo., has a plan whereby the interesting work of boat building can be readily undertaken by amateurs. Mr. Medart's system is simple and satisfactory, as is shown by the great success it has met with during recent years. All the difficult and laborious work of getting out a boat's keel and frame is done in his large and splendidly equipped plant, which is located in a district where the best materials can be secured. After getting out the boat's keel, frame, etc., everything is set up. Then each piece is numbered, and the frame taken apart, crated, and sent to the prospective builder. In this way the amateur gets all the material for his boat, with the work done on it at less expense than he could buy it in the rough.

What is more annoying than hanging over the stern of a rowboat, trying to hang the rudder, when one is getting wet to the shoulders every time the boat dips to a wave? These petty annoyances make up only part of the nuisances connected with this job. Every time one experiences the usual trouble of hanging a rudder by the old eye and pintle method, or finds upon leaving the boat for a little while, without taking it from its place, that it has been washed out, and gone adrift, one secretly makes up one's mind to abandon the use of the rudder entirely, or else find some other way of hanging it. The Galliac Rudder Attachment, recently brought out by Messrs. A. S. Morss & Co., 210-212 Commercial street, Boston, Mass., solves the problem of hanging a rudder easily and securely. The Galliac Rudder Attachment is a device whereby any rudder can be hung easily and without the slightest discomfort or annoyance. All one has to do is to insert the rudder in the slide which is fastened on the transom, and the rudder drops into place of its own weight, and it cannot go adrift because it has to be removed entirely to unship it. The Galliac Rudder Attachment is easily attached, and is strong, neat and durable. Messrs. A. S. Morss & Co. handle all kinds of high grade marine hardware.

It is a well-known fact that yachtsmen almost without exception put everything off until the last minute. When they decide to build a boat they delay placing the contract with a builder until so late in the spring that he is unable to finish the craft until the summer is well advanced. Some enterprising builders, realizing the weakness that yachtsmen show in the direction of procrastination, have made it a point to keep their plants running during the slack season, and turn out saleable yacht hulls of moderate size and keep them in stock. So that the man who has delayed building until too late in the season, or the man who has just decided to get a boat, can be accommodated. After a good hull is secured an engine can be purchased from the many manufacturers and installed in the boat. The Durant Manufacturing Co., of Rochester, have on hand a good stock of gasolene launches, foot-power launches, and metallic joint canoes, all ready for delivery, and those contemplating the purchase of any of the above-mentioned craft will do well to communicate with that firm.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 27-March 5.—New York.—At Zettler's, championship rifle gallery tournament.

June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

Zettler Rifle Club.

The members of the Zettler Club in the weekly gallery contest are hard at work, on trying to outdo the other. There is a small group of five or six members who are running a neck-and-neck race for first place on the prize list. At the shoot on Tuesday night only ten members were present; among them was W. A. Tewes, who is behind in his scores and is shooting 100 shots each week to catch up with the group that is in the contest. Tewes made a strong bid for the club's record for 100 shots, which is 2460. Tewes' total was 2457. The best 50-shot score was made by A. Moser, who is a new member, having been elected at the January meeting. The scores are as follows:

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance, 75ft., 100 shots: W. A. Tewes 2457, C. G. Zettler, Sr., 2377, H. Fenwirth 2350.

Fifty shots: A. Moser 1210, C. G. Zettler, Jr., 1209, E. Van Zandt 1203, Geo. Ludwig 1196, B. Zettler 1191, A. Begerow 1185, Geo. J. Bernius 1159.

Italian Shooting Society.

The members of the Italian Shooting Society are becoming interested in the winter gallery contests in the Zettler gallery. At the last shoot on Monday of last week twenty-two members took part. The members are divided into two classes. Seloaggi led the first class with a total of 241. In the second class Navoni was first with 236. Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.:

First class: Seloaggi 241, Conti 237, Gallina 237, Gerbolini 233, Reali 233, Muzi 232.

Second class: D. Navoni 236, Bianchi 233, De Telve 231, Borroni 233, Del Soh 227, De Angelo 218, Ciancimino 216, A. Orsenigo 218, Raimond 209, E. Orsenigo 206, V. Malnat 205, L. Mercalti 196, G. Fontanella 195, A. Ronchi 173, S. Fontanella 165, Migliore 157, Mastroposlo 115.

Miller Rifle and Revolver Club.

At the last weekly gallery shoot of the Miller Club, on its headquarters' ranges, Washington St., Hoboken, Jan. 27, fifteen members were present and took part. C. Bischoff was high with 246. David Miller, from whom the club derives its name, and whose age is in the sixties, was second with 245. The scores are as follows, 10 shots, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: C. Bischoff 246, D. Miller 245, F. Unbehaum 244, D. Dingman 243, O. Smith 242, C. Miller 239, R. Goldthwaite 239, R. W. Evans 238, W. Wahlstrom 238, H. Bahn 238, R. A. Blake 230, E. Doyle 233, W. Ericson 228, H. H. Meyns 227, C. Bayha 225, R. Dahlem 223.

Independent New York Corps.

Gus Zimmermann, who was lately elected captain of the Independent Corps, had his members out on the Zettler ranges for the first time this season on Friday night of last week. The attendance was light, ten members being present. Capt. Zimmermann led the scores. Lambert Schmidt was second.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, two scores to count: Gus Zimmermann 247, 247; L. Schmidt 242, 241; Aug. Begerow 234, 236; H. Koch 229, 229; Wm. Soell 221, 229, H. Zimmer 199, 203; H. J. Behrens 227, 222, G. Bauer 191, 216, H. Kabiske 137, 183, F. C. Halbe 184, 205.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Feb. 6.—Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association all-day shoot; merchandise prizes. J. R. Taylor, Gen'l. Mgr.

Feb. 12-13.—Paterson, N. J.—Jackson Park Gun Club tournament; live birds and targets.

Feb. 20-22.—Chicago Trapshooters' Association tournament at Watson's Park.

Feb. 21.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. A. L. Hughes, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Louisville, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club amateur tournament. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Schenectady, N. Y., tournament.

Feb. 22.—Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Valentine Wallburg, Capt.

Feb. 22.—Lexington, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club.

Feb. 23-26.—West Baden, Ind.—Colonial Handicap. Targets and pigeons. Open. $500 guaranteed. John L. Winston, Mgr.

April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Patriots' Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

April 27-28.—Americus, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—Oklahoma City, O. T.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.

June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.

July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club claims May 24-25 for two days' tournament at targets. Added money for high average.

The Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O., held a shoot on Jan. 29, at 50 targets per man. The prize was a handsome silver trophy and the title of championship of Montgomery county for the year. Shooters from all parts of the country were invited, and the match was won by M. E. Lindemuth, after shooting off a tie with Z. Craig. The trophy and title was held by Wilbur Wampler during 1903.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Jan. 28.—Owing to a misunderstanding regarding an order for a supply of bluerocks, it was necessary to-day to use the "pick-ups" that have been accumulating since the snow and cold weather has been with us. Some—in fact, the majority—of these targets were frozen as hard as stone, and any number of them were full of snow and ice, which accounts for the low scores. Capt. Traver, with whom the hard targets seemed to make no difference, scored a win on the cup with a full score. Smith beat Marshall out in the shoot-off of last week's tie. Next week two cups will be shot for, also the Dutchess county championship, when Capt. Traver will defend the title against Ike Tallman.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	5p	25
Traver	7	8	8	..	..	4	23
Hans	10	6	..	9	..	4	19
Du Bois	6	4	5	5	5	4	12
Smith	4	9	8	..	9	7	16
Rhodes	9	4	..	6	..	2	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	5p	25
Marshall	4	4	..	5	5	5	16
Wicker	5	6	..	..	..	4	12
Winans	3	6	..	4	..	..	11
*Du Bois	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Cheney	..	..	..	4	..	..	..

Event No. 8, Traver cup:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Traver	23	3	25
Hans	20	4	24
Du Bois	16	5	21
Smith	17	4	21
Rhodes	9	0	9
Marshall	15	5	20
Wicker	11	7	18
Winans	12	6	18
Cheney	11	7	18
*Traver	24	0	24
*Winans	17	0	17

*Re-entry.

Snaniweh.

New York Athletic Club.

Travers Island, N. Y., Jan. 30.—Several members of the N. Y. A. C. faced the snowstorm to compete for a beautiful trophy which was presented for competition by W. J. Elias. This trophy has to be won twice to become the property of a contestant, and will be shot for on Saturdays until won.

Main event, 50 targets, handicap, Elias trophy:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Dr De Wolf	29	9	38
J Borland	28	10	38
G Bechtel	35	7	42
G E Greiff	32	5	37
F Koch	27	20	47
W Montague	23	20	43

Other events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	25	25	10	20	25	10
G E Greiff	8	14	18	..	..	14	8
J Borland	6	16	12	6	10	16	5
G Bechtel	7	16	19	7	11	18	7

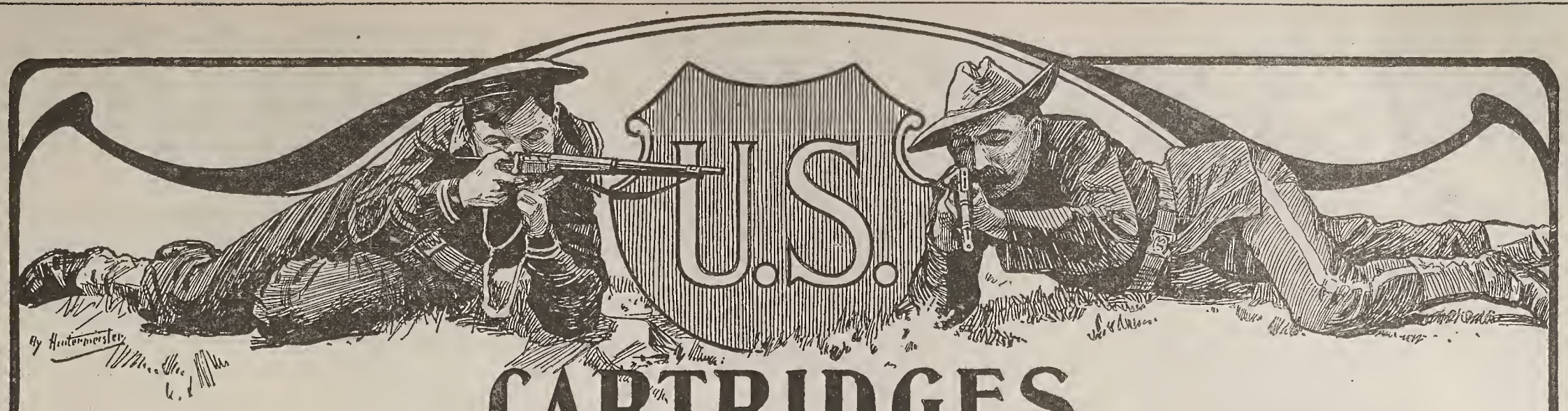
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	25	25	10	20	25	10
F Koch	4	13	14	1	..	..	5
W Montague	6	9	14	6	..	..	3
Dr De Wolf	..	12	17	..	..	..	..

G. E. Greiff.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Jan. 30.—Weather conditions: No wind, but dark and overcast. The greatest improvement was shown in Holloway's shooting:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	15
Wheeler	7	11	8	9	8	8	14
Cockefair	7	13	9	12	6	9	14
Holloway	7	14	9	13	..	..	..
Winslow	8	9	7	8	..	..	..



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LOWELL, MASS.

The Air Spacing of Powder Charges.

A CORRESPONDENT recently wrote to us from India asking if we could make a few experiments to determine whether any benefit could be derived from increasing the air space in shotgun cartridges. He proposed that a cartridge case longer than usual should be employed with an internal shoulder or other wad stop, such as would be capable of giving an absolutely fixed space for the charge of powder. He suggested that the amount of powder used should be equivalent to one-half the total capacity of the available space, the wadding and shot charge to be the normal ones for sporting cartridges. His idea appears to be that possibly the muzzle velocity of a shotgun could be improved by the above treatment, without introducing high pressures and the consequent wild shooting and scattered distribution of the shot pellets. The utility of high velocity shot cartridges would, according to his view, be confined mainly to wildfowl shooting, where conditions demanding great power are generally present.

The proposal above put forward is no doubt derived from the analogy that is provided in rifle cartridges. In this connection it is well understood that the ballistics of a rifle cartridge can be greatly augmented, without going beyond the accepted limits of pressure, by the use of an increased charge of powder combined with a cartridge case of greater proportional capacity than the amount of powder charge would appear to require. The idea, as applied to sporting cartridges, is not, of course, by any means original, but its practical application has not to our knowledge been extensively recognized. In the case of smokeless powders, which are bulked equally with black powders, the principle of air spacing is already established by manufacturing the grains of powder in such a way that their spongy structure shall enable them to fill a greater space than if the explosive matter consisted of leaflets or other form of condensed powder.

A difficulty which is always apt to arise in dealing with air-spaced smokeless powders is to insure the regular and effective ignition of the explosive. Where a charge of powder is compressed into a more or less solid pellet, the igniting influence of the cap is greatly aided by the gas given off by the powder itself. When the powder is unduly air spaced a low breech pressure is registered, with the result that the ignition is not always perfectly performed. An illustration of this condition may be seen on looking down the barrels of most of the miniature rifles which are fired with cartridges containing revolver Cordite. The surface of the bore is deposited from end to end with unburnt grains of powder. Their quantity is considerable, and yet allowance must still be made for what has been blown out of the muzzle. This goes to show that when the density of loading is reduced beyond a certain point, the effectiveness of the combustion is destroyed, and such cartridges cannot be regarded as entirely satisfactory, however well they may otherwise behave, until this error is corrected. A variety of remedies are open for adoption. For instance, the superficial area of the powder grains may be increased, or else a stronger cap may be used. In the same way complete combustion of the powder can be obtained, either by reducing the air space in the cartridge or by increasing the charge of explosive. All these adjustments are for the ammunition manufacturer to determine, but they at any rate show that the air space of a powder charge cannot be indefinitely enlarged in relation to the amount of explosive to be confined.

The condensed varieties of smokeless powder already represent a carrying out of the principles suggested by our correspondent. The cone bases which are formed in the cartridge cases prevent the entry of the wads beyond a certain distance. In fact, we believe that in the case of Ballistite the wads are entirely supported by the cone in the cartridge, and that the powder is not subjected to any compression whatsoever. It would certainly be a great advantage if all condensed powders could be used in a standard type of cartridge, having a wad stop that would insure a suitable powder space. This, however, does not at present appear to be possible, because, so far as we can ascertain, no one capacity of powder chamber would be equally suitable for all the condensed powders that are on the market. Some are more bulky than others, and too small a charge of powder in a given space would create difficulties of ignition likely to give trouble under practical conditions of service.

This, however, is somewhat beside the question raised by our correspondent, though it will no doubt serve to illustrate the practical difficulties involved in giving effect to the principle. Some time ago a continental firm introduced a new form of cartridge case, carrying out the exact idea put forward by our correspondent. The principle adopted was to place a kind of muslin network across the base of the cartridge. This was very tightly stretched a short distance forward of the flashhole. The powder charge was filled into the cartridge in the ordinary way, and the net was sufficiently firm to support the powder against the compression incidental to the seating of the wads. We tested four sample lots of cartridges which were submitted to us, and the results are shown in the accompanying table:

	Charge in grains.	Oz of shot.	Chamber pressure in tons per sq. in.	Velocity over 20yds. in feet. per sec.
Poudre T.				
1. With diaphragm.....	41	1¼	2.32	1148
2. With diaphragm.....	41	1¼	3.17	1128
3. Without diaphragm..	38.5	1¼	3.78	1135
4. Without diaphragm..	38.5	1¼	4.55	1128
Walsrode.				
5. With diaphragm.....	37	1¼	3.30	1128
6. With diaphragm.....	37	1¼	3.30	1101
7. Without diaphragm..	34	1¼	4.10	1088
8. Without diaphragm..	34	1¼	4.65	1108

As only two shots for pressure and two for velocity were fired in each series, no averages have been calculated. As pressure and velocity were not obtained from the same cartridge, the individual value in the last two columns cannot be related to one another. It will be seen that two kinds of powder were used, and that pigeon charges were employed. In the case of the cartridges fitted with diaphragms, an increased quantity of powder was used to compensate for the loss of effectiveness due to the non-propulsive value of the first few expansions of the gas. In each instance the presence of the additional air space caused a marked reduction of the pressures in the presence of undiminished velocity. A further increase of powder would naturally have resulted in a material increase of velocity, without exceeding the pressures given by the ordinary loading. It might be supposed that the above trials point to an improvement in cartridges which should be generally adopted, but, as a matter of fact, the results obtained are not in any way remarkable. Our note-book contains the following observations, which were recorded at the time: "The diaphragm appears to act in the same way as any other method of air spacing in the charge, viz., to reduce pressure, while maintaining or inereasing velocity with the help of an extra charge of powder. The diaphragm is not likely to become widely used. There would always be the danger of its fracture, and, with the confinement of the excessive charge due to the wads passing further into the case, aggravated probably by a larger turnover, the pressures would run very high." So much, therefore, for the diaphragm method of air spacing a shot charge. A cone or other form of shoulder would afford equally satisfactory air spacing of the charge, without the danger above alluded to, for there appears to be no advantage in confining the powder to one end of the chamber available for its combustion, as distinguished from the alternative method of allowing it to lie loosely within the allotted space.

There is no theoretical reason why high velocity shotgun cartridges should not be constructed on the above principle of large powder charges in combination with comparatively small amounts of shot. Provided the chamber were suitably air spaced for appropriate overcharges of powder, there could be no reason why a materially enhanced velocity should not be secured without unduly raising the pressures. Just what combination of results could be obtained it would be impossible to state without making careful experiments; but the question which really arises is whether there is a sufficient demand for a special cartridge of this character, which could only be used in guns of appropriate chamber length. Our own experience of guns used for shore shooting is that many of them fail to reach the standard which is daily attained by ordinary pigeon guns. Hence, before departing from recognized methods of design it would be desirable to see whether shoulder guns used mainly for duck shooting could not be adjusted and regulated so as to give in proportion to their respective charges results on all fours with what is commonly accepted as standard for sporting and pigeon cartridges. We may conclude with the remark that a favorite plan among American trapshooters is to air space the powder charge by using long cases and a huge length of wadding between powder and shot. Using the specified charges of shot, they get a high-counting pattern by the employment of a small size of pellet. By burning a lot of powder without raising the pressure, they considerably enhance the power of the apparently unduly small pellets. —Field (London).

Boston Gun Club.

THE shooting dates are Feb. 3, 10, 17, 24; March 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; April 6, 13, 27; May 4, 11, for the spring prize handicap series at Wellington, Mass. Conditions: Entrance free, open to all shooters. Distance handicap. Six best scores out of fourteen to count. Score each day to consist of 25 unknown from magautrap.

Special challenge, team mates. Conditions: Two men per team, 25 unknown targets per man. Distance handicap. Special rules governing this contest posted at club house. All shooting under B. G. C. rules. Practice afforded before and after match.

Time table Boston & Maine Railroad, Union Station, Western Division: To Wellington, 12:42, 1:47, 2:45, 3:10, 4:21. Leave Wellington, 2:18, 3:38, 4:36, 5:08, 5:57.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Newark Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 26.—The Newark Gun Club pulled off a very successful shoot at its grounds in this village to-day, quite a number of sportsmen from out-of-town being present. Those who distinguished themselves with their marksmanship were J. Knapp, of Auburn, C. J. Cottle, of Skaneateles; Harrison, of Rochester; E. W. Snyder, of Marion, and A. D. Snyder, of Newark. The official scores follow:

Event No. 1, 10 targets: Harrison 6, E. Snyder 9, B. Snyder 8, Cottle 8, Knapp 9.

Event No. 2, 15 targets: Harrison 9, E. Snyder 10, B. Snyder 13, Cottle 14, Knapp 11.

Event No. 3, 20 targets: Harrison 13, A. Snyder 18, B. Snyder 16, Kelley 13, Knapp 13, Cottle 20.

Event No. 4, 10 targets: Harrison 9, E. Snyder 8, B. Snyder 6, Kelley 8, Knapp 8, Cottle 6.

Event No. 5, 15 targets: Harrison 12, E. Snyder 11, B. Snyder 13, Kelley 11, Knapp 13, Cottle 13, Witt 11.

Event No. 6, 15 targets: Harrison 8, E. Snyder 13, B. Snyder 9, Kelley 11, Knapp 12, Cottle 13, Witt 11.

Event No. 7, 20 targets: Harrison 14, E. Snyder 13, B. Snyder 18, Kelley 18, Knapp 16, Cottle 16.

Event No. 8, 10 targets: Harrison 8, E. Snyder 7, B. Snyder 9, Kelley 9, Knapp 9, Cottle 10, Witt 7.

Event No. 9, 15 targets: Harrison 12, E. Snyder 14, B. Snyder 12, Kelley 9, Knapp 13, Cottle 12, Witt 12, Parmer 8.

Event No. 10, 20 targets: Harrison 15, E. Snyder 16, B. Snyder 15, Parmer 12, Kelley 13, Knapp 18, Cottle 17.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 24.—The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, held the second shoot for January. The scores were not as good as generally on account of the high wind.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	15	25	25	15	15	10	10	25
C V L	18	13	23	..	..	..	..	..	..
Banta	19	9	21	21	..	11	..	..	..
Schorty	14	9	15	11	..	9	8	8	14
Gille	18	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brewer	11	6	..	..	..	6	6	..	..
Pearsall	16	14	19	17	..	..	..	6	..
Headden	13	8	15	16	..	..	..	..	..
Doran	14	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
H Pearsall	16	14	17	11	..	..	..	..	..
Wyckoff	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pape, Jr.	..	5	15	..	8	7	6	6	..
Whitley	..	12	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Southard	..	7	18	..	10	11	8	6	13
Hughes	..	..	16	..	9	..	..	7	..
Schields	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	8	..

Next shoot Feb. 7; all-day shoot on Feb. 21. Shooting dates for 1904: Feb. 7, 21; March 6, 20; April 3, 17; May 1, 15, 29; June 12, 26; July 10, 24; August 7, 21; Sept. 4, 18; October 2, 16, 30; November 13, 27; December 11, 25.

JAS. HUGHES.

Watson Park Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 29.—At a meeting held Jan. 22, a new gun club was formed, to be known as the Watson Park Gun Club, and the following officers were elected: President, J. H. Amberg; Vice-President, D. A. Hanagan; Secretary and Treasurer, George H. Steenberg; Board of Directors, L. Willard, Dr. C. W. Carson, O. Von Lengerke, and S. E. Young.

The club starts out with a membership of about twenty, among whom are some of the most prominent shooters in Chicago, and bids fair to become one of the best trapshooting clubs in Chicago, as it has started out right by joining the Chicago Trapshooters' Association. It is not the intention of this club to limit its membership, and members need not be residents of this city. An invitation is extended to all lovers of the manly sport of target shooting to join us in the promotion of trapshooting. The membership fee is $2, and $1 yearly dues. For further particulars address the secretary. At our meeting it was resolved that we issue a challenge for a team shoot to any five men in the United States, to be held at a date that may be agreeable to those accepting the challenge. For further particulars address the secretary, George H. Steenberg, 2372 115th St., Chicago, Ill.

Indiana League of Trapshooters.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 25.—The Indiana League of Trapshooters will hold their annual shoot on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 12 and 13. The dates first selected were June 9 and 10, but the dates selected for the Grand American Handicap, June 20 to 24, to be held on the grounds of this club, made it necessary to change the date of the State shoot.

W. B. ALLEN, Sec'y.

Baltimore vs. Wawaset.

Wilmington, Del., Jan. 29.—In its return match with the Baltimore Shooting Association in Baltimore, Md., yesterday, the Wawaset Cun Club, of this city, lost the shoot by 55 points, the score being 829 to 774. This majority is smaller than in the other shoot, when Baltimore team was defeated by the Wawaset by 80 points.

The delegation of local shots accompanying the Wawaset team was disappointed at the result, for the scores made by the local shots were not as good as were expected, and did not even come up to those made in the practice shoot. The shoot was pulled off under unfavorable conditions, for it was both dark and cold when the shoot began, and snow began to fall before it was at an end.

Beyond saying that the disagreeable weather conditions were responsible for no better scores, the Wawaset shots have no excuse to make for their defeat, but a number of local sportsmen think it was hardly fair that L. S. German, H. L. Worthington and George Burroughs were permitted to shoot for Baltimore. German is a resident of Aberdeen, Md., and Worthington is of Rising Sun, while Burroughs' home is in this city. The Wawaset team agreed to allow any member of the Baltimore Shooting Association to participate, however, the matter of residence not to be considered. Baltimore took advantage of this, and it is held by those who are objecting that the Wawaset Club might have allowed Fred Gilbert and others to shoot on that team. Burroughs shot twice for the Delaware State championship, being defeated by M. Roser in the last shoot. Another argument offered by a few who were opposed to him shooting for Baltimore is the fact that at the annual Maryland county shoot he was barred from participating on the ground that he was not a resident of Baltimore.

Baltimore intended to have E. B. Coe, formerly of that city, but later of Mississippi and Tennessee, present to shoot on that team, but he could not attend.

There were ten men on each team, and 100 targets were shot at. Hawkins, of Baltimore, was high gun with a score of 93 out of a possible 100. McKelvey was high gun for the Wawaset, getting 84 out of a possible 100. The shoot was well attended, a large number of Maryland shots being present.

The local shots were met in Baltimore by J. M. Hawkins and escorted to the grounds of the B. S. A., where it was found that the Baltimore team had been practicing all the morning for the event. Following the shoot the local team was entertained at dinner by the Baltimore sports. Several speeches were made. The scores follow:

Baltimore.					Wawaset.				
J M Hawkins	23	24	24	22— 93	Jas McKelvey	22	20	21	21— 84
L S German	23	21	23	22— 89	L J Squier	22	18	18	22— 80
H Worthington	22	19	22	21— 84	M Roser	17	20	21	22— 80
G Burroughs	21	20	23	20— 84	W M Foord	22	21	14	22— 79
W L Henderson	22	21	19	21— 83	J T Skelly	20	20	19	20— 79
Dr Carr	19	21	21	21— 82	J Graham	17	18	22	20— 77
E H Storr	18	23	20	20— 80	E E DuPont	15	20	21	21— 77
H Ducker	15	19	21	24— 79	C Buck	20	20	18	19— 77
Dr Boyd	19	18	19	22— 78	L Lawrence	18	18	20	17— 73
Dr H Lupus	22	17	17	21— 77	R Miller	18	17	12	21— 68
				829					774

The return match between these teams will be pulled off at Aberdeen, Md., within thirty days, and as each team has won a shoot, the coming one will be full of interest.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

There was a large attendance at the Saturday afternoon shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club at Bay Ridge, Jan. 30. D. C. Bennett won the January cup on a score of 25 with a handicap of 4, and his three best scores for the month totalled 73 out of a possible 75. The runner-up was Grant Notman, with 24 for the day. He was second for the month also, with a total of 70. A. G. Southworth was third for the day with 22 and third for the month with 69.

Bennett also won a 15-target trophy shoot, tying with Grant Notman with a clean score, and winning on the shoot-off with a full score to Notman's 2 less. Charles A. Sykes won a 15-target event for a trophy from a field of eighteen contestants with a clean score of 15, four men tying for second; they were T. W. Stake, F. T. Bedford, Jr., Daniel C. Bennett and H. B. Vanderveer, with 14 each.

The Sykes team cup race was won for the day by H. B. Vanderveer and E. H .Lott, after tying with Capt. A. W. Money and Lewis C. Hopkins, each team getting 40. On the shoot-off Vanderveer and Lott scored 45 to their opponents' 43.

The Palmer memorial cup, at 25 targets, was shot for in two divisions. The first division was won by F. B. Stephenson with a score of 23, and the second by A. G. Southworth with a score of 24. A trophy shoot at 15 targets was captured by Frederick T. Bedford, Jr., with a straight score; the runner-up was George G. Stephenson with 14. A renewal of the same event found A. G. Southworth and the veteran W. W. Marshall tied with 15, and on the shoot-off Marshall broke 12 to Southworth's 7.

Frederick T. Bedford, Jr., won in another 15-target event with a straight score of 15, four men tying for second—F. B. Stephenson, A. G. Southworth, Capt. A. W. Money and H. B. Vanderveer—each of whom made a score of 14.

The final event was one of the best of the day. Henry C. Werleman won with a score of 14, and Capt. A. W. Money was second with 13. The scores follow:

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: D. C. Bennett (2) 15, G. Notman (1) 15, F. T. Bedford, Jr. (1) 13, A. G. Southworth (1) 13, C. A. Sykes (3) 13, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 13, J. C. Mack (3) 12, W. W. Marshall (2) 11.

Shoot-off: D. C. Bennett 15, G. Notman 13.

January Cup, 25 targets: D. C. Bennett (4) 25, G. Notman (3) 24, A. G. Southworth (3) 22, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 21.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: C. A. Sykes (3) 15, T. W. Stake (3) 14, F. T. Bedford, Jr. (1) 14, D. C. Bennett (2) 14, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 14, E. H. Lott (0) 13, Dr. S. P. Hopkins (4) 13, L. C. Hopkins (2) 13 H. Werlemann (4) 13, G. Notman (1) 12, A. G. Southworth (1) 12, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (0) 11, F. B. Stephenson (1) 11, Capt. A. W. Money (1) 11, J. C. Mack (3) 11, G. G. Stephenson (1) 9, W. Sherer, Jr., (4) 9, W. W. Marshall (2) 8.

Sykes team cups, 25 targets: H. B. Vanderveer (3) 21, E. H. Lott (1) 9; total 40. A. G. Southworth (3) 24, W. W. Marshall (4) 12; total 36. Capt. Money (2) 25, L. C. Hopkins (4) 15; total 40.

Shoot-off: H. B. Vanderveer 23, E. H. Lott 22; total 45. Capt. Money 25, L. C. Hopkins 18; total 43.

Palmer trophies, 25 targets.—First Division: F. B. Stephenson (2) 23, Capt. Money (2) 21, F. T. Bedford, Jr. (2) 20, E. H. Lott (1) 19.

Second Division: A. G. Southworth (3) 24, W. W. Marshall (4) 15, L. C. Hopkins (4) 18.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: F. T. Bedford, Jr. (1) 15, G. G. Stephenson (1) 14, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (0) 13, L. C. Hopkins (2) 13, D. C. Bennett (2) 13, T. W. Stake (2) 13, A. G. Southworth (1) 13, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 13, Capt. Money (1) 13, W. W. Marshall (2) 12, Dr. Hopkins (4) 12, W. Sherer, Jr. (4) 12, G. Notman (1) 12, E. H. Lott (0) 11, F. B. Stephenson (0) 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: W. W. Marshall (2) 15, A. G. Southworth (1) 15, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (3) 14, E. H. Lott (0) 14, Capt. Money (1) 14, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 14, F. B. Stephenson (1) 13, L. C. Hopkins (2) 13, D. C. Bennett (2) 13, F. T. Bedford, Jr. (1) 13, Dr. Hopkins (4) 13, W. Sherer, Jr. (4) 12, T. W. Stake (2) 11, H. Werlemann (4) 11, G. G. Stephenson (1) 10, G. Notman (1) 10, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (0) 9.

Shoot-off: W. W. Marshall 12, A. G. Southworth 7.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: F. T. Bedford, Jr. (1) 15, F. B. Stephenson (1) 14, A. G. Southworth (1) 14, Capt. Money (1) 14 H. B Vanderveer (1) 14, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (0) 13, W. Sherer, Jr. (4) 13, T. W. Stake (3) 13, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (3) 13, H. Werlemann (4) 13, L. C. Hopkins (2) 12, E. H. Lott (0) 11, Dr. Hopkins (4) 11, G. Notman (1) 11, W. W. Marshall (2) 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: H. Werlemann (4) 14, Capt. Money (1) 13, W. Sherer, Jr. (7) 11, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 11, A. G. Southworth (1) 11, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (3) 9, W. W. Marshall (2) 6.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

The attendance at the grounds on Jan. 30 was good. The day was mild and clear, with no wind; but the sun, shining on the snow, made the light rather trying. No special events were on the card for to-day, and those present indulged in a race at 100 targets. This, with the practice shooting, kept the traps busy until dark.

There was some talk of the Columbia Gun Club, of Barberton, Ohio, challenging for the Phellis trophy, but a letter received this week stated that it would be impossible to send a team.

No one seems anxious to accept the challenge to a team race at 1,000 targets issued by Gambell and Barker.

Ahlers and Gambell will try conclusions in a match next week.

The club holds its meeting on Friday, Feb. 5, in the afternoon; Parker prize gun contest on Feb. 2.

Following are the scores made in to-day's events:

Match, 100 targets, 16yds.:

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	Targets:	20	20	20	20	20
Block	12	13	14	15	14—68	Faran	18	16	18	18	14—84
Harig	13	17	15	13	18—76	Randall	16	20	19	17	17—89
Herman	12	15	13	13	11—64	Boeh	7	12	11	11	13—54
Bullerdick	15	17	18	13	14—77	Hake	10	8	9	10	8—45
Gambell	16	17	18	16	19—86	Jack	15	18	17	15	13—78
Ahlers	18	14	17	13	18—81	Captain	11	15	10	11	12—59
Williams	14	18	16	16	19—83						

Practice:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Jay Bee	95	59	Gambell	20	18
Linn	95	74	Block	40	25
Ackley	90	35	Harig	25	20
Colonel	95	38	Herman	30	21
Underwood	95	57	Ahlers	30	25
Medico	50	31	Williams	50	40
Norris	60	45	Faran	65	50
Roanoke	80	51	Herrick	15	13
Harry	60	24	Bullerdick	15	11
Barker	65	54			

New Cash Prize Shoot.

The new series of cash prize shoots will begin on Feb. 13; the members to be divided in two classes, A and B; the amount of cash, $240, to be equally divided between the two classes, $120 in each. The series will consist of twenty-seven contests, and members must compete in at least fifteen in order to be eligible. Ten best scores to be counted. If five members qualify, the money will be divided as follows: $40, $35, $20, $15, and $10. If six, $35, $30, $20, $15, $10 and $10. If seven, $30, $25, $20, $15, $10, $10 and $10. If eight, $28, $23, $18, $14, $11, $10, $8 and $8. If nine, $25, $20, $18, $14, $11, $10, $9, $8 and $5. If ten, $20, $18, $16, $14, $12, $10, $9, $8, $8, $5.

Bonasa.

Middletown (Del.) Shooting Association.

The Middletown, Del., Shooting Association held an exciting shoot yesterday afternoon on its grounds, and some good scores were made. Perhaps the most interesting event was the Parker Gun Trophy event. This was the third event of a series of eight, to be decided by the six best scores. The standing of the members who have shot in one or more events:

	Counting 3 events.	Dropping 1 event.	Dropping 2 events.
S E Massey	56	42	22
Steele	54	40	20
G Massey	54	39	20
Barnard	53	37	19
Duryea	49	36	22
Burris	49	33	18
Kates	46	34	19
E Massey	45	33	20
H Pool	34	34	17
Stephens	30	30	15
F Pool	30	30	18
Black	17	17	17
Pearsons	16	16	16

Dr. Barnard captured the silver handicap medal and successfully defended his gold challenge medal against S. E. Massey by a score of 22 to 13 out of a possible 25.

Indianapolis (Ind.) Gun Club.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 23.—Match for the Julius C. Walk & Son cup:

Events:	1	2	Handi-		
Targets:	25	25	cap.	Broke.	Tot'l.
J M Lilly	20	12	16	32	48
J W Bell	23	22	..	45	45
C A Medico	14	19	6	33	39
E C Dickman	18	20	..	38	38
Gus Moeller	13	15	3	28	31
W B Scott	16	10	4	26	30
W T Nash	10	19	..	29	29

Miserable weather conditions and awful poor street car service, on account of high water damaging bridges, caused small attendance.

The handicap system now in use not proving satisfactory, will be revised for next Saturday's contest.

Coming events on our grounds will be the Erb-Michaelis contest for English Hotel cup, Feb. 6; State tournament April 12, 13, and G. A. H., June 20 to 24. In connection with Erb-Michaelis contest sweepstake events will be arranged to suit the shooters, and those desiring to shoot for targets only may do so. Shooting will commence at 10 A. M.

Jas. W. Bell, Sec'y.

The Tower Trap at Pinehurst.

Pinehurst, N. C., Jan. 20.—The new tower trap was used for the first time in a tournament last week in the third in the winter's series. The event was 60 targets, 10 each, right, left, overhead, unknown and doubles, and it developed into a pretty contest, which kept the shooters guessing.

C. A. Lockwood, of New York, won with a score of 35, to 31 for H. Nelson Burroughs, of Philadelphia.

In starting it looked very much as if Mr. Lockwood would have a walkover, but Burroughs pulled up splendidly on the second string, and gave his opponent a good match. The feature of the event was the breaking of three straight doubles by Lockwood, a feat hitherto unequaled. The scores of the leaders were as follows:

Lockwood	01101010110011111111	10 00 10 00 10—17
	10101111001110000001	10 10 11 11 11—18—35
Burroughs	00001110101101000000	01 00 10 10 10—11
	11000111111111110010	00 11 10 11 10—20—31

Le Roy W. Johnson, of New York, scored, and W. C. Spalding, of Freeport, L. I., was the referee.

The Interstate Association.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please announce to the readers of Forest and Stream that the Interstate Association will give a tournament at Americus, Ga., April 27 and 28, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club.

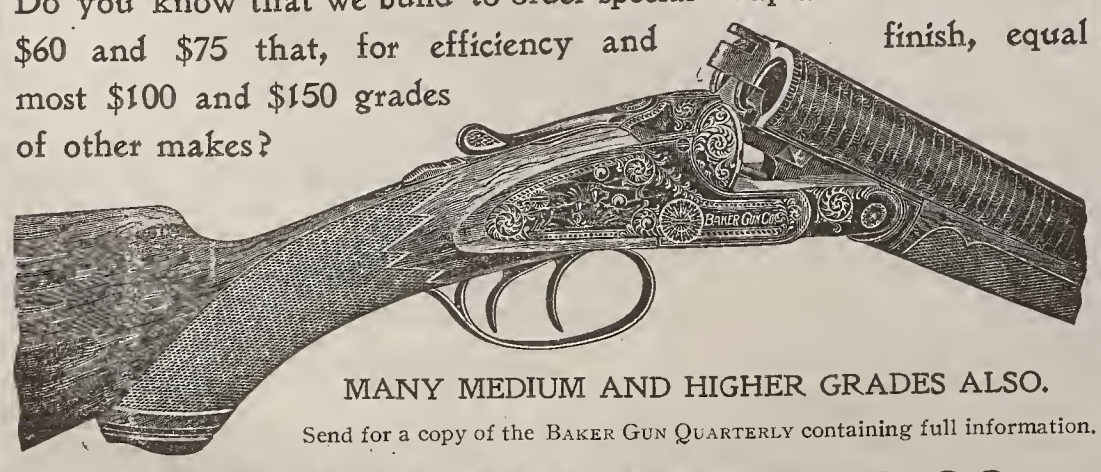
Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The Lefever Arms Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., informs us that Mr. Lyon won high average at the shoot held Jan. 23, at Montreal, Canada. Mr. E. W. Arnold, of Larned, Kans., won high amateur average at both live birds and targets at the shoot held Dec. 15 at Great Bend, Kans. Mr. Arnold also tied for high amateur average at the January tournament held at St. Joseph, Mo. Both these gentlemen shot Lefever guns.

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Exhibits of Game Fowl at Sportsmen's Show.

A feature of this year's show at Madison Square Garden that will be at once attractive and striking is the exhibit of game fowl. In this department of the show three of the most famous collectors of upland and water fowl will be represented, and nearly every known species of game fowl will be embraced. The pheasants of Turkey, Asia and Africa, with their brilliant plumage, will make a striking exhibit. These will occupy space on the main floor, which will extend for eighty running feet along the north promenade. It is needless to say that these birds, representing years of labor and the investment of many thousands of dollars, will prove a big attraction of the show. It will embrace over twenty varieties of pheasants. There will also be shown the jungle fowl, the famous Madagascar pigeons, wild turkeys and several varieties of peacock in brilliant plumage, among which will be some specimens of the white peacock. In Mr. Davenport's collection, there will also be shown Persian sheep, Persian lambs, Angora goats, clothed in their silken coats, which give these animals high commercial value the world over.

In other divisions will be shown from sixteen to twenty varieties of wild duck, as well as geese, including the Canadian, snow and other species.

Another exhibit will embrace a very large and rare collection of game water fowl and geese, including every known variety. Beginning with the second week of the show, will be substituted the wild duck exhibit, of which it is said that no finer specimens are in existence.

The game bird exhibit at the coming show will be one of its biggest features, and will far excel anything of the kind ever shown in this country.

The Southern's Palm Limited.

Leaves New York daily, except Sunday, 12:40 noon, via P. R. R. and Southern Railway.

Is operated through from New York to St. Augustine, with the exception of one Double Drawing and Stateroom Sleeping Car, which is operated to Aiken and Augusta, Ga. The train is composed of Pullman Compartment Cars, Drawing and Stateroom Sleeping Cars, Club, Library and Observation Cars, and up-to-date, exquisitely appointed Southern Railway dining car, with service equal to any high class hotel.

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Round-trip tourist tickets are on sale at reduced rates to all the principal resorts of Florida and the South, which will allow stop-overs en route, thus enabling passengers to make side trips to other resorts, if desired. For further information call on or address New York offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway, Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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VOL. LXII.—No. 7. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WILLIAM D. BISHOP.

WM. D. BISHOP died at his home in Bridgeport, Conn., on Thursday, Feb. 4, aged 76 years. He was a successful business man, an able lawyer, a shrewd and honorable politician, a great railroad man, a keen sportsman. Mr. Bishop was one of the earlier railroad builders in Connecticut, taking up unexpired contracts begun by his father, and building certain railroad lines which are now part of the system of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. He was active in politics, having represented his district in Congress, and at various times been State Senator at Hartford. For several years he was the president of the New Haven Railroad, and for very many years a member of its board of directors.

He was thus successful in many fields; constantly occupied by affairs of great moment and affecting a great number of people. Yet his chief delight was to be abroad in the field with gun and dog, or at the proper season to follow the stream with the fishing rod. Up to a late period of his life he tramped the Connecticut woods and swamps for partridges, quail, and woodcock, and it was only a year ago last fall that he went rail shooting on the Housatonic River. Nearly forty years ago he was one of a party who journeyed far up the then hardly known Nipigon River for trout, and only last autumn he went fishing in Canada.

Mr. Bishop had a very wide acquaintance among business men and sportsmen, and was everywhere beloved for his kind heart, his genial nature, and his quaint and delightful humor. In far greater measure than most men, he possessed those qualities of mind and of heart and of manner which tend especially to endear a man to his fellows, and the sense of personal grief felt at his death by a wide circle of friends and associates is very keen.

WILD FLOWER PRESERVATION.

CIVILIZED man and nature do not go well together. The preparing of the ground for cultivation, and then making it produce a crop, puts an end to many of the plants which originally grew from the soil. The destruction of the forests for timber or for purposes of agriculture, destroy the plants which once delighted in its shade, while the draining of the swamp kills those moisture-loving species which flourish there in nature. All this is inevitable. When the problem of supporting a dense population—making money—is in question, nature must be destroyed or move on. Civilization drives out or kills the animals first, but a little later she none the less surely drives out and in a large measure kills the plants.

In unfrequented places—those not adapted to the growth of crops—the wild plants flourish a little longer, but if especially attractive by their beauty or their fragrance, they are gathered and carried away by those who fancy them with the same lack of thought for the future and consideration of others as is shown by the boy who crushes the butterfly under his hat.

In many places in New England the May flower, or trailing arbutus, is now entirely extirpated. In others the few plants that remain are carefully watched by persons who long for them, and as soon as the buds open the flowers are gathered and carried away. Many commoner flowers are eradicated by those who thoughtlessly tear them away; thus for an hour's pleasure destroying the plant for the whole locality. The rarer flowers suffer still more, and are more readily exterminated.

The harm done by such destruction is coming to be generally recognized, and there are a number of societies in the United States which have for their object the protection of the wild flowers. So also there is a society to protect the beautiful edelweiss growing on the Alps of Switzerland, which is now in danger of extermination, while in England the Selborne Society is urging the protection of ferns, primroses, and other rarer plants.

In Boston and in New York, and in other cities in America, there are wild flower societies the sole object of which is the protection from extermination of such flowers. These efforts should appeal to all lovers of nature, but the botanists are especially interested.

At the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, recently held in St. Louis, Professors C. E. Bessey and S. Coulter before the Botanical Section read papers which were strong pleas for the preservation of our wild flowers. In substance they said:

"Cultivated flowers are planted and cared for by man, but no one cares for the wild beauties of the woods and meadow. We must preserve them. It is our privilege, as lovers of plants, to care for them and to see that they are not exterminated. The rarer the plant the greater the danger that it will be eradicated. Who are the offenders? The tourists, who lay their vandal hands on everything pretty; the amateurs, who desire to have samples of everything; and some botanists who think more of collecting specimens than of the beauties of nature in the field. At Colorado Springs the once beautiful Cheyenne Cañon has been made barren by the vandals, and there is scarcely a fern or a pretty flower now left in it. What shall we do about it? First of all, let us talk vigorously against this vandalism. Talk in season and out of season, and denounce the wholesale destruction of wild flowers in the strongest language possible. Then write against vandalism. Do not fail to say what you think through the public press. The newspapers will help you every time if you call upon them. Then organize clubs, and guilds, and societies. Do this as you please. If you prefer to form a local chapter of the Wild Flower Preservation Society, well and good. We shall take great pleasure in helping you. But if you prefer to form an independent club, do so by all means. It is not how you do it; it is only that you do something. Agitate the matter persistently and vigorously, and keep at it. In this way only may we hope to save our wild flowers from extinction."

These are strong words, and should be pondered by all to whom they come. Such a work is one in which every man and woman and child who lives in the country may take some part, with the result of adding much to the beauty and attractiveness of our fields and woods.

CROCKETT, SCOTT, AND THE 'COON.

EVERYONE has heard of "Davy Crockett's 'coon," the one which said, "Don't shoot, I will come down." To "come down like Davy Crockett's 'coon" is a colloquial expression in common use. Crockett and the 'coon that came down are so popularly associated that to attempt to disconnect them is well nigh to attempt the impossible. To explain a thousand times that it was not Davy Crockett to whom the 'coon came down were without effect; the world has it "Davy Crockett's 'coon," and the world will have it so, and there it stands.

The real hero of the 'coon story was Capt. Martin Scott; the story was a tribute to his skill as a rifle shot. Scott was a brave man and a good American soldier of the Mexican War period, and he deserved to be remembered; but even such credit as the 'coon story attributed to him has been filched from him and given to another, who did not need it. Davy Crockett fills a generous niche in the history of the Southwest; his tragic death in the Alamo gave him secure place among the heroic spirits of his time. Crockett's own favorite aphorism, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," might well be enjoined upon those who cite the 'coon story to point a moral or adorn a tale. The 'coon that came down came down to Capt. Martin Scott.

Scott was a native of Vermont. From his youth he was famous as a shot. An exploit of his twelfth year was the slaying, unaided and alone, with his father's purloined smooth-bore, of a marauding bear which had defied the entire *posse comitatus* of the grown-ups of the neighborhood. There were no laws in those days for the protection of sheep stealing bears. A feat of Scott's mature years was the cure of a sick man by shooting him. This heroic treatment was administered in a duel. Scott shot his antagonist through the lungs. The man had been sick with consumption, but from that moment began to mend, and got well. If Scott did not actually effect the cure, he at least had the credit of it.

The 'coon story was printed about the year 1840, five years after the death of Crockett. It was told of Capt. Scott, and ran like this:

Capt. Martin Scott was out in the woods one day with a party of friends, hunting. They were scattered through the woods, each hunting separately. One of the party at length came upon a raccoon that was sitting in one of the highest branches of a very tall tree. He fired at him and missed. One by one the rest of the party came up and tried their hand, each missing the distant 'coon, who grew saucier as they proceeded. At length Capt. Scott arrived, and was in the act of pulling trigger, when the 'coon looked slyly around the limb and said:

"Who are you?"

"I am Scott."

"What Scott?"

"I am Capt. Scott."

"Are you Capt. Martin Scott?"

"The same."

"Well," said the 'coon, unlimbering himself, "you need not shoot; I will come down."

Capt. Scott fought in the Mexican War, and died before Molino del Rey. Major H. W. Merrill, a veteran of the Mexican War, well known to older readers of FOREST AND STREAM as a contributor to its columns, was in Scott's troop, and witnessed his death. It was in a position exposed to the enemy's fire; the Americans sheltered themselves by lying on the ground in the rifle pits and trenches. Scott stood erect, and was warned to lie down. "Martin Scott never lies down," was his answer. They were his last words. A Mexican bullet came singing, and Scott fell, mortally wounded.

LOCOMOTIVE SPARKS AND FOREST FIRES.

AT a recent hearing before the Senate Forestry Committee of the New York Legislature, testimony was taken to show that in a considerable proportion Adirondack forest fires may be charged to incendiararies who are inspired by resentment and revenge because of the closing of large tracts of what were formerly free hunting grounds. The 40,000-acre fire on the Rockefeller preserve was ascribed to this cause. But 50 per cent. of the forest fires, experts estimate, must be charged to the railroads. They are caused by sparks from the locomotives or by the dumping of ashes. This holds true not only in New York, but in other States as well. The railroads have destroyed many square miles of forest, and millions of dollars' worth of timber. They will continue the destruction just so long as, through lack of law, or laxity of law enforcement, they shall enjoy immunity from punishment for their destructiveness. There is no necessity for a locomotive to fire the woods. Such fires are not inevitable; they are avoidable. Whether or not railroad managers adopt the practical preventives which will guard against woods and prairie fires, depends upon whether managers are granted immunity or are made to pay the damages. In the Adirondacks, for example, where the railroads are not compelled to pay for the ruin they inflict, spark arresters are not employed, and the firemen dump their ashes where they will start fires. In Wisconsin, on the other hand, where the laws provide that property owners may bring suits for damages, the railroads not only obey the laws, but enforce special stringent rules of their own.

These things are clear:

The railroads are responsible for many forest fires.

The fires are preventable by the use of spark arresters and the exercise of care as to the dumping of ashes.

The railroads will not adopt such preventive devices and regulations until they shall be impelled to do so by considerations of profit and loss.

It is of the highest public importance that in every State where adequate laws are not already in force, legislation should be adopted to compel the railroads to conduct their business after approved modern methods as to the prevention of fires.

America may well take a lesson from Germany. In that country, as told in a current report by Vice-Consul-General Dean B. Mason, forest fires are comparatively infrequent for thre reasons: First, that the country has a rainfall so uniform that droughts which render woodlands easily inflammable are relatively rare; second, where railroads traverse tracts of pine forest they are ditched and dyked along both sides of the line, so as to confine a fire to a small and easily controlled area; and third, because every precaution which inventors can devise to arrest locomotive sparks and prevent them from escaping into the open air is practiced on the State railways and enforced on all private corporate lines.

If German railroads can prevent the escape of locomotive sparks, American railroads can do the same thing. American inventive genius can accomplish what that of Germany has secured; and will accomplish it just as soon as the American law follows the German law and puts an end to forest conflagrations kindled by the railroads.







THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

St. Patrick of Nipigon.

We saw him the first time on Friday morning, and we hailed him and his wagon as the solution of our troubles for the day.

Three of us—two Indian guides and the writer—had come up from the Hudson Bay post the night before, camping at the lower end of the first and longest carry on the river. This carry or portage is two and a half miles long. It avoids the impossible passage of the Long Rapids, and Cameron's Pool, once famous for its big trout, now seldom fished; nearly all parties going higher up the river, passing by this beautiful piece of water, which in consequence is again yielding good sport to the fly.

Pat is care-taker and man-of-all-work for the syndicate that has secured permission from the Ontario Government to erect a pulp mill about half way up the Long Rapid. Last year they cut all the large timber in the immediate section, and are now running a small saw mill, getting out the lumber to build the mill. Three substantial log buildings represent their plant so far, one for an office, one used as a stable, and a larger two-story one for cook-house, dining room, and bunk-house for the hands, when the mill is built. In this last one Pat lives and dispenses hospitality to all comers alike. "Born in Ireland and proud of it, sor-r," he spends about nine months of the year in solitude, except for the Indians and a few mill men. An Irishman is a born talker, and so Pat makes up for his long winter's silence by putting in good licks the three months of the fishing season—June, July, and August. At this time the stream is visited by scores of anglers. When he hurries he stutters, and as he has to make up for lost time, he generally prefaces his remarks with a hurried, struggling "Aa-a-a-a-h."

We named him St. Patrick because of his "swate" disposition. Nothing seems to worry him. He says, "I sometimes git mad enough to throw m' job, y' know, but I git over it." But we saw no evidence of this bad temper. So he's still in the calendar as St. Patrick of Nipigon.

It takes about half a day for two guides to carry an outfit over this Long Portage. Everything must be carried on the back. Still, it is astonishing what loads these Indians will take. Stories are told of five hundred pounds having been carried at a time. However, Pat's wagon will take the whole outfit across in less than an hour. His services are consequently in demand.

Before going to bed, Toma, the head guide, remarked he would go over and see Pat early next morning. It rained during the night. It seems to rain so easily in that northern country. When six o'clock came, Martin was making the fire. Everything was wet, but sparkling in the clear, pure light of the rising sun. Toma had been over to Pat's, two miles, and now reported that Pat had to go to the mill, and couldn't come for us.

This changed our plans. Just below camp a noisy brook tumbled into the river, and looked a likely place for small trout. We were not in a hurry, anyhow. We would spend the morning, or the day, if necessary, at this camp, explore the brook called Frazier River, follow it four miles to a lake which Toma said was full of bass, and so wait until Pat could come for us. In the meantime breakfast was cooking, but without trout. The rod hadn't even come out of its case yet.

Toma stopped still. "Listen!" In the distance a rumbling, bumping rattle could be heard. "That's Pat," he said. Soon the noise became louder. We hurried our meal, in the midst of which the team and driver came into sudden sight from the bushes.

The team and wagon were good and strong—fit for this country of rocks and logs—but it was the driver that had our attention; five feet four, weight two hundred and ten, an old woolen sweater stretched ready to burst, trousers rolled up almost to the knees, gray woolen socks which shrank away from the trousers, and heavy shoes completed his costume, except for his hat. The hat was typical, an old battered felt, with narrow rim. It would have told his birthplace without the map of his face or the brogue of his tongue, and was rammed down on the back of his head—the habit of generations—where it would do the least good. It might have come from Killarney. It certainly was at home on the wearer.

Pat and his team, on this two and a half miles of road (if such it can be called) occupy the furthest outpost of civilization up the river. Beyond are no roads—nothing but Indian trails, traveled for more than a hundred years now by the employes of the Hudson's Bay Company. Above the Long Portage no teams can go, no wheel turn, until roads are cut through the forest. In the summer supplies go up the river to other posts of the Hudson's Bay Company by canoes. In the winter the dog sledges come into use, following a winter trail well back from the river, on the east. An electric road, following the river on the west, is talked of. With its presence, and that of the pulp mill, now assured, will vanish much of the charm that now draws anglers from all over the world to this king of trout streams.

"Goo-o-od mornin', gintlemin. I tho't I'd come, anyhow. Y' see, I told Tommy I had t' go t' the mill. Well, I did, but m' harses got out in the night, an' whin I found 'em they was almost over t' the mill itsilf. So I jis' says to m'silf, I'll jis' go back an' help the byes out, an' so I'm here. I'm bin out for two hours. Jis' look at me, how wet I am. Ain't I a daisy? An' say, if y' have a drop of anythin' warm 'round here to dr-rink I sartinly would be glad to get it. Ain't got any? Well, it's all right. Some folks does and some don't, but it's mighty warmin' whin a felly's bin out and got all wet through this way. Have I had breakfast? Not a bite. Well, I don't care if I do. I always was a good hand at the table, and this mornin' I'm powerful hungry."

During the meal, and in answer to questions, he rambled on to tell of himself.

"Y'd think I'd come straight from Ireland. Well, I was born there, all right. Y' could tell that, couldn't y'? I come over t' this Canady whin I was a little felly. Lived down near Montryal 'till 'bout four years ago, thin come up here. I ain't bin down t' the post since in April [this was August], an' I won't git down there agin till things freeze up.

"Where'd y' say y' was from? Saint Louis! Are there any Ir-rish down there? I knew there was. Any of the Carrolls? That's my name, y' know. Y' say there's wan of 'em in politics there. I'll bit he's some kin to me."

The breaking camp and loading the wagon was soon over. The road wound in and out, avoiding trees and boulders, and finally crossed a good sized brook on a corduroy bridge. Beyond rose a hill of blue clay, bad at all times, but now made doubly slippery by the rain of the night before. Pat was for unloading and sending the wagon up empty, but we finally decided to try it first, and unload afterwards if we had to. All went well for about a minute after the start, when the horses began to slip. The wheels were blocked with the ever-present loose stones, and so we held our own. Pat and Toma each cut a heavy switch—a gad, Pat called it—and we moved again. The stone once more came into play, and we had gained another vantage point. Then came the worst piece of the hill. Pat bragged, coaxed, threatened, stormed, but didn't swear. The occasion was certainly a good opportunity, but the noise and the gads carried us up and on, and when we reached the top Pat remarked, "I could 've cussed 'em plinty, but the n'ise does jis' as well. I didn't do much wor-rk, but I'm a dandy on the holler. Tommy, how's that gad—'bout wore out, ain't it? I tho't so."

At the far end of the portage we found three separate parties getting ready to go up the river. They had crossed the carry the evening before. One of the crowd, an artist from Boston, admired Pat's muscles and felt of a pair of biceps as big as a stove pipe. Pat said. "Yis, I've got a good ar-rm on me. Las' winter I broke a hame strap the byes fastened round m' ar-rm. (But it was a small wan.) I jis' want to tell y' of a felly that was up here this spring. He was wan of thim typewriter fellys, an' he saw me a-liftin' things 'round kinder easy, an' he says to me, 'How did I do it?' So I said, jis' feel of that ar-rm, an' after that I couldn't git him near me.

"But," he said, "that's nothin'. Jis' feel of m' leg. Y' see, I sometimes git dr-runk. Whin I'm out with the byes I have t' be wan of thim, y' know, an' I tell 'em I'm only a poor Ir-rish lad with a wooden leg; an' they'll feel of m' leg an' say, 'Too bad; poor felly.' Thin I tell 'em, feel of the ither wan, an' thin the dr-rinks is on 'em." Then addressing himself direct to the artist, he said, patting his left leg, "Bite it; jis' set y're teeth in it. Y' can't hur-rt it." The invitation was neither declined nor accepted.

Coming up on the train the writer had met a young woman bound for the post, to visit her father, a prospective millionaire miner. At the post was the parent, unshaven and dressed for the camp, but evidently a diamond in the rough, and the daughter was welcomed to his arms and the one hotel of the place, kept by mine host Hogan. It happened that Pat knew the father; and Toma, knowing of the acquaintance, told of the visitor. Pat was delighted. "So the old man's darter has finally come, has she? He's bin tellin' me 'bout her, an' promised to introjooce me to her whin she come. Begob, I'll git me a tin cint soot of clo's, an' a dood cane, an' a five-cint collar 'round m' neck, an' I'll go down an' be presinted. My, but he says she jis' knows an or-rgan by hear-rt. Why, she can jis' br-reak a or-rgan or a pianny! An' sing—jis' like a bir-rd! But, say, was th' old man sober? I'm glad he was. My, but he's a good wan. He's from 'cross the lake—Michygan or Wisconsin, I forgit which.

"I've got an uncle over in Wisconsin. He's always a-wantin' me to come see him. He's rich—well fixed—got a far-rm an' only wan darter. He says he'll set me up if I'll only come. D'ye know, I've started siveral times, but I niver git farder than Port Arthur. There I sure git dr-runk, an' the first thing I knows I'm dead broke intirely, an' have to come back here. Some day I'm goin' to buy m' ticket clear through before I sta-art. Thin, maybe, I'll git to see the old man.

"Whin y' come back I want y' t' stay a day with me, an' take a picture of m' shanty. It's a dandy. Y' haven't seen it yit. I'll be lookin' for y'."

Coming down the river we again hunted up Pat to take our lighter load across the carry, and found him at his "shanty." A large party from Minneapolis had gone down the river the first of the week, among them that prince of good fellows, Mr. Charles Veelie, and they had told Pat of our intention to stop a day with him. This was now impossible, owing to the sickness of one of the guides, which made it necessary for us to hasten to the post.

Pat greeted us with a running fire of questions and explanations.

"Well, I was a-lookin' for y' but not quite so soon. The folks from Min-nyap-polis, the Jedge and the rest, they told me y' was goin' to make me a visit. What, can't stay? One of your byes sick? Well, I'm sorry, shure. Can't y' stay jis' wan day? I've got bread all ready to bake. (It won't giv' y' the indyspepsy, nayther.) An' to-morrow we could have a fine time.

"No, I ain't got no woman. But y' know Cha-arley, the game warden. Well, he's part Indian, an' he's got a darter, an' if I take her I'll be in the tr-ribe thin, won't I? An' I'll have somebody to wor-rk for me. (But, oh, my! What will the children be—Ir-rish or Indian?)

"I've got to hunt up wan of m' harses an' fix a single tree, an' thin I'll git yer things over."

Here he produced a new timepiece and remarked, "Cha-arley—he gi' me a wa-atch. Cha-arley? Why, Cha-arley Feeley. We're so well acquainted; he always calls me Pat, an' I call him Cha-arley. It's wan of thim Ingersoll wa-atches. Ingersoll he was an infydel, but it don't hur-rt the wa-atch none, y' know. He gi' me a wa-atch las' year. He gits 'em down t' Min-nyap-polis fer 'bout a dollar an' a qua-arter apiece. Say, is that Saint Louis farder off than Min-nyap-polis? Almost a thousan' miles! My, but y're a long ways from home. Well, he gi' me a wa-atch las' year; an' whin he sees I ain't got it now he wants to know what wint with it. So he says, says he, 'What did y' do with the wa-atch I giv' y' las' year—did y' lose it?'

"An' I says, 'No, I didn't lose it.'

"An he says, 'I'll bit y' giv' it away.'

"An' I says, 'No, I didn't giv' it away.'

"An' thin he says, 'Did y' dr-rown it?'

"An' I says, 'No, I niver dr-rownded it.'

"Thin he says, 'If y' didn't lose it, an' didn't giv' it away, nor didn't dr-rown it, what did y' do with it?'

"An' I says, 'I ra-afled it,' so I did, and got most five dollars for it.

"So he gi' me this wan.

"Las' year he was up here with his sister, and she gi' me a go-old pin. So he wanted to know what had become of it. I told him I still had it, but [aside with a wink] it's down t' Nipigon. I'll see it on her nixt time I go down.

"I sartinly am sorry y' can't stop a day anyhow. We c'd git over t' a little lake I know of, that's jis' full of bass, great big five and six-pounders—ain't it, Tommy? D'ye know, Cha-arley, the game warden, calls 'em 'baths,' but thin he's an Indian an' don't know no better. If y' come ag'in we'll shure go over there.

"Comin' ag'in nixt year, are y'? Well, I'll be right here t' meet y'. Goin' to bring yer wife? Well, Pat will be glad to see her, too. How do I git m' mail? Y' can address it t' P-a-t, Pat, r-i-c-k C-a-r-r-o-double-l, Patrick Carroll, Nipigon, care of Aleck McFar-rland. Be shure an' sind me a pictur' of m' shanty."

And when we were well out in the stream there came to our ears, "Good-by, Mister Faerguson, be shure an' come ag'in nixt year."

Fergy.

In Old Virginia.

XVIII.—Woodcock and Other Things.

The first woodcock was an accident, both as to finding and losing. We had been out some time and were passing through a strip of heavy timber growing along a small stream, when the bird flushed and went boring almost straight up through the tall trees. Although a gunner of many years' experience, this bird is one that has very rarely entered into my game pockets, and I might almost say that my only knowledge of it is that gained by examining specimens in collections, or market stalls, and cursory reading.

It is a strange and marvelous thing how much valuable information comes to us a few days after the time has passed, or the event transpired, when it would have been of use. And so it is not surprising that a few days after my first real engagement with the woodcock, when I shot at it under the impression that when flushed it flew at great speed for a great distance, I should read in our own ever to be relied on Forest and Stream that this beautiful bird is slow of flight, and only inclined to move aside a bit, as if to barely get out of the way when disturbed.

This is entirely in harmony with my experience—the little I had—but without the testimony of such high authority I should probably have continued in error, explaining the variation noted by thinking I had happened on only young birds. Error dies hard, and while I can now see that the said woodcock went up through the trees with a slow, even flight, I then honestly believed that it was going away with the speed of a rocket, and felt sure that the quickest possible action was demanded. I shot quick, both barrels, and stood watching the bird out of sight through the trees with a greater sense of real loss than I could remember to have felt in many years on account of a lost bird. I was sure that no other

shot was possible at that woodcock, and the probability of finding another very remote.

When I could no longer catch even a glimpse of the bird, I slipped in fresh shells and turned to my companion, who had stood quietly by, and was much surprised when he said: "Come on, if you are ready, I saw where it lit and we will get it up again." Seriously doubting, but sincerely hoping, I took the direction indicated by him, and after going but a little way the bird flushed again, and flew straight away into an almost impenetrable thicket. The trees were very thick, and I waited a little with the hope of getting a fairer view of the bird than first offered, and at last had to take a chance shot at long range. Apparently I scored, but although we searched every foot of the ground that we could get to, including some that would have been hard traveling for anything but a snake, we never could find the bird. My sorrow was real when we finally concluded to give up the quest, and I felt an almost irresistible inclination to wear out a little of the all too abundant small growth on the dog, whom I could not get to take any interest in the recovery of our bird. "Fray him! Fray him!" the Esquire shouted, as I called and whistled him back for about the twentieth time. "A dog that will run his legs off after a rabbit and then refuse to hunt a bird which you prize so highly ought to be worn out. Here, let me cut you a hickory." I was strongly tempted to take it out of the dog, but resisted the temptation, knowing that it would do neither present nor future good.

Seeing how real was my disappointment, the Esquire suggested that we let the quail off for the remainder of the hunt, and continue up through the strip of timber and try to get up another woodcock. To this I gladly assented, although the going was something fearful. Cat briers, bamboo and blackberry vines, to say nothing of small growth of every variety, were thickly interspersed with swampy spots, where we would find ourselves sinking over shoe-top in cold water when we stopped to unwind some thorn-studded vine in which our feet had become hopelessly entangled. But there was an occasional bit of open woods, and ever the chance of getting up another woodcock, so I slowly and painfully worked along, with the Esquire abreast of me fifty feet away, and Roscoe at heel, looking disgusted and penitent. We received a reinforcement after going a little way in the person of "Richard," a darkey, who loved a gun and had heard us shooting and come to investigate. "He hunts a great deal," said the Esquire, "and will know if there are any woodcock here, and I will make him go along and help us."

"Howdy, Mistah Gawge," said the boy, as he drew near, and "Howdy, suh," to me, but looking at my gun. "Has you all had good luck?" The Esquire answered briefly, and inquired about the woodcock, but called them snipe.

"Yas, suh, dey is snipe in heah. I see two or three mos' ev'y time I come squill huntin'," was the encouraging reply.

And so, covering a little more ground, and kindly allowing our new ally the roughest and hardest of it, we moved on. As far as I knew the habits of the bird, we were in the very best of woodcock cover, but I began to feel somewhat discouraged when we reached the upper end of the long stretch of timber without finding a bird; but we had the other side to hunt back, with the encouraging statement from the boy that it was "De besses part of de groun' foh snipeses, enny way."

After a short rest, we started back, working down the other side of the branch, and finding the vines as thick and tough, and the thorns as sharp. We were getting back almost to the starting point, and I was beginning to regret the undertaking, when a shout from Richard, who was on my left, announced a bird flushed. Making our way to him, he said the bird had flown but a short distance, and he had it marked down and could take us to it. Encouraged by the boy's confident air, I followed him, my hopes high, and the walking nothing like as bad as it had been a moment before. The bird had not flown far, and after leading the way for a short distance, the boy stopped, and, pointing to a large tree, said: "He drap des by dat tree, dis side, I think." And he was right.

Buck ague is not the only form of ague that attacks sportsmen. I have seen a small boy shaken by snowbird ague, and a strong man tremble with quail ague. It is not the size of the quarry, alone, it is the earnestness of the sportsman that makes him susceptible to this malady. I had worked hard, and undergone much suffering in search of that bird, and I wanted it, and wanted it badly, and the consequence of this state of affairs was a by no means mild attack of woodcock ague as I approached the spot where I expected to find the bird. I was still laboring under the delusion that, if I missed, the bird would probably fly into the next township before lighting again, which delusion did much to aggravate the malady. It was where I expected to find it, and flitted up with its flute-like whistle from my very feet, swinging over my left shoulder up through the trees, drifting back at the report of my second shot like a handful of brown velvet, and the next moment I stood smoothing the soft plumage of America's greatest game bird. I bagged no more game in all my trip that afforded the pleasure that my first woodcock did.

We worked out the remainder of the woods, finding no more woodcock, but getting up a small covey of quail, and a lusty old brown-backed woods rabbit. I could only get down one of the birds on the flush, but stumbled on another later on which was kind enough to fly straight away through timber sufficiently open to afford a shot. The rabbit simply fell victim to its size, as in such cover no ordinary rabbit would have affered anything like a fair shot, but it was extraordinary, and left a wake as it bored through the brush that made the shooting easy.

Near the upper end of the woods, where we stopped for a short rest, was a sight to cause a tree lover to want to do murder. A magnificent poplar tree had been felled by some trifling darkeys to get a 'coon that had taken refuge in a hole in one of the long branches. The trunk of the tree was over five feet in diameter, and sound when felled, and there it lay, rotting on the ground, and not another tree to compare with it for miles around. The sight of such a forest monarch towering above his fellows would be an essay on patience, power, and peace, to the artistic soul; and a quick bid to calculations to the commercial man. With a temperament in which the poetical and practical permeate like the bones in a shad, and with a real affection for trees, I waxed eloquent in my wrath at the sight of such vandalism. Inquiring of my companion if it was a common occurrence, he assured me it was not, as the average African who prowled by night was too lazy to cut anything but the small trees, showing one instance in which a vice is positively a virtue.

Just before leaving the woods I found another surprise—a pleasant one. A pair of deer horns, shed, but in an excellent state of preservation, and lying together. The fact of their being together was not surprising to me, as I did not know how unusual this was, but the Esquire, and many others with whom I talked on the subject, assured me that it was a very unusual circumstance, as the deer in shedding nearly always dropped one horn at a time, and finding the pair together was unheard of in that country.

After leaving the woods and getting well out in the fields on the way home, we had the good fortune to find a few more birds. A large hawk making suspicious dashes into the edges of a blackberry thicket attracted our attention, and we went to investigate. The hawk sought the seclusion of a near-by wood on our approach, leaving ten or a dozen badly frightened quail that he had been harrying, pattering about in the brier thicket. Roscoe struck scent as he approached the thicket, and creeping up to the edge, pointed, but the birds were so demoralized by the raid of the hawk, instead of lying close, they went rushing away to the other side. The dog held his point for a moment, rolling his eyes in great excitement, and then, breaking away, dashed around to the other side of the thicket near where the birds had retreated, and pointed again. The birds promptly turned and made for the other side as before, followed shortly by the dog. We walked around the thicket several times, but could not flush a bird, although we could plainly hear them running back and forth as the dog circled round. He had given over trying to stand them, and in great excitement was running first to one side and then the other, as the birds moved. "I see one," the Esquire finally said, "right in there" (pointing). "It won't fly, and I couldn't shoot it if it did, so I am going to shoot it sitting, and it may make the others fly out, so you can get a shot." At the roar of the big gun the birds flushed, and went away, flying very low. With the brier patch to shoot over, my chance of scoring was remote, but I did get one bird down. While the dog was bringing my bird, my companion was working his way into the briers after his game, and, judging by the running fire of exclamations, was having a rough time. "Well, I got it," he said, backing out with a sound of rending and tearing as though he were leaving the greater part of his apparel behind, "and ain't he a beauty, though?" And it was a "beaut," at least what was left was. It consisted of about a foot of ragged meat and feathers, with a leg and two ragged wings hanging to it.

"I don't shoot at them often, but certainly get them when I do," he remarked, as he stood ruefully contemplating the wreck his big gun had made of the bird. "Guess I will let you kill the rest. I seem to kill them too dead."

The covey had flown to the woods, and as it was late and all hands tired, we concluded not to follow them. A single bird which had lingered behind flushed as we turned away, and flying but a short distance dropped on the edge of a line of small growth where had once been a fence. The dog was off ranging in the direction the others had gone, but as I had marked the exact spot where the bird had pitched, I did not wait his return. Approaching the place I found the ground comparatively bare, and looking carefully discovered the bird flattened out on the very spot he had first touched. I stood for a moment admiring it, and then stepping forward flushed the bird in the direction the others had taken. The ground in the direction of its flight lay almost level for twenty or thirty yards, and then pitched down quite a steep bank. This bird also flew low, just along the top of the grass, but steady and straight away. As the bird neared the edge of the level ground my finger pressed the trigger, and at that very instant the dog's head appeared over the hill in line with the bird. I was fairly holding between his eyes when the bird dropped, and cannot imagine why he was not killed, but he was absolutely untouched. After a quick duck of the head and a start of surprise, the dog caught up the bird, which had fallen at his feet, and brought it in as though nothing out of the ordinary had occurred, but if ever he has a closer call with a gun in the field, I do not want to be the author of it.

Arriving at home my woodcock made the round of the entire house, admired by all, and lay in state until after supper before a feather was removed.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Captain Miles Keough.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While trying to tell what I knew about horses with curious appetites, in a late number of the FOREST AND STREAM, I had occasion to mention the only horse which escaped the Custer massacre, and this brought to my mind again the man who rode that horse into that camp of Sitting Bull's on the Little Big Horn, and died there. He deserved a better fate.

In the summer of 1864 the cavalry General, Stoneman, came from the eastern army to take command of Sherman's cavalry, and brought with him a young staff officer who looked as though he had just stepped out of some tailor shop. He wore a neat new uniform, a white shirt, and linen collar, and seemed to be entirely out of place here. This was Captain Miles Keough, a young Irishman, twenty-four years of age, who had belonged to the Pope's army, but had left it to come to the United States in search of adventure. He found it.

Stoneman attached himself to our regiment; we were the only regulars here, all the rest being volunteers. Had Keough been in the ranks, the men would have worried him into a decline, or would have tried to do it. They would not have succeeded with him, though. But those officers who had set him down as being a mamma's good little boy, who would faint and fall out of his saddle the first time a Johnny fired a shot at him, contented themselves with passing remarks when Keough was where he could hear them, as to where the nearest laundry could be found, or had the officer who was being addressed paid his tailor last pay-day? Had they only known him as well then as they afterwards came to know him, some of these remarks might not have been made. There was a danger, though they did not know it then, of some of them being asked to come out and look at this linen collar across the barrel of their pistol. But Keough took their remarks good naturedly, and in time lived down the poor impression he had made when he first came. The cavalry officers, when in the field, dressed in much the same way that their men did; they had to; their tailor and ours was carrying a carbine now, and was not doing anything in the tailoring line, for them or us, either.

The officer had on generally a pair of our blue woolen trousers, a coarse flannel shirt, and one of our blouses. The only way he could be distinguished from one of us was by his shoulder straps, and they would often be missing. But he would have on a white soft hat, with a pair of small cross-sabres on front; our black hat would have sabres twice the size of his; that is how we could tell he was an officer, and often the only way.

Sherman was in front of Atlanta and Stoneman was breaking up railroads, or trying to; he tried to oftener than he succeeded. While in one of these railroad destroying trips, Stoneman was stopped one day by a force of Confederate cavalry, who had posted themselves on top of a heavily wooded hill. Some of our troops were sent to dislodge them, and made the charge, but were driven back each time. While they were forming again to make another charge, Keough rode down to them and said to the captain who was in command that General Stoneman had been kind enough to direct him to take command during the next charge. He was welcome to it, and the officers were now anxious to see what he would do with it after he had got it.

He formed his four troops in column of fours, each troop parallel with the next one; that made a solid column with a platoon front. The Confederates, who were hid by the timber, had stopped firing after the last repulse. They might as well stop, they could not hit anyone from where they were on top of the hill, and the timber prevented them from seeing much, anyhow. But as soon as Keough had started his column up at a trot, he riding at its head, the firing began again. Keough stood up in his stirrups, and, facing his men, swung his cap above his head and yelled, "Give them a cheer, boys, and go for them now."

The cheer was given, and they went for them, sending the Confederates clear across the hill and down the other side of it; and here the rest of the regiment that had followed him to support him, took up the chase and kept the enemy going.

Whenever a charge was made after this, if Keough was present, he took part in it, whether he had any command or not, and always came out without a scratch even.

When the Seventh Cavalry was raised a few years after the close of the war, he was given a troop in it, and his troop was one of the five that Custer took into that charge, when he struck "the biggest Indian camp on top of the ground." This was Custer's description of that camp when he first saw it.

Keough's body was found not far from where Custer lay, within the circle where they had made their "last stand," and to-day all that remains to commemorate him is a little post that was afterwards built upon the Yellowstone, Fort Keough.

There lately hung in the State House at Lincoln, Neb., an oil painting of "Custer's Last Charge." The portraits of Custer, his brother Tom Custer, and Keough were in it, and very naturally, too. Some crank of the Carrie Nation type destroyed it a few weeks ago by cutting a strip out of the middle of it. She did it because the picture had been given to the State by a brewing firm.

CABIA BLANCO.

The Maryland Law.

THE Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association has prepared a game warden's law and a ducking law, which it is about to ask the Maryland Legislature to pass. The laws are prepared with a view to bringing the laws of Maryland into harmony with the game laws of other States, and for the preservation of wild animals, birds and fish, conserving the future supply of game in a rational manner.

The officers of the Association have consulted with game dealers, wholesale and retail, and with sportsmen, before preparing the new law, and it is believed that they meet the general approval of all who are interested.

Mr. Ogden Milton Dennis, secretary of the Association, in explaining the proposed application of the law recently, made the following statement:

"First—The proposed new law has for its primary and main object uniformity of the game laws of this State. There is no change in the open season, except that the new law will make it lawful to shoot birds and game, except certain shore birds, from Nov. 1 to Dec. 24, but it will be lawful for those who have game in their possession killed on or prior to Dec. 24 to use or sell the same up to Jan. 1 following.

"That provision is put in for this reason: Many dealers have a large stock of birds on hand on the last day of the closed season, to wit, Dec. 24, and it is unfair to them to say that they must destroy these birds or throw them away. To meet this the season for having in possession is extended one week, but of course during that week no birds may be caught or killed.

"Second—Many dealers are under the impression that they cannot sell or export game at any time during the open or closed seasons. The bill makes no such provision. All reference to the sale and export of game and birds is to the closed season, to wit, Jan. 1 to Nov. 1. In this instance, the law remains the same as it has been for years.

"Third—As to the license bill. This bill does no make it unlawful for a resident to kill birds or game in his own county without first obtaining a license. It provides that a non-resident of the State shall pay a license fee of $10 before hunting; but that all resident hunters other than those who reside in a particular county shall procure a license and pay therefor the sum of $1. That is to say, if Mr. E. lives in Anne Arundel county he will not have to procure a license to shoot in Anne Arundel county, but if he wants to shoot in any of the other counties of the State, he will have to procure a license, paying $1 therefor.

"This bill will give the landowner the privilege of inviting any one to shoot on his property, provided he has a hunter's license. The bill is introduced mainly for the purpose of preventing a man in one county cleaning up the game in his county, and then stepping over the line and cleaning up the game in his neighbor's county. Of course, sportsmen and gentlemen do not do this thing, but market and pot hunters do."

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Natural History.

Breeding Bears in Confinement.

Although bears are among the commonest animals shown in menageries and zoological gardens, they very seldom breed in confinement, and little is known about their breeding habits. Even old hunters are ignorant of this subject, and there are many men of wide experience who will tell you that they have never known of the killing of a female bear carrying young.

An early instance of the breeding of the black bear in captivity was told by Mr. F. J. Thompson, then in charge of the Cincinnati Zoological Garden, in Forest and Stream in 1879. He bred some black bears and reared them successfully. Subsequently, at the same gardens, a pair of grizzly bears were born, but did not live. From Mr. Thompson's experience, and that of others later, we know that the young are born in January, are very small when they make their first appearance, are covered with a fine down, and are blind for a long time—forty days, we believe. A few years ago a litter of black bears were born in the Prospect Park Zoo in Boston, and, we believe, were reared. This very winter a Russian bear at the park of the New York Zoological Society in the Bronx is said to have given birth to young.

By far the most notable success in the breeding of black bears is told of in a paper recently printed in the Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections by Mr. Arthur B. Baker. Mr. Baker says:

It is well known to those familiar with collections of wild animals in zoological gardens and parks that bears in such places seldom produce young, and that to rear the cubs is still more unusual; so that it is generally conceded that the conditions incident to captivity almost preclude successful propagation. It is therefore worthy of notice that in a private park near Akron, Ohio, a pair of black bears has regularly bred and raised cubs during the last twelve years.

A little more than twenty years ago, Mr. R. H. Lodge established a picnic park along the shore of little "Silver Lake," at Cuyahoga Falls, near Akron, Ohio, operating it for several years by himself, and later with his son, Mr. W. R. Lodge. From the outset a small collection of North American animals was one of its features, and this was increased from time to time. In 1888 a pair of black bears was added. The female, captured on the north shore of Lake Superior, was received in July when about six months old, and a male of the same age was obtained shortly afterward from central Michigan. The two grew up together, and when too old to be safely handled were placed in a brick pit built for their use. Here they have since lived (August, 1903), and that they have thriven during the fifteen years of captivity is apparent from the accompanying illustration, which shows the two old bears and their three seven-months'-old cubs.

The first cub was born toward the end of January, 1892, when the parents were four years old. The male was then seen at the entrance to the den with a dead cub in his mouth, but a prompt and careful examination of the premises failed to discover any others. With the exception of three years, when conditions were unfavorable, this pair of bears has since produced young each year, the record of births being as follows:

1892, January 23. One male cub, found dead.

1893, January 24. Two males and one female.

1894. No cubs born, owing to young of previous year having run with the mother throughout the summer.

1895, January 23. One male and one female.

1896, January, 24. Two males and one female.

1897, One male (exact date of birth not noted, but between January 21 and 27).

1898, January 24. One male and one female.

1899, January 27. Three males.

1900. No cubs born, as young of previous year had run with the mother during the summer.

1901, January 26. Two males and one female.

1902. No cubs born.

1903, January 21. Two males and one female.

After the first litter, all of the cubs were raised, except five which met accidental death at ages varying from one to eight months.

The bears are kept in a circular brick pit 20 feet in diameter and 12 feet deep, built on the eastern slope of a hill, where the ground is dry, and there is good drainage. On the upper side, the top of the brick wall rises about three feet above the surface of the ground. The floor of the pit is of terra-cotta blocks set in cement and slopes toward the entrance gate, where drainage is provided by a gutter of the same materials. The brick-lined entrance passage, about 10 feet long and 6 feet high, is provided with inner and outer gates of iron grating and thus affords a chamber to separate the bears from the main pit when desirable. There is a water tank about 3 by 6 feet at one side of the pit. Two retiring dens are excavated in the bank, each about 5 by 6 feet and 4 feet high. These are 8 or 10 feet beneath the surface of the ground, are lined with brick, and connected with the pit by a 24-inch circular opening. The entrance passage is provided with a similar but somewhat larger retiring den with a ventilating shaft in the top, while the only opening in the others is that leading to the pit. There is a supply of water, under pressure, within convenient reach, and the pit is frequently and thoroughly washed with a hose. When the retiring dens require to be cleaned, the bears are confined in the gateway passage.

The male bear is put with the female about the first of June and they mate in the latter part of June or the first week in July. They remain together in the pit until the time of hibernation. The cubs are born between the 21st and the 27th of January. Their presence in the den is at once made evident by their whimpering, which can easily be heard at the ventilator, but they are not seen till early in March. They are surprisingly small as compared with the size of the adult, for they weigh, at birth, only nine to twelve ounces. The eyes are closed and remain so for a month or more, and a little short, velvety hair on their bodies is the only indication of the heavy coat which they later acquire.

As the mother is likely not to breed while giving attention to the cubs, they usually are separated from her before the end of May, and thereafter are raised by hand. For the first few weeks their food consists entirely of milk; then they are gradually transferred to the mixed diet of the older bears. The cubs are vicious in their greediness, and cannot be trusted to take their milk together; when only three and a half months old, one killed his brothers in a fight over a pan of milk.



THE FAMILY OF BEARS AT SILVER LAKE PARK.

The food given to the older bears is approximated as nearly as circumstances permit to that which they would obtain in the wild state. Scraps from the hotel and picnic tables furnish a considerable part of their fare during the summer, but throughout the season they are liberally supplied with such suitable green food as can be obtained. Dandelion tops, clover, and some other vegetables come with early spring, and are followed by green corn, berries, and watermelons; and in the fall acorns are gathered for the bears. Green corn seems to be the favorite food, and is consumed most largely in the fall, when the bears become very fat.

Accumulated fat and the approach of cold weather combine to dull the bears' interest in the outside world, so that they turn their attention to securing retreats for winter, for at the first severe weather each animal begins to make ready its den by dragging into it large quantities of dry leaves. They become more and more sluggish, and about the middle of December withdraw to the dens for their long winter sleep. Usually they remain undisturbed until the beginning of March, when the first warm days bring them out to reconnoiter, and they soon afterward resume their interest in the activities of bear life.

The old bear is a model mother to the cubs as long as they remain under her care, even refusing, on their account, the attentions of her mate, but when they are taken away her affection for them seems soon to end. The two cubs of 1898 were removed in May and returned to the mother early in October, after first being kept for two weeks with only a grating between. She had seemed to recognize them, but when they were put together she at once caught the little male by the head and killed him, and only forcible measures prevented her from climbing the tree and repeating the operation on the other cub, which had taken refuge there. The father cannot be trusted at all with his offspring while they are very small. This fact is recognized at Silver Lake Park, and has been only too often proved in zoological collections elsewhere.

A number of the bears reared at Silver Lake have been sent to other parks, while some have been sold for meat. Several females were kept till they reached breeding age, at four years, and a second pit was built for them similar to the original one. They have produced a number of cubs.

The success of the Messrs. Lodge with their bears should not be attributed to any one feature of their management. The large amount and the character of the uncooked vegetable food used probably have much to do with it, but the opportunity for isolated hibernation in snug, dry dens, and the manner of treating the mother and young, must have contributed largely to the result. The fact that there has not been a case of sickness among their bears, nor a death except through accident, is sufficient measure of their success.

It must not be inferred that bears have not bred in captivity elsewhere in the United States, for instances are well known, including the following: A grizzly bear in one zoological garden produced, in twelve litters, twenty-two cubs, but only one was reared. In another, twelve cubs out of thirteen died on the day of birth, and one lived eleven days. Mr. W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, writes as follows regarding a birth in Prospect Park, Brooklyn: "In a den of about 20 by 30 feet, in which were five black bears, the oldest female gave birth to two cubs, and reared them. Her den was shallow, and its interior was badly exposed, but the mother persistently fought off all would-be intruders, and took good care of her young."

In Forest Park, at Springfield, Massachusetts, several cubs were born, one of which was reared. A black bear from the Yellowstone National Park, which was received at the National Zoological Park at Washington, on October 15, 1893, gave birth to two cubs on the 4th of the following February; one was accidentally killed by the mother the following day, while the other she reared to maturity. The weight at birth was nine ounces, and the length eight and a half inches. The eyes were first opened on the thirty-ninth day.

Hibernation in captivity appears to be more unusual than breeding, though several instances of this have been noted, and one, given by Mr. W. T. Hornaday, is especially interesting. The bear in question was at Mandan, North Dakota. He was kept on a long chain in a vacant lot, and on the advent of severe weather dug a hole about five feet deep in the open prairie, going down at an angle of about 45 degrees. He retired into this hole on December 14, and did not reappear until March 17 of the following year.

In closing this brief account, acknowledgment is made of the courtesy of Messrs. R. H. and W. R. Lodge in giving information and furnishing photographs, also of attentions received from them during a visit to Silver Lake Park. It is hoped that a knowledge of their methods in caring for bears may be of service to others who have these animals in their charge.

In response to our inquiry as to the recent birth of the bear cubs at the New York Zoological Park, Mr. Hornaday, the Director, has very kindly written us:

"The Russian bear cubs which we now have were born on January 31, 1904, or at all events that was the date on which their cries first made us aware of their existence. We are unable to state the length of the period of gestation. The mother of the present cubs gave birth, on January 17, 1903, to her first litter of two cubs, both of which died because the mother did not properly care for them. Three days after birth, the male specimen of the two measured as follows:

"Length of head and body, 8½ inches.

"Tail, ½ inch.

"Circumference of chest, 6¾ inches.

"Height at shoulders, if standing, 3¾ inches.

"Weight, 15 ounces.

"For a newly born bear, this specimen was quite well clothed with hair.

"We suppose that the specimens in the present litter are now of about the same dimensions as those given above.

"None of our bears hibernate in winter; but in severely cold weather the sloth bears remain the most of the time in their den. In fine weather, however, they come out in the middle of the day, and do not by any means appear to suffer from the cold. Of the eleven species now in the dens, the Syrian bears, from Asia Minor, are the most lively and playful. All the bears from Alaska are more quiet and less playful than in warm weather; but there is positively no hibernation. Beyond doubt hibernation is a habit born of sheer necessity.

"It is my belief that breeding in captivity is only a question of satisfactory seclusion and sufficient food; but in a zoological garden 'seclusion' often spells 'impossibility.'"

Feeding the Birds.

STONEHAM, Mass., Feb. 5.—Staggering under backloads of grain, and with baskets of suet and beef scraps under their arms, school children of this town are weekly spreading dining tables in the great Middlesex Fells reservation for the succor of starving birds. The relief expedition began in a small way immediately following a severe storm of sleet that encased trees in ice and hermetically sealed the bark from the insectivorous flocks. Snow already had fallen to a depth of several feet in the reservation, where woodlands stretch over an area of several square miles. The outlook for the birds was forlorn, indeed, till Ernest Harold Baynes, of this town, requested permission of the school board to interest the high school pupils in organizing a relief. The response was spontaneous. The first effort to save the birds was of considerable magnitude, and there is little doubt that the good accomplished was considerable.

Armed with shovels, brooms, and food, the young folks, accompanied by Mr. Baynes and other adults, started for the Fells one bright morning. It's but a short walk into the edge of the preserve, which is bounded by several townships, and abounds in varied and picturesque outlooks. For a distance of two miles the little band walked and slumped and puffed toward Bear Hill, the most important eminence in the locality. When suitable localities were reached the shovels soon dug circular holes into the hard snow till the bare ground was uncovered. Then the brooms swept the surface as free from snow as possible. On these improvised dining tables grain, bits of bread, and other things that certain species love to eat were spread with lavish hand. The suet and such stuff for the insect eaters was wired to trees and bushes. Care was exercised to burrow out the snow at the very foot of trees so the creepers might easily find their collation. Fully 25 of these places were cleared and primed with food.

While the children were sowing the seed that might avert famine in the cold, white forests, the birds were hovering near with chatter that seemed to denote their pleasurable anticipation of a feast. The visitors withdrew a little distance, and the birds—chickadees, nuthatches, and snowbirds—dove into the midst of the good things and ate ravenously. Woodpeckers and kinglets soon found the suet on the trees and proceeded to break what may have been a long fast. For a time the snow-whitened evergreens formed a background to an interesting scene. From everywhere, out of the sky and from the dark depths, came the hungry hordes. The air was alive with streaks that flashed hither and yon. The jargon was unintelligible, and if the birds expressed their thanks for the food they certainly left nothing undone.

This work of humanity is being prosecuted in other places bordering the reservation, and the birds are being cared for with a persistency that surely rivals man's thoughtfulness for his unfortunate fellows.

G. S. H.

Shooting a Friend in the Woods.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue (February 6), your correspondent, Mr. Hardy, loaded his gun and called his dog and went out to do things. Had I known he was after such big game I might have kept out of his way. Had I seen him squinting along the barrel of his old fusee I might have called out with Davy Crockett's 'coon, "Don't shoot, Brother Hardy! I'll be down directly." But I had no chance, and while going peaceably about my own business was peppered with bird shot because Mr. Hardy heard a rustle in the underbrush. Naturally one's sensations and desires are somewhat mixed up under the circumstances. Mr. Hardy makes me feel much as I did one moonlit night, not so many years ago, when an irate farmer fired a load of salt into my legs because I followed a family of 'coons into a field where some other boy had been stealing watermelons.

One might as well get at whatever humor there is in the situation; but I must still protest feebly against promiscuous shooting—which is, however, not half so bad as to rush into print and shoot deadly letters at a man's reputation on the strength of some faint rustle from an unknown newspaper.

For all that I have ever said or written of animals or men I hold myself strictly accountable; but I refuse absolutely to be responsible for what any reporter said I said, or to enter into any discussion founded upon a garbled newspaper account of a lecture. When I tell my audience distinctly that I am talking about the toothsome little crab that they discover in their oyster stews, I refuse to swallow the reporter's big soft-shell, or the correspondent's *Callinectes hastatus,* which tastes to me something like a bit of fried sea-bottom. And as for pain—"Why does a dog yelp when you tread on his toe?" asks the quidnunc. That is a deep question. It sets me thinking. But Mr. Hardy plainly has the root of the matter in him, and if he will give his days and nights to the study of Aristotle, he will undoubtedly reach the conclusion—to which I also came after years of philosophical meditation—that a dog yelps when you step on his toe because it hurts him. In the lecture referred to I was speaking of wild animals in their natural state, of the infinite pains Mother Nature takes to keep them free from most of our artificial aches and pains and anxieties, and especially of that marvelous dreamy (and probably painless) doze she lets fall upon them while she is quietly binding up their wounds. And now I am called up in FOREST AND STREAM before the sportsmen and naturalists of the country to answer the profound question whether it hurts a dog to tread on his toes, or beat him with a club, or smash his leg in a steel trap. It's too ridiculous. Let us summon Dogberry to give judgment.

So let your correspondent "keep his shirt on." Guns should be half-cock when one is swashing around in the woods. And there are others who know a little about crabs and dogs and sich, and who can even tell a hawk from a handsaw when the wind's nor'east. There are seven or eight of my animal books to be had in any good library or bookstore, and if Mr. Hardy read these, instead of newspaper cuttings, and can add anything to my small stock of animal lore, I will gladly travel a hundred miles to meet him, and will take his information with gratitude, and his correction with the best of good nature.

But there is just one point in the discussion which I take more seriously. It is this—and here I must chide an old hunting companion—would it not be more humane, friend FOREST AND STREAM, when you have a letter which reflects on a gentleman's reputation, or character, or intelligence, to give him a fair show *before* you publish that letter to the world? For once a lie or a slander is started, it is vain to chase it. It is like a tramp fox, carrying his evil doing over into another county, and you might as well call off your dogs before they run out of hearing. This is but repeating your own injunction to look well before you shoot, and to be sure what your game is before you pull trigger. Many of your published letters of late seem to me to savor more of scrapping than of courtesy. They have, sometimes, rather too much of sting, or ridicule, or calling of names, to be worthy of sportsmen who would share their last crust or their last two shells with another. And you are responsible for this, because yours is the final authority. Your voice is continually raised to protect innocent animals and to give the hunted creature an honest chance. I have even heard you grow angry at a man, as well as admonish him, for shooting his friend for a bear in the Adirondacks. Now finish your good work and be yourself a little fairer to the men who are unfortunate enough to be often named in public, and who frequently get shot at because your eager correspondents see something stirring in the bushes.

I submit this as a fair question: Would it not be well for FOREST AND STREAM to do as many other responsible journals do, that is, whenever your correspondents, in their zeal for truth, send you letters criticising another man, if there be the slightest question as to the truth or justice of such criticism, to submit such letters to the men most concerned before publishing them to the world? So that, if there be any injustice, it may be suppressed at once; if there be any lie, it may be nailed before it sets out on its evil way; and if there be any question raised by an honest criticism, the criticism and its answer may go out side by side, like gentlemen, and your readers, with the evidence before them—not weeks later, when opinions have been formed, but at the moment when the criticism is first offered—may judge for themselves what is right. That is but flushing a bird, like a sportsman, *before* you shoot at him; it is but slipping the dogs *after* the game is afoot. In a word, it is something like fair play for the hunted as well as for the hunter; and anything else seems to me to be rather like that pot-hunting which you yourself have so often and so vigorously condemned.

I submit the question, therefore, in the interest of honest sport, and I have small doubt of your own and no doubt whatever of your readers' answer.

WM. J. LONG.

STAMFORD, Conn., Feb. 4.

The Interest of Bird Study.

DETROIT, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For many years I have been much interested in keeping a record of all species of birds observed during every month of the year. To the ornithologist who has not kept such a record, it is a happy surprise to note how interesting and instructive this monthly catalogue develops. One becomes on the alert to find each species, and to keep his ornithological eyes open for new kinds. To give one an accurate knowledge of the birds of the observer's section of country, the migrations, the arrival and departure of the birds, their relative abundance, etc., the plan is especially advisable. Several well-known ornithologists have followed a somewhat similar plan; Bradford Toney, in several of his charming essays, writes of his monthly lists in many sections of the country.

In illustration I give my list for the month of January, usually supposed to be a very barren ornithological month. The number following each species is the number of seasons in which the bird has been observed. This list includes 49 species, 7 of which are stragglers. Robin, 4; brown creeper, 8; chickadee, 11; tufted titmouse, 6; white-breasted nuthatch, 11; red-breasted nuthatch 3; golden-crowned kinglet, 5; cardinal, 2; cedar waxwing, 2; northern shrike, 4; junco, 3; Amer. crossbill, 1; evening grosbeak, 1; pine siskin, 1; goldfinch, 9; snowflake, 4; tree sparrow, 12; song sparrow, 2; meadow lark, 3; rusty blackbird, 1; cowbird, 1; crow, 10; bluejay, 11; belted kingfisher, 1; flicker, 1; downy woodpecker, 11; hairy woodpecker, 6; red-bellied woodpecker, 1; red-headed woodpecker, 4; prairie horned lark, 7; screech owl, 6; Am. long-eared owl, 3; sawwhet owl, 1; short-eared owl, 1; snowy owl, 1; great horned owl, 5; red-tailed hawk, 1; red-shouldered hawk, 5; bald eagle, 2; sparrow hawk, 5; Am. rough-legged hawk, 2; mourning dove, 1; Bob White, 5; ruffed grouse, 10; great blue heron, 1; Am. merganser, 4; Am. golden-eye, 4; herring gull, 12; ring-billed gull, 8.

Of the above, the cowbird, rusty blackbird, cardinal, red-bellied woodpecker, belted kingfisher, evening grosbeak, and great blue heron, are accidental stragglers.

BRADSHAW H. SWALES.

Michigan Ornithological Club.

THE quarterly meeting of the Michigan Ornithological Club was held February 5 at the Detroit Museum of Art. A fair attendance, owing to the wretched weather. J. Claire Wood presided.

Mr. Blain read a paper entitled, "Our Winter Visitors," by W. G. Klugh, of Guelph, Ontario.

Walter C. Wood spoke at length of his observations at the La Cheneaux Islands, and in Mackinac county, in October, 1903. He listed 48 species while there. Pine grosbeaks were fairly common. Flocks of American crossbills seen, nearly all in the brownish phase of plumage. Out of a flock of five American scoters he secured one; local hunters claim never to have seen this duck before. Pileated woodpecker fairly common. A few flocks of passenger pigeons are occasionally seen here by the residents.

Chas. E. Wisner read an extremely interesting paper on a trip made to the Hen and Chickens Islands in Lake Erie June 3, 1903. A colony of common tern were breeding in immense numbers; an actual count resulted in 1,169 sets, 2,462 eggs, 1,214 pairs. A few crows were detected feeding on the eggs.

J. Claire Wood spoke on "Migration." He discussed the various theories, and advocated the tagging of nestlings as a means of confirming these theories.

T. Jefferson Butler brought up the matter of the formation of a chapter of the Audubon Society in Michigan. Moved by Mr. Swales that Mr. Butler be recommended by the Michigan Ornithological Club to organize this chapter. Carried.

Letters of acceptance of honorary membership by Messrs. William Brewster, Robert Ridgeway, and J. A. Allen were read by Mr. Swales.

The annual meeting of the club will be held at Ann Arbor, April 1-2, in connection with the Michigan Academy of Science. BRADSHAW H. SWALES, Sec'y.

How do the Starlings Live?

No. 58 W. FIFTY-SIXTH STREET, New York, Feb. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am anxious to know about the food of the starling in winter. Who can tell us? A flock of about fifty starlings has spent the winter near my house in Lawrence Park at Bronxville. They may be seen at all times of day near the southwest corner of the park, and are never engaged in serious occupation, so far as I can observe. If they eat anything it must be tree buds, for there is nothing else in sight, and they must even do this on the sly, for I cannot catch them at it. They are still whistling, but I doubt if the steam is from the safety valve. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

[The question asked by our correspondent is an interesting one, and to be answered only by observation. Certainly the starlings in many places about New York are numerous, and, notwithstanding the bitter weather of this severe winter, appear in good condition.]

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Seasonable Stories.

IN the spring of the year before the frost has quite left the ground, and when the snakes are yet in a torpid condition, we read accounts of how, at a certain quarry, a blast was let go exposing a den of snakes in close community, a sort of snake merger, in the form of an interwoven yarn-like base six feet in diameter, most of them six foot rattlers, some copperheads, and just enough of blacksnakes here and there in the bunch to give a little harmonious color effect. Then with the opening of the fishing season we get the fish stories, and about them nothing need be said, for even a preacher will become lax as to veracity when describing his catch.

Fall comes along, the ducks come down from the north, winter crowds the fall a little, and before the ducks have left for the feeding grounds further south a freeze sets in and the lucky farmer walks out upon his frozen slough and chops out a wagonload of fine, fat, wheat-fed greenheads. Poor mallards! Lucky farmer!

And now when everything in animal life has left this country that can fly and walk, but the quail, pheasants, and rabbits, we get the rabbit story. It is too strong even to attempt to copy, so I clip it from the Pioneer Press where it appeared this morning. And here it is:

HAS TO MOW RABBITS.

HUNDREDS FREEZE TO ICE AROUND A DRINKING HOLE.

LE SUEUR, Minn., Feb. 1.—[Special.]—Dr. A. T. Conley, of Cannon Falls, while in town to-day on a visit to his brother, D. C. E. Conley, of Le Sueur, informed your correspondent that he saw in Cannon Falls yesterday a double wagon box piled full of jack rabbits, which he heard had been caught in the following peculiar manner: Abram Wister, a farmer who lives near Cannon Falls, learned that large numbers of jack rabbits were in the habit of visiting an open spring on his place every day to drink. To get to the spring they had to cross a strip of ice about thirty feet wide, and, while drinking, to stand on the ice immediately about the spring. In a circle around the open water and extending out about ten feet from it Mr. Wister scattered salt which thawed the ice on the surface and kept it thawed, though the temperature was 30 degrees below zero. When the rabbits came to drink their feet were wet by the water on the surface of the ice, where the salt was, so that when they stepped on the clear ice beyond the salt they froze fast in a moment and stayed there until Mr. Wister rapped them on the heads and mowed them loose with a scythe.

Why didn't the farmer hitch up his mowing machine and do the thing up artistically and in style? He might have shot into those rabbits like potting a bunch of mallards in a slough.

Farming is slow when the mercury hugs 40 below zero, and while the convention held around the sheet iron stove in the general cross-roads store may be comfortable, yet with no one to oppose Roosevelt on the Republican ticket and no one in sight on the Democratic ticket, things get slow and conversation lags, and no doubt the above may be credited up to some inventive genius who knew the telegraph operator. The market price of rabbits in the St. Paul markets has not been affected by the above piece of rabbit news, so I am told.

Somewhere I have read how the famer's boy, when the corn is in the milk, hies to the store and procuring birdlime smears the inclosing fence rails. How the 'coons and squirrels running along the fence rail smear their feet, and, jumping from the frying-pan into the fire, as it were, leap from the fence and landing among the dry leaves ball up their feet so as to make locomotion impossible. This being so, the quadruped turns on his back and holds his feet up to the heavens for relief, and in this attitude the farmer's boy finds him. All of which may be so.

Now comes down from the north a tale of a man with

a club and some molasses candy—but instead of commenting on it I annex it hereto to speak for itself:

"Le Sueur, Minn., Feb. 4.—Special.—Henry Brilcut, of Lake Prairie, west of here, had a close call for his life last night.

"He and Miss Bernice, eldest daughter of William Woesthocker, who lives near St. Peter, have lately become betrothed, and he was on his way last evening to a betrothal party at the home of his lady love, carrying with him a large basket of popcorn and a bundle of cakes of molasses candy in the manufacture of which he particularly excels. Most of the way lay through thick woods along the river, and he had not gone a mile when, to his horror, he was attacked by a pack of seven large gray timber wolves. Cutting a club to have ready for defense if the worst should come to the worst, he took to his heels and ran for his life, dropping his basket of popcorn, which impeded his flight. For a mile and a half he ran at the top of his speed, but by that time he was completely exhausted, and the ravenous animals close at his heels.

"Too tired to run any more, he sprang into the branches of a small tree close at hand, dropping his club and the molasses candy, and having the lower part of his legs quite badly torn by the claws of the wolves just before he got high enough to be out of reach. Almost immediately, however, he laid hold of a rotten branch, which broke beneath his grasp, and he fell into the snow, at the mercy of the beasts below.

"Determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, he sprang to his feet, and, as he did so, saw a strange sight around him. When the molasses candy had fallen from his hands, the wolves had sprung upon it, torn the package open, and every animal had seized a piece and tried to eat it. The candy, slightly warmed by the heat of their mouths, had given way to the pressure of the white teeth into it, but had refused to let them be withdrawn, and every wolf, his mouth stuck tight together, as helpless as a muzzled dog and frightened at the strange situation, was rolling about in the snow, uttering mournful whines and tearing at his jaws with his fore paws.

"When Brilcut had recovered from the amazement which at first overwhelmed him, he killed all the wolves with the club and proceeded on his way to the party, where he promised Miss Bernice a fine silk dress from the proceeds of the wolf scalps."

If Little Red Riding Hood had only handed out a block of taffy to that old wolf as it lay ensconced in her grandmother's bed, how different would have been the history as heard in the nursery.

I don't know who this individual may be who concocts these rabbit-scythe and wolf-taffy stories, but he certainly is a "good one," and his fame should extend round the world.

Charles Cristadoro.



GAME BAG AND GUN

Life in the Woods.

III.—The Gorge.

Beaver Lake and vicinity was one of our favorite spots for making "drives." There were several places in this neighborhood where if deer were started from a certain direction they were almost always sure to follow runways, and once started on them the physical formation of the country was such that they were compelled to pass given points or turning back meet their pursuers. It was a practice of ours to send members of our party around on trails to get to the most advantageous spots for shooting, and then, after enough time had elapsed, one or more of those left behind would start in and make the "drive." I have nothing to say for or against this method of hunting, but for the sake of adding my experience to that of others, I will state that I have as often shot deer on a fair and square still-hunt alone as I have succeeded in capturing them by using this strategy.

Our favorite "drive" in the Beaver Lake region we called the "Gorge." The reason for the name was ample. High above the waters of the lake rose a ledge the sides of which were one hundred feet or more perpendicular in some places, and formed of barren rocks. This ledge was of an average width of thirty rods or more, and starting from a rather hilly country beyond it extended about one-third of a mile along the lake. The final approach to it was broad and easy, but along its sides were only two places where man or beast could descend with any safety until the other end was reached. Here it ran out by two narrow gulleys, guarded on each side and in front by high masses of rock. These gulleys passed out, one to the end of the lake and the other to a broad stretch of level country along the Pembine Creek. The Colonel had discovered the place, and at first glance his military training had told him it was the key to the position. He was right. On that ledge, in the thick hazel brush, the old bucks, in early fall, loved to hide away and sun their fat sides in supreme laziness. Later, on that ledge, the fawns, when bereft of the motherly does, were wont to gather. It was indeed a famous resort.

It was a wild, lonesome sort of a place in the Gorge, which was really the outlet proper. Rough rocks as large as houses laid around promiscuously, as if Vulcan or some other god of mythology had been at play there and tossed them about as the small boy does his snowballs. On one side toward the lake were dark swamps, through which the outlet of the lake bubbled with a mournful sound as it sped away to join the river in its flight to the Great Lakes. The pine trees stood thick and tall there, and made weird uncanny sounds as they swayed to and fro and in places rubbed against one another. It was always cold there. The air always moved between the rocks with a chill, damp draught, and bird or squirrel seemed seldom to invade its precincts. I noted all these things one early morning, as, perched upon a rock, I waited and listened and watched with all my eyes. The minutes rolled by and no sound broke the silence. When suddenly what was that? A twig snapped. Between the trees I saw something move. It must be the Colonel coming on the "drive," but no; out steps a half grown fawn with dainty tread, with head thrown up and ears turned back. I let him come. I count him mine. With throbbing heart I aim as best I can and press the trigger, but before the crack of the rifle is heard a leaning tree lets forth a direful, curdling squeak, and the deer, with lightning quickness, is gone. A bullet with a crash that sets the echoes speeding far and wide, flies after him. Again I count the minutes and when the rest come to ask my luck, I tell them they will surely find a dead deer a little way back in the ravine. However, they look, I look, and we all look, but in vain. I hit a tree and that was all. The old hunters say: "Charlie, hereafter beware of squeaking trees."

But that was only once. Another morning finds me at the same place, cold and shivering as before. Two shots, not far distant, ring out upon the air; and the tingling of expectation warms me in an instant. I wait and wait and wait. From the ravine on the left comes one of the drivers, but at a sign stands motionless to await the advent of the others. The two from the other "stands" soon appear, and they, too, wait for the Colonel. We have nearly given up, when suddenly from between the rocks, with the velocity of an express train, there dart three deer running as only scared deer can. A quick aim, the gun speaks out, the smoke settles around in an impenetrable cloud, but above the noise I hear someone say, "There goes one down," and my heart bounds with joy. Then bang, bang, bang, bang, on my right, and as the smoke clears away I see the two fawns darting by the two on my right, and mid a parting trio of shots from us all they escape without a hair harmed.

But this is only one of many experiences at the "Gorge." One morning we put the Old Trapper and Mack on the stands, and I began the drive. Very soon I hear Mack's gun crack twice, and not long after the .45-90 of the Old Trapper spoke in no uncertain tones. I hurry along and find my friends holding a jubilee over a big fat doe. We dress and hang her up, when the Old Trapper, returning from the brook where he had washed his hands, exclaims: "Boys, where did this blood come from?" Looking along the ground we find every sign of a wounded deer having passed along and escaped unnoticed into the swamp beyond. We take the track, and while the others follow along I run around and gain the other side and just in time, for as I reached the other end out jumped a deer. Hurriedly I shoot and miss and then, realizing the folly of shooting blindly even at point blank range, I take more aim and at the second shot the deer turns a somersault and falls dead. It was a nice buck fawn, and had been shot in the hind leg just above the gamble. Investigation showed that it was one of the two which Mack had shot at, at long range, early in the "drive," and supposed he had not touched. On another day the Colonel, not having had much luck, took one of the "Gorge" stands and we drove out a nice young buck. When we reached his stand the Colonel was looking in vain for the track or some signs of blood. He had only a snap shot, and had about given up, when we stumbled on the spot and found plenty of hair and blood, which led to our getting the deer and carrying him in triumph into camp.

But my crowning success at the "Gorge" occurred quite unexpectedly on this morning, and fulfilled the Colonel's prophecy of the night before. I had been making drives all the morning for the others, and so the Old Trapper and the Colonel finally agreed, on our way to camp, to "drive" the Gorge and give me a chance for a shot. So I started for the stand. The sun shone warm and bright, and as I moved slowly through the open pine woods I could see how sharply my shadow was cast before me on the ground and against the trunks of the trees and the big rocks. I wanted to reach the top of a small rocky knoll that stood near the outlet of the Gorge, and I knew that in order to do it it would be necessary for me to move very cautiously and still. Finally, after much toil, I reached its base and commenced the ascent, walking as carefully as if treading on eggs. All was still save the call now and then of an angry bluejay. Not a breath of air moved. The dry leaves that hung on the little birches around were motionless. Step by step I slowly advanced. My head reached the level of the top of the knoll. A few inches further and I could see my shadow commencing to show on the trees in the gulley beyond. A few more steps and I would be in the coveted place, when, with a crash that sent the blood racing through every vein in my body, a bunch of gray and white flashed before my eyes, moving almost squarely in front of me, and in the very bottom of the Gorge. The old Winchester swung to my cheek. Another flash of gray and the old gun belched forth with a roar that set the echoes chasing one another around the rocks. Another flash, and again the old gun spoke, then all was still save the beating of my heart, which seemed almost as loud as the echoes of the shots. The smoke hung round me so that I could see nothing. I then ran to the further side of the knoll and peered out from the smoke, but still could see nothing. I began to grow cold and sick at heart. I was ready to toss my gun on my shoulder and return to camp, when slowly there raised from the ground, about twelve rods away from me, first an enormous pair of horns, and then the head and neck of a big buck. Quickly the blue barrel was brought to bear on him again, and as the gun cracked his head dropped to the ground, and by the time I reached him the deer was lifeless. A hurried examination showed one bullet hole in one ham ranging forward, and another through the backbone about a foot behind the shoulders, and the last one through the neck. A minute or two to stick him, and I was back on my stand to wait for the "drive" to be finished, for this deer I had started, and there was a show for some to come from the other direction, but none came.

In the course of twenty minutes I heard the welcome whistling of the boys. I called them to me and told them I thought I had wounded a deer, which I wished them to help me look for. The Old Trapper, lighting his pipe, followed my directions, and soon found blood. In a moment or two he stumbled on the deer. "You didn't fool me any," was the first thing he said. "I knew well enough you had a deer, but I didn't expect to find an ox." The buck, after hanging in the woods about ten days, weighed 207 pounds. Had he been fat he would have pulled the beam at not less than 240. He had a peculiarly large and broad pair of horns, and these, with his head and neck, look down on me from the post of honor in the dining room. But this was not all of that eventful day. After we had dressed and hung up this monarch, the Colonel and myself started for camp, while the Old Trapper went to look at his traps along the creek. While on the way down I remarked to the Colonel that I had heard three shots, and we were both of the opinion that Mack also had been having some fun.

When we reached camp Mack was inside. His face shone like a burnished tin pan. The pleased look had settled all over him, and he was wiping out his new gun, a Marlin, as if his life depended on the job. The minute I stuck my head inside the camp he thrust out his hand and said, "Shake." "Mack," says I, "you have killed a deer." "Yes, he has," echoed the Colonel. "You bet I have," answered Mack. It had been Mack's ambition to kill a big buck. He had prowled for one in vain. He had stood on runways while others drove for him, but none ever came. He had watched, as the evening shadows crept through the woods, and had sat around their feeding grounds until almost frozen, but no big buck had he seen. But now his wish had been realized, and he was happy.

I have two maxims which I constantly think of when deer hunting. The first is, "The unexpected always happens." The second is of a similar nature, "All things come to him who waits." To me they have been proved many, many times. Well, the unexpected had happened to Mack. He had gone over to the lumber camp to get our mail, and also a small piece of salt pork and some potatoes. He was returning homeward with the above mentioned luxuries strapped to his back, and when within a quarter of a mile or so of camp, lured by the brightness and warmth of the sunshine and general beauty of the day, he had planted himself on a big log to rest and look around a bit. Mack had been hunting every minute of the time and had had his nerves all tuned up. His eyes and ears had been open all the time, but luck hadn't been coming his way. For a long time after he sat down his eyes roamed around without seeing anything to attract particular attention, and he began to get sleepy. Suddenly something moved the bushes on the edge of a little swamp on his right. They stirred in an unnatural manner. Mack was all alert, and when out walked a big buck not far from him and walked along as unconcerned as if there was no man nearer to him than Oshkosh, he was not a bit excited (so he says). Carefully he drew a bead on the big fellow's shoulder, and fired. Again and again the .44-40 spoke, and at the last shot down fell Mr. Deer. Mack baptized his new knife in the deer's throat, and then hurried to camp for help, and had just arrived when we came in. All three immediately hurried back to the spot, and in short order the buck was hanging in a tree. He weighed over 180 pounds, and a curious fact about him was that one eye had been put out, apparently only a short time before he had been shot. Evidently it had been done in a fight, for his neck and ears were covered with fresh scratches. If he could have spoken, he might have told us, "You ought to see the other fellow." How-

ever, we did not see him.

Two big bucks in one day made a pretty satisfactory record. The boys were remarking that it was rather strange that Mack's buck did not fall until the third shot struck him, when S. B. told what happened to him one time while hunting in the same vicinity.

"One day near our favorite gorge I saw a sudden motion which I believed was made by a deer. Sure enough, for all of a sudden out sprang a large deer, which I shot at, after catching a good sight. Another deer then sprang from the same vicinity which I shot at and wounded. Running about twenty rods the second deer stopped and seemed to hump itself up in a strange manner. I shot at it again, and it still stood there in the same position. Thinking it strange if it was not hit, I slipped in a third cartridge and fired a third time. This time the deer went down. On going up to it I found three holes through it. The second shot that was fired passed through its body, and it never moved. It was a large doe, too heavy for me to hang up, but pretty soon the Colonel and my brother John came along and helped me to take care of it. I told them that I believed I had hit another, and we proceeded to look for signs. Presently we discovered blood, and soon came across another very large doe—in fact, the largest I have ever seen in my life. It weighed 180 pounds, and it kept all three of us busy to hang it up."

It was late that night before the party turned in, as there were many other stories to tell, and the hours slipped away without being noticed. But when the older ones commenced to yawn and fix their beds, the yarn spinning ceased. Fresh venison with some thin slices of pork were cut for breakfast, potatoes made ready, and a goodly kettle of coffee provided for, and then the god of slumber was wooed as only he can be in the great pine woods after the toil and excitement of a good day's hunt. The bright stars twinkled above the solitary camp, and the busy brook sang some of its choicest songs, as it danced on its way or bubbled noisely around the big boulders. Later the moon peeked out over the tops of the trees, and smiled in a kindly way on the home of the hunters, and, as if to show how nature bestows on her faithful followers her richest gems, she turned to silver every tree and brush and stick as it stood there in its covering of white. But the tired men slept on, only to wake when old Sol had hurried over the ridges and transformed the sheen of silver into the grandest display of precious stones; until every frosty particle shed forth all the colors that delight the eye. How good the hasty wash in the icy water made the boys feel, with what keen relish they ate their breakfast, and with what eager anticipation they shouldered their guns can only be appreciated by those who have been there. CAROLUS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Snipe Shooting on Shinnecock.

Do you know Shinnecock Bay fairly well? Do you know that part of the bay between Quogue and the life-saving station at Tiana? and how well do you know it?

Can you crawl out of bed some fine August morning—say about 3 o'clock—and find your way to the bay shore anywhere in the vicinity of East Quogue, and at some point, for example, near Weesuck Creek find your scooter or small gunning boat, stow away forward your lunch pail, gun, box of stool and water (cover these with your oiler, for that little boat of yours is given to taking in water if the wind should breeze up a bit), hoist your sprit sail, and lay your course cocksure to your favorite gunning point?

Now, this seems to be a very simple matter if one has any knowledge of the bay; given a decently favorable wind it should be quite an easy thing to do.

I do not intend debating the question for a minute, but I shall relate how you walk down to the bay in the early morning all eager for the fray (the walk is just long enough to open your eyes after a short but sound sleep), with your lunch pail, oiler, and shells (you have taken the precaution to put your stool with the water jug into the scooter the night before, if you were wise), but with heavy rubber boots, gunning coat, etc., you find that the walk is plenty long enough, and are glad when you are in your boat and with a very gentle breeze—hardly any, in fact—you slowly move out into the bay.

Did you ever notice how still everything is down there at this time in the morning? And how blessed dark? What wind there is comes, say, from the southwest this morning.

Now where are you going? You know the favorite gunning points in the bay and with your early start have a good chance to pick a fairly good place. You make up your mind to try Hong Kong Channel—that's easy, no matter how dark it is—you surely can't go far astray; but it is very dark, and it does seem as though everything was turned around. You may have discovered a light in the Walker House, some gunner, perhaps, getting ready to go out; you chuckle to yourself as you imagine him rubbing his eyes, looking for his belongings, thinking of your own experience only a short time before; at the same time you take advantage of his light—it will help you a lot to make Hong Kong at one fell stroke. You are now quite confident that you can lay your course right to the channel, especially now that you can just see the dim outlines of a sail leaving the shore, bound, as you know, for Rack Channel; this gunner is there every morning, and you can judge your course by his if you can keep his sail in sight. But as you draw out into the bay familiar outlines disappear, the light you so depended upon has gone, and it is impossible to follow the sail bound for Rack. You are now entirely upon your own resources, and your knowledge of the gunning points in Shinnecock is soon to be brought to a test.

You are moving slowly but surely with just a gentle ripple of water playing round your bow; there is hardly any motion, hardly a sound; once in a while you may hear faintly the call of some waterfowl in the distance, but everything seems painfully quiet. Now, that part of Shinnecock is not so wide; it's a small bay, comparatively, not more than a mile and a half across to the gunning points; it should be quite a simple matter, I can hear you say, to make Hong Kong Channel. You intend to go to the west of "Dry Bar," and after you once sight that point, or I should say, bog, you are all right. How it does loom up in the daytime; have you ever noticed this especially? It would seem almost impossible for you to miss it even on a dark night like this; you are quite confident in your own mind that you will soon find it; feeling sure from the course you have taken that you are right, on you go; the boat has been increasing its speed ever since you started, and you should be across soon, but from all appearances you are still well out in the bay. Every now and then a small wave comes aboard over your bow, indicating that you are still in deep water. No sign of any shallow water. No sign of anything. Where are you, do you know? You don't know, you might as well own up; you are disgusted.

You are heading for the beach side of the bay, of that you are sure. Shinnecock light gleams on you down east, and that is about all you know. You could swear that you were heading right for Hong Kong, and have kept your course, and you should now be in shallow water on the flats. "Hello, what's this—a bog dead ahead! Where in the world am I?" You head your boat into the wind to the lee of the bog, put your feet overboard—it's quite shallow here, only about a foot of water, muddy bottom, and bogs all around. Nothing looks natural or familiar—nothing but darkness, through which you can just see outlines of strange bogs and meadows. Hark, you hear voices to leeward. You recognize the high squawk of the gunner east trying to find his boxes, and the paralyzing fact dawns upon you that you are 'way east of Hong Kong and must tow your boat to that point, as you can't very well go there on this wind. So there you are, chagrined, fearful that someone will get there first, and in a most uncomfortable frame of mind. How in the world did you get there? Don't ask me—I don't know. Ask the winds and other things—the stars, the light in the Walker House—don't ask me. I never could solve conundrums of that sort; don't ask the baymen, they would only laugh at you and think it a fine joke. Keep quiet and tow your boat. You will find that it goes much easier with the centerboard up through the shallow places into Hong Kong. I have tried both ways, and consider myself an expert in this particular line of seamanship. Now, don't swear and get discouraged; to be sure, it's quite a pull from where you are around into Hong Kong, and not the best of walking, so on you go, and you are getting hungry and thirsty, too. Aren't you glad you brought along that big stone jug of water? Yes, yes! My, how warm you are, too. Oh, well, you are getting on, you can see now on either side of you the bogs just at the end of Hong Kong. You tow your boat through them, and head toward the beach. Now, on this wind, you say to yourself, I should rig quite well in; so in you go toward the drain. Ah, well, here is the spot at last, and you are glad to get there. You let your boat run by you into the grass, draw yourself up, face south, and take in a good long draught of old ocean air. How fresh and invigorating it is! I can see you now taking out the mast, toting it ashore with the sprit sail, pole and all, and bringing your boat well into the little bay where you are to construct your blind.

Soon you have your stool out and your boat well hidden, and it's really quite a job to hide that boat; it takes some time to pull clumps of meadow grass up by the roots and plant them around you in such a way that you will be satisfied with your hiding place. But you are well into the bog, and the long grass protects you fairly well.

You will notice a faint tinge of red in the eastern sky, and objects around you are beginning to put on tangible shape; your decoys are beginning to show up well, and seem to be nodding to you as the quickening breeze sends small ripples of water through them. Shinnecock light is beginning to look like a large candle in the distance, growing dimmer as the dawn approaches. A tiny wren hops on to the reeds in front of you and cocks his little head on one side, probably wondering what sort of a lunch you are going to divide with him during the day.

You are now sitting comfortably in your boat on your stool box, your gun on one side ready for the first sound of the snipe. The wind is growing stronger every minute, and you keep your eyes and your ears open to leeward, but how thirsty and how empty you feel; you must have a bite of something. Now, did you ever in your shooting experience—as you will this particular morning—open your lunch pail, take from it a nice chicken sandwich so daintily prepared by your wife, and just as you are fairly under way with your first or second mouthful, suddenly hear that call which once heard is never forgotten—the metallic call of the yellow-leg? I can see you now, your frantic endeavor to clear your mouth—were you ever in such a fix? Good gracious! what a whistle you give forth. You know you were always rather pleased with your yellow-leg call, but now you tremble as to what the result will be. But yellow-legs are not very particular; they hear you and answer. You can hear their call growing stronger every minute. There they are, well to leeward, heading your way, perfectly sure that your wooden frauds are some of their kind, and, eager to join them, they circle off to windward, turn and come down the wind with wings set, eight fine yellow-legs rolling softly to each other and to their new-found friends. Your whistle is by this time in better working order, and you can answer them softly. Now they are quite sure of themselves, and turning with a graceful sweep are well over your stool. You will agree with me that this is a very critical period—will you try for two with your first? Sometimes they come in such a way that this is easily done; but don't try it—take one. You will do this. Bang! your bird is down. Bang! Another and one cripple in the water bobbing his head from side to side. The others are in the air, and to all appearances have made up their minds to make their next stop somewhere in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras, but they hear your whistle again and the call of the wounded bird, and you can see them waver—will they come back? You are nervously reloading your gun, doing your best with that sandwich whistle of yours, and sure enough they turn, calling; they circle again, set their wings, and are now very near, will soon be over your stool again; here they are up in the wind and hovering right over your decoys; they can't stop, they would like to do so very much, but the water is too deep for them. You know this, and if you don't it should make no difference. Bang! You have another, and should have had the next clean, but he is down on the meadow and not feeling very well.

The others have gone. Your visit this time is limited to two calls, you have five out of eight, providing you get that bird in the meadow, and you have done fairly well. You are inclined to find fault with your non-ability to get the whole bunch, and charge it to the whistle defect. You have done well, so be satisfied. As you pull up your boot tops and wade out for your birds, a smile of satisfaction plays over your face, a comfortable sensation pervades your system; you get your cripple on the meadow, although not until you have brought him down with another shot; he seemed to gather strength over there waiting for you, and had just enough left to make a final struggle for his life.

Now tell me, has not even this experience paid you for all your trouble, your early rising, your scrambling about in the dark, and your blundering about down below? I am sure that it has. I can tell from the way you handle your birds—placing them carefully under cover, admiring their plumage and condition—that you are a good sportsman, and that the working of that little bunch of yellow-legs has given you pleasure enough, even if you get nothing more to repay you for your early morning's experiences.

Now back again, you are in your boat; by this time the sun is well up and it's beginning to get quite warm, and your thirst once more calls your attention to the lunch pail. I should like to ask you if it will be possible to commence operations in that direction again without a slight trace of nervousness on your part? You remember your last whistling effort, and I am sure that with your next mouthful anxiety is depicted on your countenance. I can see your furtive glances to leeward, the sudden stoppage of your jaws as perhaps you hear a faint whistle from some gunner east—upon my soul I don't believe you know what you are eating! You can see a long distance now, and should birds call can locate them better; you can eat your breakfast in peace, and how good it tastes. Your wife has prepared the lunch for you; she knows how melons taste out there, chicken sandwiches, nice fresh bread and butter, and perhaps a little beach plum jelly or preserve; it goes well, I assure you. And I think you will agree with me that a bottle of coffee (or if you don't wish to carry a bottle, fill the upper part of the lunch pail) is most desirable. Did you ever say, upon opening your lunch box, "Good gracious! My wife has put up enough for four," and ever reflect how much you carried home with you? Isn't it quite astonishing how one's appetite improves out there?

Eight or ten sharp, quick, short whistles in the minor key bring you down into your hiding place as far as you can go with a jerk. A jack curlew, by all the gods! You can hear his repeated call in the distance, growing stronger; he flies rapidly and is anxiously looking for real comrades. Now don't misunderstand me, he is not so darn sociable as to take up with everything he sees; you know that. You can see him away down east coming like a train of cars. Will he go down to the gunners there? No, he is over the beach banks to windward of them and can't hear their call; you try your metallic whistle, which does very well with jack, it's very penetrating and if anything will make that "cagey" bird turn, that whistle will do the business. He sees your stool, and you may congratulate yourself that you have several of his kind out. Now it's always a good idea to have a few jack stool out—say four or five—they are large and make a great showing; put them well outside your yellow-legs. Jacks like their own kind; this particular jack curlew acts as though he were anxiously looking for some friend who has an appointment to meet him just about where you are, and he has but a very few minutes to spare; his flight is nervous and quick; he circles back and forth high in the air, calling continually, evidently looking everywhere for his friend. Isn't it a trying time? You have your gun clutched nervously, knowing that you must shoot the second he comes into range; if you wait for this beggar to come down and hover gently over your wooden images, you may be mistaken—you can't depend upon them. Suddenly, with one quick swoop, he is down; he circles again to windward, calling frantically. Don't wait for him to stool well; he is wild; he comes down the wind waving his long bill from right to left, looking for that friend of his. Don't move or you are lost; he is going to come through your stool; he turns, his mind is made up, he is sure everything is as it should be. What a big chap! Take your time now, it's easy to miss even a bird of his size. Wait a minute; there you are now—bang! down he comes, dead as a door nail. That was a good clean shot. I was glad to see you slip a No. 8 into your gun when you heard his first call; they can carry off smaller sizes quite well. Isn't he a beauty? You get something when you bring down a good fat jack. I see you now in the middle of your decoys, standing there in the water admiring that fine bird, your gun tucked under your arm, and so perfectly satisfied with yourself that I really hate to place you in an awkward predicament again, old man, but yellow-legs are right over your head. Not a sound did they make; the first thing you know of their nearness is when a glance shows you ten or a dozen birds setting their wings to windward of you and coming for you head on.

Reader, shall I draw the curtain, or do you still wish to see the fun? What are you going to do, old chap? You must think quick; in about five seconds your thinking will be of no particular account if you wait until then. The boat is, say, twenty good long paces from you. Shall you try to reach it and get under cover? It's too late; you crouch down to the water, calling softly to the birds; they are tame as chickens; they pass you to leeward; now turn and will come within gunshot at least. Hear them rolling to you—is there any prettier music than that? They are everywhere now, and you must take what you can get. Your being out there has broken up the bunch in such a way that they seem to be all over the place. Your only chance is to pick your single bird. They are criss-crossing all around you; you can get two, at least. Let them have it now—bang! bang!—and two are down. The rest are off. You scramble back to the boat, whistling as you go. How you do make the water fly! What a distance that blind of yours is away! I wish I had a snap shot of you, as, with gun in one hand, your jack in the other, you are making desperate efforts to

reach the boat, your whistle doing gallant work. Now you are in, bringing with you considerable water; down you go—and where are the birds now? They are well off to the west, close together, and your whistle is of no avail. You groan as you think of the lost opportunity, and your only comfort is the two birds in the water. Out you go again to pick them up, but not without a sharp look-out, and the operation of picking them up is accomplished without much delay, I can assure you.

You go over in your mind, as you are once again ready for business, the last incident. Now where did those birds come from? It is hardly possible, you say, that they came from the east; it was only a few minutes before their appearance that you carefully looked in that direction. Nothing was anywhere in sight. Oh, well, those dead birds can't tell you, and no one knows. They may have been spending the night somewhere inland, and just started on their southern trip, coming from the west. You see they are quite young, and it was evidently their first experience with the gun, and nothing had disturbed them, or you may be sure they wouldn't have "come so gently," as the phrase is down there. What infernal luck to be out there among those decoys like a scarecrow in a cornfield. It's a blessed wonder that you got a shot at them at all, so say nothing; thank your stars that you got two.

The sun is now well up, and the shooting will be slow, probably, until later in the day. You have time to pick up and get home in plenty of time for lunch. You stalk out into the water, pick up your stool, and pack it away in the box, storing everything well forward in the scooter. Your mast up, and sail spread, you can, with a good breeze from the southwest, make your run home quickly; you slowly run out through the channel into the bay, wondering, as you do so, how you could have missed Hong Kong so easily in the dark.

Try this some fine August morning, if you have never done so, and let me know your opinion. SCOOTER.

Connecticut Cover Notes.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 30.—The unusual and prolonged severity of our New England winter, has caused me to pay more than casual attention to the condition of our feathered friends who make their sojourn with us through these difficult winter months; and from personal observations, and reports gathered from the surrounding country districts, the conclusion is one which makes us indeed solicitous for their existence, with the hope of early prospects for milder weather.

As for the quail, they seem to be holding their own very well against such adverse conditions, and only one instance is recalled where they have succumbed to the rigors of weather—a pathetic remnant of four birds being found, which had escaped dog, gun, and other "varmints" of the open season, only to pass over to the happy feeding grounds, where it is hoped there is no pursuer.

Two large coveys have been seeking food in the stable yard of a farm nearabouts, for the past three weeks, and the thoughtful proprietor has furthered their larder by scattering buckwheat and wheat so that they can readily find it.

A week ago, after one of our severe snow storms, I took a tramp through a winter cover where quail invariably are found, and was much elated to start two medium sized coveys which flushed strong and vigorous, and evidently had stood the battle well. Subsequently a few spaces of six or eight feet square have been cleared of snow, and feed scattered thereon for them.

Probably it is well known, to the ever increasing membership of the FOREST AND STREAM "Humane Society," that after a snow storm, quail will seek bare ground upon which to feed if such be available, and a little time and trouble thus employed in clearing a small space where one is about to feed the birds, well assuredly attract them the more readily.

Situated in the town of North Madison, about twenty-five miles from New Haven, is the home and cosy club house of the Hammonassett Fishing and Shooting Association, the membership being a small one, and composed of sportsmen from New York and New Haven, and the president and leading spirit of this organization is Stephen Whitney. Esq., of New Haven, a true sportsman of both the old and the new schools. This meagre description of the club is given at this time, as by their good works let them be known.

Not only have dozens of southern and western quail been liberated in the early springtime throughout their broad acres, thus increasing the depleted covers for many miles around, but annually buckwheat is planted on cleared field and left without harvesting, wholly for the food and benefit of the quail. At the edge of each buckwheat field a heavy brush shelter is constructed, or a barrel is placed, open at one end, toward the south, and firmly fixed by stakes, then covered with brush; so that when snow, sleet and cold rains come the quail have a dry and sheltered rootsing place. When the snows are deep and crusty the employes of the club distribute grain to them, and seldom if ever are dead birds are found.

Recently, upon one of our coldest mornings, a crow was found walking about the writer's kitchen porch, apparently blind, pecking haphazardly at everything with which he came in contact. Picking him up, which was accomplished without the slightest show of fear on his part, it was seen that his eyes were entirely white and resembled small globules of ice. He was ravenously hungry when food was offered him, and for two weeks was warmly housed and fed, but the sight was entirely gone from his former watchful eyes, and with regret he was helped over the divide. Song sparrows and chickadees have been daily visitors at the kitchen door, and the small favors rendered have undoubtedly been thankfully received.

Never in my experience of twenty years' observation have the conditions of bird life and winter been so perplexing—robins a numerous flock, two rose-breasted grosbeaks, bluejays, and song sparrows contending against the seeming never ending snow and cold.

Let us hope that the worst of our winter has passed, and that when the warm winds from the southland bring their messages of returning bud and leaf, the pipe of the quail will reward us for any little attention we have given him during his struggle with the northern winter. NUTMEG.

A Law Against Boys' Guns.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If such action proves necessary to defeat the measure, every gun owner in the State ought to protest against the bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Armstrong to prohibit the use of small rifles, air guns, etc., by boys under sixteen years of age. So many needless and vexatious laws are passed thoughtlessly that this one may go through if no one appears in opposition, and the result might be widespread injury.

If I am allowed in time to take the seat in the Assembly to which I was elected, I shall oppose the passage of the bill on the ground that it proposes to violate the Constitution of the United States, and is against public policy. The second amendment to the Constitution says: "A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." This would seem to guarantee a boy of fifteen years old the same right to carry a gun that a boy of sixteen would have under the proposed law. The bill would infringe on the instrument in such a marked manner that there can be no doubt of its fate on the first occasion it came before a competent court.

But even if it were constitutional, it ought not to pass, for it not only deprives boys of a source of wholesome outdoor sport, but would work injury to the State. We spend a large sum of money annually to train members of the National Guard in the use of arms, but this bill would close the best school in which familiarity with arms can be learned—a free school that costs the public nothing, but turns out experts in the most important branch of a modern soldier's art—that of shooting straight.

The avowed purpose of its author is to protect boys from hurting themselves with guns. The intention is commendable, of course, but age is no assurance against the careless handling of arms, or there would not be the annual list of hunters who are shot in mistake for deer. If boys must be guarded by statute against danger, the next law will, no doubt, be one to prevent them putting on skates, for they sometimes break through the ice and get their feet wet.

The earlier boys learn to handle guns the better, if they are ever to use them with effect. The famous President Paul Kruger, of the South African Republic, shot a lion and saved his own life when he was but twelve years old; and we know that the heroic defense of their country made by his followers was largely carried on by boys under sixteen years of age. The fathers of youngsters ought to know when boys are old enough to have a gun. Better that now and then a lad should blow a finger off than a whole generation grow up ignorant of the art of shooting. EDMOND REDMOND.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 1.



The Camp-Fire Club.

THE dinner of the Camp-Fire Club, held last Saturday evening, Feb. 6, at the Aldine Club, in this city, was an event of very great interest. About ninety persons were present, and President W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, occupied the chair. Mr. W. H. Boardman was toastmaster, and the guests of the evening were Rev. William J. Long and Col. C. J. Jones, better known as Buffalo Jones.

Among the members present were: D. T. Abercrombie, A. A. Anderson, T. E. Batten, Daniel Beard, T. P. Berens, W. H. Boardman, M. T. Bogert, Henry M. Bristol, Dickson Q. Brown, H. L. Cadmus, Dr. A. Caille, Wm. Edw. Coffin, C. C. Curtis, E. W. Deming, M. P. Denton, W. H. Drake, J. Seymour Emans, E. H. Fitch, F. L. Gamage, Wm. T. Hornaday, L. C. Ivory, H. L. Luques, A. J. Millbank, Dr. R. T. Morris, J. E. Nichols, Carl Pickhardt, George D. Pratt, E. H. Raymond, Jr.; E. H. Raymond, E. B. Rogers, George T. Rogers, A. F. Rice, Carl Rungius, Martin Schenck, William Schickel, Edmond Seymour, Julius H. Seymour, Chas. S. Sheldon, Abel I. Smith, Jr.; Olen J. Stephens, C. H. Stonebridge, Benjamin B. Tilt, H. H. Todd, C. H. Townsend, Theo. K. Tuthill, H. Vreeland, H. C. Walsh, H. D. Whitfield, A. D. Williams.

Among the guests were F. S. Hyatt, C. W. Alling, Frank Bartlett, Geo. Bird Grinnell, Robt. B. Lawrence, Kenneth Fowler, George Henry Clemmons, Knox Taylor. Jas. M. Seymour, Jr.; Louis A. Ziegler, Dr. H. J. Gundacker, H. W. Hall, Dr. M. W. Ayers, Walter Brown, D. B. R. Chapman, A. J. McGrath, William Lawrence Breeze, Jack Williar, T. Wallace McMullen, Donald Geddes, W. W. Greene, G. V. Schenck, Richard W. Hubbell, Dean Sage, E. M. Ward, Alex. J. Fraser, Roderick Stephens, Frederick W. Becker, Albert Tilt, Pitt Barrows, John Bannon, Beverly S. King.

Dinner was served about seven o'clock, and among the unusual edibles were Puget Sound oysters and Tyee (chinook) salmon—presented by Mr. Chas. B. Hurley, of Tacoma—and seaweed soup. With the oysters and the salmon Mr. Hurley had sent on some of the giant long clams of the north Pacific Coast, but they had been so long in transit that they were more pleasing to the eye than they would have been to the palate, and so were not served. The salmon was highly enjoyed by all, and the oysters were delicious to the few whose taste was educated, though not so acceptable to those accustomed only to our eastern mollusc.

After the coffee the toastmaster began his duties in most happy vein, and after a short and very humorous introduction brought to his feet the Rev. Wm. J. Long. Mr. Long spoke on the wild life of the woods, and from the first held his audience closely. He referred to the criticisms of his writings, declaring that it was impossible to judge the acts of animals by any other standard than that of human psychology, since that is the only psychology that we know anything about. On the question of instinct he spoke at length, expressing the view that each animal was a free agent, and that while externally all members of a species were alike, there was within the species as much individuality as among men. Each individual of the species, therefore, must be judged by its own acts, which man must interpret as he can. This is not science, he said; this is nature study.

Mr. Long told of a great number of things that he had seen in the woods, and gave the theories which he had devised to account for them. For example, he stated that the otter and the beaver, both good natured and peaceable animals, invariably fight when they meet, and that he believed that for this hostility there were these reasons: (1) The otter sometimes swims through the canals or trenches made by the beaver, and the beaver, when it sees this, takes the otter for a muskrat, which may burrow through its dams and so destroy them. (2) In winter, when streams and lakes are ice-covered, the otter often takes its prey into the entrance of the beaver's house to devour it, instead of going to an air hole for this purpose. Now, the beaver dislikes fish, and because the otter leaves the bones and slime of the prey in the entrance to the beaver's house, the beaver feels injured, and treats the otter as its enemy. (3) The fisher, a close relative of the otter, is a fighter, and kills young beaver; the beaver takes the otter for the fisher and so fights with it. Incidentally it was mentioned that the otter is a good tree climber, and that when fish cannot be had in the streams, it takes to the woods and hunts other prey. Much was said about the schooling of young animals, and about communication between animals, not by sound or language, but by some sixth sense representing what we call telepathy. The now familiar example was given of the osprey, which, the speaker said, would naturally hunt birds and rabbits in the woods, except for the instruction of the parent bird. Several examples were given of the peculiar direction sense possessed by an Indian that Mr. Long had known, who at night, in terrible storms over mountain and valley and marsh, had led his companions to camp and safety.

Mr. Long talked rapidly, earnestly, and often eloquently. His hearers listened to him with close attention. His address was an interesting mixture of fact and theory, and was beyond all question most entertaining.

Dr. Robert T. Morris told of the difficulties and disappointments encountered in procuring the food for this dinner. He had written to a friend in the north for a white bear, a seal, and a caribou, but had received no response; then he had applied to a member residing on Puget Sound with the result already given. He gave a number of interesting reminiscences of life in the north, including some habits of the white bear and the seal, and some odd foods that he had eaten.

When the toastmaster called on Buffalo Jones, he asked

the president of the club to say a few words about the speaker, which Mr. Hornaday did with much feeling. Col. Jones spoke most interestingly of his early life and of his adventures on the plains and in the far north, where he captured a number of muskox calves, the first ever taken, so far as known. The most interesting story of Mr. Jones' experience in capturing buffalo and crossing them with domestic cattle, of his journeying to the far north, his suffering from cold and hunger, and the danger to which he was exposed from Indians and wolves, are given in his interesting book, "Forty Years of Adventure," but it was most interesting to hear some of these things told by him who had done and endured them, and the attention of his auditors to Mr. Jones' address was not less than that which they had manifested in listening to Mr. Long. Mr. Jones' allusions at the close of his address to the Yellowstone Park and to President Roosevelt were loudly cheered.

Mr. H. D. Whitfield spoke entertainingly on sport in England, and other speakers occupied the short time before adjournment. Altogether the occasion was one of great interest and pleasure to all who were present, and it was commonly remarked that this was the best meeting that the club has had.

Anglers' Casting Tournament.

Sportsmen's Exhibition, Madison Square Garden, Feb. 19 to March 5, inclusive.

TOURNAMENT COMMITTEE.

Harold G. Henderson, T. Elmer Batten, C. G. Levison, Robert B. Lawrence, David T. Abercrombie.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

Chas. A. Bryan, J. S. Farlee, Loyd Smith, Will K. Park, Nathaniel S. Smith, L. Bouglé, H. W. Van Wagenen, Robert Lefferts, G. H. Gerard, W. F. Kimber, Geo. B. Hayes, Chas. R. Flint, W. D. Cloyes, Theo. A. Knapp, Harry Palmer, Harry L. Cadmus, Milton Smith.

General Rules Governing all Contests.

Rule 1. All contests shall be governed by two judges and a referee. In case of disagreement the referee shall decide.

Rule 2. No one shall be permitted to enter any contest except those "open to all," who has ever fished for a living, who have ever been a guide, or who has been engaged in either the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle.

Rule 3. All persons competing shall pay an entrance fee of $1 for each event.

Rule 4. The order in which the contestants shall cast shall be determined by the judges. The contestants must be ready to cast when called upon by the judges.

Rule 5. The leader and fly or lure in each contest must be intact at the time of record by the judges, and the length and weight of the rod must be recorded.

Rule 6. Arrangements shall be made by the judges to accurately determine the point at which the fly or lure falls.

Rule 7. Contests shall be called promptly at 3:30 P. M., and 8:30 P. M.

Rule 8. After the contestant has taken his place on the stand, which is a platform not more than 18 inches above the surface of water, his time shall be counted from the moment he says "Ready," and the first cast thereafter shall count. The longest cast during the five minutes succeeding the word "Ready" shall be taken as his record for distance.

Rule 9. The rod must be held in one hand, and no rod shall exceed 11½ feet in length, except when otherwise specified. The line must not be weighted.

Rule 10. The barb and point must be removed from all hooks.

Rule 11. Trout flies on hooks no smaller than No. 12, old scale, shall be used unless otherwise specified. Leaders, which must be of single gut, shall not exceed the length of the rod by more than 2 feet, unless otherwise specified.

Rule 12. Time will be allowed, in case of accident, to make repairs at the discretion of the judges.

Rule 13. The switch style of casting will not be allowed except in the class so devoted to that method.

Rule 14. All difficulties or disputes arising, and not provided for in these rules, or the rules governing each contest, shall be referred to the judges, whose decision shall be final.

Rule 15. When the method of casting to be employed is specified in the rules governing an event, no other style than that designated will be allowed.

Rule 16. In all events where the weight of the rod is limited, an allowance of ¾ of an ounce shall be made for a solid metal reel seat and ¾ of an ounce for an independent handle, providing such handle and butt joint of the rod are each made with the usual metal ferrule.

Rule 17. The standard for hooks is that of Harrison's Sproat, regular sizes, old scale.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 19, AT 8:30.

Class A—Trout Fly-Casting for Distance Only.—Open to youths not over twenty years of age. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. First prize, gold medal; second price, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

SATURADY AFTERNOON, FEB. 20, AT 3:30.

Class B—Trout Fly-Casting for Distance Only.—Open only to those who have never cast more than 60 feet in any single-hand, club or tournament contest. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. First prize, gold medal; second price, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 20, AT 8:30.

Class C—Switch Trout Fly-Casting Contest; Distance Only.—Open to all, excepting those who have cast more than 75 feet in any similar club or tournament contest. An obstacle will be placed 15 feet back of the contestant. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

MONDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 22, AT 3:30.

Class D—Single-Handed Bait-Casting Contest; Distance Only.—Open to all excepting those who have cast more than 100 feet in any similar contest. Five casts shall be made overhead with half-ounce rubber frog to be furnished by the committee. The longest cast to count. Each contestant may make not more than three trial casts before casting to score. No limit to weight or rod or line; but cast must be made from free-running reel. Should the frog fall outside the side boundaries of the tank the cast shall count, but will not be scored. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 22, AT 8:30.

Class E—Blaek Bass Fly-Casting Contest; Distance Only to Count.—A fly on No. 4 hook to be used. These will be furnished by the committee. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75 feet in any similar contest in either club or open tournament. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 23, AT 3:30.

Class F—Light Trout Fly-Rod Contest.; Distance Only.—Rod must not weigh more than 5 ounces. For allowances, see Rule 16. Open only to those who have never cast more than 60 feet in any similar contest in either club or open tournament, with a rod of 5 ounces or less. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 23, AT 8:30.

Class G—Switch Trout Fly-Casting Contest; Distance Only.—Open to all. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. An obstacle will be placed 15 feet back of the contestant. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 24, AT 3:30.

Class H—Light Trout Fly-Casting Contest; Distance Only.—Rod must not weigh more than 5 ounces. For allowance, see Rule 16. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75 feet in any similar contest in either club or open tournament with a rod weighing 5 ounces or less. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEB. 24 AT 8:30.

Class I—Light Rod Trout Fly-Casting Contest; Distance Only.—Rod must not weigh more than 4 ounces. For allowances, see Rule 16. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75 feet in any similar club or open tournament contest with a rod weighing 4 ounces or less. Length of leader unrestricted. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 25, AT 3:30.

Class J—Trout Fly-Casting Contest; Forward Obstacle; Distance Only.—Open to all. A horizontal bar or tape supported by two upright posts, one on each side of the tank, under which the cast must be made, will be placed in front of the contestant at a distance of 30 feet, and 6 feet above water level. Distance between the posts within which the cast must be made under the bar is 9 feet. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 25, AT 8:30.

Class K—Black Bass Fly-Casting Contest; Distance Only.—Open to all excepting those who have cast 85 feet in any similar contest in either club or open tournament. A fly on No. 4 hook to be used, to be furnished by the committee. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON FEB. 26, AT 3:30.

Class L—Bait-Casting Contest; Distance Only.—Open to all. Stripping the line, "Greenwood Lake style," with half-ounce rubber frog, to be furnished by the committee. No limit to rod or line or reel; but cast must not be made from the reel. The longest cast forward made within the five minutes succeeding the time the contestant announces "Ready," to count. Unless the frog falls within the side boundaries of the tank, the cast shall not score. Frog must touch the water on the back cast, and be raised therefrom for each forward cast. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 26, AT 8:30.

Class M—Single-Handed Bait-Casting Contest for Distance and Accuracy.—Open to all, excepting those who have cast more than 100 feet with a quarter-ounce lure in either club or open tournament. Five casts shall be made for distance with a quarter-ounce rubber frog, to be furnished by the committee. Ten casts shall be made for accuracy—five at each of two buoys—60 and 70 feet distance from casting point. These casts to be made with quarter-ounce rubber frog, and for each foot or fraction of a foot that the frog falls from the buoy cast at, a demerit of 1 shall be counted; the sum total of such demerits, divided by 10, shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent. For distance five casts shall be made, and the average added to the percentage of accuracy, shall constitute the score. Highest wins. No limit to rod or line or method of casting, but all casts must be made from a free-running reel. Should frog fall outside the side boundaries of the tank, the cast shall count, but will not be scored. Two trial casts for distance and one trial cast at each buoy may be made by each contestant before casting to score. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 27, AT 3:30.

Class N—Contest for Accuracy.—Open to all. No restrictions as to weight of rod and line. The contest is to be conducted as follows: When the contestant has taken his place on the platform and has said "Ready," he shall begin to cast at a buoy; and after saying "Count," or after having made five casts, the subsequent five shall be noted for record. The buoy shall be placed against the bank of the stream and 30 feet from contestant under an overhanging bush, which shall extend 3 feet over and be 3 feet under the water. The score shall be kept as follows: The buoy at which the casts are made is a semi-circular disk, 6 feet in diameter. It is level with the surface of the water, and marked by concentric circles 6 inches apart. The fly landing in the center counts 10; in the next space 9; in the next space 8; and so on down to 5. The highest score wins the contest. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 27, AT 8:30.

Class O—Light Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Rod must not weigh more than 4 ounces. See Rule 16 for allowance. Open to all excepting those who have cast more than 80 feet in any similar club or tournament contest with a rod weighing 4 ounces or less. Length of leader unrestricted. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

MONDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 29, AT 3:30.

Class P—Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Accuracy Only.—Open to all. Distance at buoys 40, 45 and 50 feet. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. There shall be five casts at each buoy. If the fly falls within 1 foot of the buoy cast at, the cast shall be considered perfect; for each foot or fraction of a foot in excess of 1 foot from such buoy a demerit of 1 shall be counted. The sum total of such demerits, divided by 15, shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent., and the highest score wins. Should the fly be whipped off, time will be allowed to replace it, and one minute allowed to extend line to buoy then to be cast at. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 29, AT 8:30.

Class Q—Light Rod Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Open to all. Rod must not weigh more than 4 ounces. For allowance see Rule 16. Length of leader unrestricted. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 1, AT 3:30.

Class R—Dry Fly-Casting for Accuracy.—Open to all. The flies to be used in this event will be furnished by the committee. At buoys 20, 30, 40, 50 and 60ft. The contestants shall start taking aim at the first buoy by making a reasonable number of false or preparatory casts in the air, and when the distance is determined, shall allow the fly to fall on the water as near as possible to the center of the first buoy. The fly must be permitted to remain floating on the water a few seconds, and then retrieved as delicately as possible, and the next buoy aimed at in a similar manner, and so on, until five casts have been made, one at each buoy. If fly falls within 1 foot of buoy cast at, accuracy shall be considered perfect. For each foot or fraction of a foot in excess of 1 foot from such buoy a demerit of 1 shall be counted, and for each time the fly fails to float while on the water, a demerit of 1 shall also be counted, the sum total of such demerits, divided by 5, shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from 100, shall be the accuracy per cent. Should the fly be whipped off, time will be allowed to attach a new one. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, AT 8:30.

Class S—Trout Fly-Casting Contest; Right and Left Hand Event.—Distance Only. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. Open to all. The contestant is allowed six minutes for two alternate trials of one and one-half minutes' duration to cast with each hand. The longest cast made during each one and one-half minute term shall be counted, and the average of these four casts shall be the score. Highest wins. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 2, AT 3:30.

Class T—Single-Handed Bait-Casting Contest for Distance and Accuracy.—Open to all. Five casts shall be made for distance. The half-ounce rubber frog to be furnished by the committee. Ten casts shall be made for accuracy—five at each of two buoys—60 and 80 feet distance from casting point. These casts to be made with half-ounce rubber frog, and for each foot or fraction of a foot that the frog falls from the buoy cast at a demerit of 1 shall be counted; the sum total of such demerits, divided by 10, shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent. For distance, five casts shall be made, and the average added to the percentage of accuracy shall constitute the score. Highest wins. No limit to rod and line or method of casting; but all casts must be made from a free-running reel. Should frog fall outside the side boundaries of the tank the cast shall count, but shall not be scored. Two trial casts for distance and one trial cast at each buoy may be made by each contestant before casting to score. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, AT 8:30.

Class U.—Light Trout Fly-Rod Contest for Distance Only.—Open to all. Rod must not weigh more than 5 ounces. For allowance see Rule 16. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 3, AT 3:30.

Class V—Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. Open to all excepting those who have cast over 90 feet in any club or tournament. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 3, AT 8:30.

Class W—Single-Handed Bait-Casting for Distance Only.—Open to all. Five casts shall be made overhead for distance with a quarter-ounce rubber frog to be furnished by the committee. Each contestant may make not more than three trial casts before casting to score. No limit to weight of rod or line, but cast must be made from free-running reel. Should the frog fall outside the side boundaries of the tank, the cast shall count, but will not be scored. Longest cast to count. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 4, AT 3:30.

Class X—Single-Handed Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Open to all excepting those who have cast over 100 feet. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, AT 8:30.

Class Y—Black Bass Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Open to all. A fly on a No. 4 hook to be used; these to be furnished by the committee. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 5, AT 3:30.

Class Z—Single-Handed Bait-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Open to all. Five casts shall be made overhead with half-ounce rubber frog to be furnished by the committee. The longest cast to count. Each contestant may make not more than three trial casts before casting to score. No limit to weight of rod or line, but cast must be made from free-running reel. Should the frog fall outside the side boundaries of the tank, the cast shall count, but will not be scored. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 5, AT 8:30.

Class ZZ—Single-Handed Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Distance only.—Open to all. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal.

Benjamin C. Milam.

FRANKFORT, Ken., Feb. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Few men—molded into the image of a perfect manhood—are found as exemplars to guide humanity in this rushing, busy world of ours. One of these men, Capt. Benjamin Case Milam, died at his home in Frankfort, Ky., on Friday afternoon last, after rounding out the period of a full-orbed life, at the age of 82, profoundly lamented by all who knew him. Preceded by Daly, Meek, Sage, and Gayle, he was the last of the Kentucky line of inventors and makers of hand-made fishing reels to answer the summons to cross the Great Divide.

The Milam **reel**, so well known throughout the entire world of anglers, was the product of his genius and handiwork. Joe Jefferson visited his workshop and bought an entire line of his inventions. Grover Cleveland wrote him letters expressing the greatest pleasure in the use, and delight in the perfect workmanship of his reel. And hundreds of other testimonials from all parts of the world, filed with his personal records, show how well he has done his part to supply the wants of those who love the favorite pastime of Izaak Walton. One of the latest inventions emanating from his hand was a heavy reel with self-acting drag, made for the use of the fishermen of the Pacific Coast, in capturing the valiant tuna. In his little den in the second story of a building on Main street, Frankfort, spent nearly fifty years of toil at his trade, ending his labors only a few hours before his death. The business will be conducted by his son under the same firm name.

Captain Milam was a veteran of the Mexican war; he commanded a company in Humphrey Marshall's Regiment of Kentucky Volunteer Cavalry; and at the head of his command was in the famous charge of cavalry on the Mexican lancers at the battle of Buena Vista. By a strange coincidence, almost at the same hour of his death, Cyrus Calvert, the last surviving member of his company, died at his home, a few miles away, and the two were buried within a few hours of each other in the State Cemetery at Frankfort.

In all the higher qualities of life, Capt. Milam was a man among men. Possessing rare judgment, fortified by an intuitive knowledge of men, and integrity unsullied by even the taint of suspicion, kindly and genial in temperament, prominent in all public enterprises, and with a tender heart and liberal hand, he lightened the burdens of many weary souls by his unostentatious benevolence. Within a year of his death an incident, illustrative of the latter trait, occurred one day while I was in his office. Poised on the propriety of extending aid to a questionable applicant, he solved the matter by remarking, "Well, what are we in this world for except to help others?" and the aid was extended.

OLD SAM.

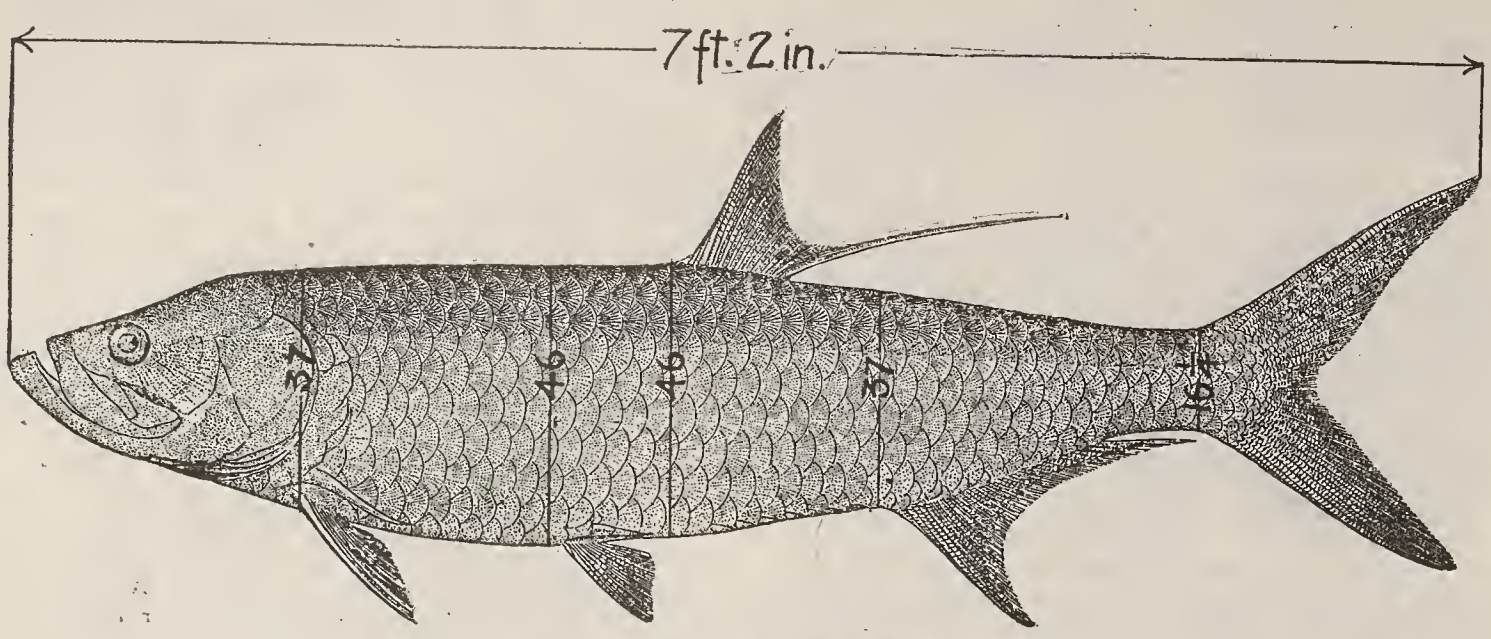
There's a funny clam digger in Pelham,
Who digs clams on purpose to selham;
People ask, "Are they nice?"
And, "What is the price?"
But they never can get him to telham.
—New York Times.

The Tarpon Record.

Miami, Biscayne Bay, Fla., Feb. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the recent issue of a brochure setting forth the attractions of Miami, Fla., to the angling public, there appeared a cut of a tarpon caught by Mr. N. M. George, of Danbury, Conn., and the weight stated as full 213 pounds. This picture was used and statement made after carefully authenticating the facts, which were fully printed in Forest and Stream of July 6, 1901; the same issue reproducing the log of the schooner Privateer. The catch was also recorded in the daily press at the time, and by such conservative papers as the New York Herald. Mention is made of it in "Where, When, and How to Catch Fish on the East Coast of Florida, by Mr. Wm. H. Gregg, Sr., of St. Louis.

In spite of this accumulative evidence, the weight of Mr. George's fish has been challenged, and the statement printed that it was never substantiated by anyone.

In order to correct any false impression that this publication might raise in the minds of some, the affidavit of Messrs. Charles A. and B. T. Ball, owners of the Privateer, who were present when the fish was caught, and who weighed and measured same, has been secured. This affidavit is published below, together with a photograph of the fish, showing just where the measurements were taken.



MEASUREMENTS OF MR. N. M. GEORGE'S TARPON.

If this sworn statement is not sufficient to convince this one "doubting Thomas," many others can be secured.

Mr. Chas. F. Weber, of New York, a prominent fisherman, saw this fish upon its arrival at Miami, and measured it. He reported the circumstance at Punta Rassa, giving the dimensions from his measurements as even greater than claimed, and was corrected by Mr. George.

H. W. Merrill.

Brainard T. Ball and Charles A. Ball, being duly sworn, say that on the 8th day of April, 1901, Mr. N. M. George, of Danbury, Conn., caught with rod and reel, at Bahia Honda, Fla., a tarpon seven feet two inches long, forty-six inches girth, weighing 213 pounds, large, on their scales; that they weighed and measured said fish in the presence of Mr. George and Mr. R. B. Seager, of Jefferson Highlands, N. H., and said weight and measurements were recorded in the Log Book of the schooner Privateer; that upon their arrival at Key West, on April 9, their scales were tested at Wm. Currey's Sons and found to be a little more than one pound short, making the actual weight of said fish to be over 214 pounds.

Brainard T. Ball,
Charles A. Ball.

Subscribed and sworn before me this twenty-third day of January, A. D., Nineteen hundred and four.

Medford R. Kellun,
Notary Public, State of Florida, at large.

Albany Legislation.

Albany, N. Y., Feb.8.—The game committees of the Senate and Assembly have settled down to work in earnest now, and have begun passing upon some of the numerous measures submitted for their consideration.

The Assembly committee has reported favorably the following bills:

Assemblyman J. T. Smith's (Pr. No. 381, Int. No. 293), adding a new section, to be known as Section 3a, which provides that there shall be no open season for deer in Dutchess county before Sept. 1, 1908.

Assemblyman Hubbs' (Pr. No. 380, Int. No. 282), amending Section 103 so as to provide that ducks, geese and swan shall not be taken from April 1 to Sept. 30, instead of from Jan. 1 to Sept. 30, nor possessed from April 1 to Sept. 30, instead of from March 1.

Additional bills amending the game law have been introduced as follows: (Where no printed number is given the bills have not yet been printed)

Assemblyman Hayden's (Pr. No. 220, Int. No. 213), adding a new section, to be known as Section 12c, which provides that black and gray squirrels shall not be taken at any time in Cattaraugus county for the purpose of transporting them out of the county.

Assemblyman Nichols' (Pr. No. 284, Int. No. 284), amending Section 26 so as to provide that the close season for grouse and woodcock in Sullivan and Greene counties shall be from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30, and in Orange county from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15.

Assemblyman Robinson's (Pr. No. 228, Int. No. 221), adding a new section, to be known as Section 79b, and providing that fish, except lake trout, may be taken through the ice with hook and line in Hemlock Lake during February and March.

Assemblyman Hayden's (Pr. No. 222, Int. No. 215), adding a new section, to be known as Section 29b, which provides that woodcock, grouse and quail shall not be taken in Cattaraugus county at any time for the purpose of transporting the same out of the county.

Assemblyman Hayden's (Pr. No. 221, Int. 214), adding a new section, to be known as Section 43b, and providing that trout and bass shall not be taken from any of the waters of Cattaraugus county at any time for the purpose of transporting the same out of the county.

Assemblyman Bridgeman's (Pr. No. 314, Int. No. 300), amending Section 20 so as to allow the taking of mergansers or sheldrakes or sawbills at any time in Orleans county.

Assemblyman Bridgeman's (Pr. No. 315, Int. No. 310), amending Section 73 so as to permit the use of sturgeon nets of not less than 11-inch mesh in Lake Ontario, except within one-half mile of the shores or islands.

Assemblyman Pearsall's (Pr. No. 337, Int. No. 321), amending Section 59 so as to allow the use of tip-ups in the ponds in the town of Smithville, Jefferson county.

Assemblyman Wemple's (Pr. No. 348, Int. No. 332), adding a new section, to be known as Section 27c, and providing that there shall be no open season for grouse, woodcock and quail in Schenectady county prior to Sept. 30, 1906.

Senator Bailey's (Pr. No. 246, Int. No. 246), amending Section 103 so as to provide that ducks, geese and swan shall not be taken on Long Island from April 1 to Sept. 30, instead of from Jan. 1, nor possessed from April 1 to Sept. 30.

Senator Townsend's (Pr. No. 281, Int. No. 266), providing that trout shall not be taken from any waters in counties included in whole or in part in the forest preserve. Private hatcheries are excepted.

Assemblyman Coutant's (Pr. No. —, Int. No.389), amending Section 59a so as to provide that tip-ups and set-lines may be used in fishing through the ice in the waters of Ulster county, not inhabited by trout, but no person shall operate at the same time more than five tip-ups in that county.

Assemblyman Coutant's (Pr. No. —, Int. No. 390), amending Section 27b so as to provide that the close season for grouse, woodcock and quail in Ulster county shall be from Dec. 16 to Oct. 15, both inclusive.

Assemblyman Wolf's (Pr. No. —, Int. No. 383), amending Section 112 so as to provide that fish shall not be taken by any device other than angling in Sheepshead Bay, Rockaway Inlet, or in any of the waters inside of a line drawn from the westerly end of Rockaway Point to the Centennial Tower on Coney Island.

Assemblyman Monroe (Pr. No. —, Int. 372), repealing Section 80a, which allows fishing with fyke nets for bullheads, eels, suckers and dogfish in Tompkins county from Oct. 31 to March 31.

Assemblyman Charles's (Pr. No. —, Int. No. 387), amending Section 59a so as to allow the use of tip-ups and set-lines in fishing through the ice in the waters of Dutchess county.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Pr. No. —, Int. No. 376), amending Section 101 so as to provide that deer shall not be taken at any other time than between one-half hour before sunrise and one-half hour after sunset, instead of between daylight and sunset, as at present. Possession of wild deer or venison between Aug. 31 and the first Wednesday after the first Tuesday in November, and between the second Friday after the first Tuesday and the 20th of November, shall be conclusive evidence of a violation of this section unless it appear that the same was lawfully killed within the State, or was killed without the State.

Assemblyman Whitney's (Pr. No. —, Int. No. 433), to add a new section, to be known as Section 73a, which provides that nets may be used from May 1 to Dec. 1 in the waters and the bays of Lake Ontario in the towns of Sandy Creek and Richland, Oswego county, except the waters within half a mile, either way, from the mouth of the Salmon River, and except within one-half mile, either way, from the mouth of the outlet of Big Sandy Pond; Provided, That a net shall not be set or used until a license therefor has been granted by the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission. The license fee will be $1, and a single license may be for five nets.

The Kennel.

U. S. Field Trials Club's Trials.

The fifteenth annual trials of the United States Field Trials Club, held at Grand Junction, Tenn., commenced on January 25. The attendance of visitors was not large. Eminent among them were Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Ames, of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Duryea, of New York. They are staying at Hickory Valley, Tenn., enjoying life in the South during the winter months. There was Mr. G. Teasdale Buckell, famous world wide as a sportsman and writer on subjects pertaining to sport. Mr. Jesse Sherwood, of Chicago, an active participator in early field trial days, both as a gracious, forceful writer, and as a breeder; Mr. A. C. Nall, an eminent sportsman of Louisville; Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus, of Toledo, O., though at present of New York, where he has a studio; Mr. Nick Daniel, of Williamsburg, Ky.; Mr. C. W. Keyes, of Boston; Mr. M. C. Falkner, Oxford, Miss.; Mr. C. D. Stuart, of Benton Harbor, Mich.; Mr. C. H. Faust, Warren, Ind.; and Mr. W. B. Stafford, the club secretary. The press representatives were Major J. M. Taylor, of Rutherford, N. J.; Mr. W. Lee Cook, of Glascow, Ky.; and B. Waters, of New York.

The handlers present were Messrs. C. Askens, D. E. Rose, J. M. Avent, C. E. Buckle, E. Shelly, W. D. Gilchrist, J. T. Jones.

The judges were Messrs. Phil. M. Essig, Atlanta, Ga., and Mr. L. W. Blankenbaker, Louisville, Ky. Each gentleman has had a long and thorough experience in matters of field work, and field trial competition. However, it is regretable that their official decisions in the Derby were not well received. They worked industriously, devoting their best effort to their judicial duties, and there is no doubt whatever but what they scrupulously and conscientiously decided accorded to their best judgment. There was, nevertheless, a general belief that it was a sad mistake to ignore Pioneer in the awards. There was an almost unanimous belief that he deserved a place. An important part of the talent present held the opinion that he should have been awarded first on the merits of the competition. He beat out his ground well and with excellent judgment. He ranged wide or close as his handler desired, and he showed commendable judgment and accuracy in his locating and pointing. Some flushes on singles were charged to him, but such errors are incidental to the competition, and in his case were mere trifles when considered relatively to his general excellence as a worker. I fancied him for first place.

The dogs were placed as follows: First, Uncle Sam; second, Hickory; third was divided between Baby Ale and Shawnee.

The judges managed the competition rather loosely at times. The handlers were mounted, and were often permitted to ride faster than was consistent with good bird work. A number of times they were permitted to separate and work on distinct grounds, where, as a matter of course, there was no equitable competition. To have competition it is necessary that both dogs have like opportunities on the same grounds at the same time. Otherwise the running ceases to be competitive. It is apparent that if one dog runs alone on a certain course he should find all the birds therein without difficulty, yet if running with another dog he might not find any, for the reason that his competitor, being so much quicker and better, he would find them first. Again, when the heat is split into distinct parts, each judge, in the main, sees but the work of one dog, and therefore he has no data for comparison. Moreover, all the equity as to like opportunities of birds, grounds, ranging, etc., is seriously abandoned. This was one of the most serious and persistent errors of the management.

Derby—United States Field Trials Club's fifteenth annual trials for pointers and setters whelped on or after January 1, 1902. First prize, $300; second, $200; third, $100. Entries closed September 1. First forfeit, $10; October 15, $10 additional; $10 to start. There were twenty-one starters, which were run in the following order:

C. K. Brown's b., w. and t. setter dog Uncle Sam (Uncle B.—Minnie R.), D. E. Rose, handler, with W. F. Watkins' b., w. and t. setter bitch Maxim Whitestone (Whitestone—Queen), J. T. Jones, handler.

Mrs. John Cowley's b., w. and t. setter dog Oakley Hill's Pride (Oakley Hill—Gleam's Daisy), E. Shelley, handler, with Charlotteville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w. pointer Arab (Young Jingo—Toxie), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Hickory (Mohawk—Bonnie Lit), J. M. Avent, handler, with J. Lemon's b., w. and t. setter bitch Cam's Pink (Uncle B.—Cam), D. E. Rose, handler.

G. C. Cooper's liv. and w. pointer bitch Baby Ale (Jingo's Coin—Fannie Ale), W. D. Gilchrist handler, with F. P. Harter's b., w. and t. setter bitch Cleopatra, Shelly, handler.

J. C. Tignor's b., w. and t. setter bitch Chesterfield Sue (Jack—Tignor's Vic), W. D. Gilchrist, handler, with E. Raimer's b., w. and t. setter dog Count Rodfield IV. (Rodfield—Count Lady's Gladstone), D. E. Rose, handler.

Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Itaska (Prime Minister—Youma), J. M. Avent, handler, with Highland Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Rod Warfield (Rodfield—Louise Danstone), C. Askins, handler.

W. W. Titus' o. and w. setter dog Pioneer (Count Whitestone—Bonnie Doone), E. Shelley, handler, with John Wootton's b., w. and t. setter bitch Blue Belle (Mohawk—Bonnie Lit), J. M. Avent, handler.

Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Algonquin (Prime Minister—Clip Windem), J. M. Avent, handler, with W. Brett's b., w. and t. setter dog Brett's Sport (Sport Count Danstone—Belle Cincinnatus), C. Askins, handler.

J. Lemon's b., w. and t. setter dog Imperial (Uncle B.—Cam), D. E. Rose, handler, with Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Shawnee (Tony Boy—Cads), J. M. Avent, handler.

Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Chippewa (Tony Boy—Lady Rachel), a bye, J. M. Avent, handler.

Monday, Jan. 25.

The weather was raw, with a stiff southwest wind blowing. A start was made near the Mississippi line, south of which the 14,000 acres of the club preserve are situate.

Uncle Sam and Maxim Whitestone were cast off at 9:22, and were ordered up at 10 o'clock. Sam ranged independently, while Maxim was disposed to follow his lead at times, and to range close at other times. The work on birds was meagre. Sam in open weeds pointed a bevy. In woods on the scattered birds the work was not sharp and accurate. Maxim pointed as a single flushed, and, holding her point, more birds were flushed to it. Maxim pointed a single. Sam made a point; nothing found. The heat was not noteworthy for any special excellence.

Oakley Hill's Pride and Arab were cast off at 10:08, and were ordered up at 10:49. Neither displayed sharp and accurate work on birds. They ranged irregularly, with moderate judgment in beating out their ground. Arab pointed two beveys and a single; Oakley pointed a single bird. Arab backed poorly.

Hickory and Cam's Pink started at 10:54, and were ordered up at 11:40. Hickory displayed wide and fast ranging, and sharp work on birds. Hickory made the better performance on birds, though he made a few errors on singles. He made a point on one bevy and divided the point on another bevy with his competitor, though he pointed the bevy a moment sooner.

Baby Ale and Cleopatra were cast off at 12:38, and were ordered up at 1:18. Baby pointed a bevy; Cleopatra called in to back pointed in the middle of the bevy. Baby did some work on a bevy which was not quite determinate. Next Baby pointed a bevy and was well backed. The bevy flushed wild. The pointer ranged wide and fast with excellent judgment.

Chesterfield Sue and Count Rodfield IV. were started at 1:24. Sue pointed a bevy and Count backed or pointed. The birds were followed into woods, where Count made several good points, and Sue made one. Count was sharp and accurate in his bird work.

Itaska and Rod Warfield started at 2 and were ordered up at 2:33. The work of both was rather ragged on birds. Itaska pointed some birds prettily. Itaska pointed in some plum bushes and about fifty yards up wind the birds were flushed by horsemen. Rod ranged moderately. Itaska was fast, pointed well, but sometimes inaccurately.

Pioneer and Blue Belle were started at 2:38; up at 3:28. Both ranged wide and fast, Pioneer cutting out the work. Pioneer ranged with excellent judgment, and wide or narrow according to the character of the grounds. Both pointed in woods. Pioneer down wind flushed a single.

Going down wind in woods he dropped to a flush, and stayed down pointing, and a single was flushed to the point. Pioneer in cotton field at the edge of woods pointed a bevy and Belle backed to order, and was steady to order. This brace made the best performance of the day, all things considered. Pioneer was pleasingly obedient, and worked to the gun whether near or far.

Algonquin and Brett's Sport were cast off at 3:34, up at 4:10. Sport pointed a bevy in woods, and later he made a point on some marked birds. Sport pointed a bevy in open sedge. Sport's range was not wide.

Imperial and Shawnee began at 4:14, and ended at 4:47.

Chippewa ran a bye commencing at 4:55. He pointed a bevy and a single bird.

Tuesday morning was cold and wintry, the ground being covered with snow. The management wisely postponed the competition to the next day.

Eight dogs were retained in the running, namely, Hickory, Pioneer, Baby Ale, Chippewa, Uncle Sam, Blue Belle, Shawnee, and Brett's Sport.

SECOND SERIES.

Hickory and Pioneer were started at 10:40, and up at 11:45. Hickory flushed a bevy and Pioneer flushed a single. Moved on, and soon Pioneer was found dropped to a point on a bevy. Hickory backed on the scattered birds. Pioneer flushed a single. Hickory made a point on a single and a false point. Hickory pointed a bevy soon after being sent on again. Hickory false pointed. Pioneer pointed a bevy and in the scattered birds made a flush. Hickory false pointed. Pioneer ranged well. He was the faster of the two. Hickory trailed and did not stay out at his work properly.

Baby Ale and Chippewa started at 12:05, ended at 12:41. Baby showed a range and pace equal to the best. No birds were found. Chippewa trailed betimes and pottered betimes also.

Uncle Sam and Blue Belle ran from 12:50 to 1:55. Sam pointed a bevy; Blue Belle broke her back and ran in, but did not flush. Sam was steady. Belle was difficult to control. On the scattered birds Sam pointed a single prettily, and worked nicely to order. Working on some scattered birds, Belle made a point; nothing found. Sam roaded about fifty yards and pointed some running birds. Next Belle pointed a bevy. On the scattered birds she pointed a single. Sam pointed and Belle broke her back. Sam roaded on to a point on a bevy, and Belle joined in the point. On opposite sides of a ravine Belle pointed a single, Sam a bevy. Belle was the faster, and took wide casts. Sam beat out his ground with judgment.

Shawnee and Brett's Sport began at 2:54 and ended at 3:24. Shawnee pointed a bevy and flushed it. Sport backed and was unsteady. On scattered birds the work was poor.

Cam's Pink ran a bye from 3:31 to 3:51. She pointed a bevy and was steady to shot and wing. She ranged moderately. This concluded the Derby. The judges awarded places as follows: First, Uncle Sam; second, Hickory; third, divided between Baby Ale and Shawnee.

The All Age Stake.

There were fifteen starters in the All Age Stake.

The conditions of the All Age Stake were as follows: For pointers and setters, which have never won a first prize in the Eastern, Continental or United States Trials All Age Stakes, previous to Nov. 1, 1903. Winners of the National Championship Association were barred. Prizes, $250, $150 and $100. Forfeit, $10; $20 to start. Entries closed Dec. 19.

The dogs were run in the following order: C. K. Brown's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Annie B. (Uncle B.—Pride of Abercorn), D. E. Rose, handler, with Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. English setter dog Mohawk (Tony Boy—Countess Meteor), J. M. Avent, handler.

Dr. C. I. Shoop's o. and w. English setter dog Ortiz Lad (Rodfield—Grace G. Darling), D. E. Rose handler, with Faust & Dickey's liv. and w. pointer dog Alford's John (Dave Kent—Cleade), John T. Jones, handler.

Avent & Duryea's b., w. and tckd. English setter bitch Youma (Tony Boy—Countess Meteor), J. M. Avent, handler, with Paul Rainey's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Portia (Sport's Gath—Pansy B.), D. E. Rose, handler.

W. W. Van Arsdale's l. and w. pointer dog Doctor Daniel (Plain Sam—Dolly Dee II.), C. Askins, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. English setter dog Alambagh (Dash Antonio—Lark), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Jesse Sherwood's w. and o. tckd. English setter dog Jessie Rodfield's Count Gladstone (Lady's Count Gladstone—Jessie Rodfield), E. Shelley, handler, with I. W. Canaday's b., w. and t. English setter dog Sure Shot (Lady's Count Gladstone—Jessie Rodfield), C. Askins, handler.

H. B. Pauler's b., w. and t. English setter dog Victor Okaw (Lady's Count Gladstone—Ortiz Vic's Vic), W. D. Gilchrist, handler, with C. B. Cook's b., w. and t. English setter dog Prince Rodney (Lady's Count Gladstone—Jessie Rodfield), D. E. Rose, handler.

W. W. Van Arsdale's w., b. and t. English setter bitch Peach Blossom (Count Gladstone IV.—Peach Mark), C. Askins, handler, with Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. English setter dog Tony Man (Tony Boy—May Blue), J. M. Avent, handler.

Wm. Brett's b., w. and t. English setter dog Sport's Count Danstone (Count Danstone—Sport's Maid), C. Askins, handler, a bye. The winners were: First, Tony Man; second, Mohawk; third, Peach Blossom.

Wednesday.

After the conclusion of the Derby, the All Age Stake was begun.

Mohawk and Annie B. were cast off at 4:10. Mohawk took a long cut entirely out of control of his handler, and when found was pointing a bevy. The dogs were worked apart thereafter for a long while. He made three more points on bevies, and was once unsteady to wing. Annie pointed twice on singles. Annie was working in a common-place manner and Mohawk was quite lawless, ranging independently of his handlers course.

Thursday.

The weather was raw and damp, and the ground was frozen.

Ortiz Lad and Alford's John began at 9:33. The handlers soon separated with Lad off the course. John soon made two points, to which nothing was found. Lad backed. John pointed a bevy in a cornfield; Lad backed. On the scattered birds, each pointed a single. Up at 10:26. Lad ranged much the wider and faster. John was not up to his form.

Youma and Portia were cast aff at 10:29. Portia made a good point on a lone bird. Portia was rounding up wind of a bevy, when Youma came across it further down wind and pointed it. Up at 11:14. Both had speed, but commonplace judgment in ranging.

Doctor Daniel and Alambagh ranged from 11:21 to 12:09. Alambagh pointed a bevy in sumac. Each got a point on the scattered birds, in looking for which Doctor pointed a bevy.

Jessie Rodfield's Count Gladstone and Sure Shot were cast off at 12:59, and shortly Sure Shot bolted and was seen no more during the heat. Jessie found and pointed a bevy neatly. He ranged well. Up at 1:40.

Victor Okaw and Prince Rodney ran from 1:45 to 2:26. Rodney was lost for a while. He was found on a point to which there was nothing. The dogs were brought together again. On some remaining birds of a flushed bevy, Vic flushed.

Peach Blossom and Tony Man began at 2:32. Up at 3:15. Peach pointed a bevy, and on the scattered birds she pointed one and flushed one. In jumping out of a gully she excusably flushed a bevy. On the scattered birds in sedge she made some points and flushes; the birds seemed to be holding the scent. A smart gallop brought the dogs together. Peach made a point nicely; nothing found. The dogs were headstrong, and the heat was chaotic.

Sport's Count Danstone ran a bye from 3:40 to 5:14. He ranged fast and wide. He made two points on scattered birds.

Friday.

The day was raw, cloudy, and threatened a storm. It was not a day for good bird work.

SECOND SERIES.

Six dogs were retained for the second series. Jessie Rodfield's Count Gladstone and Youma were cast off at 10:25. Count made a good showing. He made a good point on three birds. Youma made two points, to which nothing was found; Count backed well. Sent on, he soon located and pointed a bevy, about fifty yards away. Youma backed. Count pointed a single and dropped to a point as a single flushed. Both ranged well and sustained their speed to the finish. Up at 1:05.

Peach Blossom and Mohawk were started at 11:32. After some time, Peach was found on point. She roaded down wind, and the bevy flushed wild. Seeking the scattered birds, Mohawk pointed; nothing found. Next, Peach made a good point on a bevy. Mohawk flushed a single, and next pointed a single. He showed symptoms of unsteadiness. Peach pointed a bevy. Next, both pointed the same bevy at the same time. Next, both pointed and nothing was found. Up at 1:05. Mohawk was a bit faster in pace and wider in range, but he hunted with less judgment and was less of a finder.

Tony Man and Sport's Count Danstone started at 1:55, and ran one hour and a half. Both started at a lively rate. Tony soon pointed a bevy, and on the scattered birds he pegged four single points and made one flush. Sport, in the meantime, pointed and soon afterwood again pointed with nothing to either point. Tony pointed a bevy as a single flushed; next he made a number of good points on singles. The dogs were separated about a half-hour. Sport made a point to which three birds were raised. Tony made two finds and points on bevies, and on another bevy which he pointed, Sport coming up, made a point on it independently. The dogs were placed as follows: First, Tony Man; second, Mohawk; third, Peach Blossom.

National Championship Trials.

GRAND JUNCTION, Tenn.—The trials of the National Championship Field Trial Association commenced on Monday, February 1. The weather and ground conditions were so unfavorable that a start was not made till afternoon. The running was on the private preserve of Mr. Hobart Ames, between Grand Junction and Hickory Valley, west of the Illinois Central Railroad.

Mr. Ames kindly permitted the club to use his grounds, and besides provided a bountiful and excellent lunch for the entire field trial party each day. The neat, orderly manner in which it was served added to its dainty, appetizing features. Mr. Ames owns 6,000 acres of excellent plantation land, comparatively free from gullies and washouts, and has about 10,000 acres more under control, present and prospective. No better field trial grounds are obtainable, and better are not necessary.

The judges were of great renown. Mr. G. T. Teasdale Buckell, of England; Mr. C. W. Keyes, of East Pepperell, Mass., and Mr. Herbert Spencer Bevan, of Somerville, Tenn., kindly consented to face the judicial perils. It is a pleasure to state that they managed the competition skillfully. They recognized that the responsibility of the handlers is in the handling and that of the judges is in managing and judging. There was no wild riding on the part of the judges looking for lost dogs. If the handler could not handle his dog, the judges properly recognized that such was a part of his competition, and they were not stampeded. Nothing is more undignified and unnecessary than the frantic riding after lost dogs on the part of the judges. Nevertheless, in some of its features, owing to mild insubordination of one handler, the competition was not entirely easy to handle.

There were ten dogs in the competition. The conditions and order of running were as follows:

Prize, $500 and Edward Dexter memorial cup to winner. Open to any dog that has won a place in an open field trial, $25 to accompany nomination; second and final payment, $25 additional January 1; 16 nominations, 10 starters; 9 English setters, one pointer. Each heat was three hours' duration.

W. W. Henry's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Sport's Lady (Marie's Sport—Jeannette), C. Askins, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. English setter dog Alambagh (Antonio—Larch), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Faust & Dickey's liv. and w. pointer dog Alford's John (Dave Kent—Cleade), J. T. Jones, handler, with W. W. Van Arsdale's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Peach Blossom (Count Gladstone IV.—Peach Mark), C. Askins, handler.

Dr. C. I. Shoop's o. and w. English setter dog Ortiz Lad (Rodfield—Grace G. Darling), D. E. Rose, handler, with Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. English setter dog Tony Man (Tony Boy—May Blue), J. M. Avent, handler.

Chas. B. Cooke's b., w. and t. English setter dog Prince Rodney (Lady's Count Gladstone—Jessie Rodfield), D. E. Rose, handler, with Wm. Brett's b., w. and t. English setter dog Sport's Count Danstone (Count Danstone—Sport's Maid), C. Askins, handler.

C. K. Brown's b., w. and t. setter bitch Annie B. (Uncle B.—Pride of Abercorn), D. E. Rose, handler, with Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. English setter dog Mohawk (Tony Boy—Countess Meteor), J. M. Avent, handler.

Winner—Mohawk.

Monday.

The afternoon was not unfavorable for good work.

Sport's Lady and Alambagh ran in the afternoon, and made a fairly good showing.

Tuesday.

The forenoon was clear and strongly windy. In the afternoon the wind subsided, and the temperature rose till in the middle of the afternoon it was clear and warm.

Alford's John and Peach Blossom were cast off at 9:37 John started rather slow, but toward the middle of the heat he was ranging steadily at good speed, and finished strong. He was going at the finish much better than his opponent. Peach pointed two bevies, made a false point, and broke shot once. She was identified with several flushes. John pointed three bevies, made two false points, and was near some flushes. Each backed well.

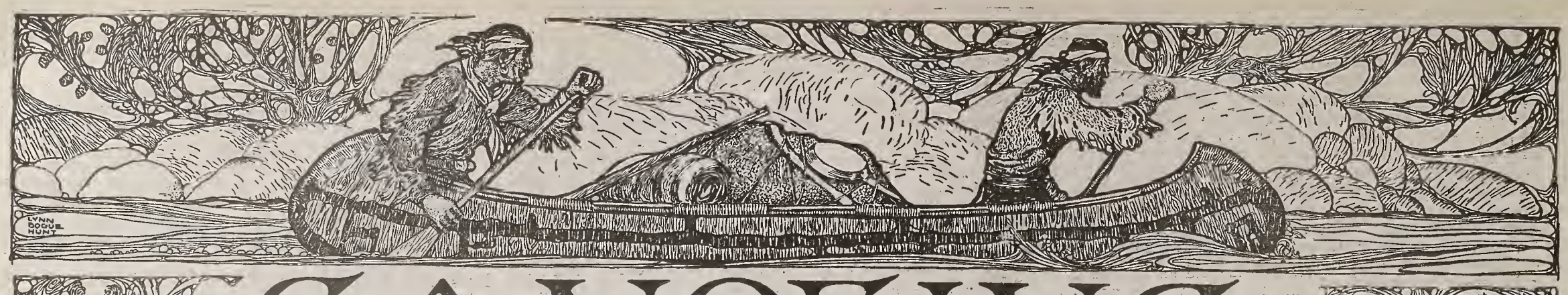
Ortiz Lad and Tony Man were started at 1:40, after lunch. Lad quit in the last hour. Lad made a very good find and point on a bevy in a creek bed. Soon afterward each pointed separate bevies. Both were lost quite a while. Sent on when found, Tony pointed a bevy. Lad pointed in woods; nothing found. Tony pointed a single and was steady to shot. Next he pointed fruitlessly. Tony roaded to a flush on a bevy; the flush was excusable. Next he pointed; nothing found. He was going moderately well at the finish.

Wednesday.

The weather was clear and cold. A light wind prevailed.

Prince Rodney and Sport's Count Danstone were cast off at 9:45. Sport was soon lost, entailing a long wait till he was found. Both pointed in woods; nothing found. Rod dropped to a flush of two birds, held point, and a bevy was flushed to it. Prince dropped to a point and was backed; each was steady to shot. Each made points on scattered birds. Count dropped to a point, roaded, and the bevy flushed wild a few yards down wind. Prince pointed; nothing found; next he flushed. Count pointed; nothing found. The brace was worked fifteen minutes over time to make up for delays. Prince had practically quit. Count was going fairly well at the finish.

Mohawk and Annie B. were cast off at 2:05, after lunch. As to finding and skillful locating and pointing of singles or bevies, Annie was much superior to her competitor. She was infinitely more obedient, hunted to the gun better, and was very much better broken. As a champion dog, Mohawk is deficient in many features. Judging him by his work in this heat, he was entirely unmanageable at times, broke away from control, and was self-hunting, and, like all dogs which do not work to the gun, he worked out his ground poorly from the view-point of the hunter, though not poorly from the view-point of the self-hunting dog. He was very faulty in locating his bevies. If he had the wind of the birds he went to them with a sharp dash; if he had to solve any problems across or down wind, he was completely at sea. He was unreliable on a back; indeed, he broke a back and stole a point flagrantly in spite of the commands of his handler. He was unsteady to the gun and wing. In short, he was hardly half broken. As an exponent of high class work, he was far inferior to Annie B. The latter toward the latter part of the heat, had shortened her pace and was very tired; but at the end Mohawk also had let down to a trot, and was trailing close after Annie. Neither, however, had quit. It would be interesting and instructive if the judges would explain wherein lies Mohawk's superior excellence with his serious faults coincidentally considered. Annie pointed a bevy. Mohawk, in the open, ran close by a bevy which flushed wild. Mohawk, in an open bottom, ran up to a bevy with much dash and pointed it. Annie made three good points on single birds; Mohawk made two points on singles. The dogs were separated some time. Annie roaded to a good point on a bevy; she was steady to shot. The dogs were brought together. Mohawk pointed a single on birds which the judges ordered the dogs away from. Mohawk pointed, left point close by bevy, roaded up wind and pointed. Annie took up roading near the same bevy. Mohawk went back, flushed an outlying bird or two, and dropped to point. Sent on. Mohawk pointed a bevy; he flushed, and next he pointed some singles. Annie roaded a bevy, which flushed some yards away to a horseman. This was hard luck for Annie. Sent on, Annie pointed a bevy. Mohawk backed, broke back, rushed by Annie and stole the point in the open field. Sent on. Annie pointed a bevy in open sedge. Mohawk was not near. Next Mohawk pointed, and about fifty yards down wind Mohawk pointed the bevy. Mohawk false pointed. Next Mohawk found and pointed two bevies. Annie false pointed. Annie pointed a rabbit. Both tired when ordered up.



CANOEING

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How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section 1, of the by-laws of the A. C. A:
"Application for membership shall be made to the Division Pursers, and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

Cruise of the Red and the Green.

A Canoe Cruise in the Lake Temagami Region.

BY ARTHUR L. WHEELER.

The Story which won the Third Prize of $15 in "Forest and Stream" Canoe Cruising Competition.

(*Concluded from page* 118.)

PART III.—DIAMOND, LADY EVELYN, AND OBABIKA.

We were now on the northern watershed from Temagami. Our camp on Diamond Lake was pitched on an island at about the point where the north and west arms unite to form the body of the lake. This camp was some distance in from the water, and about twenty feet above it on a ridge, and we remember it well because there only were we able to drive all four posts! The place had been used by hunters, probably Indians, as was proved by the presence of an old pair of moose horns. Indeed, Diamond Lake is a good locality for moose, for there are several fine marshes on its shores, but of this more anon. It is famous for its bass, also, and we had no difficulty in proving this reputation to be well founded.

July 17. From west arm of Diamond Lake up the north arm to portage into inlet of Lady Evelyn Lake. The portage is on the east shore, and is less than a quarter of a mile long. Down inlet to Lady Evelyn Lake; camp on island near the east shore. Distance, about ten miles.

We did not tarry in Diamond Lake, for the lust of travel was on us and we felt that there was scant time to see more of that wonderful country. Glorious weather still favored us, and we got a fairly early start. The outlet of Diamond Lake, the point at which the portage begins, is unique. With no intermediate stream of any sort, Diamond Lake overflows like a full cup. The water drops over the edge of the lake in a fall of ten or fifteen feet, and then after a few hundred yards of rapids it passes into the long and tortuous inlet leading to Lady Evelyn Lake. This inlet was the most dangerous place for sunken rocks that we encountered. Huge glacial boulders lie thickly at some points in the narrow, sluggish stream, and waylay the unwary canoeman. We got through to the lake with no other mishap than running one canoe high upon a rock, but forutnately with no damage to the canoe.

Lady Evelyn is a fine large lake, containing many islands and having a finer distant view—that of Maple Mountain—than Temagami can boast, but the water is far less brighter and clear, and the beautiful pines have been terribly devastated by a large fire that swept over them about thirty years ago. The scars of this conflagration are now in great measure obliterated by the hardwood second growth, but thousands of acres of magnificent timber are gone forever. Here and there a skeleton trunk, towering above the deciduous trees, stands as a reminder of the giants of former days.

Our camp lay on the northwest point of a large island about half way up the eastern shore of the lake. We had to hurry up the tent for showers were visible to the north. Mosquitoes and midges were very thick.

In the evening we held a council of war. We had now reached the parting of the ways. From Lady Evelyn Lake it was easy to go out to Temiskaming by way of the Montreal River, or to double back on our course and return by way of the Metabetchouan, taking in some side trips on the way. We had also some idea of going from Lady Evelyn to Sucker Gut Lake, where there is a stream offering brook trout fishing. As the country along the Montreal is of inferior interest, and as the trouting was known to be nothing remarkable, we decided to return to Temagami by way of Diamond, Wakimika, and Obabika lakes, and try for lake trout instead of their more refined cousin, the *Salvelinus fontinalis*.

July 18 and 19. Meanwhile we spent two days in exploring Lady Evelyn Lake. Mosquitoes were numerous, as I have said. So were showers. But bass and blueberries were equally in evidence. Few good things come to us in this life without alloy, but one must not mistake the alloy for the pure metal. And so we ate blueberries and bass with full enjoyment, meanwhile philosophically slapping mosquitoes and dodging showers.

July 20. From Lady Evelyn Lake back to our old camp on Diamond Lake. Distance, about ten miles.

A bright morning promised a cessation of the almost continuous showers, but the end was not yet, as we were to learn. On the way to the portage we passed a large bark canoe with an Indian family aboard, two men, a woman, and three children. It was amusing to watch the little five-year-old boy with a miniature paddle dig over the side into the water with all the swing of a veteran. We had an object lesson of the reason why the Indian is an incomparable canoeman. At about this time shower number one put in an appearance, and the Indians lay to under the shelter of a rock. We continued on our way, as the shower was not a heavy one, but going slightly out of our way behind an island we reached the portage just behind the Indians. The rain now came down in floods, and everyone was soaked except the Indian woman and the children, for whom the men improvised a rude shelter with a piece of sail cloth. As we were very wet we decided to keep on to our old camp. We arrived at about half-past one, lunched, and partially dried ourselves. In the afternoon we tried trolling for lakers in the west arm and caught our first specimen, a small one of a little over two pounds in weight. Just to end the day as we began it, we had a close race to camp with another shower, which we beat out by a few seconds. Verily it was a day of showers.

July 21. Having caught one laker we decided to remain on Diamond Lake a day and try for more. The net result of three or four hours' work with our clumsy apparatus was three fish averaging less than three pounds. But we were all satisfied, especially as we saw a cow moose and two calves, and succeeded in beating out another shower. At the latter sport we were becoming quite proficient. In the course of the day we landed at the old Hudson Bay clearing, now abandoned, on the northwest shore. The place is now farmed by somebody, probably an Indian, and there is a good sized cabin on the shore. It is farming under difficulties, however, for a considerable portion of the one crop (potatoes) had been badly trampled by trespassing moose. The owner was not at home when we called.

That night we regaled ourselves with a plentiful feast of which baked lake trout formed the chief attraction. For once we had enough of these fish, and found them very good.

July 22. From Diamond Lake by way of the west arm to portage into inlet of Wakimika. Down inlet to the lake. The portage is a double one, divided by a pond which must be crossed. Total distance, about twelve miles, of which the portage is nearly a mile. Camp on Wakimika about three-quarters of a mile from south end on western shore.

It was a beautifully clear morning on which we started for Wakimika Lake, and the west arm of Diamond was never more lovely than when we paddled leisurely along beneath its high wooded shores. On the way we sighted a queer looking craft steering across our bows, which, on nearer inspection, proved to be a large porcupine whose quills projected from the water like a sail. We photographed him and then proceeded on our way.

In a long curve the arm bends to the south and narrows to a few rods in width as one nears the portage. In many places here the solid cliffs along the shore are marked and grooved by glacial action, and not far from the portage there is in the lake a remarkable deposit—"esker" is the scientific term—of glacial boulders. This heap is a hundred yards or more in length, and thirty or forty yards wide. The stones average three or four feet in diameter, and are deposited in the lake as evenly as though they had been put there by the hand of man to form a breakwater. Our photograph gives but a poor idea of the size and impressiveness of this witness to the Titanic forces that once molded that region.

The portage is on the west (right-hand shore) and is not very plainly marked. We fumbled about a little before finding it. One turns into the inlet to the right of the last small island in the arm. The landing is made among the huge boulders, and the trail, after passing through some trees, runs up over a ledge of solid rock covered by scarcely anything but a thin skin of moss. It then follows the edge of the rock for some distance, and finally descends sharply to a small pond. Here the canoes must be reloaded and the pond crossed diagonally to a point about half way down the opposite shore. There the trail is resumed once more. Again it leads up over a hill of solid rock and down through the woods to the inlet of Wakimika Lake. It is not an easy portage, and was especially hard for us because one of the party had an attack of lumbago, and although he stuck manfully to his loads on the first half of the portage, we forced him to give them up on the second half. To cap the climax, the inevitable shower appeared just as we completed the last trip, and we had a cheerless lunch beneath the dripping trees.

Just off the landing, as we were bowling along in what we thought was deep water, one canoe nearly ran upon a pile of huge boulders lying just beneath the surface. Luckily the bowman saw them in time. After this we continued without accident to Wakimika Lake, into which we slid by way of a brook only a few rods in length, and so shallow that one man had to leave each canoe in order to float them through.

Not knowing where to camp we headed at first for two small islands about half way down the east shore. There have been camps on these islands, but there is no very good place for a tent. While we were prospecting we found quantities of very large and luscious blueberries, but since there was nothing else to our liking we struck across to the west shore. There we found several excellent spots. The shore is formed by a long, smooth ledge shelving gently into the water. Thirty or forty feet back from the water the forest begins, and there are plenty of level places for a tent, although the rock is so near the surface that no tent posts can be driven. We were accustomed to this, however, and as a shower was threatening in the northern horizon, we made haste to get up the tent. But this time the shower passed us by.

Wakimika is by long odds the finest of all the smaller lakes that we saw. It has but three or four islands, so that the view is unobstructed, and to the northwest one commands a prospect of distant mountains rivalling that on Lady Evelyn Lake. It is the haunt of the loon; and we saw five of these haunts together. We did little fishing, but one of our largest bass was taken with the fly, while we were at breakfast the next morning. The fisherman had three attentive coachers who still sat at the table, coffee cup in hand, while he played his fish. Shouts of "Keep cool!" "Give him the butt!" and "Reel him in!" were obeyed until the bass was drawn exhausted upon the rocks.

And I must not neglect to describe the bathing in Wakimika, for it was unique. The would-be bather took his stand on the edge of the ledge, and then stepping carefully into the water, slid in an upright posture far out to sea like a ship from the ways. The ledge was perfectly smooth, and no ice was ever more slippery.

July 23. From Wakimika down the outlet to Obabika. No portage, although two are marked on the map. Camp on Obabika, on an island opposite the portage into Temagami; distance, about twelve miles.

Thanks to a good rubbing and dry clothes, our lame man was much improved in the morning, and we decided to keep on to Obabika. Our map showed two portages to the south of Wakimika, but noticing that the outlet stream had apparently been cut out, we determined to go through in the canoes. This proved a fortunate decision, for we had one of our most interesting morning's paddling down that narrow, sandy stream, through a dense forest. Many times we had to use a great deal of care in working our way under windfalls and around snags, but never once did we have to leave the canoes. It is doubtful whether the stream was at any point wide enough so that we could have turned a canoe about in it. After about two miles of twisting and turning we emerged upon a small, reedy pond. From that point to Obabika the stream was much wider, the woods were further back, and navigation was easy. Along this portion of the stream we saw many wild ducks.

Out upon Obabika a strong north wind was blowing, and we had a delightful paddle down the lake on the crests of the whitecaps. We lunched upon an island near the west shore where there had been an Indian camp. It was here that one of our canoes chafed a small hole through the canvas, the only leak that was caused during the trip. We repaired it the same evening with a little whitelead and canvas. Shortly after lunch we fell in with a couple of rangers who accompanied us as far as the island on which we made our camp.

Obabika is a fine lake with a total length of seventeen or eighteen miles. It differs from Temagami in two important respects: it has few islands, and the water is amber-hued, like that of Lady Evelyn Lake and the Metabetchouan waters. Our camp was a very pleasant one, although for a time it looked as though we might have to go without a bed, since a colony of hornets dwelt perilously near the only fir trees. After supper, in the glow of a fine sunset, we took the lame man out trolling, and he took the largest lake trout of the trip, a fish weighing nearly four pounds.

July 24. From Obabika, over portage to Obabika Bay, an extension of the northwest arm of Temagami. Down the arm to our old camp near Bear Island; distance, about thirteen miles.

The rangers had promised to pass our way on their way back to Temagami, and we had half agreed to go over the portage with them. About seven o'clock I was aroused by the swift click of paddles against the gunwales of a canoe. Presently the sound ceased an I knew that the rangers were inspecting our camp for any signs of that early start that we were going to make. Seeing no signs of life—for nobody but myself had heard them—they continued on their way without us. About an hour later we tumbled out, disgracefully late—but why not at times have your nap out in the woods as elsewhere?

It was but a short paddle from our island to the portage, and the portage itself is only a few hundred yards in length. We were soon following the tortuosities of Obabika Bay, and reached the wide expanse of the Northwest Arm in time for lunch. A two-hour fight with a cross wind took us back to the little island camp near the Post at about half past three. It was homelike to find our bough beds undisturbed, and tent poles all cut and ready for use, for all of which we were grateful, for we were tired.

July 25. The wind shifted to the north in the night, and by morning a fine, cold rain was driving down the lake. By afternoon this had degenerated into a mist which interfered with our movements about camp very little. We celebrated our return by having a "royal gorge" that night. The menu consisted of bacon and boiled beans, fried rice cakes and maple syrup, hot biscuits and cocoa. This followed by a pipe before a roaring camp-fire put us in the proper frame of mind for a sound night's rest. But before we turned in, we discussed our enforced return to civilization, and decided to make an early start on the following day, fully expecting to start in the rain.

July 26. From Bear Island to end of Northeast Arm of Temagami. Camp, the same we occupied going in; distance, about sixteen miles.

We were off about eight o'clock, agreeably surprised to find that the rain had blown over in the night, and that it was a most beautiful day with clear, crisp air and a strong north wind. We had reduced our loads to the smallest dimensions, leaving behind everything that had served its purpose and repacking the remnant in the smallest possible space. Portages could now be made in practically one trip, although one man had to go back each time for some of the light stuff.

Bidding good-by to Mr. Woods and the friendly rangers at the Post, we headed for Metagama Point aided by the wind. After rounding the point we hugged the north shore as closely as possible, but even so, we caught it pretty strongly off one or two bays that we had to cross, and we congratulated ourselves that this same wind was not blowing from the east.

Passing over this portion of the country, which I have already described, I will pass on to the outlet of Rabbit Lake, which we reached on the afternoon of Monday, the 27th, having made four portages and about thirty-five miles in two days. This was good time for us, although in reality, rather slow going. While we were encamped at the outlet of Rabbit Lake, a voyageur passed us about nine o'clock in the evening, who made the whole trip from Temagami to the mouth of the Montreal River, a distance of about fifty miles, in eleven hours, traveling nearly all night and making nine portages. But he was professional, and we, as amateurs, were entirely satisfied with our rate of progress.

July 28. From outlet of Rabbit Lake down the Metabetchouan to head of Third Bass Pond. Four portages, all on the right bank. Camp, the same we had occupied before at the head of Third Pond; distance, about seven miles.

This was emphatically a day of work. But two miles down the river we came to the first portage. This is made necessary by the Rabbit Chute where the river boils down through a cleft in the rocks, and thence over a series of ledges. The portage is about three-quarters of a mile long. Then follow two more portages, and finally the long Side Rock, where the trail leads up and along the side of a hill of solid rock covered by a scanty growth of trees and bushes, among which are many blueberries. It is about a mile in length, and the footing in many places is none of the best. A spring brook crosses the trail just below its upper end, and we availed ourselves of its cold water at lunch. Here we saw the only elms we had noticed during our wanderings, likewise the only minister, an itinerant Presbyterian, carrying his own Peterboro canoe. He was bound for the country south of Rabbit Lake. It is not an easy parish for pastoral calls; but the life has its charms, and he seemed well content.

From the foot of the Side Rock Portage it was but a short paddle to Fourth Bass Pond, where we struck our own trail again, for it was at this point that we had turned aside to enter McDonald Lake. Running down the swift water up which we had towed our canoes, we were once more at our former camp on Third Bass Pond. A fine drizzle set in as soon as we reached camp, and continued most of the night, but we had a good fire, and even accomplished a little fishing before darkness came on. Among the spoils was a good two-pound bass, taken off the rocks with the fly.

July 29. Through Third, Second, and First Bass Ponds. Over Clay Hill Portage, down the Metabetchouan, to Bonner's (Montreal River); distance, about eight miles.

We had now but one more portage to make, the dreaded Clay Hill; but we had a day in which to accomplish it, and so we decided to put all our duffle in practically final shape before leaving camp. After a heavy shower at about eight o'clock the sun came out, but the day was close and warm. We breakfasted at about half-past ten, and spent the rest of the morning in packing. In the course of this we made an inventory of our supplies, and it may perhaps interest those who take similar trips to know how we came out. There remained about 8lbs. of bacon (besides about 6lbs. given away at Bear Island), ½lb. maccaroni, ½lb. sugar, ¾lb. baking powder, 2lbs. salt pork, ¾lb. tea, 3lbs. rice, ½ bar of soap, and 1½ cans milk. Everything else had been eaten clean. On the whole, we were pleased with the closeness of our estimate. This surplus we left in our remaining box, and we have reason to believe that there was no waste, for we told one of the rangers where it was.

Then, having dedicated our cast-off clothes to the gods of the woods, we girded our loins for the final struggle with Clay Hill. It proved pretty hot, but a good bath at the end and clean clothes put us in fine fettle once more, and the three miles to Bonner's were made in good time.

Our trip was virtually at an end, and of the return to civilization little need be said. Early on the next day we took the steamer for Temiskaming, where we sold one of our faithful canoes, and saw it start back into the woods within an hour whither we should have been glad to accompany it. The same night we boarded the express at Mattawa, arriving next morning at the Canadian Capital. In Ottawa we were forced to spend most of the day, but the city is so beautiful that the time was well spent. Yes, our trip was over. But no one ever visits the Temagami country without bringing away a resolve to go again, and we are living in hopes that the happy time may not be overfar in the future.



The Maiden Cruise of Istar.

From Greenport L. I., to St. Johns, N. B., and Return, July 16 to September 8, 1903.

BY BROOKS H. WELLS, NEW YORK CITY.

"O Ægir, friend, thy years are fleet—
Soon comes the time of couch and staff;
We follow thee with earnest feet,
Nor dream thy joys in half.
The hurrying wine of living strife
Upon the eager lip is sweet,
And to the jeweled brim we'll quaff
The glorious cup of life.

"O Ægir, take my hands in thine—
Soft ease and safety are but vain;
We'll quaff with thee the windy wine
And dare the farthest main.
Thy breath is round us, wild and warm,
And bright along the rushing brine
We sweep with all thy shining train
On pluméd wings of storm."

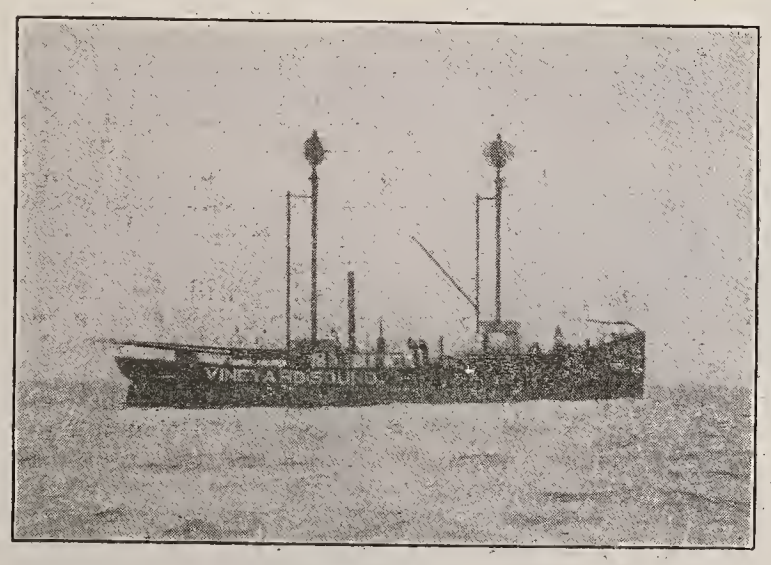
—McNeal.

THE Maine coast is beautiful, and could we eliminate the fog would be a paradise for the small boat. Even with the fog, cold, wet, and blinding, and with weather as fickle as chance, it is most fascinating to him who would lie near to nature's heart, who loves the sea, and who delights in overcoming difficulties purely for the pleasure of it.

If he goes as he should, as his own skipper, crew and cook, or with a companion or two to do their share, he is certain to be a better man for it both in body and mind, for the work exacts persistence, courage, coolness in the face of danger, and quick decision. Try it if you can get a boat that is strongly built, decked, and made so that all openings can be securely closed, and deep enough so that a capsize is unlikely. Size is of less importance than staunchness. The yawl rig is the safest and most easily managed.

Starting from Long Island Sound the first bit of open sea comes in the twenty-five miles from Watch Hill by Point Judith to Newport, but the nearly completed harbor of refuge just west of the point makes a convenient, even if somewhat treacherous, haven for the belated sailor. From Point Judith to the Vineyard Sound is another long stretch of about twenty-five miles of open water, but, if you like, you can coast along by Newport, Sakonnet, and the Hen and Chickens and never be more than five miles from a harbor.

The most exposed part of the run is that from Hyannis over the shoals and up the cape to Provincetown or Cape Ann. For this the little fellow must wait for favorable weather, and while waiting should study the Current Table for Nantucket and the Vineyard Sound in Part III. of the U. S. Coast Pilot, so as to be able to get clear over the shoals with a fair tide. If drawing under five feet he may try the Point Channel after he has carefully studied the large scale chart, remembering that he *must* have a fair tide and *must* keep close in to the beach until past the Monomoy light. The shoals near the beach off Monomoy require care, as they change from year to year.



Vineyard Sound Light Vessel.

From Cape Ann to Portland you are seldom more than eight miles from a harbor, and from Portland to Little River there is always a shelter in sight. From Little River to St. John, N. B., the way is more exposed, but may be negotiated with care.

The small boat should usually be content with a point not further east than Mt. Desert, or Winter Harbor, and should not venture beyond until both skipper and boat have been proved worthy.

In preparing for a cruise, be extravagant when it comes to matters of safety, and have good side and anchor lights.

Get the best 3½-inch or 4-inch liquid compass that you can buy, and a good binnacle. Set it carefully so that a line passing through the lubber's point and the center of the card is exactly parallel with the fore and aft line of the keel.

Know the deviation of your compass on all courses. There may be none on a small boat, but be sure about it. Always stow all iron articles in the same place, and as far away from your compass as possible. Don't, in a fog, stand your horn upright near the compass, and expect to fetch where you think you are pointing.

Carry the latest buoy and light list and a full set of Government largest scale charts of the waters you expect to sail over. Until you become expert, lay off every course with parallel rule and dividers and sail by compass and log. You then soon learn to allow for leeway and current, and to know your exact position at all times, so that when fog comes you have confidence to hold your course, and skill to make it.

Keep yourself familiar with every line, spar, and fastening of your boat and rigging, so as to detect and remedy any sign of weakness or wear.

Carry two anchors of good weight, long shanked and stocked, and plenty of spare cable, not too heavy, but reliable. Then carry an extra anchor below. If you have to drop your hook on rocky bottom, first carry the cable down the shank of the anchor and secure it to the crown by a clove hitch, then bring the cable back to the ring and make it fast with a single loose turn of marline. Neglect of this precaution has lost many an anchor, but when an anchor is "muzzled" in this way don't put too much faith in it, as it may break out when you most wish it to hold.

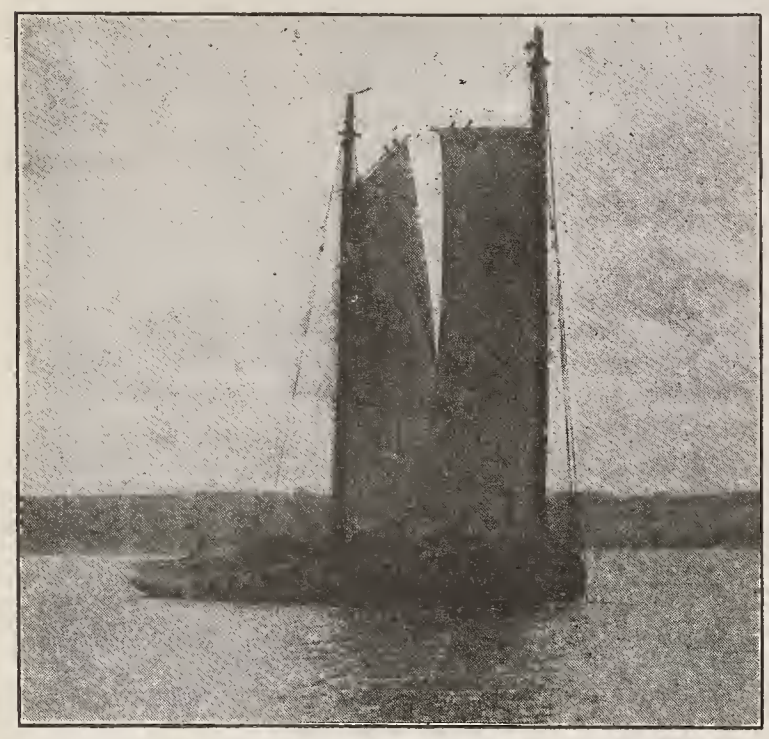
The blue pigeon" is not so frequently needed on the Maine coast, where the rocks and reefs usually rise abruptly from deep water, as it is on the sandy shores and bars south from Boston, but don't forget it. Carry

a seven-pound lead with seven fathoms of light line to use in picking your way to an anchorage in a fog and for making sure of the character of the bottom. If you expect to go offshore, a deep sea lead that can find the ooze at one hundred fathoms will be useful.

Always know that your pump is in working order. Keep your fresh water tank full when you can, and have stores to last a fortnight in case of the possible accident of being blown to sea.

Keep an observant eye on the weather, and learn to read the lessons of the air, clouds, and sky. Carry a good aneroid barometer. Always expect fog when the wind comes off the ocean from E. by S. to W.S.W., and always expect an early morning north wind to fail by 8:30 or 9 A. M. Sometimes you will be pleasantly disappointed in both cases, but expect the worst.

Try your boat to the utmost limit on occasions when



Wood Boat on the St. John River.

you have a harbor close under your lee, and so learn what she can do in a fight against sea and wind, and give her your confidence accordingly, but when caught outside in a blow, go easy.

Istar is a younger sister of Altair, and in time may win her way as deeply into her skipper's heart. She is described and pictured in the FOREST AND STREAM for March 21, 1903; 41ft. 3in. over all, she is 27ft. 6in. on the waterline, and has an extreme beam of 10ft. She draws 5ft. 6in., and has a least freeboard of 2ft. 8in. With 7,000 pounds of lead on her keel she was not stiff enough to suit her skipper, and about 900 pounds more were stowed inside, with a remarkable increase in stability. She is rigged as a yawl with double headsail, and carries a topsail on a pole mast. Her balloon jib is large, and is arranged so that it can be used also as a spinnaker. This sail proved of the greatest value in the light winds of midsummer, and would pull like a horse when everything else hung flat. The boat is framed in oak, and planked with cedar. There is 6ft. headroom in the cabin, berths for four, and room for a man forward. On the present cruise the skipper was accompanied by a friend, Sedgwick S., and carried for the first time a paid hand, who will be known in the narrative as the mate.

In all the glory of fresh paint and shining varnish, Istar slid off the ways on the morning of July 16, just as the sun had risen high enough to peep at her over the top of the Greenport breakwater, and at 9:30 she was running with all sail set toward the east and the fascination of the wide sea. The cruise had begun auspiciously. The air was fresh and the heavens a transparent blue. The West Wind was turbulent, but as clear-eyed and sunny as the skies above him, and the Sea smiled as he kissed her.



The Virgin's Breasts—Moosabec Reach.

At 11:10 passed the Gas Buoy off Gardiner's Island and set a course E. by N. for the whistle off Point Judith. A little later, while looking at the fort on Little Gull, we saw the flash of a gun, a second after heard the roar of a heavy shell passing directly over us, and turning quickly caught a glimpse of the black dot of the projectile as it dropped toward the point where a jet of white water marked its fall.

Passed Judith at 5, and at 7 were getting supper in Newport Harbor.

We left Newport the next day at noon, having waited to compare our watches at the falling of the time ball on the torpedo station, and sailed away over a little rounded swell to the Vineyard, anchoring for the night well up in Tarpaulin Cove. The next morning ran over to the Vineyard Haven and anchored off the village at the head of the harbor. Quite early in the morning the sky began to darken and looked smooth and greasy, except where the clouds banked heavily in the south. At noon southwest storm signals were set on East Chop. About 3 P. M. the barometer began to fall slowly, and at 10, when the gale broke loose, had dropped three-tenths of an inch. The wind backed suddenly to E.S.E., and blew furiously for three hours while we rode securely to two anchors with a long scope of cable. Others were not so fortunate, for a number of small yachts dragged or broke away from their moorings and went high on the beach.

This blow was one of the most dangerous summer storms that have swept Nantucket Sound in years. Fortunately it gave many hours' plain warning of its coming, and nearly all craft were able to make harbor. That Ayaya and Emblem were able to ride safely through the fury of the night in the open water of the Sound, exacts the highest tribute to the staunchness of the craft and to the skill, courage, and efficiency of their skippers.

The skipper had to wait several days at the Vineyard for certain important letters, and then ran down to Hyannis Port. The next morning opened showery with thin fog. At 9:30 we ran out from behind Hyannis breakwater and started to beat with light S.E. wind and head tide down the Sound to the Handkerchief Light vessel, which we passed at 3:15 in a clear air and the first of a fair tide. At the entrance to the Pollock Rip Slue an extremely dense fog rolled in, through which the Shoal Light vessel loomed gigantic when we passed her close aboard to port at 5:15. By log and compass we sailed along through the night, passing many sailing vessels and steamers, but all at safe distance. At 2 A. M. the fog was extremely thick and the wind light S.S.E. By dead reckoning we were then five miles N.¾E. from the Highland Light, and heading in the same direction for Cape Elizabeth Lights, 86½ miles away. In answer to three blasts on our horn, from somewhere ahead in the blackness came the hoarse call of a steamer's whistle. Again we blew, and again came back the answer, this time much nearer and from well off our port bow. A few seconds later the white bow lights of a big steamer came into view seemingly higher than our masthead. There was an instant's vision of a knife-like bow towering over us and the hissing of a steel stem through the sea. The mate had thrown the tiller hard up, and, as it rushed by with hardly two feet to spare, we came around parallel with the steamer, and in the white water from its bow.

The skipper had been forward manipulating the horn. As he went aft he felt that he was curiously unmoved by the incident, and appreciating fully the danger, rather wondered that he was not frightened. Yet it was with a feeling of almost resentment that he saw the mate, who, by his quickness in making the right move at the right instant, had turned us aside in the nick of time, sitting with



A Day Mark—Mussel Ridge Channel.

one hand on the tiller and the other pressed over his heart, and with wide eyes that still stared unwinking into the blackness. Sedgwick slept peacefully below. We held our course until twenty-six miles from the Highlands. Then, the dense fog and light airs which had kept us awake all night continuing with no prospect of a change, we ran off for Eastern Point, smelled our way into Gloucester, had an early dinner, and turned in before five for a good long sleep.

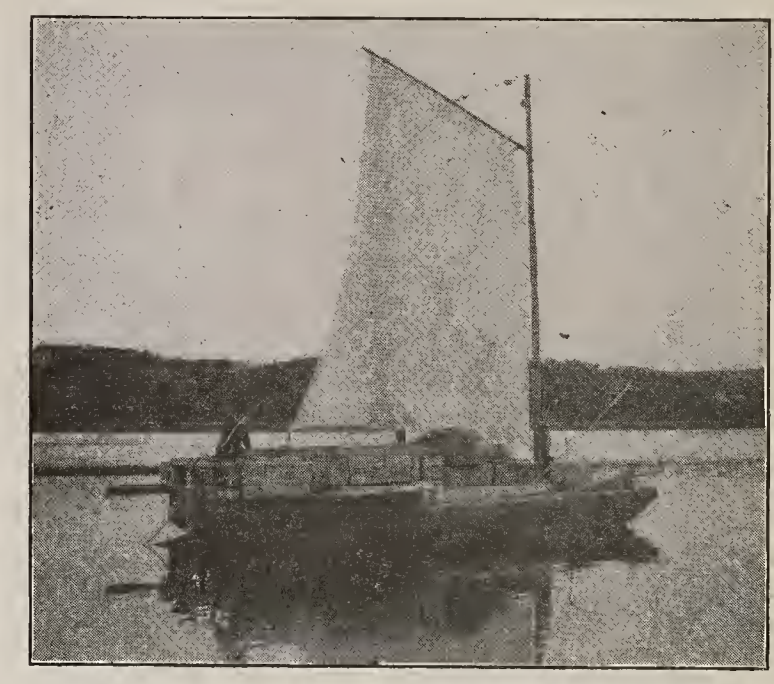
July 24-26. Beautiful clear, cool morning. Light N.W. wind. Sailed at 5:30 A. M., and had breakfast under way. Becalmed three miles N.E. from Halibut Point at 9 A. M., and drifted with occasional light airs all day, so that it was 6:30 when we passed the gray tower of Boone Island. After this the wind came light but steady from the north, and carried us to an anchorage in Portland harbor by 2 A. M. Slept soundly until 8. Breakfasted luxuriously at 9, and early in the afternoon sailed away among the ever-lovely islands of Casco Bay, and put in for the night at Potts Harbor. It rained hard all night, but was clear and calm the next morning. Sailed about noon and drifted along in light airs to Boothbay. Soon after we got under way the strap holding the upper peak halliard block parted, fortunately in a light air, while we had the topsail on her so that the slender line of the topsail sheet held the gaff from dropping. A few minutes later the shackle holding the sail at the jaws of the gaff was found to be broken, and then, with a sudden leap from the deck, one of the main sheet blocks went flying out to the boom end. "This is because we are sailing on Sunday," said the mate, solemnly, as we were making temporary repairs. Barometer dropped steadily all day, falling from 29.98 to 29.61. A heavy dark cloud bank in the north and west promised wind by nightfall, and it kept its promise.

July 27. A fresh gale blew from N.N.W.

The mate, who is very expert in all that pertains to the sailor's handicraft, finished the new strap for the peak block about 10 A. M. As Istar was dragging two anchors and in danger of going ashore, the wind having freshened to over forty-five miles an hour, we got under way with close reefed mainsail, small jib and mizzen, but had to take in the mizzen a few minutes later. Ran off easily and expected to make Owl's Head, but when we opened up the bay beyond Pemaquid the flying spray driven from the crests of the steep offshore chop, soon filled and swamped the tender which we towed close under the counter. The wind came out more ahead, the swamped boat towed very heavily, and we found it best to run into the Herring Gut, where we dropped both hooks and rode with forty fathoms of cable to each.

July 28 we made one of the most enjoyable runs of the cruise. Passed out by Marshall Point Light at 7:45 A. M. Wind light N.; Whitehead at 9:03, fair tide. In the Mussel Ridge were becalmed for a few minutes until the S.W. wind came and blew us along across west Penobscot Bay, Fox Island Thoroughfare, with its charming reaches, and by Goose Rock Light at 1 P. M. Here the wind freshened and held true and steady for the rest of the day. Passed Lazygut Ledges at 3, Bass Head at 4:15, and Winter Harbor Light at 6:45, making the average speed for the day's run six miles an hour. A thickening in the S. and S.E., falling barometer, increasing moisture in the air, and increasing wind presage rain and wind for to-morrow.

July 29 gave us rain, fog, and S.E. wind. On the 30th



An Eel Fisherman—St. John River.

the wind had become a gale, with a rising barometer. The 31st opened beautiful and clear. A good sailing breeze came out from the west about 9:30, and we ran out from Winter Harbor into the great swells that were rolling heavily in from the S.E. By Schoodic, Petit Manan, through Moosabec Reach, by the Virgin's Breasts to the rocky islets of the Brothers the wind held fair and fresh, so we sailed on over the blue for Little River. Alas, the tide began to run ebb and the wind to fail as Istar turned inquiringly along the west shore of Machias Bay until she found her way to a snug berth in the beautiful little cove called Buck's Harbor, where she closed her wings for a night's rest. The run of forty-three miles was made in six hours and thirty-six minutes.

August 1. The sun was shining high above the hills through an air so crisp that one felt it a joy merely to be alive, when we ran between the heads of Buck's Harbor, across Machias Bay and through the intricate passage of Cross Island Narrows. Here we met the strong ebb coming out of the Grand Manan channel, and made slow headway, not passing Quoddy Head until 12:20 with the first of the flood. Went by Lubec to Eastport for letters and provisions, then across the line into Canada and up through the islands at the entrance of Passamaquoddy Bay to Bliss Harbor.

The tidal currents about here are very strong, and one should study chart and Coast Pilot carefully before sailing. At the entrance between Eastport and Deer Island whirlpools are formed at certain times of the tide which rival the famed Maelstrom and have been known to engulf vessels of twelve tons. At the other entrance, the Letite Passage, the swirling tides setting over sunken reefs form dangerous overfalls. Bliss Harbor, an oval basin a mile and a half long, with deep water, bold, rocky



Passamaquoddy Bay—Off Eastport.

shores, and good holding ground, is an ideal anchorage, but lonesome, desolate, and deserted most of the time. The skipper never sees it without wishing that he could "rub the lamp" and transport it bodily to some place where it could be appreciated.

The next day we ran up to St. John. The coast is bleak, desolate, and bold, with a sombre beauty of its own. St. John is a picturesque and active shipping port of some fifty thousand inhabitants, and much of interest to the visiting yachtsman. The river, a noble stream navigable for ninety miles, pours its flood into the bay through a defile in the rocks scarcely forty yards wide. The tidal change above the defile is very small, while on the bay side is a rise and fall of from twenty-three to twenty-seven feet, so that the water of the sea is alternately far above and far below that of the river. Vessels can only pass through these "reversible falls" during the few minutes in each tide when the waters are at the same level. We went ashore to report at the Custom House

and to pay our respects to Mr. A. E. Adams, a prominent business man, a member of the Royal Kennebacasis Y. C., and a most charming and courteous gentleman to whom, and to Dr. Daniel, a former mayor of the city, we were indebted for many favors and much information. To them we extend our thanks and heartily commend any visiting yachtsmen. The yacht club have issued a small plan of the river which makes it easy for a boat drawing under eight feet to go up as far as Fredericton. Below Gagetown the navigation is very easy, above that point it is safer to have a pilot, and there is none better than Capt. Perley. The river is ideal for sailing or canoeing, and one could spend a whole summer exploring its beauties.

One bright morning a tug pulled us through the falls on the "flood slack," and we sailed away up the river through picturesque placid reaches edged by high, rounded, wooded hills, and with many glimpses of little sandy points and stretches of gleaming waters. Anchored for the night off the grassy edges of the Mistake, and when morning came hoisted sail and again resumed our dreamy way up the river. By and by the hills began to recede, and we sailed through a flatter and more fertile land. But the wind kept light, we only crawled slowly up, and we reached our time limit at the upper end of Little Musquash and turned Istar's bow homeward.

The minute she started for home she began to go like a hungry horse turned toward his stable. With a freshening wind and fair tide she reached rapidly down the stream, running in three hours nearly to our anchorage of the night before. Choosing a little cove by the church just above Van Wart's, we made snug for the night out of the way of any stray steamer or raft that might come along. Did not get away from our anchorage until about 9 A. M., and then soon had to anchor again and wait until noon for wind enough to enable Istar to beat her way against the incoming flood. Shortly after the wind freshened to a good whole sail breeze, but from dead ahead, and each time we came to a turn in the river the wind was still ahead. At 5:30 we were tying up alongside a tug at Indiantown just above the falls, and at 8 the next morning were passing a line to the Wm. H. Murray for a tow through the gorge and out to the southern end of Partridge Island.

Here we found a confused old sea and a light wind from S.E. The wind freshened rapidly and kicked up a stiff chop against the eastward-flowing current. At 9:45 Musquash Light, marking the harbor where Altair had rested for several days on her last cruise, was abeam, and it was slack water. At 11:20 passed Point Lepreau close in to keep out of the rip and bore away for Bliss Harbor. Wind fresh E. When five knots N.E. from East Wolf decided to run down to Grand Manan Channel. Day cloudy. Considerable sea. Beautiful sailing. Passed South Wolf Light at 1:30. Set spinnaker, and at 3:10 Quoddy Head was N.W. by W., distant two and a half miles. Here we met the three-mile current of the flood and made slower progress, not entering Little River, twelve miles beyond, until 6:24. Night closed in with rain and fog.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



Chart of Course taken by Istar on Her Maiden Cruise.

Norwalk Y. C.

BY GEORGE E. CURTIS, SECRETARY NORWALK Y. C.

IT has been said that the happiest nations are those which have no history. Be that as it may, it is certain that the existence of the Norwalk Y. C. has been as harmonious as its history is brief and uneventful.

Back in the early '90s, there existed in South Norwalk, Conn., an organization known as the Norwalk C. C. Its membership, which was very small, was composed of good fellows who loved the water and who were never happier than when navigating the perilous expanse of Norwalk Harbor in their little craft.

The "club house" was a little shack at the eastern end of the drawbridge, at the head of the harbor proper.

The writer, not having been a fellow member with those choice spirits, cannot tell from experience of the doings in that little boat house when the members were gathered there after their boats were hauled in out of the wet. But no one who knows the crowd will suppose that they spent the time in sleep. As time passed, it was borne in upon this little group, who numbered less than a dozen all told, that for various reasons their quarters and facilities were inadequate. To remain where they were meant that the membership could not be increased, nor was there suitable anchorage there for real boats, which by that time some of the members aspired to own. So out of their necessity was born the idea that resulted in the organization of the Norwalk Y. C. A committee was appointed to consider ways and means, and search for a suitable site was begun.

The first one decided upon was across the harbor, nearly opposite the one then occupied. The owner of the property agreed to build a suitable house and rent to the club. Plans for the building were drawn, but before anything further was done in the matter the property owner died. Though the upsetting of their plans at that time was somewhat discouraging, it was really a blessing in disguise, for it would have been a great mistake to have located the club at the head of the harbor, several miles from open water, and connected with it only by a narrow and tortuous channel. This channel at low tide is really the only navigable portion of the upper harbor, as our canoe club friends had learned by bitter experience. Many a time and oft they had been compelled to beat up or down that narrow way against wind and tide, with a vast expanse of hardly submerged mud flats on either side; and sometimes on returnig from a day's outing, had found their boat house several yards from the water's edge.

While the search for a site was going on, the very serious matter of financing the club was being considered. That was no small problem, for at that time, the year 1894, "hard times" were upon the country, and money was not plentiful.

After due consideration, the following somewhat novel plan was decided upon. The club (which had been incorporated in the meantime) would issue certificates of ownership in its property, both real and personal, upon which it was promised to pay interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. The shares were of the face value of $10 each, and it was provided in the constitution that each member must own and hold at least one share, beside paying an entrance fee. Ownership of them was not restricted to members, however, and a large number of shares were subscribed for by outsiders, who were interested in the club's success. Of course, many of the members subscribed for more than the one necessary share; some of them for blocks of five or ten shares.

It may not be amiss to mention here that this plan worked so well that it was adopted later, I believe, by the Grand Rapids, Mich., Y. C., and I quote here a portion of an article printed in one of the journals of that city the year following the opening of the Norwalk Y. C.:

"At the annual meeting of the Grand Rapids Y. C., at the Morton, last night, C. B. Judd, H. Emery Pease and L. C. Stow were appointed a committee to consider the advisability of, and lay plans for, the erection of a new $3,000 boat house at Ottawa Beach. Mr. Pease is also a member of the Norwalk (Conn.) Y. C., and he gave a talk on how a boat house was erected there."

Mr. Pease, who was one of the most active and efficient of the promoters of the Norwalk Y. C., moved to Grand Rapids shortly after its opening.

To return to the affairs of the local organization, subscriptions for shares and applications for membership were secured in such gratifying numbers that the outlook became very encouraging, so much so, in fact, that the committee on location and building felt justified in entertaining ideas of a more pretentious establishment than they had at first considered.

Shortly before the time of which we are writing, a trolley road had been opened between South Norwalk and Roton Point, making accessible the delightful shores of the lower harbor. Probably the most attractive portion of those shores is what is known as Hickory Bluff.

Fronting on Wilson's Cove, a broad arm of the harbor, it commands a beautiful view of the picturesque Norwalk Islands, and beyond them the Sound. Here, it was thought, was the ideal spot, and ere long a building lot running through from the highway to the water had been purchased and a contract for the club house had been let.



Norwalk Yacht Club House.

The formal opening of the new station took place on Decoration Day, May 30, 1895, and marked the commencement of a new era for Norwalk yachtsmen. The club house was a substantial and commodious structure, two stories high, with attic above. The first floor was fitted up as a storage room for the smaller craft, and was surrounded with lockers, while the one above made an excellent hall for receptions and dances.

A broad balcony, extending around two sides of the building at the second story, added to its attractiveness, and it soon became one of the most popular seaside resorts in the town. The membership of the club steadily increased, and it was not long before the century mark was reached. For several years past the average membership has been about one hundred and ten, running



Norwalk Harbor, L. I. Sound, from Hickory Bluff. Norwalk Y. C. House in foreground. Sheffield Island in middle distance..

up last summer to one hundred and twenty.

The incorporators and charter members numbered fifteen, most of whom had been members of the old canoe club. The first commodore was Mr. Gilbert E. Bogart, of South Norwalk, and the first vice-commodore Mr. A. E. Chasmar, of New York. Mr. Chasmar served six years as vice-commodore, refusing promotion until 1902, during which year he served as commodore.

Following Mr. Bogart, the office was most ably filled for three years by Mr. Philip G. Sanford, then a prominent member and officer of the Atlantic Y. C. Other commodores have been Messrs. Chas. B. Keeler, of New Canaan, 1899; Clarence F. Osborn, of Norwalk, 1900-01, and James A. Farrell, of New York, the present incumbent. Com. Osborn's administration was a most successful one, owing to his unremitting efforts to bring the club into close touch with our sister clubs on both sides of the Sound. His flagship, Gemini, was kept busy between New York and New London, and he never let pass an opportunity of persuading a yachtsman to enter our races or visit the Norwalk Y. C., while cruising. During his second term he persuaded Com. Banks, of the Atlantic Y. C., who is one of our members, to make our station one of the rendezvous of the Atlantic on their annual cruise. Their fleet arrived according to schedule on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 24, 1901, in the midst of one of the hardest downpours we have had in years. It rained so hard that it was almost impossible to see the vessels as they dropped their hooks off the club house. Their captains and guests were half drowned in the deluge, but in spite of its inauspicious commencement, their visit here was a memorable one. A smoker was tendered to our guests that evening at the club house. The weather had cleared, and all hands had a most jolly time, while the Norwalk boys improved the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the courteous and affable gentlemen from the historic club at Sea Gate, who honored us by being our guests. The following morning, Sunday, services were conducted on the Water Witch, the Atlantic flagship, by our chaplain, the Rev. J. McClure Bellows, now a chaplain in the U. S. Navy.

On Monday morning our visitors departed to the eastward, leaving a most pleasant impression in the hearts and minds of the members of the Norwalk Y. C.

Last summer, through the instrumentality of Com. Farrell, we were honored by a visit from the fleet of the Horseshoe Harbor Club, then on their annual cruise; and upon this occasion also we met our brother yachtsmen from Larchmont at a smoker and made the acquaintance of a host of "bang-up" good fellows.

The value to a club and its members of such fraternal intercourse, it seems to the writer, can hardly be overestimated.

In racing, the Norwalk Y. C. has not been especially prominent, though we usually have a goodly list of entries in the smaller classes for our annual regatta on Labor Day.

In closing this sketch, it is my desire to invite the attention of yachtsmen along the Sound and its adjacent waters—especially those who cruise in these waters—to the superior advantages of Norwalk or Sheffield Island Harbor as a port of call.

It is the only harbor worthy of the name on the Connecticut side west of New Haven. In its waters, between the outer chain of islands and the mainland, an enormous fleet of yachts may lie in safety, protected by natural breakwaters from the fury of the elements.

The main channel is half a mile wide, with from two to three fathoms depth of water and good holding ground. In fact, but a few years ago the New York Y. C. was seriously considering the purchase of a portion of Sheffield Island and the establishment of a station there.

Now that the new lighthouse at the outer end of the formerly dangerous Green's Ledge is in operation, the way into port is as plain and unmistakable as can be. The station of the yacht club is but twenty minutes by trolley from the South Norwalk railway station, bringing the club within an hour and a half of New York. There is a long-distance telephone in the club house, and ice and water may be obtained there, while supplies of all sorts may be had in South Norwalk.

Season after season the attractions and advantages of this harbor have become better known. Each succeeding year brings a greater number of cruising boats to the anchorage off our club house, and it is a question of but a short time before Norwalk Harbor will be one of the most frequented and popular of the harbors along the Sound.

Little Shamrock Measurement.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue of your paper you published a correction, coming in the form of a sarcastic letter written by Mr. E. T. Balcom, of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago. I never stated that Little Shamrock had not been measured by the official measurer of the Country Club of Detroit, and to settle this question, respectfully refer you to the article which drew forth this response from Mr. Balcom. The gentleman is fully aware that the design from which the craft under discussion was built, measured one-half a degree in excess of the restriction, and he gives a very unsatisfactory explanation of the facts, by stating the following, which appeared in the January 16 issue: "I can very easily comprehend how the bow could be measured on a drawing and found over the thirty degree limit, as on measuring three drawings of deck, it was found that one measured 30½ degrees, another exactly 30 degrees, and another 29½ degrees. This is very easily accounted for, as a reduction of a deck platform 36ft. to 36in. makes it so small that the minutest increase in inked line on the drawing will make an angle vary a half degree, one way or the other, or the slightest variation of pen or ruler will do the same thing, and such a measurement can only be determined by measurement of the deck of the yacht itself."

It seems to me that this is a very small way of dodging the issue, and Mr. Balcom, in reality, committing himself, by admitting that one design was a half a degree over the restriction, and gives an explanation that one line being made slightly heavier than the other might be responsible for the apparent error. During my long experience as a yachtsman, and yachting writer, I have handled hundreds of plans, and have yet to see a design from a first-class naval architect, on which the work was so miserably poor that one line would be so much heavier than the other as to make a difference of half a degree. I should like to see a design of that kind, and would be especially interested to see if the signature was attached, giving the name of the man whose work it was.

I did not state that I had measured the craft, but received my information from Detroit, and it seems to be pretty reliable in that another allusion was hurled at my supposed informant.

However, my information did come from the source Mr .Balcom supposed. But believing that he could hit the nail on the head, he states the following: "Little Shamrock is laid up here, and can easily be measured, and thus stop all controversy on the subject, which seem to have arisen from the statement of a disappointed designer."

The disappointed designer, as Mr. Balcom terms him, was in no way implicated with the information I received, but as I have since learned, has a complete set of plans, from which the Little Shamrock was built, and by carefully measuring these plans, discovered the yacht to be according to her plans, and the plans from which she was built, one-half a degree over the limit. If the Shamrock is all right as she stands today, it is because she was not built to her lines; and there is little reason for any of us to suppose that if the builder did deviate from the plans, he would not make the mistake of going under. Rather, I think the tendency would be to go over, especially if he was trying to get the line as fair as possible.

I am exceeding sorry that I cannot go to Chicago and measure the boat. If the opportunity ever presents itself, and I am given permission to measure the boat, I shall most assuredly avail myself, and will then give facts. However, at present, I can say no more on the subject, as the gentleman who informed me that he had the craft measured, is now in Europe, and until his return cannot procure the name of one who measured the boat, and found her to be in excess of this most important rule.

C. W. Schmidt, Jr.

Designing Competition.

$225 in Prizes.

Two designing competitions have been given in Forest and Stream. The first was for a 25ft. waterline cruiser; the second was for a 15ft. one-design class. Both competitions were very successful. The great interest taken in those competitions has prompted us to give a third one, open to amateurs and professionals. The prizes which will be given are as follows:

First prize—$100.
Second prize—$60.
Third prize—$40.
Fourth prize—$25, offered by Mr. Theodore Zerega for the best interior plan.

The designs are for a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. Centerboard cruiser, 40ft. l. w. l.
II. Boat must not draw over 6ft with centerboard up.
III. The lowest freeboard to covering board must be 3ft.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. The conditions have been made as simple as possible, that competitors might have all latitude and scope in working out their ideas. We wish to produce an able and comfortable cruising boat, one that shall have ample accommodation for two or three men living aboard for a period of several months, and one that can be easily managed at all times by two or three paid hands. The draft is restricted to 6ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all the desirable harbors, and may, thereby, widely increase her cruising field.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.—showing center of buoyancy, center of lateral resistance and center of effort of both rigs.
II. Half breadth, scale ¾in.=1ft.
III. Body plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.
IV. Cabin plan, inboard profile and at least one cross section, scale ¾in.=1ft.
V. Two sail plans, scale ¼in.=1ft.; one as a yawl; one as a pole mast sloop.

In the case of the yawl rig the position and height of the mast and length of gaff are to be the same as in the cutter rig. Plans must show working topsail and size of light sails.

VI. All ballast outside on keel except amount necessary for trimming.

An outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully made and lettered. All drawings should be on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used. The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only, and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than March 1, 1904. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The Forest and Stream reserves the right to publish any or all of the designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, who passed upon the designs submitted for the 25ft. with great care, has again consented to judge the designs and make the awards.

Major H. D. Bulkley, of the Baltimore Y. C., has sold his steam yacht Eleanor, through Messrs MacConnell Bros., to the United States Government.

Savarona—Auxiliary Schooner.

Savarona was built in 1903 from designs made by Mr. Arthur Binney by the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp. for Mr. C. Howard Clark, Jr., of Philadelphia, who wished to obtain a schooner of fair speed and with sufficient auxiliary power to drive her about five knots an hour in calm weather. The draft was limited so that the boat could go through certain canals, and could enter most of the small harbors along the eastern coast. The result was, as the plan shows, a boat of wide beam with ample accommodations, and with every comfort for cruising.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	92ft.
L.W.L.	60ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	14ft.
Aft	18ft.
Breadth—	
Extreme	19ft.
Draft—	
Extreme	9ft. 3in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	7ft. 6in.
Aft	5ft. 6in.
Least	5ft.

The main companion, from the deck, enters a steerage where there is a large locker for oil skins, etc., chart shelves, and toilet room with bath. The companion stairs are unusually wide and easy. This steerage is finished entirely in mahogany. Immediately aft of the steerage is the owner's stateroom extending the entire width of the boat, and long enough to give a good clothes closet at the forward end of the berths on either side. This room is larger than is usually found in a yacht of this size, and is finished in mahogany and white, the walls being covered with a blue striped damask. The cushions and carpet are in colors to blend with the damask, the whole making a very pleasing and bright effect. There is a toilet room connecting with owner's stateroom.

On the starboard side of the steerage is the guests' room, finished also in mahogany and white, the walls being covered with damask. There is a double berth in this room, also large bureau, clothes closet, and marble wash-basin.

The main cabin is a room 12ft. long and about 12ft. wide between the berths. Like the stateroom, this room is finished in mahogany and white, the walls being covered with plain green deco cloth, with upholstery, carpet and curtains to match.

At the forward end is a pretty Chippendale sideboard, over which is a large mirror. On the starboard side is a tiled open grate, and on the port side the buffet. There are also two wide berths, one on each side, writing desk, and ample shelf and locker room.

Forward of the cabin is the galley in which is located the gasolene motor. This is a 20 horse-power "Standard" marine motor, and sets partially below the galley floor, so that when not in use a very convenient serving table sets over it. The galley and forecastle are as usual in boats of this size, excepting that everything is left open as much as possible to give the best possible ventilation.

The gasolene tanks are located in the lazarette, one either side of the hatch, and are connected to the vaporizer on the engine by a double pipe. The greatest care was given to making and installing these tanks in every possible way to guard against accident. The tanks are cylindrical in form, are made of extra heavy tin-plated copper, strongly riveted, thoroughly braced and tested under slight pressure. The tanks fill from the deck, and the vent pipe is also taken to the deck, so that when filling these tanks no vapor can get below into the boat. The tanks are exposed as much as possible, being surrounded with an open frame work to guard against puncture, the idea being to at once detect any leak which might occur, and for this reason they were placed in the lazarette, where the sailors are in and out many times during the day.

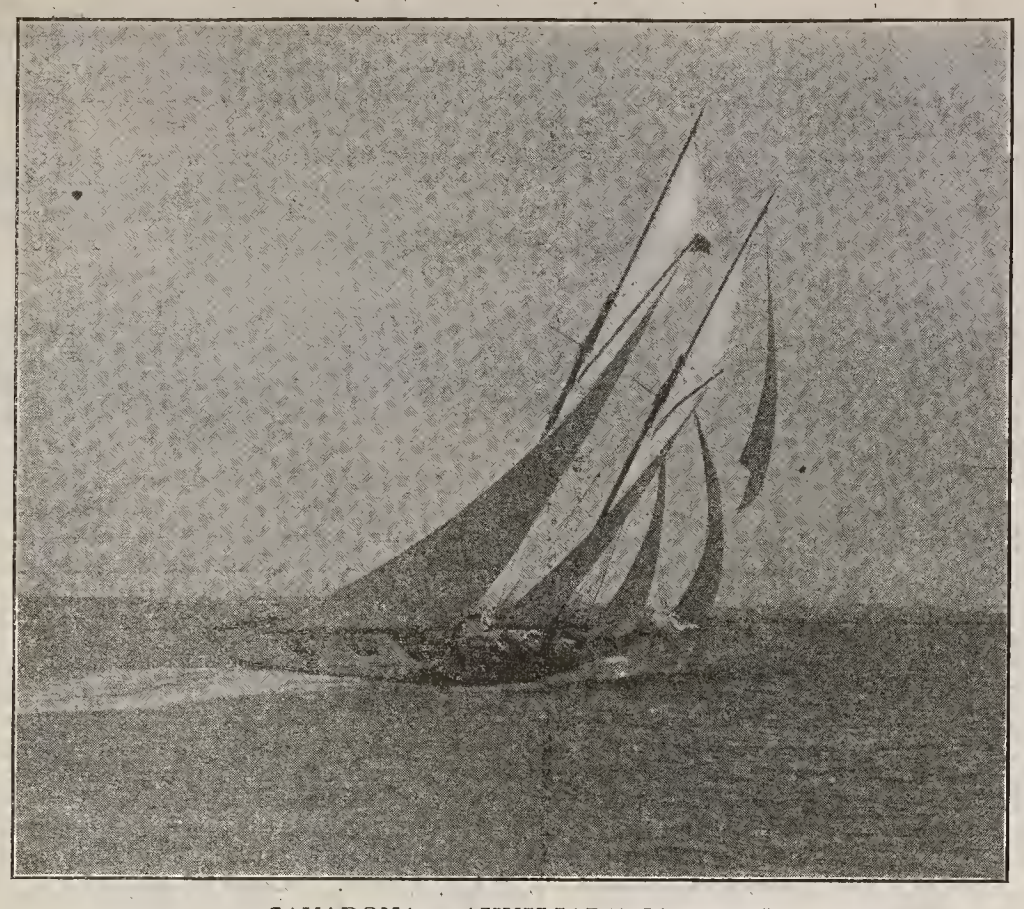
The ample beam of Savarona has made her a most comfortable cruiser, while it has not detracted materially from her speed. On the wind she has shown up well, considering her moderate draft, but with started sheets she has shown unusual speed.

The engine drives her at nearly a six-knot rate, and has proved most useful and thoroughly satisfactory in every respect.

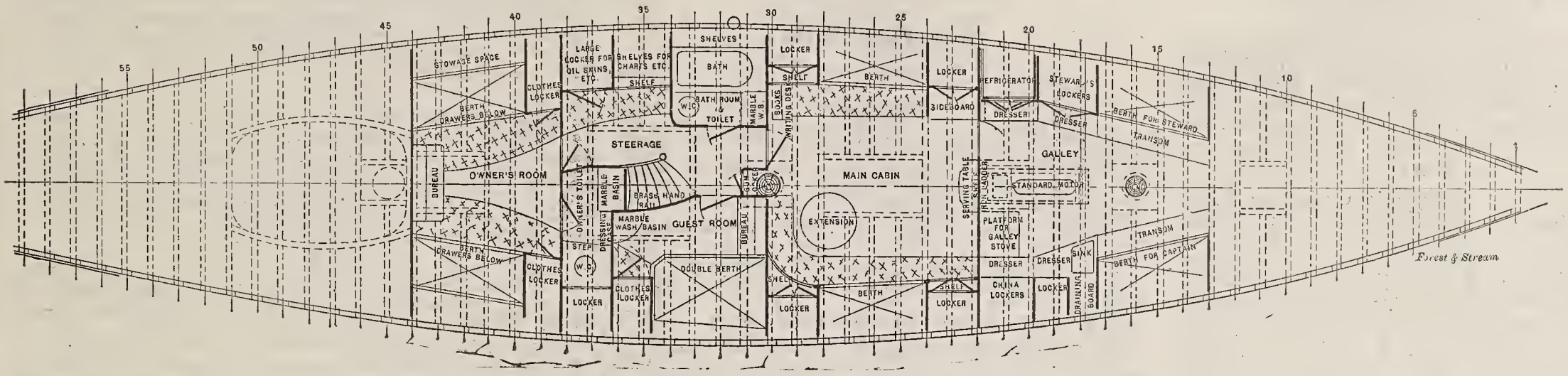
YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

The Milton Point Ship Yard, of Rye, N. Y., have recently closed a contract for a high speed launch, to be built for Mr. J. Saunders Taylor, of Norfolk, Va. The boat was designed by Mr. Carl T. Forsburg, the superintendent of construction of the Milton Point Ship Yard. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 32ft.; waterline, 29ft.; beam, 4ft.; draft, 12in. Boat to have keel 2in. by 3in. white oak. Stem of white oak, 2in. sided, by 6in. moulded. Shaft log of white oak, 1¼in. by 6in., set on edge. Bilge stringers of pine, 1in. by 1½in. Floors of white oak. Planking of clear cedar, ½in. finished. Deck carlines to be of selected spruce, 1in. by 2in. sawed to shape. Plank shear of quartered oak, ⅝in. thick, and 3in. wide. Shear strake of quartered oak, ½in. thick, and 3in. wide. Decks of clear white pine, ⅝in. thick. She is to have a nice roomy cockpit just aft of this seat fitted with camp chairs. This cockpit will hold, with comfort, ten people. At after end of cockpit will be large reclining seats. She is to have a 14 horse-power Buffalo reversing engine, and this engine will easily drive her at a speed of 17 miles an hour. Her rudder, propeller, shaft and strut will be of bronze. The design of this hull is very peculiar and according to the tetrahedral principle. This is an entirely new departure in designing where speed is the main object. By this principle of design there is very little resistance, and such boats do not settle by the stern. The waterlines of the boat are almost straight, and the entrance angle at bow is not more than half that of a boat of similar length and beam, but of ordinary form. The sharp angle of the waterlines and the straight lead of the lines along the entire boat



SAVARONA—AUXILIARY SCHOONER.
Designed by Arthur Binney and owned by C. Howard Clark.



SAVARONA—AUXILIARY SCHOONER—CABIN PLAN AND INBOARD PROFILE—DESIGNED BY ARTHUR BINNEY AND OWNED BY C. HOWARD CLARK.

determine the small wave resistance, and small loss of power, due to the fact that the stream lines are not required, as in the common form, to follow a line of continually changing direction. Under the flat, broad run of the boat at the stern, the run to the propeller is entirely free and undisturbed. The rudder will be very effective, owing to the presence of but very little deadwood, and the boat will be able to turn around in a circle of about two boat lengths. Although this boat has but 4ft. beam, it will have a most unusual degree of stability, owing to the width of the waterline aft. The stem will be given a long rake and overhang forward. The boat will be steered with horizontal, automobile steering wheel just aft of engine, and steersman can sit on cross seat above mentioned and steer, and send the boat ahead or astern by means of lever close at hand, or can start, stop, or regulate the speed of engine by means of throttle lever, which will also be handy. She will also have a whistle, the pressure to operate same will be taken from the engine. This is done by taking a little of the exploded gas, under high pressure in one of the cylinders at every stroke, and storing it up in a tank at nearly the pressure of the explosion in the cylinder. This tank is connected to the whistle, and the pressure of gas contained therein is always handy whenever it is desirable to blow the whistle. This boat will be used in the waters around Norfolk and Old Point Comfort, Va.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron was recently held and the following officers were elected: Com., W. G. Jones; Vice-Com., R. T. MacIlreith; Rear-Com., Richard Kennedy; Treas., William Parker; Sec'y, To be appointed; Managing Committee, H. W. Johnston, F. H. Bell, H. M. Wylde, G. Fred Pearson, C. B. Wikel; Auditors, E. J. Longard, W. H. Wetherby; Measurers, R. L. Lessel, W. Roue. The club is now in a flourishing condition and has a membership of 266.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Riverside Y. C. was held at the Arena, West Thirty-first street, New York City, on the evening of Feb. 5, and the following officers were elected: Com., Geo. G. Tyson; Vice-Com., Wm. A. Hamilton; Rear-Com., Geo. J. Bascom; Sec'y, John G. Porter; Treas., Geo. T. Higgins; Meas., T. E. Ferris; Regatta Committee, Chas. P. Tower, Geo. T. Higgins and Geo. B. Clark; Membership Committee, Geo. E. Marks, W. T. Taylor and Geo. A. Horsey; Entertainment Committee, W. J. L. Davids, Geo. F. Walden and M. L. Rork; Flect Surgeon, Dr. H. H. Tyson; Chaplains, Rev. Geo. C. Houghton, D.D., and Rev. Chas. W. Boylston.

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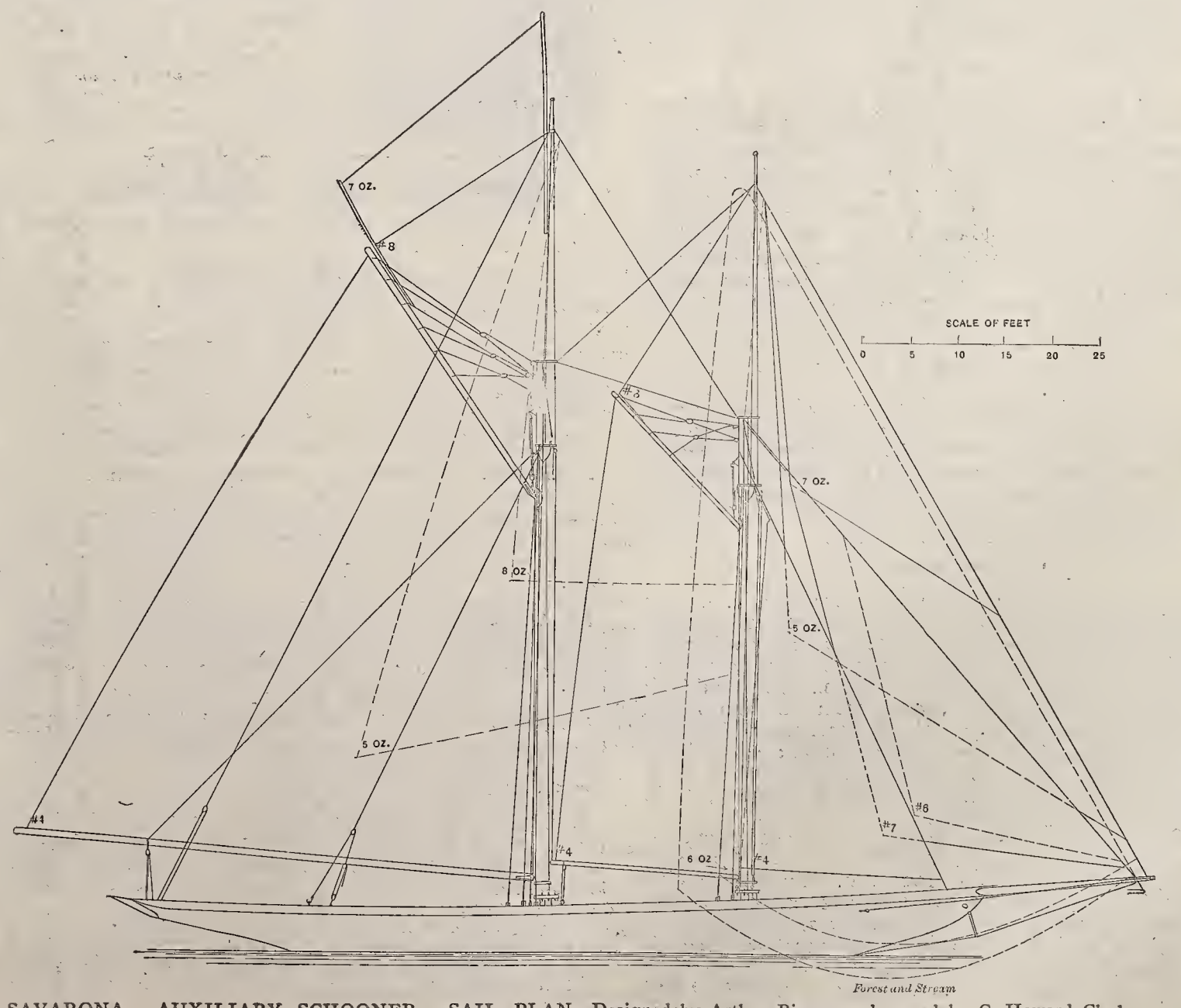
Adolph Schwarzmann, a member of the New York and Shelter Island Y. C.s, died at his homc in Brooklyn on Feb. 4. Mr. Schwarzmann owned the steam yacht Turbese.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Stamford Y. C. was held on the evening of Feb. 2 at the Surburban Club, at Stamford, and the following were elected to office: Com., Walton Ferguson; Vice-Com., James H. Herman; Rear-Com., Richard H. Gillespie; Sec'y-Treas., Herbert Lawton; Fleet Surgcon, Dr. A. G. Weed, Jr.; Meas., I. Franklin Wardwell; Chaplain, Rev. Harry H. Beattys; Dircctors, Wallace D. Barkley, Henry P. Bartlett, Geo. Blickensderfer, Clendenin Eckert, Geo. H. Hoyt, Charles H. Leeds, Lewis B. Moore, Alfred S. Pitt, Dr. A. H. Scofield, and Jamcs D. Smith.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of San Francisco, was hcld on Jan. 26, and the following officers were elected: Com., Thos. Jennings; Vice-Com., J. C. Brickell; Sec'y, E. J. Bowes; Treas., W. A. Stringer; Port Captain, J. H. Keefe; Dircctors, Wm. J. Hogg, Orlo Eastwood; Regatta Committee, T. J. Cavanaugh, J. K. Bulger, Douglas Erskine. The club now has over



SAVARONA—AUXILIARY SCHOONER—SAIL PLAN—Designed by Arthur Binney and owned by C. Howard Clark.

250 members and there are some sixty yachts in the club fleet.

The annual meeting of the American Power Boat Association was held on the evening of Feb. 3 in the Hotel Spaulding, West Forty-third street, New York City, and the following officers were elected: Pres., W. H. Ketcham; Sec'y, Anson B. Cole; Treas., J. H. Wainwright; Meas., H. J. Gielow; Executive Committee, Dr. E. B. Sherwood, F. N. Waterman, Frederick A. Hill and J. H. McIntosh. Provision is to be made for a new class in which the large boats of great power will race. From the general discussion that took place between the delegates there is no doubt that there will be a large amount of racing during the coming season. Several amendments to the articles of the Association were made, and among them was the following: "The Association prize pennant shall be an oblong flag, the size to conform to the size of boat, and the width at the halliards shall be three-fifths of the length. For the first prize, the pennant shall have a blue field with white propeller in the center, in the upper left hand corner the class letter, in the lower right hand corner the year; for second prize, it shall have a red field, with white propeller, class letter and year arranged in the same manner; for third prize, it shall have a white field with red propeller, class letter and year, arranged in the same manner."

Mr. Edward R. Cassidy, an artist of Philadelphia, Pa., has purchased from Mrs. Rosalie Tousey, of this city, the sloop yacht Nirvana, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman. Her rig is to be changed to that of a yawl, and she will be used by her new owner as a floating studio in the vicinity of Nantucket.

Warrior, Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt's new steam yacht, was launched from the yard of the builders at Troon, Scotland, on Feb. 4. The yacht was designed by Mr. George L. Watson. She is 239ft. on the waterline and 32ft. 6in. breadth. Her engines are of 2,700 horse-power, and she is fitted with twin screws.

The racing schedule of the Yale Corinthian Y. C. has been determined upon and the first regatta will take place on April 16. The complete schedule is as follows: April 16, special race; April 23, first race for graduates cup; April 27, special race; April 30, second race, graduates cup; May 4, special race; May 7, third race, graduates cup; May 11, special race; May 14, first race for officers cup; May 18, second race for officers cup; May 21, third race for officers cup; May 25, special race; May 28, fourth race for officers cup; June 1, special race; June 4, special race; June 8, fifth race for officers cup; June 11, race for commodore's cup.

If yachtsmen would speak the same language by signals as is spoken by the international code in use by merchant vessels of all flags, it would certainly seem to be to their advantage. If yachts would even designate by some means the code of signal they are using it would be a good thing for all concerned, though why they should not stick to the international code for all general purposes seems to be a mystery. An instance of the disadvantage of using other codes is in the story of a schooner yacht which got aground in Long Island Sound one day. A steam yacht came along and ran up the international code signal: "Do you need assistance?" The men on the schooner were seen to look up their code book and then shake their fists at the steam yacht. Thinking this peculiar, the steam yacht men thought they would try their yacht club code signal, when they discovered, to their amazement and amusement, that the signal they had set offering very cordial assistance in the one code meant in their club code: "Open harbor, good holding ground."—Marine Journal.

Samuel Ayres, one of the best known of American boat builders, and the senior member of the firm of Samuel Ayres & Son, died at Nyack, from heart disease, on Feb. 3. Mr. Ayres was born in England, but when three years old his parents moved to the States and settled in New York. He apprenticed in a ship yard and in 1876 founded a business of his own. In 1893 he abandoned his yard in South Brooklyn and started in again at Nyack, N. Y.. Many famous boats were built under Mr. Ayres' supervision, and he was well-known among yachtsmen and shipbuilders throughout the country. He leaves a widow and five sons.

At Mr. Joseph Fellows' yard, San Pedro, Cal., there is building a 24ft. waterline racing sloop for a syndicate of San Francisco yachtsmen. The yacht will be known as Mischief, and was designed by her builder. She will be 38ft. over all, 24ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth, and 6ft. draft. There will be 3,600lbs. of ballast on the keel, and she is to have 1,100 sq. ft. of sail.

The annual meeting of the New Rochelle Y. C. was held at the Republican Club, West Fortieth street, New York city, on the evening of Feb. 6, and the following officers were elected: Com., Joseph P. Donovan; Vice-Com., Harrison N. Vedder; Rear-Com., F. H. Waldorf; Sec'y, C. A. Marsland; Treas., John A. Van Zelm; Trustees, F. G. Provost, W. F. Vernon, and Frank Tucker; Meas., F. R. Farrington; Regatta Committee, D. W. Thomas, R. N. Bavier, M. S. Kattenhorn, G. P. Granberry, and E. S. Wright; Law Committee, J. F. Lambden and M. J. Tierney.

Ex-Commodore David Banks, of New York city, has decided to give up yachting and sell his famous schooner Water Witch. This fact is greatly to be regretted as he has been one of the most enthusiastic devotees of the sport for the last fifty years. He is a member of the New York, Atlantic, Manhassett Bay, Riverside and Norwalk clubs, and was commodore of the Atlantic from 1892 to 1894, and during 1900 and 1901. Among other yachts owned by Mr. Banks were White Pigeon, Arab and Mutual. He has always been his own captain, having a master's license for all waters.

New Advertisements.

The H. C. Doman Co., of Oshkosh, Wis., have been manufacturing for some time past a very reliable, strong and durable gasolene motor, and all their engines that are now in use have given the greatest satisfaction. This firm also turn out launch hulls, so they are in a position to furnish customers with the finished launch, complete in every detail. The H. C. Doman Co. guarantee satisfaction, and those interested in launches and motors would do well to send ten cents for one of their handsome and complete catalogues.

During the coming season the high speed launch will be in greater demand than ever before. If a man wants a fast launch he must first secure a properly designed hull, and then install in it a good motor, which, after all, is the main requisite for a high speed boat. The Hasbrouck Motor Works, Inc., West Mystic, Conn., make a motor which has met with great success, as is shown by the results given by the boats in which they are installed: Loon, a 36-foot boat, has made 13½ miles an hour; Reliance, a 37-foot boat, has run 14 miles an hour; Cricket, a 35-foot boat, has shown 16 miles an hour; Scout, a 30-foot boat, has a speed of 16½ miles an hour; Mystic, a 35-foot boat, ran from Execution Light to Race Rock Light, about 100 miles, in 6½ hours. All the above-mentioned boats were fitted with 16-H.P. Hasbrouck engines. The Hasbrouck Co. will duplicate any of the above boats and guarantee the speed not for a short distance, but for a long run of 50 miles.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Feb. 12.—Shrewsbury, Pa., Gun Club tournament. W. H. Meyers, Sec'y.
Feb. 12-13.—Paterson, N. J.—Jackson Park Gun Club tournament; live birds and targets.
Feb. 17-18.—Detroit, Mich., Sportsmen's midwinter trapshooting tournament. J. Klein, Sec'y.
Feb. 20-22.—Chicago Trapshooters' Association tournament at Watson's Park.
Feb. 21.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. A. L. Hughes, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Louisville, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club amateur tournament. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Valentine Wallburg, Capt.
Feb. 22.—Lexington, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club.
Feb. 23-26.—West Baden, Ind.—West Baden Handicap. Targets and pigeons. Open. $500 guaranteed. John L. Winston, Mgr.
March 12.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day merchandise shoot. Stanley Brampton, Sec'y.
April 6-7.—Bristol, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Bristol Gun Club.
April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Patriots' Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
April 20-21.—Rensselaer (Ind.) Gun Club amateur tournament. Everette Brown, Mgr., Pleasant Grove, Ind.
April 21.—Easton, Pa.—The Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club's first annual target tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Sec'y.
April 26-27.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club tournament. $100 added. Louis Lautenslager, Mgr.
April 27-28.—Americus, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.
May 3-4.—Wabash, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
May 4-5.—Nashville, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club. Charles Eastman, Sec'y.
May 18-19.—Dallas, Tex.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dallas Gun Club.
May 19-20.—Oklahoma City, O. T.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. C. A. Lockwood and wife are sojourning at Pinehurst, N. C., for the winter.

Mr. Gus Greiff informs us that he has severed his business relations with Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold.

We are informed by the secretary-manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, that the Interstate Association will give a tournament at Bristol, Tenn., April 6 and 7.

Dr. J. B. Pardoe informs us that the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club has postponed its all-day shoot from Feb. 22 to March 12. There will be merchandise events.

The Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., will give a tournament on April 26 and 27. $100 will be added to the purses. Programmes and information furnished by Mr. Louis Lautenslager.

Mr. W. B. Allen, Secretary-Treasurer of the Trap Shooters' League, of Indiana, informs us that May 3 and 4 have been granted the Wabash, Ind., Gun Club, as dates for a tournament.

Mr. John S Wright, the alert manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, announces a shoot to be held on Lincoln's birthday, on the club grounds, Kaiser's farm, near Crescent St. Station, Kings County "L".

In the contest for the English Hotel cup at Indianapolis, Feb. 6, between Messrs. Jos. Michaelis and Fred Erb, the scores were 83 to 82 in favor of Michaelis. Dr. Moore, of Indianapolis, challenged the winner.

The programme of the handicaps at targets and pigeons, to be held at West Baden, Ind., Feb. 23-26, can be obtained of Mr. John L. Winston, the manager. Targets, 2 cents. Pigeons, 25 cents; "$1,000 guaranteed and added."

Mr. Jno. M. Lilly writes us as follows: "The National Gun Club tournament, at French Lick Springs, Ind., strictly amateur; $500 added money donated by Mr. T. Taggart. For particulars, Jno. M. Lilly, P. O. Box 463, Indianapolis."

The programme of the Shrewsbury, Pa., Gun Club tournament provides ten events, nine at 15, one at 10 targets, $1.30 and 50 cents entrance, a total of $12.20 and 145 targets, class shooting. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. The Secretary is Mr. W. H. Meyers.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager of the Interstate Association, writes us that the Interstate Association has made arrangements to give a tournament at Nashville, Tenn., May 4 and 5, and one at Dallas, Texas, May 18 and 19.

The secretary, Mr. Wm. M. Foord, of Wilmington, Del., writes us as follows: "The Wawaset Gun Club will give a two days' shoot at targets on May 12-13, to be known as our second annual spring tournament. We will add money to the purses, and only amateurs will be allowed to shoot for same."

Mr. W. B. Allen, Sec'y Indiana League of Trapshooters, writes us as follows: "The Rensselaer (Ind.) Gun Club will hold their tournament, April 20 and 21, 1904, the purses to be contested for by amateurs only. At this shoot the contest for a silver loving cup valued at $25 will occur. The winner this year is to receive 40 per cent. of the entries next year. Write Manager, Everett Brown, Pleasant Grove, Ind., for programmes, etc."

The secretary, Mr. John E. Bassett, writes us as follows: "Season of 1904, the New Haven, Conn., Gun Club will hold regular shoots the second Wednesday afternoon of each month, and will throw 50 targets free, for each contesting member. No other club ever did this. At the close of the twelve monthly shoots a $20 prize will be given to the member scoring the largest number out of the possible 600 targets thrown free. No back scores to be shot up. Entries close 3:30 P. M."

Mr. Wm. Dutcher writes us that the Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., anticipates a successful tournament on Friday and Saturday of this week, unless bad weather should supervene. The first event will be a preliminary at 5 birds, $2. The second will be the main event at 15 birds, $5, all surplus added. Ship guns and shells to G. A. Hopper, 40 Main St., Paterson, N. J., who will deliver them on grounds gratis.

The Detroit Sportsmen's Mid-winter Trapshooting Tournament has been fixed to be held on the Rush House grounds, Feb. 17-18. The first day will be at targets, sliding handicap; second day at live birds, handicap 26 to 32 yards. There are ten 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, and one 25-target event, $2.50 entrance. There are five 7-bird events, $5 entrance, and one 15-bird event, $10 entrance, for Gilman and Barnes medal. Shooting commences at 9:30. Ship shells, etc., to J. A. Marks & Co., 93 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

From a local paper we clip the following: "The Elk Gun Club was organized at Elkin, N. C., for target practice. A prize will be offered to the best shot. Mr. C. H. Gwyn has the reputation of being a very fine shot, and many of the others are also fine shots. The other members are T. R. Crumpler, L. C. Ashcraft, W. F. Weir, Alex Chatham, Jr.; J. L. Harrison, L. H. Hunt, W. J. Price, J. C. Greenwood, E. F. McNeer, Will E. Paul, W. W. Whitaker, Wm. M. Bell, Geo. Bailey, R. M. Chatham, N. W. Tharp, R. E. Gwyn.

The programme of the Chicago Trapshooters' Association amateur tournament, Feb. 20, 21 and 22, has ten 15-target events, $100 entrance on the first day; six 15-target and three 20-target events on the second and third days respectively. On the second day there is a special event, 30 targets, $3 entrance, class shooting. On the third day, the Chicago Handicap, 50 targets, $5, is the main event. The Rose system will govern. Watson's Park will be the place of contest. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets. High class amateurs, 19 yards; all others 16 yards. Targets, 2 cents. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.

Messrs. G. W. Schuler, Gus Henkle and Emil Werk started for Florida on Feb. 2, and will probably spend several weeks on the west coast, in what is known as the Gulf Hummock game preserve. The party will do some hunting and fishing while there, but the chief object of their trip is to arrange for the purchase of this tract, which consists of about 160,000 acres of almost virgin forest. It is proposed to form a company of 100 members, with shares at $1,000 each, thus making a capital of $100,000. About $60,000 of this amount, it is believed, will pay for the land, and the balance will be expended in the erection of club houses. This matter has been very thoroughly discussed by a number of wealthy local sportsmen, and gentlemen named go as a committee to ascertain terms, etc., and will report at a meeting on their return.

William McBlair died at his home in Normandy, a suburb of St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 24, after an illness of almost a year. Mr. McBlair was fifty-six years of age. He was a native of Baltimore, Md., but had lived in Normandy for more than half of the time of his active business life in St. Louis, extending over a period of twenty-five years. He was one of St. Louis' foremost business men, a member of the Merchants' Exchange, and the head of the firm of William McBlair & Co., whose offices are in the new Chemical building. He was local agent for the Hazard Powder Company for a great many years, and after these companies were consolidated, he became Southwestern agent for the E. I. DuPont Company, also of Wilmington, Del. He was a well-known sportsman, and a member of several clubs, among them the Glen Echo Golf Club, and the Normandy Country Club.

Bernard Waters.

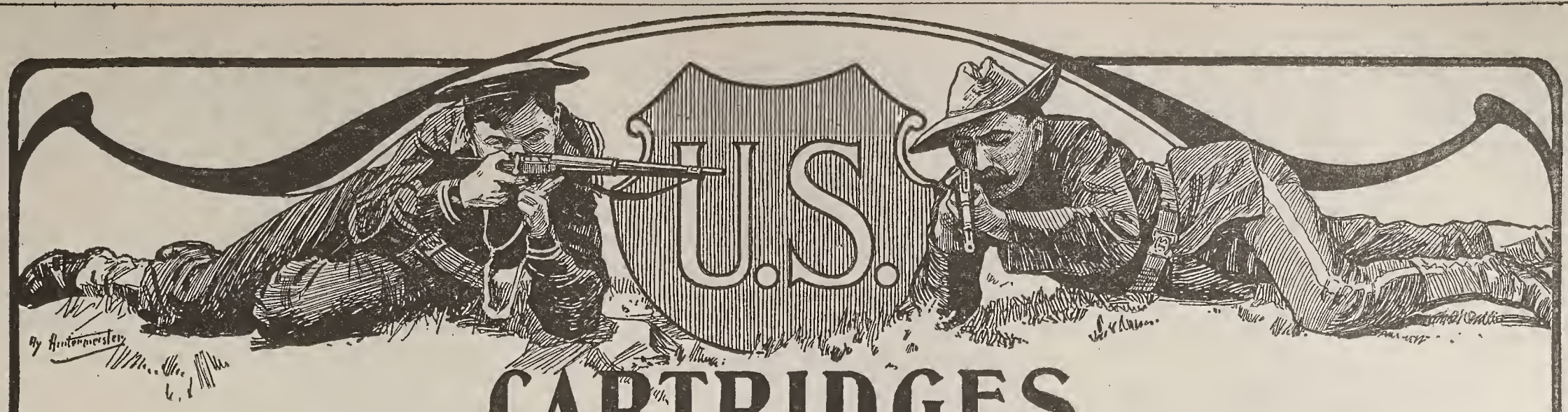
Patchogue Gun Club.

Patchogue, N. Y., Feb. 1.—Our first shoot of this year was held on Jan. 30. No. 1 was at 6 targets, and was the members' shoot. No. 2 was a sweepstake at 6 targets. No. 3 was a miss-and-out.

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	6	6	
S W Boddy	6	4	1
R E Bishop	4	5	10
S Ryder	5	6	1
C H Murdock	5	3	9
F Moore	2	2	6

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	6	6	
C E Girard	2	2	4
J Wagner	5	2	2
C H Carter	1	3	0
W C Looker		4	4

R. E. Bishop.



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IN NEW JERSEY.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., Feb. 2—Our secretary has asked me to hand you our scores of Jan. 30. We had an all-day shoot which was well attended. There were shooters from New York, Jersey City, Sommerville, Flemington, Trenton, New Brunswick, Plainfield, New Market, Dunellen, North Branch, Grandview, Martinsville, etc. Mr. Jack Fanning won the gold piece for high professional average. Mr. Sim Glover won the gold piece for longest straight run, 49 straight. Mr. Tingley, of Trenton, made high amateur average. The programme consisted of 15 events. Events 1, 5, 9, and 15, were sweepstakes. The other events were for free merchandise prizes, entrance, price of targets only. They consisted of tea sets, framed pictures, jewelry, bric a brac, etc.

The merchandise events seemed te be very popular, and the shooters were well pleased. A vote of thanks was given the Bound Brook Gun Club for the hot lunch which was served free to the shooters. Mr. Tinglcy, of Trenton, won several prizes, including gold cuff buttons, and first money alone in the 25-target sweep. Mr. Rupell, of North Branch, N. J., won several prizes, including a fine brier pipe. Mr. Hunt, of Flemington, won a fine picture of the poets. Mr. Bisette, of South River, won a tea set and several other prizes. Messrs Wilson, Hobbs, Van Nuis and Corbender, from New Brunswick, were among the prize winners.

A squad of shooters from East Millstone were present. They ended the day by having an exciting miss and out event. Over 30 shooters were present. Much fun was had over the merchandise prizes.

Our regular club shoot comes on the third Saturday of each month, but Monday, Washington's Birthday, being a holiday, we will hold our club shoot on that day. Visitors are always welcome at our club shoot. We expect to shoot for a .22 Winchester on the 22d inst.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	15	10	10	10	20	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	25
Neaf Apgar	9	9	9	10	19	6	10	10	14	9	9	10	8	7	23
S Glover	15	9	7	10	20	10	9	9	14	5	6	9	8	8	22
J Fanning	15	9	8	10	19	9	9	10	14	9	10	9	10	8	23
H P Vosseter	7	5	5	5	9	5	1	7	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
J Apgar	7	4	3	6	..	3	3	3	..	..	..	2	6	..	..
Rosenthal	4	3	3	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ten Eyck	7	3	7	5	15	7	10	10	14	10	8	7	5	..	..
J B Hunt	3	6	5	5	..	4	..	..	..	2	3	4	5	..	..
Rushmore	5	5	..	4	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Munson	..	3	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	..	4	..	..
Martin	..	..	4	..	..	5	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Doren	..	..	..	6	..	7	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Hobbs	..	..	..	5	14	7	9	9	13	8	7	9	8	9	23
Van Nuis	..	..	..	7	6	6	4	4	11	7	7	8	7	5	17
Caspender	..	..	..	7	..	5	7	10	..	7	6	9	..	..	..
Wilson	..	..	..	7	18	10	9	4	12	9	8	10	9	10	22
Bissette	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	15	9	10	9	9	10	19
Metz	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	..	3	..	5	4	4	..
Welsh	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	9	7	9	4	7	5	..
Vroom	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	6	..	3	7	8	7	0	..
Remsen	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	9	5	6	8	7	5	..
Tingley	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	14	10	10	8	9	9	24
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	1	..	..	3	..	..
Nichols	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	..
Brokaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Hovey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	8	5	17
G W Field	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	8	7	20
M H R	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	8	10	..
Van Cleef	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	5	..
Hulsizer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	6	..	..
Johnston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
N Apgar	185	162	J Fanning	185	172
S Glover	185	161			

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., Feb. 6.—At the shoot of the Franklin Gun Club to-day John Williams broke 28 out of 44; Ander Wright broke 22 out of 42, Fred Southard broke 43 out of 56, Alf. Wright broke 17 out of 42, F. Kishpaugh broke 20 out of 25, W. Stevens broke 13 out of 18.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Feb. 6.—Event 1 was for a solid silver trophy at the shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day. It was for members only, and must be won four times; handicaps apply to that event only:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	10	10	10	15	25	25
Eickhoff, 4	9	10	..	7	8	10	15	20
Harland, 5	13	9	6	7	4	10	19	..
Vosselman, 6	10	10	6	..	7	4	13	..
Keller	5	6	3	..	5	4	15	..
Dr Richter, 3	..	..	10	9	9	13	21	22
Morrison, 3	..	..	..	6	7	12	24	17
Schneider	..	..	..	..	7	8	19	21
Truax, 3	..	..	..	..	8	13	19	20
Allison, 4	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	18
Schneider, re-entry	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 3.—The 1904 series of the Boston Gun Club was inaugurated to-day on their grounds at Wellington, and as usual a goodly number of enthusiasts were present to lend a hand to the good time. Many new faces were seen for the first time on our grounds, among them being Climax; Bartlett, of Harvard; and Gokey, of Watertown; the former having things all to himself on the 21 yards mark, and most assuredly made some very creditable scores, his 22 on the team match being a combination of good shells, good gun, and last but not least, good aiming. Bartlett, while not up to his usual form, will no doubt bear watching, and after getting used to the conditions of grounds, etc., will make tracks for the top of the list. Gokey, while a comparatively new acquisition to the trapshooting ranks, evidently will come later on; a strange gun being quite disastrous for high scores. Haze Kellar was there also, and seemed all the time to want to trim John Bell, the latter resenting such treatmen not a little, though Haze did have the laugh on him in the team match, but John quietly shot the next event, and had the satisfaction of vanquishing his enemy with a straight score, the only one made during the afternoon.

In the prize match, Hodsdon, at 19 yards, was high, with 19, the tricky wind probably preventing a 21, though Keller and Bell had 18, and thought they shot like a streak. Others follower just one bird behind, and were very well pleased with the looks of the score board, as compared to what they expected. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	*	15	15	10	10	15	10	10
Rule, 18	7	8	7	13	10	5	8	12	8	..
Climax, 21	7	9	3	6	9	8	8	14	..	..
Lee, 16	6	6	4	12	9	7	..	..	..	..
Kirkwood, 18	7	7	5	11	7	6	8	11	..	..
Frank, 18	9	8	4	12	9	5	7	11	9	..
Keller, 16	7	7	5	12	10	8	5	13	9	9
Bell, 18	9	8	6	13	10	8	6	11	10	9
Woodruff, 17	7	9	6	11	9	8	6	12	8	..
Hoover, 16	1	3	..	2	3	..	..	..	..	..
Hodsdon, 19	..	..	..	..	13	6	7	14	..	..
Gokey, 16	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	10	8	9
Ford, 16	9	7	..	11	..	4	3	9	9	8
Bartlett, 17	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	12	8	..
Baker, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7

*No. 3 was 5 pairs.

Merchandise match, 25 unknown, distance handicap:

Hodsdon, 19	1111111011101111110001110—19
Bell, 18	0101100111111011111111011—18
Keller, 16	0011111011100111111110101—18
Climax, 2	1111110001110001111101110—17
Woodruff, 17	1111111001000011111010111—17
Lee, 16	1010010011011111110100111—16
Rule, 18	1101111011000110001111100—15
Frank, 18	0111001100101111110100001—14
Kirkwood, 19	0111010011000100110011110—13

Team match:

Climax	8	14	22	Hodsdon	7	14	21
Rule	8	12	20—42	Woodruff	6	12	18—39
Keller	5	13	18	Bell	6	11	17
Kirkwood	8	11	19—37	Frank	7	11	18—35

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Feb. 4.—The regular monthly shoot of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, held to-day, was fairly well attended. The bitterness of the cold perhaps kept a few away, as well as being responsible for the rather low scores. Except for the county championship race, which was a walkover for Tallman, the events were well contested. This was a 100-bird race, and the holder of the medal and title, Capt. Traver, was defending it against Tallman, the challenger, as well as others, it also being an open event. Events 4, 5, 6 and 7 constituted this race, and after the first string it was seen that Tallman would probably be the easy winner that he proved to be. Du Bois won the club cup with a full score. Three men, Tallman, Rhodes and Marshall, tied for the Traver cup. In the shoot-off, however, Marshall scored a win with a full score. The cup events were run in with the championship race, events 4 and 5 constituting same, and No. 7 answering as shoot-off:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	25	25	25	25	25
Traver	8	7	19	18	18	21	21
Tallman	10	9	..	22	23	21	18
Du Bois	7	6	..	20	18	18	18
Hans	4	4	..	15	13	..	..
Smith	9	5	..	15	15	..	..
T Rhodes	7	7	..	17	18	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	25	25	25	25	25
Marshall	8	8	15	13	20	23	15
Winans	7	9	15	16	17	..	..
Yates	4	3	..	..	..	..	..
Latimer	2	0	..	..	..	..	..
Cheney	..	..	..	..	15	..	..

	Club Cup. Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.	Traver Cup. Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Traver	18	3	21	18	3	21
Tallman	22	2	24	23	2	25
Du Bois	20	5	25	18	5	23
Hans	15	3	18	13	3	16
T Rhodes	17	7	24	18	7	25
Marshall	13	5	18	20	5	25
Winans	16	6	22	17	6	23
Smith	15	4	19	15	4	19
Cheney	..	..	..	15	7	22

In the 100-target championship race the total seores were as follows: Tallman 84, Traver 78, Du Bois 74, Marshall 71.

SNANIWEH.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Twenty-three members took part in the contest of the Parker prize gun series on Feb. 6. The day was warm and clear, but a strong wind across the traps from the right made the targets very erratic, and the scores in some cases were not up to the average. Randall was high man in actual breaks, with 89, breaking his last 20 straight. Linn and Ahlers tied on 88 each for second place, and Dick came third, with 81. Eleven full scores, including handicaps, were made.

C. Dreihs was at the grounds for the first time in several weeks. He starts next week on a business trip, Middlesboro, Ky., being his first stop.

A. Sunderbruch has been under the weather lately, and was not in his usual form, but managed to get the best of Gambell in a friendly match at 50 targets.

Considerable practice shooting was indulged in, but everybody finished before dusk.

Capt. A. W. DuBray is in the city for a brief stay, before another missionary trip for the Parker gun. The scores follow:

Parker prize gun, 100 targets, handicap of added targets.

Events: / Targets:	1 20	2 20	3 20	4 20	5, 20	Broke	Total.
Herman, 30	12	13	12	16	11	64	94
Maynard, 18	20	12	17	15	15	79	97
Dick, 22	15	19	15	15	17	81	100
Pohlar, 35	17	14	13	16	9	69	100
Kraemer, 40	10	10	12	16	10	58	98
Pfieffer, 40	12	12	15	15	14	68	100
Block, 18	12	16	12	12	15	67	85
Colonel, 55	2	8	7	2	5	24	79
Harig, 40	16	16	10	18	11	71	100
Williams, 18	15	16	15	15	17	78	96
Norris, 30	13	13	16	13	15	70	100
Linn, 25	18	16	19	18	17	88	100
Willie Green, 44	11	12	12	7	14	56	100
C. Dreihs, 30	14	16	14	13	13	70	100
Ahlers, 10	17	19	19	17	16	88	98
Faran, 18	17	16	17	14	16	80	98
A Sunderbruch, 10	15	15	15	13	15	73	83
Randall, 15	18	15	17	19	20	89	100
Boeh, 40	18	12	15	10	9	64	100
Bullerdrick, 30	12	16	19	17	11	75	100
Jay Bee, 25	12	15	13	14	12	66	91
Captain, 25	14	14	14	11	13	66	91
Jack, 30	13	15	14	12	9	63	93

Match, 50 targets:

Targets:	25	25		Targets:	25	25	
Sunderbruch	22	23	45	Gambell	19	22	41

The first contest in the new cash prize series will be shot for on Feb. 13, and handicaps will be announced at that time.

BONASA.

Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club.

EASTON, Pa., Feb. 8.—At the regular monthly shoot held Saturday on the club grounds, the following scores were made;

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
J E Frederick	190	140	H Boengle	50	24
E F Markley	100	81	H Brunner	25	18
O Skeds	75	62	C Markley	25	16
D C Kendig	50	26			

Owing to the inclement weather, the usual good attendance was lacking, as at these shoots, if the weather is at all pleasant, we have a great many more shooters present.

At the regular monthly meeting, held Sunday, Feb. 7, the following officers were elected for the following year: President, J. H. Heil; Vice-President, J. E. Genther; Financial Secretary, W. Ivey; Corresponding Secretary, E. F. Markley; Treasurer, W. H. Maurer; Trustees, J. Pleiss, W. Ivey, O. Skeds; Captain, H. Brunner; Assistant Captain, E. F. Markley.

At this meeting is was finally decided that the club would hold their first annual target tournament on April 21, and that the professional gaining high average for the entire shoot would receive $5, and for the three best amateurs shooting through the entire programme, a purse of $6 would be divided between them as follows: 3, 2, 1. As there was never a tournament held in this city before, every effort is being made to make this first one a success in every particular. Our club is now in a thriving condition, both financially and in membership, we having now fifty-six members, all in good standing, and we think we have not a few good shots who have partly learned the art of filling the air with dust at the crack of their guns. We also have some very good rifle and pistol shots, who need not be ashamed to say that they know something about the smaller firearms.

E. F. MARKLEY, Sec'y.

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 30.—Shoot for Keystone top shot wad badge, 20 live birds each, handicap:

Oliver (28) 18, R. E. R. (25) 13, J. H. Worden (27) 12, Wellington (30) 18, Carlile (25) 13, Karl (25) 13, Folly (26) 18, Curtis (26) 15, Ed. Keys (25) 14, Anderson (25) 10, Dinger (28) 17, Williams (28) 17, Hoffman (30) 15, Meyers (28) 12.

Ties on shoot-off, 5 birds: Oliver 4, Wellington 2, Folly 2.

D.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 30.—The fourth contest for the Julius C. Walk & Sons' cup resulted as follows:

Targets:	25	25	Hdcp.	Shot at.	Broke.
J W Bell	22	23	5	55	50
W T Nash	20	20	8	60	48
O F Britton	17	24	8	59	49
Jos Michaelis	20	18	10	62	48
G Moller	19	17	12	64	48
R S Heaton	19	17	11	64	47
W B Allen	20	16	11	64	47
E C Deckman	16	20	10	64	46
J M Lilly	16	16	8	68	40
J C Dixon	18	11	9	71	38
R S Barrett	12	14	12	74	38
E J Armstrong	8	3	13	75	21

System of handicap used was to allow each contestant to shoot at as many targets as he failed to score in original shoot, and to add result of same to original score.

The fourth contest for the J. C. Walker & Son cup, was held on Jan. 30. The attendance and shooting were both much better than on the previous Saturday. The system of handicap used in this match is to allow each contestant as many extra targets to shoot at as he misses out of the 50. Figures in the handicap column indicate the number broken out of the extra targets.

J. W. Bell was high man, with 45 breaks, his score in the handicap giving him a total of 50. The score follows:

Targets:	25	25	Br'k	Hdc.	Shot at	T'tl
J W Bell	22	23	45	5	55	50
O F Britton	17	24	41	8	59	49
W T Nash	20	20	40	8	60	48
Jos Michaelis	20	18	38	10	62	48
Gus Miller	19	17	36	12	64	48
R S Heaton	19	17	36	11	64	47
W B Allen	20	16	36	11	64	47
E C Dickman	16	20	36	10	64	46
J M Lilly	16	16	32	8	68	40
J C Dixon	18	11	29	9	71	38
R S Barrett	12	14	26	12	74	38
E J Armstrong	8	3	11	13	89	24

Feb. 6.—The fifth contest for the Julius C. Walk & Son cup resulted as follows:

Targets:	25	25	Hdcp.	Shot at.	Broke.
O F Britton	19	20	11	61	50
Jos Michaelis	23	21	5	56	49
J W Bell	23	23	3	54	49
E C Dickman	20	19	9	61	48
G Moller	13	20	15	67	48
R S Heaton	21	21	6	58	48
J W Farrell	18	23	6	59	47
W B Allen	21	18	8	61	41
W T Nash	19	20	8	61	47
Dr Moore	22	18	6	60	46
J C Dixon	19	16	10	65	45
E H Lieb	18	19	8	63	45
N Wise	20	16	7	64	43
J M Lilly	16	17	8	67	41
C Steffin	11	16	13	73	40
F Erb	16	..	..	25	16
H B Sayles	12	12	14	75	38
G Habich	8	..	..	25	8
C A Medico	16	..	..	25	16
H Denny	14	16	12	70	32

Same system of handicapping as used last week.

Herewith also please find score of Erb-Michaelis shoot for English Hotel cup. Dr. Moore, of this city, challenged Mr. Michaelis for cup:

J Michaelis	11110111111111101011111011—21
	11110111110110111111101110—20
	01010111111111111111111111—22
	01101011111110111111111011—20—83
F Erb	01011011111110110111111111—20
	11111111111111001010111110—20
	11111110111111111111110111—23
	01011011111111100111011111—19—82

T. Umbellus.

New York Athletic Club.

Travers Island, Feb. 6.—The weather was cloudy and it looked very much like rain all day. No doubt this kept a number of regular shooters at home. There was no wind, such as usually prevails at Travers Island. The shooting was therefore very easy. The first event was for the W. J. Elias trophy, which was won by Mr. G. E. Greiff, who also captured the second, special event, which was a handsome silver trophy. This was Greiff's first win for this cup, which has to be won twice to become the property of a contestant.

Event 1, 50 targets, handicap, for Elias trophy:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
G Bechtel	32	8	40	G E Greiff	39	5	44
W J Elias	29	10	39				

Event 2, 100 targets, scratch: Bechtel 73, Elias 52, Greiff 83.

Events:	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Evcnts:	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Bechtel	17	22	18	19	16	15	11	Elias	17	14	9	9	8	12	9
Greiff	19	20	..	22	19	20	..								

Scranton Rod and Gun Club.

Scranton, Pa.—At the annual meeting of the Scranton Rod and Gun Club, held on Thursday evening, Jan. 28, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Chas. H. Von Storch; Vice-President, W. E. Bittenbender; Secretary-Treasurer, J. D. Mason; also the following Directors, H. M. Spencer, H. C. Cullen, T. J. Snowdon and Jos. Shotto.

The shooting grounds are located along the Boulevard Road, near Parker street, and can be reached from the Central City, by street cars marked, Providence, Carbondale or Marvine only. Get off at Parker street.

Shoots are held every Saturday afternoon when weather permits.

The club proposes to make a special effort this coming season to enforce the Game Laws. J. D. Mason, Sec'y-Treas.

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y., Feb. 6.—The following scores were made at the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. Gayl Hubbell got the final win for the rifle in the 25-bird distance handicap with the fine score of 24 out of 25. F. Brandreth and C. Blandford are tied for the telescope, which is second prize in this series. Next Friday, the 12th inst., the match shoot between this club and the Poughkeepsie Gun Club takes place. These are ten-man teams, and as the shoot will be open to all, a good crowd is expected. As we have announced before, the 100-bird event will start promptly at 1:30 P. M.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	15	10	10	10	10	Targets:	25	15	10	10	10	10	
W Smith, 14	13	9	3	..	..	..	M Dyckman, 16	w	10	7	5	6	7	
D Brandreth, 16	19	7	..	..	..	..	W Clark, 18	w	14	..	7	8	..	
G Hubbell, 16	24	11	..	9	8	..	C Blandford, 21	w	13	6	7	9	8	
J Hyland, 16	19	13	..	..	..	10	E Ball, 20	w	10	9	8	7	7	
										C.	G.		B.	

Trap at Abilene.

Abilene, Kan., Feb. 1.—Appended are scores made here Jan. 29, in a team shoot between C. T. Estes, Dr. H. C. Wann and Dr. T. R. Conklin on one side, and A. A. Glade, C. Stevens and H. S. Taylor on the other. The conditions were as follows: Each man to shoot at 15 live birds, 30yds. rise, and the losing side to pay for the birds.

The birds were nearly all dark blue in color, and an excellent lot of flyers, and with a stiff wind to help them along made some of them quite difficult to stop. The scores were as follows:

A A Glade	122111212121221—15	C T Estes	001101012211212—11
C Stevens	101112221101212—13	Dr Wann	011011001122211—11
H S Taylor	111222122012122—14	Dr Conklin	121212001212102—12
	42		34

D. C. Hayner.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Mr. W. C. Danser, winner of the $20 gold piece—second prize in the shoot, 68 entries, for a Knockabout gun, at Guttenburg race-track, Jan. 13, 14 and 22—killed from the 27yd. mark 59 out of 61. He used a Knockabout gun, for which Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, are the sole agents.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 27-March 5.—New York.—At Zettler's, championship rifle gallery tournament.

June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

Miller Rifle and Pistol Club.

Hoboken, N. J., Feb. 6.—At our meeting, held Feb. 3, the annual election of officers was held, with the following result: Captain, Owen Smith; First Lieutenant, Chas. Bayha; Second Licutenant, R. W. Evans; Third Lieutenant, Chas. Miller; Ord. Sergeant, R. A. Goldthwaite; First Shooting Master, D. Dingman; Second Shooting Master, Herman Bahn; Secretary, L. Kneisel; Treasurer, J. Nelson; Trustees, J. Bischoff, J. Nelson, L. Kneisel. Shooting Committee: F. Unbehauen, R. A. Blake, D. Dingman, C. Miller.

Delegates to National Schuetzen Bund: C. Bischoff, F. Unbehauen.

Shooting Committee to National Schuetzen Bund: Capt. Owen Smith, Herman Bahn.

Scores of Wednesday night shoot: C. Miller 239, F. Unbehauen 240, E. Doyle 230, D. Miller 242, J. Bischoff 244, H. Bahn 232, R. W. Evans 244, D. Dingman 240, H. Meyns 235, W. Wahlstrom 232, A. Schwartz 239, R. A. Goldthwaite 239, Owen Smith 237.

L. Kneisel, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati, O., Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Jan. 31. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Hasenzahl was champion for the day with a score of 224. To-day began a contest for trophies kindly donated by Mr. Ottomer Topf, of this Association. The members were divided into four classes, each class to contest for a gold medal, 10 best scores to count. The contest will continue for the ensuing six months, or thirteen shoots:

Hasenzahl	224	219	213	212	203	Gindele	214	213	210	194 ...
Roberts	220	210	210	208	194	Trounstine	212	203	201	190 189
Nestler	219	219	216	215	213	Hoffman	205	198	197	190 181
Payne	219	214	212	209	206	Freitag	203	198	195	192 183
Bruns	219	218	214	206	202	Lux	195	193	188	187 183

Zettler Rifle Club.

The weekly shoot of the Zettler Club, Feb. 2, while restricted to a small number of members, was replete with interesting incidents. The first flurry was caused by Geo. Schlicht, who on his third entry made a full score of 250 points, the second full score that has been made in the Zettler gallery since it was opened in 1900.

The next incident of merit was the entrance of L. P. Hansen into the group with his outfit with him. Hansen's absence from the club's weekly shoots for several weeks past has been much deplored by the active members of the club. His brother members gave him the glad hand. Wm. A. Tewes, who has again taken up his work in the weekly contests after some weeks' rest, was present. Hansen shot 100 shots and made a score of 2442. Wm. A. Tewes got in touch with his rifle and ammunition and made the fine score of 1232 for 50 shots.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., 50 shots: L. P. Hansen 2442, L. C. Busse 2438, G. Schlicht 2432.

Fifty shots: Wm. A. Tewes 1232, A. Moser 1205, C. G. Zettler, Jr., 1202, B. Zettler 1197, C. G. Zettler, Sr., 1190, H. Fenwirth 1176, Aug. Begerow 1166, Geo. J. Bernius 1132.

New York Central Corps.

There was a fairly good attendance of the members of the Central Corps at the bi-monthly shoot in the Zettler gallery, Feb. 3. In the contest on the ring target, R. Gute was high with 241 and 242. Gute was also first on the bullseye target, with a center shot measuring 54 degrees.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: R. Gute 241, 242; D. Scharninghaus 240, 238; H. D. Muller, 236, 236; Geo. Viemeister 234, 234; J. N. F. Siebs 231, 225; Fritz Brodt 224, 234; B. Eusner 232, 225; J. Feldscher 231, 222; F. Schroeder 224, 223; F. Engelking 226, 217; C. Gerken 213, 228; W. Schillingman 226, 213; F. Schiller 210, 218; H. Schroeder 198, 226; A. Rohde 213, 208; G. Dettleff 224, 184; J. Kack 195, 223; H. Roffmann 211, 195; H. von der Lieth 200, 206; C. F. Tietjen 195, 193; H. Ficke 194, 191; J. Winters 201, 178.

Bullseye target, the best center shot to count, by measurement: R. Gute 54 degrees, F. Engelking 62, B. Eusner 74; Geo. Viemeister 82, H. Schroeder 95.

Italian Rifle Club.

The Italian Rifle Club held its gallery shoot Feb. 1. Twenty-one members were present. Minervini led the group for high score with 240. Selvaggi and De Felice tied for second place, each with 239. Muzio, Reali and Bianchi tied for third place, each with 238.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: Minervini 240, Selvaggi 239, De Felice 239, Muzio 238, L. Reali 238, Bianchi 238, G. F. Conti 237, L. Gallina 235, Gerbolini 233, G. Raimond 226, Del Sols 223, E. Orsenigo 219, Mastropaolo 218, A. Orsenigo 216, Gatto 213, Corbyons 210, Personeni 207, S. Fontanella 200, G. Fontanella 197, Ciancimino 197, A. Ronchi 175.

New York City Corps.

Twelve members of the New York City Corps were present at the gallery shoot of the corps on Feb. 4. Aug. Kronsberg, with 242 and 245, led the group for high score. Capt. Busse was second with 241 and 244.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: A. Kronsberg 242, 245; Capt. R. Busse 241, 244; J. Facklamm 234, 239; O. Schwanermann 237, 234; A. Frank 230, 230; F. Kelle 211, 212; H. Vogel 212, 205; J. Keller 211, 202; W. Heil 204, 171; A. Wilt 159, 172; C. Schmidt 219, 219; H. Radloff 219, 219.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

The Lady Zettler Club will give a reception and package party to their friends at headquarters, No. 159 West Twenty-third street, on the night of Feb. 13. A large number of invitations have been sent out, and there is no doubt that the club rooms will be crowded. Henry D. Muller, the vice-president of the Zettler Rifle Club, has been nominated by the lady club as auctioneer for the occasion. John Laut is secretary to the auctioneer. Good luck to the ladies.

Rifle Notes.

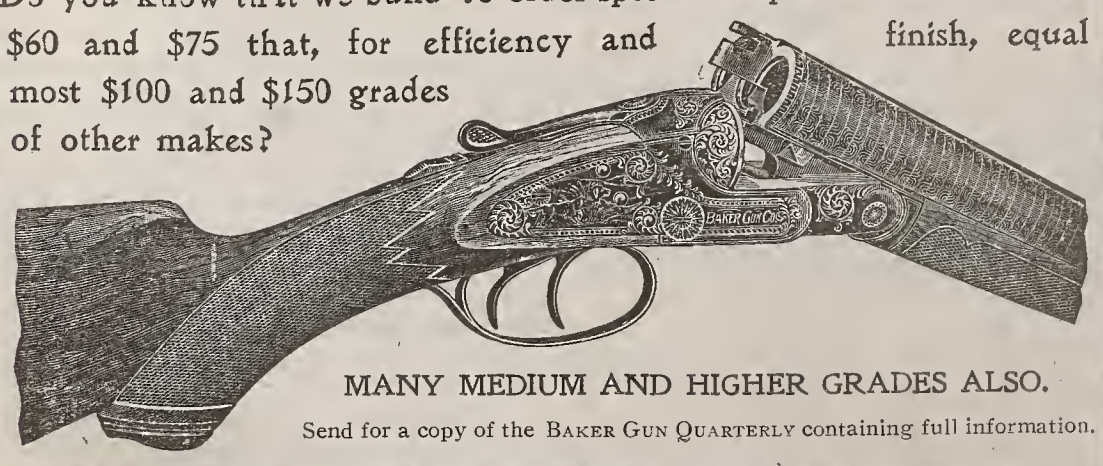
Wm. A. Tewes dropped into the Zettler gallery on Saturday night and shot a 50-shot practice, his five scores totaling 1232.

The New York Corps will occupy the Zettler gallery ranges on the night of Friday, Feb. 12. The eighty-six members engaged in this shoot make the gallery a place of interest at these meetings.

The annual gallery championship match and prize shoot under the auspices of the Zettler Rifle Club, will be held on Feb. 27, 29 and March 1 to 5 inclusive. There are twenty cash prizes, from $15 to $2. There are fifteen valuable merchandise prizes.

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The Sunset Limited annex car leaves New York daily at 4:25 P. M., on the Washington & Southwestern Limited, which train is operated between New York and New Orleans, and carries elegant Pullman Double Drawing Room Sleeping Cars, Club Cars, Library, Observation and Dining Cars, making direct connection at New Orleans with the Southern Pacific's Sunset Limited train, leaving New Orleans daily at 11:55 A. M., which train carries Palatial Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Cars and Observation Cars through to San Francisco without change.

For full information call on or address New York offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway. Alex. S. Thwcatt, Eastern Passenger Agent.

Pennsylvania Railroad's Washington Tours.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's third three-day personally conducted tour to Washington will leave New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Elizabeth, and Trenton, Feb. 11. Round-trip rates—only difference being in the hotel selected in Washington—are $12 and $14.50 from New York; $10.50 or $13 from Trenton, and proportionate rates from other points. Tickets cover railroad transportation for the round trip and hotel accommodations. A special side trip to Mt. Vernon may also be taken. All tickets are good for ten days, with special hotel rates at expiration of hotel coupon. For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; Tourist Agents, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn, or Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

Guides at the 1904 Sportsmen's Show.

A picturesque and exceedingly attractive feature of the Tenth Annual Sportsmen's Show, which opens at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 19 next, will be the exhibits arranged by guides from along the line of the Canadian Pacific road, and those from points further south in the Rocky Mountain Range. One of the exhibits is that of Mr. S. N. Leek, who comes from Wyoming with an entire hunter's camp and outfit. Mr. Leek is a practical experienced guide of national reputation among big-game hunters. Mr. L. C. Armstrong will prepare and manage the joint exhibit of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Hudson Bay Company, and the Province of Ontario. Mr. Armstrong will bring to the show seven guides in all, five of whom will be Indians, and two, ranchmen or cowboys.

$26.40 to Atlanta and Return.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, account Meeting Department of Superintendence, National Educational Association, Feb. 23 to 25. Tickets on sale at New York at the above rate, good going Feb. 20, 21 and 22, and good returning until Feb. 27, inclusive. Apply to ticket agents in New York or Brooklyn.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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VOL. LXII.—No. 8. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The "General Court" gave our grandfather Hamlin a tract of land in the "Province of Maine," in consideration of the services of himself and his three sons in the Revolution. He went down to view it in high expectation of a home for his old age and for his posterity. When he returned he reported to the "General Court" that there was an abundance of rocks and caves and bears, but hardly soil enough to grow a decent spruce tree. The caves seemed to be already well supplied with bears. They were in possession, they were the only rightful, or indeed, possible inhabitants, and he hoped the Legislature of Massachusetts would not disturb them. To this day it is called Hamlin's Grant, and only bears inhabit it.—REV. DR. CYRUS HAMLIN.

A MENACE TO THE MOTOR BOAT.

A BILL has been introduced in the House by Mr. Grosvenor to regulate motor boats, the text reading:

A BILL

To amend an Act entitled "An Act providing for certain requirements for vessels propelled by gas, fluid, naphtha, or electric motors," approved January eighteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Act of Congress approved January eighteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven (chapter sixty-one, page four hundred and eighty-nine, volume twenty-nine, United States Statutes at Large), amending section forty-four hundred and twenty-six of the Revised Statutes of the United States, relating to vessels propelled by gas, fluid, naphtha, or electric motors, be, and is hereby, amended by striking out the words "of above fifteen tons burden," following the word "vessels," in the second line of said Act, so that said section as hereby amended shall read: "All vessels carrying freight or passengers for hire, propelled by gas, fluid, naphtha, or electric motors, shall be, and are hereby, made subject to all the provisions of section forty-four hundred and twenty-six of the Revised Statutes of the United States relating to the inspection of hulls and boilers and requiring engineers and pilots; and all vessels so propelled, without regard to tonnage or use, shall be subject to the provisions of section forty-four hundred and twelve of the Revised Statutes of the United States relating to the regulation of steam vessels in passing each other, and to so much of sections forty-two hundred and thirty-three and forty-two hundred and thirty-four of the Revised Statutes relating to lights, fog signals, steering, and sailing rules as the board of supervising inspectors shall by their regulations deem applicable and practicable for their safe navigation."

The measure is now in the hands of the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries.

Sections 4233, 4234, and 4412, referred to in the bill, have to do only with requirements as to light, signals, and sailing rules. The part of Mr. Grosvenor's bill which demands the attention of all who are interested in motor boats is the clause prescribing that these craft, if used for hire, shall be subject to the provisions of Section 4426. This section provides that "The hull and boilers of every ferryboat, canalboat, yacht, or other small craft of like character propelled by steam, shall be inspected * * * *and no such vessel shall be navigated without a licensed engineer and a licensed pilot.*"

This measure, it is understood, has been brought before Congress at the instance of masters and pilots of river and harbor craft who have had much disastrous experience with navigators of small power boats. The small boat in a harbor is the terror of ferry and steamboat pilots, and in river navigation there have been numerous instances where small boats have been run down with consequent loss of life, in which casualties the fault was with the inadequate and incapable manning of the small boats. There is sound reason, then, for the contention that all motor boats should be subject to whatever degree of regulation may be necessary to secure the end sought, which is that of safety to small boat and large vessel as well. Legislation designed to secure this should have the cordial support of all who are interested in motor boats, whether as manufacturers or as users. Whatever tends to increase the safety of such craft is for the interest of both classes alike.

But however good in purpose legislation on this subject may be, it may very readily be made too stringent and rigorous, so severe, in fact, as to defeat the aim, and prove detrimental and oppressive. Those who have studied the Grosvenor bill are apprehensive, because they see in it a menace to the small motor boat as a craft now coming into almost universal use for pleasure or convenience. This apprehension is caused by a rumor that there is an intention to amend the Grosvenor bill so that it shall apply to all motor boats, whether used for hire or not. In that event every boat would have to be provided with a licensed engineer and a licensed pilot. This could not but mean the abandonment of thousands of such craft. It would drive out of existence the private motor boat owned by the man of moderate means. That Congress should adopt such a measure is fairly incredible; the bill so amended could pass only by an inadvertence or misunderstanding. The one thing, then, for the motor boat owners to do is to communicate with their Senators and Representatives, to the end that if the Grosvenor bill shall be adopted it shall go through as now worded, and without the mischievous amendment which is feared.

The occasion is opportune to secure also from Congress the provision of certain regulations which should apply to all small motor craft, even though used only for the pleasure or convenience of the owner. The nature of these regulations is outlined in the letter of Mr. E. M. MacLellan, secretary of the American Power Boat Association, to the Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, printed in another column. The association, Secretary MacLellan writes, is in favor of requiring an examination of those in charge of power boats, more particularly as to their qualifications and knowledge of navigation, sufficient for the safe and proper handling of such types of boats. This, as is further pointed out, should not call for a license such as is granted to captains or engineers, but should be a special form of certificate conforming to the examination that might be required. This is entirely reasonable. Such a system, by increasing the efficiency of small boat navigators and giving increased assurance of safety in the use of small boats, would prove a constant factor in promoting their use and popularity. The horrible motor boat catastrophies which occur at not infrequent intervals may almost without exception be attributed to the ignorance or the carelessness of the man in charge. Every such casualty "gives a black eye" to the motor boat interest. They would be less frequent were the rule in force that no person should be permitted to handle a boat until he had given evidence of his fitness to do so with safety to himself and others.

The requirements suggested by Secretary MacLellan might wisely be added as an amendment to the present Grosvenor bill. They would do much to fix the status of the motor pleasure boat; and by providing all that is essential, would go far to remove the danger of that drastic legislation of which motor boat owners are now apprehensive.

BOARDERS VS. BEARS.

THEY are discussing the proposed bear protection in the Adirondacks; and the more the proposition is thought about and talked about the less favor does it find. The notion that the Adirondack bear supply should be conserved appears to have sprung from the sentimentality of people who do not live in the Adirondacks; but the actual dwellers there, who are the class actually concerned, look at the subject in a hard, practical way. The consideration with them is of the bear in relation to dollars and cents. If the Adirondack bear is of use, they want it protected; if it is of no use, but a species of vermin preying on their sheep and frightening their city boarders, they want it exterminated.

The usefulness of the bear depends upon the stage of social development of the country it inhabits. Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, whose boyhood days were spent in a bear infested region of Oxford county, Maine, once wrote: "Bears are a very good element in early society. They call forth skill, pluck and dash." The Oxford county boy of his day "never felt bigger and prouder than when, with a ball rammed down on top of a partridge charge, he was pursuing a bear which he had seen at a distance, but never saw again." The bear killing by the young Cyrus Hamlin and by his cousin Hannibal, between whom existed a warm emulation in the pursuit, appears to have been for the most part theoretical. There was, perhaps, as is usually the case, more of large imagining of what they would do to a bear than of the actual doing; but we may well believe that the roaming through the bear woods of Oxford county had its part in developing the characters of the two boys, and fitting them for their careers of usefulness. Cyrus Hamlin was the first president of Robert College, Constantinople; Hannibal Hamlin was Vice-President of the United States in Lincoln's first term. It was near the close of his life that, looking back to his boyhood days in the grand old woods of Maine, Dr. Hamlin wrote, "We pity the boys that have no bears in their woods."

But however good the bear may be as an element of early society, it becomes less useful and less tolerable in proportion as that society loses its primitive character. No society, however remote it may be from the great centers of population, can retain its early characteristics in the face of an influx of city boarders. We speak of the Adirondacks as a wilderness; but in reality the region is a vast caravansary for the housing of hosts of summer boarders. These boarders are not bear hunters; they are, in a vastly preponderating majority, women and children—timorous creatures affrighted of bears, startled at the very thought that there may be bears in the neighborhood, and paralyzed at the sight of a live bear at large. This being the condition of things, the Adirondack hotel keeper will tell you that he considers extremely silly this proposal to protect the bear tribe. Women and children and bears do not go together. He makes his money out of boarders, not out of bear bounties. As he sees it, bear protection is not a good business proposition.

It avails nothing with him to argue that the Adirondack bear is harmless and innocent as to the shedding of human blood. Popular belief will not have it so. There are thirteen million children in the Sunday schools of America; they have all heard of the bears which tare the children who mocked Elisha; and the notion of ursine ferocity thus instilled has been strengthened by the popular lore common to the race, which makes the bear a bogie. "Meeting up" with a bear in the woods, ninety-nine of every hundred summer boarders would run.

The Adirondack hotel keeper who should seriously argue that bears should be protected in the Adirondacks would be regarded by his fellows as foolish.

AS A part of the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel system from New Jersey under the Hudson River and Manhattan Island and the East River to Brooklyn, there is now building at Long Island City a great power house. The site is a boggy swamp. To secure a foundation to carry the building with its thousands of tons of machinery, 8,000 pine piles have been driven down thirty feet or more, on which will rest the concrete bed on which the structure will be reared. The foundation of the immense New York Produce Exchange building rests on 15,000 New England spruce and pine spiles driven down to bedrock and cut off below the level of tidewater. The city's loftiest skyscraper, the 31-story St. Paul building, with its 20,000 tons of weight, is carried on a foundation which is supported on 4,000 spiles driven into the sand 40 feet to bedrock. The power house, the exchange, and the office building are typical. Each is supported and sustained by the strong support found in the forest.

THE practice of docking the tails of horses is engaging the attention of Congress, and a repressive measure has been introduced with application to the District of Columbia. It requires registration of all horses within the District having docked tails, and forbids docking in the future, or the importation, sale, or use of docked-tailed horses other than those registered under the act. A measure of like import has been introduced at Albany by Senator Armstrong. There should be no question of the enactment of both bills. The docking of horses' tails is a monstrous cruelty. There are no extenuating circumstances. It ought to be suppressed, and suppressed now.

THE British officials in the Soudan have adopted regulations for the preservation of game in a territory lying between the Blue and the White Nile and the Abyssinian frontier, and comprising an area of 300 miles in length by 150 miles in width. In this vast tract only persons bearing permits from the Governor are allowed to shoot. The game comprises elephants, lions, leopards, buffalo, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and many species of deer and antelope. American sportsmen who may be ambitious to stalk the big game of Africa will find their opportunity here. The proper course of procedure is to secure credentials from the United States Consul-General at Cairo, purchasing one's outfit there, and thence proceeding up the Nile.







THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Floating Down the Mississippi.

V.—Some People of the River.

Jack Stevenson was one of the thousands who had lost his home in a flood. Last spring the high water swept in on his little clearing on Kaskaskia Island, took away his house, his field and chicken coops, leaving only a barren waste. He saved and sold his poultry—300 or 400 chickens—his tools—planes, saws, drills, and what not of a Jack-of-all-trades, and these were in a big chest. During the summer he had lived in the warehouse, working a little for the local blacksmith, but now that fall was come, he found himself obliged to go somewhere and earn money. A brother at Carruthersville, 150 odd miles below Cairo, and rumor said that wages were booming at that place, and to it Jack decided to go. He would join the human migrants of the Mississippi River and go to a better land.

First of all he built himself a Jo-boat 18 feet long, with a wider stern than bow, flaring sides 16 inches wide and able to carry about a ton in smooth water. It was in the water at the place I landed, and when we became acquainted, Jack said he was going down the river, too, and we could be company for each other. While I was at the old account books in the warehouse, Jack built an awning to cover his boat. It was old machine cover canvas, with slats crosswise to stiffen, and four sticks in a rectangle 5 by 9 feet square, to hold it over the boat, and swabbed with soft tar with which every landing and fisherman seems to be provided, to keep out the rain. If the wind struck it there was no danger because it merely rested on four posts high enough to clear Jack's head; it weighed only about ten pounds, and on hot days I envied him his shade.

Just after noon on October 10 Jack and I, with our duffle on board our boats, pulled out from Menard Landing, and the current took us more or less in charge. At Chester, a few miles below, is the Illinois State prison, and it is the most impressive spectacle along the river. There is a wide green lawn in front, the building is big, built of greenish stone, and behind it is a stockade of logs set on end, with sentry boxes at intervals along it. Within this stockade I could see men in striped suits shoveling sand on a big heap—a brilliant fashion of making useful citizens of worse than useless men. Fancy the ennobling ideas, the new life and character that a convict can get out of shifting sand from one side of a jail yard to another! Possibly those responsible for this would gain by a week or so at the same pastime.

We started hopeful of passing Grand Tower before nightfall, but little we knew of the river. It was coming on 4 P. M. when Jack began to suggest stopping somewhere, and then one feature of the man became apparent. He was fussy. He would think a place looked all right for camping, but next minute it would appear that the willows were too thick, the mud too deep, the place too exposed to the wind. Finally it came out that he was looking for sand, and I pointed across the river to a sandbar there, but he couldn't see it till we had dropped down half a mile, and then, "We'll go over there." By this time the current was setting away toward us, and in trying to cross straight over we were practically going diagonally up stream. My clinker skiff, hitherto not built right, nor the kind of a boat to have, according to Jack, would have done the distance fairly easily, but the heavy Jo-boat with tool chest and stove in it, was too much, and we hit land half a mile below our object, yet to me it seemed a better place, for behind the sandbar was a bay, with an entrance a foot deep. "No," Jack said, "I'll not go in there. River might fall and where'd we be?" "But the Chester bulletin said the river is rising." I suggested. "Can't tell anything about it! We'll find a good place down below."

By this time the sun was setting; nevertheless we went afloat, and pretty soon came to a wide chute, into which the water was pouring. I warned Jack that he'd be on the head of the island (?) or towhead, but he did not look nor alter his course till just too late, and went slashing down among the bushes and light drift. Meantime, being in some doubt as to where he was going, I hung back, and then went outside, only to be called inshore and up stream to a sandbar below the head of the island, and there we made camp; took out his stove and built a fire with wood gathered by lantern light, made coffee, and pot roasted a chicken—last of the old man's flock. He was jovial and cheerful, and each night thereafter he was so, no matter what the irritations of the day had been. Not long afterwards I tucked down in the stern of my boat, he in the bow of his, and we slept. Come morning and we ate biscuits and gravy and chicken, a delicious dish to the taste, but Jack put upwards of a pound of lard in every three-pound batch of biscuits, and this, with the coffee, invariably gave me a feeling of nausea for hours after every meal.

I have said that Jack was a riverman in the making. He came down to Kaskaskia five or six years ago in a house-boat of his own construction, after many years in northern parts, but subsequent years on land had rendered him nervous on the water. Below Liberty Bar, where we camped, were the Missouri Bluffs, and what is called the Water Level Road had thrown some rock down, round which the water rippled fiercely enough to the ears. Jack started for the opposite side of the river at this, and then, it becoming apparent that the wind was coming from the west, we hustled back to the Missouri side, only to hang on the anxious seat because a steamer whistled ten miles away. Until that steamer came along we went dodging around wondering where the channel was, and finally crossed astern of the boat Cape Giradeau in the highest waves of the trip without anxiety.

I became nervous and irritable, for not knowing the river, nor what was to be expected, I had to follow the lead of one who knew what a wash a steamer could throw, and yet when the steamer waves came they were harmless, and we rode them safely. Nevertheless each time Jack would say, "I hear a whistle—it's one of them Lee Liners, we'd better go ashore somewhere," I'd follow—uselessly, I believed.

"Let's get in shore now, the current's better there," Jack would assert, and he would hug the land. Three or four rods out my skiff would run away from him when floating, save in bends where the water ran best close ashore. In spite of the fact that I had to back up frequently to keep within speaking distance of him, "it's a better current in shore" was constantly being heard. Sometimes we ran into an eddy, and it was days before Jack would give heed to my warning of "Eddy ahead!" Although running within fifteen feet of land, he would row steadily, and not look ahead once an hour. I did that for him, for since I discovered that the water had swelled the nose of my boat till it was crooked, and some of the side boards had pulled their nails loose, necessitating Jack's fixing it, I had feared for snags with constant attention. Time and again Jack told me of snags, "'Twon't hurt nothing!" and I suppose he felt the same way in regard to my pet aversion, the snags, as I did toward his, the wash of steamers. It is plain that we were neither one of us clay-lined rivermen.

The wind was blowing pretty hard when we neared Grand Tower and Tower Rock, at which geologists have guessed there was once a fall, over which the Mississippi poured in some previous age. Nowadays instead of a fall, the place is known to river people because of the suck there—and a suck is a fearful place. It is a whirlpool where the water races round, and in big ones timbers stand on end and are drawn down out of sight. Tell a riverman that there is a suck ahead, and instant attention is commanded.

We had been looking ahead to Tower Rock Suck ever since we started, and now that we were within a few miles of it, we stopped repeatedly to assure ourselves that we were not running into it unawares at the next bend. A cabin boatman told us to keep to the Missouri side. "That's the best way, and you'll be all right there"—a deliberate lie, but one rectified at Wittenberg by a storekeeper. A moderate wind and the suck ahead were enough to send us into Owl Creek for an afternoon, rather than run the risk of being caught by bad winds among the bad waters. While we waited I walked back on the bluffs, and saw hickory and oak and walnut trees in plenty, heard the cry of gray squirrels spite of the wind, and quite enjoyed myself. When I returned Jack had fixed up my hammock and put in two sticks, of which I had not thought, greatly increasing the comfort of my bed.

After a night on a dry mud bank under trees that kept off the cold and dampness, we went on down the river. It was a place full of interest. The bluffs coming together not far ahead, the possibilities of that suck, and the legends connected with the locality, combined to increase any feelings one might have in regard to the place, and not long afterwards we were in sight of the rocks and waters of our fears.

The keelboatmen, who used to tow their craft up the Illinois side at the Tower in tedious cordelling, have given way to steamboats, which in turn were driven out by the railroads. The Indians who waylaid the keelboats in the shadow of the cliffs to the east were succeeded by less violent whites. The slash of a railroad has forever destroyed the wildness of the Missouri side, and a whiskey advertisement, done in white on green, is on the most conspicuous part of the Tower Rock, but the suck is just as wild, treacherous and innocent appearing as ever. Jack laughed at it, and said he could go through it with his Jo-boat. Two or three years ago another man thought the same, and with his wife, two children, and a negress went into the whirl. The negress came out more dead than alive, but the bodies of the others were not recovered.

The Government sent a man to blow Tower Rock out of the place a few years ago, and he set off a charge or two of dynamite, but the natives of the region served unmistakable notice on the workmen, and the Tower was not destroyed. But these same natives permit a whiskey advertisement to remain unmolested in the most conspicuous place upon it.

The one place that led Jack to express a sense of beauty is just below the Tower Rock a couple or three miles. Here the railroad in going along the bank of the river cut into earth (clay?) almost white, and this cut contrasts vividly with the trees hanging to the brink above, making a scene that is impressive of just what a railroad can do when it gets at natural conditions. "Now, ain't that pretty scenery?" Jack asked.

But even this "pretty scenery" was forgotten when a boat was seen five miles away. We ran into a brook outlet, and after half an hour Jack decided we could risk it if we got to the far side of the river. The steamer was a snagboat, and I could only just tell them when her waves reached us, and yet within half an hour Jack heard a whistle ten miles away, and, seizing his oars, began to look for a good place to run to. "One of them Lee Liners is coming," he said, "and she'll be hell-whoopin' when she gets to this reach."

No matter what the day, usually about noon Jack would begin to eye the shore, and though the water was without a ripple, and bread and cold meat were in the grub cans, we had to go ashore, take out the stove, rustle wood and a fire in order to get Jack his coffee and have hot biscuit. My oil stove wouldn't do. In this way two hours were taken out of the day's run, though Jack claimed to be in a hurry to get down to Carruthersville; he really was, yet would make no sacrifice to that fact, a step toward the real river life.

On the evening of October 13 we were ashore at Buffalo Island. It had just come dusk when Jack came and touched me on my shoulder as I leaned to fix my boat for the night. He pointed across the water and I saw dimly a skiff being rowed rapidly down stream, but out and around us.

"He's a river rat. When he seen us he commenced pulling out, though he'd intended to land here," Jack said.

I am quite certain that most of the river people are as respectable as the average villager, but there are a few much worse than a village hears of once in forty years. One branch of this evil class is known as river rats. The sneaking, hurried motions of the one we saw at Buffalo Island being quite in keeping with their character. They are river tramps, living for a chance of theft for the most part, waylaying and murdering on occasion, but, as a rule, merely begging and petty stealing their way up and down the river. A most unpleasant feeling it gives one to know that one of these creatures is nearby, provided with a skiff whose oar-locks are noiseless. The cabin boat people do not hesitate to kill them on slight provocation, and farmers are only too glad to catch one of them at his tricks. With all hands raised against them, they survive, nevertheless, accursed of half the crimes of the river. Old Jack never failed to keep a fresh charge in his percussion cap Kentucky rifle ready for instant use at night, and he could shoot it, too, with astonishing accuracy up to fifty or sixty yards, killing mud hens from a wind-joggled boat, and hitting sticks stuck in the mud.

The proper season of the year to go down the Mississippi in a skiff is, without a doubt, the fall. There are then upwards of two months during which "pretty days" may be expected several times a week. A "pretty day" is one on which the sun shines warm, but not hot, the only breath that is felt is caused by being thrust through the air by the current. The enjoyment is not care-free, nor is it without stimulating effects, for there are snags in the wide, shallow portions as well as the sandbars; but the majesty of a river a mile wide, moving onward noiselessly, oil-smooth for the most part, and with the inertia of a million tons, cannot but enter into the mind of travelers with sundry and divers effects.

To the man who loves the wide sweep of a wooded valley, the far lines of the deep seas, and the wastes of desert sands, who has never seen the unimaginable power and send of the Mississippi, there is a new kindred sensation awaiting. The desert is a still, dusty waste, the wooded valley quivers, but only quivers, under the winds; the ocean waves, storm-driven, pound the beaches, but the Mississippi is its own power and motion gathered from the storms of a hundred thousand tributaries, and looks it!

And yet there is a meanness and smallness to it all, a malignant, harpy spitefulness shown in the ripples over the sandbars, in the hiss among the worn roots and branches of snags, and especially along the caving banks, where one may see that the water wears fastest among the roots of trees, sometimes so rapidly that eddies are formed, one most conspicuously in the upper reach of the bend below Commerce, where a great lone oak tree, beautifully formed, had been reached long before its time. It shows in the little chutes and bayous, in the swirls and boils indicating the unevenness of the bottom, and, above all, in the sediment, which, seen close at hand as it flows, is in a constantly changing series of viscera-like convolutions. Nor is it possible for one to overlook these unpleasant features; they are a part of the river, as the river rats are a part of the river people; but they do not detract from the interest with which the stream is to be regarded. That caution which Jack showed in regard to the waves of the river steamers is typical of it all. For a long time the wash of steamers may be harmless, lulling one into the belief of security, but each time one must watch out, for there is no telling when the Spirit of the Stream will add its own force to the steamer's waves and send them far to destroy what they can. Whatever I may have thought and felt when Jack was hunting the yon side of the stream, he was right. The word "fussy" expresses one phase of the river better than any other, and the man on it must be fussy himself.

Raymond S. Spears.

In Old Virginia.

XIX.—A Wild Turkey.

WHEN the subject of sport and sportsmen was up in the talks around the evening fire, "Cousin Buck" was often mentioned. He lived on his farm some six miles distant, and had quite a local reputation as an all-round sportsman. An invitation had been extended him to join us in a hunt, and he had been expected for several days.

Coming in one afternoon from a short trip alone, the small boy and his little black companion met me, greatly excited over the information they bore.

"Tousin Buck's tum," shouted the former, "and he bringed a little doggy what walks easy and has dot a tail like a wat; and he's dot a big dun what shoots two times, and he is doin' to dif me a tatwidge shell when he shoots de shots all out of it; a wed one, and heap more bigger den yours, papa."

"Yaas, suh," cut in the little man Friday, before the small boy could get breath to resume. "Mistah Buck he done come, an' bring his dawg, hit a houn' dawg, an' he say hit good foh deah an' tucky; I heah him say so myse'f."

I found the gentleman at the house, and warmed to him from the start. Over six feet in height, very dark, deep set, kindly eyes; firm jaw and chin, nearly concealed by a heavy drooping black mustache; a laugh like a boy's, and a heart that seemed never to have aged any after reaching majority, he was a man to know and grow fond of. An enthusiastic sportsman, his long suit was the wild turkey, and he had the reputation of being the most skillful and successful hunter of this wary bird in the whole country.

If there was any one thing our visitor could do as well as shoot a gun, it was play the fiddle, and we made the rafters ring that night after supper when he demonstrated that fact.

Cousin Rob's room was general headquarters, and here we all gathered, including another cousin who had come in for the night, and spent an evening to be remembered.

The small boy flatly rebelled against retiring at his usual time, and when finally too sleepy to beg for "des one more," was carried to bed still trying to pat his feet to the rollicking tune.

A perfect day was the next, with a frost almost like snow, and a brightness like June. Our departure was delayed a little by the necessity of doctoring the right lock on Cousin Buck's gun, which had gone wrong, and finally refused to come entirely right in spite of our combined efforts. "Let her go," said he, "when it misses I'll try the other."

Gathering the remainder of our outfit we started off, taking only the hound with us, as the bird dog had been a little out of condition for a day or two and needed a rest. The hound was a runty looking little black-and-tan, Ino by name, who, his master said, would "hunt anything that wore fur or feathers." I was much pleased with the possibly wide scope of our hunt and the enthusiasm of my companion. I have little love for the pessimistic man in any walk of life, but my pet aversion is the pessimist with a gun. Like the old man who told his children that he had "had much trouble, the most of which never happened," I have had great sport in the field, much of which never happened, but just as you may suffer from the former, so you may get enjoyment from the latter. And now when my companion suggested that we try for a shot at a deer, and then hunt turkeys, taking the shots offered by the way at quail, rabbits, and squirrels, setting forth the prospects regarding each variety of game with earnest enthusiasm, I was more than pleased with the outlook.

"How far can you walk?" said he, as he began to mentally lay out our route. Had he asked that question three weeks sooner, candor would have compelled me to answer, "About a mile or two," but with the knowledge of the good things I had done in the past few days I boldly said, "Go as far as you please; I'll beg when I get enough."

"Well, we will go over to those pine woods first," indicating two wooded ridges about a half mile away, "and I will try to get you up a deer. They used to be in there, and when jumped go out by the two large white oaks about half a mile down yonder on the road. That will be your stand, and if the dog jumps a deer I will raise a yell that will put you on notice. Don't forget your buckshot shells when you get there, and listen for my whistle somewhere in below you when I have hunted the ground entirely out."

Turning off, I made for the point indicated, having several times noticed the trees in passing the road. I felt that the chance of jumping a deer was slight, as I had been shooting around and through the woods almost daily for two or three weeks, but then we had found many fresh beds, and only a few days before the Esquire and I had found the tracks of three deer in a piece of soft ground, evidently made the night before.

I was swinging along over the frozen ground about half way to the stand, when from far down in the woods, in the direction taken by my companion, I heard the hound open up. It set me sprinting for the oak trees on the road at a pace I could not have kept up long, and which soon put me in position to stop the deer I hoped was coming my way. I had barely replaced my No. 8's with buckshot, when I heard my companion's gun, and then silence, and knew that whatever it was he had stopped it. A half hour more of eager expectancy, and then the sound of his whistle down the road. Joining him, he reported a squirrel bagged, a covey of birds scattered back in a thicket, and no fresh deer signs.

On our way down to the birds a rabbit jumped in front of him, which he tried with the lame barrel of his gun, and its failure to respond is the only reason why I had the opportunity to kill that rabbit, as there was no more shooting needed, as a general thing, at game he held on when the gun fired.

We found three of the scattered quail, the first of which was neatly stopped by my companion, the second—a much fairer shot—I missed, and the third being anybody's bird, as we doubled on it in the thick brush, neither knowing that the other was in a position for a shot. The dog acted in a very interesting manner when we approached the birds, and as I never saw one of his breed act under similar circumstances. Taking the trail of a bird he would creep on it like a fox, not pointing it, but going much slower as he drew near, affording almost as much assistance to the hunter as a bird dog.

No more birds offering, we hunted on across country to some timber where a small gang of turkeys had been seen, going by the mill pond in hopes of surprising a wild duck that might have dropped in for a night's lodging and lingered for breakfast. Reaching the edge of the timber the dog was sent on ahead, while we kept along where it was open enough for shooting, if game should flush in our direction.

"S-tah! S-tah! Ino, S-tah! suh," was the instruction given the dog by his master on sending him off, and although entirely unlike any dog talk I ever heard, seemed to answer every purpose to the two most concerned.

The dog struck a warm trail shortly after getting well away into the timber, which seemed to lead away from us, as his baying grew gradually fainter and then ceased altogether. My companion thought it most likely turkeys, and that they had flushed and gone on in the direction the trail had led. "Come on," said he, when we could no longer hear the dog, "we will have to do our own hunting until he gets back."

We soon proved our ability to go it alone by flushing another covey of birds, one of which we got down on the flush. The remainder scattered into a thicket on a swampy creek bottom sown with briers and thorn vines, and known to be the worst half acre of cover within ten miles. While I was scouting around looking for an opening, or at least a thin place, my companion calmly walked into the very thick of it, as though, like "Bre'r Rabbit," "Bawn and bred in a briah patch." He had two birds down before I got into the thicket. The growth was too thick and tall for me to shoot in, after getting into it, so I crawled up on a fallen tree and concluded to watch for passers by. A bird soon came my way, put up by the native who was tramping about in the thickest of it. I missed with the right and nearly fell off my perch trying to do better with the left. Another crossed in front, flying toward a steep bank, which dropped to my first shot. Marking it down, I waited a moment to see if any more were coming, and then climbed down and went after it.

"How many?" called my companion, who had continued to bang away at short intervals. I was in the act of stooping to pick up my bird, when it flew again, and cost me another shot. "Two," I replied, "the same one both time." He brought out three birds and a rabbit, and reported one winged, and another killed and lost.

Going up over a steep place, and out into the woods about fifty yards from where we had been shooting, the dog reappeared. He was coming toward us from among some treetops, and leading him about fifty feet was a very fine turkey. The gun instinctively leaped from my shoulder at the sight, but dropped back as I noted a mill off a hundred yards, the house near by, and remembered the amount of shooting we had just done close by.

"There is a turkey," I called to my companion, who was out to my right.

"No, that is the dog you see," was his reply.

"Dog and turkey, too," said I, "but it is a tame one; I see white on its neck." And I thought I did, as we stood shouting at each other, and the fine looking bird dodged about among the treetops, followed by the dog. My companion stood in a low place, where his view was obstructed, and could not see the turkey, so called out:

"If you do see a turkey it is not a tame one; shoot it, and shoot quick."

I smiled in a superior way to myself to think of his trying to catch me with such an old trick as persuading me to shoot a tame bird, but it was not one of the smiles that don't come off, for as that grand bird suddenly took flight and went out of gunshot before I could sufficiently recover from my surprise to move a muscle, the smile went with it. I felt as though I had acted like a fool, and yet could not have done otherwise. To shoot a turkey which by every known test and standard was clearly a tame bird, was something I could not do.

Neither of us had ever known or heard of this wary bird acting so, nor could we explain it. Without exaggeration or qualification the facts are given, and is but one of those many strange experiences that sportsmen have.

I mourned many days for that turkey, and the boys made merry at my expense around the evening fire. Rabbits were the next game, and it seemed a regular warren which we found in a weedy bottom. Four came out at one time, the first I missed with both barrels, the second my companion killed, and the other two gave me the unusual opportunity of a double, of which opportunity I made the most. Another rabbit, jumped a little later, had rather the best of it, both of us missing fair shots at it.

The dog had gone on quite a way in advance, and suddenly opened on a hot chase back towards us. My companion listened intently for a moment, and then motioning quickly said: "Deer, I believe. Get out into the open on that side quick as you can," starting on a run at the same time himself for the other side of the narrow strip of woods we were in. For the second time I made a record run for position, and with as little result as the first, for the game proved something other than venison, though what we could not certainly tell.

We had been getting so much out of the day that the noon hour had passed unnoticed, but now the unanimous sentiment was in favor of lunch. A negro cabin near by afforded an opportunity to procure drinking water, which was politely furnished, together with a cordial invitation to eat our lunch before their big wood fire, which we proceeded to do, both the warmth and the rest in chairs proving grateful to us.

As we were leaving, the mother of the two pickaninnies into whose hands I had dropped some small coin, paid me the compliment that I had come to expect from about every adult colored individual I met: "Ain't you Mis' Lady's husban'? You is? I 'lowed you was. You sho' mus' be a good man to be good enough foh her." And then, probably in return for my kindness to the children, she added, while calmly looking me over from head to foot: "I 'lowed you was a little milk-an'-water city man, but you is plenty big, and a good looker, too."

In a general discussion of the negroes of that neighborhood which occurred a few days thereafter, I was struck with the fact that the unanimous opinion seemed to be that the above mentioned woman was the most unreliable of any under discussion.

We took to the woods after dinner, and the little dog was soon telling us that something suspicious had been about. After trailing a little way he seemed to be stationary, and my companion announced that he had "treed." "Squirrel," said he, as we approached and found the dog baying around a very tall cottonwood. "Den tree, I am afraid," was his next remark, as we worked around through the thicket of thorn vines which grew in profusion. Stationing ourselves on opposite sides of the tree, we searched every limb up and down, and shook bushes to try to start the squirrel, but to no effect. Finally, about to give up and go on, I stepped back for a final look, and caught a quick glimpse of fur, down low where the big limbs began to fork. "I see him, low down near the first forks," I called.

A moment more and we both saw a gray squirrel making up the tree, and opened fire. He was high and stood three loads of the small shot we were using before coming down. As he fell, two more squirrels showed, one running into the broken end of a limb extending out towards my companion, and the other climbing for the top on my side. My first shot stopped the one on my side, and left it swinging from the limb, the second bringing it down.

"Look up," called my companion. "I think there is a hole in the end of the limb, but will throw a load of shot into it to make sure."

At the crack of his gun one squirrel sprang clear and came hurtling down through the air, while another dashed out and went up into the top like a gray streak.

"Take him on the wing," he shouted, referring to the squirrel in the air, but thinking that one safe, I was busily engaged in trying to overtake the one fleeing into the treetop. I missed with both barrels, but my companion killed by a beautiful snap shot just as the squirrel reached the very top. Going after the other which the dog had rushed when it lit, I found it hanging to the side of a tree about five feet from the ground, hard hit, and unable to climb higher. Seeing that it did not need another shot, I stood waiting for my companion, who was slowly making his way through the vines. Before he got to us the squirrel lost its hold and fell to the ground, turning immediately upon its back.

The dog, instead of closing in at once, began trying to turn it over, so as to get it by the back, but the squirrel was a fighter, and was in its chosen position. Reaching up it took a firm grip with its fore feet on each side of the dog's head, and set its sharp teeth through and through the end of his nose. With the blood fairly spurting, the poor little dog stood perfectly still, howling as only a suffering hound can howl. It was pathetic, yet ludicrous, and I could not help laughing, as I urged his master to hurry to the rescue. When he came up and saw the state of affairs, he refused to interfere, saying that the dog would never forget the lesson he was being taught, which was good for him. When the squirrel finally dropped off from exhaustion, the poor dog sat down, lifted up his voice and wept.

On the way home we bagged another rabbit and a pair of birds out of a small covey, and arrived with every game pocket filled. It was a large and varied assortment that we laid out on the table for the admiration of the household, but there was a large vacant spot where a turkey should have been.

Of all the good days there were none better than this.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"It Just Happened So."

PITTSBURG, Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of January 2, under the heading, "It Just Happened So," it is related, and doubted, that a Yankee ship captain in a South Sea port had seen his wife in a vision on the same night she died. By heredity, temperament, education, and training I am a positivist, and take no stock in the occult. I want proofs, but I know also we do know very little yet of the forces of nature surrounding us, hence have always kept an open mind on all subjects. We have wireless telegraphy to-day, the electric impulse traveling through the ether without the aid of wires. Why could not the human brain, in certain psychological conditions, emit certain impulses which could travel through the same ether, or another medium which exists, but which we have not discovered yet, and strike another brain, synchronized to the brain which emits the impulse, as may exist among persons who have strong affinity and affection for each other, as between husband and wife, lovers, friends, etc.? This is only an hypothesis, but all great truths and scientific facts first were hypotheses; for in discovering a natural law we create nothing, only find out a fact, which may have existed for ages! Here is an experience, among others, for the actual occurrence of which I can vouch:

When my maternal grandmother (née van der Meerschout) was a young lady, she used to visit every day the village poorhouse in the rear of our place, caring for and feeding the poor, old, and helpless. Among them was an old woman called Soffiedje, for whom grandmother had an especial affection, which was reciprocated. Grandmother went to Paris on a visit to relatives, distance about 180 miles, and at that time—the beginning of last century—it had to be done by stage, taking several days, and there was no electric telegraph. Coming home from a ball, she threw herself, fully dressed, on her bed, and fell asleep, being tired out. Suddenly she awoke, and saw Soffiedje in the room, bidding her good-by in Flemish. She noted the date and time, for grandmother had a hard, intellectual, investigating Dutch head, with no space for superstition or nonsense whatever in it; really much ahead of her time, for a woman. Coming home several weeks later, she found, upon inquiry, Soffiedje had died the same day and hour, even taking in account the difference in time for different longitude. Explain who can; I admit I can't by any existing laws I know of, and won't try. I want more light on the subject, as on a great many others. After all, what we know by past discoveries, as recorded in books, which we call knowledge, may amount to a cubic inch, and all that exists,

even on this little ball of ours, and we don't know, may comparatively amount to a cubic mile or more. As Aristotle says: "The intelligence perceives nothing which the senses have not transmitted to it." Our senses—our means of perception—are still too imperfect. In the course of evolution we may learn more, gradually, but the old law is true: The more you know on any subject, the more you find out you know very little, for new and broader horizons open before you in accordance as you advance. JULIAN THE FOXHUNTER.

Natural History.

Help for the Wild Creatures.

RIVERSIDE FARM, Byron, Illinois, Jan. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A long run of professional work, with its ever-present heart-ache and heart-joy—i. e., sorrow for the sorely afflicted ones, sympathy for all and joy with thanks to "Ti-ra'-wa" for those on whom he had smiled—is behind me. It is a cold, quiet, restful Sunday on Riverside Farm. I am just in from a run on the skis to the squirrel caches; there are six of them on the farm; these caches are generally empty salt barrels nailed and wired in the forks of a burr-oak tree, with the opening to the south, which is partly closed with a well secured curtain made from an old gunny sack. The wild ones like these caches. This supply of salt is very precious to them. It is their great medicine. Wild animals as well as tame ones lick the human hand because of the salts upon it. Some, like the porcupine, gnaw old boots and shoes and tool handles for the same reason. At first Sir Sciurus and his mates will cast the corn and walnuts out upon the ground and hide them in every nook and corner of the woods. If there be a large supply of food in the barrel they soon tire and leave it scattered about on the ground. They are not long in learning the comfort, convenience, safety, and value to them of the cache, after which much of their feeding is done in it.

A tragedy occurred in one of the caches. A pair of squirrels coming in to feed, found a dumpy, short-tailed rodent, the largest of the mouse kind, in the barrel. They knocked him about until life was extinct, and then cast his body out upon the snow, where it lay, one of the most eloquent trespass notices that the writer remembers to have seen. This rodent had long been a thorn in the side of the squirrels, for he had a large den in the tree cache below this one, an old elm. The entrance was within four feet of the barrel and his industrious family got away with a large portion of the food in the cache; too large, the squirrels thought, for they worked hard to gain an entrance to the den, stimulated in their efforts by hate and appetite, but were not able to effect their purpose. The rodents had, unfortunately for them, acquired a great liking for walnuts, so when only corn was put in the old cache, and nuts in the new one on the hill, the head of this interesting family of gnawers followed the ski tracks up to the cache, with the result mentioned, so the sign and circumstance of the ground seemed to indicate. DR. A. J. WOODCOCK.

Some Peculiar Cats.—I.

QUITE a while ago I intimated that I would like to write a series of anecdotes about eccentric or unusually intelligent animals of my acquaintance, promising to deal with facts, not fiction, and to refrain from extravagance.

Being a close observer of animals, and more sympathetic toward them than most men who essay a "strenuous" career, I have, naturally, been favored with experiences that would seem almost beyond belief to persons who regard "the lower animals" as mere meat, or servants, or money producers.

And (alas for mortal plans!) I had intended to take up dogs first, as I am more familiar with them than any other (or perhaps all other) animals; but, as I would be happy to please Von W., who asks for cat stories, and whose contributions to FOREST AND STREAM have given me much pleasure, I will give at least a few of the cats first place.

Pasht.

While staying with an uncle in Effingham county, Illinois, many years ago, where, by the way, the natural scenery is very charming, being about half prairie and half timber, each in small sections, and often alternated with singular regularity, we possessed a small, beautiful tortoise-shell cat with the above ugly Egyptian name. She was remarkably intelligent, astonishingly un-catlike in manner, and withal very lovable. She would stand erect on her hind feet on my hand, held as high above my head as I could reach, and dig with her fore paws into any hole or crevice I asked her to, dog-like, fearlessly, with all confidence in me. Do you think you can induce any common cat to do likewise? Try it and see. Although a cat is considered a climbing creature, and a dog the reverse, the cat is much more afraid of a fall. It is far easier to teach a dog to trust to artificial support, or to submit to an unnatural position.

A yet more remarkable trait of this cat was that I could "sic" her after a hog or other small animal precisely as a boy "sics" a dog! Of course she was not very formidable at a dog's tactics, but she would promptly and cheerfully pretend to give chase, even closing in on the enemy, and dodging about with well-known canine stratagems (sometimes apparently in earnest, especially if I followed and assisted by striking at the intruder); and, when compelled to retreat—which frequently happened—she did so gracefully and in good order—a very striking contrast with the frenzied, pell-mell, scratch-and-tumble escape of the average frightened pussy. It is very difficult to point out anything to a cat, or to cause it to notice anything at a distance. I have known many a child to fly into a rage because he (or, more probably, she) could neither coax nor compel the favorite pussy to look at the moon, or any other object of interest out of immediate reach. I think our Pasht learned to look at and pursue objects from close compainionship with a very active and restless little dog, who had been allowed to consider himself "the whole thing" in that household.

At last (after the manner of the usual female cat) she became a mother; but, unlike the ordinary cat, instead of trying to conceal her offspring, she came to us and told us about them—at least she tried to tell us, and we understood, which amounts to about the same thing—and conducted us to their nest, or, rather, a hen's nest, in a barrel, which had been peacefully appropriated. It was not a case of robbery or confiscation, for the hen had abandoned it of her own will. I don't believe I ever saw tinier kittens. They were but little bigger than mice; I think a coffee cup would have comfortably held the three. She seemed amazingly proud of the ugly, sightless little strangers, purring loudly, wallowing about them joyfully, then looking up at us with dancing eyes. And when cousin Kate reached down and fondled them in her quiet, womanly way, Pasht became hysterically happy, and plainly showed that she was much flattered.

Soon afterward—before they opened their eyes—Kate and I started out to visit a neighbor's house, where there was to be "a singing"—an old style country entertainment that preceded the musicale of to-day—when we were arrested by the cat, who behaved very strangely indeed. She came running after us, moaning piteously (the sounds were very human), real tears in her eyes, ran ahead of us, pushed back at us, pulled at our clothing, plainly saying, "Come back! Come back, please!" and would not desist until we consented to do so, when she guided us as quickly as possible back to the old log house containing the barrel. On the way she kept looking back anxiously, as if fearing we might not understand, or might turn away again. With a woman's quick apprehension, Kate exclaimed: "I'll just warrant that wicked old tom cat that's been prowling around here has come and killed her kittens! Poor Pasht! Poor Pasht!"

And she was right. Not only had the monster killed them, but evidently he had committed cannibalism, for in a few moments the heartbroken mother found a gory half of one of her darlings near by under a rose bush, and brought it and laid it at our feet, looking up into our eyes with a heart-melting expression I can never forget. Only once since have I seen anything like it on a feline face—and that face belonged to a kitten of hers, too—the sole survivor of a second litter. I was sitting in a rocking chair, and the little fellow was teasing me by catching one of the rockers and trying to prevent the motion of the chair. He was about the size of a rat, a bright yellow (I never liked yellow cats till I made his acquaintance), with the most beautiful blue eyes I ever beheld in anything less than human! I was reading, but I'm always watchful and careful when children—human or animal—are about me, and no one could have convinced me that I was soon to cause that playful and innocent creature unnecessary pain. But at last, when I thought he was going away, "tilted back" with a relieved feeling, thinking, "Now I'll get to rock a little." I like to be almost constantly in motion, and sometimes think quite seriously of contriving a rocking bed; would surely do so if I lived in a water mill, where the motive power would cost nothing. However, the tricky little scamp suddenly turned and thrust one tiny pink fore toe under the rocker just in time to get it badly mashed (but not entirely crushed, for I stopped the backward movement by a mighty effort before the full weight even of the chair struck it). Doubtless the pain was greater than a burn. Yet what did that kitten do? Did he give vent to a hateful, angry squall in the natural cat style? Not little Blue Eye. Instead, he uttered a low, plaintive moan, swiftly removed his paw, put it to his mouth, then hobbled away on three legs. Round and round the room he went thus, moaning and holding high the injured toe; and every time he came near the chair he sat down for a second, held that paw up toward me, and glanced sadly at me through his tears, while sobbing and moaning like a human child, and seeming to say: "Just look at my poor hurt finger!"

But whenever I tried to take him up to console him with pitying caresses, he would jerk away again, as if saying: "I know you mean well, but you couldn't handle me without making the hurt worse! O, I just can't bear it!" and make another tour of the room. This he did many times ere consenting to be taken into my lap; but at last when I caught him up and very delicately examined his wound, he, baby-like, appeared somewhat comforted, and gazed intently and gratefully into my eyes. the "pearly drops" still in his. I know there are cynical hard-hearted, "too scientific" beings who will laugh at this, and accuse me of being sentimental rather than accurate; but I note gladly that kindness and sympathy toward dumb brutes is one of the principal and most pleasing features of FOREST AND STREAM; and if the editors, contributors, and most of its readers should be generous enough to take my little story seriously, I can well afford to let the other fellows "smile in an amused and superior way."

But enough of the pathetic feline. I will now introduce one of the comical kind. His name was

Yellow Tom.

No, I have no romantic tale to spin of this cat (he had a remarkable tail of his own, though, and was quite a spinner, too). I shall confine my pen mainly to a description of his character and habits, which were certainly odd.

First, although he was destructive to wild birds, we allowed a pet meadowlark to associate with him freely, day and night, in the house and out, and he never harmed it once, nor tried to. It lived but one summer, finally dying of convulsions induced by eating too many dead flies (the said flies having been poisoned by tobacco). We generally tried to keep the lark in at night, but it preferred to roost on the ground out of doors, as it was a very early riser. Having one wing clipped, to keep it from flying too far away, it seems all the more incredible that a bird-catching cat should have allowed it to go about so long. He even allowed it to drink milk with him out of his own private pan; and sometimes he had to wait until it was satisfied first, for it would frequently peck and pinch his nose, and drive him back (which impudence he'd never have allowed from any of his cat acquaintances)! He did not resent the bird's arrogance, only looked disgusted, much like an indulgent grandfather with a spoiled child. If he was cruelly torturing a rabbit, I had only to catch him by the tail suddenly and jerk him off the ground above it to immediately put an end to its misery—for he would reach down, seeming to stretch to twice his usual length, snatch it up, and tear it to bits with terrible ferocity; all the time hanging by his tail! At other times he did not show anger when I lifted him in that manner. Most cats instantly fly into insane fury if lifted by the tail.

He had the queerest appetite. He ate fruit—especially ripe tomatoes—corn on the cob (green or ripe), raw potatoes, soft candy, and the richest cakes and pies—sour pies as well as sweet ones! He liked the sourest buttermilk, and drank strong black coffee, with or without sugar! But I drew the line there, and did not allow him to become a tobacco fiend!

One day, having neglected to give him his breakfast, I was sitting in the back yard, facing the old log building mentioned in the other cat story, when, suddenly looking up, as if something special had caught the corner of my eye, I seemed to see a miracle. It was a stalk of ripe corn, bearing two small ears, moving slowly, horizontally, about a foot above the ground, butt-foremost! I should have said that the big end had already disappeared around the corner of the log house before my eye fairly caught the wonderful vision; but I plainly saw the latter half of the stalk, and at least one of the ears, ere the house hid them. Of course I sprang up and quickly followed; when lo! the mystery was explained, though 'twas still a wonder! That cat had one end of the stalk in his mouth; or, to be more particular, he had it about a third of its length from the butt, then it ran aslant across his back, the main weight being a little to his rear, and in this manner he had carried it from the near-by shock! I watched him drop the stalk in a convenient place, rip open the shucks from one of the ears, after the manner of a squirrel, and left him feasting when I went to call my uncle and cousin to witness.

"Yellow Tom" finally sickened and was considered incurable. He would lie in one's path and refuse to move, even if trodden on; nothing could startle him or attract his slightest attention; yet he lived on, and on, and on, for weeks. One day Kate dropped a sprig of catnip near his nose. The effect was magical. First he sniffed at it, then wallowed over it, and even tried to stand on his head. From that day he rapidly improved.

L. R. MORPHEW.

ARKANSAS.

Squirrel and Cat Foster Mother.

IT is not generally understood that there is any close familiarity between cats and squirrels, and therefore the following story will be a surprise to some naturalists.

A few days after arrival at our summer cottage at the beach, my youngest boy Harry discovered a squirrel's nest in a spruce grove near the cottage, in which were four squirrels probably five or six days old. Harry brought one of them to the cottage, and asked me if he could not keep it. I told him I thought it was too young to leave its mother. At the same time we had a cat with two young kittens about three days old, and I suggested that he might put the squirrel in the basket with the kittens, and perhaps the cat would take care of it. This he did, the cat making no objection. As the squirrel was two or three days older than the kittens it was stronger and master of the situation. Whether a cat's milk is richer than a squirrel's or there was a larger supply I do not know, but the young one with the kittens grew more rapidly and his tail fattened out days before those of his little brothers with their mother in the grove.

After a few weeks the old cat took a great deal more interest in the squirrel than in her kittens. She would play with it by the hour. There was no inside finish to the walls of the cottage, and the rough posts were exposed. When pressed in play by the cat the squirrel would run up the posts, and the cat would attempt to follow, and seemed puzzled and annoyed to think she could not climb the posts.

Another thing that worried the cat was that the squirrel would not allow her to carry it by the scruff of the neck as she did the kittens. She made many attempts, but the squirrel always made such a row that she had to desist. In their play if the cat attempted to box its ears, the squirrel would fasten itself to her paw, and the cat would have to lift its whole weight.

After it was full grown it would spend the day in the grove with its fellow squirrels, but would invariably return at night and sleep with the cat and kittens.

Although it often played with the kittens, they did not always enjoy it, as the squirrel was very rough, and had a fashion of jumping with outstretched claws on their back. It would eat out of our hands, and had no more fear of any of the household than the kittens. We also had a collie dog of which neither the cat nor squirrel had the slightest fear. He would sit close beside their basket and watch them for half an hour at a time. CANADA.

Protection of Animals from Cold.

THE extraordinary and perfect protection of animals, more especially those of smaller size, from the effects of extreme cold, always commands my admiration. The fact seems to be ignored by poets, naturalists, and by practical men. When Keats wrote, in the "Eve of St. St. Agnes," "* * * Ah, bitter chill it was! The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold. The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass, And silent was the flock in woolly fold," it was certainly not as a naturalist. The owl, with all its feathers, was not a-cold. The smallest birds—robins and wrens, less than an ounce in weight—maintain their extraordinary temperature, higher than that of the human body, in consequence of the absolute perfection of their covering. It is true they die in the winter at times, but this is from want of food, not from the temperature; even those parts of their structure which are exposed, such as the feet, do not suffer from the cold. Their nervous organization is adapted to their life, and I have often wondered at seeing a robin perched on a heat conducting metal bar, such as an iron railing, when it might have selected a twig, which has much less power of carrying away the warmth of the feet. In nothing is the perfection of nature demonstrated more strongly than in this fact that a wren weighing less than an

ounce should preserve its high temperature in the severest cold. This insusceptibility to cold in the exposed parts of the body is manifested also in the feet of waterfowl, who rest on the frozen ice without the slightest inconvenience.

With regard to the natural covering of feathers and hair which so perfectly protects animals, it is obvious that its efficacy depends upon the absolute non-conducting power of the air which is entangled between the interstices of the feathers or hair, and consequently prevents the escape of the heat natural to the body of the animal. This is often ignored by practical men, who keep animals as they think from suffering from cold, while they are exposing them to much greater evils than if they allowed them to stay in a state of nature. Let me take a few examples. Pheasants are much more delicate, naturally, than common fowls. If reared naturally by the parent birds, pheasants are never in a house or under any shelter in their lives. Raised under proper natural conditions, they never have roup, cold, disease, or any ailment. Can as much be said of those that are reared under hens in coops? Take again the common fowls that are so carefully shut up in hen houses and protected from cold. Is their plumage or condition at all equal to that of those which are reared semi-wild in the open without ever being in a house in their lives? Turkeys, as we know, are usually regarded by the farmers' wives as the most delicate of all poultry. They are about the hardiest, as those who rear them wild in the forests of the north of Scotland know full well. The interlacement of the webbing of the feathers, and their position in layers one over the other, with an exceedingly thin stratum of air between each, not only perfectly protects them from cold, but also from the inroad of rain. All the small birds that during the last disastrous summer have had to roost out in the trees in the open have been drenched nearly every day and night, and yet have not suffered.

A singular example of the slight appreciation of the non-conducting power of animal covering has just been made manifest. The glove makers have recently discovered that no thick, clumsily manufactured glove, preventing the movement of the human fingers, is equal to the thin skin of an animal, provided the hair is not removed, but turned inside so as to form a natural lining to the glove. Thus constructed, a glove is far superior to any artificially manufactured. In fact, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to construct a woven material whose power of preventing the escape of heat would be equal to that of a skin and fur of equal stoutness. Many other illustrations will present themselves to every observer of nature.—W. B. Tegetmeier, in London Field.

The Attitudinizing Woodcock.

One evening in November, many years ago, a country friend brought a live cock woodcock to my house in Byron, Illinois. A spent shot had made his capture possible; in fact, one could not see that he was hurt in any way, after a sharp, scrutinizing search under a powerful light on the kitchen table. All at once the beautiful creature slipped from my hand, and, assuming the air, mien, and ways of a turkey gobbler in the mating season, proceeded to strut about on the table in the circle of powerful light. It was one of the strangest, wildest, most beautiful sights the writer ever beheld. After a solid hour's performance, the little audience decided that no taxidermical touch should ever desecrate that beautiful feathered form, and the bird was gently slipped into the pocket of an old hunting coat, carried a mile out of town into the country, and turned loose in the edge of a hundred-acre cornfield, into which he quickly scuttled.

Dr. A. J. Woodcock.



Canvasback Shooting.

Towards the middle of October, when the later frosts have browned the earth with November tints and turned the crimson autumn leaves to sombre yellow and russet, there comes a day that is gray and cold, accompanied by a roaring northeast wind and a threatening, stormy sky. Some time before its wintry blast has been felt by those ensconced within the limits of civilization, it has stirred the wildfowl from their northern haunts, and the migration to new feeding and warmer climes has commenced.

It is now that the sportsman's eye turns eagerly toward some coveted shooting resort, where he knows of a wide blue bay surrounded by acres of marsh land interlaced with numerous waterways, and which this change of weather has undoubtedly filled with ducks. Thus, when the impulse moves, action follows, so one wet, blustery evening, the Veteran and I packed our shooting paraphernalia and started for the West, where we anticipated bagging more than one plump old canvasback before our return.

Arrived at our destination, we found the snug little hunting lodge situated on a large island in the marsh all in readiness, with every comfort at hand that could be wished for, and this, together with the cordial greetings of friends, old and new, proved a warm welcome.

Pete, the Veteran's old and faithful punter of many years, gave us glowing accounts of the hundreds of canvasbacks swarming in the bay. "I never see so much ducks," he said. "Clouds of 'em," giving emphasis to his words with a thoroughly French gesture and waving of stout arms. "But you bet we'll burn those ole fellers come a good wind 'long!" For several days the weather continued mild, with scarcely a breath of wind from any point, and of course these conditions were decidedly unfavorable for duck shooting. The birds, in fact, remained out on the lake during the day, sleeping lazily in the sun, and not coming back to the bay until nearly dark, when they fed all night to their heart's content undisturbed. Pete was unconsolable, abusing the weather in strong terms, and going around with a distressed countenance. "Did you ever see such a bad luck," he muttered continually to himself; and not until one evening when ominous clouds had banked up in the south did his face brighten.

"We are going to have a change, I think," said the Veteran, whose eye and weather calculations are as good as a barometer, "and if it rains there is a chance that the wind may shift to the northwest and blow hard."

"Then you bet I be down here afore daylight," remarked Pete, with growing jubilation, "an' wake you folks up early, so's we can get a good whack at them ducks while they're stirrin' round." Before turning in that night I went to the door of the cottage and took a survey of the weather. A gentle rain was falling with a soft murmuring patter on the roof, and far out in the marshes I could hear the quacking of some old mallard as he called to his mates in a distant, misty pond hole.

It was pitch dark the following morning when I awoke to hear Pete clattering and clumping around the next room, making fires and conversing with himself in low suppressed tones. The warm glow of the stoves and a fragrant aroma from the kitchen caused everyone to turn out in short order, for Al, our faithful adherent of the culinary department, had been astir early.

"Where are we going?" I asked the Veteran across the breakfast table, at which we were seated enjoying a hot, tasty repast.

"I think we will take East Point," he answered; "if we don't do well we can shift to Middle Point."

"All ready," announced Pete, at this moment poking his head in the door with a beaming smile. "We must get 'long pretty quick, fer it's stopped rainin'. You bet I take plenty of decoys, too," he added with a significant nod.

Fifteen minutes later we were pulling down the gray, squall-swept river that emptied into the bay some distance below, our duck boats running easily before the stiff northwest wind, while we breathed in deeply the cold bracing air, for, as Pete had said, the rain was over, and several lurid streaks of golden sky broke the dark clouds in the eastern horizon. As we came within sight of the bay, two or three hundred mud hens jumped from the water and spattered awkwardly over its surface to a place of safety. But beyond these was the sight that made us hold our breaths with wonder, and experience those remarkable sensations to which all sportsmen are subject when any large quantity of game presents itself to the vision. With a roar louder than an express train, a cloud of canvasbacks arose from the water, their silvery plumage flashing and gleaming as they swept around the bay in several great columns, and, finally uniting in one body, they streamed off toward the lake.

"What'd I tell you?" commented Pete, with a satisfied grin. "An' if we don't ketch 'em to-day I make a big mistake." The Veteran concluded that the best place to set out at would be Middle Point, and this decision proved a wise one, as few birds worked by East Point during the day.

"Hey! you Billy, hurry up with them decoy," shouted Pete to his sturdy offspring, who was coming in the rear with a boat full of wooden treasures. "How you want 'em set?" he continued, addressing the Veteran, for by this time we had reached the point and commenced preparations.

"Put a good bunch well to the leeward," he answered, "and string the rest out in front." With these directions carried into effect, there appeared as tempting a raft of decoys as any duck's eye would wish to fall upon. Our boats lay side by side, well concealed by "blow-guns" and mats of wild celery strewn over the sterns, while we were snugly hidden behind this warm sheltering screen.

"Get in the grass, Pete, quick!" called the Veteran, sharply. "There's a bunch of ducks heading up this way." At his words I looked down the bay where I could see a number of birds circling around in large and small flocks. One of these, a bunch of fifteen or twenty canvasbacks, had separated from the main body and were pointed straight for our decoys, lowering as they drew nearer. "Keep down," said the Veteran, "and let them swing around again before you shoot." Swish went the soft whistle of wings, as the birds passed overhead, still keeping rather high, and I heard Pete give several low coaxing calls in the grass behind us. "Now they're coming," whispered the Veteran. "Get ready," he added, and the ominous click of safeties pushed forward followed. With tense nerves and pounding heart I lay motionless until through the open slits of the screen I saw the noble old ducks, some with set, curved pinions, and others slowly hovering, crowding over the decoys. Then I picked out one of those tempting marks and fired. Rip! bang! spoke the Veteran's right and left at the same instant, and three birds collapsed, striking the water and sending a shower of spray into the air, while I succeeded in knocking over a fourth as he swung by, baffling against the wind.

"There is a tie for you," I said to my companion, as Pete pushed out to retrieve the fallen ducks that were drifting rapidly across the bay before the stiff white-capped breeze.

"Pretty good beginning," he answered, and we both settled down comfortably in our boats ready for the next flock. I have no doubt but that a person looking in on us would have seen a pair of very pleased countenances reclining behind the screens at that moment. Some little time after this I happened to glance over toward the lake, which is divided from the bay by a narrow strip of beach, and saw a long string of birds that I took to be geese winging their way across the sky in a northwesterly direction.

"That is a nice bunch of swan," said the Veteran, answering the question that was on my lips. Stretched out in single file they beat slowly and heavily in the wind, their bodies showing dark against the gray November clouds, for evidently they were all young birds, as we could detect no white ones among the flock. These were the first swan I had ever seen, and the sight gave me a pleasant thrill of delight.

"Mark ahead!" roared Pete suddenly from his place of concealment, where he was keeping a sharp eye on the bay, and simultaneously with that announcement, guns were tightly gripped, and we both slid down in the boats well out of sight. Flying low over the water came a string of ducks, and swinging around to the leeward they sailed up against the wind in fine style. It seemed as if one drake with bowed wings and long graceful neck hung almost over the stern of my boat when I raised to shoot. Then, as four barrels belched out, he crumpled and fell, together with another bird that lay floating on its back, while a third, crippled, swam in the decoys. "Hurry up and shoot that 'crip' over again," the Veteran said, and while I vainly endeavored to load with my fingers all thumbs, he had a fresh cartridge in, and the canvasback's troubles were over.

"We ought to have killed seven or eight," he said, addressing me. "The only trouble was they came in too close, and were scattered so that you couldn't get more than one bird in range at a time."

"My second was a clean miss," I rejoined, "and I had a first rate shot, too."

"I see a duck fall out in der bay," put in Pete at this moment, pushing in the grass within speaking distance. "Mebbe I kin get him; might as well try," he added, and then without warning disappeared from sight in his capacious punt boat, while the Veteran ejaculated, "Mark left! Here's a single duck coming in right over the decoys."

"Give it to him," I whispered breathlessly.

"No, you shoot," he answered, "and hold well ahead."

"He's going like a bullet," I returned, "so be all ready in case I miss."

However, though the ill-fated canvasback received some of the contents of my second barrel, it only seemed to urge him faster, when the Veteran, with a difficult right-hand swing centered him in a charge of shot.

Lunch time at hand, we both did full justice to muskrat sandwiches and a bottle of cider, our appetites sharpened by the sweet, cold, sparkling air. Pete, who had gone after the crippled duck, returned shortly and added another bird to the score.

Once during the afternoon a flock of some fifty canvasbacks swung in to the decoys. I had sat up in the boat to watch a string of geese passing overhead, listening with enjoyment to their wild, weird honks, when a cry of "Mark left!" made me duck quickly and seize my gun. A minute later the air seemed alive with birds—sturdy bodies and long, slim, outstretched necks. Instinctively I managed to single out a pair and killed them with the first barrel, but only succeeded in dusting one with the second, as I did not lead quite enough. The Veteran made two excellent doubles, however, crippling a third that eventually escaped, and we were well satisfied when Pete brought in six plump, heavy silver-backs.

When the ducks were not flying we would lie back comfortably and enjoy the beauty of the clouds. Low in the western horizon they were arranged in long billowy folds, broken by streaks of gold that stretched across from north to south, and through these seams and crevices in the dark blue-black zenith streamed radiating shafts of clear, brilliant sunshine. At intervals it would burst forth in full glory, flooding the gray white-capped bay with light, while a minute later another dark curtain of clouds caused the landscape to assume a stern, sombre aspect. As all good sportsmen know, the pleasures of shooting, whether with

shotgun or rifle, are unlimited. We always have nature and her beauties, for without them we could never thoroughly enjoy shooting in any form. "Count up, Pete," called the Veteran, toward the middle of the afternoon, and then in a minute or so, "How many?" "Forty-two," came back the answer, followed by, "Hey! mark ahead, two duck comin' in." And sure enough, here was a cunning old baldpate, together with a mallard, almost over the decoys. "Now," said the Veteran, in a low voice, and the leading bird collapsed to his right barrel, while I finished off the mallard in the rear.

"Here come a pair of ducks," I said, a short time later, espying two black objects scudding up the bay in our direction. "No fear of those smart old fellows decoying," commented the Veteran, sitting upright, in order to obtain a better lookout. "They seem to be lowering a little, though," he continued.

"Try one when they go over," I urged, and just as the foremost widgeon slid by overhead going like a bullet, and probably sixty yards high, a sharp crack rang out, and with closed wings the duck came whirling down to strike in the grass behind us with a resounding thud! "Good shot," called Pete, displaying a beaming smile, as he plowed through mud and water to pick up the fallen bird, for he was always as appreciative of an exhibition of skill as he was chagrined over a bad shot.

No ducks came our way for a half hour or so, and we were quite contented to sit up in the boat and watch down the bay, where flock after flock of birds, varying in number from a half dozen to several hundred, were continually alighting preparatory to their night's feed. Finally the Veteran perceived a bunch that had come over from the lake nearer to our locality, and as they swung across the beach, their leader, a gray, gnarled canvasback, swerved in his course and pointed straight for the decoys. Calls in various keys from all of us brought them steadily on, until, with splashes and flying water, three ducks lit in the midst of the wooden flock. while six others hung uncertainly over them. "Take one in the water," cautioned the Veteran, as we raised up together, and while my first barrel "turned one turtle," I killed a lusty old drake with the second, who was endeavoring to clear himself of danger as soon as possible. Meanwhile the Veteran had been doing lively work, and with four barrels knocked down five ducks, three kills and a pair of cripples, one of the latter outwitting Pete in his effort to retrieve it, while the other after some unavailing maneuvering, succumbed to a load of shot from his trusty fowling piece. Our bag now numbered forty-eight birds, and we had scored even during the day, killing twenty-four ducks each. Most of them were canvasbacks, mixed with a half dozen redheats, baldpates, and the one lone mallard. The sun had lowered until the last long level rays reached out over the bay and marsh with that clear, cold yellow radiance of autumn verging on winter, and so we thought it time to give the birds a rest, for the day had surely been a fruitful one. While Pete and Billy commenced picking up the decoys, the Veteran and I set out on our homeward pull, the sharp squalls sweeping down against us and the keen wind biting our glowing cheeks, as we warmed up at the short stout oars. Once inside the river's mouth, the force of the latter abated somewhat, and after we struck a favorable current, our snug shooting home soon appeared within view, the red glow of the kitchen lamp shining out through the window like a welcoming beacon light.

"That's what I call a good day's shoot," I said, while we landed at the dock.

"Yes, and if the weather only keeps cold we ought to have some more as good," returned the Veteran, and let it suffice to say we enjoyed many more in the marsh and on the bay—days that remain fixed as brightly and pleasantly upon our memories as this one. CAMILLA.

Duck Shooting on Pamlico Sound.

A MESSAGE from my friend Kirk that the day was now appointed for the start on our long talked of duck shooting trip, was no unwelcome news to me. For a long time when we chanced to be together it had been the all-absorbing topic that claimed most of our consideration. Time after time we had gone over the details, and in general feasted on the anticipation of a good trip, where rest, fair shooting, and good fellowship would be the aim of the entire party.

According to my summons I reached Beehaven, Sunday, January 10, and found all the paraphernalia aboard the yacht with everything in readiness, only awaiting my arrival for the start. The party was to consist of W. E. Robertson, Washington, D. C.; Capt. B. C. Kirk, Mr. Underhill, and W. T. Kirk, of Beehaven, myself, and Thomas, the cook.

The anchor up, the big 30 horse-power engine began to push the Gretchen through the water at a ten-knot clip. Soon we were passing familiar landmarks and harbors, with our bow pointing S.S.E. for Ocracoke Inlet, a distance of about fifty-five miles. Soon the town was lost sight of, and we were getting just enough roll from up the sound to know we were afloat. We were constantly running close to coot and numerous small ducks, and were sighting geese and brant in the distance. As we neared the eastern side of the sound, long lines of redheads were seen flying low to the horizon on their way down to the broad shallow sand flats near the inlet, where myriads find subsistence and thousands are shot annually. That was our objective point also. With a smooth and comfortable run to our credit the anchor was dropped at 5:15 near the shooting grounds, in a good harbor all safe and sound, with the honk of geese and the constant chuckle of brant and redheads coming to our ears. This was a condition that others might not have appreciated, but to me it possessed a charm of fascination.

Monday morning we were up early and ready for business. Breakfast over, it began to rain and blow from the northeast, an ideal day to kill ducks, but too hard a proposition for any of us. The day wore hard as we remained aboard and watched the long lines of birds swing to and fro over the feeding grounds.

Tuesday opened fair and we were up and "at 'em" early, with about 250 decoys divided in three stands. Robertson on a point, Capt Kirk and Mr. Underhill in a blind, Billie and I to the battery. I taking the first lay, my little Lefever began to speak in a lively manner, and it was answered in a spirited way by the Parker and Greener guarding the other stands. After the morning the shooting was a little slow until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the birds began to come in from the outer shoals. Flying high over the marshes on their way to the feeding ground, they would discover the decoys when at an angle of about 72 degrees, and I never dreamed it possible for flesh and feathers to fly so fast as they did coming down. I confess that the pace was too hot, and the flight too rapid, for any of us to wrap our record with a score to be proud of. When darkness sent us aboard we had quite a few ducks, but far more explanations why this one or that bunch were allowed to pass without paying the regulation toll.

Wednesday furnished fair sport only; the birds were very suspicious and wary; yet when night came we had quite a bunch of ducks. Nearing the boat we met the odor of baked redhead, and reaching the cabin we found that Thomas was up to standard and had them prepared to the "queen's taste." After dinner we held a council of war, and decided to change our base to the upper sound the next day. Arriving at Rose Bay Thursday afternoon, we were soon making acquaintance with the fowl in great shape. We found that the birds were not so plentiful, nor by any means so wild. Thursday afternoon and Friday increased the number of our bag to a very satisfactory showing.

We made the start for home Saturday morning with the yacht dressed in plumage from spar to spar, and from the shrouds ducks hung galore. We reached Beehaven about noon, much pleased with the trip. The comfort of the boat, with the complete rig, and the minute knowledge of W. F. Kirk as gunner, made the trip by far the most enjoyable I ever took. F. P. L.

Can Ducks Smell?

MY genial correspondent-friend, Coahoma, takes issue with me on the question as to whether mallards, or any other ducks, for the matter of that, can and do smell—of course I mean when they are alive. Now, while I should hate to see this subject run into a red god, shod-pole, blackened timber, log-jam controversy, yet it is a matter that should be settled once for all, so that hunters with Teutonic blood in their veins may take warning, and deny themselves, when on the duck pass, an indulgence in their favorite Limburger. To make quick work of the question, let the editor be made the judge, and the thousands of FOREST AND STREAM readers around the world act as the jury, and my good friend from the land of the cottonwoods, moccasins, and rattlers assenting to this arrangement, here is my case:

Now, may it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, the defendant in this case, one Coahoma, alleges, first, that it is his impression that the olfactory machinery of a duck is defective and wanting altogether. He makes that allegation on the strength of certain investigations claimed to be along original lines.

Now, your Honor, let him make his pleading more definite and certain; let him come forward into the open, into the free sunlight that is given to us all to enjoy, and state the names of his investigators, and likewise say how they investigated, and give the time and place. I hold, your Honor, that an ex-parte statement of that kind should carry no weight whatsoever with this court and jury, and that it is a mere conclusion. I say again, your Honor, that he must come before you with something besides an impression that a verdict has been rendered by certain investigators; impressions are not evidence. If he intends to plead *res adjudicata* or *stare decisis,* let him produce the record. I would ask, were the ducks wild or tame? And how was the investigation made? Did they mix in categorical and synchronous order asafœtida, hydrochloric acid, concentrated ammonia and tincture of garlic (*purissima*) with boiled corn, and have the ducks eat it in the presence of reliable witnesses with a combination of quacks and relish? Was a memorandum made at the time that the ducks did eat the aforesaid meal with gusto, and has it been preserved? Is there anything to show that Limburger cheese was mixed with their food and greedily partaken of? No, your Honor, no such requisite allegations are made in the support of his contention, and I hereby challenge the defendant to produce any records on the subject which have not been tampered with. Ammonia (conc.) and asafœtida are strong things by themselves, but—mark you— they are not Limburger by any means.

Now, your Honor, we will pass along to the contention of the defendant that there is a limit to the power of Limburger cheese—like unto the *Mephiticus horridus* —to project its scent. Again, may it please the court, we are confronted with the ex-parte statement of the defendant, unsupported by a single fact. I call for facts, your Honor, facts. Where are they? Why are they not forthcoming? Because, your Honor, there are no facts which defendant can set up on this point, any more than there are facts to show how far a *Mephiticus horridus* can contaminate the atmosphere, and also the air.

Now, your Honor, as to the last contention of the defendant, in closing my demurrer *ore tenus,* not wishing to impose further upon the good nature and patience of the court, and the honorable members of the jury, who wish to return to business, I must point out that the defendant pleads white collars and white sapling cuttings, but—mark you—how widely he steers clear of red-labeled Limburger tins. Had the tin been white, and had it not been well hidden between the roots of the prairie grass, where it had considerately tried to hide itself from sight and smell—note, your Honor, that I use the word "tried" with due consideration for its meaning and value—there might be some fleeting shadow of a fact to support the statement of the defendant. But collars and saplings have no bearing on this cheese.

Now, your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury, provided the court lets the case go to you and does not dismiss it forthwith, I will produce before you facts relating to that Limburger, and as I look on your intelligent faces, representative of culture, refinement, and prosperity, the latter, no doubt, because of the keen business acumen evidenced plainly by your interest shown thus far in this trial, I can imagine your bringing in but one verdict, a verdict which will be supported on our side by the *strongest* evidence possible, and on the other merely by the negative conclusions of the defendant, a verdict, I say, gentlemen of the jury, that alone will be compatible with common sense, to wit, a verdict for the plaintiff.

And I now, therefore, move you, you Honor, that you instruct the jury to bring in a verdict for the plaintiff without leaving their seats.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

The Wild and Wo lly Adirondacks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I sniff entertainment in your correspondent, Mr. George L. Brown, of Essex county, Adirondacks, and in the bear editor, who admits that yon cloud is like a camel, or very like a whale.

I have a kind of sympathy for bears. Without knowing much of conditions in the Adirondacks, and having no sheep there, I hope the law-makers of New York will extend a little protection to the black bears of the Adirondacks if the bears need it. I suggest that the Legislature, or the framer of the bill for the protection of the black bear, inquire into the subject fully before abandoning what I believe to be a sensible, humane, and probably a profitable measure.

I suggest further that those really interested in the matter gather all possible statistics as to the number of bears extant in that region; and yet further, that they ascertain the number of sheep, cattle, men, women, and children devoured by the ferocious and woolly little black bears.

I am interested at this distance because I know something of bears, and because I know something of how stories of their depredations travel, like the tales of mad dogs; and further, because twenty years ago I tried to arouse some sympathy for common bears in California.

It is true that Mr. Brown has given figures showing the number of bears killed in Essex county during many years, but why he should assert these figures as proof of the supply of live bears at large is too logical for me. If, for instance, 35 bears were killed in 1902 (for which the slayers received $10 each in bounty, as well as the sport and the value of skin and carcass), how in Halifax or Essex or Adirondacks does that attest that live bears are still eating sheep and putting farmers out of business in 1904?

Having, during a quarter of a century, seen the annihilation of about every bear within reach of the most zealous hunters in this region, where there has been no bounty to encourage their extermination, I begin to perceive that the West is not wild and woolly, but that Essex county, New York, is so much more hazardous a frontier that there the sheep and bears struggle for supremacy. The glory of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas and of the great Coast Range of the Pacific is transcended by the tourist and tavern-haunted hills of New York and New England! In California we have a bear or two on exhibition as curiosities of an almost extinct animal, while in the land of Bartholdi's statue and wooden nutmegs bears threaten to predominate! *Ohe! Nisi Dominus frustra!*

There is consolation in most afflictions. Aside from the ignoble, speculative point of view taken by sheep men, I beg to observe that in their sentence they may seek salvation. The bear is a nobler and more valuable animal than the sheep. Neither is the bear as destructive as the sheep. Turn a thousand sheep loose in the Adirondacks and if they had intelligence enough to subsist in winter they would eat all the bears and the deer, too, out of house and home.

After all, about all a sheep can do is cry baa-a, let some duffer shear him once or twice, and then relapse into mutton of a more or less questionable value. Wool is worth from 10 to 15 cents and a good sheep two or three dollars and thirty cents. If bears are not worth more, alive or dead, sportsmen do not read FOREST AND STREAM, there are no taverns or guides in the Adirondacks, to say nothing of smoky Indians or raw, right-angled log jams. Why in Essex do not the sheep men go in and raise bears? It may be possible, being at so great a distance, that I do not comprehend the situation. Perhaps they *are* raising them. $10 per capita besides the skin and carcass would pay better than coyote farming in California and Nevada. If this latter is the case, my suggestions are ill, and I would not deprive Essex farmers of a bounty from a State to which I pay no taxes.

The bear is a long suffering, much maligned quadruped, persecuted to the death by mankind. Scripture hath told many, many generations of us how bears ate up children from the beginning, and unruly infant humanity has been hushed to sleep for nineteen hundred years with stories of hungry bears. About every mighty hunter that ever killed one of the furry creatures has been an exaggerator of facts as to ferocity, weights and measurement for the remainder of his life. It has been alleged that fishermen sometimes lie. If you know of one having undue confidence in his ability introduce to him an amateur bear slayer and watch him dwindle.

The bear is the noblest American quadruped. He is almost a biped, and he can walk upright with his face to heaven. He is almost as near like man as the monkey. He is intelligent, fearless and powerful, but he has the sagacity to avoid mankind because he knows man has the advantage with his villainous gunpowder and missiles. He is not, like man, a tool using animal, but in his other attributes, he is more than a match for the invaders of his domain. He is a central and prominent figure on the great seal of the State of California, and the order of the Native Sons of the Golden West (who are hard games—I mean hard to beat, generally and collectively), decorate themselves with bear badges and they keep a few pet bears for parades. But there are at this time few bears in this wild State—that is to say, in their wild state. They have been slain by every human device that civilization has invented. There are miles square of wastes and uninhabited mountains in California where bears once subsisted but where a bear track could not be found by Leatherstocking himself.

The last bear track I saw in the miles of mountains in this region was being followed by three Indians. Three of the last of the Indians following about the last bear. An old man with tottering legs, a younger man, and a boy about fifteen years of age. The old man wore portions of a broadcloth coat—descended to him by slow, successive gradation—that is to say, degradation, and he

wore tattered cotton overalls, and was barefoot. The boy was barefoot also, without a coat, and he was half white. The other man had some clothing on also, for it was winter and there was snow. They had an old smooth-bore musket or "yager," and had followed the bear track for three days. They had wounded, but did not get the bear. This was several years ago. Two of the Indians are dead. The bear is not known to have made any more tracks.

The foregoing testimony merely goes to show that "Westward the course of empire takes its way," leaving Greece, Athens, Rome, and Essex county, New York, relapsing into primal isolation and solitude. With all respect to Mr. Brown and Essex shepherds, however, I would observe that I should prefer a flock of black bears to a flock of sheep. There might not be so much wool at shearing time, but think of the bounty, Mr. Brown, and the bear meat and bacon, and the splendid overcoats and robes—think of these—and let them raise sheep in Wyoming and Australia and in Spain.

This is a queer world. Our Government pays a bounty on sugar and all of us want to propagate beets and cane. The State offers a bounty on bears, and a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM advocates their extermination, while the editor rather sanctions the idea. Alas, also, that in New England and New York they want to hound deer, invade private domain, and kill bears "law or no law" if it interferes with "home rule"—Geewhillikens! In the utmost West by the sundown sea we have the reputation of being rather lax in loyalty to law and order, but the Bluenoses and Knickerbockers—Ah, me!

RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal., February.

The Grouse.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As we are all anxious to preserve the ruffed grouse, perhaps it might be well to obtain the testimony of men of the woods as to the relations between hawks and this noble bird. Personally, I have never seen a hawk engaged in the capture of grouse, young or old, but have often caught hawks in the pursuit of smaller birds, like bluejays. When the latter are escorting their broods of young through the oaks in the fall, they are often followed from tree to tree by a marauder, who, when hungry, will easily capture a blue coat, whereupon a great scolding and squealing will ensue for a while, but eventually all will quiet down. As the days pass the little flock dwindles to a few shy ones, and brother hawk and family have fared sumptuously.

As long as the jays last the half-grown grouse will be let alone, but after the former are scattered and gone, something like a brown knot will be observed on the limbs overhanging the dusting places, and that fine brood that you have been coaxing along with sundry sly feedings of grain will begin to decrease about one bird a day. Of course, it is weasels or foxes at night, and you keep wondering. There are no snares, nor are guns heard up on the flat on the old mountainside where the two wood roads diverge. With an Indian's patience your amateur naturalist keeps haunting the locality on the sharp lookout for vermin. Along about nightfall little rustlings in the bushes and low cries tell of a movement toward the feeding grounds at the mountain base among the blackberry vines. A brave old hen proudly leads a covey of six short tails across the steep log road just below two rather large pines. The trees stand just over the dusting places. Well, they are safe to-day, for it is getting too dark for hawks, as they know very well. The watcher decides to return to the farmhouse one hundred yards distant, and steps from his screen of leaves. Like a dart a big object shoots down the path from the pine tree, and instinctively the brown barrels swing down to the course, and a little below. A heavy thud is the result, and the game keeper lifts a big hawk, his eyes glowing with fury on his avenging captor.

As far as the baldhead eagle is concerned, I have never seen one after anything but fish, although I have lived on the shore of a lake where grouse were plentiful.

It is well known that crows destroy the upland corn planting, pulling the tender shoots and eating the seed, and I have seen them carry off dead chipmunks and squirrels that had been killed and thrown away. I know that the larger owls eat young crows, for I have found their feathers and bones around and in the nests of the great horned owl early in the spring before leaf time. Once I heard an owl hoot near a pond at midnight. Suddenly a crow gave a wild note of alarm, and the hooting ceased. An Indian once told me that the owl hoots to make his prey move uneasily, and thus betray its whereabouts. There is no love lost between crows and owls, and the former even things up by day.

About the scarcity of grouse, up in Ticonderoga on the hill there was not a bird last summer, where one could have found twenty the year before. A few coveys were seen—nice birds—around the farms, and there was much drumming on the hills back of Eagle Lake, but, to use a local expression, "they didn't come down at all," and I only saw three or four scattering old birds in the most likely places along the lake road where I lived during the summer. One solitary covey of four little fellows was treed by a yellow dog one night and one was carried home. It is my belief that hundreds of nests were destroyed by the ravaging forest fires in the back country, which killed and scattered the birds in the fire-swept districts. Then, too, the entire Adirondack region was covered with a dense pall of smoke for days at a time, and this must have been pretty hard for the young birds, which had been half frozen to death with the cold just previous.

There was a terrible mortality among the beautiful pike of the lake, and scores of big fellows were floating about the lake. Some guides believed this was caused by the almost total lack of rain and the consequent stagnation of the water in the still, swampy parts where the fish lived.

One thing is sure, there were almost no young birds raised up Essex county way this season.

Once when a boy I observed two birds fighting; one, a large bluejay, was being worsted by a smaller chap, who kept hitting him vicious blows on the head, when he would retire to his "corner" for another round. As it was going to be a knock out for the big 'un pretty soon, I just fired and picked up a nice little hawk, one of the smallest I ever saw.

A friend of mine killed a large hawk last season, and upon examination found in his talons a still living yellow hammer. The hunter had the bird of prey and its captive mounted by a taxidermist.

An old hunter up in the Adirondacks who had nothing to do last season but nurse a lame leg, told me that he had a dozen of the nicest chickens I ever saw out there by the woodshed, and that some crows came and stole them one by one, in spite of all he could do. He spoke with some feeling on the subject.

PETER FLINT.

Shooting a Scotch Grouse Moor.

DAWN in the Grampian Hills. Long shafts of sunlight change the color of the heather-clad braes and corries from the cold gray of the night to the warm royal purple of the heather bloom. The Watcher is astir early with his stick and spyglass, he is wandering about on the high ground on the lookout for poachers. The "Guns" are in dreamland. All at once the strains of the pipes are heard near the castle. The lazy Guns awake, and, jumping into sweaters and tennis flannels, meet in the smoke room, a sleepy lot. A quarter of a mile run to the bathing pool wakes them up a bit. The bathing pool is a basin worn out of a huge rock by a little trout stream that comes down from a patch of last winter's snow away up on one of the ptarmigan tops. A plunge in the pool, a second or two under the waterfall, and then back to breakfast. Breakfast over, the next business of the morning is to cut luncheon. Cold grouse and graham bread are laid out on the sideboard, and every Gun must prepare his own sandwiches. After this a delay is likely to occur while an important letter is written, a lost flask found, shooting leggins changed or something, and remembering that these sportsmen have not risen with the Watcher, and the sun is fast getting high, one is inclined to get impatient. Between half-past nine and ten all is ready; the party is comfortably seated in the wagonette, the word is given to start, and we are off for half an hour's drive to the place which has been selected as the beat we will shoot. At last the wagonette draws up before a tiny shepherd's hut, the party gets out, is respectfully greeted by the dogs and gillies awaiting them, and preparations are made for getting to work. Guns are sorted out, pockets stuffed with cartridges, and the line formed.

"Captain Blank," says our host, "as our most honored guest, will please take the left of the line?" Captain Blank accordingly shoots the left all day, and has the freedom of swinging around to his left with no danger of shooting a companion. The other man takes the right. In the center comes Kennedy, while Duke, Bingo or Romp go ahead. Almost out of sight in the rear, and theoretically out of range, comes the rest of the party. The pony bearing the two baskets or paniers, one for the luncheon and the other for dead game, the pony boy to lead the pony across the unbroken moorland, and one of the under keepers with the rest of the dogs in couples. "Ho-up." The keeper throws his arm up. Duke is on a point. The party halts for a second to get bearings, and then moves slowly forward. Whirr! The covey takes wing, guns are discharged, and possibly three birds are down. It is necessary to load quickly for there may be more and an old cock is shouting, "Go-back, Go-back, Go-back" from a rock ahead, which may be a simple remonstrance or a signal to the rest of his brood. Whirr! Hold hard—"cheepers"—and we hold our fire, for cheepers are not full grown birds, and too young to shoot. The game that is down is found and carried in the keeper's hand, a head between each two fingers, and we go forward. In a few minutes Duke is pointing again, but we only get one bird, and the rest are marked down across the valley to be picked up on our way home. We spread out and go forward, and Captain Blank walks into an old cock and brings him down with his second barrel. We work along through the purple heather with never a tree in sight, up hill and down into little valleys, across clear mountain streams, and through brown peaty ones flowing in small cañons which they have worn for themselves in the black sticky loam of the moors. The keeper's hands are full of birds, and he raises them above his head in signal to the "pony" that he is about to leave them on a prominent rock to be gathered up as the rear party comes along. At length it is time to think of the sandwiches we have prepared. "Where is there a good well?" says our host to the keeper in Gaelic. "Just over by that sheep," he responds, pointing to a flock of a dozen or more, and turning towards the rear party he puts his fingers to his lips and gives a shrill whistle, at the same time waving his handkerchief to bring them forward. The keeper now leads us to a cold spring bubbling out of the hillside, and when the pony comes up ulsters and mackintoshes are flung upon the heather and we throw ourselves down as upon a springy bed. Before the packets of luncheon are opened, Captain Blank calls out, "What's the bag, keeper?" "Eleven and a half brace, sir, and a hare," is the reply.

"That's not doing very well," says the Captain, "but we should do better after lunch," and then we fall on the food. After food comes smoke, and we have been halted about three-quarters of an hour when our host gets to his feet. The alert keepers who have eaten their luncheon according to British etiquette, thirty yards in the rear, spring to their feet and the formation is again taken up, the rest of the beat covered; birds found plentiful late in the evening on our return to the flat, and the total bag reaches twenty-six and a half brace and three hares before we get to the castle; not a wonderful bag, but the moor is not doing so well this season as last, the first hatching were killed by the late frost, and the second hatching by early wet weather, and so forth, we are told, and besides it is getting late in the season, the frequent rains have made the birds wild and strong on the wing, but notwithstanding all these disadvantages the day has been a most enjoyable one; a small bag over dogs seems decidedly preferable to a larger bag made with driven birds.

STORLAX.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Belgian Firearms.

LIEGE, Belgium, Oct. 5, 1903.—The firearms industry remains in a satisfactory condition, and while the prices for center-fire arms has decreased a trifle, as is also the case with hand-made and interchangeable machine guns, the trade in the better grade of guns, such as the fine fowling gun, is in a very flourishing condition, and never before has this gun, as manufactured in Liege, been in such universal demand.

Trade in revolvers, which for a time had been a little off, is again picking up. The same may be said for the single-barreled guns, made cheap for export to the coast of Africa.

The markets of South America seem to be in a better condition, and several important orders have come from Brazil and the Argentime Republic.

The manufacture of firearms, complete or in part, is the traditional industry of this Province. Whether the people of Liege hold the secret of turning out a prime quality of gun barrel or other integral part of the arm, I do not know, but it is an established fact that no other barrel of corresponding make and value can stand the strain of the severe test put upon it as well as the Liege gun barrel. Every barrel must, under the law, successfully withstand the Government test before it is admitted for sale. The gun barrels are made by the workmen in their own homes, and are delivered to the merchants, who combine the parts for the markets. It is said that no less than 50,000 men, women, and children are engaged in the manufacture of gun barrels. This system of buying from the people lessens the responsibility of the manufacturer, for if the barrel fails to withstand the test the workman and not the manufacturer is the loser. The material for manufacturing the gun barrels or other parts of firearms is oftentimes supplied by the manufacturer, who sometimes gets his barrels roughly made and completes them himself.

It is the universal understanding here that the United States is the best market for the cheap grade of guns, and there is a double-barreled gun called at Liege the "American."

It is estimated that in the Province of Liege about 150,000 pairs of gun barrels were manufactured during the year 1902, part of which were sent to the United States rough bored, to be finished there. The exportation of gun barrels of all grades to the United States is increasing.

Quite a controversy is on here as to the better quality of gun barrel—the Damascus or the steel. The Damascus is manufactured only at Nessonvaux, near Liege, while the steel barrel is made in Liege. One argument in favor of the Damascus barrel is that in case of an explosion there is less liability of injury than with the steel barrel. Muzzleloading guns are sent in large quantities to South America, while the flintlock is made for export to Africa.

The rifle barrel manufactured here is not exported to the United States in great quantities, on account of the duty thereon.

Revolvers are turned out in great numbers, and are shipped to all parts of the world. It is estimated that 600,000 were manufactured in Liege last year.

During the six months ended August 31, 1903, there were exported to the United States firearms to the value of $234,815.71, and gun barrels to the value of $39,012.33.

JAMES C. MCNALLY, Consul.

Wolves and Forest Reserves.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read a letter published in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM concerning "Wyoming Wolves and the Forest Reserve," in which it is stated that "There is no doubt but the reserve will become a breeding place for wolves, coyotes, and cougars, thus leading to greater friction between the reserve and the stockmen."

There is no reason why animals of this kind should increase in consequence of these mountains having been taken within the Yellowstone Forest Reserve.

Since the creation of this reserve no change has been made in conditions that would tend in any way to this result. There has been no decrease in the number of settlers, or diminution in the amount of stock ranged upon the reserve; the same game laws exist there as in any other portion of the State, and are most efficiently enforced by the forest rangers, who are also State game wardens. Hunters and trappers desiring to capture mountain lion, wolves, or coyotes, are in no way interfered with, but, on the contrary, have every facility and opportunity for the capture of these animals upon the reserve as elsewhere. The State bounty paid on wolves applies equally to those killed on the reserve as off the reserve.

The reserve officials recognize that mountain lions and wolves are a great menace, not only to game, but to the stock of the settlers, and the rangers, armed, and constantly patrolling the reserve, are instructed to destroy at every opportunity varmints of this kind. A number of wolves have already been killed by the rangers.

A pack of dogs is now being raised for the purpose of hunting mountain lions upon the reserve.

Many reports, without foundation, have been circulated regarding this, as well as other conditions connected with the forest reserve, with intention of stirring up opposition to the reserve. An article published in a Wyoming paper last year stated that a trapper named Lyons, going upon the reserve to hunt wolves, had been disarmed by a ranger. The department now has an affidavit both from the ranger and from Mr. Henry Lyons, stating that the report was absolutely false.

Thus you see a desire to create a prejudice against forest reserves on this point is entirely unwarranted.

Settlers in our State, realizing the necessity of timber and water protection, and also realizing that the reserve was created and is being administered for their benefit, not only is all opposition disappearing, but they are rendering most valuable aid in assisting the forestry officers in carrying out the rules and regulations of the department.

A. A. ANDERSON,
Special Superintendent Yellowstone Forest Reserve.

Farmer, Hunter and Trapper.

Theresa, N. Y.—In a recent communication I mentioned a boyhood companion of mine of whom I proposed to have more to say later on.

Mr. Barney Sheley, an old time hunter and trapper, has resided on Red Lake (near where I have passed two of the four months of my vacation this season) for nearly thirty years, during which time he has cleared and is now tilling about fifty acres of a farm of more than three times that number. For many years before and since Mr. Sheley took up the occupation of farming he was a hunter and trapper in the northern wilds of Canada. Mr. Sheley has captured many beaver, otter, fisher, marten, mink, bear, and all other fur-bearing animals of that region; and more deer than I would like to mention in this article, which, according to his figures (I don't doubt them), are more, I think, than any man should kill in a lifetime. But in those days it was business not sentiment with Mr. Sheley.

Although there has been no deer shot in this vicinity of late years, Mr. Sheley manages some way to get a deer skin nearly every year. Within the past month I have seen him "smoke tan" a deer skin, cut and make complete as good a pair of buckskin mittens as can be bought in any store. Mr. Sheley told me that he could make four pairs of mittens from one skin, which he and his two stalwart sons make good use of during the cold winter. Mr. Sheley keeps a flock of about fifty sheep, which run in the woods from late in the spring until the crops and grass are gathered from the fields. He also keeps from six to eight Jersey cows; the milk is in great demand by campers on the lake, and Mr. Sheley's estimable wife also produces from it butter that is much sought for by the village folk.

I send with this a photograph of Mr. Sheley's humble but comfortable home; also one showing Mr. Sheley trapping muskrats on Indian River the past spring. There is no neighbor nearer than a mile up the lake, and during the long winters they have but few visitors, who are always kindly welcomed J. L. Davison.



TRAPPING MUSKRATS ON THE INDIAN RIVER.



THE HOME.

Photos by Harry Hanson.

Boys' Guns and Forest Fires.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Edmond Redmond, in the Forest and Stream for February 13, makes some sensible remarks about boys handling guns. These small caliber rifles and air guns—the air guns in particular—seem to be a source of dread to some people. The air gun is not at all dangerous, even when you are hit with it, which does not often happen. I have had a buckshot fired out of one of them hit me more than once, when the boy handling it was careless with it; and I did not have to hunt up a surgeon on account of being hit. The chief of police here was given orders last fall to gather in every small gun he found in possession of a boy on the street. He found none; they all suddenly disappeared off the streets in town.

Those Flobert rifles are not half so dangerous in a boy's or anyone else's hands, as are the toy pistols that no one seems to notice. A boy when he first gets a gun needs to be told how to use it. If we who know how it should be handled take the trouble to tell him (I always do), in a short time he will get to be careful enough not to shoot himself nor anyone else. And, as Mr. Redmond says, if a boy is never allowed to have a gun, how is he going to learn to use one? The best shots and the best soldiers I ever met in the army were country boys who had been carrying a gun of some kind ever since they had been old enough to lift one.

These forest fires, nine times out of ten, can be traced, if anyone takes the trouble to trace them, to a spark (a single spark often starts one, too), that has been thrown out of the funnel of a locomotive. The spark need not drop on dry grass or leaves to start a fire. It is a fact that I have seen a spark fall on green grass here where a railroad passes through a park, and have seen the fire start while I stood looking at it; this in the middle of summer when there was no dry grass here.

Some years ago I saved a farmer's whole crop of hay for him by being just where I happened to be when the fire started. A spark from an engine set fire to the dry stubble in his meadow, and I got the last of the fire put out when it was within ten feet of his hay stacks. The farmer only got there after the whole affair was over. I never had to ask this farmer after that for permission to hunt on his land; his trespass notices did not apply to me. Cabia Blanco.

Eastern Long Island Ducks.

Orient Point, Suffolk County, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You are aware of the fact that Long Island gunners were, and are, deeply aggrieved over the passage of the Brown duck bill last winter. There are so many conditions which differ so widely in different localities that it is impossible to frame a law which will meet the requirements of every portion of this or any other State.

In this locality only salt water ducks (with rare exceptions) visit our waters. They are coots, old squaws, sheldrakes and broadbills, and are known by many as "trash ducks." My experience covers fifty years with a gun, and I have never had the opportunity to kill a mallard, canvasback, or redhead, and I have never known of a dozen redheads or mallards being killed in this locality by all the gunners I have ever met. We have always had a few black ducks, and we have them yet, and very few of them are killed. It is a rare thing for a man to kill fifteen or twenty during a season. It is a rare thing, too, for any one man hereabouts to kill 100 ducks in a season, and they are nearly all coots and old squaws. We shooters of the east end are perfectly willing for our brethren of other parts of the State to make whatever laws they deem best for the preservation of the various kinds of game in their localities. It seems to me that this view of the matter is perfectly fair all around. I do not wish to see the ducks all slaughtered, either by myself or others, and suggest a reasonable bag limit for ducks, quail, and rabbits, with an extension of time for the former in this (Suffolk) county. The ducks cannot all be killed, nor half of them (which visit us), but if the shooting is overdone the birds will vacate this locality for some other where they may feed undisturbed, and we, of course, must suffer the consequences, and others, perhaps, will be the gainers. Uncle Dan.

New York Sportsmen's Show.

The tenth annual Sportsmen's Show opened at Madison Square Garden, this city, on Friday evening. A large artificial lake running from one end of the garden to the other is utilized for the display of high power launches and automobile boats; and there are here, afternoon and evening, canoe races, tilting contests, log rolling, and other aquatic competitions. The Rocky Mountain guides occupy a space at the western end of the lake, and about the main floor are camps and guides from Virginia, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Maine, the Adirondacks, the Hudson Bay Company's territory, and the Canadian Pacific Railway. There are exhibits of live game birds and animals, among the exhibitors being the New York Zoological Society. A model fish hatchery shows the development of young trout from the egg to the growth of three or four weeks.

Fly-casters enjoy greater opportunities than at any other past show. A special tank has been constructed for this feature, and the rules for the competitions, in the hands of the fly-casting committee, which have recently been printed, are such that there will be an added degree of interest to this part of the programme.

In North Dakota.

Galesburg, N. D., Feb. 12.—Herewith I send you my subscription to Forest and Stream, as I have done lo! these many years, and were I able to afford it, ten times the sum would not pay for the pleasure and information I have yearly gleaned from your fascinating pages ever since the old Rod and Gun and Forest and Stream joined hands, and the question, "Do quail withhold their scent?" and similar ones were the burning ones of the day. By the way, there are three coveys of quail near this town now, last fall being the first time I ever saw any here in a residence of over twenty years. I have been buying some fur this winter. Mink and foxes are quite plenty. Game birds are coming through well, the numerous cornfields about being a great help to them. I find the community has a rapidly growing sentiment in favor of preserving their game, and several farms are posted and closely watched against shooters. Jos. P. W.

The Birds and the Winter.

Owego, N. Y., Feb. 8.—The extreme cold weather of the present winter has played havoc with game birds of all descriptions in this locality. Quail are dying by the flock, and partridges are having a hard time of it, but being so much more hardy than the quail are not dying in such large numbers.

A few days ago a farmer from one of the outlying districts reported that he found a flock of twenty-two quail under a stump fence on his farm, fifteen of which were dead; he took the remaining seven to his house and attempted to save them, but they were so far gone that all died. Another farmer reported that he found a flock of twelve quail under a fence by the side of the road, all dead. These are only two of numerous instances where whole flocks of quail have been exterminated in this county by the extreme severity of the winter.

Local sportsmen are about to organize a sportsmen's club for the purpose of better protection of game and fish and to devise means, in severe seasons like the present, of making arrangements with the farmers to feed the game birds.

The Cuvier Club.

After making 800 arrests and convicting more than two-thirds of the persons apprehended, the Cuvier Club of Cincinnati, through Alexander Starbuck, president, and W. J. Lawler, secretary, has addressed a communication to the Legislature in session at Columbus, asking for legislation looking to the better protection of fish and game and song and game birds. The Cuvier Club is regarded as one of the most useful of the many philanthropic institutions in Cincinnati, and the determined action which it has taken in the matter of protecting fish, animals, and birds has been the source of much favorable comment.

Are Frogs Poultry or Insects?

A Boston correspondent of the New York Evening Post writes: The decision of Secretary Shaw that frogs' legs are dressed poultry, upon which you have an editorial in the Evening Post of February 9, finds a parallel in the following story:

Two gentlemen, one of whom had with him a dog, were once riding together in the compartment of an English railway carriage. The guard demanded a ticket for the dog, asserting that the rules of the railway required it. The discussion over the matter having become somewhat animated, the other passenger produced a turtle from his pocket and asked the guard in a tone of sarcasm if he would not require a fare to be paid for that animal as well. The guard answered that he would inquire and report later.

Soon after he came back to the carriage and delivered himself of the following:

"Cats is dogs, and rabbits is dogs, but 'tortoyses' is frogs, and frogs is hinsects, and they rides free."

Game in South Carolina.

Georgetown, S. C., Feb. 7.—Game has been in great abundance this winter. I have never seen the like of ducks and deer. Mr. Cleveland was in camp for a week on General E. P. Alexander's preserves, and had fine sport. W. M. H.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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In the year 1809 a Kentucky hunter named Hutchins wounded a bear in the forest, and as the bear ran off he followed it rapidly. Imagine his surprise when the game led him into an immense cavern many miles long and grand beyond description. The cavern is now known as the Mammoth Cave, and is the largest in the world.

Clarence Vandiveer.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Tarpon and Woodcock in Old Mexico.

WE left New York about December 1, for Tampico, Mexico, and after four days at sea we made Nassau, one of the Bahama Islands, an English possession. There are two very large hotels there, that were not open, as it was too early in the season. As near as I could judge, about 99 per cent. of the population was negroes. The sea water there is noted for its clearness and most beautiful colors. The sea gardens are one of the attractions of the place, the bottom, which is plainly seen from the boat, consists of a growth of all sorts, shapes and sizes of sea plants, with fish swimming around, all sizes and colors. But alas! they tell me there, these fish don't bite; in fact, they say the fish are so smart there, that they can tell you how much you paid for your hooks.

After a day's stay at Nassau we headed west, for Mexico, and after steaming four days across the gulf, arrived at the mouth of the Panuco River. Entering we went up seven miles to the city of Tampico, landing at the new four million dollar Custom House where, after a hurried look at our baggage, we went ashore with a string of natives carrying our baggage up to the Plaza, where Mr. Kulka had the carriage to take us to the ranch, about two miles out of the city, on the banks of the Tamise River, a branch of the Panuco River.

As I had promised the purser and chief engineer to take them up to the big flat the next day, duck shooting, I unpacked in the afternoon and got out shells and gun. I joined the men the next morning at five o'clock, and after a most delightful day, we got back to the ranch with thirty-five ducks—canvasback, spoonbill, sprigtail, bluebill, gray duck and teal. Besides, the chief shot a large sacred ibis, and we got a lot of white ibis, roseate spoonbill, curlew, etc. The chief's arm was black from shooting a borrowed gun, which he must have held loosely.

Now, as far as ducks are concerned, there are always plenty of them there each winter, but Mr. Kulka asked me. "Do you like woodcock shooting?" I said "Yes, but there are no woodcock here." He said, "I will show you hundreds to-morrow." Now I had been going to Mexico for nearly ten years, each winter, and never saw a woodcock, so of course I was skeptical. The next morning Mr. Kulka took me to a marshy place at the foot of the bluff, right on the ranch, not 200 yards from the house, and as I reached the edge, one jumped up which I killed nicely. On picking it up I found a nice, large woodcock. I plunged into the marsh—sometimes it was over my knees—and they began jumping right and left. I missed a great many more than I hit. I found it was a different thing from shooting ducks, I also found they had a habit of getting a tree between myself and them. After shooting twenty-five shells I stopped and found I had eight birds. I found that for miles on the edge of all the lagoons, there were hundreds of woodcock, and the reason I had never seen them before was that I never went into the marshes, as I never thought of looking for them. A man that can hit them every time, could bag 200 in a day there. I did not have any small shot shells, so did not get the practice I would have liked on them; and it don't pay to buy black powder shells at Tampico, at ten dollars a hundred, which is five dollars gold. The best way is to take all the shells needed with you. There are also lots of English snipe there, but I did not shoot any of them. Woodcock was good enough for me.

The next day a party of us made a trip to the big flat, for ducks. One of the party being Mrs. George Monell, who is an inveterate sportswoman, with both rod and gun, and also a first-class wing shot. She shoots a light 20-bore double gun. Our party killed twenty ducks, and we stopped shooting as we knew Mr. Kulka could not use any more. Mrs. Monell was high gun, having killed eight. This shooting was done by each taking a stand on a point and killing them as they wizzed past.

As it was still early we voted to catch a lot of fish for the house. So after killing a few blackbirds, and using their entrails in lieu of worms, in a short time we landed twenty-four sunfish, weighing about a pound each. I happened to have a phantom minnow with me, that I had used at the Delaware Water Gap last summer, and caught three nice bass with it there. I made it fast to Mrs. Monell's line, she started trolling on the road home. In a short time she had a strike, hooked, and after an exciting time and lots of advice from us all. she brought to the side of the canoe a fish that we judged weighed about twelve pounds, that looked like a cross between a pike and a striped bass. The natives called it by some Spanish name, and said it was good eating. She tried again and hooked, and after a short fight, landed a jack fish we judged to be about eight pounds in weight. Her next fish was a mullet, about five pounds. We were all wishing for a lot of phantom minnows. Altogether, she landed about fifteen fish with that one second-hand minnow, and as she had lost two sets of the gang hooks, and the only one left was broken, and the minnow looked as if it had been in a cyclone, she gave it up as played out. The next time I go there I will have a nice lot of these phantom minnows. I would have given quite a sum for one after I saw what they would do there, but you can't buy anything of that kind there.

I had a new tarpon rig with me, and Mrs. Monell also had one, and neither of us had ever caught a tarpon, Mrs. Monell's rig was a Shipley rod, 200 yards, 18 linen line, plain reel, fitted with a thumb brake. My rod was a Shipley, with agate tip. I used a 21 line, thumb brake on reel. All the people told us we were too early for tarpon, as there would be no tarpon fishing until February and March. I talked with a man there, who said I might get a strike at the mouth of the Tamise River where it empties into the Panuco River. So after engaging a native to get me mullet for bait for the next day, Mrs. Monell and myself left in a native canoe, about 20 feet long. We instructed the boatman to call at the native's house on the banks of the river for the bait, and when we arrived there the native had a string of about a dozen mullet, that weighed from two pounds to five each. Of course, we were disappointed, but the native naturally thought he was giving us good measure, although I had distinctly told him I wanted fish only four to six inches long. Possibly my Spanish was as defective as his bait.

As we had started we concluded to go across the river, and try at the mouth of the stream they called Pueblo Veheco, as it was near, and we both trolled one line on each side of the canoe, with the agreement that if one got a strike, the other should reel in quickly, and we had the consolation of knowing that if we did not catch anything that we already had a string of nice eating fish. As it was our first experience with big fish, it was amusing when Mrs. Monell's hook got caught on some sunken log and she thought she had a big one for sure, as it took line until the canoe stopped. After getting under way again, she got a strike by a big fish of some kind, but he did not act as tarpon do. He was a big, slow fighter, but very strong. I reeled in at once. The native boatman wanted to help the angler, but she would not let him touch her line, and after an exciting ten minutes the fish got loose, and we never even got a look at him. Mrs. Monell was almost ready to cry, but I told her that there was just as good fish in the river as the one she lost.

A short time after I got fast to what I thought was the bottom of the river, but it turned out to be a big 150-pound fish, a slow, heavy fighter. The native called him a charra; the Americans call him a jewfish. After Mrs. Monell shot him five times with a .22 cal. rifle, I got the gaff in him, and as he wiggled he turned the head of the gaff on the screw; but after a lot of exciting work, we got him into the boat. I had been a little over an hour landing him. Then we concluded to go home.

Then we told our troubles about the bait to Mr. Kulka. He promised the next time we wanted to go out he would guarantee to get us the kind of bait we wanted, and it was arranged to go December 28. Mrs. Monell, whose fighting blood was up now, declared she would catch a big fish if it took all winter.

True to his word, Mr. Kulka had a native bring us over a dozen mullet of the most inviting size, from four to six inches long. We concluded to try up at the mouth of the Tamise River, about which the American had told me. Mrs. Kulka packed us a nice lunch, and with several orders and admonitions as to what to do if we hooked a tarpon, we got under way at six o'clock in the morning, shortly after sunrise, and it was one of the most beautiful mornings I ever saw, just cool enough to be pleasant. The ducks offered us some splendid shots as they hurried up and down the river; they seemed to have no fear of us, as if they knew we were not after ducks that morning.

After we got into the Panuco River two large turtles with heads almost as large as ours stuck their heads up, took a look at us, then sank quietly below the surface. We agreed to take turns trolling, and only have one line out at a time. Mrs. Monell was to try for first strike. After we reached the mouth of the river we could see a few tarpon turning, and Mrs. Monell's line was not out five minutes when she got a strike by a big tarpon. He jumped fully ten feet in the air, then spat out bait and hook fully twenty feet; it all came so suddenly that I suggested that if these fish are not handled just right they will cause trouble, as they are so large. Mrs. Monell now insisted that I try for one, so that she could see how I handled him. I had read up a whole lot on how to act, and on the road up Mrs. Monell and I had talked this over. I had read of some who advocated giving the fish line as soon as he struck; others claimed it was best to strike hard the minute you felt the fish.

I made up my mind that I would strike hard; so I put out a nice bait, and we had not been going ten minutes when I got a strike. I struck back until my pole was almost in a circle, then let him have his run; he broke water and then sulked. I got the boat near him, when away he went; I made him tow the boat; he jumped about twelve feet in the air and came down, nearly drowning us with the splash. After a fight of an hour and a half I got him alongside and Mrs. Monell shot him through the spine; I gaffed him and hauled him out on the bank. He measured 6 feet 4 inches, and was the longest one we caught. I passed a rope through his gills, and tied him to a tree and left him there, and we could see his beautiful silver side shining way across the river.

I now put a nice bait on Mrs. Monell's hook. I passed the hook in the mouth of the mullett, then turned it, bringing the point of hook out through the top of the head. She had not let out over fifty feet of line when she got her strike, and she struck for all the pole would stand. The fish jumped out of water, then dove and sulked, then took out nearly 100 yards of line, then, as she reeled in on him, he sulked. On account of her having her back to him she did not see the fish when he jumped, and she said: "I think it is not a tarpon; I think it is a jewfish." I assured her it was a tarpon. "Well," she said, "I would love to see him." The boat then was nearly over him, and it would almost appear that he heard her request, for he came up with a rush and jumped high out of water, and as he struck alongside the boat we got our second wetting. She said, "Now I am satisfied." Although he was the smallest fish we caught, 5 feet 4 inches, yet he jumped out of water five times, and it took Mrs. Monell an hour and fifty minutes of good hard work to land him. As we were landing him on the opposite side of the river from where we left my big one, we happened to look across the river, where we saw a flock of turkey buzzards all over my fish. We got over as quickly as possible, and drove them off. They had not hurt it.

Mrs. Monell just laughed and cried when I gaffed and pulled her fish out of the wet. She said: "This is the greatest sport on earth. Now, just let me try for another." We had only made one turn through the mouth of the river past the stone abutments where the railroad bridge crosses, when she had her second strike, and he was a lively fighter. He jumped about twelve feet out of water, and repeated that six times before she killed him. I wanted her to let me take her pole for a short time to rest her, as I saw he was good for a long fight, but she was game. She would not let the boatman or me touch her line, although she was exhausted. After a little over two hours she brought him up where I put a ball in his spine. I then gaffed him and pulled him out on the bank of the river.

Quite a crowd of natives had been watching the fight, and they flocked around and examined that little 18 linen line, and seemed to think it was wonderful. This last fish measured 6 feet.

Mrs. Monell was now exhausted, and I said I would hook one more and then start for home. I cast off, and on the second turn around the mouth of the river I got a strike, and drove the hook into him for all the rig would stand. He made a flying leap, and Mrs. Monell said, "He is the biggest fish of the lot, don't lose him." He seemed to want to go down the river our way, so I made him tow the boat for over a mile. Then he sulked, but I kept him working, as I wanted to get home, and I did not really care much whether I lost him or not; so I put as much strain as possible on him, and after an hour and a quarter Mrs. Monell shot him, and I, wanting to end it, jumped out of the boat on the bank with the pole and told the boatman to throw me the gaff. I then dropped the pole and took the line to pull him in, when he suddenly took a new lease of life, and started for the middle of the river. I sincerely wished at that time that I was back in the boat. I quickly grabbed the pole and put the break on him hard as I could. After taking about 150 yards of line, he slowed up, then stopped. I reeled him in close, then dropped the pole again, took a turn around my wrist with the line, and pulled him into three feet of water, then ran in with the gaff and quickly had him on the bank, but I will never try that trick again. If he had not been very securely hooked I should have lost him. He was four inches shorter than my other fish, and the same size as Mrs. Monell's, 6 feet, but he was very broad for his length.

I had no chance to get the weight of these fish, but I skinned this last fish and sent him to Werner, the taxidermist, of Atlantic City, where he arrived in good condition, and is being mounted.

From what I can learn, tarpon can be caught in the Panuco River any time in the year, but of course the season they are more plentiful is February and March. The river for fifty miles seems to be full of them there. I learned that during the rainy season in July the tarpon at the mouth of the Tamise River where we fished make almost as much noise jumping and feeding as a railroad train. The mullet come down this river from a large lagoon fully twenty miles long, and although it was said to be too early for tarpon, there were as many there ready for business as I ever want to see, although it was only December 28. There is a fascination about this sport that is irresistible. We brought all four fish to the ranch and removed and saved all the scales of the three fish we left there to use as visiting cards. Mrs. Monell was nursed by Aunt Annie for three days, suffering from strained muscles after her day with the tarpon.

As our party had to leave for home, this was our last day at tarpon. Mrs. Monell, while sitting on the porch, remarked that for the last few days she had seen large flocks of canvasback ducks on the river flats at the foot of our bluff. We figured out how we could get some of them. The next morning Mrs. Monell took a stand on a

point with about a dozen of wooden decoys Mr. Kulka had. I went out in his canoe, which, by the way, only weighs 35 pounds, was made in Racine, Wis., and is a very light and handy boat. I kept the ducks moving, and in less than two hours from the house until our return we got 14 big fat canvasback ducks. We were home by 8 A. M. We could have got more, but we had enough. Anyone going there and writing Mr. Kulka, Box 36, Tampico, Mex., far enough in advance, could get accommodations on the ranch; but as he can only take about twenty, it is necessary to write early, as half the trip is the pleasure of being right on the ground and having for a host Mr. Kulka, who will see that your every want is satisfied, as in the city the natives invariably impose on anyone that can't talk their language, but when furnished a guide by Mr. Kulka you have no bother, as he saved us money by giving us boatmen for just half we could have gotten them for.

Our party are planning to go again next winter, and we know there will be several new converts to tarpon fishing, as they seemed to catch the fever from our trip. We are also talking about making up a party to go up about fifty miles above the ranch for tiger and lion. There is a virgin forest of 400,000 acres belonging to a friend of Mr. Kulka's that they claim has lots of tigers and lions, as well as turkeys and deer which can be hunted a few miles above the ranch. But next season I won't forget plenty of light shot for woodcock.

J. A. Cathcart.

Fish and Fishing.

Indians and Seals.

A curious incident in connection with the bounty upon seals in the State of Maine was brought to my notice during the recent sitting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association in Portland. The destruction wrought by the common North Atlantic seal among the commercial fishes of the New England coast caused the enactment, some time ago, of a provision in the law according a bonus of one dollar per head upon all seals destroyed. The proof of the killing is the production of the hairy covering of the seal's nose. These noses are brought from time to time to the treasurers of the various municipalities, who, having redeemed them at the rate of one dollar each, destroy the proof in order to prevent the possibility of having it presented a second time, and make a return of moneys paid, to the State authorities, by whom the amounts so paid out are refunded. The Indians engaged in the seal hunt have latterly been bringing in so many noses that suspicions were recently aroused, and when, some few days ago, 86 were brought in together to City Treasurer Dyer, of Portland, by Louis Sapieo and Joseph S. Dana, of Eastport, who have been located at Pleasant Point, near that city, investigation proved that the noses were bogus, having been manufactured specially for the purpose of cheating the State by the crafty Passamaquoddies. After the Indians had signed the vouchers specifying that they had killed 86 seals, they were taken into custody upon the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. The arrest is of sensational interest, as it discloses a wholesale system of defrauding the State by bringing in what falsely purports to be seals' noses, and by collecting a dollar each on them. The bogus "noses" are made by cutting up sealskin into small pieces, sewing bristles in for whiskers, and then slitting openings to counterfeit the nostrils. When the bristles are sewn in, a knot tied at the end of each prevents them from falling out, but a sharp yank draws them through the hide and then it is seen that they never grew there. The nostrils are so well simulated that they are apparently genuine until careful examination is made. The deceit, though crude, is clever, and after the inspection of a few of the bogus specimens, I found it quite easy to distinguish between the genuine and the counterfeit noses. The seal's whiskers taper to a delicate point. Those employed by the Indians are stiff and blunt, and quite unlike the real article.

Sapieo says that the Indians have been carrying on this nefarious game for a long time, all the way from Portland to Eastport. Thousands of dollars have been dishonestly obtained from towns and cities to be refunded by the State. A man who is familiar with the whole bay says that he does not believe that one-third of the noses brought in have been genuine. At Bangor a similar discovery was made. The very day after the arrest of Sapieo and Dana, two other Indians came in to Portland from Cousen's Island, who had evidently failed to hear or to read of the previous day's arrests. They made oath that they had killed one hundred seals between them, and presented as vouchers that number of noses, which proved, upon investigation, to be all bogus. After the examination, both men were compelled to admit that not a single nose of the lot was genuine. They confessed that they bought the manufactured noses from the Indians who made them, and also that they knew that they would be arrested if they were caught, but there was good money in it, and so they were willing to take the chances. One of the two, named Patwin, has collected more than $1,000 from the city of Portland alone during the last year. It seemed natural enough to recognize his ability to do so, for he explained some time ago to the city treasurer that he used to go out with his canoe every night and lay on the rocks to wait for the seals to crawl up and inspect the surrounding water. When a dozen or more had thus emerged from the water, he would spring out and beat them down with a stout club. After he had disabled as many as he could, and before they could get off into the water, he would kill them with a knife, cut off their noses, slit a hole in the carcasses and insert in them a rock before pushing them off to sink in the sea. While he brought in some fifty or so a month, the number seemed to be reasonable, since it appeared natural that he should average two or three a night. The present arrests and prosecutions will probbaly end the imaginary sea killing industry along the coast for some time to come at least. The word has gone out with the exposure of the rascality in both Bangor and Portland, that while the Indians outwitted the pale faces in the first instance, Caucasian intelligence has demonstrated itself as usual in the long run.

The Netting of Pike-Perch in Missisquoi Bay.

So far as can be learned, there is not much prospect that the spring seining of pike-perch will be prevented this year in Missisquoi Bay, Lake Champlain, though there is a more hopeful feeling as to what may be accomplished in the near future. The present situation may be briefly summarized as follows: Vermont fixes the responsibility for the slaughter of spawning fish upon the Canadians, by an enactment providing that whenever the Canadians shall refuse to issue more licenses for this fishing, none are to be issued by the State. Either the Government of the Dominion of Canada or that of the Province of Quebec can easily put an end to this netting of the spawning fish. The Federal authorities may pass an order-in-council prohibiting any net fishing in the bay, and even if these authorities fail to pass any such order, it is still within the power of the Provincial Government to decline the issue of any licences for such fishing. The committee appointed by the North American Fish and Game Protective Association to urge the prohibition upon the Canadian authorities consists of the entire delegation from the Province of Quebec, and it is already at work endeavoring to educate public opinion to assist it in demanding the change. One argument which, it is hoped, will prove effective is that the nets in Missisquoi Bay in the spring of the year destroy the fishing in the Richelieu, and injuriously affect some of it in the St. Lawrence. Years ago the pike-perch and bass fishing in the Richelieu River was very good. Now it is almost destroyed. Canadian members of Parliament representing counties along the Richelieu River are being appealed to to aid the committee in its work.

A Pike Swallows a Watch.

A melancholy story is attached to a watch which was once found in the body of a large pike that had been captured in the river Ouse. The fish weighed little short of thirty pounds, and was disposed of to a resident of the locality, whose cook proceeded to prepare it for the family's dinner. In opening the pike she was amazed to find in it a watch, with a short length of black ribbon and a couple of seals attached. Inside the timekeeper, the maker's name was discovered, and on being appealed to he was able to ascertain from his books that he had supplied the watch some time before to a certain gentleman's servant. It transpired that the latter had been drowned in the Ouse a few weeks before the capture of the pike, which had picked up the watch and had made a meal of it.

Considering the attraction which bright glittering baubles have for many fish, it is certainly not difficult to believe the stories that are told of a wedding ring having been found in the stomach of a haddock, of a locket in the inside of a bream, of a silver spoon in the maw of a pike, and a half sovereign in that of a mackerel.

E. T. D. Chambers.

An Invitation to Fish.

W. Wright, in his "Fishes and Fishing," tells an amusing story of a tradesman, who had retired from the fatigues of business, inviting very pressingly a London friend to visit him at his sylvan residence, and, among other inducements, promising, though he was no angler himself, to afford his friend the sport of angling in his water. This attracted the Londoner; a day was fixed, and our angler arrived with a full complement of rods, lines, baits, etc., and was anxious to commence. But, no! luncheon was first to be disposed of, after which the host introduced his friend to his water, which proved to be a little round basin, not wider than the length of one of the rods the angler had brought with him. As must naturally be imagined, the visitor was disappointed and vexed, though he did not choose to show his vexation; and on the assurance that there were perch in the pond, he put his tackle together, and the moment he dropped his bait into the water he hooked a fine perch; another and another followed; and when his friend came to tell him dinner was ready, and inquired as to the success he had had, the angler showed him thirty-five perch. "Well!" said the good-hearted host, "I am glad you have had such sport; I caused three dozen to be put in the day before yesterday." "Oh!" replied the angler, "I will take the other, and then I shall have nothing to do in that way after dinner!"—London Fishing Gazette.

New York Legislation.

Albany, Feb. 13.—No hearings on pending bills have been held as yet by the fish and game committees of either branch of the Legislature, but both committees have done considerable work thus far in the matter of examining measures before them. They have also reported out a number of bills.

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman Hubbs (Pr. No. 380, Int. No. 282), amending Section 103 so as to provide that on Long Island ducks, geese and swan shall not be taken from April 1 to Sept. 30, instead of from Jan. 1, as at present; nor possessed from April 1 to Sept. 30, instead of from March 1.

Assemblyman J. T. Smith's (Pr. No. 381, Int. No. 293), adding a new section to be known as Section 3a, which provides that there shall be no open season for deer in Dutchess county before Sept. 1, 1908.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading the following bills:

Assemblyman Wemple's (Pr. No. 348, Int. No. 332), providing that there shall be no open season for grouse, woodcock and quail in Schenectady county prior to Sept. 30, 1906.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Pr. No. 402, Int. No. 376), providing that deer shall not be taken at any other time than between one-half hour before sunrise and one-half hour after sunset.

Assemblyman Dickinson's (Pr. No. 160, Int. No. 160), providing that the close season for hares and rabbits in Cortland and Genesee counties, shall be from Dec. 1 to Sept. 15; for mink, skunk, muskrat and foxes, from May 1 to Oct. 31, and for trout from July 16 to April 15.

The Assembly Committee on Fish and Game has reported the following bills:

Assemblyman Bridgeman's (Pr. No. 314, Int. No. 300), amended so as to permit the taking of ducks, known as mergansers, sheldrakes or sawbills in Orleans county, during April.

Assemblyman Coutant's (Pr. No. 415, Int. No. 389), amended so as to provide that tip-ups and set-lines may be used in fishing through the ice in Ulster and Dutchess counties, in waters not inhabited by trout.

Bills have been introduced as follows:

Senator Lefevre, two bills (Pr. Nos. 356 and 357; Int. Nos. 326 and 327), which are the same as those of Assembly Coutant's (Pr. Nos. 416 and 415; Int. Nos. 390 and 389), making the close season for grouse, woodcock, and quail in Ulster county from Dec. 16 to Oct. 15, and allowing the use of tip-ups and set-lines in fishing through the ice in Ulster county.

Assemblyman Bedell's (Pr. No. —, Int. No. 556), striking out of Section 26 the clause making the close season for grouse in Orange county from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15.

Assemblyman Harvey's (Pr. No. —, Int. No. 482), amending Section 46 so as to make the close season for black bass in Seneca county from Jan. 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive.

Senator Townsend's (Pr. No. 371, Int. No. 336), amending Section 4 so as to provide that wild deer and venison shall not be possessed from Nov. 6 to Aug. 31, and that possession thereof from Nov. 1 to No. 6 shall be presumptive evidence that the same was unlawfully taken by the possessor. The bill further provides that no wild deer or venison killed in this State shall be sold, offered for sale or exposed for sale at any time or place, nor shall the same be transported or carried out of the State.

Assemblyman Reeve (Pr. No. 477, Int. No. 438), amending Section 158 so as to provide that shellfish leases may at the expiration of the terms thereof or upon the expiration of any renewals thereof, be renewed for a term not to exceed fifteen years, upon it being shown to the satisfaction of the State Commission that the lands described therein have been used in good faith for shellfish cultivation continuously during the original terms for which such leases were granted and during any previous renewal or renewals thereof.

The Kennel.

"Just Happened So."

The reading of an editorial on events that "just happened so," dusted off a section of my memory and brought vividly before me many days a-field where the success must be attributed to things that "just happened so." My two last hunting trips each had an abundance of chance in determining their successful outcome. A few weeks since a friend and myself planned for a day off to hunt with our cameras. As we were about to separate the night before, a farmer accosted us and the question of game was at once referred to. He said foxes were fairly plenty, and volunteered to loan us his beagle hound, saying "he used to run foxes, but had not been hunted for four or five years." We changed our plans at once, deciding to substitute our guns for the cameras. We arrived at the farmer's in the morning as the sun was just peeping above the crest of Spruce Mountain. The little beagle was pulled from under the stove and placed in the sleigh, the farmer cautioning us not to snap our guns, for the dog was gun shy. The midget of a hound had been stall fed, was sleek and fit to kill. A drive of half a mile up the mountain brought us to a favorite runway. Here we found a fresh track. The dog was cut loose on the trail, but he absolutely refused to notice it. We were disappointed, for we expected a little music, but the shooting of the fox we did not anticipate. Having broken several young hounds, I knew a two-hour tramp would jump the fox, so we determined to tramp it up. A little over the two-hour limit Mr. Reynard was awakened from his midday nap. Now was the opportune time to test again the little dog's hunting qualities; so calling him from heel (a position which he had held for the past two hours), we spoke many encouraging words to him, and placed his nose on the steaming trail. There was an awakening as from a dream, an expression of joy lit up his countenance, a nervous wag of the tail, a low whimper, and he was away in full cry. I looked at my watch; in just ten minutes the eager cry ceased, and at that moment, at the further end of the timber, a fox hove in sight, coming in rapid jumps directly toward us. When within a hundred yards it tacked sharply to our right and went over the ridge from our view. On came the little dog, but his musical voice was silent. He was, however, sticking to the trail, but was puffing and blowing, being well out of breath. In eighteen minutes the fox again came in view, this time within shooting range. We both, simultaneously and unconsciously, pulled the trigger at the same instant; there was one report, and a beautiful male fox, weighing 10½ pounds, was lying dead sixty yards away. We waited several moments for the dog to come up, when we recalled the farmer's caution of gun-shyness. Returning to the farmer's, we found the dog eating his fill from the carcass of a cow. The little dog never knew the final result of the hunt, and it seems to me the successful result "just happened so."

B. A. E.

Barre, Vermont.

Pointer Club of America.

The Pointer Club of America held their annual meeting on February 11, at Madison Square Garden. A large attendance of members was present. Mr. R. A. Fairbairn, vice-president, presided. Considerable routine business was disposed of, and special prizes were donated to the following for competition at their forthcoming shows: New England Kennel Club, Franklin-Oil City Kennel Club, Rochester Kennel Club, Chicago Kennel Club, Duquesne Kennel Club.

It was resolved to hold field trials of 1904 in the South, for pointers only, and competition open to all, excepting that of the Members' Stake.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, R. A. Fairbairn; Vice-President, A. H. Ball; Secretary-Treasurer, C. F. Lewis; Board of Governors—G. Muss-Arnolt, Dr. J. S. Howe, Geo. S. Mott, Geo. S. Raynor, E. W. Throckmorton, C. P. Wilcox, W. C. Root, Dr. A. G. Terrell; Delegate to American Kennel Club, A. H. Ball.

C. F. Lewis,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Trained Nurses for Sick Dogs.

The New York Herald's London correspondent says: "Another society doing good work in connection with relieving the sufferings of dumb animals is the Dogs' Protection League, which is now taking women probationers who will undergo a thorough course of dog nursing. At the end of the course the canine nurse will undergo examination and will then receive a certificate from the league, which will then, should she pass, send her out to cases the same way as a human nurse. Those who have experienced the weariness of night and day nursing of some old favorite will greatly appreciate the chance of trained help at a moderate figure."

Points and Flushes.

The American Fox Terrier Club has issued a booklet, containing the rules, list of members, standards, and stakes for 1904. Mr. H. H. Hunnewell is the secretary and treasurer. The adress of the A. F. T. C. is 87 Milk street, Boston.



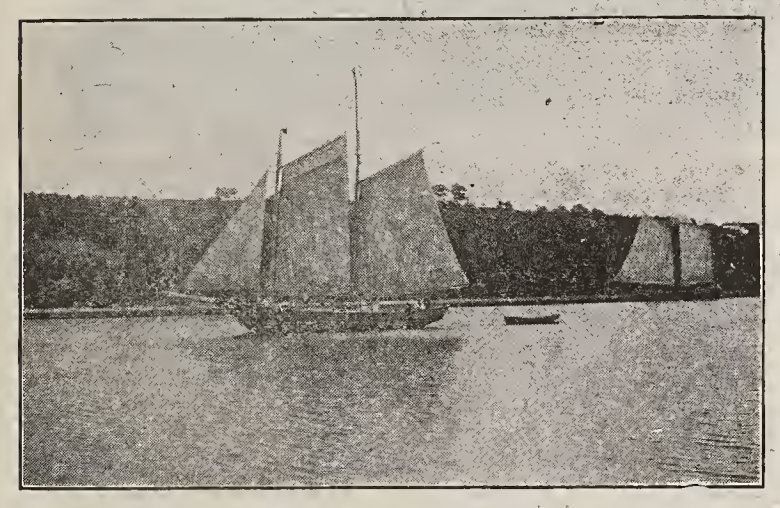
The Maiden Cruise of Istar.

From Greenport L. I., to St. Johns, N. B., and Return, July 16 to September 8, 1903.

BY BROOKS H. WELLS, NEW YORK CITY.

(*Concluded from page* 185.)

August 8. About 3 A. M. the skipper was wakened by the rattle of chain, and, looking out, found that the fog was being blown seaward by a gentle air from N.W., and that the Twilight, a St. John pilot boat, was getting under way. Skipper started to do likewise, and had gotten the cable short and the gaskets off the sails when the mate appeared on deck. At 3:30 Istar was passing the harbor light and ran on with a gentle wind and fair tide to a mile outside Libby Island when the tide began to run flood. The dawn was beautiful, clear, and very cold. At 6:55 passed Moose Peak Light, nineteen miles from our anchorage. The schooner yacht Elmina had just come out the main channel way from Mistake Harbor. She was beautiful in the clear morning light, and



The "Yacht" Maple Leaf—St. John's River.

going like a race horse to the eastward. Running along by the desolate red granite escarpments of Great Wass Island and by Cummings Head, Petit Manan tower lifted itself like a little gray peg from the western horizon, and Istar reached straight for it along a shining blue sea, smooth except for the ripples of the offshore wind and the long swell rolling in from southward.

As is usual along this coast with a northerly wind out of a clear sky, the breeze failed, and at 8:30 we rolled in a flat calm midway between Moose Peak and Petit Manan. At 9:30 the expected S.W. wind came in as a light air, but failed after a half hour, and again it was calm. An hour and a quarter later it came back as a brisk true breeze, but with enough westing so that we could not lay a course nearer than two points for Petit Manan



An Inland Light—St. John's River.

and Schoodic. After a fine sail, with, at the end, all the wind we could stagger under, anchored in Winter Harbor at 2 P. M.

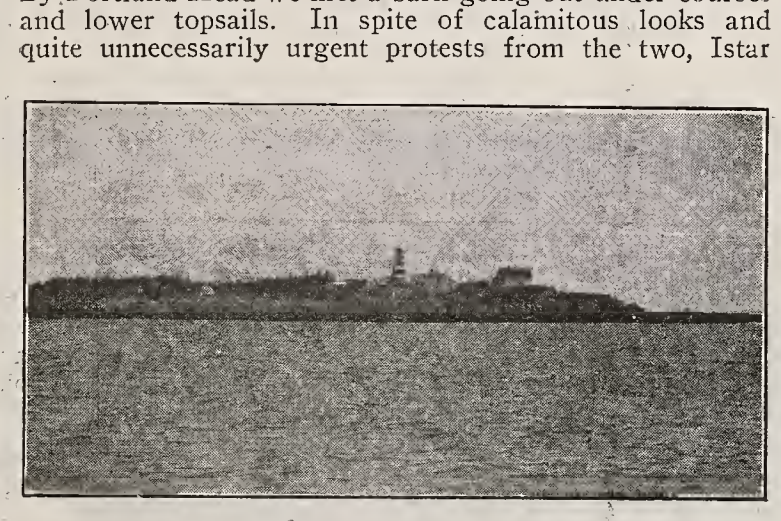
August 16. We had spent an enjoyable week in exploring every nook and corner about Mt. Desert Island and Frenchman's Bay, and now had been becalmed since early morning off the Point of Otter waiting for the wind that would bear us westward. It came at noon, so that it was a close reach from the Nubble bell through Casco Passage to Eggemoggin and a broad reach through to Buck's Harbor, with balloon jib and wind so fresh that our stout topmast bent "like a willow wand." The mate was much interested in the tame foxes on the little island that makes the harbor.

Sailed to Castine the next morning and from there in a driving thunder storm with reefed sail to Turtle Head, and then in light airs to Seal Harbor near Islesboro. Night closed in looking thundery, and we found use for a second anchor in a severe squall about midnight. Drifted the next day with light airs to the Herring Gut. At sunset the sky in the west was clear lemon yellow, with a line of low-lying, heavy, smooth-edged clouds which brought the next day a fresh gale from S.W. In the morning we ran up the beautiful Damariscotta River to East Boothbay, where we lost an anchor on the foul bottom in spite of two hours' maneuvering trying to get it. Had an enjoyable run up the river in a fresh gale, and anchored a little below Damariscotta for the night.

The next day was an unpalatable mixture of heavy rain, thick fog, and fickle breezes. Istar felt her way down the river and around to Boothbay and Townsend Gut.

August 21 was a fair, bright day, with a brisk N.W. wind and a heavy rolling swell from the southward, so that we had an exhilarating run nearly to Mark Island, where the wind backed and came out very light from ahead. The big rollers helped to push us in by the Whaleback, and we went by way of Chandler's Cove to Portland.

August 22. At 4:30 A. M. the skipper opened his eyes and went on deck. Dawn was just breaking. The west was dark and threatening. Barometer was 29.74, and dropping slowly. Last evening there was a brilliant Aurora. The wind was S. Everything portended a gale. We determined to run out for a look at things off the Cape. Just outside Portland Head the skipper ordered jib in and a reef in the mainsail. By the time this was accomplished, we were in a big chop coming in from S.E., and the wind was fast freshening. Made our way out to Old Anthony in a fairly heavy sea and fresh gale with very threatening sky. A friend who had come aboard at Bar Harbor and who had showed signs of nervousness during the exhilarating run from Boothbay to Cape Small, was badly frightened. The mate was demoralized almost to the point of mutiny, and evidently wished himself ashore. The skipper, sorry to throw away so good an opportunity to try what Istar could do against wind and sea, kept on for a half hour, then reluctantly put the helm up and ran back, feeling angry and hurt that any of his crew should have shown the white feather. By Portland Head we met a bark going out under courses and lower topsails. In spite of calamitous looks and quite unnecessarily urgent protests from the two, Istar



Point Lepreau—Bay of Fundy.

was turned about and sailed out a mile or so to watch the maneuvering of the bark. Then back we drove, and hardly had we reached our anchorage when the friend, whose nerves were in tatters, went ashore for a bracer and the train home. Lay at anchor all day wasting a beautiful fresh S.W. wind. Several sail and steam yachts bound west ran out, but all came promptly back.

The skipper was unhappy until, as he groped about in his mind for an adequate reason for the mutiny of the morning, he saw this picture, understood, and forgave:

A tall ship, clothed from her trucks down, is speeding along through the night. From out the darkness a sudden blast bears her over, over until the water pours in upon her deck, until her lower yards dip almost to the leaping seas. The crew, pressed by the hand of fear, and the hoarse voice of command, are straining every fibre to relieve her from the overbearing pressure of her canvas. A sailor, known as the best and bravest on the vessel, goes up, up through the howling blackness to the topmost yard, the main royal. The sail has been clewed up and he is out on the leeward arm ready to make all snug and fast. The clew line gives way and the sail, driven by the fury of the wind, sweeps him from the yard except for the frantic clutch of the fingers of a single hand.

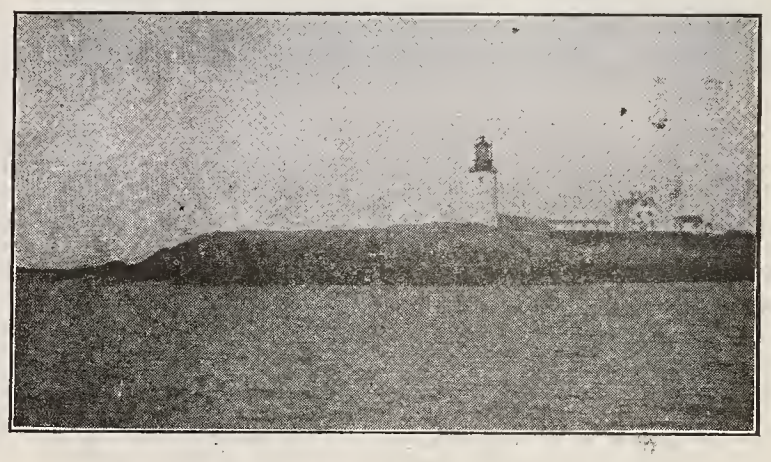
Beaten by the flapping canvas, he seeks in vain for a new hold, until, when despair had almost crushed his soul, he feels and grips the taut strands of the leeward lift. Unconscious of his torn and bleeding hands he fights his way inch by inch up this slender line to the masthead, slides down the spar to the royal yard again, and makes fast the sail. The ship, now stripped to her lower topsails, some canvas furled, some blown to ribbons from the bolt ropes, is running off before the storm.

Years have gone, and when skies are blue and winds fair the incident seems almost forgotten. Yet when the heavens cloud and thicken with the coming of a summer gale, his heart grown faint with dread that he may feel again the chilling clasp of the clinging arms of death.

August 23. We had sail up and ready at 5 A. M., but wind did not come until after 8. The yawl Mattacheeset, 28ft. waterline, passed out by Portland Head a mile and a half to windward of us. We gained on her steadily, and she ran by Old Anthony eighteen minutes in advance, but we caught and passed her half way between Wood Island and Cape Porpoise, sailing fourteen miles to do so. Wind light and ugly old sea. After this it was a drifting match. In the tumble we could drift fastest, so that we made our anchorage among a crowd of vessels in Porpoise Harbor, had dinner and the dishes washed before Mattacheeset appeared.

Aug. 24. The clink of a windlass as a fisherman began to get in his anchor roused the skipper and the mate. In the east a pale gray rose showed the coming of day. Overhead, the stars still shone in a cloudless dome, and little ripples ran from the north over the smooth water. The fleet was waking up. There was the rattle of chain, the chirp of blocks as sails slowly rose along the masts, and from somewhere the faint fragrance of old Mocha. Istar spread her wings, and slowly glided out from the calm circle of the port to the heaving roll of the open sea. The tide was low, and the rounded swell ran swiftly and smooth as oil until it broke and crashed into foam on the black, weed-covered rocky fangs that guard on either hand the harbor's mouth.

In the east the glow deepened. Red, orange, azure



Moose Peak Light—Entrance to Mistake Harbor.

and purple, above the sharp cut line of the horizon; silver flecked, with flame below, burned sky and sea until the sun came swiftly up and day had begun. A couple of small black whales, like huge porpoises, swam with soft blowings. In the far northwest the mighty peaks of Washington and his lesser fellows of the Presidential range stood faintly clear in the soft morning light, overtopping all of the nearer hills. From Point Arundel west and south curved the green level line of shore to Agamenticus, and seaward rose the tall dark tower of Boone Island.

Istar, deserted by the wind and rolling idly on the swells, led by a mile the bunch of yachts, fishermen and coasters that had followed her out of the harbor.

She drifted slowly along until 11, when the wind came out from S.S.E., a fair breeze. At 11:15 Boone Island and the Nubble were abeam. At 1:20 Appledore and



Desolation, Cummings Head—Near entrance to the Bay of Fundy.

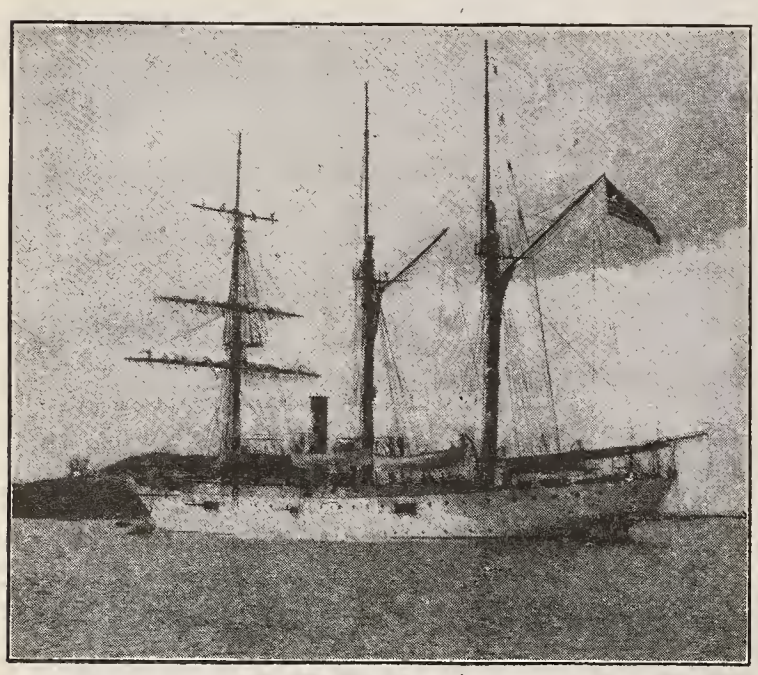
Smuttynose had risen out of the haze, and we were leaving them broad off the port quarter. Later the wind failed to an almost imperceptible air, so that when the Cape Ann lights flared out we were still a mile north of Halibut Point, and Mattacheeset, which had started a mile astern of us, was far off to leeward, a tiny speck against the sky, at sunset. Drifting along through the night, at times uncomfortably close to the reefs, it was nearly 1 when the great towers on Thatcher's Island lay astern. Soon after a breath came in from the N.E., and as the night was so far spent, the skipper turned her head toward Provincetown, the mate taking the stick. At 3:30, when he relieved the mate, there was a brisk breeze, and the topsail had been taken in. At 4 the skipper set it again. Istar, bowing a little to the growing swell, was making steady progress.

Sunrise revealed a horizon transparently clear in the southeast, but with a suspicious dimness in the southwest. There was no land in sight, and everywhere the sky ran down into the sea. The wind now began to veer rapidly by E. and S. to S.W., and the barometer to

fall; so that at 7:30 the topsail was again on deck. It was plain that we were in for a blow, and the skipper laughed silently in his heart, for he knew that this time his crew could not protest. At 8:30 set the small jib and took in staysail. At 9 lay to and reefed the mainsail. The sea made up rapidly, and soon we were fighting our way over the lower end of the Stelwagon bank against a heavy, steep while-crested chop. Five miles N. by E., from Race Point, we needed the second reef, the gale becoming stronger minute by minute. Finally, just as we were slacking down the sail for a close reef, the wind fell within a few seconds to a flat calm.

You who have been there know how unpleasant and dangerous a heavy breaking sea becomes when the wind deserts you.

A big, white-headed comber, towering high above his fellows, came rushing along, stood Istar on end so that the water came in over the stern into the cockpit, and pushed her backward so rapidly that when the wave passed and the bow fell, it came down like a great hammer right across the nose of the tender. We looked for fragments, but to our surprise, when we had hauled what we supposed were the remains up from the depths, it was still a boat, though the sheer strake at the



U. S. Cruiser Newport.

bow looked as if a shark had been playing with it. By great effort we got the tender aboard across the cockpit and saved here. Smashed about in a heavy, rippy sea for some ten minutes, and then the strong wind came again as suddenly as it had gone, and we rushed away for Provincetown, where we dropped a hook in the early afternoon. We looked Istar over, and found that she had sustained no damage other than the loss of some of the green paint from her bottom.

Tired and sleepy, we turned in at sunset, and slept soundly until 7 the next morning. All day we lay at anchor, and after drying out and cleaning ship, loafed and dreamed, for within the circle of the bay is much to dream of. Here, Nov. 20, 1620, the Mayflower first dropped her anchor to the sands of the western world; here the first contract of mutual government was signed; here the first child was born in the new colony, and here our foremothers did their first Monday washing. It is quaintly told in "Mount's Relation" how the Mayflower had sailed from her English port on Sept. 16, 1620, and how, "after many difficulties in boysterous stormes, at length by Gods prouidence vpon the ninth of Nouember (Nov. 19) following, by break of the day we espied land which we deemed to be Cape Cod, and so it proued. And the appearance of it much comforted vs, especially, seeing so goodly a Land and wooded to the brinke of the sea, it caused vs to rejoyce together and praise God that had giuen vs once againe to see land. And thus wee made our course South



Bald Porcupine Island—Frenchman's Bay.

South West, purposing to goe to a Riuer ten leagues to the South of the Cape, but at night the winde being contrary, we put round againe for the Bay of Cape Cod; and vpon the 11. of Nouember (Nov. 21), we came to an anchor in the bay (Provincetown Harbor), which is a good harbour and a pleasant Bay, circled round, except in the entrance, which is about foure miles ouer from land to land, compassed about to the very Sea with Okes, Pines, Iuniper, Sassafras and other sweet wood; it is a harbour wherein 1000. saile of ships may safely ride, there we relieued our selues with wood and water, and refreshed our people, while our shallop was fitted to coast the Bay, to search for a habitation; there was the greatest store of fowle that euer we saw.

"The bay is so round and circling, that before we could come to anchor, we went around all the points of the Compasse. We could not come neere the shore by three quarters of an English mile, because of shallow water, which was a great preiudice of vs, for our people going on shore were forced to wade a bow shoot or two in going a-land, which caused many to get colds and coughs, for it was ny times freezing cold weather."

The woods have gone and the cape is now bare and wind-swept, but often in the soft light of the crescent moon when

> "The whispering waves were half asleep
> And on the bosom of the deep the smile of heaven lay,"

you may, like many another dreamer, have seen the Mayflower riding to her anchor and the flocks of sea birds resting in their flight to the south.

At 6 on the morning of Aug. 27, Long Point Light was abeam, the wind was brisk N., and we were expecting a fine run over the shoals. At 8 we were off Race Point in a head tide and light head wind. At 2, Race Point was still abeam, and the light air ahead. We had hope of getting over the shoals on the westerly set of the night tide. This was only hope, for we drifted all night, and at 7 the next morning were still in sight of the Highland Light, and the calm continued. Broad of the port bow two white streams shot into the air, curved out from each other, and fell back into the sea. "Blows!" yelled the skipper. "Blows! blows!"

"What are you giving us?" came a voice from below, but its owner nevertheless came tumbling up on deck, and we all watched with great interest the antics of a school of right whales leisurely making their way up the cape, blowing at regular intervals, and at times tossing their great flukes high out of the water. Finbacks and blackfish are seen quite often, but the right whale is now almost an unheard-of rarity along this coast. Yet one reason why the Mayflower adventurers settled at Plymouth was that "Cape Cod was like to be a place of good fishing, for we saw daily great Whales of the best kind for oyle and bone, come close aboord our Ship, and in fayre weather swim and play about vs; there was once one when the sun shone warme, came anl lay aboue water, as if she had beene dead, for a good while together, within half a Musket shot of the Ship, at which two were prepared to shoote to see whether she would stir or no; he then gaue fire first, his Musket flew in peeces, both stocke and barrel, yet, thankes be it to God, neither he nor any man else was hurt with it, though many were there about; but when the Whale saw her time she gaue a snuffe and away."

While the whales were still playing about us a little air from S.E. came in, and very gradually freshened as we ran on, so that at 2:23, when we had passed the four lightships, marking the intricate way over the shoals and set our spinnaker for the run from the Handkerchief to Hyannis, it was a good wholesail breeze, and at 4:30, when the Hyannis Breakwater lay outside, it was blowing a light gale. During Saturday, Sunday and Monday there was a heavy blow from eastward, and with decks wet with the flying spray, Istar pitched and strained at the two cables which held her to her anchors.

At Hyannis the skipper's wife and daughter came aboard, and had a jolly time, while Istar went by easy runs to the westward and home.

The total distance sailed on this cruise was 1,645 sea miles, including all the twists and turns from Greenport to Greenport. While there was less fog than usual, there were many days of strong winds and many days of calm. The average speed per hour's sail was a trifle less than five and one-quarter nautical miles.



Finis.

Scooter Races.

On Friday, February 12, a scooter race was held off Blue Point on Great South Bay. The race was to decide the championship of Suffolk county, and as the conditions were satisfactory it was an unqualified success.

Some twenty-five boats entered, and the course was 18 miles; three times around a six-mile triangle, with two miles to each leg.

At the end of the first round Leader, owned by Captain William Still, of Bedford, was first, 1m. 42s. ahead of Daisy, owned by Mr. Morgan, of Bayport. Leader was again in the lead at the end of the second round by 3m. 6s.; Vamoose, owned by Mr. C. W. Ruland, of Patchogue, was second. On the last round Leader increased her lead, and won the race by 6m. 43s. Vamoose was second, which boat did very well, considering she had met with an accident. The scooter owned by Mr. Wilmot D. Overton, of Bayport, finished third.

The House Committee of the New York Y. C. has arranged for the following entertainments:

Sunday, February 14.—Chamber music, 4 to 6:30 P. M. Von Praag's ochestra.

Thursday, February 18.—Lecture, "The Depths of the Sea" with stereopticon views, Mr. C. H. Townsend director, New York Aquarium.

Thursday, March 3—Lecture, "London and the Coronation of the King" with stereopticon views, Mr. D. L. Elmendorf.

Sunday, March 6.—Chamber music, 4 to 6:30 P. M. Von Praag's orchestra.

Thursday, March 17.—Mr. Charles Battell Loomis, humorist.

Sunday, March 27.—Chamber music, 4 to 6:30 P. M. Von Praag's ochestra.

Thursday, April 17.—Lecture, "Paris to New York Overland" with stereopticon views, Mr. Harry de Windt.

Thursday, April 14.—An Evening with the Commodore.

Power Yachting.

BY PARKER H. KEMBLE.

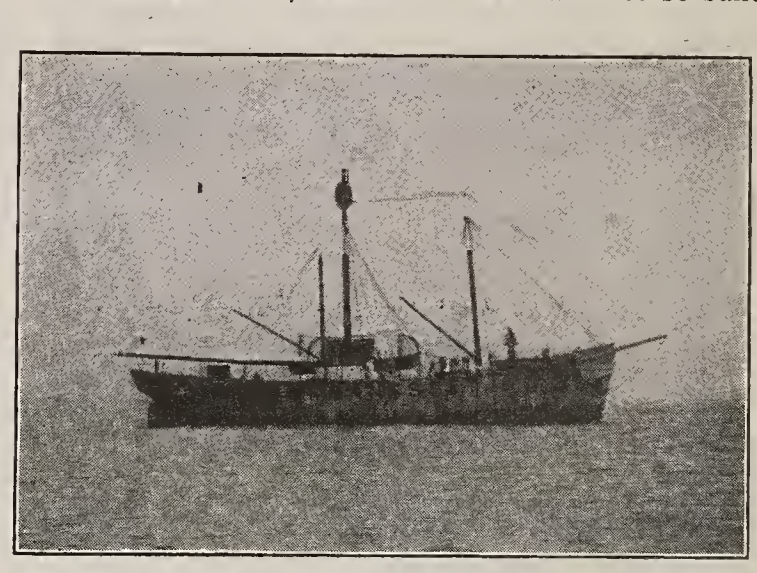
A paper read before the members of the Winnipesaukee Y. C. at the Hotel Bellevue, Boston, Mass., on Jan. 6.

The history of steam yachting in America practically begins about 1857. The first small power boat was built by John Aspinwall, then a boy, to sail in a pond on his father's place. The boat was 12ft. long by 3½ft. wide, flat bottomed, and the burner consisted of six alcohol lamps, the fuel being quietly procured from a demijohn in his father's pantry. He paddled around the pond at the rate of one-half mile per hour, much to the disgust of the swans.

Two or three other boats were built, and in 1865 he, with some of the other boys of the parish, built a flat bottomed side-wheeler some 20ft. long drawing only 5in. She was sold to a Southerner for twice what she cost and taken to Savannah.

The next launch was 35ft. long. At this point the history broadens, and we will leave it and take up the situation at present.

The dividing line between what is commonly known as a power boat—that is, a boat propelled by some mechanical agency not steam—and a steam-driven boat—a steam launch—would seem to lie between 60ft. and 70ft. Not that boats over 70ft. have not and will not be built

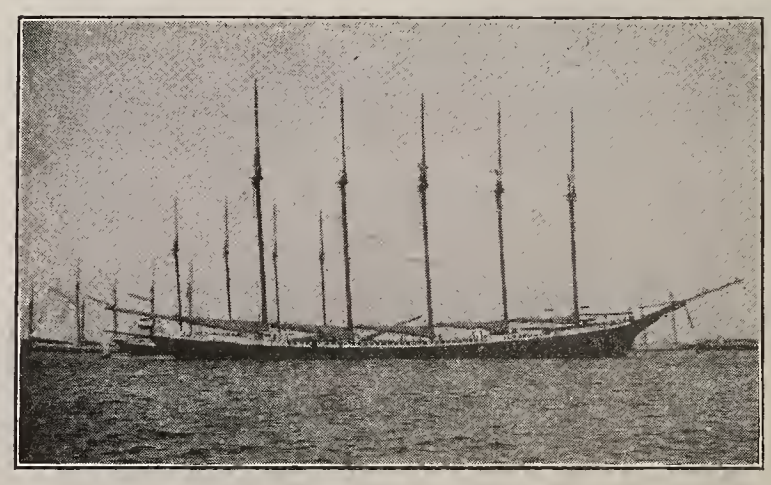


Succonesset Shoals Light Vessel—Nantucket Sound.

with gasolene engines, or boats less than 70ft. with steam engines; but when 70ft. is passed and a fixed professional crew is required for the engine room, the reliability of steam and the less cost of coal becomes a strong argument in its favor. Similarly under that length the gasolene engine or electric motor has the greater convenience. In the smaller powers required for launches—from 15ft. to 60ft.—the weight and space occupied, particularly in cruising boats, is most decidedly in favor of the gasolene motor. For speed, however, it is still an open question whether even for boats as small as 30ft. steam will not give a higher speed than any other form of power. In discussing racing boats this comparison will be taken up again.

Power boating has outgrown the yachting field, and is now taking an important part in many aquatic industries; canal boats, fishing boats, lighters, oyster boats, mail carriers, custom house officers, and harbor police, form but a part of the list of commercial enterprises in which the power boat is a welcome arrival.

Compared with the earlier models the changes are numerous and noticeable. The rank sheer has been done away with, and the boats have more freeboard amidships and less at the ends. The long clipper bow ending in a pole the size of a broomstick and dignified by the name of bowsprit, has given place to the modern clean cut full lined entrance; while the putting into practice of the theory of clearing and fining the run by section lines instead of waterlines has led to the various present types of stern, which are a vast improvement both for speed and weatherliness over the fantail formerly in vogue. When



A Five-Master—Portland Harbor.

I first began to take interest in yachts and boats, there were several steam yachts from 40ft. to 70ft. waterline, with masts, bowsprits, deck houses, pilot houses, and all the paraphernalia of the able bodied ocean-going cruiser. Now the fashion has set the other way, and while some, notably the fair sex, decry the loss of spars, the general type of clean cut, powerful launch model which is now established up to 100ft. or so is certainly safer at sea and less work at anchor. The passing of the glass house with its horse-car effect and the advent of the strong and compact trunk cabin is another visible sign of the wholesome tendency of modern designing. While speed on the whole has increased somewhat there is at present a large fleet afloat and under construction of distinctly moderate speed, and for every question asked me about speeds above 12 knots, three or four are asked about 8, 9, or 10. Possibly the large increase in prime cost and maintenance for each additional knot may have something to do with this, but I think that probably the desire for more comfortable

accommodations than afforded by the racing hull has the greater influence.

For general consideration small launches may be divided into three classes —racing, cruising, and day boats. No boat can fit all three, but may fit more or less well into two of them.

For driving power there are three divisions also—internal expansion engines, where the fuel is burned separate from the engine, and internal combustion, where the fuel is burned directly in the engine, and electric power. The steam, alco-vapor, and naphtha engine come under the first heading, and the gas, gasolene, and kerosene engines come under the second. For general purposes steam and gasolene are the two rivals for popular favor, and at present the craze for autoing which has swept the country, added to its natural advantages for small units, has pushed gasolene way ahead of its older rival. Gasolene engines are cleancr, start quicker, and take up less room in small boats, and require no Government license. Steam is more reliable and for extreme speed at present is ahead.

Turning now to the general design of the hull, we find the problem dividing itself into two parts—the shape or form of the hull and the construction. Taking up the form first, the characteristics of the boat depend on the form of hull, and this in turn is governed by the use for which the boat is designed. Form may be expressed briefly by two expressions—proportion and fineness. By proportion is meant the general relation of L. to B. and B. to H. where L. is the length on L. W. L., B. the greatest beam, and H. the draft of hull. By fineness is meant the relation between the block obtained by multiplying L.×B.×H. and the actual bulk of the underwater body of the boat. This is expressed in the form of a decimal fraction and called the block coefficient, i. e., a boat having a body ½ of the product of L. B. H. would have a coefficient .5. On the coefficient depends the displacement or weight of the boat, and of two boats having the same dimensions, that having the greater coefficient will have the greatest displacement. In small boats the ratio of L. to B. varies from 1:4½ to 1:9; anything below 4½ gives a tubby, awkward shaped boat hard to drive and bad in a head sea, while anything greater than 8 or 9 gives a cranky, unhandy boat, and one which is structurally difficult. On a given length it may be safely said that within the given proportions greater beam leads to comfort, stability and seaworthiness, but slower speed, while lesser beam gives less resistance and greater speed for the same power, but less room and less safety. The relation of B.: H. naturally depends on that of L.: B., a broad boat tending to shallow draft, while the narrow hull takes it out in depth. So far we have been dealing only with the underwater portion of the hull. The upper part varies as the use of the boat. If speed is wanted, then freeboard is cut down; if cruising ability is called for, then high freeboard appears. From the above it can be readily seen that speed, safety, weatherliness, and roominess cannot be all at their maximum in any one design. There must be a compromise between them.

In the last few years there has been a radical change in launch design. The old conventional hollow-bowed, pot-bellied, fantail stern monstrosity has, or is, fast disappearing, and seaworthy, speedy models are taking its place. In no part is the change more noticeable than in the form of the stern. The sharp, pinkey stern developed by Mr. Arthur Binney, or the torpedo boat or French stern, are characteristic of practically all modern launches. One advantage of the short stern more important to steam launches than to gas boats, is that as the length enters into the tonnage measurement you can get more boat for the same length and better speed lines than with the fantail or long overhang. The main purpose of the change was, however, to obviate the squatting or settling of the stern when driven, as well as the rising of the bow, so noticeable with the older type of stern. Returning for a moment to the coefficient of fineness. The fineness of the after body of a boat depends not on the lines but on the disposition of the displacement. This being so, the after part of the boat can be made narrow and deep with fine waterlines, as in the old models, or very shallow and wide, as in the new. In either case the displacement remaining the same. With the broad flat run the boat sits firmly on the water, and her stiffness is materially increased, while the water has a clear unobstructed flow to and from the propeller. When under way the broad flat stern prevents settling aft, and keeps the boat to her designed lines. There is no question that for a given power the flat stern will give better results as regards speed. The ⊠ or cross section of the boat at largest point should show no freakish features. It should show a fair rise of floor, a well rounded bilge running to straight at the rail. If very shallow draft is called for, then a flatter floor and a hard bilge must be given, but for structural as well as speed requirements, well rounded sections are desirable. In small racing craft a flat floor is somewhat of a necessity, as the beam cannot for safety and room be reduced below a certain figure, and the only way to avoid unnecessary displacement is to flatten the floor and harden the bilges.

The special points in the design of racing boats are saving of weight and easy lines. The former is obtained by cutting down scantlings, freeboard, and fittings; the latter by great length and small displacement. Length is a vital factor in speed. At a given speed all boats throw a wave of a certain length or distance from crest to crest independent of the length of the boat. If a boat is too short she will simply climb up the back of the wave all the time and waste power, while if proportionately long enough will ride between the two crests on nearly an even keel. This explains why often lengthening a boat with no increase of engine power gives greater speed. One special point to be considered is not to use too smali a wheel. The difference between 22in. and 28in. draft on a 25ft. or 30ft. launch is not usually important, and the difference in wheel efficiency is much. As regards length ratio, don't go above 8½ unless you have a first-class designer. Even then it is doubtful in these small boats whether it pays.

See that the engine is so placed that when lying stopped the boat is very slightly down by the head. As speed depends greatly on spreading out the displacement over long easy lines, avoid overhanging bows with forefoot cut away; the forefoot should be carried to nearly the full draft of the hull proper and be as near square as possible. If rough water is to be encountered occasionally, keep the forward weights well back from the stem and the buoyancy of the bow will give the lift necessary.

At present many designers, influenced by sailing practice, have carried the overhanging bow into launch work. It might be all right in cruising boats, where it unquestionably helps to lift the bow in a sea, but in a speed model it is unnccessary and even harmful. As said before, length gives speed and the bow should be carried down straight so that when thc boat lifts out forward, as all boats do somewhat when driven, no matter what the modcl, the waterline will stay the samc length and remain as sharp and easy as when at rest.

In dcsigning the hull the actual conditions when under way must be considered, and to spend time and money in building a long narrow boat to pass cleanly through the water and then have her rear up in the air and not use several feet of length and shove a roundcd breast against the sea is not common sense. A little flare in the bow sections is useful if well above the waterline. The question of weight is too obvious to need mention. Carry the engine seating well forward and aft of the engine; a fourth of the boat's length is not excessive in boats under 40ft.

In cruising boats the requirements are very different, high freeboard, round bows verging on the bluff, a ratio of about 5 and substantial construction is the rule. The pinkey stern is better than the flat as easier in a following sea. Trunk cabins with dead lights as seen on sailing yachts are stronger and look neater than the old horse-car window house, and you can slam into a head sea without any compunction or fears for your cabin carpet. One thing in particular, always have either a water-tight cockpit if the boat has a cabin, or else two watcr-tight compartments or air tanks if she is an open boat. Sooner or later you will take water aboard in large quantities, and they will prove handy. Then again, in laying out the cabin do not take in the whole boat. The cabin is for sleeping essentially, for a living room or dining room only occasionally. Practically all the time is spent either on dcck or ashore, and deck room or a large cockpit will do morc to render cruising comfortable than a palace below and a wash-tub set into a 3 by 4 deck above. Speaking of wash-tubs. On the Ambra, my old 21ft. yawl, the cockpit was small and water-tight, and by plugging up the scuppers and letting water stand in the sun a little while I havc had many a good bath when down East and the ocean too cold for comfort. Another hint, if building for genuine cruising, don't put your galley way forward in the most cramped place on the boat. Cooking is not a joy, and if we follow the English fashion and place the stove and other gear at the after end of the cabin neatly mounted then you can step out to help with the boat, can stand up, at least have the full head room, and last, but not least, always have fresh air. I made one cruise on a boat fitted this way and it was simply perfect.

Carry plenty of fresh water and if you can afford it use only tin-lined copper. If you use galvanized iron do not drink any of the water for at least two weeks, in order to allow the tank to get well pickled. I learned that in a trip round the Cape in a knockabout when both my companion and myself were almost too sick to move with zinc poisoning, and a heavy sea and wind making matters interesting. A word more. Have everything strong, even if heavy. An anchor davit that doubles up like tin when you put a strain on it in a tight corner, or a cabin door or skylight that splits when a sea causes you to lean up against it, are causes of profanity.

Passing now to day boats, boats for afternoon sailing with family and friends. These require more speed, or at least as much as the cruiser, and much room to movc round in. If under 20ft., 4ft. beam is permissible, but 5ft. is better; above that a ratio from 4 to 6 will cover. Be sure and have air tanks or a substitute for them. These small boats are good sea boats as far as they go, but some means of floating the boat if filled should be provided. Speed varies with the owner's purse, but the less speed the more comfort.

In powering boats one thing must always be borne in mind, and that is that a big cngine does not necessarily mean a fast boat. Each hull has its possible speed, and beyond that no power can appreciably force it.

For all around work the 4-cycle gasolene engine seems the most satisfactory, and although in its present form heavier than need be, owes much of its popularity to the strength and freedom from accident due much to this very weight. As it is impossible to get an accurate formula for power in gasolene engines brake horse-power is the only reliable test, and that many makers will not guarantee. No gasolene engine should, however, be purchased for a speed hull, unless that brake H. P. be guaranteed.

As regards installing, time will allow but a word. The better the connection between engine and boat the better the results. This means designing the hull with refcrence to engine location and building accordingly.

The other most important point is the gasolene tank. Tanks should be made of good heavy material—copper preferred, galvanized iron next. Seams should be well riveted and afterwards soldered. Wash plates to prevent surging of the gasolene should be fitted inside. Where possible the tank spacc should be ceiled and the tank made a close fit to prevent bulging. The bottom of the tank should be above the vaporizer to drain well. The best method of installing is to place the tank in a copper-lined box above the waterline and run a drain pipe from the box to the sea. The filling pipe should run to the deck, so that any gasolene spilled will run overboard, not inboard. The pipe connection to the engine should run outside of the boat if a cabin boat, but may run inside if she be open. Have a valve at the outlet of the tank and just in front of vaporizer. Put your strainer where the gasolene goes in to the tank. It is hard to get at if at the bottom of the tank. Be sure and have a hand hole in the tank to clean out when necessary.

Passing now to what is doing. The auto enthusiasts are going into power boating; 40ft. boats with 75 horse-power are a fact with speeds of 20 miles; 60ft. boats with 120 horse-power are a fact with speeds of 23 miles, while the limit has not been reached. One French auto maker is building a 90ft. boat with 160 horse-power—four 40 horse-power auto engines set tandem.

In the smaller clases all kinds of freaks with all kinds of claimed speeds. In England the Harmsworth cup has been won by a Napier auto motor in a hull so lightly built that instead of a deck they used oiled cotton canvas. In France they have a 25ft. boat with a speed of 16 miles. All of these are racing shells, and unfit for anything but smooth water. What the future holds in store we cannot tell, but what I confidently look forward to is the re-entry of steam into the arena, and speed varying from 20 miles for a 25ft. boat to 38 miles for a 60-footer. In some of the auto papers lately there have appeared some rather partisan comparisons between steam and gasolene as motive powers. Perhaps the easiest method of comparison is by tabulating results in existing boats:

GASOLENE.

22ft. by 4ft. with 7 H. P., gave 14 miles.
25ft. by 4ft. with 7 H. P., gave 12 miles.
27ft. by 4ft. with 9 H. P., gave 14 miles.
28ft. by 5ft. by 11½in. with 14 H. P., gave 12½ miles.
35ft. by 5ft. 9in. by 12ft. with 15 H. P., gave 13.85 miles, D. 3,950.
35ft. by 5ft. 4in. with 25 H. P., gave 18 miles.
55ft. by 6ft. 6in. with 120 H. P., gave 23 miles, 1902.
58ft. by 7ft. 6in. with 110 H. P., gave 23 miles, 1903.

STEAM.

25ft. by 5ft. 6in. H. P. 25, speed 12 miles, 1896, D. 2,800.
28ft. by 4½ft., 17 miles, 1896.
30ft. by 4½ H. P. 26.0, speed 21.87 miles, 1898.
60ft. by 9ft. 3in., speed 23.60, 1894, D. 9½ tons; load 3 tons.

Of the latter I will say that she was a seagoing boat, and carried accommodations for two officers and four men, and a trial load of three tons.

Compare this with either of the racing shells with gasolene machinery.

New York Y. C.

The annual meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house, West Forty-fourth street, on Thursday evening, February 11. Commordore Frederick G. Bourne presided and the following officers were elected: Com., Frederick G. Bourne; Vice-Com., Henry Walters; Rear-Com., Cornelius Vanderbilt; Sec'y, G. A. Cormack; Treas., Tarrant Putnam; Meas., Charles D. Mower; Regatta Committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Newbury D. Lawton and T. H. Wales; Committee on Admissions, Henry C. Ward, Frederick Gallatin, Cornelius Vanderbilt, James A. Wright, Tracy Dows; House Committee, Thomas A. Bronson, Henry Sampson, Jr.; J. Lorillard Arden; Library Committee, Lewis A. Stimson, Thomas A. Bronson, Francis W. Belknap; Committee on Club Stations, William H. Thomas, Henry H. Rogers, Cord Meyer, Augustus C. Tyler, Charles Lane Poor, Maximilian Agassiz, Harrison B. Moore, Henry C. Ward, William Lanman Bull, Edward R. Ladew.

A number of amendments to the constitution were passed, but must be approved at another meeting before they go into force. Among the amendments were changes for the number and dates of the meetings. It is proposed to hold the first meeting on the third Thursday of January; the second on the fourth Thursday of March; the third on the third Thursday of May; the fourth on the third Thursday of July; the fifth on the first Thursday of October, and the sixth on the third Thursday of December. The annual election will take place at the last meeting of the year.

The letter which Sir Thomas Lipton wrote to the club, in regard to another challenge, was referred to a committee of five to be appointed by the commodore.

The members voted resolutions of thanks to ex-Commodore J. Picrpont Morgan, owner of Columbia, and to the syndicates of Reliance and Constitution, and to Messrs E. D. Morgan, C. Oliver Iselin and August Belmont, who managed the three boats in last season's racing. To each syndicate member and each managing owner was presented a French clock. On the pendulum of each was a miniature America's Cup in silver.

Rear Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mr. C. L. F. Robinson each offered two cups for races over ocean courses.

Mr. F. M. Smith offered two cups for steam yacht races; one for boats over 110ft. waterline, and another for boats under 110ft., but over 75ft. waterline. Time allowance will be given in the races for both these cups.

Commodore Bourne offered two cups for races between high speed launches. The conditions governing these contests will be given out later.

The annual regatta will be held on Thursday, June 16.

The race for the Lysistrata cup between the steam yacht Hauoli, owned by Mr. F. M. Smith, and the Kanawha, owned by Mr. H. H. Rogers, the holder of the trophy, will take place just before or just after the June regatta of the club, off Sandy Hook.

A committee was appointed to draw up resolutions of condolence on the death of ex-Commodore E. M. Brown.

The report of the Regatta Committee is being printed, and a copy will be sent to each member.

Secretary George A. Cormack, in his report, stated that there were 1,616 active members in the club, and that the total membership is 2,021. The fleet numbers 517 vessels with a gross tonnage of 70,175.

The club's first house, on the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, will be removed to Glen Cove, on the property of Mr. Edward R. Ladew, and made one of the club's stations.

Twenty-two active and four naval members were elected.

At the annual meeting of the Independent Yacht and Boat Club, of Northport, L. I., which was recently held, the following officers were elected: Com., B. L. Sammis; Vice-Com., Elmer E. Skidmore; Treas., W. B. Warner; Sec'y, Thomas E. Davey; Trustees, B. L. Sammis, Elmer Skidmore, J. J. Fox, William Kissam and W. H. Barto.

The Grosvenor Bill.

The full text of the Grosvenor bill, to which the following correspondence refers, will be found on the first page of this issue, with our comments. The letter of Secretary MacLellan is important as setting forth the attitude of the American Power Boat Association:

New York, Jan. 9, 1904.—*Honorable George B. Cortelyou, Secretary Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C.:* Dear Sir—As Secretary of the Committee on Legislation of the American Power Boat Association, I beg to ask if you will not kindly furnish me with information as to the status of proposed legislation affecting power boats propelled by gasolene, naphtha, electricity, etc.

My reason for writing you is that I am informed that the amendments suggested at the special meeting of the Board of Supervising Inspectors are in your hands and being prepared for introduction in Congress, and if consistent I would like very much to obtain a copy of same for the information of this committee.

In this connection I would say that this committee believes that all power boats should pass inspection on completion and delivery, and that power boats above five tons should be subject to an annual inspection.

We are also decidedly in favor of requiring an examination of those in charge of power boats, more particularly as to their qualifications and knowledge of navigation, sufficient for the safe and proper handling of such types of boats, but do not consider that such examination should call for a license such as is granted to captains and engineers, but rather a special form of certificate conforming to the examination which it may be decided is required.

We are emphatically against legislation requiring the employment of regularly licensed engineers aboard such types of boats, for the reason that the motors now in use are practically automatic and non-explosive, and in the majority of cases are directly controlled by the steersman, who, when examined for certification, should be required to prove his fitness in this direction also.

Any legislation detrimental to the development of the power boat must prove most unfortunate, not only because of the enormous labor and capital now represented in their production, but also because this type of boat has provided the man of moderate income with a means of navigation heretofore entirely beyond his reach. It has also proved to be a fact that the small boatman of to-day in many instances becomes the big boatman of to-morrow, and therefore the power boat will become a powerful factor in the future development of the steam yacht fleet.

I would very much appreciate any information you may care to give me on the above lines.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) E. M. MacLellan,
Secreary.

Department of Commerce and Labor. Office of the Secretary, Washington, Jan. 20, 1904.—*Mr. E. M. MacLellan, 90 Water Street, New York, N. Y.:* Dear Sir—The Department is in receipt of your letter of the 9th inst., requesting information as to the status of proposed legislation affecting power boats propelled by gasolene, naphtha, electricity, etc., and also asking to be furnished with a copy of the report of the Board of Supervising Inspectors regarding amendments to the present laws and regulations affecting the Steamboat Inspection Service.

The report above referred to is now before me, and is being carefully considered, and when a final determination is reached as to what action shall be taken thereon, your request will receive attention.

Respectfully,
(Signed) Geo. B. Cortelyou,
Secretary.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

The annual meeting of the Bergen Beach Y. C. was held on February 8, and the following officers were elected: Com., Capt. A. F. Fuller; Vice-Com., C. R. Fitzmaurice; Treas., W. B. Lachicott; Fin. Sec'y, Clifford H. Eagle; Rec. Sec'y, Charles A. Gregory; Trustees, Retiring Com. George E. Fitzmaurice, Capt. G. S. Terry, J. A. Sutter, Sr.; Retiring Treas. Ed. Chapman, George T. Byers.

The first exhibition of power boats to be held in this city was opened on February 8, at the Herald Square Exhibition Hall, northwest corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street. The exhibition is still open, and there are a number of launches and motors on show.

Captain J. J. Phelps, of Hackensack, N. J., is having a high speed launch built by Messrs Wyckoff Bros., of Clinton, Conn., from designs made by Mr. Charles B. Wyckoff. The boat is 43ft. over all; 41ft. waterline; 6ft. breadth at deck; 4ft. 10in. breadth at waterline; and 6in. draft. The boat will be double planked, the outer skin being of mahogany. She will be fitted with a six-cylinder Hasbrouck motor, and the builders guarantee a speed of 20 miles.

The annual meeting of the Shelburne (N. S.) Y. C. was held on the evening of January 27, and the following officers were elected: Com., R. G. Hervey; Vice-Com., H. W. Freeman; Rear-Com., J. Etherington; Treas., J. J. Cox; Sec'y, T. Walter Magee. Executive Committee, the Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Rear-Commodore, Secretary, N. W. White, J. S. Morton, Joseph McGill, S. W. Burns and E. M. Bill. Committeee on Membership, John Hood, Winthrop Bower, Frank C. Blanchard, T. Walter Magee and Roland Moore. Regatta and Sailing Committee, to be appointed by the Executive Committee.

The committee that was appointed to look into the building of a club house submited its report, which proved very satisfactory. The plans called for a club house 40ft. wide and 70ft. long, with an extension 16ft. by 40ft., which will contain an office and reception rooms for the members and their guests. On the front of the club house there will be a large piazza 14ft. long, which will extend over the water. In the main room of the club house there will be a movable stage 18ft. by 40ft. for concerts and plays. In connection with the club house there is to be a boat house 40ft. by 70ft. which will be used for the storage of tenders, spars, sails, etc. The Executive Committee will endeavor to secure the erection of the building in time for the coming summer's regatta.

Mr. W. W. Stephens has purchased the auxiliary sloop Marianna from Mr. Charles A. Winter through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman.

The annual meeting of the Canarsie Y. C. was held on February 14, and the following officers were elected: Com., T. H. Northridge; Vice-Com., W. Lounsberry; Sec'y, W. W. Tamlyn; Fin. Sec'y, George E. Winters; Treas., J. K. Alexander; Meas., A. C. Dunlap; Board of Trustees, G. F. Kalkhoff, D. J. Brinsley, Jr.; C. J. Nielsen, W. G. Herx, T. M. Mannion, C. A. Martin and Joseph B. Acker.

The annual meeting of the Hartford Y. C. was held on the evening of February 11, at the Hotel Heublein, Hartford, Conn., and the following officers were elected: Com., Louis F. Heublein; Vice-Com., Charles A. Goodwin; Rear-Com., Walter S. Schutz; Sec'y, Joseph Merritt; Treas., E. Hart Fenn; Meas., Harry D. Olmsted; Fleet Surgeon, J. F. Axtelle, M.D.; Trustees, John MacFadyen and E. N. Way. Race Committee, John E. Stewart, Chairman; Montague Flagg, A. E. Chappell, Charles A. Goodwin, John MacFadyen, Charles B. Wyckoff. Delegates to Y. R. A., John E. Stewart, Chairman; Walter Pearce, Charles B. Wyckoff, Gerald W. Hart.

Dr. S. H. Blodgett, of Boston, has purchased the schooner Atlanta through Messrs MacConnell Bros.

Howard W. Coates, a member of the New York, Larchmont and Atlantic Y. Cs., died of pneumonia on February 10.

At Huntington's yard, New Rochelle, there is building a speed launch from designs made by Mr. Ernest W. Graef of the Brooklyn Y. C. She is to be 30ft. over all, 4ft. breadth and 18in. draft. She will be named Dolphin II., and is very similar in design to the first Dolphin that Mr. Huntington built last year for Mr. Graef.

Messrs Tams, Lemoine and Crane have gotten out plans for a 50ft. launch for Mr. M. Charley. The boat will be fitted with a 200 horse-power Mercedes motor.

The Townsend & Downey shipbuilding plant, at Shooter's Island, S. I., was closed for the second time in two months on February 5. No warning was given to the 700 men employed there. The only yacht building at the yard is the bronze schooner for Mr. Chester A. Chapin.

The annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. was held on the evening of February 7, at the New York Y. C., Thirty-fifth street and Fifth avenue, and the following officers were elected: Com., Harrison B. Moor, steam yacht Zara; Vice-Com., F. D. Underwood, steam yacht Alice; Rear-Com., E. B. Havens, sloop yacht Athlon; Treas., C. T. Pierce; Sec'y, T. Alfred Vernon; Meas., Henry J. Gielow. Regatta Committee, Henry A. Gielow, Frederick Vilmar and W. A. Minott. Membership Committee, George D. Provost, Walter H. Nelson and F. J. Havens. Library Committee, F. T. Cornell, Hendon Chubb and J. E. Beggs. Entertainment Committee, S. E. Vernon, George G. McIntosh and Joseph Scranton. Nominating Committee, E. B. Havens, H. G. S. Noble, W. L. Pettibone, George D. Provost, H. B. Chamberlain and Paul D. Barnard. Trustees, to serve for one year, Edwin Gould and J. Rogers Maxwell; to serve for two years, Harrison K. Smith and Spencer Swain; to serve for three years, Robert E. Tod and Alfred W. Booth.

Commodore Moore is in Mexico, and Vice-Commodore F. D. Underwood presided. The club is in splendid condition as was shown by the reports of the officers and committees. The following amendments to the racing rules were passed upon:

Rule IV., under sloops and yawls, strike out paragraph commencing, Class R. 18ft. or less, etc., and substitute:

Class R.—Over 15ft., not over 18ft., racing measurement; crew, two persons.

Class RR.—15ft. or less, racing measurement; crew, two persons.

In the second sentence in section 3, of Rule IV., strike out the word 150, and substitute 175, so that this sentence will read: Their average weight must not exceed 175 pounds.

The steam yacht Uno, built last year for Gen. B. F. Whitlock, by the Marine Drydock & Construction Co., is to be cut in two and lengthened about 18ft. amidships. When the alterations are completed she will be about 95ft. over all.

At Hallock's yard, Center Moriches, L. I., there is building a racing boat for Mr. T. A. Howell of the Shinnecock and Indian Harbor Y. C. She will be 30ft. over all; 7ft. 6in. breadth, and 2ft. draft. Her sail area is to be 460 sq. ft.

The annual meeting of the Brooklyn Y. C. was held at the Clarendon Hotel, Brooklyn, on the evening of February 10. The following officers were unanimously elected: Com., Samuel S. Fontain; Vice-Com., John C. Abbey; Rear-Com., A. C. Soper; Treas., Willard Graham; Sec'y, Charles A. Kelly; Meas., G. Curtis Gillespie. Trustees, for three years, C. H. Humphreys, George E. Reiners, W. W. Butcher; for two years, Arthur T. Wells; for one year,, W. Newton Bennington. Regatta Committee, D. G. Whitlock, John A. Donnelly, Charles E. Allen. Committee on Membership, N. T. Cory, J. A. Sutter, Jr.; William Maxwell. Committee on Nominations, Walter D. Haviland, A. B. Voorhees, Jr., M. J. Hanly.

The new rating rules of the Atlantic Y. C. were adopted with the proviso that the measurement of some of the older craft be left to the regatta committee.

When the Brooklyn Y. C. consolidated with the Gravesend Bay Y. C., three years ago, they adopted the burgee of the latter club. The Brooklyn Y. C. is the second oldest yachting organization in this country, and some of the members wanted to go back to the old flag that was in use from 1857 to 1900. This proposition was defeated and the Gravesend Bay Y. C. burgee will remain in use.

The club is in an excellent condition, and a large increase in membership is looked for during the coming year.

The Motor Boat Committee of the Automobile Club of America, which is made up of Messrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.; Peter Cooper Hewitt and Colonel John Jacob Astor has announced that an entry has been officially made with the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, for the Harmsworth International Cup for motor boats.

The boat which will represent America in this race is entered by Smith & Mabley. There is no restriction as to horse power, and the only qualification is that the boat shall be constructed in all its parts in this country and shall not exceed 40ft. over all. It will be equipped with an "S. & M." simplex engine.

A motor boat race is to be held on Lake Worth, near Palm Beach, shortly. Cups valued at $500 have been offered by Messrs Howard Gould, A. D. Proctor Smith and Frederick Sterry. The boats will be brought from Jacksonville to Lake Worth on flat cars. They will race a ten mile course.

Designing Competition.

$225 in Prizes.

Two designing competitions have been given in Forest and Stream. The first was for a 25ft. waterline cruiser; the second was for a 15ft. one-design class. Both competitions were very successful. The great interest taken in those competitions has prompted us to give a third one, open to amateurs and professionals. The prizes which will be given are as follows:

First prize—$100.
Second prize—$60.
Third prize—$40.

Fourth prize—$25, offered by Mr. Theodore Zerega for the best interior plan.

The designs are for a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. Centerboard cruiser, 40ft. l. w. l.

II. Boat must not draw over 6ft with centerboard up.

III. The lowest freeboard to covering board must be 3ft.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. The conditions have been made as simple as possible, that competitors might have all latitude and scope in working out their ideas. We wish to produce an able and comfortable cruising boat, one that shall have ample accommodation for two or three men living aboard for a period of several months, and one that can be easily managed at all times by two or three paid hands. The draft is restricted to 6ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all the desirable harbors, and may, thereby, widely increase her cruising field.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.—showing center of buoyancy, center of lateral resistance and center of effort of both rigs.

II. Half breadth, scale ¾in.=1ft.

III. Body plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.

IV. Cabin plan, inboard profile and at least one cross section, scale ¾in.=1ft.

V. Two sail plans, scale ¼in.=1ft.; one as a yawl; one as a pole mast sloop.

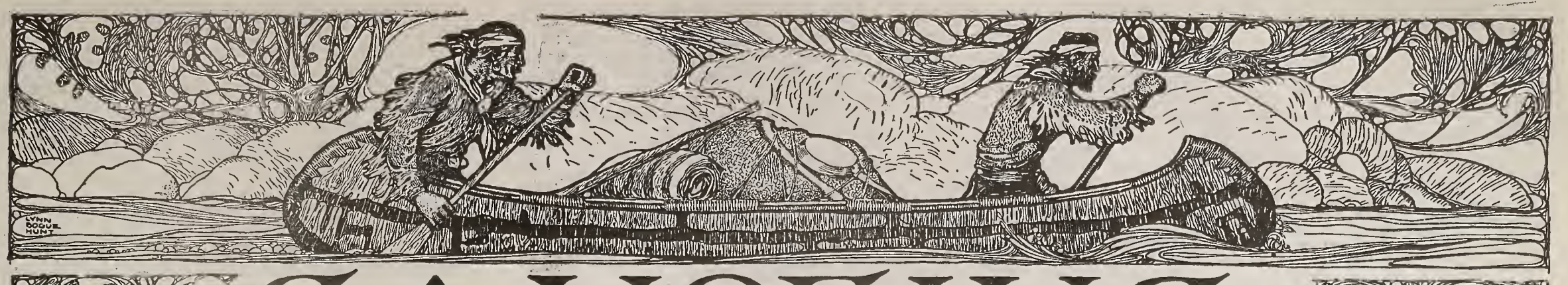
In the case of the yawl rig the position and height of the mast and length of gaff are to be the same as in the cutter rig. Plans must show working topsail and size of light sails.

VI. All ballast outside on keel except amount necessary for trimming.

An outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully made and lettered. All drawings should be on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used. The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only, and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than March 1, 1904. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The Forest and Stream reserves the right to publish any or all of the designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, who passed upon the designs submitted for the 25ft. with great care, has again consented to judge the designs and make the awards.



CANOEING

Officers of A. C. A., 1904.

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Secretary-Treasurer—John Sears Wright, 519 West End Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

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Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section 1, of the by-laws of the A. C. A.:
"Application for membership shall be made to the Division Pursers, and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

The Shenandoahs Cruise the Greenbrier.

BY F. R. WEBB ("COMMODORE"), OF STAUNTON, VIRGINIA:

The Story Which Won the Fourth Prize of $10 in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

I.—Pro Log.

THE afternoon sun was getting well down towards the summit of Cheat Mountain, whose gigantic crest loomed up in a towering wall across the western horizon in front of us, as our tired horses topped the range to the east, and the Greenbrier Valley lay below us. George and I sprang from the wagon, as the panting horses stopped for a short time to "blow" and rest, and essayed to get a glimpse into the valley below. The gorge looked fathomless from our standpoint. The sun had already set in the depths below, and the shadow lay purple and heavy under the frowning ramparts of Cheat. The densely wooded mountain slope at our feet seemed almost perpendicular, and from no point of view could we get a glimpse of the bottom. Far down under our feet smoke was rising from the stacks of the great lumber mill at Cass, our destination, and jets of steam curled up in feathery plumes from among the treetops in the bottom of the chasm a thousand feet below us, while the whistle of a railroad engine, faint and far away, came to our ears, mellowed and musical, from somewhere out of the depths below. The sandy, rocky road zigzagged steeply down the almost perpendicular mountain, which rose in an abrupt, tree-clothed wall on one side, and fell away in a frowzy precipice on the other, the while we bumped and rattled our uncomfortable and decidedly shaky way down into the gorge. It seemed as if that chasm had no bottom, but in due time the still, lake-like waters of the mill pond glimmered up at us through the trees, the 15ft. dam shimmered in the twilight, its apron, sides and ends lined with fishermen in pursuit of the bass supposed to congregate at the foot of the impassable barrier; and in a few minutes more we were drawn up in the straggling little wooden lumber village, prospecting for a site for camp, which was duly found, and we were soon comfortable for the next few days.

For a great many years the Greenbrier Club, of Staunton, has made its annual pilgrimages to the far upper waters of the stream from which it derives its name in pursuit of trout; the pilgrimages generally proving quite satisfactory, to say nothing of the beautiful two days' trip over the mountains to get there; and from the time of our first trip George and I have been possessed with a desire to get our canoes out there and cruise the river from the point where the East and West Forks (the "Near" and "Far Prongs" as they are locally known) unite, a few miles below our camp; but, as it is 75 miles out there from Staunton, which is (or was) also the nearest railroad station, our project seemed chimerical, until all at once the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company built a road right up along the banks of the river from Ronceverte to this very point, where, in the forks of the river, they located a promising town known as Durbin (which, like Mr. Scadder's Eden, has not been all built up yet), which at once made our visionary plan entirely practical. This year, therefore, we had shipped our canoes and cruising outfit around by rail to Durbin, the while we joined the club for our annual pilgrimage. We had been at Camp Cooke—our regular camping place on Van Buren Arbogast's farm on the "Near Prong," a few miles above Durbin—for a week, and had caught all the trout in the river, after which we had packed up and gone up on Cheat Mountain, and spent a night on Cheat River, that remarkable river that runs along right on top of a 4,000ft. mountain, where we met with no success, some other party having evidently caught all the trout out of this stream; and had then returned to the Greenbrier and driven down the country and crossed back into its valley at Cass, 15 miles below the confluence of the two forks at Durbin, at which point, as already intimated, there is a lumber mill and a 15ft. dam, which, since it forms a barrier ordinarily impassable to the ascent of the bass, had been recommended to us as a fine fishing place. As this is not a history of the doing of the Greenbrier Club, no further time and space will be devoted to its doings, further than to state that we stayed at Cass for four or five days, and enjoyed some really excellent fishing, and that on a certain June morning, and very early in the morning at that, the camp was broken and packed and the return trip overland to Staunton was begun. George and I were left standing on the river bank while the rest of the party, after cordial good-bys and good wishes for our adventurous and unknown cruise, laboriously climbed the mountain on their homeward trip, and were lost to sight. In due time a passenger train came spinning along up the river bank, and George and I were promptly and easily set back up the river 15 miles to Durbin, from which place we proposed to begin our cruise; and where we found our canoes and outfit safely lying in the freight house, and very much at our disposal.

After preliminary survey of the banks of the Near Prong, which ran but 100 yards back of the freight station, an eligible site for camp was located, about a mile above the confluence of the two forks, and the canoes and duffle transferred to the bank. We made no start on this first day, but erected our tents over the canoes and went into camp, and the afternoon was devoted to unpacking the camp outfit, and sorting, repacking and otherwise arranging our outfit for what we fully expected would prove an arduous cruise, for the average mountain stream is no joke; and, as our United States Geological Survey map of the river, with which we were provided, has its 100 foot contour lines crossing the river at an average distance of about 10 miles (with some few in a much less distance than that), we had every reason to expect a tolerably lively trip. It will be the duty of the veracious chronicler of this narative to show that this expectation was fully verified.

We did our sorting and packing leisurely and carefully, and in due time everything was in readiness for the morrow's start. We had a good hearty camp supper, and after a pleasant evening around a little blaze of a camp-fire—for the evening was quite chill—we turned in for an early morning's start.

The Greenbrier River lies wholly in West Virginia, and is formed in the extreme upper end of Pocahontas county, by the union of two small streams known as the East and West Forks; or, as they are termed in local parlance, the Near and the Far Prongs, both of which have their sources in the trackless wilderness of mountain land that lies along the hazy boundary between Pocahontas and Randolph counties. The river pursues a general southwesterly course of about 90 miles between the mountain ranges, in which distance it develops a winding length of 165 miles, and falls into the New River just above Hinton, flowing through the counties of Pocahontas, Greenbrier and Summers, and just touching the upper corner of Monroe, which county it divides from Greenbrier for about 3 miles. With its tributaries (none of which are of any considerable size) it drains the rather considerable valley bounded on the east by the giant backbone range of the Alleghany mountain, and on the west by the equally gigantic ranges of the Cheat and Greenbrier mountains; the actual valley of the river, however, is very narrow and circumscribed; the river being closely hemmed in by ranges and foothills, "ridges," as they are locally termed, which impinge so closely on the river that in many places the valley becomes a mere gorge or trough, of great depth, at the bottom of which the river winds its sinuous course in and out among the mountain spurs, which rise steeply from the water's edge, sometimes to a great hight, on either side. The scenery is therefore, as a rule, quite wild and picturesque. The mountains are densely wooded to their summits, with here and there lines of cliffs projecting from among the trees, or towering aloft along the summits above the treetops. The river is a bold, swift stream, with an average fall of 10 feet to the mile; and, as a consequence, is full of rapids, which, however, occur in such constant succession, with no pools or eddies of any length between them, that none of them offer any particular difficulty or danger to the experienced canoeist. About 25 miles below Marlinton the river cuts through the Droop mountain range, and probably the roughest water on the river is found in this gorge. Its waters are very clear, and of a beautiful amber tint in its upper reaches, changing to a slaty blue farther down. The two upper prongs are noted trout streams; and although the West Branch, or Far Prong has been practically fished out for some years, the East Branch or Near Prong still affords good fishing, not too late in the season, and is much visited by anglers in search of sport of this character. Below the junction of the two forks no trout are found, except occasionally quite early in the season, although this section of the stream still preserves its characteristic trout-stream features. Bass begin to appear in this section of the river; and, indeed, are found in the lower reaches of the two "prongs," but are not found in any numbers above the big dam at Cass, 15 miles below the confluence of the two prongs. There is a trout hatchery on Anthony's creek, about 90 miles down the river from the confluence, but it would be difficult to see how the trout could pass the dam at Cass. There is a technical fish ladder in this dam, but owing to the peculiar construction of both the dam and the ladder, to say nothing of the hight of the dam, it would take a peculiarly agile and well educated trout to make a success of the ladder.

As a cruising stream the Greenbrier can be highly recommended. It combines to an unusual degree the qualities a good cruising stream should have: a small, rapid river, flowing through wild mountain scenery, full of rapids, which, while swift and rough enough to be exciting are in nowise dangerous; absolutely free from fish dams, and practically so from mill dams; for the only dams encountered on the cruise were the ones at Cass, Caldwell and Ronceverte; and I do not think that there are any dams below Ronceverte. The dam at Caldwell is so low as to present practically no obstacle, and canoes can go right over it at a fair stage of water. A healthful climate, free from malaria and mosquitoes; railroad facilities immediately at hand; farmhouses, railroad stations and villages close enough at hand to insure a renewal of supplies without special difficulty; a simple, rural, well disposed population, ready to render any needed assistance for the asking, and prompt to respond to any reasonable demands of the cruising stranger. It is a stream, however, that cannot be cruised at an extreme low stage of water, as most of the rapids or "riffles" spread out over wide, shallow bars that will not afford water enough to float even the lightest draft canoe. A stage of from 6 to 12 inches above extreme low water mark will afford a favorable stage for cruising; and while I make this statement without consulting him I am confident that Dr. Norman Price, of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, will readily give information as to the stage of water, as well as of other points of interest desired by the canoeists wishing to cruise the stream.

Canoeists are advised not to cruise the river between Durbin and Cass, as, while the stream is beautiful and interesting in this reach, the difficulties of running it entirely outweigh the satisfaction to be gained. Marlinton, 40 miles below Durbin, is probably the best point from which to start, although the canoeist might well begin at Clover Lick or even at Cass; and the entire river, from these points through to Hinton will repay the running. There is said to be some quite rough water in the big bend between Talcott and Hinton, but as our cruise ended at Ronceverte, we did not run this lower section of the river, and I can tell nothing of the water from personal knowledge.

No attempt is made on the map to show all of the rapids, or anything like all of them, as they occur so constantly that practically the entire river is a rapid, and only those of greater note are indicated. No special instructions are needed, as the river is so small that the most available channels down the rapids will be at once apparent to the eye of the experienced cruiser. As a general rule, it is safe, when the rapids occur alongside the railroad embankment, to keep out as far from the railroad as the water will allow, as in blasting out the road bed, huge masses of rock have been unceremoniously tumbled into the river, and generally lie up next to the roadway; this rule is particularly applicable to those rapids which occur in sharp bends, where the river impinges into the roadway.

The figures on the map refer to the miles. The map is taken from the latest United States Geological Survey charts.

Our outfit has been so often described in the various accounts of our Shenandoah cruises, published from time to time in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM,

that it would seem but useless repetition to again describe it here; but as it is so well adapted for this kind of work, being the result of many years' experience, and as there may be readers who have not seen the descriptions heretofore published, I will give it again, even at the risk of useless repetition: The canoes, Frankie and Shenandoah, are canvas canoes of home construction, built on the Shenandoah model—a model especially designed for just such cruising. The Frankie is a new canoe, while the Shenandoah is a veteran of many cruises. Both are 14ft. long by 28in. beam, with full lines and flat floors, combining light draft with plenty of sleeping and stowage room (for the Shenandoahs sleep in their canoes), qualities indispensable in canoes intended for this kind of service. Both are well cut away at bow and stern, with broad, flat keels and plenty of bilge-keels to protect the canvas skins from injury. Both were decked canoes, with cockpits 8ft. in length, by 20in. width amidships; the cockpits covered by hatches, with an oiled canvas apron covering the space immediately in front of, and around the occupant. Each was propelled by a double bladed paddle 7½ft. long. The draft of each canoe, when loaded with crew and camp duffle, was 5½in. The camp equipment consisted of a canoe tent for each boat, of the Mohican pattern, constructed out of awning duck of a tasty blue and white pattern, the oblong tops being of white duck. Each tent was a little over 8ft. long at the bottom, so as to cover the entire open cockpit, and 5ft. long on top. As we carried no masts and sails, the tents were erected over the canoes by means of light pine standards, one at each end, a little higher than the tent; each standard consisting of two light pieces of pine bolted together at one end, the other spreading out like the points of a pair of compasses, and resting on cleats screwed on the gunwales or fenders on each side of the canoe fore and aft the cockpit. The tent ropes are made fast to the bow and stern painter rings and carried over these standards, resting in the notched tops, while the lower edges of the tents are made fast to screweyes, set in the under edges of the fender strips. The method is quick, simple and secure. Each canoe was provided with a small hair mattress, 5ft. long by 18in. wide, made in three cushions, the edges of which are fastened together, so as to facilitate folding for packing. In transit each mattress is slipped into an oiled canvas bag, and serves as a seat in cruising. An air pillow, a pair of blankets and a stout rubber sheet apiece, completed the sleeping outfits. The culinary outfit consisted of a small sheet iron camp stove, in the shape of an oblong bottomless box about a foot and a half long, a foot wide and half as deep. When in action the open side is placed on the ground, the fire being made directly on the ground. The top is provided with two stove holes of the regulation size, fitted with lids, riveted at one side, so as to slide off and on as desired. A door at one end affords access for fuel, while a collar at the other end is fitted with two joints of 3-inch pipe, one of which is an elbow. When not in use the stove is inverted and used as a packing box, in which the rest of the kitchen furniture is stowed, nested; consisting of large water pail, one or two frying pans, according to the number of persons in the party, fitted with detachable handles, stewpan, dishpan, smaller pail, tea kettle, coffee pot, several small pans, tin plates, several cups, soap box, coal-oil can, dish swab, stovepipe and other miscellaneous articles. A mess chest—a light poplar box about the size of the camp stove—contained tin cans of coffee, sugar, butter, lard, flour, salt, etc., with the knives, forks, spoons and graniteware plate of the party, together with enough eatables in the way of biscuits, butter, canned goods, etc., for the noonday lunch each day. A light fly, of striped awning cloth, similar to that used in the construction of the tents, was carried, and erected over the mess table in rainy weather; the bamboo pike poles carried by each canoe serving as tent poles (while disclaiming any desire to impinge upon the Red God controversy, I will state that these canoe poles were "iron shod," and that the "click" when in action was quite audible, whether around the bend or this side of it), while a folding ridge pole was stowed in one of the canoes. A mess table was improvised at each camp by mounting a midship hatch on four pins, made of old buggy spokes, which were fitted with clevices at the top, through which were slipped a couple of light pine strips, on which the hatch rested. We found it worth while to carry our pins for mess table and fly. Nothing makes better tent pins than old buggy spokes, shortened and sharpened at one end.

The expeditionary supplies were as follows: The list lasting us through two weeks' cruise, with the exception of the sugar and bacon, each of which had to be renewed. It is impossible to get the regular breakfast bacon at the average country store, so in laying in supplies it is best to take enough of this staple article at the start, as well as enough coffee and canned goods. Good sugar can be procured at any country store, and butter, lard and eggs can be renewed at any farmhouse or store. 3lbs. best Java and Mocha coffee, ground rather fine, 2½lbs. granulated sugar, two 5lb. pieces breakfast bacon, one 3 lb. bucket lard, 1 lb. butter, 3 doz. eggs, 1 peck potatoes, 5 doz. biscuits, 3 doz. beaten biscuits, 1 pkg. Uneeda biscuits, ½ peck cornmeal, 1 qt. flour, ½gal. onions, 1lb. cheese, 1 box matches, ½pt. salt, 1 bot. pepper, 2 doz. lemons, 2 doz. short paraffine candles, 1 bar of kitchen soap, ½gal. coal-oil, 1 pkg. ginger snaps, 1 pkg. tinned crackers, 3 cans Vienna sausage, 3 sausage and tomato sauce, 2 cans sardines, 2 cans chipped beef, 3 cans devilled ham, 3 cans boned turkey, 2 cans soups (thick varieties, mock turtle or oxtail preferred), 2 cans succotash, 6 cans pork and beans, 1 can shrimps, 1 devilled loster, 2 bottles pimolas.

Our clothing outfit included one full suit woolen goods (without vest), two pairs wading pants of cotton overall stuff, cut down into knee trousers, with long bicycle stockings; canvas wading shoes, heavily hobnailed. George, who had recently had a severe attack of sciatica, and was consequently afraid of the water, wore a heavy pair of silesian waders over his short trousers throughout this cruise. Two outing shirts, one outing shirt for dress purposes, three suits of underwear, three pairs of socks, six handkerchiefs, six towels, shaving materials, brush, comb, toothbrush; rubber coat and short rubber cape for use in the canoe; bamboo helmet with rubber cover made to order to fit over helmet for rainy weather; soft hat for use around camp, and a miscellaneous collection of small odds and ends for various uses that might arise, such as needles, thread, etc., including a few simple remedies, such as quinine, arnica, witchhazel, liniment, etc.

I had with me one convenience which I found of peculiar value on this cruise, with its cold nights: it was a voluminous wrap or kimona made from a good, heavy red blanket, in which I wrapped myself from head to foot when turning in for the night. It possessed all the advantages of an extra pair of blankets, as it was underneath as well as over me, and was exceedingly comfortable of an evening around the camp-fire.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 27-March 5.—New York.—At Zettler's, championship rifle gallery tournament.

June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

United States Revolver Association.

THE annual indoor championship matches of the United States Revolver Association will be conducted in Boston, New York, Springfield, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco.

In New York City the matches will be held under the auspices of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, at the gallery, 2628 Broadway, near 100th street. This gallery will be open for practice and for match shooting on the evenings of Feb. 25, 26 and 27 and March 3, 4 and 5. These matches are open to all, the conditions being as follows:

Indoor Revolver Championship.—Open to everybody; distance 20yds.; 50 shots on the Standard American target, reduced so that the 8-ring is 2.72in. in diameter. Arm, any revolver. Ammunition, any suitable smokeless gallery charge approved by the executive committee. The score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee, $5; no re-entries.

Prizes.—First, a silver cup, to be held until the next annual competition, the cup to become the property of the competitor winning it three times; second, a silver medal; third a bronze medal. A bronze medal will also be awarded to any competitor, not a prize winner, making a score of 425 or better.

In 1901 first prize was won by W. E. Petty on a score of 439; second, J. A. Dietz, Jr., 439; third, R. H. Sayre, 433.

In 1902, first prize was won by W. E. Petty, on a score of 439; second, R. H. Sayre, 436; third, A. L. A. Himmelwright, 428.

In 1903, first prize was won by Wm. H. Luckett, on a score of 437; second, J. A. Dietz, Jr., 434; third, W. A. Smith, 427.

Indoor Pistol Championship.—Open to everybody; distance 20yds.; 50 shots on the Standard American target, reduced so the 8-ring is 2.72in. in diameter. Arm, any pistol. Ammunition, any suitable smokeless gallery charge approved by the executive committee. Black powder ammunition allowed in .22cal. pistols. The score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee, $5; no re-entries.

Prizes.—First, a silver cup, to be held until the next annual competition, the cup to become the property of the competitor winning it three times; second, a silver medal; third a bronze medal. A bronze medal will also be awarded to any competitor, not a prize winner, making a score of 435 or better.

In 1901 first prize was won by R. H. Sayre, with a score of 433; second, J. A. Dietz, Jr., 429; third, J. B. Crabtree, 427.

In 1902, first prize was won by R. H. Sayre, on a score of 448; second, J. A. Dietz, Jr., 428; third, A. L. A. Himmelwright, 408.

In 1903, first prize was won by T. Anderton, on a score of 460; second prize, J. A. Dietz, Jr., 456; third, R. H. Sayre, 446.

For further details and information, address J. E. Silliman, care the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, 2628 Broadway, New York city.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

SEVENTY-TWO members of the New York Corps were in attendance at the bi-monthly shoot in the Zettler gallery on Feb. 12.

The contest this winter has brought out a larger number of members than in any year since the corps was organized. The interest of the members in the welfare of the corps was exemplified at the corps' annual ball, held a few days since, when 200 members were present in uniform. The corps' new captain, John H. Hainhorst, starts out as commander of the corps under conditions highly satisfactory to himself and to his corps members. This corps, which is probably the oldest organizedd German-American shooting society in America, has always taken the lead in the affairs of our local societies. At the present time the membership is about four hundred, and its treasury carries a credit balance of about $5,000.

In the night's shooting on the ring target, R. Gute again was high, with 245 and 246. On the bullseye target J. N. F. Siebs made the best center shot; R. Gute was second. The special prize, an arm chair, went to Gute, Siebs being ineligible.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: R. Gute 245, 246; O. Schwanermann 232, 243, B. Zettler 233, 238; J. C. Bonn 223, 238; H. B. Michaelsen 229, 227; A. W. Lemcke 225, 228; J. N. Siebs 224, 228; G. Thomas 227, 228; D. Peper 219, 233; H. D. Meyer 229, 221; J. Jantzen 226, 224; J. H. Doscher 220, 229; W. Schultz 225, 225; C. Schmitz 216, 229; C. Wahman 220, 227; Y. C. Hagenau 228, 220; H. Beckmann 230, 217; Geo. Offermann 219, 227; H. Haase 229, 225; H. Gobber 225, 225; C. Konig 210, 232; H. Rottger 219, 215; H. R. Coplan 221, 215; H. Decker 214, 218; A. Evers 227, 213; H. C. Hainhorst 213, 232; J. H. Hainhorst 225, 227; P. Heidelberger 224, 215; H. Koster 221, 212; Herman Koster 221, 211; G. Junge 213, 212; M. J. Then 220, 206; C. Mann 214, 210; H. Offermann 208, 220; C. Roffmann 228, 197; F. Schultz 207, 219; H. Winter 214, 209; F. Facompre 216, 225; C. Brinckama 224, 207; J. H. Meyer 218, 216; H. Nordbruch 224, 212; J. Poradies 209, 212; N. C. L. Beversten 209, 219; W. Dahl 210, 213; F. Feldhusen 216, 213; H. Konig 204, 214; J. C. Krush 218, 196; J. G. Tholke 202, 220; W. Schaefer 219, 198; D. H. Brinckmann 199, 216; J. C. Brinckmann 192, 200; Adolph Beckmann 200, 191; M. Von Dwingelo 198, 191; D. Von Glahn 201, 192; H. Heinecke 201, 214; H. Horenberger 193, 196; H. D. Von Hein 199, 206; J. G. Voss 207, 207; E. F. Lankenau 186, 209; D. Von der Lieth 182, 215; A. Lederhaus 202, 183; H. Quinten 180, 216; N. Jantzen 188, 199; J. Gobber 189, 196; N. W. Haaren 193, 185; H. Meyn 178, 209; H. Haaren 152, 191; B. Kumm 139, 126; Gus Hagenau 196, 178; J. C. Degenhardt 175, 169; R. Ohms 143, 173; D. Ficken 198, 171.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, the best center shot to count, by measurement: J. N. F. Siebs 43½ degrees, R. Gute 45½, O. Schwanermann 47, P. Heidelberger 50, W. Dahl 52½, C. Schmitz 67½, H. Meyn 69½, F. Facompre 72½, C. Konig 73½, J. H. Hainhorst 74, A. Beckmann 77½, L. C. Hagenau 81, N. W. Haaren 82½, H. B. Michaelsen 83½, D. Von Glahn 92½, D. Ficken 95, A. Evers 96½, W. Schaefer 96½, H. Beckmann 99, H. Harms 100½, A. W. Lemcke 102½, J. Janscn 103, J. C. Kruse 105½, Gus Hagenau 105½, H. C. Hainhorst 110, H. Rottger 111, D. Peper 117½, F. Lankenau 117, H. Haase 119½, H. Gobber 138.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE shooting conditions at the headquarters of the Zettler Rifle Club are more interesting on each weekly shooting day. On Feb. 9, the regular weekly shooting day, the most of the regulars engaged in the winter contest were present, as well as some visitors, who dropped in to see what was going on. Veteran M. Dorrler, who up to the present time has not been engaged in the contest, was present. The club's joker, when he saw Dorrler said: "Like the woodchuck, Michael has come out to look for his shadow." The members were all pleased to see him again and were only sorry that he was not in the race with them. But Dorrler says he is out of it for the time being. W. A. Tewes was in good form, and in shooting his 100-shot score, he came very near to making a new record. As it was, he succeeded in tying the gallery record, 2,460, which is held by M. Dorrler. Mr. Tewes was congratulated upon his good score, and commiserated for his inability to break the record.

Aug. Kronsberg was also in good form, and made a total of 2438. Chas. G. Zettler, Jr., was high for 50 shots.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., 100 shots: W. A. Tewes 2460, A. Kronsberg 2438, Geo. Schlicht 2405, Wm. A. Hicks 2396, Hy Fenwirth 2317, A. Rowland 2294.

Fifty shots: C. G. Zettler, Jr., 1213, R. Gute 1211, B. Zettler 1207, H. C. Zettler 1192, C. G. Zettler 1181, A. Moser 1205, Aug. Begerow 1171, Geo. H. Wiegman 1157, Geo. J. Bernius 1154.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

AT the monthly gallery shoot of the Lady Zettler Rifle Club, No. 159 West Twenty-third street, Feb. 13, a large group of the friends of the club were present. The ladies had sent out invitations to their friends to be present as guests. The ladies have a scheme to increase the club's funds through the sale of packages brought to the meeting by the members. Henry D. Muller, vice-president of the Zettler Club, was installed as auctioneer for the occasion.

He proved to be an expert salesman, and when the last package had been sold nearly all the gentlemen present were temporarily bankrupt. The net receipts from the sale and hat checks added $43 to the club's treasury.

In the club shooting Misses Millie and Kate Zimmermann were first and second; Mrs. H. Fenwirth, the club's president, was third.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: Miss M. Zimmermann 245, 247; Miss K. Zimmermann 241, 248; Miss A. Koch 241, 240; Mrs. H. Fenwirth 226, 245; Mrs. H. Scheu 233, 239; Miss F. Muller 240, 233; Mrs. W. H. Turbot 227, 240; Miss M. Laut 239, 231; Miss T. Eusner 234, 224; Mrs. J. Laut 229, 234; Mrs. Knaus 228, 228; Mrs. F. Watson 235, 217; Mrs. B. Zettler 202, 207.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 14.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the 25-ring target. Trounstine was champion for the day with the good score of 225; this score also raises his record 8 points. A tricky wind blew all day from 6 to 9 o'clock:

Trounstine	225	206	200	199	196
Hasenzahl	222	218	214	213	212
Payne	221	211	210	209	207
Gindele	221	216	205	203	...
Roberts	219	218	200	196	194
Hoffman	218	204	201	198	198
Nestler	216	214	213	203	203
Freitag	209	196	190	189	185
Bruns	204	203	202	199	199
A Lux	201	200	200	199	197
Hofer	199	197	187	186	177
*J Lux	225	206	204	203	198

*Visitor.

Miller Rifle and Pistol Club.

TWELVE members of the Miller club took part in the weekly shoot at the club's headquarters, 423 Washington street, Hoboken, Feb. 10. David Miller led the group for high score with 243.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: D. Miller 243, C. Bischoff 242, D. Dingman 242, Owen Smith 240, F. Unbehauen 242, R. W. Evans 241, R. A. Goldthwaite 236, C. E. Doyle 232, A. Schwartz 227, L. Rodgers 214, C. Bayha 213, R. Strobel 208.

Rifle Notes.

There is a club shoot in the Zettler gallery every night during this week. On Monday night the Plattdeutsch Corps; Tuesday night, the Zettler Club; on Wednesday night, the New York Central Corps; on Thursday night, the New York City Corps; on Friday night, the New York Independent Corps; on Saturday night, the Italian Shooting Society.

Next week, beginning with Monday, Feb. 22, is the Italian club; Tuesday, the Zettler club; Friday (Feb. 26), New York Corps; Saturday (Feb. 27), comes the opening of the annual gallery tournament and the champion 100-shot match.

The Shooting Times (London) in a recent issue, contained the following: "A novel competition has been arranged for the next meetings of the National Rifle Association at Bisley. The committee have decided to offer a prize of a hundred guineas for competition with automatic rifles suited for military purposes. Each rifle must be capable of being used either as an automatic or as a magazine rifle, and the change from one to the other must be simply and rapidly effected. It must also be a serviceable military weapon, and must fire only one shot at each pressure of the trigger."

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Feb. 17-18.—Morristown, N. J.—Two-day open shoot of the Morris Gun Club. F. A. Trowbridge, Sec'y.
Feb. 17-18.—Detroit, Mich., Sportsmen's midwinter trapshooting tournament. J. Klein, Sec'y.
Feb. 20-22.—Chicago Trapshooters' Association tournament at Watson's Park.
Feb. 21.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. A. L. Hughes, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Louisville, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club amateur tournament. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Valentine Wallburg, Capt.
Feb. 22.—Lexington, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club.
Feb. 22.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club target shoot. John S. Wright, Mgr., 318 Broadway, New York.
Feb. 22.—Lansdale, Pa., Gun Club all-day shoot.
Feb. 22.—York, Pa.—York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—New Haven, Conn.—Twenty-ninth annual tournament. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Utica, N. Y.—Washington's Birthday shoot of the Riverside Gun Club. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Second annual Washington's Birthday shoot at Hanover Park. Edgar L. Klipple.
Feb. 23-26.—West Baden, Ind.—West Baden Handicap. Targets and pigeons. Open. $500 guaranteed. John L. Winston, Mgr.
March 9.—Guttenburg, N. J.—Second annual three-man team championship; 10 birds per man; $15 per team. Gus Greiff, Mgr., 255 W. 111th street, New York.
March 12.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day merchandise shoot. Stanley Brampton, Sec'y.
March 22-25.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
April 6-7.—Bristol, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Bristol Gun Club.
April 18-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. F. Schmelzer & Son's Arms Co. fourth Interstate midwinter shooting tournament; targets and live birds.
April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Patriots' Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
April 20-21.—Rensselaer (Ind.) Gun Club amateur tournament. Everette Brown, Mgr., Pleasant Grove, Ind.
April 21.—Easton, Pa.—The Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club's first annual target tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Sec'y.
April 26-27.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club tournament. $100 added. Louis Lautenslager, Mgr.
April 27-28.—Americus, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.
May 3-4.—Wabash, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
May 4-5.—Nashville, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club. Charles Eastman, Sec'y.
May 11-13.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. J. Burmister, Sec'y.
May 12-13.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club annual spring tournament. W. W. Foord, Sec'y.
May 16-21.—York, Pa.—Tournament of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, Sec'y.
May 18-19.—Dallas, Tex.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dallas Gun Club.
May 19-20.—Oklahoma City, O. T.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day target tournament.
May 24-25.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.
June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Mountainside Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot Feb. 22 on their grounds at West Orange, N. J.

Messrs. Hawkins and Coe were respectively 138 and 122 out of 145 in the averages of the Shrewsbury, Pa., Gun Club, Feb. 12.

The Hudson Gun Club, Jersey City, will hold its shoot, rain or shine, on Feb. 21, commencing at 10 o'clock. The 100-target event will have a $10 prize.

On Washington's Birthday, the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club will shoot an eight-man team match with the Montclair Golf Club, on the Golf Club grounds.

Mr. J. S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn, L. I., Gun Club, informs us that at his prize shoot on Feb. 22 competition will commence at 2 o'clock.

The California Wing Club have fixed upon March 6 for its first shoot of the forthcoming season. There will be six shoots, one in each successive month.

Messrs. C. Morrison and G. Weston Frome have arranged to hold a live-bird shoot at Pen Argyl, Pa., on Saturday of this week. Competition commences at 1:30. The entrance is $4 to the first event, and the moneys will be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

At the live-bird handicap, held at Point Preeze Park, Feb. 12, there were thirteen contestants, one of whom was the famous trap shot, Mr. J. L. Brewer, who scored 17 out of 20 from the 31yd. mark. Mr. Ike McFalls, of Manayunk, killed 18, and therefore took first money alone.

Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, known as one of New York's most skillful trapshooters and salesmen, suffered a grievous accident on Friday of last week. While exercising his dog near his home he slipped on ice and broke his leg. To a man of his active habits, the injury is specially afflicting. We extend to him our sympathy and wishes for speedy recovery.

Officers of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association, at a recent meeting, were elected as follows: President, E. Donohoe; Vice-President, E. E. Drake; Secretary, A. M. Shields; Treasurer, Clarence A. Haight. Executive Committee: Clarence A. Haight (Chairman), E. E. Drake and A. M. Shields.

The New Haven, Conn., Gun Club, announces that their twenty-ninth annual tournament will be held on Feb. 22, commencing at 9 o'clock. The programme provides fifteen events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, 65 cents, $1.22 and $2.30 entrance. Targets, 1½ cents each. All shooters invited. Mr. John E. Bassett is the secretary.

The Cincinnati, O., Gun Club has divided the contestants of the new cash series of shoots, into Classes A, B, and C, allotting a like sum, $80 to each class. This sum is subdivided into six prizes, namely $20, $17, $15, $12, $9 and $7. This matter is good for other clubs to consider, since with an incentive to shoot, shooters will then shoot.

Mr. E. J. Loughlin, the secretary, writes us as follows: "The Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., will celebrate Washington's Birthday with a merchandise shoot, open to club members and friends. The usual allowance handicaps will prevail, as in past holiday shoots. Entrance, price of targets at 1 cent each. Shooting commences at 12:30 P. M."

March 9 has been fixed upon for the second annual three-man team championship. Each club can enter as many teams as it elects. The conditions are 10 birds per man; team entrance $15; three loving cups to the winning team; money divided between the three highest teams, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The manager is Mr. Gus Greiff, 255 W. 111th St., New York.

J. F. Schmelzer & Son's Arms Co., Kansas City, Mo., writes us as follows: "We beg to advise you that we claim the dates of April 18 to 22, inclusive, for holding the fourth Interstate midwinter shooting tournament at targets and live birds. The tournament will be held on the grounds of the Kansas City Shooting Park. Cash purses and handsome trophies will be given."

The Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club will hold its next trophy shoot on Saturday of this week. Two cups will be subject to contest, and a postponed shoot-off of tie for a telescope by Messrs. Brandreth and Blandford. The team race between Poughkeepsie and Ossining had six shooters on each team last Saturday, and as eight were essential to make a race, the result did not count.

The secretary of the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club, writes us as follows: "The Dennison Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind., has been selected as headquarters for the Grand American Handicap. Special meeting room and best of accommodations will be provided, and there will be no increase in the regular rates. A baggage wagon with two men in uniform will meet all trains to take care of baggage, and will give check for same and make delivery at the hotel."

There are ten events on the programme of the second annual Washington's Birthday all-day shoot, to be held at Hanover Park, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. The events are at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets; entrance 60 cents, $1, $1.40 and $2. Total number of targets 175; total entrance $13. First and second high averages respectively $3 and $2. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Moneys divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Further information may be obtained of Mr. Edgar L. Klipple, 71 S. Main street, Wilkes-Barre.

Concerning their cup series of shoots, the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club announces the following conditions: Contest opens Saturday, Jan. 30, and ends Saturday, April 9. Two hundred and fifty birds. Not less than 50 nor more than 100 birds to be shot at in one afternoon. Members must signify their intention to enter before shooting. All entries to be made not later than March 12. Members and their friends may shoot along. List of handicaps posted at the club. No entrance fee. Rules of the Interstate Association will be used. Unknown traps and angles. H. F. Holloway, president. Edward Winslow, secretary.

"The Sporting Life's Trapshooting Review of 1903," compiled and edited by Mr. Will K. Park, trap editor of Sporting Life, Philadelphia, appears this year much amplified in matter. Everything in the way of trapshooting records worth preserving is presented in its forty-six pages. Names, addresses and averages of winners at tournaments, point winners, honor list, general average figures, matches at flying targets and at live birds, long runs at targets and at live birds, winners of State championships, general important events, portraits of eminent shooters, etc., are to be found concisely set forth in its pages. It represents an infinite amount of skillful research, and is invaluable as a record.

A special to the daily press recounts that Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., distinguished himself at Palm Beach, Fla., by killing 50 live birds straight, at 32 and 33yds. Varying, high winds helped the birds. The event occurred at a shoot of the Florida Gun Club, of which Mr. Remsen was elected president recently. Mr. Remsen is eminent in the competitive annals of the Crescent Athletic Club and the Carteret Gun Club, of New York. Other contestants who made superior scores were Dr. Isaac E. Emerson, Baltimore, 41 out of 42; W. Bingham, Cleveland, 36 out of 38; Dr. Daniel Karsner, Philadelphia, 34 out of 35; J. Jerome Kelley, New York, 31 out of 37. A large attendance of distinguished visitors witnessed the competition. It took place last Saturday.

BERNARD WATERS.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, Feb. 12.—The New York Athletic Club held a shoot on Feb. 12 and 13, at which the events were well contested. Dr. Knowlton was winner of the holiday cup on Feb. 12. Mr. W. King was winner of the Elias trophy on Feb. 13. The scores follow:

Main event, holiday cup, to be won three times, 50 targets, handicap:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
W J Elias	10	27	37
F W Perkins	12	22	34
Dr Knowlton	4	42	46

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
T McCahill	10	27	37
G E Greiff	4	36	40

Events:	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	
McCahill	14	14	19	18	19	16
Elias	12	11	17	12	17	17
Knowlton	21	20	24	..	..	..

Events:	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	
Perkins	16	12	14	..	..	..
Greiff	19	18	..	..	..	..

Feb. 13.—Main event, Elias trophy, 50 targets, handicap:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Geo Bechtel	7	34	41
G E Greiff	4	42	46
F Koch	20	25	45
W King	20	26	46

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
W Montague	20	17	37
H Sauer	20	25	45
*Bates	0	22	22

Shoot-off, 25 targets:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
King	10	13	23

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Greiff	2	18	20

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	15	25
Bechtel	7	12	20
Koch	6	6	..
Montague	2	6	13
King	2	..	..

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	15	25
Bates	6	11	..
Sauer	..	9	12
Crystal	..	2	8

Special cup shoot, 25 targets, handicap:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Bechtel	4	20	24
Koch	12	11	23
Montague	12	15	25
Bates	0	15	15
Shoot-off:			
Sauer	10	12	22

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Sauer	10	16	25
Crystal	0	13	13
Greiff	2	20	22
Montague	12	13	25

*Guest.

Millvale Gun Club.

MILLVALE, Pa., Feb. 13.—Six events were on the programme of the Millvale Gun Club prize shoot to-day, but the large entry and consequent time required to each event allowed only four events to be shot, as first arranged. The fifth and sixth were changed to miss-and-outs.

In the first event Harry Vandergrift won a shell box with a score of 9 out of 10. The second event resulted in a tie between Whitehill and Smith, 8 each. In the shoot-off Whitehill won. In the third event Brown and Burnham tied on 9; Burnham won the shoot-off. The fourth event resulted in a tie between four, and was won by Given in the miss-and-out shoot-off.

The club will hold another shoot Feb. 20, which will be a 50-target handicap, allowance from 1 to 10. For this shoot a number of prizes will be offered, also cash prizes for shooters making a total of 49 out of 50. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Cochran, 19	7	7	0	0
Williams, 16	4	3	3	7
Vandergrift, 16	9	7	6	5
Hancock, 17	4	6	2	8
Parker, 16	7	4	7	7
Irwin, 18	7	8	8	6
Campbell, 17	8	8	7	5
Brown, 16	5	6	9	6
Johnston, 16	6	5	5	0
Hasslage, 16	4	5	4	4
Burnham, 19	5	7	9	6
Scott, 16	5	6	7	3
Dr Elliott, 16	7	7	7	7
Orgill, 16	8	5	8	7

Events:	1	2	3	4
Whitehill, 16	4	9	5	7
H Orlusky, 16	9	6	4	8
R M Spear, 16	5	4	6	4
J Smith, 18	5	9	5	8
McGleason, 18	8	7	8	5
Shaw, 16	8	5	5	0
Givens, 19	7	5	6	8
Bryson	0	0	3	7
England, 22	5	3	5	5
Busler, 16	6	7	6	6
Anderson, 16	3	0	0	6
Dr Spear, 16	4	4	4	6
Weigel, 16	0	7	5	6
Lippert, 16	0	4	4	6

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Feb. 13.—The weekly shoot of the Keystone Shooting League had a 20-bird handicap for the main event to-day. Mr. Fred Schwartz killed 19 alone, and took first money. Dr. George Darby was unfortunate in losing one dead out, which placed him in the 18 place alone.

In the event at 10 birds, Van Loon had a straight score alone. Coleman and Smith were second with 9.

The birds were a strong lot, and were helped by a stiff wind.

A special meting was held after the shoot. Several changes in the by-laws were unanimously adopted. The annual dues were increased to $12.

Twenty birds, handicap rise, entrance $10, high guns. Scores:

F Schwartz, 30	21211121221101222112—19
Dr G Darby, 28	110*12122222222222—18
H L Landis, 28	21222121222212202012—17
I W Budd, 30	22202211022012221120—16
F Coleman, 30	2202222*2222*2202222—16
W Harrison, 28	22011122*22210111110—16
A A Felix, 29	022202*20222222222*2—15
H T Smith, 28	0201221012*011*02112—13

Ten birds, handicap rise, entrance $5, high guns:

Schwartz	022*2*0222— 6	Budd	022102122*— 7
Felix	*022222220— 7	Landis	1212110012— 8
Darby	*0*2212202— 6	Harrison	01212211*2— 8
Van Loon	1222212222—10	Coleman	2222222022— 9
Smith	2221101222— 9		

Trap at Point Breeze.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 12.—A live interest was manifested in the open sweepstake at live birds, shot at the Point Breeze race track to-day. The conditions were 20 birds, $1 entrance, Rose system. The birds were a good lot. There were thirteen contestants. Mr. Ike McFalls, of Manayunk, was first, with 18. Three tied on 17, G. Burroughs, of Wilmington; J. L. Brewer, and Ed. Coleman, both of New Jersey. They divided second. Third was divided between T. C. Wills, of New Jersey; A. A. Felix and C. E. Mink, of Philadelphia, and E. Smith, of Royersford, Pa., who tied on 16. The scores and handicaps follow:

I McFalls, 29	12222222220222222012—18
G Burroughs, 30	02*222222*2222222222—17
J L Brewer, 31	22222222*2222222202*—17
E Coleman, 29	2222*2221122121*2202—17
T C Wills, 27	12022*202222*2222122—16
A A Felix, 30	*22220*2022222222222—16
C E Mink, 30	2**22210222122222220—16
E Smith, 30	02222222202220022222—16
F Muller, 30	22220022222022222200—15
J McKelvey, 28	22022222222212220000—15
R F Dawson, 29	1022211*002222121w
W H Clegg, 26	22020221202022220w
W Ford, 28	22222222220202000w

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 13.—The sixth contest for the Julius C. Walk & Sons cup took place to-day. The figures immediately following the names denote the number broken out of the handicap allowance:

Targets:	25	25	Shot at.	Broke.
Jos Michaelis, 5	23	22	55	50
O F Britton, 10	17	23	60	50
W T Nash, 6	21	21	58	48
Dr S H Moore, 17	13	18	69	48
E C Dickman, 6	19	22	59	47
J W Bell, 8	17	22	61	47
Gus Moller, 9	18	20	62	47
H W Denny, 8	16	22	62	46
R S Heaton, 10	20	16	64	46
H Sayles, 12	14	18	68	44
C A Medico, 13	14	12	74	37
*J E Schroyer	17	19	50	36
*H H Graves	19	15	50	34
*O Alexander	11	16	50	27
*Kirby	21	22	50	43
*Chas North	14	14	50	28
*Moses Williams	11	..	50	11

*Visitors.

Mr. Jos. Michaelis accepts Dr. S. H. Moore's challenge for English Hotel Cup, and has set date for same March 12.

Poor car service (caused by damaged bridges) was the cause of small attendance.

J. W. BELL, Sec'y.

Schlitz



A Doctor's Reasons

Patient: "Why do you say Schlitz beer? Isn't any other beer as good?"

Doctor: "Perhaps; but I don't know it. I do know that Schlitz beer is pure."

Patient: "What do you mean by pure?"

Doctor: "I mean free from germs. Impurity means bacilli; and in a saccharine product like beer bacilli multiply rapidly. I do not recommend a beer that may contain them."

Patient: "How do you know that Schlitz beer is pure?"

Doctor: "I have seen it brewed. Cleanliness is carried to extremes in that brewery. The beer is cooled in plate glass rooms, in filtered air. The beer is then filtered. Yet, after all these precautions, every bottle is sterilized—by Pasteur's process—after it is sealed. I know that beer treated in that way is pure."

Patient: "And is pure beer good for me?"

Doctor: "It is good for anybody. The hops form a tonic; the barley a food. The trifle of alcohol is an aid to digestion. And the custom of drinking beer supplies the body with fluid to wash out the waste. People who don't drink beer seldom drink enough fluid of any kind. A great deal of ill-health is caused by the lack of it."

Patient: "But doesn't beer cause biliousness?"

Doctor: "Not Schlitz Beer. Biliousness is caused by 'green' beer—beer that is insufficiently aged. But Schlitz beer is always aged for months before it is marketed." *Ask for the brewery bottling.*

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

U.S. AMMUNITION



BEING RUSHED TO FRONT.

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LOWELL, MASS.

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497-503 Pearl St., 35-43 Park St., New York. 114-116 Market St., San Francisco.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

TWENTY-SEVEN members gave the new series of cash prize shoots a good send-off on Feb. 13. The weather was cold and cloudy. Not much wind was blowing, but the targets were hard to see, and only two men broke over 40. Gambell was high with 44. Linn was second with 41, and Ahlers, Faran and Don Minto dropped in third place with 39 each.

Several members who were unable to be present on Feb. 6, shot their score in the Parker gun series during the week, and their scores follow:

Parker gun prize shoot, Feb. 6:

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Plunkett	11	10	11	13	10	55	40	95
Muhleman	8	9	9	4	9	39	50	89
Foucar	13	12	14	11	14	64	30	94
Ward	12	15	15	17	13	72	40	100
H Sunderbruch	11	13	9	11	7	51	40	91
Davies	15	17	17	15	18	82	23	100

At a meeting of the executive committee, held last week, the conditions for the new cash prize series was changed as follows: The members were divided into three classes, A, B, and C; the money divided equally, $80 for each class, with six prizes, $20, $17, $15, $12, $9 and $7. High guns. The first handicaps are as follows: Class A—Ahlers, 20yds.; Baker, 19; Don Minto, 18; Davies, 17; Faran, 17; Gambell, 20; Grau, 18; Medico, 19; Maynard, 18; H. Osterfeld, 17; Randall, 18; A. Sunderbruch, 19; See, 19; R. Trimble, 22; E. Trimble, 17; Williams, 17. Class B—Anderson, Butts, Burton, Boyd, Bullerdick, Bleh, Cook, Dick, Falk, Fredericks, Harig, Jay Bee, Jack, Kohler, Linn, Lindsley, Mills, McBreen, H. M. Norris, Nye, Geo. Osterfeld, Pohlar, Pfieffer, Roll, Sampson, Willie, R. G. Ward, all at 17yds. Class C—Ackley, Boeh, Colonel, Foucar, Herman, Hoke, Hobart, Hoffman, Kramer, Krohn, Krehbiel, Muhleman, J. C. Norris, Neave, Plunkett, Roanoke, Sahngen, H. Sunderbruch, Willie Green, all at 16yds.

Members handicapped themselves after the first shoot according to the score made.

The contests will be held every other week.

Supt. Gambell mentions a few things to remember in connection with these contests:

"Dont imagine you can't shoot. Come out and see.

"Don't think you will be in the way. It will be my business to see that you are comfortable.

"There will be twenty-seven contests. The more you take part in, the more scores you will have to select from.

"You must compete in fifteen shoots to qualify. You select your ten best scores from all you shoot."

First cash prize shoot, 50 targets:

Targets:	15	15	20	Targets:	15	15	20
Gambell, 16	12	15	17—44	Osterfeld, 17	9	12	14—35
Linn, 17	12	12	17—41	Pfieffer, 17	5	13	16—34
Ahlers, 20	12	13	14—39	Plunkett, 16	8	11	15—34
Faran, 17	12	12	15—39	Norris, 17	11	6	16—33
Don Minto, 16	13	10	16—39	Captain, 17	10	9	13—32
Maynard, 18	11	12	15—38	Harig, 17	9	11	12—32
Falk, 17	13	11	14—38	Boeh, 16	12	8	12—32
Williams, 17	11	11	16—38	Jay Bee, 17	9	9	13—31
Bullerdick, 17	11	12	15—38	Pohlar, 17	8	8	11—27
W Green, 16	13	11	14—38	Jack, 17	10	8	7—25
Dennison, 16	10	14	14—38	Blue, 16	7	9	5—21
Block, 17	11	13	13—37	Muhleman, 16	4	7	7—18
Roll, 17	12	10	13—35	Colonel, 16	7	5	5—17
Strauss, 17	10	10	15—35				

Match, 25 targets:

Osterfeld	15	Jay Bee	17
Roll	18—33	Medico	17—34

BONASA.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Feb. 13.—While the attendance was good at the Lincoln's Birthday shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, a balky trap spoiled what would otherwise have been a fine afternoon's shoot. The main event was to have been at 100 bluerocks, the last 25 of which were to decide a team match between Poughkeepsie and Ossining gun clubs. As the trap was throwing about one good bird in five, darkness called the event off after the third string of 25.

One of the stipulations governing the team race was that there must be no less than eight shooters on a team; as only six of the Poughkeepsie team put in an appearance, the results of their scores could only decide the ownership of the individual prizes, which were four silver candlesticks. The conditions governing these were: "The two high guns from each team in turn shoot off at 25 targets, the highest combined scores of each two winning the four candlesticks; they in turn shooting off for individual possession of all four of the prizes. Owing to darkness and a slight misunderstanding of the conditions, this event will be decided at a later date, when we expect to have another pleasant race with our brother shooters from up the river.

There were three trade representatives on hand: Sim Glover, Jack Fanning and Neaf Apgar. While Sim won the silver cup for high expert, they broke even in making friends for themselves and the companies they represent. Mr. M. Herrington, of Shooting and Fishing, shot along. His presence at a shoot is thoroughly enjoyed, not alone because he has the knack of saying pleasant things in his paper, but on account of his genial personality.

First money was won by O. W. Von der Bosch, of Peekskill, with 67 out of 75. A. Traver, of Poughkeepsie, landed second, with 65. C. G. Blandford, of Ossining, captured third. A. L. Burns, Mamaroneck, fourth, and James Morrison, New York city, fifth.

Targets were thrown about 60yds.

The next trophy shoot of this club will be held on Feb. 20, when two cups will be contested for; also tie for telescope will be shot off by F. Brandreth and C. Blandford. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	25	25	25	Targets:	15	25	25	25
J Fanning	11	19	21	19	F Becker	9	10	17	18
S Glover	10	23	22	20	A Traver	7	15	18	21
N Apgar	9	15	21	24	I T Washburn	13	16	18	19
A L Burns	6	19	22	20	M H Herrington	10	17	20	18
O W Von der Bosch	11	23	22	22	J Hyland	..	15	18	15
C G Blandford	12	21	22	19	E F Ball	..	18	18	..
J Morrison	10	21	18	20	G B Hubbell	..	17	21	20
A Bedell	12	18	20	17	W H Coleman	..	16	23	19
M H Dyckman	12	20	14	14	W Clark	..	14	21	..
I Tallman	12	22	..	..	A Harris	..	15	19	..
P J Smith	11	15	18	19	A J Du Bois	..	20	..	16
H W Bissing	11	19	14	16	D Brandreth	..	..	14	..
H Marshall	9	10	17	18	J C Barlow	11	..	..	..

Team match:

Poughkeepsie.		Ossining.	
A Traver	21	O Von der Bosch	22
H Marshall	18	C Blandford	19
P Smith	19	A Bedell	17
A Du Bois	16	W Coleman	19
H Bissing	16—90	A Burns	20—97

C. G. B.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 10.—The second weekly shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held at Wellington to-day. The zero weather prevented a large attendance, though to be sure, enthusiasm was not lacking by any means, and events passed off with the usual interest. To Griffiths and Ford the honors of the afternoon belong, both shooting a great gait for these grounds, and gave proof conclusive that the targets were breakable without resorting to hatchets and axes, as some shooters claim of the targets made at the present time. Ford ran 40 straight, 5 within the ground top score, and would have kept at it indefinitely but for a lack of regular loads, etc.

The team match proved of great interest, and as the number of points begins to enlarge, there will be lots of hustling on each aspirant's part to keep the ball rolling. At the present time the Frank and Bell syndicate have the lead, and from present indications intend to keep it, though there are as usual others, and funny things do happen with astonishing regularity. Scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	5p	15	15	10	10	15	10	10
Climax, 21	7	9	3	6	9	8	8	14	..	..
Rule, 18	7	8	7	13	10	5	8	12	8	..
Lee, 16	6	6	4	12	9	7	..	..	..	..
Kirkwood, 19	7	7	5	11	7	6	8	11	..	..
Frank, 18	9	8	4	12	9	5	7	11	9	..
Keller, 16	7	7	5	12	10	8	5	13	9	9
Bell, 18	9	8	6	13	10	8	6	11	10	9
Woodruff, 17	7	9	6	11	9	8	6	12	8	..
Hoover, 16	1	3	..	2	3	..	..	..	..	..
Hodsdon, 19	..	..	..	..	13	6	7	14	..	..
Gokey, 16	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	10	8	9
Ford, 16	9	7	..	11	..	4	3	9	9	8
Bartlett, 17	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	12	8	..
Baker, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7

Merchandise match, 25 unknown, distance handicap:

Hodsdon, 19	1111111011101111110001110—19
Bell, 18	0101100111111011111111010—18
Keller, 16	0011111011100111111110101—18
Climax, 21	1111110001110001111100111—17
Woodruff, 17	1111111001000011111010111—17
Lee, 16	1010010011011111110100111—16
Rule, 18	1101111011000110001111100—15
Frank, 18	0111001100101111110100001—14
Kirkwood, 19	0111010011000101100011110—13

Team match:

Climax	8	14—22	Keller	5	13—18
Rule	8	12—20—42	Kirkwood	8	11—19—37
Hodsdon	7	14—21	Bell	6	11—17
Woodruff	6	12—18—39	Frank	7	11—18—35

Class—Flanagan.

Lake Denmark, N. J.—A correspondent informs us that on Wednesday of last week a live-bird match took place between Mr. Frank Class and Hon. De Witt C. Flanagan. The conditions were 50 birds each, $50 a side, loser to pay for birds. Each made remarkable kills, and received the applause of the spectators. Class shot in his old-time form. Flanagan had the harder birds, and several, though hard hit with both barrels, managed to struggle across the boundary. The scores:

Class	222222122222*1220220222212120122222222212222220*0222—44
Flanagan	1202122111212011110*0*2120111022122*121212011*10222—39

In the near future, probably Washington's Birthday, two local shooters, Andrew K. Baker and Charles H. Munson, Jr., will shoot a match on the same grounds at 50 birds each.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 12.—There was an active afternoon at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club on Lincoln's Birthday. Eleven events were shot. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	10	10	10
H Dreyer	5	..	9	7	3	11	3	8	6	6	8
H Bergen	8	8	13	11	9	8	6	13	..	..	..
G Kelly	9	7	10	10	5	..	..	..	..	5	..
F Bergen	4	..	7	10	6	6	7	6	..	..	..
J S Wright	8	7	..	..	..	6	3	7	7	7	4
H Newton	..	4	8	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Voorhes	7	5	12	9	5	7	4	9	..	..	..

Nos. 10 and 11 were at 5 pairs. J. S. WRIGHT, Mgr.

Oakland Golf Club.

Bayside, L. I., Feb. 12.—The main contest at the shoot of the Oakland Golf Club to-day was the J. M. High trophy event at 25 targets: Scores:

R B Lawrence, 5	1010110110000111111111100—21
R B Wigham, 5	1111101101101001011111101—23
J G Frazer, 6	1111010011011010101011111—23
C K Hudson, 7	1110111101001111101110110—25
L H Leavitt, 9	0000000100111101000011111—20
L E Embree, 7	0001000010011101100100100—16
G L Shearer, 7	0101000000001000000110000—12
W S Brown, 8	1111011110101011001001010—22
S R Mitchell, 8	0100100001100010010100100—16
A W Rossiter, 7	0011111010100010000111001—19
C Meyer, 6	0000001010001100000110110—14

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Feb. 13.—The competition was of a high order, many excellent scores being made. There was a stiff, frost-laden wind from the northwest, which numbed the fingers of the shooters materially.

A. G. Southworth and L. C. Hopkins respectively won two of the seven 15-target trophy matches; Dr. O'Brien won one prize. He and L. C. Hopkins were the high men in the shoot for the February cup, ten contestants. Each scored 25. A. G. Southworth was the winner of a miss-and-out. The scores:

February cup, 25 targets, handicap: F. T. Bedford (2) 21, J. J. Keyes (2) 22, A. G. Southworth (3) 24, W. W. Marshall (5) 22, F. B. Stephenson (1) 20, E. H. Lott (1) 22, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 20, Capt. Money (3) 24, L. C. Hopkins (4) 25, H. L. O'Brien (4) 25.

Sykes cup, team shoot: F. T. Bedford (2) 24, J. J. Keyes (2) 18; total 42. A. G. Southworth (3) 23, W. W. Marshall (5) 19; total 42. E. H. Lott (1) 21, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 22; total 43. Capt. Money (2) 22, L. C. Hopkins (4) 22; total 44.

Palmer trophy, 25 targets: Capt. Money (2) 25, F. B. Stephenson (1) 23, J. J. Keyes (2) 20, W. W. Marshall (5) 18, E. H. Lott (1) 23, F. T. Bedford (2) 23.

Trophy match, 15 targets: F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, E. H. Lott (0) 12, H. L. O'Brien (2) 12, Capt. Money (1) 12, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 12, A. G. Southworth (1) 12, L. C. Hopkins (2) 10.

Shoot-off: Capt. Money 15, Stephenson 14, O'Brien 14, Southworth 14.

Trophy match, 15 targets: F. B. Stephenson (0) 14, E. H. Lott (0) 13, H. L. O'Brien (2) 14, Capt. Money (1) 15, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 12, A. G. Southworth (1) 14, L. C. Hopkins (2) 12.

Won by Capt. Money.

Trophy match, 15 targets: H. L. O'Brien (2) 11, A. G. Southworth (1) 14, Capt. Money (1) 12, W. W. Marshall (3) 12, F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, E. H. Lott (0) 12, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 14, L. C. Hopkins (2) 15.

Won by L. C. Hopkins.

Trophy match, 15 targets: H. L. O'Brien (2) 12, L. C. Hopkins (2) 15, A. G. Southworth (1) 13, Capt. Money (1) 13, F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, W. W. Marshall (3) 12, E. H. Lott (0) w., H. B. Vanderveer (1) 10, J. J. Keyes (1) 12.

Won by L. C. Hopkins.

Shrewsbury Gun Club.

SHREWSBURY, Pa., Feb. 12.—Fourteen shooters participated in the tournament of the Shrewsbury Gun Club to-day. Hawkins was first with 138 out of a total of 145. Coe was second with 122. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.
Hawkins	10	15	13	14	15	14	14	14	15	14	138
Coe	8	15	12	12	12	12	14	11	15	11	122
Deardorf	6	5	9	6	4	10	8	9	8	8	73
Humer	8	13	12	13	13	12	13	12	14	12	122
McSherry	8	11	12	14	13	14	14	11	12	11	120
Sechrist	9	9	14	9	11	13	12	13	14	14	118
Gerry	8	9	12	12	8	8	..	..	4	..	61
Borteur	2	5	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	22
C Krout	8	11	12	13	10	13	13	10	11	9	110
Klinefelter	1	3	..	8	..	..	4	2	7	..	25
Grove	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Ben Bolt	..	..	..	..	4	5	6	6	6	4	21
W N Krout	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	..	5	17
Diehl	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Feb. 12.—The afternoon practice shoot of the Montclair Gun Club, Feb. 12, had bright, clear and cold weather. The scores made are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10				
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	*	*	*	*
Matthews	6	7	7	6	8	8	6	..	..	..	7	4	..	..
C W Kendall	1	4	7	3	4	2	..	..	..	..	7	4	..	..
Wheeler	8	7	..	7	6	8	9	7	6	7	9	7	8	..
Holloway	8	..	9	7	8	7	7	..	..	..	8	..	8	6
Crane	5	4	5	6	5	8	7	..	..	..	3	5	5	..
Winslow	..	..	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	..	..
Cockefair	..	..	10	6	8	8	8	7	9	8	..	10	5	..

*Doubles.

Feb. 6.—The scores made to-day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10				
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	*	*	*	*
Wheeler	..	..	..	..	7	9	8	11	10	11	7	9	6	7
Holloway	8	11	4	12	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lawrence	8	6	8	8	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fowler	2	6	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	..	..
Ackerman	3	6	3	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Winslow	8	9	6	9	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gunther	..	..	..	13	9	10	8	10	9	..	8	10	8	8
T E Batten	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	6	..

*Doubles.

Montclair Golf Club.

Montclair, N. J., Feb. 6.—The first of the February and March series of trophy shoots was held by the Montclair Golf Club to-day. Much enthusiasm was manifested.

The weather conditions were not of the best, yet fair scores were made. Mr. Fitch's long range shooting was a feature of the afternoon.

Trophy, 15 birds: Fitch (1) 14, Hyatt (3) 12, Brown (1) 5, Perley (1) 7, Allan (4) 11, Webster (1) 11.

Trophy, 25 birds: Fitch (3) 23, Hyatt (6) 18, Brown (3) 14, Perley (3) 16, Allan (7) 20, Webster (3) 21.

Feb. 12.—Notwithstanding the bleakness of the mountain top whereon the Montclair Golf Club have their shooting grounds, and the razor-like tendencies of the east wind, there was a good attendance of the enthusiastic ones at the all-day shoot to-day.

Capt. A. W. Money and T. E. Batten were the guests of the club. High scores were impossible. Even the veteran Capt. Money failed to connect always with the wind-tossed saucers.

At 1 o'clock lunch was served at the club house. A midday banquet would be but a fair name for it. At 2:15 everybody went back to the traps and stayed till ears were snapping and faces were purple.

An interesting feature of the day was the team shooting. Mr. Hyatt and Mr. Peasley tossed a coin for first choice of shooters. Mr. Hyatt won. Capt. Money was first choice, Mr. Batten second, showing judgment on Mr. Hyatt's part and extreme politeness on Mr. Peasley's.

The teams consisted of Messrs. Hyatt, Money, Fitch, Hall, Brown, and Peasley, Batten, Allen, Meyer, Webster. The first team won two out of three, while the latter won by 16 targets for the day.

On Washington's Birthday the Montclair Gun Club will shoot a match with the Golf Club, on the latter's grounds, eight men on a side.

B.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Feb. 7.—Following are the scores of the members of the Hudson Gun Club. The weather was bad and kept the attendance down. The next shoot will be on Feb. 21, and will begin at 10 A. M. In the 100-target event the club will give a prize of $10. This shoot will be held rain or shine. Don't forget the date, and also that this club has only missed three shoots in eight years, so this one is sure to go.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
Piercy	21	24	24	13	H Pearsall	..	21	18	..
Pearsall	21	19	15	..	Kelly	..	19	..	21
Doran	18	20	..	..	Piercy, Jr.	..	..	..	14
Whitley	13	..	15	..	E Heritage	..	..	..	21

Jas. Hughes.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Feb. 14.—The tournament of the Jackson Park Gun Club is an affair of the past. The shoot was not got up as a money-making affair, and if any of the shooters were disappointed after the first day, there were a number of them well pleased at the reception they received from the following gentlemen of the home club: G. A. Hopper, Edward Morgan, Johnny Power and Count Lenone. The two former boys were on hand both days looking after the comfort of the visiting shooters and friends, and taking part in every event. The home shooters failed to put in an appearance, contrary to expectations, especially on the second day, only six putting in an appearance. Messrs. Prest and Acford, of New London, Conn., shot through every event. The trade was represented by Apgar and Glover on the second day in the target events for targets only.

The birds were first class, especially on the first day, and the shooting was over by 5 P. M.

Saturday, shooting started at 11:30, with poor attendance, but a good time for those taking part, and a welcome for them at any time they come out this way.

One of the features of Friday's shoot was the exhibition of revolver shooting by Louis Piercy, son of George Piercy, who carried off the honors of the live-bird shoot. This young man is one of the best revolver shots in this part of the country, and the feats he performed were little short of marvelous. The scores:

First event, 5-bird sweep:

Van Valkenberg, 28.....22022—4
G Piercy, 30.....22222—5
Prest, 27.....20111—4
Bunn, 28.....0**22—2
Powers, 27.....11022—4
Morgan, 28.....22022—4
Thorn, 27.....01201—3
G A Hopper, 29.....11120—4
Cooley, 27.....00202—2
W Moody, 27.....101*0—2
Lee, 27.....10121—4

Second event, 10-bird sweep:

G Hopper, 29.....2112222122—10
Ockford, 27.....0222222*1*— 7
Prest, 27.....0*02200100— 3
Bunn, 28.....222*202100— 6
Lenone, 28.....1101111010— 7
V'n V'k'nb'g, 28....2222022*22— 8
G Piercy, 30.....1222111121—10
Powers, 27.....1022210012— 7
Morgan, 28.....22222002*0— 6
Lee, 27.....2222020212— 8

Third event, 15-bird handicap:

Lenone, 28....021101110111100—11
Hopper, 29....222212222102210—13
Piercy, 30.....112222221012*22—13
Van Valkenberg, 28.....222222222222220 —14
Thorn, 26.....022112*211112121—15
Lee, 27.....0022111f0112021 —11
Powers, 28....122211*010202122—12
Morgan, 28...2200102222122122—13
Prest, 26.....1212022012200111—13
A Radcliffe,27.022222222202220—13
Whitley, 27...0110022222211100—12
Ockford, 26...21212222*002212 —14
Van Horn, 26.0111201221022222—14

Fourth event, 5-bird sweep:

Lenone, 28.....02010—2
Van Horn, 28.....22220—4
Powers, 28.....*2202—3
Lee, 27.....11000—2
Piercy, 30.....22222—5
McConnell, 27.....2*020—2
Hopper, 29.....22002—3
Morgan, 28.....22222—5
Hutton, 27.....00100—1
Whitley, 27.....11212—5
Greenly, 27.....00002—1
Bunn, 28.....20000—1
Moody, 26.....20110—3
Radcliffe, 27.....01001—2
Berry, 28.....01222—4
Van Valkenberg, 28.....22222—5
Thorn, 27.....22222—5
Mitchel, 27.....20100—2

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., Feb. 13.—The target shoot of the Franklin Gun Club to-day resulted as follows in the main event at 25 targets:

J Williams .....1111001010110011011100101—15
F Suthard .....1110011011101110110111101—18
Andrew Wright .....0010101100001111110001110—13
F Kispaugh .....0101010110010000100111010—11
Alf Wright .....0000000010001001101001110— 8
P E Winters. 00100000100

Frank Kishpaugh, Sec'y.

Mountainside Gun Club.

West Orange, N. J., Feb. 13.—The merchandise handicap at 25 targets excited special interest. George Kitching, 3 allowance, won first with a full score of 25. Harry Doe, 10 allowance, and Henry Schwab were second with 24 each. In the shoot-off at 15 targets they tied four times in succession on 15, 14, 14, and 15, one-half their original allowance being added. In the fifth shoot-off, Doe won.

For the Winchester gun several of the contestants did not contest, but will be given an opportunity to shoot up next week, when the contest will come to a close. Louis Colquitt leads, with 69, and Joseph McDonough is next with 68.

In a 25-target event the following scores were made: L. Colquitt 18, Jos. McDonough 18, J. A. Siggins 18, S. L. Beegle 16, William Whiskers 11, Edw. McGuirk 11, J. P. Gillespie 7.

Ten-target event: Colquitt 9, R. B. Baldwin 9, Jos. McDonough 9, Edw. McGuirk 5, S. L. Beegle 5, F. Hollum 5, Colquitt 5, McGuirk 5.

A Southern Squad.

At Beaumont, Tex., Feb. 12, on the grounds of the Beaumont Gun Club, a large attendance of spectators witnessed the performance of the U. M. C. Squad. Shooting at 100 targets, the scores were as follows: Marshall 95, Heikes 94, Budd 95, Heer 94, Hubby 91.

At Houston, Tex., Feb. 11, in the presence of a large atendance, shooting at 100 targets each, the scores were as follows: Marshall 95, Heikes 92, Hubby 86, Budd 97, Heer 93.

Feb. 10, at Bryan, Tex., the scores were: Marshall 90, Heikes 90, Hubby 88, Budd 92, Heer 95. A high wind prevailed.

At Palestine, Tex., on Feb. 8, the scores were: Heer 100, Heikes 99, Budd 98, Hubby 97, Marshall 94. This was a total of 488 out of 500, an average of 97.6 per cent. On each of the two previous days the team broke 483 out of 500, making an average of 96 14-15 per cent. for those three days.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

Newport, R. I.—The usual club shoot was held on Wednesday, with an attendance of one full squad. When we say usual, we say it advisedly, for with one exception, the grounds have been in use every week this winter, despite the unusually severe weather which has prevailed.

Wednesday's shoot, a Smith badge contest, was won by Manchester, with 40, including one straight, his nearest competitor being Macomber, whose consistent improvement since he began shooting a few short months ago, has occasioned no little comment:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10		Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	
Manchester	7	8	7	8	10	—40	Dring	5	5	4	7	5	—26
Macomber	10	6	7	6	5	—34	Alexander	7	4	2	4	7	—24
Bowler	6	8	6	5	8	—33							

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 11.—The regular weekly shoot of this club to-day was well attended, and the shooting in each event was excellent. The race for the Traver cup was a hotly contested event, five men tying for first place, all having, with handicaps added, full scores. In the first shoot-off three of the contestants were killed off, and the race continued between Traver and Rhodes for three more events without breaking the tie. In the last event, however, Rhodes was all but out at the end of the seventeenth round, having missed his limit, but with bulldog determination, he stuck to his work and broke the next 8 straight, and with his handicap of added breaks, was again tied with Traver.

In the cup event proper, and the four shoot-off events, Traver broke 118 out of the 125, and Rhodes 101, while out of their last 100 they scored 95 and 81 respectively. During the shooting Traver made a straight run of 49 breaks. Rhodes, while a new man in the club, is not a new man at the game by any means; however, until very recently he had done no shooting for several years, and although having had little opportunity for practice, he is fast rounding into form. The shooting of Kaley and Hasbrouck, guests of the club, both of whom are comparative novices at this style of shooting, was very creditable. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	25	25	25	25	25
Traver	8	7	9	23	25	24	24	22
T Rhodes	5	6	8	20	21	20	22	18
Smith	10	7	9	19	..	..	..	..
Kaley	7	8	6	17	13	..	17	..
Du Bois	9	9	7	18	19	..	..	18
Marshall	6	7	7	19	17	15	16	..
Hans	5	5	6	22	20	..	..	..
Winans	6	8	8	22	13	19	..	21
Latimer	3	2	2	..	..	..	..	..
Hoctor	..	..	..	18	7	..	..	..
*Traver	..	..	..	24	..	..	..	..
Hasbrouck	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	..

*Re-entry.

Traver cup.—Result of event No. 4 with handicaps added:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.		Broke.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Traver	23	3	25	Marshall	19	4	23
Rhodes	20	7	25	Hans	22	4	25
Smith	19	4	23	Winans	22	7	25
Du Bois	18	5	23	Hoctor	18	7	25

Snaniweh.

It Was a Cold Day.

Batavia, N. Y., Jan 26.—A stranger came to town to-day, and he was taken out to the fair grounds by the local gun club. The trap house was under "feet" of snow and ice, but it was dug out and shooting begun, notwithstanding the fact that the thermometer was at 6 above zero, the wind blowing forty miles an hour, and the snow flying in blizzard time.

Of course, scores were hard to keep—the elements wanted them. Yet, this enthusiastic bunch of gun men, as far as could be seen, thought at times that they scored, and it was frozen on the score sheet as a kill. Eight of our local shooters were participants in this weather record shoot; the records will tell who they are. The stranger was Mr. T. E. Batten, of Forest and Stream.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	15	10	Targets:	10	10	15	10
Robson	5	4	1	..	Johnson	8	7	..	3
No. 39	5	5	7	7	Batten	6	8	3	4
Williams	3	8	3	..	Clark	7	..	9	..
Dr Gardner	7	4	..	2	Kline	3	8	..	..
Farwell	1	7	..	..					

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

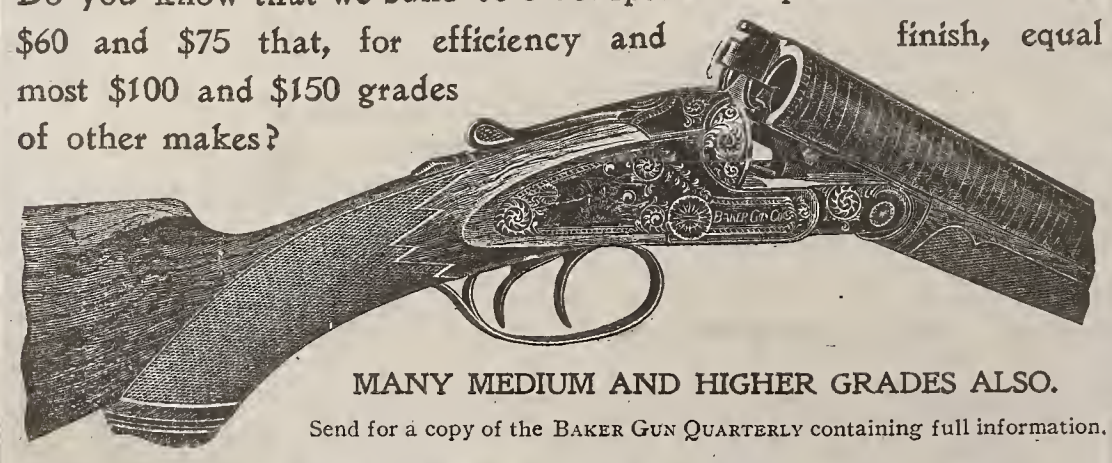
The target and live-bird tournament held at Omaha, Neb., Feb. 2-5, showed the following results: In the target events, Wm. Veach, Lou Reed, J. B. Burnham and J. H. Severson won first, second, third and fourth high averages. The Interstate target trophy was won by Mr. Severson, and also the Dicky Bird cup. He used a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. At the Aberdeen, Md., shoot, Feb. 2, J. M. Hawkins won first professional average, and L. S. German and Jack Dun won first and second amateur averages, respectively, at live birds. The Stockton, N. J., shoot, Feb. 4, P. E. Rockafellow and E. Wilson tied for first, G. Dean second and N. L. Clark third high averages. At New Paltz, N. Y., Feb. 6, J. Cassidy and E. J. Snyder won first and second averages, respectively. The Winchester team, comprising Elliott, Crosby, Gilbert, Spencer and Hirschy made the following total scores out of a possible 500: At Camden, Ark., 479; Pine Bluff, first day, 480; second day, 485; Little Rock, Ark, 482. In an event of 25 targets each, they made a total score of 124. All aforementioned used Winchester factory loaded shells.

The amateur average of the Sunny South Handicap was won by M. N. Atchison, shooting U. M. C. factory loaded shot shells. An Ohio shooter recently wrote the Remington Arms Co., Ilion, N. Y., as follows: "I have shot the Remington you made for me in 1897 over 35,000 times at the trap, using 3½drs. of Smokeless powder. Considering the service it has seen, its present condition is remarkable. It holds the record in this part of the country with 167 straight and 204 out of 205 flying targets."

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Trap at Allentown.

Allentown, Pa., Feb. 12.—appended are the scores of our live-bird shoot, held at the Duck Farm Hotel, West End Walnut street. There were a number of good scores. The excellent shooting of Al. Heil, of this city, who carried off the honors over a number of crack shots, was the feature of the event. He killed 15 straight. He is an enthusiastic sportsman and is taking front rank with the best shooters in the State. The scores:

Event at 15 live birds: Somers 5, G. W. Frome 6, J. L. E. 12, Wm. Rascner 8, Schools 11, Trafford 12, Bollman 13, Ehrhorn 12, G. C. Unger 10, C. B. Cole 13, Q. Ritter 12, S. Croll 11, C. Budd 12, O. E. Stubbs 7, L. Straub 12, M. Brey 13, Al. Heil 15, C. E. Bladen 9, R. Jones 12.

Twenty targets: Brey 17, Trafford 13, Walker 8, Miller 6, Ehrhorn 8, Schools 12, Croll 12.

The muzzles of two of the Iowa's eight-inch guns were blown off by the discharge of smokeless powder. It is hoped that our gunners will learn from this lesson to remove the gun muzzles before firing. Those blown off probably are irretrievably lost.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mr. G. E. Loeble, one of New York's skillful trap shots, was quite successful at the recent New York dog show, three of his dogs showing merit above the average. One of his setters, Tolland Girl, won third.

The Southern's Palm Limited.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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A Two-page Illustrated Supplement

will be given with our issue of next week, March 5.

TRAILS OF THE PATHFINDERS.

To us in America the day of adventure in wild lands seems past and gone—yet not so long past but that there are men alive who can remember it—and surely there never took place wilder scenes of adventure than were constantly occurring in the West in these early days.

This year there is to be celebrated at St. Louis the centenary of the Louisiana Purchase by which a vast territory was added to what belonged to the then newly born United States. The story of exploration and discovery in that new territory, and in the Western country at large, is full of excitement and romance, and we begin this week to publish a series of articles under the above title which tell something of what was done and seen and felt by the heroes of an earlier day who left behind them written records of their achievements.

The first explorers of the West were missionaries, led thither by the hope of saving the souls of the natives, but hard on the heels of the missionaries followed trapper and trader, whose example was so widely different from the precept of the black-robed fathers that the missionaries strove to have voyageurs and traders alike kept out of the country, on the ground that they corrupted the natives and brought disgrace on the Christian religion.

The articles to be published will deal with the most important and best known of the explorers of those early days. They will tell of Alexander Henry, the elder, who in 1761 pushed boldly off from Lachine on his westward journey, and for sixteen years suffered every danger and every hardship; of Jonathan Carver, and Pike and Long and Gregg and Kendall and Ruxton and Garrard and Townsend, the naturalist, and many another who beat out unknown trails and trafficked and fought with the Indian and slew the grizzly bear.

There is no one of these men but led a heroic life and associated with heroes like himself, whose exploits he relates—all unconscious of their heroism. We who to-day are living our commonplace business or professional lives may look with wonder upon this race which has wholly passed away.

NEW YORK SPRING SHOOTING.

AN Assembly bill, No. 292, to amend the game laws of New York State, proposes to change the close of the open season for ducks from January 1 to April 1. This bill passed the Lower House February 10, and now goes to the Senate.

The opponents of the bill requested Mr. Reeve, chairman of the Assembly Fish and Game Committee, to permit them to appear before the committee in opposition to the bill, but their request was denied, the statement being made that a hearing had already been held. Immediately after that the bill passed the Assembly, and is now before the Senate.

This bill was introduced by Mr. Hubb, representing the Long Island duck shooters, who from the beginning have been opposed to the abolition of spring shooting. They are determined that, if possible, they will continue to destroy the birds in spring, whether sentiment of the State or that of the whole country is opposed to spring shooting.

The new law cutting off in New York the shooting in the spring of ducks, geese, and swan, has had no opportunity to be tried, for this is its first season. Moreover, the law has not been well observed on Long Island, as is shown by the frequent complaints made in these columns and elsewhere.

Within a short time all of Canada, and several of the New England States, have put an end to the shooting of birds in spring, and the same action has been taken by a number of States further to the westward, and this action has been followed by a very considerable increase in the number of our wildfowl.

Whether this increase has been brought about by the abolition of spring shooting, by which the birds remain unmolested both on their way to their breeding ground and while they are nesting, cannot yet be told. The laws have not been working long enough for us to be certain on this point. What is certain, however, is that for the last year or two wildfowl in many localities have shown a distinct increase, and no cause is known which will account for this increase, except the fact that the birds have been protected in many localities where they were formerly shot at the breeding season.

It will be a shameful thing if the State of New York, having once had the wisdom to shorten the open season for wildfowl, should now, at the behest of a small section of the State, reverse such action and again countenance the destruction of birds breeding or about to breed. And it seems also a shameful thing for this great State to take advantage of the protective measures adopted by its neighbors to the north and to continue selfishly to destroy the birds which those neighbors are striving to protect, in order that they may increase for the benefit of all the sportsmen of America.

Slight as is the interest taken in game protection by many of our legislators, New Yorkers have at least the satisfaction of knowing that there are some men at Albany who are devoted to its principles. In Senator E. R. Brown, of Jefferson county, the friends of game protection have a tower of strength. His zeal in well doing is untiring, and his acquaintance with game conditions in this State qualifies him to speak with high authority on all subjects which come before his committee. It is upon Senator Brown that the friends of game protection must rely for the continuance in operation of the bill abolishing spring shooting of fowl which he passed last year.

HUNTERS' LUCK AND PLACE-NAMES.

CHANCE has played a large part in geographical nomenclature; and more than one trivial incident of hunters' luck has been commemorated in some familiar place-name. Bear, Buffalo, Elk and Deer in various combinations dot the map, and indicate that in some now remote period the places bearing them were the haunts of these animals. There are more than sixty Elk or Elk-something-or-other places in the United States named for the old-time stamping grounds of the game. In two instances the name has special significance. Elkton in Michigan was so called by Martin Baker, an early settler, who saw two large elk there when the first building was being put up. Elkhorn in Wisconsin took its name from the Elkhorn prairie, which was so called in the year 1830 from the finding of an elk horn in a tree.

There are many Deerfields; but the one in New Hampshire was named by hunter's luck. When the petition for a town was pending, one of the settlers, a Mr. Batchelder, killed a deer, which he presented to Governor Wentworth, and in return for it obtained the act setting apart the town and the name. Antelope county in Nebraska received its name from the killing and eating of an antelope by a party of settlers in pursuit of some Indians. The village of Buck Creek, in Indiana, was so named because for several seasons a certain buck was seen in the vicinity of a creek near by. Bear Creek, in the Yellowstone Park, was given its name by a party of explorers who found a hairless cub on its banks; while a mountain peak in Colorado took its name Grizzly from an adventure which another company of explorers had with a full grown bear. Once upon a time a German hunter got lost in Pennsylvania in a locality which he described as a "hosensack," a German word meaning a "breeches pocket." The name stuck, and afterwards when a town was established there it was called, and is called to this day, Hosensack.

DISCUSSION.

IN the practical affairs of life, whether of sport or business, intelligent discussion of their details adds incstimably to the sum total of human knowledge. No one possess all the knowledge on any given subject.

It is true that in many of the mechanical arts there is a general acceptance of what constitutes their true theory and practice; but even they have many speculative features and are constantly undergoing the changes which are inseparable from true progress. But when it is considered that artisans work in groups and that therefore their scientific and empirical knowledge is acquired under like conditions in the main, it is apparent that there is no obstacle to their common acceptance and agreement concerning their common theme. It is principally a matter involving cause and effect as they relate to material things. It is quite different from matters of fancy.

In the realm of sports, particularly those of the dog and gun, rod and reel, boating and camping, etc., the personal equation is conspicuously dominant. The angler or hunter, to attain even a reasonable degree of success, must seek his sport alone, or with a minimum of company. The more members in a party whose purpose is to seek duck or deer, or to cast fly or frog, the less are its chances then of material success.

From long usage and more or less success from solitary effort the average sportsman becomes habituated to his own personal methods, and when the best methods of his sport come into question, he maintains his own opinions and methods sturdily against all opponents. This is an admirable trait of sportsmen, this generously frank characteristic to divulge freely the best information they have, and fearlessly to defend what they believe to be true.

What knowledge pertaining to his craft the artisan acquires in groups from common observation, the sportsman acquires by individual experience as it pertains to his sport, and by discussion of it with his fellows.

Thus, while no one individual possesses all knowledge, a great many individual sportsmen may individually possess bits of valuable knowledge which, when divulged, inures to the general benefit and progress of the guild. The profitable discussions in FOREST AND STREAM and other journals through the weeks and years on all the innumerable phases of natural history, shooting, fishing, yachting, travel, camping, etc., illustrate the matter under consideration.

SENATOR PROCTOR has introduced for Senator Dillingham a bill to repeal the present game law of Alaska and to substitute for it a law which shall provide for nothing more than to prohibit the export of the heads, hides, or carcasses of deer, moose, or caribou, except that a resident, upon payment of a $25 license fee, or a non-resident, upon payment of a fee of $250, may export the heads, hides, and meat of two deer, moose, and caribou, and no more. The proposed repeal of the existing law has grown out of the complaints of deprivation laid before the Senate committee of investigation in Alaska last summer. Whatever may have been the merits of the case, with respect to the natives, the remedy for any existing evils surely may be found in some expedient less radical than the repeal of the law. This proposed substitute makes no note of the wild sheep which should have protection; nor does it make any note of the local marketing of game, which surely should be regulated.

THE Washington Centennial Guard celebrated Washington's Birthday with a banquet in the Long Room of Fraunces' Tavern, in this city, the room in which Washington took leave of his officers. In such a place, hallowed by association with the man who would not tell a lie, the spirit of truth holds sway, and the speakers last Monday confined themselves to the strictest verities. Among the important historical facts recalled by Mr. Louis F. Cornish, secretary of the Sons of the American Revolution, was this, that in 1740 lobsters ranged six feet long in New York Bay, and were of that size until all the big ones were scared away from these waters by the commotion of the British fleet; and oysters in those days he said, were fourteen inches long. Truly we live in degenerate days; but it is a world of compensation; lobsters have decreased in size most deplorably, but when it comes to long bows the Sons are a hundred years in advance of their Revolutionary sires.

THE official reports tell us that for long continued severity the winter of 1903-4 surpasses any since the Weather Bureau was established. It has been a time of stress for the wood inhabitants, and disaster has overwhelmed the game supply throughout wide areas. The attention of individuals and associations concerned may now profitably be directed to restocking the covers which have been depleted. The Massachusetts Association is raising funds for the purpose of procuring live quail to put out this spring. The enterprise of restocking has been made extremely difficult of recent years by the arbitrary intervention of the Department of Agriculture to prevent the transportation of live birds from the Indian Territory, and the Massachusetts people will probably find it simpler to raise funds than to discover a source of supply from which to draw their birds.







THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Trails of the Pathfinders.

I.—Introduction.

Less than three hundred years ago a half dozen tiny settlements, peopled by white men, dotted the western shores of the North Atlantic Ocean. The several villages owed allegiance to nearly as many nations of Europe, each of which had thrust out a hand to grasp, and if possible to hold, a share of the wealth which might lie in the untrodden wilderness that stretched away from the sea shore to the unknown beyond. Even at that early day, travelers, chiefly missionaries, had penetrated the interior, but however far they journeyed had found lands occupied only by wild beasts of the forest or the prairie, and by the wild men who preyed upon them. To the south, it was known that beyond this continent lay another ocean, but what this ocean was, what its extent, and what its limits, were still secrets.

St. Augustine had been founded in 1565; and forty years later the French made their first settlement at Port Royal, in what is now Nova Scotia. In 1607 Jamestown was founded; and only a year later the French established Quebec. The Pilgrims landed in Massachusets in 1620; and the first permanent settlement of the Dutch on the Island of Manhattan was in 1623. But for many years after these dates the struggling colonists had enough to do to keep body and soul together without attempting to discover what was beyond them—beyond the sound of the salt waves which beat upon the coast. Not until much later was any effort made to discover what lay in the vast interior.

Time went on. The settlements increased. Men pushed further and further inland. There were wars; and one nation after another was crowded from its possessions, until, at length, the British owned all the settlements in eastern temperate America. The white men still clung chiefly to the sea coast, and it was in western Pennsylvania that the French and Indians defeated Braddock in 1755, George Washington being an officer under his command.

A little later came the war of the Revolution, and a new people sprang into being in a land a little more than two hundred and fifty years known. This people, teeming with energy, kept reaching out in all directions for new things. As they increased in numbers they spread chiefly in the direction of least resistance. The native tribes were easier to displace than the French, who held forts to the north, and the Spanish, who possessed territory to the south; and the temperate climate toward the west attracted them more than the cold of the north or the heat of the south. So the Americans pushed on always to the setting sun, and their early movements gave truth to Bishop Berkeley's line, written long before and in an altogether different connection, "Westward the course of Empire takes its way." The Mississippi was reached, and little villages, occupied by Frenchmen and their halfbreed children, began to change, to be transformed into American towns. Yet in 1790, 95 per cent. of the population of the United States was on the Atlantic seaboard.

Now came the Louisiana Purchase, and immediately after that the expedition across the continent by Meriweather Lewis and William Clark. The trip took two years' time, and the reports brought back by the intrepid explorers, telling the wonderful story of what lay in the unknown beyond, greatly stimulated the imagination of the western people. Long before this it had become known that the western ocean—the South Sea of an earlier day—extended north along the continent, and that there was no connection here with India. It was known, too, that the Spaniards occupied the west coast. In 1790, Umfreville said: "That there are European traders settled among the Indians from the other side of the continent is without doubt. I, myself, have seen horses with Roman capitals burnt in their flanks with a hot iron. I likewise once saw a hanger with Spanish words engraved on the blade. Many other proofs have been obtained to convince us that the Spaniards on the opposite side of the continent make their inland peregrinations as well as ourselves."

Western travel and exploration, within the United States, began soon after the return of Lewis and Clark. The trapper, seeking for peltry—the rich furs so much in demand in Europe—was the first to penetrate the unknown wilds; but close upon his heels followed the Indian trader, who used trapper and Indian alike to fill his purse. With the trapper and the trader, naturalists began to push out into the west, studying the fauna and flora of the new lands. About the same time the possibilities of trade with the Mexicans induced the beginning of the Santa Fe trade, that "Commerce of the Prairies" which has been so fully written of by the intrepid spirits who took part in it. Meantime the Government continued to send out expeditions, poorly provided in many ways, scarcely armed, barely furnished with provisions, without means of making their way through the unknown and dangerous regions to which they were sent, but led by heroes.

For forty years this work of investigation went on; for forty years there took place a peopling of the new West by men who were in very deed the bravest and most adventurous of our brave and hardy border population. They scattered over the plains and through the mountains; they trapped the beaver and fought the Indian, and guided the explorers; and took to themselves wives from among their very enemies, and raised up broods of hardy offspring, some of whom we may yet meet as we journey through the cattle and the farming country which used to be the far West.

If ever any set of men played their part in subduing the wilderness, and in plowing the ground to receive its seed of settlement, and to rear the crop of civilization which is now being harvested, these men did that work, and did it well. It is inconceivable that they should have had the foresight to know what they were doing; to imagine what it was to be that should come after them. They did not think of that. Like the bold, brave, hardy men of all times, and of all countries, they did the work that lay before them, bravely, faithfully, and well, without any special thought of the distant future; surely without any regrets for the past. As the years rolled by, sickness, battle, the wild animal, starvation, murder, death in some form, whether sudden or lingering, struck them down singly or by scores; and that a man had been "rubbed out," was cause for a sigh of regret or a word of sorrow from his companions, who forthwith saddled up and started on some journey of peril, where their fate might be what his had been.

At the end of forty years the first series of these exploratory journeys came to an end. Gold was discovered in California. The Mexican War took place. This was not unexpected, for in the Southwest, about the Pueblos of Taos and Santa Fé, skirmishings and quarrels between the Spanish-Indian inhabitants, and the rough mountaineers and teamsters from the States had already given warning of a conflict soon to come.

Now, well-traveled wagon roads crossed the continent, and a stream of westward immigration that seemed to have no end. Before long there came Indian wars. The immigrants imposed upon the savages, ill-treated their wives, and were truculent and overbearing to their men. Indians stole from the immigrants, and drove off their horses. Then began a season of conflict, which by one tribe and another, yet with many intermissions, lasted almost down to our own day. For the most part, these Indian wars are well within the memory of living men. They have been told of by those who saw them and were a part of them.

Of the travelers who marched westward over the arid plains, during the period which intervened between the return of Lewis and Clark and the establishment of the old California trail, and of the earlier northmen, who trafficked for the beaver in Canada, a few left records of their journeys; and of these records, many are most interesting reading, for they are simple, faithful narratives of the every-day life of travelers through unknown regions. To Americans they are of especial interest, for they tell of a time when one-half of the continent which now teems with population had no inhabitants. The acres which now contribute freely of food that subsists the world; the mountains which now echo to the rattle of machinery, and the shot of the blast which lays bare millions of precious metal; the waters which are churned by the propeller blades, transporting all the varied products of the land to their markets; the forests, which, alas! in too many sections, no longer rustle to the breeze, but have been swept away to make room for farms and town sites—all these were then undisturbed and natural, as they had been for a thousand years. Of the travelers who passed over the vast stretches of prairie or mountain, or woodland, many saw the possibilities of this vast land, and prophesied as to what might be wrought here, when, in the dim and distant future, which none could yet foresee, settlements should have pushed out from the east and occupied the land. Yet, up to within a very few years, no one, perhaps, conceived of that land's possibilities.

It seems fitting in this year when the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the acquisition of the Louisiana Purchase is being held, that we should take a glance backward to something more than a century ago, and should review, even though very briefly, some of the work that was done by the pioneer travelers in the West. Nor does there seem a more effective or more just way to do this than to let some of these travelers tell the story of their journeyings very much in their own way.

The books that were written concerning this new land are mostly long out of print, and difficult of access; yet each one of them is well worth perusal. Of the authors from whom we shall quote, some bear names still familiar, even though their works have been lost sight of. Some of them made discoveries of great interest in one branch or other of science. At a later day some attained fame. Parkman's first essay in literature was his story of "The California and Oregon Trail," a fitting introduction to the many fascinating volumes that he contributed later to the early history of America; while in Washington Irving, one of the greatest of America's historians and essayists, was found a narrator who should first tell connectedly of the fur trade of the Northwest, and the adventures of Bonneville.

Not only are many of the books of that day out of print and hard to obtain, but some of them have been forgotton by all except the student whose interest in the early West is sufficient to induce him to consult the bibliophiles who know these volumes. Their names are found now and then in the footnotes of some history, but except for this they are forgotton—as much unknown as if they had never been written. "Astoria," the "Tour of the Prairies," and the "Adventures of Bonneville," remain classics, to be sure, and Parkman's first volume has not been lost sight of. Yet Caron and Henry, of the north, Gregg and Kendall, who pictured the early trade between St. Louis and the Spanish settlements, with Ruxton and Garrard, and Farnham, and Townshend, and Parker, and many others who, as traders, tourists, naturalists and explorers, traversed these unknown wilds in the early days, and who left vivid records of the conditions which then prevailed, have almost wholly passed from the memory of the general public.

Beside the books that were published in those times, there were written also accounts, usually in the form of diaries, or of notes kept from day to day of the happenings in the life of this or that individual, which are full of interest, because they give us pictures of one phase and another of the early travel, or hunting adventures, or trading with the Indians. Such private and personal accounts, never for the public eye, are today of extreme interest; and it is fortunate that an American student, the late Dr. Elliott Coues, has given us matchless volumes which tell the stories of some of these diarists. Dr. Coues' editions of Lewis and Clark, Pike and Long, and his publication of the diary of Jacob Fowler, of Alexander Henry, the younger, and of Charles Larpenteur, are contributions to our history of the winning of the greater West, whose value is only now beginning to be appreciated. It is gratifying to see that a younger man has arisen who is likely to follow in the footsteps of the illustrious predecessors, to take up the work which Dr. Coues laid down; and we hope that Capt. Hiram Chittenden will find time and inclination to carry forward, through many years, his studies of the old-time West.

The articles which are to follow contain much of history which is old, but which, to the average American, will prove absolutely new. Fond of reading though a man may be, he finds it impossible nowadays to keep up with the flood of literature that pours from the presses, and he has little time to devote either to hunting up these old books or to reading them after they have been unearthed. One may imagine himself very much interested in the old West, familiar with its history and devoted to its study, but it is not until he has gone through volume after volume of this ancient literature that he realizes how greatly his knowledge lacks precision, and how much he still has to learn concerning that country whose centenary is now about to be celebrated.

The work that the early travelers did, and the books they published, showed to the public of their day the conditions which existed in the West, caused its settlement, and led to the slow discovery of its mineral treasures, and the slower appreciation of its possibilities to the farmer and stock-raiser. Each of these volumes had its readers, and of the readers of each we may be sure that some, or many, attracted by the graphic descriptions of the new land, determined that they, too, would push out into it; they, too, would share in the wealth which it spread out with lavish hand.

It is all so long ago that we who are busy with a thousand modern interests, care little about who contributed to the greatness of the country which we inhabit, and the prosperity which we enjoy. But there was a day, which men alive may still remember, a day of strong men, of brave women, hardy pioneers, and true hearts, who ventured forth into the wilderness, braving many dangers that were real, and many more that were imaginary, yet to them seemed very real, occupied the land, broke up the virgin soil, and peopled a wilderness.

How can the men and women of this generation—dwellers in cities, or in peaceful villages, or on smiling farms—realize what those pioneers did—how they lived? He must have possessed stern determination and firm courage, who, to better the condition of those dearest to him, risk their comfort—their very lives—on the hazard of a settlement in the unknown wilderness. The woman who accompanied this man bore an equal part in the struggle, with devoted helpfulness, encouraging him in his strife with nature, or cheering him in defeat. It the school of self-reliance and hardihood in which their children were reared gave them little of the love of books, it built strong character and made them worthy successors of courageous parents. We may not comprehend how long and fierce was the struggle with the elements, with the bristling forest, with the unbroken soil; how hard and wearing

the annoyance of wild beasts, the anxiety as to climate, the fear of the prowling savage. Yet the work was done, and to-day, from the Alleghenies to the Pacific, we behold its results.

Through hard experience these pioneers had come to understand life. They possessed a due sense of proportion. They saw the things which were essential; they scorned those which were trivial. If, judged by certain standards, they were rough and uncouth, if they spoke a strange tongue, wore odd apparel, and lived narrow lives, they were yet practicing—albeit unconsciously—the virtues—unflinching courage, sturdy independence and helpfulness to their neighbors—which made America what it is.

In the work of travel and exploration in that far West of which we used to read, the figure which stands out boldest and most heroic of all is unnamed. Bearded, buckskin-clad, with rough fur cap, or kerchief tied about his head, wearing powder horn and ball pouch, and scalping knife, and carrying his trusty Hawkins rifle, the trapper—the *coureur des bois*—was the man who did the first work in subduing the wild West, the man who laid the foundations on which its present civilization is built.

All honor to this nameless hero. We shall meet him often as we follow the westward trail.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

VI.—Some People of the River—II.

IN the neighborhood of Cape Girardeau one notices the first reaches of the great swamp region of the Mississippi Basin. Heretofore there have been occasional trees on which ivy and grape vines grow, but now there is, on the west bank, a considerable stretch of swampy thicket, the leaves of which hang on limp stems and the scattered trees are embraced by deadly parasites which inevitably give an appearance of sadness to the landscape—at least so to my eyes, for of all horrible things, a parasite is the worst, even though it be fruitful and flower bearing. The grace is never so luxuriant as when twining over a frame harmlessly, and the loveliest creepers do not spend their lives combating with a victim in their coils. It seems to me that the feeling of melancholy which is in the southern climate comes of this feature in nature more than from anything else.

Doubtless there are signs of the South far north of the Cape, for Missouri with its lowlands and its mountains contains much that is from the South, and much that is from the North as well—an ideal State for those who would have two climates in one, but, forewarned by the alluvial maps, one looks more keenly about himself as he nears the locality at which the geographical change takes place. One would know without a map, after a time, that he had passed from between the bluffs of the upper Mississippi, for he would miss the beautiful—wonderfully beautiful—effects given by bare stone of rocky cliffs in the distance to the east as seen between the branches of waving willows at intervals—a circumstance the cartographers as early as 1713 did not fail to note, but for which modern commercial map makers have no eye.

Thousands of maps showing the Mississippi have been made. Those by the Mississippi River Commission are gratifyingly accurate, and exceeding useful to the skiff traveler, even if the channel has shifted through some of the towns along the route, and gone to the far side of the islands since they were drawn, but they show the lines of the bluffs, where the willows and swamps are, and name the sloughs and landings. The first explorers had none of these, of course, and if any directions at all, it was a name and a few lines done on a piece of bark, with moons and suns to indicate the time it would take to go from one rude landmark to another. Later, the frontiersman, if he carried anything besides a compass to show the way, had rude wood engravings on which the picture of a house indicated a town, a picture of buffaloes, the prairie, and perhaps a tomahawk to show where to keep unusually keen lookout. It may be said that the modern fashion of locating scenes by money-order post-offices and railroad lines is best; perhaps so, but one, at least, did not enter the lower valley without a tinge of regret that so much of the old had been buried in the shifting sandbars. In a hundred years someone else will come down this stream, and seeing wide cultivated fields where the maps of 1900 show "lands liable to be flooded" to have been, will offer similar regrets as to the things that are before my eyes. What wonderful days will those of the nineteenth century be a thousand years hence!

On October 14 Jack and I reached the outlet of Big Lake, at the Mississippi Cairo ferry landing. Had we known, we could have saved miles by that slough from Buffalo Island. The City of McGregor was going over in a few minutes, so I crossed on her, and went into Cairo with its "Egypt Electric Railway Company" and other things eastern. Cairo is a water-level town, protected by a levee, at which, during high waters, there is always an anxious watch kept lest a crevasse occur, and the place and the houses be floated around among themselves. Naturally in a town built on silt, at the junction of two such streams as the Mississippi and Ohio, one does not expect to see buildings of magnificent appearance—and he does not. The residents nod to the stranger and say "howdy," and the stores sell anything from groceries to drygoods in the country district fashion. At one butcher shop I was told a tough piece of meat "was the finest clover-fed beef I ever put in my mouth, and such a kind as the blink-blank chap down the street never thought of keeping." Three men scurried round to cut a thirty-five cent chunk off, and a silver dollar like to have stumped the change man.

We camped at the mouth of Big Lake slough for the night, and welcomed its unstained waters after the steady diet of Mississippi mud.

In the morning, when we had passed the mouth of the Ohio, there was a decided change in the appearance of the river. The increased depth was probably the cause of this, but it may have been the strong wind that sent us scurrying to a sandbank to look around for a place to wait. Not finding any, we crept along close to the land, and far behind saw a certain D liner skiff, with a canvas "hog pen" over the stern. There were two men in it, and it was evident that they were coming in our trail, for the one at the oars rowed rapidly, pushing instead of pulling, and so having an easy view ahead. Not finding a place to our satisfaction, Jack and I managed to keep inshore and get on some miles, and toward night reached Putney Bend, ten miles from Cairo, where we found S. M. Sugg and James N. Poole selling medicine from a cabinboat. Sugg is an ex-Rough Rider of Roosevelt's Volunteers, and Poole a remarkable river man, wearing a white collar. When asked what he was doing, he answered that he was doing everybody he could—probably a not inaccurate description of himself. He had "worked most of the smaller river towns" for years, and both men were cheerful over the prospect before them on the river, for their medicines were going rapidly in exchange for everything from flour to young turkeys and cash. One trading on the river must be prepared to accept anything in payment for his goods. Cash is not always to be had at the plantation landings, where the cabinboats do most of their business.

We were just nicely acquainted with the medicine men when along came a light blue-eyed man, with a coat on his arm and a little yellow dog—the whole outfit an example of "protective coloring" for the river bank. He went to the houseboat and wanted to join them—"would work his way." Refused, he asked me if I didn't want someone to pull my boat for me, and my pardner gave him no opportunity by saying there was no opening in his boat.

The cabinboat gave him something to eat, and he ate so hungrily that it was plain his fare had been hard lately. Late in the "evening" Jack and I made up a lunch for him and gave him a quarter, for if he really was in straits it was a hard place to be so.

Jack meantime had taken out his rifle and carried it on his shoulder up and down as he did camp work, finally putting up a stick and taking lengthy aim punched a charcoal spot. "Well, he can shoot, if he does wear glasses!" our visitor said.

The D liner (an Illinois river type of craft) came down at this time, and, as Sugg said, the man "was bellyaching about the wind." He claimed to be a fisherman, and refused to take the man with the dog on board. The dog, by the way, "belonged to my daughter, who was twelve years old when she died, and she raised it herself on a bottle, so you won't blame me for taking care of it." He disappeared and then the "fisherman" in the D liner said he wouldn't camp on shore or the mainland, but only on islands. Jack, with his all in the Jo-boat, was for starting right on, but I refused, and at dusk we saw the D liner come ashore just around the bend below us in response to a hail from our man with the dog. It was plain that the men were pardners.

We went up to the cabinboat, and with our duffle on board her, and the boats locked, slept securely enough. But it was not pleasant to know that these two genuine river rats were in the vicinity.

On the following morning we ran out to a passing houseboat, learned that it was a fisherman outfit on the way down to the Obion, some miles below Carruthersville, where Jack was going, so we kept in sight of them for the next few days, sometimes ahead, sometimes behind, passing the time of day once in a while, and learning that the D liner had come out of the Ohio just ahead of them. For five days the skiff was either just before or just behind us, running into sloughs if we stopped, and waiting for us to pass, and then dropping into our wake. It went into a rag-boat outfit off Point Pleasant on the 21st, stayed there an hour, and then stopped in a slough just above Tiptonville until Jack and I passed by, and moving out to the mouth of the slough where our course could be watched, if that is what was wanted.

To be dogged by river rats nearly a hundred miles is not a pleasant experience, nor one conducive to good temper, especially when one has a note-book full of the desperate crimes committed along the river. As for instance:

A few years ago a storeboat owned by one Summers was expected to arrive at Reel Foot, a sister of the storekeeper's wife having received a letter that it was coming, and would be in about a certain date. The date came and went by, and no news was heard of them, and then one day a boat came down to the landing, and the man aboard asked some of the men ashore if they didn't want to buy some potatoes, of which he had a number of bags full. The men went aboard, found the potatoes to their liking, and some bags were purchased. One of the buyers was the brother-in-law of the storekeeper, and gazing around him, remarked:

"Why, this looks like Summer's boat?"

"I bought it of a man named Summers," was the boatman's reply.

"There's his toolchest, too—buy that?" another man asked, and then, suspicion being aroused, more questions were asked, terminated abruptly by the storeman grabbing a gun behind the counter and ordering them off. "Of course they went, not being armed or nothing." Then the boat turned loose and dropped down the river. It was not out of sight before word came that Summers had been found murdered in the river; whereupon a lot of men with guns ran down the river bank and caught up with the boat as it landed just above Carruthersville. The man within was captured, and when the sacking on the floor was moved, the stains of the crime were found. Both victims had been cut to death with an ax—a favorite river weapon. The man was sentenced to a considerable term in the penitentiary, but escaped. He had come to the houseboat "to work his passage." The murder was done in the bloody miles below Cairo.

Storeboats are favorite game with the river outlaws, and the storeboatmen tell fearful stories of the experiences of their kind.

Just above New Madrid Jack and I stopped at Bessie Landing, and Robison, a storeboat man, entertained us with some choice selections of river life, beginning right at that landing.

"See those niggers!" he said, just at dusk, "they go way out around thataway because of that man getting killed up there on those bank steps last spring."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well, you see, there was some brothers been to a whiskey boat, I expect, and borrowed a board off the old man Redmond—he fished for a living—who had his camp there, to shoot craps on. It got dark and they asked for the lamp of the old man's boy, who was getting supper, and the boy wouldn't, so they up and shot the chimney off and tried to get the dog. The old man, down after a pail of water here, heard the boy yell, grabbed a corn knife that long" [about two feet] "and like to have killed one of the boys, till the other shot him, and then they put ten or twelve bullets into him. They're out on bail now, I expect. And say, there's that case of What's-his-name now—I'll ask my wife. Myra, what's the name of that man the niggers killed down to Bluejay Landing—why, yes, you do—that Cincinnati storeboat man—oh, yes, Don Bartlett, they got him last April—"

"My goodness!" said Jack, rising from behind the storeboat stove, and going for our skiffs on the trot. He got my revolver, and sat the rest of the evening with it in his hands, saying, "By gracious, I want something to protect myself with!"

It made the old man nervous, and me, too, to listen to such stories at a landing where the negroes go way out around in order to avoid stepping on the sands that had been stained with blood. It gives a sense of realism to such stories not found elsewhere, and makes the river a very lonely place to the fearful ones. But one takes comfort in the fact that if a man shoots a marauder he is not likely to be punished for it, even if murder. But he must be careful, else he is likely to be fined for carrying a revolver. The second mate of the steamer Stacker Lee killed a roustabout at Tiptonville last spring, and he's been under bonds ever since to answer the charge of carrying a revolver contrary to law.

The Obion River houseboat passed Bessie just before dark, and on the following morning the wind drove her ashore for shelter, opposite New Madrid, and we followed, overtaking her, because Jack wanted company to Carruthersville, as I was to leave him at Tiptonville, in order to take a look at Reel Foot Lake and the Sunk Lands. The wind increased after we put out on the following morning, but Jack and I refused to remain behind the sandbar just below the dull, but historically interesting, New Madrid, having stopped behind the one at Hickman, and breathed sand for hours because of the wind, so we crossed to the caving banks on the west side, and followed them to what seemed a fine chance for a cut-off of miles. Water was just pouring through a chute.

Just the day before we had run Winchester Chute, coming out where Island No. 10 used to be, scraping our keels on its historic sands, but this seemed so much better than that narrow and shallow place that it seemed worth risking; so in we went, Jack in the lead.

When Jack began to use a pole and push and grunt and swear, I tied up, and after a while waded in to help tow through the quicksand. A long hour we passed there, but I happened to find a channel and only scraped the bottom once with my boat. The old keelboatman said, "Never take a chute on a falling river." It's good advice for modern skiffmen as well on the mighty river—unless he's anxious to know quicksand bars from the inside.

The days on the river had not been without their physical effects upon Jack and me. The coffee to which I was not used upset my stomach, and it took time to get in focus for the grease which Jack put into even fat fresh beef for a pot roast, of which we had several, but by quitting the coffee for strong lemonade—to Jack's disgust!—and standing over my frying pan with ceaseless vigilance, in order to keep lard from my share of the beef, I was able to keep fairly in trim until Jack invested in some "Blackberry Tonic" at Robison's houseboat. I tasted the stuff to the extent of a teaspoonful, and Jack drank the rest, with the result that we were both knocked endwise, the "tonic" being just enough to upset systems that had come to be nicely balanced by the hardship and different kind of strain to what they were used. I was ready to go indoors for a while, and Tiptonville, a cotton town, the only river gate to the Sunk Lands of Tennessee, offered an opportunity to rest and settle down preparatory for the swamp lands of eastern Arkansas; so there I stopped, while Jack went on the twenty odd miles to his destination at Carruthersville with the Obion River houseboat. Almost the last thing he said to me was:

"I'm going to have me a boat next spring, and I'll live on the river next winter. That's the kind of a life for an old man like me. I can repair watches, tinware, and do little bits of carpentering and mechanical work." In an open Jo-boat the river life had not been overly hard; that in a houseboat would be perfectly comfortable, without a doubt, for old Jack, especially in a boat such as he would make.

A river man is oftenest made in just this way; he starts down the stream looking, in good faith, for work, discovers a life so cheap, comfortable and laborless in the homes of the cabin people whom he meets that his heart yearns for it; so he saves and buys himself a cabinboat, or builds it, and a new inhabitant of the river appears.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

More Cases of "It Just Happened So."

IN FOREST AND STREAM of February 13 there is an editorial entitled, "Crockett, Scott and the Coon." It shows that to Scott and not to Crockett was originally applied the coon story, but that it somehow was credited to Crockett, and to Crockett it will doubtless stick for all time. In the same issue—and only four pages beyond it—Mr. Wm. J. Long illustrates the correctness of the editorial contention. Again, when Mr. Brown precipitated the trouble about the red gods, and claimed that Kipling was "all off" in his line about "a couch of new pulled hemlock," and that such a couch wasn't fit to sleep on, and was never the choice of an experienced camper-out—or words to that effect—one had but to turn back a page or two in that very issue to find an innocent correspondent describing his welcome camp bed made of that identical material.

C. H. AMES.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

In Old Virginia.

XX.—Woodcock and Miscellany.

After days of continuous hunting Roscoe became pretty well used up.

His greatest difficulty appeared to be an acute attack of that "tired feeling," which would cause him to sit down every few moments.

On the start he would seem able and enthusiastic, but it was run a little way, then sit down, over and over again until I would be torn between pity and wrath.

He exasperated me so one morning by leaving a warm trail to go sit down, that I took a brush to him, applying it mildly. When I next saw him it was at the house where he had gone immediately after the punishment to nurse his offended dignity.

Some neighbors, who had a bird dog, were notified that we needed help, and one morning a young member of the family came over to take a hunt with us, bringing the dog.

The small boy and his companion, as usual, brought me the news of the third arrival. Clattering up to the room, where I was getting into my corduroys, they began in the regular order, the white boy first, as is always the case when the white boy is southern born. No one loves the worthy negro—of all ages and sex—more than the southerner, but though the devotion may be akin to idolatry, the youthful southerner insists on being the head of the procession at all times, and under all circumstances.

It was evident from their hasty approach, and excited appearance that they believed themselves in possession of information of more than ordinary importance, and the small boy began, at once, as the door flew open from their combined assault while the little darkey twisted his face and wrung his hands, impatient to begin on the better story, which he knew he would tell when his turn came.

"Oh, Papa! Dey's a man tums to da' a huntin' wiv you, an' he bringed de funniest doggy I eveh did see. It's all white, wif little spots on it, an', Papa! it laffs all de time."

Rather a remarkable dog, I thought, as I turned to the other boy.

"Hit a jimbah-jawed dawg, Suh, a pointah. Its toofs, dey stick out of hits mouf in front, en' dat wat make him say hit laffin'."

'Taint a jimmmy-jaw dog 'tall," was the indignant response, "it a spatty dog, an' it do laff all de time, cause I saw it myself, I did. Tum on Feddie, yes do see the funny dog aden." And forgiving and forgetting as children should—both young and old—they clattered back down the stairs. On going down I found the visitor to be a pleasant mannered young fellow, whom the Esquire called "Jack," and the dog just about what the small boy had described. A little speckled pointer biteh, with the kindest of eyes, but a most sinisted looking mouth, caused by a protruding under jaw. "Jimber-jawed," his master called the peculiarity, as had the little darkey, but the expression was an addition to my vocabulary, as I had never heard the word before.

From a front view the little dog's head looked very much like it might be that of a fifteen or twenty pound pike, but as is often the case, we found it a much better character than its general appearance would indicate.

Everything being in readiness we got away at once, leaving our poor, old worn out dog at home to rest up a bit. The first game started was a rabbit, at which the young man and I took a shot at the same moment. We laughed hilariously to see it go end over end for a distance of ten feet or more, like a tumbler turning handsprings, but when we went to retrieve it from the patch of weeds into which it had pitched, and could not so much as find a bit of fur, the hilarity subsided.

It was quite a while before we found game again, but when we did, it was woodcock. The boys, with the dog, were in the edge of a thicket, near the branch, while I was keeping along parallel with them, in the open. The ground had been frozen, but the sun was shining brightly now, melting it and making the walking hard. The dog pointed, and my companions called to me, but as the cover was very thick where they were, and the ground soft and marshy between us, concluded not to go to them, but let them put up the game which I could mark down if it came my way.

Sending the dog in, she flushed a woodcock which came out in the open on my side, turned and flew straight away along the edge of the timber and into the woods beyond. Protected from me by the distance, and from my companions by the trees, it went away unmolested. Following on we found it among the larger timber, and it flushed again just as the dog found its trail. It was my good fortune to be in the best position for a shot, which I made with promptness and success, as much to the delight of my companions as to my own.

Continuing in the woods the little dog again found game signs, which her master at once pronounced another woodcock. Patiently and surely she worked out the trail, which led into a swampy thicket where the weeds and swamp grass were nearly shoulder high, and finally put up another bird. I was close on and had a fair shot, but being a bit excited, shot too quick with the right, making a bad miss, but gathering myself in time made a clean kill with the left. As I smoothed out the soft, brown plumage of the beautiful pair of birds, my sensations were the same as those which pervade the soul of the small boy when he gazes upon his first pair of ret-topped boots, only less intense. We finished out the day pleasantly, and had further success, but the woodcock incident was, by far, the best of it.

One beautiful morning, the Esquire being prevented from accompanying me by some business that demanded his attention, I took the dog and started off alone. Although out of condition, the dog seemed both eager and willing on the start, but after getting quite a distance from the house suddenly concluded that he did not feel like work, and quietly sneaked back home. The manner, more than the fact, of the desertion filled me with wrath, for it was not until I had hunted back and forth through the meanest kind of cover for nearly half an hour, with the expectation of finding him standing birds, that the truth finally dawned upon me. Acting wisely, I should have immediately followed suit, but tired, hot, and mad, I made up my mind that no sneaking, lazy dog should spoil my hunt, and facing about started in to walk up something, if it took all day. "To act in haste, is to repent at leisure," is one of the old saws which has long needed revising. It is often repent in haste, too, as I did that morning after a few miles of about as rough walking as a man could imagine with a warm sun beating down, but repentance did not bring discretion, so I kept at it until high noon without seeing feather or fur.

The truant dog lay stretched full length in the sun, and started up to welcome me on my arrival home, but though I said nothing, he seemed reminded of some important matter needing his attention under the house, where he hastilly retreated after one look at my reproachful eye. The small boy's mother was about to start for a walk, but delayed to see that I was duly refreshed and sympathized with, after which she invited me to accompany her—and carry the gun—saying we could probably save my reputation yet. And within 200 yards of the house, inspired to renewed effort by her confidence, I jumped three rabbits, two of which I killed.

"Well, they beat nothing," I said, as we started back to the house after our walk. "Indeed they do," was the encouraging reply. "Why, Auntie will be delighted. She prefers rabbit to any game you kill, and we always laugh because her first question—if she does not see your return—is, 'How many rabbits did he get?'"

As Auntie was a bright little lady, helpful to all, and youthful in spite of her four score and more years, this information was very pleasing. Altogether, the day, which had begun so badly, had been saved.

Having set forth freely and frankly the transgressions and shortcomings of Roscoe the dog, it is but just to him that his fine plays also be chronicled. His ability to cover ground and speed in the field, to which I have referred, was only equalled by the speed with which his master could slide up and down the entire scale from good to infamous. In one short hunt he would have you coveting him as you never coveted a dog; indifferent to him, and longing to shoot him with both barrels, large shot, close range. His general average was good, and he was one of the most beautiful and graceful dogs I ever shot over; but, like good bacon, he ran in streaks, and the streaks were thin and close together.

On one occasion when we had been a-field some time, and he had not endeared himself to me by anything like commendable effort, he found what appeared to be a very cold trail in the edge of a strip of woods about half a mile in width. Without a break he worked on that cold scent—which had probably been left early in the morning and it was now noon—following the devious windings in and out through the heavy timber and thick undergrowth, through to the other side of the wood, across a wide, much-traveled road, and half across a stubble field, where he came up with the game—a covey of birds—and this with a gale blowing at right angles with his general course.

On another occasion, after scattering a covey, we were going on to other cover, when the dog, at full speed, stopped as though he had run against a stone wall. We were in the pines, and the ground was covered with heavy matted grass. Backing a few steps, the dog threw his head high in the air, turned at right angles to the course he had been traveling, and walked straight to a single bird, on a wind scent which must have been slight, as the bird was buried deep down in the grass and lying close. The distanee we estimated at thirty yards.

On yet another occasion, he performed a really remarkable feat, one that I had heard of dogs doing, but had never seen, that of standing a bird while retrieving. It was late one afternoon when we stumbled on a covey of birds in a pine thicket, which scattered down in the edge of the trees, some of them in what had been a road, now abandoned and grown over with grass and weeds. The first bird pointed by the dog flew straight down the road and was killed. As usual, the dog dashed away at the report, and had the bird almost before it struck the ground. He had gone straight down the road and put up another bird just before reaching the dead one. Returning, he pursued the same route, but when nearly to me slowed up, circled out to the edge of the road, came on a few steps, then went back into the road again, where he faced about in the direction he had come, and pointed a bird, still holding the dead bird in his mouth. Had he been my dog I would have assaulted the man who dared to ask the price at which I'd sell that dog.

The last bit of sport impressed upon my mind was that enjoyed in the snow. Six or eight inches of "the beautiful" had fallen over night, and the sun coming out in the morning made the world a thing of beauty. No one knows the possibility of snow as a beautifier unless he has seen it "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." Here, without spot or blemish, it lies spread over the land, covering unsightly bare places, rounding sharp angles, transforming blackened stumps into marble pillars—a mantle of pure charity.

The few denizens of field and forest who venture forth add interest without marring beauty by the quaint signs they leave to tell of their passing. We were more interested in the numerous signs of the little folk than anything else, and it was while engaged in trying to find out where the tracks of a rabbit led to that we ran into a covey of birds. They were in a sunny spot, apparently feeding, and scattered on the flush. Paying careful attention to a pair getting up together near-by, I dropped one straight away, and the other up over my left shoulder as it rose to clear the edge of a near-by thicket. Following the survivors the dog found a single, which flew so straight away the shot was almost like that at a stationary target, but as easy shots were not my forte, I missed with both barrels. The next bird proved to be one of my favorites, going to the left, and was killed. Two more were all we could find, one of which flushed wild and was killed by the best shot of the day, and the other requiring two shots, both well placed, before stopping. But the real fun of the trip was afforded by a rabbit jumped on a steep hillside. The course it saw fit to pursue took it around my companion—the Esquire—and he concluded to do a little shooting. Swinging the big single barrel down from his shoulder, he took deliberate aim, but holding a little low, only succeeded in throwing about a bushel of snow on the rabbit, which ran on, giving me two long shots, neither of which took effect. It then turned back and ran straight for my companion again, who had made no move to reload his gun. He seldom carried more than two or three shells, and now could not remember the pocket they were in. As the rabbit bore down on him he jerked open his coat and searched pocket after pocket, slapping himself like a man fighting bees, and, failing to find a cartridge, when the rabbit was almost upon him, clubbed the gun and tried to land a blow as it sped by, but without success. That rabbit did not come back.

It was like breaking home ties when the time of departure rolled around. There was so much to leave, aside from the loved ones, and so much to carry, beside what we brought. When every trunk and bag was filled to overflowing, the small boy arrived with his load of invaluables, which just had to go. Some half dozen guns of his own manufacture, a small ladder, a bundle of fish-poles, an iron wagon tire, a dozen oranges from the osage hedge, a live terrapin, an iron plow point, and some dozen or so other articles equal in value and utility, composed his contribution.

On leaving home a walk of two or three blocks was an effort, and now, as I swung along, walking from preference the three miles to the station, I felt that ten miles would only suffice to take the edge off of my keen desire to be out and going. Only two hours had elapsed since breakfast, and yet I was beginning to feel very solicitous regarding the lunch basket containing our dinner, and to speculate on the probability of plenty of time at Danville for supper. All of which goes to prove that my fondness for Old Virginia is not based wholly on sentiment.

Lewis Hopkins.

Ski Running.

An endeavor to trace the origin of the ski carries one back into the realm of Scandinavian Mythology, where we find the goddess, Skade, as the especial protectress of the votives of ski running. And when one has arrived at this point, he is no nearer the origin of the ski than at the start. It is lost in the depths of the ages. As far as the history or legend of northern Europe goes, the ski can be found playing a prominent part in it. The old Norse Vikings, who are chiefly known to posterity for their deeds on water, were quite as much at home on skis as in their famous drage skibe.

While the ski usually carries, to the American mind, thoughts of Norway, it is also a national institution of Sweden and Finland. Wherever, in northern Europe, the snow falls in quantities sufficient to render ordinary modes of travel difficult, there will the ski be found.

The topographical features of the different sections have resulted in several types of skis, developed from time to time as the nature of the country demanded, and as man's ingenuity suggested, until to-day we have several standards, ranging from the long, narrow ski of Finland, where the country is comparatively flat, to the broad, short ski of Norway, better adapted to the mountainous, wooded country that is characteristic of the western part of the Scandinavian peninsula. This latter type is the one best suited to the long jumping for which the Norwegians are deservedly noted, and is the one copied by the countries of Europe lying outside of the ski's true home.

The greater part of Norway, outside of the vicinity of the cities and towns, is quite thinly populated, extremely mountainous, thickly wooded and subject to very heavy snowfalls. The highways, although exceptionally good, can be kept open during the winter only by unceasing effort; and this on the main lines only. There are numbers of people living from a few to many miles from these main routes that are cut off from the rest of the world by snow-covered roads nearly one-half the year; and to these people skis are an absolute necessity.

Men, women and children use them to travel over miles of trackless, snow-covered land. The laborer uses them to and from his daily work; living, sometimes, as much as five or ten miles away. The children use them to and from school, the mail carrier on his daily round, the hunter on his outing trips; in short, they are used by everyone for every conceivable kind of a journey. Up to a few years ago, in fact, until the open season for hunting big game and the ski running season no longer coincided, the hunter not only made his way to the hunting district on skis, but used them to run big, fast game; and to this day the Lap's favorite method of hunting the wolf is to run him down on skis and kill him in a hand to hand conflict.

The training and experience acquired by the use of skis from childhood necessarily makes the adult an adept to them, and feats are performed every day that appear marvelous to an American, yet occasion no astonishment in a country where experts are common. The covering, in rough country, uphill and downhill, through thick timber and over deep snow drifts, of forty or fifty miles in one day's travel is by no means an unfrequent occurrence; and the writer knows of one old gentleman, something over eighty years of age, that can put thirty miles behind him between morning and night.

It was natural that, in time, rivalry should grow up between especially expert ski runners in the same neighborhood, out of which grew the custom of friendly competition on Sunday afternoons, on some convenient hillside, where the contestants met and settled their respective merits, while the neighboring community assembled, in small enthusiastic and partisan crowds ready to cheer their several champions, and to "root" for them much as we do in this later day.

From being a necessity to the rural population, ski running was gradually taken up by the youth of the towns and cities and, thus, another element of rivalry was introduced, town against country; and the urban boy has time and again proven himself the equal or superior of his country-bred cousin. As a sport, ski

running is between thirty and forty years old, when regularly arranged meets were first held.

Since then, ski running has grown wonderfully in popularity until it is now easily the most popular sport in Norway. Meets are held, on Sunday afternoons, throughout the snow season. Some of these are local in character, arranged by and participated in by local clubs, where the principal event is the long jump; others include all the clubs in a certain district and comprise trials of speed as well as jumping contests. Still others are of national interest, and at these are to be found the most noted ski runners of Norway, which is to say, the best in the world.

But the classical event is the annual meet, held early in February, at Holmenkollen, just outside of Kristiania, under the auspices of the Society for the Advancement of Ski Running. This meet was intended to be international in its scope, but it was not until 1903 that others than Norwegians took part in it; yet it is the



THE HOPREND—SKI-LEAPING.
From "Thirty Seasons in Norway."

event of the year, and it is the ambition of each and every Norwegian ski runnner to carry off a prize from Holmenkollrendet.

The first, and of course, the most valued prize is the King's Cup, given annually to the best man taking part in the meet. One annual special prize is the Ladies' Cup, donated by the ladies of Kristiania, for the best jump made. This meet, like all others held in Norway, is strictly an amateur affair, the prizes being invariably articles and never converted into cash by the winners.

At the Holmenkoll meet, the long distance run is always the first event to be decided. The course is not over a well-defined road but is a mere trail, through dense spruce and pine timber, marked out but a few hours before the start, to prevent the contestants from going over it and becoming familiar with its difficulties before the race. Bits of red bunting are suspended at frequent intervals from overhanging trees to keep the runners on the course.

The distance covered is between seven and eight miles, and is over very rough country. Steep hills from ,000 to 1,500 feet high, up which the runners laboriously work their way, to rush down the opposite slope with the speed of an express train, is a kind of country o test one's ability on skis. Considering the nature of the country traversed, it is really wonderful how resh the runners finish; coming in often inside of an our and a quarter. One of the most notable things bout ski running is the small amount of fatigue accompanying it; the sliding stroke giving the runner momentary rest between each step. The writer knows everal instances where men have traveled from five o ten miles on their skis to a meet and within a couple f hours' time have entered a race and won a prize.

Some years the awards have been made solely on he time used to cover the distance; while other years udges have been stationed at points of extreme difficulty on the route, to note the dexterity with which ach contestant negotiated them, and this information as then entered as a factor in making the awards. In he latter case the country boy has a decided advange over the city youth, as his every day use of the ki in the woods tends to accustom him to unexpected ifficulties.

The long distance run is not largely attended, owing o the inability of the crowd to see more than the start nd finish; still there is a goodly sized throng in evience. It is reserved for the next day, on which the mping contest is held, for Kristiania to, literally, ut up shop and go *en masse* to Holmenkollen.

Early on the morning of the Hoprend, or Jumpn, the stream of humanity commences to pour itself t of Kristiania. Small boys and girls, old men and omen, and all the ages between these, are wending eir way to the scene of the meet. All sorts of uipages can be seen, from the home-made sled of e farmer to the perfectly appointed turn-out of the ell-to-do. It is a truly democratic gathering in, probly, the most democratic country in Europe. The owd continues and continues, some on foot, some on eds, in sleighs, on the trolley car, "any old way" to t there, but the largest contingent on skis. As any as 30,000 people have been in attendance at one these meets.

Both sides of the incline, down which the jumpers n, are lined with a dense mass of humanity; those of e crowd not finding room here, crowding the ice course covered with snow. When a jumper arrives at its brink, after coming down two of three hundred feet of steep, smooth hillside, there is "something doin'."

On both sides of the course, in the neighborhood of the jump-off, and extending far out on the lake, are reviewing stands, occupied by the judges and other officials of the meet, press reporters and distinguished visitors. One of these not differing from the others, is the King's stand, and it is always occupied; if not by King Oscar, by his son, grandson or other representative. Incidentally, the royal family is personally well acquainted with the ski; the Crown Prince often



THE HOPREND—SHOWING THE SLOPE.
From "Thirty Seasons in Norway."

making winter trips in the mountains, and one of his sons having taken a prize at a Swedish meet, not by virtue of his position, but because he won it.

Members of the Storthing, or Congress, men in high judicial positions, eminent lawyers, doctors, educators, theologians, representatives of the Army and Navy, prominent merchants, large land holders and foreign visitors in large numbers are all to be seen at this meet. The tall, erect figure of Dr. Nansen, of Arctic fame, is easily singled out from the crowd. He is always there, his favorite method of getting there being a pair of skis. This is probably the most representative gathering to be found in Norway.

While the officers in charge of the contest are making the final preparations, the last of which is a run down the course by three or four well seasoned veterans, the waiting crowd below is impatient for the proceedings to begin. They have not long to wait, as soon a trumpet blast from the top of the course announces the start of the first man.

Here he comes, taking a few fast steps at the start and then letting gravity do the rest, coming faster and faster, one foot slightly in advance of the other. He has nothing with which to maintain his equilibrium, except his agility, and as his speed increases and increases, this is called more and more into play; until, arriving at the jump-off, where the speed often reaches thirty or forty miles per hour, all his expertness is required. As he approaches the brink of the jump-off, he crouches lower and lower until he reaches it, and then with a mighty spring, out into the air he sails, tall and erect. To a stranger to the sport it looks as though he could never reach terra firma again without breaking his neck, but he usually lands safely on the course with as nice precision as a cat jumping from a height and with fully equalled delicacy, and continues his run; still at a furious speed, out on the lake, where he ends with the famous Thelemarksving, named after the district in which it originated, amid the plaudits and huzzas of the crowd. Once, some years ago, a Dane, who was witnessing the jumping for the first time, refused to believe the evidence of his own eyes and exclaimed, after the first jump, "It is a lie."

Sometimes the jumper is not so fortunate and executes a succession of somersaults, that present the spectacle of a myriad of skis and arms whirling around and ending in a tremendous cloud of snow, when he finally stops and gathers himself up, jeered by the crowd. Serious accidents are rare indeed, as during the twenty-five years the meets have been held, only one man has been hurt seriously enough to necessitate being carried from the course. To those of us who witnessed this accident, it looked as though the man became unconscious while in the air, and losing his equilibrium, fell on his head and shoulders and was carried away insensible. A few days sufficed to get him into his normal condition. Several English sporting acquaintances stood beside the writer at the time of this accident, and after the meet, while we were comfortably ensconced in huge chairs before the glowing logs of the peis in the hall of Holmenkollen Hotel, said that what most impressed them was the little effect such an accident had on the courage of the jumpers following.

And so the sport continues, man after man comes down the course at short intervals; each one heralded by a single blast from a trumpet from the top of the hill; some standing, some falling, while the crowd cheers or jeers, as the case appeals to them; some especial favorite getting, possibly, the worst falls, to the disappointment of the onlookers. The jumps vary from sixty to ninety-five feet, measured on the slope, the latter (29 meters) being the record for this course This is far short of the record for the country, which is 138½ feet (41 meters), and is due to the shortness of the run preceding the jump-off and the flattening of the slope below it, rendering the course particularly difficult. At one of the first meets held at Holmenkollen, there were an unusually large number of falls resulting in a number of contestants registering a kick. They claimed that the jump-off was improperly built and that generally, the hill was impossible for good jumping. One of the judges happened to be a prominent lawyer about fifty years old and much more given to deeds than words, despite his profession, and he exclaimed to the kickers: "I will show you boys that the hill is not impossible," and borrowing a pair of skis from a spectator, made an unusually good run and jump and no further kicks were heard.

It is not altogether the distance that a man makes in these jumps that decides his standing in this contest, but clean work, his command of himself and of his skis at all stages of the performance; a falling jump never being mentioned as a jump.

The long jumping is not to be considered solely in its aspect of an athletic accomplishment. It is an excellent training and is often of great value to a man on trips in unknown districts, where, going down a steep hillside, he may suddenly find himself on the brink of a low precipice.

Besides playing an important part in the daily life, skis have a military value in any winter campaign in northern Europe, and must certainly be taken into account by an invading army from the south, lest it comes to grief. During the last war between Norway and Sweden, in 1814, the former was, by far, the better equipped in this respect, and after a very short campaign, the Swedes learned to refrain from aggressive tactics, except on days entirely unfit for ski running. It might be well to state that freezing weather is essential for the use of skis.

The ski has been adopted as a pastime and as an article of utility in Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Montenegro, the Germans especially taking to the sport. In addition to this, the armies of Germany, France, Austria, Switzerland, and even faraway Japan, have a ski contingent; and the Russian army quite a large one recruited in Finland. All of these military ski runners have been instructed in the use of the ski by Norwegians, except those of Russia, who, hailing from a land that has known the ski from time immemorial, needed no instructors. Not long ago the American papers had a short despatch stating that the guards stationed in Yellowstone Park were furnished skis for winter duty.

In Germany, Austria and Switzerland quite a number of ski meets are held each winter, where attending Norwegians have invariably carried off the international prizes, although astonishingly great progress has been made by all these people.

In Arctic explorations, the ski has been used with good results. Dr. Nansen and his companion, Johansen, on their well-known trip, left the Fram at a point north of the Siberian coast, took provisions in two sledges drawn by dogs and made their way on skis northward to latitude 86° 14". Turning back from this point they proceeded southward to Franz Joseph's Land, and after spending the winter here, intended to make Spitzbergen, and from there get home by vessel, but falling in with the American expedition under Jackson, returned to Norway with them. On the trip of Lieut.

Peary that resulted in the discovery of the northern boundary of Greenland, a Norwegian named Eivend Astrup, accompanied Peary on his travel over the inland iee, Peary on snowshoes and Astrup on skis.

Skis were introduced in America a number of years ago, but do not seem to have taken the hold on the popular fancy that their merit warrants. It is true that in parts of the northwest the ski is frequently seen, but it is in sections where a preponderance of the population is of Seandinavian origin. There are in parts of the north many devotees of the snowshoe, but for rapid, easy travel and genuine sport, the ski is far and away ahead of its only rival, the Canadian snowshoe.

Every man that enjoys outdoor life, who will familiarize himself with the capabilities of the ski and the enjoyment to be derived from its use, will find a keener zest in his outings and a new field of pleasure open to him that, I venture to say, he will never give up.

Captain Keogh.

Durham, Kansas.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Anyone who has followed Cabia Blanco's pen and who himself lived in the West, must give him credit for wide experience. His realisms are not the realisms of the usual faker of Western life yarns. The difference between one who knows and one who draws solely on his imagination is plainly seen in every line. Cabia Blanco so plainly shows in his letters the man of experience that I have come to look upon him as an authority on Western army life. It is for this reason that I deem it worth while to call attention to some slight errors he makes in his letter on Captain Miles Keogh. He states in reference to him at the Custer massacre: "Keogh's body was found not far from where Custer lay, within the circle where they made their last stand." Now, the fact is, Custer and Keogh fell as far apart as it was possible for two men to fall on the same field—perhaps a quarter of a mile. Neither is there any evidence that Custer charged "the biggest Indian camp on top of ground." As far as any aetual knowledge goes, Custer never got nearer than within one mile of the camp. The battle was not fought on a cireular field, so far as Custer's men were concerned, but on a long narrow ridge flanked by deep, narrow and impassable gullies. Keogh filled the gap between the gullies at the south end of the ridge and Custer at the north end. Thirty-eight men fell within a few feet of Keogh, and fifty-six in Custer's group. Between, and perhaps one-fourth of a mile long, was a scattered line, doubtless engaged in preventing anyone from crossing either gully. It was the only spot anywhere near where a like defense could have been made. The men, without doubt, held the ridge until the last man was shot in his tracks. The picture of the Custer battle that was destroyed by a fanatic was destroyed at Topeka, Kan., not Lincoln, Neb. I have seen a great many pictures of the Custer battle, but never yet saw one by an artist who had taken the trouble to go and look at the field. Even now I have just read of a picture by Chas. Russel, the "cowboy artist." Cowboy artist sounds good, but the review tells about the Indians being in the foreground, circling round the doomed band. It looks odd to have horsemen circling along a line; and then, how about crossing those gullies? Did they bridge them?

E. P. Jaques.

Natural History.

Owls and Hawks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of December 26 last, your contributor, Sandy Griswold, entered a vigorous defense of the owl, the hawk, and the crow, and while predicting the ultimate recognition of their existence as beneficial to mankind, demands for them the interposition of protective laws. Now, I am not an ornithologist, nor has my area of knowledge or observation been so extensive as that of your correspondent, hence I cannot throw down a gage of battle upon the subject; but, presuming that before the law is invoked, or rather enacted, a bill of full particulars is essential, I beg to offer a few suggestions.

In the first place, I think some weight should be given to the question as to how far these birds, or either of them, prey upon other birds which in turn are destroyers of insects, worms, and other things destructive to growing crops. If man occasionally succeeds in destroying the owl and the hawk, in particular, that in turn destroys insects, and thereby demands condemnation, how much more to be condemned are the owl and the hawk that destroy not an occasional small bird devoted exclusively to insect destruction, but hundreds and probably thousands of such small birds. Weighing up the insects and worms actually destroyed by the hawk and the owl as against the insects and worms actually destroyed by the small birds whose lives have been ruthlessly terminated by the hawk and the owl, on which side will the balance be? The poor crow is exempted from the realm of his two murderous friends.

From time immemorial the hawk has been known as a constant and watchful hanger-on about the poultry and barnyard for the purpose of picking up and making a meal of any stray chicken that may come within the reach of his talons. At the farmhouse where I am staying a brood of thirteen healthy chickens, hatched this winter, were from time to time reduced in number by a vigilant hawk, which kept watch upon the premises until only five were left to tell the tale. The bird was frequently seen while on the watch for his prey, but in the absence of firearms his depredations were unrestrained. Accepting Mr. Griswold's verdict, this hawk was an inestimable blessing.

Again, in my hunting excursions, I have several times come upon hawks engaged in devouring quail they had captured. I have also found coveys of quail scattered by the attacks of a hawk, and I am told by those more experienced than myself that hawks often destroy more quail than an ordinary sportsman. It is generally admitted that the sparrow-hawk feeds almost exclusively upon small birds, which in turn would destroy an incalculable number of insects destructive to growing crops.

I know little of the habits and feeding propensities of the owl family. The little screech owl is best known in my neighborhood. Of his capabilities as a destroyer I will relate two or three incidents. Within a mile of my residence a farmer was disturbed a few weeks since by a noise in his yard. Going out to ascertain the cause he found a struggle going on between a screech owl and a guinea-hen. The owl was fastened upon the neck of the struggling guinea-hen, biting it savagely. On his going to the reseue, the owl flew away. A night or so afterwards the same farmer heard a noise in his hen-house, and discovered a commotion among the fowls, and a dead guinea-hen lying upon the floor, while on a perch above sat a small screech owl which had undoubtedly caused the trouble. He was speedily dispatched. Here was another "blessing" whose career was summarily ended.

A farmer's wife, who lives almost in sight, stated some time since that she saw a screech owl kill her big red rooster while it was roosting on top of a coop. A young man of this family was disturbed by a noise in the henhouse one night and found a dead hen lying upon the floor, and by its side a small screech owl which had bitten it in the neck and killed it.

These are incidents of recent occurrence, and it seems to me apparent that further investigation would in all probability multiply their frequency. I beg, therefore, to exempt the little screech owl from proposed legislative proteetion. His sharp bill and vise-like jaws that snap together with such ominous significance, are too dangerous to be abroad without some restraining influence.

Old Sam.

A Disappearing Game Bird.

Civilization seems to be the great destroyer. Westward the trend of empire takes its way, and before its onward march, remorseless as fate, the wild things flee. Behind lie the wrecks of once happy conditions for the game. Gradually, but none the less surely, that greatest of all game birds—the wild turkey—has faded away, until now only a few isolated specimens are to be found in favored localities. Our fathers thought that this bird never would become extinct. The bison followed in the wake of the turkey, and now science will in a very short time chronicle the fact that the great sage grouse (*Centrocercus urophasianus*), once so plentiful on the great plains, has gone to keep company with the turkey and the bison.

I can recall the time when this bird, next in size to the wild turkey, was a very familiar object on the Artemisia plains of the Northwest. This was particularly the fact in the Great Bend of the Columbia River in what is now the State of Washington. My first introduction to the bird was in the summer of 1883, when this region was being settled up. Hundreds of home-seekers were flocking there from all parts of the United States. Caravan after caravan left the nearest railroad station, Cheney, to find locations upon these fertile prairies. It chanced that I was among those in the van of the rush. The last day's drive brought us to the Grand Coulee, and water—something not the easiest to find, by the way. That night we camped beside a large spring that came pouring out of the basaltic cliff and the edge of the Coulee. Everything was green for yards around, forming a striking contrast to the dried-up appearance of the usual landscape of bunch grass and sage brush. As the evening shadows drew across the gray landscape, we were startled by the whirring of a thousand wings. Looking up we made out against the lighter sky the great dark forms whirling down upon us over the hills. They settled right in the camp ground and fearlessly walked to the little rivulet made by the gushing spring. Others followed until the ground was dotted with them. Each slaked his thirst at the water and then flew away to the distant hills again. The next day we were all day in the country of the sage grouse. He was on every side of us; sometimes barely getting out of the track of the wagon. Be it known we were not following any laid out road, but driving across the bare plateau, following the section lines by compass. Nearly every bunch of sage brush had its resident. There were many of them only half grown, and not a few coveys just hatched, although the month was September. At that time I was too young to more than have a passing interest in the birds. Since which time, however, the love of all the works of the Great All-Father has been developed in my breast, and I have spent many happy days in study of our winged friends.

I had an especial opportunity to study the sage grouse one winter when located in the Great Malheur country in eastern Oregon. The bird was there, as in the Great Bend, in all its native wildness, unfettered by civilization. Wandering bands of cattle were the only people of these plains, tended by a few range riders. Every day and every day as we rode the range, great dark birds would spring out from under the horses' feet and rocket away across the cañons. They fed almost exclusively upon the sage during the winter, and their flesh was somewhat over-seasoned with that pungent herb. It made an addition to our usual bill of fare of salt pork, however, before spring. We discovered a method of extracting some of the sage taste. After plucking and disemboweling the bird, we dipped him in a basin of hot water for an instant, then swathed him in a wrapping of hot cloths and buried him in about two feet of earth for twenty-four hours. Upon disinterring, the toughest, sagiest old grouse on the hills was found to be—well, not as tender as spring chicken, but then vastly improved over what he was before his burial.

When the springtime swept the snow from off the hillsides, the male grouse chose their trysting place and laid out their amphitheatre. It was usually upon some knoll, bare of herbage and commanding a good view of the surroundings. There, upon early mornings, several of the cocks gathered to sing their love songs and unite in a wild quadrille that somehow seemed calculated to charm the hearts of waiting damsel grouse, who sat around and seemed to enjoy the show. It was my pleasure at different times to be also an audience of one at these entertainments. I wasn't invited, but as I made myself very inconspicuous, it did not seem to matter much. It is hardly fair on my part to give the snap away, but this love making is so amusing—much like any other love making—that I cannot resist the temptation to tell your readers about it. More so, perhaps, because it is now a rare thing to see these birds making love on their native heath.

The gray dawn was just breaking over the eastern hills when I stealthily slid into my place below the knoll that the birds had chosen for their courting ground. The first to arrive was a big fellow who already was all aglow with the ardor of his love. He plumped down upon the bare ground and sat still for a short time, then began sedately to pace up and down the hillock. He did sentinel duty thus for perhaps five minutes. Then throwing back his head he gave vent to a deep guttural note that is impossible to describe. At the same time he filled the air sacks on either side of his neck until they stood out larger than oranges and much the same color. The row of black feathers that usually hid these sacks now stood up above them most comically. At the same time his magnificent black tail was spread and swaying from side to side. In this manner, and with head drawn back almost touching his tail feathers, he did a two-step up and down the ballroom. After side stepping in this manner for several feet he stood in one place and danced up and down, all the time giving utterance to a series of growls, that, while they were evidently very charming from his point of view, were a little like the efforts of a Chinese band—one had to be educated to that sort of thing to properly appreciate it.

As the sun rose over the hilltops, the knoll became the scene of great activity. They kept arriving by the score, and soon the spot was one mass of performing birds. The hens, too, arrived and sat demurely in the bunch grass just off the stamping ground. Each cock chose his mate, and they wandered away into the sage brush, no doubt whispering soft nothings to each other in the most human manner.

The nest of the female is made under a sage brush right out on the bare plain, with very little if any attempt at concealment. The bird seems to depend upon the protective coloring with which nature has endowed her for concealment from the natural enemies of her existence—the coyote and the great owls that infest these plains. Numberless times I have almost trod upon the setting birds without seeing them, so nearly does the coloring blend with the dead gray of the surroundings. In fact, one day while watching a band of cattle upon some distant hills, I chanced to glance down at my feet, and detected a pair of bright eyes watching me intently. Even then it required careful scrutiny to be sure that there was a bird belonging to those eyes. I purposely looked away for an instant, and upon looking back again, although I had not changed my position, it was fully a minute before I could again locate the bird. The eggs are usually nine, although I have seen clutches of thirteen quite frequently. The eggs are in color a ground of olive plentifully splotched with umber brown. The coloring matter is not a part of the shell itself, as it can be very easily removed, leaving the shell a dirty white. The incubation seems to be carried on by the female solely, as does also the care of the young. At least I have never seen the cock taking the slightest interest in the care of the family. The old bird, like all of the *Phasianidæ*, is an expert in luring an enemy away from her young, simulating lameness very realistically; at the same time the youngsters are scuttling for cover.

The food of this bird is much the same as that of the other members of the family—grains and grass seeds with an occasional beetle and grasshopper. They do not seem particularly partial to the *Artemisia* except when other food fails them. I have killed many right in the sage belt without finding a trace of the sage in their crops.

I don't know, owing to the searcity of this bird, that it is exactly fair to mention anything regarding them from the standpoint of the sportsman. In former times here in the West when they were plenty we used to find great sport shooting them; especially in the fall, when the young birds were about ripe. They lay well to the dog. In fact, at the time of which I write, they were, if anything, too tame. I have had them flush right under my feet with the dog at a point almost over them. It is somewhat disconcerting, though, to have one of these big fellows jump up right under your nose and go booming away like a small thunder storm. The flight is very rapid for so large a bird, and once fully on the wing they pitch through the air very much in the manner of a Mongolian pheasant. They can stand a heavy load of shot, carrying away a load of chilled sixes without even turning a feather. The best load was chilled fours, driven by at least four drams of powder.

Chas. S. Moody.

Feed the Squirrels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let me urge the readers of Forest and Stream to place nuts where the squirrels can find them. A tragedy has happened almost beneath the shadow of my eaves which I would spare others if I might.

All last winter my eyes were gladdened by a pair of red squirrels which had their nest in a chestnut tree near the house. The first thing that I saw as I looked from my bedroom window in the morning was one or both of these beautiful creatures skurrying along across their elevated road from tree to tree. Up and down they went, with great frisking of tail, the very symbol of life. The male was a perfect beauty; not exceptionally large, but much lighter in color than the generality, and of a lovely bright hue, as if he were the very offspring of the sun. He was my delight, the apple of my eye, and stood as a symbol of the wild life amid close crowding conventionalities. I would gladly have given him anything which his little squirrel heart might crave. I longed to stroke his gleaming back, but never thought to hold him in my hand. Yet yesterday I did hold him—dead; starved to death, poor dear, *ma culpa, ma culpa!*

All winter long I have been on the lookout for this pair, but caught only the rarest glimpses of them, and thought that they were nesting in a neighbor's trees. Now I know that the cold was so severe that they staid within doors in their tree. I must confess that I had not expected this. A week ago my son found one of the pair dead beneath the tree nearest my bedroom window. Yesterday as I started abroad with a bucket full of black walnuts to read the tracks in the snow if I might, I found my beautiful sun-child dead at the basement entrance of

his tree. Starved to death, both of them, beneath my eyes, and I would gladly, to save them, have filled their tree with nuts, all too late now to count as merit.

Two years ago, at the time of the great storm, as I cleaned up the wreckage with my ax, I came across a maple bough gnawed clean of bark by this same pair, or one of them. Oh, dull of apprehension! This should have told me of their starvation hunger in far earlier days. I saw only the desire of a more varied bill of fare.

This has been a winter severe beyond the recollection of any squirrel living hereabouts. Long since their granaries and magazines of food, their chestnuts and their walnuts, have been exhausted, and this little pair, the most interesting of neighbors on a college lawn full of gleaming interests, was sacrificed to sheer stupidity on my part. I did not know they were there in a tree beneath whose branches I slept. Perchance this letter may induce someone to scatter nuts, not letting a night intervene between his intention and his act, and so save a pair or two of these adorable little beasts—a gleam of the wild life amidst the routine of the civilized. Also a pound of tallow hung in the branch of a tree near the house may prove grateful to the birds, and repay with a glimpse of unusual visitants.

I might note that ten days ago I saw here a solitary catbird, mistiming its northern flight, and doubtless, too, long since starved to death. Trusting that some other squirrel lover may chance to read this and be saved from a like bereavement, I remain,

ALDEN SAMPSON.

HAVERFORD, Pa., Feb. 16.

United States Biological Survey.

THE recently published report for 1903, by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the United States Biological Survey, contains much matter that is interesting to sportsmen. As is well known, the work of this survey is divided into three branches, of which the first relates to the geographical distribution of animals and plants, and the determination of the life and crop belts, matters of the deepest interest to farmers. This is in charge of Dr. Merriam. The second has to do with the economic relations of birds to agriculture, which is in charge of Dr. F. E. L. Beal; while the supervision of matters relating to game preservation and protection and the importation of foreign birds and mammals is in charge of Dr. T. S. Palmer.

Under the operations of the Lacey act, a close watch has been kept on interstate commerce in game, and in this matter the survey has had the assistance of the game commissioners and the wardens of a number of States. Some convictions have been had. Much attention has been given also to the new Alaska game law, which has been so often misunderstood. It is thought that the wholesale shipment of deer hides has wholly ceased.

At the request of the American Ornithologists' Union and the Biological Survey, the President in March, 1903, set aside a small island in the Indian River, Fla., as a reservation for the protection of native birds. This island which is less than four acres in extent, is occupied in the breeding season by from 2,000 to 3,000 pelicans, which in past years have been much disturbed by the public. Every effort is now being made to preserve the colony. An interesting account of this island is to be found in the last New York Zoological Society Bulletin (No. 12), from the pen of Mr. C. William Bebee, curator of birds for the society.

Naturalists have long felt the need of a complete and modern index of the family and generic names of mammals. Such an index has been prepared by Dr. Palmer, and is now in press.

During the coming year the field work will continue in California, and some of the forest reserves on the Pacific slope will be visited for the purpose of determining their fitness for game refuges. It is hoped that a home may be found for the herd of Kern county elk—sole survivors of the elk in California—which has been presented to the Government by Messrs. Miller & Lux. No appropriation has been as yet given for moving this herd, a bit of shortsighted parsimony on the part of Congress which is greatly to be regretted.

The field work of the naturalists will continue, as will also the study of the economic relations of birds to agriculture, especially with relation to the products of California. It is thought that the bulletin on the food habits of the woodcock and upland game birds will be published before long. The study shows that game birds do comparatively little harm to crops, and that they consume large quantities of injurious insects and noxious weed seeds. Efforts will be made to secure information regarding the abundance in certain localities of birds that are known to be becoming scarce, such as the woodduck, the woodcock, and the upland plover. Continued attention will be paid to the Lacey act and to the Alaska game laws, and new regulations with regard to Alaska are likely to be issued. The caribou of the Kenai Peninsula are becominv scarce, and a close season of five years will be established for these species.

Back-Tracking Horses.

WELLS, Wyo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is my opinion that a horse back-tracks partly by scent, partly by sight, and a whole lot by sense of locality. Just as some men always know where they are, so do some horses. And a horse has the advantage of his scenting powers. A horse has a better nose than most people think. It is a common thing to see a range horse which has lost the bunch trailing it up, nose to the ground, like a hound.

I never had but one back-tracking horse that was always right. He was a little gray, and he not only always knew where camp was, but where the rest of the horses were. Some horses can never be turned loose at camp and trusted to hunt up the bunch, but I never had to worry about Crowfoot. And if he went over a piece of ground a second time he always went just where he had gone before.

Many horses can always find their way back, but will not follow the trail. My best hunting horse was this way. The first down hill he came to on the back track he would, if let alone, pick out as easy a trail down as he could, and from that on would follow his own sweet will, with the result that he sometimes got into awful country. But he would find camp sooner or later. By the way, some time ago there was some talk in FOREST AND STREAM as to a horse's swimming powers. This horse, which was a thick-set little fellow, with tremendous width of chest, would swim so high with me in the saddle that it was a rare thing for water to come over the saddle seat. I never remember getting wet above the waist while swimming him. Another horse I had would, while swimming, go clear down till only his nose showed, then come up with a surge half way out of water. Nearly all horses can swim, but some will not, and will drown just as soon as they lose their feet.

WM. WELLS.



GAME BAG AND GUN

Life in the Woods.

IV.—The Old Camp at Echo Lake.

A PEARL set in emeralds. A crystal framed in green. A dew drop in the hollow of a gigantic leaf. A mirror over which even Venus, in the mystic flight of the great gods and goddesses of mythology, could have hovered and viewed with delight her perfect charms. In an ideal spot in a sheltered nook on the shore of this gem of nature stood the old camp. Facing to the south the lake stretched out before it and from its shores, perpetually green, it sent back the echoes until they came hurrying to the listener at the camp in almost endless procession. To the north, northeast and northwest lofty rocks and hills barred out the cold blasts, the advance guard of the army of old winter as he moved down to take possession of his chosen realm. No marks of civilization here. No signs of work by the hands of man. Nothing but the handiwork of time.

There the old camp stood for many long years until the log sides and bark roof were garbed with moss and vine, until decay from light attacks had gained an almost complete conquest. Winter, spring, summer, and autumn passed in an endless procession, but the old camp stood. Storms came only to be succeeded by sunshine. The cyclone passed over it, tearing the tall treetops into atoms, and piling up the sturdiest growth of nature into confused masses, but the old camp in its security laughed at the rage of the elements. There it stood as first built, its doors always open for hospitable shelter. The years rolled on and brought with them the iron way which sent trains hurrying along only a short distance away, carrying with them the stream of trade flowing to and from the great commercial centers, but the old camp and its surroundings stood unmolested. One generation succeeded the other, and the son, grown to manhood, stood where the father had been, but the old camp, grown older, stood there still. By its side before the silent lake who of those who stop to think could hardly help feeling the inspiration which nature in her primitive form creates? The thoughts of the wondrous power of creation! Near twenty years the old camp stood—near twenty years it sheltered, from time to time, the hunters and their friends. It saw them come young, strong, active, lithe, eager for the spoils of the chase. It saw them come when time's changes were only too visible, when age had bowed the frame once so straight; when the lapse of years had frosted the hair and whitened the beard. When no longer active and eager they came more to live over old times than to revel in the success of the chase. It saw the old muzzleloading guns give place to the breechloaders, and they in turn to the wicked repeaters. It saw the wolf, fox, and bear, shot, trapped, and poisoned until only a few stragglers now and then were left. It saw the sportive muskrat, the agile mink, and the busy beaver vanish from its view forever. It saw the timid deer, which for many years had been its constant visitor, become almost exterminated. It saw the fish that sported in its waters give way to nets and dynamite. It saw the invading lumbermen sweep through the forest, leaving a pathway of utter desolation behind. It saw the watercourses where the bubbling spring found outlet to the rushing river's side become dry and useless, and then it beheld the red blast of hell descending upon it. The next fall when the old hunters came to their favorite spot they found a mass of charred sticks and ashes. Miles of black, barren burnings stretched out before them, and they saw that the primitive wilderness had passed away—aye, even as man lives and dies; and who knows but as they turned away something swept over them akin to that feeling which plays upon the human heart when the angel stands over some of our dear ones, and, taking them by the hand, leads them into the seeming blackness and desolation of that which we call death.

Around this lake, and within a radius of a mile or more about the old camp, was good ground for still-hunting and driving, and the first thing that morning was the Echo Lake drive. S. B. and the Colonel were given the choice of taking the stands, and away they went, working up carefully against the wind to their positions. S. B. perched on a high stump where he could command a good view all around him. My, how frosty it was. Every stick stepped upon seemed to snap in the frosty air like a pistol shot, and a man, when he attempted to travel where the brush was thick, made about as much noise as a yoke of oxen would under ordinary circumstances. It was a cold morning for those upon the stands, but a glorious bracing day for those who were moving. It seemed as if a deer must surely be killed on such a day. Time wore on and no gun cracked. We had nearly reached the stands when bang ca-bung went S. B.'s old shower gun, and pretty soon, "Hurrah! hurrah! I've got him, boys," as S. B. shouted for joy. In a minute more I could see him standing on his stump, with his hat on the end of his gun barrels, waving it over his head, and shouting vigorously. It did not take me long to reach him. "What have you got?" I asked, as excited as he was. "Don't know what it is, but it lays right over there," he replied. I went over there, but couldn't find anything. "Where is it?" I asked again. "Why, right over there by that bush. It's a little deer—a mighty little fellow. It came sailing along like a bird, and at the second shot I knocked it down right over there," pointing to near where I stood. I looked again, but in vain. "Can't you find it?" anxiously queried S. B. I shook my head. "I will come over there and step on it for you," and he came. He looked all around. The Colonel came and looked. Mack came and looked. The Old Trapper came and looked. We all looked, but no deer did we find, nor was it ever found. Didn't S. B. feel badly? He wouldn't give it up, and so we circled and crossed and crisscrossed. We got down on our hands and knees, the snow having melted, and searched over every inch of ground and were finally rewarded by finding a few drops of blood, showing that the deer must have been struck and knocked down with buckshot, but the wound did not prevent its getting up and running off unnoticed while S. B. was putting his hat on the end of his gun and shouting for the benefit of the rest of us. The Old Trapper had lots of fun over this ending of the "drive," because S. B., in previous years, had a somewhat similar joke on the Old Trapper, which I will try and relate later on.

It seems while going to his stand that morning S. B. had started two fawns, which apparently had not been much frightened, and had not gone far, so we immediately formed a conspiracy to assassinate them both. They were supposed to be located along a small creek bottom, so we arranged to come Indian on them and surrounding the locality all worked toward a common center. It so happened that when we closed in I was next to S. B., who was about thirty rods or so on my left and above me on a ridge while I was below in the creek bottom. I had just located him when I saw the white tail of a deer ahead of me, and looking sharply I could see one of the fawns standing still. I was just throwing the gun to my shoulder when a noise startled the deer, and away he went; the brush being too thick for a running shot, I looked ahead a few rods, when bang went S. B.'s rifle, followed a moment later by his shotgun barrel, and the buckshot rattled in the treetops ahead of me like a first-class hail storm. I waited and watched, but neither hearing nor seeing anything I walked slowly to the place where S. B. had fired and found him searching the ground carefully for hair or some signs of blood. He couldn't seem to find anything satisfactory. He pointed out the spot where the deer was running when he fired, and explained: "Here I shot at him first with the buckshot, because the brush was so thick and after he got off there, more in the open, I let the rifle go at him." He had it wrong, for according to the sound of the reports and the rattle of the buckshot he had fired the rifle first and then the shower barrel. But he couldn't believe it, and said: "Tut, tut, it can't be; I am sure I am right." The others, however, were all against him, and as it was a case of four to one, we held we were right. He would never admit it, but at all events, the deer kept on going, and is probably going yet, if it has been permitted to escape the army of hunters that at times infest the woods.

No one should imagine from this that S. B. was a

novice or a poor hunter. Far from it. Few ever went into the woods who had better records, and although he had seen the suns of over seventy-five years rise and set, he had never failed yet to get more than his share of the game. It was on this account that we liked all the more to bother him about these two incidents of the hunt. No better luck attended our efforts the rest of the day, and once more, when evening came, we gathered around the ever welcome supper table. That night we were joind by Louis and a comrade whom we called Hub, and a joyful reunion we had.

They had been hunting in Michigan, and had shot only one small deer, and as the open season had expired in that State, they had come over to visit us and finish their hunt. That night, as their baggage had not come over, they slept on the floor in the camp, and found all the lumps and hard places in it, for they were stiff and sore on awakening in the morning, but nevertheless started out on the hunt with us. Hub, Louis, the Old Trapper, and myself took the stands while Mack and the Colonel made the drive. It took us about half an hour to reach our stands, which were not far apart, except that I was separated from the others by a high ledge of rocks. I had not been at my post over five minutes when I heard two shots fired rather quickly, and then two more in quick succession, followed by two more not quite so close together, and evidently nearer to me. I squared myself for a rally on my own account, when another shot rang out, and then all was still. As the boys say, I peeled my eye, but I didn't see anything. I listened, when my heart didn't beat so loud as to drown other sounds, but nothing could I hear. I was on the anxious seat, and more than once was tempted to leave my stand and go and find what it was all about. Knowing, however, that this would only give the others cause for "roasting" me, and that the deer might come through at any moment, I stuck to my place for thirty minutes. At the end of that time I heard a whistle, and going toward the sound found the entire party holding a sort of post-mortem over the carcass of a large buck. It seems Hub fired the first shots. He had hardly settled himself on the spot he had selected when he saw a big buck trotting toward him. He had a double-barrel shotgun, and when the deer got pretty near to him he aimed at his pate and let go. With this the old fellow whirled and ran toward Louis, and Hub gave him the second barrel as he jumped away. Louis saw him coming and opened fire with two shots. The buck still moved on, and getting opposite the Old Trapper the latter knocked him down with two shots, and as he still kicked around a good deal, finally killed him with a bullet through his neck. It is a question, which has not been fully settled yet, as to who is really entitled to the honor of getting him. There were three or four holes in him beside one buckshot. He was a rouser. The six of us tackled him after he was dressed and dragged him to Echo Lake, and from there we rafted him to the other side. We then made a litter and carried him about a mile to camp. Every man was more or less weak-kneed when we got in. We had to cross the Pembine with him, and had to do it on a fallen tree, but, as might have been expected, we all got in. The Colonel rigged up his kodak and took a snap shot as we were struggling in mid-stream, but unforutnately the picture failed to develop. The buck had a very large and peculiar pair of horns, and an examination showed that Hub's first charge of buckshot had rattled around his head like so many peas. They grazed his horns in several places, and bounded off his head and neck without doing a particle of damage. We asked Hub why he shot at such an iron-clad spot, and his explanation was that he thought he might at least be able to put out his eyes. That hunt used us up so much that we did little else the rest of the day except to eat, clean up camp, and get some wood cut in anticipation of cold and stormy weather. CAROLUS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Game in the Yellowstone Park.

THE winter condition of the game in the Yellowstone Park possesses a special interest to all naturalists and game lovers, and the knowledge and interest of the public in this subject was greatly stimulated by the visit to the Park by President Roosevelt in April, 1903, which was so widely heralded through the press of the country.

We are kindly permitted to quote from a private letter, recently received by a gentleman in this city, from an officer who spent most of the winter in the Park. The news which it contains is most interesting:

"We had a most delightful winter in the Park with very little snow and no extremely cold weather up to the time I left.

"The buffalo are doing finely, and I shall be greatly disappointed if there are not from fifteen to twenty calves in the new herd this spring. It is intended to catch up all the young calves that can be captured from the wild herd. Those secured from the herd last spring have done exceedingly well and are now running with the new herd. They were reared by a domestic cow—very much against her will.

"Game of all kinds in the Park is in fine condition, and no matter how much snow falls now, it will pull through the winter in good shape.

"Eighty-four sheep have been seen on Mount Evarts, and preparations have been made to feed them all the alfalfa they may need, in case of a deep fall of snow. They have been fed a little from time to time in a corral built for that purpose, so that they know where to go in case they get hungry.

"Fourteen lions have been killed off the sheep range this fall, and these captures are likely to add considerably to the peace and comfort of the sheep.

"The antelope have also been fed a little, with the view of keeping them also where they can find something to eat, in case their natural supply should fail them.

"It would be a good idea to feed a large proportion of the game along the northern border of the Park, and if he had the hay, Major Pitcher could keep a herd of about 1,000 elk on the hills just back of the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel during the entire winter, and probably until late in the spring."

The continued well being of the game in the National Park is most gratifying. Major Pitcher's heart is in his work there, and he has an admirable force of men to help him. Still more efficient is the fine public sentiment among the residents of Montana along the northern border of the Park, which leads them to feel a pride and satisfaction in the well being of the game, and makes them Major Pitcher's most efficient aides.

The Adirondack Bears.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inasmuch as certain sentimentalists are chasing rainbows, advocating that all city men, all Essex County guides and hotel men are in favor of protecting black bear, and also that plenty of bears will be killed here by "sportsmen from the city" in the fall, once bruin is protected during the summer months. I ask for space in your valuable medium in order that the false impressions above noted, may be pointed out.

Last Saturday I took the trouble to drive two miles west of this village for the purpose of interviewing James Darling, Elizabethtown's most venerable and successful bear hunter and trapper. He was seventy-seven years old last month, and during the past forty-five years has captured 39 bears, 36 of which were caught in traps. The 3 bears he got outside of traps were cubs which lingered near their mother after she was caught in a trap. The cubs took to a tree on Mr. Darling's approach, and he shot two of them and captured the other one alive. During his hunting and trapping career of half a century he says he never got a shot at a bear outside a trap, excepting the cubs above mentioned.

During the past thirty years 125 bears have been killed here in Elizabethtown, an average of a little over four each year, and only eight have been killed outside of traps. And none of these eight were killed while being hunted in the woods, but rather in sheep fields, apple orchards, etc. Does this look as though it would be a good plan to abolish trapping bears, or does it indicate that men could come up here from the city and kill bears with rifles?

City cottage owners in Essex County, almost without exception, are opposed to protecting the black bear at any season of the year. The following Essex County hotel men have declared against the absurdity:

O. Kellog & Son, The Windsor, Elizabethtown.
B. F. Stetson, Deer's Head Inn, Elizabethtown.
G. W. Jankins, Maplewood Inn, Elizabethtown.
George H. Smart, Pine Grove Cottage, Elizabethtown.
Laverty Brothers, Hunter's Home, New Russia.
Case L. Patten, The Westport, Westport.
W. H. Tracy, St. Huberts' Inn, St. Huberts.
G. W. Egglefield and Son, Tahawus House, Keene Valley.
James Flaherty, Hotel Halcyon, Keene Center.
Charles Bullis, Lewis Hotel, Lewis.
John McGuire, Commercial House, Keeseville.
Fred Hinds, American House, Ausable Forks.

All the members of the Keene Valley Guides' Association, the oldest and largest organized body of guides wholly within Essex County, have signed a protest against protecting black bear, "believing," as they say, "that legislation to protect black bears is unwarranted and uncalled for, and against the best interests of the region in which we live," etc.

The protest is signed by Le Grand Hale, Harry A. Beede, George F. Beede, C. Wesley Lamb, Charles O. Beede, O. E. Beede, Arthur C. Trumbull, Fred Lamb, Charles W. Trumbull, Frank H. Holt, Melville J. Trumbull, Edmund F. Phelps. Enos Sanders, John K. Brown, Jas. Owens, B. S. Pond and W. Scott Brown, the last named being Superintendent of the Adirondack Mountain Reserve and an honorary member.

All the Elizabethtown guides are most emphatically opposed to bear protection. These men get their living by guiding, and know what is really best for their interests.

Again I say, in view of local conditions and circumstances, if bear must be protected in other sections, please exempt Essex County, as we don't need bear protection in our business here.

GEORGE L. BROWN.

The Sportsmen's Show.

THE tenth annual exposition of the Sportsmen's Exposition Company, Madison Square Garden, New York, began on February 19, and will close on March 5. The public patronage has been most liberal, and there is every indication that it will be a gratifying success financially.

The vast amphitheatre of the Garden has nowhere any suggestion of emptiness. The numerous exhibits and their accessories tax the available space to its full limitations. An immense tank occupies the central part of the main floor, and the water is of ample depth to float the beautiful launches and automobile boats which ply swiftly to and fro on its surface, or disport themselves gracefully while their mechanical features are exhibited in detail by the experts in charge.

The Fourth avenue end of the amphitheatre, from floor to roof, is occupied by a mountain scene, the numerous peaks of which fade away in the blue of the sky. A mountain stream, after a broken, tumultuous course through rocks and falls, reaches an old mill and turns the old-fashioned water wheel in an old-fashioned manner, thereby giving a most complete touch of realism to the whole. The water passes on to the tank devoted to the needs and pleasures of the wildfowl.

On the first gallery on the north side of the Garden, a long, shallow tank with a platform at one end is installed for the fly-casting contests which take place each day alternately at 3:30 and 8:30 o'clock. The conditions of the different contests in their entirety provide for every recognized use of the rod and reel. The classes and conditions were published recently in FOREST AND STREAM.

There is a liberal use of evergreen branches everywhere, with gratifying effect to the eye. The mammoth mountain scene and the green touches of color everywhere add greatly to the pleasing effects of the *tout ensemble.*

A skillful military band fills the Garden with popular music in the afternoon and evening.

The special features which appeal most directly to the sportsman are the game bird and wildfowl exhibits, the fish hatchery, the fly-casting, the wilderness camps, the taxidermists' mounted specimens of game birds and fish, the expert rifle shooting of Mr. Stephen M. Van Allen, and last, but not least, the mammoth display of camp equipment and sportsmen's supplies by Messrs. Abercrombie & Fitch.

The New York Zoological Society's exhibit is in charge of Prof. W. T. Hornaday, and is devoted largely to fish, and to a fully equipped fish hatchery which illustrates the different stages of development from the spawn to the fry.

The exhibit of game birds and wildfowl is quite complete, and includes some varieties of foreign birds not exhibited at previous sportsmen's shows. They are owned by Mr. Homer Davenport, Roseville, N. J.; Mr. Timothy Tredwell, East Williston, L. I., and Dr. Cecil French, Washington, D. C. They are in the northeast corner of the main floor.

Mr. Stephen M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, L. I., famous as one of America's most expert performers with the shotgun, has developed phenomenal skill with the rifle and pistol. On the second gallery in the southwest corner he gives exhibitions of fancy rifle shooting which would make William Tell's head collapse. A large sign in his space bears the satement that he always uses greaseless bullet cartridges, and does all his shooting with Winchester rifles. Of the latter, with several pistols, there are different kinds displayed in a case within his space.

The Adirondack camps, with many illustrations of what sport awaits the visitor to those famous regions, are on the main floor in the northwest corner of the arena. A large sign, "Adirondacks," in white birch letters on a background of evergreen, serves as a guide from any part of the amphitheatre.

The Maine exhibit, owing to delays in transit, had not arrived in time for installation on Monday of this week, but it was generally understood that it was excellent.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

The Canadian guides hold forth in the exhibit of the Canadian Pacific Railroad on the northwest corner of the main floor, under the charge of Mr. L. O. Armstrong, who has been identified conspicuously with the Sportsmen's Show in many successive past years. He introduced the Ojibway Indians with their Hiawatha drama. The camps contain a large and varied exhibit, indicative of the infinite sport to be found in the vast territory tributory to the Canadian Pacific Railway. The camp is a model of one to be erected by the Canadian Camp-Fire Club this summer on the Missesaga River. Mr. Armstrong has an able corps of guides, chief of whom is George Lavigne. George Linklater is an experienced Hudson Bay guide, famous as a mighty moose hunter. In the pack horse competition, Joe and William Brewster will be put to the fore by Mr. Armstrong.

Abercrombie & Fitch.

The exhibit of Messrs. Abercrombie & Fitch, 314-316 Broadway, New York, is on the north gallery. It is an exposition in itself, so ample, excellent, and diversified is the material which it contains. There are fishing rods from plain to the finest workmanship with reels and tackle to match, all ranging in sizes to suit the tastes of him who seeks the cunning trout or gives battle to the mighty tarpon. There are cameras and rifles. There are traps in size for the tiniest animal up to the largest bear. There are canoes for travel into the wilderness or for use at home; tents and cooking utensils, and camp furniture in bewildering profusion; snowshoes, and all kinds of footwear for the explorer and hunter and tourist, and clothing impervious to water and cold, and tents of all kinds, all set forth so pleasingly that one is quite tempted to try outdoor life if one never tried it before. Practical illustration is shown of packs and packing, the most conspicuous of this feature being a display pack mule laden with his packs in true Western style, his burden securely held by the famous diamond hitch. In another part of the large exhibit is a dog harnessed to a sledge after the manner of travel in the Arctic regions. Then there is an illustration of a camp-fire in full blast with all the camp utensils in place, so numerous when apart, yet taking no more space than that of a small satchel when packed. This great firm supplied the entire equipment of the Ziegler polar expedition during the first year, and Dr. Cook's expedition to Mt. McKinley; the expedition across the Andes and down the Amazon; Miss Anna Peck's expedition to Mt. Serato; the two American expeditions to Abyssinia, and Leonidas Hubbard's expedition to Labrador.

Grand Tru k Railway.

The attractive display of the Grand Trunk Railway System is in charge of Mr. R. McC. Smith, Southern Passenger Agent, Detroit, Mich. Sturdy specimens of brook trout, black bass, ouananiche, landlocked salmon, and big game heads, etc., testify to the wealth of sport within the scope of the system, of which Mr. Smith is an encyclopædia of information.

Siegel Cooper Co.

Siegel Cooper Co. have an exhibit on the north gallery, the greater part of which is devoted to watches, but there are many beautiful works of art in silver quite suitable for trophies.

The Dinner.

The Sportsmen's Exhibition Company entertained members of the press, exhibitors, preserve owners, prominent sportsmen and officers of the Guides' Association at dinner in the Garden café on last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Samuel Walter Taylor presided as toastmaster. Over 200 guests were invited, and by far the greater part of them responded in person. At the speaker's table were Hon. Timothy Woodruff, Messrs. Robert J. Morris, John G. Armory, Ernestus Gulich, Buffalo Jones, Warden of Yellowstone Park; Homer Hodge, Dr. McClelland, Wm. T. Hornaday, and others. The talks covered all phases of outdoor sport intelligently and entertainingly. The dinner was a success in every particular.

Game on Forest Reserves.

REDLANDS, Cal., Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose an account of a court decision that promises to affect vast areas of good game country throughout this State, if not elsewhere. There is one point worthy of consideration, however, and that is that game, especially deer, would have to be consumed on these reserves, as the State law strictly forbids the "having in possession" deer or deer meat out of season, whether killed in California or imported from another State or a foreign country. At any rate it is to be hoped that this matter may be speedily adjusted with a view of fully protecting the game and fish. L. D. W.

The report reads: "Much concern is being manifested in Santa Barbara and other sections of southern California over the decision just handed down by Judge De Haven, of the United States District Court, Northern District of California, affecting the jurisdiction of the State over Government reservations for the protection of wild game and fish. Should the decision stand as final, a large part of the best wild game and fishing territory in Santa Barbara county and other parts of the State will be without protection against invasion of pot-hunters, who may kill deer, quail, and all varieties of game without interruption at all times of the year, save for regulations that may be established by superintendents of forest reservations.

"In Santa Barbara county there are two large forest reserves—the Santa Ynez and Pine Mountain—and they are filled with wild game. As the United States Government has no laws regulating the taking of game and fish on reservations, it is clear under the accepted interpretation of Judge DeHaven's decision that nothing can prevent the wholesale destruction of game in Santa Barbara and other counties in the State where the Federal Government has reserved vast areas of land.

"Judge DeHaven's decision was based on a case taken before him from Mendocino county. An Indian, in whose possession fresh deer meat had been found, was convicted in a justice's court. It was proved that the deer had been shot on one of the Government reserves, and United States District Attorney Woodworth took up the case of the Indian by contending that the State courts had no jurisdiction over Federal reserves, and could not therefore enforce the State game laws. Judge DeHaven has sustained this contention, and the Indian was set at liberty."

Spring Shooting—An Appeal.

To the Sportsmen of New York State:

In 1903 a law was passed stopping the spring shooting of wildfowl. It was a righteous and proper measure, because spring shooting of any kind is inherently wrong. No game birds should be killed while on the way to the breeding grounds, although selfish men, especially market-hunters, will tell you that it makes no difference in the future numbers of birds. Recall the parallel case of the wild pigeon which became extinct in a few years because man insisted upon killing them while breeding. Is not one lesson enough? Help save our wild ducks and geese, some species of which are becoming dangerously scarce. In the present Legislature a bill (Assembly No. 292) has been introduced by Mr. Hubbs changing the law of 1903 by making the open season end April 1 instead of January 1. It has already passed the House, because there was not a sportsman in this great commonwealth that sent a protest to the Assembly. If you do not awake and kill the bill in the Senate, a decided retrograde step will be taken in game protection in New York State. Why should a few market-hunters on Long Island have a law passed for their benefit that is directly opposed to the best interests of the citizens of the balance of the State? There are not two sides to this question—it is right vs. wrong, and the wrong is to kill birds that are about to breed. Is civics so dead in New York that a bad bill like this one can be railroaded through a Legislature without a protest from thousands of citizens? I appeal to all lovers of nature to remember the wild pigeons and help save the wildfowl by protesting against the passage of the Hubbs bill or any other bill that permits the killing of game birds in the spring.

WILLIAM DUTCHER,
Chairman National Committee of Audubon Societies.

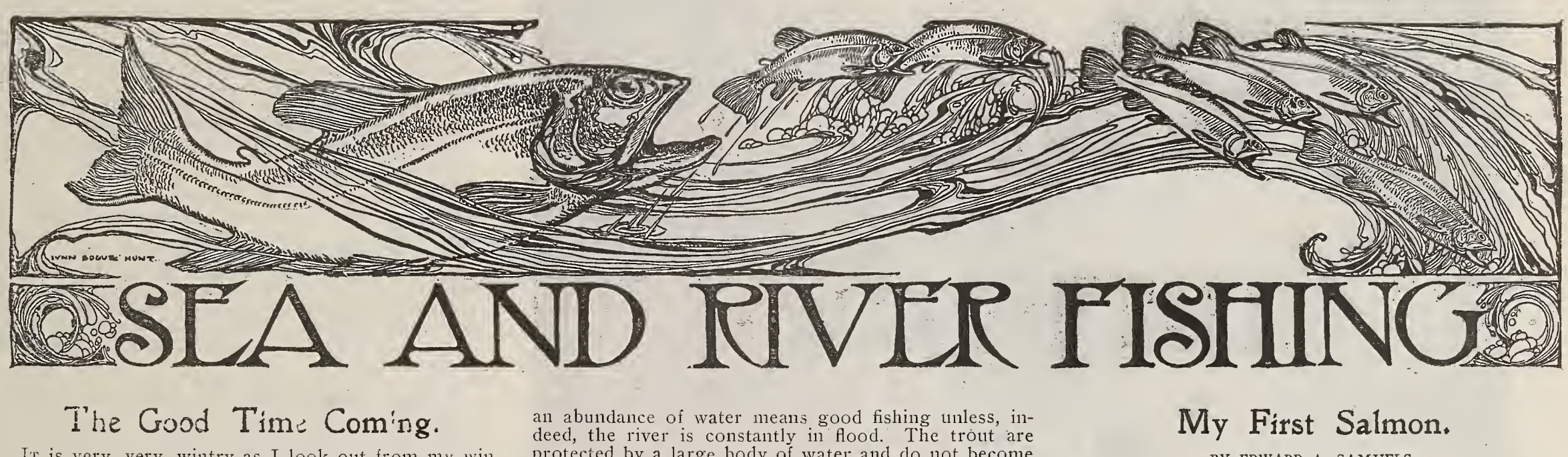
Capercaillie in Ontario.

TORONTO, Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed copy of letter from the superintendent of Algonquin Park will, I am sure, be of interest to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. The letter speaks for itself, requiring but few comments from me. You will notice the experiment has been made on a large scale. Let us trust that our most sanguine expectations may be fully realized. E. TINSLEY.

ALGONQUIN PARK, Cache Lake, Ontario, Nov. 25, 1903.—Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in reporting to you concerning the capercaillie shipped to the Algonquin Park this fall. On the 22d of September we received the first shipment of thirty birds. Of these one had died on the way, and two were so badly hurt that they died on the day they arrived here; the remaining twenty-seven birds were liberated on a large island in Cache Lake in good condition. The next shipment was on the 7th of October. Thirteen birds were in good condition, and were liberated in the same place. The last lot, fourteen birds, came on the 1st of November, and of the fourteen, one died on the way; the rest were in fine condition, and were liberated on the mainland, excepting three hens and one cock, which I kept in a house in the deer yard, making in all fifty-two fine birds. Of the last shipment there was a cock bird smaller than the rest; he was in splendid condition and flew into a tall tree at once, so that I had no opportunity to examine him closely, but I do not think he was a capercaillie. The birds in confinement are doing splendidly, and feed well; they have improved very much since they came, and do not seem any wilder than pheasants. I feel confident they will do well. Of the others, several have been seen and seemed all right, as there is an abundance of feed, and the climate must be very much what they have been accustomed to. I feel sure it will prove a good venture.

I will report to you further should any be seen through the winter, also regarding those in confinement.

(Signed) G. W. BARTLETT.



The Good Time Coming.

IT is very, very, wintry as I look out from my window upon the fast falling snow; but there is a good time coming and we may all be happy again. February is nearly gone and March is, at least, a spring month in name, if not in reality. The days are lengthening fast, and the trout season will soon come round once more. I confess that I am very anxious about the trout in our mountain streams. The winter has been so unusually severe, such quantities of snow have accumulated and the ice is very heavy. If the weather changes suddenly, the break up may be a serious matter. In still water, where it is quite shallow, what is called anchor ice is formed, that is to say, ice that extends to and is fast frozen to the bottom. A big flood with heavy ice may do great damage, particularly if gorges or jams have been formed and the water backed up above them.

We had enough floods and freshets last fall, we think, but then we are not empowered to judge of such matters. As far as I can learn, no great injury was done to the spawning beds of the trout, and the continuous high water, from the first of June onward, was very favorable to the fish. The big trout were quite safe from the poacher who uses the snare, the net and even the rifle when the large streams are reduced to the lowest ebb during periods of drouth. It is astonishing what can be done by a man who is really skillful in the use of the wire snare. If the water is clear and low, the large fish are not safe even in pools of great depth. Trout may be hunted and chevied about until they actually lose their heads or brains—I believe that they have brains—and will lie close to the bottom, with perhaps only their heads concealed, and allow the snare to slip over them. I would not have believed this possible in the big pools aforesaid, if I had not had proof positive some years ago.

It is only when the temptation is great, I believe, that the net is brought into requisition, but I have been informed, upon good authority, that it has been used for the destruction of large brown trout when all other means have failed. One man told me that he had seen dynamite tried, but that the only result was that all the suckers in the pool were killed, the trout escaping under the rocks. This I doubt. During one of the extremely dry summers, several years since, a farmer on the upper Beaverkill told me that one man had killed many of the trout weighing from three to six or seven pounds with a rifle. That he knew positively that at least one fish of the latter weight had been shot on his own property. He had known this trout for a long time, and it was about double the size of a fish that he had himself caught with a minnow in another of his pools. All this may be taken for what it is worth, and with as many grains of salt as desired. One thing is certain, an abundance of water means good fishing unless, indeed, the river is constantly in flood. The trout are protected by a large body of water and do not become so shy. As we grow older we care more for size and quality and less for mere numbers. I think that our sport has been increased decidedly by the introduction of the brown trout (*Salmo fario*), and the rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*), simply for the reason that we catch much larger fish than we did in the good old days when we were young.

I am referring to old well-known rivers not far away. For some years there was great prejudice against the brown trout, but this has greatly diminished. As for the rainbow, it is a noble fish and game to the death. Of course, our first favorite is our old friend the brook trout.

It is nearly two months before we can wet a line in our favorite stream, but we may think and talk about fish and flies to our hearts' content. The probabilities are that after the unbroken cold weather this winter, spring will come with a rush. Winter may linger with us, but when it takes its departure, there will be no returning to give us a parting kick. (Blow would be better, no doubt.) Soft, warm airs will come from the sunny southland, the birds will hasten to us, buds will burst and leaves appear as if by magic. Swarms of ephemera will arise, and the rings made by feeding trout will be seen on every pool. All nature will be alive and the angler will furbish up his weapons and be away, away, for the scenes that he loves best upon earth. Laugh if you wish, my friend, there is nothing like it or to compare with it in all this world.

I feel sure just now that every thing will be favorable, that the streams will be clear and just high enough for good sport. I know that the trout will run large, and that many big fish will be taken. Now while there is yet time, inspect your tackle carefully. Have all repairs made at once while the shops are not rushed with orders. See that your waders are in good condition and stock up your fly book, if it has been neglected for a time. You can have much pleasure in selecting these carefully, a few at a time. A first-class fishing tackle shop is to me a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

THEODORE GORDON.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Tomkins, "I have done you a great injustice." "In what way?" "I suspected you without reason. I asked several of your friends that you go out with of evenings whether you knew how to play poker, and every one of them thought a minute and said you didn't."—Washington Star.

'Tis better to have hooked and lost than never to have hooked at all.

My First Salmon.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

BEFORE the Intercolonial Railway was built, anglers from abroad had to face a journey of no mean proportions to reach the magnificent salmon rivers of New Brunswick; for they were obliged to proceed by rail or steamer to Shediac or Point du Chene, from which port another steamer sailed for points all along the north shore, Chatham, near Newcastle, being the nearest point to the great rivers Nepisiquit and Miramichi; the latter noble river with its numerous tributaries, each of which would in itself constitute a stream of no mean proportions, was in the earlier days best known to visiting anglers, principally because it was more accessible by wagon from Newcastle.

More ventursome anglers, however, preferred to visit the Nepisiquit, which was reached after a long and rough drive of some forty-five miles to Bathurst, an unpretentious little town at its mouth.

Those who have in the long ago taken this journey will agree with me that, running as it did through a monotonous stretch of barrens and forest lands which had been swept by fires, it was wearisome in the extreme, for the roadbed was rough, the springs of the wagons unyielding, and the seats and their backs were anything but comfortable.

The condition of things at the present time is of course quite different, for express trains and Pullman sleepers make the journey now a luxurious one, and points to reach which formerly required six to eight days' travel, are now arrived at in thirty-six hours or less from Boston.

I suppose there can be no difference of opinion with me when I state that New Brunswick, with its magnificent river system, is the paradise of anglers. My lines have been cast in "many pleasant places" in this broad continent, but I have never seen elsewhere anything to compare with the salmon rivers of that Province, some of which, with their tributaries, are navigable by canoe hundreds of miles, and contain at short intervals pools which will accommodate two or three rods for several days' fishing. The Restigouche, with its branches, is now the principal water in which large fish are taken, and the Miramichi is a close second to it; and, speaking of the Miramichi, reminds me of what Charles Hallock wrote of it in his "Fishing Tourist," a volume that has given me more pleasure than almost any other book on angling that I have read. He says: "The Miramichi is in length over two hundred and thirty miles from its mouth to North Branch Lake, which is the source of the North Branch, which is a branch of the Southwest Miramichi, which is a branch of the main river. Then there is the little Southwest Miramichi and the south branch of it, and the little south branch of that, the little north branch and the upper north branch. Then there is the Northwest Miramichi, with its east branch, its south branch, and so

on divisibly and indefinitely. If a friend tells you he has fished the Miramichi River, never dare to doubt his word. If he has ever fished that part of New Brunswick, it is doubtful if he has fished anything else."

I have cast the fly in most of these streams many a time, and noble sport I have had; the scenery through which all these rivers pass is picturesque in the extreme, and at many points is almost grand and awe-inspiring; but although they have always had attractions for me, I have for some reason or other, perhaps because I killed my first salmon in its waters, had a preference for the Nepisiquit, and to this day, if I had my choice of an opportunity for salmon fishing, I think I should go to this beautiful river.

The recollection of my first visit to the Nepisiquit is among the pleasantest in my memory. I had received an invitation from one of the provinical officials to join him in a short outing on the river, and in compliance with that invitation I met him at the principal hotel in Bathurst one afternoon in early summer; he had arrived in the town a day or two preceding me, and had canoemen engaged, stores laid in, and everything was in readiness for a start up the river as soon as I arrived.

My long, rough ride had proved very fatiguing, and I should have been glad to have stopped in the hotel over night, but as my friend seemed anxious to get away at the earliest possible moment, I hastily changed my clothes at the hotel, donning my fishing suit, and with rod case, fly-book, and all the other paraphernalia of an angler's outfit, climbed into a two-seated wagon which was waiting for us at the hotel stoop, and we started off at a brisk rate on the road which led to a landing on the river a few miles above the town.

Our canoes, stores, tents, etc., had been packed on a heavy wagon, and this had preceded us an hour or so, and arrived at the river shore about the time we reached



GRAND FALLS AND FALLS POOL ON NEPISIQUIT RIVER, N. B.
From "With Fly-Rod and Camera."

it. Our canoemen were four in number, two of them being French-Canadians, the third a Scotchman, and the fourth a genuine New Brunswicker; they were all small-sized men, neither of them exceeding five feet four inches in height, but they were adepts in the use of the paddle and setting pole.

The two French guides with their canoe were allotted to me, and the others, of course, were at the service of my friend. The canoes were launched and packed as quickly as possible, and we started off at once for our first tenting place, which was to be at the famous Pabineau Falls. This was reached an hour or so before sunset, and before darkness had set in our tent had been raised, beds prepared, and supper had been cooked and eaten.

My first night was, as is usual with me, a wakeful one, for I do not quickly become accustomed to the sounds of the woods. The water churning and rushing over the rocks of the falls, however, sang an ever-to-be-remembered lullaby, and to its music I finally fell asleep.

We were astir bright and early on the following morning, and while two of the guides prepared our breakfast, my friend and I, accompanied by the other two canoemen, made our way out on the rocks near the pool below the falls and began casting. This pool has been, and is now, so far as I know, one of the most famous salmon pools in the Dominion. I have seen in its sparkling waters, I venture to say, two or three hundred good sized salmon at one time; they formed an almost compact mass, rising and falling simultaneously, and moving in various ways, as if actuated by a single impulse.

My rod on that occasion was a heavy greenheart; it was spliced at its joints, and was a serviceable tool, except that it had a kick in it which was very trying to my back, and which on one or two occasions had nearly thrown me out of my canoe as I was casting from it, standing.

My friend took a position well up toward the head of the pool, while I chose a point near the tail or foot of it. Directed by my guide I dropped my fly here and there at points which he considered most likely to obtain a rise, but I failed to meet a response to my efforts. Be it remembered I had never before fished for salmon, and was using the fly on the surface as I had heretofore been accustomed to when fishing for trout. "Sare, you no fish just right," exclaimed my French guide. "Ze fly must sink—so," and he took the rod from my hand and cast the fly deftly way across the pool into a dark eddy, beneath the surface of which it was allowed to sink two or three inches and then was drawn a foot or so towards the angler, which operation was repeated until the rod was almost lifted ready for a back cast.

I saw at once what my guide wished to teach me, and again taking the rod, I cast out into the same bit of water into which he had cast, and I think I proved a creditable pupil, for I had not offered my lure a dozen times before it was accepted, and I was fast to a noble fish.

I dare say that most anglers have a vivid recollection of their first success with a large fish. I remember as perfectly as if the event was yesterday the first large pickerel I ever captured; it was a five-pounder, and I was only about ten years of age; and the recollection of my first heavy trout and bass comes back to me as if the occurrence had been a very recent one.

A strange thrill passed through me as I felt that indescribable tug at my line, and saw my salmon as he jumped clear of the water and rushed at railroad speed toward the upper end of the pool.

I have heard frequent mention made of what is commonly called "buck fever," but I never was afflicted with that malady, the first deer I ever shot having been dropped with as little concern as would be the cutting down of a snipe or a woodcock; but the feeling with which I lifted my rod and prepared to do battle with my gamy antagonist, the tremor that I first experienced was undoubtedly very similar to the fever I have named; but a few words from my guide cautioning me to hold my rod well up and handle the fish with the reel, brought me to my senses, and I was soon playing the salmon with all the steadiness of nerve that a veteran angler could possess.

The fish put up a magnificent fight which tested my tackle to the utmost; fortunately I had a long line, about a hundred and twenty-five yards being packed on my large old-fashioned click reel, for the fish seemed to be determined to be all over the pool at once, and in his turns and runs the line was often taken out twenty or thirty yards at a time.

The fish wore the silvery coat of a fresh run salmon from the ocean, and the strength and activity he displayed I shall never forget.

Now and then he dove to the bottom of the pool, where, in moving about, he drew the line sharply across the bellies of other denizens of the water, causing them to leap high in the air in their fright. On one occasion there were three or four of these leaping salmon in addition to my own, and it was a puzzle to determine which of them was the fish to which I was fast.

The struggle had lasted nearly a quarter of an hour before the salmon showed signs of exhaustion, but when he began to yield he yielded gracefully, and after a few more struggles, which grew more and more feeble, he permitted himself to be drawn close to the rock on which my guide was awaiting him, gaff in hand, and a vigorous thrust brought the exhausted fish safely up on the ledge where I was standing; a couple of smart raps on the head quieted him, and I then was enabled to inspect the prize that I had succeeded in winning; it was a fish of goodly proportions and symmetrical form, and it registered with the scales a good 15 pounds.

At this juncture I was joined by my friend, whose guide was carrying a salmon that had fallen to his rod, which was of about the same size as the one I had killed.

"It's a handsome pair," exclaimed my friend, "and both just up from the sea; it's a mighty good showing to make before breakfast and the sun hardly up."

We remained at Pabineau Falls a couple of days, meeting with satisfactory success, considering the character of the water, which was rather low and clear; we then packed our tent and other dunnage in the canoes and cruised up and down the river, fishing several of the pools, such as the Middle Landing, Rough Waters, etc., and finally found a tenting place just below the Grand Falls which is the highest on the river to which the salmon ascend.

Charles Hallock, in describing these falls, says: "The river is here much contracted, and the banks are rocky and perpendicular. The total height of the falls is one hundred and forty feet. There are four separate leaps, but only the two lowest are visible below. At the foot of each are deep basins, and below them for about a mile a number of gloomy pools and rapids which seethe with perpetual foam and chafe with deafening roar. And the constantly rising spray keeps ever fresh with a vivid green the foliage that crowns the impinging cliffs. Birds congregate here in the summer heat, and luxuriate in the coolness of the spray and verdure."

We had good success during our three days' stay at this point, a good half dozen salmon and a few grilse falling to our lines; we might have taken more fish, although the water was not in the very best condition, but we killed all we could use; we had all we wanted, and "enough is as good as a feast," as the old saying is. And when we entered our canoes for the home returning we voted that the outing had been a success in every particular.

At the Rough Waters, as I was casting in a desultory way, I rose and hooked two miniature salmon; they were bright little fellows of from eight to ten inches in length; I recognized them at once as smolt or young salmon, but my friend, on examining them later, pronounced them to be graylings, and declared that they were not only graylings, but identically the same fish that was abundant in Loch Lomand near St. John. I told him that so far as I knew, the true grayling was not to be found in any New Brunswick waters. He was firm in his opinion, however, notwithstanding all my efforts to explain how and why the fish before us were young salmon.

Since that time I have been able to prove very conclusively that the grayling known to the anglers of the lower Provinces is not a grayling, but is either a young sea-salmon or a small landlocked salmon.

A few years ago, as I was in Scribner's tackle store in St. John, I had an opportunity for examining a creel of the fish that they there called the grayling, but which were really small "landlocks." A few days later I visited Loch Lomand and took a few of the so-called grayling, and they were, like the others, small "landlocked." In the pamphlet published by the Intercolonial Railway describing the fishing and hunting regions of the Provinces, mention is made of the occurrence of the grayling near Truro, N. S., as follows:

"In the Salmon River fish known as grayling are caught in large quantities. Some allege that this fish is a trout, and others that it is a young salmon. Whatever it may be, it is a lively fish under the rod. It ranges from two to six pounds in weight."

Since this pamphlet was published, I have visited the river above named, and have taken a number of the fish; of course, they were not grayling, but were very respectable sized and lively grilse, though I did not get one anywhere near six pounds in weight. Provincial anglers also have had a good deal to say about the splendid grayling fishing in Folly Lake, a few miles from Truro. I have also visited that lake, and taken some of those graylings, but they proved to be my old darlings, the landlocked salmon.

Very Heavy Roe Shad from Georgia.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 16.—Shad of unheard of size are arriving from Georgia (so the market men state). One fish dealer received a consignment of 700, of which fully one-half were roe shad weighing 12 to 15 pounds each. Single specimens as heavy as 14 pounds have been of infrequent record hitherto, and Georgia fish not largely in evidence compared with half a dozen other States. Has the cold weather north of Cape Hatteras kept them back to fatten and enlarge? One old shad fisherman of fifty years' experience on the Potomac says that if the river could remain ice-locked until the middle of March, "shad will be so plenty that boys can snag them out with hook and line." I hope the fish commissioners will investigate.

C. H.

The Kennel.

Russian Wolfhound Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—The Russian Wolfhound Club of America was formally organized on Wednesday, February 10. Constitution and standard were adopted, and officers elected as follows: President, Edward L. Kraus; Vice-President, John G. Kent; Secretary-Treasurer, Joseph B. Thomas, Jr. Executive Committee—James Mortimer, Dr. J. E. De Mund, E. M. Lockwood, George Ronsse, Jos. B. Thomas, Jr. Dr. J. E. De Mund was elected delegate to A. K. C.

The club organized with fifty charter members. Dues were fixed at $5 per annum, with an initiation fee of $5. Special prizes will be offered at the various shows, and every effort made to advance the interests of the Russian wolfhound.

(Signed) JOSEPH B. THOMAS, JR.,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Death of Glen Monarch.

A COMMUNICATION, under date of Feb. 17, from Dreamwold, the farm of Mr. Thos. W. Lawson, Scituate, Mass., recounts a great loss as follows:

Our American champion bulldog, Glen Monarch, was shipped from the New York Show on Sunday in perfect condition, but, on the arrival of the train at Dreamwold, he was found dead in his box. Glen Monarch was bred by Mr. W. C. Codman, of Providence, R. I., from whom we purchased him for $2,500. He was the most famous American-bred English bulldog of the day.

The Game Laws in Brief.

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.



Cruise of the Yawl Nerine.

The Story of a Cruise from New Rochelle, N. Y., to Marblehead, Mass., and Return.

BY SANDFORD G. ETHERINGTON, NEW YORK CITY.

"HOME again."

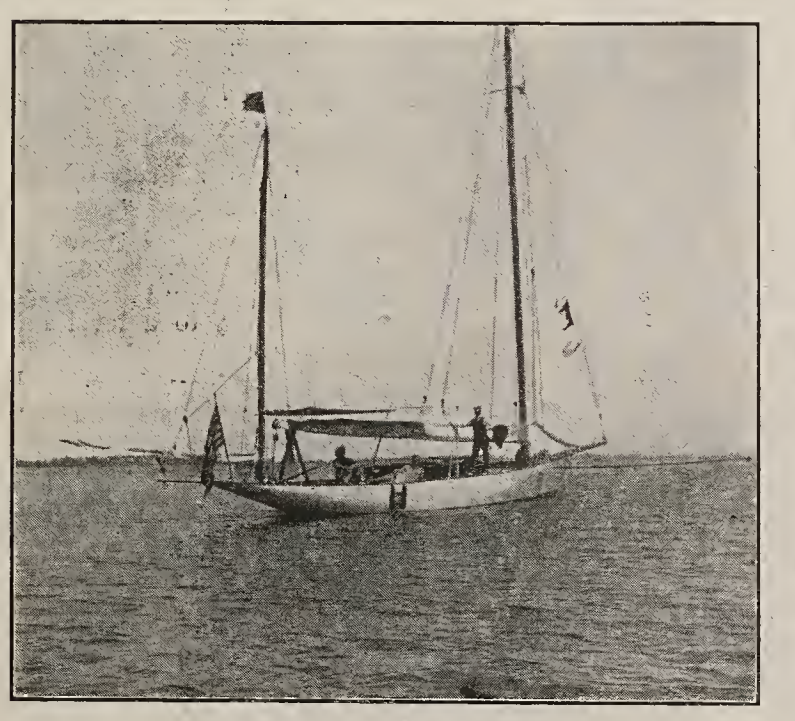
As I look back to the day when these two words were recorded in our little log, I can feel almost the same vague sadness that seemed to hang in the air then "Home again." No more tumbling out before sunrise, and creeping out of the harbor in the gray of the morning; no more heeling in the fresh breeze and tearing through the water with everything drawing and lee rails awash; no more last pipes, with the gentle motion and soft lap-lap of the water to lull us to sleep the next moment. Our sailing days were over.

The cruise, lasting seven weeks and one day, was made in the yawl Nerine, hailing from New Rochelle. Nerine is 43ft. over all; 30ft. waterline; 9½ft. breadth; and 8ft. draft; flush deck; designed by the late Edward Burgess, and built by Lawley in 1891. She was formerly a cutter, being changed in 1902 to a yawl, the latter, with a short bowsprit, proving far safer and more comfortable. As a small cruiser, Nerine is practically ideal, 14,000 pounds of lead on her keel enabling her to stand up under full sail (1,196 sq. ft.)) in a fresh breeze. On deck is a steersman's cockpit, forward of this a skylight over the after cabin, and forward of this a combination skylight and companionway leading to the main cabin. Just aft of the mainmast is a manhole leading to the fo'c'le. A scuttle in the cockpit opens into a large lazarette, used for the stowing of awning, sail covers, ropes, etc.

Below, Nerine is remarkably roomy for a craft of her size. She has 6ft. head room, a main cabin 9ft. long, an after cabin 6ft. long, and a large fo'c'sle. In the main cabin are two transoms and two hanging berths, the latter covered in the day time by curtains. In the after cabin are two bunks, a large mirror, marble wash basin, etc., clothes, linen, and chart lockers. The whole boat is wonderfully compact, every inch of space being utilized for some sort of locker. In the fo'c'sle is a pipe berth for the hand, a two-burner Khotal stove, ice chest, dish and food lockers.

Three of us were aboard during the cruise; "Shave" Vanderbilt, Rudolph, the paid hand, and the writer. We went down to New Rochelle on June 24, and put in a good week's work on the boat, July 1 finding her in splendid shape for the trip. "Jo" Johnston, who was to sail to New Haven with us, came aboard on that date and expressed much surprise at the results of our painting and polishing. "Wouldn't know her," was his comment. We turned in early, and Shave's snoring was soon the only sound to break the silence.

Rudolph was up with the sun, and the splash of



The Yawl Nerine at Anchor.

water on deck brought us tumbling out for a quick dive and rub-down. While breakfast was cooking we ran up jigger and main, coiled halliards, and cleared things generally. After a hearty meal of oatmeal, ham and eggs, and coffee, Rudolph started to clean up below, while Jo took the gasket off the jib and stood by to cast off. "All clear," he shouted, and hoisting the jib we reached out past the buoy in a fine westerly breeze and took our course W. ¾ N. for Stratford Shoal.

It was a magnificent day, clear and cool, with a spanking breeze. We winged the jigger and tore along at a good eight knots. Larchmont was passed with the usual array of yachts anchored outside, the white hulls against the dark background making a beautiful picture. The Norwalk Islands hove in sight toward noon, and after an uneventful run we sighted Stratford Shoal, and headed in toward the breakwater at New Haven, dropping anchor at the regular yacht anchorage in Morris Cove at four o'clock. The run of fifty-two miles had taken us just seven hours.

After breakfast the next morning quite a spirited discussion arose concerning the relative merits of New London and Shelter Island as headquarters for the Fourth. Shelter Island was finally decided upon, and I stepped the mast in the tender to set Joe ashore, and to buy bread, milk, and other provisions. Shave and Rudolph stayed aboard to hoist sail and lay out the course for Plum Island Light. When the tender had been dropped astern again, we broke out anchor and headed for the end of the eastern breakwater. The wind was still holding west and blowing at about seven knots. A cutter, perhaps 60ft. over all, was standing out of the harbor a little distance ahead of us, and we were much pleased, as well as surprised, to see Nerine pull up rapidly, and finally pass her some ten miles out. The course for Plum Island was E. by S. ½ S., and with the mizzen winged again it was clear sailing, although the boat yawed considerably in the short swell, making the steersman keep his eyes open.

We passed Faulkner's Island at 11 and sighted Corn-



On Board the Yawl Nerine—The Owner, Guests and Crew.

field Lightship about 1, soon afterward making out the light in the middle of Plum Gut. The course was changed a bit so as to leave the light to starboard, and we were rapidly nearing it, when, "Keep her off, keep her off," came from Shave, who was standing forward. It looked as if we were on top of a sand bar, breakers dead ahead. Rudolph dove below for the chart, and seeing that it gave 13 fathoms, we put her on her course again, the breakers proving to be a tide rip. Farther on, abreast of the light, breakers 5 and 6ft. high were encountered, nothing coming of them, however, but a little water on deck. Once past the light we looked back and saw a line of surf stretching from Oyster Pond Point to Plum Island, the whole distance looking like a huge sand bar.

The wind was dead ahead for Shelter Island, so we trimmed everything flat and stood off on a long hitch to port. Rudolph, after a look at the chart, informed us that we were due to see a light marking the channel to Shelter Island, and that the bay contained no dangers, so Shave and I didn't bother to go below. After half an hour's sailing we sighted a light. "How do we leave the light, Rudolph?" I sang out. "To starboard." Seeing a red channel buoy to port I swung her around, and with boom to port, headed for the entrance, which was perhaps two miles away. As we neared the light, Shave took the tiller and I went forward to have a look at things. "Looks kind of funny, Rudolph. Seems to me the deep water's on the other side." "It can't be. Take a look at the chart yourself, sir." Sure enough, channel to port. Remembering our experience with the tide rips, we kept on, eating through the water at a great pace. Suddenly we brought up hard on the bottom, not 100 yards from the lighthouse. We looked at each other in amazement. "Chart must be wrong, confound the luck. It gives plenty of water—always knew those charts were no good," said Shave. "Never mind the charts, get that anchor out over the stern. Flood tide isn't for half an hour yet." Rudolph jumped into the tender and dropped the anchor 50 yards astern. "Now get busy on that capstan." We slowly pulled the anchor back to the boat, put it out again, but in vain. The boat didn't budge an inch. We were hard and fast aground.

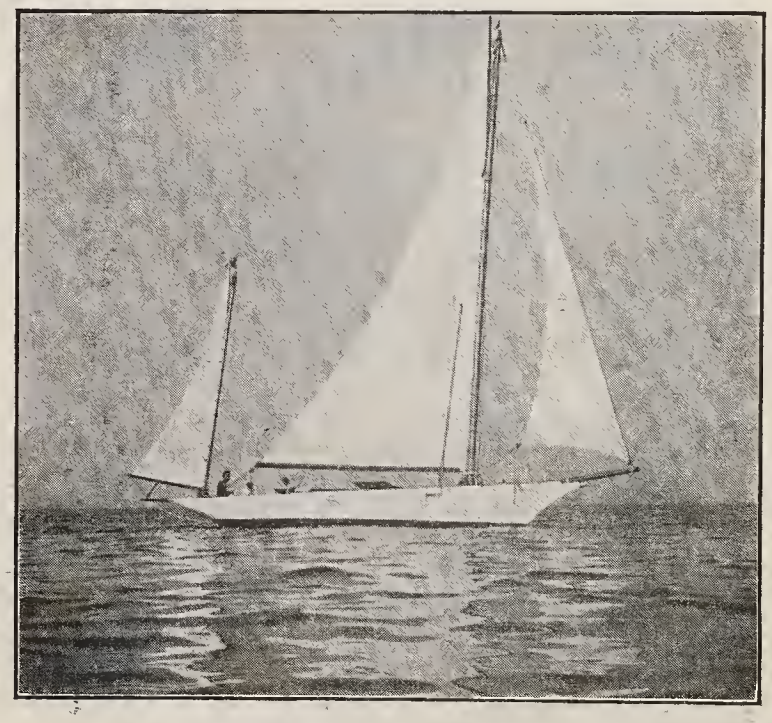
We sat around on deck awhile, indulging in some miscellaneous profanity, which relieved us a great deal, and then rowed over to the light to ask the keeper what kind of a new channel was in use. We found that we were at Cedar Island, some four and a half miles out of our course, and that the channel was on the other side of the light. All hands were somewhat relieved to find that our mistake had been made before, a large schooner having run aground there the preceding summer. But it was a mistake all right, and a big one. Long Beach Light at Shelter Island is a white structure, and Cedar Island is built of dark granite. If we had noticed these descriptions on the chart we would have found that we were away off our course, and acted accordingly. Our experience at Cedar Island was not without its good results—it taught us to look over every bit of advice and description on our charts, and in our Mariner's Guide. This is a thing that, as we found, cannot be done too carefully. And always have at least two study the charts; the chance of mistake is much less than when all is trusted to one man.

We most certainly were in a beautiful situation; Sag Harbor, the nearest port, some three miles to the southwest; no tugs thereabouts; and the next day the Fourth. After some ironical consolation from the keeper, we put back to the Nerine, where Shave and I cleared the anchor while Rudolph cooked the supper. After eating, we placed an anchor some 50 yards to each side and bent on the halliards to the cables, setting the former tight with an idea of keeping on an even keel when the tide fell.

By this time we were ready to drop asleep in our tracks, so, taking down the table and piling the dirty dishes on the transoms, we turned in. Along about midnight the wind dropped, and, as we were close to shore, the cabin soon filled with mosquitoes. After beating around awhile I noticed that the deck seemed fairly clear of them, so took the blankets up on deck and soon fell asleep. Suddenly there was a lurch and a tremendous banging and crashing, and waking with a start, I found myself in the water with the blankets on top. Loud yells were issuing from the cabin. The water was up only to my waist, so I crawled up the deck and found that the port anchor had lifted out of the mud and let the boat down with a crash. The yells came from Shave, who had been sleeping in the port bunk, and had been thrown clear across the cabin on to the floor, where I found him lying with pillows and broken dishes on all sides. The lockers had been left unfastened, and almost every dish we had was broken in the general smash. After a lot of talking we cleared things up and turned in again, this time to sleep until 5.

Finding the boat on an even keel again, we turned out and worked for about an hour with the capstan and anchors. Seeing that this was useless, Shave and I hoisted sail in the tender and started to sail to Sag Harbor to dicker for a tow. After running aground four times, we finally made the steamboat wharf and tied up. We spent the entire morning in Sag Harbor, but as everyone seemed to be celebrating the Fourth by patronizing the saloons, there was hardly a sober person in the town. Consequently, nothing was doing in the towing line.

We sailed back again, and after an uneventful day and night went ashore again Sunday morning. After much



The Yawl Nerine Under Sail.

persuasion, we induced the captain of the tug Surprise, which had come into the harbor the night before, to get up steam and go out to the island with us. On the trip out we stood with him in the pilot house, wondering at the skill with which he guided his boat through the narrow, twisting, and badly buoyed channel. Let me pause right here to remark that no stranger should attempt to enter Sag Harbor without a pilot. There is a good anchorage about a mile to the south of Cedar Island, on the left of the channel where the buoys show it to be the broadest. This anchorage is easy of access, deep, well sheltered, and in fact, much better than the inner harbor.

The Surprise soon pulled us into deep water, and after a few drinks from our bottle of Wilson, and various interchanges of greenbacks, the captain waved good-by and good luck to us as he disappeared be-

hind the lighthouse on his way back to Sag Harbor. We hoisted sail and took our course N. E. ½ N. across Gardiner Bay for New London. Running wing and wing, as usual, we soon sighted the white tower of the light, passed it, and dropped anchor off the New York, New Haven & Hartford station just as the clock struck six bells.

The regular yacht anchorage at New London is off the Pequot House; the railroad station is about two miles further up the harbor.

The next day was Monday, the sixth. After a 9 o'clock breakfast, we sent Rudolph ashore to lay in a stock of everything. He did, returning with the dinghy loaded to the gunwale, and a receipted bill for $41.80. As soon as the stuff had been stowed in the lockers we ran up the sails, and in a light southerly breeze started to beat out to Race Rock. Once outside the harbor we found everything hidden by a thick haze, which, however, lifted a little after we had made a long board to starboard. Coming about, we found that we could just fetch the Rock.

Leaving Race Rock some two or three hundred yards to the starboard, we kept off a bit, and reaching along past the hotels and cottages on Fisher's Island, soon lost the light in the haze.

Keeping a mile or so off shore, we slipped along, until, about 4 o'clock Watch Hill hove in sight. Seeing breakers to port, we kept a sharp lookout, and, with frequent references to the chart, crawled along past the bell-buoy and dropped the hook off the bathing beach. The sun went down just as we anchored, and we thanked our lucky stars that the ledges between Fisher's Island and Watch Hill had been passed by daylight.

There is an anchorage at Watch Hill away around behind Sandy Point, but the channel is hard to find. The best place, in ordinary weather, is about a quarter of a mile directly off the bathing beach.

At supper, the coffee pot kept sliding from one side of the table to the other as the boat rolled in the swell, finally sliding off into Shave's lap, spoiling a brand new pair of white flannel trousers and causing that gentleman to use much hard language as he arrayed himself again for the trip ashore. The people we wanted to call on were out, and the town being deader than it was on the water, we put back to the Nerine and spent the evening reading.

The next morning we laid out a course E. ⅛ S., from Gangway Rock, off Watch Hill, to the whistler off Point Judith. Keeping about three miles off shore, we reached over in a fresh southerly breeze, rounded the buoy, and winged the mizzen for the run up to Newport. Owing to a haze we had quite a bit of trouble in distinguishing between Whale Rock and Beavertail Lights, but remembering our experience at Sag Harbor, we paid close attention to the chart and finally located Beavertail as the one dead ahead. On the run up from Point Judith we passed a long string of barges that had been just distinguished ahead of us when we left Watch Hill.

There is plenty of water all along through here, and no attention need be paid to the charts, except as a means of locating the lights.

The straw colored sides of Brenton Reef Lightship now loomed up through the mist off to starboard, and, giving it a berth of about a mile, we soon passed Castle Hill and the Dumplings and rounded Fort Adams. Keeping an eye out for two buoys off the end of the torpedo station, we wound our way in through the hundred and one vessels in the harbor and rounded up off the New York Y. C. station. This seemed to us the best anchorage. We lowered sails, put the covers on, and set the awning for first time since leaving New Rochelle.

About midnight Shave and I rowed ashore to meet Jack Munn, who was to arrive on the Fall River boat, due at 2:30 A. M. After a long wait, spent in fighting mosquitoes, the boat came in. Jack was the first man off, and all hands put back to the Nerine and turned in.

After breakfast next morning, all four of us went ashore to look the town over, and at the first corner we turned ran into Potter, a club mate at Princeton. Pot. insisted on our sailing over to Jamestown and anchoring off the Conanicut Y. C., so taking him with us, we went back to the boat, hoisted jib and jigger, and started to beat over to Jamestown in a heavy west wind, full of wicked puffs. Even under our shortened sail we had all we wanted, and had to luff her several times. There is good water at Jamestown, and we dropped the hook in 3 fathoms some 200 yards from shore, directly off the Conanicut club house. Then all hands went ashore for dinner at Pot's.

We laid at anchor off Jamestown from Wednesday, July 8, until Sunday, July 12. Jack received word on Saturday which made it necessary for him to give up the trip, so we persuaded Pot to come along with us. After bidding farewell to our friends at Jamestown, we weighed anchor early Sunday morning, and started to beat out of the harbor in a fine southeasterly breeze. We made the course from Brenton Reef to Vineyard Sound Lightship E. by S. ¾ S., and leaving Brenton Reef Lightship about half a mile to starboard—to give it more of a berth would mean trouble with Brenton Reef—we could just hold our course on a close reach.

It was a perfect day, with no swell to speak of, and with lee rail awash, we tore along at a tremendous clip. We kept about five miles off shore, and just before lunch Cuttyhunk appeared to port, and we soon made out Vineyard Sound Lightship dead ahead. Gayhead loomed up to starboard, the red tower of the light looking about a mile high. We rounded the lightship and started sheets for the run up Vineyard Sound, Several long tows passed us, making fine time to the westward, while at times we seemed to be standing still. A glance at the tide tables explained this—the tide had turned. Besides this, the wind had dropped a bit. The tide runs about three miles an hour through the Sound, and to make any sort of headway one must have a good breeze on the quarter.

We slowly crept past Gayhead, then Quick's Hole and Tarpaulin Cove. The wind dropped a bit and we stayed off the latter for almost two hours, only leaving it when the breeze freshened again. Keeping well off shore to avoid the big bar on the Vineyard side of the Sound, we reached along past West and East Chop, and rounded the latter for the beat up into Edgartown Harbor. The sun was just going down as we made out the Squash Meadow buoys to port.

Owing to the long sand bar, persons attempting to beat up Edgartown Harbor in the dark should take tacks of not more than ten minutes each, and should keep at least one man in the bow to watch for buoys. There is plenty of water in the channel.

With Shave and I up in the bow, and Pot at the tiller, we kept on, Rudolph keeping the lead going. On one port tack we passed within 3ft. of a huge spar buoy. Coming about we passed close to another spar and thought that we were in a pretty mess, until Pot discovered that we had come about in thirteen points instead of eight, and that we must have passed the same spar twice. Edgartown and Cape Poge lights helped us, and after a long beat we dropped anchor, as we thought, some quarter of a mile from Edgartown Light, and almost on top of shore.

The next morning we were much surprised to find that the light was a good mile away, and the other shore about half a mile. After breakfast we ran in the anchor, hoisted the jib, and finally dropped the hook just outside of a lot of catboats, some hundred yards from shore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The South Bay Scooter.

How to Build One.

BY H. V. WATKINS.

For the past ten years the baymen and residents along the south shore of Long Island, particularly those down at the eastern end of the Great South Bay near Bellport, Brookhaven, and Smith's Point, have had a "cinch" on a sport that has just begun to awaken widespread interest. The craft used is called a scooter, the sport "scootering."

Nowhere else in the world will be found a craft in design, method of handling, speed, capability, and safety, like the South Bay scooter. The boat was primarily designed for winter use, but many make an all the year round gunning and rowboat of it, as in smooth water its rowing and sailing qualities are all that could be expected in any sailing boat of the same size.

While ice yachting at a mile-a minute clip will never cease to be exhilarating, there is always present an element of danger from cracks and air holes which, to a certain degree, lessens the pleasure of the sport.

In a scooter one is entirely free from fear of these dangers to the ice yacht; in fact, you pass over them at full speed with hardly any perceptible difference in the sailing, except a slight jolt or two, according to the size of the crack or air hole passed over.

The sensation of absolute safety in a scooter is indescribable to a novice; it must be experienced to be appreciated.

While of peculiar design, the scooter is not a difficult craft to construct. From diagrams and instruction given herein any amateur builder can easily put one together. The materials needed will be as follows for a plain, substantial scooter:

125 sq. ft. ½in. clear pine for deck and bottom; 20 sq. ft. 1¼in. boat cedar for deck and bottom frames; 12 sq. ft. 1¼in. oak for runner woods, mast step, etc.; 2 pieces ⅜in. by 3½in. by 16ft. planed oak for outside strips; 1 piece ½in. by 4½in. by 16ft. planed oak for coaming; 2 pieces 1in. by 3in. by 15ft. clear pine for side pieces; 10 gross 1in. No. 8 brass flat head screws; 1 gross 1½in. No. 10 brass flat head screws; 1 gross 1¼in. No. 10 brass flat head screws; 1½ dozen 3in. No. 16 brass flat head screws; 1 dozen ¼in. by 3½in. galvanized or brass carriage bolts; two ¼in. by 1in. by 10ft. spring brass or steel runner shoes; 10 pounds white lead; 1 quart each of oil and turpentine; 3 pounds of putty; 2 balls candle wick; small piece 3in. oak for stem; 1 4in. galvanized cleat for halliards; 2 deck plates with staple; 2 shroud plates with staple; 1 pair galvanized or brass rowlocks and sockets; 3 galvanized ⅜in. single pulleys for main sheet; 1 galvanized. ½in. single pulley for jib halliard; 1 pair 6ft. spruce oars; 15 fathoms ⅜in. diameter manilla rigging for main sheet, halliards, shrouds, etc.; ½ pound small cotton rigging for bending sails, etc.; mast, boom, gaff, jibboom, bowsprit, and pike poles as shown in diagram B.

First get out stem of oak 3in. thick, as diagram shows, with grain of wood running horizontal, then joint (plane) 1in. by 3in. side pieces straight on one edge, tapering other edge as shown in diagram. Mark the straight edge, top. Now snap a chalk line on the floor 15ft. long far enough away from the side of the building to give room to work around the boat, as this mark will be the working center. Nail side pieces to the stem and lay them down with the straight or top side down, keeping the point of the stem exactly on the center mark. Now get any strip about 1in. by 2in. and cut off exactly 3ft. 9in. long. Make center mark and lay at right angles across chalk line 7ft. from the stem. Draw in the side pieces until the ends are about 14in. apart and fasten so that they will remain in place while the stern is being fitted. Make this out of 1¼in. oak and fit at an angle of 45 degrees, leaving width sufficient to receive a slight crown in deck and bottom, and nail sides firmly to it.

You now have the outside lines and are ready to put in bottom frames. First get the exact width near the temporary crosspiece, and on one of the 1¼in. cedar boards, 3½in. from the top edge, make a straight line from point to point of width indicated. Now, 3½in. above this line, and for 9in. each way from the center, make a parallel line, from the ends of which mark an easy curve down to the frame end marks. This will give the swell of the bottom at its widest point, the flat center being made to prevent dragging on the ice between the runners.

Saw out frame 1½in. in depth. This done, using frame for a pattern, mark out on ½in. pine a duplicate, but only one-half the length of whole frame, which will give you a pattern for the other bottom frames fore and aft until the narrowness of the boat cuts out all the flat part. Cut the first frame snugly between side pieces, dropping ends flush with edge, keeping square with working center line. Put one 1½in. brass screw through side piece into each end of frame to hold in place. Now space off the rest of the frames 10in. from center to center each way. Get the length of each and mark them out on the 1¼in. cedar plank, bearing in mind to keep straight part of pattern up 3½in. as in first frame. Keep curved end of the pattern to outside mark each time. When the frames have shortened sufficiently to overlap the straight part of pattern at center mark, you will have cut in 7 or 8 frames. Now take a light batten strip as long as your boat and lay along the frames over center mark from stern to bow; press down at ends and trim the oak stem to the bevel as indicated by the strip. Trim the stem or transom also, giving it about 1in. crown in center.

Now, fasten batten down at each end, and it will then indicate the sweep on which to get out all remaining timbers fore and aft. When these are in, take another batten and slide over the frames to get proper bevels for trimming side pieces. The boat is then ready to be planked. Rip up and plane straight the ½in. pine into strips 3½in. wide; lay the center strip first, fasten with 1in. brass screws (two in each frame), and not more than 2in. apart along the ends at edge of the boat. Set each plank up snugly before fastening, and when all are on, caulk each seam with the candle wick, and prime with white lead paint.

At this stage the boat can be raised from the floor and placed on saw horses or boxes for convenience in doing the rest of the work. The runner woods can now be put on.

Snap a line along the center of the middle bottom plank 10ft. long, beginning 2ft. 6in. from the stem (bow); ten inches from this line on each side make a parallel line of the same length. These two lines mark the inner edge of each runner wood. Now take the 1½in. oak plank, and, placing it on edge, exactly following the runner line, brace it so it cannot move, then scribe it down the whole length of the runner mark so that it fits perfectly on each side. Sixteen inches from each end make a "spot mark" (on inside), keeping bow mark 13¾in. up from bottom edge and aft mark up 1½in. From these two dots sweep an easy turn with ½in. raise in center by using light batten. Taper the ends from these marks down to extreme ends of runner wood with a gradual turn. Rip along this line carefully, tipping the saw so that when wood is in place on the boat it will bevel away from the center of boat about ⅜ of an inch on the width of oak. The wooden runner is now dressed excepting that the edge on which the steel shoe is to be placed is too wide. Take the surplus wood from the *outside*, leaving base full width for strength. Fasten in place with the 3in. brass screws and ¼in. by 3½in. bolts, alternating with each timber. Be very careful to keep inside edge of wood to the mark, and get the two runners exactly parallel, for on this point depends the success of all scooters. In drilling the metal shoes have the screws about 6in. apart, avoiding each large screw and bolt in runner wood by at least 2in. Use 1½in. No. 12 screws for the shoes. Brass screws for brass runners; steel screws for steel runners.

Turn the boat over now and frame deck. Put the first frame across about 4ft. 6in. from point of bow, or directly over bottom frame that comes nearest to that distance. Give this a crown sufficient to make the boat 10in. deep from inside of bottom planking to top of the deck frame. Keep ends down flush with side piece, as was done with bottom frames, and put 1½in. screw in each end also.

The next frame should be put in 6ft. aft of this one, and have crown sufficient to give a depth of 9½in. from the bottom. To get the proper crown for the frames to fill out each end, spring the small batten, as was done on the bottom frame, the length of the boat.

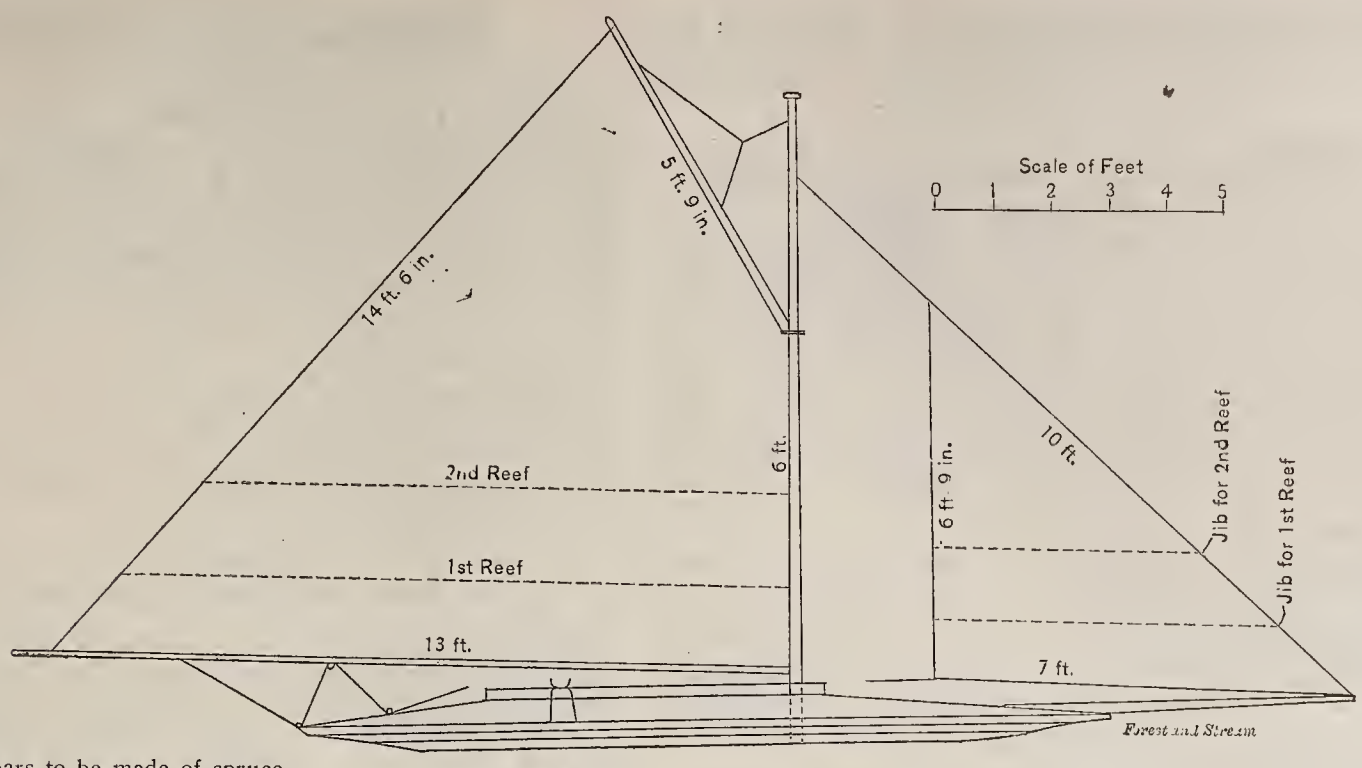
The 6ft. space is left for the cockpit or hatchway, but must have deck timbers along each side. The hatchway may be cut round at ends, pointed or square, as per diagram. The latter is easiest.

To get the sweep of these short timbers, a section of the first deck timber may be used as a pattern. In cutting to fit against side pieces hold up inside end to conform with sweep of the timbers already in place. For strength to support the deck, screw ½in. by 4in. pieces pine on the sides of these and the bottom frames close out against the side pieces. When all the deck timbers are in place, trim off the outside strip to proper bevels, as was done with bottom edge, and proceed to lay the deck. For rowlock socket pieces there are several devices, but the strongest is to fit a piece of 3in. by 3in. pine upright 16in. forward of the back end of cockpit, and right against outside piece before you lay all the deck. These may be tapered to symmetrical proportions at any time after they are in place, first sawing ends down to a level line of coaming.

For coaming use ½in. by 4½in. by 16ft. oak. Keep this level all around on top, letting lowest points be 2in. from center of deck forward and 1½in. from center of deck aft. Caulk the deck seams as was done with bottom. Now plane the edges of deck and bottom off flush with the side piece. Paint well with thick paint, and, while the paint is fresh, screw the ⅜in. by 3½in. by 16ft. oak along the entire length of the boat; when fast, trim top and bottom edges down flush with deck and bottom. A small rail about ½in. by ½in. with frequent scupper holes will now put the finish on the hull of the boat, excepting paint and putty. All the seams and screw holes should be filled with white lead putty, and the whole boat given two coats at least of best white lead paint. Now make the mast step of 1in. oak by 4½in. wide, long enough to cross two spaces of the floor timbers. Bore two holes each 6in. from either end, 2in. diameter, then screw the step firmly to the floor timbers, as shown in diagram. Make two upper steps of 1¼in. cedar 6in. wide, and cleat to the coaming so that ends will not press above the line of the deck. Bore 2⅝in. hole in each exactly plum over the bottom step holes. These upper benches may be made to drop on cleats easily, so that one may be removed when the other is in use.

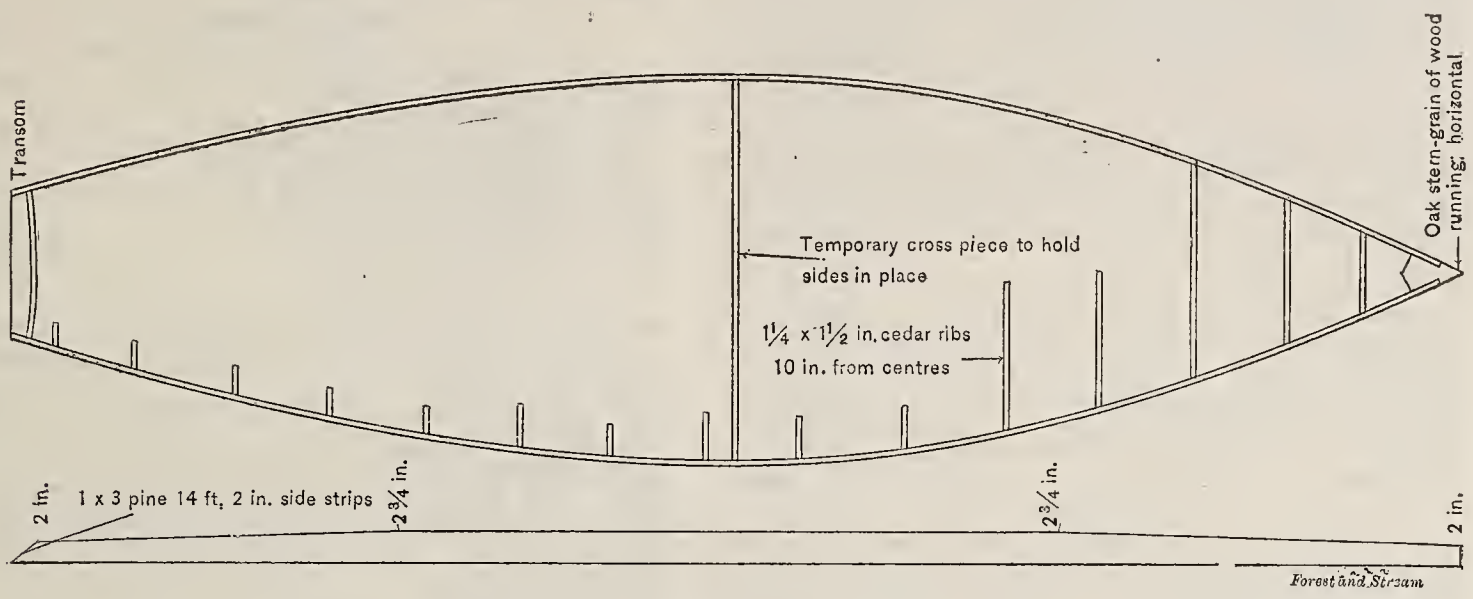
Two places for the mast are provided because the entire control of the boat when on the ice is wholly by the trim of the sails, and it often happens that with reefed sails moving the mast to the after hole gives the boat a more perfect balance.

For deck and shroud plates cast brass fittings are the best. There are several good substitutes which will answer every requirement, however. For shroud plates

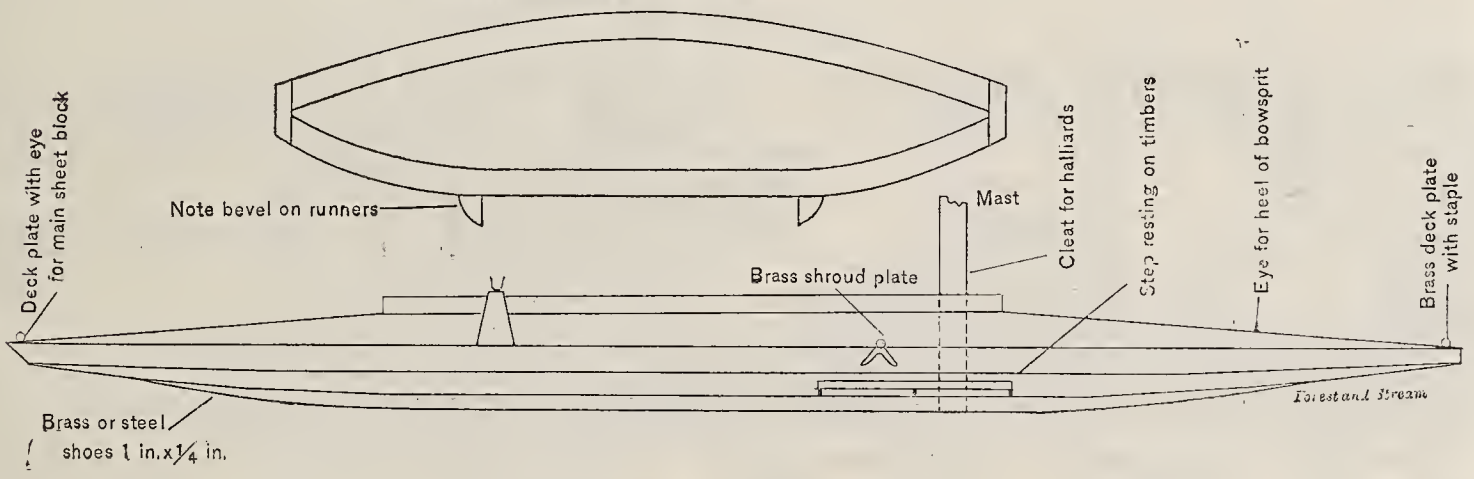


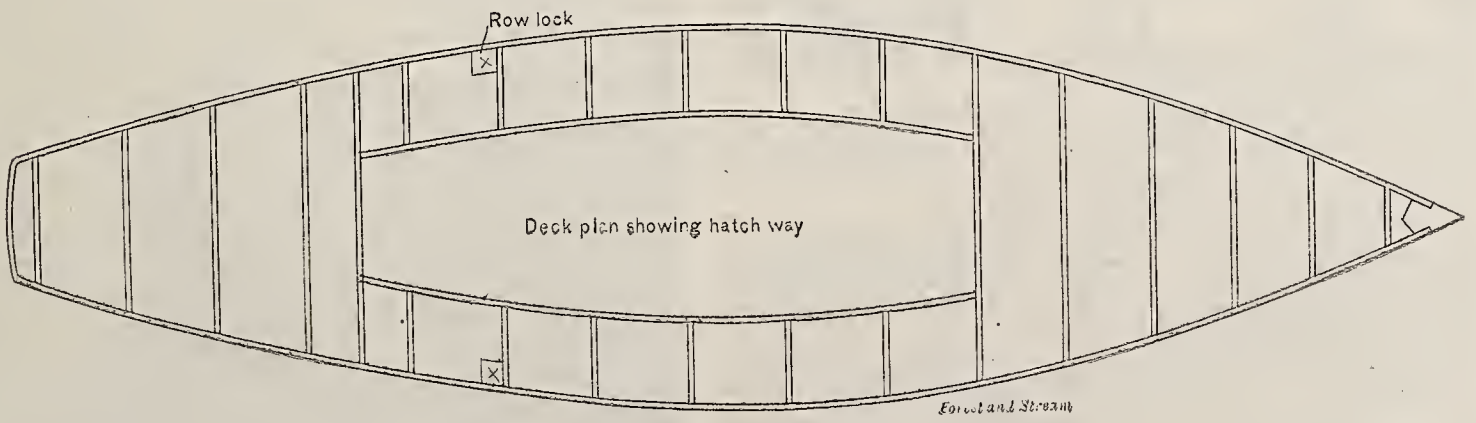
All spars to be made of spruce.
Mast 2⅝in. circumference from heel to jaws; total length 11ft.
Boom 1¾in. circumference from jaws to within 2ft. 6in. of outer end; total length, 14ft.
Gaff 1½in. circumference from jaws to within 1ft. 6in. of outer end; total length 6ft. 6in.
Bowsprit 2½in. by 3in. at stem, slight taper to outer end; total length, 7ft.; 2ft. on deck and 5ft. outboard.
Main halliards hoist through holes in mast; no pulleys; ½in. pulley for jib halliard as stay and halliard are one piece. A separate jib for each reef is much more satisfactory than reefing the large jib.

SOUTH BAY SCOOTER—SAIL AND SPAR PLAN.

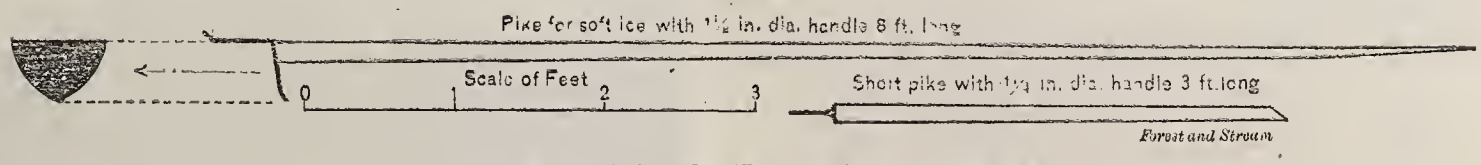


Cross Section showing curve of deck & bottom





SOUTH BAY SCOOTER—CONSTRUCTION PLAN.



SOUTH BAY SCOOTER—STEERING PIKES.

two 7in. galvanized door hasps will answer by drilling each for screws. To put on, place perpendicular against outside oak band opposite aft mast hole, letting eye project above deck far enough to receive ¼in. S hook, then bend lower end under and snug up to bottom planking and fasten one on a side.

For deck eyes, a heavy galvanized ½in. screw eye will answer for the bow, screwed well down into the oak stem piece. For the aft end, a heavy galvanized staple drove through deck into the oak stern will hold the main sheet pulley.

A ¼in. brass screw eye placed on the second deck timber from bow will hold the heel of bowsprit. Cut out underneath the bowsprit where it goes over the large screw eye so that the bowsprit will rest on the deck. Bore a ¼in. hole through the bowsprit exactly opposite the large eye so that a bolt will pass directly through eye and hold the bowsprit down. The bolt holes in the bowsprit can be strengthened by bending a piece of 1in. band iron over top and down each side where the bolt passes through, reaming out the bolt holes.

Now make spars and hooks, bend sails, and you will behold a typical Great South Bay scooter. For a first trial select a moderate breeze. Trim the mainsail fairly flat, twisting the sheet around rowlock. Take the jib sheet (which is always a single part about 8ft. long), and, giving the boat a little start on the ice, jump into the cockpit. Watch closely the effect of trimming in or letting out the jib, and before you have sailed two miles you will have discovered the art of sailing a boat without a rudder. Find a small air hole of open water, and practice going into the water and out on to the ice at various speeds until you have gained full confidence in the scooter's safety under all conditions. After a few trials you will become master of the situation and an enthusiastic devotee of the new sport called "scootering."

British Letter.

THERE has been a good deal of discussion lately in the leading yachting papers as to the desirability of having a standard of classification for yachts which could be applied with benefit to the modern racer, and the Yacht Racing Association recently interested themselves in the matter sufficiently to appoint a committee to inquire into this subject among other matters, but, so far, without tangible results. The only system of classification which has been recognized over here, during the last twenty-five years, has been that of Lloyds, but as the rules governing this system had not been altered since their inception until last summer, and the form of racing yachts has undergone a complete metamorphosis during that period, Lloyds rules have been utterly inadequate as a means of classifying racing yachts for many years. Last year the committee of Lloyds undertook the complete revision of their rules, and in August they issued a new set of rules for the building and classification of wood, steel and composite yachts, in which they have endeavored to cope with the difficulty of providing a code of rules which can be applied with benefit to the construction and classification of the modern racing yacht.

In this matter they have only partially succeeded, and it will require the cooperation of the Yacht Racing Association to make a complete success of the new scheme. The Y. R. A. have more than once had thoughts of formulating a set of scantling rules to prevent the flimsy construction which has done so much to kill class racing in British waters; but their efforts have always been half-hearted and they shrink from anything like drastic changes, however much the changes may benefit the sport in the long run. There is a golden opportunity now for the governing body to combine with Lloyds to evolve a satisfactory system of classification for racers, and to make it compulsory for every racing yacht above a certain size, say 36ft., to be built sufficiently strong, with due regard to the stress and strain imposed by the heavy lead keel and big spread of canvas, to stand the wear and tear of one or two season's racing, and afterward be fit for use as a fast cruiser. Class racing in anything above a 36-footer is at a very low ebb, with the exception of the 52ft. class, and vested interests would by no means be hard hit by such a healthy innovation, besides which people would be much more willing to build if they could only be certain of getting the hall mark of Llodys classification with their vessels, and knowing in that respect, all yachts would be treated alike, and the bandboxes rigidly excluded. Until something of this sort happens and the Yacht Racing Association exercises its undoubted authority much more freely than it has done of late, it will be quite hopeless to expect a renewal of class racing in Great Britain. It was hoped that something definite would have been done at the annual general meeting of the Yacht Racing Association, which was held on February 2, to try and establish class racing on a firm basis, but a motion by the chairman, Mr. A. Manning, that all yachts over 30ft. rating should be built to Lloyds new rules, and classed, did not meet with a seconder. It is true that Lloyds new rules as they stand are not quite suitable to the modern form of racing yachts, but very little alteration would be necessary to make them all that is desirable, and it is certain that until the Y. R. A. modify their rating rule so as to produce a more wholesome type of vessel, and put themselves in touch with the committee of Lloyds for the purpose of evolving a suitable code of rules for building and classification of racing yachts, prospective owners will not build big vessels for anything but the handicap class.

With the death of Mr. Robert Hewett, which took place at Salcombe, S. Devon, on January 21, there has been removed one of the best known yachtsmen of the old school. Mr. Hewett was Commodore of the New Thames Y. C. and Vice-Commodore of the Royal Thames, and his well-known figure was always a prominent feature on the club steamer in the river matches on the Thames at the opening of the season when his sound, common sense and good judgment were always in request and never withheld from the sailing committees. Mr. Hewett was more than a mere yacht sailor, for he was responsible for the design of the famous 10-ton cutter Buttercup, one of the most successful of the old plank on edge type of boats in vogue in the early eighties, which he sailed himself with a very large measure of success during four seasons. Buttercup was a big, full bodied boat, with high freeboard; and she differed from all the other boats in her class in that she had a short schooner bow which was afterward copied and called the "Buttercup bow." She was very fast to windward and a particularly powerful boat in a seaway. Mr. Hewett will be deeply regretted by a very large circle of friends in the yachting world, where he was deservedly popular. He did not take an active part in yacht racing of late years on account of his advanced age, but to the last he used to cruise quietly in his 40-ton Terpsichore.

There is a rumor that the new 65-footer, building at Fairlie, for Messrs. Connell is to be fitted out, and that the old Watson cutter Carina will be raced against her, so as to give the class a start. Unfortunately, no sport can result from such a combination if they sail on even terms, and the 52ft. class will have the chief place once more in class racing. Moyana, Lucida and Camellia will be under fighting colors. It is extremely doubtful if Viola will join them; but Fife has an order for a new boat for Mr. Samuel Butler, of Bristol, so that the class will muster four vessels and some excellent racing is sure to result. E. H. KELLY.

The annual meeting of the San Francisco Y. C. was held on February 10, and the following officers were elected: Com., A. C. Lee; Vice-Com., H. H. Jenness; Rec. Sec'y, W. H. Gray; Fin. Sec'y, A. G. A Mueller; Treas., F. A. Robbins; Port Capt., Dan Miller; Meas., F. Raisch. All of these candidates are yacht owners, and for several years have been prominently connected with the affairs of the club.

Boston Letter.

Boston, Feb. 22.—Ex-Commodore J. Malcolm Forbes, of the Eastern Y. C., a member of the Committee on Challenge of the New York Y. C., died at his residence in Milton, Mass., Friday, Feb. 19, after an illness of about a week. Commodore Forbes was born in Milton Feb. 2, 1847. He attended the English High School in Boston and was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the class of 1869. In business life he was the senior member of the firm of J. M. Forbes & Co., and was interested in railroad and electrical movements.

He was one of the foremost of American yachtsmen, and was identified with the defense of the America's Cup since 1885, when he was one of a syndicate of eleven which built the Puritan. He later became sole owner of this famous yacht, and, when he became Commodore of the Eastern Y. C., she was his flapship. In 1901 he became a member of the Committee on Challenge for the America's Cup of the New York Y. C., and served on that committee up to the time of his death. Up to the time of his death he was the owner of the sloop Volunteer, which defended the Cup in 1887. This yacht, with other smaller ones, he kept at his summer home, Naushon Island.

Commodore Forbes was interested in many outdoor sports, and was a fine athlete. He maintained a stock farm at Ponkapoag, in the Blue Hills, where some of the finest trotting stock in the country was kept. He owned the famous stallion Arion, for which he paid $125,000, the highest price ever paid for a trotter in this country.

From his boyhood Commodore Forbes was a devoted yachtsman, and during his yachting career did much to develop the sport. He owned and raced many yachts. He was the sixth member of the Puritan syndicate to pass away since 1885, and was one of three prominent yachtsmen whose deaths have come within a month, the other two being Col. Hugh Cochrane and Mr. Henry Bryant.

Commodore Forbes was popular among yachtsmen. Under a rather gruff exterior there beat a kindly heart, and his sterling character made his friendship most valuable.

It was decided at the annual meeting of the Quincy Y. C. to build either a 15-footer or an 18-footer under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, the funds to be raised by subscription among the members. It is considered most probable that it will be an 18-footer which will be built. The boat will be raced on the Y. R. A. circuit during the coming season by members of the club, and at the end of the season will be turned over to the club to be rented to members until the members of the syndicate which furnished the funds for her construction shall have received such reimbursement as they may elect.

It has been announced that one of the owners of the 22-footers has offered a cup to be contested for by 22-footers in a race from Marblehead to the Isles of Shoals and return. It is the intention to start the race from Marblehead on Saturday evening, June 25, and it is expected that the finish will be made off Marblehead on the next afternoon. There will be a full moon on the evening of June 25. Six owners of 22-footers have already signified their intention of competing for the cup. Mr. Herbert H. White's steam yacht, Wild Goose, will be used as judges' boat, and will follow the yachts over the course.

At the annual meeting of the Eastern Y. C., the following officers were elected: Com., Laurence Minot; Vice-Com., C. H. W. Foster; Rear-Com., W. O. Gay; Sec'y, George Atkinson, Jr.; Treas., Patrick T. Jackson; Meas., Henry Taggard; Council at Large—George A. Goddard and Frank B. McQuesten; Regatta Committee—Henry Howard, chairman; Patrick T. Jackson, George Atkinson, Jr.; Stephen W. Sleeper, and Louis M. Clark, secretary; Committee on Admissions—Theophilus Parsons, chairman; James D. Colt, Robert Saltonstall, Charles S. Rackemann, and George Atkinson, Jr., ex-officio; House Committee—Parkman Dexter, chairman; Ernest W. Bowditch, Frederick O. North, George L. Clarke, and William B. Revere, secretary.

News of quite an extensive cruise for a 44ft. over all sloop has recently come from Capt. Charles S. Browne, of Portsmouth, N. H., from Jacksonville, Fla. Capt. Browne started in the sloop Valiant from Portsmouth on the morning of November 26, 1903, and arrived at Jacksonville on the evening of January 1, 1904. The trip was made all outside and the port to port runs were made very quickly. The trip, on the whole, was rather a pleasant one, although Valiant was obliged to remain at some places on account of the weather. Valiant was designed by Capt. Browne and built at Portsmouth in 1894. She is 44ft. over all, 10ft. beam, and 7ft. draft. Capt. Browne was the organizer of the Portsmouth Y. C., and is still an active member of that organization.

The House Committee of the South Boston Y. C. has announced the following schedule of entertainments for 1904: February 25, lecture by Hon. Arthur K. Peck on Yellowstone Park; March 15, special entertainment; April 7, hop; May 3, whist party, May 26, fancy dress masquerade; May 30, open house, refreshments in the Dutch room; June 14, hop.

John B. Killeen.

British International Cup for Motor-Boats.

Three challenges have already beeen received from France for the British International Cup for Motor Boats. Two of these entries are for boats driven by petrol motors, one from MM. Clement and the other from Messrs. G. Pitre & Co., and the third is a Gardner-Serpollet steam launch, entered by MM. Legru and Gardner.

No fewer than seven boats have been entered to defend the cup on behalf of Great Britain, two being from S. F. Edge, limited, the present holders; three from Messrs. J. E. Hutton, limited; one from Messrs. Thornycroft ; and one from Lord Howard de Walden. This will necessitate an eliminating race being held to decide upon the three boats which are to represent England in the race itself.

Further entries, it is hoped, will yet be received from France, which will also necessitate an eliminating test, and if, as is confidently expected, entries are received from Germany and the United States, the race will be the most representative and important international contest for motor boats that has ever taken place.—Yachting World.

The Marine Motor Boat Exhibit at the Madison Square Garden.

The motor boat and marine engine display at the Sportsmen's Show is one of the features of the exhibition. In previous years there has been a few motor boats and several engines on view, but the great increase in the number of these exhibits clearly demonstrates what marked progress has been made in this branch of yachting during the past year, and how widespread is the interest in these useful, practical and convenient contrivances. The present marine exhibit is a tribute to the energy and enterprise of the gasolene engine manufacturers.

The marine exhibits quite overshadow the displays that have hitherto attracted all the attention, and from the time the Madison Square Garden opens until it closes crowds devote themselves to looking over the boats and engines. The marine motor is now becoming understood, and the visitors study the mechanical devices of the engines and the construction of the different boats in a more intelligent and understanding manner.

The motor boat has gained a firm foothold both for utility and pleasure, and is here to stay. It is not a fad, and it is destined to play an important part in water sport and transportation in the future.

The boats that come in for the greatest attention are those that are being exhibited in the big tank which occupies the larger part of the main floor. In the tank are four mahogany boats all intended for high speed work. One of these craft—Vingt en Un—has already gained much prominence, and has shown remarkable speed on her trials on the Hudson River. She was designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and is fitted with a Smith & Mabley engine. Vingt en Un is a clean looking boat, and is perhaps more pleasing to the eye than any of the other high speed boats displayed. Smith & Mabley have a large space at the eastern end of the tank.

The two high speed boats that are fitted with French automobile engines have interested many. These boats are being shown by Messrs. Panhard & Levasser, and Messrs. Hollander & Tangerman. The hulls of both are similar in design, having fine bows with pronounced turtle-back decks and wide and heavy torpedo boat sterns. The boat being shown by the former firm is named Panhard, and the latter is known as F.I.A.T. The owners of F.I.A.T. have challenged those interested in Vingt en Un to a match race for $1,000 a side, which is to take place early next summer. Messrs. Hollander & Tangeman are now willing to increase the stakes to $5,000 a side and race one-design boats, so that the contest would be a test of motors.

The fourth boat being shown in the tank is Dolphin II., which craft was designed by Mr. E. F. Graef, and is equipped with a specially designed Standard motor. She is a very likely looking boat, and presents a striking appearance as her decks are of burnished sheet copper. Her owners expect she will develop about 18 miles, but it is more than probable that she will exceed this. She ought to make a good showing with the other high speed boats being shown, and we hope they will meet next season in some speed tests.

None of the boats on exhibition show up to better advantage than does the mahogany launch that was built at Morris Heights. She is a beautiful piece of work, and is fitted with a Seabury motor. She is not intended for great speed, and is of rather heavier construction than the racing craft.

The Buffalo Motor Co. has a very fine exhibit on the south side of the main floor, and there are a number of their engines of various horse-powers being shown. Many improvements have been made in this engine, and the 1904 model ranks well at the head of American-made gasolene motors.

Water Boy is the name of the boat being shown in the tank by the Lozier Motor Co. She is a smart looking boat, and is well built and finely equipped. This firm are exhibiting a number of their motors.

The Isham Company, of Norwich, Conn., have fitted up their space in a most unusual way, and in consequence catches the eye of many. Their exhibit is well arranged, and the models of some of the numerous launches they have built are handsomely finished.

The Eagle Bicycle Mfg. Co., of Torrington, Conn., have several of their reliable and compact motors in their space. This engine has many good points, and is particularly adapted to smaller boats, where the smaller horse-powers are needed.

While the gasolene motor boats are in demand, the craft propelled by electricity have many admirers. The Electric Launch Co., of Bayonne, are showing many interesting things that relate to electric propulsion.

Among the other exhibitors, of which more will be said later, are the following:

Pierce Engine Co., Racine, Wis.; C. H. Blomstrom Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.; Western Launch and Engine Works, of Mishawka, Ind.; White Craft and Power Co., Port Richmond, N. Y.; Charles A. Strelinger Co., Detroit, Mich.; Lackawanna Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.; Fairbanks Co., New York; Richardson Engineering Co., Hartford, Conn.; Spaulding Gas Engine Co., New York city; August Mietz, New York city; Victor Metals Co., New York city; Cushman Motor Co., Lincoln, Neb.; Abercrombie & Fitch, New York city, and the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., New York city.

The Standard Boat Co., of Long Island City, is building a gasolene launch from designs made by Mr. Arthur Masters, for Dr. C. B. Mathewson, of Plainfield, N. J. The boat is to be 55ft. long; 10ft. breadth; and 3ft. draft. Her power will consist ot a 20 horse-power Standard engine. Mr. Masters has gotten out plans for a three-masted auxiliary schooner for Mr. Edward R. Cassidy, of Altamont, N. Y. She will be 144ft. over all; 116ft. waterline; and 13ft. 6in. draft. She will be fitted with a 40 horse-power Standard engine.

Designing Competition.

$225 in Prizes.

Two designing competitions have been given in Forest and Stream. The first was for a 25ft. waterline cruiser; the second was for a 15ft. one-design class. Both competitions were very successful. The great interest taken in those competitions has prompted us to give a third one, open to amateurs and professionals. The prizes which will be given are as follows:

First prize—$100.
Second prize—$60.
Third prize—$40.

Fourth prize—$25, offered by Mr. Theodore Zerega for the best interior plan.

The designs are for a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. Centerboard cruiser, 40ft. l. w. l.

II. Boat must not draw over 6ft with centerboard up.

III. The lowest freeboard to covering board must be 3ft.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. The conditions have been made as simple as possible, that competitors might have all latitude and scope in working out their ideas. We wish to produce an able and comfortable cruising boat, one that shall have ample accommodation for two or three men living aboard for a period of several months, and one that can be easily managed at all times by two or three paid hands. The draft is restricted to 6ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all the desirable harbors, and may, thereby, widely increase her cruising field.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.—showing center of buoyancy, center of lateral resistance and center of effort of both rigs.

II. Half breadth, scale ¾in.=1ft.

III. Body plan, scale ¾in.=1ft.

IV. Cabin plan, inboard profile and at least one cross section, scale ¾in.=1ft.

V. Two sail plans, scale ¼in.=1ft.; one as a yawl; one as a pole mast sloop.

In the case of the yawl rig the position and height of the mast and length of gaff are to be the same as in the cutter rig. Plans must show working topsail and size of light sails.

VI. All ballast outside on keel except amount necessary for trimming.

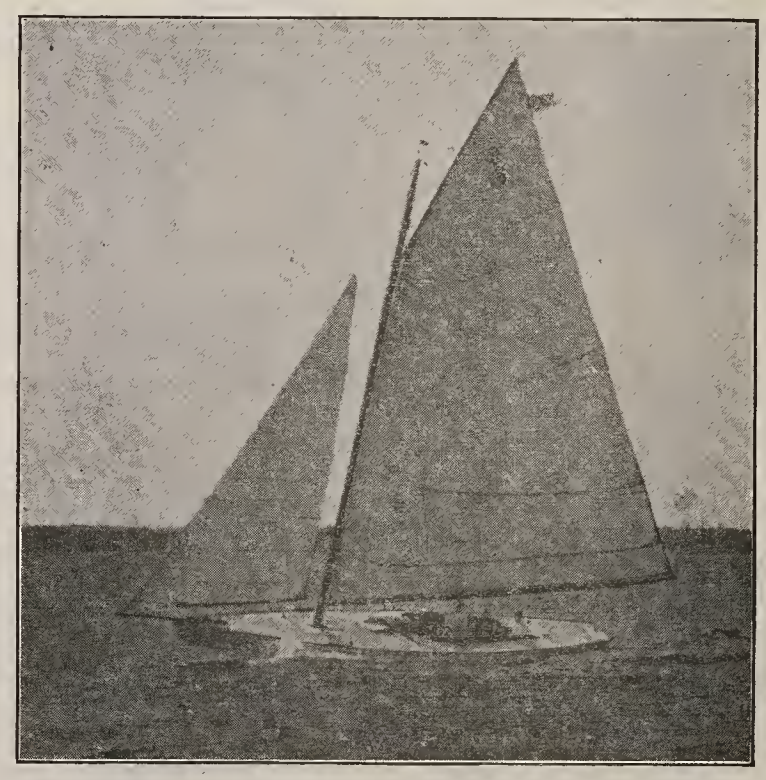
An outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully made and lettered. All drawings should be on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used. The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only, and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than March 1, 1904. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The Forest and Stream reserves the right to publish any or all of the designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, who passed upon the designs submitted for the 25ft. with great care, has again consented to judge the designs and make the awards.

Jolly Tar.

Last season Jolly Tar was raced in almost all of the contests for her class, winning the championship pennant of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, in the open 21ft. racabout class, which is admitted to be the keenest small boat racing class on the Sound, there having been sixteen competitors in this



JOLLY TAR.
Champion Raceabout, Y. R. A. of L. I. S.
Owned by Slocum Howland.
Photo by H. N. Tiemann, New York.

class. It being not an uncommon thing to see nine or ten of these boats in a single race last season.

She also won the cup given by Com. H. W. Eaton, for the championship of the American Y. C. one-design class, winning all six races of this series.

Jolly Tar was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield and built by Rice Bros., of East Boothbay, Me., in 1902, being one of the seven one-design raceabouts that were built for members of the American Y. C. of Rye, N. Y. She is owned by Mr. Slocum Howland, of Catskill on the Hudson.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Sinclair, Miss Marjorie Sinclair and Lewis R. Freeman, left Los Angeles early in February on the schooner yacht Lurline, for a year's cruise of the South Seas. The cruise of Lurline will be to the Hawaiian, Society, Fiji, Ellice, Gilbert and Marshall Islands, returning by way of Japan. Mr. Sinclair is a master mariner and has rounded out a good many years on the seas.

Rev. Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. has purchased, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, the auxiliary yawl Idelon, from Wm. E. Heiser, Baltimore, Md. She is 55ft. over all; 35ft. waterline; 14ft. beam; 6ft. draft; designed and built, 1903, by the L. J. Nilson Yacht Building Co., Baltimore.

Frank Bowne Jones has recently made the following sales: The schooner Regina, owned by Mr. William A. Hamilton, to Mr. Henry F. Noyes; the yawl Sagiola, owned by Mr. C. O. Herx, to Mr. A. C. Bancker; and the schooner Javelin, owned by Mr. C. A. Rutter, to Dr. W. W. Greer.

The report of the Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. has been issued. The booklet is splendidly gotten up, and the race reports are complete. The brochure is illustrated by fine half-tone pictures.

Mr. M. J. Kiley, of Boston, has issued a compact little book which contains the official tide tables of the Atlantic Coast for 1904.

The Rochester Y. C., at a meeting recently held, elected the following officers: Com., Chas. M. Everest; Vice-Com., W. H. Briggs; Fleet Capt., F. T. Christy; Sec'y-Treas., Thos. G. Young; Cor. Sec'y, L. G. Mabbett; Meas., Wm. H. Pillou, Jr.; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. T. O. Tait. Directors for two years, W. G. Hull, Frank Ocumpaugh.

There is building, by the Electric Launch Co., of Bayonne, from designs made by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, a speed launch for Commodore Harrison B. Moore, Atlantic Y. C. She is to be 60ft. over all; 58ft. waterline; 7ft. breadth; and 3ft. draft. She will be an open boat and will have three cockpits. The planking will be double, the inner skin being of cedar and the outer of mahogany. The yacht will be equipped with a 175 horse-power Craige motor.

The Boston schooner Rondina has been sold by Mr. D. C. Percival, Jr., to Mr. George E. Ide, of New York, and the yacht Dragon by Mr. W. T. Emmet to Mr. James Baird, of Philadelphia.

United States Consul H. W. Metcalf, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, sends a report of the launching there on January 11, 1904, of the yacht Erthogroal, built for the Sultan of Turkey. The launching was preceded by a religious ceremony peculiar to the Turks, after which the ship was christened in the usual way by breaking a bottle of champagne over her bow by the wife of the Turkish ambassador. Erthogroal is up-to-date in every particular—in length, 260ft.; breadth, 26ft. 6in.; mean draft, 15ft. Her displacement is 900 tons. The yacht is built entirely of steel. Erthogroal will have an armament of eight 3-pounder guns and a speed of 21 miles per hour.

The bill prepared by the Great South Bay Improvement Association has been introduced in the Senate by Senator Bailey, and in the Assembly by Mr. Cocks. This is a part of the plan to give an inside waterway from East Rockaway Point to Orient Point, on the eastern end of Long Island, making use of the Great South Bay.

The annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held on the evening of February 17, at Delmonico's. As none of the flag officers was in town, Justice F. M. Scott presided. The following officers were elected: Com., Morton F. Plant, schooner Ingomar and steamer Parthenia; Vice-Com., Albert C. Bostwick, auxiliary schooner Vergemere; Rear-Com., Frederick M. Hoyt, cutter Isolde; Sec'y, A. Bryan Alley; Treas., William Murray; Meas., John Hyslop; Trustees, to serve three years, William B. Jenkins and Jacob Halstead.

The following amendment to the racing rules was adopted:

Any yacht crossing the starting line before her starting signal, shall be recalled by the hoisting of a red ball, attention being called to same by a short blast of the whistle or through a megaphone. Should more than one yacht cross the starting line before the signal, there shall be a short blast of the whistle or megaphone call for each yacht crossing.

The report of the Secretary, A. Bryan Alley, showed the organization to be in a very prosperous condition. There are at present enrolled in the club 39 schooners, 10 auxiliary schooners, 192 sloops, cutters, and yawls; 26 mainsail yachts, 99 steamers and 49 launches, making a total of 415 boats.

The annual meeting of the Philadelphia Y. C. was held on Wednesday, February 10, at the club house, Tinicum, Delaware Co., Pa. The following officers were elected: Com., William H. Bromley; Vice-Com., Philip H. Johnson; Rear-Com., J. Anderson Ross; Sec'y, C. Carroll Cook; Treas., George T. Gwilliam; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Frederick J. Haerer; Harbor Master, Lloyd Titus; Trustees, A. L. English, Robert C. Thompson, T. W. Bookhamer, George W. Fite, J. William Good, Alexander G. Rea, James T. Ramsdell; Race Committee, C. Carroll Cook and Robert C. Clarkson. The organization is in a healthy condition financially, being free from floating debt, with a fleet of 55 yachts. Extensive improvements have been made to the club property, and it is now a thoroughly modern yachting home.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., is having a high speed motor boat built by Mr. Robert Jacob at City Island. The boat is 40ft. long; 35ft. waterline; and about 6in. draft forward, decreasing to nothing on the waterline at the stern. The boat will be double planked, the outer skin being mahogany. The power will be furnished by a French automobile engine.

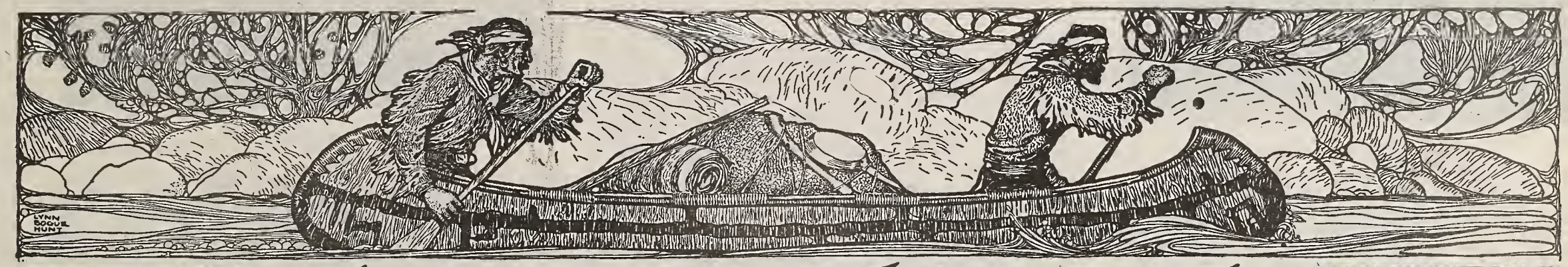
All the models added to the New York Y. C.'s collection in the future will be made according to the following scales: For all yachts more that 300ft. L.W.L., one-eighth of an inch to the foot; for all yachts more than 200ft. L.W.L., three-sixteenths of an inch to the foot; for all yachts more than 100ft. L.W.L., one-quarter of an inch to the foot; and for all yachts of 100ft. L.W.L. and under, three-eighths of an inch to the foot; half models will show the starboard side, and must be painted to correspond with the color of the yacht.

The late Queen Victoria's old yacht Victoria and Albert is to be broken up at Portsmouth. Relic hunters will be disappointed to know none of the wood is to be sold, but all to be burned.—London Mail.

Secretary Edward M. MacLellan, of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., has received a challenge from the Atlantic Y. C. for the Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup. The Atlantic Y. C.'s representative will be Bobtail, a Herreshoff production, owned by Mr. E. F. Luckenbach. Bobtail was one of the unsuccessful competitors in the races for the cup last season—finishing fourth in the series.

Mr. C. F. Herreshoff is now working on plans of a high speed motor boat for Mr. F. A. La Roche. The boat will be 32ft. long, 8ft. breadth, and 18in. draft. She will be fitted with a 20 horse-power engine.

At the Herreshoff's plant, at Bristol, there are building four 18ft. knockabouts and a 40ft. waterline cutter for Mr. Eaton, of Boston.



CANOEING

A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

Officers of A. C. A., 1904.

Commodore,—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. E., Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer—John Sears Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York.
Rear-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N.J.
Purser—M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., 201 Palisade Ave., West Hoboken, N. J.
Executive Committee—H. L. Pollard, 138 Front St., New York; N. S. Hyatt, Ossining, N. Y.; H. C. Allen, 54 Prospect St., Trenton, N. J.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 164 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Rear-Commodore—Frank D. Wood, Buffalo, N. Y.
Purser—Frank C. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Executive Committee—Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome. N. Y.; H. C. Hoyt, 26 S. Goodman St., Rochester, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, 164 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Henri Schaeffer, Manchester, N. H.
Rear-Commodore—H. M. S. Aiken, 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
Purser, Edw. B. Stearns, Manchester, N. H.
Executive Committee—B. F. Jacobs, Jr., West Medford, Mass.; D. S. Pratt, Jr., Wellesley Hills, Mass.; Marcus Butler, Lawrence, Mass.; William W. Crosby, Woburn, Mass.
Board of Governors—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minet, 125 Vitre St., Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, O.
Rear-Commodore—Chas. J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, O.
Purser—Geo. A. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thos. P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section 1, of the by-laws of the A. C. A.:

"Application for membership shall be made to the Division Pursers, and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

The Shenandoahs Cruise the Greenbrier.

BY F. R. WEBB ("COMMODORE"), OF STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

The Story Which Won the Fourth Prize of $10 in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

II.—The Log.

(*Continued from page* 156)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1903.

Beall woke me up a little before 5 o'clock this morning by ringing the "rising bell," which I had carefully placed by the side of my canoe last night for the purpose of surprising him this morning—the rising bell, it may be stated in passing, is an old calf bell picked up in some farm lane years ago, on one of our Shenandoah cruises, and carried ever since, to do duty as an arouser of mornings, as well as to summon the various members of the cruising party from labor to refreshment at meal times and other convenient times—and I was soon out and dressed by the side of a cheery little blaze of a camp-fire, which George had revived from the remains of last night's fire; for the night had been sharply cold, and the morning was keen at that early hour, with a damp, dispiriting fog hanging heavily and clammily over the surface of the earth, obscuring everything, so that even the trees across the narrow little river loomed up like vague shadows, dimly seen. We speedily had breakfast, after which the camp things were cleaned up and assorted, a division of plunder made, the canoes packed and launched and the cruise was on.

The river at the starting point is a charmingly beautiful little mountain stream, but a few canoe lengths in width, and with apparently plenty of clear amber colored water, most beautifully limpid, after the manner of mountain streams, and the cruise promised well. The start was made, however, by each of us wading most of the mile between our camp and the confluence of the two prongs, as, while there was plenty of water, the rocks were still more plentiful, so interminably plentiful, in fact, that it seemed impossible to stay in the canoes for any length of time, or distance; as no sooner were we clear of one obstruction and seated in our canoes than we would again hang, and a step overboard was necessary, in order to lighten over the obstruction. Our cruising costumes consisted of short trousers, long stockings and hob-nailed canvas shoes, flannel shirts, and bamboo helmets, so that wading was provided for. We expected to do considerable wading in this upper section of the river, and we were assuredly not disappointed in this respect.

For good, strenuous cruising I can cordially recommend a good, healthy, well developed trout stream at a good stage of water. It will develop canoeing in a new light to the oldest and most experienced cruiser. We thought we were pretty well up in the matter of

experience, since our quite considerable supply of this useful commodity had been gained exclusively on swift rivers, abounding in rapids and rocks; but the first 5 miles of this swift, brawling mountain stream convinced us that we had to develop an entirely new line of the article, and of a quite different brand. We found at once that our estimate of the fall of the stream was correct, or at least, that we had not underestimated it, for it was simply a rattling down-hill plunge all the way, with no pools or eddies, or at most but of the shortest; while the rocks were simply interminable, and of assorted shapes and sizes—mostly large. It was amazing how any one small river could hustle around and unearth so many rocks, and scatter them around so carelessly and so promiscuously. The cruising was fatiguing to the last degree and wearing on our nerves until they were fairly strained to the breaking point. With good water no sooner were we seated in our canoes, with a promising reach ahead, than we would hang hopelessly on the rocks, and all there was to do was to step overboard in water never less than knee deep—and more often deeper—lift off and step in again with dripping feet, only to repeat the proceedings as soon as seated. The rapids were, for the most part rather broad and correspondingly shallow, although there was generally a sufficiency of water, barring the interminable and infernal rocks. We were not long in finding out that we had to develop an entirely new line of tactics in running these rifts. The tactics were very simple. It was not worth while to try and pick out the best water as we went down. All that was practicable was to size up a rapid as accurately as possible from the crest, and select a course straight down; and then hold the canoe in a straight line from top to bottom and drive her down, without making any attempt to veer right or left in search of better water, or to avoid the rocks. By following this simple plan we would occasionally succeed in forcing a canoe down over the intervening rocks to the bottom of a rapid, without a dismount, while any attempt at a veer to one side or the other invariably resulted in a hopeless entanglement with the rocks. The railroad followed the right bank of the river more or less closely all the way down, and we not infrequently came upon rattling little plunges close up under the railroad embankment, where the stream was considerably narrowed by the rocks and debris tumbled down into the



On the Upper River (Cass).

river bed in blasting out the right of way. When we sighted one of these brawling shoots we speedily found that there is trouble in store for us, and we ran each one at the more or less imminent risk of a capsize or swamped canoes. The water was so strong that anything started in at the top was sure to go through to the bottom in some shape or other, and if a hang-up occurred an instant spring out into the swift water—of unknown depth—was the only means of preventing disaster. Any skill in dodging rocks was of little avail; they were too thick to dodge. All we could do was to select the clearest looking course from the top, put our canoes into it, bow on (if we could succeed in getting over the crest and into the chute without preliminary disaster), and drive straight down. The getting through the inevitable fringe of loose rocks at the bottom of each plunge was purely a matter of chance; and when we finally finished this day's cruise, right side up and with whole canoes, it was a matter of congratulation to both of us. Our progress was necessarily slow under these conditions, and noon found us with but half of the 15 miles to Cass behind us. A clean little rocky beach at the foot of the mountain, well shaded and with a little stream of cold water rippling out of the dense undergrowth from some hidden spring offered an inviting place for our midday lunch, and we were soon ashore, with our canoes drawn up on the beach at our feet. With one accord both suggested that the cruise was so arduous that the half days' run was quite enough for the day, and we finished the job by drawing the canoes ashore and making camp, after which an ample lunch was in order. It is our regular custom in cruising to get up hot meals for breakfast anl supper, but to have a cold lunch a la picnic at noon, usually consisting of deviled ham or sausage or some of the numerous potted goods put up for this purpose; but on this cruise half-day runs proved to be the rule, and whenever we finished a day's cruise at lunch time, and the camping outfit had to be unpacked anyhow, a hot cup of coffee was always in evidence, generally flanked by a hot can of pork and beans, or sausage, or a steaming pan of soup and succotash. The plan was a good one, and added much to the comfort as well as the pleasure of the cruise.

After dinner the canoes were lined up in position for the night, and the camp put in shape, after which a bath in the cold stream and a siesta were in order, for we were fatigued to the last degree.

Aside from the difficulty of cruising it, the river is a charmingly beautiful and interesting stream. Small, swift and narrow, it is picturesque and interesting, while the scenery is wild and, when out of sight of the railroad, completely primeval, looking as though the foot of man had never invaded the region. Flowing as it does, at the bottom of a deep, narrow gorge between parallel mountain ranges, the mountains rise steeply on each side almost to the clouds with but little if any low land. Always on the one side or the other—frequently on both—a mountain wall towers aloft into the skies, densely wooded to the water's edge, and the scenery is picturesque and primitive.

Night fell early at the bottom of the deep gorge in which we were encamped, and long after we were shrouded in the thickening gloom of twilight the narrow strip of sky overhead shone brightly, and showed that day was still lingering in the world above. The bright beams of a new moon penetrated to the bottom of the gorge, as the thick crescent sailed across the streak of sky above; in whose rays the swift water flowing with a musical murmur at our feet glittered with a silvery radiance, while the flickering light of our little camp-fire dispelled the depressing gloom of the



The Confluence of the Two "Prongs" of the Greenbrier.

encompassing mountain walls. After our evening pipes around our cheerful camp-fire we soon turned in for a good night's sleep.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25.

I rang the rising bell at 5 o'clock this morning, but George did not turn out with the alacrity to be expected of a man who desired an early morning start. I did not feel at all well, and was not particularly enthusiastic about an early rise myself, and when George finally appeared it developed that he did not feel well either, so instead of packing up and starting after breakfast as usual, by mutual consent we let things remain as they were, and laid around camp all that forenoon. We loafed, read, wrote letters, and I wrote the log up to date, fished a little and otherwise put in the time. As the result of watching Jim, while in camp with the Greenbrier Club, I had tried my hand at some corn cakes for supper last night as well as for breakfast this morning, with fair success. They did not taste just right, somehow, and on examination this morning the meal was found to be of an inferior quality—having been bought at a country store of minute proportions in Durbin—and musty besides, which, taken with our extreme fatigue of the evening before, seemed to account for our feeling so badly this morning. The meal was promptly fed to the fishes, and further experiments in the hoecake line were deferred until a fresh supply of meal could be obtained. A pot of hot coffee at lunch time had its effect in bringing us around again, and after lunch we packed up and launched the canoes and made a short afternoon cruise to the head of the Cass mill pool, which was but a repetition of yesterday's cruise, extremely difficult and fatiguing; good water and swift, and full of rapids, with beautiful mountain scenery; but a river so thickly strewn with big rocks that it was



Looking up the "Near Prong" from Durbin.

all but impossible to avoid them, and we have never made a cruise on any stream before, even in the extreme of low water, where we were out of the canoes and into the water anything like so much. It was not much after 4 o'clock when we reached the head of the backset from the Cass dam, which was but little over a mile below; but we were both too tired to think of attempting the portage of the big 15ft. dam this evening, so, finding a fairly good place for a camp, on the left bank directly across from the railroad, we landed and hauled the canoes up out of the river on to the bank, and went into the camp for the night. We had a royal supper, consisting of a can of mock turtle soup, into which I poured a can of succotash, and after our evening pipes around our usual camp-fire we turned in early.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26.

I had a bad night of it last night, with a severe attack of rheumatism in my left leg and knee, probably brought on by too much wading in the icy waters of the upper river while trout fishing up there last week, and I feared this morning that it was all up with the cruise. But after I had bathed the limb copiously with some excellent liniment produced from George's clothes bag, and had got out and stirred round a little it wore off to some little extent, although I was still in a decidedly crippled condition, and we decided to drop down to our old camp ground at Cass, which was but a short distance below the dam, and camp there for two or three days and give it a chance to wear off. We had breakfast, and packed and launched the canoes, and after a short, easy paddle through the deep, slack water of the pool, we reached the big Cass dam. Owing to its hight and construction, as well as the lay of the land at each end of the dam, this structure presented unusual difficulties in the way of a portage; but while fishing here last week with the Greenbrier Club, George and I figured out that the sluiceway at the left end of the dam offered the only practicable portage, so we paddled over into this and landed on the crest of the dam, and succeeded, after an hour's delicate and careful work, in sliding the two canoes over the crest and down the steeply sloping face of the dam on to the wet and slippery apron below, from which they were safely and easily pitched head first into the deep water under the dam. Getting into the boats, once they were afloat below the dam, presented an apparently insurmountable difficulty, and as the only practicable way out, I finally climbed up the face of the bluff and worked my way around the pool and down upon the rocks below, with the intention of having George shoot the canoes across to me. But when I got to my position on the rocks below, George was out in the pool, astride the aft deck of his canoe with my boat in tow, and soon succeeded in working his way over to the rocks on which I stood. We led and shoved our canoes down the steep, rocky rapid immediately below the dam; and then, alternately wading and paddling, we dropped down past the town to our last week's camp ground, where we went into camp to wait until my rheumatism developed further intentions as to what it had in mind to do. I had at first intended looking up a doctor, but on reaching camp decided to wait until to-morrow, and then if I felt no better, put myself under the care of one. As we expected to remain here for two or three days we put up our camp in good shape, with the dining fly erected over the mess table, and otherwise made ourselves as permanently comfortable as our really ample resources would allow. My rheumatic attack really caused no delay, for the day promised to be a rainy one; and after we were

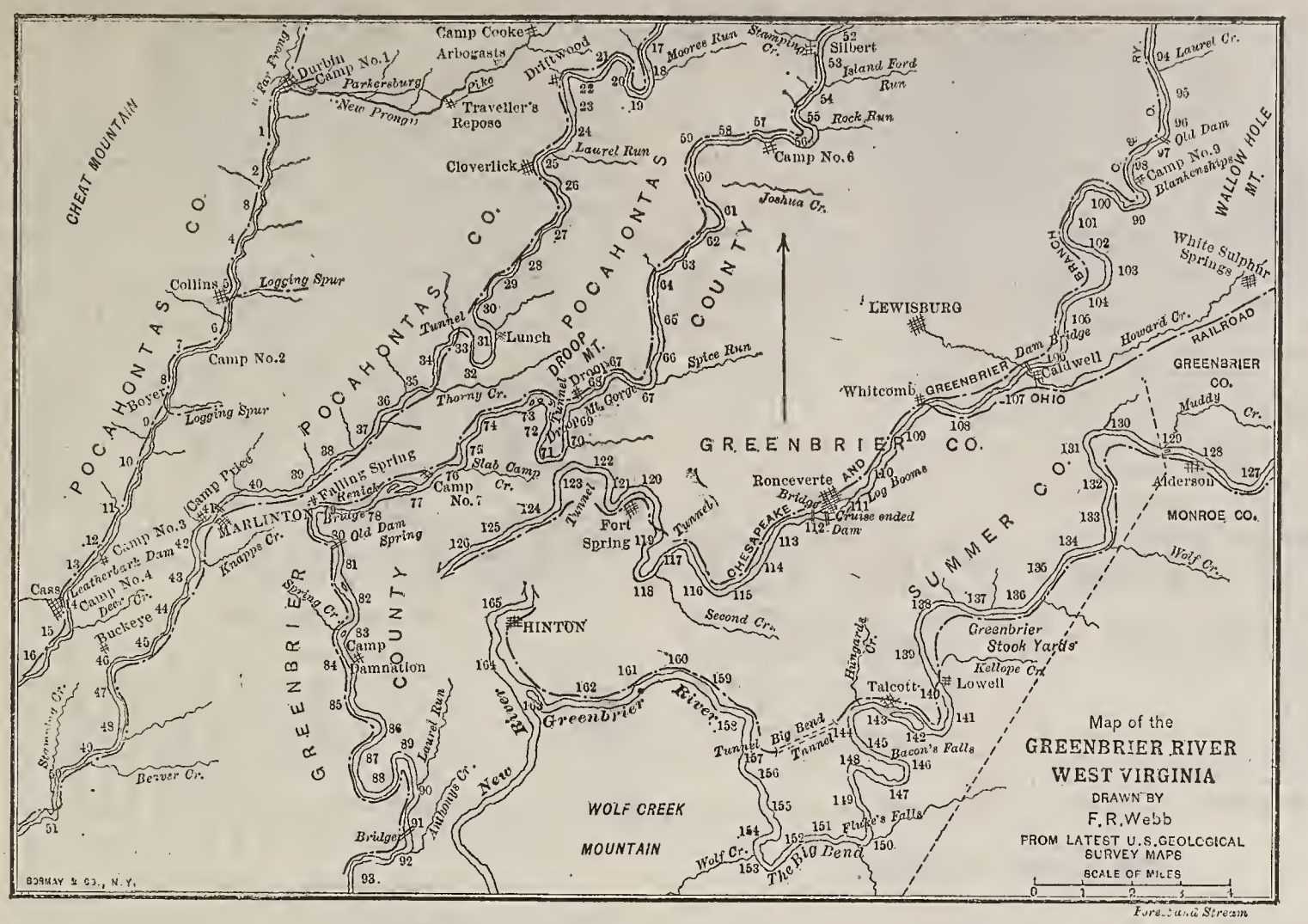


The "Far Prong," Durbin.

well established in camp it rained heavily, more or less all day. Although we are well provided with rubbers it is practically impossible to cruise this upper river in the rain, as we are in and out of the canoes so much that a thorough wetting of ourselves, and more or less of our camp equipment, is inevitable, to say nothing of the increased difficulty of running the river with the rain beating on the water, and obscuring the surface signs. We had lunch and a cup of hot coffee under the dining fly, and the afternoon was passed cozily in our respective tents, reading and dozing, while the rain pattered briskly on our canvas roofs with a soothing, musical murmur. After a good hot supper and a short evening with our pipes under the shelter of our fly, with the gloom of the damp, chill evening dispelled by a brisk camp-fire, we turned in for the night.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27.

We were stormbound here all day, as it rained more or less hard and steadily, from morning until night. My rheumatism gave me but little trouble during the day, in spite of the unfavorable weather, and I abandoned my intentions of consulting a doctor, and gave it no more attention beyond frequent applications of George's liniment. We did not find the little straggling wooded village of Cass particularly interesting, and it certainly is not in the least picturesque, with its white wooden houses all built on the same plan, and scattered around among the stumps along the rudimentary streets laid out on the sloping surface of the cleared mountain side. It is essentially a lumber and milling town, and the entire village centers around the immense mill-plant, and belongs to the West Virginia Spruce Lumber Co., together with about 100,000 acres of virgin lumber and mountain country, extending up on to Cheat Mountain and down Cheat River for about 20 miles, access being had to this vast region by means of a rudimentary railroad for logging purposes, of a character which does not take grades into much account, so long as they run down toward the mills, so that the heavily loaded log trains will have down grades to come in on. The locomotives used on these log roads are peculiar in construction. The driving wheels—and all the whees are drivers—are small, and the engines, usually three or four cylinders, are all on one side, and geared to the wheels, instead of being applied direct. They are not noted for high speed, but are immensely powerful, and drag their strings of empties up the steep grades with perfect ease. The building of the Greenbrier branch of the Chesapeake and Ohio road along up the river and through this valley has opened up an immense and very valuable region of timber lands, otherwise lying completely dormant for lack of facilities for getting the timber and



lumber out to market. For years attempts have been made to get the timber out in the shape of immense log rafts, which were run down the river to Ronceverte on flush water; and enough logs were handled in this primitive manner to keep the great mills at Ronceverte supplied most of the time, but the method was uncertain and risky, and only available for a comparatively small part of the year, as the river is not navigable for logs or anything else except in periods of high waters. Our camp was directly across the river from the lower part of the village, and the frequent passage of trains along the railroad, which ran directly along the river bank across from our camp, afforded us occupation and interest. The novelty of seeing a railroad train in this hitherto remote and inaccessible wilderness did not seem to wear off. It is a regular little toy railroad as to the passenger service. The distance from Ronceverte at the bottom of the road to Durbin, at the top is 99 miles—just under the 100 mile limit, which gives the philanthropic railroad people the opportunity to stick on a passenger tariff of 4 cents per mile—and there is but one train a day each way, as this train easily makes the round trip in a day the same train crew and same engine and coaches do the entire passenger business; leaving Ronceverte about 8 o'clock in the morning, and reaching Durbin at 1 o'clock. An hour is spent there for dinner, reversing the train, etc., and at 2 o'clock the return trip is commenced, and the train and crew reach Ronceverte again about 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening. The train crew therefore live in Ronceverte, and are practically at home all the time, being away each day for dinner only. There are several freight trains daily, and the company seems to have utilized their old back number engines for this service, since the loads are all one way, down the river to Ronceverte; and as the average grade of the road, like that of the river, is 10ft. to the mile, the immense lines of huge logs, twenty or thirty cars to the train, glide along down the road of their own momentum; while on the return trips the old scrap-heaps of engines go pounding up the road with much coughing and clanking and laboring over their long strings of empties. These trains became familiar objects to us as we slowly worked our way down the river, and the various engine crews soon learned to know us as they passed us, in camp or drifting idly down the river, and we never failed to get a salute in the way of a waving of hats or the scream of a whistle as the trains rumbled by us, up or down the road.

SUNDAY, JUNE 28.

We had another day of rain, and of idling, loafing, reading and writing letters in camp, and we have grown so tired of the place that this afternoon we began to pack up our things in desperation, determined to get away at all hazards; but the rain coming on again with renewed force caused us to speedily unpack again, and take to our tents, with the determination to make a start in the morning, weather or no weather, unless it was actually raining heavily. What with the several days spent here last week in camp with the Greenbrier Club, and the three days we have been stormbound on this cruise, we have spent fully a week on this one camp ground, and we are finding it quite monotonous. We did not tarry long over our pipes and the camp-fire to-night, but sought our tents early, with the hope of an early start in the morning. The rains have been of service to us in one way at least, as they have given us several inches more water, with the prospect of still more in the morning. We do not want too much water, as fishing is to be a prominent feature of this cruise, and we already have too much water for good fishing; but we will be glad to get all the water we can within reason—no flood, thank you—until we get 25 or 30 miles further down, when we hope to get out of the extreme rocky part of the river, and find improved cruising.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have applied for associate membership to the A. C. A:

L. D. Moore, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Dr. W. A. Jaquette, Salem, N. J.; Charles Stebbins, Rochester, N. Y.; Herman Schoenau, Buffalo, N. Y.; T. H. Barrington, Upper Montclair, N. J.; W. G. Harrison, New York; Perry H. Dow, W. W. Simmons, Frank L. Lamson, Manchester, N. H.; Fred Van Fleet, Detroit, Mich.; B. F. Cromwell, Jr., of the Knickerbocker C. C.; Chas. R. Smith, Trenton, N. J.; J. Fischer, Austin, Mass. The following are all residents of New York and members of the Fort Washington C. C., proposed by W. Allen and E. A. Bulkley: H. Schrader, J. E. Zdankiewiez, John Zdankiewiez, Alfred Von Dohln, F. Krauss, Wm. J. Flynn.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The dinner and election of the Irondequoit C. C. was held on Wednesday evening, January 6, in Rochester, and the following officers were elected: Com., John S. Wright; Vice-Com., Frederic K. Knowlton; Purser, Herbert H. Freeland; Directors, Augustine J. Cunningham and Campbell A. Baird.

The annual dinner and election of the Sa-wen-his-hat C. C., of Rochester, was held at the Powers Hotel on January 4, and the following officers were elected: Com., S. Gardner Raymond; Vice-Com., Charles E. Hoyt; Purser, William H. Samson; Directors, H. H. Edgerton and Bernhard Liesching.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 27-March 5.—New York.—At Zettler's, championship rifle gallery tournament.
June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

Hudson vs. Dorrler.

THE two expert riflemen, Dr. W. G. Hudson and M. Dorrler, shot an individual match, 100 shots, on the Greenville, N. J., range on Feb. 22. Dr. Hudson is considered the champion of our Eastern 200yds. riflemen. His score of 2301 last November gives him prestige over all of the group at this time. Dorrler, another expert, held the scord of 2257 on the German ring target until Hudson made his great score last fall. Since then Dorrler has had a desire to meet Dr. Hudson in an individual match. The Doctor met the suggestion of Dorrler with promptness, and informed him that he hoped he would be in condition to eclipe the record score of 2301.

The day opened up in the worst possible condition for rifle shooting. Rain and fog prevailed. Between noon and 1 o'clock the weather cleared up, and the match was started.

Many riflemen and friends were present to see the contest decided.

Among the visitors were H. M. Pope, Springfield, Mass.; J. H. Barlow, New Haven, Conn.; Dr. Blair, Trinidad; Colonel and Mr. Hastings, of Buffalo, N. Y. There was a large group of local rifle exponents.

At the opening of the match Dr. Hudson took a strong lead, and gradually increased it until at the finish he was 52 points ahead.

Dorrler was in bad form in the start and virtually lost the match in his first score of 10 shots.

At the close of the match Dorrler requested another opportunity in which to vindicate himself. The Doctor complied, and another match will be shot in the near future. The scores follow:

Dr W G Hudson	24 21 21 24 22 20 21 23 24 23	—223
	24 22 19 21 24 22 23 22 24 23	—224
	24 20 21 16 20 22 25 23 23 23	—217
	22 24 22 22 24 22 24 24 18 22	—224
	21 22 23 23 22 24 22 24 20 21	—222
	24 21 22 20 21 24 21 20 22 23	—218
	24 23 19 24 25 25 24 21 20 23	—228
	21 21 24 23 21 24 23 21 21 23	—222
	19 23 24 22 24 24 22 20 24 20	—222
	23 21 23 23 23 25 23 24 21 23	—229—2229
M Dorrler	24 20 18 19 18 20 20 21 19 16	—195
	20 21 24 23 24 25 22 21 23 23	—226
	25 22 20 22 23 24 21 22 23 19	—221
	19 10 23 25 20 23 23 24 20 24	—211
	25 22 20 25 21 23 23 22 22 23	—226
	24 24 23 22 22 21 21 20 19 24	—220
	20 20 25 23 23 20 21 21 22 21	—216
	24 24 22 20 23 19 18 21 21 23	—215
	20 24 22 23 23 22 24 25 20 20	—223
	22 23 21 23 23 24 23 19 22 24	—224—2177

New York Central Corps.

CAPT. C. TIETJEN got eighteen of his corps members together in the Zettler gallery on Feb. 17 for the regular bi-monthly shoot. R. Gute was high on the ring target. Geo. Viemeister was second, and H. D. Muller third. In the contest on the bullseye target, F. Rolfes got the best center shot and won the Muller prize. H. D. Muller was second.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: R. Gute, 242, 243; Geo. Viemeister 233, 240; H. D. Muller 237, 236; C. Gerken 232, 234; F. Kost 229, 232; W. J. Daniel 232, 220; J. Von der Lieth 214, 237; Schillingmann 232, 219; J. Feldscher 238, 219; F. Schroeder 225, 225; J. N. F. Siebs 215, 234; F. Rolfes 216, 229; Engelking 220, 224; Wm. Wessel 216, 221; Capt. C. Tietjen 214, 212; Speckmann 209, 200; H. A. Ficke, Jr., 194, 208; D. Scharninghans 236, 235.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, the best center shot to count by measurement: F. Rolfes 33½ degrees, H. D. Muller 45, Geo. Viemeister 54, Fred Schroeder 54, R. Gute 71, D. Scharninghaus 73½, J. Feldscher 78.

Independent New York Corps.

THE second shoot of the winter series of the Independent Corps at the Zettler range, Feb. 19, brought out a larger number of members than has been seen at a practice shoot of the corps for the past five years. Capt. Gus Zimmermann, the newly elected executive, was highly delighted thereat. Nineteen members present took part in the shooting. Among the group were a number of new recruits, who had never shot on the range before. Captain Zimmermann gave them much intelligent assistance in how to hold the rifle and sight it. He set the pace and put up the highest score. First Shooting Master Lambert Schmidt was second.

Twenty shots, 25-ring target, possible 500; distance 75ft.: Gus Zimmermann 485, Lambert Schmidt 477, Aug. Begerow 473, Henry Koch 471, Wm. Söhl 463, E. Greiner 462, Geo. Zimmermann 459, Jac. Bittschier 459, F. Liezibel 450, Bruno Eusner 457, Jac. Schmidt 452, Henry J. Behrens 434, Herman Kuhn 434, Albert Rodler 418, Henry Kakinoski 413, F. C. Halbe 413, F. W. Wittig 392, J. G. Bauer 391, E. Gartner 381.

Zettler Rifle Club.

AT the weekly shoot of the Zettler Club, Feb. 16, fifteen members took part in the struggle for high scores. Messrs. Tewes, Housen and Gute shot in good form and finished their scores in the order named. Several of the other members showed very erratic form. Louis C. Buss in particular shot poorly, his average for 50 shots being below the 240 average.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft. 100 shots: W. A. Tewes 2449, L. P. Hansen 2439, R. Gute 2438, Major A. Rowland 2264.

Fifty shots: A. Kronsberg 1214, E. Van Zandt 1209, C. G. Zettler, Jr., 1202, Louis C. Buss 1199, C. G. Zettler, Sr., 1183, H. C. Zettler 1183, Aug. Begerow 1160, B. Zettler 1160, Thos. H. Keller, Sr., 1139, W. A. Hicks 1175, Geo. H. Wiegman 1132.

National Board Items.

THE great festival in June will be open to teams of five men from each company of the National Guard of the several States and Territories.

The German Ambassador at Washington, Baron von Sternburg, has accepted the invitation of the bund to be present at the festival on June 16.

Judge Lorenz Zeller, president of the Harlem Ind. Corps, was appointed chairman of the reception committee. The judge is a good speaker both in German and English, and is well placed at the head of this committee.

The executive board of the bund, at its meeting last week, honored Gus Zimmermann by appointing him as referee of the festival.

New York City Corps.

THIRTEEN members were on the Zettler ranges for the regular shoot, Feb. 18. Aug. Kronsberg was high. O. Schwanermann was second.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: Aug. Kronsberg 243, 243; O. Schwanermann 235, 245; Capt. R. Busse 235, 243; R. Bendler 235, 232; Chas. Wagner 232, 235; R. Schwanermann 220, 228; Chas. Schmidt 220, 220; F. Kelle 215, 222; H. C. Radloff 218, 218; G. Schrader 213, 217; E. Sonner 211, 212, J. Keller 205, 205; H. Vogel 193, 188.

Miller Rifle and Pistol Club.

TEN members of the Miller Club were present at the weekly shoot, 423 Washington street, Hoboken, Feb. 17. E. Doyle came to the front with the good score of 247. F. Unbehaum was second with 245.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: E. Doyle 247, F. Unbehaum 245, C. Bischoff 244, D. Dingman 242, O. Smith 242, H Bahn 238, C. Miller 236, R. A. Blake 232, R. A. Goldthwaite 233, H. Meynis 223.

Rifle Notes.

On Friday, Feb. 26, the New York Corps will hold its bi-monthly shoot on the Zettler ranges.

On Feb. 27, at 10 o'clock A. M., the annual gallery tournament—100-shot champion match—will be opened. It will close on Saturday, March 5, at 10 P. M. The prospects are that there will be a number of new candidates who will enter the list for honors and prizes. The shoot is open to all comers.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Iver Johnson Arms and Cycle Works, of Fitchburg, Mass., makes bicycles, revolvers and single-barrel shotguns, all of high quality, and all well known to the trade and to the individual consumer. The company's motto, "Honest goods at honest prices," is an excellent one, and consumers may fitly be advised to investigate their product. While the company's manufactory is at Fitchburg, Mass., the New York office is 99 Chambers street.

Not a few of our readers will remember the beautiful picture entitled "On the Manistee," which was issued a year or two ago by the Pere Marquette R. R. A veteran angler seated on a log at the edge of the stream, was removing the fly from the jaw of a good-sized trout. The Pere Marquette Railroad covers a great area of fishing waters in Michigan, and Michigan waters are stocked every two years by the State with millions of trout fry, while in the lakes and larger rivers are renewed the supply of black bass and pike. Mr. H. F. Moeller, G. P. A., of Detroit, Mich., will send to applicants a booklet of information, giving details of the best fishing places to be found in the State.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 9.—Guttenburg, N. J.—Second annual three-man team championship; 10 birds per man; $15 per team. Gus Greiff, Mgr., 255 W. 111th street, New York.

March 12.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day merchandise shoot. Stanley Brampton, Sec'y.

March 22-25.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.

April 6-7.—Bristol, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Bristol Gun Club. S. W. Rhea, Sec'y

April 18-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. F. Schmelzer & Son's Arms Co. fourth Interstate midwinter shooting tournament; targets and live birds.

April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Patriots' Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

April 20-21.—Rensselaer (Ind.) Gun Club amateur tournament. Everette Brown, Mgr., Pleasant Grove, Ind.

April 21.—Easton, Pa.—The Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club's first annual target tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Sec'y.

April 26-27.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club tournament. $100 added. Louis Lautenslager, Mgr.

April 27-28.—Americus, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.

May 3-4.—Wabash, Ind., Gun Club tournament.

May 4-5.—Nashville, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club. Charles Eastman, Sec'y.

May 11-13.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. J. Burmister, Sec'y.

May 12-13.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club annual spring tournament. W. W. Foord, Sec'y.

May 16-21.—York, Pa.—Tournament of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—Dallas, Tex.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dallas Gun Club. E. A. Mosely, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—Oklahoma City, O. T.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club two-day target tournament.

May 24-25.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day target tournament.

May 24-25.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.

June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.

June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.

June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.

July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.

July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.

Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.

Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

May 23 and 24 have been fixed upon for a two-day's target tournament by the Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club, which is a member of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association.

The Montclair Golf Club and the Montclair Gun Club engaged in competition on Feb. 22 at Montclair, N. J., the former being a six-man team contest, 25 targets per man. The Gun Club administered second place to the Golf Club by a score of 81 to 69.

Messrs. H. S. Wells and Albert A. Schoverling sailed on the Hamburg-American S. S. Philadelphia, Feb. 20, for England, where they will tarry nearly two months. While in that land of excellent plum pudding, they will complete their final business arrangements for the American agency of a foreign made powder.

The schedule of the remaining regular contests of the Cleveland, O., Gun Club Company for 1904 is as follows: March 5 and 16; April 2 and 20; May 7 and 18; June 4 and 15; July 2 and 20; Aug. 6 and 17; Sept. 3 and 21; Oct. 1 and 19; Nov. 5 and 16; Dec. 3 and 21. Committees for 1904 are: House and Grounds, R. C. Hopkins, F. W. Judd and F. H. Wallace; Membership, W. C. Talmage, W. H. Boardman, F. J. Chapple. In the past year the club has erected a club house, manager's house, stable, shooting shed and two pits.

On Feb. 17 a match was shot at Outwater's shooting grounds, near Carlstadt, N. J., the conditions of which were 25 live birds, $25 a side. The principals were Mr. Emil Steffens, of New York, and Count Lenone, of Paterson, N. J. The scores were 14 to 13, in favor of Mr. Steffens. The birds were a specially selected lot, and the bets were against any high scores, in view of the fact that the birds were so swift and vigorous. A return match has been fixed to take place on March 16. The conditions of the first match govern, excepting that the contestant making the lowest score pays for the birds.

The daily press recounts the death of Joseph Bennett. He died on Feb. 20, at his residence on Second street, in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was fifty-six years old. The recountal states that "Mr. Bennett became a clerk in the American Exchange National Bank in 1864, rising by successive steps to a position of responsibility and confidence. He was noted among his associates for his common sense, quick intelligence and genial, kindly nature. In his early life Mr. Bennett was one of the best field shots in this section, being one of the team of the Fountain Club when that club won the State championship. Mr. Bennett was a member of the Marine and Field Club and a trustee of the South Brooklyn Building and Loan Association. A widow and eight children survive him."

BERNARD WATERS.

Firearms and the Fourth.

ARGUMENTS were heard for and against the use of certain firearms on July 4, by the Committee on Mercantile Affairs of the General Court, Boston, Mass., Feb. 18. Four bills were before the committee, and they were described in the Boston Evening Transcript as follows:

"House 555 is designed to link the prohibition of the sale of air-guns to boys under sixteen years of age, with the prohibition of the sale of firearms; House 202 is the Emerson Union bill, which is designed to prohibit absolutely the granting of licenses for the sale of torpedoes, toy pistols, toy cannon, firecrackers and other articles containing explosives. Bills 464 and 465 are the bills of the Daughters of the American Revolution to stop the use of firecrackers over three inches in length, toy pistols, toy cannon, blank cartridges and firecrackers containing dynamite. The first bill, 555, was quickly disposed of, the petitioner, Thomas H. Hickey, alone appearing upon it. He said he wanted air-guns prohibited because his son had lost an eye through the use of such a gun. * * * " Samuel J. Elder, representing the United States Cartridge Co., the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., the Peters Cartridge Co., and the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., opened his remonstrance by providing the members of the committee with an assortment of cheap pistols used for firing blank cartridges. The committee received them when assured they were not loaded. Mr. Elder then went on to explain how poorly made pistols are dangerous, while the committeemen showed that they had had some experience in celebrating the Fourth of July by snapping the pistols and looking into the muzzles. He argued that blank cartridges ought not to be prohibited for the reason, that if toy pistols are prohibited, blank cartridges will not be dangerous. Moreover, if the boys do not have blank cartridges they will get ball cartridges, and loss of life is bound to follow. If blank cartridges are legislated against there can be no firing of salutes on the Common or by yachts in the harbor. Prohibition "on or about the Fourth of July" means nothing whatever, as would appear in any court. There is an element of pity to be considered, but every boy has to take danger into consideration in every sport. The boys brought up on our Fourth of July went out in '61 and '98.

Representative Barnes, of Weymouth said he had not been injured with fireworks and firecrackers.

The hearing was closed.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Goose Creek Gun Club.

Rockaway, L. I.—The shoot of the Goose Creek Gun Club on Feb. 14 had a light attendance. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25		Targets:	25	25	
Wohlmacher	15	11	..	Schleyer	..	13	..
Kelk	16	..	..	Rudolph	..	7	..
Steffens	13	17	..	Bovie	..	..	19
Lahey	14	..	..	Stachlin	..	..	10
Albert	18	9	..	Mayerhoff	..	..	12
Kreeb	..	5	..				

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Feb. 20.—Mr. L. C. Hopkins made a full score for the February cup, and thereby registered his third win for it. The scores:

February cup, 25 targets, handicap: L. C. Hopkins (3) 25, A. G. Scuthworth (1) 22, E. H. Lott (1) 20, H. L. O'Brien (4) 24, W. W. Marshall (5) 19, Capt. A. W. Money (1) 21, L. M. Palmer (1) 24, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., (5) 18, F. B. Stephenson (1) 17.

Sykes' cup, team shoot, 25 targets: L. C. Hopkins (3) 20, Capt. Money (1) 22; total 42. W. W. Marshall (5) 25, A. G. Southworth (1) 22; total 47. E. H. Lott (1) 22, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 24; total 46.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: W. W. Marshall (3) 12, A. G. Southworth (0) 12, F. B. Stephenson (0) 11, E. H. Lott (0) 13, O. C. Grinnell (3) 8, L. M. Palmer (0) 11, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 12, L. C. Hopkins (1) 14, C. J. McDermott (4) 13, H. L. O'Brien (2) 10, G. Notman (1) 13, Capt. Money (0) 12. Won by Hopkins.

Trophy match 15 targets: W. W. Marshall (3) 15, A. G. Southworth (0) 9, F. B. Stephenson (0) 11, E. H. Lott (0) 12, O. C. Grinnell (3) 12, L. M. Palmer (0) 12, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 12, L. C. Hopkins (1) 11, C. J. McDermott (4) 13, H. L. O'Brien (2) 12, Capt. A. W. Money (0) 11, G. Notman (1) 8. Won by Marshall.

Trophy match, 15 targets: A. G. Notman (1) 10, H. L. O'Brien (2) 15, O. C. Grinnell (3) 9, A. G. Southworth (0) 11, L. M. Palmer (0) 12, F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, E. H. Lott (0) 10, L. C. Hopkins (1) 12, W. Sherer, Jr. (4) 10, W. W. Marshall (3) 14, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 13, Capt. Money (0) 12, T. W. Stake (2) 11.

Palmer trophy, 25 targets: F. B. Stephenson (1) 22, E. H. Lott (1) 20, Capt. A. W. Money (1) 25, L. M. Palmer (1) 22.

Trophy match, 15 targets: G. Notman (1) 11, H. L. O'Brien (2) 15, O. C. Grinnell (3) 10, A. G. Southworth (0) 13, C. J. McDermott (4) 13, L. M. Palmer (0) 13, S. C. Hopkins (1) 14, E. H. Lott (0) 9, F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, W. Sherer (4) 13, W. W. Marshall (3) 11, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 11, Capt. Money (0) 15, T. W. Stake (2) 14.

Shoot-off: O'Brien 15, Capt. Money 13.

Team shoot, 10 targets:

L. M. Palmer 9, F. B. Stephenson 8, A. G. Southworth 8, L. C. Hopkins 5, W. W. Marshall 7, H. L. O'Brien 9, W. Sherer 5; total 51.

E. H. Lott 8, Capt. Money 9, G. Notman 7, H. B. Vanderveer 7, C. J. McDermott 5, O. C. Grinnell 8, T. W. Stake 7; total 51.

On toss of a coin, Palmer's team won.

Trophy match, 15 targets: H. L. O'Brien (2) 12, T. W. Stake (2) 12, L. C. Hopkins (1) 13, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (3) 11, G. Notman (1) 12, Capt. A. W. Money (0) 12, W. Sherer, Jr. (4) 14. Won by W. Sherer, Jr.

A Southern Squad.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 14.—In spite of the excitement occasioned by the Mardi Gras, the U. M. C. Southern Squad received a warm ovation. The many courtesies extended by the gun club members and other friends of the "old-timers" made it evident that it was "up to them to make good."

Frank Riehl delighted the large crowd by running 86 straight just to prove some of the stories that had come out in the newspapers as to what he could do. He was high man for the day with a score of 98 out of 100. The other men were not far behind. Each man shot at 100 targets. The scores: Capt. Marshall 91, R. O. Heikes 95, J. T. Anthony 83, W. H. Heer 94, F. C. Riehl 98.

This is remarkable work, considering the fast rate the men are traveling, and also that they are shooting every day. CREOLE.

BATON ROUGE, Miss., Feb. 16.—The U. M. C. Southern Squad gave an exhibition shoot here to-day which was attended by a large and enthusiastic crowd. While none of the cracks were at all anxious to break any records, they made it very apparent that they were far from being raw recruits. Baton Rouge sportsmen will be more than glad to entertain the squad whenever it tours the South again. In fact, so much enthusiasm was aroused that a gun club of about 15 members will soon be organized. The score follows: T. A. Marshall 91, R. O. Heikes 94, C. W. Budd 89, J. T. Anthony 89, F. C. Riehl 94. NIBBS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

New York German Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Feb. 17.—As to the match between Count Lenone and Mr. E. Steffens, the score sheet was destroyed by the Count, as the scores were too low; but the birds were the best I have ever seen trapped. Mr. Outwater had his money bet on the number of kills, namely, that either one would not kill 20 birds. The score was: Count Lenone 13 out of 25; Emil Steffens 14 out of 25.

The match was made over again, 25 birds, $25, lowest score to pay for the birds. The match is to be shot on March 16, the date of the next shoot of the New York German Gun Club. The scores:

Count Lenone	11*0010—3	Lempe, 25	00*1200—2
E Von Kattengell	ffi0*1112*—4	Zenner, 25	0000000—0
J Schlicht, 28	2012110—5	J P Dannefelser, 28	2*22022—5
J H Block, 28	0102001—3	J F Wellbrock, 28	0220*20—3
E Steffens, 29	**12110—4	H Meyn, 25	2012000—3
A E Hendricksen, 28	0222011—5	P Albert, 28	1100110—4
P Garms, 28	2110011—5	*Kruger, 30	1102110—5
Exemer, 25	0010010—2	Ludening, 28	100*120—3
H Mesloh, 28	0021010—3		

*Guest.

The club shoot is at 10 birds, but as there was a shortage of birds, this shoot was, perforce, limited to 7.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Feb. 20.—Messrs. N. Apgar and J. S. Fanning were visitors. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Apgar	7	10	8	13	10	13	8	12	6	8	6	14	9	13
Fanning	8	14	10	15	10	14	10	14	9	14	10	14	8	15
Kendall	6	7	8	10	4	9	8	10	5	8	..	..	..	..
Moffett	4	8	5	11	6	11	8	14	9	13	6	11	5	11
Matthews	..	..	..	..	8	13	8	12	6	9	6	9	..	..
Cockefair	..	..	..	..	9	13	9	11	4	9	8	9	..	..
Wheeler	..	..	5	13	10	12	7	8	8	10	8	9	..	..
Benson	..	..	*	11	7	9	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Crane	6	10	6	10	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., Feb. 20.—At the shoot of the Franklin Gun Club to-day, shooting at 28 targets, John Williams broke 11, and Ander Wright broke 20. Fred Southerd broke 17 out of 30. Frank Kishpaugh broke 13 out of 25. Alf Wright broke 11 out of 17. Will Stephens broke 4 out of 12. Elmer Black broke 2 out of 11.

FRANK KISHPAUGH, Sec'y.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Feb. 18.—Eight men faced the score at the weekly shoot of this club to-day. As usual, the cup event was the principal one of the day. In the preliminary events several straight scores were made. The temperature, however, was such as to forbid steady shooting, the cold being very intense. In the cup event, while Smith was high gun, Winans carried off the honors by defeating Smith in event 5, which answered as a shoot-off of their tie in the cup event proper.

This cup must be won six times to acquire ownership, and as Smith had already scored four wins to his nearest competitor's two, to have won it to-day would have made somewhat of a cinch for him, and, with this in mind, perhaps, it added to Pat's unsteadiness in the shoot-off.

Capt. Traver won the shoot-off of his tie with T. Rhoades, carried over from last week. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	25	25	25	25	Targets:	10	10	10	25	25	25	25
J Rhoades	9	8	5	11	16	..	..	Traver	..	..	..	10	20	..	19	20
Winans	5	10	6	21	19	..	..	Nesbit	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
T Rhoades	8	6	6	14	20	..	..	Cheney	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Marshall	2	8	9	19	18	15	16	*Marshall	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Smith	9	7	10	22	17	19	..									

*Re-entry.

Traver cup, being the result of event 4, with handicaps added:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
J Rhoades	11	5	16	Traver	20	3	23
Winans	21	6	25	Smith	22	4	25
T Rhoades	14	6	20	Nesbit	12	7	19
Marshall	19	4	23	Cheney	12	7	19

SNANIWEH.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, Feb. 20.—The regular club shoot of the New York Athletic Club took place to-day. Mr. King, who had won the Elias trophy a week ago, was again victorious and won for good. The main event, Elias trophy, 50 targets, handicap, follows:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Strippler	23	18	41	Miller	21	0	21
King	25	18	43	Kidd	28	0	28
Greiff	32	5	37				

Sweepstakes, at 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Strippler	12	10	5	10	12	8	Greiff	19	..	..	16	16	..
Miller	15	13	16	11	10	16	Kidd	..	17	..	..	..	..
King	11	..	..	13	12	..							

Feb. 22.—Mr. F. Perkins surprised the other members with his good shooting. He had won the holiday cup before, and again captured it to-day. This trophy has to be won three times to become the property of a contestant. There was a very small attendance on account of the rainy morning, but the few on hand had an enjoyable afternoon. The main event, holiday cup, 50 targets, handicap, had scores as follows:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Greiff	37	7	44	Perkins	34	15	49
Elias	27	11	38				

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	25	25	15	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Elias	15	17	6	16	12	10	12	12	12	15	15	11
Greiff	18	21	10	15	16	16	13	13	14	14	14	15
Perkins	11	19	8	14	13	10	11	12	12	7	15	13

Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club.

EASTON, Pa., Feb. 16.—At the weekly practice shoot of the Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club, of this city, the following scores were made:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
H Brunner	100	67	J Young	50	21
O Skeds	100	71	L A Francisco	100	41
R Young	50	25			

At this time we are pleased to state that in our scores last sent you of our monthly shoot, the score of J. E. Frederick should have been 161 breaks out of 190, instead of 140 out of 190.

More interest is now already being taken by the members of the club than ever before, in their first tournament, and we all are looking forward to this event with great prospects of a very successful tournament. E. F. MARKLEY, Sec'y.

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The Grand Prix du Casino.

Monte Carlo, Feb. 1.—The Grand Prix was opened to-day in splendid weather, a good light and a niee breeze adding mueh to the enjoyment of both shooters and speetators. The entry was very encouraging compared with last year, there being a total of 153, of whom no fewer than 58 were Italians. The birds, supplied by Roberts, were of first-elass quality, as may be imagined when it is observed that in the opening round 50 shooters, at 26 metres, missed, and strange to say, the samc number failed in the seeond round, while among the 23 that missed both were included Count O'Brien and M. Guyot, respeetively winners in 1900-01. Among those who experieneed bad luek during the day were M. Journu, Lord Savile, Mr. Maekintosh and Mr. Percy Thellusson, the two latter of whose seeond birds, hard hit, struggled outside before dropping. Mr. J. H. Roberts and Mr. Le Pellier-Johnson, as former winners of the great prize, were put back one and two metres respeetively, and killed their two birds, along with Mr. Watson, Mr. Carroll, Mr. Spalding, Mr. Asplen, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. V. Barker, Mr. Hall, Mr. Haydon, Mr. Collier, Mr. Ker, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Harrison and Mr. F. Thellusson.

Feb. 2.—A tropieal rain set in to-day, with the result that a postponement became absolutely necessary after the third round had been disposed of. Sueh heavy rain, in faet, is very seldom seen in Europe, and the situation may be guessed from the eireumstanee that the birds were positively unable to fly, while the men in charge of them went on strike, declining to take them to the traps.

Feb. 3.—The deluge of yesterday was to-day changed to sunshine, a gentle breeze, and an exeellent light, though there was a cloudy sky. The birds were everything that eould be desired in the way of testing the skill of the best shooters, and in the fifth round especially the guns had all the worst of it. The following at the end of the seventh round had killed all their birds: Signor Brocco, Mr. Watson, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Menton, the Marquis Villaviciosa, Mr. Demonts, Signor Fortunio, Signor Pistoresi, Signor Galetti, Signor Sehianini, and Signor Giungo, and there were 43 who had a single miss to join those just detailed, those with two misses now retiring.

Feb. 4.—The competition eame to a elose, and again the weather was charming, with a southeast breeze. The pigeons were, if anything, better than on either of the previous days, in whieh connection it is but fair to say that some of the English guns had the worst of luek, Mr. Roberts especially being a victim. The eighth round saw the whole of the eleven who remained in last night with clean sheets again sueeessful. In the next round, however, Signor Fortunio was defeated by a strong and diffieult bird, like ill-fortune attending Signor Villavieiosa, Signor Giungo and Mr. Hodgson with the opening of the tenth round. Signor Braco, Mr. Watson, M. Demonts, Mr. Merton, and Signor Schianini were still without a miss, but a strong bird, assisted by the wind, stopped Signor Braeo. Mr. Watson distinguished himself by bringing down his bird on the edge of the boundary fenee with the second barrel. M. Demonts and Mr. Merton having killed, it only remained for the Italian, Signor Sehianini, to drop an easy bird to finish the round. The eontest was now nearing a eonelusion, when in the eleventh round, Mr. Merton and M. Demonts missed, whieh left Mr. Watson and Signor Schianini to fight it out; but the twelfth round proved the final, so far as the first prize is eoneerned. The Englishman got what appeared to be anything but a difficult bird; all the same, he failed, through apparent nervousness, to stop it, and it consequently only remained for the Italian champion to kill. This he accomplished with an easy bird, thereby grassing a dozen in suecession, and it goes without saying that Signor Schianini's success was extremely popular, when it is remembered that two years ago, when his countryman, Signor Grasselli, was the vietor, he divided third and fourth prizes with Count O'Brien. No fewer than fourteen shot off for the second, third and fourth prizes, which finally were divided by Signor Villavieiosa, Baron de Tavernost, and M. de Gilles. Scores:

Grand Prix du Casino of 8 sovs. each, with 800 added to a work of art; seeond, 160 sovs. and 25 per cent. of the entranee; third, 80 sovs. and 20 per cent.; fourth, 40 sovs. and 15 per cent.; balanee to the winner; 12 birds—3 at 26 metres, 9 at 27 metres; last year's winner stands back 2 metres; previous winners 1 metre; 153 subseribers:

Signor Sehianini (first of £1029 and trophy)	12
Signor Villaviciosa (divided £1018)	14 out of 15
Baron A. de Tavernost (ditto)	14 out of 15
M. de Gilles (ditto)	14 out of 15
Signor Galetti	13 out of 15
Mr. Hayes	13 out of 15
M. Charrier	13 out of 15
M. Demonts	12 out of 14
Signor Fortunio	12 out of 14
Signor Restelli	12 out of 14
Signor Radaelli	11 out of 13
Mr. W. Watson	11 out of 13

Winners of the Grand Prix du Casino sinee its institution in 1872:

1872....Mr G L Lorillard	United States
1873....Mr J Lee, V. C., C. B.	England
1874....Sir W Call, Bart	England
1875....Capt Aubrey L Patton	England
1876....Capt Aubrey L Patton	England
1877....Mr. W Arundel Yeo	England
1878....Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell	England
1879....Mr. E R G Hopwood	England
1880....Count Miehael Esterhazy	Hungary
1881....M. Godfrey Camaner	Belgium
1882....Count de St. Quintin	France
1883....Mr J H Roberts	England
1884....Count Caserta	Italy
1885....M L de Doriodot	Belgium
1886....Signor Guidicini	Italy
1887....Count Saline	Italy
1888....Mr Seaton	England
1889....Mr. V Dieks	England
1890....Signor Guidieini	Italy
1891....Count L Gajoli	Italy
1892....Count Trauttsmandorff	Austria
1893....Signor Guidicini	Italy
1894....Count Ziehy	Austria
1895....Signor Benvenuti	Italy
1896....M Journu	Franee
1897....Signor G. Graselli	Italy
1898....Mr Curling	England
1899....M Moncorgé	Franee
1900....Count O'Brien	Spain
1901....M Guyot	Franee
1902....Signor Grasselli	Italy
1903....Mr Le Pellier-Johnson	England
1904....Signor Sehianini	Italy

—Field (London).

After a few weeks' competition for ordinary prizes, the Monte Carlo fortnight began on Monday of last week, continuing over this, whieh has seen the deeision of the Grand Prix and a number of other valuable trophies.

The weather at Monte Carlo in the beginning of last week was lovely; but we learn from our correspondent there that the sun was so strong that the glare was very dazzling to the gunners, espeeially to the visiting members of the English gun clubs. They felt the ehange from the weather here to that of Monte Carlo, where the sun poured down on the rippling sea in front of the club enelosure, trying the eyes of all very severely, so much so, that many of the Italian division wore yellow glasses to protect their eyesight from the glare.

The birds were fairly good, but rather mixed, not so fast, on the whole, as those lately supplied at the London Gun Club. A few of them, however, were very fast, and when these birds went off from the middle trap they wanted very straight shooting to stop them within the boundary. Many of them, hard hit, dropped dead just outside the limit, carried there solely by the wind. There were also a surprising number of ineoming birds throughout the fortnight, which, though easily killed, were just as easily missed. It looked as if these birds did not eare to faee a journey out to sea.

The feature of last week on the Monte Carlo grounds was the brilliant shooting of the Hon. Percy T. Thellusson, which almost daily sueceeded in gaining the admiration of the onlookers. On Monday of last week Mr. Thellusson was lucky in killing many of his birds right on the boundary, and in seeing none of them fall beyond it. But on Thursday he won the gold medal, the trophy of the week, the 3,000 franc prize, by killing nearly all his birds with his first barrel, though finally winning with a magnifieent seeond at a fast bird from the left corner trap that went away to the left like the wind. He dropped it within 3yds. of the boundary of 17yds., so mueh nearer than at the London Gun Club, which is 30. Mr. Thellusson used a Boss gun and Ameriean Schultze powder.

The variety of the ammunition used was a study, many of the Italians and Frenehmen loading their own eartridges. For this purpose one Italian eompetitor carried with him a kind of wedge and turn-over combined, and his struggles with his maehine to prevent the slightest shake in the pellets must almost have pushed the shot through the wads. The guns also were a very mixed lot, the fancy gold work on some of them being a violation of English taste, espeeially where the ovals on the stocks recorded the dates of previous wins. Many of the barrels, again, on the Continental guns were very long, some of them about 34in.

The first round for the Grand Prix began on Monday last in lovely weather. At the start the sun was strong, and with the slight breeze the birds flew well. The competitors numbered 151, as against 130 last year, a record number which was increased later on by the late arrival of two Italians, raising the entry to 153. The wind dropped soon after the first round, and then the birds were easier ones. The birds trapped were in excellent, but not exceptional condition. Nearly half of the competitors were Italian, the English contingent numbering just over a score. Only two rounds were called for on the opening day, and at the second round the two favorites, Mr. P. Thellusson and Mr. Mackintosh, missed their birds, as did also such well-known shots as Lord Savile, Hon. Fitz Roy Erskine, M. Journu, M. Grasselli and De Gilles.

On Tuesday rain prevailed so continuously that after the first round the committee postponed proeeedings for a day, when fifty-seven competitors had killed three birds out of three and fifty-four two out of two.

On Wednesday the weather was splendid, neither sun nor wind being strong. The birds, too, were very fast, and only twenty-seven competitors who had killed all their birds remained at the end of the sixth round, while at the eonelusion of the seventh the ranks were further thinned out. The Italians shot well, and at the end of the day's shooting five of them had sueeeeded in killing all their birds, while Spain, Franee, and Australia were eaeh represented only by one competitor, who had equaled this score, the Englishmen who had not missed being Messrs. Braeo, Watson and Hodgson.

There was some very good shooting on Thursday, and great exeitement prevailed, when after the eleventh round, the issue lay between Mr. Watson and the Italian, Signor Sehianini. The Englishman shot first, and expressions of regret were heard on almost every side when he missed an apparently not very difficult bird. Then Signor Sehianini had an easy bird, and made no mistake, being proclaimed the winner of the Grand Prix. Thus he added another vietory to the nine claimed by Italy against twelve by England. Finally the 24,442 franes reserved for seeond, third and fourth were divided between Villavieiosa, Tavernost and Gilles, each killing 14 out of 15. The Englishmen were not favored by the birds.—County Gentleman.

The Cleveland Gun Club Company.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 16.—Herewith please find data whieh refers to this club. We submit same, as it is possible that some of this data will be interesting to your readers. We beg to eall special attention to the rules whieh we have adopted to govern club contests for year 1904. The writer has had twenty-two years' experience in connection with target shooting, and his experienee indicates that the rules to govern the contests of a elub are very hard to formulate if entire satisfaction is to be given every member of a elub. You will notice that the enelosed rules provide for a self-imposed elassifieation. We believe that this is the only equitable plan to adopt for club eontests. We have tried all kinds of rules, and we find that any arbitrary handieap does not meet with the approval of all our members. We have held three contests which were governed by the enclosed rules, and up to date, our members are very mueh pleased with the result.

The thought has oecurred to us that these rules will interest many of the gun clubs of this eountry, as the same are the result of years of thought to perfeet, and furnish a satisfactory basis for eompetition in our elub. You will note that the enelosed forms indieate that we have established a permanent shooting park, whieh should furnish a home for our elub for any number of years in the future. Our land is 900ft. wide and 2,000ft. long, and while it is loeated twelve miles from the eenter of our eity, it can be reached by suburban ears within an hour. After twenty-two years of existenee upon different shooting grounds, we have finally seeured what the older members have long desired, viz.: a place where we eannot be disturbed by any proeedure whatsoever. Our membership has been greatly inereased during the past two months, and we expect that we shall have at least 300 members in good standing by Jan. 1, 1905. Our membership is made up of the first business and professicnal men of this eity, and it has been our poliey to keep the initiation fee down to $10 and the dues to $5 per year, so that any gentlemen, irrespective of his financial worth, ean take part in the delightful pastime of trapshooting.

T. G. Hogen, Pres.

Rules for Club Contests.

Semi-monthly contests shall be held at the club's shooting park on the first Saturday and the third Wednesday of each month, at an hour to be announeed by the board of direetors, and notiee shall be published one day in advanee of each contest in two of the daily papers of Cleveland.

2. Each eontest shall consist of 40 targets, known traps, unknown angles; entranee, targets included, shall be 50 cents.

3. The members of the elub shall be divided into A, B, C, and D elasses. A-Class shall be composed of members who shoot 85 per cent., or above; B-Class, 75 to 85 per cent.; C-Class, 65 to 75 per cent., and D-Class, under 65 per cent.

Every member's elass, in a semi-monthly club eontest, shall be fixed by the pereentage he made in the last eontest in which he partieipated. This rule provides for a self-imposed classification, which is absolutely equitable, and it should be satisfactory to all the members of this club.

4. This club shall furnish a blue ribbon for first prize, and a red ribbon for second prize, for each class, in every regular semi-

monthly club contest. A blue ribbon shall count as ten and a red ribbon as five points.

5. All ties for first or second prize in a class, in regular semi-monthly contests, shall receive a ribbon.

6. A merchandise prize shall be awarded to each of the five members who shoot in the greatest number of regular semi-monthly contests during the year, and a merchandise prize shall be awarded to each of the five members who obtain the highest number of points during the year, and a merchandise prize shall be awarded to each of the five members who make the highest actual scores during the year. The winners of the high point and high score yearly prizes shall be determined on the basis of the best records made by each member in twelve semi-monthly contests. Any member shall be required to shoot in at least twelve semi-monthly contests during the year to be eligible to compete for yearly prizes, and said prizes shall be presented at the club's annual dinner at the close of the year. The yearly prizes shall be awarded according to the high gun system, and any member shall be allowed to compete for one of each of these prizes.

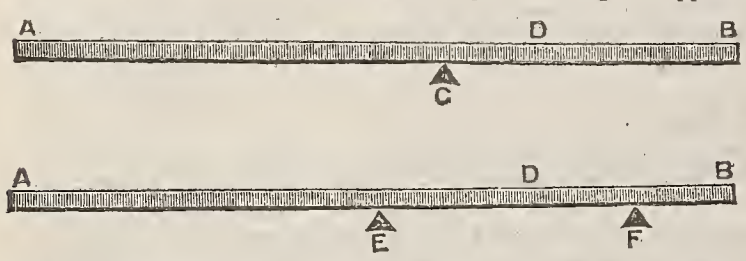
7. Every member who makes a perfect score in a regular semi-monthly contest during the year shall be awarded a merchandise prize, and said prize shall be presented at the time perfect score is made.

The price of all practice targets during the year, except on special tournament days, shall be 1¼ cents each.

The Balancing of Shotguns.

A gun, being a two-handled weapon, should be balanced with reference to its use by both hands, but constructional difficulties often lead to the neglect of this consideration. One sees a two-handed sword balanced by a pommel at the end of the hilt, and shotguns so excessively balanced by weight in the action only that they may be condemned as presenting a fault that would never be excused in the case of a two-handed sword.

Gun-makers are fond of balancing guns by means of weight in the action because they are in the habit of holding guns with the left hand only in the shop, and in this position a large weight at a short leverage produces a much more elegant balance, because it gives, mechanically speaking, slower oscillations. But the gun-maker is apt to forget that in use, if a gun be held in one hand at all, that hand is the right one, and that therefore the balance should be much more like that of a billiard cue. The gun-maker, however, as a rule, dislikes this billiard-cue balance; and he is still further misled if he balances a gun over a wedge of wood, or suspends it at a single point. For, supported in this way, it is a matter of indifference as regards the balance whether it be effected by a large weight acting at a short leverage or a smaller weight at a longer one. Thus, if AB represents a gun supported



by a wedge C, it is a matter of indifference whether the balancing be effected by B or D. If, however, the support, C, be decomposed into two separate ones, E and F, lying on either side of D, as regards the relative weights imposed upon E and F, it makes a great difference whether the balancing is done by D or B. Therefore, we may have two guns both balancing at the same distance from the breech, and yet in one the weight may be distributed equally between the two hands, and in the other the left may carry the greater part. Now fatigue developed by the handling of a gun may generally be traced to excessive weight carried by the left hand and forearm. The right-handed man is not only more adroit with his right hand, but also stronger, and the supine position of the left hand in holding a gun imposes an active strain on the muscles of the forearm, as the result of which the aiming of the gun is done by a tired member. It is therefore very desirable for the user of a gun to know how to analyze the distribution of its weight, and for this purpose the following method will be found useful:

From any kind of horizontal support, like a curtain rod, suspend a gun by two small spring balances, one being fastened to the handle, and the other capable of being moved into different positions along the barrel by means of loops of string; then the weights shown in different positions represent the distribution of the gun's weight as between the two hands. Of this the following are examples:

First of all, I take two guns having what I should term billiard-cue balance, the first being a single 10-bore, with a 32in. barrel, weighing 6lbs. 14oz., of which 3lbs. 2oz. is contributed by the barrel, 6oz. by the fore end, and 3 lbs. 6oz. by the stock. When put together the gun balances at 1¾in. from the breech, and when suspended as I have described at two points, one of which I will take as standard at 7in. from the breech, each hand if found to be carrying equal weights, namely, 3lbs. 7oz. This point, 7in. from the breech, may be taken as representing the average position of the hand when grasping the fore end. The second gun is a light double-barreled 16-bore, having a total weight of 6lbs., with barrels 30in. long, which weigh by themselves 2lbs. 11oz. This gun is made with about the lightest action ever devised for a breechloading gun, and consequently it balances at no more than 1⅝in. from the breech. Suspended by the handle, and also at a point situated 7in. from the breech, each handle is shown, in this gun also, to carry exactly half the weight, namely, 3lbs.

These two guns are, of course, what is generally known as butt heavy, and consequently are easily carried over the right shoulder in walking, and brought down into the left hand when they have to be fired. I now compare with them two guns presenting a fault. The first is a double-barreled gun, a 12-bore, having a wood bar and front action hammer locks, weighing in its different parts exactly the same as the 10-bore. The weight of its barrels is 3lbs. 2oz., that of the fore end 6oz. and that of the stock 3lbs. 6oz., making a total of 6lbs. 14oz.; and when the gun is put together it balances at 2⅜in. from the breech when singly supported; but when suspended from two points the left hand is shown to carry 4lbs. of the weight, if placed at 7in. from the breech, while the right carries only 2lbs. 14oz., and at 5in. from the breech the respective weights will be 5lbs. and 1lb. 14oz.; and it is only when the second spring balance is shifted to the extreme tip of the fore end, as much as 9in. from the breech, that the weight is found to be equally distributed between the two hands. On a smaller scale the same fault is shown by another gun, a light double 16-bore, having only 29in. barrels; but they are rather heavy forward, and weigh 2lbs. 13oz., while the total weight of the gun is 6lbs. 2oz. Its point of balance is advanced by the action having been made very substantial, while the stock is light, so that it actually balances at 3in. from the breech end, the result being that at 7in. the left hand is found to carry 3½lbs. of the total weight, and the right hand 2lbs. 10oz. only. Carried as most men would carry their guns, these two show a preponderance to the left hand of 18oz. for the 12-bore, and 14oz. for the 16-bore.

Lastly, I will record the preponderance which by actual experience I have found suited to me personally, so that with guns having this amount I shoot more automatically, and with better success, because the guns come up level, the explanation being that the natural difference in strength between my two arms is suited, and any active exertion of my wrists is spared. The first of these guns is a double 12-bore, and weighs 3oz. more than the second named, the difference being due to the barrels only. These weigh 3lbs. 5oz., while the fore end weighs 6oz. and the stock 3lbs. 6oz., the whole producing 7lbs. 1oz. But, thanks to the greater lightness of the action, the balance of this gun is at 2¼in. from the breech instead of 2⅜in., as in the other, and suspended as before with the left point of support at 7in. from the breech end, the left hand is found to be carrying 3¾lbs. only, while the right has increased to 3lbs. 5oz. The second gun is a heavy 16-bore weighing 6½lbs., having barrels 3lbs. in weight; this also balances at 2¼in. from the breech end, and when held by two hands the left is found to carry 3½lbs., and the right 3lbs. Lastly, there comes a 16-bore weighing 6lbs. 2oz.; this also balances at 2¼in., and gives to my left hand 3¼lbs., and to the right 2lbs. 14oz. From all this I gather that guns for me should have a preponderance, to use the artillerist's term, of from 6oz. for a light gun to 9oz. for a heavy one. I could, of course, by holding a gun in an uncomfortable and unnatural position, get this preponderance with any kind of gun, but not without producing needless fatigue.

One can now approach more closely the difficulties of balancing light guns. The low recoil given by modern nitro powders has tempted the gun-makers to reduce the weight of their 12-bore guns; but they have not been able to do so in a thoroughly scientific and symmetrical fashion, because the strain produced by these explosives has not been reduced in the same proportion as the recoil. Therefore the barrel and the wood of the stock have been cut down in weight, but not the action, because the gun-maker does not dare to do so. I have now at hand a modern hammerless 12-bore gun having ejecting mechanism, of the type that weighs about 6½lbs., with a pair of steel barrels weighing only 3lbs.; but I venture to say that it would be difficult to find one that would give me as good a balance as that of the heavy 16-bore gun above described, that is to say, balancing only 2¼in. from the breech, and giving a preponderance of only ½lb. to the left hand. I should rather expect to find the left hand burdened with a weight of nearly 4lbs., while the right did not carry much more than 2½lbs. Such a 12-bore gun is, in use, a most deceptive weapon for all but very long-armed men, and for the majority not so good as a heavier gun.

Now, it is easy to see what is the difficulty about reducing the action of a light double gun of wide caliber; for, when one barrel of a double gun is fired, the strain is not simply that which is developed in a single gun, or in a double one when both barrels are fired together. In the latter case the strain is symmetrical, and resisted by the whole breadth of the action and bolts; but in the former, through the unsymmetrical position of the cartridge, a sideways strain is produced, which, combined with that upward and forward, results in a torsional stress very trying to the gun. We accordingly find the burst barrel twisted off the lump, or the side of the action fractured by the leverage of the bolts, and such a strain is very fairly imitated by placing a gun with one or other lock plate in front of the knee, and pretending to break the gun with the hands like a stick. It will be seen how very little strength there is in a modern breechloading gun to resist any force applied in such a direction.

The only way to reduce such a strain is by approximating the line of reaction to the center of the breech face by reducing the caliber, and it is thus that the actions of express rifles are relatively so strong. For equal weights of metal, the action of a 20-bore must be stronger than that of a 12, for I read in the Field that the strain in the chamber of a 20-bore loaded with 32grs. of nitro and 1oz. of shot is 3.06 tons per square inch, while that of a 16-bore loaded with 36grs. and 1oz. is no more than 2.66 tons, and that of a 12-bore cartridge loaded with a light load of 38grs. and 1oz. is only 1.38 tons (Sporting Guns and Gunpowders, Vol. I., p.158); but to ascertain the relative strains on the actions I must multiply these figures by the areas of the bases of the respective cartridges, which works out to approximately equal totals. Therefore, as the point of impact of the 12-bore cartridge is further from the center of the action, the 12-bore gun will be relatively weakest, and thus arises the gun-maker's difficulty in giving the customer the balance which he needs in a light 12-bore gun.

Here, then, is the right indication for the employment of small-bore guns as serious weapons. They should not be much lighter than 12-bore guns, but will differ from them advantageously in balance, and their loading on correct principles will proceed on the plan of taking the standard ounce of shot as a basis, and working back from this to the requisite charge of powder. Such weapons are no novelty, and are fundamentally rightly designed, and though the strains produced in them are often severe, they do not suffer if of good construction. But to go on trying to use nitro powders safely in light guns of wide caliber seems to me as futile as trying to make a Snider rifle safe with cordite. Here, however, we get away from the question of balancing guns.—J. B. Nias in Field (London).

Trap at Pinehurst.

The following, taken from the Pinehurst, N. C., Outlook, will show that the high school shooting education of Mr. C. A. Lockwood, of Jamaica, L. I., is of the kind which will not come off:

"C. A. Lockwood, of New York, had things all his own way in Thursday's trapshooting tournament, easily outdistancing his nearest opponents, H. Nelson Burroughs, Philadelphia, and C. H. Stockwell, Troy, N. Y., with one of the prettiest strings ever made over the Pinehurst traps.

The event was 50 singles and 30 doubles, 80 targets, and of these Lockwood broke 48 singles and 21 doubles, a total of 69. The score in details follows:

Lockwood .....11111111111111111011111111111111111111111111111111—48
Lockwood .....11 11 01 10 11 11 11 10 01 10 00 10 10 11 11—21

"Burroughs broke 33 singles, 16 doubles, 49; Stockwell, 30 singles, 19 doubles, 49; F. R. Chapman, Jamaica, N. Y., 22 singles, 13 doubles, 35; M. C. Parshall, Warren, Pa., 24 singles, 3 doubles and withdrew, 27; Powell Evans, Philadelphia, 10 singles, 12 doubles, 22; M. B. Byrnes, New York, 13 singles, 1 double, and withdrew, 14.

"Lockwood, Burroughs, Parshall and Stockwell shot from scratch. The other participants were given handicap allowances of 8 singles and 2 pairs, which it was useless for them to shoot."

Castleton Gun Club.

Port Richmond, N. Y., Feb. 16.—At the annual meeting of the Castleton Gun Club, formerly the Richmond Borough Gun Club, of Castleton Corners, Staten Island, New York, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year 1904: President, Harry Boreham; Vice-President, George Smith; Treasurer, Edward Housman; Secretary, L. A. Scofield, Port Richmond, N. Y.

L. A. Scofield, Sec'y.

Marilla Gun Club.

Marilla, N. Y., Feb. 16.—The following scores were made at the semi-monthly meet of the Marilla Gun Club, at Marilla, N. Y., Feb. 13. Cash prizes were given. Philipps won first money; Smith, second.

Event 1, 25 targets: Reichert 12, Philipps 19, Smith 18, Brewer 12, Myers 17, Lamb 10, Fones 16.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

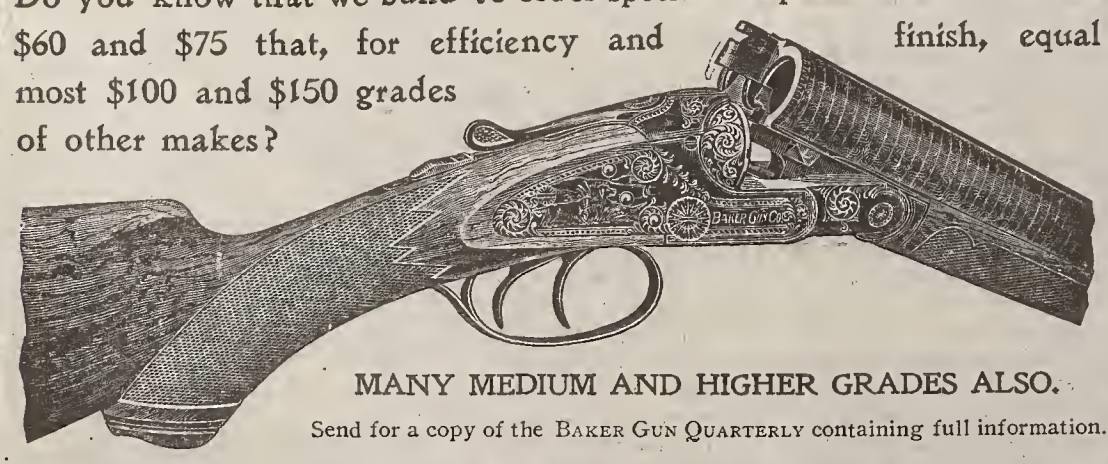
On Feb. 9, 1904, on the range of the Zettler Rifle Club, New York city, Mr. W. A. Tewes, scored 2460 out of a possible 2500, equaling the record of Mr. M. Dorrler, May 5, 1901, whose score stands as the 100-shot indoor record. The conditions were similar—75ft., position strictly offhand. Each used Peters .22-short cartridges loaded with King's Semi-Smokeless powder.

The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., have issued a circular in which is set forth under the heads "The Pest of Sparrows," "The Joy of Owning a Gun," "American Progression," and "Who Will Shoot the Squirrels," the wholesome advantages to be derived from the use of the Stevens rifles by man, woman and child.

The Baker Gun and Forging Co., Batavia, N. Y., inform us that they have secured the services of Mr. W. H. More for their sales department.

Why Not Shoot A BAKER?

Do you know that we build to order special Trap and Field Guns at $60 and $75 that, for efficiency and finish, equal most $100 and $150 grades of other makes?



MANY MEDIUM AND HIGHER GRADES ALSO.

Send for a copy of the Baker Gun Quarterly containing full information.

BAKER GUN AND FORGING CO.,

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Florida.

Last Two Weeks' Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The last Pennsylvania Railroad tour of the season to Jacksonville, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington by special train on March 1.

Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, $50; Trenton, $49; Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Baltimore, and Washington, $48; Pittsburg, $53; and at proportionate rates from other points. Tickets will be good for return passage on regular trains until May 31.

For tickets, itineraries, and other information apply to ticket agents, or to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

The Southern's Palm Limited.

Leaves New York daily, except Sunday, 12:40 noon, via P. R. R. and Southern Railway.

Is operated through from New York to St. Augustine, with the exception of one Double Drawing and Stateroom Sleeping Car, which is operated to Aiken and Augusta, Ga. The train is composed of Pullman Compartment Cars, Drawing and Stateroom Sleeping Cars, Club, Library and Observation Cars, and up-to-date, exquisitely appointed Southern Railway dining car, with service equal to any high class hotel.

Other Handsome Trains.—Two other first-class through trains, with elegantly appointed Pullman Sleeping Car and up-to-date Dining Cars, speed between New York, Washington, and Florida, making travel on the Southern Railway a pleasure and delight. Thus it will be noted that three high-class trains are operated between the East and Florida by the Southern Railway.

Round-trip tourist tickets are on sale at reduced rates to all the principal resorts of Florida and the South, which will allow stop-overs en route, thus enabling passengers to make side trips to other resorts, if desired. For further information call on or address New York offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway, Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent.

Though the winter has been hard and long, the angler begins now to smell in the frosty air some foretaste of spring, and to get out his tackle, so that when the season for fishing comes he will be prepared to start. A large number of our readers make their annual angling tours to Michigan, to have their share in the bass and trout fishing there, which is reached by the Detroit & Mackinac Railroad. Mr. J. D. Hawks, of the Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich., will send matter descriptive of the fishing localities reached by his line on application.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE CHANGING YEAR.

THE calendar tells us that winter is past and gone, but as yet we see few signs of spring. But surely it is time that it should be here, for all along the Atlantic seaboard north and south, and as far west as the Missouri River, the winter has been bitter and long and hard. The January thaw so confidently looked for each year has come in but few places, and the unfortunate ground hog which put his head out of his hole on February 2 saw his shadow clearly defined on the ground beside him, and very likely lost the fringe of his ears by the cold that then prevailed.

We have heard many angry threats against the person of him—if he could be found—who first suggested that St. Valentine's day was the beginning of spring, and up to the very last day of February of this year there were no signs that winter would let go his hold. In many sections of the West, on the other hand, the early part of the winter was unusually mild and pleasant. In Nebraska it was more like summer than winter, while in Montana, up to the beginning of February at least, there was no real winter, and the cattle remained fat and strong.

On the birds throughout the depleted covers of the northeast this has been a hard winter. What has happened to the ruffed grouse we do not know, but frequent reports as to the quail tell of widespread destruction among these favorite game birds. In many localities efforts were made to feed the coveys, but too often the danger was not realized until too late, and the birds perished before they found the food intended for them. Nor were the upland birds the only ones to suffer. At many points along the coast this has been a hard winter for the wildfowl, and not a few of them are believed to have starved to death. This condition of things is not very unusual in hard winters. Singular as it may appear, there are many ducks wintering along our coasts, which, for some reason or other, will not go further south. They remain here—notwithstanding that the ice floes cover their feeding grounds, and make it impossible for them to procure subsistence—and here they stay and starve and starve, until finally they must perish. Why the black ducks and the scoters and the broadbills do not go south with others of their kind we do not know, but many of them remain here to face death. It is reported that at present at many points along the coast ducks are starving to death.

What the result will be of this past hard winter on shooting, we cannot yet know, but in many places, notably in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, the worst may be feared. Moreover, it is becoming more and more difficult every year to restock those covers from which the birds have been swept away by the wholesale. State laws make the procuring of birds for stocking very difficult, and persons owning or controlling tracts of land on which the birds have been destroyed, hardly know which way to turn.

ONE thing leads to another; when a discussion is started there is never any telling where it will end. Something was written here the other day about the coincidences of everyday life, the things which "just happen so," in such conjunction one with another as to make us remark them; and this has led away into the fields of the occult and the supernatural—a realm which is, perhaps, outside the scope of FOREST AND STREAM. But in all the records of personal experience which have had chronicle in these pages, we recall nothing more unique or more interesting than our old soldier contributor Cabia Blanco's statement of why he has gone into battle always with the confidence that he would come out alive.

A Scheme of Game Restoration.

WE noted last week that the Massachusetts Association for the Protection of Fish and Game proposed to restock some of the covers of the State in which the quail have been exterminated by the severity of the winter. The publication of this intention brought to the officers applications in numbers which surprised them. These were not requests for donations of birds, but were subscriptions to defray the cost and the expenses. The incident demonstrates not only the growth of interest in shooting, but an acceptance on the part of shooters of the principle that if they would have shooting, they must look out for it and provide it. In many parts of the country the day of a happy-go-lucky attitude toward the game supply has gone by. Over-shooting, hard winters, the fluctuations of supply due to natural causes which are not understood but are recognized as in operation, these conditions have set the sportsman thinking, and his thought has resolved itself into the conviction that he must supplement nature by making artificial provision for a renewed stock. In the Northern and more densely populated States this is the tendency of the time.

The problem is one of a source of supply.

There are three ways in which a supply of quail might be secured. Two of them are practicable and readily to be put into operation; the third awaits discovery and exploitation.

The first way is the transplanting of quail from the districts of over-supply in certain States to those of scarcity in other States. The law in States where quail are abundant now forbids netting or trapping or export. It is a good law, and, as a rule, a highly necessary one. But there are States in which the law might very reasonably be modified to the extent of authorizing the taking alive of birds by agents under the supervision of the game commissioner or his deputies, for the purpose of exportation for stocking grounds in other States, where the birds should be put out under the supervision of the game commission of the State into which they are received. By providing thus for official control at both ends of the line, the enterprise could be restricted to its legitimate field quite as readily and effectively as is the interchange of fish now carried on between the several States. With the machinery properly devised there need be not the slightest apprehension that crates of live birds shipped ostensibly for stocking purposes would be underground railroaded to market. Every shipment could be registered and receipted for from the hour of capture to the hour of release.

Nor need any source of supply be unduly drawn on, so that local covers would be depleted. The extent of the taking for export, with a maximum limit fixed by law, could be made discretionary with the game authorities. The prices received for the birds (quail are now worth from $8 to $10 per dozen at the point of shipment) would be a sufficient inducement to secure them, leaving a substantial remuneration to the catchers after the official fees had been deducted.

There are such sources of live game supply practically inexhaustible, and amply sufficient to meet all the demands upon them for shooting purposes, if only the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank—"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons"—were put into operation with respect to dead game.

Stop the sale of dead game, and the sale of live game under official control might be efficient to stock the covers of the country and keep them stocked.

Why is not this a reasonable and desirable system? Are not the advantages so great as to outweigh any objections that may be brought against it? Why should not the system be put into operation?

Another plan—the second one referred to—would provide for the supply of game birds by the National Government. Congress now distributes millions of packages of seed to the farmers in the country and women window gardeners in town, and sends out annually millions of fish eggs and fish fry. Why should it not take up the enterprise of distributing live game where it is needed, and where anon it might perch on the top rail of political fences which its advent had helped to mend?

That the distribution of fish to the streams is within the province of the National Government is a proposition now beyond debate; the thing has been done for a quarter-century and has been accepted as a national policy. The proposition to distribute game to the fields runs on all fours with it. Congress has already made a certain vague provision for game stocking by enacting in the Lacey Act:

> Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the duties and powers of the Department of Agriculture are hereby enlarged so as to include the preservation, distribution, introduction and restoration of game birds and other wild birds. The Secretary of Agriculture is hereby authorized to adopt such measures as may be necessary to carry out the purposes of this act, and to purchase such game birds and other wild birds as may be required therefor, subject, however, to the laws of the various States and Territories. The object and purpose of this act is to aid in the restoration of such birds in those parts of the United States adapted thereto, where the same have become scarce or extinct, and also to regulate the introduction of American or foreign birds or animals in localities where they have not heretofore existed.

This is very good so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough; nothing practical in the way of restocking has come of it. No birds have been imported or transported by the agents of the department. Their sole activities in this field have been directed to the suppressing of the shipment of birds from the Indian Territory to eastern game grounds.

Now, the Government possesses in its territorial lands quail breeding districts which might be set apart as reservations for the production of a constant supply of breeding birds to be distributed by Government allotment to the covers of the several States.

In one of these two ways, State initiative and control, or National, or both, the game supply of this country might be so administered as to effect the greatest good to the greatest number. The subject is one which may well have consideration and discussion and trial.

The third way alluded to above is the domestication and breeding of quail for stocking purposes. This may be an achievement of the future. There is no reason to believe that it will be done soon. For all practical purposes it may be dismissed as a dream.

TWO PICTURES.

THE two pictures of the supplement this week, showing the Ocklawaha River of Florida and Chief Mountain in Montana, admirably illustrate in their contrast the wonderfully diverse phases of natural scenery our country possesses. One picture is of the Northwest with its snow-capped mountain ranges; the other of the South, with its sluggish waters and tangled vegetation. Each has its own alluring charms. No one who has camped beneath the mighty mass of a Rocky Mountain peak can ever forget the uplift of spirit that came to him as the light of dawn kissed the lofty summits. The brightest day of Florida's golden sunshine will not at once resolve the weird spell which is cast upon one who makes that night descent of the Ocklawaha, when the pine knot flare lights up the spectre cypresses, and but half reveals the dreamland mazes of mystery and gloom stretching away upon either hand.







THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Trails of the Pathfinders.

II.—Alexander Henry.

THE fur trade, which occupied many worthy men during the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth century, forms a romantic and interesting part of the early history of our country.

The traders, usually of English and American parentage, associated themselves with the French voyageurs, or *coureurs des bois,* whom Masson describes as "those heroes of the prairie and forest, regular mixture of good and evil, extravagant by nature, at the same time grave and gay, cruel and compassionate; as credulous as superstitious, and always irreligious." Traders and voyageurs alike were men who braved the cold of winter, the hot sun of summer, who suffered every privation, and who beat out the unknown path of discovery during all seasons, until it became a well-worn trail; all to penetrate the great unknown, which might contain everything that the trader desired. The man who lived in those times, and under those conditions, was brave and enduring without trying to be; he was alert and quick to act, and unwearying in overcoming obstacles. Viewing him from the present day, we might call him cruel and without feeling; but in those times men were taught not to show their feelings. Their lives were given in great part to surmounting enormous difficulties of travel in unknown regions, and to establishing trade relations with unknown tribes of Indians, who were oftentimes not disposed to be friendly. The fur trader was in constant danger, not only from hostile Indians, but often from lack of food.

Alexander Henry was one of these fur traders. He came upon the scene just at the close of the French regime. At twenty-one he had joined Amherst's army, not as a soldier, but in "a premature attempt to share in the fur trade of Canada, directly on the conquest of the country. Wolfe's victory at Quebec in the previous year had aroused the English traders to the opportunity presented of taking over the fur trade which the French had opened up, and Amherst's large army was watched with great interest as it swept away the last remnant of French control. Henry was well fitted for the life that he intended to pursue, as he seems to have had knowledge of the trading posts of Albany and New York.

On the 3d day of August, 1761, Henry despatched his canoes from Montreal to Lachine on an expedition to the regions west of the Great Lakes. Little did he realize then that he should be gone from civilization for sixteen years; that he should suffer and want but survive; should see new and strange peoples, discover rivers and lakes, build forts, to be used by others who were to follow him, trade with the natives, and finally return to hear of the capture of Quebec by the Americans, and then go to France to tell of his adventures. The route of the expedition was the usual one. Almost immediately after leaving Lachine they came to the broad stretch of Lake Saint Louis. At St. Anne the men used to go to confession, as the voyageurs were almost all Catholics, and at the same time offered up their vows; "for the Saint from which this parish derives its name, and to whom its church is dedicated, is the patroness of the Canadians in all their travels by water." "There is still a further custom to be observed on arriving at St. Anne's," Henry relates, "which is that of distributing eight gallons of rum to each canoe for consumption during the voyage; nor is it less according to custom to drink the whole of this liquor upon the spot. The saint, therefore, and the priest were no sooner dismissed than a scene of intoxication began in which my men surpassed, if possible, the drunken Indian in singing, fighting, and the display of savage gesture and conceit."

Continuing up the river, passing amid beautiful scenes, and carrying over many portages, they at last reached the Ottawa, and soon ascended the Mattawa. Hitherto the French were the only white men that had been known in this region. Their relations with the Indians were friendly, and the Indians were well aware of the enmity existing between the French and the English. In the Lac des Chats Henry met several canoes of Indians returning from their winter hunt. They recognized him as an Englishman, and cautioned him, declaring that the upper Indians would kill him when they saw him, and remarked the Englishmen were crazy to go so far after beaver. The expedition came at last to Lake Huron, which "lay stretched across our horizon like an ocean." It was, perhaps, the largest water Henry had yet seen, and the prospect was alarming, but the canoes rode with the ease of a sea bird, and his fears subsided. Coming to the island called La Cloche, because "there is here a rock standing on a plain, which, being struck, rings like a bell," he found Indians, with whom he traded, and to whom he gave some rum, and who, recognizing him as an Englishman, told his men that the Indians at Michilimackinac would certainly kill him. On the advice of his friend Campion, Henry changed his garb, assuming the dress usually worn by the Canadians, and, smearing his face with dirt and grease, believed himself thoroughly disguised.

Passing the mouth of the river Missisaki, he found the Indians inhabiting the north side of Lake Superior cultivating corn in small quantities.

As he went on, the lake before him to the westward seemed to become less and less broad, and at last he could see the high back of the island of Michilimackinac, commonly interpreted to mean the great turtle. He found here a large village of Chippewas, and leaving as soon as possible, pushed on about two leagues further to the fort, where there was a stockade of thirty houses and a church.

For years now Fort Michilimackinac had been a scene of great activity. Established by Father Marquette, and kept up by succeeding missionaries, the first to brave the unknown terrors of the interior, it was from here in 1731 that the brave and adventurous Verendryes set out on their long journey to the Forks of the Saskatchewan, and to the Missouri River.

It was the half-way house for all the westward pushing and eastward coming traders, and a meeting place for all the tribes living on the Great Lakes. Here were fur traders, trappers, voyageurs, and Indians, hurrying to and fro, dressed in motley and picturesque attire. Some were bringing in furs from long and perilous journeys from the west, while others were on the eve of departure westward, and others still were leaving for Montreal. The scene must have been gay and active almost beyond our powers to imagine. Henry was in the midst of all this when the word came to him that a band of Chippewas wished to speak with him; and, however unwillingly, he was obliged to meet them, sixty in number, headed by Minavavana, their chief. "They walked in single file, each with a tomahawk in one hand and scalping knife in the other. Their bodies were naked from the waist upward, except in a few examples, where blankets were thrown loosely over the shoulders." Their faces were painted with charcoal, their bodies with white clay, and feathers were tied in the heads of some, and thrust through the noses of others. Before the opening of the council, the chief held a conference with Campion, asking how long it was since Henry had left Montreal, and observing that the English must be brave men, and not afraid of death, since they thus ventured to come fearlessly among their enemies. After the pipe had been smoked, while Henry "inwardly endured the tortures of suspense," the chief addressed him, saying:

"Englishman, our father, the King of France, employed our young men to make war upon your nation. In this warfare many of them have been killed; and it is our custom to retaliate, until such time as the spirits of the slain are satisfied. But the spirits of the slain are to be satisfied in either of two ways: the first is by the spilling of the blood of the nation by which they fell; the other, by *covering the bodies of the dead,* and thus allaying the resentment of their relations. This is done by making presents.

"Englishman, your King has never sent us any presents, nor entered into any treaty with us, wherefore he and we are still at war; and, until he does these things, we must consider that we have no other father, nor friend, among the white men than the King of France; but, for you, we have taken into consideration that you have ventured your life among us, in the expectation that we should not molest you. You do not come armed, with an intention to make war; you come in peace, to trade with us, and supply us with necessaries, of which we are in much want. We shall regard you, therefore, as a brother, and you may sleep tranquilly, without fear of the Chippewas. As a token of our friendship, we present you with this pipe to smoke."

In reply, Henry told them that their late father, the King of France, had surrendered Canada to the King of England, whom they should now regard as their father, and that he, Henry, had come to furnish them with what they needed. Things were thus very satisfactory, and when the Chippewas went away they were given a small quantity of rum.

Henry was now busily at work assorting his goods, preparatory to starting on his expedition, when two hundred Ottawas entered the fort and demanded speech with him. They insisted that he should give credit to every one of their young men to the amount of fifty beaver skins, but as this demand would have stripped him of all his merchandise, he refused to comply with the request. What the Ottawas might have done is uncertain. They did nothing, because that very day word was brought that a detachment of English soldiers, sent to garrison the fort, was distant only five miles, and would be there the next day. At daybreak the Ottawas were seen preparing to depart, and by sunrise not one of them was left in the fort.

Although it was now the middle of September, the traders sent off their canoes on the different trading expeditions. These canoes were victualed largely with Indian corn at the neighboring village of L'Arbre Croche, occupied by the Ottawas. This corn was prepared for use by boiling it in a strong lye, which removed the husk, after which it was pounded and dried, making a meal. "The allowance for each man on the voyage is a quart a day, and a bushel, with two pounds of prepared fat, is reckoned to be a month's subsistence. No other allowance is made of any kind; not even of salt; and bread is never thought of. The men, nevertheless, are healthy, and capable of performing their heavy labor. This mode of victualing is essential to the trade, which, being pursued at great distances, and in vessels so small as canoes, will not admit of the use of other food. If the men were to be supplied with bread and pork, the canoes could not carry a sufficiency for six months; and the ordinary duration of the voyage is not less than fourteen."

The food of the garrison consisted largely of small game, partridges and hares, and of fish, especially trout, whitefish and sturgeon. Trout were caught with set lines and bait, and whitefish with nets under the ice. Should this fishery fail, it was necessary to purchase grain, which, however, was very expensive, costing forty livres, or forty shillings, Canadian currency; though there was no money in Michilimackinac, and the circulating medium consisted solely of furs. A pound of beaver was worth about sixty cents, an otter skin six shillings Canadian, and marten skins about thirty cents each.

Having wintered at Michilimackinac, Henry set out in May for the Sault de Sainte-Marie. Here there was a stockaded fort, with four houses, one of which was occupied by Monsieur Cadotte, the interpreter, and his Chippewa wife. The Indians had an important whitefish fishery at the rapids, taking the fish in dip nets. In the autumn Henry and the other whites did much fishing; and in the winter they hunted, and through the ice took large trout with the spear, as he describes it: "In order to spear trout under the ice, holes being first cut of two yards in circumference, cabins of about two feet in height are built over them of small branches of trees; and these are further covered with skins so as to wholly exclude the light. The design and result of this contrivance is to render it practicable to discern objects in the water at a very considerable depth; for the reflection of light from the water gives that element an opaque appearance, and hides all objects from the eye at a small distance beneath its surface. A spear head of iron is fastened on a pole of about ten feet in length. This instrument is lowered into the water, and the fisherman, lying upon his belly, with his head under the cabin or cover, and therefore over the hole, lets down the figure of a fish in wood and filled with lead. Round the middle of the fish is tied a small pack thread, and, when at the depth of ten fathoms, where it is intended to be employed, it is made, by drawing the string and by the simultaneous pressure of the water, to move forward, after the manner of a real fish. Trout and other large fish, deceived by its resemblance, spring toward it to seize it, but, by a dexterous jerk of the string, it is instantly taken out of their reach. The decoy is now drawn nearer to the surface, and the fish takes some time to renew the attack, during which the spear is raised and held conveniently for striking. On the return of the fish, the spear is plunged into its back, and, the spear being barbed, it is easily drawn out of the water. So completely do the rays of the light pervade the element that in three-fathom water I have often seen the shadows of the fish on the bottom, following them as they moved; and this when the ice itself was two feet in thickness."

The burning of the post at the Sault forced all hands to return next winter to Michilimackinac, where the early spring was devoted to the manufacture of maple sugar, an important article of diet in this northern country.

This spring Indians gathered about the fort in such large numbers as to make Henry fearful that something unusual lay behind the concourse. He spoke about it to the commanding officer, who laughed at him for his timidity. The Indians seemed to be passing to and fro in the most friendly manner, selling their fur, and attending to their business altogether in a natural way.

About a year before an Indian named Wawatam had come into Henry's house, had expressed a strong liking for him, and, having explained that years before, after a fast, he had dreamed of adopting an Englishman as his son, brother, and friend, told Henry that in him he recognized the person whom the Great Spirit had pointed out to him for a brother and that he hoped Henry would become one of his family, at the same time making him a large present. Henry accepted these friendly overtures, and made a handsome present in return, and the two parted for the time.

Henry had almost forgotten his brother, when, on the second day of June, twelve months later, Wawatam again came to his house and expressed great regret that Henry had returned from the Sault. Wawatam stated that he intended to go there at once, and begged Henry to accompany him. He asked, also, whether the commandant had heard bad news, saying that during the winter he himself had been much disturbed by the noises of evil birds, and that there were many Indians around the fort who had never shown themselves within it. Both the chief and his wife strove earnestly to persuade Henry to accompany them at once, but he paid little attention to their requests, and they finally took their departure, very much depressed; in fact, even weeping. The next day Henry received from a Chippewa an invitation to come out and see the great game of baggatiway, or lacrosse, which his people were going to play that day with the Sacs. But as a canoe was about to start for Montreal, Henry was busy writing letters, and although urged by a friend to go out and meet another canoe just arrived from Detroit, he nevertheless remained in his room, writ-



ON THE WIERD OCKLAWAHA.



PHOTO BY ELIZABETH C. GRINNELL

UNDER CHIEF MOUNTAIN.

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ing. Suddenly he heard the Indian war cry, and, looking out of the window, saw a crowd of Indians within the fort furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found. He noticed, too, many of the Canadian inhabitants of the fort quietly looking on, neither trying to stop the Indians nor suffering injury from them; and from the fact that these people were not being attacked, he conceived the hope of finding security in one of their houses. This is as he tells it:

"Between the yard-door of my own house and that of M. Langlade, my next neighbor, there was only a low fence, over which I easily climbed. At my entrance I found the whole family at the windows, gazing at the scene of blood before them. I addressed myself immediately to M. Langlade, begging that he would put me into some place of safety until the heat of the affair should be over, an act of charity by which he might perhaps preserve me from the general massacre; but, while I uttered my petition, M. Langlade, who had looked for a moment at me, turned again to the window, shrugging his shoulders and intimating that he could do nothing for me—*'Que voudriez-vous que j'en ferais?'*

"This was a moment for despair; but the next a Pani woman, a slave of M. Langlade's, beckoned to me to follow her. She brought me to a door, which she opened, desiring me to enter, and telling me that it led to the garret, where I must go and conceal myself. I joyfully obeyed her directions and she, having followed me up to the garret door, locked it after me, and with great presence of mind took away the key.

"This shelter obtained if shelter I could hope to find it, I was naturally anxious to know what might still be passing without. Through an aperture which afforded me a view of the area of the fort, I beheld, in shapes the foulest and most terrible, the ferocious triumphs of barbarian conquerors. The dead were scalped and mangled; the dying were writhing and shrieking under the unsatiated knife and tomahawk, and, from the bodies of some ripped open, their butchers were drinking the blood, scooped up in the hollow of joined hands and quaffed amid shouts of rage and victory. I was shaken, not only with horror, but with fear. The sufferings which I witnessed I seemed on the point of experiencing. No long time elapsed before every one being destroyed who could be found, there was a general cry of, 'All is finished!' At the same instant I heard some of the Indians enter the house in which I was.

"The garret was separated from the room below only by a layer of single boards, at once the flooring of the one and the ceiling of the other. I could therefore hear everything that passed; and, the Indians no sooner in, than they inquired whether or not any Englishmen were in the house? M. Langlade replied that 'He could not say—he did not know of any'—answers in which he did not exceed the truth, for the Pani woman had not only hidden me by stealth, but kept my secret and her own; M. Langlade was therefore, as I presume, as far from a wish to destroy me as he was careless about saving me, when he added to these answers that 'They might examine for themselves, and would soon be satisfied as to the object of their question.' Saying this, he brought them to the garret door.

"The state of my mind will be imagined. Arrived at the door, some delay was occasioned by the absence of the key, and a few moments were thus allowed me in which to look around for a hiding place. In one corner of the garret was a heap of those vessels of birch-bark, used in maple-sugar making, such as I have recently described.

"The door was unlocked, and opening, and the Indians ascending the stairs before I had completely crept into a small opening which presented itself at one end of the heap. An instant after four Indians entered the room, all armed with tomahawks, and all besmeared with blood upon every part of their bodies.

"The die appeared to be cast. I could scarcely breathe; but I thought that the throbbing of my heart occasioned a noise loud enough to betray me. The Indians walked in every direction about the garret, and one of them approached me so closely that at a particular moment, had he put out his hand, he must have touched me. Still, I remained undiscovered, a circumstance to which the dark color of my clothes and the corner in which I was must have contributed. In a word, after taking several turns in the room, during want of light, in a room which had no window, and in which they told Mr. Langlade how many they had killed, and how many scalps they had taken, they returned down stairs, and I with sensations not to be expressed heard the door, which was the barrier between me and fate, locked for the second time.

"There was a feather bed on the floor; and on this, exhausted as I was by the agitation of my mind, I threw myself down and fell asleep. In this state I remained till the dusk of the evening, when I was awakened by a second opening of the door. The person that now entered was M. Langlade's wife, who was much surprised at finding me, but advised me not to be uneasy, observing that the Indians had killed most of the English, but that she hoped I might myself escape. A shower of rain having begun to fall, she had come to stop a hole in the roof. On her going away, I begged her to send me a little water to drink, which she did.

"As night was now advancing, I continued to lie on the bed, ruminating on my condition but unable to discover a resource from which I could hope for life. A flight to Detroit had no probable chance of success. The distance from Michilimackinac was four hundred miles; I was without provisions, and the whole length of the road lay through Indian countries, countries of an enemy in arms, where the first man whom I should meet would kill me. To stay where I was threatened nearly the same issue. As before, fatigue of mind and not tranquillity, suspended my cares and procured me further sleep. * * *

"The respite which sleep afforded me during the night was put an end to by the return of morning. I was again on the rack of apprehension. At sunrise I heard the family stirring, and, presently after, Indian voices, informing M. Langlade that they had not found my hapless self among the dead, and that they supposed me to be somewhere concealed. M. Langlade appeared, from what followed, to be by this time acquainted with the place of my retreat, of which, no doubt, he had been informed by his wife. The poor woman as soon as the Indians mentioned me, declared to her husband in the French tongue, that he should no longer keep me in his house, but deliver me up to my pursuers; giving as a reason for this measure that should the Indians discover his instrumentality in my concealment, they might revenge it on her children, and that it was better that I should die than they. M. Langlade resisted at first this sentence of his wife's; but soon suffered her to prevail, informing the Indians that he had been told I was in his house; that I had come there without his knowledge, and that he would put me into their hands. This was no sooner expressed than he began to ascend the stairs, the Indians following upon his heels.

"I now resigned myself to the fate with which I was menaced; and regarding every attempt at concealment as vain, I arose from the bed and presented myself full in view to the Indians who were entering the room. They were all in a state of intoxication, and entirely naked, except about the middle. One of them, named Wenniway, whom I had previously known and who was upward of six feet in height, had his entire face and body covered with charcoal and grease, only that a white spot of two inches in diameter encircled either eye. This man, walking up to me, seized me with one hand by the collar of the coat, while in the other he held a large carving knife, as if to plunge it into my breast; his eyes, meanwhile, were fixed steadfastly on mine. At length, after some seconds of the most anxious suspense, he dropped his arm, saying, 'I won't kill you!' To this he added that he had been frequently engaged in wars against the English, and had brought away many scalps; that, on a certain occasion, he had lost a brother, whose name was Musingon, and that I should be called after him."

Several times within the next two or three days Henry had narrow escapes from death at the hands of drunken Indians; but, finally, his captors, having stripped him of all his clothing, save an old shirt, took him, with other prisoners, and set out for the Isles du Castor, in Lake Michigan.

At the village of L'Arbe Croche, the Ottawas forcibly took away their prisoners from the Chippewas, but the Chippewas made violent complaint, while the Ottawas explained to the prisoners that they had taken them from the Chippewas to save their lives, it being the practice of the Chippewas to eat their enemies, in order to give them courage in battle. A council was held between the Chippewas and Ottawas, the result of which was that the prisoners were handed over to their original captors. But, before they had left this place, while Henry was sitting in the lodge with his captor, his friend and brother, Wawatam, suddenly entered. As he passed Henry, he shook hands with him, but went toward the Great Chief, by whom he sat down, and, after smoking, arose again, and left the lodge, saying to Henry as he passed him, "Take courage."

A little later, Wawatam and his wife entered the lodge, bringing large presents, which they threw down before the chiefs. Wawatam explained that Henry was his brother, and therefore a relative to the whole tribe, and asked that he be turned over to him, which was done.

Henry now went with Wawatam to his lodge, and thereafter lived with him. The Indians were very much afraid that the English would send to revenge the killing of their troops, and they shortly moved to the Island of Michilimackinac. A little later a brigade of canoes, containing goods and abundant liquor, was captured; and Wawatam, fearing the results of the drink on the Indians, took Henry away and concealed him in a cave, where he remained for two days.

The head chief of the village of Michilimackinac now recommended to Wawatam and Henry that, on account of the frequent arrival of Indians from Montreal, some of whom had lost relatives or friends in the war, Henry should be dressed like an Indian, and the wisdom of this advice was recognized. His hair was cut off, his head shaved, except for a scalplock, his face painted, and Indian clothing given him. Wawatam helped him to visit Michilimackinac, where Henry found one of his clerks, but none of his property. Soon after this they moved away to Wawatam's wintering ground, which Henry was very willing to visit, because in the main camp he was constantly subjected to insults from the Indians who knew of his race.

Henry writes fully of the customs of the Indians, of the habits of many of the animals which they pursued, and of the life he led. He says that during this winter "Raccoon hunting was my more particular and daily employ. I usually went out at the first dawn of day, and seldom returned till sunset, or till I had laden myself with as many animals as I could carry. By degrees I became familiarized with this kind of life; and had it not been for the idea of which I could not divest my mind that I was living among savages, and for the whispers of a lingering hope that I should one day be released from it, or if I could have forgotten that I had ever been otherwise than as I then was, I could have enjoyed as much happiness in this as in any other situation."

Among the interesting hunting occurrences narrated is one of the killing of a bear, and of the ceremonies subsequent to this killing performed by the Indians. He says:

"In the course of the month of January I happened to observe that the trunk of a very large pine tree was much torn by the claws of a bear, made both in going up and down. On further examination, I saw that there was a large opening in the upper part near which the smaller branches were broken. From these marks, and from the additional circumstance that there were no tracks in the snow, there was reason to believe that a bear lay concealed in the tree.

"On returning to the lodge, I communicated my discovery, and it was agreed that all the family should go together, in the morning, to assist in cutting down the tree, the girth of which was not less than three fathom. Accordingly, in the morning, we surrounded the tree, both men and women, as many at a time as could conveniently work at it, and here we toiled, like beaver, till the sun went down. This day's work carried us about half way through the trunk; and the next morning we renewed the attack, continuing it till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when the tree fell to the ground. For a few minutes everything remained quiet, and I feared that all our expectations were disappointed; but, as I advanced to the opening, there came out, to the great satisfaction of all our party, a bear of extraordinary size, which, before she had proceeded many yards, I shot.

"The bear being dead, all my assistants approached, and all, but more particularly my old mother (as I was wont to call her), took her head in their hands, stroking and kissing it several times, begging a thousand pardons for taking away her life; calling her their relation and grandmother, and requesting her not to lay the fault upon them, since it was truly an Englishman that had put her to death.

"This ceremony was not of long duration, and if it was I that killed their grandmother, they were not themselves behindhand in what remained to be performed. The skin being taken off, we found the fat in several places six inches deep. This, being divided into two parts, loaded two persons, and the flesh parts were as much as four persons could carry. In all, the carcass must have exceeded five hundred weight.

"As soon as we reached the lodge, the bear's head was adorned with all the trinkets in the possession of the family, such as silver arm-bands and wrist-bands, and belts of wampum, and then laid upon a scaffold set up for its reception within the lodge. Near the nose was placed a large quantity of tobacco.

"The next morning no sooner appeared than preparations were made for a feast to the manes. The lodge was cleaned and swept, and the head of the bear lifted up and a new stroud blanket, which had never been used before, spread under it. The pipes were now lit, and Wawatam blew tobacco smoke into the nostrils of the bear, telling me to do the same, and thus appease the anger of the bear on account of my having killed her. I endeavored to persuade my benefactor and friendly adviser that she no longer had any life, and assured him that I was under no apprehension from her displeasure; but the first proposition obtained no credit, and the second gave but little satisfaction.

"At length, the feast being ready, Wawatam commenced a speech, resembling, in many things, his address to the manes of his relations and departed companions, but having this peculiarity, that he here deplored the necessity under which men labored thus to destroy their friends. He represented, however, that the misfortune was unavoidable, since without doing so they could by no means subsist. The speech ended, we all ate heartily of the bear's flesh, and even the head itself, after remaining three days on the scaffold, was put into the kettle.

"It is only the female bear that makes her winter lodging in the upper parts of trees, a practice by which her young are secured from the attacks of wolves and other animals. She brings forth in the winter season, and remains in her lodge till the cubs have gained some strength.

"The male always lodges in the ground, under the roots of trees. He takes to this habitation as soon as the snow falls, and remains there till it has disappeared. The Indians remark that the bear comes out in the spring with the same fat which he carried in in the autumn; but, after exercise of only a few days, becomes lean. Excepting for a short part of the season, the male lives constantly alone.

"The fat of our bear was melted down, and the oil filled six porcupine skins. A part of the meat was cut into strips, and fire-dried, after which it was put into the vessels containing the oil, where it remained in perfect preservation until the middle of summer."

When spring came, and they returned to the more traveled routes, and met other Indians, it was seen that these people were all anxious lest the English should this summer avenge the outbreak of the Indians of the previous year. Henry was exceedingly anxious to escape from his present life, and his brother was willing that he should go, but this appeared difficult. At last, however, a Canadian canoe, carrying Madame Cadotte, came along, and this good woman was willing to assist Henry so far as she could. He and his brother parted rather sadly, and Henry, now under the guise of a Canadian, took a paddle in Madame Cadotte's canoe. She took him safely to the Sault, where he was welcomed by M. Cadotte, whose great influence among the Indians was easily sufficient to protect him. Soon after this there came an embassy from Sir William Johnson, calling the Indians to come to Niagara and make peace with the English; and after consulting the Great Turtle, who was the guardian spirit of the Chippewas, a number of young men volunteered to go to Niagara, and among them, Henry.

After a long voyage they reached Niagara, where Henry was received by Sir William Johnson very kindly, and subsequently was appointed by General Bradstreet, commander of an Indian battalion of ninety-six men, among whom were many of the Indians who, not long before, had been ready and eager to kill him. With the command he moved westward, and after peace had been made with Pontiac, at Detroit, with a detachment of troops reached Michilimackinac, where he recovered a part of his property.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

A fine mosaic has been unearthed below the Piazza Guglielmo Pepe in Rome. Figures of deer, antelopes, and dogs representing an animated hunting scene are composed of brilliant tesseræ on a white ground. The work is so good that archæologists incline to place it in the first Christian century. Many coins, capitals, sarcophagi, and bits of sculptured frieze have been found while enlarging the foundations of the great memorial to Victor Emmanuel I.—New York Times.

"You were loaded," said the Justice to Charles and Philip Gunn as they were led to the bar by Policeman Burns, who had found them drunk.

"Were you ever pointed in my direction before?"

"No, sir," the Gunns responded in chorus.

"Both barrels discharged," said the court.

In the Forest.

ALONE in the forest! What a wide diversity of feeling may be experienced as a result of the realization of the above condition.

It may, and generally does, create a sensation of one extreme or the other; either that of infinite pleasure and satisfaction, or that of indescribable terror and a feeling of helplessness. To one familiar with woodcraft and the woods life, the forest contains many of the conveniences and all the essentials of man's existence; hence it can have only a friendly and inviting aspect to him who knows how to utilize them for his own needs, and he need have no feeling of fear and unrest, even though he may not know just where he is—may be lost; but the inexperienced who is alone in the forest and lost, is just about as helpless and hopeless as the victim of a wreck at sea, floating on a bit of drift with nothing in sight but the waves of the sea. To many who go into the forests each year, the pleasure of their outing would all depart if they were to go it alone; while to the real lover of the woods, and to the one familiar with woods life, there comes a feeling of rapture in being far in the virgin forest, alone, which is far beyond the power of pen to describe, which must be experienced to be understood, and which cannot be experienced to the full when hampered by companions.

Many there are who go into the woods who do not fully experience this pleasure, because they are not endowed by nature with the capacity for such enjoyment—it is not their nature; and to such, the prime motive in making a trip to the forest is that of getting a trophy, or rest, recreation and the companionship of their fellow campers. Companions are all right while around the camp-fire; in fact, are essential to the outing taken for pleasure; but this is a case where two pairs of eyes and two pairs of ears cannot see and hear twice as much as one pair. The fact is, one lone person can see, hear, and observe more than two persons can to travel the same route together. Where two or more are in company, their attention is diverted more or less from their surroundings to and by each other; what one sees or hears he very naturally calls the attention of the other to it. If, for illustration, it be a distant sound made by some inhabitant of the forest, while the discoverer of the sound is telling his companion of it, it may be repeated to such a degree that, had he been alone, and consequently listening intently, he could have determined what it was, and where it was, thereby giving him a decided advantage in approaching, either for the purpose of shooting or observing; but owing to conversation, even though ever so quiet, the repeating sound has passed unnoticed, and we will suppose, for illustration, is not repeated, thereby leaving them without any clue, and consequently without any further knowledge of that which may otherwise have meant a big success. The successful naturalist who studies wild life and nature knows this, and is found alone. Ray Stannard Baker, in his splendid notes on the life of John Muir—that great student of nature—says, "He did not avoid human habitation, nor did he seek it, finding his deepest pleasure in winning the secrets of the woods."

Let two or more persons walk through a stretch of forest in company, talking as they go, and they will conclude that it is destitute of life. Let one person go over the same ground, silently and watchfully, stopping often and sitting or standing perfectly still for several minutes, and a busy life among the woods dwellers will show that it is a place of activity—will show a constant and well conducted warfare and struggle for existence and supremacy among the hunters and the hunted.

While the grouse is industriously scratching and hunting for the smaller insect life to feed her dependent brood, all the while dividing her attention between that and keeping a sharp lookout for danger, the sly fox or stealthy wildcat may be shadowing her and her brood, only waiting an opportunity to secure a morsel to take home to their families, for they, too, must be fed; and nature seems to have endowed all wild creatures with a feeling of responsibility, and an impulse to act accordingly, which should put the blush of shame on some of the higher order of animals, if they would but study the lives of the lower creatures, and absorb the lesson to their own well doing.

A sound of mighty battle among the larger creatures is heard, and a quiet approach reveals the struggles of two buck deer, or other of the larger animals, striving for supremacy, as to which is the better qualified to carry the honors of being leader of his district; just as men will strive for civic or national supremacy and leadership, only by a more legitimate and honorable method than that employed by some men, in attaining their exalted position.

Who can be much alone with nature without feeling a more profound reverence for the Creator and director of all the harmonious laws of nature which exist where the government of man has not been established, and how much greater tendency such surroundings have to creating everything in man which is good than that of city life, or thickly populated surroundings, where people acquire selfishness by the very nature of their surroundings and occupations? For honesty, unselfishness, and real goodness of heart compare the average backwoodsman—an old guide, for instance—with the average man in society, and see which will naturally, unconsciously, put himself to the greatest inconvenience to accommodate a fellow man, without any obligation for so doing other than an unselfish desire to be neighborly. You are in the city or large town among strangers; you are hungry and must eat; there you pay the highest price in the land for a meal. Start out into the country and stop while yet in the thickly populated farming district for a meal, and you pay less than in the city; as you go further out where it is more sparsely settled, you pay less, and by the time you reach the thinly settled backwoods districts, you would insult the settler by offering pay for a meal, or any other favor which he could show.

Once while my father and I were wandering around in a wild and wooded part of West Virginia, hunting for a great cave of which we had heard, we had given up finding it, and were on our way back to the railroad, when we met an old man and his wife, native mountaineers. After telling them of our vain search, the old man started at once, in the most matter-of-fact manner, to guide us to it, saying: "It's not over a half-mile," and, in spite of our protest, he went the entire distance with us, led us into the cave as far as we cared to go, told us many interesting things connected with it, among which was that of a lot of horses being hidden in it during the Civil War; then, as our time for getting back for our train was too limited to allow us to go back by the way we came, he guided us a considerable distance to where he could show us a nearer way back; in the meanwhile saying what a pity it was that he had not found us sooner, that we could have gone home with him and had dinner, only bidding us good-by when there was absolutely nothing else he could do to help us. A typical backwoodsman, whose great, good soul was undefiled by the evil of the world as men make it, who had spent a long life in the woods. Success to all the noble efforts made to preserve and perpetuate the woods.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

A Vision in the Night.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the caption, "It Just Happened So," Julian the Foxhunter gives us an occurrence that is a good deal like one that happened to me.

Just fifty-five years ago this coming spring, when I was a boy ten years old, a favorite aunt, my father's youngest sister, died suddenly. I had always thought a great deal of this aunt; she had nursed me when I was a baby, and whenever I was out at my grandmother's I put in most of my time in following her around while she was doing her work.

She died at her mother's house, four miles from town, and I did not get a chance to attend her funeral. My father was away on his boat and could not be reached in time to attend it; and my mother, taking my two younger brothers, went, leaving me at home by myself. I remember that I raised a row about not being given a chance to see my aunt again.

I slept by myself in a small upstairs room, no one but me being in it. The room had only one window, and a door that I kept locked every night, as a stairway from the outside led up to it. My bed, a low cot-bed, was right under the window. One night, a week after my aunt's death, I was lying fast asleep, with my face to the wall, when I was wakened up by a feeling that there was someone else in the room. I have that premonition, or whatever it is, even now; if a stranger should come into a room when I am in it alone, I can tell he or she is there without hearing or seeing them; if I am asleep, their presence wakens me up. I was wide awake now, and turning myself over I saw my aunt as plainly as I had ever seen anything. She stood within two feet of my bed. I could have stretched out my arm and taken her by the hand; but raising myself on my elbow I lay there staring at her, while she stood looking at me and smiling. Her long hair hung down her back in a loose bunch, just as she always wore it when alive, and she had on a white dress with small red spots, one that she wore in the summer when attending church on Sunday.

I felt prompted to reach out and take her hand, or at least speak to her, but remembered that she was dead, and if I spoke it might frighten her and send her off.

While I was thinking about this, she moved her lips as though trying to speak, but I heard no sound. Then she smiled at me again, and, moving backward, slowly backed into a far corner of the room against a solid wall, and slowly faded away. I jumped up and ran over to the corner, but saw nothing, of course.

I told my mother the next morning about my aunt Eliza having visited me. "No," she told me, "you did not see her at all; she is dead, and dead people cannot come back. You were only dreaming about her." I knew better, though; it was no dream.

I got permission to go out and see my grandmother; I wanted to see what she would say about this. She was an old Virginia woman—an old woman then, but she lived to be ninety-six years old. Two of her sons and three of her daughters lived as long; and her other four sons, my father was one of them, were all of them killed by accident; were it not for that the most of them would no doubt have lived as long as she did. She had come of a good family, had a better education than most women in her day, and had no superstition of any kind. She was an aunt to Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, and afterwards the Governor of Georgia; that made Alex (the old lady always called him Alex) my first cousin once removed; I knew him quite well.

I told my grandmother of Aunt Eliza's visit to me the night before, and what my mother had said about it. "How was she dressed?" she asked me, and I told her. "Yes," she said, "you saw her; tell your mother that I say so. You were not dreaming. We buried her in that dress; she asked to be buried in it." I had not known that before.

"Now," she said, "she may come again; she will come to you if she does. When she does, you speak to her, you won't scare her away."

I lay watching for her every night, then; but she never came again, and a month after this my father was drowned. He was an engineer on a coal towing boat, and a capstan bar striking him when a rope on the capstan broke, knocked him overboard. Whether that visit from my aunt and his death had any connection or not, of course I cannot tell; but I have always believed it had, and that this was what she had been trying to tell me. And from the time I got old enough to think of it, I have always expected to see her again just before I die or am killed myself. This notion has got to be so fixed in my mind that I have gone into battle (I had a share in some of the hardest battles in the Civil War, and have been in any number of Indian fights since) without feeling the least fear of being shot, for I had not seen my aunt yet.

CABIA BLANCO.

The Little Big Horn Battle Field.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read E. P. Jaques' correction of my account of Captain Keogh. He is no doubt correct. The ridges he speaks of are there as he describes them. I was not present when the fight took place; but several years afterward I sat on my horse up where Reno made his stand, and looked a long time across those bottoms, but did not ride over them.

CABIA BLANCO.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Old Hunter's "Grip" Story.

THE old man carefully filled his pipe and lighted it with a coal from the camp-fire. "Say, Kurn'l," said he "I reckon I haint never tole ye that ar grip story?" I assured him that he had not. "Wall, here it are," said he. "One day I tole my ole woman thet I'd go and get some ducks, so I took Ole Bess and loaded her with three han's an' started. I rode 'long 'bout half er mile, when I seed er flock comin' and turned Ole Bess loose inter 'em an' killed four. I started in sort o' lazy like to load Ole Bess, and jes' as I got 'er loaded I heard sort of a swish out that ar way, an' ez I looked I seed a big grip jes' risin' out er the water with one ov my ducks. I jerks Ole Bess ter my shoulder and bangs inter him and down he cum. I pulls right over thar an' picks up three ov the ducks, an' then I sorter begins ter notice that ar grip."

Here I interrupted him, and asked what a "grip" was.

He looked at me pityingly. "Say, Kurn'l, a grip is what you sientific fellers would call a bald-headed eagle. Az I said afore, I begins payin' 'tention to that ar grip. He hed fas'ened onter that ar duck like death ter a nigger. I wanted the duck, but I seed that I had only broke ther end ov his wing, so he couldn't fly, and 'ceptin' the lame wing he was jest ez healthy as any bird 'round them parts. Say, Kurn'l, did yer ever fight er grip? No, I sorter thought not. Kurn'l, them are cusses cu'd lick ther best grizzly b'ar thet ever trotted, but ez I wus sayin', I sorter wanted ther duck, so I gets up close and tries ter 'shoo' him, but he wouldn't 'shoo' wuth a cuss. Then I jabs at him with Ole Bess, but the grip jest gripped my gun and jest friz onter it with one foot; so I pulls him inter the boat, and he drug the duck in with his other foot.

"I sez ter myself, 'Well, ole man, I'll give yer a ride home 'th me.' I went ter get an oar outen the bottom ov ther boat, but the grip riz up and commenced hostile operations at onc't. I retreated ter th' other end of ther boat ter think it over. Soon as I left him he commenced ter eat ther duck. That ar conduct sorter riled me, an' I started to'rds him, but he spreads hisself out and screeched, an' hed a sort of look in his eye that I didn't like, so I reconsidered the matter.

"By this time we had drifted out inter rough water, an' it was gettin' 'long to'rds night, an' we wuz gettin' close to some breakers, an' I figgered it out thet the grip wuz in kermand ov thet boat, and I wuz sort ov a steerage passenger, only he wouldn't let me steer. I cu'd see someone on ther shore, an' takin' my sliker I stood up an' waves and yells loud ez I cu'd. Say, Kurn'l, durn my buttons, if that ar cuss didn't hop onter the gunnel an' flop his wings an' screech t' raise the dead; an' he looked ready ter fight an eliphant, an' he wuz, too.

"About this time I begin ter get narvous, fer we wuz right close ter the breakers, an' I dasn't try ter git an oar, fer that cuss would hev mauled the stuffin' outer me, an' chawed me all up in no time. Ole Bess wuzn't loaded, an' I hed los' my powder horn in the fust of the skirmish, an' besides, the grip hed Ole Bess in his end ov the boat, enyway, an' it looked sort ov squally fer yer Uncle Darius. Jest then I looks toward home, an' seed a boat startin' out. I yelled, an' the grip screamed, an' soon they come, an' I wuz powerful glad ter see 'em. They towed me an' ther grip in, or, I reckon more kerrectly, ther grip an' me. By this time ther wuz a big excitement on shore, an' all ther wimen folks wus thar. My woman hollers, 'Darius! what on arth hev yer got?' I hollers back, 'I'v got ther devil, an' am bringin' him in.' It bein' 'bout dark, an' that ar grip standin' on the gunnel an screechin' must ov looked sorter odd like from the shore, an' them fool wimen tho't I hed the devil sure nuf, an' some run, an' some screamed, an' some fainted, an' in th' excitement that ar cussed grip got erway, an' 'scaped inter ther woods."

O. C. F.

A Hybrid Jack.

A SIX-POUND fish was caught here in Beaver Creek on Saturday night which has the head and fins of an esox, and the proportions and general complexion of a small-mouth black bass. Jack and trout (local for black bass) are both caught in the above-named stream in great abundance. Formerly this stream was open to the public, but is now a magnificent preserve belonging to Herbert Lutterloh, Esq., on which he has spent many thousand dollars for dams, keeper's house, and valuable accessories. In this locality a pike is a jack; that is the English of it, Fayetteville being originally a Scotch settlement. It is distinguished from the pickerel by the fins, those of the latter being bright red. The depth of this fish was about 1 to 4½ of the length, and the length of head was about 1½ in proportion to length of body, the latter being 22 inches. There were no bar marks on this fish, the coloration being solid and precisely like that of a small-mouth black bass, and it would be taken for such as it laid in a pile with others, unless the shape of the head were detected. Our folks here allow it to be a hybrid. It is a freak, anyhow. Beaver Creek is a tributary of Cape Fear River.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Feb. 22.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Natural History.

Cold Weather Messages from the Woods.

Mr. Bruin: I kind of looked for this. Yes, sir. All last fall I kept saying to myself: "We're going to have an old-timer, sure." Why? Ah, now you are asking me something. Maybe it was the leaves or maybe it was the clouds or maybe it was something else. Anyhow, I felt it in my bones. And so I says, "I ain't going to get caught," and I went and put on an extra layer or two of fat. And I guess I did the right thing, all right all right. Oh, I ain't so slow, though some people do call me a slouch.

Mr. Fox: I am a poor, innocent, guileless little fox. When I think of the struggle I have had this winter I am moved to tears of self-pity. How often I have had to go to bed cold and hungry. The snow has frozen so hard that the rabbits have left no trail and the chickens have been kept indoors for the most part. Then the quail and the partridge have been getting scarcer and scarcer, and altogether it's been a terrible struggle. And it ain't right. I am sure I have done nothing to deserve it. Excuse me—my tears are flowing again.

Mr. Moose: I haven't left my "yard" for over a week, though the spruce boughs are nearly all bare. The fact is, I am afraid to travel. This winter has been a terror, and that's a fact. Tough as I am and ugly (that is to say, brave), it has made me as weak and timid as an old cow. If the fellows with the guns (the bad men!) were here now they wouldn't have to try many of their clever stunts to get a crack at me. Egad! I think I'd rather like to be shot.

Mr. Caribou: I think I won't come south any more. What's the use? Up in the barrens it's no colder than this. And food's no scarcer. For the snow here is so deep and so hard that it is nearly impossible to get down to the moss. I don't mind the cold if I get my belly full, but it plays the dickens with me if I don't. I am reduced to mere skin and bone. The only decent thing about me is my antlers. They are a fine pair, but I think I'd give them for a square meal. What! Give my head? Oh, I must be raving.

Mr. Squirrel: I ain't like some folks in the woods—I don't leave things to chance. I keep my weather eye open and make provision for days like these. All winter I have lain snug in my hole, with a plentiful supply of nuts. Still, it's been a little monotonous lying so close. Other winters I used to have a chance to stir out once in a while, but never a one this. It's been a long siege, and I won't be sorry when the spring comes.

Mr. Bluejay: I haven't uttered a sound for I don't know how long. The voice which I so loved to hear has become indifferent to me. I am no longer what I was. Cold and starvation have robbed me of my conceit—my assurance. I am no longer even curious. 'Tis true, my beautiful blue plumage shines with a new lustre, but it is as if to mock the skeleton beneath it. Why didn't I migrate in the fall? I had promptings, but ignored them (with my customary conceit, thinking that I was equal to anything that came along). O, fool!

Mr. Chickadee: Ha! ha! but this is jolly. The colder it is the better I seem to like it. You ought to have heard me the other day when the rocks were cracking. How I flew about and made the woods ring with my joyous cries. Pshaw! I have no use for your chicken-hearted folks that fall into the dumps or give in at the first show of trouble or danger. Be up and at it. And don't take yourself too seriously, or life too seriously. None of us, I guess, is so very necessary, after all, and life is just what we choose to make it, for the most part. I saw to-day half a dozen of great, serious ravens lying dead in the snow, while I was about as lively as a June cricket. Even a winter like this respects a brave, cheerful bird (which I am, though I say it myself). Chickadee-dee-dee!

Mr. Bob White: I can stand a good deal, for I am naturally plump and well covered, but this is too much. Oh, what a winter! One cold wave after another, and the last always the worst. I am a mere wreck, and if I wasn't an old experienced bird I should be dead. I knew how to burrow in the snow and keep from getting frozen in, and I knew where a few seeds or berries might be found. Then I didn't get "rattled" and fly about from place to place and exhaust myself, so that when a sneaking fox came along I was always able to give him the slip. But in spite of all this, I might not have pulled through if it hadn't been for a stroke of good luck. One day, by mere accident, I came upon a patch of ground swept clear of snow and strewn with seeds. What a delightful surprise it was, to be sure, and how I pitched in and satisfied my hunger. After that I hung around the place, and next day the apparent miracle was explained. A nice kindly-faced old man appeared carrying a bag, and when he reached the bare patch he put his hand in the bag and scattered more seeds. I thought I was now in Easy street. But, alas! after a week or so the old man did not appear any more, and I suppose he was taken sick. However, being built a little on the strenuous order, as I have intimated, I struggled on and I am going to keep it up while there is a kick in me. But I do hope the spring is not far off, and if I survive how I shall make the meadows ring!

Mr. Owl: Did I hear something stir? No, dreaming again. Well, it's lucky I am such a good hand at sleeping, for there's nothing much else to be done this winter, and it relieves the pangs of hunger. It seems to me the Arctic regions have broken loose. Is the world coming to an end? I am accounted very wise and ought to be able to say something on that question, but I can't. Between ourselves, I don't know more than I should. I can look very wise, but that's all. It's merely a trick of the eyes. I have to laugh sometimes when I think how people are fooled by my looks. I am a big fraud, and that's the candid truth. I make this confession fearing I may have to pass in my checks before I have another opportunity of easing my conscience.

Mr. Jack Sparrow: My heye! but ain't it cold. I 'ave been 'angin' around this 'ere Battery Park all winter, and I might as well 'ave been up in the Harctic regions. The park piled up with snow and the bay piled up with hice and the winds—great guns! 'ow they 'ave swept down from the skyscrapers. Then food's been so precious 'ard to get that starvation 'as stared me in the face twenty times, which those cussed cable-cars and automobiles are chiefly to blame. I believe they were hintroduced in horder that we might starve. And, as I mentioned the skyscrapers, I believe they were hintroduced in horder that we couldn't build. Not a hole or a corner left in 'em to stick a nest. But we'll build all right. Just you watch our building hoperations in the spring. We ain't the sort that can be froze out, I promise you. We don't come of that stock. 'Ere we are and 'ere we stick. So ta, ta! (Is that a scrap I see over there? Yes. I guess I'll take a hand in.)

The Spirit of the Woods:

I mark with deep and solemn joy
The rigor of the year;
For everything it shall destroy
A better will appear.

No offspring of the lair or nest—
No thing that is alive—
Shall perish but because it's best
That it should not survive.

For Nature's ways are always wise;
Deem not that she is blind
Or vengeful when a creature dies:
She's cruel to be kind.

FRANK MOONAN.

NEW YORK, Feb 19.

A Lecture on Arctic America.

AT the American Museum of Natural History, on the night of Thursday, Feb. 25, Mr. Andrew J. Stone, the Arctic explorer, delivered an interesting lecture illustrated by many beautiful photographs. These covered a wide range and consisted of Alaska scenery, animals and birds, natives and flowers. Many of them were of extreme beauty and appealed very strongly to the large audience.

Mr. Stone called attention especially to the importance of the study of the distribution of animal life, and pointed out that notwithstanding the fact that he had been collecting specimens in the Arctic for nine years, and that other trained collectors had been working there, there were vast areas from which, as yet, no museums had any specimens of such animals as the bears, the moose, and the caribou. He alluded to the various causes which affect, or may be supposed to affect, the distribution of various species of animals, and which may have had an influence in differentiating species and sub-species in regions similar or adjacent.

After the lecture was over the audience was invited upstairs to the large mammal room of the museum, where a number of unmounted specimens brought back by Mr. Stone were displayed on the floor. Among these were most of the main mammals of the north—a large number of brown bears, black bears, white goats, moose, caribou of three species, a number of specimens of Stone's sheep; besides wolves, foxes, wolverines and many bird skins. These specimens were examined with great interest by all the visitors, among whom there were many big-game hunters.



Amateur Moose Calling.

THE calling of moose is quite generally practiced by Indians and by many white woodsmen, but rarely by sportsmen. It has come to be considered the regular and expected thing for the man who hunts the moose in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, to engage each year a woodsman to call for him. My own experience leads me to believe these sportsmen might, with much addition to their pleasure, some saving of expense and better chances of success, do their own calling.

My knowledge of moose hunting by calling has been gained by seven annual trips to the Miramichi country of New Brunswick. The first two years I was guided by James Fowler, of Doaktown, an expert moose caller, and from him I learned to call. In 1899 I made the first hunt depending on my own calling, and sounded the horn all my voice would bear for nearly two weeks before receiving any answer. By that time I had become very suspicious of my calling, but subsequent experience has led me to believe the season was not far enough advanced. Guides naturally want to make the season of their employment as long as possible, and often get their parties into camp as early as the law is off, or Sept 15. It is, however, a rare thing for a moose to come to a call earlier than Sept. 20, and the chances are not good before the 22d or 23d. From these dates for ten days is the best time, though if I were in the woods and had not secured any moose I would continue to call till Oct. 10.

In the five years I have called, I have secured five moose—all the laws allows. The first year I practiced daily as much as my voice would stand for three months before the hunting season, and other years, three or four weeks. Thus I learned to sound the same note every time, and in a measure strengthened my throat to stand the strain of calling which is very considerable, especially to one who is unaccustomed to singing or public speaking. Most sportsmen who have any opportunity to hear a caller can acquire this simple art. If I have been able so to do, sure any man may, for I have no ear for music, cannot keep the tune of the simplest melody, have a delicate throat and an untrained voice. Still I have been successful with the birch horn, and have found in it a keener pleasure than in any other line of sport.

When one has learned the call there is still much to learn about moose calling. No two moose decoy alike. One will come in quietly, yet boldly and close; another will come crashing through the bushes and blowdowns, answering at every step and striking his horns against the trees. This is the kind of moose not to hunt if you are afraid of a noise. Yet another will circle in caution, or come noisily till near, and then circle and come quietly.

It is quite usual in a good moose country for two bulls to live in one section, as in the valley of a small brook. These are usually one big moose, and a spikehorn of two to four years. They consort together in harmony through the summer and early fall, but quarrel when the rutting season comes; and the hide of the smaller will show the marks of the horns of the larger.

In 1902 my camp was located on an unnamed little stream, flowing into the Dungarvon River. Near this camp was a steep hillside, burned nearly bare, to which early one morning I went to call. At first sound of the horn a moose answered from the green woods below, and I looked for him to come in sight at the edge of the timber. Some minutes had passed in silence when a challenging grunt caused me to turn, and, there behind me on the bare hillside was a wild looking spikehorn just eighteen yards from me. That so large an animal could have come in so close without making noise enough to be heard seems impossible, but this he had done, and how long he had stood there is only matter of conjecture. Another year I had located my camp on a tributary of the Renous. The second morning in camp I went alone to a little beaver meadow close to the tote road and called at daybreak. Almost at first a moose answered from up the beaver brook, and not coming as fast as I desired, I called to hurry him, when another answered from the same direction, so that I had the two coming tandem. The first was the larger one, and he had a hard time getting his horns through the alders. When he was pretty near, and yet not in sight he circled to the right, and as he ceased to make any noise I thought he had become frightened and gone away, as called moose sometimes will. The smaller moose still came on and was nearly to the edge of the thick growth when I heard a grunt behind me, and turned to see the first and larger moose looking out of the bushes at the other side of the meadow. His head I now have, and it shows the animal to have been an old one with a twenty-six point head, and no doubt he was very wise in many ways of avoiding the hunter.

Hunting by calling can be made very easy. My way is to call from 4 or 4:30 in the afternoon, as late as the rifle sights show plainly, and from daybreak or a little earlier, till about 8 o'clock in the morning. This gives all the middle of the day for reading, and the rest a busy man needs when on his vacation. As nothing is worse for moose calling than to have men moving about a country and tracking it up, I always stay in camp through the middle of the day and insist on my men doing the same.

It is well to call in the morning at the same place one has called the night before, as a moose may be

attracted by the call at night, and be somewhere in the vicinity and ready to come to the morning call. This makes it necessary to pass some nights in the woods away from camp, and entails some small hardship.

Moose callers vary in their methods, and somewhat in their call. My way is to call first four times; once to each point of the compass, because the birch horn is like a small megaphone and the sound goes farthest in the direction in which it is pointed. After the first call, I wait about fifteen minutes between calls and then call two or three times. If a moose answers and is not close by, I immediatcly call two or three times to have him locate the sound well and then do not call any more so long as he is coming satisfactorily. Should he hesitate, I may call to hurry him, but am very careful about calling him when he is close by, lest he detect a false note.

Where moose have been little hunted by calling they will often come boldly in without any coaxing, but if any coaxing is needed, nothing is better than to get into water and slosh around like a moose feeding. For this reason I like to call from the side of a brook. Beaver meadows make good places to call, and in them water can always be found. It is easier to call a moose down to low lands from the hill than it is to call them up, probably because sound rises. For successful calling, still, frosty weather is best, and last fall was ideal in this respect. Out of six mornings I was in camp in the height of the calling season, four were perfect, with a clear, still, resonant air. As my guide expressed it, we could hear the call go away and come back again.

FRED TALCOTT.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb 27.

Life in the Woods.

V.—A Rainy Day in Camp.

OUR preparations for stormy weather were not ill-advised, for the next morning the patter, patter, patter of the drops of rain on the canvas roof of our camp gave indications that there would be no hunting that day. The wind was laden with moisture, and it sobbed and sighed in the pine trees with a homesick sort of sound. The drops of watcr hung from everything, and little rivulets ran down the sandy banking of our camp soon to be absorbed. Outside two meat hawks hopped about in a disconsolate sort of a way, and the smoke from our stove settled off to leeward, close to the ground, forming a small cloud of its own. One by one the boys turned out of the bunks, after a wash and a glance outdoors, came back looking almost as melancholy as the bedraggled jays outside. But after all a rainy day in camp is not a bad sort of a thing. There is always, in a party of four or more, plenty to do. In the first place there is the cooking, the baking and the boiling for a few days ahead. Then there are guns to be overhauled and thoroughly cleaned. Moreover, a man cannot be in the woods many days without the thorns and knots and snags getting in their work on his clothes, and so a rainy day affords a good time for a general process of mending. It is a good time, too, for writing letters, by which for a moment the threads of everyday life, which are severed when one plunges into the wilderness, are reunited. It is a good time for reading over the neglected bundle of newspapers and finding out what has been going on in the outside world. It is a good time, also, for perusing the pages of a book which has been brought to camp to help pass away the time. Then there is the ammunition to be looked after, and a dozen and one little things, so that a legitimate complaint of nothing to do is not easily found. A good pack of cards is not the worst thing to have around on a rainy day, for when other things fail to occupy the mind, a game with them is a pretty reliable sort of a standby to fall back on.

Rainy weather is not the worst time for hunting, if one does not mind the discomforts of it. At such times it is far easier to steal through the woods quietly and take advantage of the unsuspicious game. In a locality where there are plenty of logging roads, a man equipped with macintosh and dry shod can travel without special unpleasantness, and where game abounds, trips along the roads are very frequently successful.

However, we did not hunt that day. We had enough to do in camp, and all seemed tired enough and sore enough over their previous day's experience to stay in and rest. A rainy day in camp is a great time for talking, a "heep big talkem," as the Indian said. I believe it is worse than the proverbial old ladies' tea party which has done service as a standard for so many years. Of course, it wouldn't do to admit this at home, but among fellow sympathizers we can afford to be candid. In the afternoon of the day in question, we had an experience meeting, and being the youngest in camp, the old fellows insisted that I relate how I killed my first deer, and how I felt after it was all over. As nearly as I can remember, I told them of it about as follows:

"My first deer. How well I remember it! The scene is pictured before me as plainly as if it happened but a day or so ago. I can see the winding 'tote' road, the edge of the heavy pine wood where I stood, and before it the partially charred area where fire and wind had worked as thoroughly as the ax of the busy pioneer. Then there were the huge rocks, which through the mists of early morn or in the twilight dim used to loom up as large as houses. To the left a high hill, which we called the 'Lookout,' and which towered above the trees, stood out in bold relief against the sky, and over in front of it sparkled the arms of the Spread Eagle Lake which some imaginative cruiser had transformed in his mind into the outstretched wings and legs of our noted bird of liberty. I can remember the morning as if it were to-day. The boys had bothered me because of my inability to kill a deer, and had told me that I did not get up early enough. 'The early bird catches the worm,' had been sung at me so often, that long before daylight, when the stars still held solemn watch over our shanty, I had crawled out of my warm bunk, hastily swallowed a little lunch and started over the road with the cold chills chasing down my back like sleds on a toboggan slide, and the frost nipping at my ears and hands. Rosy fingered Eos had not yet appeared in the east when I started, but the first of her pyrotechnical display soon became faintly visible on the horizon. Every stump looked as big as a cow; and at every sound it seemed as if it must be a deer or perhaps a bear. Slowly and cautiously I prowled along the road carefully not to make any more noise than possible, but with my heart thumping so loud that it seemed as if it could be heard quite a distance away. The chariots of light sped rapidly on and, by the time I reached the edge of the woods the lamp of day was just beginning to show over the horizon, and had decked the frost covered foliage with all the glory of the prismatic hues. I was tired, and I was cold. I had crawled out of a warm bed before my time, had seen no deer, had had no shot and consequently was disgusted. The scene, although a grand one, didn't have much charm just then; for to tell the truth, when I started out I had confidently expected before the lapse of so much time to have shot one deer anyway. To say I was disappointed was putting it mild, and in this frame of mind I turned with the intention of retraversing the mile and a half for the purpose of getting some breakfast, when, snap! a stick cracked on the frosty air like the report of a small revolver. I turned quickly and saw coming straight toward me, on an easy lope, three deer bounding along all usconscious of any danger. A doe and two fawns, as beautiful creatures as nature ever turned loose to roam the wild woods. Up came the gun. The old doe in the lead sniffed danger and stopped. A hasty sight and bang went the rifle, and away went the deer at right angles to the course they had been pursuing. There was a big bend in the road and I ran down to it, hurriedly loading my single shot Remington, in hopes of meeting them around the turn and getting another shot. They never came in view again, and all I heard was a crash as if a small, dead poplar, of which there were many there, had fallen down. I then retraced my steps and tried to find the place where the deer stood when I fired, but I was so excited I couldn't find anything, and so I circled round and round, but no track could I discover on the frozen ground, nor trace of blood. I kept it up for nearly an hour, repeatedly going back to the woods and locating my position. Finally I was forced to admit that I must give it up and so, with a big lump in my throat and tears almost in my eyes, I started back, and stepping over a log, almost walked on as big and as handsome a doe as one ever looked on, lying stark dead. She hadn't gone over six rods from where I shot her, for the bullet striking the point of the shoulder, had gone as squarcly through the heart as a surgeon's knife could cut. Perhaps I didn't shout. Perhaps I didn't throw my cap in the air. Perhaps I didn't look that deer over again and again, and then pat her fat flanks. Perhaps there wasn't a happier boy in Wisconsin, and perhaps I didn't make terrible work in my first attempt to dress a deer. Perhaps I didn't smear myself all over with blood and trudge back to camp, stepping high and with head way up. That is the way I celebrated my eighteenth birthday. That is the way I killed my first deer; and when I stuck my head in the camp door, although I was bursting with a desire to talk with everyone all at the same time and keep it up, I managed to contain myself, and thinking to appear wise and like an old hunter, I merely said, 'I caught the worm.'"

This account of my experience with my first deer seemed to put all in a rather reminiscent mood, and descriptions of incidents of various hunting trips followed in rapid succession. In fact more deer were shot and hung up that afternoon than during the progress of the entire hunt. At least, that is the reflection which would naturally come to a person after having listened to the talk. As a sample, it being most fresh in my mind, I will try and give in his own language, as nearly as I can, Louis' account of how he killed a deer and lost two teeth in the operation:

"It happened the year we were camped on the Musakono, about five miles south of the Pembine farm. While out hunting one misty day, having my double barrel Parker shotgun, I started several deer, but only got one shot and then missed. I began to look sharper and to be more careful. Finally, I struck a big runway and followed it up hill a little over the top and part way down, when all at once a deer came running right toward me. I waited until about four rods away, fired, and pulled both barrels at the same time, accidentally, as I had gloves on. The deer was struck with such force that it fell over backward and lay bleating. In an instant a small buck followed the deer just shot, jumped over it, made two jumps and stopped and looked back at it. Now, I grabbed in my pocket and got another cartridge, took out the empty shell. Now the buck made two more jumps and stopped. I bleated to stop him. And now I couldn't get my gun closed. I pressed on the cartridge to get it in, looked up and saw another buck following the tracks of the first two deer. A somewhat bigger deer. I bleated to stop him. He was about six rods away; the first one about two. I began to sweat. The cartridge would not go in nor come out. I took the head of the cartridge between my teeth and pulled until two of my front teeth came out, but the infernal thing stuck just where it was. Now starts No. 1 again and looks down at the dead deer. He then ran his horns into a dry tree top. I bleated, and he stopped. By that time No. 2 got uneasy and started, made a jump or two, when I stopped him by bleating. Then I put all my force on the cartridge but could not crowd it in. The first buck started again and ran about three rods back of me, when with a 'wish! wish!' away the two went, and I'll be hanged if I could help it, the tears ran out of my eyes. Now I set to work to get the cartridge out again, found a rather straight stick, put it in the muzzle of the gun, and found it was not very straight after all, but forcing it down, began to strike the cartridge but not hard enough, and slamming it down my finger struck the gun and gave me a severe wound. I finally succeeded in getting the cartridge out and felt better. Now I put in two new cartridges and was ready for some more bucks, but none came, so I stepped down to the deer, which was a doe, and looking for my hatchet and knife, found I had left them in camp and that I had nothing but a little pocket knife with which to dress the deer. Now to hang her up. I dragged the deer to a small ironwood tree, climbed up it and expected to bend the tree down to where the doe lay, but I got down about six feet away from her, so I had to tie the top of my tree to another tree, and then drag the deer there. I then fastened the ironwood to the gamble stick and let her go. The tree pulled her up about six feet, where she hung nicely. I had laid the heart of the deer on a big log, and now sat down beside it to eat my lunch. This took some time, so that it was 11 o'clock before I started back to camp, forgetting to take the heart. I got back about 1 o'clock. It was about three miles from camp to where the deer hung.

"In camp I found a friend who, with his brothers, was hunting in the same neighborhood. He asked me if I blazed out. I told him no, but that I could easily find the place again. He remarked that he thought it would trouble me some to do it, and so it did. We tried for two whole afternoons to find that deer, and did not succeed. Next day was Sunday, and Monday morning we were to leave the woods for home. So, Sunday, the last effort was made to find the deer. I took all the necessaries and started from the place where I struck the river when coming out from the deer, and hunted and hunted until I came to a place which I pronounced the place where I hung up the deer, looked around, yes, there was the little ironwood tree on which I hung her up, and there lay the heart yet on the log. That I took along to show that I found the spot, but that some Indian had stolen the doe.

"All I could do now was to hunt back and try and make up for the lost one. I hunted very carefully; walked a hillside for a mile and a half, and getting tired, stepped upon a sort of flat and heard a noise. There come a buck about eight rods away. I up and shot. Down come the deer, but was right up again. I gave him another shot, and down he come again. I quick put in another cartridge. Just as he was trying to get up I fired again, and he rolled over, down the hillside. I walked on slowly, and he rolled on half way down the hill and then held up his head until I shot him through the neck. I dressed him; but did not have much to hang him up with, except some half-rotten sticks. I got him started, and down he came on my shoulder, hurting me so I thought I would faint away. But I stopped him coming down entirely and propped him up with his head part way to the ground. 'There,' says I, 'hang there, I won't touch you again.' My shoulder ached so I was good and mad. Now I blazed out, and when I reached the river I heard the boys calling to me. They came with a lantern and helped me through the swamp, and as we went along, I told them my experience and how some Indian had stolen my deer. The boys laughed and made me mad, but when I reached camp I laughed, too. There I found my lost deer; for the Colonel and Henry had found the place before me, and carried the deer into camp. In all my hunting that was altogether the most troublesome affair I ever had."

CAROLUS.

Can Ducks Smell?

In re
LIMBURGER *vs.* DUCKS.
COAHOMA for plaintiff.
CHARLES CRISTADORO for defendant.

This cause coming on to be heard in the High Court of FOREST AND STREAM at the February Term, 1904, the parties appeared in court by their attorneys, whereupon demurrer is entered by plaintiff, who shows that in defendant's pleading he wrongfully assumes the attitude of plaintiff instead of defendant as he properly should; and said Limburger by his attorney, Coahoma, prays that the court shall make correction in this matter, and for cause, showing that a material point is involved as affecting the rights of said Limburger as plaintiff, and prays that said Coahoma, attorney for Limburger, shall be named as plaintiff herein, and said Cristadoro be made defendant, wherein it is a material point, to wit, that the burden of proof be placed on said defendant to show that ducks do smell, in accordance with defendant's allegation to that effect, which said allegation should be supported by evidence, and not by mere surmise, inference, or other indirect and ineffectual process.

And plaintiff further pleads that the assumption by defendant that the said ducks did smell the Limburger as the reason assigned for flying shy of defendant's blind; and that the circumambient atmosphere was so infected and made redolent by the obtrusive aroma of the said Limburger as to cause a deflection in the flight of said ducks away from the region whence emanated the said alleged aroma; and that said ducks, in consequence of the effect of said aroma on their olfactory senses, imagined that the said blind was filled with noisome perils instead of live gunners, and deemed that the danger was greater to them from the occupancy of said blind by the alleged perils than by said live gunners; and deemed that to be a country that was unhealthy for ducks in consequence thereof, and so betook themselves elsewhere; plaintiff now says that all and several the said assumptions of defendant are without sufficient warrant in fact, and should be supported by other and more material evidence. Plaintiff offers further to show that ducks often fly shy of blinds for no assignable cause, and that such shyness often results from the deportment of those who occupy said blinds; and that under certain circumstances far-fetched and fantastic reasons are sometimes advanced to account for empty game bags; and that in the case at bar a strong suggestion arises in that direction; and plaintiff further avers that no case can be cited by defendant whercin ducks were known to fly shy of any blind by reason of said blind being occupied by dead men, but on the contrary.

Plaintiff further pleads that in his declaration wherever defendant joined issue the averment is not specifically made that ducks are indifferent to the appetizing odor of Limburger, but that all the fowls of the air, without discrimination, are equally and wholly indifferent to all smells and odors whatsoever; and are in fact without the smelling faculty; and now cites the case of C. Crow

et al. vs. Hunter et al., 17 Æsop, 30 ed., chap. 6, sec. 2019, *et seq. non seq,* etc. (Chitty on Evidence), wherein said Crow enters complaint that said Hunter covered up his slain deer with leaves, thereby concealing same from the vision of said Crow, and so depriving him, the said Crow, of his wonted right and privilege of digging out the eyes of said quarry while still fresh, and then awaiting the progress of dissolution, when said deer should become ripe for the penetration of his hide by the talons and beak of said C. Crow et al.

And plaintiff offers to show many other authorities, all to the same purport, if granted sufficient time, and upon this he puts himself on the country, and prays that a jury be impaneled to try the issue.

Do I hear someone exclaim, "Oh, for a sapient Pautagruel, to give a 'definitive answer' in this controversy between these two Bridlegooses?" COAHOMA.

Dutchess County Association.

THE Dutchess County Fish and Game Protective Association is no longer a proposition, it is a fact. It was organized Thursday evening, February 18, and is the result of a movement originating with the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. The officers, including some of the best known sportsmen in the county, are as follows: President, Wm. A. Adriance; Vice-President, Herman W. Marshall; Secretary, A. J. Du Bois; Treasurer, Wm. Haubenestel (treasurer of Dutchess county); Librarian, H. E. Winans. Directors—John G. Dutcher, Pawling; Isaac Tallman, Millbrook; Chas. Cline, Millerton; E. J. Preston, Amenia; Dr Carroll, Red Hook; Geo. Lasher, Clove; Dr. Wm. Baxter, Wappingers.

An application for incorporation has been granted by Judge Dickey, of the Supreme Court. The objects are: To propagate, restore, and protect fish and game and aid in the enforcement of game laws, and further legislation beneficial to legitimate sporting, and to prevent depredations of unprincipled anglers and hunters; to establish equal rights for all, and promote good fellowship and sportsmanship generally, and collect and publish useful information relative to these objects, and create a fund, by membership and donations, to carry out the purposes of the association, and affiliate with similar organizations.

A bill will be presented to the Legislature containing several amendments to the forest, fish, and game laws to affect Dutchess county. Negotiations are now being made for the purchase of a quantity of quail for liberation within the county.

The movement resulting in the organization of a society having such splendid objects has met with the approval of the people throughout the county, and the association is receiving support of the most substantial kind. Other counties would do well to follow such a line.

SNANIWEH.

Fox Farm a Failure.

A GENTLEMAN by the name of Skillings, of Bangor, recently started a new industry on an island off the coast between Machias and Jonesport, Me. This was fox raising. He believed that there was money to be made in raising foxes for their hides, and so leased what is known as Triton Island, some distance off the coast. Having secured the island he went west and bought about sixty of the finest furred and most hardy foxes he could find, paying for some of them as high as $500 apiece. These he placed on the island last fall, and started his fox farm, with every prospect that his novel plan would be a success.

Of course, the island being some distance from the land, it was impossible for the foxes to get off, and so fences were not necessary. This winter came with its cold weather, and gradually the water between Triton Island and the main land closed slowly in, until finally the wide passage was covered with thick ice which could support a man, or a team for that matter.

All this had been going on so quietly that Mr. Skillings had quite failed to think of what this rapidly forming ice might mean to his new industry, and one morning he awoke to find that every fox owned had escaped from the island to the main land, and had taken to the heavy growth of timber which covers much of this section of the coast. Mr. Skillings instituted searches, and scoured the surrounding country, but he has not succeeded in recovering one of the animals. The sixty foxes, many of which were extremely valuable, aggregated an amount of many thousands of dollars, and the loss gives every indication of being a total one.—Portland Express.

Baron Killed by a Bear.

A PRESS dispatch from Tacoma, Wash., February 24, says that word has been received from Forest Ranger Bowine, of Solduck Hot Springs, in the Olympic Peninsula, that the body of Baron Martin von Schlosser was found on the range south of the hot springs on Monday evening. Near the body was a bear. The Baron was undoubtedly killed by a bear. He had started in the morning on a hunt.



Meditations of an Angler

II—Last Summer.

THIS is what they call "a regular old-fashioned winter," but, like many other "old-fashioned" things, I would much prefer to read about it, or hear the oldest inhabitant talk about it, than to mingle with it. There is nothing irregular about it. The mercury is as regular as an eight-day clock that has run down. But surely there is nothing old-fashioned in the price of fuel. That is entirely modern and up-to-date. If one could be prodigal in this latter respect and consult his bodily comfort, bidding defiance to custom and costumes and coal dealers, one can imagine a condition of affairs where winter might be made endurable. But as things are at present, I wish that I could crawl into some warm corner and go to sleep, and not be called for breakfast until old Boreas himself was *hors de combat,* and all his forces put to rout and driven back into their own realm of perpetual ice and snow somewhere in the far distant north land, wherever that may be.

At the beginning of this unending season, some vain, deluded mortal, some false prophet, some addlepated seer foretold an open, mild winter. Possessing "the faith of a little child," I believed him, and my heart was therefore glad and my flesh rejoiced. As an excuse for misleading me in such a shameless manner, he asserted that the muskrats had built thin houses this year, seemingly an uncontrovertible fact. I took his word for it. I did not consult the muskrats; but if they builded according to the prophets, they must regret it, and if they perish miserably in their dens, it will only serve them right; and if my false prophet should perish along with them, it would serve him right.

Like all other prophets, however, this one does not seem a bit disturbed, nor ashamed of himself because of his erroneous prognostication. Nay, more, he even seems to take pride in the condition of the atmosphere. I met him one day on the street when the thermometer had quit work and struck for a higher scale and more heat.

"This is the coldest snap since the sixties," he cheerfully announced, as he brushed the icicles from his mustache, and the knowledge of this fact seemed to add greatly to his happiness. "You have frosted your right ear," he added, in pleased tones.

Having grown accustomed to that sort of thing, I merely grabbed up a handful of snow and applied it to the frozen member. "I thought you said we were going to have a mild winter," I reminded him.

"Did I?" said he. "Well, I don't control the weather. But I'll bet the groundhog sees his shadow when he comes out of his hole next month. You know what that means, don't you?"

As weather prophets groundhogs are no more of a success than muskrats, or men, therefore I ignored the bet—and luckily, because the woodchuck saw his shadow with a vengeance this year, as everyone knows.

Prophesying must be a satisfying occupation. If you prophesy some dire event which actually takes place according to schedule, you are the only one benefited, for you win glory and the joy of saying, "I told you so;" and if the thing does not come to pass, everyone is so glad that it did not that they forget to find fault with you; while if you make the mistake that my prophet was guilty of, you can lay it to a higher power than your own, and talk about the future. If you only prophesy enough you are bound to win occasionally.

All of which has nothing to do with last summer, so I shall turn my thoughts from boreal reflections and all things pertaining thereto, and hark back to the days that were days, when everything was as it should be, and it was good to be alive.

One has a great number of last summers to look back upon in the course of his life. Some glided smoothly by in the well worn rut of the every-day, commonplace order of things, with nothing in particular to mark their progress; and they, therefore, only go to make up the great bulk of the mediocre days of our mundane existence. So far as our cognizance of the cause and effect of human actions upon human life is concerned, these summers are as vague dreams wholly forgotten or but dimly remembered. They belong to the past and are consigned to oblivion. A few, perchance, stand out from the hazy mist of forgetfulness, illumed by the memory of some unusual occurrence—possibly some tragic event; but in a whole lifetime how few are all that they should be. Scarcely one, in truth, though sometimes it is granted us almost to attain the perfect summer we long for.

A perfect summer should be like a beautiful book—a book of golden days, and each day a poem in itself. Here and there should appear between its pages rare pictures of a glowing sunrise or a gorgeous sunset; of limpid lakes and babbling brooks; of soft rustling trees and cool shady dells, where wild flowers bloom; of the world of nature, indeed, as we see it at its best—the world that God himself created. Of course we can only dream of such a summer, but what would life be worth without the dreaming?

Last summer was not quite such a perfect summer for me, but there were days and days, and many of them worthy to occupy a prominent place in this book of "golden days." For that reason it will always remain in cherished seclusion in a niche by itself, apart from other summers, even those that have some claim for recognition in Memory's sacred temple. There were no thrilling adventures to make it memorable, no hairbreadth escapes, no fierce struggles with warring tribes or ravening beasts of prey; it was all as quiet and peaceful and serene as a perfect day in June, and I doubt if I shall ever have just such another summer.

Near the place which I at present call my home, there are numerous lakes and much good fishing. Within a radius of ten or twelve miles there are also several trout streams known only to the initiated—those of the innermost circle. Two of us claim possession of these streams by right of discoverey. We have maintained our title—it grieves me to confess it—"with lying lips and deceitful tongue."

But what is one to do? If people will get curious and ask embarrassing questions about such matters, surely an evasive answer were better than a retort discourteous. Verily, "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and also an inquisitive angler from your private trout stream.

To me belongs the glory of having discovered one of these streams, and to me befell the joy of landing a dozen or more lunkers when I first wet my line in its waters. I mention this discovery first, because it marks an epoch in my angling life. Previous to that time I had confined my piscatorial efforts in this locality to bass and other lake fish. One day Dame Rumor whispered in my ear that somebody had told her that somebody had told somebody else, and so on, that trout had been caught in this stream years before; so I hitched up my gallant pony and drove out there, more on an experimental tour than anything else.

The farm hands at the farm where I left my horse grinned pityingly at one another and at me when I explained my errand, and made cumbersome jokes at my expense. But I assumed my most dignified air—which obviously produced not the slightest effect—and stalked down to the stream.

It was a small, unpretentious brook, and did not look very trouty upon first inspection. There was a stretch of boggy marsh between the dry land and the bank of the brook, and as I was not prepared for wading, I was uncertain how to proceed. After many half-hearted attempts, and after slipping from one or two hummocks—a most aggravating thing to do—and getting my feet sufficienly wet, my anger came to my assistance, and I boldly waded across, a thing I should have done in the first place, as I might well have known. I ought to mention the mosquitoes right here, but I refrain—something which they did not do.

I found a likely looking spot, where the water-cress grew under some overhanging willows, and cast in. The trout were there waiting for me. My shout of triumph, as the first one lay flopping on the grass, betrayed my presence to all the other mosquitoes in the neighborhood, not to mention myriads of gnats.

The fading light and the voracious insects finally compelled me to reel up my line and start for home. I strung my trout on a willow switch, and with swelling breast and a swollen face fought my way back to the farmhouse. Before I got there a bull appeared from somewhere and barred my way. But I paid no attention to him. I merely left him there, tossing sod in the air and bellowing, circled a twenty-acre field, and gained the barnyard by another route. Ordinarily I should have been nervous, but just then victory crowned my swollen brow, and bulls had no terror for me. Doubtless I should have circled a forty-acre field with the same glad indifference had the occasion demanded the circle.

A forlorn looking thin woman came to the door and informed me that the folks had all gone to prayer meetin' or a dance, she didn't know which. I was glad, because, although it would have done me good to boast somewhat, it was not necessary for anyone to know about the trout.

A friend of mine had that failing—I mean of boasting about a catch of fish. It was impossible for him to keep from displaying a good string of trout, and, of course, it was impossible for him to keep from lying about where he caught them. One day an envious friend of his came to him in private, and said:

"See here, John, you might tell me where you caught those trout. I'll swear not to give it away to any of the boys."

"Oh, I don't mind telling you," John replied. "It was about five miles west of here." You see, plenty of prac-

tice had quickened his tongue, and evasion had become second nature when trout streams were mentioned.

"You don't mean that stream on the Bascom farm, do you?" his incredulous friend asked in amazement.

"The very one," was John's unblushing reply, "only don't tell anybody else." And he turned away to hide a smile.

"Why, I have crossed that stream a hundred times," his friend declared, "and I never imagined there were trout there."

"That's where I get most of mine," John assured him. "If you catch any at all they will be lunkers."

"I'll try it to-morrow," said his friend, "and I'll promise to keep it dark."

Now, John knew no more about the whereabouts of Bascom's farm than he knew of the whereabouts of Bascom's ancestors, therefore he gloated over his wily ruse in private, and finally, as a great mark of favor, let me into the joke.

The next morning John's friend returned. His basket was full of speckled trout, full to overflowing, and the tale thereof numbered one score and ten, and the weight thereof was twenty-four pounds.

Think of John.

Of course I visited my brook many times that summer, but my first catch was the only one worth talking about, and I gave it up at last and concluded that there were no more trout to be caught.

That was several years ago. Last summer a friend with whom I do most of my fishing and I were out on a jaunt one day, and as usual we put our rods in the cart, from force of habit. On the way home our road crossed this brook of mine, and I suggested, half seriously, that we stop and try our luck. We had no flies with us, but we managed to find a few small angleworms.

My friend was very dubious, and I myself not exactly sanguine of good results. And that only made the outcome more enjoyable, for we carried home as fine a string of trout as you would care to look upon.

We held a feast that night all by ourselves, and we waxed eloquent, and possibly a trifle bibulous as we gloated over our spoils; and the memory of it all will last so long as memory shall endure.

Of all the streams that we have fished hereabouts, there is one which holds the first place in our affections. It is called Token Creek, but, as the "White Knight" would say, that is not its name, it is only called Token Creek. Its real name is—well, it matters not just what it is. It is a branch of Token Creek, and that is as much as we ever tell anybody.

A man once had a private trout pond on the main stream, and one spring the dam washed away, and the trout went with it. That happened ten years ago. Two or three years ago we learned that a few trout had been caught in one of the branches of Token Creek, and we forthwith decided that it behooved us to investigate.

Until you have eaten a Token Creek trout, you will never know what it is to eat a trout. Were I a gastronomer I could sing the praises of one of these fishes ad infinitum. As it is, the mere thought of them makes me hungry. How I wish that the good Sir Walter could have fished this stream. I can imagine the look of quiet joy that would have suffused his benign countenance when one of those big two-pounders yielded himself up after a gallant struggle. And then he would have launched forth into a careful dissertation, addressed to his willing scholar, upon the rare merits of this particular trout, and the best way to prepare him for the table.

Truly in delicacy of flavor and perfection of condition, a Token Creek trout surpasseth any fish in this part of the world. We never catch many at any one time, but what we do land are worth traveling miles to obtain.

And then there is a Charlie who owns the farm where we fish. Charlie is not precisely overburdened with honesty, nor with the energetic push—the overworked strenuousness of the twentieth century—but he has his points, such as they are.

When we first met him we had just finished our evening's fishing, and were getting our rods and things together. It was the quiet hour between twilight and dusk. We were seated on a sort of knoll on the bank of the stream. Almost at our feet lay the broad pool where we had landed our last trout. There was a moon that night, and every ripple in the pool gleamed and scintillated in its soft light. Occasionally a loud splash sounded in our ears, reminding us that there were big trout still left in our stream, and we would half start to our feet with a glance at one another, each waiting for the other to suggest that we try them again.

Upon this restful scene sauntered Charlie with a lantern on his arm. He seated himself beside us, and proceeded to interrupt our train of thought. He started out by informing us that he knew nothing about trout fishing, and cared less.

"Give me a bullhead or a sucker every time, b'gad," said he.

He spoke in a rapid, jerky manner, and interspersed his conversation with many and frequent "b'gads," as we soon learned. He talked on general subjects for a time, but soon drifted around to personalities.

"Be any of you married?" he inquired.

I alone pleaded not guilty.

"Ain't you?" he asked in envious tones. "Well, I didn't used to be, but I am now, b'gad. She's young yet, only fifteen, but I treat her right. Didn't s'pose I ever would get married a month ago, but I done it, b'gad. She ain't the gal I picked out, neither. No, boys, I was in love once. I don't look it, do I? But I was, b'gad. Like to hear about it?"

Of course we gave him all the encouragement he desired.

"Well, then, boys," he went on, "I'll tell you the hist'ry of my life, short 's 'tis, b'gad. I loved a gal once, and she was a corker. Can't describe her, but she was a winner, let me tell you. I courted her for all I was worth, b'gad. Wore out three buggies on her, b'gad. Took her to dances, took her to everything, and she ended up by throwing me down, b'gad. Got mad at me, and me at her, and 'twas all off. You might say the devil was to pay on Token Creek, b'gad.

"Met her in the road one day afterwards. My heart said speak to her, my head said don't speak to her. Followed my head, b'gad, and didn't, though she looked anxious. Wish I had now. Went to a dance one night. Drove six miles to get there. Knew she'd be there, and she was, b'gad. Went into the hall, and there she was. I went cold all over, then I went hot, just like chills and fever, b'gad. She finished a dance with another feller just as I came in. My heart said go up and speak to her, my head said don't. Followed my head, and went out, b'gad, and that's the last chance I got. And I wore out three buggies on her, b'gad. That's the hist'ry of my life, short 's 'tis."

"What became of the girl?" one of us managed to inquire.

"Married another feller," he replied. "She'd rather had me, though. 'Tother feller was stingy as a mink. No style to him at all. Never owned a buggy in his life till he got married, and I wore out three on that gal, b'gad. You see I was putting on style them days. Got some stuck on myself, I s'pose. That's why I followed my head when I ought to have followed my heart. Tell you, boys, this here gettin' stuck on yourself don't pay no dividends, b'gad."

We agreed with him, and nothing save the lateness of the hour and the long drive home kept us from hearing more of Charlie's "hist'ry of his life" that evening. It all came later—but of that, more anon, as the story writer puts it.

If I were to write a complete history of last summer the narrative would fill a book. When one gets started talking about such things, one is apt to go weaving along indefinitely. It is fun for the weaver, and that is all we are sure about.

Many summers have passed, and other summers are in store for me, I hope, but last summer can never come again. The wine has been drunk, and naught but the empty goblet remains; but a fragrant aroma still clings to the goblet. I shall place this goblet in some corner by itself, and pray that it may be my good fortune to drain other goblets worthy to take their place beside this one, upon whose face these words are deep engraven: "Sacred to the memory of Last Summer."

FAYETTE DURLIN.

Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Concerning the Smelt.

SECOND cousin to the grayling and trout, and one of the neatest, most graceful, and delicate of all our food fishes, is that universal favorite, the smelt.

I say universal favorite, for such it is, being generally distributed along the Atlantic Coast, from the latitude of New York to Prince Edward Island and the St. Lawrence River. That its value as a table delicacy is fully appreciated, is shown by the generous supply of the little beauties that may always be found in our markets in the proper season, but an idea of the enormous quantities that are consumed can hardly be formed by those who have not given the matter more than a passing thought.

The numbers of these beautiful little fish which are found along our eastern Atlantic shores, are inconceivably great, in some localities, when the smelt are about to ascend the rivers and streams for the purpose of depositing their spawn, the water seeming literally to be alive with them; in fact, I have seen brooks which they were ascending that appeared to be almost a solid mass of struggling fish. They appear to have favorite localities for spawning, and visit the same brooks and streams year after year. For example, there is a brook of rather insignificant size, called the Milton Brook, which empties into Dorchester Bay, Mass., that has been visited by them in prodigious numbers from time immemorial, and the aquatic grasses and weeds which abound in the brook are covered with the spawn that has been cast.

There is another brook of even smaller size in Quincy, Mass., which in places seems almost filled with the spawn that has been deposited; there are several smaller streams which empty into the Weymouth Fore River that are visited by myriads of these fishes in the spawning season.

Along the Massachusetts coast and thence north and east the fish enter the brooks and small streams in immense numbers. The spawning season varies with the degree of latitude, beginning almost with the breaking up of the ice in very early spring in Massachusetts, and becoming later in Maine and Nova Scotia, the fish entering the streams that empty into Margarets Bay, N. S., early in May, while in the rivers which flow into the Bay Chaleur quite late in that month, incredible numbers ascend the Jacquet and other rivers as late as May 20 or 25.

Some idea of their abundance at this period may be had when I state that they are or were netted by the hundreds of barrels full and used by the farmers on the bay shore for manure; this was the case a number of years ago, but I believe the practice of using them in this manner has been abandoned for the more profitable one of packing them in cases and shipping them to the great markets of this country. This business has become large, important and lucrative one; many packing stations having sprung up on the coast of Maine and the Maritime Provinces. I have before me a clipping from a St. John paper, which contains a communication from Richibucto, N. B., that shows how important the smelt packing industry has become in that place, which is one of many that are scattered along the shores of the bay. It reads as follows:

"The smelt fishing season, which opened yesterday, is the biggest thing in this part of the country. Although it is carried on but a little over two months in every twelve, it does more real good in that time than all the other industries put together can do in a whole year. The secret of its beneficial effect is found in the system by which the business is conducted. Other kinds of fishing, lumbering and such things are nearly all done by due bill method, but the man who attempts to take a hand in buying smelts without the cash on the spot, 'is not in it!' Long before daylight, yesterday morning, dozens of nets were out all over the river and in the small streams for the purpose of holding places until the ice makes the fisherman run some risks by this work; as at former seasons many nets have been taken away and lost by drifting ice, or by storms breaking up the ice after it was supposed to have formed sufficiently strong.

"Following the catching of the fish comes the preparation of them for market. It is nothing unusual for small boys to earn from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day packing the smelts in boxes. No matter in what way you are connected with the work it is cash. Forty or fifty thousand dollars emptied out within a radius of ten miles in a few months, means something, and the man or woman who cannot talk about smelts from now until the middle of February, is of no use in this vicinity."

The net used in seining the smelts is pretty close meshed, of course, and is large enough to inclose several thousand pounds at a haul; the struggles of the fishes as the folds of the net encompass them more and more closely, together with the weight of the captives as they become compact, forces the spawn from them, and that to such an extent, that I have seen the beach where the seining was done covered with the eggs in winrows looking like so much sawdust.

Although properly a marine species entering the fresh water streams solely for the purpose of spawning, the smelt thrives perfectly if it makes its home in fresh water the whole year. I have somewhere seen it stated that the landlocked smelts are even a greater delicacy than those which return to the sea. This may be the case, but I have my doubts, for the reason that those which remain in the fresh water are obliged to subsist mostly on minnows and other small fishes, while those which obtain their food in the salt water consisting as it does of shrimps and other crustaceans, and a great variety of piquant marine creatures, must attain a flavor and plumpness that the others cannot possibly have.

The smelt has been planted in a number of the Maine lakes, which have been stocked with landlocked salmon, and the Fish Commissioners of that State are of the opinion that they are indispensable as food for the salmon; those fish growing and thriving only in waters into which the smelt have been introduced. At all stages of their existence the smelts furnish food to the salmon even when they both are in the fry period.

Hon. Henry O. Stanley, in speaking of this fact says: "I have no doubt in many of our inland lakes there is a lack of suitable food, more especially for the younger fry, also affecting their growth as they advance in life. I believe many of the newly hatched fish starve for lack of suitable food. Those that do survive are apt to be stunted and do not grow to be handsome fish. The smelt hatches at about the time the young salmon begin to feed, and is so small they readily swallow him. They are as eager after him as a cat is after a mouse. I have dipped them in a pail of water, turned them in our hatching troughs with young salmon. They would hunt them until they caught the last one."

It is not in the fresh water alone that the smelt furnishes food for the salmon, for in the ocean that little fish, together with its near relative the capelin, sandlaunce and the herring, provide no small proportion of the food for that fish, instances being on record of salmon having been caught on trawls baited with herring in twenty fathoms of water at George's Banks and elsewhere, and the stomachs of fish taken in gill nets along the shore have often been found to contain smelts and capelin.

While there is only one variety of the smelt on our coast there seems to be a considerable difference in size and coloration in different localities; in the general run of the fish their length does not average much over six inches, and the color is usually of a brownish green on the back and silvery on the sides, but sometimes in a day's catch there will be quite a number of larger and more highly colored fish.

At Salem, Mass., it is or was a common thing to take smelts averaging ten inches in length; their backs were almost bright green, and their sides were beautifully iridescent, changing from pearly white to pinks, lilacs and almost purple. I never saw such highly colored fish elsewhere, except at Prince Edward Island, and the size of the fish there exceeded any I have seen at any other point. I found these smelts to be rather abundant at Malpecque. I was standing on the bridge which spans the river at that place one morning, when, on looking down into the water which was almost as clear as crystal, I discovered a number of fish darting about near the piles of the bridge, which I supposed at the time to be sea trout. On returning to the house where I was stopping, and inquiring concerning their identity, I was informed that they were probably smelts, and that if I had a mind to try for them with angle worms for bait I might get a mess.

Acting on this suggestion I rigged up a bait rod and line, and with a good supply of worms, went down to the bridge again and threw in my hook; it was quickly seized, and I soon landed a smelt that was fully a foot in length, and most beautifully colored. The cucumber odor that the smelt always exhales was present in this fish in a remarkable degree; and when I had caught a couple of dozen of the silvery beauties the odor from my creel was decidedly pronounced. These fish were in prime condition, and when served at the table were absolutely delicious.

Smelts in harbors along the New England coast furnish recreation to a large number of anglers in the autumn and winter months, the bait used before ice forms consists usually of shrimps and minnows, preferably the former, but when the surface of the water freezes and the ice becomes thick, and strong enough to bear the fishermen, holes are cut in it and the anglers behind huts and other shelters from the wind, find lucrative employment in smelting, the bait used being shrimps or minnows, if they can be obtained, pieces of meat from a frog's leg, sand worms, and bits of fresh beef, the fresh caught fish usually commanding a price at least double that obtained for those which have been frozen and packed. When the smelt fishing season is at its height, ten or fifteen dozen often constitute a day's catch.

An Experiment in Cooking.

(From the Log of Camp Nessmuk.)

AFTER talking it over and over during the winter and early spring, with various suggestions gratuitously thrown in by the wives of the married members and the friends of the unmarried, it was mutually agreed that the menu of camp could, to good purpose, be extended beyond the range of fish, eggs, potatoes, and bread.

Why not have hot griddle cakes—surely they would be enjoyable, and an omelette is easy, very.

After much discussion it resolved itself into Emerson volunteering an omelette and "Pap" proffering hot cakes.

Throughout May and June, as we walked home after the day's work was done, Emerson would go over his omelette (he was studying Mrs. Rorer, and had it down fine), "Six eggs, a lump of butter the size of a hulled walnut, twelve shakes, and let her set." I soon felt almost equal to an omelette myself.

"Pap" obtained his recipe from his wife, and jotted down what he considered essentials; but, alas! that cooks are born and not bred of recipes and cook books.

Arriving at Camp Nessmuk, we were all in high expectation of the good things in store as we each day heard the recipe for omelette—"Six eggs, a lump of butter the size of a hulled walnut, twelve shakes, and let her set." It seemed the consensus of opinion that the feast should be postponed until Friday evening, when we would have a ropal spread for the last supper.

It started well. "Pap" retired behind the tent, and for the last of many times intently perused his recipe. He carefully measured into the water bucket a quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder—Royal is the best—which his wife had kindly provided, sent Ruffy to the farmhouse for a quart of milk, and then broke an egg into the flour, a second and a third. I gazed into the bucket, smiled grimly, and said—nothing. The moment he began stirring the eggs and flour together, "Pap" discovered his blunder; the eggs and flour made lumps, which he attempted to thin out with milk. First one quart, then another quart; next three more eggs—more lumps; but it really looked rich; anyhow, it was too late to change it.

We had no griddle to bake 'em on, so we used the skillet, the one *sine qua non* of a camping party. What can't you do in a skillet—cook, bake, fry, boil, and stew; its uses are multitudinous.

The skillet being properly heated and greased, to prevent 'em from sticking, "Pap" held the tin cup aloft and the batter slowly dropped into the waiting pan—a little thick it was and lumpy, and, to be sure, it would not spread thin and round as it should, in spite of the two quarts of milk, but "Pap" cut the Gordian knot by spreading it round with the bottom of the tin cup. I don't want to be understood as holding that the cake was round, for it had no exact geometrical shape, but I may say this for it, it had fringes round the edges. When it looked as though the obverse side might be sufficiently roasted, fried, or baked, "Pap" attempted to flop it over to give the other side a show; but the sides of the skillet were rather high, the cake occupying the greater part of the bottom, leaving but a small margin, it was impossible to get the necessary leverage on the cake. A fisherman is necessarily a man of resources, and "Pap" soon found a way to turn the refractory slap-jack. But by this time its usefulness and beauty had departed, so it was reluctantly heaved over the bank, against the loud protests of George and Emerson.

As "Pap" poured the batter, "Pard" sat upon the edge of the improvised stove and placed lumps of golden butter on the hot cakes. They baked the cakes and roasted themselves until the batter was exhausted, and the tin plate was piled high with an assortment of sizes, shapes, and browns such as the sun, just sinking behind the mountain peak, looked upon but the nonce, then winked and smiled as he sank to rest.

While "Pap" and "Pard" were engaged with the pancakes, Emerson was working out his omelette, demonstrating the beauties of cook-book cookery, exemplifying that all that is requisite to make a *chef* is Mrs. Rorer's Cook Book. Into the skillet he broke six eggs; placed therein a lump of butter size of a hulled walnut, and began on the twelve shakes, but for some unexplained and unexplainable reason it did not "set." Undiscouraged, he gave it a good baker's dozen more vigorous shakes. It seemed all right at bottom, but the top was not inclined to play fair, and would not do the "set" act. Finally it was declared done—probably a little overdone on the bottom, but good, of course. As the omelette required but one baking and the cakes had to be done one at a time, two sides at that, the omelette was ready long before the cakes, so was given a neutral place on the stove to await the baking of the cakes.

"All ready," we fell to, the assault led by "Pard," the omelette being carefully divided into six segments, and the cakes duly distributed. Each, as he munched his lumpy pancake and battery omelette, kept up a terrible thinking, but wisely said nothing, until Emerson broke the ominous silence with a word as to the goodness of the slap-jacks, when George chimed in with a "me, too," and bespoke the excellence of the omelette, which disappeared in due course, and the last cake was divided among George, Ruffy, and "Pard." The famous last supper was a pronounced success, and the pancakes and the omelette were spoken of with respect.

But by and by a change came over the spirit of "Pard's" dreams; he began to feel a depressing weight at the pit of his stomach, and as the night wore on had a terrible tussle with those flap-jacks. "Pap" began to fear that "Pard" had, indeed, eaten his last supper. "Pard" did not die; one can survive much when out for an outing.

The experiment was voted a success; and, with the knowledge of experience, and the advice so freely offered upon our return home, when we modestly told of the lumpy batter and the battery omelette, we felt confident that another year we could easily avoid the shoals and rocks upon which we had so nearly wrecked.

The following summer it was decided to have the big supper on Thursday evening, as Emerson and George must leave next morning before breakfast on their long tramp of nine miles over the mountain to catch the early train for home. Preparations began at 5 P. M. "Pap" mixed his batter in good form, Emerson broke a round dozen of eggs into the skillet, beat them into a foamy mass, added the butter, and began to shake. He shook and shook. While the bottom burned, the pesky top refused to "set."

"Pap" and "Pard" baked the cakes, which, with the perverseness of some things, refused to assume the autumnal browns so becoming to griddle cakes. When the omelette was scorched well toward the middle and fairly dry on top, it was placed upon the table and the feast began. Inadvertently I tossed my segment of omelette to the white dog, who stood expectantly near; as he grabbed it, George raised a howl about "some people not knowing a good thing when they saw it," but in the midst of his harangue, the dog dropped the omelette and his tail in the same instant, and lit out for home like a sheep-killing dog caught in the act, very much to the disgust of George and Emerson, and the merriment of the others. Acting together as with a single thought, the others, except George, who proved faithful to the last bitter bite, heaved their portions over their shoulders. The pancakes seemed to lose their wonted flavor, and the last one remained undivided on the tin plate.

WM. WALTERS CHAMPION.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa.

Fish and Fishing.

American Fishermen and the Canadian Courts.

Two decisions have been rendered by Canadian law courts within the last few days, which possess considerable interest for American anglers. One of these is in favor of the Provincial Government of Quebec, and is destined to have a most important bearing upon the whole question of riparian rights, unless it should be reversed by the Imperial Privy Council, to which, I am informed, that it is very likely to go, in consequence of the large interests at stake. The action was taken by the Attorney-General of Quebec against Alexander Fraser et al. Fraser, some years ago, acquired the land upon both sides of the Moisie River fronting upon its famous salmon pools opposite the American camp, sixteen miles from its mouth, and always believed that the ownership of this property carried with it the exclusive right of fishing the river opposite the lands in question. Acting upon this presumption, he has leased the angling in the river for many years past, and some time ago signed a promise of sale of the property for $45,000. Supporting itself upon the judgment of the Privy Council, to the effect that the fishing in all navigable and floatable waters of the Dominion is the property of the Provinces, the Government of Quebec laid claim to that of the Moisie, and in the month of December, 1902, leased the angling of the Moisie, for $2,500 a year, to Mr. Vesey Boswell, of Quebec. Fraser and his tenant resisted the right of Boswell and friends to fish the Moisie, and fished it themselves during the last two years, their contention being that the Moisie was neither a navigable nor a floatable river, nor yet affected by the tides, particularly at or near its salmon pools. The judge, in maintaining the action of the Government, remarked that it had been sufficiently proved that from the foot of the rapid at the Grand Portage to the mouth of the river, a distance of seventeen miles, the Moisie was both a navigable and a floatable river, and consequently belonged to the public domain, from which it could not be taken without the permission of the Government, and that in the meantime the angling was the property of the Crown. Of course, the whole matter hinges upon what constitutes a navigable river. Nearly all the salmon waters in this country are upon rivers which are more or less navigable for canoes, and if this is to be taken as sufficient ground for declaring the Crown to be the proprietor of the fishing, it is altogether likely that the Government of the Province will lay claim to salmon fishing for which thousands and thousands of dollars have been paid out in good faith by American fishermen. This is one of the reasons why the recent decision is of such far-reaching importance, both to the Government and to fishermen, and why it is assumed that appeals will be taken from the present decision through all the intermediate courts until a final and definitive pronouncement is obtained from the Imperial Privy Council.

American Proxies and Canadian Clubs.

When the constitution and by-laws of fish and game clubs incorporated under the Canadian law are silent as to the right of absent members to vote by proxy at the meetings of such club, it has been laid down by the Court of Appeals that the provisions of the general law of the Province prevail, and such provisions permit the voting by ballot. This question was raised some time ago in the case of the St. Bernard Fish and Game Club, where the president ruled that proxies should be counted, but was overruled by the majority of those present at the meeting, who held that the power to elect the club's officers rested with the majority of those present at the annual meeting. The result was that each of the contending parties claimed the election of a different set (in part) of officers, and one party took a writ to oust the other. The president's party, which voted the proxies, was sustained by the court of first instance, and now that decision has been confirmed by the Provincial Court of Appeal, which was asked to reverse it. American members of clubs holding their meetings in Canada for the election of officers would do well to take a note of this decision. Among those whose proxies were produced at the contested meeting were such well-known sportsmen as Brent Good, John L. Bacon, L. D. Boynton, Joseph G. Brown, H. M. Cutler, Augustus Dowdell, Chas. J. Glidden, H. G. Howe, F. A. Howland, C. R. Jamieson, W. W. Knight, W. A. Root, William N. Mann, C. C. Putnam, and J. C. Warren. I have already intimated in this column that it might avoid much trouble were all American clubs incorporated under Canadian laws to state definitely in their by-laws whether or not members could vote by proxy, but where this is not done, the present judgment of the Court of Appeals will apply, and proxies will undoubtedly be declared legal.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Albany Legislation.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 29.—The following additional bills amending the game law have been introduced in the Legislature:

Assemblyman Matthews' (Int. No. 687), amending Section 44 so as to provide that the close season for lake trout shall be from Oct. 1 to April 15, both inclusive, instead of from April 30.

Assemblyman Stevens' (Int. No. 709), amending Section 41, so as to provide that the close season for trout in White Creek in the towns of Hoosick and White Creek, Rensselaer and Washington counties, shall be from Sept. 1 to April 30, both inclusive.

Senator E. R. Brown's (Int. No. 473), amending Sections 30 and 108, so as to provide that the close season for English snipe, yellowlegs, plover and shore birds shall be from Jan. 1 to Sept. 15, instead of from May 1 to Aug. 31, and that they shall not be taken nor possessed from Jan. 1 to July 15, instead of June 30.

Assemblyman G. H. Whitney (Int. No. 741), amending Section 9, so as to provide that perch shall not be taken in Saratoga county from Feb. 1 to May 1, both inclusive.

Senator E. R. Brown's (Int. No. 472), providing a method for acquiring land and water for State fish hatchery purposes.

Senator Armstrong's (Int. No 475), amending Section 103 by striking out the words "trout shall not be taken or possessed from May 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive, or taken in the night between sunset and daylight."

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman Bedell's (Int. No. 556, Pr. No. 758), amending Section 26 so as to strike out the provision that grouse shall not be taken in Orange county from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive.

Assemblyman Coutant's (Int. No. 389, Pr. No. 666), amending Section 59a so as to allow the use of tip-ups and set-lines in fishing through the ice in Ulster, Washington and Cortland counties.

Assemblyman Dickinson's (Int. No. 160, Pr. No. 664), amending Sections 13, 15 and 41 so as to provide that the close season for hares and rabbits in Cortland county shall be from Dec. 1 to Sept. 15; for mink, skunk, muskrat and foxes, from May 1 to Oct. 31, and for trout from July 16 to April 15, all inclusive.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading Assemblyman Coutant's bill (Int. No. 390, Pr. No. 416) amending Section 27b so as to make the close season for grouse, woodcock and quail in Ulster county from Dec. 16 to Oct. 15, both inclusive.

The Assembly Committee on Fisheries and Game has reported Assemblyman Hanford's bill (Int. No. 608, Pr. No. 689) to allow the taking through the ice with hook and line or tip-ups of bullheads, catfish, eels, perch and sunfish in Cayuta Creek and its tributaries, and the Susquehanna River and its tributaries in Tioga county, but forbidding such fishing in Queechy Lake.

Assemblyman F. C. Wood has introduced a bill (Int. No. 792) amending Section 14 so as to provide that no trap, snare, pit, deadfall or other device to entrap or entice beaver shall be made, set or used. The Fish, Forest and Game Commission may acquire by gift, purchase or capture a sufficient number of wild beaver to restock the Adirondack region. A penalty of $100 shall be inflicted for a violation of this section.

Fly-Casting at the Show.

THE scores in the fly-casting competitions at the Sportsmen's Exhibition, Madison Square Garden, up to Tuesday, March 1, are as follows. The tournament will close to-night. The complete scores will be given in our next issue. For conditions, see FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 13:

Class A—Trout fly-casting for distance only; open to youths not over twenty years of age:

	Feet.		Feet.
H. G. Henderson, Jr.	56½	R. F. Cruikshank	67

Class B—Trout fly-casting contest for distance only; open to those who have never cast more than 60 feet in any single-hand, club or tournament contest:

	Feet.		Feet.
Arthur Gotthold	69 2-3	C. R. Woodward	62 3-4
W. Walter	65	M. H. Smith	56

Class C—Switch trout fly-casting contest; distance only:

	Feet.		Feet.
D. Brandreth	64	D. T. Abercrombie	53 3-4
V. R. Grimwood	61 1-2	A. B. Dougless	54
R. F. Cruikshank	73	L. S. Darling	72

Class D—Single-handed bait-casting contest; distance only:

	Feet.		Feet.
Victor Grimwood	90 3-4	David Abercrombie	78
Wolf Walters	100 1-2	C. M. Luckey	102 1-3
E. Mills	85 1-3	Harold G. Henderson	65 5-12
Hyram Hawes	117	Milton H. Smith	54
L. S. Darling	85		

Class E—Black bass fly-casting contest; distance only to count:

	Feet.		Feet.
W. Walters	72	D. T. Kennedy	70 1-2
D. W. Cloyes	80	W. T. Morrison	67
V. R. Greenwood	71	H. G. Henderson, Sr.	70
A. F. Gotthold	72	J. H. Cruikshank	77 3-4
W. K. Park	69	R. F. Cruikshank	79 1-2

Class F—Light trout fly-rod contest; distance only:

	Feet.		Feet.
H. D. Brandreth	65 3-4	C. R. Woodward	63
H. G. Henderson	67	W. Walter	62

Class G—Switch trout fly-casting contest; distance only:

	Feet.		Feet.
R. C. Leonard	95	L. S. Darling	69 1-2
H. W. Hawes	90	D. T. Abercrombie	54

Class H—Light trout fly-casting contest; distance only:

	Feet.		Feet.
C. G. Levison	74	H. G. Henderson, Sr.	69
J. H. Cruikshank	71 1-3	D. T. Kennedy	51 3-4
W. H. Hammett	66 1-6		

Class I—Light rod trout fly-casting contest; distance only:

	Feet.		Feet.
W. H. Hammett	65 1-2	W. T. Morrison	63 5-12
W. D. Cloyes	79 1-2	J. H. Cruikshank	73 1-2
R. B. Lawrence	65		

Class J—Trout fly-casting contest; forward obstacle; distance only:

	Feet.		Feet.
W. H. Hammett	54 3-4	H. G. Henderson	52
C. G. Levison	60 1-2	T. E. Batten	57 1-4
D. T. Abercrombie	53	D. Brandreth	56
L. S. Darling	57	A. B. Douglass	61

Class K—Black bass fly-casting contest; distance only:

	Feet.		Feet.
W. H. Hammett	71 5-12	L. S. Darling	81 5-6
A. F. Gotthold	64 1-4	E. H. Fitch	64 1-4
A. B. Douglass	66	D. T. Abercrombie	72 1-3

Class L—Bait-casting contest; distance only:

	Feet.		Feet.
D. Brandreth	93	M. Culhane	86
A. J. Marsh	85	D. T. Abercrombie	88 1-2
W. H. Smith	71	L. S. Darling	92 3-4

Class M—Single-handed bait-casting contest for distance and accuracy:

	Av. Ft.		Av. Ft.
E. Mills	139 7-12	M. H. Smith	124 1-3
C. M. Luckey	125 2-3	D. T. Abercrombie	77 1-12

Class N—Contest for accuracy:

	Total.		Total.
D. T. Abercrombie	12	D. T. Kennedy	8
W. H. Hammett	8	G. M. D. La Branche	20
D. Brandreth	12	D. Brandreth (Tie)	12
F. M. Spiegle	24	D. T. Abercrombie (Tie)	8

Class O—Light trout fly-casting contest; distance only:

	Feet.		Feet.
E. J. Mills	79 1-3	L. S. Darling	65 2-3
W. H. Hammett	65 5-12	C. G. Levison	75 1-2
W. D. Cloyes	73 1-3	G. Poye	Withdrew.

Class P—Trout fly-casting contest; for accuracy only:

	Score.		Score.
D. B. Brandreth	99.47	D. Abercrombie	99.20
L. S. Darling	99.60	D. T. Kennedy	99
R. C. Leonard	99.94	F. M. Spiegle	90.20
W. H. Hammett	98.94	E. Mills	99.26

Class Q—Light rod trout fly-casting contest; distance only:

	Feet.		Feet.
R. Leonard	88 3-4	L. S. Darling	79
D. T. Abercrombie	71 1-3		



Cruise of the Yawl Nerine.

The Story of a Cruise from New Rochelle, N. Y., to Marblehead, Mass., and Return.

BY SANDFORD G. ETHERINGTON, NEW YORK CITY.

(*Continued from page 172.*)

July 13, Monday, which was cold and raw, was spent ashore visiting friends, and we left at ten on Tuesday morning for Hyannisport, drawing the course from Edgartown Light to Succonesset Lightship, N. N. E. ¾ E. Reaching over in a light westerly breeze, we sighted the vessel about noon, and, sailing to within a mile of it, kept off and steered about N. E. by E. for Hyannisport Breakwater. The breeze by this time had freshened so much that we had lowered the mainsail and ran along under jib and jigger, this proving to us once more the beauty of a yawl rig. Keeping a sharp eye on the surrounding buoys and on the chart, we rounded up behind the breakwater and dropped the hook. All hands adjourned to the shore for dinner with friends, and put back to the boat early in the evening, so as to be ready for the trip around the Cape next day.

The best anchorage in Hyannisport is directly behind the eastern end of the breakwater, just far enough off to give room to swing.

Just as the clock struck four bells, I awoke and put my head through the hatch to have a look at the weather. All the stars were out, a strong south wind was whistling through the rigging, and everything looked fine. I went below, woke up the rest, and while Rudolf was making coffee we hoisted main and jigger and shortened the cable. At 2:30 we broke out the anchor, hoisted the jib, and started on a close reach to Bishop's and Clerk's. As soon as we got out from under the lee of the breakwater the full force of the wind struck us. The lee rail had a foot of solid water over it, and the spray flew in showers as we cut through the short swell.

Running a mile or so past the light, we started sheets and steered S. E. ½ E. for Handkerchief Lightship. It kept growing lighter and lighter over in the east, and soon the yellow rim of the sun pushed up over the horizon and daylight came. There is absolutely nothing, to my mind, that can equal the exhilarating beauty of a sunrise on the water. To see the dark lines of the land gradually take shape with the growing light, and the water begin to sparkle and dance in the first rays of the sun is a sight that, once seen, can never be forgotten.

Shave noticed that the dinghy was rather low in the water, and, on pulling it up, we were surprised to find it half full from the spray that had been kicked up on the reach out. We bailed her and dropped her astern again. By this time breakfast was ready, and Rudolf took the tiller while we went below to eat. Just as we were finishing, Rudolf made out Handkerchief, and as we came up to it, one of the Maine steamers passed us, with decks deserted in the early morning.

After carefully looking the charts over and noting the depth of water between Handkerchief and Pollock Rip, we decided that it would be safe to cut straight across instead of taking the regular steamship channel around by Shovelful. So we steered E. by N., and about nine o'clock passed Pollock Rip Lightship. For a time we were in sight of three lightships—rather an unusual occurrence.

The course from Pollock Rip to Pollock Rip Shoals is N. by E. ¾ E., and with the wind abeam, and growing lighter and lighter, we reached along and finally passed the Shoals Lightship at 11:30. As we passed, the keeper dipped his colors, which salute we returned, only to find that he had been saluting a battleship some two or three miles to starboard. Immediately afterward we heard the boom of her gun in answer.

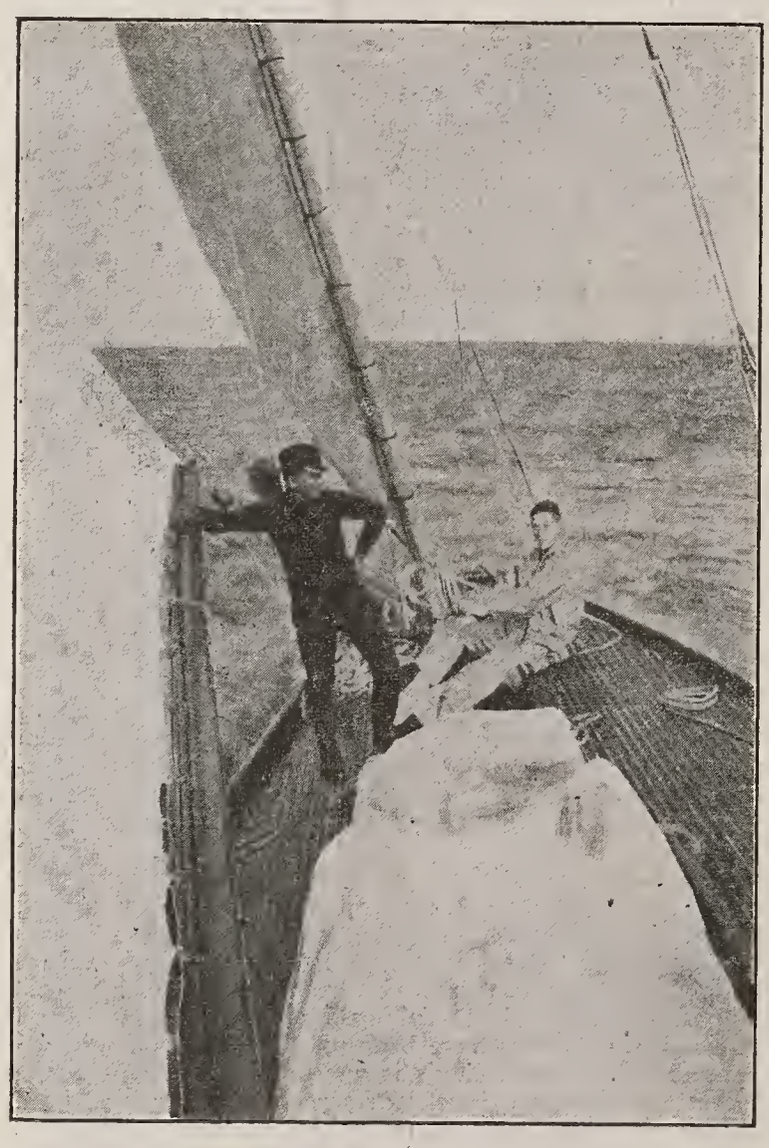
Pollock Rip Shoals was the last lightship we had to pass, and for the rest of the way there was nothing to do but to skirt along the Cape until we got to Provincetown. So, keeping about three miles off shore, we crawled along, until finally off to Chatham we ran into a flat calm. We drifted along, sails flapping, for two hours, until finally a light breeze sprang up from the northwest and we straightened out again on our run along shore. Nauset, with its three towers, was passed, and next South Wellfleet, with the four tall towers of the Marconi system standing out against the sky. We were only a mile or so off shore now, and the wind was freshening steadily. The white sand banks kept getting higher and higher, varied at rare intervals by scattered houses. If there is a more desolate place along the coast than the barren, monotonous sand banks along the shore of Cape Cod, the crew of the Nerine does not want to see it.

By this time we were off Highland Light, and the wind was coming in chunks right off shore. The lee rail was 'way under, and, with Rudolf at the tiller and the rest of us lined up along the weather rail, we tore along in a smother of foam. A large fishing schooner slowly overhauled us, and finally passed, close to windward, her crew watching us closely. We noticed that they had all the sail they wanted, even without topsails.

The puffs were getting heavier and heavier, until finally we decided to lower the main and tie in two reefs. This was done in short order, and the sail hoisted again. Even under this shortened sail we staggered along, heeling dangerously at times, until, noticing the mast bending with each puff, we lowered the jib, and Rudolf went out on the bowsprit to reef. The spray was flying off the water in clouds, and chancing to look towards the bow a moment later I saw a low line of clouds coming, preceded by a solid bank of foam and spray ten feet high.

"Cast off that main! Stand by the halliards, quick!" and Pot got to the sheet just as the squall struck us. The boat heeled over until the water was up and around the mast, and just as we were sure the stick was going, she slowly righted. By this time we had the sails down. We drifted stern first for a moment, then turned and started out to sea. The wind was blowing with fearful force, at least sixty miles an hour, and a terrific sea was kicked up in no time. While drifting backwards the tender was caught under the stern, and now was full of water, sometimes going under altogether.

"We must make sail, sir, and try for harbor," said Rudolf. It certainly looked bad. Provincetown, our only port, was twenty miles away, at least fifteen of them dead to windward. Seas eight feet high were running, and



On Board the Yawl Nerine—Looking aft.

getting higher and higher every minute. But there was only one thing to do, so we hoisted the main with two reefs and jib with one. While under the stern the tender had parted the bumpkin stay, so the mizzen was useless.

Slowly trimming the sheet, we worked around and commenced our long beat. We drove and plunged fearfully, and added to this the tender retarded us so that we made almost no headway at all. The wind had, however, fortunately let up a little, so that we were not obliged to luff up into every puff. A little later we shook out the reefs in the main, and seeing that we never could expect to make Provincetown with the tender keeping us back, all four of us took hold of the painter, and, expecting it to part every second, by main force we pulled the boat up on deck. We lashed it, bottom up, in the first place that presented itself—which place, unfortunately, hid the compass from sight—and at once began to make better time. The sun went down while we were busy with the tender, and, in the dark, we began once more to head up into the seas. Every few minutes a tremendous one would wash over the decks; the boat would shake herself, hesitate a moment, and then plunge forward, only to receive another comber. The scuttle forward was a bit loose, so things below were flooded in no time.

We kept on beating along, diving heavily into every sea, until about ten, seeing by Race Point and Wood End Lights that the point of the Cape had been passed, we headed down towards the harbor. As soon as we stopped heading up into the seas, we rode easier, and for the first time since two o'clock things began to look bright again. Shave went below to look at the chart, and when he came up said, "We finished that beating just in time, fellows. There's three inches of water on the floor."

As soon as we had run down far enough we put the tender overboard again, came about—not daring to gybe—and headed for the buoy off Long Point. We tore along, and by some sort of luck just grazed the buoy in the darkness. Then, trimming sheets and once more in smooth water, we reached up into Provincetown harbor. I've seen welcome sights, but nothing can ever equal the joy I felt at seeing the riding lights twinkle just ahead of us. We dropped the hook, lowered and carelessly furled the sails, and then went below. It was just 11:30. With a short prayer of thankfulness, we tumbled into our wet bunks and slept.

Not one of us came to until eleven next morning, which was Thursday, the 16th. We turned out, pumped her dry, and, while breakfast was cooking, brought everything on deck for a good drying out—blankets, mattresses, and even the stuff in our suit-cases. We noticed another small craft astern of us engaged in the same drying-out process as ourselves. Chancing to meet two of her men ashore later in the day, we found that they had had even a worse time than we, not making harbor until three, and having grave fears of not getting in at all. We also learned from the crews of some of the fishermen that even the largest of them had been forced to run before the storm for a time under bare poles. So we decided that we had come through mighty well, our only damage being some paint scraped off and the broken bumpkin stay.

After breakfast we looked around for another anchorage, as we were too far out, and decided that the best place was right off the steamboat wharf, within easy rowing distance of the N. Y. Y. C. float. Hoisting everything, we wound in and out among the fleet of Gloucestermen and anchored some hundred yards off the end of the wharf. As soon as the sails had dried they were lowered, furled, and the covers put on. Then, while Shave and Rudolf stayed aboard to clean things up, Pot and I rowed ashore to lay in a stock of provisions.

We laid at anchor until Monday, the 20th, painting, varnishing, and repairing. One whole day we spent in fixing the water tank; one of the pipes had sprung a leak in the storm, and the tank was full of bilge water.

Our stay at Provincetown was without incident, except for a hard southeast blow which came up unexpectedly about midnight Saturday. The harbor is open to the southeast, so a good sea was soon running. All hands turned out and stood ready with sail covers off in case the chain should snap, but everything held, and we rode the gale out in safety. One schooner dragged three anchors until she hit the wharf; all her seams were started, and most of her spars and rigging smashed from pounding against the piles.

On the morning of the twentieth we said good-by to Provincetown, and, once outside the harbor, took our course W. by N. for Gurnet Whistling Buoy, off Plymouth. The wind was light and the Nerine rolled badly in the heavy swell left by Sunday's storm. After a slow run over we sighted the whistler, and, with frequent references to the chart, ran in against a strong head tide past the buoys and Bug Light, coming to anchor in the Cowyard at five o'clock. As soon as the sails were down, Pot, Shave, and I embarked in the tender to go ashore for dinner. After a slow sail over we landed at the Myles Standish Hotel, and, after dinner there, drove over to Duxbury and engaged Clarence Smith, one of the fishermen, to pilot us in near the hotel. No stranger should attempt to anchor in Plymouth, Duxbury, or Kingston Bay unless with a pilot, as the whole place is full of sandbars and mud flats. From this, however, the Cowyard is excepted.

Clarence came out early the next morning and left us anchored safely in the guzzle, about a quarter of a mile off the hotel. We lay quietly here for nearly three weeks. On Saturday, August 8, Clarence came aboard, and we took a party of friends for a short sail out beyond the Gurnet. After sending them ashore in a catboat, we anchored for the night in the Cowyard. Pot had gone back to Jamestown, but Mark Hutchinson was with us for the trip to Marblehead. We weighed anchor at eight o'clock Sunday morning, and beat out to the whistler in a drizzling rain and light easterly wind. Once clear of the land the breeze freshened and we took our course N. ½ W. for Boston Lightship. The fog shut in, and the first sign of anything that we had was a glimpse of the tall gray tower of Minot's Ledge Light, off Cohasset. Then the fog shut down again, and after a sharp flurry of rain we made out Boston Lightship looming through the mist, rolling heavily in the long ground swell. We reached along past her, waved to the solitary watchman on deck, and then lost her in the fog again. Steering N. ¼ W., after another weary stretch, varied by heavy rain squalls, we made out Marblehead Rock, dead ahead. Rounding it, we came into sight of the forest of masts in the harbor, and running down past the Corinthian and Eastern Y. C.'s, anchored off the Boston Y. C. station.

Marblehead is by all odds the best harbor that we struck all summer. It is perfectly sheltered, with plenty of water, and the continual presence of a large fleet of yachts keeps it alive all the time. In anchoring, however, one should be careful not to run up too far.

We laid here until Wednesday, the 12th, waiting for a fair wind to make the trip around the Cape. A steady northwester began to blow early Wednesday morning, so we made ready. Provision lockers and water tanks were filled, and, remembering our experience with the tender on the other trip around, we hoisted it on deck and lashed it alongside the forward skylight. After carefully

looking everything over, we weighed anchor at two o'clock, and reached out past the Rock, taking our course S. E. 3/8 S. for a point three miles off Highland Light, Cape Cod. Our idea was to sail all night and get to the shoals, the hard part of the sailing, by daylight, thus having plenty of time to run up to Vineyard Sound and make Edgartown before dark. All our night-sailing would be in the open sea, and with good weather, and the numerous lights along the Cape, all would be clear sailing. Again, if a storm should blow up before night, we had Provincetown to run into.

From our experience in making the two trips around the Cape, I thoroughly believe this course the wisest for small boats to pursue. Take the rough work over the shoals by daylight, and leave the rest—the easy part—for night work. Of course, one always has to take his chances on storms; in this connection I may remark that one good life-belt to every man is a mighty good thing to have along.

All hands were in fine spirits, and we ran along with the wind off the quarter, making fine time. We noticed a fishing schooner some three or four miles to starboard, and wondered as to whether or not we could pass her bows. Then we passed a party fishing from a small sloop which was rolling heavily in the swell; so much so that one woman contributed to Neptune three times while we were in sight of them.

The schooner was quite near us now, but expecting each moment that they would head up a bit and pass astern of us, we kept on. She drew nearer and nearer, until she was almost on top of us. "Head her up, you damned loafers!" yelled Rudolf. By this time her towering sides had blanketed us, and her high bowsprit kept coming on and on, until the jib boom caught on our port mizzen shrouds. As we went down in the trough of the sea she rolled clear of us, and for a moment we thought we were free, but with the fisherman's usual disregard of everything pertaining to right of way, her captain doggedly held to his course, and caught us again, this time by the mizzen mast. The huge hulk kept forging ahead, and pulled our stern around with it until the mizzen snapped under the strain and fell, a mass of wreckage, into the water. Then we began to drift towards her stern, scraping along her sides, and parting something with every swell. The fluke of her anchor caught on our starboard runner and snapped it like a thread. Seeing that our mainmast would go in a second, Rudolf threw a line aboard the schooner, and one of her crew, who until this had been standing idly on deck looking at us, made it fast, while others trimmed her main sheet to get the boom out of our way. Then they let go the line, and in a shower of curses from both boats we dropped astern, reading the name "Juniata, Boston," on her stern as she passed us.

"Put right for Lawley's," I said, and we trimmed sheets and headed over towards Boston, all our plans for the trip around the Cape knocked into a cocked hat.

The details of the collision are as follows: We were on a broad starboard reach, and Juniata was on a still broader port reach; having, therefore, right of way from each of two rules of the road, we kept on our course until it was too late to do anything, expecting each moment that the schooner would give way. With the fisherman's usual "to h—— with the rest" attitude, her captain kept on and deliberately ran us down. We have since entered suit against the owners of the schooner.* My advice to men in small boats is "Keep away from the big fellow, and give way every time."

We kept on beating over towards Boston, clearing the wreckage as we went, and finally made out the whistling buoy off the entrance to the harbor—we were almost out of sight of land when the accident occurred.

We beat in past it and the Graves, and getting the chart on deck and following the south channel, crawled along against a head tide past Deer Island Light and up through President Roads, finally bringing up hard aground on a mud flat off City Point, just at dusk. We knew the tide would soon be flooding, so kept sails up, and floated off in the course of an hour or so. Dropping the hook over near the wharf, we had supper and turned in, thoroughly disgusted with humanity in general.

The best anchorage for small boats in Boston Harbor is where we were, at City Point, which can be easily located on the chart. The anchorage is good on either side of the wharf. Close attention, however, must be paid to the chart to avoid running on the numerous flats thereabouts.

The next morning Shave and I went ashore and over to Lawley's. After some bickering, he sent a launch around for us, and hardly knowing her for the same boat without her mizzen, Nerine was towed around to Lawley's basin and hauled out. This was on the morning of Thursday, August 13; we had expected to be in New York by the 17th at the latest.

Lawley did a quick job, and Saturday, the 15th, found the boat afloat again. We had persuaded Ed Habich, a Boston fellow, to make the trip down with us, so he came over to Lawley's Saturday, and we slept aboard for the first time since Wednesday. At seven o'clock Sunday morning we turned out and had a consultation, deciding to run around the Cape in anything short of a hurricane. With four aboard we could stand watches easily, so we worked the boat out from Lawley's basin and made sail. Then, bringing the chart up on deck again, we started to beat out of the harbor, taking our course down through the Narrows and Nantasket Roads. A dead calm came up at nine, which, varied by short puffs of air, lasted all day, so that at nightfall we were only just up to Boston Light. At dusk a breath of air came up, and as we were crawling along we passed a huge five-master anchored off the harbor waiting for a breeze. Knowing schooners, we gave her a berth of about a mile, and steered a course S. 1/8 S. for a point three miles off Highland Light. Rudolf and Ed drew first watch, from six to twelve, so after lighting the binnacle and sailing lights, Shave and I turned in, leaving Rudolf and Ed just abreast of Minot's, whose bright light was flashing its "143" out through the darkness.

We slept soundly until twelve, when Rudolf turned us out. On deck everything was pitch black—not a sign of anything except water and innumerable stars. Minot's

*Mr. Etherington has since notified us that after suing the owners of the fisherman Juniata, the case was settled for $125. This amount covers the entire damage done in the collision.

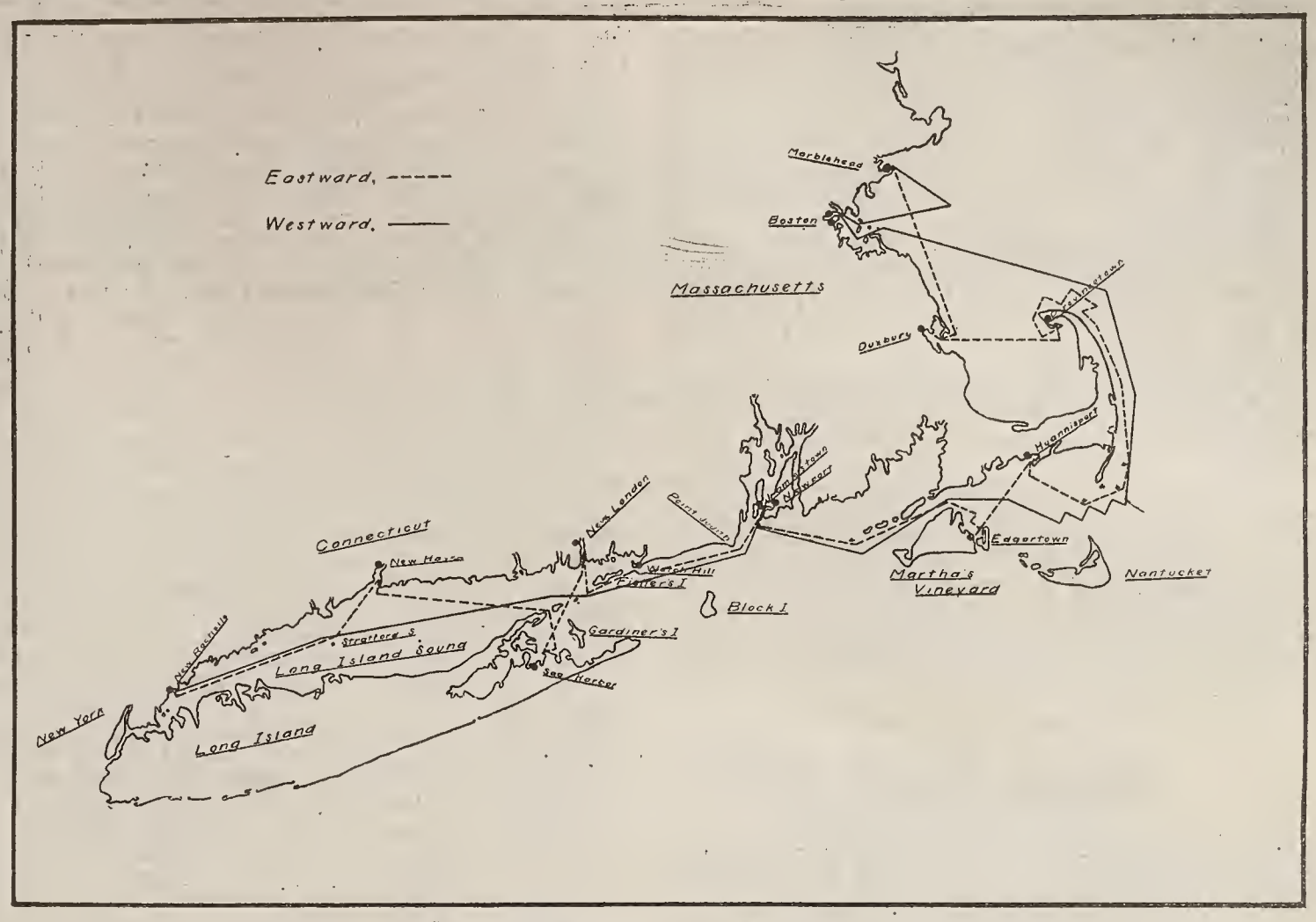


Chart of Course taken by the Yawl Nerine.

had been dropped and Highland Light, owing to light breezes, had not yet been sighted. To all intents and purposes we were alone on the deep. It was our first experience at being out of sight of everything, and a feeling of almost awe crept over us at the thought of the vastness of the great ocean.

The other watch went below and left Shave and me on deck. Shave took the first hour at the tiller, and just as I was going on for my trick I made out a faint flash ahead. Timing it, we found that it was our old friend Highland Light flashing at five second intervals. A bit of a breeze sprang up out of the northwest, and soon we could make out the white flashes of the light on Race Point. The moon came up about one, and we passed several red lights off to port, one coming so near that we showed our lantern.

At four o'clock it commenced to get lighter, and it kept getting more so, until about five the sun rose. We put out the binnacle and lights, and were taking them below, when the breeze dropped suddenly. We drifted about aimlessly until six, when we turned Rudolf out and had breakfast. As we were eating, a light breeze came up dead ahead, so we started to beat down the coast again. Highland Point was passed about ten, and in two long tacks we drew out a good two miles ahead of a black sloop that had been beating ahead of us. Let me pause here to remark that whatever may be the disadvantage of a deep draft, it counts in beating. All summer long we didn't find a single boat our size that could even touch us in clawing out to windward, and we gave many a bigger craft a good argument. I'm for a deep boat every time.

Nauset and Chatham were passed slowly, and, taking short tacks, we sighted Pollock Rip Shoals Lightship, passed it, and got to Pollock Rip just at sundown. So far we had been under way thirty-five hours, and had made about eighty-two miles, most of it in dead calms. Thanks to the winds the worst part of the trip, the part over the shoals, had to be made in darkness, just what we had been trying all along to avoid.

After an early supper, Rudolf and Ed turned in. Shave and I on watch had to make Handkerchief, which bears W. by S. from Pollock Rip, a course which, however, was almost dead to windward. The wind, blowing due east, was heavy and full of puffs, and blowing against the tide, kicked up a nasty cross chop. We would be steering along in the dark through fairly calm water and suddenly would find ourselves in breakers five and six feet high, through which the Nerine would splash and flounder, pitching fearfully. Then it would seem to lighten a bit, and we could see a line of foam and more tossing breakers ahead; coming up to it, it would be only another tide rip. We slowly lost Pollock Rip, and, taking long tacks, passed the two fixed white lights on Handkerchief. Shovelful and Monomoy Point could be seen off to starboard. A heavy thunder squall came up, and we went through it in the midst of a fearful tide rip. Waves were breaking all around us, and every minute or two a huge comber would come splashing aboard, gurgling out through the scuppers the next moment as the boat rose on some cross sea. Thunder was booming and lightning flashing on all sides. The terrific pitching and diving loosened the new mizzen in its step, and it began to creak and sway so alarmingly that Shave rigged a tackle from up near the jaws of the gaff to the foot of the mainmast, having to shift it every time we came about. We were now making for Cross Rip, bearing W. 1/4 S. from Handkerchief, and the wind shifting a little, we were able to lay our course. We could see two lights over near Nantucket, which we made out to be Great Point and Great Round Shoal Lightship, also Handkerchief, Shovelful, and Monomoy Point, so we knew pretty well where we were. We kept on for about two hours, and thought we were due to see Cross Rip.

"There's a light off the port bow," said Shave. "But that's white. Cross Rip ought to be red. Going below for a look at the chart, and getting our bearings, we decided that the chart was wrong, and that the light must be Cross Rip; so, changing our course, we made for it. The light grew larger and larger, and I, on watch in the bow, was congratulating myself over having done so well, when suddenly I saw the shadow of a sail loom up ahead. "Hard a-lee, quick!" and Shave, astonished, swung her around as I let go the mizzen tackle. "Here she comes. Keep as you are." "As we are," repeated Shave, and, wondering why we didn't see any sailing lights, we kept on our course for a minute, and soon came upon our sail and light at the same time. It proved to be the riding light and sails of a large four-master lying at anchor waiting for a fair wind. We put the Nerine on her course again, and eight bells sounding, I went below to turn out the other watch. We were still pitching every now and then, and the fellows below said they hadn't been able to sleep at all. As soon as they came on deck, Shave and I turned in in a hurry, and at once dropped off into a sound sleep.

"Wake up, Sandy, it's six o'clock," and I sat up, bumping my head against the deck-beams. It was Ed. "Where are we?" "Off Vineyard Haven." I hopped up on deck, and what a change from when we had turned in. We were in Vineyard Sound, in smooth water, and tearing along past West Chop in a spanking southeast breeze.

"Did you see Cross Rip?" "Not a sign of it, sir. Saw Bishop and Clerk's and Succonesset Lightship, but not Cross Rip." To this day we haven't been able to account for our not seeing the lightship. We kept a good watch and steered a true course, and according to all reckoning from Succonesset and the red sector of Bishop and Clerk's must have passed within at least half a mile of it. Whether a fog came up around the ship or whether the lights were temporarily disabled, or something else happened, we will never know.

We reached along through the Sound until off Tarpaulin Cove another of our calms came up, and we drifted around from seven o'clock until two in the afternoon, a fair tide, however, taking us down almost as far as Cuttyhunk. Just as the tide turned a breeze sprang up, and we passed Vineyard Sound Lightship and took our course W. by N. 3/4 N. for Brenton Reef. We ran over with a smashing breeze on the quarter, and crawling up the harbor against a strong tide, we dropped the hook off the Conanicut Y. C. at seven. We had been under way just fifty-nine hours and had gone about one hundred and seventy miles, an average of not quite three miles per hour. But of the fifty-nine, at least twenty-five had been spent in drifting about waiting for a breeze.

We laid at anchor from Tuesday night until Thursday morning. After vainly trying to persuade Pot to sail down with us, we said good-by to Jamestown Wednesday evening, and turned in early. At eight o'clock the next morning we hoisted sails and started to beat out of the harbor. As soon as we got outside a heavy rain set in with a thick fog, so all went below, except Shave, who steered S. W. for the whistler off Point Judith. A stiff southeaster was blowing, with banks of rain clouds hanging low, but we kept on, and just as the buoy was sighted through the mist the fog lifted, the sun came out, and we had clear weather all the way down. We skirted along shore some five miles out, and in a fine breeze reached along past Watch Hill and Fisher's Island. Off Fisher's Island there was a tremendous long swell; a lumber schooner passed, and when both boats were down in the trough of the sea we were unable to see even the tops of her masts.

About five o'clock we rounded Race Rock, and at once ran into a heavy tide rip, almost as bad as the rips on the shoals. Once through this we headed up and steered due west for Middle Ground, off New Haven. Night was just coming on, and the lights on Plum Island and Orient Point began to twinkle over to port. The other two had first watch, so Shave and I turned in. Along about nine we were awakened with a start by a tremendous diving and splashing, and rushing on deck saw the stern lights of one of the Sound steamers disappearing ahead of us. From nine until our watch at twelve there was a continuous procession of all kinds of steamers and tows, and we couldn't sleep for more than ten minutes at a time. The boat was bucking a head tide, and evidently not making much, as I heard Ed ask Rudolf five different times, "What's that white flash over there?" Rudolf's answer was the same every time: "Faulkner's Island."

At twelve, Shave and I went on deck. Red, green, and white lights were all around us, but looking around a bit we saw Faulkner's Island flash, and taking its bearings soon made out where we were. The other watch went below, and, the tide turning, we steered along past the two lights on New Haven breakwater, finally making out Stratford Shoal ahead. We passed this just as the sun came up over our stern, and in a diminishing breeze

steered straight up the middle of the Sound for New Rochelle. At six o'clock Ed and Rudolf came up, and all hands had breakfast. We passed Huntington and Oyster Bay, then Greenwich, Rye, and Larchmont. In a breath from the southwest we crawled along past the channel buoys and up into Echo Bay, dropping the hook for the last time at just 2:30, and firing the cannon as the chain ran out.

This was on Friday, August 21. It had taken us five days and three nights to make the trip from Boston—some two hundred and eighty miles—not counting the time spent at Jamestown. Altogether, we had been gone fifty days, and had sailed in the neighborhood of seven hundred and fifty miles.

After putting things in order, Shave, Ed, and I went ashore to the club for dinner, then went aboard again and packed up, ready to leave in the morning. Our trip was over.

At eight, after a swim and breakfast, we got into the tender, said good-by to the staunch little Nerine, and Rudolf rowed us ashore. After shaking hands all around, Rudolf rowed back alone. We stood watching him until he got aboard, dropped the tender astern, and hoisted the blue flag at the starboard spreader, and then with one last look at the little craft that had carried us safely through all kinds of good and bad weather, we turned and slowly walked over to the car.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Feb. 27.—Everything is still frozen up tighter than a drum, and there is very little doing in the yards. At Lawley's, where most of the work is being done, the shops are not nearly so crowded as they have been in previous years. Two steam yachts are in the west shop, one of 115ft. waterline, designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley, for Mr. Paul Rainey, of the New York Y. C.; and the other of 99ft. waterline, designed by Messrs. Swazey, Raymond and Page, for a Philadelphia yachtsman. The first of these is nearly all plated, and the deck joiner work is being put in. The second is all plated, the deck laid and the joiner work being put in. In the east shop there is a 62ft. steam yacht by Mr. F. D. Lawley for Commodore B. P. Cheney; a 102ft. steam yacht designed by Mr. Arthur Binney, for Mr. Chauncey M. Borland; two power launches and a 22-footer, designed by Mr. Lawley, for Mr. S. C. Winsor. There is also a 50ft. schooner for Mr. J. Cromwell, of New York, which has been finished. In the boat shop, the 18-footer designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman, for Hon. Charles Francis Adams 2d., to race in the one-design class against the one-design class of the Beverly Y. C., has been finished and has been hauled out of the shop. The 18-footer by the same designer, and for the same class, for Vice-Commodore C. H. W. Foster, of the Eastern Y. C., is planked and the deck is being laid.

On Feb. 19, the boat shop of Mr. David Fenton, at Manchester, was destroyed by fire. There were three 18-footers in the shop at the time. They were owned by Reginald Boardman, Messrs. R. deB. and E. A. Boardman and Mr. B. D. Barker, respectively. The first two had been completed, and were intended for the one-design class which is to race the Beverly Y. C. one-design class during the coming season. The third boat was very nearly completed. All three of these boats were destroyed completely, as was a lot of valuable hollow spars, sails and rigging that were stored in the loft. A few of the yachts stored in the yard were scorched, but not enough to require any great amount of work to repair them. It is undecided as yet, just what Mr. Fenton will do about the boats that were destroyed, but it is thought that he will rebuild them. The Boardman boys have entered into this one-design class with spirit and are almost certain to build new boats at some place.

It is now practically certain that the announcement made in this column recently, to the effect that Mr. Frank Gair Macomber, Jr., and Mr. S. Reed Anthony had ordered yachts for the new 30ft. class, was correct. This was confirmed last week by a Boston designer who is in a position to know. Mr. T. K. Lothrop, Jr., said to the writer within a few days that the class was sure of three boats, and it is possible that there may be five before the season opens. For a new class, considering the falling off in yachting during the past fall and winter, three boats would be a very good start, and five would be considered extremely fortunate. The 30-footer, ordered by Mr. T. K. Lothrop, Jr., from Messrs. Burgess and Packard, has been started, and is now partly in frame. The designers have taken the contract for the construction of this boat, and she is being built at Beverly. It is expected that this class will be proposed for adoption at the spring meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, but when this matter comes up, it is more than likely that there will be some conflict between the class and the 30-rating class formed by Mr. Louis M. Clark, and adopted by the Association at its fall meeting. However, if the Association does not adopt the class, it is quite possible that the clubs will make provisions for the boats in the races scheduled during the coming season. If the Association does not adopt the class at its spring meeting the boats will not have an opportunity for gaining a Y. R. A. championship, and, for all that might be said, this has been the object of racing men in Massachusetts Bay for many seasons.

Mr. C. S. Eaton, who owns Cock Robin, probably the most famous raceabout in the country, which was designed and built by the Herreshoffs, had an order with the Bristol firm for a 30ft. knockabout. It is understood that this order has been canceled, and that in place of the 30-footer, Mr. Eaton is to have a 40-footer. Capt. Nat Herreshoff was in Boston some weeks ago, and it is supposed that it was the change in the length of Mr. Eaton's boat that brought him here.

Messrs. Burgess and Packard have purchased the yacht brokerage business of Mr. Hollis Burgess. They are also changing the location of their offices, and on and after March 1, will be at 330 Board of Trade Building. Mr. Hollis Burgess will retire from the yacht brokerage business, and will enter the lumber business. He has a host of good wishers in his new venture. He will not be out of sight of the yachtsmen, however, for he will race at every opportunity available during the season. Mr. W. Starling Burgess returned from Europe last Tuesday. He opened offices in London for a short time, but closed them just before returning to America. He reports that there is nothing doing in the sailing yacht building in England, and that there is very little on the Clyde. He was in Germany, also, where, he states, there is little or no building going on. The principal interest in Germany centers around the Emperor's cup races at Kiel. Messrs. Burgess and Packard have orders for a 32ft. launch and a Y. R. A. 15-footer, both for Boston parties, who wish their names withheld for the present.

Mr. Norman L. Skene, who has been associated with Mr. Hollis Burgess, has an order for a 16ft. cat, to be built under the rules of the Chatham Y. C., for Mr. Franklin J. Hamblin. He has also an order for a 23ft. launch for a member of the Boston Y. C., to be used at Hull. The launch will be elaborately built. Her deck trimmings and combings will be of mahogany, and all the metal fittings, including the casing of the engine, will be nickel plated. She will have a 3 horse-power Murray & Tregurtha engine. Both of these boats will be built by Mr. T. L. White, of Manchester.

Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has an order for a 16-footer, for Mr. Faschen, of Toronto, Canada. He has also an order for a big fisherman, for Boston parties. This vessel will be about 100 tons net, and about 150 gross. He has sold, through his New York office, the Herreshoff Bar Harbor 30-footer, Redwing, owned by T. G. Condon, and the Y. R. A. of M. 21-footer, Opitsah III, owned by Mr. H. M. Whitney. Both of these boats were sold to New York parties, who wish their names withheld for the present.

Messrs. Small Bros. have an order for a 34ft. launch for Mr. H. W. Hornthar, of Norfolk, Va. They also have an order for a 28ft. waterline cruising yawl for Mr. B. P. Simons, of Boston.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

British Letter.

THERE is a good deal of speculation rife as to what will be the answer of the New York Y. C. to Sir Thomas Lipton's letter, and whether there will be another series of races for the America's Cup in the near future. From rumors, which have reached this side, there appears to be a considerable section of members of the club in favor of sticking to the old rule, but it is hoped that they are in the minority. If not, and they have their way, it is certain that no race will come off, for the boats necessary to compete must be of such extreme type, as not only to be absolutely useless from any other purpose than the mere cup races, but also positively dangerous on account of their extreme lightness of construction, combined with enormous flat overhangs, in view of the long ocean voyage. Sir Thomas Lipton has had three tries for the Cup, and is willing to have another, if he thinks he can get anything like a fair chance of success. Under the old rule that would be quite impossible, as nothing but a regular freak in the way of a skimming dish could have any chance with Reliance, or another boat of her type; and it is pretty well certain that none of our foremost designers would get out the lines of such a vessel. More than this, yachting, as a sport, is not advanced one whit by such useless monstrosities, and the British owners do not feel inclined to waste their money over them. It is, of course, too early to conjecture as to what the result of the new rating rule will be, but it is unquestionable that a far more wholesome type of boat will be encouraged by it, and as there can be no America's Cup contest before next year, ample time will be given to American designers to become intimate with the working of their new rule, and they will still have the whip hand of us in that respect. The prevailing opinion in Great Britain, especially on the Clyde, is that the matter should receive careful consideration, and that, whatever decision the committee of the New York Y. C. arrives at, it will not do so in a hurry.

The projected visit of the schooner Ingomar to British waters has caused the greatest satisfaction, and if the vessel turns up, no doubt many races will be open to her. It is unfortunate that schooner racing has suffered so much during the last fifteen years, the true reason being that schooners, as a class, have never been recognized and kept to themselves as they should have been, but have always been compelled to compete with cutters and yawls. Many people have the mistaken impression that schooners can reach faster than cutters or yawls, and this idea is shared by some yachtsmen of experience. It has been pointed out again and again, and notably by the late Mr. Dixon Kemp, who was an acknowledged authority on such matters, that schooners are at a great disadvantage with single stickers on all points of sailing. It is obvious to anyone that in beating to windward and running, this is the case, and the same remark applies, though with not so much force, to reaching. A vessel is harder pressed when broad reaching than at any other time, and it is just then that the weight of the extra mast and topmast would tell most severely. Moreover, the mainsail of a cutter is a better sail for driving a vessel than the two sails of a schooner; and the only reason why schooners are saddled with fictitious reaching powers, is that in mixed races the two-stickers are usually double the size of the cutters or yawls. The inferiority of schooners over all round courses has resulted in their total disappearance from British waters as *bona fide* racers, and the very few yachts of that type which have been built within recent years have all been turned out more with an eye to comfort than speed. If Ingomar has anything like the pace she is credited with, she will not find anything over here worthy of her mettle among vessels of her own rig, and she will get better sport in German waters, where schooner racing has been made quite a feature by the German Emperor. At any rate there will be nothing big for her in British waters, until Cowes Week, though she would have a good many races with the mixed handicap class, if her owner elects to go the rounds with her.

So far as substantial results are concerned the meeting of the Yacht Racing Association, on Feb. 2, resulted in smoke. Mr. Manning, one of the vice-presidents, brought forward a motion that all yachts sailing under Y. R. A. rules, should be built to Lloyds new rules of scantlings, but nobody had sufficient courage to second it. The question of modifying the rating rule was also discussed, but that shared no better fate, and the present rating rule holds, therefore, until the end of the season 1907. Until then it is hopless to expect a healthy revival in the 65ft. or big classes, and the handicap classes will therefore, as of late years, provide the bulk of the sport.

It is refreshing to find that the 52ft. class is full of life, and the advent of the new boat building at Fairlie will be eagerly looked forward to. It is more than doubtful whether Lucida was an improvement on the famous Magdalen of three years ago, but Fife will probably turn out something this time which will be more slippery than either of his former creations. If so, Moyana will be the toughest opponent for the new boat, as she was unquestionably the pick of the fleet last year, though she rarely had anything but bad luck. It would, indeed, be interesting if Mylne were to get an order for another 52-footer, but so far there is no news of such a desirable addition to the fleet. It may be taken for granted that Viola will not appear under racing colors, as she is a distinct failure. With Moyana, Lucida, Camellia, and the new Fairlie boat, however, there should be a great deal of sterling good racing in the class, and it may be taken for granted that the prizes will be pretty fairly distributed unless the new boat turns out a phenomenal flyer.

Of the smaller classes, the 24ft. raters seem to be the most flourishing. Three new boats are building for that class on the Solent, but the 36ft. class is extinct, and the 30-footers are threatened with the same fate. On the Clyde the 36-footers have been revived, but in most other districts one-design boats are ousting the small Y. R. A. classes altogether.

E. H. KELLY.

Gas Engines and Launches.

BY F. K. GRAIN.

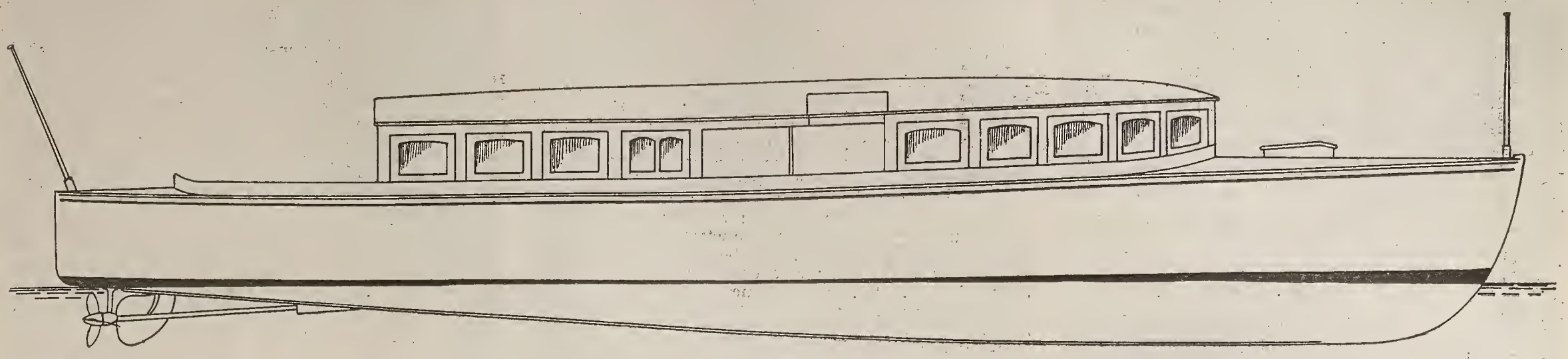
SOME five years ago the writer published a series of articles in FOREST AND STREAM on the subject of internal combustible engines and launches. At that time the knowledge of the public on gasolene engines was but limited, therefore the article was necessarily restricted; not only that, but the writer, along with many other experts and manufacturers, have gained by experience vastly more information in this short space of time than has been learned in but few other branches of mechanical lines. It may also be truthfully said that in design, construction, and general practice the internal combustion engine has made more and greater strides in the last five years than the steam engine in the previous twenty-five years. As before, the writer will endeavor to drop all technicalities, putting the subject before the reader in terms which are bound to be understood by those with a minimum amount of knowledge on the subject.

The Two Cycle Engine.

The bulk of the launch owners—and their name is legion—are mostly employing engines of 6 horse-power and under. These engines are nearly all of the two-cycle type; therefore we will take up this type of engines first. The operation of the two-cycle engine is by far the simplest of any of the gas motors; although, on the other hand, it has double the number of operations to perform that the four-cycle type has, it having an impulse of the piston at each revolution.

We will now suppose that the engine is resting on the lower center with the piston down; it then ascends, this creates a vacuum in the air-tight crank case. When the piston reaches its upper center, the previous charge, which is already in the cylinder, is ignited, driving the piston down. Before reaching its lower center, the exhaust port is opened, allowing the burnt gases to escape. Soon after the opening of the exhaust port, the inlet port opens, allowing the first-named mixture of gas, which by descent of the piston has been compressed in the crank case, to flow upwards into the cylinder, where the piston on ascending compresses this gas, when it is ignited by the electric spark, and the operation is repeated. By this means we have a working cycle on the descent of the piston, and an idle cycle on its return; therefore the so-called two-cycle, which definition is apt to be misleading to the novice, and we certainly think that single-cycle would express the operation much more clearly to the average reader.

We will now begin from the bottom up, and describe as fully as possible the different parts, their requirements and functions. To begin with, we have the lower part of the engine through which the crank shaft passes. This is usually called the crank case or compression chamber. As this part of the engine must be necessarily gas-tight, the bearings through which the crank shaft passes have to be made solid and of extra length, in order to avoid any leakage. This, of course, precludes the use of the general methods employed for taking up wear in the bearings; for that reason, should the bearings wear very much, it is necessary to replace them with new bearings. All manufacturers endeavor to make the crank case as small as possible, allowing just room enough for the play of the crank, as of course the smaller it is the better the vacuum will be which the ascent of the piston produces, consequently producing a stronger draft on the vaporizer and drawing in more gas and enabling it to force a larger charge and force it more rapidly into the cylinder. The endeavor of most all builders is to get this crank case compression as high as fifteen pounds to the square inch. This, however, is not often accomplished without the conditions being perfect, and where the ports are properly designed a pressure of one-half the above produces excellent results.



FAST CRUISING LAUNCH, 39 FT. L.W.L.—DESIGNED BY LILJEGREN & CLARK.

The Cylinder.

We now come to the cylinder. On this subject there is very little to say, except that care should be taken to ascertain before buying an engine whether the builder is equipped to furnish a cylinder that has been reamed. The reason for this is that very few cylindersn after being bored, are of the same diameter at both ends. This is owing to lost motion in the boring bar when extended through the cylinder. A properly equipped manufacturer, after boring the cylinder, will run a reamer through, taking out but a few thousands of an inch, but just enough to make the cylinder perfectly true from end to end. The writer has seen a number of cylinders that have been smoothed up by inserting emery and oil and allowing the piston to grind itself in with the engine belted up. This of course makes the cylinder appear perfectly smooth, but does by no means correct the aforesaid evil. While speaking of the cylinder, we would mention what is called the compression space, or the clearance between the top of the piston when at its upper center and the cylinder head. This space varies somewhat with different makes of engines, but a good, safe rule, and one almost universally adopted by the best designers, is to allow one-third of the area of the cylinder. Of course it is obvious that by reducing this space the compression will be higher, therefore, theoretically, more power. To offset, however, this extra compression, we should have to add weight to the flywheel, and of course the heavier the flywheel the more power it requires to preserve its momentum. Again, if we reduce the compression space beyond a certain point, we are reducing the volume of gas which we have to ignite, and although we may by high compression and small compression space obtain a very high initial pressure, there will be insufficient gas to obtain the necessary expansion throughout the stroke.

Another point which is an objection to high compression, is that it requires much greater cooling surface, consequently more water, and it is very liable to produce over-heating of the electrode point and other projections, and cause the engine to ignite spontaneously. While on this subject, we will mention a cause of trouble in some engines that we have seen, this being lack of material in the bar across the inlet and across the ports in the cylinder; this bar is put there to prevent the rings from slipping into the ports, and where these bars or bridges are not sufficiently rigid, the boring tool will jump on, striking them and leaving what we call a high spot in the cylinder. It might be thought that reaming the cylinder would obviate this, but in many cases these bars are so light that they will be sprung outward by the reamer, which consequently does not cut them at all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Erie Basin Y. C., of South Brooklyn, received its certificate of incorporation on February 25. The officers of the club are: Com., W. E. Wise; Vice-Com., C. W. Cooper; Rear-Com., E. Harrington; Sec'y, G. Buass; Treas., Thomas F. Patterson, M.D.; Meas., C. Maher; Trustees—Martin Flanigan, G. Gutkes, and H. Krause. The club will build a club house on property adjoining the yards of the John N. Robbins Company.

Mr. Charles L. F. Robinson, N. Y. Y. C., will sail on the schooner Ingomar on the other side, and will act as Mr. Plant's representative.

Ingomar will be able to compete in the race for Heligoland cup offered by the German Emperor. Hitherto only British and German yachts were eligible to race, but now it is open to yachts of all nations.

The annual meeting of the Huguenot Y. C. was held at the Arena, West Thirty-first street, New York city, on the evening of February 27, and the following officers were elected: Com., George C. Allen; Vice-Com., L. C. Ketchum; Rear-Com., George G. Bell; Sec'y, William B. Greeley; and Treas., John S. Taylor. W. L. Searles and Henry de F. Baldwin were elected trustees to serve for two years.

Fast Cruising Launch.

THE accompanying design by Messrs. Liljegreu & Clark, New York city, and now in course of construction at Goteberg, Sweden, suggests a successful combination of speed, comfortable accommodation, and seaworthiness within the given dimensions.

The design shows good freeboard, which is one of the essential features, giving headroom with a low cabin house, and adding to the general seaworthiness of the boat.

The adoption of the twin screws reduces the liability of several hours' drifting about, a possibility to be considered in cruising launches. The dimensions are as follows: L.O.A., 39ft. 6in.; L.W.L., 39ft.; beam, 6ft. 7in.; draft, 1ft. 8in.; freeboard forward, 3ft. 4in. The guaranteed speed is 18 miles per hour.

Measurement of Racing Yachts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with great interest the various letters which have appeared in your journal in answer to my article on "Notes on the Measurement of Racing Yachts." The paper in question was not intended as a complete exposition on the subject of measurement rules; nor was it intended to advocate my particular rule or method of measurement. The purpose and limitations of the paper were clearly stated in the opening paragraphs as "to bring clearly before all yachtsmen the fact that the present rules of measurement are founded upon certain assumptions as regards the speed of yachts; to show that such assumptions are not clearly warranted by the data at their command." From reading the many letters, I believe that my paper accomplished the stated purpose.

The comments on my paper can be divided into two classes; comments on what my paper contained, and criticisms of omissions. The latter class I cannot attempt to answer, for I am well aware that many vital points were not touched upon in my notes—points that I should certainly have taken up had I been advocating any special rule or any method of measuring or rating yachts. Should one attempt to discuss all the points raised in the many letters, one would be obliged to write a treatise on yacht designing and yacht measurement.

My paper was devoted to an attempt to bring out clearly two points, and two points only:

First—That the present measurement rules involve certain assumptions, and that these assumptions are that the speed of a yacht is proportional to,

a. The square root of length of hull,

b. The fourth root of sail area,

and that the New York rule involves these two assumptions and the additional one that speed is proportional to

c. The inverse sixth root of displacement.

Second—That these three assumptions are not clearly warranted by the data at the command of every yachtsman, and that if further investigation should prove the assumptions unwarranted, then all the present rules are wrong, and no amount of doctoring will correct them.

There has been no criticism of the first point; therefore I may assume that all the writers agree with me, and that I am correct in my statement that the present rules do involve the assumptions named.

There has been criticism of the second point that these assumptions are not clearly warranted by the data. Some writers discuss one assumption, some another, and perhaps the easier way to answer the writers will be to answer the criticisms of my points rather than the individual writers.

a. Assumption as to length.

Very few of the writers have touched on this point. I said all I could in favor of the assumption, and, as I thought, stated guardedly and carefully that under certain conditions and for certain speeds this assumption is not radically wrong. This point has been ably discussed by Sextant, who has explained very fully the qualifications which must of necessity be applied to this assumption. Length certainly does not "produce" speed, as Sextant justly states, but length of hull does affect the speed the "power" is capable of producing, and, Sextant to the contrary notwithstanding, length may properly be brought into an expression which measures the speed of a yacht. So, too, may beam, draft, displacement, dimensions of sails, length and size of rigging, and hundreds of other dimensions and minute peculiarities of the yacht. In fact, the speed a yacht is capable of making under certain average conditions of wind and water may be expressed as

$$S = F\,(l, b, SA, D, \text{etc.}),$$

into which can be introduced as many elements as one wants. This merely expresses the fact that speed depends upon or is a function of, length, beam, sail area, displacement, etc. What power or root of length should be introduced into the formula is a matter for investigation and experiment. But it is not impossible to find a formula as a measure of speed which involves length and any other dimension of hull or rigging. It may not be wise to do, but mathematically it is perfectly proper to do so. I do not mean to say that the manner in which length is introduced into the present rules is correct, but I do say that in a properly constructed formula it would be correct to introduce length and as many other factors as found advisable.

Sextant's discussion of the point seems to leave us where I began, "the assumption is not clearly warranted." Possibly I erred in giving the benefit of the doubt to this time-honored assumption.

b. Assumption as to sail area.

I do not think that the discussion has brought out any points to change my general conclusion that the assumption that the speed of a given hull varies as the fourth root of sail area is not clearly warranted by the data. The best discussion of the point seems to be that of Mr. Maybee, who shows that in order to increase the sail carrying power, the form of hull must be changed, and who states "that the change of form almost invariably detracts from the theoretical advantage due to her increased propelling power." This may be correct when such wide divergences of type and sail carrying power are contrasted as the old and new Cup defenders. But with all due respect to Mr. Maybee, his first illustration is a case of false reasoning, as he begs the question in his premises. If, in the old-fashioned lead mines which he uses to demonstrate his point, the $\sqrt{SA}$ equals L.W.L., then to a certainty must $\sqrt{SA}$ equal $\sqrt{L}$, and therefore the $\sqrt[4]{SA}$ will be as good a measure of the speed of the boats as is $\sqrt{L}$; for these measures, by Mr. Maybee's premises, are identical.

Mr. Phillips' statement in regard to Reliance would not need an answer, had not Mr. Lawton apparently given these statements the weight of his approval. In no part of my paper did I state or intimate that the speeds of different hulls are proportional to the square root or to any root of the sail area. I did attempt to show the effect of sail area upon the speed of the same hull. Mr. Phillips would have been correct had he stated that "according to the theory advanced by Dr. Poor, we might expect 'M' to show an average speed of 17.78 miles," provided she could carry the same amount of sail as the Reliance actually did. Similarly, and with equal justice, we might expect the Arrow to rival in speed the fastest express train, provided she carried the engines of the Lucania. But Arrow cannot carry the engines and "M" cannot carry the sail. Just as absurd conclusions can be deduced from the measurement rules in force; the old New York rule, which makes speed proportional to the fourth root of sail area, and under which the Cup races were held, states that Reliance without any sail should make 6.7 miles per hour! The practical formulæ are few from which some absurd conclusion may not be drawn by applying them to exaggerated and impossible conditions.

Certain of the writers criticise my method of showing that the assumption in regard to sail area is not clearly warranted, and especially my example of the two boats, "E" and "M." These writers failed to recognize the

reasoning involved, and speak of the fact that the boats were not evenly matched. The fact of their being evenly or unevenly matched makes no difference whatever; the vital points are that "E" was sailed under the same conditions both years, and "M" with one condition—and only one condition—changed. In this comparison "E" was merely used as a trial horse. As a matter of fact, in 1902, instead of being "steadily and conclusively beaten by the boat 'E,'" "M" won on time allowance the series quoted, and in the seven races held under the Sound Rules, in which she competed against "E" in 1902, "M" won three and "E" won three, a third boat winning the odd race. In 1903, "M" was steadily and conclusively beaten by "E." and this result was due, and due only, to her reduced sail plan.

Again, Mr. Phillips and Sextant differ materially on the general question of sail area. According to the former, "there is no relation between sail area and speed, except in connection with length, and the latter is always the governing factor;" but if I read Sextant aright, sail area is the only speed producing factor, and the only factor which should be used in a rating rule.

Taking all these various and diverse views into consideration, does the conclusion that the assumption in the rules as to sail area is not clearly warranted seem so very far wrong? It may be that neither square root nor fourth root of sail area should be used; some other root or power or factor may better express the equities in the case.

c. Assumption as to displacement.

There has been no discussion on this point; the validity of the assumption has not been directly maintained, nor has it been disputed. Sextant, it is true, claims that for measuring purposes the rule would be improved by leaving out D altogether, and, on the other hand, Mr. Lawton maintains that the introduction of D into the rule marks a great advance. Neither writer assails my general proposition that the assumption is not clearly warranted. The diverse views held by them is alone sufficient evidence that the present use of D is not fully justified, and that "tests and experiments alone can show how the factor should be introduced into the rule."

General Statements.

The letter of Sextant is undoubtedly the most valuable contribution of the present series. The point he so prominently brings out in regard to all present rules, "that they undertake to combine in one formula two independent and incompatible functions—the rating of yachts for time allowance and the control of form"—exhibits at once the weakness of all the later attempts to manufacture a measurement rule. He shows clearly the wrong methods which have been followed. On this point his paper is very strong and most valuable.

On other points, however, I am not in accord with Sextant, as I have before stated. I believe that it is not only practicable, but perfectly right, to find a formula for measuring the speed of yachts, which formula will involve length, sail area, and possibly other factors. In making such a formula, however, no consideration should govern the manner in which a factor is introduced, save only its relation to speed, but for practicability no factor should be introduced which is involved in a complicated manner or which is impossible of actual measurement. The introduction of D into the measurement rule as a means to control the form or construction is wrong. The introduction of D into the formula, as the result of investigation as to its effect upon speed, would be right and proper.

Form can be controlled by general restrictions, if necessary, and so can strength of construction. Such methods of control would, I believe, be far better than to attempt to control them by the haphazard introduction of factors into the measurement rule. Another point in this regard, which has not been brought out, is that "form" and "strength" are largely governed by the conditions of the race, not by the measurement rule. If the races for which a yacht is built are all held in smooth water and light winds, an exaggerated form and light construction will be used; if the races are long and in heavy winds and high seas, probably a moderate form and substantial construction will be used. So long as the races are held on a mill pond, enlivened only by an occasional squall, so long will owner and designer build a boat adapted to sail on such waters.

CHARLES LANE POOR.

The Scale of Time Allowances.

Editor Forest and Stream:

No one is likely to quarrel with the contention of Mr. Lawton that the current scheme of time allowances is illogical. Mr. Phillips has very cleverly illustrated its absurdities; and it might also be said, has somewhat magnified them, if one were disposed to defend the scheme, which the writer has no purpose to do. But the criticism is not new, as both these gentlemen assume. The same objection has been raised before in these columns.

It is interesting to consider whether the proposed substitute is also an illogical contrivance. First a slip of the pen, which substantially changes the thought in Mr. Phillips' letter, may be noted. In comparing two yachts whose speed varies as 5 and 6 it is said: "The allowance should be one-sixth of the time of the larger, or one-fifth of the time of the smaller yacht." Apparently the words "larger" and "smaller" should exchange places.

An example makes plainer the proposed new method of calculating allowances for elapsed time instead of for distance: Take two yachts of 36ft. and 25ft. length respectively, a course of 12 miles, and an elapsed time of larger yacht 2 hours. Assuming that the speeds vary as

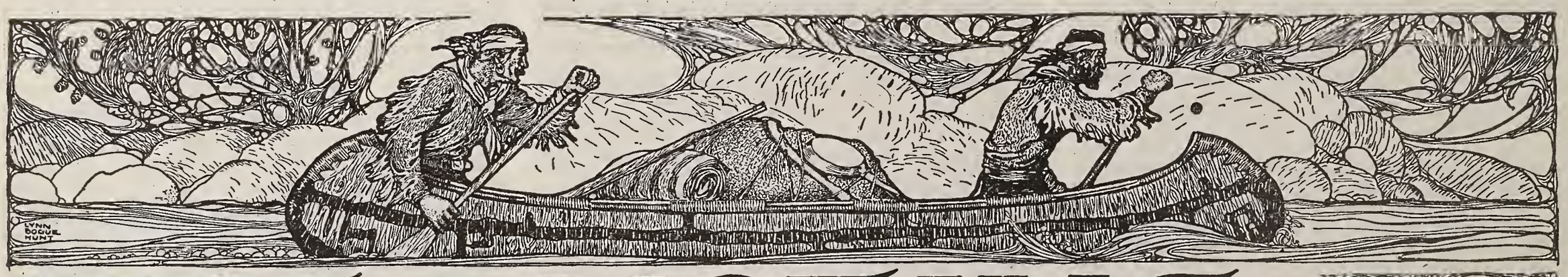
$$\sqrt{\frac{36}{25}} = \frac{6}{5} = \frac{1.2}{1}$$

then the elapsed times vary inversely, that is $\frac{1}{1.2}$. That is to say, the elapsed time of the small yacht is two-tenths the longer, (1.2×120m=124m). Therefore, an allowance to her of two-tenths of the elapsed time of the leading yacht (.2×2 hrs.=24m) would make her corrected time equal that of the other.

This scheme of allowances may possibly be an improvement over the old one; but it is not a scientific one nevertheless. It is based upon the assumption that the difference of speed (supposed to vary as $\sqrt{L}$) is constant for all winds. If this were true it is evident that the hourly loss in distance of the smaller yacht would be constant and would correspond with a constant fraction of the hour, no matter what the absolute speed. But in fact, this ratio is not constant. It varies with every change of wind force. In light airs and at low speeds small yachts do relatively better, and do not need so much allowance per hour as in heavy winds. The proposed plan allows the same proportion of the elapsed time of the leading yacht regardless of differences of speed and elapsed times.

The old plan starts out with the assumption that speed varies uniformly as $\sqrt{L}$, but in practice abandons the assumption as untrue in ordinary racing weather. The proposed new scheme starts out with the same assumption, though it manifestly is not true, and consistently maintains the false assumption to the end.

SEXTANT.



CANOEING

A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

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The Shenandoahs Cruise the Greenbrier.

BY F. R. WEBB ("COMMODORE"), OF STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

The Story Which Won the Fourth Prize of $10 in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

II.—The Log.

(*Continued from page 177*)

MONDAY, JUNE 29, 1903.

DAY broke with a sky heavily overcast, and with rain imminent, and the outlook was not at all promising as I poked my head out of my snug little shelter at an early hour this morning; but it was not actually raining, so I rang the rising bell on George and we were soon astir; and after a hearty breakfast we struck the camp, packed the canoes, launched them, and leisurely got off. Incidentally I managed to procure some really nice cornmeal while here at Cass, and further experiments with the corn cakes proving entirely satisfactory they became a regular article of diet at our various camps, and proved a happy solution of the bread question, which has always been more or less of a problem on our various cruises. For the benefit of the coming generation of cruisers and campers I will give the formula—it's simple enough: For our party of two I took a scant half pint of cornmeal and mixed into it a heaping tablespoonful of flour; I salted the compound to what I judged was a sufficiency (every cook will have to be his own judge in this particular), and put in a small pinch of soda. (On getting home the head of my family informed me that if I had eliminated the soda, and put in a small teaspoonful of Royal baking powder—no charge to the Royal people for this ad.—it would have been much better.) I stirred the dry compound until well mixed, after which I broke in an egg, and stirred it well, and then wet up the mass with water, stirring and mixing it carefully, until George said it looked like a first-rate article of chicken feed. A little lard was put into the frying-pan and renewed from time to time as the exigencies of the case required it, and the cakes fried over a quick fire, being handled and turned with one of those useful implements known as a cake turner, which, by the way, proved to be an all round useful tool at the camp stove during the cruise.

The river had risen somewhat during the night, and was coming up rapidly, and we had fully a foot more water than we had brought with us when we arrived; and the day's cruise promised to be lively, particularly in view of the fact that my U. S. Geological Survey chart had a couple of 100ft. contour lines crossing the river not far below Cass at distances of but little over four miles apart, and we quite expected to find some lively water with the good strong head we had. Our apprehensions in this respect were not materially quieted when an old lumberman who had run with the log rafts many times, and who happened along in time to lend us a helping hand in launching the canoes, remarked that there was a rapid a few miles below that he would "hate mightily to run in them blamed little boats!" However, if we could only have water enough to cover the infernal multitudinous rocks, we felt that we were willing to risk almost anything else that the river had to offer in the way of excitement, so we stepped aboard and carefully settled ourselves into our respective seats, and were at once caught up in the swirling current and whisked rapidly away down the river. We at once found that we would have but little trouble from the rocks, as, with the exception of here and there a big fellow which reared his shoulders out of the swirling stream, they were not at all in evidence; and these were easily dodged. As we came to the rocky reef at the mouth of Deer Creek, a mile below our camp, we were tumbled around over the rocks pretty lively, in our endeavors to avoid being swirled in under the overhanging bank in the sharp elbow, at the imminent risk of a capsize apiece, but this was the only time during the day's cruise that we touched a rock, or that a rock touched us. Deer Creek came in boiling, and spread at least six inhes more water over the surface of the river; and the big waves in the rapid below caused us to hastily close our hatches to avoid being swamped as they rolled heavily over our decks and hatches. Every little side stream was contributing its quota to the sum total, and we had a head of water that carried us easily right over the tops of everything, and with water to spare, the while it bowled us along merrily at a gait of from six to eight miles an hour. We not infrequently came upon good sized islands dividing the river into two narrow channels, down which the water raced at a lively pace; we made it a point to take the channel furthest off from the railroad, no matter how small and unpromising it looked, and the sensation of shooting swiftly along under the overhanging branches, swishing in the water on each side of the

narrow channel, was pleasantly exciting. The immense fall was in evidence from the start, but instead of finding heavy, rough rapids, as we had anticipated, we found one general down-hill shoot of water without a foot of slack water in it at the present stage—a veritable watery toboggan slide, in fact, and the cruising was something to remember. It was probably the liveliest going we had ever experienced, not excepting our memorable "flood" run of eighty-five miles on the Shenandoah in our '93 cruise. We kept well off from the railroad embankment whenever we found ourselves coasting along at the foot of the road, otherwise we went pretty much where we pleased over the surface of the river; our hatches in place, with the aft section of the 'midship hatch with its apron ready to pull up over and around us at a moment's notice, for the water was rough. We found the big rapid which our pessimistic friend had warned us of, all right enough, but went dancing merrily down its tossing white-capped slope without any inconvenience or mishap, although we had a rather narrow squeak of it at the top.



The Old Bridge at Marlington.

While bowling swiftly down upon the rapid, with our attention concentrated on the whitened slope below, we suddenly discovered ourselves right up against a ferry wire stretched across the river from side to side, but a few inches above the water—so close that it seemed impossible to avoid it. George, being near to one side, let his boat drive down on it, as it was high enough above the water at that point to let his bow slip under. When it reached him he dexterously caught it, and threw it over his head; but from my position in midstream it was not high enough above the water to allow my canoe to slip under, so all there was to do was to turn my boat quickly, bow up stream, and paddle desperately for a point nearer shore, and I finally drifted under the wire close enough in for it to go over the canoe, while I lifted it over my head. After this little episode, whenever we sighted a house near the river, or more particularly a railroad station on the bank, we made it our special business to keep an eye open for these ferry wires—a wise proceeding, for two or three more of them were picked up on the morning's run. The day cleared up as it wore on, and the sun came out and gave promise of fair weather once more. The scenery was extremely wild and interesting. For many miles below Cass the valley is so nar-



Camp Price—Marlington.

row that it becomes a mere cañon. The mountains rise steeply from the water's edge, and tower aloft on either side up into the sky, their sides densely clothed with hemlock, spruce, and other timber, mostly of the evergreen species. The river turns and twists at the bottom of this gorge, never straight for more than a few hundred yards at a time, and we had mountains in front of us, mountains behind us, and mountains hemming us in to the right and left, until it seemed that we were hopelessly entangled in the mountains with no way out. The railroad skirted close along the right bank of the river, occasionally taking advantage of a few rods of bottom land in the angle of a bend to cut off a short distance. As usual, we kept well off from the railroad embankments at the bottom of the concave bends, as we were sure to find the river bed plentifully strewn with enormous fragments of rock hurled into the river by the blasts of the workmen in preparing the roadbed, and over which the water broke in foaming surges. There was plenty of water for us everywhere, so we had no trouble in avoiding these, although at a more normal stage of water doubtless some of the steep pitches down along this section of the river would have proved decidedly rocky. We swept swiftly by Cloverdale about the middle of the forenoon, where our curious looking boats, rapidly gliding by, attracted no little attention from the loungers around the railroad station; and a couple of hours later swung in to the bank at the bottom of a huge ox-bow bend to the left, which the railroad cut off by diving under the mountain. A clear little stream came brawling down the mountainside, and tumbled into the river in a transparent little cascade of a few feet in height over a flat ledge. The water proved to be quite cold, as we had expected, and we laid by here for an hour and a half for a noonday lunch, rest, and siesta. Our morning's cruise had not entailed the least exertion on us, but we were tired and cramped from long sitting in the canoes, and the opportunity to get out and stretch our limbs was a welcome one. Incidentally this was the only day on this entire cruise in which we resumed our cruise after the noonday meal; all succeeding days' runs were terminated at lunch time, and camp was made and the afternoons devoted to loafing and fishing. Our afternoon's run was but a repetition of that of the forenoon. Swift water and plenty of it; rapids at every few hundred yards; no rocks or shoals to bother us; beautiful and striking mountain scenery, with here and there a farmhouse of the humble mountaineer type perched on the flank of a mountain spur, or nestling in some little nook made by an incoming stream; while the passing of an occasional train with a roar and a rattle that seemed as disturbing and out of place in the primeval solitude as did the gaseous smell of the coal smoke that remained to pervade the atmosphere for long after the train had passed out of sight and sound, served to remind us that we were still in a land inhabited by man and his creations. In striking contrast with the high water on the Shenandoah, the water was not at all muddy. It was somewhat discolored—quite too much so for fly-fishing—but I have fished the Shenandoah and other streams successfully with bait on frequent occasions, in water no clearer than was this. The Shenandoah, flowing as it does through a red clay country, well tilled, becomes of a thick, brick-red color after each heavy rain, from the surface wash off the adjacent tilled fields; but the Greenbrier, having no tilled land to speak of on this upper section—and no red clay lands tilled or otherwise—has no mud to wash into it after heavy rains, and the heaviest floods do little more than discolor the water. There was entirely too much water for fishing, however, and George, who cruises principally to fish, and who always has his tackle mounted and ready to hand in his canoe, did not have it in evidence at all to-day. At the foot of the big ox-bend the railroad shot out from under the mountain and took a flying leap across the river on a handsome, well built iron bridge, and we had it on our left for the remainder of the days' cruise. At just 4 o'clock we rounded in under the picturesque old covered bridge at Marlinton, twenty-



A Landing for Lunch.

five miles below Cass by the railroad with a mile or two more to the credit of the river, having left that port at 9 o'clock. The run occupied seven hours, which included the hour and a half lie-by for lunch; and George and I at once voted it to have been one of the finest day's runs we have ever enjoyed, and of itself entirely worth the trip out here. I went up into the village for mail and supplies, and on my return found young Dr. Norman Price in his canoe, lying alongside of George, swapping yarns and experiences. I had had some previous correspondence from Cass with Dr. Price, relative to his joining us in his canoe for part or all of the remainder of our cruise, but his canoe being of light, folding variety, is not adapted to trips of this character, and his various cruises are taken at a still higher stage of water, so that there can be no liability of his mixing up too intimately with the rocks and shoals incident to a lower stage, and he was obliged to decline the invitation. He conducted us to a charmingly quiet, retired and shaded little bank for a camping place, at the foot of the grounds belonging to his father's residence, about a quarter of a mile below the bridge, and across the river from the village, and we soon had the canoes ashore and camp made up, including the dining fly, for it is our intention to lay over here a day or so, to let some of the superfluous water run off ahead of us. We have more than we need for cruising, now that we have reached this section of the river, and quite too much for fishing.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1903.

We passed a quiet, uneventful day idly in camp. Although directly across the river from the village, our camp was as retired as though it had been miles away, and we were entirely free from the drawback incidental to camps near a town—the village loafers. The village was entirely convenient and accessible for supplies, mail, etc., and several trips were made during the day for that purpose. Marlinton is a product of the "boom" days of the early '90s and is the seat of justice of Pocahontas county, the county seat having been removed here from Huntersville at the time of that remarkable speculative fever, which swept clear out into these mountain fastnesses. It is charmingly located on almost the only bit of level land along the river, large enough to hold a town of any size—a tringular plateau formed by an opening in the environing mountains at the point where Knapp's creek, its largest affluent, joins the river. Like all towns projected in those inflated days, it is a city of magnificent distances, and straggles over an area of territory large enough for a town of many times its size; the handsome and complete new modern court house and county buildings being a half or three-quarters of a mile from the business part of the town, which is clustered around the railroad station down near the river. From its favorable location, and with its newly acquired railroad facilities it will doubtless increase materially in size and importance at no distant day, it being the center—both natural and artificial—of a large territory rich in native products of many kinds. We were kindly received by the people we met, and found much to interest us in the place. The evening was spent pleasantly and sociably at the Price residence. We were asked to go over into the village to a wedding at the hotel, but did not care to make the trip, and the noise of the accompanying old-time "chariviri" came plainly across to us on the evening air, as we sat on the porch of the residence. The water ran down rapidly all day, and we turned in with the prospect of resuming the cruise in the morning on twelve or fifteen inches less water.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1903

We were out early this morning, and after breakfast we struck the camp, packed and launched the canoes and resumed the cruise on a foot and a half less water than we brought with us. It was but little after 8 when I pushed off into the stream, leaving George still on



Along the River.

the bank, and as I was caught up in the rapid current and swirled swiftly away down over the rift opposite our camp, I discovered that all of the Price people, young ladies included, had assembled on the bank to see us start. George was still ashore and bade them all good-by, while I had to content myself with waving my helmet.

We had a most lovely and interesting morning's cruise. The river is broader and the country rather more open than above. We passed the mouth of Knapp's creek a mile below our camp, and the river took on noticeably increased proportions in consequence. We noted a change of the general characteristics of the stream, as we had fully expected; the leaping and plunging trout stream seems to be merging into the more dignified and sedate bass stream, albeit the rapids were as plentiful as ever, mostly of the broad, shallow, gravelly bar character, calculated to make life a burden to the canoeist attempting the river in low water; but although we had some eighteen or twenty inches less water than we had on our Monday's cruise, we still had an entire sufficiency for our needs and quite too much yet for fishing, although George used his tackle all through the morning's cruise with considerable success, and we went into camp about 1



The Big Dam at Cass.

o'clock with quite a respectable catch in his fish-bag. He fishes continually while cruising, using a short Henshall bamboo rod with agate guides, a fine silk line wound on a ball-bearing reel, and on the free end of the outfit one of those diabolical contrivances known as a phantom minnow—although to me it looks like a sardine—studded with gangs of hooks so that a bass, on making a dash for it—and if there is a lively bass within a hundred yards of the glittering, attractive object, he is pretty apt to make a dash for it—is morally certain to find himself hopelessly hooked somewhere about his anatomy, occasionally in the mouth. While I have occasionally used my fly tackle in cruising, as a rule I find that it takes about all of my available fund of skill and energy to successfully handle my canoe, even when the water is not difficult, and the addition of the fishing tackle is just that much extra work and distraction, consequently I have pretty much gotten out of the habit of fishing and cruising at the same time. George likes it, though, and invariably cruises that way, so as this was the first day on the cruise when the conditions were really at all favorable, we dawdle idly along down the exquisitely beautiful river, taking it easy in true idyllic cruising fashion at the same time making good steady time on the rapid river. George enjoyed the fishing as well as the cruising, while I took in to the utmost the beauties of the river; for the Greenbrier is a dream of beauty—a poem in water and mountains. We found it not nearly so difficult to run as the Shenandoah, although it has considerably more fall than the latter stream; the Shenandoah fall averaging about six feet to the mile. The principal difference is that the Shenandoah abounds

in long, still pools—not less than from one to two or three miles in length—where the fall is considerable, followed by a mile or so of rapids of the saw-tooth, reef-ledge order, where the fall of two or three miles is concentrated into the one mile, and often into considerably less than this distance, with the consequence that the Shenandoah falls and rapids are frequently long and always rough. The Greenbrier, on the other hand, has no pools that are over one or two hundred yards in length, and the rapids occur at correspondingly frequent intervals, mostly broad and shallow, and not particularly rough; and at a very low stage of water it is easy to see that this stream could not be run at all by a canoe, or in fact, by any craft. The Shenandoah never gets so low that we have been unable to cruise it, and we have run it on extreme low water on more than one occasion. To be sure, we do a good deal of wading, but we get down it without much difficulty; but with its constant succession of broad, shallow rapids, the Greenbrier would be quite impracticable at a low stage of water.

The numerous rapids gave us no trouble whatever on this morning's run, and we were not out of the canoes at all until we landed, at about the middle of forenoon, for a drink of water at a cold, sparkling little stream, which pitched down the mountain side and into the river over huge masses of rock. We were strongly tempted by the beauty of the spot to make this the end of the day's cruise, but decided to go on for a couple of hours and trust to luck for a camping place equally desirable. The valley opened up as we proceeded, and the scenery, while if possible, still more attractive, was not so wild and primitive. The railroad made another leap across the river, and we again had it on our right hand.

As we were drifting rapidly past the village of Sibert, nestled on the right bank under the everlasting shadow of the mountain, the up passenger train was just pulling out, and our novel little fleet attracted considerable attention from both train crew and passengers; the crew began to recognize us by this time from seeing us pretty much every day as they passed up and down on their daily runs. We went ashore at noon on a beautifully shaded rocky beach at the mouth of a clear, cold little spring branch and went into camp for the rest of the day. We had a quiet, enjoyable afternoon; we had a good swim in the cold waters; we read, slept, fished with fair success, and wrote letters; and after a good fish supper and a quiet smoke around our campfire we turned in, with the plan in mind to lie over in this attractive place for another day, to let several inches more of surplus water run off ahead of us, which, while materially improving the fishing, would still leave us plenty of water for cruising purposes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shattemuc C. C of Ossining, N. Y.

BY WILLIAM M. CARPENTER, TREASURER SHATTEMUC Y. C.

THE Shattemuc C. C. was organized in the early part of the month of December, 1884, the officers being as follows: Com., J. Herbert Carpenter; Captain, Wm. M. Carpenter; Purser, Thos. J. Hand, Jr. The membership numbered about twenty.

The first canoes in the club were of the canvas construction design, being constructed of paper and canvas over a frame of rattan ribs, with a heavy coat of white lead liberally applied to the canvas. A number of these were built by the members and used on the Hudson, weather and elements permitting. Their length was about 16ft.; paddles of 14ft. in length were at first used with the idea of balancing poles. From the birth of the club the interest grew, until it was necessary to seek larger quarters than those occupied on Wheeler's Dock. The Commodore, Franklin Brandreth, built a most comfortable and well planned building on his property near the upper dock, and here the club moved in the spring of 1886, still growing and taking its place, as the New York press had frequently to say in reports of regattas and cruises, as one of the leading canoe clubs of the State. In March, 1887, the crab was adopted as the totem.

The spring meet of the various clubs along the Hudson was held under the auspices of the Shattemuc on Croton Point, on Decoration Day, 1887. Speaking of this successful meet, one of the "dock rats" of the Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association had the following to say on the subject: "The cordial invitation of the Shattemuc C. C. to their brother canoeists to take 'pot luck' with them on Decoration Day seems to me to be about the right thing. The custom of a little meet along the river on that day was successfully started three years ago. Why give it up? Personally it meets my views to a fraction. The southern delegation should be a large one—good it always is; Brooklyn, New York, and Knickerbocker are generally there in force. It is too early in the season to speak of those Indians up at the frozen North, but nevertheless I hope to see the Mohicans out in force, and Rondout by that time will have given up ice-boating and should be ready to join in the 'love feast' at the Shattemuc beach—the 'corn dance' will come later up on Champlain. That there might be a 'mighty gathering' at each place to warm their toes at the big camp-fire and help 'roll the main down,' is the toast of a Dock Rat."

The Indians from the frozen North turned out in goodly numbers, and Wackerhagen, of the Mohicans, carried off the gold medal presented by Commodore Brandreth for the three-mile sailing race, class B; time, 40m. Wackerhagen also won the unlimited race in 17m., a silk banner being the prize, presented by Miss Secor.

With the exception of two or three years, the Shattemuc C. C. has been represented at the annual meet of the A. C. A. by one or more of its members. While the tendency has been to go into larger boats, especially on the Hudson during the past few years, there still remain in the present club house a number of canoes, both sailing and open. Consolidation of the club with the Sing Sing Y. C. being effected, the Shattemuc lodge was vacated, and the membership added to the yacht club roll. The name and flag of the S. C. C. was maintained, and thus the organization became as a wheel within a wheel, keeping its place among the canoe clubs and its members in the A. C. A.

The fleet has two divisions and two flags, as follows: The yacht division has the club signal—a pointed flag; the device a red five-pointed star in the center of a white pointed ground five-twelfths the length of the flag, all on a red field. The canoe division has (the Shattemuc flag) a burgee, 18in. by 20in., blue field with 1½in. white border.

The present Shattemuc Yacht and Canoe Club was incorporated under the name of the Sing Sing Yacht Club on the 18th day of December, 1888, the officers being as follows: Com., Ralph Brandreth; Vice-Com., William W. Washburne; Sec'y, William B. Stewart; Treas., S. Olin Washburne; Meas., Benjamin R. Smith. The organization had a charter membership of thirty-five. There were only three catboats in the waters of the vicinity at the time the club was formed, but the fleet steadily grew so that it included some sixteen sails, when steps were



Shattemuc Canoe Club House.

taken in 1889 to erect the present club house on the river front, and from that time the organization became very flourishing. The sailing craft fleet, however, has given way to steam and power-boats of various designs, some twenty being now enrolled in the club, which has a membership of sixty, the names on the roster including a number of the prominent people of the village and the county. On the first day of April, 1902, the name of the club was changed from Sing Sing Yacht Club to the Shattemuc Yacht and Canoe Club of Ossining. "Shattemuc" is the Indian name for the Hudson River, and signifies "The river that rises in the mountains and flows to the sea." This was the name of the canoe club organized in 1884. The present officers of the club are: Com., Franklin Brandreth; Vice-Com., Gilbert M. Todd; Rear-Com., Edward B. Sherwood; Sec'y, William E Barlow; Treas., William M. Carpenter; Meas., Roger M. Haddock.

"Kweh!" and Eskers.

IN the "Cruise of the Red and the Green," which appeared recently in these columns, I made two statements which, as further investigation has convinced me, need revision. The first concerns the spelling of the Indian salutation, "Kweh," so common in the Temagami country. Supposing the word to be of French origin, I spelled it, following French phonetics, "Quai," the pronunciation of which seemed closely to resemble the Indian salutation. Being unable, however, to discover any connection between "Kweh" and any French word, I consulted Mr. A. H. Chamberlain, of Clark University, who is acquainted with Indian lore. It seems that the word is Algonquin, perhaps borrowed from the Iroquois. Cnoq, in his Lexique de la Langue Algonquine" (Montreal, 1886), says (I translate): "Kweh! A salutation. It is especially used upon meeting a friend after one has been away a long time, and expresses a sentiment of pleasure. The Iroquois also use it, and the Algonquins may have borrowed it from them." So much for "Kweh!"

In speaking of the remarkable deposit of boulders in Diamond Lake, I said that the technical term for such a deposit was "esker." A subsequent search through a number of authorities on glacial action has failed, however, to find a definition or description exactly fitted to the deposit in Diamond Lake. The typical esker contains much more fine matter than is to be seen in Diamond Lake. That the deposit is the work of a glacier cannot be doubted by anybody who has seen it. The comparative absence of gravel and small stones may be attributed to the fact that the deposit is *in* the lake, whereas the typical esker is on dry land, and the action of the water and ice of the lake has doubtless produced the present character of the deposit. The fact that the lake is at that point very narrow with high and rocky shores has doubtless also had an influence. A. L. W.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

Italian Shooting Society.

A two days' shoot of the Italian Society was held in the Zettler gallery on Feb. 20 and 22.

On the first day the shooting was principally on the wooden eagle, a style of German origin in this country. It consists in cutting down the bird part by part, from its crown to the body. The shooter who cuts down the last part of the body gets the principal prize Among the Germans, to cut down the body means the honor of kingship of the organization. On this occasion, the last shot was made by Muzio, who is one of the veterans of the Italian club.

The second day, Washington's birthday was devoted to shooting on the ring target, three-shot scores, the two best to count. There was a large number of the members present. At the close of the contest there was only two points between the first and the eighth man.

During the evening the Italian Consul-General, Giovanni Branchi, and ex-Coroner Zucca visited the club, creating quite a diversion in the routine of the meeting.

A fine lunch was served by J. Piantanida.

The Consul-General congratulated the club upon the interest its members took in shooting, and also paid a high compliment to the Zettler Brothers for the fine appointments of their gallery and meeting room. At the close of the contest the winning scores were as follows:

Three-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.; two scores to count; possible 150; first class: Minervini 149, Seloaggi 147, De Felice 147, G. T. Conti 147, Bianchi 148, G. Nicolo 147, Muzio 147, A. Navoni 147, Reali 144, Gerbolini 144.

Second class: D. Navoni 145, A. Orenigo 145, Buzzini 142, D. Mondine 140, Del Sole 138, Gatto 138, Rossotti 145, Ramondi 144, Munsch 141, Mastropalo 139, E. Orsenigo 138.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery contest of the Zettler Club, Feb. 23, brought fifteen members together in competition for the club prizes. W. A. Tewes was high for the best 100 shots, with a total of 2439; L. C. Buss was second with 2435. Buss just missed a full score, his last shot being off from the 25-line by a hair. The target counted 249. The next best single score was made by Geo. Schlicht, 248. Schlicht made a full score on Feb. 2.

Ten-shot score, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., 100 shots: W. A. Tewes 2439, L. C. Buss 2435, Geo. Schlicht 2417.

Fifty shots: C. G. Zettler, Jr., 1214, A. Moser 1207, Aug. Kronsberg 1207, C. G. Zettler, Sr., 1202, E. Van Zandt 1202, Hy. C. Zettler 1200, Geo. Ludwig 1191, Aug. Begerow 1189, W. A. Hicks 1185, B. Zettler 1179, A. Rowland 1161, Thos. H. Keller, Sr., 1148.

North Hudson Rifle Club.

SIX members of the North Hudson Rifle Club attended the regular club shoot in Geo. Schlicht's gallery in West New York, N. J., on Feb. 21.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: Geo. Schlicht 247, Capt. Andt 238, J. Hoffmann 221, W. Last 230, W. Hoppe 222, A. Metje 212.

Rifle Notes.

A match between G. Worn and Chas. Rein, of Brooklyn, will be shot off on Breitkopf's gallery, Bushwick and Jamaica avenues, on March 6. The conditions are 50 shots per man, .22cal. rifles, distance 85ft. The stakes are $25 a side. Chas. Rein was a member of the Zettler Club, and at one time was a good shot. G. Worn is a member of the Williamsburg Shooting Society, and is considered one of the best shots in the organization.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 9.—Guttenburg, N. J.—Second annual three-man team championship; 10 birds per man; $15 per team. Gus Greiff, Mgr., 255 W. 111th street, New York.

March 12.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day merchandise shoot. Stanley Brampton, Sec'y.

March 22-25.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.

March 23-24.—Allentown, Pa.—Two-day target tournament at Duck Farm Hotel. C. F. Kramlich, Mgr.

April 6.—Sheepshead Bay, L. I.—Eastern amateur target championship, on grounds of Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club.

April 6-7.—Bristol, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Bristol Gun Club. S. W. Rhea, Sec'y

April 18-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. F. Schmelzer & Son's Arms Co. fourth Interstate midwinter shooting tournament; targets and live birds.

April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Patriots' Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

April 20-21.—Rensselaer (Ind.) Gun Club amateur tournament. Everette Brown, Mgr., Pleasant Grove, Ind.

April 21.—Easton, Pa.—The Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club's first annual target tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Sec'y.

April 26-27.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club tournament. $100 added. Louis Lautenslager, Mgr.

April 27-28.—Americus, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.

May 3-4.—Wabash, Ind., Gun Club tournament.

May 4-5.—Nashville, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club. Charles Eastman, Sec'y.

May 11-13.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. J. Burmister, Sec'y.

May 12-13.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club annual spring tournament. W. W. Foord, Sec'y.

May 16-21.—York, Pa.—Tournament of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club two-day target tournament. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—Southern Trapshooters' Association's thirteenth tournament at targets, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—Dallas, Tex.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dallas Gun Club. E. A. Mosely, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—Oklahoma City.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association fifth annual tournament; $300 added money. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

May 24-25.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day target tournament.

May 24-25.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

May 25-26.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club Spring shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.

June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Mgr.

June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.

June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.

June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.

July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.

July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.

July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.

July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.

Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.

Aug. 15-22.—Indian tournament; place determined later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

We are informed by the manager, Mr. C. F. Kramlich, that a two-day target tournament will be held at the Duck Farm Hotel, Allentown, Pa., on March 23 and 24.

A seven-man team match, Feb. 22, between the Columbia Gun Club, of Barberton, O., and the Akron, O., Gun Club was won by the Akron team by a score of 276 to 263.

The optional sweepstake re-entry shoot at live birds Feb. 22, on the Point Breeze racetrack was won by Messrs. James Cowan and Fred Muller with a score of 8.

Mr. E. Somers, of Easton, Pa., defeated all contestants in the live-bird competition at Bethlehem, Pa., on Feb. 22. Nazareth, Bangor, Pen Argyl and Easton were represented.

At Pottsville, Pa., Feb. 23, in a 9-bird sweepstake, there was a large entrance, the leaders being John Rorig, Smith, Showers and Krammes, each 7; Shaffner, Springer and Fulmer 6.

In a miss-and-out contest for a hammerless gun at Norristown, Pa., Feb. 23, Dr. Green, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, killed 18 straight and won. Park was second with 17.

In a cup contest for the Montreal cup between five-man teams of the Westmount and Montreal gun clubs, at Westmount, Montreal was victorious by a score of 56 to 52.

The match between Messrs. Chas. Munson and A. K. Baker, at Lake Denmark, N. J., Feb. 22, resulted in a victory for Baker by a score of 40 to 39. The consideration was $50 a side.

The Eastern amateur target championship will be shot at the Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club grounds, April 6. The prize is a silver loving cup. The conditions are 100 targets, entrance price of targets.

In a contest for the Schmelzer trophy, held recently at Vicksburg, Miss., between Messrs. W. R. Crosby and W. H. Heer, Mr. Crosby won by a score of 44 to 40, the conditions being 50 targets, reverse angles.

Mr. T. W. Morfey, of Dover, N. J., has accepted a challenge issued to him by Mr. C. W. Danser, of Freehold, N. J., to contest for the State championship at live birds. March 4 was fixed upon as the date, and Lake Denmark as the place.

At Shamokin, Pa., last week the gun club of that city held its annual club shoot for club supper. The main feature of the shoot was a team contest, eighteen men on a side, 25 targets per man. The scores were: Keiser's team, 247; Longshore's team, 246.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, under date of Feb. 27, writes us as follows: "The Interstate Association has made arrangements to give a tournament at Grand Forks, N. D., July 27 and 28, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club."

Mr. J. J. Bradfield, secretary of the Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club, informs us that May 17-18 are the correct dates for the Southern Trapshooters' Association's thirteenth annual tournament under the auspices of the Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club, instead of May 23 and 24, as first announced.

The fifth annual tournament of the Territorial Sportsmen's Association is fixed to be held on May 19 and 20 at Oklahoma City, and is to be a big combined shoot of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, with $300 added money. The programme will be issued on May 1. The secretary is Mr. J. C. Clark.

The Peters Cartridge Company live bird trophy was the main theme of contest at Little Rock, Ark., on Wednesday of last week, that being the second day of the shoot. It was won by Mr. John Dickinson. He and Mr. Powell scored 22 out of 25. Mr. Dickinson won in the shoot-off. Mr. Paul R. Litzke was the tournament manager.

The Carteret Gun Club, of New York, held their annual amateur championship contest on Feb. 22, in New Jersey. It is an event at 100 live birds. Mr. D. I. Bradley won it. At the 95th round, Mr. Geo. S. McAlpin led by three birds, but he lost three of his last five, thus tying with Mr. Bradley. In the shoot-off at 25 birds, Mr. Bradley won.

On Feb. 27 four five-man teams contested for superiority on the grounds of the Boston Gun Club. They represented the Harvard Shooting Club, the Watertown Gun Club, the Watertown Independents, and the Boston Gun Club. Each man shot at 50 targets from the 16yd. mark. Boston won with a score of 175. The Independents scored 170, Watertown 167, Harvard 165. The next match will be shot on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association.

The list of officers elected at a meeting of the Savage Gun Club, Utica, N. Y., recently, is as follows: President, J. James Harper; Vice-President, William H. Bond; Secretary, George A. Booth; Treasurer, Robert H. Whitman; Captain, B. F. Langdon; Directors, J. J. Harper, Charles D. Wilson, William T. McKenzie, Thomas Padgman and George A. Booth. It will be decided later concerning whether or not to take in other than employees of the Savage Arms Co.

To the New York Athletic Club, Mr. H. Sauer has presented a gun as a prize, to be competed for in a series of the club shoots. The conditions will be announced later. Mr. Sauer returns to his home on March 22.

The Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club has issued the programme governing their merchandise shoot of March 12. Shooting will commence at 10 o'clock. Lunch will be served on the grounds. There are thirteen prizes. Paid experts may shoot for targets only. To the two amateurs making first and second high averages, $2.50 each. Shells sent care Dr. J. B. Pardoe will be delivered on the grounds free. There are fifteen events, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets; entrance 30, 35, 40, 50, 55 cents, $1 and $1.50.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trap at Gorgas Station, Pa.

THE unfinished shoot of the S. S. White and Highland gun clubs was resumed on Feb. 27 at Gorgas Station. The weather was pleasant. The scores in the postponed events follow:

No. 1, 10 targets, two prizes: Wentz 10, Stahr 10, Fontain 9, Dunlevy 9, R. Bisbing 9, Hinkson 9, Hammil 9, Harper 8, Huber 8, Ringgold 8, Parry 8, Reade 7, Denham 7, Cotting 7, Dedier 7, Lutz 6, Heite 6, Cantrell 6, Casey 5, Semper 5, Ballentine 4, Ewing 3, Valle 3, Nelson 2, Meehan 1.

No. 2, 20 targets, three prizes: Fontain 19, Harper 19, Cotting 18, Ringgold 17, Hinkson 17, Harper 17, R. Bisbing 17, Hise 16, Reade 16, Huber 16, Meehan 15, Stahr 15, Cantrell 15, Wentz 15, Hammil 15, Wayne 15, Dedier 14, M. Bisbing 14, Heite 13, Lutz 13, Nelson 12, Semper 11, Valle 10, Parry 9, Dunlevy 9, Green 9, Casey 8, Ewing 7, Ballentine 6. Shoot-off: Harper 9, Fontain 6.

No. 3, 20 targets, handicaps added to scores of White and Highland shooters: Dedier (0) 19, Cotting (1) 19, Stahr (1) 19, M. Bisbing (2) 19, Cantrell (3) 19, Harper (0) 18, Wentz (1) 18, R. Bisbing (0) 18, Hinkson (2) 17, Heite (3) 17, Reade (3) 17, Meehan (2) 16, Fontain (2) 16, Ringgold (4) 16, Denham (2) 16, Hammil (2) 16, Dunlevy (2) 16, Nelson (4) 15, Stahr (1) 15, Parry (3) 15, Wayne (2) 15, Ballantine (4) 13, Semper (4) 13, Valle (3) 13, Lutz (0) 13, Casey (3) 13, Huber (1) 12, Green (3) 12, Ewing (3) 9.

Highland Club shoot, 50 targets, handicaps added: Harper (0) 35, R. Bisbing (0) 35, Dedier (2) 35, Hinkson (2) 34, Wentz (2) 34, Meehan (2) 31, Hammil (2) 31, M. Bisbing (0) 31, Wayne (2) 30, Lutz (1) 27, Denham (2) 26, Dunlevy (3) 26, Green (3) 21, Ballentine (3) 20, Casey (0) 18, Ewing (3) 16.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., Feb. 27.—The members of the New York Athletic Club spent a most enjoyable afternoon at the traps to-day. The weather was clear and cold, a perfect day for trapshooting.

The main event was for a handsome silver loving cup. It was easily captured by Mr. Elias with a score of 33, and a handicap of 10 making a total of 43. Mr. Greiff was a close second. Two other trophies were shot for during the afternoon, for which Messrs. King and Greiff divided the honors:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	50	20	15	10	25	25	25	25
W J Elias, 10	43	11	8	6	14	15	16	17
C S King, 18	38	6	7	6	..	..	7	13
G E Greiff, 6	41	16	12	9	18	20	17	18
R Wood, 14	35	12	9	..	..	..	14	12
S Lund, 15	40	8	10	5	13	12	15	..
F McGraw, 10	40	10	8	..	16	15	..	16
G Morris, 0	26	13	11	7	..	14	12	..

Handicaps apply to first event only.

Shamokin Gun Club.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., Feb. 23.—The two eighteen-man teams of the Shamokin Gun Club made a very close race in the annual supper contest, they finishing only one target apart. Each man shot at 25 targets. The scores:

Keiser's team—Keiser 18, D. W. Shipman 14, B. Robins 19, George Tovey 13, Frank Erdman 15, Doc Boughner 14, F. A. Godcharles 11, John H. Snyder 9, Henry Kaseman 16, B. B. Smith 19, G. R. Hanley 7, L. Goss 13, John Gessner 16, W. T. Wary 14, Ray Weaver 11, Joseph Wallish 10, John Jones 18, John Oram 10; total 247.

Longshore's team—Longshore 18, H. R. McClow 16, S. North 21, M. L. Sober 15, J. W. Richie 19, Bert Malick 19, D. G. Seiler 12, E. O. Chamberlain 2, Bud Thomas 13, F. G. Seiler 7, H. Sowers 18, H. O. Hoover 19, J. E. Herrold 16, W. E. Erdman 14, E. E. Mineral 13, G. H. Wilson 12, D. Boughner 9, William Fulton 12; total 246.

Fairview Gun Club.

Fairview, N. J., Feb. 22.—The weather conditions were a hazy atmosphere and a southwest wind. The main event was for the Fairview cup, open to members only. The cup becomes the property of a member who wins it three times. The conditions were 25 targets, handicap allowance; entrance $1; Sergeant system. The scores:

R Macleese, 15	0001010101111001010101100—25
I Lawrence, 6	1010111101101111011110111—25
W Willing, 15	0010101001110000010011001—25
Con Sedore, 9	0011001111111011011110111—25
T Hurley, 6	0000011111111110011011000—20
L Lambrix, 6	0000111111001010111011100—20
J Cuenin, 2	0011111111111111111110010—22
Wm Burdett, 9	0101011100101101110011001—23

Shoot-off: R. Maclees won out on the third target.

ROBT. J. HOPKINS, Sec'y.

Ohio Items.

THE Davis Gun Club, of Dayton, O., has elected the following officers: Henry Burkhardt, President; Chris. Pabst, Secretary and Treasurer; Elmer Lewis, Captain; Trustees, Alford Landis, Walter Apple, Joseph Elsen. The club will hold shoots every Saturday at the old grounds on Huffman Hill, and all trapshooters are invited to attend them.

The Springfield, O., and South Side gun clubs were consolidated on Feb. 22. The grounds at Tecumseh Park will be abandoned and new grounds on Rice street, near Springfield, will be fitted up with all modern conveniences.

Capt. A. F. Kempert, of the Gem City Gun Club, Dayton, O., announces that the club is ready to meet all comers in a team shoot of any number of men.

BONASA.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Feb. 22.—The holiday shoot of the Keystone Shooting League to-day had a good attendance. A field gun was the prize in the main event, a miss-and-out at live birds. Re-entries were limited to three. Messrs. Shew and Adams were tied alone in the eighth round and divided the price of the gun. Shooting off the sweepstake Adams won. The scores:

Prize shoot, miss-and-out, live birds; seores by rounds: Adams 8, Shew 8, Harrison 7, S. J. C. 7; Adams 5, Jenkins 5; F. Coleman 4, E. Coleman 4; Morris 3, McCoy 3, F. Coleman 3, Landis 3; Felix 2, Frank 2, Landis 2, Harrison 2, E. Coleman 2, Morris 2; S. J. C. 2; Luther 1, Felix 1, Adams 1, Shew 1.

Miss-and-out, live birds, $2 entrance: F. Coleman 3, Luther 3, Frank 2, Adams 2, McCoy 2, Morris 1, Budd 1, E. Coleman 0, Landis 0, Felix 0.

Miss-and-out sweepstakes, live birds, $2 entrance: McCoy 5, Morris 5, F. Coleman 5, Frank 5, Budd 5, Luther 5, Felix 5, Shew 1, Landis 0.

Twenty-five targets, entrance $1: Shew 21, Luther 21, Adams 20, Eames 19, Morris 19, Landis 18, S. J. C. 17, Morris, Jr., 12.

Twenty-five targets, entrance $1: Coleman 22, Luther 20, Frank 20, Landis 19, Shew 18, Harrison 18, Budd 17.

Feb. 27.—The shoot of the Keystone Shooting League to-day at live birds and targets had an attractive programme. A miss-and-out, the prize of which was a field gun, was the main event. One re-entry was allowed. Messrs. Fred Coleman and Frank Eames tied on 10 straight. The scores in the first entry and re-entry follow:

	1st.	2d.		1st.	2d.
Coleman, 31	10	5	Harrison, 28	1	8
Eames, 30	5	10	Jenkins, 27	3	6
Budd, 30	9	0	Roberts, 26	3	0
Smith, 27	4	2	Morris, 27	1	0

In the event at 10 live birds, Fred Coleman and I. Budd scored the whole 10, and Jones, Morris and Harrison divided second on 9. The entrance was $5, three moneys. Coleman and Eames divided first in the third event at 7 live birds, handicap, $3 entrance:

Ten birds:

Morris, 27	2122222110— 9	Coleman, 31	2222222222—10
Eames, 30	0222202222— 8	Budd, 30	1111212212—10
Smith, 27	211*111202— 8	Jones, 28	2212220222— 9
Morris, Jr., 26	2020101222— 7	Harrison, 28	1012212112— 9
Campbell, 27	0002*01120— 5		

Seven birds: Morris 7, Smith 6, Budd 6, John 6, Coleman 5, Campbell 5, Eames 4, Jenkins 4.

Five birds, handicap rise, one barrel, $2 entrance, three moneys: Eames 5, Coleman 5, Morris 4, John 3, Smith 2, Muncer 2, Budd 1, Reyers 0.

Twenty-five targets, Sergeant system, 50 cents entrance, three moneys: Coleman 25, Eames 22, Budd 21, Smith 19, Jones 19, Harrison 18, Morris 18, Campbell 13, Morris, Jr., 12.

Twenty-five targets, same conditions: Coleman 24, Jones 22, Eames 22, Harrison 21, Budd 19, Smith 19, Morris 18.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 22.—The spring series of Rochester Rod and Gun Club contests began to-day. They are handicap events. The handicaps are changed after each contest by the handicapper, Mr. F. C. Cutting. Messrs Stewart and Fraley tied on 22, but as Stewart is a scratch man and Fraley had 4, the latter won the event. The conditions are 25 targets to constitute a string and 25 to be a perfect score.

Each shooter, should he score, with his added allowance, more than 25, will have the excess deducted from his handicap on next string. And should his score be less than perfect with the added allowance, he will have added to his handicap on next string one-half of the number of targets that he fails to score under the 25 mark, the club always taking the benefit of the fractions. The shoots will be held on each and every Wednesday to and inculding Wednesday, April 27, 1904.

Contestants may shoot up back scores any Wednesday. Total scores to count for prizes. The scores:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Clark	4	20	24	Adkin	2	19	21
Fraley	4	22	25	Kershner	2	20	22
J C Powers	5	18	23	Snow	4	19	23
Siebold	5	18	23	Bonbright	2	20	22
Stewart	0	22	22	Watson	4	16	20

Feb. 24.—There were four full scores made in the second contest of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club prize series to-day.

Several members of the Canandaigua Sportsmen's Club were visitors and contestants. They promised to come again in a few weeks. The Rochester Club will arrange a programme of events specially for them.

Spring handicap scores:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Watson	6	20	25	Siebold	6	16	22
Adkin	4	21	25	Bonbright	3	18	21
Clark	4	21	25	Stewart	1	19	20
George	6	19	25	Norton	4	15	19
Fraley	3	20	23				

York City Gun Club.

YORK, Pa.—The following scores were made at the last shoot, Feb. 22, of the York City Gun Club. The morning was rainy, and the afternoon was very windy, which helped to make low scores. Mr. D. S. Daudt, the manager of the State shoot, to be held in York, Pa., May 16 to 21, was with us at our shoot, and at the State shoot committee meeting Mr. McSherry was high gun with 175 out of 200; Humer 168, Davy Deardorff 157. Mr. Deardorff is the oldest gentleman belonging to the club, and Davy said if his eyesight was as good as the other young ducks who were shooting, he would lay them all in the shade, and I think Davy is right.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	20	20	20	25	25	20	20	Total.
McSherry	14	13	20	19	17	16	20	23	16	17	175
Daudt	9	10	14	14	13	14	21	20	14	15	143
Deardorff	11	10	19	18	14	19	20	19	13	14	157
Rutledge	11	13	16	17	16	14	22	19	..	..	...
Seitz	8	6	8	14	12	11	17	13	16	12	127
Jackson	10	12	18	10	14	17	16	13	11	16	140
Grove	12	9	17	13	14	18	20	18	16	18	155
MacMiller	12	13	13	16	13	17	16	19	15	16	150
Chas. Humer	14	15	17	19	14	14	20	20	18	17	168
Ben Bolt	6	8	8	7	8	11	7	10	13	9	85
Henry	8	11	13	15	..	11	20	17	..	..	...
Nelson	10	13	14	14	16	16	..	..	..	..	...
Blessing	3	5	12	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	...
Somers	13	15	17	19	16	17	18	18	..	..	...
Nevin	11	11	18	13	14	..	13	14	..	..	...
Stahle	..	13	16	9	..	12	19	14	..	..	...
Stoner	..	..	..	..	9	7	12	13	..	..	...
Metzger	..	..	..	..	13	14	20	20	..	..	...
Patrick	..	..	..	..	14	7	18	16	..	..	...
Rhine	..	..	..	..	13	15	..	..	..	..	...
Pennsy	..	..	..	..	12	17	15	12	..	..	...
McGuigan	..	..	..	..	15	15	16	18	..	..	...
Wasbers	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	18	14	...
Moul	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	..	..	...

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE attendance on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, was fair. The weather was cold and clear. Some good work was done. Seven events at 20, two at 15 and two at 25 targets, a total of 220, were shot.

The challenge issued by Gambell and Barker to shoot a series of ten 100-target races against any two resident amateurs of the club, was accepted by Medico and Davies, and the first two matches of the series were shot to-day. Messrs. Gambell and Barker won both of them by a total of 351 to 320, which gives them a good lead of 31, with 800 more targets to be shot at. Barker shot in most excellent form, steady as clockwork, and scored 91 and 90. Medico was high gun in the two races with 94, but he fell off to 82 in the second 100.

Ackley shot in six of the regular events, and was congratulated on the good showing he made.

Barker made the longest run in the races, breaking 43 straight in the first match. Medico's longest run was 32 in the same race. The scores, in a series of 20 targets, follow:

Gambell	16	17	17	17	18—85
Barker	17	19	20	17	18—91—176
Davies	12	12	14	14	15—67
Medico	19	20	18	19	18—94—161

Second challenge two-man team match:

Gambell	16	17	17	18	17—85
Barker	16	19	19	16	20—90—175
Medico	15	19	14	17	17—82
Davies	19	13	18	12	15—77—159

Total of both matches:

Gambell and Barker 351. Davies and Medico 320.

Regular events, Washington Birthday's shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	15	25	25	15	Total.
Maynard	13	15	17	17	16	14	14	15	22	..	..	143
Captain	13	12	13	12	14	12	..	..	..	17	9	102
Jay Bee	14	16	17	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60
Williams	12	15	16	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	57
Colonel	8	10	2	9	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	32
Ackley	14	8	14	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	10	68
Fredericks	14	15	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	79
Don Minto	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	27
Anderson	15	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	17	..	11 69
Sampson	12	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	32
A Sunderbruch	14	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	41
Barker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	22	..	13 48
Medico	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	22	..	14 50
Gambell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	23	.. 45
Davies	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	.. 18

The air was cool on Feb. 27, but not too much so for comfort. There was a light southeast breeze. In the cash prize shoot high gun was won by Don Minto, with 46, a score which is nearer to his gait of a few months back. Roll was second, with 44, followed closely by Sunderbruch, with 43.

President J. B. Mosly, chairman; H. F. Jergen and Dr. A. B. Heyl, tournament committee, have prepared an exceptionally attractive programme for the third annual handicap target tournament of the club. The club offers $2,200 in added money and guaranteed purses, and is prepared to take care of three hundred or four hundred shooters.

G. W. Schuler, Emil Werk and the rest of the party which visited Florida a short while ago, returned home the first of the week. They had some good shooting and fishing, the latter especially being excellent, bass, sheepshead and red-snappers giving them most of their sport.

Lou Ahlers is slowly recovering from his sickness and will be at his old sport of smashing targets before long.

Falk's score of 36 to-day is very good, when it is taken into consideration that he is suffering from a broken rib and his side was encased in plaster; left-quarterers he simply could not touch.

Ackley is doing much better since the weather moderated a little, and not a man on the grounds but what would be tickled to see him break 'em all every time.

Cash price shoot, 50 targets: Don Minto (16) 46, Roll (17) 44, Sunderbruch (19) 43, Faran (17) 42, Maynard (18) 41, Pohlar (17) 41, Medico (19) 40, Block (17) 40, Osterfeld (17) 39, Harig (17) 38, Williams (17) 38, Gambell (16) 37, Falk (17) 36, Ackley (16) 36, Pfeffer (17) 36, Boeh (16) 36, Linn (18) 35, Plunkett (16) 35, Captain (17) 34, Willie Green (17) 34, Bullerdick (17) 33, Muhleman (16) 33, Jack (16) 32, Norris (17) 22.

Match, 25 targets: Medico 23, Norris 21; total 44. Roll 19, Osterfeld 23; total 42.

Match, 25 targets: Medico 24, Gambell 21.

BONASA.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 27.—Forty-three shooters were convinced at the Boston Gun Club's afternoon shoot to-day that a Leggett trap came as near to perfection as could be.

Every one was there, judging by the names that appeared on the score board. Bob Root and Arnold, traveling from Providence; Griffiths, from Pascoag; Coffin, Burbank, Johnson and Hambin, from Whitinsville; Rule, from Lowell; Worthing, from Brockton; Frank, Hay and Everett, from Lynn; and a score of others from the various other clubs in Boston and vicinity.

The occasion of this shoot was the first corner in the team match between Harvard, Watertown and Boston gun clubs, one shoot to be held on each grounds, and the team breaking the greatest number of targets to be declared the winner.

As will be seen by the score, the Boston team, under Capt. Woodruff's able management, secured a 5-target lead over the Watertown's Independent team, though the scores were much lower than we had reason to expect. The conditions, however, were not conducive to high averages, as the northeast wind and intermittent snow most certainly played a big figure, for no sooner did the shooter get in position than a gust of wind would change the whole situation, and those who labored under the disadvantage of spectacles, etc., were handicapped with the snowflakes, in ways that the others were unable to realize.

Three thousand eight hundred and fifty targets were trapped in just over four hours, something which has never been done before on our grounds, and does great credit to the shooters, showing that they were ready to shoot and in their positions at the proper time, helping the squad hustler not a little, as the most disagreeable part of a large shoot is a squad that is never ready.

The club, while having a fair amount of help ready for work, was not quite prepared for the sized shoot it turned out to be, and we are very much indebted to Hodsdon, of the Watertown club; Straw, Everett and Frank, of the Birch Brook Club; Lane, one of the club's regular attendants, though not shooting to-day, and Collins. Without the help of these ever-ready helpers, the B. G. C. would have been a trifle worried; but having such friends on our list, it seems as though we were always taking advantage and remaining in their debt. We hope to be able to return the compliments soon, as trapshooting is on the rise now, and all clubs will start up for summer series within the next few months.

The compiler of scores, F. P. Miller, was easily kept busy during the entire afternoon, but he was there and ready, the announcing of the winners and individual leader being made immediately upon completion of event No. 8, and causing considerable talk as to the correctness and quick way of keeping results.

Individual honors of the shoot were ably taken care of by Baldwin, the old Pennsylvania crack, making his initial shoot on these grounds quite a memorable one, and though pushed to the limit by Burbank, a well placed 15 straight clinched the lead by just one target.

The club's regular attendant, Frank, was very close to both, 82 out of the 100 targets being his effort, a loss of 13 targets out of the first 50 being disastrous, as the last half netted an even 45.

The next shoot in this series will take place on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Harvard Shooting Club, and will go quite a ways toward picking out the winner. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot		
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Griffiths	10	13	7	12	9	10	4	12	100	77	.770
Baker	4	14	6	14	7	10	7	11	100	73	.730
Root	6	13	6	12	6	6	..	..	75	49	.654
Arnold	7	7	8	11	7	8	..	..	75	48	.640
Hodsdon	8	13	9	11	7	14	7	9	100	78	.780
Frank	9	9	*	13	8	13	9	15	100	82	.820
Everett	7	13	8	10	8	12	7	14	100	79	.790
Woodruff	4	11	5	11	4	7	8	3	100	53	.530
Keller, Jr.	5	6	3	6	7	7	..	..	75	34	.427
Bell	9	14	7	12	7	10	10	10	100	79	.790
Coffin	6	11	6	11	7	14	8	8	100	71	.710
Burbank	8	14	8	11	8	14	9	11	100	83	.830
Johnson	9	12	8	12	9	12	6	10	100	78	.780
Hambin	7	14	7	11	6	9	3	9	100	66	.660
Straw	5	10	6	12	6	9	7	9	100	64	.640
Morse	9	9	7	8	6	10	7	6	100	62	.620
Baldwin	10	12	8	11	9	10	9	15	100	84	.840
Train	6	10	7	8	5	13	8	10	100	67	.670
Barry	6	10	9	5	8	14	7	14	100	73	.730
Worthing	10	9	5	6	6	7	..	..	75	43	.574
Merrill	4	8	3	7	2	11	..	..	75	35	.467
Kirkwood	10	13	8	8	..	..	..	..	50	39	.780
Gokey	7	12	8	11	6	9	7	12	100	72	.720
Dickey	8	12	9	11	7	..	..	..	60	47	.784
Philbrook	7	3	8	10	7	11	9	7	100	62	.620
Sprague	7	10	4	5	4	6	8	9	100	53	.530
Bartlett	9	10	7	13	6	12	9	9	100	75	.750
Wright	..	..	6	13	5	12	7	7	75	50	.667
Foote	2	3	7	7	3	7	5	8	100	44	.440
Damon	3	..	5	4	2	7	3	6	85	30	.355
Marsalis	..	..	7	4	3	9	4	9	75	36	.480
Ward	..	..	7	11	6	10	5	10	75	49	.654
Bancroft	..	..	7	12	9	13	9	11	75	61	.802
Marshall	..	..	7	10	7	13	8	12	75	57	.760
Harrison	..	..	5	6	2	3	3	..	60	19	.302
Foster	6	10	6	7	5	9	2	11	100	56	.560
Lawler	..	..	2	6	6	8	5	..	60	27	.450
Rule	..	..	7	11	9	12	6	..	60	45	.750
Fisher	..	..	6	7	5	4	..	..	50	22	.440
Mead	..	..	8	7	7	8	5	7	75	42	.560
Allison	..	..	2	2	0	4	3	..	60	11	.184
Collins	..	..	3	7	3	4	2	5	75	24	.320
Edwards	..	..	7	6	8	11	7	10	75	49	.654

Team match, five men per team, 50 targets per man, 16yds. rise:

Boston Gun Club.					Watertown Independents.				
Baker	7	10	7	11—35	Baldwin	9	10	9	15—43
Woodruff, capt.	4	7	8	3—22	Hodsdon, capt.	7	14	7	9—37
Frank	8	13	9	15—45	Gokey	6	9	7	12—34
Bell	7	10	10	10—37	Morse	6	10	7	6—29
Train	5	13	8	10—36	Sprague	4	6	8	9—27
				175					170

Watertown Gun Club.					Harvard Shooting Club.				
Barry	8	14	7	14—43	Bancroft	9	13	9	11—42
Bartlett	6	12	9	9—36	Marshall	7	13	8	12—40
Philbrick, capt.	7	11	9	7—34	Ward	6	10	5	10—31
Wright	5	12	7	7—31	Mead	7	8	5	7—27
Foote	3	7	5	8—23	Marsalis, capt.	3	9	4	9—25
				167					165

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 22.—The scores made at the Brooklyn Gun Club holiday shoot follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	10	15
Kelly	19	23	23	22	9	12
Bergen	15	18	12	19	..	12
Dwyer	18	15	15	18	2	9
Hitchings	19	15	18	19	..	..
Howard	8	14	16	15	5	9

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	10	15
Craft	18	..	12	22	4	13
Wright	16	12	15	15	..	..
Ryder	20	20	17	15	..	..
Bennett	6	5	8	..	..	..

No. 5 was at 5 pairs.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Feb. 27.—The weather was pleasant, there was a good attendance of active shooters, and competition was well sustained at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day. Capt. A. W. Money, H. Werleman, G. G. Stephenson and L. M. Palmer won trophies.

The February cup was won by Mr. L. C. Hopkins without any fourth contest, his three wins, each with a full score of 25, being a definite settlement of the February cup competition. Nevertheless, trophy shoots and the team shoot engaged the full attention of the contestants. The scores:

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: G. G. Stephenson, Jr. (1) 15, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (4) 14, W. W. Marshall (3) 13, A. G. Southworth (0) 13, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (0) 13, F. B. Stephenson (0) 13, L. C. Hopkins (1) 13, Capt. Money (0) 12, E. H. Lott (0) 12, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 11, F. T. Bedford, Jr. (1) 11, William Sherer, Jr. (4) 10, Dr. O'Brien (2) 9.

Sykes team cups, 25 targets, handicap: Southworth (1) 19, Marshall (5) 19; total 38. Hopkins (3) 22, Money (1) 19; total 41. Lott (1) 23, Vanderveer (3) 20; total 43. Stephenson (1) 24, Stephenson, Jr. (2) 21; total 45.

Palmer trophy, 25 targets, handicap: Capt. Money 25, F. B. Stephenson 21, F. T. Bedford, Jr., 20, E. H. Lott 19.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: L. C. Hopkins 15, Werleman 14, Bedford 14, Money 14, Palmer 13, F. B. Stephenson 13, Southworth 12, Lott 12, Dr. O'Brien 11, G. G. Stephenson, Jr., 11, Notman 10, Sherer 10, Vanderveer 10, Marshall 7.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap: Werleman 25, Bedford 23, Money 22, Hopkins 22, Notman 22, Palmer 21, G. G. Stephenson, Jr., 20, Marshall 20, F. B. Stephenson 19, Dr. Raynor 19, Southworth 18, Sherer 18, Grinnell 16, Dr. O'Brien 13.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Capt. Money 15, Hopkins 13, Sherer 13, Werleman 13, Palmer 13, O'Brien 12, Grinnell 12, Marshall 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Palmer 14, Sherer 13, Hopkins 12, O'Brien 12, Notman 12, Werleman 12, Marshall 11, Money 10, Grinnell 7.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Werleman 14, Palmer 14, Grinnell 14, Money 12, Marshall 10, Notman 9, Hopkins 8. Shoot-off, 15 targets, handicap: Werleman 14, Palmer 13, Grinnell 10.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Feb. 25.—Two members of the Sheepshead Bay Gun Club selected this day to decide a match of which the loser had to pay for a dinner for twenty-five men to be served at Mr. Ira McKane's hotel. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all shooters present. The scores were not very high, the result of a cold gale blowing across the traps. Mr. Montanus had to allow his opponent 10 targets in 50, and won by only one target.

Dinner was served to twenty-one men. Scores: H. Montanus 21, Theo. Knuth, 10, plus 10 handicap, 20.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4		Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	15	20	20		Targets:	25	15	20	20
I McKane	18	11	16	17		Williamson	15	9	14	15
G E Greiff	17	12	16	16		Montanus	14	10	13	14

Feb. 22.—The Sheepshead Bay Gun Club held a successful shoot on Washington's Birthday and were especially interested in the long-talked-of match between Mr. Ira McKane, of Sheepshead Bay, and Mr. Geo. Delany, of Atlantic Highlands, N. J., which was a 100-bird race for $100.

Twenty men shot for a special holiday cup, handicap allowance. Mr. Williamson came out the winner.

Main event, 50-target handicap:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
J Pillion	18	27	47	D Bailey	15	30	45
H Williamson	16	34	50	Shorty	0	44	44
H Kronika	20	26	46	R Gewart	20	30	50
D Heffner	16	16	32	T Osborne	15	30	45
H Montanus	17	28	45	R Dade	20	21	41
I McKane	10	31	41	R Snyder	6	39	45
H Koch	20	30	50	Charles	0	25	25
T Knuth	20	9	29	A Fransiola	20	18	38
E Garrison	10	25	35	J Bailey	18	31	49
F Crusen	16	18	34				

Tie, 25 targets, handicap:

Koch	13	10	23	Williamson	17	8	25

Match shoot, McKane-Delany:

I McKane	0011010001001100111000001—10
	1101111001111001100111111—18
	1100111011111010111001011—17
	1101011011110101011100111—17—62
Geo Delany	1000110111010100100001110—12
	1101000110010111011001111—15
	1011111111111011101100000—17
	1010000101101100000101010—10—54

Sweepstakes:

Events:	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25		25	25	Targets:	25	25		25	25
Carolan	14	9	..	..	..	Dede	..	..	..	12	12
Fransiola	8	9	..	..	10	Kronika	..	..	..	..	14
Pillion	12	..	..	..	14	Williamson	..	..	..	..	20
Cooper	14	11	..	14	17	Heffner	..	..	..	..	12
Charles	15	..	..	..	15	McKane	..	..	..	..	16
Shorty	21	25	22	21	21	Koch	..	..	..	..	12
Snyder	24	22	..	20	17	Knuth	..	..	..	..	6
Woods	17	17	..	19	..	Garrison	..	..	..	..	12
Montanus	6	20	15	..	19	Cruson	..	..	..	..	6
Gewart	9	14	..	..	13	D Bailey	..	..	..	..	16
Osborne	..	..	19	..	15	J Bailey	..	..	..	..	14
Voorhees	..	..	18	..	22						

Riverside Gun Club.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 22.—A large number of contestants were at the closing shoot of the Riverside Gun Club's winter season. Twenty-two contestants participated in the merchandise prize event. The wind blew strong; part of the time a stiff gale prevailed. Four 10-target and one 20-target event constituted the programme. In each there was a handicap allowance to the contestants.

The winners of the merchandise prizes were Dr. Clarke, J. Wagner, George Newton and E. J. Loughlin. W. L. Race, of Waterville, and H. C. Borden, of Norwich were the visiting shooters. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	20	10	Targets:	10	10	10	20	10
Clark	9	10	9	16	10	Biddlecome	5	6	9	15	9
D Loughlin	7	6	7	16	8	Windheim	7	8	6	16	7
Race	7	8	6	13	9	J Wagner	8	6	10	12	6
Thomann	9	5	8	13	7	Borden	7	6	6	13	7
Newton	7	10	8	14	9	Milgate	..	5	7	15	9
Gangloff	7	10	10	13	8	Brunner	..	6	8	13	7
W Wagner	5	7	6	15	10	Teesdale	..	6	7	..	..
Kokesch	7	5	9	13	6	Jenny	..	7	5	13	7
Keeler	6	4	7	12	8	Daly	..	6	5	14	..
E Loughlin	7	5	6	18	5	Fairchilds	..	10	8	..	..
Watts	7	5	6	18	6	Schultze	..	4	6	12	..

E. J. LOUGHLIN, Sec'y.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Feb. 28.—The inclosed scores were made at a practice shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, held on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. The attendance was good, considering the fact that the shoot was not announced. The feature of the day was the performance of Abe Aitchison, the club's care-taker, a man seventy-six years old, who broke 7 bluerocks out of 10, gun below elbow. Abe has been a good one in his time and can still "trim" most of the young fellows at "gun below elbow" shooting.

A gusty wind made hard shooting. Cup shoot Saturday, March 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
G Hubbell	6	9	9	6	7	8	5	7	..	..
F Beeker	9	4	9	6	7	6	7	8	..	..
W Coleman	8	9	6	7	7	8	9	9	5	6
A Reitzenstein	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	..	..	..
A Harris	9	5	5	9	7	8	6	9	7	5
W Smith	..	..	6	7	5	4	..	5	..	..
C Bradford	..	..	9	7	7	7	9	9	..	..
G Anderson	..	..	4	6	6	3	..	..	..	..
Col Fiske	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..
Dr Snow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
A Aitchison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
M Vail	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8 5
H Carpenter, Jr.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6 ..

C. G. B.

Jefferson County Gun Club.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—The live bird shoot of the Jefferson County Gun Club, held to-day, had a good attendance. The weather was pleasant. The Washington handicap, at 20 birds, was the main event. The prize was a cup. It was won by Charles Semple, with a score of 19. The entrance was $15. The scores:

J L Head, 20	1222222222022022022—17
J Boa, 30	22222*2222222222222—19
Jas. Lewis, 29	2222202022*2022222222—16
W W Watson, 30	11021102102122220202—14
Rose, 28	2*02202002*2021*20—12
C O Le Compte, 29	22222222200102112021—16
S S Pinney, 27	22220112*2[illegible]—18
C B Semple, 30	22211222*12122222222—19
C E Walker, 26	10022010010100021011—10
J E Howard, 27	2211*1102121111111011—17
J L Burkhart, 27	211*2202221020 —10
Parker, 26	02001202021200222212—12
Hazard, 30	22222222221201112*202—17
John Williams, 27	1202200212*122212112—16

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Mr. J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., has been making canoes and advertising his product in the FOREST AND STREAM for about a generation, and there is no canoe builder whose name is more familiar to that portion of the public which purchases canoes. Besides canoes, he makes pleasure boats, oars, paddles, sails and fittings, all of which are fully described in the catalogue, which he offers to send to any one applying for it.

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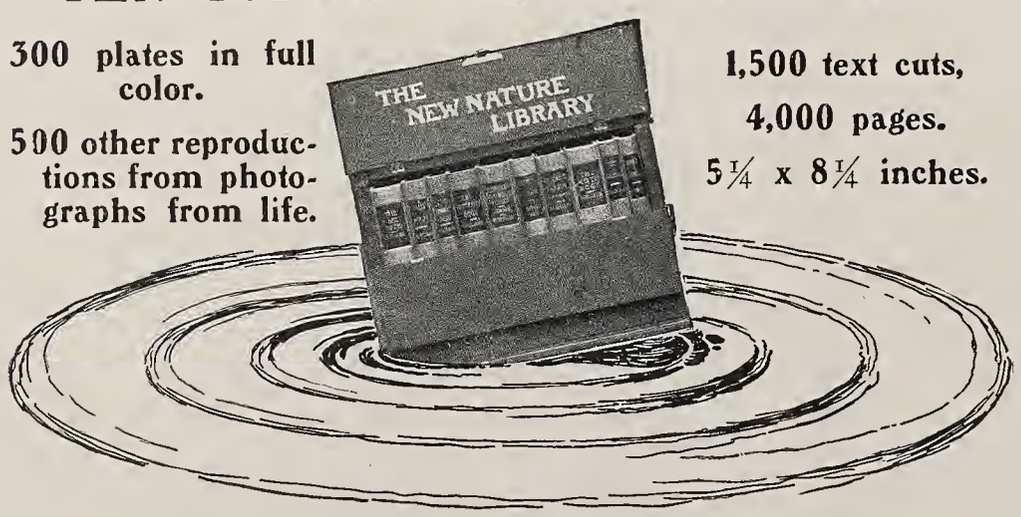
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Akron Gun Club.

THE annual holiday shoot of the Akron, O., Gun Club, held on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, was a very successful affair, forty-eight shooters participating in the different events.

The weather was not what is known as "ideal for the sport," as a strong wind was blowing most of the day and made the shooting very difficult.

Ralph Trimble was the guest of the club. High gun honors were divided by Wagoner and Haak, each of whom broke 127 out of 150. Bradley was second with 126.

It was intended to have decided the championship of Summit, Portage and Stark counties by a match between teams of the Canton and Akron clubs, but owing to the illness of several members of the former team the contest was postponed.

The Akron club agreed to match any number of men which the Columbia Gun Club, of Barberton, O., would bring to the score, and the latter showed up with seven. The match was shot, and the Akrons won, 276 to 263. The scores in the programme events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	20		
Wagoner	9	13	10	9	9	14	10	11	12	12	18	150	127
Haak	9	13	8	13	9	14	9	13	13	11	15	150	127
Bradley	9	13	10	10	8	15	6	15	13	12	15	150	126
Kepler	9	10	9	13	8	15	8	11	12	12	15	150	122
Kreider	6	14	8	13	6	14	8	13	14	8	16	150	120
R Trimble	9	11	9	13	9	10	6	13	11	13	16	150	120
Lucky	5	10	9	13	8	14	6	13	14	13	15	150	120
Dunn	7	11	9	11	6	12	7	11	13	11	17	150	115
C A W	4	10	8	10	3	11	8	13	10	12	16	150	110
Roots	8	10	7	9	8	7	10	15	13	8	13	150	108
Metzler	8	11	7	9	7	10	7	11	9	8	8	150	95
Russell	4	8	5	9	7	5	10	12	8	10	16	150	94
Work	5	7	1	9	6	9	9	11	8	10	16	150	91
Pullman	..	..	7	14	8	10	7	12	13	15	15	125	101
Winn	8	8	8	..	7	10	8	12	12	13	..	115	86
W W W	8	7	9	6	2	10	6	12	10	5	..	130	75
Raven	5	12	7	10	6	13	8	13	..	..	..	100	74
Brooks	5	7	5	10	7	9	7	14	8	..	..	115	72
Beecher	8	6	5	10	7	8	8	10	6	..	..	115	68
Scott	5	9	7	14	8	10	6	8	..	..	..	100	67
Jake	5	11	7	7	7	6	6	8	7	..	..	115	64
J K W	5	8	4	10	5	9	10	11	..	..	..	100	62
J L Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	10	13	16	75	61
Galt	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	10	12	17	75	59
Hull	..	..	5	10	6	7	6	10	12	..	..	90	56
Tracy	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	10	11	14	75	55
C. J. Schitz	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	13	11	9	12	75	51
J C Beck	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	9	12	13	75	51
D J Evans	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	8	14	10	11	75	46
Weeks	4	7	4	7	5	6	5	7	..	..	..	100	45
H W Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	8	10	10	75	44
Deible	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	5	4	4	10	8	100	42
Geo Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	9	8	9	10	75	39
Worthen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	12	50	39
Clippinger	..	..	..	..	9	10	6	13	..	..	..	50	38
Comey	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	6	7	12	75	38
J Taylor	..	..	1	4	..	..	2	5	4	9	12	100	37
J L Schiltz	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	6	7	10	75	37
F W Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	14	50	35
Metzler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	16	50	34
North	..	..	..	..	7	8	7	12	..	..	..	50	34
G Pflenger	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	12	7	..	55	29
G Danforth	..	..	..	..	5	7	5	11	..	..	..	50	28
Klink	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	11	50	26
Schall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	8	50	22
Church	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	..	..	25	15
A Danforth	..	..	..	..	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	25	12
Nemo	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	20	12

BONASA.

Arkansas Championship.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Feb. 25.—The two days' shoot under the management of Paul R. Litzke, which was scheduled for Tuesday and Wednesday, was fairly well patronized by both local and visiting sportsmen. Tuesday, the first day, was devoted to sweepstake shooting, and a number of 5-bird events were shot. The money in these was cut up by Chenault, Dickinson, Bragg and T. Omohundro. Of these, young Guy Chenault showed to the best advantage, as he quit with 19 out of 20 to his credit.

Wednesday was the most important day of all, as it was then that the contest for the Peters Cartridge Co. live-bird trophy, emblematic of the championship of the State, took place. This proved to be an interesting contest throughout, as it was nip and tuck between Dickinson, Powell and Conroy up to the very finish, and ultimately resulted in a tie between the two first named, as Conroy experienced a bad few minutes just at the very close, and lost his last two birds. Powell looked like a winner up to the very last round, as he then led Dickinson one bird, and to kill his last one meant the retention of the trophy for him. However, he failed to prove equal to the occasion, as he let this, not a hard one, beat him out; and as Dickinson killed, they were tied with 22. This necessitated a shoot-off, and here Powell missed his first, while Dickinson killed out straight, and thereby annexed the championship and the trophy.

Gibson Thibault had undergone great discomfort. Some time ago he had the misfortune to have his right hand caught in a gin, and this was so badly lacerated as to necessitate the amputation of the thumb, and with the hand still bandaged, he entered the contest nevertheless, and shot a little 20-gauge gun from his left shoulder and succeeded in scoring 17.

Dickinson, Jr., is the fourteen-year-old son of John W. Dickinson, winner of the trophy, and this youngster gives every indication of soon being able to compete on equal footing with the best shots in the State.

The senior Dickinson is a local shooter, who some years ago was quite a factor in the sport; but he has shot little of late owing to a growing business, which requires most of his attention. It is evident, however, that he has lost none of his old-time skill.

Nick Peay, another local shooter, immediately challenged the winner, and the match will take place within the next thirty days.

After the main event a miss-and-out was started, and this was won by Fred Bragg on the sixth round, at which juncture the other nine contestants came to grief.

During the afternoon Capt. Geo. E. Bartlett, expert with shotgun and rifle, gave an exhibition of his skill that was both interesting and entertaining to the sportsmen and spectators present. Nothing that could compare with the feats he accomplished has ever been witnessed in this locality. The puncturing of small pieces of quarter-inch boiler plate steel thrown in the air with a .30-30 soft-point bullet was a revelation to many. Numerous other feats, equally as difficult, were performed by the Captain with the .32-20 and the .22 rifle, also others with the shotgun. The wonderful cleanliness of the little .22-short was also demonstrated by firing 200 shots through one of these rifles and passing it around for inspection to show the absence of any fouling.

On Thursday afternoon a five-man team race at 20 live birds per man was shot between two teams of local shooters for a supper and the price of the birds, scores of which are given below:

Championship match, 25 live birds per man, Interstate rules, 30yds. rise:

Dickinson	2*2201221122122*222212122—22
Powell	21110*2112211221212122210—22
Conroy	2212222200212222212220 10*—20
Peay	22222*2022222202220202 2**—18
Thibault	222221*2202002202011220 10—17
T Omohundro	212*2022122021020222*0120—17
Bird	0100211210112120012001 2*1—16
Younts	0020212220020202220000211—15
Dickinson, Jr.	2002210020010120 0*020221*—12
Miller	2022021010121211 0*0w
Lloyd	2212222022*220120w
Mons	20*2*01112*22221w
Duley	2222012*21200200w
Johnson	0201221221000000w
L Omohundro	02*010122202002w
Litzke	02000222202022*w

Team match:

Mons	2100122 11*1122122222—16
Bragg	**22*02220121*222222—14
Peay	00222220222*12222002—11
Rothery	0210102200222222020—13
Mandlebaum	022*2202100200201000— 9—66
Duley	1122020112111210 1102—16
Brizzolara	0222110200220212 11*2—14
Johnson	0200120012222220002 0—11
Bird	2001020002101*111120—11
Butler	0200202220002000000 2— 7—59

Trap at Wilkes-Barre.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Feb. 24.—J. D. Mason and Frank Spencer, of Scranton, won first and second high average at a shoot held here to-day, Spencer breaking 155 out of 175 and Mason 151 out of 175. The trade was represented by G. R. Benjamin, who officiated as referee, making many friends for the goods he represents and for himself also. The weather was cold and rainy, and disagreeable, with a dark sky and heavy wind. Twenty-four hundred targets were thrown in the regular events; 500 in practice events. E. L. Kipple managed the shoot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	20	25	10	20	15	20	25
Stroh	9	11	12	14	21	8	11	12	16	21
Welniskie	9	9	8	13	21	9	18	8	13	19
Spencer	9	14	15	18	22	10	19	12	18	21
Mason	9	12	12	17	20	10	18	13	19	21
Cullen	8	6	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Webber	6	8	6	14	8	4	11	11	11	19
Eley	5	4	9	14	13	8	14	11	13	18
Harris	9	14	12	18	21	8	14	11	16	20
Klipple	7	12	11	14	9	8	14	11	14	19
Wallace	3	10	6	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Dr Smith	9	11	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Leonard	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Allen	..	9	13	14	22	8	15	11	17	19
Goodwin	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kelley	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	6	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..
Heft	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	7	..	..
Snyder	..	..	..	..	..	4	12	12	..	..
Lape	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	7	..	..
Wall	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	9	15	..
Conrad	..	..	..	..	..	6	3	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	18	22
Gearheart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Laming	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..
Miles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
Witmer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..

Montreal—Westmount.

ENOSBURG FALLS, Vt., Feb. 22.—It amuses us old Canadian trapshots to hear the boys in this country complain about it being a cold day when out at the traps with the temperature up several degrees above zero.

Below are the scores of a team race between the old Montreal Gun Club and the Westmount Club, which was shot on the Westmount grounds on the 13th inst., with the mercury away down below zero, and in a heavy wind, with the snow flying to beat the band. It kept the scores down, but the boys enjoyed it, though they do admit that one day it was so cold that the birds froze stiff and dead in the air, and there remained motionless. There is nothing wonderful about this, you know, for, you know, a dead bird is incapable of motion, you know.

This team match was for the Montreal cup:

Westmount.	
Nash	8
Cleghorn	10
Lewis	13
Hutchison	10
Stockwell	11—52

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	10	10
Edwards	7	9	8
Lewis	9	7	7
Lyne	6	6	5
Stockwell	5	8	7
Aubin	7	10	8
Hansen	9	..	..
Galbraith	6	..	..
Ewing	5	..	..

Montreal.	
Aubin	14
Lyne	8
Candish	10
Edwards	11
Dumont	13—56

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	10	10
Dumont	9	8	9
Landrault	5	6	..
Cleghorn	7	..	..
Candish	5	9	8
Hutchison	5	..	..
Nash	6	8	..
Kraney	..	6	7
Hamilton	..	9	7

STANSTEAD.

Squad News.

MOBILE, Ala., Feb. 22.—Before a large and enthusiastic gathering, and with weather conditions most favorable, the U. M. C. Southern Squad gave a fine exhibition of trapshooting here to-day.

The squad members were in very good form, and especially impressed the local sportsmen by the courteous and congenial manner in which they mixed up with the crowd. Riehl, who has been with the squad most of the time, settled down to phenomenal form, winning a hot race by the score of 99 out of 100, making a run of 86 straight. Adams tied for second place with 96 out of 100.

The squad leaves to-night for Pensacola, Fla., where they give an exhibition shoot. The scores at 100 targets follow: Marshall 93, Heikes 91, Budd 84, Heer 85, Anthony 87, Riehl 99, Adams 96, Elliott 96.

PENSACOLA, Fla., Feb. 23.—The Dixie Gun Club to-day had the honor to entertain the U. M. C. Southern Squad, who are on a three months' trip touring the South, making the acquaintance of sportsmen and promoting trapshooting in general.

Everything went off in fine shape, a large crowd turning out to see the exhibition. However, had the weather conditions been a little more favorable, better scores would no doubt have been made. The local shooters shot in good form, and much interest was aroused on all sides. The squad will always be received here with open arms as a result of the many friends made to-day. The scores at 100 targets follow: Marshall 93, Heikes 89, Budd 89, Heer 96, Anthony 89.

NIBBS.

Birch Brook Gun Club.

LYNN, Mass., Feb. 22.—The forenoon was quite rainy, so that in consequence the attendance was small. On account of snow on the platform allowances were given as handicaps. On the shoot-off for prizes, 15 targets, the scores were: Frank 13, Straw 10, Kirkwood 13. Nos. 9, 10, 11 and 12 constituted the prize series. No. 13 contains the total, handicaps added:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Prize Series. 9	10	11	12	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	T'l
Frank, 4	9	12	6	12	2	11	8	12	9	14	8	15	—46
Straw, 2	10	11	7	12	7	11	7	12	9	14	8	13	—46
Healey, 10	4	8	8	8	4	9	8	9	6	11	3	9	—39
Hebbard, 4	4	11	6	10	7	10	8	8	8	13	6	12	—43
Kirkwood	5	11	6	13	8	13	10	15	7	13	9	14	—43
Evcrett	10	12	9	12	5	14	9	11	7	11	7	13	—38
Rand, 4	7	11	7	9	2	11	8	11	6	10	9	12	—41
Bailey	1	5	6	6	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Chapin	0	3	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Greeley	6	8	2	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	

No. 14, 5 pairs: Frank 7, Kirkwood 9, Everett 9.

HENRY ROOD, Sec'y.

Middleton Gun Club.

MIDDLETON, Wis., Feb. 22.—Below is the score of the Middleton Gun Club shoot, held on Feb. 21: Everill 5, Techam 5, Maul 3, Allen 7, Pierstorff 6, Rowley 6.

The day was a very difficult one to shoot in, as there was a blinding snowstorm.

Our tournament will be held on June 13.

FRANK L. PIERSTORFF, Mgr.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Morris Gun Club.

Morristown, N. J., Feb. 18.—The cold weather kept a great many away from the shoot. On the first day, Feb. 17, about 150 live birds were shot. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
S Glover	145	120	J Fulford	145	129
N Apgar	145	99	A D Tunis	105	60
P Fanning	145	129	W Armstrong	60	47
J Timmins	70	46	J Horsfield	35	14
S S Wills	90	67	C Whitehead	50	26
A Woodward	135	117	E Pierson	50	38
S Hathaway	110	80			

F. A. TROWBRIDGE, Sec'y.

Munson—Baker.

Lake Denmark, N. J., Feb. 22.—The conditions of the match to-day between Messrs. Chas. Munson and A. K. Baker, were 50 live birds, $50 a side. Baker was victorious by one bird. There were also matches between Messrs. Schomp and Cox and Wurms, Richards and Cox. Scores:

Munson .....2222222222222222*22000222—19
2022222222*022222220022222—20—39
Baker .....1112212122121212*110101*—21
11*21121*1112111200200122—19—40

Match 2, 10 birds, $10 each:

C Schomp .....1022101112— 8 F Cox .....0120002010— 4

No. 3, match, 10 birds each, $10 each:

Wurms, 25.....1100000 F Cox, 30.....1211012
A Richards, 25.....0000000

Richfield Gun Club.

Richfield, N. J., Feb. 22.—The scores of our annual Washington's Birthday shoot at live birds and targets, held at Richfield Park, are appended.

The club shoot at 25 targets, requires that in the year 1904 each member shall shoot at 100 targets for three prizes: first, a gold watch; second, a gold medal; third, a leather gun case. The first contest resulted as follows: G. Eisenbauer 15, H. Wolf 12, J. Plog 18, Wm. Burkhardt 17, Aug. Kirshner 9, R. Lotz 8, P. Bogler 8, C. Plog 12, F. Lotz 9, E. Schwindenhomer 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
G Eisenbauer	3	1	4	4	10	Peterson	..	..	4	2	8
H Wolf	3	1	5	4	7	Weaver	..	..	3	3	..
J Plog	3	0	4	3	6	C Plog	..	..	4	3	6
E Schwinder	2	..	..	..	..	F Lotz	..	..	3	..	..
H Kesse	2	..	..	..	5	R Lotz	..	..	2	..	..
Burkhard	..	..	4	5	6						

No. 1 was at 5 live birds. No. 2 denotes the shoot-off; Eisenbauer and Wolf divided. Nos. 3 and 4 were at 5 targets. No. 5 was at 10 targets.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Feb. 23.—There were twenty-seven contestants in the Hell Gate Gun Club's main event to-day. Mr. Phil Woelfel was high with 9 out of 10. Seven killed 8, and six killed 7 each. The scores:

Schorty, 30.....102*1*2012— 6
Dr Davis, 26.....1000000010— 2
J A Belden, 28.....0120201*22— 6
C Van Valk, 28....2212201202— 8
E A Meckel, 28....121212*021— 8
P Garms, 28.....2121110010— 7
J Klenk, 28.....0011221211— 8
J Schlicht, 28.....0212202112— 8
J Hughes, 26.....2221110020— 7
A G Wilson, 28....2002002222— 6
Col. J H Voss, 30..1221112020— 8
Phil Woelfel, 28....2110222122— 9
J H Doherty, 26....02*0200001— 3
J H Shappert, 26...*000**0000— 0
R Baudendistel, 28.2111011200— 7
F Gardella, 26.....202002010*— 4
J P Dannefelser, 28.2102102202— 7
J F Wellbrock, 28..0*22202222— 7
Con Weber, 28.....221201*200— 6
J Kreeb, 28.....0122122100— 7
H Forster, 30.....2020220210— 6
P Albert, 28.....0101022201— 6
L T Muench, 28...0*1012*011— 5
P Cresci, 28.....2122212002— 8
C Lang, 28.....0100112022— 6
J H Sclg, 26.....02202221*0— 6
F Trostel, 28.....212*110221— 8

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Feb. 22.—The Holiday cup shoot of the Montclair Gun Club was well attended. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	20	10	25	25	Targets:	25	25	20	10	25	25
Gunther	14	17	18	..	..	18	Cross	..	..	4	..	..	..
Perley	19	18	10	..	..	14	Halloway	..	..	..	5	..	13
Cockefair	19	10	12	..	..	15	Whitaker	..	..	..	4	..	..
Batten	18	12	..	5	..	10	Kendall	..	..	..	..	14	9
Benson	16	..	..	..	..	10	Mathews	..	..	..	..	13	9
Allan	16	12	8	..	..	17	Henke	..	..	..	..	12	..
Webster	16	..	11	..	..	12	Taube	..	..	..	..	13	8
Wheeler	13	12	7	..	..	12	Meyer	..	..	..	..	..	8
Crane	13	12	..	..	..	8	Winslow	..	..	..	..	..	11
Babcock	..	..	9	3	..	12							

Team contest, eight men on a side, 25 targets per man:

Cross .....0001000000000000100000000— 2
Webster .....1100101001100100011110011—13
Allan .....1111111011100010111111101—19
Meyer .....1101100010001100000010000— 8
Whitaker .....0101111100101001110010101—14
Batten .....1011101100011100010000010—11
Perley .....0011011111111011110101011—18
Mundy .....0010011001011100100000010— 9—94
Wheeler .....1100011011011111110101001—16
Cockefair .....0011110111100011111101011—17
Gunther .....0111011111011000111001001—15
Babcock .....0011111111001011110100000—14
Holloway .....1100010111010010000111110—13
Winslow .....0001001010101000110000100— 8
Crane .....0010100011011010000001100— 9
Benson .....0111110011100010010101111—15—94

Montclair, N. J., Feb. 27.—At the practice shoot on Feb. 27 there was a good attendance and lots of fun. The targets were very swift. A wind blew in the face of the shooters, giving most of the targets a peculiar upward twist just at the wrong time. Over 1,100 targets were thrown.

Many of the men tried experiments in new ways of holding the gun, sighting, etc; these scores were not preserved.

Mr. Walker was the guest of the club. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
Walker	5	4	7	2	4	5	4	11
Geo. Batten	7	1	8	2	6	7	5	9
Matthews	5	4	6	6	7	..	..	..
C W Kendall	4	4	3	2	7	5	8	9
Holloway	7	4	8	7	7	7	5	12
Winslow	2	2	3	1	2	1	4	..
Howard	5	6	3	8	4	..	6	12
Crane	..	7	7	4	2	6	6	9
Severel	..	5	8	7	5	8	..	..
Babcock	..	6	7	7	8	9	8	10
Cockefair	..	6	7	7	5	6	7	10
Gunther	..	..	6	7	9	8	8	12
Wheeler	..	..	..	5	5	6	8	8
Benson	..	..	..	6	5	..	..	..

East Millstone Gun Club.

East Millstone, N. J., Feb. 22.—The first all-day merchandise shoot at targets was very successful, notwithstanding the hard rain all the morning of that day, and was very gratifying to the members of the newly organized East Millstone Gun Club.

More than twenty-five shooters faced the traps during the day. Messrs. H. Carpender, E. Carpender, Blish, Van Nuys and Wilson were the jolly delegation from the Brunswick Gun Club, while Dr. Pardoe and M. Rosenthal crossed the flood in coming from Bound Brook. These comprised the out-of-town shooters, while the home club shooters were out in force, and being familiar with the grounds, succeeded in capturing eighteen out of the thirty prizes.

The wind, which arose after it stopped raining, caused the targets to soar or dip, and made the shooting exceedingly difficult. This accounts for the low scores. H. Carpender was high man, with 73 per cent., followed by Dr. Pardoe, 71 per cent., and Van Cleef, 70 per cent., and Wilson 70 per cent. Van Cleef, Welsh, Wilson and Carpender were largest prize winners, while Pardoe and Remsen were always in the moncy in the sweepstakes.

Mr. Overbaugh, a trade representative, arrived in the afternoon, but did not shoot. The management feels quite safe in saying that all enjoyed the day thoroughly. Scorer, Mr. Swenson; referee, Mr. Pace; cashier, E. Garretson.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Wilson	8	9	9	6	9	..	6	9	10	5	6	5	..	10	7	7	8	7	..
Remsen	7	6	10	6	5	..	10	9	10	5	..	7	..	5	8	6	6	7	..
Welsh	6	8	4	..	7	..	7	12	11	..	5	..	..	8	..	3	10	7	6
Van Cleef	7	5	3	8	8	..	9	9	11	..	8	..	..	6	6	5	9	9	9
Van Nostrand	..	7	4	9	4	6	6	6	6	5	6	..	6	5	4	1	5	5	..
E Hulsizer	..	..	..	5	..	8	8	7	8	..	..	..	..	4	..	6	5	7	..
T Hulsizer	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	5	7	..	..	..	7	6	..	7	3	7	..
Vroom	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	7	5	..	4	6	..	6	7	6	..
Wright	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Carpender	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	7	6	..	8	8	7	6	..	..
E Carpender	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	6	..	..	8	6	6	6	..	..
Blish	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	9	3	..	6	5	6	8	..	..
C Van Nuys	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	6	6	..	8	5	4	5	..	..
Dr Pardoe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	4	9	8	..	5	8	7	8	..	..
Rosenthal	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	3	..	..	5	4	3	4	..	..
Staats	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Weaver	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Metz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Cortelyou	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nevins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

E. GARRETSON, Sec'y.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J.—These scores were made at the last shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. Messrs. Piercy, Dudley and Smith divided the honors and prize in the 100-target event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	20	25	25	25	25	25	25	20	15
Dudley, 20	13	10	18	20	20	17	15	20	19	..	..
Piercy, 20	14	13	16	20	17	23	19	16	23	..	13
Staples, 18	11	11	16	17	20	16	18	19	..	..	..
Gillie, 16	10	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	..
Kelley, 19	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Dyne, 16	..	6	..	15	14	15	15	..	..	..	..
E Heritage, 20	..	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..
Whitley, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Doran, 16	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dowdera, 16	..	2	6	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	..
Headden, 16	..	4	7	14	10	11	13	..	..	..	..
W Pearsall, 20	..	..	18	13	22	..	..	..	..	14	..
H Pearsall, 20	..	..	17	12	13	..	..	..	..	12	..
Smith, 16	..	..	..	13	17	19	19	15	..	..	8
Southard, 16	..	..	14	11	16	13	20	..	..	8	..
Ames, 16	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L Piercy, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	8

JAMES HUGHES.

North Side Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Feb. 27.—The event at 25 targets, for the price of the targets, had seven contestants, at the shoot of the North Side Rod and Gun Club to-day. Three tied on 18. The scores:

H Beckler .....1001111010111110011111110—18
C Fiddes .....1111111110011100101011101—18
I Storms .....0011111111001110110111011—18
A Howard .....1010110011100001101011111—15
W Harris .....1101010110010101101001110—14
C Lewis .....1010101101100000010111100—12
B Terhune .....1001100001101001011010110—12

Second event, 25 targets:

R Fairclough .....0010110010011110001100100—11
H Devine .....1011110000101110111101011—16
A Howard .....0011011111101101011100111—17
N Bogertman .....1000010101111010110011001—13
E Lewis .....0111000111111110000100100—13
B Terhune 0110110111w
C Fiddes 1111111101111110w

UNCLE HANK.

Mountainside Gun Club.

East Orange, N. J., Feb. 27.—A match shoot at 25 targets between Messrs. R. B. Baldwin and Joseph McDonough served to stimulate interest at the shoot of the Mountainside Gun Club today. The scores were: Baldwin 22, McDonough 16. On Saturday of this week the club will hold a merchandise shoot. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
G Ziegler	..	23	..	17	..	..	C Ziegler	..	12	..	..	19	17
J McDonough	18	..	18	18	..	..	W Whiskers	..	11	..	..	9	..
H O'Hagah	12	..	7	..	..	..	E Milliken	..	..	..	..	12	14
S L Beegle	11	..	15	14	..	..	J P Gillespie	..	..	..	..	..	13
R B Baldwin	..	20	..	..	..	..							

Florida Gun Club.

PALM BEACH, Fla., Feb. 26.—An event at 25 live birds between the officers of the Florida Gun Club was the chief event at the club shoot to-day. The officers participating were J. S. S. Remsen, president; William B. Dowd, New York, secretary, and Dr. Daniel Karsner, of Philadelphia, treasurer. Dr. Karsner won the match by scoring 23, Mr. Remsen 22, and Mr. Dowd 21.

A 5-bird handicap was won by J. S. S. Remsen with 5 straight. The third event was won by John W. Gates, who had 5 straight kills; Arthur T. Kemp scored 4. John W. Gates also won the fourth event, 5 live birds, from 34yds. mark. Four events of miss-and-out followed.

The local press states that seventeen cups, worth in all more than $2,000, have been presented to be shot for within the next two weeks. This is the most remarkable showing of cups which has ever been made here for any sport.

Florists Gun Club.

WISSINOMING, Pa., Feb. 23.—The performance of Mr. Fred Coleman in breaking a total of 94 out of 100 targets was the feature of the competition.

In the club shoot at 50 targets, the winners were: Class A—Sanford 38; Class B, Shaw 43; Class C, Massey 33.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The Gilman and Barnes international live-bird trophy was won by A. Tolsma, of Detroit, with a score of 23, at the Detroit Sportsmen's midwinter tournament, Feb. 18. He had formerly tied for this trophy three times. On Feb. 18, at the Vicksburg Gun Club grounds, Mr. J. J. Bradfield broke 92 out of 100 targets with a Winchester repeating shotgun. At the Milwaukee, Wis., shoot, Feb. 21, J. M. Hughes won expert and J. E. Bush won amateur averages. At Schenectady, N. Y., Feb. 22, Ike Tallman, H. H. Valentine, S. K. Warnick and H. E. Green won respectively first, second and third amateur averages. High averages at the Chicago trapshooters' Association tournament, Feb. 20-22, for three days were won by F. H. Lord; second, J. R. Graham; third, Kit Shepardson; fourth, Sam Willard; fifth, Geo. Roll. Each of the aforementioned used Winchester factory loaded shells.

The U. M. C. Co. have issued a neat vest-pocket booklet containing the Interstate Association trapshooting rules for live-bird and target shooting, different methods of dividing the moneys, how to organize a club and to manage a tournament, equivalents of powders, U. M. C. expert loads, and a number of score sheets for personal records. A list of important U. M. C. wins are also given. It is admirably printed on fine paper. The U. M. C. Co advises us as follows: "We will be glad to send your readers a copy if they address Department A, care the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., 313 Broadway, New York, and mention FOREST AND STREAM."

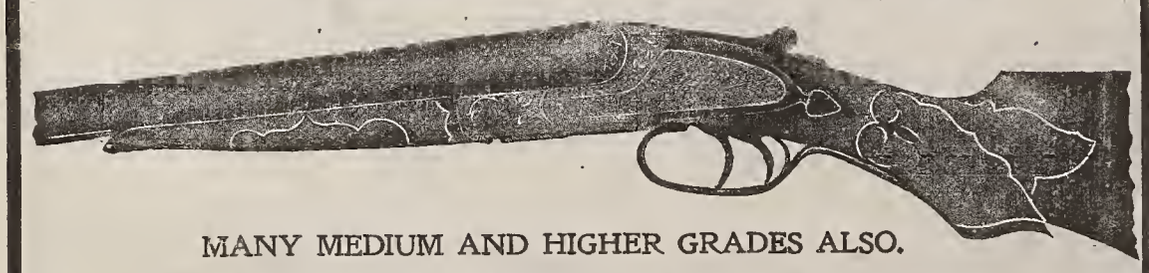
The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., have issued a profusely illustrated 130-page catalogue and price list, which is divided into three parts. Part I., is devoted to all kinds of Marlin rifles, cartridges, implements, sights and shotguns and prices. Part II. is descriptive of the excellence of the Marlin products, and Part III. gives minute information on the care of rifles, sighting, reloading, ammunition, powders, ballistics, etc.

Mr. John W. Dickinson, winner of the Peters Cartridge Co., live-bird trophy, a full account of which is given elsewhere in our columns, used Peters factory loaded shells, E. C. powder and a Smith gun. Capt. Geo. E. Bartlett, whose wonderful performances also are recounted, is a representative of the Peters Cartridge Co.

At Omaha, Neb., Feb. 2-5, Mr. J. H. Severson won the Interstate cup offered by Nebraska State. He used 3⅛drs. of "New Schultze." At Middletown, N. Y., Feb. 19, Mr. J. S. Fanning won first general average, breaking 89 out of 100 targets, and D. D. Stever and C. H. Smith were first and second amateurs. All used Infallible. Conditions were very hard, as a snowstorm prevailed.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1904.

VOL. LXII.—No. 11. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?

A CORRESPONDENT sends us this moving complaint and appeal: "I live in the town of Salina, bordering on the city of Syracuse. Game is very scarce here, and there is every reason for it to be so. I want a little advice. Every Sunday in the spring, summer, and fall, Italians flock into the surrounding country and shoot everything from a little wren to a crow or a sea gull. They are very fond of robins and meadowlarks. They even dynamite Lea Creek in the city limits. Is it possible to do anything to stop this?"

For relief from the Italian pot-hunter nuisance in this particular locality our correspondent should appeal, and not in vain, to the local State game protector. If that official does not take the matter in hand, communication should be had with the chief protector, J. Warren Pond, at Albany. For the suppression of the dynamiters, the Onondaga Anglers' Association, of Syracuse, would be, we are sure, glad to extend its co-operation. We advise application to these several parties, and shall look for a report of progress. What the individual cannot do, concerted action may accomplish. The foreign shooters were formerly rampant in the neighborhood of Orient, on Long Island. Last year the Orient Gun Club was organized with fifty members for the purpose of abating the nuisance of the Sunday fusillades of the Italians, and the effect of the movement is tersely summed up in the report: "Since the club's organization Sunday has been a quiet day, and song birds have had perfect freedom to enjoy life."

These depredations by Italians and other foreigners are just now engaging the attention of workers in the field of game protection very generally. In response to his recent paper on the depletion of bird life, President Alex. Starbuck, of the Cuvier Club, has received a communication from Chief Deputy Game and Fish Warden Charles E. Brewster, of Michigan, who declares it to be his conviction: "The source of the greatest danger to our song birds is, in my judgment, our foreign element. They come to this country imbued with the idea that here they will enjoy perfect and absolute freedom. To them a robin or a bluejay, a sparrow or meadowlark is of as large value as an article of food as a game bird of equal size. In this regard the Italians and Finns have proven especially destructive in our State."

As in New York and Michigan, so in Massachusetts, whose Commissioners of Fisheries and Game are seeking to secure from the Legislature now in session a search law to enable them the more effectively to cope with the foreign gunner plague. Several pages of the current annual report are devoted to the exposition of existing conditions as an argument of the desirability of such a search law. We quote these salient paragraphs:

To our minds there is no legislation for the protection of fish and game so much needed at the present time as a law which will give the right to search, with or without a warrant. There are many reasons why such a law should be enacted, the strongest of which, perhaps, is the pressing necessity of securing better protection for our insect-eating birds than is now possible.

The destruction of insectivorous birds is going on at a rate that threatens their extermination in the not distant future, or at least their serious decimation, to that degree that they can be of little practical value in checking the depredations of the numerous insect pests, prominent among which are the gypsy moth and the brown-tail moth.

For several years recently natives of southern European countries and Asia Minor have come to this State in large numbers. There is often a colony of them in the larger cities, and in cases where extensive industrial operations are being conducted in some of the country districts, as building railroads, reservoirs, etc., men of this class are often brought together; sometimes there are camps containing hundreds of them.

Wherever they are, these men generally develop a remarkable tendency to hunt when they can get away from their work—to hunt regardless of law, as a rule; and especially are they noted for killing insectivorous birds. It is true they sometimes catch small birds in traps, or by the use of bird lime, but the usual thing is for them to get possession of a cheap gun, some powder and shot, and then to go into the pastures and covers and shoot at anything that moves, although song and insectivorous birds are the special objects of their pursuit. It is not difficult to imagine the slaughter done by the groups who go out from the large cities, or by those who are temporarily assembled in the country towns; but it is a conservative estimate, that if this destruction goes on much longer, practically unrestricted, the effect upon the numbers of our small birds will be seriously evident.

Occasionally these men are caught in the act of shooting or trapping birds, and are brought into court, perhaps to be fined to the limit of the law if convicted, but more commonly with some other result. But, as the law now stands, one of these men may have all his pockets stuffed with birds, and boldly walk by one authorized to enforce the law against shooting; and the latter, though he suspects the true condition, must stand helpless in the face of one of the most injurious and least excusable violations of the fish and game laws.

It will readily be seen that the chance of actually witnessing a violation of the law by shooting small birds is remote; and when there are so few active salaried deputies, little can be done to repress this illegal work until proper and necessary authority is given to the officers charged with the enforcement of law.

This description of conditions existing in Massachusetts will be recognized as a truthful picture of the small bird destroying Italian wherever he is herded together in temporary labor camps, or where he has opportunity to go abroad from city tenements for the ravaging of suburban fields. We have more than once found occasion to discuss these conditions as existing on Long Island on the east of New York city, on Staten Island to the south of Manhattan Island, in Westchester county on the north, and in New Jersey on the west.

Everywhere the foreign shooter is ubiquitous; and everywhere he is a problem which must be coped with.

What shall we do with him?

For one thing a search law such as they are discussing in Massachusetts would do something.

Something more would be done by a law absolutely forbidding the possession of firearms in the fields in the close season for game. Exception could be made in favor of landowners on their own property, and their guests, and persons holding their written permission. As the song bird killers hunt in spring and fall, the enforcement of a law forbidding the carrying of arms in close season would cut off a very large part of the shooting.

A third expedient—which has been adopted in Pennsylvania—is a law which classes the Italian with the non-resident sportsman, and requires him to take out a shooting license before he may carry a gun into the fields. The statute provides:

"Every non-resident and every unnaturalized, foreign-born resident of this Commonwealth shall be required to take out a license from the treasurer of the county in which he proposes to hunt before beginning to hunt in any part of this Commonwealth. Each and every person not a resident of this Commonwealth, and each and every person who is an unnaturalized, foreign-born resident of this Commonwealth, shall pay a license fee of ten dollars *. * * said certificate shall not be transferable, and shall be exposed for examination upon demand made by any game protector, constable, or game warden of the State. Sec. 2. Possession of a gun, in the fields or in the forests or on the waters of this Commonwealth, by an unnaturalized, foreign-born resident or a non-resident of this Commonwealth, without having first secured the license required by this act, shall be prima facie evidence of a violation of its provisions."

Any one of these plans, and any other that may be suggested, must depend for its full efficiency upon policing the fields by a larger force of game wardens than is now possessed by any one State. But even under existing conditions, and with the forces at hand, any one of them could be made a valuable factor in mitigating this foreign curse which the Almighty has brought upon America.

THE PASSING OF THE KADIAK BEAR.

ABOUT twenty years ago America's greatest ungulate passed out of existence. If not the largest of mammals, it was at least one of the largest bearing horns and hoofs. Once stupendous in its numbers, and occupying a third of the continent, it then utterly disappeared.

The extinction of America's largest carnivore is immediately impending, and probably cannot be prevented. Not only is it the largest carnivore of America, but perhaps of the whole world—the giant Kadiak bear.

So far as known, this species is confined to the Island of Kadiak, in Alaska, where from time immemorial it has been hunted by the natives. As the country has been more and more fully occupied, and as the animals which furnish food and fur to the natives have grown constantly fewer in number, the pursuit of the Kadiak bear became constantly closer, so that a hunter visiting the island not long ago for the purpose of securing one of these bears has expressed the opinion that they were becoming very scarce. He spent eighty-seven days hunting before he secured the specimen he desired. Each spring the hunters, whether Aleuts, Russians, or Americans, patrol the deep bays of the island looking over the snowclad hillsides in search of the tracks made by the bears when they first leave their dens, about the end of April. So complete is the natives' acquaintance with the habits of the bear, that when the tracks are found, the securing of the bear is almost a certainty.

Hunted in each valley which they must visit for subsistence, the bears are becoming constantly scarcer, wilder, and better able to take care of themselves, and at last they would have been killed down to a point where so few of them existed that their hunting would have been abandoned, and they would have had the opportunity partially to reestablish themselves. But a new element has come into the question of their existence. Last year a large number of sheep were introduced at a point on Kadiak Island. They had not been there long before the news of the new food supply spread among the bears of the neighborhood, and they gathered near the flock to feast upon them. The sheep herders endeavored to protect their charges, and the result was that about a dozen of these great bears were killed.

It is stated that this season more sheep are to be introduced at a number of points on Kadiak Island, and wherever they exist there the bears will gather to feast on the mutton. There, too, the shepherd will be present to protect the sheep, and the matter of getting all the bears that approach them will be one of very short time only. Thus this introduction of the domestic sheep on the Island of Kadiak will sound the death knell of this huge bear, and in a few years he will be known only by the few skins and skeletons that may exist in the museums.

Obviously no law can interfere to prevent men from protecting their property on Kadiak Island, and it is equally certain that no bear will shun a flock of sheep. Inevitably mutton will be preferred to the roots of the salmon berry, and even to the salmon which come up the stream, and before long Kadiak Island will be bereft of its bears.

No man again will see the sight once witnessed by an eminent ichthyologist, who, approaching Karluk Lake, cautiously raised his head above the brow of a hill and saw wandering about in the meadows bordering the lake twenty-five or thirty of these monstrous bears, each taller and much heavier than a full grown steer. Is it any wonder that the ichthyologist with equal caution lowered his head, and, turning his back on Karluk Lake and its surroundings, sped swiftly campward?

But for the coming of these sheep the attitude of the Alaska people toward the Kadiak bears might have been expressed in the liturgical salutation, "Peace to thee!" The intrusion of the wool interests has changed all that.

Consider the paradox of the situation. Bears are fond of mutton and wax fat on it. Sheep are defenseless, inoffensive creatures, and in the clutch of bruin absolutely helpless and passive. Considering the giant strength and rapacity of the one, the piteous weakness of the other, the introduction of sheep into a bear country might be considered the beginning of good things for the bears, the end of all things for the sheep. But the actual event is the very reverse. In the weakness of the sheep is the destruction of the bear. Human intervention means his doom. The Kadiak bear tragedy which is unfolding here in the remote corner of the Northwest is only in mimic stage setting the rehearsal of the world-wide tragedy which has been enacted since the time when man first turned sheep herder. As it is on the sheep ranges of Kadiak to-day, so was it in the vales of Bethlehem, where the shepherd son of Jesse defended his flocks:

"And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he rose against me, I caught him by his beard and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear."

NEXT WEEK.

FLOATING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI. By Raymond S. Spears.

THE BLOW-PIPE MEN OF THE PHILIPPINES. By a Manila correspondent.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Trails of the Pathfinders.

III.—Alexander Henry.

(*Continued.*)

THE Freneh Government had established regulations governing the fur trade in Canada, and in 1765, when Henry made his second expedition, some features of the old system were still preserved. No person was permitted to enter the countries lying northwest of Detroit unless furnished with a lieense, and military eommanders had the privilege of granting to any individual the exelusive trade of partieular distriets.

At this time beaver were worth two shillings and sixpenee per pound; otter skins, six shillings each; martens, one shilling and sixpence; all this in nominal Miehilimaekinae eurreney, although here fur was still the eurrent eoin. Henry loaded his four canoes with the value of ten thousand pounds' weight of good and merehantable beaver. For provision he purchased fifty bushels of corn, at ten pounds of beaver per bushel. He took into partnership Mr. Cadotte, and leaving Miehilimaekinac July 14, and Sault Sainte-Marie the 26th, he proceeded to his wintering ground at Chagouemig. On the 19th of August he reaehed the river Ontonagan, notable for its abundanee of native eopper, whieh the Indians used to manufaeture into spoons and braeelets for themselves. This they did by the mere proeess of hammering it out. Not far beyond this river he met Indians, to whom he gave eredit. "The priees were for a stroud blanket, ten beaver skins; for a white blanket, eight; a pound of powder, two; a pound of shot, or of ball, one; a gun, twenty; an ax of one pound weight, two; a knife, one." As the value of a skin was about one dollar, the priees to the Indians were fairly high.

Chagouemig, where Henry wintered, is now known as Chequamegon. It is in Wiseonsin, a bay whieh partly divides Bayfield from Ashland eounty, and seems always to have been a great gathering plaee for Indians. There were now about fifty lodges here, making, with those who had followed Henry, about one hundred families. All were poor, their trade having been interfered with by the English invasion of Canada, and by Pontiae's war. Henry was obliged to distribute goods to them to the amount of three thousand beaver skins, and this done, the Indians separated to look for fur. Henry sent a elerk to Fond du Lae with two loaded eanoes; Fond du Lac being, roughly, the site of the present eity of Duluth. As soon as Henry was fairly settled, he built a house, and began to eolleet fish from the lake as food for the winter. Before long he had two thousand trout and whitefish, the former frequently weighing fifty pounds eaeh, the latter from four to six. They were preserved by being hung up by the tail, and did not thaw during the winter. When the bay froze over, Henry amused himself by spearing trout, and sometimes eaught a hundred in a day, eaeh weighing, on an average, twenty pounds.

He had some difficulty with the first hunting party whieh brought furs. The men crowded into his house and demanded rum, and when he refused it, they threatened to take all he had. His men were frightened, and all abandoned him. He got hold of a gun, however, and on threatening to shoot the first who should lay hands on anything, the disturbanee began to subside, and was presently at an end. He now buried the liquor that he had, and when the Indians were finally persuaded that he had none to give them, they went and eame very peaceably, paying their debts, and purehasing goods.

The ice broke up in April, and by the middle of May the Indians began to come in with their furs, so that by the close of the spring Henry found himself with a hundred and fifty packs of beaver, weighing a hundred pounds each, besides twenty-five paeks of otter and marten skins. These he took to Miehilimackinae, aecompanied by fifty canoes of Indians, who still had a hundred paeks of beaver that they did not sell. It appears, therefore, that Henry's ten thousand pounds of beaver brought him fifty per cent. profit in beaver, besides the otter and the marten skins which he had.

On his way baek he went up the Ontonagan River to see the celebrated mass of copper there, whieh he estimated to weigh no less than five tons. So pure was it that with an ax he chopped off a piece weighing a hundred pounds. This great mass of copper, which had been worked at for no one knows how long by Indians and by early explorers, lay there for eighty years after Henry saw it; and finally, in 1843, was removed to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. It was then estimated to weigh between three and four tons, and the cost of transporting it to the national capital was about $3,500.

The following winter was passed at Sault Sainte-Marie, and was rather an unhappy one, as the fishery failed, and there was great suffering from hunger. Canadians and Indians came in from the surrounding eountry, driven in by lack of food. Among the ineidents of the winter was the arrival of a young man who had been guilty of cannibalism. He was killed by the Indians, not so much as punishment for the acts that he had committed, as from fear that he would kill and eat some of their children.

A journey to a neighboring bay resulted in no great catch of fish, and returning to the Sault, Henry started for Miehilimaekinae. At the first encampment, an hour's fishing procured them seven trout, of from ten to twenty pounds' weight. A little later they met a camp of Indians who had fish, and shared with them; and the following day Henry killed a earibou, by whieh they camped, and on which they subsisted for two days.

The following winter Henry stopped at Miehipicoten, on the north side of Lake Superior, and about a hundred and fifty miles from the Sault. Here there were a few people known as *Gens des Terres,* a tribe of Algonquians, living in middle Canada, and ranging from the Athabasea country east to Lake Temiseamingue. A few of them still live near the St. Mauriee River, in the Province of Quebee. These people, though miserably poor, and oeeupying a country eontaining very few animals, had a high reputation for honesty and worth. Therefore Henry gave to every man eredit for one hundred beaver skins, and to every woman, thirty—a very large eredit.

There was some game in this eountry, a few caribou, and some hares and partridges. The hills were well wooded with sugar-maples, and from these, when spring eame, Henry made sugar; and for a time this was their sole provision, eaeh man eonsuming a pound a day, desiring no other food, and being visibly nourished by the sugar. Soon after this, wildfowl appeared in such abundanee that subsistenee for fifty men could without diffieulty be shot daily by one; but this lasted only for a week, by whieh time the birds all departed. By the end of May all to whom Henry had advanced goods returned, and of the two thousand skins for which he had given them eredit, not thirty remained unpaid. The small loss that he did suffer was oeeasioned by the death of one of the Indians, whose family brought all the skins of which he died possessed, and offered to eontribute among themselves the balanee.

The following winter was also to be passed at Michipicoten, and in the month of Oetober, after all the Indians had reeeived their goods and had gone away, Henry set out for the Sault on a visit. He took little provision, only a quart of eorn for each person.

On the first night they eamped on an island sacred to Nanibojou, one of the Chippewa gods, and failed to offer the tobaeeo, whieh an Indian would always have presented to the spirit. In the night a violent storm arose which eontinued for three days. When it abated on the third day they went to examine the net which they had set for fish, and found it gone. The wind was ahead to return to Miehipicoten, and they steered for the Sault; but that night the wind shifted and blew a gale for nine days following. They soon began to starve, and though Henry hunted faithfully, he killed nothing more than two snowbirds. One of his men informed him that the other two had proposed to kill and eat a young woman, whom they were taking to the Sault, and when taxed with the proposition, these two men had the hardihood to acknowledge it. The next morning, Henry, still searching for food, found on a roek the *tripe de roche,* which is more or less well known as a lichen, which, when cooked, yields a jelly whieh will support life. The discovery of this food, on which they supported themselves thereafter, undoubtedly saved the life of the poor woman. When they embarked on the evening of the ninth day they were weak and miserable; but, luekily, the next morning, meeting two eanoes of Indians, they received a gift of fish, and at once landed to feast on them.

In the spring of 1769, and for some years afterward, Henry turned his attention more or less to mines. He visited the Ile de Maurepas, said to contain shining rocks and stones of rare description, but was much disappointed in the island, which seemed commonplace enough. A year later Mr. Baxter, with whom Henry had formed a partnership for copper mining, returned, and during the following winter, at Sault Sainte-Marie, they built vessels for navigating the lakes. Henry had heard of an island in Lake Superior described as covered with a heavy yellow sand like gold dust, and guarded by enormous snakes. With Mr. Baxter he searched for this island and finally found it, but neither yellow sands, nor snakes, nor gold. Hawks there were in abundance, and one of them pieked Henry's cap from his head. There were also caribou, and they killed thirteen, and found many complete and undisturbed skeletons. Continuing their investigations into the mines about the lakes, they found abundant copper ore; and some supposed to contain silver. But their final conclusion was that the cost of carrying the copper ore to Montreal must exceed its marketable value.

In June, 1775, Henry left Sault Sainte-Marie with four large canoes and twelve small ones, carrying goods and provisions to the value of three thousand pounds sterling. He passed west, over the Grand Portage, entered Lac à la Pluie, passed down to the Lake of the Woods, and finally reaehed Lake Winipegon. Here there were Crees, variously known as Christinaux, Kinistineaux, Killistinoes, and Killistinaux. Lake Winipegon is sometimes called the Lake of the Crees. These people were primitive. Almost entirely naked, the whole body was painted with red ochre; the head was wholly shaved, or the hair was plucked out, exeept a spot on the crown, where it grew long and was rolled and gathered into a tuft; the ears were pierced, and filled with bones of fishes and land animals. The women, on the other hand, had long hair, which was gathered into a roll on either side of the head above the ear, and was covered with a piece of skin, painted or ornamented with beads of various colors. The traditions of the Cheyennes of to-day point baek to precisely similar methods of dressing the hair of the women and of painting the men.

The Crees were friendly, and gave the traveler presents of wild rice and dried meat. He kept on along the lake, and soon joined Peter Pond, a well-known trader of early days. A little later, in early September, the two Frobishers and Mr. Patterson overtook them. On the 1st of October they reached the River de Bourbon, now known as the Saskatehewan, and proceeded up it, using the towline to overeome the Great Rapids. They passed on into Lake de Bourbon, now Cedar Lake, and by old Fort Bourbon, built by the Sieur de Vérendrye. At the mouth of the Pasquayah River they found a village of Swampy Crees, the chief of whom expressed his gratifieation at their coming, but remarked that, as it would be possible for him to kill them all when they returned, he expected them to be extremely liberal with their presents. He then speeified what it was that he desired, namely, three casks of gunpowder, four bags of shot and ball, two bales of tobaeeo, three kegs of rum, and three guns, together with many smaller artieles. Finally he deelared that he was a peaceable man, and always tried to get along without quarrels. The traders were obliged to submit to being thus robbed, and passed on up the river to Cumberland House. Here they separated, Mr. Cadotte going on with four canoes to the Fort des Prairies, a name given then and later to many of the trading posts built on the prairie. This one is probably that Fort des Prairies which was situated just below the junction of the north and south forks of the Saskatehewan River, and was known as Fort Nippewen. Mr. Pond, with two eanoes, went to Fort Dauphin, on Lake Dauphin, while the Messrs. Frobisher and Henry agreed to winter together on Beaver Lake. Here they found a good place for a post, and were soon well lodged. Fish were abundant, and the post soon assumed the appearanee of a settlement. Owing to the lateness of the season, their eanoes could not be buried in the ground, as was the common praetice, and they were therefore plaeed on seaffolds. The fishing here was very successful, and moose were killed. The Indians brought in beaver and bear's meat, and some skins for sale.

In January, '76, Henry left the fort on Beaver Lake, attended by two men, and provided with dried meat, frozen fish, and cornmeal, to make an exeursion over the plains, "or, as the French denominate them, the Prairies, or Meadows." There was snow on the ground, and the baggage was hauled by the men on sledges. The eold was bitter, but they were provided with "ox skins, whieh the traders call buffalo robes."

Beaver Lake was in the wooded eountry, and, indeed, all Henry's journeyings hitherto had been through a region that was timbered; but here, striking south and west, by way of Cumberland House, he says, "I was not far advanced before the country betrayed some approaehes to the characteristic nakedness of the plains. The wood dwindled away, both in size and quantity, so that it was with difficulty we could collect sufficient for making a fire, and without fire we could not drink, for melted snow was our only resource, the ice on the river being too thick to be penetrated by the ax." Moreover, the weather was bitterly cold, and after a time provisions grew scanty. No game was seen and no trace of anything human. The men began to starve and to grow weak, but as tracks of elk and moose were seen, Henry eheered them up by telling them that they would certainly kill something before long.

"On the twentieth, the last remains of our provisions were expended; but I had taken the precaution to coneeal a cake of chocolate in reserve for an oecasion like that which was now arrived. Toward evening my men, after walking the whole day, began to lose their strength, but we nevertheless kept on our feet till it was late, and when we encamped I informed them of the treasure which was still in store. I desired them to fill the kettle with snow, and argued with them the while that the chocolate would keep us alive for five days at least, an interval in which we should surely meet with some Indian at the chase. Their spirits revived at the suggestion, and, the kettle being filled with two gallons of water, I put into it one square of the chocolate. The quantity was scarcely sufficient to alter the color of the water, but each of us drank half a gallon of the warm liquor, by whieh we were much refreshed, and in its enjoyment felt no more of the fatigues of the day. In the morning we allowed ourselves a similar repast, after finishing which we marched vigorously for six hours. But now the spirits of my companions again deserted them, and they deelared that they neither would, nor could, proceed any further. For myself, they advised me to leave them, and accomplish the journey as I could; but for themselves, they said, that they must die soon, and might as well die where they were as anywhere else.

"While things were in this melancholy posture, I filled the kettle and boiled another square of chocolate. When prepared I prevailed upon my desponding companions to return to their warm beverage. On taking it they recovered inconceivably, and, after smoking a pipe, con-

sented to go forward. While their stomachs were comforted by the warm water they walked well, but as evening approached fatigue overcame them, and they relapsed into their former condition, and, the chocolate being now almost entirely consumed, I began to fear that I must really abandon them, for I was able to endure more hardship than they, and, had it not been for keeping company with them, I could have advanced double the distance within the time which had been spent. To my great joy, however, the usual quantity of warm water revived them.

"For breakfast the next morning I put the last square of chocolate into the kettle, and, our meal finished, we began our march in but very indifferent spirits. We were surrounded by large herds of wolves which sometimes came close upon us, and who knew, as we were prone to think, the extremity in which we were, and marked us for their prey; but I carried a gun, and this was our protection. I fired several times, but unfortunately missed at each, for a morsel of wolf's flesh would have afforded us a banquet.

"Our misery, nevertheless, was still nearer its end than we imagined, and the event was such as to give one of the innumerable proofs that despair is not made for man. Before sunset we discovered on the ice some remains of the bones of an elk left there by the wolves. Having instantly gathered them, we encamped, and, filling our kettle, prepared ourselves a meal of strong and excellent soup. The greater part of the night was passed in boiling and regaling our booty, and early in the morning we felt ourselves strong enough to proceed.

"This day, the twenty-fifth, we found the borders of the plains reaching to the very banks of the river, which were two hundred feet above the level of the ice. Water marks presented themselves at twenty feet above the actual level.

"Want had lost his dominion over us. At noon we saw the horns of a red deer standing in the snow on the river. On examination we found that the whole carcass was with them, the animal having broke through the ice in the beginning of the winter in attempting to cross the river too early in the season, while his horns, fastening themselves in the ice, had prevented him from sinking. By cutting away the ice we were enabled to lay bare a part of the back and shoulders, and thus procure a stock of food amply sufficient for the rest of the journey. We accordingly encamped and employed our kettle to good purpose, forgot all our misfortunes, and prepared to walk with cheerfulness the twenty leagues which, as we reckoned, still lay between ourselves and Fort des Prairies.

"Though the deer must have been in this situation ever-since the month of November, yet its flesh was perfectly good. Its horns alone were five foot high or more, and it will therefore not appear extraordinary that they should be seen above the snow.

"On the twenty-seventh, in the morning, we discovered the print of snowshoes, demonstrating that several persons had passed that way the day before. These were the first marks of other human feet than our own which we had seen since our leaving Cumberland House, and it was much to feel that we had fellow-creatures in the wide waste surrounding us. In the evening we reached the fort."

At Fort des Prairies Henry saw more provisions than he had ever before dreamed of. In one heap he saw fifty tons of buffalo meat, so fat that the men could hardly find meat lean enough to eat. Immediately south of this plains country, which he was on the edge of, was the land of the Osinipoilles, and, some of these people being at the fort, Henry determined to visit them at their village, and on the 5th of February set out to do so. The Indians whom they accompanied carried their baggage on dog travois. They used snowshoes and traveled swiftly, and at night camped in the shelter of a little bunch of wood. There were fourteen people in the tent in which Henry slept that night, but these were not enough to keep each other warm. They started each morning at daylight, and traveled as long as they could, and over snow that was often four feet deep. During the journey they saw buffalo, which Henry always calls wild oxen, but did not disturb them, as they had no time to do so, and no means of carrying the flesh if they had killed any. One night they met two young men who had come out to meet the party. They had not known that there were white men with it, and announced that they must return to advise the chief of this; but before they could start, a storm came up which prevented their departure. All that night and part of the next day the wind blew fiercely, with drifting snow. "In the morning we were alarmed by the approach of a herd of oxen, who came from the open ground to shelter themselves in the wood. Their numbers were so great that we dreaded lest they should fairly trample down the camp; nor could it have happened otherwise, but for the dogs, almost as numerous as they, who were able to keep them in check. The Indians killed several when close upon their tents, but neither the fire of the Indians nor the noise of the dogs could soon drive them away. Whatever were the terrors which filled the wood, they had no other escape from the terrors of the storm."

Two days later they reached the neighborhood of the camp, which was situated in a woody island. Messengers came to welcome them, and a guard armed with bows and spears, evidently the soldiers, to escort them to the home which had been assigned them. They were quartered in a comfortable skin lodge, seated on buffalo robes; women brought them water for washing, and presently a man invited them to a feast, himself showing them the way to the head chief's tent. The usual smoking, feasting, and speech-making followed.

These Osinipoilles seemed not before to have seen white men, for when walking about the camp, crowds of women and children followed them, very respectfully, but evidently devoured by insatiable curiosity. Water here was obtained by hanging a buffalo paunch kettle filled with snow in the smoke of the fire, and, as the snow melted, more and more was added, until the paunch was full of water. During their stay they never had occasion to cook in the lodge, being constantly invited to feasts. They had with them always the guard of soldiers, who were careful to allow no one to crowd upon or annoy the travelers. They had been here but a short time when the head chief sent them word that he was going to hunt buffalo the next day, and asked them to be of the party.

"In the morning we went to the hunt accordingly. The chief was followed by about forty men and a great number of women. We proceeded to a small island [of timber] on the plain, at the distance of five miles from the village. On our way we saw large herds of oxen at feed, but the hunters forebore to molest them lest they should take the alarm.

"Arrived at the island, the women pitched a few tents, while the chief led his hunters to its southern end, where there was a pound or inclosure. The fence was about four feet high, and formed of strong stakes of birch wood, wattled with smaller branches of the same. The day was spent in making repairs, and by evening all was ready for the hunt.

At daylight several of the more expert hunters were sent to decoy the animals into the pound. They were dressed in ox skins, with the hair and horns. Their faces were covered, and their gestures so closely resembled those of the animals themselves that, had I not been in the secret, I should have been as much deceived as the oxen.

"At ten o'clock one of the hunters returned, bringing information of the herd. Immediately all the dogs were muzzled; and, this done, the whole crowd of men and women surrounded the outside of the pound. The herd, of which the extent was so great that I cannot pretend to estimate the numbers, was distant half a mile, advancing slowly, and frequently stopping to feed. The part played by the decoyers was that of approaching them within hearing and then bellowing like themselves. On hearing the noise, the oxen did not fail to give it attention, and, whether from curiosity or sympathy, advanced to meet those from whom they proceeded. These, in the meantime, fell back deliberately toward the pound, always repeating the call whenever the oxen stopped. This was reiterated till the leaders of the herd had followed the decoyers into the jaws of the pound, which, though wide asunder toward the plain, terminated, like a funnel, in a small aperture or gateway, and within this was the pound itself. The Indians remark that in all herds of animals there are chiefs, or leaders, by whom the motions of the rest are determined.

"The decoyers now retired within the pound, and were followed by the oxen. But the former retired still further, withdrawing themselves at certain movable parts of the fence, while the latter were fallen upon by all the hunters, and presently wounded and killed by showers of arrows. Amid the uproar which ensued the oxen made several attempts to force the fence, but the Indians stopped them and drove them back by shaking skins before their eyes. Skins were also made use of to stop the entrance, being let down by strings as soon as the oxen were inside. The slaughter was prolonged till the evening, when the hunters returned to their tents. Next morning all the tongues were presented to the chief, to the number of seventy-two.

"The women brought the meat to the village on sledges drawn by dogs. The lumps on the shoulders and the hearts, as well as the tongues, were set apart for feasts, while the rest was consumed as ordinary food, or dried, for sale at the fort."

Henry has much to say about the Assinaboines, their methods of hunting, religion, marriage, healing, and many other customs. He notes especially their cruelty to their slaves, and says that the Assinaboines seldom married captive women.

On the 19th of February the Assinaboine camp started to the Fort des Prairies, and on the 28th camped at a little distance from it; but Henry and his companions went on, and reached the post that evening. Henry declares that "The Osinipoilles at this period had had no acquaintance with any foreign nation sufficient to affect their ancient and pristine habits. Like the other Indians they were cruel to their enemies; but, as far as the experience of myself and other Europeans authorizes me to speak, they were a harmless people with a large share of simplicity of manners and plain dealing. They lived in fear of the Cristinaux, by whom they were not only frequently imposed upon, but pillaged, when the latter met their bands in smaller numbers than their own."

On the 22d of March Henry set out to return to Beaver Lake. They reached Cumberland House on the 5th of April, and Beaver Lake on the 9th. The lake was still covered with ice, and fish had grown scarce, so that it was necessary to keep fishing all the time in order to provide sustenance. Early in May, however, the water fowl made their appearance, and for some little time there was abundance. They left their post on the 21st of April very short of provisions. They traveled slowly, finally coming to a large lake, which, on the 6th of June, was still frozen over, but the ice was too weak to be crossed. The Indians killed some moose. On reaching Churchill River they set out for Lake Arabuthcow [Athabasca] with six Canadians and an Indian woman as guide. The river was sometimes broad and slow-flowing, and again narrow and very rapid. Fish were plenty. On January 24 they reached Isle à la Crosse Lake, and met a number of Indians, to whom they made presents, and whom they invited to visit them at their fort. These Indians seem to have been Chipewyans, known to ethnologists as Athabascans. They accepted the white men's invitation, and all started for the fort, continuing the journey day and night, stopping only to boil the kettle.

The discipline among these Athabasca Indians seemed exceedingly good, as, in fact, it usually was in primitive times. The orders given by the chief were conscientiously obeyed, and this under circumstances of much temptation, since, when liquor was being served out to the young men, a certain number were told off who were ordered not to drink at all, but to maintain a constant guard over the white men.

In the trade which followed, the Indians delivered their skins at a small window in the fort made for that purpose, asking at the same time for the different articles they wished to purchase, of which the prices had been previously settled with the chiefs. The trade lasted for more than two days, and amounted to 12,000 beaver skins, besides large numbers of otter and marten skins. These Indians had come from Lake Arabuthcow, at which they had wintered. They reported that at the farther end of that lake was a river called Peace River, which descended from the Stony or Rocky Mountains, from which mountains the distance to the Salt Lake, meaning the Pacific Ocean, was not great. Other things the Indians told Henry which he did not understand, but a few years later Alexander McKenzie was to meet these questions and to solve many of them. These Indians dressed in beaver skins, and were orderly and unoffending. Mr. Joseph Frobisher and Henry now set out to return to the Grand Portage, leaving the remainder of their merchandise in the care of Thomas Frobisher, who was to go with them to Lake Athabasca.

When Henry reached the Lake of the Woods he found there some Indians, who told him that a strange nation had entered Montreal, taken Quebec, killed all the English, and would certainly be at the Grand Portage before they reached there. Henry remarked to his companion that he suspected the Bastonais had been up to some mischief in Canada, and the Indians at once exclaimed, "Yes, that's the name, Bastonais."

Without further accident Henry reached the Grand Portage, from which place he continued to Montreal, which he reached the 15th of October. Here he found that the Americans had been driven out, and that the city was protected by the forces of General Burgoyne. The capture of Montreal took place in the fall of 1775, and Quebec was besieged during the winter of 1775-'76, and it was nearly a year later that Henry heard the news at the Lake of the Woods.

This ends the account of Henry's travels, but he was still in the fur trade for many years later. In 1785 he was a leading merchant of Montreal, and in 1790 he returned to Michilimackinac.

His book was published in New York in 1807, and thus not until six years after the publication of Alexander Mackenzie's great work. Henry died in Montreal, April 4, 1824, in the 85th year of his age.

Besides himself being a fur trader, Henry was a father of fur traders. His son, William Henry, is constantly mentioned in the diary of Alexander Henry, the younger. A second son, Alexander, was also in the fur trade, and was killed on the Liard River. Alexander Henry, the younger, the nephew, is well known, and will be very fully noticed hereafter. A Mr. Bethune, constantly spoken of by Alexander Henry, Jr., may, or may not, have been a relative. Certain it is that Alexander Henry had nephews named Bethune.

The account from which we have so freely quoted is remarkable for its simplicity and clearness of style, as well as for the keen powers of observation shown by the writer. It is one of the most interesting of the many interesting volumes on the fur trade of its own and later times.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

Two for Grover.

IT was early in November, 1892. For many months during the close season our guns had lain in innocuous desuetude. The law, the absence of game, and a blistering sun vetoed indulgence in any sort of field sports. But the long summer was now over, the northers had begun to blow, bringing cooler days and crisp nights, and with them the hosts of water fowl for their winter sojourn in the warm South. The red gods called us and we must go duck shooting. Ah! but the election, now only a few days off, and the candidates coming down the home-stretch under whip and spur! We must stay to see the finish.

It was a condition and not a theory that confronted us. A political crisis was at hand, and if our favorites for Justice of the Peace, Constable, Coroner, and other important public functions failed of election, republican institutions would be imperiled. Clearly, we could not go until after the election; but, in the meantime, we could put in a lot of licks getting ready.

A comfortable sloop was chartered and brought around to a convenient wharf, and on Election Day drayloads of guns, ammunition, dogs, tents, bedding, cooking utensils, eatables, drinkables, and all sorts of unthinkables were carried on board. The results of the election—National, State and local—were decisive, and by midnight it was all over but the shouting.

Long before daylight, with copies of the first newspapers off the press, we tumbled into our bunks, exhausted by the labor and excitement of the day. There were a few words of command, a tramping about the deck, a rattling of blocks, and the little vessel was slipping away through the darkness, while we, down below, were sleeping the sleep of the just, the tired, and the victorious.

When we awoke for breakfast, the sun was high in the sky, and we were half way to the shooting grounds. A very jolly party it was, too, all except one colored gentleman, who declared dismally that his party "couldn't carry no States." As we discussed the breakfast we fought the political battle over again, and agreed among ourselves that it was now a mere matter of form to go down to Washington and get a "nice fat office or some other comfortable thing," and we determined then and there to turn out into the cold, unfeeling world every one of those obtrusive Republicans who had butted in, and for four years usurped our places at the public crib. For, while we were all in accord with our leader that "public office is a public trust," we were unanimously of the opinion that it was also a "private snap."

A pleasant sail ended in good season, and we took our places in the blinds for the evening flight. Straggling into camp at nightfall we found dinner ready, but—"Where's the Boss?"

"Hasn't got in from the lake yet. Pitch in, he'll be along presently."

Our Warwick soon appeared, sneaking in from the back of the camp, evidently anxious not to attract attention.

"What's he got?"

"Nothing but a pair of spoonbills."

"Whew! He's low gun."

"Won't do a thing to him."

The Boss sat down in silence.

"Say, did you hear that bombardment down by the outlet this evening?"

"Sure. Never heard such a bangin' since Farragut ran the forts."

"Whose stand was that?"

"Believe the Boss had some decoys out down there."

"That accounts for it. Couldn't kill anything with that old piece of gas pipe."

"Reckon his dog might ketch a cripple or two."

"He needs practice. I'll take him out behind the camp in the morning and throw up some bottles for him."

"He's been throwing up too many bottles already—sees 'em double."

"Say, Mistah Cook, throw them spoonbills out, they'll spile our bags. Don't want any trash ducks in this camp."

Everybody took a shot at the Boss, but he "chawed" on, apparently unruffled, being too good a sportsman to get rattled, and too much of a philosopher to lose his temper. Finally, as the fire slackened, he surveyed the party calmly, and drawled out: "You gentlemen seem to be having a lot of fun, and I'm not disposed to interrupt your merriment; but the plain fact is, I haven't been duck shooting at all this evening. I have just been celebrating the election of Grover Cleveland."

The explanation was ample. The Boss was vindicated, and we all joined in singing "Grover, Grover, four years more of Grover," a very popular air in the South in those days.

* * * * *

Four months later we had all gathered again at the old camp for the final shoot of the season. Spring was coming on apace, and the birds were taking through tickets by the air line for the Hudson Bay country. The evening flight was over, and the Reformer was low gun, coming in with only a single redhead. We determined to give him a bad quarter of an hour, but we never touched him. When he had taken all that was coming to him, and was serenely full of the good things of the table, he laid down his knife and fork and complacently inquired: "Were you gentlemen speaking of duck shooting, or do I mistake? Pardon me if I appear absent-minded tonight; I am absorbed, so to speak, in contemplation of that great historical event."

"What's he drivin' at?"

"He's goin' to lie out of it somehow."

He resumed pensively: "I hope you had good sport. I have not been duck shooting myself. I have spent the evening in celebrating, in a proper way, this great anniversary."

"Holy Moses! What are you givin' us? This ain't no anniversary."

"I am surprised at your ignorance of the history of our Republic. This is Grover Cleveland's birthday—Caldwell, New Jersey, March 18, 1837. Allow me, gentlemen, to propose his health, wishing him many happy returns of the day."

They couldn't down the Reformer, and "you'd orto heerd 'em yell" as they borrowed the toast of his friend Rip, and drank to the health of the stout Jerseyman, hoping that he might "live long and prosper."

NOAH DRAKE.

TEXAS, 1904.

The Camp-Fire Club.

THE Camp-Fire Club's last dinner of the season was held on Saturday evening, March 6, at the Aldine Association rooms, 111 Fifth avenue.

The guests of the evening were Mr. John Burroughs and Edward L. Thorndike, of Columbia University.

The evening was divided into three parts by the chairman, President William T. Hornaday. The first part was devoted to a very good dinner; the second part to the consideration of the intelligence of animals; the third part to an experience meeting among the members.

In his introduction of Messrs. Burroughs and Thorndike, President Hornaday criticised many of the theories advanced by the Rev. Wm. J. Long, who had addressed the Camp-Fire Club at the February dinner.

Mr. Thorndike told of his residence of eighteen months in a Harlem flat with three monkeys, during which time he had discovered the monkey to have a higher degree of intelligence than any other animal. His experiments with cats and dogs and chickens had furnished him with much interesting data connected with this subject.

Mr. John Burroughs was peculiarly and delightfully interesting. Declaring he had come to the camp-fire to talk with its members and not to them; he did, however, talk to them. As has already been shown in print, Mr. Burroughs has very little sympathy for the advanced ideas of Mr. Long. He said that he believed he had spent as many days in the woods as Mr. Long, from the fact that he was many years older, and that in these many years it had been his misfortune not to have the creatures of the woods perform their miracles in his presence as they had for Mr. Long, citing as an instance the woodcock packing mud on its broken leg, and then standing on one foot for an hour exposing the plastered member to the sun until it became hardened.

Mr. E. H. Fitch, assisted by Geo. Linklater, a well-known Canadian guide, gave a very instructive exhibition of the value of the tump line as a means of transporting heavy loads through the Canadian wilderness. This line consists of a heavy wide soft strip that fits across the forehead and is attached by either end to the heavy packs in such a fashion that the burden falls on the back just above the hips. When thus loaded a man, by poising the body well forward, may almost entirely relieve the strain on his neck. To illustrate the nature of this packing device, Mr. Fitch placed four hundred pounds on the back of Mr. Linklater, and he walked around among the diners with perfect ease; nor was there discoverable on Mr. Linklater's forehead a mark of any kind from contact with the strap.

The other speakers were Mr. Henry Walsh, who told a story of parrot life in British Honduras; Mr. L. F. Brown entertained the members in a most delightful way, speaking in a happy vein of some of his many interesting fishing and camping experiences, and ending by repeating a parody poem on Edgar Allen Poe's Raven. Mr. A. A. Anderson told many interesting things of the United States Teton forest reserve.. Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton spoke on the intelligence of the wolf family, showing how contact with human beings had brought out a newer intelligence, if not a higher. He instanced the ease with which wolves were once poisoned and trapped, and the difficulty in doing it now.

Natural History.

No Over-Production in this Line.

IT was early in April; cinquefoil, dandelions, violets, and Mayapples were starring the ground, while overhead dogwoods were masses of white blooms, buds on tulip poplars fast taking shape, and, in certain sheltered localities, buckeyes were giving promise of a scarlet future through April and May.

I had taken a wide circuit, searched carefully for my gnat-catcher friend, and given it up with the remark, "He's not here, that's sure," and lo! as I scrambled down the steep hillside where by and by pawpaws and Hercules' clubs will be overrun by a wealth of wild vines, a turn in the path disclosed two little blue-grays flitting about among the bare trees with as much at home an air as though a month—nay, possibly no more than a week—since they had not been reveling in orange groves away across the great gulf.

The male, the bluest of his kind, was singing his best, the lady listening approvingly and politely, it was clear, for she never changed position without saying, "Excuse me, my dear, but there is a gnat I must have." Satisfied now with the day's "arrivals," I left the ravine, and on consulting my record found this, which had seemed late, compared favorably with dates for "firsts" in former years.

Something like a week passed, and the bulk of their species had gone further north, leaving, however, numerous pairs to rear families in this part of Arkansas, and among them my April 4 friends.

They chose the end of a branch on a great maple that hangs over the drive at the cemetery, and by the 11th had begun to clasp bits of bark and other mossy stuff about it. Not in a helter-skelter manner, you may be sure, but with the nicest discrimination as to materials, and the workmanship of veterans in the business. Every tiny scrap was placed where the structure needed rounding out, and when fastened to their liking, off they would go for another installment.

Not a stone's throw away, there was a cross-vine that had climbed the chevaux-de-frise trunk of a honey locust, and while awaiting the return of the architects from their oft-repeated trips after supplies, the at first undefined interest in some half-opened buds on this single representative of the Bignonia family that blooms here, settled into a conviction that it, too, was watching the nest, and the day it was completed would hang out some full blown trumpets. Of course it may have been only a coincidence, but the very day the finishing touches were given to the dainty cup-covered outside with flower-like bits of lichen, and felted inside with spider's webs, which the little lady had pressed into shape with her soft breast, three gorgeous yellow-red blossoms swung gaily out toward the maple. Anxiety lest unfriendly eyes discover this cradle of hope had been lessening as the leaves grew larger, and now it was so nearly hidden, immunity from harm seemed sure.

Alas for such assurance! The third morning after the celebration, the little couple had completely disappeared, and nothing remained of the nest save its foundation. Whatever the reason for its destruction, the doer of the deed took from the world's stock of beauty and good cheer a portion that can never be replaced.

About the same time a peach tree at our porch door had been chosen as the prospective birthplace of a family of chipping sparrows. The nest was well hidden, and madame was just ready to reap the reward for her patience, when something evil transpired here, too, that left only the frayed and dilapidated beginnings of a home. No one could tell how it happened, and, worse still, none knew how to prevent a recurrence of the same tragic ending of high hopes, should the pair decide to rebuild in the tree.

Not far from the peach stands a young maple, whose branches were so laden with leaves that fear for the safety of its slender stem during a violent spring storm led its owner to cut some of the heaviest away. To the first that fell was, unhappily, suspended the beautifully constructed nest of an orchard oriole. The hope that such homes would be made in our trees had been at last realized, and this was the end. With the patient labor of days the marvelously artistic home had been made, and there it lay on the ground with its three tiny eggs still unbroken, but not all our love for the poor little things, nor knowledge of bird ways, would enable us to make up for the wrong done them, nor the pleasure and profit a family of that kind would have been to the neighborhood.

Knowing that birds love mulberries simplifies migration studies somewhat, and this year, because the crop was abundant just here, and less so possibly elsewhere, copious notes were made by keeping close to some one of a *Morus rubra* family that stands in my "north ravine." Interest in the coming and going of resident birds never flags, though of constant recurrence, all through the ripe berry season; but when, on a bright morning in early May, a number of Wilson thrushes and four scarlet tanagers were found in their company, something more than the usual pleasurable emotions were mine. Familiar with both in their summer haunts, only once heretofore had this branch of the tanager family been represented at my station, and that a single visitor for a day. Now they remained a full week, and not only was their peculiar "chip-chirr-r-r" often repeated, but spring song rehearsals were overheard on two or three occasions. It was while waiting expectantly for one of these that a nest of a wood thrush, with Madame at home, was discovered. The location was so favorable for study that I resolved to know all there was to be learned about raising thrush families, and paid daily visits to her tree. Ten consecutive mornings she was snug in the nest, and the gentleman often heard singing—as only a wood thrush can—then she was absent; and hours of watching thereafter proved the house was abandoned. What had caused its desertion at that most interesting of all moments could not be known, for the limb upon which it was resting swung just out of reach of the handle of my umbrella, and no other means of bringing it down were at hand. All to be said for a certainty is that a home had been carefully built, a little creature full of life and fond of freedom had remained perfectly quiet for days, and now, when she was to be repaid for it all, the hand of a greedy egg-collector, or the beak of a hungry enemy in feathers, had stolen the tiny cells, broken them open, and murdered the angelic musicians imprisoned within. Of the fate of the mother thrush I was not sure, but that no other nest was built in the neighborhood there remains not the shadow of doubt.

Some time before a neighbor telephoned, "What do you think! A redbird has a nest in that magnolia at the end of our gallery, and the lady was the more composed of the two when I parted the branches and surprised her this morning." Eggs were reported, and then came days of quiet for the bird and anxiety for my friend, followed at length by this message: "I'm in despair! Not a vestige of the nest we have guarded so jealously is left, and the poor little couple look so disappointed and forlorn that they make me perfectly miserable. What about our bird law? Oh, yes, I know it's hopeless, for I haven't the least idea whom to accuse. Wish I did, I'd go over to Little Rock this minute and enter complaint before Judge Trieber, for he says the birds belong to the State, and if to the State, then whoever took that nest from my very door took my personal property, and they should be punished accordingly."

After the middle of June we were in the Traverse Bay land, where scarlet tanagers, Wilson and hermit thrushes are as common as pewees, vireos, juncoes, and song sparrows; where purple finches, white-throated sparrows, and even rare winter wrens are to be heard singing; and robins and house wrens build in our porches. But here, as elsewhere, the kinds of misfortune are so numerous, and so impossible to guard against, that if, for some unexplainable reason, first broods did not fare better than later ones, the supply of tenants for our beautiful woods would soon be exhausted.

A little house had been put up in the porch before leaving the previous year, and a family of wrens left it the day we arrived. House-cleaning was begun almost immediately by the brown lady, then new sticks were carried in, the husband singing blithely meanwhile, whether from the spruce which enabled him to oversee the worker, or on his frequent trips after food for his ever-hungry babies. Silence on the part of the singer for a whole day made us fear a tragedy had occurred, and it required no investigation to decide the cause when the poor housewife's body was found with a grub too large to be swallowed, and too hairy to be ejected, once she had made the attempt. Examining the nest, five as sure promises for the early appearance of "the season's best vocalists" as ever were given by trustworthy impressario, were found snuggled amidst twigs and tiny rootlets, but of course the widower could not be expected to raise two families alone, so the house was "to let" the rest of the season.

Where the carriage drive joins our avenue stood an unoccupied cottage that was, on account of some events transpiring just under its roof, an object of interest to many. In a snug corner, a robin built her nest, and as long as the curiosity of her neighbors remained passive, all went well. However, a day came when it became aggressively active on someone's part, for on Madame R's return from a flying visit to some near-by service berries, the shells of the three eggs left in the nest lay on the sidewalk below. Happily such treatment did not prevent her from going over into the underbrush skirting the bluff to repeat her housekeeping experiment, and here, where a tall dead pine gave Mr. R. unobstructed view of all about him, it is hoped marauders were overtaken before harm was done.

The other event came through Mrs. Jennie's deciding the deserted nest to be as good a place to rear wren babies as they were likely to find so late in the year. It required some argument to induce Mr. Jennie to consent to the venture, but at length he was persuaded and enough furniture to change a robin's house into one suitable for their tiny progeny was moved in, and they settled down to the business in hand. We saw them come and go often, heard his song always, and in good time five little wobbly heads were seen in the nest. Numberless skirmishes with Billy, the chipmunk, and the more to be dreaded squirrels were undertaken in their behalf, and with success, it appeared, for in an incredibly short time they had outgrown their quarters and left us altogether. Report from an eye witness said the journey into raspberry land was safely accomplished, and that now forays for food were being made with the upturned roots of a tree as a starting point, and we were content.

Days before the robins were driven from the corner, the nest of a chestnut-sided warbler and another I was proud to identify as a black-throated blue warbler's, were discovered and daily visits paid until the young ones in the first were three days old and the other pair had three eggs. One who knew birds, but not that family, begged to go with me that morning, and I had just finished assuring her they must not be expected—though real warbler babies—to look very different from the ugliest sparrow at that time of life, as we tiptoed up to the nests. There they were, one in a tangle of blackberry vines, the other in a very small fir tree, both empty, and not a trace of their owners to be found anywhere.

We were talking of these accidents with a friend late in the summer, and were sorry to know results were the same in her field, though brought about by different causes. In some of her stories boys were to blame; in others, the squirrels and cats, but the ill that discouraged most—because impossible to prevent—was the drowning of whole broods of chickadees and chipping sparrows during cold rains in June. And this peculiarly unfortunate weather condition was found by later reports to have been general and serious enough to affect many families of birds.

In Bird Lore for September-October, Mr. Lord, of Rockland, Mass., told of the alarming death rate among martins and barn swallows from cold and starvation; Mr. Hales, of Ridgewood, N. J., of the almost entire absence of barn swallows in a neighborhood that had boasted numbers of families heretofore; Mrs. Horton, of Vermont, described the drowning and starving of a colony of martins and a family of black-and-white warblers; Mr. Jacobs, of Pennsylvania, gave a detailed account of the ills that befell his many families of martins; and on another page Mr. Brewster pictured the terrible havoc made at some bank swallows' nests by an entirely different agent—a mink.

Of course it is not denied that the birds whose nests were destroyed as related very probably rebuilt, nor that the martins and swallows may thrive and increase next year, but that the chances for a repetition of the same tragedies are just as probable can also not be denied, and it is because "we are," as Mr. Brewster says, "so nearly powerless to foresee and prevent such tragedies" that attention has been drawn to them with such particularity.

Given so many evils we cannot control, what shall be done about some not of that class? Make stringent laws and see they are enforced. The key to the future lies in the hands of the children, and they are not likely to sympathize very deeply with "the poor little birds," however poetically persuaded, so long as their mothers wear whole bodies or even their breasts. Assurances of their being made from feathers of domestic fowls may satisfy their wearers, but even with the milliner's certificate attached, the distinction is too fine for the average boy or girl. They are simply dead birds to them, and the habit of regarding them legitimate spoil, whether killed for sport, for food, or to ornament the gentler sex, has become too firmly fixed for anything to cure, save the making and enforcing of prohibitive laws, and unless we do this, next year's production will fall short of this in an ever-increasing ratio as time goes on until nothing remains.

MRS. L. MCG. STEPHENSON.

HELENA, Ark.

The Starling.

JERSEY CITY, Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to Robt. T. Morris, in FOREST AND STREAM of February 13, as to how starlings feed during winter, I will say from personal observation that large numbers of these birds can be seen almost any day feeding along the Hackensack meadows on a seed called "blue bens." This plant is very common on the meadows, in some places covering many acres of ground, growing to a height of three feet, and hanging heavy with seed.

It not only serves as food for the starlings, but all small birds that remain on the meadows during winter feed on it, and a friend of mine tells me he killed a black duck during the very high water of late last fall, and found him to be full of this same seed. I inclose some which I gathered to-day, and would be pleased to have you state whether "blue bens" is the right name or not.

A few years ago blackbirds were very common on the meadows, and to-day they are anything but common, and in their places we see large flocks of starlings. What has become of the vast numbers of blackbirds? I do not see half as many to-day as I did a few years ago. Has our friend the starling anything to do with it?

W. H. KEIM.

[Some of the British bird books say that in Scotland, where in winter the frost and snow cover up most sources of food supply, the starlings feed on the sea beach, sand, rocks, and mud flats uncovered at low tide. They have been observed feeding on the mud flats of the Harlem River, below Highbridge, New York, this winter. The grass sent by Mr. Keim is the tall smooth panic grass (*Panicum virgatum*, L.), one of the millet grasses which grows quite commonly over the whole Atlantic Coast, and spreads widely toward the west. The panic grasses are an important group of food grasses which afford fodder and grain food to many animals and birds. The blackbirds, about which our correspondent inquires, have grown scarce in many localities where once they were abundant. These birds do enormous damage to the rice crops of the South, and are there destroyed in great numbers. At the same time we have seen at various places in the South in winter vast flocks of these birds.]

NEW YORK, March 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The flock of starlings in Lawrence Park is apparently being broken up by the fancy that comes when a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove, and the males are in full song. They may be seen and heard at almost any time of day. The starling will probably rival the fox sparrow as an early songster, and it is interesting to note the early mating, after a winter so severe that all ordinary food supply has been out of reach for weeks at a time.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., Feb. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In last week's number of FOREST AND STREAM I notice that your correspondent mentions the fact that starlings are increasing the area of their range in his locality. In the immediate vicinity of South Orange, N. J., I had never observed them previous to a couple of months ago, when a flock of some forty or fifty individuals suddenly appeared in town and remained during the cold weather. At first the birds were rather wild, and it was only with some difficulty that I secured one for purposes of identification; but during the coldest days, and especially after a snowfall, they became quite familiar, spending their time either perched in the apple trees, or picking away at the ivy which grew on the house, while at night a number roosted behind the shutters on the third story. Crumbs and grain they persistently refused at all times, but they cleared my ivy of berries, and pecked at every frozen apple in the orchard.

It is now some years since starlings were first introduced into this country, and it would be interesting to learn from other sources just how far these familiar European birds have extended the area of their range. From all reports they are increasing rapidly, and it is not improbable that within a decade at least they will have become well established in many localities.

It is always interesting to watch the progress of a foreign species which has been introduced into a new environment. Let us hope that the little stranger will not develop any of those qualities which sometimes prove introduction a disastrous failure. Australia suffers from the ravages of the rabbit. The mongoose is the greatest calamity which ever befell Jamaica; and to-day there is hardly a village in the United States which does not suffer the tyranny of that diminutive rascal, the English sparrow.

WM. ARTHUR BABSON.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Robert T. Morris asks about what English starlings had to eat this winter. In a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM he will see where I referred to their eating frozen apples on the trees in my yard. Of course that is only one article, but it shows they are fond of such a diet when snow has covered the ground. ***

Winter Visitors from the North Pole.

DURING the summer of '80, I was sent by the head of a big lumber concern to take charge of a small mill they had completed at St. Jerome, a French settlement lying thirty miles to the north of Montreal. This mill was situated a mile from the village, and, to be near it, I found quarters with an old English settler whose farm adjoined our place. Summer passed, and fall merged into winter, which proved a severe one. Snow fell in such quantities as to about obliterate the wooden fences lining the country roads, the top posts alone showing. The mill hands all departed for the logging camp, and I had little to do beyond looking after the company's property. With the snowstorms, which were of frequent occurrence, great flocks of snowbirds (*Plectrophenax nivalis*) made their appearance from their Arctic home.

It was fun to watch them revel amid the feathery flakes, flying, like the blackbirds, in large numbers, generally against the north wind, and alighting to feed on the seed pods of the tallest weeds which stood in patches through the desolate fields, their heads alone showing above the white mantle that covered them. As fast as the first birds would alight, those coming behind, flying over their heads, pitched down a little in advance of them until they had all settled, when the leaders, who were now the hindmost, repeated the operation. In this manner those hardy little fellows all found food. They were graceful, easy fliers, and some of them were ever in sight, hovering over the wintry landscape.

Farms there were a half mile apart, and our nearest neighbor's two boys had, by setting snares near their homes, captured a pair of these birds which I noticed on passing their house one day. These I determined to obtain. A little silver did the business. They were male and female, beautifully colored in brown, yellow, and white, the last predominating. I secured a roomy cage for the pair, and hung it in the kitchen of the farmhouse, near a double window. The captives were exceedingly wild, and seemed to dislike the air of this warm room, so the cage was placed outside on the porch in a spot sheltered from the wind. Here they thrived much better, and in a few days I heard the male singing a low sweet warble to his mate. While they became used to my daily presence, and grew much tamer, yet I noticed they seemed to miss something, though their home was plentifully supplied with seed and water. I flattered myself that I understood birds and their wants in captivity pretty thoroughly, having had many varieties for the purpose of studying their ways from my boyhood up; but here I was evidently at fault. I racked my brain for the cause, and only found it by accident.

One day, when standing near, a bit of snow from the eaves fell within reach of the female on the cage. She eagerly devoured it, and looked about for more. The male seemed equally interested, so, taking the hint, I placed a generous lump inside the cage. The two fell upon it as though famished, eating a piece as big as a small apple in a few minutes. I had perceived that they cared little for their water cups, which were hardly disturbed during the day, and here was the solution of the problem that troubled me. Nature had ordained that these birds should forever dwell in a region where the water is always in a congealed state, but at the same time given them the power to eat snow with impunity.

Daily after that discovery they were supplied with it, and it seemed to me that the male now sang louder than before. As the wild flocks, at the first sign of spring's approach, began to disappear, my pets became uneasy, so on one March morning, noticing a small number of their species taking an early breakfast in a pasture opposite the porch, I opened the cage door to its widest extent, and the now happy pair, finding it out, flew joyfully over to join the others. A week later not a snowbird was about.

W. WARREN BROWN.

A Wild Cat and Railroad Rail.

NOTICING the account of the hundreds of jack rabbits that became frozen to the surface of the ice when they were trying to cross a pond, and which were mowed down and gathered up, we are moved to report a similar occurrence.

One morning last month a section hand on the Greenbrier Railway was coming to his work before daylight, and came upon a wildcat or red lynx which seemed to be fast in a trap. He attacked the animal with stones and a club and killed it.

Upon investigation it was found that the wildcat had swum the Greenbrier River and had one of its feet frozen to the iron rail of the railway, which was about thirty-five feet from the edge of the water.

The thermometer was six degrees below zero that morning.

The wildcat was killed about four miles from where I live, and the report caused a good deal of discussion as to whether it was worthy of belief.

I was inclined to give the story full faith and credence, and in this I was supported by many of those who are used to finding many strange things happening in the woods.

If this story was presented to a jury, I fear that learned opposing counsel would try to laugh it down, but there is much that could be urged in support of it.

In arguing the evidence it could have been shown that the killer, a negro man, left home unarmed, and appeared at the section house a mile away with a freshly killed wildcat. The tracks of the cat proved conclusively where it was killed. If the cat had not been in some sort of a trap, the man could not have approached it. There is no animal so rarely seen in the woods as a wildcat.

The tracks showed that it had come out of the river, and had not crossed the track.

The wildcat is a good swimmer, and takes to the water readily. Instances could be quoted where the wildcat has swum the distance of two miles.

Again, when the wildcat in its peregrinations arrived at the railroad track and was about to cross it, it would have noticed the open right of way and would have been intent to see whether any person was in sight, and would have taken a careful observation. In doing this, it is the nature of the beast to plant its fore foot on some elevated spot and listen and look intently for some moments. He rears on a log generally, but in this instance the rail was the highest point available, and therefore it planted its foot on the cold iron, and so met its fate.

Then, too, it might be urged that all members of the cat kind are very easily taken when trapped by the foot. One of the largest panthers ever taken in this section was trapped in a small steel trap such as boys use to take muskrats. The trapper was trapping for raccoon, and was rewarded by a large panther. The wildcat can be held by the weakest of traps when the foot is compressed.

On the whole, I think the story is true. I submitted the case to Harvey Cromer, a timber scout for a large land company, and one of the best woodsmen I ever saw, and he, after going into the matter, was inclined to believe it.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

ANDREW PRICE.

MARTINTON, W. Va.

Bears in Dens.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in your last issue that in Mr. Grinnell's story of Alexander Henry, he mentions Henry's killing a female bear in the den in January, and that they found the fat "six inches deep" in several places, and that, "the Indians remark that the bear comes out in the spring with the same fat which he carried in in the autumn." This exactly agrees with my experience with bears taken in the den, and is exactly contrary to what scientists say, and what the majority of people believe. Scientists assert that the bear lives in winter on his accumulated fat, and comes out poor in the spring. It has been my fortune to handle a good many bears taken from the den at all times in winter from early in December to, in one case, the very last day of March. I can now remember fifteen large bears which I have examined, and the most of which I skinned, all, without exception, were fat—some of them as fat as any I ever saw. One which was nursing two cubs, taken the very last day of March, was in good flesh.

The cubs are born in January, and at first are not much larger than gray squirrels. I have known of cubs evidently several days old to be taken the 8th day of January, although I think more are born later in the month. I have seen one with three yearling cubs, but never saw one with yearlings have any lately born. I think that many bears do not breed every year.

Henry speaks of "female bears always making their winter lodging in the upper parts of trees." With us this is different. I can recall four cases where female bears with cubs were either under roots or in hollow logs.

Many people think that bears sleep all the time in winter. While no one can prove that they do not sleep some, I know surely that the bear is a great part of the time. I have known of instances where bears had backed into hollow logs and their eyes were seen open; but the most conclusive evidence is a case where Henry Clapps, of Brewerville, Maine, kept two bears two winters. They were denned in his haymow, and he told me that he looked at them nearly every time he fed his cattle, and that they always had their eyes open.

M. HARDY.

The Coming of the Change.

SAYRE, Pa., March 5.—There are visible and exhilarating indications of spring. The buds of the soft maple are swelling, the tag alders are growing uneasy, and the pussy willows are perceptibly responding to the mysterious influence of nature's awakening. Wild geese have been seen repeatedly railroading northward during the past fortnight, while bluebirds and robins are everywhere in evidence. In the memory of the present generation no winter has equalled the one just closing in severity. Reports from local covers are to the effect that ruffed grouse have withstood the winter in excellent condition, but the quail have in some sections suffered terribly, and many bevies are said to be sadly depleted. It is hoped, however, that the birds will emerge from the long existing Arctic condition in better condition than reports would now appear to warrant.

Fishing tackle is beginning to steal into the store windows, and anglers are here and there unlimbering their wading boots in anticipation of the trout season.

M. CHILL.

A Complete Mastodon.

THE newspapers report the discovery, on a creek near Dawson, Yukon Territory, of a complete mastodon. The beast was covered with thirty feet of ice and gravel, and appears to be absolutely complete. It is stated that the skin and hair are perfectly preserved, but that the flesh is decomposed—two things that do not seem to go together. The value of the complete skeleton is placed at $50,000; it may possibly be worth one-fifth of that sum.

Deer Driven in by Hunger.

ALTOONA, March 2.—The unprecedented severe weather of the present winter is driving the non-hibernating animals from the mountains to the settlements in this section. Martin McCartney, a farmer living in the Allegheny foothills, west of the city, saw a herd of six deer in one of his fields, almost starved and digging dried grass from beneath the snow.—Erie (Pa.) Dispatch.

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GAME BAG AND GUN

After Jacksnipe with Peon Guides.

ON THE SANTE FE TRAIN IN KANSAS, Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* According to a promise made you several years ago, to the effect that whenever I indulge in any sport, a chronicle of which would interest your readers, I am to send you, if time permit, a description thereof for your paper, I now write to inform you that I am just about concluding a combined business and pleasure trip of six weeks' duration in the Republic of Mexico. On this trip I have broken all my previous records in both wildfowl shooting and tarpon fishing, so perhaps your readers may be interested in learning about the sport.

In this letter I shall confine my attention to the shooting, leaving for a future communication some notes on tarpon fishing and tarpon tackle that I would like you to publish.

My fishing experience was shared by my good friends, Messrs. F. S. Eaton and H. G. Pickering, of Boston; and Mr. Pickering has promised to send FOREST AND STREAM, soon after his return to the United States next April, a record of our doings at and near Tampico during the first half of the present month. Desiring not to anticipate any portion of his story, I shall reserve what I have to say about tarpon fishing until after his letter to you is published.

On Jan. 8, I left Kansas City for the Republic of Mexico, professedly for the purpose of making an inspection of all the bridges and openings on the entire line of the Vera Cruz & Pacific Ry., which is now nearing completion, and examining a proposed river crossing for a newly projected road, and incidentally for the purpose of taking my semi-annual vacation in a manner most pleasing to my taste. As my business appointment at Orizaba was arranged for the 20th, I was able to stop en route for five or six days' shooting at an old stamping ground of mine in Central Mexico, where apparently a large portion of the brant, ducks, and jacksnipe of the United States and Canada spend the winter months in company with other wildfowl of a more sedentary nature, which breed and live entirely in Mexico.

I took with me from Kansas City 800 loaded shells, Nos. 4, 6, 8, and 9—not that these were sufficient for my needs, but that they were all I could carry in addition to my other hand baggage. Just here let me digress a little to remark that the sportsman in transporting his shells by railroad is in rather hard luck. The railroad companies, if they know it, will not let them go as baggage; and the Pullman Company will not allow them in their cars. Again, if sent in advance by either freight or express, there is no telling when they will arrive at their destination, especially if they have to pass a custom house. Ordinarily, the Pullman conductors and porters ask no impertinent questions concerning the contents of one's hand baggage, so on previous occasions I have managed to carry my cartridges with me in the sleeping car; but on this trip an officious passenger remarked to the porter that, "the heat of the steam pipes might explode those shells," consequently he had to refuse to allow them in the car, and I was compelled to hand them over to the baggageman, and subsidize him to look after them in an ex-officio capacity. Those cartridges were more trouble to me than a hunting dog would have been; for, not only did I have to interview and tip each new baggageman on the entire route, but in addition I had quite a time getting them through the Mexican Customs. However, "all's well that ends well," for I got the shells finally to their destination, saving on them over $1 per hundred, as compared with shells bought in the City of Mexico. Besides, the latter cannot always be relied upon, while my cartridges were first class, being loaded with Laflin & Rand's Infallible powder; a smokeless powder that I have found will withstand the deteriorating effect of the damp climate on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

On the forenoon of the 12th, I reached my destination, and was met by one of my old and valued guides, who had everything in readiness for an early start on horseback to the shooting grounds, which we reached by 1 o'clock. These grounds, which I had shot over with great success two years previously, are simply ideal for jacksnipe; but they are not good for duck shooting—although alive with ducks—because of the lack of cover for hiding. They consist of a strip of marshland some two miles long, by about half a mile wide, most of which is covered with water not over knee deep, forming a small grass-grown lake in the middle, and leaving a boggy circumference about 100 yards wide. It is in the latter that the jacksnipe feed; and they certainly were there in great numbers and fairly tame—for a while at least.

Leaving our horses in the swamp to feed, and my spare gun and other impedimenta on the embankment of an irrigating ditch, I put on my rubber boots, loaded both the guide and myself with a good supply of shells, and proceeded to get down to business. Much to my satisfaction, I soon found that, in spite of being out of practice, I had not lost my old-time knack of bringing down my favorite game bird. At first I certainly made some inexcusable misses, but as we proceeded around the marsh the guide's hunting coat pockets began to bulge out, nothwithstanding the fact that ere long I had emptied them of shells. His load was augmented by three unfortunate ducks that had not figured with sufficient accuracy on the range of my little Smith gun, and its ability to throw No. 9 shot.

After making something more than a half circuit of the lake, I saw that I was going to run short of shells, so we cut across and worked toward our cache. Sure enough, before getting there the last shell was fired, and for a while the snipe flew away unmolested.

Upon my arrival at the cache I was very glad to rest. The day was hot and the sky cloudless; and, although the walking was as good as anyone could ask for in a snipe ground, having had no hard exercise for several months, I was taken with the most severe attack of cramps in the legs that I have had in the field. In half an hour, though, they eased up sufficiently to enable me to start on another circuit of the same ground with a fresh supply of shells. The snipe appeared to be just as plentiful as before, and in spite of the cramps, which had not entirely left me, I shot about as well as ever.

After having made a half circuit of the lake, we were joined by several peons on horseback, who appeared to be quite interested in the sport. To them it seemed odd that anyone would care to shoot birds worth only three or four cents (Mexican) apiece with cartridges costing ten or eleven cents (Mexican) each, so they made a suggestion to the effect that if I would wade out to the middle of the lake and stoop down, they would go to the far end, form a line, and drive the ducks toward me.

Being pretty badly tuckered out by this time with the walking, I agreed and proceeded to the middle of the lake; but, alas! when I tried to stoop, the cramps caught me again with renewed vigor, and I had to remain erect. The peons, though, did their part, and drove the ducks in great numbers down the lake toward me. Of course, seeing me erect, they all swerved and made the shooting rather long range for my light, open gun; nevertheless, inside of two minutes I had fired ten to twelve shots and had knocked down seven birds.

This ended my shooting for the day; for I made a virtue of a necessity by leaving the marsh full of game two hours before sunset, with plenty of shells in our pockets.

On counting the bag we found seventy-three jacksnipe, ten ducks and a hawk, the latter having had the temerity to make three dashes for a crippled snipe that was running only a few paces in advance of the guide. By his special request I treated the audacious bird to a dose of nines. These eighty-four birds were killed in less than three hours with an expenditure of 149 cartridges; and not a single bird brought down was lost. This last circumstance was due to the extraordinary energy and viligance of my guide, who is able to mark as many as half a dozen snipe, before proceeding to retrieve them, and to find them all. It is true that I aided him occasionally by picking up a bird or two when he was chasing cripples; but almost all the birds were retrieved by him.

At 4:30 P. M., my peon escort left, well contended with a dollar "*para beber*," then we mounted our horses and started for the hotel.

Before proceeding further with this story, I must in justice to myself and in order to avoid, if possible, being considered by your readers a "game hog," explain that my gun had not been out of its case for thirteen months, that probably a full year would elapse before my next shooting trip; that I have a number of friends in Mexico City who appreciate the game I send them; and that my outing was limited to about five days' sport. On this account, I did not, as in the past when shooting in this district, put a limit on the size of the bag, but shot either as long as the shells held out or until physical exhaustion called halt. Not a single bird of my five days' bag was wasted, all being sent to friends in the city, excepting those used in the hotel and by my guides.

As long as I live, I shall remember clearly the night that succeeded this first day's shoot; for the cramps returned worse than ever; the fleas bit and perambulated over me in spite of the insect powder with which I had sprinkled the sheets, and I could not close an eye the whole night. Worse than all these discomforts, though, was a thought that I could not dismiss from my mind, viz.: that I had gotten too old for wildfowl shooting—my fiftieth birthday was then due in three days—and that already I might have had my last good jacksnipe shoot. However, I turned out at daylight and prepared once more for the field. This time we reached the marsh at 10 o'clock, and although I was still very sore in the muscles, I found that the cramps had departed to return no more for that outing.

The sound of the shooting soon brought my friends, the peons, in augmented numbers. Of their own accord they lined up some ten paces or more behind me, and extended over most of the snipe ground between the lake and the irrigating ditch. In this manner we swept the entire field driving the snipe before us, most of the birds coming within range of my gun, and flying either directly ahead or across from right to left. I must have "had on my shooting jacket" that day, for but few of the birds fired at escaped. At times there were half a dozen dead birds on the ground at once. I never attempted to retrieve any of them, leaving that to the guide and my cortège. And how those fellows did enjoy the sport! Every time a bird fell a laugh went down the whole line; and when I would miss a bird with the right barrel and bring it down at fifty or sixty yards with the left (which is slightly choked) they actually yelled! Never before had I seen such shooting, never before had I shot in better form, and never before had I taken such pleasure in bringing down birds! The fun I gave those fellows was to me the best feature of the sport. They had never seen anything like it before—and for that matter neither had I. Occasionally, in spite of all the commotion, a duck returning to the marsh would come within range and get bagged, and once I killed a curlew at over sixty yards—probably a chance shot, as I was then using eights.

It did not take long for my gun to get too hot to hold, then I put a glove on my left hand and proceeded. Two hours of this business were all that I could stand, so at noon we adjourned for lunch and rested till 2 o'clock, when we resumed operations. By this time the snipe and I had become acquainted, so they endeavored with some success to keep out of the way, many of them rising out of range. At 4 o'clock I had had enough, so we returned to where we had left the horses, and proceeded to count the bag, which footed up to 103 jacksnipe, six ducks, and one curlew. In addition to these I had knocked down eight other birds which had not been retrieved (mostly ducks that fell in the tules across the irrigating ditch); and the expenditure of shells was 182.

Before parting with our escort we arranged with them for the use of a boat, tow horse, and rider for the next day in order to reach the haunts of the brant, far out from the shores of an almost impassable marsh.

For this sport I took along my guide's brother, who is himself a hunter and guide, at least two men being necessary to retrieve the brant. He had guided for me previously, consequently I knew his worth.

In my time I have hunted game of various kinds and have fished in many lands, but never in all my experience have I found guides to equal these two brothers. They are certainly true sportsmen (even if they do shoot sometimes for the market). More hard-working, willing and agreeable fellows I have never known! The amount of physical exertion they put forth on occasions is truly a revelation to those acquainted with the usual slothful Mexican nature. They are powerfully built men, between thirty and forty years of age, and about five feet ten inches in height. Such hands as they have! powerful, but well shaped, and their bodies are in propotion. Concerning the latter I speak advisedly, for several times in my service have they stripped off every rag, and for hours retrieved dead and crippled brant and ducks in water sometimes over their heads! Early and late they will labor for me without the slightest sign of grumbling, and they never permit me to do any of the work of which they can relieve me. They always give me the choice horse to ride, and very seldom allow me to carry any of the load, excepting when the weight of the game is too great for their horses, then they put a small portion of it upon mine.

It is not everybody, though, that they will exert themselves for like this; and I know that there are some sportsmen for whom they refuse to work at all. The reason for this is that I am fond of them and they are fond of me.

My hunting and fishing guides are nearly always my friends. Occasionally I run across a disagreeable one; but soon get rid of him pleasantly, and never engage him again. My guides all say that I work them harder than do any of their other patrons; nevertheless, they will nearly always go with me in preference to anyone else. This is probably due to the fact that it is both my custom and my nature to treat a guide not as a hired man, but as a companion and fellow sportsman. A guide who works for the dollars only, is not worth having. Unless he truly enjoys his share of the sport, he is not worthy to be a sportsman's guide.

These two Mexicans of mine are themselves sportsmen to the core. When I miss a shot it really disappoints them more than it does me. I wish, though, that I could speak in the same strain of the Mexicans who row me for tarpon fishing; but, unfortunately, they are of a different breed. It is the dollars that they are interested in, and not the sport. Some of them, however, that I am training, begin to show some interest in handling and securing the fish. But enough of dissertation, so let us return to the narrative.

By starting the next morning at 5:30, and riding about nine miles, we reached at 7 o'clock the place on the edge of the marsh which had been designated for meeting our man with the horse and boat. The latter only was there, so we had to send back for our motor, thus losing some time.

How well I remember my first experience, three years ago, with this method of boat propulsion! Rosalio had made all arrangements the day before for a boat to meet us at a certain place and hour, but when

we got there no boat was to be seen; and, moreover, I did not see how it could reach us, as there appeared to be no water—nothing but a mass of green weeds forming a solid looking mat with a small island of firm ground a quarter of a mile away, containing a hut of the most primitive type of construction.

When I asked Rosalio where the boat was he replied, "It will be here presently," and very soon pointing with his finger he remarked, "It is coming," and sure enough it was; for I saw approaching us a horse with an absolutely naked rider, and having a boat tied to his tail. At first the annimal was immersed only to his knees, but presently down he went into a hole with little more than his ears above water. And how the rider did urge the poor brute till he reached a more substantial footing. When I had realized the situation and had grasped the idea of the method of propulsion, I laughed till I had to lie down. It was the funniest sight I had ever beheld. At the same time I pitied the poor devil of a horse, condemned to such labor. And how he did detest it! At every deep spot he stopped and refused to budge; but his relentless rider kept urging him on, so in he had to go and scramble through. It took me quite a while to become accustomed to such a method of travel, for I could neither conquer my tendency to laugh, nor cease pitying the poor brute.

On this morning, though, it was all an old story. Rosalio and I loaded the boat with the paraphernalia, stepped in, and pushed off from the shore, then the motor was attached in the customary manner, and we set forth, Savas (Rasalio's brother) following on foot in a state of nature, having placed his clothes in the boat.

After three-quarters of an hour's ride, we reached a very small island on which was an old blind that I proceeded to take possession of, Rosalio taking the boat and propelling it with a pole through the comparatively open reaches of water, in order to stir up the brant. The location did not prove satisfactory, for after I had knocked down seven brant they all deserted that end of the swamp; but the duck flight which ensued was great. Seeing that there was to be no more brant shooting, I began on the ducks and soon brought down some twenty-five or thirty. Unfortunately, the surrounding swamp was in many places impassable, consequently the guides succeeded in retrieving only six brant and eight ducks. Had either of them been with me when I shot the ducks, we would have bagged more; but I failed to locate them properly.

At 11 o'clock we took lunch and then proceeded further into the interior of the marsh, perhaps as much as two miles, choosing a place for the boat, with comparatively clear surroundings for the retrieving of fallen birds. We partially covered the boat with swamp grass, and thus made a fairly god blind. It was not as effective as it might have been, for the brant seldom came within sixty yards, so nearly all the shooting had to be done at very long range. This day I used an old Lefever gun of my brother's that is a killer; but it has no ejector, as has my Smith gun. Early in the day I had exhausted my limited supply of fours and had to fall back on sixes. With the latter I managed to score pretty well; but toward 4 o'clock it was necessary to begin using eights; and these were too light, although with them I managed to bag four or five brant.

At 4:30 we quit shooting and started for the shore, reaching there a few minutes before 6, consequently, by the time the horses were loaded it was quite dark. Our bag consisted of thirty-five brant and ten ducks. Besides these, I must have killed seven or eight brant and at least twenty ducks that were not retrieved. This day I failed to keep count of the cartridges expended; but, considering all the conditions, the shooting was not bad.

Next day Rosalio and I procured permission to shoot over some ground where my son, Leonard, and I two years before had found excellent sport, and took a ride of twelve miles and a walk of two or three more to reach it, only to find that the conditions had changed, and that there were no birds there. After picking up six straggling jacksnipe, we returned to the hotel tired and disgusted—my birthday, too, and I had counted on such fine sport to celebrate it; so I had to confine my celebration to opening a bottle of champagne and inviting the old landlady and her pretty daughter to share it with me.

Next morning we returned to the snipe marsh, but found the birds comparatively scarce and rather wild. In two rounds of the lake we picked up thirty-eight snipe and a dozen ducks, then Rosalio advised me to wait an hour for the evening flight of ducks, which he said would come to the marsh from the westward; and, sure enough, it did! I had no blind, so lay on some low, dry ground near a ditch and shot until my gun got hot, dropping a dozen, then moving further south some 200 yards and dropping twice as many more; then the shells gave out, so I had to quit and start back to town. All this duck shooting was done with No. 8 shot. The bag this day amounted to thirty-eight jacksnipe and forty ducks, but we failed to retrieve a number of ducks that fell at long distance.

I had taken the precaution several days before to wire a friend in Mexico City, asking him to send me 300 more shells, 100 being for brant; and these came to hand that night.

The next day (Sunday), which was to be the last day of my outing, was devoted entirely to brant shooting. All arrangements had been made for a 9 o'clock start in the boat; and we were there ahead of time, but the man with the horse did not put in an appearance. We lost an hour in finding another man, most of the inhabitants of the district having gone to town to enjoy the fiesta that was being held there. After obtaining a man, the next thing was to obtain a horse. Certainly there were plenty of them near by, but Rosalio informed me that only a very few had been trained for boat towing. These few apparently knew for what they were wanted, and struggled hard to escape from the half dozen lassos that were in pursuit of them, doubling and twisting with great skill and malice. I could not blame the brutes for their unwillingness to serve, and in a way I sympathized with them and rejoiced when they dodged the rope, although my day's sport was being materially shortened by the delay.

After the loss of nearly another hour a trained horse was secured and hitched to the boat, and a little before 11 o'clock we started for the place where we had spent the previous afternoon, arriving there about noon.

We had brought with us some canes, cut into lengths of about six feet, and an ample supply of strong cord and old tarpon line for building a blind. This we constructed by driving the stakes firmly into the bottom all around the boat, swaying them with the cord to masses of weeds at all four corners, running another cord so as to connect continuously the tops of all the stakes, and hanging from this bunches of long swamp grass. A half hour's work made a good blind; but, unfortunately, it was too good—at least the brant thought so later on, as they dodged it almost without exception. A less elaborate construction would have served the purpose better. The insecure one we used the other day was much more effective.

Although the brant were as plentiful as ever, the flight did not begin until quite late in the afternoon, but occasionally a few birds would come within long range. At first I thought I was going to make a killing because I bagged three with the first four shots; but I soon failed to keep up such a record. All the shooting was from sixty to eighty yards; and the cartridges bought in Mexico City did not seem to have the force of those I had brought from home. Of the latter there remained only two boxes, and these were sixes, but they seemed to do better execution than the Mexican fours.

At about 4:30 the real flight began, and soon the bottom of the boat was strewn thickly with empty shells. By reason of the weak powder and the long range, and perhaps because I was somewhat rattled, the misses became more and more numerous. Occasionally a bird would fall dead near by in good shape; but often a cripple, or even a dead bird, would drop a quarter of a mile away. Perhaps I did not lead enough to allow for the very long range and the comparatively weak shells, or I may have simply shot badly. Be this as it may, when the approaching sunset called a halt, I found I had expended one hundred 4s, fifty 6s, and a portion of a box of 8s, while we were able to recover only thirty birds. We must have left, though, fully ten dead birds besides a lot of cripples that distance and lack of daylight prevented our searching for. Both guides worked well and hard, and even the motorman picked up a bird occasionally. Although the bag was smaller than it ought to have been, the saddle horses found it quite large enough on the home journey, as the thirty birds weighed fully 180 pounds.

Thus ended one of the most successful wildfowl shoots of my life. In practically four days' shooting (for on the 12th and the 17th I shot only in the afternoon, and the 15th resulted almost in a water-haul) I bagged 65 brant, 67 ducks, 220 jacksnipe, and several other birds, about 360 in all.

Next forenoon I spent in cleaning the guns, packing my belongings, and preparing to start for the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to attend to professional duties, and incidentally to put in nine days of as hard work and disagreeable traveling as have fallen to my lot in many years.

J. A. S. WADDELL.

The Folly of Bear Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The statements Mr. George L. Brown makes about Adirondack bears in your issue of February 27, where he mentions how few bears are ever shot, agree with the state of things in Maine. Very few bears are ever shot by fair shooting in Maine, except in summer and early fall, when they are picking berries and the skins are worthless. I have certainly bought the skins of more than five thousand well furred bears, and I do not believe that fifty were shot, unless in traps or when taken from dens, unless one counts small cubs shot when the mother was in a trap. And the larger part of those shot were killed almost by accident by men hunting other game.

There has been some movement here about protecting bears in order to furinsh sport for visiting hunters. The man who indulges in the fancy that he can go into the woods in Maine and shoot bears, unless he should have dogs trained to the business, will be wiser after he tries it. A bear is far harder to hunt than a deer or moose, and if a man should kill one in hunting ten falls he would be more fortunate than most men I ever knew. It seems strange that when it can be proved beyond a doubt that bears not only kill a great many calf moose, but also old bulls when in their full strength, anyone can be found who cares anything for the protection of large game who would propose to protect bears. While bears eat a great variety of food, they also destroy a large amount of large game—moose, caribou, and deer. The reason more deer are not charged to the account of bears, is that they can do with a deer as they do with a sheep—drag or carry it off to some secluded spot and eat it, and after they have done with it, so little remains that if ever found no one can prove it was done by bears. I have followed where a bear dragged a large buck a long way to find a place which suited him to eat it in. I have known one to carry off a deer which a hunter had shot, while the man had gone for help to get it to camp, and leave so little trace of it that it was never found. In this case he probably carried it in his arms, walking on his hind legs, as I have had one carry a heavy clog to a trap.

I do not blame Mr. Brown for protesting against bears being protected. If the Game Commissioners wish to protect the large game in any State where a bear is found, they should put a bounty on bears. If they do not care for the farmer's sheep, they ought, at least, to help protect the game.

M. HARDY.

BREWER, Me.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Ransacker wrote for fun in the FOREST AND STREAM of February 20, 1904, about our bears. However, I couldn't be humorous if I would, and wouldn't if I could, when writing upon a subject of so much consequence to those immediately concerned—i. e., the people residing in Essex county. Here in Essex county black bears still exist in numbers sufficient to supply local needs and a little to spare without State aid. The fact that 36 bears, on an average, have been killed in Essex county during the past quarter of a century is pretty good evidence that bruin has been here in the recent past, and in large numbers, too. That his work of destruction continues is evidenced by the sheep killing and pig stealing which continues unabated. Less than a year ago two men drove up to my office with three cub bears, two of which I bought (a male and a female) for John E. Milholland for his ranch—Meadowmount Farms—in the town of Lewis, the next town north of Elizabethtown. I paid only $15 apiece for the cubs. The cubs were worth $10 apiece bounty, so it will readily be seen that the men who had captured the cubs over in the town of Jay didn't value them much beyond the bounty. The person who implies residence by the sundown sea needn't have any fears about the black bears of the Adirondacks running out, as they (the bears) are not only holding their own, but everybody else's. Our sheep are worth $5 apiece during July, August, and September, and if we didn't raise sheep here, what would Ransacker's bears feed upon? Three generations of Essex county people have toiled unceasingly to hew this country out, to bring it up to its present state of civilization. We who have borne the burden and heat of the day do not propose to be run over with bears, have our sheep, pigs, cattle and horses, our crops and fruit trees totally destroyed just for the sake of giving bruin entertainment. The consensus of opinion here seems to be that bruin is a beast of prey, and that he should be shot on sight any time between January 1 and December 31, both inclusive.

GEORGE L. BROWN,
Editor and Manager Post and Gazette.

New York Spring Shooting.

MUCH interest is being taken by sportsmen generally over the Hubbs bill (Assembly 85), introduced in the New York Legislature to repeal the law forbidding the shooting of ducks and geese in the spring of the year. Many gunners on Long Island, as well as a smaller number in central New York, are anxious that this prohibition should be removed and that the State should repeal the bill passed last year, and should restore the permission to shoot in the State.

Letters written on paper on which is printed in large letters, "Association for the Protection and Preservation of Wild Ducks" are being sent in all directions, with view to arousing an influence in favor of the Hubbs bill, but no one knows who constitutes this association, for its members and officers do not appear willing to have their names known, and the only information evident about the society is the signature to the letters, "W. E. Hookway, Secretary." A. Mr. A. H. Hollenbeck, referred to in the Syracuse paper as "A prominent duck hunter of this city," is quoted as making a carefully prepared argument in favor of a change in the existing laws, but his argument is disconnected and lacks logic. Mr. Hollenbeck acknowledges the necessity of protection for wild game, but declares that in the case of wild water fowl comparatively few come to New York State, and that therefore this State is not at all responsible for their welfare, when compared with States where they congregate in vastly greater numbers. He declares that if protection is to be applied to water fowl, it should be in the States where they are numerous, and not here where a small number of ducks, and those mostly of an inferior quality, furnish recreation for a large number of busy men. He then—without any definite purpose—goes on to enumerate different places in the United States where ducks are abundant. He acknowledges that some species breed here, but, declaring that many others do not, says that it is a blunder to protect these last. If the report given of this argument is correct, it shows that its author has very little idea of close reasoning.

On the other hand, the Audubon Society of New York has put forward a strong plea for the retention of the existing law, which was published in FOREST AND STREAM last week. The Boone and Crockett Club, at a meeting held last week, expressed its views in no uncertain terms by a letter sent to the chairman of the Fish and Game Committee of the State Senate, which reads as follows:

Hon. Elon R. Brown, chairman, Senate Chamber, Albany, N. Y.: Dear Sir—It is an accepted principle of game protection that all wild creatures should be protected during their mating and breeding season, and this has been generally recognized by the Legislatures of all the Provinces of Canada, of several of the New England States, and many of the Western States, which have adopted laws forbidding the spring shooting of wildfowl.

The destruction of wildfowl over our whole country, which in the South is going on for eight or nine months of the year, is far greater than the annual increase, and from economic motives alone it is highly desirable to shorten the period during which they may be killed.

Recognizing these principles, the Boone and Crockett Club recently adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Boone and Crockett Club condemns Assembly Bill No. 85, introduced by Mr. Hubbs, repealing the prohibition of spring shooting, and earnestly advocates the retention on our statute books of the law prohibiting the shooting of all wildfowl in the spring of the year.

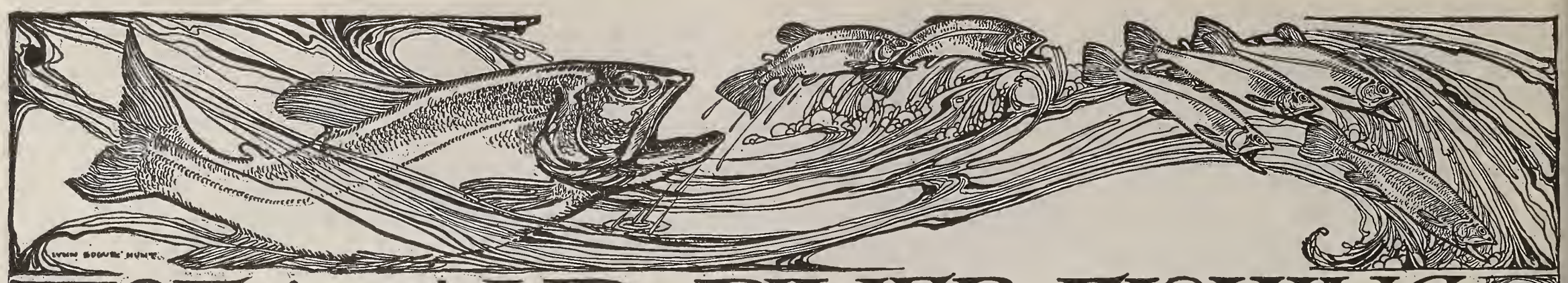
Yours truly,
MADISON GRANT, Secretary.

The general feeling seems to be strong that the law as it stands on the statute book should remain in force.

It is hardly to be imagined that the Legislature will repeal the existing law, and it is hoped that nothing will be done, unless it should be to amend the present law by making the prohibition against spring shooting absolute, and so removing the permission to shoot brant.

Major Powell Cotton, who recently returned from a trip in Uganda, reports that there are, on the upper Nile, special cemeteries for elephants, which the natives are not allowed to enter. In one of them he saw hundreds of bleaching skeletons.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Arefar's 18-Pound Trout.

DURING the early summer of 1902 I had the pleasure of meeting your correspondent Arefar, and a friendship was formed between us which I treasure most highly, and which I trust will always endure.

After being accorded the privilege of looking over the doctor's fly-books, rods, reels, etc., which for safe keeping and protection against the dry California climate were carefully stored in his cellar, he showed me a 10½-pound rainbow trout preserved in a large jar occupying a place of honor in his office. He had taken that beauty with an 8-ounce rod and on a No. 1 royal coachman fly in Crystal Creek, Pelican, Oregon. To look at this fish was a treat, as I had never seen a true trout of that size. The doctor then told me of a close fishing co-partnership which for the past twenty years had existed between his "pard Jimmy" and himself. During that period they had never missed spending their month's vacation at either Echo Lake, Cal., or Pelican Bay, Ore.

During my frequent visits to his office, the Doctor, with set purpose, would recount some of his experiences; sometimes he would be engaged in trying the six-foot leaders—which he made from carefully selected Spanish gut—in preparation for his departure for Oregon on his annual vacation with Jimmy. Each day as I left his office the Doctor would say, "Better come along, son." I stood the pressure as long as I could, but at last, driven to the verge of insanity, one morning I told the Doctor that I was with him.

Having but a few days in which to make my preparations, I secured a list from him and started for 'Frisco to "rig out." The Doctor's parting words were: "Be sure it is good and strong; don't bring cheap tackle to Pelican." I was fortunate in securing at a great bargain an 8-ounce Bethabara rod in addition to my other tackle, so that I felt prepared for any emergency.

Three days later I arrived in Ashland, and the next evening, after a fifty-mile stage drive, landed at Pelican Loop, the Doctor and Jimmy having arrived two days before. They reported the fishing as only fair; but when I saw on the grass a dozen fish taken that day that would run from two to eight pounds, I determined that if during my ten days' stay hard work would do it, I should kill a few of the big boys or die in the attempt. Hansen being the only available boatman, was engaged by the partners from year to year, but the Doctor was kind enough to send him out with me the following morning, in order to give me some idea as to the fishing grounds. There being absolutely no ripple on the bay, I was told that I could not expect the fish to rise; but every few seconds the boat would disturb one of the monsters, which, with a swish of his tail, showed as he dashed away his resentment at being disturbed in his siesta. Hansen kept saying, "Don't get excited, there are lots of them."

There is an unwritten law among the legitimate anglers who fish from the lodge that no fish under two pounds shall be kept, unless too badly hooked. The following morning I went out alone and during a "ripple" which lasted about twenty minutes took six, only one of which was "over count," he weighing 3½ pounds. During the following week I had varied luck. My best day was in Crystal Creek, which empties into the bay near the lake, and about two miles from the Loop. On that day I brought home nineteen fish, weighing between 2 and 4½ pounds each.

I found royal-coachman, marsh-brown, brown-hackle, klamath, rooney-bug, and black-gnat to be the most killing. Two days before I had to leave, I went out determined to kill a few large ones to take out with me, but a dead calm destroyed my plans. The next day found the same conditions, so the Doctor kindly suggested that I join them, and try for a big one with a spinner out in the lake.

That morning I passed about thirty minutes in a fisherman's ecstasy. I was in the bow, next came Jimmy, then Hansen the boatman, the Doctor in the stern. The latter was using his 9-ounce Leonard, Kentucky reel, and large spinner. We had picked up two or three fish, the largest weighing about 6 pounds, when suddenly the Doctor struck, and then began a battle royal such as very few have had the happiness to witness. The Doctor had out about 75 feet of line when the fish struck, and before he could settle down to work and give him the butt, his highness had taken out another hundred feet. At the first check we saw a flash of silver about 200 feet astern, and out he came, three feet out of water if an inch, and with a vicious shake of his noble head he tried to rid himself of his bonds. The Doctor—cool as the proverbial cucumber—quietly puffed at his cigar, never for a second losing command of his prize. The moment the fish returned to his element, he made another 75-foot dash that nothing could have stopped. Then out again in his noble fight against that 9 ounces of tried bamboo in the hands of a prince of fishermen. Six times within ten minutes did he leap more than his length out of water, the last one seeming to me as furious as the first. Then the butt began to tell. Slowly but surely we saw the beginning of the end, and the gamest fish that ever swam was gradually forced to submit to the will of as perfect a legitimate fisherman as ever cast a fly. Carefully, inch by inch, the Doctor gained on him, the boatman always keeping him properly placed. Inch by inch did that grand fish fight for liberty. Sulking, tugging, but never gaining a bit of slack. Suddenly, when we thought him about gone, and when within a few feet of us, he saw the boat, and as we were preparing net and gaff he suddenly made another fifty-foot dash, bringing from the Doctor the only words he had spoken, an exclamation of surprise.

There must be an end to everything, and we then saw that the last run was like the breaking of a noble heart, and again the fish was headed for the waiting net, and at a word from the Doctor we landed eighteen pounds of rainbow, after one of the gamest battles I ever witnessed.

After taking a gill hold and giving him his quietus with the "medicine stick," we gazed, lost in admiration, at the king of all fish—a rainbow trout fresh from his native waters. The Doctor told me afterward that during the battle I acted like a fool; but experience having taught me how dearly a fisherman loves to be told how to handle his fish, I was most careful not to offer any suggestions, even if I did show excitement. The Doctor was by far the coolest man in the boat. I weighed the prize and he went 18 pounds strong.

The next morning I was obliged to leave for Ashland, taking the big fellow with me, after having spent ten absolutely happy days. C. MEREDITH.

Fish and Fishing.

"Maskinongé" is its Name.

Following up the agitation which the undersigned, in company with several other friends of FOREST AND STREAM has conducted in the columns of this paper, in support of the uniform use of the original Indian name "maskinongé," it will doubtless be satisfactory to the angling fraternity, which is so often confronted with a perplexing assortment of etymological forms of this fish's name, to learn that the newspaper press and the governments of the various States and Provinces in which this fish is found are now being asked, in accordance with a resolution to that effect, passed by the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, to assist in bringing about the desired uniformity. The resolution bearing upon the subject was moved by Mr. L. O. Armstrong, of Montreal, the well-known dramatizer of "Hiawatha," and was adopted, after reference to the executive of the association, as follows: "That all governments in their statutes, as well as the press, be requested to assist in establishing the name of the fish which is sometimes called muskellunge, maskelonge, and muskinonge, to be always and everywhere maskinongé, which has been fixed upon as the right name in the Dominion of Canada statutes, and the pronunciation of which is practically the same as that of the Ojibway word maskenozha, as found in Longfellow's "Hiawatha," which is a classic in schools on both sides of the boundary line."

Maskinongy or maskinonjay is a much nearer representation of the correct pronunciation of maskinongé than Longfellow's form of the word, but due allowance must be made for poetic license, and for the fact that the name is not supposed to have originated with the special people of whom the poet of the affections sung in this particular epic. Longfellow's vocabulary of the Indian names employed in Hiawatha tends to show that it was not the maskinongé but the pike that he referred to by the title of maskenozha. In the body of the poem he causes Hiawatha to address the pike both as kenozha and maskenozha, while the former is given in the vocabulary as the equivalent of the pickerel, and the pike is made to answer to maskenozha.

I have already pointed out in the course of a paper prepared for the Royal Society of Canada, that kinongé in the Algonquin language signifies a pike, and mask or maskh "something differenig from," as an ugly or deformed specimen. Jordan and Evermann quote Mr. W. H. Henshaw as giving mask, ugly; and kinongé, a fish; and Mgr. Lafleche, late Bishop of Three Rivers, and for many years a missionary to the Northwest, asserts that in the dialect of the Saulteaux, maskinongé is the name applied to *Lucius masquinongy*, and means, literally, a pike differing in some respects from the ordinary type of the fish, or an ugly or deformed pike. When we consider how many American anglers and others have mistaken large pike for maskinongé, it is not very surprising that the Indians who had been accustomed to the pike before seeing the maskinongé should have considered it to have been simply an exceptionally large pike, and to have named it accordingly.

Dr. James A. Henshall credits Mr. Fred Mather with having investigated the origin and etymology of the word to a greater extent than anyone else up to his time, and with having, as a consequence, deliberately favored the Chippewa form of the name—maskinonje, as opposed to the French derivation—Masque allonge, and its variations. Yet in spite of this fact, and of the priority of the Indian over the French nomenclature, Dr. Henshall clings to the supposition that "common consent and custom have decreed among the majority of anglers that it is mascalonge, and mascalonge it will be for generations to come;" notwithstanding which, Jordan and Evermann do not even recognize the existence of such a name at all, giving only masquinongy, muskallunge, maskinongy, muscalonge, maskinongé, maskenosha, and mask-kinonge.

There is fortunately a complete argeement among scientists and writers on angling subjects as to the scientific name of the fish. Dr. Mitchill, according to De Kay, and Kirtland, as early as 1838, used the form *masquinongy*, and although it had later become almost universal custom to class the fish scientifically as *Esox nobilior*, all the authorities nowadays agree that in accordance with the inflexible law of priority, *nobilior* must now stand aside and give place to *masquinongy*, and that the scientific name of the fish must hereafter remain *Lucius masquinongy*. Now, there is no difference whatever between the pronunciation of the specific name *masquinongy*, the Chippewa form maskinonje given by Mather, and the orthography maskinongé, contended for by the North American Fish and Game Protective Association. None of the Indian tribes whose nomenclature has been appealed to in this connection, had ever, of course, reduced their name of the fish to writing prior to the advent of Europeans in America. The early French settlers in those parts of Canada in which the fish was found, reduced to writing the names *kinongé*, a pike, and *maskinongé*, an unusual or extraordinary pike, employing their own French system of orthography to represent, as closely as written characters could do so, the Indian pronunciation of the names. How carefully and how correctly this was done is shown by the practical identity of maskinongé with both Mitchill's masquinongy and Mather's maskinonje. Their pronunciation, as already shown, is identical, while the difference in their form is to be accounted for by the fact that the first mentioned is in strict accord with the orthographical rules of the language of those who first represented by written signs the sound of the name as pronounced by those who conferred it. While maskinongé follows the strict rules of French orthography, the construction of both masquinongy and maskinonje bears evidence of the best possible efforts to arrive at the same result of pronunciation with an Anglified spelling of the Indian name and of its previous French form.

The Government of the Dominion of Canada, in which the names originated, which possesses exceptional advantages for investigating matters of this kind, owing to the common use of the two languages, has recognized the priority of the French form of the written word, and has incorporated it into its statutes. The river of the same name that flows into Lake St. Peter, which name has been extended to the town built at its mouth, and the county of which it is the *chef lieu*, was doubtless so called from the number of these fish taken in or near its estuary, and after their Indian name.

It is not very often that the scientific specific name of a fish is so easily available for common use as in the case of *Lucius masquinongy*. Fortunate, indeed, would it be were it otherwise, for endless confusion might then be avoided in speaking or writing of fish and fishing. Here, then, is another reason why we should welcome the opportunity of an uniform employment of the name maskinongé, which differs but very slightly, indeed, in its written form from the scientific name of the fish, and is identical with it in the matter of pronunciation.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Some Piedmont Fish.

A SIX-POUND jack or pike netted on the 21st of February from the fine fish preserve of Herbert Lutterloh, Esq., of this city, has attracted comment among anglers by its unusual depth of body in proportion to its length, and by the entire absence of bar marks or spots, its complexion being of a solid greenish cast precisely like that of a small-mouth black bass. A difference was also noted in the shape of the head and opercles, and tail fins (caudal), and some suggested that it was a hybrid—jack and trout (local for black bass), being together in the creek in equal proportion. This opinion, however, was modified by the discovery that its chunky proportion was due to the presence of two recently swallowed half-pound red horse, or golden suckers, in its maw, a fact interesting in itself as indicating that so long as there may be an abundance of this class of food, the trout and bass are likely to live in amity, and not prey upon each other; also because large quantities of the red horse were gill-netted, indicating that they were running in schools, and that the jack fish were following them. Those caught averaged two pounds apiece, and if intended to be swallowed, the predatory fish must be large in proportion.

This Lutterloh preserve is the finest in Cumberland county, and is laid out on Beaver Creek, a tributary of Rockfish Creek, which empties into the Cape Fear River, which is noted for its fine shad, the waters of all the streams being exceedingly bright and clear. There are no less than seventeen ponds in the vicinity of Fayetteville, of which several are mill ponds, five are private waters belonging to wealthy residents, and one to the Lakeview Club. These latter are all fine properties with all modern accessories. There is also a wealthy fishing and shooting club on Rockfish Creek, twenty miles below here, which includes several Fayetteville members. Duck shooting and striped bass fishing (*Roccus lineatus*) are quite above par there, as ex-President Cleveland discovered some time ago.

All the Cumberland county streams come from the Ap-

palachian foothills (the Piedmont), and are hard to beat for purity. Mr. Y. C. Ravenel, of the Smithsonian Institution, sent a carload of small-mouth bass and rainbow trout down here four or five years ago for distribution as stock fish, at my suggestion, and they throve remarkably, the trout attaining several pounds weight in two or three years; but an untimely flood carried out nearly every dam, and they have been *non inventus*.

Mr. Lutterloh deprecates the absence of many fine southern food fish like the jack, the black perch, and blue bream from the National Aquarium, and proposes to see that they are represented there at an early day.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Feb. 22.

Thirty Years Ago To-day.

From FOREST AND STREAM, March 12, 1874.

DR. FLETCHER has lately procured 265,000 salmon eggs and placed them in Robinson's Fish Nursery in Meredith village, N. H. When hatched they are to be placed in the Connecticut River.

Having made inquiries of Mr. W. E. Newton in regard to the success he had met with in introducing prairie chickens on Long Island, he informed us that about two years ago he turned out about thirty brace of good lively birds, coming from Iowa, and that they are breeding and doing quite well. Several packs of young birds were seen last summer, and their peculiar tracks were very often noticed on the snow this winter. As far as possible they have been most carefully preserved, and will not be disturbed until 1877. This is quite an interesting fact. There is no doubt but that fifty years ago prairie chickens were found on Long Island. Should the birds be found even in moderate quantity at the expiration of their time of rest, Mr. Newton's effort to bring back the pinnated grouse to our neighborhood will no doubt be repeated in other sections of the country.

Death of "Adirondack" Murray.

REV. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON MURRAY, popularly known as "Adirondack" Murray, died at his home in Guilford, Conn., March 3, aged sixty-four. Mr. Murray won his sobriquet by the publication in 1868 of his well known book, "Camp Life in the Adirondack Mountains." It was a fresh, breezy, and enticing description of adventures and open air life in the wilderness. Others had written of the North Woods, but no one before had so caught their spirit, nor had any pen been gifted with the charm of Murray's to attract such attention and awaken such interest in the woods life he pictured. There had been writers before him, but for all practical purposes Murray was the discoverer of the Adirondacks, and it was the appearance of his book that sent the people to the North Woods in multitudes which have grown with the years.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Medal contests, series 1904.—Sunday, contest No. 1; held at Stow Lake, Feb. 28. wind, light west; weather, cloudy.

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3 — Acc %	Event No. 3 — Del. %	Event No. 3 — Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
C. G. Young	100	86.8	89.8	87.6	88.7	87.5
T. W. Brotherton	117	89.8	94	84.2	89.1	95
Dr. W. E. Brooks	97	90	89.4	89.2	89.3	80.9
H. B. Sperry	104½	87	84.8	69.2	76.11	..
E. Everet	99	90.8	93.8	81.8	87.8	..
C. Huyek	88	91.4	93.8	70.10	82.3	..
H. C. Golcher	110	82.4	93.8	84.2	88.11	..
G. W. Lane	...	..	91.8	83.4	87.1	..
F. M. Haight	98½	86.8	85	75.10	80.5	..
A. Sperry	83	84.4	67.4	66.8	67	..
J. B. Kenniff	116	93	87.8	80	83.10	98.1
C. R. Kenniff	108	92	92	85	88.1	..
F. H. Reed	98	89	93.4	85	89.2	96.2
G. H. Foulks	94	90.4	89.4	72.4	80.10	..
Dr. F. S. Lane	89	90	91.8	76.8	84.2	69.9
E. A. Mocker	110	90.8	91.4	82.6	86.11	..
W. D. Mansfield	...	91	95.4	86.8	91	97

Kipling's Pacific Salmon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you grant me space to ask that some of your Pacific Slope readers will advise me, naming volume and page, where I can find the statement by Mr. Rudyard Kipling that the Pacific salmon rose to his flies? H.

On a River Bank So Green.

I sorter look away off,
Where the sky is all serene,
An' I want to take a day off
On a river bank so green.

Fish, fish, fish,
An' the line a-goin' "Swish!"
(O the perch is sich a beauty
When he's fried an' in the dish!)

The trees, like big umbrellas,
Hide the hot sun from yer view—
Dip their green leaves in the river,
Till they drip with crystal dew!

Fish, fish, fish,
An' the line a-goin' "Swish!"
(O the perch just fits the palate,
When he's fried an' in the dish!)

So, I sorter look away off,
Where the river bank I see;
An' the Wind says: "Take a day off,
An' go loafin' roun' with me!"

Fish, fish, fish,
An' the line a-goin' "Swish!"
(O the perch—he's just so purty
When he's fried an' in the dish!)

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, March 5.—Bills amending the game law have been introduced in the Legislature the past week, as follows:

Senator Malby's (Int. No. 538), meanding Section 86 so as to provide that fish, excepting suckers and billfish or garpikes, shall not be taken in Black Lake or in the Oswegatchie River from the boundaries of the city of Ogdensburg to the village of Heuvelton, excepting from May 1 to Nov. 15, both inclusive.

Senator Ambler's (Int. No. 603), amending Section 16, providing that a violation of Section 13b (close season for hares and rabbits in Dutchess county) shall be punishable by a fine of $25, and for each hare or rabbit sold in violation of such section an additional penalty of $10 shall be imposed.

Senator Ambler's (Int. No. 600), adding a new section, to be known as Section 22b, and providing that the close season for quail and woodcock in Dutchess county shall be from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive.

Senator Ambler's (Int. No. 606), adding a new section, to be known as Section 13b, providing that the close season for hares and rabbits in Dutchess county shall be from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15, and that such hares and rabbits shall not be sold during the close season.

Senator Ambler's (Int. No. 604), adding a new section, to be known as Section 62a, and prohibiting fishing through the ice in Dutchess county, and forbidding the use of tip-ups and nets except that minnows may be taken.

Senator Ambler's (Int. No. 601), adding a new section, to be known as Section 27c, providing that there shall be no open season for grouse in Dutchess country prior to 1907.

Senator Ambler's (Int. No. 602), adding a new section, to be known as Section 12c, providing that the close season for gray squirrels in Dutchess county shall be from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive.

Senator Ambler's (Int. No. 605), adding a new section, to be known as Section 176a, providing that special game protectors appointed by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission for Dutchess county shall have the same powers as game protectors without exception, provided they are employes and paid by a society or corporation within the county for the protection of fish and game.

Assemblyman Chanler's (Int. No. 870), amending Section 86 so as to allow the taking of suckers with nets through the ice in Crumelbow, Dutches county.

The Senate Committee on Forest, Fish and Game has introduced a bill defining the boundaries of the Adirondack Park.

The Senate Forest, Fish and Game Committee has also introduced a bill creating the Catskill Park and defining its boundaries.

The Senate Game Committee has reported the bill of Senator Townsend (Int. No. 12), for the protection of wild black bears, amended so as to except Essex county, and striking out the additional penalty of $150 provided for taking or possessing a bear.

The Senate Game Committee reported two of Assemblyman Reeves' bills as follows:

Int. No. 376, Pr. 623: Providing that deer shall not be taken at any other time than between one-half hour before sunrise and one-half hour after sunset on the first two Wednesdays and first two Fridays after the first Tuesday of November, and further providing that possession of wild deer or venison between Aug. 31 and the first Wednesday after the first Tuesday in November, and between the second Friday after the first Tuesday and Nov. 20, shall be conclusive evidence of a violation of this section, unless it appear that the same was lawfully killed within the State, or was killed without the State.

Int. No. 438, Pr. No. 477: Amending Section 158, relative to the renewal of leases of oyster lands.

The Assembly Game Committee has reported the following bills:

Assemblyman Stevens' (Int. No. 709, Pr. No. 833), making the close season for trout in White Creek in the towns of Hoosick and White Creek, Rensselaer and Washington counties, from Sept. 1 to April 30, both inclusive.

Assemblyman Whitney's (Int. No. 741, Pr. No. 876), prohibiting perch fishing in Saratoga county between Feb. 1 and May 1, both inclusive.

Assemblyman Whitney's (Int. No. 552, Pr. No. 613), making the close season in Saratoga county for black and gray squirrels from Dec. 1 to Oct. 31; for hares and rabbits, from Jan. 1 to Sept. 30; for mink, skunk, muskrat and foxes, from May 1 to Sept. 30, and for grouse, woodcock and quail, from Nov. 1 to Sept. 15, all inclusive.

Assemblyman Patton's (Int. No. 611, Pr. No. 692), amending Section 20 so as to provide that wild ducks shall not be taken in the counties of Niagara and Erie from March 15 to Oct. 15, both inclusive; nor shall ducks, geese, brant and swan be taken in the night from an hour after sunset until an hour before sunrise.

Assemblyman Nichols' (Int. No. 284, Pr. No. 294), amending Section 26, making the close season for woodcock in Sullivan and Greene counties from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive, and in Orange county, from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive.

A bill has been introduced by Assemblyman Prentice (Int. No. 847) amending Section 141 so as to prohibit the possession of game out of season, which comes from out of the State.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading Assemblyman Hanford's bill (Int. No. 608, Pr. No. 907), amending Section 59 so as to provide that bullheads, catfish, eels, perch and sunfish, and except during the months of March and April, pickerel may be taken through the ice with hook and line or tip-ups, in Cayuta Creek and its tributaries, and the Susquehanna River and its tributaries in Tioga county.

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman Harvey's (Int. No. 482, Pr. No. 848), providing that the close season for black bass in Seneca Lake shall be from Jan. 1 to Sept. 15, both inclusive.

Assemblyman Wolf's (Int. No. 383, Pr. No. 886), providing that fish shall be taken only by angling in Sheepshead Bay and Rockaway Inlet.

Assemblyman Dickinson's (Int. No. 160, Pr. No. 883), fixing the close season for hares, rabbits, mink, skunk and trout in Cortland county.

Fly-Casting at New York.

THE completed scores of the fly-casting tournament at Madison Square Garden, for the events not recorded in our last issue are as follows. For the conditions and rules governing the contests see FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 13.

Class R—Dry fly-casting for accuracy; open to all:

	Total.		Total.
R. B. Lawrence	93 3-5	H. G. Henderson, Sr.	95 1-5
R. C. Leonard	96	C. G. Levison	93 4-5
D. Brandreth	96 2-5	D. T. Abercrombie	95 3-5

Class S—Trout fly-casting contest; right and left-hand event; distanee only; weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted; open to all:

	Av. Distance.		Av. Distance.
H. G. Henderson	66ft. 5in.	R. C. Leonard	92ft.
D. T. Abercrombie	65ft. 9in.	L. S. Darling	77ft. 9in.

Class T—Single-handed bait-casting contest for distance and accuracy; open to all:

	Score.		Score.
D. T. Abercrombie	105.10	C. M. Luckey	145.9
G. G. Levison	152.7	E. T. Mills	133.6
M. H. Smith	128.9	H. De Raasloff	Withdrew.
L. S. Darling	121.10	R. C. Leonard	174.5
H. G. Henderson, Sr.	125.5	R. B. Lawrence	Withdrew.
H. W. Hawes	143.5		

Class U—Light trout fly-rod contest; distance only; open to all:

	Distance.		Distance.
L. S. Darling	84ft. 6in.	D. T. Abercrombie	69ft.
H. G. Henderson, Sr.	68ft.	R. C. Leonard	94ft.

Class V—Trout fly-casting contest; distance only:

	Distance.		Distance.
J. G. Knowlton	75ft. 4in.	L. S. Darling	79ft. 9in.
E. J. Mills	85ft.	D. Brandreth	78ft.
D. T. Abercrombie	74ft.	R. F. Cruikshank	82ft.

Class W—Single-handed bait-casting; for distance only; open to all:

	Distance.		Distance.
R. C. Leonard	94ft.	C. G. Levison	72ft. 5in.
H. W. Hawes	100ft 2in.	(Withdrew after four casts.)	
E. J. Mills	106ft. 10in.	M. H. Smith	36ft. 6in.

Class X—Single-handed trout fly-casting contest; distance only; open to all:

	Distance.		Distance.
W. R. Pryor	76ft.	L. S. Darling	86ft. 6in.
D. T. Kennedy	69ft.	J. G. Knowlton	Withdrew.
E. J. Mills	91ft. 6in.	D. T. Abercrombie	74ft.

Class Y—Black bass fly-casting contest; distance only; open to all:

	Distance.		Distance.
D. T. Abercrombie	69ft.	L. S. Darling	90ft.
H. W. Hawes	93ft. 4in.	E. J. Mills	94ft.
R. C. Leonard	102ft. 1in.		

Class Z—Single-handed bait-casting contest; distance only; open to all:

	Distance.		Distance.
E. J. Mills	114ft.	R. C. Leonard	123ft. 4in.
C. M. Luckey	69ft.	D. T. Abercrombie	88ft.
M. H. Smith	101ft.	H. W. Hawes	109ft. 4in.

Class ZZ—Single-handed trout fly-casting contest; distance only; open to all:

	Distance.		Distance.
R. C. Leonard	106ft.	H. W. Hawes	104ft. 2in.
E. J. Mills	96ft.	L. S. Darling	84ft.

The Kennel.

Legal Status of Barking Dogs.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Feb. 24.—A short time ago I sent you a clipping from the Times-Democrat concerning an injunction by an old and invalid gentleman against a neighbor for keeping a dog which barked all night and prevented sleep and rest. The dog was sent away, and is supposed to have died of a broken heart. You gave it editorial comment. The sequel appears in this morning's T.-D., which I inclose. J. H. SAMPSELL, M.D.

"The Court of Appeals yesterday passed upon the case of Joseph H. Marks vs Geo. D. Luce, known as the dog case, sustaining the decision of the lower court. Judge King, before whom the case was heard originally, granted an injunction which compelled Mr. Luce to abate the nuisance complained of in the petition filed by Mr. Marks, which was the barking of a dog owned by the defendant. Mr. Luce appealed the case, but meanwhile the dog, which was the cause of the litigation, died of a broken heart. Notwithstanding this fact the court considered the issues put forth, and yesterday gave its opinion. The Court of Appeals also affirmed that part of the decision of the lower court awarding Mr. Marks damages in the sum of $250.

"It will be recalled that Mr. Marks, who is an aged man, and a sufferer from chronic heart trouble, instituted this suit for the purpose of stopping the barking of a dog owned by Mr. Luce, who is a next door neighbor. He asked for damages as well as for an injunction. The syllabus of the opinion handed down is as follows:

"'Any person whose rights are invaded may invoke the aid of the courts to prevent any act which, if done, would entitle him to damages. On the merits, the case is entirely with the plaintiff, and the judgment is affirmed.'"

Fox Hunter Luck.

ENOSBURG FALLS, Vt.—When I have time I will tell you about one of your readers—Mr. Greenwood—riding out quietly and in a most comfortable manner and shooting from his sleigh a couple of foxes that Harty and Hannibal were running their legs off trying to get even a glimpse of. Each of their hounds had a fox going, and they were racing back and forward from hill to hill trying to get a sight, if not a shot, at one or both of the foxes. The whole story is too funny for anything, and when I have time I'll tell it, though Harty is walking around on his toes with blood in his eye, and it is dangerous business to mention that particular hunt. S.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

NILWOOD, Ill., Feb. 15.—We noted Mr. Cristadoro's seasonable stories in the February 13 number, and thought we had our champion cornered with the rabbit story. We read it when he was present, expecting him to quietly pull his freight to where a champion would be respected and looked up to. Not so, however. When we finished, he settled back, and, after spitting on the stove door knob, remarked: "Yes, that's a good way. I caught two four-hourse wagonloads of geese that way out in Missouri."

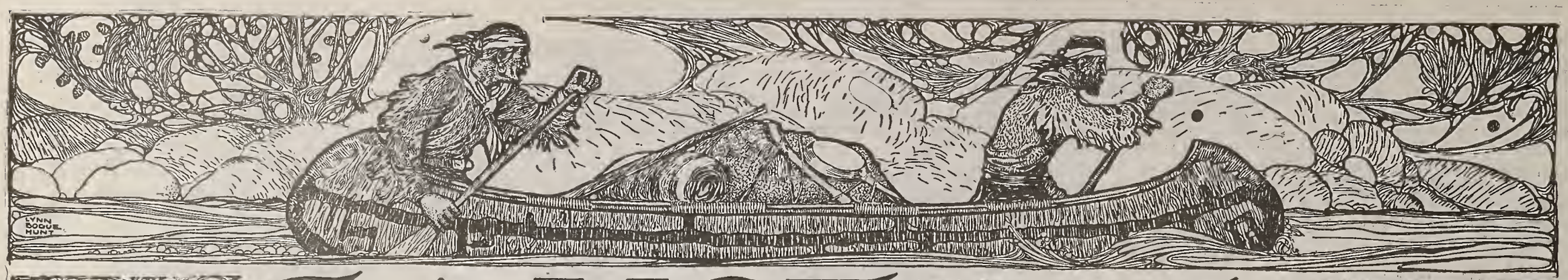
Needless to say we did not spring the wolf story on him, but ordered him to leave the place, which he proceeded to do, and while on the way to the door, said:

"Talk about catching game and hunting in general and queer experiences, I want to say I had one that is hard to beat. It was in the fall of '88; I went hunting chickens one afternoon, and fired at one chicken that started to fly straight up after the shot was fired. I watched him for a while until he got out of sight, and then went on hunting, thinking it was a queer thing for a chicken to fly straight up until it got out of sight. The next afternoon, about the same time as the day previous, I started out again and went over the same ground. When I came to the place I had stood when the chicken went out of sight, I stopped and was thinking of the circumstance when chuwhum! I heard something hit the ground by my side. Upon investigating I found it was a dead chicken. I don't say it was the one I shot at the day before, but if it wasn't, where did it come from?"

If you can't come to the front with something pretty stiff, we will not try again to get ahead of the "good old Deacon," who has a reputation to sustain, and comes near doing it. He was a soldier in the Civil War, and has had all the good times, bad times, queer times and experiences that could come to any one man, so if there is nothing that can beat the rabbit story, we won't read them to him.

I hope someone will come to the front with a good one that will make the "Deacon" go without a single remark. We are somewhat on the story ourself, but have nothing to say when the "Deacon" is near. J. P. B.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*



CANOEING

A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

The Shenandoahs Cruise the Greenbrier.

BY F. R. WEBB ("COMMODORE"), OF STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

The Story Which Won the Fourth Prize of $10 in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

II.—The Log.

(*Continued from page* 198)

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1903.

WE remained here quietly and lazily in camp all day, reading, loafing, dozing, etc., and in the course of the day at least six or eight inches of water ran off ahead of us. After breakfast I took the tent off my canoe and all the camp plunder out of her, and launched her, and paddled back up the river half a mile and across, where I landed and walked back up the railroad another half mile to a farmhouse, high up on the hillside, where I procured some much needed supplies, returning laden with fresh eggs, butter, lard, and a loaf of "salt risin'" bread. We did a little fishing this afternoon and evening close around camp, but with only fair success; making enough of a catch, however, to provide ourselves with an ample fish supper, as well as a supply for the morrow's breakfast. We have been troubled more or less with a perfect pest of black gnats at night at our various camps. The first night out, at Durbin, they were specially obnoxious, and George produced a couple of boxes of some sort of villainous compound labeled "Lollicapop," with which we anointed our hands, wrists, and faces. It proved a tolerably efficient protection, as none but the hardiest veteran of a gnat or mosquito had the nerve to face it; but after some two or three nights of it I preferred to take my chances with the bugs. Merely leaving the box open in the tent had the effect of driving out hundreds of the younger and more callow gnats, who were quite unable to stand the "sad green smell," as George termed it. They had my sympathy.

FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1903.

We had a five o'clock call this morning, and were packed and afloat by 7:30, with nearly a foot less water under us; which, while it still gave us a sufficiency of water for cruising purposes, greatly improved the fishing; and we went into camp at one o'clock with quite a cargo of fish in the hold of George's smack. He fished all through the morning's cruise, as usual, while I, as usual, contented myself with loafing along beside him, or astern, and enjoyed to the utmost the cruise and the exquisitely beautiful scenery. Although we got down to the bottom on more than one shallow rapid, we found the cruising preferable on this lower stage of water, as the river is in a more normal condition, and we see it as it really is. Our morning's cruise of fifteen miles was a most interesting one, and took us through the noted Droop Mountain gorge, considered to be the worst place on the river, and one much dreaded by the old-time loggers and rafters. At this place, twenty-five miles below Marlinton, the river breaks through the mountain chain, and continues its course down the next valley to the west, and we had been hearing of this Droop Mountain gorge pretty much all the way down the river, with warnings plentiful as to its dangers; and we approached it with considerable interest, albeit we did not anticipate any particular trouble in getting through. We found the place all right enough, and the rapids followed each other thick and fast, the Spice Run rapid coming first, followed by the Copperhead Rocks, Davy's Run, Glen Rocks, and McClure Rocks, with perhaps one or two others of lesser note. We found them but little different from the constant succession of rapids we had been running all the way down the river, and none of them gave as much trouble as the frequent sharp pitches to be found on the upper river between Cass and Durbin. The Spice Run rapid afforded us rare sport as its big waves smashed and rolled over our decks and closed hatches in true Shenandoah fashion, although the channel was perfectly clear of rocks—plenty of the latter, however, being strewn in promiscuous confusion up along under the railroad embankment in the concavity of the bend. After running the rapid I landed and climbed the railroad embankment and took a snap at George with the kodak as he came pitching and tossing down the tobaggan slide. The Copperhead Rocks we found much longer than usual, and quite rocky, particularly around the bend to the left, and much care was required to thread our way in and out among them, but the run was successfully made, and we reached the bottom without striking anything or anywhere. In fact, the entire gorge was run with perfect ease by the exercise of a little skill and care, and we found nothing to dread in this passage at all. The run is interesting and exciting, but presents no difficulties that the practiced canoeist cannot surmount by the exercise of ordinary care. It is but fair to state, however, that our information was entirely from the standpoint of the loggers and raftsmen, and not from that of the canoeist. It is one thing to run a light, easily managed canoe down one of these rapids at low water, and quite another to come down over them aboard of a heavy, unwieldy 100ft. log raft on top of a head of water from 4ft. to 8ft. higher, or even more; a stage, in fact, on which the entire run of seventy miles from Marlinton to Ronceverte was made in one day, when the water rushes down these steep inclines with irresistible power and violence. The perils are much enhanced by the fact—indeed the entire risk is due to this fact—that the river is exceedingly tortuous in this gorge, and the water piles down the rapids and up against the rocks on the bank with such force, the river being, as a rule, quite narrow through here, that it is only with the utmost labor and skill that a raft can be swung around the bends without jamming the bow end into the bank or on to the rocks at the bottom of the concave shoots. Lives have been lost in here, and more than one of these rifts owes its name to some unfortunate who was shipwrecked and drowned, notably the Davy's Run rapids and the Glen Rocks rapid. In the latter a man named Glenn is said to have lost his life while taking down a raft of hewn timbers with which to build the bridge at Caldwell which was burned nearly forty years later during the war. This raft is supposed to have been one of the earliest rafts ever run down the river. It has been some years since any rafting has been done on the river, and now that the railroad parallels the river, it is not likely that any more rafting will be done, to say nothing of the numerous sawmill plants located in the valley along the line of the road, some of them of immense capacity, although while at Marlinton I heard rumors of one more rafting expedition to be fitted out in the spring; probably owing quite as much to the desire of the old raftsmen to once more run the river, with its attendant excitement, as to anything else.

We passed Droop station presently, which we knew to be below all of the worst water, immediately below which the river made a sharp turn to the left and wound its sinuous way around a long projecting spur of the mountain, which the railroad cut off by the simple expedient of a tunnel, and for several miles the scenery was of the wildest, albeit the water was not worse than usual. This loop is known as the "big bend," although there is a much larger "big bend" further down the river, some miles below Alderson, on the main line of the Chesapeake and Ohio road, where the railroad cuts off 15 miles of river by a tunnel 1¼ miles in length. The mountains hemmed the river closely in on either side and towered aloft so high that the head became dizzy in trying to locate the summits. Great masses of broken, stratified cliffs cropped out among the trees high up on the mountainsides, or towered high above the treetops and clear to the summits in fantastic, castle-like formations which were picturesque and interesting. We were in the densely shaded windings of this gorge for an hour or more, before, with a sharp twist to the left, the river emerged from the fastnesses of the mountains and the country became more open, while at the same time the railroad sprang out from the mountain wall through the end of the tunnel, and again ran high up along the bank of the river on our right. We began to look for an eligible camp-site, and in the course of an hour a beautiful turfy bank, well shaded by large trees, appeared on our right, the railroad obligingly retiring a quarter of a mile inland along the foot of the mountain range, and on landing to prospect for a camp-site I poked the investigating nose of my canoe into a fine cold spring at the water's edge. We were not long in getting our plunder ashore and our camp in shape, after which a plenteous repast, consisting of a can of hot soup and succotash, with a pot of hot coffee, was stowed away, and the afternoon devoted to the interesting and pleasant occupation of loafing. A brisk little shower drove us to the shelter of our tents, but it did not last long, and was not severe enough to promise any effect on the river. We had a visit late in the afternoon from an ancient fisherman, who was pursuing his avocation on the opposite side of the river as we came down, and who poled across in his primitive boat after our tents became in evidence. I offered him a toddy, which he accepted with the remark that he took his liquor different from most men, which statement he proceeded to verify by putting a teaspoonful of sugar in the bottom of the glass I gave him, after which he filled the glass with five fingers of straight whiskey—no water—and after stirring the sugar well in, he proceeded to partake of the result, teaspoonful at a time, much as an old lady would sip her cup of tea. He expressed his appreciation of the brand of "licker" with which we were provided, and declined a second help, and shortly after got in his big wooden boat and poled himself back across the river, well laden with most of George's morning's catch, there being more than we could possibly use ourselves. We had a royal fish supper off a big three-pound bass taken by George in the course of the morning, and after a few trials with our fly tackle in the twilight, with no results, we passed the evening pleasantly around our little camp-fire, over our pipes. As the sun dropped behind the towering wall in the west, the full moon appeared over the crest of the ridge to the east, and flooded the narrow valley with her silvery radiance, and the night was a beautiful one.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1903.

We got an early start this morning, and were afloat and under way by 7:30. I rigged up my fly-tackle and fished during this morning's cruise, with very good success, while George with his diabolical "sardine" had his usual luck, and his fish-bag was soon quite well loaded. He got rid of his morning catch later by giving the entire lot to a fisherman in the river a short distance below Falling Spring. Our run for the first few hours—until it got too blazing hot for comfort, for this was a hot day, and the first taste of real hot weather we had on the cruise—was an exquisitely lovely one. The beautiful river is nowhere more beautiful than in this section. After passing out of the Droop Mountain gorge the valley opens out considerably, and our morning's cruise was through country that, while it lost nothing in picturesqueness and beauty, was not so depressingly wild and primitive. The river also became broader and more open, and the water began to lose its trout-stream amber tint, and to take on more of the slaty blue tint so familiar to travelers on the main line of the Chesapeake and Ohio road who are accustomed to admire its beauties from the car windows as the trains speed along its banks between Ronceverte and Hinton. A few miles below our camp we skirted along under a frowning cliff with the railroad clinging to its face in a narrow little notch a few feet above the water. At this place there was formerly a most picturesque line of castle and chimney-like formations jutting out from the wall, but unfortunately the railroad right of way had destroyed every vestige of them. The scars on the face of the cliff where these formations had clung to the rocky wall behind were plainly apparent as we drifted smoothly and swiftly by. The water is still and deep along here, and the images of the cliffs, trees, etc., were faithfully reproduced in an inverted position, broken and distorted into wavy lines as the water rippled and swirled from our paddles and the bows of the gently moving canoes. We found the water getting down on us a little on this morning's run, and we had to get out and wade down two or three rapids that were broader and shallower than usual, with our lightened canoes drifting easily ahead of us at the length of the stern painters; but as a rule we found a sufficiency of water, and didn't mind these few exceptions. We reached the village of Falling Spring, nestled high up on the hill tops a little ways back from the river, and hung up here for an hour and more while I went up into the village for mail and supplies. There are two towns here—Renick, a product of the railroad, down on the river bank at the station, and Falling Spring, half a mile up the hill, and almost straight up, at that. Knowing nothing in advance of Renick, I had had our mail addressed to Falling Spring, and a hot, tedious climb up the long hill was the result. However, I was rewarded by a goodly package of mail for both myself and George.

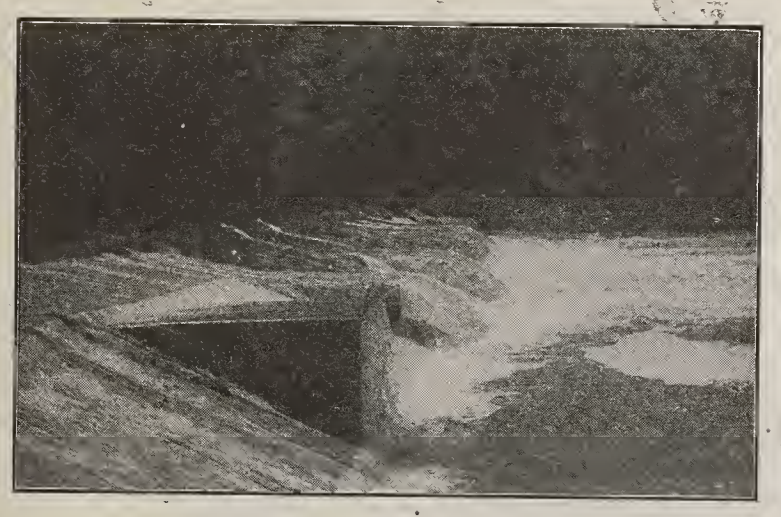
To-day being the Glorious Fourth, the whole country seemed to be out in gala attire, and all work or business seemed to be suspended for the day. It was 10:30 when we got under way again, and turned our bows down stream. The river turns sharply to the left just below the picturesque old covered bridge at this place, and shoots swiftly along under the railroad embankment, which lies up along the bluff in the concavity of the bend. About half a mile below the village we had a rattling lively plunge down a steep, rocky, and very rough little fall of about 50 yards in length, where, although our decks and closed hatches were liberally dashed with the spray from the big wave crests, we made the run without touching a rock. Not far below this fall the river turns sharply to the right again, and just below the elbow we passed the remains of an old dam, built as an aid to raft navigation, as the rapid above, in the angle of the bend, had proved peculiarly disastrous to many a raft, owing to the difficulty in swinging around the sharp corner without poking the nose of the raft into the bank or among the rocks which plentifully line the shores on either side. The dam has long been out of commission, and is broken out so that it presents no obstacle to canoe navigation, while the old sluiceway through which the rafts made the passage is still quite in evidence, but now perfectly dry. Just below and across from the old dam we landed on a beautiful, rocky, well shaded bank for a drink of water from a cold spring that rippled brightly down over the rocks and among the huge boulders into the river. It was such a beautiful spot that we loafed here quite a little while, enjoying the charmingly beautiful surroundings, and taking a rest from the heat of the sun. If it had been an hour later we would have made camp here, and we afterward regretted very much that we did not do so anyhow, for our next two or three days' cruises developed the fact that there is a singular scarcity of eligible camp-sites between Falling Spring and Ronceverte, and we had several hot, tedious hours to pass through on this morning's run before we finally went into camp. However, we did not know this, and we finally re-embarked and pushed on down, and about noon be-

gan to look for a camp, our desire in this respect being sharply accentuated by the fact that the sun had become most unbearably hot, and cruising was anything but a pleasure. None offered, and finally, about 1 o'clock, we landed on a shaded sand bank at the foot of an island, whose only recommendation was that it was immediately in front of a little shambling farmhouse, where we would be likely to find a supply of drinking water. It was directly opposite the mouth of Spring Creek, and George was anxious to camp here, as the swift water just above, rippling down around the foot of the island, seemed to be an unusually promising fishing ground; and also because Spring Creek was coming in muddy and discolored from some unknown cause, and George did not want to get into the muddy water for his afternoon fishing. George's principal interest in a cruise lies in the fishing, and he is keenly sensitive to anything and everything that bears on his favorite sport, one way or the other. Inquiry at the



The Fisherman.

house developed the fact that their supply of drinking water was obtained from a small creek coming in a couple of hundred yards below, and on walking down to inspect it I found that the water was quite as warm as the river water, and quite unfit to drink. An inspection of the other side of the river revealed no more favorable camping facilities, to say nothing of the discolored water from the creek being on that side; so in disgust George exlaimed: "You go ahead and find a place that suits you; I'll camp wherever you say!" So I pushed on ahead, George leisurely following on the clear side of the river, working his "sardine" as he came. I had a most distressingly hot mile or two's paddle, looking in vain for an eligible location on either side of the river, until finally I dropped hopelessly and helplessly ashore, completely done up with the heat, at the mouth of a small, cool looking brook coming in from under a high bluff on the sunny side of the river. The water looked tempting, and I plunged in my hands and soused my face and head in it, and found it to be almost ice cold; and as we both thought it unwise to pass it (George having come up by this time), we went ashore here for the rest of the day, and after lunch put up the camp. It was beyond a doubt the meanest and most uncomfortable camp I have ever made. A barren, rocky beach extended from the water's edge to the foot of the bluff, which rose steeply behind



The Big Dam at Roncverte.

it; the place was absolutely without shade, and the undergrowth, which straggled down the face of the bluff behind us, was almost impenetrable, and even when penetrated for a few feet with much difficulty, it was so close and hot as to be more unbearable than the sun outside. We spent a most wretchedly uncomfortable afternoon, which seemed to be absolutely endless, in that oven of a place, our sufferings alleviated to some extent by the fact that the sun was under a cloud for a large part of the time. Also I put in about an hour in swimming in the refreshing waters of the river. George, who would fish in Tophet if he could find a place where the water wasn't boiling, fished most of the afternoon, but with only fair success, and he finally laid aside his fishing tackle and went swimming also. As we seem to have a "Camp Damnation" on all of our trips—the Greenbier trip, the Shenandoah, etc.—it seemed to me not inappropriate to christen this place "Camp Damnation" also. We had hoped to find a nice comfortable place and lie by and loaf over Sunday, but we turned in with the mutual assurance that no Sunday would be spent here, but a short Sunday cruise would be the order of the day.

SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1903.

We got up leisurely this morning and had breakfast, and lazily packed and launched our canoes, and it was fully 9 o'clock before we were afloat. We were in no hurry, as our camp ground was shady enough during the morning hours, and we only had in view a short Sabbath day's cruise, with an early camp and plenty of loafing; but, as it proved, we had our customary luck in finding a camp place, and we cruised not less than sixteen miles, and it was after 2 o'clock before we succeeded in locating a camp that was at all eligible. The day was cloudy and overcast and the cruising quite comfortable, as well as full of interest. The mountains closed in on us again with wild, towering, tree-clothed walls close at hand on either side, with here and there gigantic rock masses looming up above the treetops on the mountain summits, or projecting in ragged masses out from the tree lines on the steep slopes, and the scenery was more like it was up above Cass. It presently began to rain, and for three hours we had a heavy thunderstorm, with furious driving rain; but, clad in our rubbers, we kept right on down the river. Running a rapid river in a heavy rain is ticklish business, particularly if the stream is unfamiliar; but we kept on going over short, still pools into which the rain beat fiercely, blistering the surface and spurting up in fierce little jets; and down rough, heavy rapids, where the surface indications were so obscured by the beating rain that it was decidedly ticklish business to keep off the rocks that did not show their heads above water. It was not difficult to diagnose the "set" of the water down the rapids, and we put our canoes in the likeliest looking water and took the rocks on trust; and got through rapid after rapid without mishap of any kind, including the really long and quite rough rapid just above the old covered bridge across the river a little above Anthony's Creek, known to the old-time raftsmen as the "bridge rapid," and about which we had been warned, and which we found quite as long and rough as the worst of those in the Droop Mountain gorge, and with the rocks strewn around thicker and in much more careless profusion. We got a few rather heavy knocks in here, but reached the bottom all right enough, right side up, and without injury to our canoes. Fortunately in this rainy morning's run, we found plenty of water, even in the broadest and shallowest rapids, and did not have to get out and do any wading in the rain. There were several earth-jarring thunder claps over among the mountain tops, but we felt secure, far down in the bottom of that abysmal gorge, as we felt certain that a lightning flash with any sense of discrimination whatever would much prefer picking out a tall, likely looking tree on some of the interminable mountain tops, rather than come nosing around in the



"We loafed here quite a while."

bottom of that trough in the mountains in search of a couple of very small and inconspicuous canoes; and the event proved that I was right. About noon the storm passed over, and the sun came out blazing hot, and made things interesting for us for the next two hours as we shot along down the swift river, scanning either bank closely in hopes of a camp-site that was at all favorable. Bend after bend was passed, and nothing appeared that was at all eligible. We had hoped to find a place at the mouth of Anthony's Creek, but the ground was densely overgrown with bushes, wet and bedraggled from the rain. Finally I landed on an open looking sand bank where a road dipped down into the river, and where the ground was sufficiently open to allow room for our tented canoes. Two or three fishing poles, cut from the nearest thicket, with lines attached, leaned against the bushes on one side of the road, indicating that human habitation was probably not far off, with promise of drinking water. Hanging on the hook attached to one of the lines was the dried and shriveled remains of one of those curious reptiles found only in the tributaries of the Mississippi known as "hellbender." The hook was still fast in the skeleton jaw, telling a mute, pathetic story of man's needless cruelty to the helpless lower orders. The roof of an old mill showed up through the trees a short distance up the road. We had easily shot the old, broken out dam half a mile above, and I walked back up along the road toward it, hoping to find water for drinking and cooking purposes. The old mill was found to be in ruins. The roof was tumbling in, the floor had dropped down below the underpinning in places, the doors and windows were all gone, and the place had the air of being decidedly out of commission. At the further end there appeared signs of occupation. A stovepipe was sticking out of a windowless hole in the wall; a few rude pieces of furniture were scattered around outside, and as I passed I caught sight of a frowzy, unkempt female head back of a sightless window, evidently watching me with some curiosity. Through another window opening a still frowzier and more unkempt male head was thrust. I looked no further for water, but returned to George with the news of my find, and we agreed that perhaps we might do better further down; so I re-embarked and we pushed on, hotter, hungrier, and thirstier than ever. A couple of miles below we hailed with delight the appearance of a bright little thread of water slipping noiselessly down the sandy bank, deep down in a little notch worn in the soft, sandy soil, and losing itself in the river. An old wooden boat lay half sunken in the water alongside of the little rivulet at a bit of a landing among the bushes. With one accord we rushed our canoes ashore alongside the old boat, and were rewarded by the discovery of a cold spring with an excellent vein of water welling out from under the roots of a huge sycamore, and with a really comfortable bank on which to place the canoes, well screened from the sun both morning and afternoon by a heavy growth of trees, without undergrowth enough to make things uncomfortable, and it did not take us long to get our camp plunder ashore. The river bank across from us, and for a mile or more each way up and down the river, was a thousand feet high and almost straight up and down, tree-clothed to the summit, with here and there jagged cliff masses projecting their bulks in fantastic shapes far out beyond the tree line. The railroad lay along a narrow little shelf scratched into the face of the mountain some twenty or thirty feet above the river, which was piled full of broken rock masses along the water's edge at the foot of the embankment, and which were strongly suggestive of bass. On our side of the river a strip of level land a couple of hundred yards in width lay up and down the river, back of which Wallow-Hole Mountain lifted its crest fifteen hundred feet up into the sky. Along this narrow little strip of bottom land old man Blankenship had a little farm and lived in an humble little cabin a short distance from our camp with his grandchildren. While we were making camp the old man came along with a couple of neighbors—a



The Copperhead Rock Rapids—Mount George in Distance.

man and a woman—whom he was preparing to set across the river. While evidently surprised to find squatters on his land, he was cordial and pleasant, and assured us that we were perfectly welcome. The neighbors proved to be our passing acquaintances of the old mill above, and turned out to be agreeable and pleasant in spite of their unprepossessing abiding place. A good hot fish dinner was served at 4 o'clock, which did duty for supper, also, after which the canoes were drawn ashore and the tents erected over them, and the camp leisurely put in shape, including the fly, as the weather was by no means above suspicion. I settled down to my correspondence, while George improved the opportunity to go a-fishing. He made quite a nice catch, which, as we were pretty well surfeited with fish, we took to the old man's cabin and presented to him.

MONDAY, JULY 6, 1903.

As this place looked favorable for fishing, and as we had but a few days more for the cruise, George suggested that we lie by here a day and try the water; so after breakfast we took our tackle and sallied forth; but although we used first flies and afterward helgramites, neither of us scored a rise. The river was discovered to be rising, as a result of Sunday's heavy storm, which probably accounts for the bass refusing to strike; so, after



A Landing for Water.

an hour's fruitless exertion, we gave it up and returned to camp, and after George had set me across the river in the old man's boat I had a hot walk of a mile and a half up the railroad to a bit of a country store, where I had the expeditionary coal oil can filled. On my return I found the river was coming up quite rapidly, and by the middle of the afternoon there was a foot and a half of discolored, muddy water coming down, which of course knocks out the fishing, and will end the cruise tomorrow at Ronceverte. It does not take these mountain streams more than two or three days to run clear after a rain, but, as I had only about that much time remaining for this outing, it did not seem worth while to wait any longer on the water. The afternoon was spent lazily in camp, reading, dozing, etc. The old man was down in camp a couple of hours during the afternoon. He has been a mighty hunter, and is now a mighty talker. George likes to hear him talk, and tell of his numerous hunting exploits and adventures, but I found him borous.

TUESDAY, JULY 7, 1903.

We got an early start this morning, and were afloat by 7:30, with a couple of feet more muddy water under us than we had when we arrived here. The old man was down while we were cleaning up the kitchen utensils and putting things to rights, and we turned over to him what few supplies, in the way of coffee, sugar, etc., that we had left over, which he thankfully accepted. We lingered lazily down along this last stretch of the river, loth to leave the beautiful stream at the last, albeit the flush water carried us along at a lively rate, and we had a quick and easy cruise of fifteen miles to Ronceverte, arriving there at about 11 o'clock. The day's cruise reminded us in more ways than one of our elegant day's cruise between Cass and Marlinton. We found the rapids

about as they had been all along—occurring constantly, but not specially rough; in fact, we found this section of the river the easiest in that respect of any section that we had as yet cruised over. My chart gives a couple of 100 feet contour lines across the river at a distance of less than four miles between our camp and Caldwell, and we had expected to have rather a strenuous time of it this morning, but we found no indications of any unusual fall. We passed under the picturesque old covered bridge at Caldwell—curious how much alike all of these old bridges are!—and found a 3-foot dam below it, the first we have encountered on the cruise since portaging the dam at Cass, but with the present water we went right over it, after standing up in our canoes to diagnose the situation. Presently the main line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway appeared on the left bank, and we skirted along it for a couple of miles or so, until it crossed over our heads to the right bank on a fine iron bridge, immediately below which our little Greenbrier road, which has been keeping us company for the entire cruise, loses its identity in the main line. Long lines of old disused and decaying log booms, relics of the rafting days before the construction of the Greenbrier road, and indicating our approach to Ronceverte, began to appear, and it was a nice question to choose the proper side at the head of a boom. We got on the wrong side of one of them once, and had to make a portage, fortunately an easy one, by stepping out on one of the links of the massive log chain and sliding our canoes over and through a little gap between the ends of the log links. The immense lumber mills of the St. Lawrence Company at Ronceverte next appeared, past which we slowly paddled, arousing no little interest and curiosity in the minds of the numerous men at work on the river front, and the end of our cruise was close at hand, for in a few minutes more we beached our canoes on a grassy, well shaded bank immediately above the immense 20-foot dam at Ronceverte, which to us was the foot of navigation, and our delightful and interesting cruise of two weeks and 110 miles was at an end.

We had plenty of time, as we had all day before us, so we took things leisurely. We unpacked the canoes and drew them up out of the water, and sorted out the camp plunder—something of a task with George, as his canoe and part of his stuff was to return to Staunton, while a considerable part of it was to be returned by express to his home in Frostburg, Maryland, and still a third installment was to be made up and placed in his clothes bag and taken with him, for it was his plan to return up the Greenbrier road to Durbin, and thence go back to Arbogast's on the upper waters of the "Near Prong" (the location of Camp Cooke), and have a few July days with the trout (George loves to fish), after which he would get home as he came, by working his way back up through the mountain on the various log roads until he reached the main road at Elkins, whence he could read his title clear to an orthodox and quick trip home. We had lunch on the bank under the trees, after which a wagon was procured from the village and the canoes and camp duffle hauled to the freight station, where all of the camp outfit was boxed and shipped separately. We find that it pays to box everything separately that will go in a box, and send the canoes as absolutely light and empty as possible, for we never escape paying four times first-class rates, actual weight, on the canoes, and it is poor economy to leave a couple of hundred pounds or so of camp duffle in a canoe to make it weigh that much more, when the same stuff can be sent at one-fourth the rate when boxed separately.

Ronceverte is essentially a railroad and lumber town, and although quite an important business point from a railroad standpoint, we did not find much in it to interest us, as we idled around the little place for the rest of the afternoon and evening, after we had secured a room at the hotel and indulged in the luxury of a shave, a clean flannel outing shirt, and respectable garments. Polk Miller, the delineator of negro characters, with his inimitable quartette of plantation darkey singers, chanced to be there that evening, and helped us to pass the evening in a pleasant and entertaining manner, and the next morning found us on our respective trains, each homeward bound in his own way.

III.—EPILOGUE.

As a cruising stream, the Greenbrier is a distinct and pronounced success, combining all the good qualities a cruising stream should have—good swift water, plenty of rapids, which, while sufficiently rough to be exciting, are not dangerous; beautiful and picturesque mountain scenery; a genial, healthful climate, free from malaria and mosquitoes, and good bass fishing withal. We were delighted with the success of our experiment, and our only regret was that I did not have a week more at my disposal, so that we could lie by a couple of days for the bad water to run off, and then continue the cruise to Hinton, where the Greenbrier unites with the New River. There is some rough water scattered around in the recesses of the "big bend," not far above Hinton, and the bass fishing is said to be unusually good in this remote region. These points will make it attractive to both me and George, and it is quite likely that next year will find us again gliding over its mirror-like reaches, slipping over its glassy shallows, and shooting swiftly down its rock-strewn rapids in our canoes.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

Shattemuc Yacht and Canoe Club.

The annual meeting of the Shattemuc Yacht and Canoe Club was held at the club house on March 3, Vice-Commodore Gilbert M. Todd presiding. The following officers were elected: Com., Franklin Brandreth; Vice-Com., Gilbert M. Todd; Rear-Com., Edward B. Sherwood; Sec'y, William E. Barlow; Treas., William M. Carpenter; Meas., Roger M. Haddock; Trustees, three years, Edward B. Sherwood, Edwin L. Todd. Governing Committee—J. Herbert Carpenter, chairman; Gilbert M. Todd, William I. Townsend, T. Henry Calam, Albert R. Genet. Committee on Admission—Franklin Brandreth, chairman; William I. Townsend, Edwin L. Todd, T. Henry Calam, Remsen W. Nourse. House Committee—James Bedell, chairman; Roger M. Haddock, S. Olin Washburne, A. Fred Carpenter, J. E. Huber. Regatta Committee—William M. Carpenter, chairman; William E. Barlow, Robert T. Dennis. Auditing Committee—William C. Kipp, chairman; T. Henry Calam, Milton C. Palmer.



The Indra Log.

The Story of a Cruise from Marblehead, Mass., to Sydney, N. B.

BY HENRY G. PICKERING, BOSTON, MASS.

To the yachtsman pure and simple, to the tired brain worker who has never even guessed its stimulating and recuperative power, and to the mere sentimental idler, be he yachtsman or no, a cruise on summer seas offers alike and in turn the eager sport, the rest and the lazy indulgence so welcome to their several desires and so essential to their individual needs.

There is enough of active responsibility and delightful freedom to satisfy the sailor's keenest longings, and enough of absolute do-nothingness, if he so elects, with an enforced separation from life's more insistent demands, to force the thoughts of the over-tired into new and restful channels; and for each and all the three, there is the strange and stirring companionship of the sea, so compelling and absorbing that the voyager is by turns and despite himself sailor, idler, philosopher, and dreamer as the changing moods of sea and wind and sky shall determine, and all to his lasting contentment and well being. This, by way of philosophic prologue to the reader, whether he shall be on sport or health or simple pleasure bent, or even none of these, but only one who loves to hear of ventures by land and sea, albeit he shares them only in the spirit that makes all good and happy things our own.

The coast of Maine has long and deservedly been the favorite sailing domain of Atlantic yachtsmen. In itself an unusually beautiful and interesting shore, and with safe and easy harbors at convenient intervals, it offers perhaps greater inducements for the short cruise than can be found in any other of our eastern waters. For while the summer resorts in almost every cove and inlet invite to pleasant idling, the uncertainty of its weather conditions supplies that element of excitement and not infrequent danger which makes, in large part, the charm of yachting life.

Beyond Bar Harbor, however, or at farthest Campobello Island, it is unusual to find the New York or New England yacht. There seems to be a feeling of vague apprehension, or it may be a lack of the sailor's imagination, in regard to the coast east and north of these points. To show, if possible, that this apprehension is unfounded, and to stimulate without quite satisfying a healthy curiosity, this story of a sailing cruise to the farther East has been written, with natural hesitation and some misgiving. It is told in the form of the yacht's log, as actually kept from day to day; and if the incidents seem trivial and scarcely worthy the recording, it must be remembered that the life at sea is one of but slightly varied routine, and the shore experiences brief and devoted, for the most part, to our single pursuit of fishing. But with all its sameness—and there is a certain charm perhaps in all pleasant routine—it has been to us who shared it a record of delightful days to be long remembered and, if it may be, shared with others who shall read the simple story.

It is a far cry—700 miles by the coast, as we made it, from Marblehead to Sydney, Cape Breton. We were fifty-four days from anchorage to anchorage; but yachts do not sail as the crow flies, and tides and weather, though we had our share of good luck, are not always propitious.

The Indra, Eastern Y. C., is a schooner yacht, built in 1901, by George Lawley & Son, of South Boston, painted white, measuring 46ft. on the waterline, and 72ft. over all, 15ft. beam, with 16 tons of lead outside on the keel, and drawing 10½ft. of water. Capable of eleven knots an hour in fair wind, of quick action in answering the helm, with a flush deck and ample standing room, she is easily handled in any weather and is an unusually dry boat, standing well up to her work and holding her own without trouble in the heavy tide-rips of the lower Maine and Nova Scotia coasts. Below, she is roomy and thoroughly comfortable, having a large galley with men's quarters forward, good cabin with plenty of headroom and wide transoms, owner's stateroom at the foot of the companionway amidships, and guests' stateroom with two bunks aft; convenient cupboards and lockers, set bowls for washing in staterooms and lavatory, good sanitary equipment, and the entire boat well ventilated, clean, and wholesome. The sail plan comprises the usual equipment of a schooner-rigged yacht, with a storm trysail for emergencies; the two boats are the "dinghy" and the "gig," both bright boats, that is, of the natural wood varnish. The finish of the yacht is mahogany, and the fittings of brass, kept brightly polished at all times, weather permitting. The ship's company were the owner and three guests aft, with a crew of three and a steward forward; so we were full handed for the voyage.

It is a Sunday morning, June 28, bright and clear when we leave our anchorage opposite the Eastern Y. C. in Marblehead Harbor; wind light from southwest; with all sails set and drawing well; down the Beverly and Manchester coast, past Eastern Point, where we dip the ensign to the American and Canadian flags, flying at our good friend K's, on the shore, and Thatcher's twin lights are in line at 11:45. We take in the jib topsail and set the spinnaker, the breeze freshens, and at 4 o'clock we make Portsmouth Harbor and come to anchor behind Kittery Point. A day of fine sailing, clear skies, and sparkling water, most favorable of send-offs for the long voyage before us.

It is an early start next morning, 4:30; and laggards must be astir! The wind is light and little of it before noon; but the tide is with us and the breeze freshens later, giving a fair run to Wood Island, where we ground lightly on the muddy bottom as we come to anchor, but swinging clear during the evening with the turn of the tide.

Tuesday, the 30th, and another early start at 5. A strenuous beginning, do you say? Well, try it some day, good reader, whether yachtsman or no, and draw the fine crisp air from over the water into your lungs and the sparkle and pure delight of the morning into your heart. To-day the wind is shifting from northeast to southwest, and at noon we set the spinnaker, most helpful of sails before the wind, off Cape Elizabeth, Portland Harbor, and carry it the rest of the day. We make Port Clyde (Herring Gut), at 6:15, and come to anchor for the night.

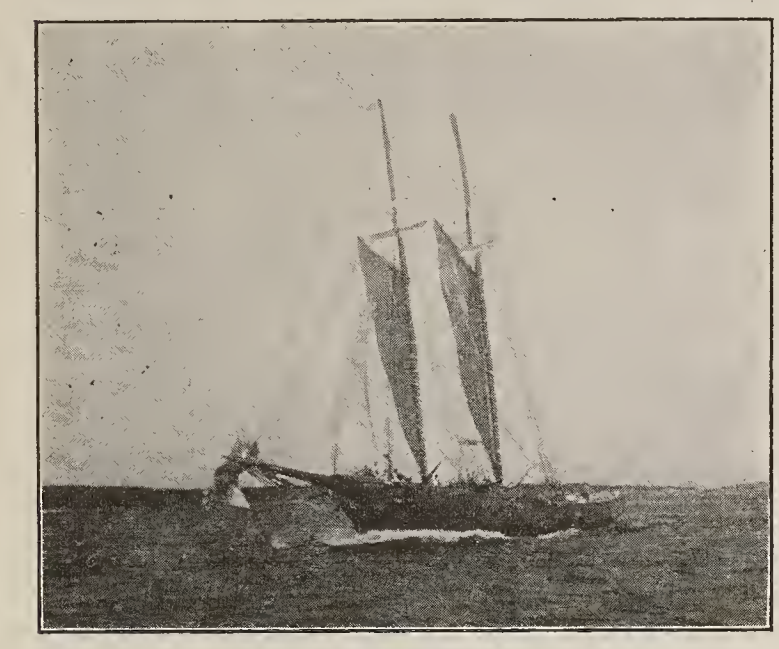
The morning brings our first fog and very light wind, but growing stronger from the southwest about noon. A good run to Madochawando Bay, opposite Castine, at 4:45. Here is a cozy harbor and good shelter, with a warm welcome from the household of our shipmate H., at his summer home. At the landing stage lies an old schooner, a peaceful "Temeraire tugged here to its last moorings," the sea-moss deep on its weather-beaten sides, and vines and flowers running riot over its crumbling deck. Across this and climb the steep bank and everywhere are fine reaches of sea and shore, and our host's piazza and hospitality so inviting that we are fain to stay over a day, despite fair winds for eastward sailing.

But July 3 we are off again at 8 A. M., with a fine, strong breeze from the northwest, and makes the North Haven anchorage in Fox Island Thoroughfare, at 10:50. Here is more cordial hospitality from friends ashore, and Independence Day, to-morrow, to be duly celebrated on American soil. Surely we must stay over, as in patriotic duty bound, even though we lose our last fair wind thereby. Then there are sundry and various things to be done; we have determined to leave behind us our spinnaker and fore topmast, making a snug rigging for unknown conditions on a new coast; mail must be got and sent; and water and supplies taken on board.

July 4, the morning breaks fine. All are up bright and early and dress ship, in honor of the day. The "Thoroughfare" is wide awake this morning, flags are out everywhere, and there is much bustle and preparation for the regatta—two races for the knockabouts and small cats being in order, and great rivalry among the young owners and skippers thereof. All this we watch comfortably with our guests from our own deck, and therefore return visits with tea drinking and hearty welcome ashore.

Another fine morning on the 5th, but wind light from the east. The Columbia, Commodore L., of Yarmouth, N. S., anchored near by, is off before us, bound for St. John, to the races. A busy forenoon, lightering fresh water for our three tanks from the shore in one of our own boats, filled as deep as she will float, taking down the fore topmast and storing it with

the spinnaker boom anent our return to these waters with our god friend R., whose house is always open to wayfarers and "Thoroughfarers," and at 1 are under way again with a fair west wind headed east. At 4 o'clock we are at the westerly entrance to Casco Passage. Watch the buoys and keep the red ones to port! "Aye, aye," from the writer at the wheel. "Shoaling ahead, sir," comes from forward. "Helm hard over." "Too late! we are fast, grounding on the Long Ledge," and Uncle Sam to blame for it. A black buoy after all, but defaced beyond recognition and of rusty red at the waterline. Memo.—See the Department about this and urge their copying our Dominion neighbors in distinguishing port from starboard buoys by the shape and not by the color only; this applying to spar buoys alone, the "cans" being already so marked. Luckily we have touched lightly, and we get out an anchor and

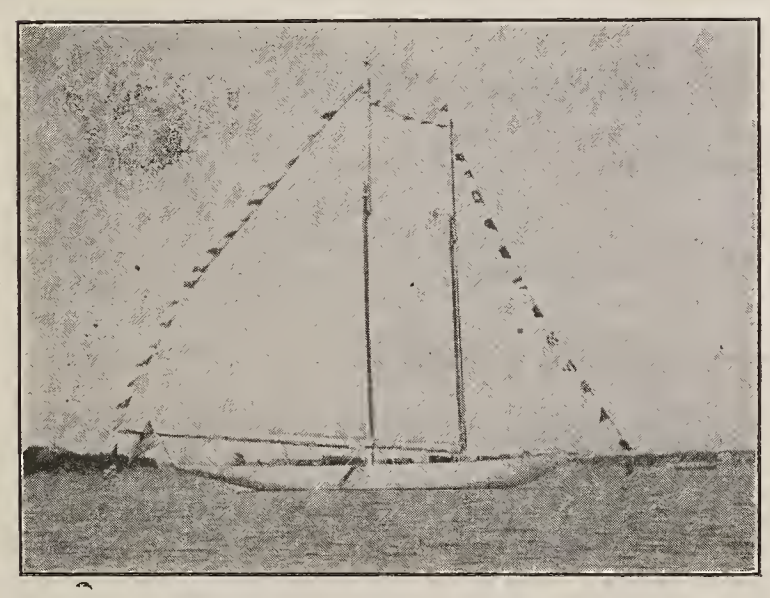


A Fisherman.

haul off, the tide helping us, within the hour; and at 6:15 are safely anchored in Bass Harbor.

A 5:30 start in the morning, but the light wind fails, and we drop anchor again to avoid going ashore with the tide. A fresh start in light rain and almost no wind, so we run in between Cranberry and Sutton Island and lunched. At 1, we get a fair breeze, which lasts us to Schoodic, but it falls again and the fog sets in as we pass Petit Manan. Such are the vagaries of sailing, and we are yet to see more of them in the near future. Cape Split anchorage is fortunately comfortable enough in any weather, and we run in here for the night.

With the morning the fog is driving heavily in before a southeast wind, and neither this day nor next do we tempt adverse fortune. There is rain, too, and continued fog in the offing, rising a little from time to time, but settling again, and what wind there is is against us; so we go ashore to the little town of South Addison, where we meet Mr. C., late first mate of the W. B. Thomas, a fine five master lost on her first voy-



"Dress ship in honor of the day."

age, and hear the distressing story of the wreck. We had sighted the vessel on the rocks the day before. Again on board, we turn to rainy day occupations, labeling charts and doing odds and ends about ship. Then another trip ashore for newspapers and whatever may fall in our way to ligthen a dull day.

There is rain again in the early morning and fog outside, as before, but clearing weather later and hope for a marked change with the full moon to-night. But the next morning comes with no wind, and the ebb tide running westwardly through the "Reach" against us. It is late before we get under way with a light breeze, and at 10 in the evening run into Jonesport. Here the yacht is to be docked for inspection of the hull, and next morning she is brought alongside the wharf, tackle from the upper masts made fast ashore to hold her upright when the tide goes out, and at low water, about 5 o'clock, a careful examination is made No injury is found, and at 10 in the evening we warp and tow her out again to the anchorage. We have beguiled the hours while waiting for the ebb, by visiting the great sardine-packing factory, an admirable plant, with a capacity of handling and preparing some seven tons a day.

July 11, fog again, an old friend by this time, clearing inside to blue sky later, but the same heavy curtain further out, and no sign of lifting. The Captain and L. go ashore with vast preparation for a reputed trout stream in the interior, returning in the evening wet to the skin from a smart shower, but having depopulated Indian River to the extent of half a dozen fingerlings, and a couple of their unwary brethren of large growth, pronounced by admiring natives a "more than average" catch, especially as taken with the fly. The arrival of the Frank Jones in the evening, Jonesport being now her eastern terminus, is a pretty sight, as she threads her way in picking up buoys and vessels at anchor with her sweeping searchlight. These daily steamers run on schedule time, making no allowance for fog or darkness, but reckoning distances by revolutions of the propeller and using the searchlight with effect in difficult places or in making port. The derided trout look larger in the pan at breakfast, and are of excellent flavor, so we retract our comments of the day before.

We are off next morning at 9 o'clock with a light southwest wind, and shortly after pick up a derelict ship's boat, floating bottom upward, but in good condition. She is righted, bailed, and towing astern inside of twenty minutes, and is awarded as "lawful prize" to the salvors, who promptly sell her to a fisherman at the next port. Seal Harbor, Grand Manan, at 4:15, the anchorage an exposed one from the south, but the wind which has increased during the day falls again at sundown, and we have a quiet night.

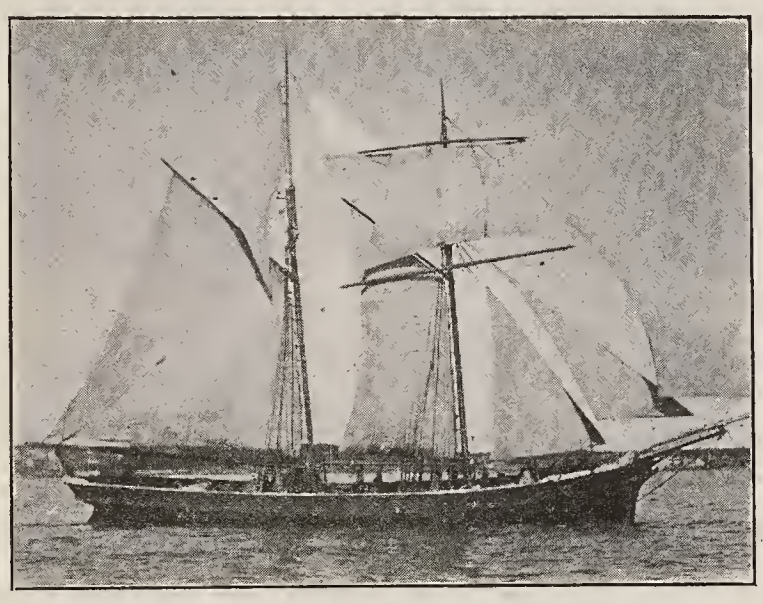
Next day, no wind. We go ashore and drive twelve miles to North Head, on a fine, broad cove with Swallowtail light at its easterly end. The great cliffs to the north, which we see from Whale Cove, are particularly fine, but are best seen, of course, in rounding the island from the other side. The fog is dense on our return and continuing with no wind through the following day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

White Bear Y. C.

IN the early part of February Messrs. Lucius P. Ordway and Homer P. Clark, of the White Bear Y. C., met in New York to consider the designs submitted for trial boats for the Seawanhaka cup, and decide which of the boats should be built. Plans had been submitted by the following:

Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, Boston, Mass.



A Topsail Schooner.

Mr. F. D. Lawley, South Boston, Mass.
Messrs. Burgess & Packard, Boston, Mass.
Mr. Charles D. Mower, New York City.
Mr. Gus Amundson, St. Paul, Minn.
Mr. Andrew Peterson, Minnetonka, Minn.
Messrs. Jones & LaBorde, Oshkosh, Minn.
Mr. C. M. Palmer, Highland Park, Ill.

Out of the eight designs submitted four were selected.

Mr. C. D. Mower sent in a design for a sharp-bowed boat of the Duggan type that impressed the committee favorably, and this boat will be built by Amundson.

Messrs. Jones & LaBorde's design showed an improved Tecumseh, and she will be built by themselves.

Mr. Gus Amundson sent in a design that was similar to his successful Minnesota, and a boat will be built by himself from these plans.

Mr. J. Johnson, of White Bear Lake, will build the fourth boat. She will be similar to Massasoit.

All the above boats will be built at once, and will be put overboard as soon as the weather permits. After fully trying out the boats at White Bear Lake, the most successful will be taken to Oshkosh, and they will race there on Lake Winnebago.

We publish in full the matter sent out by Mr. Ordway, as it contains much of interest and value:

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, Canada, having accepted the challenge of the White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, Minn., for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup for small yachts, and the conditions governing the match having been arranged, the White Bear Y. C. can now announce both these conditions and the plan which it proposes to follow in its effort to wrest the cup from its present holders.

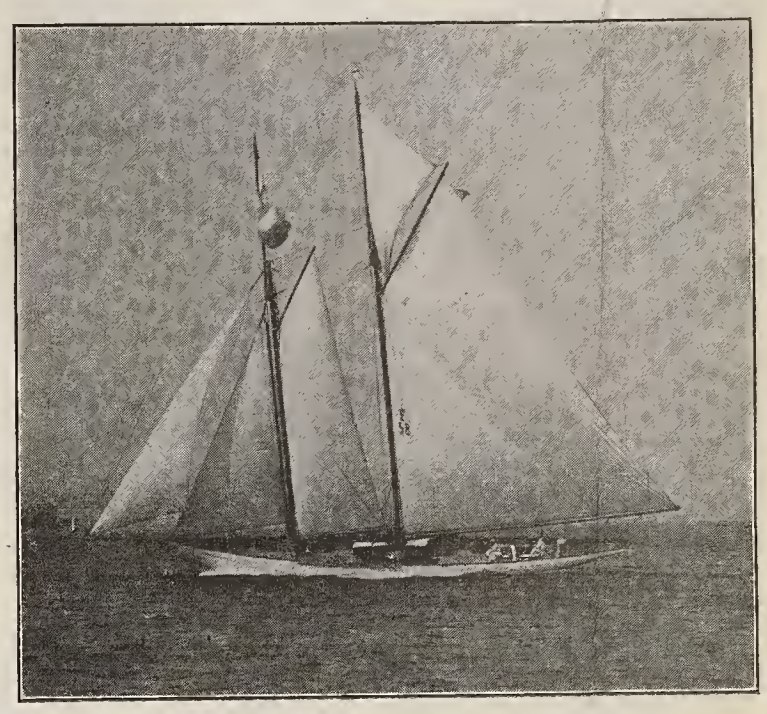
The White Bear Y. C. realizes the responsibility of its position and the difficulty of lifting this cup, which seems to be a fixture at Montreal. This country has attempted to bring back the cup on various theories, and four different yacht clubs have handled the problem, only to be successively beaten. Our experience and study of the problem show us that a wide-open, loose policy cannot win the cup as long as either Mr. Duggan or Mr. Shearwood manages the defense. We know that, in order to win, we must concentrate our efforts along certain lines, and put the management into competent hands, following methods so successfully used by the defenders. Our opponents in this race are wonderfully expert, not only in designing, but in building, rigging, and tuning up their boats, their committee having absolute control of the selection and sailing of same, and the solid backing of their club and country.

In view of the above conditions, a plan of concentration has been decided upon, and the entire management of all matters pertaining to the selection of the challenger and the races at Montreal have been placed in the hands of a special racing committee of seven, of which ex-Com. L. P. Ordway is chairman. This committee has secured and is studying the designs of a number of the best small boat builders in this country, and will build for the members of the White Bear Y. C. as a syndicate four boats, thus concentrating the problems of designing and construction, including sail plan, rigging, etc. When the time comes for tuning up the boats, the committee hopes to place from two to four crews in the field, whose experience is sufficient to stand the most severe test of seamanship. Both crews and yachts will be under the supervision and management of a sub-committee of two—probably the chairman and ex-Com. C. M. Griggs.

In order to avoid any misunderstanding, we have decided to expose our method of attack, as above stated, that our sister clubs of this country may know just how we view the situation.

We want the help of your club, if you have confidence enough in us to sail under our colors and in accordance with the above plan of management. If your loyalty to country is sufficient to prompt you to lend us your aid and warrant your building and sending to our committee a boat to be tried out against local and outside boats which may be entered in such preliminary races as our committee may order (you guaranteeing to us possession of the boat from the beginning of the preliminary trial races, until after the races for the cup at Montreal, providing the committee wishes to keep it that long) then we will be glad to accept your aid, and will guarantee to take reasonable care of your boat and to give her a fair and thorough test. The same conditions are imposed upon members of our club entering boats as are imposed upon members of other clubs, and the members of the special racing committee are prohibited from owning an interest in any individual competing boat.

We cannot proceed with any confidence along other lines than the above. Three years ago we made the attempt to hold an



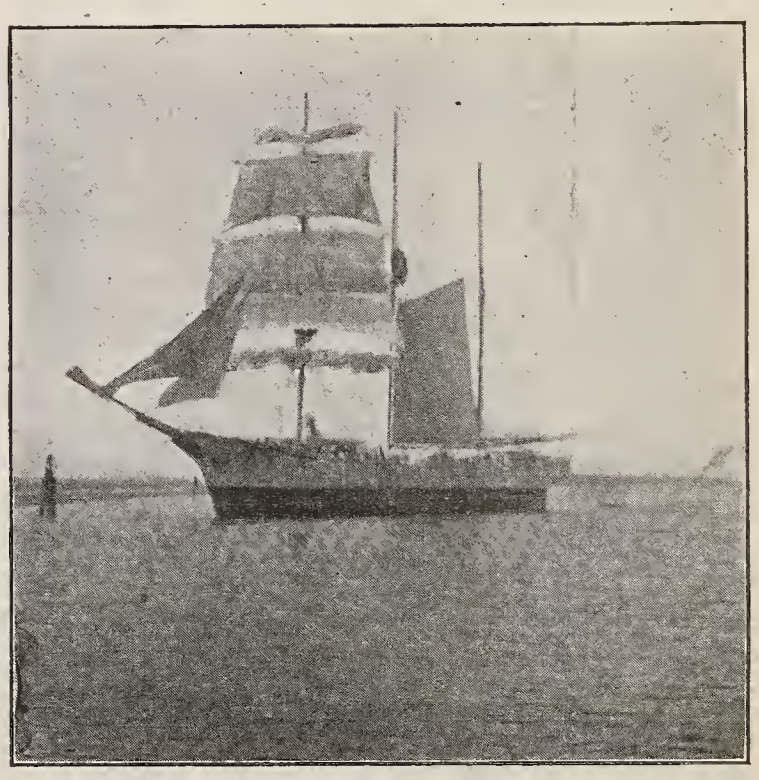
Indra.

open regatta, with the result that not a single outside boat was sent to the trial races.

METHOD OF PROCEDURE FOR SELECTION OF THE CHALLENGER.

The committee will race in pairs, by such crews as it may select, the boats which are presented to it for trial. It will probably sail several series of races on the Bagnall-Wyld system of drawing—racing down to a single winner. This is a process of elimination, the loser dropping out, and the winners only continuing. The above method has the advantage of reducing to a minimum the chances of fouls and the chance of a boat's losing races by flukes; and if continued long enough to embrace all kinds of weather, will, we firmly believe, result in demonstrating which is the best all-around boat. A suitable trophy will be presented to the winner of each series.

The preliminary trial races will commence on Monday, June 13, and any outside boat entered can be sailed during that week by such crew as the owner may present, with the understanding and agreement that if desired by the committee, the boat shall be



Yarmouth.

left in their charge and possession for further trials and use at Montreal—if selected for such honor.

Instructions as to contestants, courses, marks, signals, starting, numbers, and all matters pertaining to the race for the day, will be posted by the committee in charge on the bulletin board at the White Bear Y. C. house at 9 A. M. each morning during the week commencing June 13, 1904.

In the event that any outside boat is retained by the committee for further trial races at White Bear Lake, or to go to Montreal, the White Bear Y. C. guarantees to pay the transportation charges to Montreal and from thence to the home waters of such boat.

At the request and upon the responsibility of any club entering a yacht with the committee for the trial races, the privileges of the club house of the White Bear Y. C. will be extended to the owner and amateur crew of the yacht so entered during the period occupied by such raees, and upon the same terms as to members of the club.

Entries and correspondence may be addressed to the chairman of the committee, Lucius P. Ordway, at 248 E. Fourth street, St. Paul, Minn.

Conditions governing race between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, and the White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, Minn., for the Seawanhaka International challenge cup, to be sailed beginning Aug. 4, 1904.

AGREEMENT

Covering the special conditions of the match for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup for small yachts, to be sailed by the representative yachts of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Montreal, Canada, and the White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, Minn., U. S. A., during the yachting saeson of 1904.

In pursuance of the provisions of Article XI. of the Declaration of Trust, executed by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., dated the 1st day of June, 1896, and containing the terms and conditions governing the tenure of the Seawanhaka challenge cup, it is hereby agreed between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, Minn., that the following special terms and conditions shall govern the match to be sailed on the waters of Lake St. Louis during the yachting season of 1904.

EXPLANATION OF TERMS.

Article 1.—The following expressions have the meanings assigned to them in this section unless the context requires otherwise:

(a) "The Match" means the races to be sailed for the cup.

(b) "The Trust" means the Declaration of Trust.
(c) "The challenged yacht," "the challenging yacht," "the yachts," "the competitors," "competitor," mean the yachts representing the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the White Bear Y. C., respeetively.
(d) "Centerboard" includes plates and sliding keels as mentioned in Article VI. of the Trust, and permits of the use of more than one on either side.
(e) "The crew" includes the helmsman.
(f) "The mark" means a mark used to indicate the course, as provided for in Article 25.

THE MATCH.

Article 2.—The match shall be awarded to the yacht winning three of five races. Each race shall be of a total length of twelve nautical miles, as measured by the log.

NOMINATION OF YACHTS.

Article 3.—Each club shall name its representative yacht at least five days before the first race Any protest as to the eligibility of either competitor must be made at least three days before the first race.

THE JUDGES.

Article 4.—The challenging and challenged clubs shall each nominate a person and secure his consent to act as a judge. Notice of such nomination and consent shall be given by each club to the other on or before the first day of June, 1904. This notice shall be forthwith communicated by such other club to its nominee.
Article 5.—The two judges so appointed shall elect a third judge on or before the first day of July, 1904.
Article 6.—The third judge shall act as convener and chairman of the judges, and shall forthwith notify the two clubs of his own appointment.
Article 7.—In the event of the judges so nominated by the clubs, or either of them, subsequently refusing, or being for any cause unable to act, the nominating club shall immediately make a new nomination and give notice thereof.
For like reason and in like manner a new selection of a third judge shall be made and notified to the clubs.
Article 8.—Subject to the provisions of the Trust and of this Agreement, the judges shall—
(a) Verify and decide whether the competitors come in all respects within the prescribed conditions.
(b) Lay out the courses.
(c) Order in what direction the course for the day shall be sailed.
(d) Postpone a start in the event of a fog or ca'm; or of a competitor becoming injured or disabled, as provided in Articles 26 and 27.
(e) Generally manage the races and decide all questions and disputes in relation thereto.
(f) Act as timekeepers and declare the results.
(g) The decision of the judges shall be final.

THE YACHTS—RACING LENGTH OR SIZE—MEASUREMENTS.

Article 9.—Competitors must not exceed 500 feet sail area, and must not exceed 25 feet limit of racing length under the following rules:
Load waterline plus square root of sail area divided by 2, equals racing length.
Article 10.—The factor of load waterline used in determining racing length shall be ascertained, with 450 pounds dead weight placed substantially amidships in lieu of crew when the yachts are in racing trim.
The factor of sail area used in determining racing length shall be ascertained by adding to the actual area of the mainsail the area of the fore triangle.
The hoist and outer points of the mainsail, when measured, shall be marked respectively on the mast, boom, and gaff, or other spars used to set the sail.
The factor of fore triangle, used in determining sail area, shall be ascertained from the perpendicular distance between the deck and the point on the forestay where the line of the leach of the jib intersects the forestay, and the base distance between the forward side of the mast, and the point of intersection of the forestay or line of jib luff with the bowsprit or hull.
The said point of intersection of the forestay shall be marked thereon.

THE YACHTS—DRAFT.

Article 11.—Draft shall be determined when the competitors are in trim for measurement.
Article 12.—A competitor's draft of hull or fixed keel shall not exceed 5 feet, and with the centerboards down shall not exceed 6 feet.
Article 13.—Yachts shall be constructed in accordance with the following restrictions:
(a) On a cross section taken at any point no part of the hull shall be appreciably below the center part of the hull exclusive of the false keel or skeg.
(b) The area of the cockpit shall not exceed 30 per cent. of the total area of the deck.
(c) The planking of hull shall not be less than ½ inch thick at any point.
(d) The frames or ribs shall be of oak, elm or other hard wood, and shall not be less than 1¼ square inches per lineal foot of length; they may, however, be spaced as desired.
Example frames may be 1¼ by 1 inch, spaced 12 inches c. to c., or ⅝ by 1 inch, spaced 6 inches c. to c., or ⅝ by ⅜ inch, spaced 2¼ inches c. to c. Internal bracing, floors, knees, or other stiffening members shall not be included in the area of the frames or deck beams.
(e) The deck planks shall not be less than ½ inch thick, if without covering; but where covered with canvas may be ⅜ inch thick. The deck beams shall not be less than 1¼ square inches per lineal foot of length. Example: deck beams may be 1½ by 1 inch, spaced 12 inches c. to c., or 1½ by ½ inch, spaced 6 inches c. to c.
Article 14.—Centerboards shall be so constructed that they can be wholly housed without leaving any protection below the keel or hull.
They shall not be loaded except to overcome flotation; but metal plates may be used under the following restrictions:
If of steel or iron plate, they shall be of practically uniform thickness, and shall not weigh, either singly or collectively, over 350 pounds.
No hollow boards shall be allowed.
If of bronze, brass, or any metal other than steel or iron, they shall be of practically uniform thickness, and not weigh, either singly or collectively, over 300 pounds.
(For draft of centerboards, see Article 12.)

THE YACHTS—SAILS.

Article 15.—Sails shall be limited to mainsails, jibs and spinnakers.
All jibs and spinnakers must be triangular sails, but each may have a small club on the head not exceeding 5 per cent. of the base of the fore triangle.
The total area of the mainsail and fore triangle shall not exceed 500 square feet.
The total area of the spinnaker, measured as a triangle, the base of which is the length of the spinnaker boom measured from its outer end, when set to the center of the mast, and whose perpendicular is the distance from the deck at the foreside of the mast to the spinnaker halliard block, shall not exceed twice the area of the fore triangle.
Article 16.—The mainsail, when set, must not be set beyond the hoist and outer points marked on the mast, boom, gaff or other spars, as directed by Article 10.
Any jib, when set, shall not extend beyond the upper and forward points defined in Article 10.
The spinnaker boom, when used in carrying sail, shall not be lashed to prevent its lifting, neither shall any cleats, rests or other deviees be fixed on deck to aid in any manner the carrying of this sail; the after guy shall be the only guy used, and this may not be connected in any way to the hull at a point forward of the main shrouds.

THE YACHTS—BALLAST.

Article 17.—Shifting ballast shall not be allowed. Centerboards shall be considered as fixed ballast.
Article 18.—No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast outboard shall be allowed.
Article 19.—Yachts must sail throughout the match with the same amount of fixed ballast, and with centerboards of practically the same weight as carried in the first race.

LIFE PRESERVERS AND ANCHORS.

Article 20.—Two life-preservers shall be carried, and anchors, chains, etc., may or may not be carried, at the option of the contestants. The option must be declared before measurement and for the purposes thereof, and shall be adhered to throughout the races.

THE CREW.

Article 21.—The crew shall be amateurs and members of the respective clubs.
Article 22.—The provision of the Trust, Article X., requiring helmsmen to be nominated in writing twenty-four hours before the day appointed for the first race, is waived. In lieu thereof the challenging and challenged clubs shall furnish, each to the other, or to their respective representatives, a certificate in a form of the following tenor:
"It is hereby certified that
who are nominated to sail on the reprcsentative yacht of this club are amateurs in the spirit of the word, and are members of this club."
Article 23.—The total actual weight of the crew, including all clothes, personal apparel, and belongings, worn by them or carried on board during the race, shall not exceed 650 pounds.

THE COURSES.

Article 24.—The courses shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward and return.
Each leg of the triangular course shall be one and one-third nautical miles in length. The course shall be sailed over three times.
Each leg of the course to windward and return shall, if possible, be two nautical miles, and in any event, not less than one nautical mile.
The course shall be sailed over a sufficient number of times to make a total of twelve nautical miles.
Article 25.—The marks to indicate the courses shall consist of staffs, bearing red and white flags for the triangular course, and black and white for the windward and return course, and they shall be capped with bright tin cones.
Article 26.—A race may be suspended or postponed for such time as the judges deem reasonable to permit of repairs to a competitor disabled or injured before the second signal.
Article 27.—A start may be suspended or postponed to a later hour of the same day, or to the next following day (excluding Sunday), in the event of a fog or a calm.

ORDER OF COURSES.

Article 28.—The races shall be sailed alternately over the triangular and the windward and return courses.
The first race to be triangular or windward and return, as the winner of the toss may elect.

REGULATIONS FOR START AND FINISH.

Article 29.—The start and finish shall be, respectively, across a line between, and designated by, a mark and a stake boat flying the burgee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.
Article 30.—(a) Windward and return course: For the start and during the race the stakeboat shall be anchored at right angles to the course, so that the competitors shall leave the starting buoy to starboard.
(b) Triangular course: For the start and during the race the stakeboat shall be moored outside and at right angles to the first leg.
Article 31.—For the finish the stakeboat shall be moored to a similar position on the other side of the buoy, at right angles to the last leg.
Article 32.—To determine the start and finish, the judges' steamer shall be anchored beyond the stakeboat, with its signal staff, as nearly as practicable, in range with the mast of the stakeboat and the mark, but the true line shall be held to be the prolongation of the range of the signal staff of the judges' steamer and of the flag mast of the stakeboat.
Article 33.—Unless otherwise ordered, marks shall be left to starboard.
Article 34.—If the judges in their discretion order the triangular course to be sailed in the reverse direction, leaving marks to port, the reverse positions of the stakeboats and judges' steamer shall be a notice of such reversal.

THE RACES.

Article 35.—The start shall be made, as nearly as practicable, at a quarter past one in the afternoon. The race shall be deemed to have begun when the second signal has been given, except for the calculation of the time limit, under Article 39.
Article 36.—The start shall be a flying start, and the signals therefor shall be as follows:
(a) First Signal—Preliminary.—The blue peter shall be hoisted on the signal staff of the judges' steamer, accompanied by a whistle fifteen seconds long.
There shall be an interval of five minutes between the first and second signals.
(b) Second Signal—Preparatory.—The blue peter on the judges' steamer shall be lowered and a red ball hoisted, accompanied by a whistle fifteen seconds long.
There shall be an interval of five minutes between the second and third signals.
(c) Third Signal—Start.—The red ball shall be lowered, accompanied by the firing of a gun and a whistle fifteen seconds long.
Article 37.—The races shall be sailed without time allowance.
Article 38.—In case it shall be necessary to recall either or both of the competitors, the following signals shall be used:
(a) For the recall of the challenging yacht, a United States ensign shall be hoisted on the signal staff of the judges' steamer, accompanied by two sharp whistles.
(b) For the recall of the challenged yacht, a British ensign shall be hoisted, accompanied by three sharp whistles.
(c) For the recall of both competitors, the burgee of both clubs shall be so hoisted, accompanied by four sharp whistles.
Article 39.—The competitors shall be called off—
(a) If any triangular race is not concluded within three and one-quarter hours after the third or start signal has been given.
(b) If any windward and return race is not concluded within three and one-half hours after the third or start signal has been given.
Article 40.—For calling off a race, the red ball shall be half-masted on the signal staff of the judges' steamer, accompanied by the firing of a gun and a whistle fifteen seconds long.
Article 41.—The match shall be sailed under the rules of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., except as modified by this Instrument.
Article 42.—The provisions of the Trust, in so far as the same are inconsistent with the foregoing articles, are hereby waived.
At a meeting of the White Bear Y. C. a special race committee of seven was appointed to have complete charge of the selection of the challenger and the conducting of the race for the Seawanhaka cup.

LUCIUS P. ORDWAY, Chairman,
C. MILTON GRIGGS,
HOMER P. CLARK,
DR. ARCHIBALD MacLAREN,
SAM. C. STICKNEY,
CHAS. A. REED,
WORRELL CLARKSON,
} Special Race Committee.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, March 7.—Boston yachtsmen will no doubt become greatly interested in the proposed ocean race for small boats from Boston to New York as the details of the race become more perfected. The spirit of ocean racing has entered into the owners of yachts in the 22ft. class, and there is no doubt that some of these boats may be entered for the event, for which Sir Thomas Lipton has agreed to subscribe a cup. In the regulations drawn up by Mr. Thomas Fleming Day, who has the race in hand, it is specified that the yachts will be limited to 40 feet over all. Only a short time ago the owner of a 35ft. cruiser spoke to me of the race suggested from New York to Boston, and expressed himself as being very desirous of entering such a contest. As his yacht is over 52ft. over all, however, she would be ineligible. The new Massachusetts 30-footers, the Buzzard's Bay 30-footers, and the Bar Harbor 30-footers would also be barred on account of their over all length; and it is quite likely that some of the owners of these yachts would like to enter the contest. It is understood, however, that Mr. Day's regulations are, to a great extent, provisional, and will be changed at the suggestion of those yachtsmen who might desire to enter. If there should be sufficient guarantee of entries there is no doubt that Mr. Day will find some way in which the boats can race. At the present time it is a little early for complete details, and the opinions of yacht owners will largely govern the contest, if they will only come forward and express their views. In this manner all hands, or a majority of those desiring to race, may be suited.

At the annual meeting of the New Bedford Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., William F. Williams; Vice-Com., Charles R. Allen; Rear-Com., Joseph C. Nowell; Sec'y, Seth J. Besse; Treas., Horace Wood; Directors—Robert A. Terry, Alfred S. James, Edgar B. Hammond, Benjamin H. Anthony, John I. Paulding, A. R. Pierce, Fred R. Fish, William P. Covell, F. W. Reynolds, Frank B. Sistare, Charles A. Morrison.

Messrs. Murray & Tregurtha are building a high speed launch for a Boston yachtsman who wishes his name withheld for the present. She will be of the torpedo boat type, 35ft. long and 5ft. 3in. beam. Her planking will be ⅜in. cedar, and she will have a turtle-back pine deck 3-16in. thick, covered with canvas. The power will be a Murray & Tregurtha four-cylinder engine of about 15 horse-power. This firm has also sold the 42ft. cabin gasolene launch, Victorine, owned by M. Victor Belanger, to Mr. Albert H. Waitt, of Newton, who will use her in Buzzard's Bay.

At the annual meeting of the Taunton Y. C. the following officers and committees were elected: Com., C. V. Sanders; Vice-Com., Daniel L. Brownell; Rear-Com., Louis J. Schmidt; Sec'y, E. P. Washburn; Treas., E. A. Tetlow; Directors—C. V. Sanders, D. L. Brownell, George E. Wilbur, E. Everett Evans, L. J. Schmidt, Edwin A. Darey, and W. W. Arnold; Regatta Committee—John H. Church, John H. Eldridge, B. Huber, Dr. W. Y. Fox, and Max Boewe; Hose Committee—F. B. Fox, Roland H. Babbitt, and B. F. Morse; Admission Committee—C. E. Godfrey, E. L. Sturgis, William Reed, J. R. Tallman, A. H. Tetlow, and W. K. Hodgman.

At the annual meeting of the Rhode Island Y. C. the following officers and committees were elected: Com., Dr. F. T. Rogers; Vice-Com., Dr. William P. Church; Rear-Com., W. O. Todd; Sec'y and Treas., George E. Darling; Meas., Scott C. Burlingame and H. A. Capron; Directors—Frank P. Eddy, Arthur E. Austin, and John M. Richmond; Race Committee—Frederick S. Nock, Bradbury L. Barnes, Dr. Henry B. Potter, William F. Boone, and Charles H. Mathewson; Committee on Admissions—E. L. Fuller, E. M. Clark, Gustavus Taylor, H. A. Munroe, N. B. Horton, H. B. Wright, G. R. Alexander, Percy A. Harden, and A. T. Vigneron; House Committee, W. W. Bloomer, A. L. Young, and H. B. Wright; Potters Cove Committee—F. L. Davenport, George E. Darling, and John Schleicher; Social Committee—S. C. Burlingame, F. A. Barnes, Charles G. Easton, Miles A. Carter, and Percy A. Harden; Delegates to Narragansett Bay Y. R. A.—B. L. Barnes, F. S. Nock, and S. C. Burlingame.

Fitting out time will soon be here, and it is not expected that many more new boats will be ordered, especially in the racing classes. At Lawley's the 18-footer designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman for the one-design class for Mr. C. H. W. Foster, has been finished. The 22-footer designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley for Mr. S. C. Winsor is planked.

Mr. W. J. J. Young, who drew the lines for the steam yacht Pantooset, has designed a 34ft. waterline schooner for Dr. L. R. G. Crandon, of the Boston Y. C. She will be built by Edwards, of City Point.

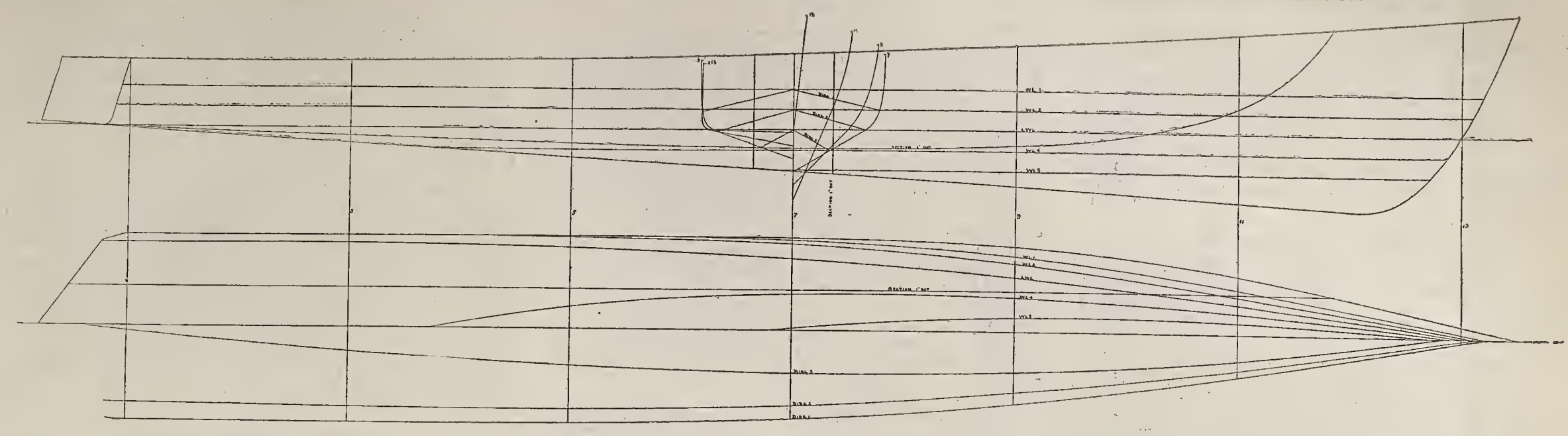
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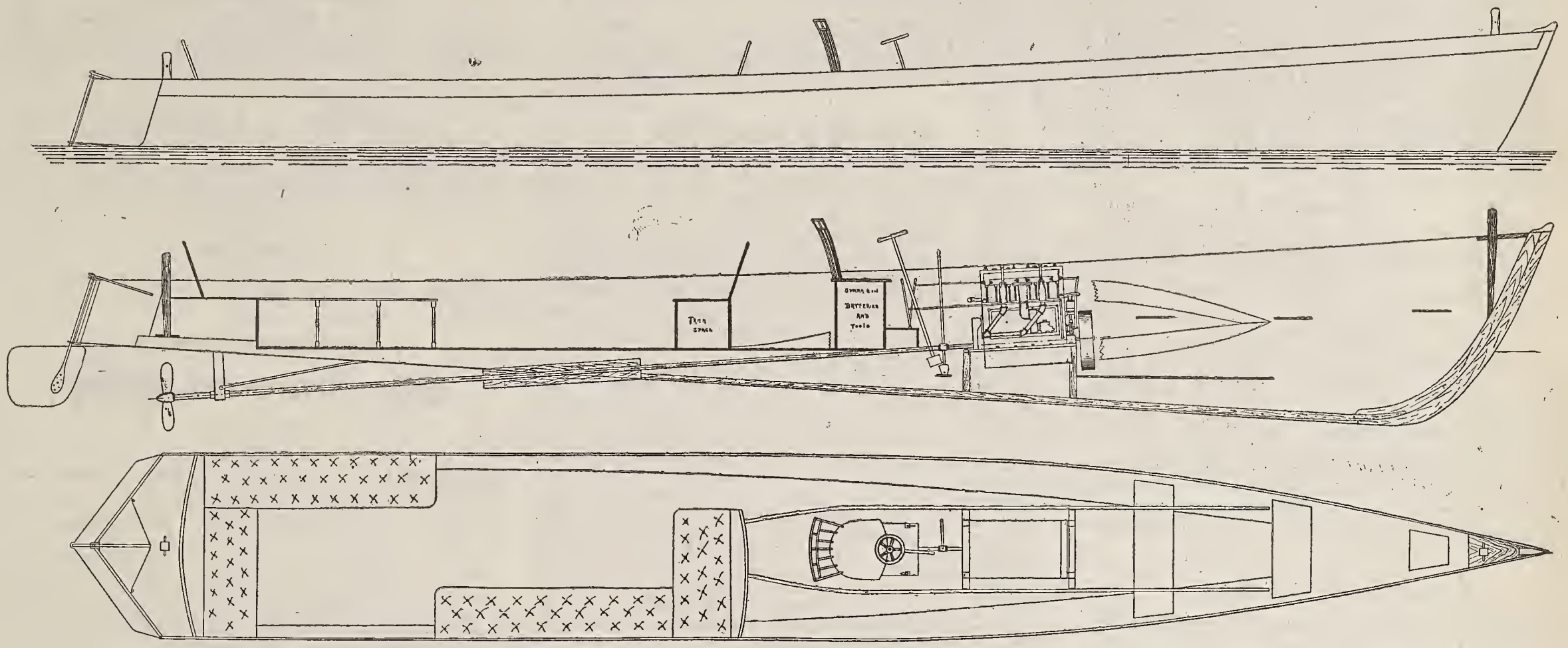
Interlake Yachting Letter.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, March 6.—Another boat has been located for the 21ft. restricted class, formerly known as the 21ft. class of the Country Club, of Detroit, but more recently the 21ft. restricted special class of the Interlake Y. A. She will be built for Mr. H. T. Schmidt, of the Detroit Y. C., and in design is similar to Little Shamrock, of Chicago. While Little Shamrock was never very much admired on fresh water, the general type has been closely followed in the new class of the Country Club. Mr. Schmidt's boat was designed by Mr. Parker, of Marine City, Michigan, and has the earmarks of a good all round boat. While I should not say that she is a machine, as there is nothing of the freak about her, she has the appearance of a speedy little craft, that will do good work in most kinds of weather. The contract calls for her delivery April 15, which will give her owner an abundance of time to get her in shape for the season's racing. The latest 21-footer is designed right up to the limit of the class, so far as general dimensions are concerned, and she also has the limit of sail area. Dimensions are: Over all, 36ft.; waterline, 21ft.; breadth, 10ft. 4in.; with a sail area of 949 sq. ft. Mr. Schmidt has great confidence in his designer, and hopes to land the Walker trophy. If the boat makes a creditable showing in her trials, she will be shipped to Chicago to compete for the Lipton trophy.

Rear-Commodore Lloyd, of the Detroit Boat Club Yachtsmen, is having a boat built for the 16ft. restricted class, which was recently adopted by the aforenamed club. More than the ordinary amount of confidence is being placed in this class, and it is probable that by the close of another season it will be one of the most popular. There seems to be a strong tendency toward the small boat on fresh water just at present. What the cause is, cannot be determined just at present, unless it is that the sailors have become infatuated with the broad, shallow type of boat. Heretofore, keel boats have predominated, and few, if any, wanted anything other than large craft. But since the advent of the 21ft. class, yachtsmen have been drifting into smaller classes.

At a recent meeting of the Inter Lake Y. A., the 21ft. class was formally adopted by the association. At this meeting the question of professionalism was thoroughly discussed, and it was decided to reinstate professionals to the ranks of the Corinthianism, after a period of two years, provided sufficient proof could be given that no races had been sailed for any recompense whatsoever during the interim. There are a number of yachtsmen on Lake Erie, at present, under the ban of professionalism, who are more Corinthians than those who have not been afflicted with a like restriction. The date of the annual regatta of the association was de-





37-FOOT SPEED LAUNCH—DESIGNED BY STEARNS & McKAY FOR LAWRENCE PERCIVAL AND BUILT BY THE MARBLEHEAD YACHT YARD.

cided and set for July 17 to 23. Minx, one of the largest sailing yachts on fresh water, will be partially rebuilt by Mr. Joe Poulliot, at Detroit. She will also have new decks and an entire new suit of canvas. Minx is owned by Mr. William Murray, of Detroit, and has a ketch rig.

A new class of one-design catboats are being built for the Monroe Y. C., of Monroe, Michigan. Six boats are to be built in time for use next season. The club experimented with two of these little craft last season, and were so well pleased with them, that it was decided to have a later design made, and build from six to a dozen boats, and at the last meeting of the club, the six above mentioned were ordered.

The Detroit Boat Club Yachtsmen have also decided to add two more boats to their one-design class, and they have been ordered.

Mr. Frank Donahue, of Sandusky, is having a new boat built. Mr. Donahue formerly owned Eva, one of the fastest 30-footers ever built. Eva was famous over the entire chain of lakes, as the greatest windward boat afloat. She was also a marvel of speed in light airs, and while Mr. Donahue is very reticent about his new boat, yachtsmen are taking it for granted that when she makes her appearance, she will indeed be a flyer.

Cleveland is moving lively now, with a number of new boats building, and several nearly completed. The 18-footer, building for Messrs. Watterson and Hershing, at Maltby's, is just about completed, and will be in the water with the breaking of the ice. Dr. N. W. Brown's new yawl is ready for launching. Result, one of the largest of the L. Y. C., will have new spars, rigging and canvas before being placed in commission, and will be raced again next summer. Restless is being rebuilt preparatory to a season's racing. While apparently in good shaps, her owners would take no chances till after rebuilding. Mona will be lengthened. The work will necessitate great care, and is a difficult piece of work. The idea is to cut her through amidships, and to build from the center. The owners are of the opinion that the craft has too much beam for her over all length. Orinda will have new canvas, which will be made by Messrs. Carpenter & Co., of Chicago. Mischief, one of the trimmest little boats of the fleet, which was rebuilt some two years ago, and was at the time fitted with a jib and mainsail in place of the cutter rig which she formerly carried, is to return to the cutter rig. Her owner stated a few days ago that the two-piece rig had never been successful, and that he was going to have an entire new suit of sails made. Sweetheart, the big schooner yacht, formerly owned by Mr. W. R. White, has been sold to Mr. Jontzen, who will convert her into an auxiliary. Whim will be given new covering boards, and a suit of canvas. Meteor is another of the fleet that has recently changed hands, and will be used by a club of boys, under the guidance of Rev. W. A. Dietrick. Mr. Ralph Cobb, who formerly owned Vinco, has purchased Delight, from Dr. Lambert, of Wyandotte, Michigan.

C. W. SCHMIDT, JR.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

37ft. Foot Speed Launch.

THE design for a high speed launch that appears in this issue was made by Mr. W. B. Stearns, of Messrs. Stearns & McKay, Marblehead, Mass., and is building at the Marblehead Yacht Yard. The boat is for Mr. Lawrence Percival, the well known Boston yachtsman.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	37ft.	3in.
L.W.L.	34ft.	5in.
Overhang—		
Forward	1ft.	5in.
Aft	1ft.	5in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	4ft.	8in.
L.W.L.	4ft.	4in.
Draft—		
Extreme	1ft.	9in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	2ft.	10in.
Aft	1ft.	8in.

The design is along the lines of the Dolphin type, but with such modifications as it is hoped will result in making the boat sufficiently seaworthy to stand the weather which an ordinary launch of this size ought to be able to go through. In place of the square bilges and sharp corners at the waterline, we have materially softened the bilges and introduced as much flare as possible. The stern has been cut off diagonally, after the French practice. The construction is rather novel, but it is hoped will result in absolute water tightness, great strength, and a degree of lightness which is seldom attained in substantial construction.

The engine is a four-cylinder machine which will develop 25 horse-power on 1,000 revolutions. In ordinary work a reversible propeller will be used to save the weight of the reversing gear, and also to secure the stiffness of shaft given by the reversing sleeve. If this arrangement proves satisfactory, it will be used on all occasions; but if, after trial, it is found that a solid propeller gives better results, the reversible one will not be used for racing.

It is against the policy of the designers to give out what speed they expect the boat to attain, but from what we have learned we are confident that she ought to beat any power boat of her size in Eastern waters.

Gas Engines and Launches.

BY F. K. GRAIN.

(Continued from page 195.)

Cylinder Head.

WE now come to the cylinder head. There is not so very much we can say about this part of the engine, excepting that the usual practice, and, in fact, the only correct method, is to make this part of the engine hollow for a water jacket. We then keep the head perfectly cool, preventing heating of the electrode if placed through the head, and eliminate entirely the old defects of the solid head which was to become so over-heated that it would ignite the gas. The water should circulate from the cylinder jacket to these heads through a number of small narrow passages; by this means the packing in the cylinder head is not cut away to excess, and if at least six bolts of proper dimension are used in fastening on the head there will be very little chance of leakage in the packing.

Exhaust and Inlet Ports.

The exhaust and inlet ports of the cylinder should be very carefully proportioned; and, in fact, there is a rule now universally adopted which does away with all element of guess work and uncertainty in their design and construction. The lower we can place the exhaust port the more we benefit from the expansion of gas. But it is a safe rule to insist that the exhaust port should be uncovered three-fourths on the down stroke before the opening of the inlet ports.

This timing will produce good clear impulses, thoroughly discharge the old gases before the new gas enters, and on this basis it will be very seldom that the in-rushing gas will be ignited, causing back-firing, which we will speak of later on. Personally we are great believers in making the ports amply large—larger even than the rules call for, as we know we are then on the safe side. The inlet port should, if possible, be so situated that the gas entering from it will be deflected directly into the electrode and sparking mechanism, as this tends to keep the latter cool and clean. In some engines the exhaust is relatively to the inlet port on the quarter. We think, however, this is bad practice, and that the latter should be directly opposite; in other words, as far away as possible.

Water Jackets.

Water jackets surrounding the cylinder are universally employed on all successful engines, excepting the very small engines for bicycle use. The object of the water jacket is to maintain the cylinder at an even temperature without over-heating. If the cylinder was run perfectly hot the expansion of the metals would be such that the engine would soon stick, or freeze, as it is termed; not only this, but the high temperature would consume the lubricating oils. To get the best results the temperature of the water in the jacket should be as near 180 degrees as possible, but in the marine engine little attention is ever given to this. As long as the engine keeps reasonably cool and continues to work well, the average owner is willing to let things alone. A number of engines have been failures owing to insufficient water jacketing, and there are others which have had too much water jacketing. The first means that the engines do not work at all; the latter that we do not get the full expansion and are wasting gasolene; naturally, therefore, we lean to the excess rather than to the reverse on this question.

Bearings.

We will now go back to the bottom of the engine, and we come to the bearings of the crank shaft. These, in the two-cycle engine, are, with but very few exceptions, made of either bronze or cast iron. The bronze bearing is that most universally used, although a cast iron bearing is used on many of the prominent engines. The cast iron bearing should, however, be carefully looked after while

the engine is new, as it is more liable to cut than the bronze bearing. Once the surface of a cast iron bearing has by careful use become glazed—that is, highly polished—it makes an almost indestructible bearing. We are sorry to note that a great many of the builders do not proportion the bearings on several sizes of engines, and for this reason we often hear complaints that engines of a certain size and of a certain make always give trouble in these parts; the fault, of course, is apparent.

Crank Shafts, Connecting Rods.

Drop-forged crank shafts are now almost universally used by all the larger concerns. They make a very strong and cheap crank shaft, and, as the metal in being drop-forged is first bent to the shape of the crank shaft, it goes without saying that they must be necessarily much stronger than a crank cut out of the solid stock, part of which will be cross-grained. Connected to the crank shaft we have the connecting, or what is sometimes called the Pitman rod. In some engines this is made of iron or steel, but in the great majority the usual practice now is to make the whole rod of bronze, as this does away with the necessity of adding the usual bronze boxes for the crank shaft connection. While on this subject, we would caution you against purchasing or building an engine that is what we call short connected; the connecting rod should be not less than twice the length of the stroke—and, in fact, two and a quarter times the length is much better. A great many builders are making their connecting rods only one and a half times the length in order to bring the center of gravity of their engines as low as possible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Designing Competition.

We have reason to congratulate ourselves on the outcome of the third designing competition given under the auspices of FOREST AND STREAM. Twenty-seven designs were received and they have been turned over to the judge, Mr. Clinton H. Crane. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega will collaborate with Mr. Crane in judging the cabin plans. Owing to the large number of drawings submitted the task of passing on the drawings and awarding the prizes will be a difficult one, and will occupy considerable time. The judges' report will be published in FOREST AND STREAM as soon as decisions are rendered.

Royal Canadan Y. C. Fixtures.

Royal Canadian Y. C. racing fixtures, season 1904:

May 24, Tuesday.—Second class; 16ft., ballasted class; 16ft. skiff class; 12 and 14ft. dinghy class.

June 4, Saturday.—Cruising race. Fleet in two divisions: First division, 35ft. and over; second, all under 35ft.

June 11, Saturday.—Fleet maneuvers; 16ft. skiff class; 12 and 14ft. dinghy class.

June 18, Saturday.—First class cruising race.

June 25, Saturday.—Second class; 16ft. ballasted class.

July 1, Friday.—Queen's Cup.

July 2, Saturday.—Handicap cruising race, entire fleet.

July 9, Saturday.—16ft. skiff class; 12 and 14ft. dinghy class.

July 16 and 23, Saturday.—L. Y. R. A.

July 30 to August 1, Saturday to Monday.—Cruising race. Fleet in two divisions: 16ft. skiff class; 12 and 14ft. dinghy class.

August 6, Saturday.—Second class; 16ft. ballasted class.

August 13, Saturday.—First class cruising race.

August 20, Saturday.—16ft. skiff class; 12 and 14ft. dinghy class.

August 27, Saturday.—First class (15 mile triangle).

September 3 to 5, Saturday and Monday.—Handicap cruising race, entire fleet.

September 10, Saturday.—"Prince of Wales" cup race, all classes.

September 17, Saturday.—16ft. skiff class; 12 and 14ft. dinghy class.

September 24, Saturday.—Handicap cruising race, entire fleet.

N. B.—First class comprises yachts of 35ft. and over; second class comprises yachts of 30ft., 25ft., and 20ft.

Rhode Island Y. C.

The annual meeting of the Rhode Island Y. C. was held in Providence, on the evening of Feb. 28. Vice-Commodore Church presided until the election of officers, after which Dr. F. T. Rogers assumed the duties of commodore. The following officers were elected: Com., Dr. F. T. Rogers; Vice-Com., Dr. William P. Church; Rear-Com., W. O. Todd; Sec'y and Treas., George E. Darling; Measurers, Scott C. Burlingame, H. A. Capron; Directors-at-large, Frank P. Eddy, Arthur E. Austin, John M. Richmond; Race Committee, Frederic S. Nock, Bradbury L. Barnes, Dr. H. B. Potter, William F. Boone, Charles H. Mathewson; Committee on Admission, E. L. Fuller, E. M. Clark, Gustavus Taylor, H. A. Munroe, N. B. Horton, H. B. Wright, G. R. Alexander, Percy A. Harden, A. T. Vigneron; House Committee, W. W. Bloomer, A. L. Young, H. B. Wright; Potter's Cove Committee, F. L. Davenport, George E. Darling, John Schleicher; Social Committee, Scott C. Burlingame, Fred A. Barnes, Chas. G. Easton, Miles A. Carter, Percy A. Harden. Bradbury L. Barnes, Frederic S. Nock, and Scott C. Burlingame were appointed delegates to the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A.

Boat Building at City Island.

At Robert Jacobs' yard, City Island, there are three power boats building, all from designs by Mr. Jacobs. The largest of the trio is for Mr. W. Gould Brokaw. She is 65ft. over all and 7ft. breadth. Her power will be furnished by a French automobile engine of 200 horse-power.

The second boat is for Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, and is 40ft. over all, 35ft. waterline, and 6in. draft. She will be fitted with a 60 horse-power Mors motor, and it is expected that she will develop a speed of about 20 miles.

Mr. James E. Martin is the owner of the third boat. She is 40ft. over all, 35ft. waterline, and 6ft. breadth. A 35 horse-power Smith & Mabley engine will drive her at about 18 miles.

Mr. Jacobs has also closed contract with Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane for a large cruising launch, which boat will be driven by a Smith & Mabley engine. She is 57ft. over all and 50ft. waterline.

The schooner Amorita, Mr. Richard Mansfield, owner, is to receive a new deck, and she will also have a new suit of Ratsey & Lapthorne sails.

The schooner Sea Fox, Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, owner, has received extensive alterations. Her interior has been changed and refitted, and her centerboard has been cut down so that the top of the trunk is now flush with the cabin floor. The work on both of the latter boats was done at the Jacobs yard.

At Frank Wood's yard, which has been greatly enlarged and improved by the addition of new machinery, several boats are building. The largest is a good sized steel steam yacht from Messrs. Gardiner & Cox's designs. The 30ft. waterline cruising yawl from Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Ferris' designs is completed. Two speed launches are being built from designs by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane.

Tragic End of Yachting Cruise.

Australian advices bring details of a tragic conclusion to an attempt to cruise round the world in a two and a half ton yacht named the Kia Oro. In high spirits Mr. Horace Buckridge, who saw active service in South Africa with Thoneycroft's Horse and the Imperial Mounted Infantry, and Mr. G. H. Sowden set out on their adventurous voyage from Gisborne, in New Zealand. London was their first great objective, and until the seventh day of the voyage they were confident of reaching it. On that day their troubles began. First Mr. Sowden was struck on the head by the boom and had to give in, and a few hours later Mr. Buckridge, while taking in the sail and clearing away the gear, fell from aloft. It was not a great fall, but his injuries terminated fatally on the following night. For three days Mr. Sowden kept the body of his companion on board, but at the end of that time he had to consign it to the deep. To do so—Mr. Buckridge weighing 192 pounds—he had to rig up a tackle, and hoist him by that means over the side, attaching pieces of iron to the body to weigh it down. Mr. Sowden decided to return after that, but the weather was so bad that he almost gave up hope of ever reaching land. For eighteen days and nights he had no sleep, being continually at the tiller, and lived on biscuits, all the fresh food having gone bad owing to the stuffiness of the cabin. He ultimately reached Gisborne, more dead than alive.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

New Smith & Ferris Steam Yacht.

There is building at the yard of Messrs. J. M. Baylis & Son, Port Jefferson, L. I., a wooden steam yacht from designs by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Ferris. The yacht is 87ft. 6in. over all, 78ft. waterline, 17ft. 4in. breadth, 5ft. 10 in. draft, and least freeboard, 3ft. 6in.

Erl King in Collision.

Mr. A. E. Tower's steam yacht, Erl King, put into Newport News, Va., on March 1 badly damaged, having been in collision with the steamship Orion during a thick fog. The yacht was on her way to Florida with her owner and several guests on board, but she will be repaired before proceeding.

Robert W. Rutherfurd Dead.

Robert Walter Rutherfurd died suddenly at his home in New York city on March 3. He was a member of the New York Y. C.

Steam Yacht Candida Sold.

The following transfers have been made through Manning's Yacht Agency: The British-built steam yacht Candida has been purchased by Mr. J. L. B. Mott, of New York city; the schooner yacht Meteor has been sold to Mr. Edward Rogers; the schooner yacht Triton has been sold, and will be used as a pilot boat at Apalachicola, Fla., and the 60ft. launch Sigma has been sold to a Philadelphia yachtsman.

New Launch for A. Stein.

There is building at the Greenwich yacht yard a 25ft. launch from designs made by Mr. Morgan Barney for Mr. Alexander Stein. She will be equipped with a 14 horse-power Buffalo engine.

Launch Pharamond Sold.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has sold the large gasolene launch Pharamond for Mr. W. T. Rainey, N. Y. Y. C., to Mr. William H. Briggs, vice-commodore of the Rochester Y. C.

Enchantress Purchased by an American.

The following sales have been made through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh: British-built steam yacht Enchantress, purchased by Mr. N. L. McCready; sloop Louise, Mr. James Corrigan to Mr. H. W. Merrill; Launch Clara to Mr. H. E. Bemis; knockabout Wriggle, Mr. G. Searing Wilson to Mr. F. F. Catlin; sloop Outing, Mr. John Waterhouse to Mr. George W. Titcomb, and an electric launch to Mr. Charles G. Gates.

The Bailey Bill.

The Bailey bill provides for a channel between Jamaica Bay and Great South Bay, and appropriates $200,000 to carry out the work. Delegations from many of the larger towns on the south side of Long Island have already appeared before the different committees having the bill in charge urging its passage. In connection with the project Congressman Townsend Scudder has introduced a bill at Washington appropriating $150,000 for a like purpose. This has the indorsement of the War Department as providing ways and means for transporting munitions and supplies.

Columbia Y. C.

The annual meeting of the Columbia Y. C. was held a short time ago at the club house, foot of West Eighty-sixth street, New York city, and the following officers were elected: Com., Charles A. Starbuck, steam yacht Carmen; Vice-Com., Charles G. Gates, steam yacht Charmary; Rear-Com., Whitney Lyon; Sec'y, George R. Branson; Treas., James Stewart; Meas., John H. McIntosh; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. M. O. Arnold; Trustees, A. Kroger and J. V. B. Clarkson. The first match for the American Power Boat Association's challenge cup will be started off the Columbia Y. C. clubhouse. The match is scheduled for June 23, 24, and 25.

Anglesea Yachtsmen Organize.

The yachtsmen of Anglesea, N. J., have organized an association with the following officers: President, Captain John Taylor; Secretary, Harry H. Hoffman; Treasurer, Harry McGinley.

Another Entry for Harmsworth Cup.

Mr. A. D. P. Smith, of Messrs. Smith & Mabley, is to have another entry in the race for the Harmsworth cup. The second boat will be built at once, and probably from designs made by Mr. Clinton H. Crane.

Yawl Veery Sold.

Mr. W. P. Allen, St. Paul, Minn., has purchased, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, the yawl Veery from Mr. Geo. A. Suter.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

The Annual Indoor Rifle Tournament.

THE annual gallery rifle tournament, which was first started by the New York Sportsmen's Association some years ago, and which is now carried on by the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York, was begun at 159 West Twenty-third street on Feb. 27, and was continued daily (Sunday, Feb. 28, excepted), until Saturday night, March 5.

The programme was much the same as that of last year, except that the donated prizes to the champion target were largely increased.

Like the annual Election Day match, the annual gallery tournament has become one of the rifle fixtures of the riflemen of New York. During the seven days of the gallery last week, there were riflemen entered in the champion match from five States, viz.: Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The men who were present and took part in this year's contest were the best and most expert marksmen that these States can produce, either in gallery shooting or on the outdoor range, 200yds.

At the tournament of last year, L. P. Ittel, of Allegheny City, Pa., carried away the honors, as champion, with the score of 2457, 100 shots. Ittel was again on hand last week looking for the honors, but the fates were against him, for when the tournament was closed, Ittel was only a good second. The honors went to Louis C. Buss, of Brooklyn. Buss is one of the younger group of riflemen in and about New York, who are coming to the front. While the winning score, 2456, is below the record of these tournaments, the averages of the men engaged in this year's contest were better. Of the forty entries in the champion match, twenty-six had an average of 240 or better. This speaks well for the individual as well as for his rifle and ammunition. The contest on the ring target and the bullseye targets was of the dog-eat-dog order. Three men finished tied for first place on the bullseye target, and there were also three ties for first place on the ring target.

L. P. Ittel succeeded in carrying away the Zimmermann trophy after a sharp contest with L. C. Buss.

Harry Fenwirth, of New York, won the Zettler trophy.

The fine Stevens rifle presented by the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., was won by Mr. Ittel.

The new champion, L. C. Buss, took the Peters Cartridge Co.'s gold trophy.

The Zettler Rifle Club, under the leadership of its vice-president, Henry D. Muller, after the close of the tournament, entertained the assembled marksmen to a lunch.

The scores which are appended give a good illustration of the high quality of the shooting during the week:

Champion match, 100 shots; possible 2500; 25-ring target; 75ft. distance; offhand:

Louis C. Buss, Brooklyn, N. Y., Bal.-Remington—
245 249 247 246 244 244 248 245 243 245—2456

Louis P. Ittel, Allegheny City, Pa., Stevens-Pope—
246 243 248 245 245 244 245 248 246 245—2455

E Van Zandt, Bal.-Zettler—
245 247 245 248 242 249 246 244 243 242—2451

W A Tewes, Jersey City, N. J., Bal.-Winchester—
246 244 248 249 241 243 245 241 245 248—2450

R Gute, Middle Village, L. I., Stevens-Pope—
242 246 246 245 247 240 246 245 244 249—2450

Dr W G Hudson, New York City, New Remington, Schuetzen model—
248 246 244 248 243 242 243 242 245 245—2446

Harry M. Pope, Springfield, Mass., Stevens-Pope—
246 241 243 24 244 246 242 247 245 246—2445

Theo R Geisel, Springfield, Mass., Winchester-Pope—
241 246 245 241 245 245 244 246 246 244—2443

Louis P Hansen, Jersey City, N. J., Bal.-Pope—
247 244 247 240 241 242 247 244 244 243—2439

Geo. Schlicht, Guttenberg, N. J., Stevens-Pope—
241 241 247 247 242 245 244 245 239 245—2436

A J Huebner, Pittsburg, Pa., Stevens-Pope—
246 238 243 244 244 246 247 241 243 244—2436

M Dorrler, Jersey City, N. J., Bal.-Pope—
246 246 242 241 239 239 247 247 245 240—2432

E C Reed, Pittsburg, Pa., Stevens-Pope—
244 244 245 242 244 237 243 242 247 243—2431

Wm Rosenbaum, N. York city, Bal.-Zischang—
239 243 246 246 245 244 238 243 239 244—2427
E Minervini, New York, Bal.-Zettler—
242 240 243 243 238 246 243 243 246 241—2425
G Worn, Williamsburg, N. Y., Bal.-Zischang—
240 239 246 246 239 246 244 242 241 241—2424
Fred C Ross, Springfield, Mass., Stevens—
240 245 235 241 243 243 246 244 244 241—2422
Aug Kronsberg, New York city, Stevens—
240 238 236 242 247 239 246 245 242 244—2419
P Seloaggie, New York, Bal.-Zettler—
239 242 245 240 244 238 237 245 244 242—2416
H C Young, New Haven, Conn., Bal.-Zettler—
241 239 239 240 245 242 244 240 241 244—2415
Chas G Zettler, Jr., New York city, Bal.-Zettler—
243 243 245 243 243 240 239 240 240 238—2414
G T Conti, New York, Bal.-Zettler—
238 244 238 239 245 240 241 243 235 241—2404
E. J. Parmelee, New Britain, Conn., Stevens rifle—
243 241 247 238 236 243 234 246 237 238—2403
J Kaufman, Williamsburg, N. Y., Bal.-Winchester—
242 238 239 240 238 240 240 241 243 242—2403
A Moser, New York, Bal.-Zettler—
238 241 243 243 239 244 239 242 240 233—2402
H G Zettler, Bal.-Zettler—
238 247 231 240 242 237 240 243 238 244—2400
O Schwanermann, New York, Bal.-Zettler.....2395
P J Donovan, Staten Island, N. Y., Bal.-Winchester.....2382
H F Barning, Jersey City, N. J., Bal.-Stevens—
237 230 240 238 240 244 236 245 238 233—2381
Owen Smith, Hoboken, N. J., Bal.-Pope—
235 235 236 239 239 237 241 240 235 244—2380
Wm. Morris, Staten Island, Bal.-Winchester.....2373
R L Loudon, Grand Gorge, N. Y., Stevens—
238 234 232 239 234 237 240 236 238 237—2366
H D Muller, Winchester-Zettler—
228 235 230 234 236 235 237 239 240 248—2362
Fred Kost, Williamsburg, N. Y., Bal.-Stevens—
235 238 227 238 231 234 237 241 238 241—2360
S N Murphy, Grand Gorge, N. Y., Stevens-Pope.....2346
Thos H Keller, Sr., New York, Bal.-Zettler.....2292

Ring target, three-shot scores, 25-ring target; three scores to count for first five prizes; two scores to count for next five prizes, and one score to count for all others:

Best three scores:

H M Pope	75 75 75—225	R Gute	75 75 74—224
E Van Zandt	75 75 75—225	L C Buss	75 75 74—224
L P Ittel	75 75 75—225		

Best two scores:

T. R. Geisel	75 74—149	E C Reed	74 74—148
A J Huebner	75 74—149	Dr W G Hudson	74 74—148
F C Ross	75 73—148	L P Hansen	74 74—148

Best one score:

C G Zettler, Jr.	74	A Kronsberg	73
Wm Rosenbaum	74	E Minervini	73
W A Tewes	74	M Dorrler	73
O Schwanermann	74	J H Taylor	72
G Schlicht	74		

Five best scores:

L P Ittel	75 75 75 74 74	R Gute	75 75 74 74 74
E Van Zandt	75 75 75 74 73		

Bullseye target, twenty-five prizes: T. H. Keller 15½, T. R. Geisel 15½, L. P. Ittel 15½, E. C. Reid 16½, L. Reali 16½, S. N. Murphy 17½, Mahlenbrock 19, H. D. Muller 20, W. A. Lemcke 21, J. H. Taylor 21½, C. Zettler, Jr., 21½, O. Schwanermann 21½, F. Kost 22½, S. Buzzini 22½, G. H. Wiegman 23½, H. M. Pope 23½, Wm. Koch 24, I. Martin 24, H. Purkess 25, H. C. Zettler 25½, R. Gute 26, A. Kronsberg 26, M. Dorrler 26, W. Rosenbaum 27½, F. T. Conti 28, C. D. Felici 28.

Most bullseyes, three prizes: S. N. Murphy 180, T. H. Keller 162, S. Buzzini 159.

Zimmermann trophy, three-shot scores, two best to count, possible 78: Won by L. P. Ittel, of Allegheny City, Pa.; scores 38, 37. L. C. Buss, New York, second; scores 37, 37.

The National Bund.

A MEETING of the delegates of the affiliated societies of the National Schuetzen Bund was held at headquarters of the Bund, No. 12 St. Mark's Place, New York city, Feb. 26.

Nearly all of the local societies in and about New York and eastern New Jersey were present. The president, Henry Kroeger, presided. A letter from W. Milton Farrow, of Washington, D. C., was read. He stated that President Roosevelt would probably present the Bund with a silver cup (Becher) for the target of honor. A number of societies reported through their delegates the amount of their donations to the target of honor as follows: The Rod and Gun Club, Springfield, Mass., $25; German-American Shooting Society, New York, $50; Hudson Rifle Club, Jersey City, N. J., $25; New York Schuetzen Bund No. 1, $150 (in six prizes); Officers' Casino, N. Y. S. B. No. 1, $50 (in two prizes); Williamsburg Shooting Society, $50; Union Hill Schuetzen Corps, $50; Miller Rifle and Pistol Club, Hoboken, N. J., $25.

A resolution was adopted to present invitations to the governors of New York and New Jersey to be present on some one of the days of the festival.

Letters of invitation were ordered to be presented to the mayors of New York city, Jersey City, Hoboken, West Hoboken, North Bergen, town of Union, and the Sheriff of Hudson county, John Zeller. Resolved, that no shooting society would be admitted to the Bund for the coming festival after May 1, 1904.

New York City Corps.

AT the New York Schuetzen Corps' bi-monthly shoot, Feb. 26, seventy-two members participated. In the competition on the ring target, R. Gute was again high. Geo. Ludwig was second.

In the competition on the bullseye target, Henry Meyer came to the front with a good center shot, which measured 31 degrees. J. N. F. Siebs was second with 33 degrees.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., two scores to count: R. Gute 242, 243; Geo. Ludwig 243, 239; B. Zettler 234, 240; J. N. F. Siebs 234, 233; O. Schwanermann 234, 236; Geo. Offermann 232, 232; H. Haase, 223, 227; F. Facompre 229, 231; J. C. Bonn 230, 232; H. Beckmann 228, 233; J. Facklamm 225, 237; P. Heidelberger 224, 226; H. D. Meyer 232, 229; H. Nordbruch 227, 226; C. Schmitz 223, 224; W. Schultz 223, 225; C. Brinckama 217, 234; C. Wahmann 225, 225; J. G. Voss 227, 217; C. Konig 227, 216; A. W. Lemcke 220, 227; D. Pepper 226, 217; H. Rottger 216, 227; J. G. Tholker 213, 225; G. Thomas 227, 218; C. Mann 211, 230; J. H. Hainhorst 219, 225; F. Feldhusen 223, 215; J. Jantzen 231, 216; J. C. Kruse 227, 206; H. Koster 223, 215; H. Leopold 210, 219; J. H. Grote 215, 209; M. J. Then 215, 212; C. Roffmann 202, 222; J. Paradies 214, 215; H. Meyn 222, 212; J. H. Meyer 223, 210; E. F. Lankenau 216, 204; N. G. L. Beversten 206, 230; H. Decker 226, 205; F. Dierks 211, 213; J. H. Doscher 219, 213; W. Dahl 211, 227; H. R. Coplan 213, 206; H. Winter 215, 210; H. Lohden 216, 221; H. Koster 206, 203; G. Junge 209, 200; A. Giebelhaus 210, 212; H. Konig 207, 204; H. Quinten 218, 195; Max Von Dwingelo 202, 203; H. C. Hainhorst 210, 204; N. Jantzen 193, 197; D. von der Lieth 199, 200; L. L. Goldstein 181, 193; H. Horenberger 185, 205; H. D. Von Hein 191, 195; Aug. Beckmann 198, 195; J. C. Brinckmann 169, 213; H. Haaren 172, 191; N. W. Haaren 188, 175; J. Gobber 189, 183; D. Von Glahn 176, 181; D. Ficken 164, 201; D. Dede 172, 197; F. Schultz 193, 203; W. Schaefer 195, 209; H. Offermann 198, 198; J. May 174, 198; A. Lederhaus 174, 167.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, the best center to count by measurement: Henry Meyn 31 degrees; J. N. F. Siebs 33, C. Schmetz 41, D. Pepper 50, W. Schultz 64½, H. Offermann 67, C. Konig 70½, F. Feldhusen 72, G. Ludwig 81, C. Wahman 82½, Max Von Divingelo 83½, R. Gute 84, J. G. Tholke 85½, H. Winter 97½, O. Schwanermann 98½, C. Brinckmann 103; N. C. Beversten 103, J. Jantzen 108, F. Facompre 108, G. Junge 108½, D. von der Lieth 114, H. Lohden 115, G. Thomas 115½, H. Konig 133½, H. D. Meyer 141, W. Dohl 146.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 22.—An indoor range for rifle, pistol and revolver has just been established in this city. This style of range has not been popular heretofore, as open air shooting at standard distances is feasible here the year around. It remains to be seen whether this new departure will prove successful.

At the last shoot at Shell Mound the following scores were made:

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, F. P. Schuster 229; second champion class, W. F. Blasse 211; first class, H. Stelling, 209; second class, M. Kolander 204; third class, H. Meyer 195; best first shot, F. P. Schuster 23; best last shot, A. Gehret 25.

University of California, Junior Class: J. C. Whitman 45, R. J. Turner 41, R. S. Daniels 42, A. R. Whitman 40, R. O. Hoedel 41, W. Sperry 39, W. N. Gabriel 38, J. S. Fry 36, F. Adler 37, J. M. Nightingale 38, R. A. Maddox 37, W. S. Robertson 36, J. S. Dobbins 36, T. Williamson 43, S. E. Montgomery 42, J. A. Pierce 44.

The Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club monthly medal shoot:

Fifty-shot match: A. Gehret 1117, M. Kolander 1027.

Re-entry match: A. Gehret 232, 223, 222, 221, 219; M. Blasse 222, 216; W. F. Blasse 220; M. Kolander 213, 208, 207, 206, 205; H. P. Nelson 209.

Gold medals: A. Gehret 220, O. A. Bremer 211.

Silver medals: H. P. Nelson 209.

Bronze medals: G. Tammeyer 217, 210, 206, 204, 204; A. M. Poulsen 207, 175; E. Englander 179, 144; W. Greaves 173, 168.

Medal bars: G. Tammeyer 209.

Pistol competition.—Bronze medal: G. E. Frahm 91, 87, 86, 85; J. Kullmann, 84; E. C. Cordell, 79, 78, 67.

Re-entry match: W. F. Blasse 93, 93, 90, 88, 86, 80; J. Kullmann, 87; George E. Frahm, 85; E. C. Cordell, 79, 78; Charles Becker, 84, 84, 78, 78; H. P. Nelson, 80, 74, 75, 75.

Military revolver.—Bronze medal: J. Kullmann 81.

Re-entry match: E. Somerville 75, Wm. Proll 91, 90, 89, 88, 88, 87, 87, 85, 86, 84, 82; Charles Cleveland 76, 69, 67.

ROEEL.

Rifle Notes.

The competitions of the Pinehurst, N. C., Pistol Club are growing in popular interest. Both ladies and gentlemen join in the contests. In a shoot recently, Mr. S. H. Ordway, of New York, won the men's cup, which was a prize for the best net score. Mr. Ordway scored 459. Mr. H. Nelson Burroughs, of Philadelphia, was again the winner of the gross score cup, with 398 gross, and an average of 79 3-5. M. C. Beebe, of Pittsburg, and Dr. Herbert J. Hall, of Marblehead, Mass., the other scratch men, scored 377 and 354, respectively, the gross averages being 75 2-5 and 70 4-5. Other competitors for this cup were G. N. McMillan, of Detroit; B. R. Smith and R. J. Barker, Jr., of New York, and E. I. Marvell, of Fall River.

Miss S. N. Cutler, of Newton, Mass., won the women's net score trophy with 294, a gross average of 45 2-5. Miss Augusta Endicott, of Boston, the winner of last week's event, who shot from scratch, made a pretty target of 269 gross, an average of 53 4-5.

Other lady contestants were Miss Fanny Heffelfinger, of Minneapolis; Mrs. S. H. Ordway, of New York; Mrs. M. C. Beebe, of Pittsburg; Mrs. St. John Smith, Portland, Me., and Miss Barnet, of New Haven.

Mrs. Nellie Bennett, of Denver, famous as one of America's most famous lady target shooters at the traps, is also eminently expert with the rifle. At the Sportsmen's show last week she broke glass balls, split cards and made other shots requiring marvelous precision with the rifle.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 9.—Guttenburg, N. J.—Second annual three-man team championship; 10 birds per man; $15 per team. Gus Greiff, Mgr., 255 W. 111th street, New York.

Match 12.—Bay Ridge, L. I.—Yale Gun Club-Crescent Athletic Club.

March 12.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day merchandise shoot. Stanley Brampton, Sec'y.

March 22-25.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.

March 19.—North Branch, N. J., marchandise target shoot.

March 23-24.—Allentown, Pa.—Two-day target tournament at Duck Farm Hotel. C. F. Kramlich, Mgr.

April 1.—Shingle House, Pa.—Oswago Valley Rod and Gun Club seventh tournament. U. S. Dodge, Sec'y, Millport, Pa.

April 1-2.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club tournament.

April 6.—Sheepshead Bay, L. I.—Eastern amateur target championship, on grounds of Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club.

April 6-7.—Bristol, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Bristol Gun Club. S. W. Rhea, Sec'y

April 12-13.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Indiana League of Trapshooters' annual tournament.

April 18-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. F. Schmelzer & Son's Arms Co. fourth Interstate midwinter shooting tournament; targets and live birds.

April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Patriots' Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

April 19-21.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club's spring tournament. W. B. Kennedy, Sec'y.

April 20-21.—Rensselaer (Ind.) Gun Club amateur tournament. Everette Brown, Mgr., Pleasant Grove, Ind.

April 21.—Easton, Pa.—The Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club's first annual target tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Sec'y.

April 26.—Greenville, O., Gun Club amateur tournament. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

April 26-27.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club tournament. $100 added. Louis Lautenslager, Mgr.

April 26-29.—Kansas City.—Spring target tournament, at Blue River Park. R. S. Elliott, Mgr.

April 27-28.—Americus, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.

May 3-4.—Wabash, Ind., Gun Club tournament.

May 3-5.—Junction City, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. E. L. Wetzig, Sec'y.

May 4-5.—Nashville, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club. Charles Eastman, Sec'y.

May 11-12.—Springfield, O., Gun Club's target tournament. Geo. Morgan, Sec'y.

May 11-13.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. J. Burmister, Sec'y.

May 12-13.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club annual spring tournament. W. W. Foord, Sec'y.

May 16-18.—Southern Trapshooters' Association's thirteenth tournament at targets, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club; $500 added. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y.

May 16-21.—York, Pa.—Tournament of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fifth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Cor. Sec'y.

May 17-18.—Dallas, Tex.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dallas Gun Club. E. A. Mosely, Sec'y.

May 17-19.—Davenport, Ia.—Cumberland Gun Club's annual amateur tournament. W. F. Kroy, Sec'y.

May 18.—Boston, Mass., Gnn Club annual team target shoot. H. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.

May 18-20.—Columbus, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament. G. A. Schroeder, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—Oklahoma City.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association fifth annual tournament; $300 added money. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

May 20.—Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club tournament.

May 23-25.—Houston, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Assoeiation tournament.

May 24-25.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day target tournament.

May 24-25.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

May 25-26.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club Spring shoot. S. C. Yoeum, Sec'y.

May 31.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer Island Gun Club spring target tournament. W. E. Kette, Sec'y.

June 1-3.—Watertown, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. F. J. Cory, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.

June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Mgr.

June 14-16.—Akron, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League target tournament. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.

June 14-16.—New London, Ia., Gun Club midsummer tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.

June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis, Sec'y.

June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.

June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.

July 4.—Richmond, Va.—East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.

July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht. Sec'y.

July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen, Sec'y.

July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.

July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.

July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe. Sec'y.

Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.

Aug. 15-22.—Indian tournament: place determined later.

Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club have fixed upon May 4 and 5 as dates for their spring tournament. Prizes to the amount of $200 or more will be offered.

Last Saturday, on the grounds of the Boston, Mass., Athletic Association Gun Club, at Riverside, Dr. E. F. Gleason, a member of this organization, broke 50 targets straight, and further, broke 98 targets out of 100.

The efficient secretary, Mr. H. Kirkwood, 23 Elm street, informs us that the Boston, Mass., Gun Club will hold their annual team shoot on May 18. Every shooter is welcome. Programmes and information can be obtained of the secretary.

In the first contest for the Sauer trophy, by the Crescent Athletic Club trapshooters, Mr. O. C. Grinnell and Mr. H. Werleman tied on 24 out of 25, at the club shoot at Bay Ridge, L. I., last Saturday. The conditions pertaining to the monthly cups govern it also.

Mr. Geo. C. Ingraham, of Nacogdoches, Tex., has challenged Mr. F. M. Faurote to contest for the title of champion of Texas. Conditions, 100 live birds, $100 a side. Mr. Ingraham will name a Texan to contest against Mr. Faurote in the event that he does not do so himself.

Mr. A. F. Heeb writes us as follows: "The Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club has selected May 17 and 18 for their dates for their fifth annual amateur target tournament, and have made arrangements with Mr. Chas. Budd to manage, and Mr. F. C. Whitney to act as cashier at this shoot. We expect a large attendance, and have the assurance of at least fifty shooters to be with us at our shoot."

The 100-target event at Pinehurst, recently, was a closely contested finish between Mr. H. C. Bridges, of Tarboro, N. C., and Mr. A. E. Lard, of Washington, D. C. They were a tie on 61 at the end of the 75th round. Bridges gained a lead of two in the last 25, finishing with a score of 83 to 81. Other contestants were Messrs. C. A. Lockwood, New York; Herbert J. Jillson, Worcester; H. Nelson Burroughs, Philadelphia; J. D. Wescott, Union City, Pa., and Powell Evans, Philadelphia.

In eight events of 5 targets each, the programme of the North Trenton, N. J., Gun Club, March 5, Mr. Vialkovitch broke straight in each event. He was closely pressed by Messrs. Woodward and Kafes and Myatt.

At the shoot of the Florida Gun Club, at Palm Beach, March 5, Mr. George McFadden, of Philadelphia, won the Greenleaf cup in a 10-bird event. He tied with Mr. J. J. Alabaster, of Chicago, but won in the shoot-off.

In a shoot at 100 live birds, on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., March 5, Mr. A. J. Miller, of Camden, defeated Mr. A. A. Felix, of Philadelphia, by a score of 85 to 75.

Dr. J. W. Cottings, captain of the S. S. White Gun Club, was a guest at the shoot of the Media, Pa., Gun Club, Saturday of last week. He made the good score of 42 out of 50, but was surpassed by the vice-president of the Media Club, Mr. A. V. Dec, who scored 44.

The secretary-manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, writes us as follows: "Please announce to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the Interstate Association has made arrangements to give a tournament at Hot Springs, S. D., Aug. 24 and 25, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club."

The secretary, Mr. C. G. Grubb, of Pittsburg, writes us as follows: "A meeting of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League has been called for Thursday, March 10, 1904, at 1 o'clock, to be held at the Sportsmen's Supply Co., 623 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Pa. All the clubs in Western Pennsylvania are cordially invited to have one or more representatives present, with the view of becoming members of the above organization."

In the contest between Mr. T. W. Morfey, of Dover, and Mr. W. C. Danser, of Freehold, 25 live birds each, at Lake Denmark, Mr. Morfey won by the score of 23 to 20. A stiff wind helped the birds. Three of Mr. Danser's birds died out. Mr. Morfey defended his title as live-bird champion trapshooter of the State of New Jersey.

The weekly tournament at Pinehurst had, on March 3, an event at 30 singles, and 30 targets from the tower trap. Mr. C. A. Lockwood won it with a score of 38. Mr. H. Nelson Burroughs, of Philadelphia, was second with 37. A team contest between the Carolina and Holly Inn, four men on a side, 25 targets per man, was won by the Carolina team; score 57 to 56.

At the Point Breeze race track, Philadelphia, March 1, in a handicap event at 20 live birds there were twenty-one contestants. The conditions were $5 entrance, four moneys. Fred Coleman, James Cowan, C. E. Leak and Fred Schwartz were high, and tied on 19. M. Johnson, the fourteen-year-old son of the famous trapshooter, Mr. Ed Johnson, of Atlantic City, killed 18 and took second money.

The programme of the two-day target tournament given by Mr. Alfred Griesemer, March 23-24, at the Duck Farm Hotel, Allentown, Pa., provides twelve events, at 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance 75 cents, $1, $1.50 and $2, a total of 220 targets, $15 entrance; class shooting. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Targents 2 cents. First high average, $5; second, $3. Guns and shells sent prepaid care of the manager, Mr. C. F. Kramlich, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

Mr. Harry L. Merrifield, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a young man well known to the trapshooters of New York and vicinity, died on March 5, at his home. His death was caused by a violent attack of pneumonia, from which he was ill one week. Through the weeks of many years past, he acted as scorer for the Brooklyn Gun Club shoots, and had also acted as a valued assistant to Mr. Shaner in several Grand American Handicaps. During some months past he has been in the employ of the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, holding a position in their New York office. He was of a gentle, modest disposition, and was specially esteemed for his integrity and efficiency in all the responsibilities with which he was entrusted.

BERNARD WATERS.

Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club.

EATON, Pa., March 7.—At a practice shoot held Saturday afternoon, March 5, at the grounds of the Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club, of Easton, Pa., the following scores were made:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
W H Maurer	100	74	E Snyder	50	34
H Brunner	100	65	G. Richards	25	14
G Elliott	85	40	O Skeds	60	41
F Weiss	50	16			

Owing to the erratic flight of the targets, on account of the high wind blowing across the trap, high scores were not made by any of the shooters.

The arrangements are now about completed for our tournament, and the prospects of a successful one is evident at this time. We have been notified by a number of professional and out-of-town amateur shots that they will be with us at that time. The programme has been distributed throughout this section of the country. Our boys are putting "their shoulder to the wheel," and with their united efforts success will be attained at this their first trial to conduct a tournament. E. F. MARKLEY, Sec'y.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., March 5.—Am enclosing scores made at the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, March 5. Event No. 3 was at 25 targets, for a silver cut-glass claret pitcher.

The figures after the names denote yards handicap. Hyland and Dyckman were scratch at 16yds. Bentley shot along. Barlow, Harris and Smith stood at 14yds.; the first two each had an added bird, while Smith had 3. Harris won the prize with 21, breaking his added bird.

The next prize shoot will be on the 19th inst.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	25	10	10	Targets:	10	10	25	10	10
J T Hyland, 16	8	6	14	8	7	Bentley	9	8	10	6	7
J C Barlow, 14	8	6	18	..	5	M Vail	..	..	..	..	5
M Dyckman, 16	7	7	18	7	5	H Ralli	..	..	..	2	..
A Harris, 14	5	8	21	5	7	Slocum, 2d	..	..	..	5	3
W S Smith, 14	3	..	15	..	..	Slocum, 1st	..	..	..	..	2
J Willi, Jr	..	3	..	..	..	O W Potter	..	..	..	3	..
N Hubbell	..	1	..	..	..	A Aitchison	..	..	..	..	5
W Drane	..	..	..	..	4						

C. G. B.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Reaville.

Reaville, N. J., Feb. 26.—The 15-live-bird match between Messrs. Clark and Reed, $25 a side, was won by Clark. Other matches and sweepstake events were shot. No. 1 was 5 live birds, $7 entrance. Nos. 2, 3 and 4 were 5 birds, $3 entrance. Nos. 5 and 6 were 5 birds, $5. A summary follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Birds:	5	5	5	5	5	5	Birds:	5	5	5	5	5	5
C Henzler	4	..	..	..	..	..	W Henzler	3	..	..	..	..	..
Moore	3	..	..	..	..	..	Case	..	3	2	2	..	3
Wagg	4	..	..	..	..	..	Weiss	..	4	1	4	..	4
Lott	2	..	..	..	..	..	Clark	..	..	..	..	5	..
Reed	4	..	..	..	..	..	Reed	..	..	..	..	5	..
Wilson	4	..	..	..	..	..	Van Marter	..	..	..	..	..	3

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., March 6.—This was the first shooting day of the Hudson Gun Club for March, and the weather was so bad that few were present. The members of the club hope for a change of luck soon as they have had their share of bad weather. Major Stag (Gus Schortemeier) was using a 20-gauge gun. This accounts for his low scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	15
Pearsall	14	11	11	..	6	..	18	9	9
Smith	11	9	7	11	..	12	14	10	12
Gille	11	5	9	9	..	10	15	..	..
Whitley	13	..	9	..	8	..	..	..	..
Doran	8	..	10	..	3	..	..	..	..
Maj Stag	..	8	11	11	6	9	11	9	13
Fleming	..	9	..	8	8	9	19	9	10
H Pearsall	..	11	..	9	..	12	12	9	..
O'Brien	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

JAS. HUGHES.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., March 5.—Event 8 was the handicap trophy shoot. It was won by Mr. Fred Truax. Handicaps apply to that event only.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	10	15	25	15	15
Truax, 2	8	9	13	14	12	..	..	19	..	12
Dr Richter, 2	6	8	11	9	7	..	..	15	..	9
Morrison, 2	5	9	9	13	9	..	12	10	..	..
Vosselman	6	7	11	10	8	8	..	..	..	..
Eickhoff, 4	..	..	14	11	13	..	12	16	11	9
Merrill, 6	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	10	8

North Side Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., March 5.—The main event was at 25 targets, for price of targets, 16yds., unknown angles. The scores were: I. Storms 14, A. Howard 14, B. Terhune 12, C. Lewis 16, R. Fairclough 12, H. Cocker 10, B. Markel 10, F. Elmer 11, C. Brown 12, Carlough 9, A. Doty 12.

Second event: A. Howard 6, C. Lewis 4, B. Terhune 7, A. Doty 7, I. Storms 2.

Third event: A. Howard 7, C. Lewis 5, B. Terhune 7.

UNCLE HANK.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., March 5.—Incidents as incidents, and not as main occurrences, are no doubt contributing features that keep the interest alive in most gun clubs. Our golf-gun club furnishes plenty at each shoot, no matter what the weather may be.

The principal incident to-day was Mr. Frank S. Hyatt's trying to corner the target market by actual purchase. A feature of the afternoon that has passed the incident stage was the clockwork-like shooting of Mr. Allen. He does it every time now.

An incident occurred to-day that will no doubt reach the feature stage before long. Mr. Walter Brown broke 23 out of 25, making one string of 18 straight.

Another incident was Mr. Cross retiring from the platform because, as he put it, his "gun biffed him in the jaw in the same place too often;" and incidentally it was cold. The scores are as follows:

Team shoot, for targets:

Brown	11110111111111111111111110—23
Allen	01101001101111001110111111—17
Taube	11100010000001100100101l0—10—50
Hyatt	01111010110111111011110001—17
Batten	11111110011111010110011O—18
Holzderber	10011110011111100110011101—16—51

Other events, 25 targets: No. 1:: Brown 18, Allan 17, Cross 16, Hyatt 16, Batten 11, Holzderber 13.

No. 2: Brown 19, Allan 17, Taube 12, Hyatt 15, Batten 10, Holzderber 14.

March 5.—Considering the cold, blustering weather which prevailed, fairly good scores were made. Mr. Kendall showed the greatest improvement over his previous shooting, scoring his first 10 straight. It grew quite dark during the last two events, which accounts partly for the lower averages. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	25
C W Kendall	6	6	8	10	9	5	5	12	10
Holloway	5	2	8	5	7	3	3	..	..
Gunther	7	7	8	5	6	6	6	9	15
Babcock	7	5	7	7	1	4	4	..	..
Geo Batten	4	6	5	7	6	7	..	..	..
Batten, Jr	3	7	3	6	..	..	..	..	..
Crane	..	8	8	5	6	5	7	13	..
Doremus	2	4	5	2	2	5	..	..	..
Winslow	7	3	4	4	..	..	..	..	..
Cockefair	9	10	5	8	6	6	..	9	12
Matthews	..	5	5	6	3	2	..	3	..
Howard	..	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

New Jersey Championship.

Lake Denmark, N. J., March 4.—The match for the live-bird championship of New Jersey, between Mr. T. W. Morfey, defender, and Mr. W. C. Danser, of Freehold, challenger, resulted in a victory for Mr. Morfey by a score of 23 to 20. The contest took place at Frank Class' Lake Denmark Hotel. Danser lost three dead out.

Two sweepstakes were shot, $3 entrance to each. Mr. John Biggott acted as referee. The scores:

T W Morfey	22222222222222200222222222—23
W C Danser	22222212222222220**22*011—20

Sweeps, $3 entrance:

Drake	0211220—5	20212—4
Morfey	*222222—6	22222—5
Danser	2202222—6	21202—4
Baker	1122222—7	20212—4
Muldoon	2202202—5	22210—4
Class	2220020—4	.....
Schwomp	2210102—5	11122—5

Morfey's load: 3½ New E. C., 1¼ No. 7, Leader shells.

Danser's load: 38 Ballistite, 1¼ No. 7, Leader shells.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., March 5.—The gold medal contest was the main event of the programme. Grant won it. In two contests, gun below the hip, 10 targets, the first attempt resulted 6 for Brinley, 4 for Brown. In the second, the scores were: Brown 6, Brinley 2.

Event 3 was to qualify for medals. Event 4 was the gold medal contest:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	10	10	25	25
Young	9	8	15	12	6	9	9	20	23
Taylor	8	..	14	14	8	10	10	25	21
Smith	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Kemp	7	8	12	10	..	..	..	..	..
Davis	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hanks	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thropp	..	10	10	14	7	10	10	16	..
Grant	..	9	13	15	9	10	9	24	18
Brinley	..	6	12	13	3	6	5	23	19
Baker	..	5	11	12	..	..	..	..	..

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., March 5.—The main event of the Franklin Gun Club shoot to-day had scores as follows:

J Simkens	10000100000101100000010011010—	9
E Winters	00000001000000000000011100100—	5
J Williams	10110111010111111101111011010—22	
Ander Wright	01110100101000011011011l010011—16	
F Suthern	11110101100111111111101101100 —21	
W Stevens	11111001111110111101000110101 —20	
F Kishpaugh	11110101011111111110111111010 —22	
C Pedimer	10110100111011010010111O100 —15	
F Ramage	00010001000101100000000001 — 6	
C Ramage	01000001000000000010000000 — 3	
H Pape	001000101110111 — 8	

FRANK KISHPAUGH, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—The weather conditions on March 5 were not of the best. A southeast wind made the targets soar badly, and a bank of smoke in the background made it difficult to see them. In spite of these drawbacks, some good scores were made in the Parker prize gun contest, Randall being high with 92 breaks. Randall is a very steady performer. However, his tendency to talk in confusing to other members of the squad. It is a fault he should endeavor to correct. Barker was second with 91. Medico, third, shot nearer his usual gait. Twenty-one participated and fourteen scored the full 100.

The tournament committee has received many letters indicating that it was a wise move to select dates during Elks' week. A large number of Eastern sportsmen who have never been here before, and who would not have come if the dates had been changed, will attend.

Ackley did noteworthy work in the practice events. All would be glad to see him head the list.

During the month of January 32,000 targets were thrown.

Eaton, of the Ideal Gun Club, Bellevue, Ky., is a new member, and, we think, shot his first target on these grounds to-day.

Chas. Dreihs starts, March 7, on a long trip in West Virginia, and will be gone several weeks. The scores:

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.	Hdep.	Tot'l.
Randall	19	18	20	18	17	92	15	100
Barker	17	18	17	20	19	91	14	100
Medico	15	18	19	17	20	89	12	100
Maynard	16	18	16	18	17	85	18	100
Linn	16	13	17	16	18	80	25	100
Willie Green	15	15	15	15	14	74	40	100
Harig	13	13	16	16	15	73	40	100
Plunkitt	13	14	16	13	15	71	40	100
Bullerdick	15	12	15	15	15	72	30	100
Norris	14	14	16	12	14	70	30	100
Eaton	12	13	15	15	14	69	40	100
Boeh	11	14	18	16	9	68	40	100
Pfeiffer	14	14	17	10	11	66	40	100
Hake	7	14	11	11	10	53	50	100
Osterfeld	16	17	16	13	15	77	20	97
Willie	13	14	18	13	13	71	25	96
Williams	15	15	14	13	14	71	18	89
Kramer	11	7	11	5	8	42	40	82
Faran	16	17	11	16	14	74	18	92
Jay Bee	15	14	13	12	11	65	25	90
C Dreihs	16	14	18	18	17	83	0	83

THE third and fourth matches in the series of challenge team races were shot on Feb. 29 and were won by the challenging team, Gambell and Barker, with a total score of 361 to 320. This gives them a lead of 72, and there are six more matches to be shot. Barker was high gun, breaking 95 in the fourth match. He also made the longest run, breaking 76 straight. Medico made second high score with 93, and two runs of 40 and 41 straight. The scores follow:

Third match, 100 targets:

Gambell 88, Barker 91; total 179.

Medico 83, Davies, 75; total 158.

Fourth match, 100 targets:

Barker 95, Gambell 87; total 182.

Medico 93, Davies 69; total 162.

The following shooters were unable to be present on Feb. 27, and shot their scores in the cash prize shoot later:

Dick, 18	11 13 16—40	Payne, 16	11 10 14—35
Ward, 17	10 11 17—38	Bleh, 16	9 9 15—33
H Sunderbruch, 16	10 13 14—37	Boyd, 17	9 9 13—31
Sampson, 16	12 8 17—37	Hake, 16	5 8 13—26
Davies, 18	9 11 15—35		

BONASA.

South Gloucester Gun Club.

GLOUCESTER CITY, March 5.—In the club contest Mr. Isaac Wark was high, with a score of 22 out of 25. The scores:

Club event, 25 targets: I. Wark 22, Geo. Hutchinson 20, Wm. Murray 18, H. Thomas 16, Jas. Farrelly 15, M. Hughes 15.

No. 2, 10 targets: M. Hughes 8, H. Thomas 7, Jas. Farrelly 6, Wm. Murray 6.

No. 3, 10 targets: Wm. Murray 7, Geo. Hutchinson 6, I. Wark 6.

No. 4, miss-and-out: I. Wark 7, Geo. Hutchinson 6, Wm. Murray 5, H. Thomas 5.

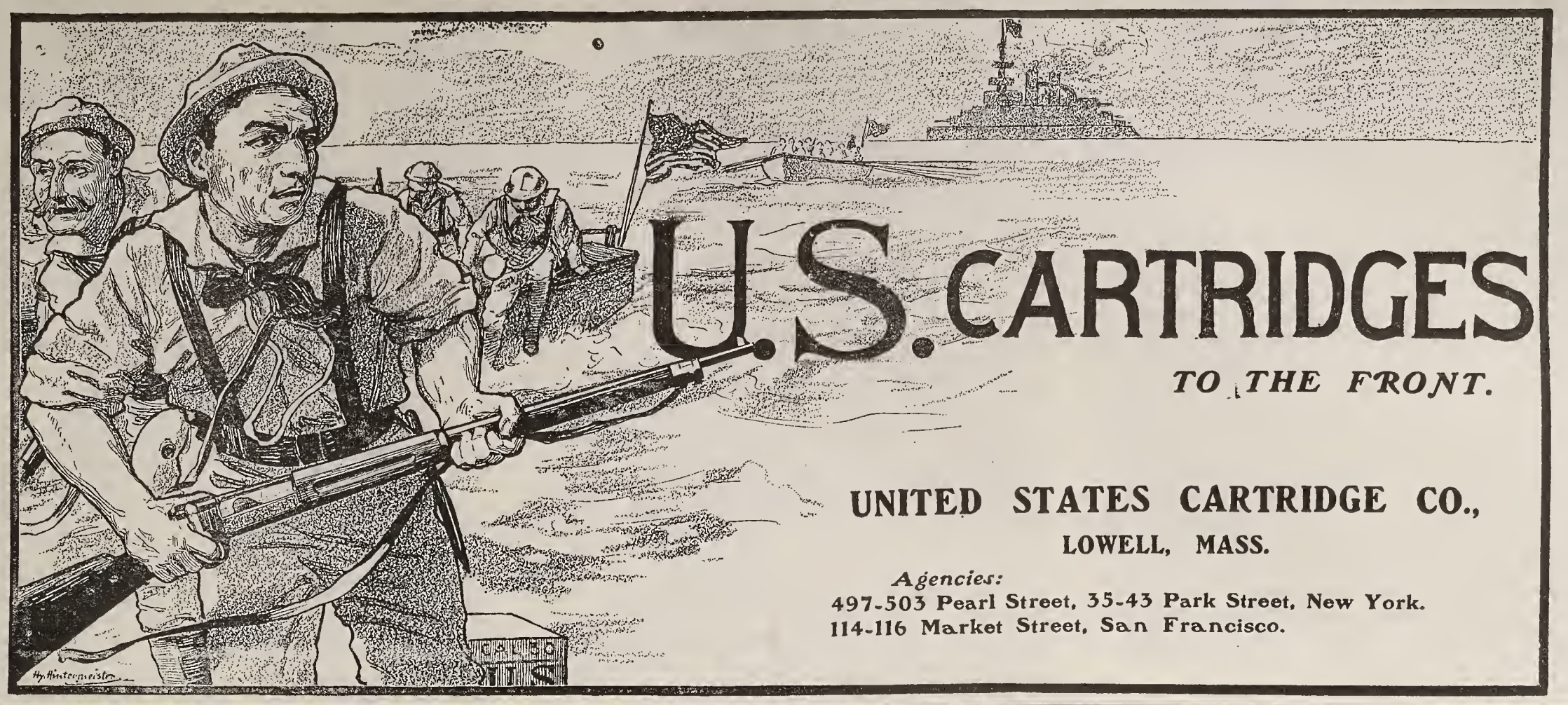
Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., March 5.—There was a most persistent miss-and-out at the shoot of the Keystone Shooting League to-day, the two high men being Messrs. Harrison and Budd, 32 and 31, respectively. The first won an alligator gun case; the second a shell case.

Four tied in the event at 10 live birds. The scores:

Ten-bird event: $5 entrance: Budd 9, Smith 9, Morris 9, Frank 9, Johnson 8, Williams 8, Geikler 8, Delaney 8, Vandergrift 7, Jenkins 6.

The spring had been a dry one, and the crops were somewhat backward, but at last a nice gentle rain was falling, which bid fair to mend matters considerably. Said Sandy McTavish to Alec McNab, when they foregathered outside the village inn: "Hech, mon, here's juist what we're wantin' the noo. Its a magnificent rain for bringin' things oot o' the graun'." Whist, mon, Sandy," said Alec, with a shudder. "Dinna forgit that I've twa wives there."—County Gentleman.



Re Division of Purses.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The coming season of trapshooting promises to be a record-breaker, and as any prosperous sport will attract new blood, the question arises how may these beginners be kept at it. Conceding that trapshooting is no fad and is alike attractive to the youth and sportsman of all ages, it is worth trying to keep it clean and interesting.

The tournament is the Mecca of all shooters who have—or think they have—learned to shoot, and the end of the first day's shooting leaves a large number of the faithful entirely discouraged, and it is in the interest of these that this article is written and the suggestions which follow are made.

Earlier the natural expert won the bulk of all the purses, which he had a perfect right to do, under prevailing conditions, but which made the persistent amateur look absolutely ridiculous in his inability to land in the money and soon forced him back to his local club, where things were on an equality. To remedy the trouble and bring all classes of shooters together, the management and promoters have devised several schemes to overcome unfair and unequal conditions; namely, by handicapping, the Rose system or adding targets to the actual score made by the shooter, etc.

The system of handicapping, as at present applied to any but the most consistent target shot, is manifestly unfair and will sooner or later have to be discontinued.

The Rose system is good as far as it goes, but it does not reach the majority who are not in sight of the money. As for the "added targets," it must indeed be a jolt to self-respecting shooters to see their scores published with "added targets" appended.

Granting that the above schemes to equalize things have been beneficial to a certain extent, let us consider a plan, which, so far as the writer knows, is novel and untried.

Supposing a tournament having been duly announced, one hundred shooters are found to be in attendance—all amateurs and confident of winning. The first day's programme of 100 targets is shot in events of 10, 15 and 20 targets, without handicap, all standing at the natural distance of 16yds., added money to each event, regardless of who wins it. At the end of the day the totals of each shooter are found to range from say 94 down to 70, and with these totals we can tell exactly what every shooter having made a total of not less than 80 must do the following day to participate in the second day's "added money," which is simply to beat his or her individual score of the previous day and receive a cash value for every target shown in excess of that score. The value of each point (target increase in total for day) to be arrived at in this way. Assuming that 82 shooters entered on the second day and $100 was added money. It was found that 31 shooters improved their scores from one to seven points and 51 shooters fell short of their previous record, and therefore have no interest in the added money. The 31 shooters increase their scores a total of 75 points (targets), and we find the cash value of each point to be $1.33, which would give two shooters with an increase of 7 points—as figured in this illustration—about $9.31 each; one with 6 would draw nearly $8; one with 5, $6.65; one with 4, $5.30; six with 3, $4 each; eight with 2, $2.66 each, and twelve with 1, $1.33 each. Presuming that none of the 31 are purse winners, it should be gratifying to the management to be able to see nearly one-half of the participants able to become better acquainted with the cashier, who is generally a clever fellow, and would pay an 80 to 85 man for points as cheerfully as he would the winner of first money.

While the above scheme may not be regarded as a "get-rich-quick" affair, it would do this: The 90 per cent. shooters would continue to fight for the purses, without a handicap, and the 80 per cent. shooters, continually striving to better their scores (for every improvement pays something), there would soon develop a sport so healthy that the recollection of earlier discouragements on the part of the novice or beginner would be a thing of the past.

The above system of dividing added money will be used at the Missouri State shoot, held in St. Louis, May 23 to 28, inclusive.

SEPARATOR.

Meadow Spring—Narberth.

ON Feb. 27 the Meadow Spring Gun Club and Narberth, Pa., Gun Club, had a closely contested fifteen-man team race, Meadow Spring finishing in the lead by the narrow margin of one target. The scores were 223 to 222. The race was quite even well up to the finish. The scores:

Meadow Spring—Taney 13, G. Smith 19, Harvey 17, Roberts 17, Hansell 14, Garrett 14, Lee 16, Gothard 18, Jones 14, Parsons 16, Pepper 14, Mardin 13, Alexander 10, Gibbson 19, Martin 10; total

Narberth—Barker 21, Hatterstadt 14, Sharp 13, Fryer 17, Duffield 17, Meigs 17, H. Davis 15, Flake 14, Alker 9, Humphries 20, Preist 11, Heist 16, Sayre 11, Hammel 15, Foster 12; total 222.

Twenty-five targets: Harvey 19, Hynes 19, Hansell 14, Foster 15, E. Hansell 9, Moore 6.

Ten targets: Duffield 6, Gothard 7, Sharp 6, Barker 8, Davis 8, Parsons 5, Martin 8, Garrett 7, McGuigan 4, Davis 9.

Ten targets: Roberts 10, Lee 9, Buchman 7, Ford 6, Gibson 6, Taney 6, Farr 7, Jones 7, Hansell 2, Snyder 2.

Fifteen targets: Hatterstadt 10, Snyder 7, Hansell 7, Alker 6, Duffield 5.

Ten targets: Humphries 10, Fryer 9, Martin 6, Sharp 5, Gibson 5.

Twenty-five targets: Gothard 17, Ford 17, Brown 14, Moore 14, Alexander 15, Gruie 15, Snyder 13, Highley 13, Davis 13, Gibson 14, Phillips 11, Spense 11, Carrell 12, Davis 8.

Fifteen targets: Lee 12, Sharp 11, Roberts 11, Farr 10, McGuigan 8.

Wawaset Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Feb. 27.—The shoot of the Wawaset Gun Club, postponed on Feb. 22, was finished to-day. A total of 4,500 targets were thrown. The high average for the day was won by Mr. Luther J. Squier, with a score of 67 out of 75, shooting from 16 to 22yds. Second high average was won by Mr. W. M. Foord, of Wilmington, 63 out of 75 from 18 and 20yds. Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins was third, 62 out of 75, 18 and 22yds. The visiting shooters were Messrs. J. Mowell Hawkins, L. S. German, Aberdeen, Md.; A. B. Richardson, Dover; R. King and Mr. Edmundson, Newport; W. Budd, Claymont; John Evans, Wyoming; J. A. McKelvey, Hockessin.

A summary of the shooting shows as follows: Shooting at 75 targets, Hawkins broke 62, McKelvey 61, German 61, Foord 63, Squier 67, Townsend 58, Springer 51, Ryan 47, Martin 51, Graham 59, DuPont 47, Richardson 60, Mason 60, Lyman 50, Bird 48, Burroughs, 57, Evans 41, Roberson 40, W. S. Townsend 40.

Shooting at 50, Cornog broke 42, McColley 37, Tuchton 39, Hanley 31, Miller 42.

Shooting at 65, Dr. Buck broke 46, C. Buck 47, Kendall 44.

King broke 41 out of 60, Ball broke 35 out of 45, Melchior broke 26 out of 35, and Jefferson and Hendrix 22 each. W. Potter broke 33 out of 40, Simon 32, Holt 27, Young 29.

Shooting at 25, Massey broke 22, Garrett 13, Donaldson 16, McArdle 24, Godwin 14, C. Potter 18, Beady 20, Ogden 17, Edmundson 21, Sands 9.

The handicaps in the merchandise events were 16 to 22yds. The first six prizes were won by amateurs. There were forty-six entries. The winners and their scores follow: R. C. McArdle 24, Stanley Tuchton 24, F. Massey 22, E. E. Cornog 22, R. G. McColley 22, Ed. Mason 22, J. A. McKelvey 21, L. S. German 21, W. Poter 21, R. Miller 21, E. Melchior, Jr., 21, Edmundson 21, W. M. Foord 20, J. Graham 20, W. Ball 20, George Simon 20, Dr. Buck 20, C. Beady 20, W. Ryan 19, C. Buck 19, J. L. Hauley 18, Hendrix 18.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—The usual single squad appeared at the grounds on Wednesday, March 2, and essayed to do things to the elusive, delusive bluerock. Particularly was this true of Peckham, who celebrated his first attempt since Christmas by scoring 44, running his first 22 straight. Bowder tagged close after with 41, while Powell negotiated 37, he having but just returned from a Southern quail trip, showing the change from animate to the inanimate target.

A few of the boys will attend the shoot at Narragansett Pier next Saturday, of the Canardett Club, where a contest for the State championship and a cup will take place. The present holder, Mr. E. C. Griffith, was challenged by F. C. Screwson, secretary of the above club.

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Total.
Peckham	10	10	7	9	8	44
Bowler	9	9	8	6	9	41
Powell	8	8	10	5	6	37
Dring	5	10	7	6	7	35
Alexander	5	6	8	6	5	30

The annual meeting of the Aquidneck Gun Club, Newport, R. I., was held on Tuesday evening, March 1, when the officers for the ensuing year were chosen, reports presented and other business of importance transacted. The year just closed was a most successful one for the club, financially and otherwise. Two well-attended tournaments were given, the second annual, on May 30, having forty-three shooters. The membership shows a net gain of six for the year, there being seven elections and one resignation. Over 50,000 targets were trapped during the year. No announcement of the third annual tournament has been made, owing to the uncertainty of the club's tenure of its present grounds. The executive committee is now looking up an available site.

The officers elected were as follows: President, Wm. A. Dring; Vice-President, Ed. P. Gosling; Secretary-Treasurer, J. S. Coggeshall; Executive Committee, P. H. Powel, Wm. A. Dring, Ed. P. Gosling, Wm. M. Hughes and H. A. Peckham.

U. M. C. Southern Squad.

MACON, Ga., Feb. 29.—The Log Cabin Gun Club entertained the U. M. C. Southern Squad in a most royal manner here to-day. A large crowd was out, including many of the lady friends of the gun club members. The ladies were carried away with interest; and after the regular events were finished, urged Capt. Marshall to have the Squad shoot an extra 25 targets to prolong the excitement. Of course this was done, Capt. Marshall modestly adding that the Squad always shoots better when under the influence of feminine approval. After the shoot a committee from the gun club invited the Squad and ladies to enjoy a 6 o'clock barbecue, which resulted in a fitting climax to the afternoon sport. The local shooters shot exceedingly well, as the following scores show, the first five names comprising the Squad, the others the local sportsmen:

Squad: Marshall 89, Heikes 99, Budd 93, Heer 96, Anthony 87; total 464.

Local Team—W. Huff 95, Waters 87, C. Jones 89, Etheridge 90, Mills 85; total 446.

Americus, Ga., March 2.—The U. M. C. Southern Squad arrived here to-day and gave an exhibition shoot, under the auspices of the local gun club. There were over 600 spectators, which speaks volumes for the popularity of the visiting shooters. It was announced beforehand that big scores were not to be the order of the day, but some of the Squad seems "couldn't miss 'em," so the following scores, though not exceptionally large, present a very fair average: Marshall 90, Heikes 90, Budd 90, Heer 94, Anthony 94.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Feb. 25.—What was absolutely the worst conditions possible for shooting prevailed to-day. All present—even Jack Fanning—declared it the worst in their experience. The wind, blowing a fierce gale from the north directly in the face of the shooters, and the mercury at the zero point, made it almost impossible for a man to stay on the platform long enough to shoot the events out. And the targets. Whew! They were corkers. When they emerged from the trap house they would be carried by the wind up, up, up, until almost out of sight, and in going up they were not at all particular as to steadiness, often, just as the trigger was pulled, they would suddenly jump straight up for five or six feet, and a goose egg on the score sheet would follow.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions, the shooting in the cup race was very even, and really good, all things considered. Capt. Travers' work being of a very high order, the "old post-hole-digger" is certainly a wicked gun in the Captain's hands, no matter what the conditions. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	10	15	10	15	Targets:	10	15	10	10	15	10	15
Fanning	7	9	7	5	..	..	..	Winans	5	8	8	5	10	..	..
Traver	7	12	6	9	13	8	9	Marshall	..	..	5	3	10	3	..
Claymark ...	4	9	4	6	10	6	..	Smith	..	..	8	6	8	..	..
Hans	5	10	..	7	8	..	..	Cheney	..	..	..	1	4	..	..

Traver cup—result of events 4 and 5 with handicaps added: Traver (3) 25, Claymark (6) 22, Smith (5) 19, Hans (4) 19, Marshall (4) 17, Winans (5) 20, Cheney (7) 12.

SNANIWEH.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 27.—Seven tied on a full score of 50 in the contest for the Julius C. Walk & Son cup, at the shoot of the Indianapolis Gun Club to-day. Mr. Irby Bennett was a visitor. The handicap allowance:

Targets:	25	25	Shot at.	Brk.	Targets:	25	25	Shot at.	Brk.
W T Nash, 6.....	25	19	57	50	J Michaelis, 5....	20	21	60	46
O F Britton, 7...	19	24	58	50	R S Heaton, 6...	18	21	63	45
E C Dickman, 9..	20	21	60	50	C A Medico, 14..	17	14	75	45
J W Bell, 10.....	22	18	62	50	G Habich, 17.....	12	15	75	44
J C Dixon, 19....	16	18	73	50	J E Schroyer, 4..	20	19	63	43
S H Moore, 16...	16	18	73	50	H W Denny, 12..	19	12	75	43
J M Lilly, 16.....	15	19	73	50	*Vietram	16	19	50	35
H B Sayles, 8....	22	19	60	49	*Chas North.....	19	15	50	34
G Moller, 8.....	21	20	60	49					

*Visitors.

J. W. BELL, Sec'y.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 2.—On the club grounds at Cobb's Hill, a strong attendance of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club members were gathered to-day. The shoot was the fourth of the Spring handicap series. Adkin and Clark were high with 23 actually broken.

Some of the members shot up back scores, the figures in parentheses denoting which scores were so shot.

	Broke.	Al'nce.	Tot'l.		Broke.	Al'nce.	Tot'l.
Norton 22	7	29		Mitchell 17	6	23
Adkin 23	4	27		Coughlin 12	6	18
Clark 23	4	27		Coughlin (3) ..20	9	29
Borst 20	7	27		Coughlin (2)..16	9	25
Kelly 21	5	26		Norton 22	3	25
Galgraith 20	4	24		Galbraith (2)..21	4	25
Siebold 16	7	23		Borst 17	5	22

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., March 2.—Fifteen shooters journeyed Wellingtonward to-day to take advantage of the best afternoon for trapshooting that could be had at this season of the year, and not one of the attendance went away without being very well pleased with his weekly outing. A quiet afternoon at Wellington is a great treat, most shooters in this section think. The old gun club house now seems to ring each week with the jovial feeling that finds vent within its walls.

No exceptionally large scores appear at Boston Gun Club shoots, as the club caters more to promoting the sociability of trapshooting than the making of records; but the good times that take place on week and then give way to the next, are too far apart, according to some of the regular attendants' ideas.

Not so with Henry, the skillful manager of the magautrap, as he thinks Wellington the last place made, having this winter shoveled his way through six storms and 3½ feet of snow and ice; therefore it is no wonder that his ideas are what they are, and dead set, too.

With all its faults, however, storm or no storm, it is the ideal place for a gun club, being only eight minutes' ride from Boston. With the conveniences afforded by the Boston Shooting Association, as well as the Boston Gun Club, any shooter can have as many targets thrown for him at any time that he can find an hour's time for recreation. Many shooters take advantage of it for just this reason, quite a few of to-day's assemblage being business men desiring a few moments' leisure from office cares, and being sure to find with the gun enjoyment they would not get without it. It goes all around, and trapshooter after trapshooter journeys to Wellington knowing well enough of finding some kind of trapshooting to satisfy his ardor a trifle, if not all through; it really seems as though a trapshooter never has enough.

To-day's events passed off in fine style, each and every shooter being alone on pleasure bent. With our magautrap on its very best behavior, which it is most of the time, what more could be asked for.

One of the welcome shooters to-day was Blinn, of the B. A. A., entering the trapshooting arena again after an absence of quite a few years. The scores hardly show the old-time form, but occasionally a sharp angle would get smothered, so to speak, showing that the old skill was still there, and just waiting for a little use to come round in good shape.

Another B. A. A. member present was Owens, a new comer in the ranks of trapshooters; but, if reports are true, which they are, he may be new at one part of the game, but as to breaking targets, nearly a 70 per cent. average—not so much newness to that.

The honors of to-day's scores were taken by Frank and Bell, leading in the match and team race, and Bell securing the average for the afternoon. It was not a runaway, however, as Climax, even with a 21yd. mark, was within good hailing distance, and with his team mate, Rule, gave good account of themselves in the match, which is now nearing concert pitch.

Other scores:

Targets:	10	15	*	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	Av.
Rule, 18	8	11	6	6	10	9	13	8	8	9	..	..	.765
Climax, 21	9	14	4	10	11	10	11	9	7	6	..	..	.791
Frank, 18	8	10	6	9	13	9	12	9	9	4	..	..	.774
Bell, 18	6	13	7	8	12	10	13	8	7	..	..	..	.800
Arnot, 18	7	10	7	5	10	8	9	7	8	8	9	9	.719
Blinn, 16	8	9	8	7	10	6	10	6	9	8	9	7	.719
Owens, 16	6	12	4	6	8	6	11	8	8	8	6	9	.682
Woodruff, 17	6	9	6	7	7	5	9	9	9	..	..	..	.638
Burns, 16	9	10	7	7	9	8	12	9	8	9	8	..	.768
Muldown, 16	2	11	6	5	9	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	.529
Ford, 16	..	..	..	5	11	6	11	9	7	8	6	9	.720
Bartlett, 17	..	..	..	7	11	8	10	5	6	..	..	..	.671
Kirkwood, 19	..	..	..	8	12	5	10	5	..	..	..	..	.667
Baker, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	..	..	.560

*Five pairs.

Merchandise match, distance handicap:

Frank, 18	1101111111110111101111111—22
Bell, 18	0111110101111111111111111—22
Climax, 21	1111110011100111111111111—21
Rule, 18	1100101110011111111110111—19
Bartlett, 17	1011111100111011011011111—19
Arnot, 18	1100011110110111011011111—18
Ford, 16	1011111111101010111110000—17
Burns, 16	0100011110110111101011111—17
Kirkwood, 19	1110111010111111110110000—17
Blinn, 16	0111101100111101001010111—16
Owens, 16	0101010110011001111010001—13
Muldown, 16	1100011110001110000011011—13
Woodruff, 17	1000011001100110101011010—12

Team match:

Frank	12	9—21	Rule	13	8—21
Bell	13	8—21—42	Climax	11	9—20—41
Bartlett	10	5—15	Blinn	10	6—16
Ford	11	9—20—35	Owens	11	8—19—35
Woodruff	9	9—18	Baker	6	8—14
Arnot	9	7—16—34	Kirkwood	10	5—15—29

Hillside Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 5.—The club event was of chief interest at the shoot of the Hillside Gun Club, on its grounds at Chestnut Hill to-day. There was a handicap allowance to the contestants. The scratch man, Mr. G. Matz, broke 40 out of 50, which was the best actual score of the competition. The scores, with allowances added, were as follows: A. Caie 54, M. Bisbing 52, R. Bisbing 48, C. Larson 46, J. Hammil 46, G. Matz 40, F. Horner 31, D. Nash 28, J. Matz 26.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., March 5.—The competition at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day was active from start to finish. About 3,000 targets were thrown. Eight trophy contests were shot, of which one was for the Sauer trophy.

In the March cup contest, Mr. H. Werleman scored 24 with a handicap of 7. Mr. H. M. Brigham, scratch man, scored 22, while Mr. F. B. Stephenson, with a handicap of one, scored 22 also.

Five teams contested for the Sykes cup. Messrs. F. B. and G. G. Stephenson were high, with 41.

Messrs. H. Werleman and O. C. Grinnell tied for the Sauer trophy on scores of 22; for it there were seventeen entries. The handicap allowances and scores follow:

March cup, 25 targets: L. M. Palmer (1) 21, Capt. Money (1) 21, F. B. Stephenson (1) 22, G. G. Stephenson (2) 17, O. C. Grinnell (6) 16, L. C. Hopkins (2) 16, W. W. Marshall (5) 15, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 14, H. L. O'Brien (4) 20, H. M. Brigham (0) 22, A. G. Southwork (1) 19, Grant Notman (3) 21; H. Werleman (7) 24, F. C. Raynor (5) 20, D. V. B. Hegeman (3) 18.

Sykes cup, team shoot, 25 targets: L. M. Palmer (1) 18, H. M. Brigham (0) 20; total 38. F. B. Stephenson (1) 19, G. G. Stephenson (2) 22; total 41. L. C. Hopkins (2) 16, Capt. Money (1) 12; total 28. H. B. Vanderveer (3) 19, E. H. Lott (1) 18; total 37. A. G. Southworth (1) 13, W. W. Marshall (5) 19; total 32.

Sauer cup shoot, 25 targets: L. M. Palmer (1) 21, F. B. Stephenson (1) 22, G. G. Stephenson, Jr., (2) 21, H. M. Brigham (0) 21, O. C. Grinnell (6) 24, L. C. Hopkins (2) 18, W. W. Marshall (5) 19, H. L. O'Brien (4) 20, E. H. Lott (1) 14, A. G. Southworth (1) 25, Grant Notman (3) 22, H. Werleman (7) 24, F. C. Raynor (5) 19, D. V. B. Hegeman (3) 22, G. Hagedorn (3) 19, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 19, Capt. Money (1) 22.

Palmer trophy match, 25 targets: Capt. A. W. Money (1) 20, F. B. Stephenson (1) 22, H. M. Brigham (0) 21.

Special event, 50 targets, scratch: H. M. Brigham 41, G. S. Stephenson 42, L. M. Palmer 41, E. H. Lott 44, J. Hendrickson 44, A. G. Southworth 37. Lott won first trophy; Hendrickson second.

Trophy event, 15 targets: G. G. Stephenson (1) 14, F. B. Stephenson (0) 13, H. M. Brigham (0) 11, H. Werleman (4) 14, D. V. B. Hegeman (1) 10, A. G. Southworth (0) 11, G. W. Hagedorn (1) 13, O. C. Grinnell (4) 10, H. L. O'Brien (2) 10, W. W. Marshall (3) 8.

Shoot-off: G. G. Stephenson 14, Werleman 9.

Trophy event, 15 targets: L. M. Palmer (0) 9, Capt. Money (0) 19, F. B. Stephenson (0) 14, G. G. Stephenson (1) 12, O. C. Grinnell (4) 9, S. C. Hopkins (1) 7, E. H. Lott (0) 11, W. W. Marshall (3) 8, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 8, G. W. Hagedorn (1) 13, H. L. O'Brien (2) 11, A. G. Southworth (0) 9, Grant Notman (1) 9, F. C. Raynor (3) 11. Won by F. B. Stephenson.

Trophy event, 15 targets: G. G. Stephenson (1) 13, F. B. Stephenson (0) 13, H. M. Brigham (0) 8, W. Werleman (4) 11, A. G. Southworth (0) 14, O. C. Grinnell (4) 9, L. C. Hopkins (1) 9, W. W. Marshall (3) 9, H. L. O'Brien (2) 7, E. H. Lott (0) 10, G. W. Hagedorn (1) 14, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 7.

Shoot-off: Hagedorn 13, Southworth 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Capt. Money (0) 11, L. M. Palmer (0) 12, F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, G. G. Stephenson (1) 14, O. C. Grinnell (4) 12, L. C. Hopkins (1) 8, E. H. Lott (0) 10, W. W. Marshall (3) 12, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 10, G. W. Hagedorn (1) 7, H. L. O'Brien (2) 8, A. G. Southworth (0) 10, F. C. Raynor (3) 10, Grant Notman (1) 9.

Won by G. G. Stephenson.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O.

THE club opened the season on March 2 with the first in the series of handicap shoots, and had an attendance of thirty shooters. High gun was made by Chas. W. Matthews, who scored 30, but he was not eligible for the trophy. Harry Oswald won the medal and title of champion for the week, after shooting off ties. Seven men made the full score of 25, and in the first shoot-off Mohr and Donohue dropped out. At the end of the third shoot-off five men were still tie. In the fourth Schwind, Miller and Smyth dropped out. In the fifth Oswald won with a straight of 5, Davis scoring 3. Scores:

Medal shoot, 25 targets, handicap of extra targets to shoot at:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
*C. W. Matthews	35	30	W Hanauer	28	23
C Smith	32	26	J Schaerf	35	22
J Donohue	35	27	Sapp	35	22
H Oswald	35	35	J W Gerlaugh	28	20
J Davis	29	25	W Kette	35	18
C F Miller	28	25	Wm Kuntz	35	18
M J Schwind	28	25	J Kershner	28	18
H Nohr	27	25	Morey	35	17
Geo Rohrer	30	24	Rosenkranz	35	15
C Ballman	35	24	D Wetzel	35	13
M Ford	35	24	E Spohr	35	12
Ed Clark	30	23	Balsewiez	35	12
Barnes	35	23	H Brown	35	11
C Hanauer	35	23	Geo Donohue	35	11
J R Kinnard	35	23	J Kuntz, Jr.	35	11

*Mr. C. W. Matthews is a non-resident, and not eligible for the medal.

BONASA.

Trap at Point Breeze.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—At the Point Breeze race track, Feb. 27, the third of a series of ten contests took place, of which first prize is $50. Good weather favored the shooters. Three miss-and-outs were also shot. The scores:

E. Coleman, 29	1222022222—9	Dr Charlton, 27	1020002122—6
F Muller, 29	02222222*2—8	J Hoy, 26	2202202002—6
Schoenfeldt, 26	10221222*1—8	Metzger, 27	0*22*12**2—5
A A Felix, 29	2220202222—8	Paulson, 28	0200010222—5
W Charlton, 27	*222212220—8	A S Miller, 28	0*22000222—5
Murphy, 27	0220011122—7	V Oliver, 28	222*0*2200—5
T Hoy, 26	0020121122—7	Aimen, 26	0020*01100—3
R H Hoy, 26	2210212*02—7	William, 26	0001200001—3

Miss-and-outs; No. 1, $1 entrance: Edwards 4, Adams 4, Murphy 3, Muller 3, Miller 2, Felix 2, Oliver 2, Schoenfeldt 1, T. Hoy 1.

No. 2: Adams 3, Felix 3, Muller 2, Edwards 2, Murphy 1, Miller 1.

No. 3: Adams 4, Edwards 3, Muller 3, Miller 2, Murphy 1, Felix 1.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

In 1903, shooting a total of 12,030 targets, Mr. Fred Gilbert, using a Parker gun, averaged 93.4 per cent. Many of his scores were made from the back marks, 22, 21 and 20yds. At live birds, in events at Owensburg, Paducah, St. Louis and Davenport, he killed 219 out of 220 shot at.

"The Sporting Dog," by Joseph A. Graham, is the latest addition to the American Sportsmen's Library, edited by Caspar Whitney. It contains 314 pages of reading matter, written in an entertaining vein, but abounding in much that is historically inaccurate, and much more that is erroneous concerning the types, characteristics, etc., of the dogs of which he treats. For instance, he confounds mere size with type, whereas a dog, be he large or small, may have the same type, and a small dog may beget large progeny and vice versa. Again, he confounds mere variability of species with type, so that between "light type," "large type," "field trial type," "any number of Llewellin types," all idea of type is lost by confounding individual variations as class characteristics.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., have issued a beautiful and artistical booklet explanatory of their methods of testing arms and ammunition. Seventeen half-tone cuts of details pertaining to laboratory work, chronograph and pressure gauge, testing of primers, proof of barrels and testing them for accuracy, sighting, etc., are in it presented. Apply to them for a copy.

In his successful defense of the live-bird championship of the State of New Jersey, March 4, at Lake Denmark, Mr. T. W. Morfey used 3½drs. New E. C. powder, 1¼oz. shot in Leader shells.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

World's Fair at St. Louis.

First Great Excursion via Pennsylvania Railroad, May 10.

THE Louisiana Purchase Exposition will open at St. Louis, April 30, and will be in perfect condition on that date. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run the first low-rate coach excursion from the East to the World's Fair on May 10, affording residents of the Eastern section an opportunity to see the great Exposition in all the glory of its pristine freshness. Tickets will be sold from all principal stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad System. The fare from New York will be $20; from Philadelphia, $18.50, with proportionate rates approximating one cent per mile from other points. These tickets will be good going only on special coach trains to be run on May 10, and returning in coaches of regular trains leaving St. Louis not later than May 19.

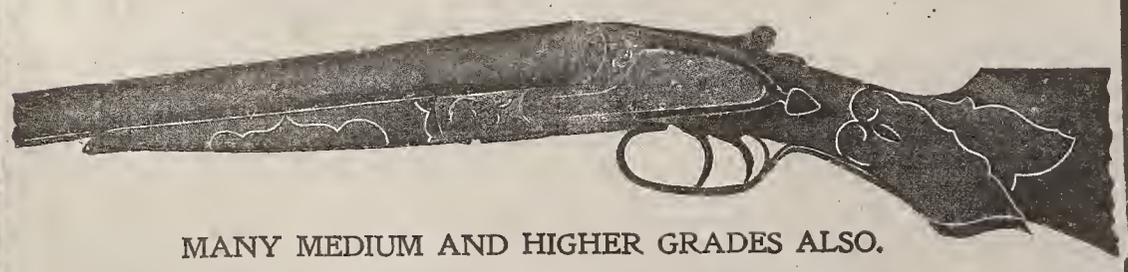
In considering the purchase of gasoline motors there are certain fundamental matters that the buyer can never afford to neglect. Of these the first is safety, which depends on construction, and character of material used; the second is design, which means economy of size and weight—compactness, in other words—smoothness of action, and symmetry. In so complicated a machine as a motor there are many other points with which perhaps the expert alone is familiar, but without this foundation no motor can be satisfactory. All these points are claimed for the Toquet motor, of Saugatuck, Conn., whose very beautiful circular, No. 5, well deserves examination by those who contemplate building or purchasing motor boats.

All Buffalo sportsmen, and indeed all sportsmen of northern and central New York, are familiar with the name Salem G. Le Valley, and most of them knew the man and his store. Though Mr. Le Valley is no longer living, his business continues and the old store is still well stocked with all that the sportsman needs. Mr. Edward Cox is the head of the new corporation. A catalogue will be sent on application.

W. H. Mullins, of Salem, O., has just issued a very handsome and complete catalogue, which illustrates and describes the metal boats manufactured by him in a very clear and satisfactory manner. A copy of this catalogue will be sent free of charge to all who are interested enough to write for it.

Why Not Shoot A BAKER?

Do you know that we build to order special Trap and Field Guns at $60 and $75 that, for efficiency and finish, equal most $100 and $150 grades of other makes?



MANY MEDIUM AND HIGHER GRADES ALSO.

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Cor. Liberty & School Sts., BATAVIA, N. Y.

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A pocket trap score book, containing 50 pages of score sheets and the Interstate Association Rules for target and live bird shooting, and for shooting under the Sergeant System. The cover bears the title "My Trap Scores," and the pages, in number and form, are arranged to make a complete record of the shooter's doings at the traps. The pages are ruled to make a record of the place, date, weather conditions, number of traps, number of shooters, gun and load used, events, etc. The score sheets are ruled for 25 targets. Bound in leather. Price, 50 cents. -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- -:-

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 346 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

SUNDAY FISHING.

NEW JERSEY is considering the adoption of a law to prevent Sunday fishing. The merits and demerits, claims and counter-claims, of such a statute, discussed from a Sabbatarian point of view, have been pretty thoroughly threshed out, and there would be no good purpose in going over them again. The three things to remember and consider in regard to a law against angling on Sunday are these:

First—Fishermen will fish on Sunday, law or no law.

Second—A law which is unenforced is demoralizing, in that its contempt breeds a spirit of contempt of all law.

Third—Experience has demonstrated that while a Sunday fishing law is as a rule a dead letter, it is on occasion resorted to for the collection of blackmail or for the indulgence of spite.

These are the principles which hold good elsewhere. They would hold good in New Jersey.

THE BOY AND THE GUN.

SENATOR ARMSTRONG'S two measures in the New York Legislature, Senate Bills Int. 27 and 28, make it a misdemeanor to sell a gun or other firearm, or ammunition, to any person under eighteen years of age, or for any person under eighteen years of age to have any gun or other firearm in any public place; or for any person to have in his possession any firearm of any kind in any public place without a police certificate.

To state these two measures is to show their absurd and objectionable character.

There is no good reason why boys under eighteen years should be forbidden the possession and use of firearms. The proper age at which any given boy may have a gun is something to be determined by parental discretion. It is purely a matter of the individual judgment of father and mother. Some boys show themselves to be perfectly safe handlers of firearms before they are in their teens; others should never be trusted with a gun, not even if they lived to the age of Methuselah. But whether early or late, the gun age is something properly outside of the sphere of the State to determine, and something properly within the domestic regulation of the family.

Moreover, shooting is as good sport for boys under eighteen years of age as for those over eighteen. It is a healthy, sensible mode of outdoor recreation, essentially manly in its nature, and when taken up by boys is man-making. It is of benefit to the individual and of inestimable value to the aggregate of society.

Boyhood is the golden age when tastes are formed and fixed for life. The majority of shooters now gray-haired owe their life-through enjoyment of shooting to the taste for it formed in boyhood days. No recollections of youth are more vivid or more pleasurable than those of the days afield. No field companionship is more delightful than that of father and son in the game covers. To forbid the boy shooting, then, would be not only to deprive him and his elders of a wholesome pleasure while the boy is a boy, but it would prevent the formation of tastes whose indulgence would give him pleasure when he gets to be a man. Any such widespread deprivation as is contemplated by the Armstrong bill could be reckoned as nothing short of a public wrong. Forbid the boy shooting! Forsooth, whoever originated that notion could never have been a boy who knew for himself the innocent pleasures of the field.

As for those of us who have a vivid recollection of early days afield, who, now that we are old, find a new and different pleasure in inducting our youngsters into the art of shooting-flying, who believe that the opportunities we valued and enjoyed should be maintained for the enjoying and valuing of the new generation, it behooves every such one, who is a citizen of New York, to enter his protest against the enactment of the Armstrong bill.

The further propositions incorporated in the Armstrong measures, to require every gunner to take out a police license before he can go shooting, is a fantastic scheme which should not be considered seriously by any legislative committee that has not taken leave of its senses.

FISHING NOT PUBLIC USE.

THE New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals has ruled that the right to fish in an inland lake "cannot be separated from the ownership of the lake and taken under the power of eminent domain, because, first, the natural supply of fish therein is so small as to be incapable of meeting a public demand; and, second, the object of acquiring such a right is not use, which implies utility, but mere sport or pastime."

This is the final outcome of the celebrated Swartswood Lake case, which was brought by Andrew Albright, the owner of the lake, against Joseph A. Cortwright, for fishing trespass. Mr. Albright's fight to establish his right to his own has been a long one. It began six years ago, when, having come into possession of the lake, he built a summer home on an island and settled down to enjoy the view and the quiet. The anticipated repose and seclusion were not realized. Swartswood had from time immemorial been the free fishing ground of the people round about; and the fishermen were now not in the least deterred by the new owner's trespass sign from continuing to enjoy their time-honored privilege. Mr. Albright tried polite pursuasion, impolite threats, a license system which failed, and finally a lawsuit. He brought action against one of the trespassers, Joseph A. Cortwright, a farmer of the vicinity, and secured his conviction. This aroused popular indignation. Mass meetings were held. Free fishing was made a political issue, and the Assemblyman of the district secured the enactment of a law which declared public the fishing of any lake exceeding 100 acres in extent. Nothing daunted, the owner of Swartswood took the case before the Supreme Court for a determination of its constitutionality. Here the statute was upheld. Then Mr. Albright carried the case up to the court of last resort, where he has just obtained the decision reported in another column.

It is interesting to note that the view taken by the Court is substantially identical with the opinion expressed by Kenneth Fowler, Esq., of the Hudson County Bar, in our issue of June 6, 1903.

THE SHIPMENT OF AMMUNITION.

THE transportation of dynamite and other high explosives is conducted under the close supervision of government inspectors, and is rightly regulated by a code of rigid rules governing its handling and shipment. Railroad companies make many restrictions as to the traffic and the rate classification is very high. Express companies are forbidden to handle high explosives. All this is as it should be.

In a bill introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Elkins (S.4319), relating to the subject, the extraordinary mistake has been made of classing with high explosives, and so including in the scope of the bill, shotgun, revolver and rifle ammunition. This inclusion we term a mistake, because it is impossible to conceive that such a classification of ammunition with high explosives could have been made deliberately and with full information. This product is not of a nature to require any such restriction. Past experience and present practice demonstrate the perfect safety of the shipment of these low explosives by the ordinary channels of freight and express, along with other commodities. Ammunition is carried by railroads under a low freight classification; express companies handle it, fire departments and insurance companies have made exhaustive tests as to danger in case of fire, and have determined that there is absolutely none. No accidents have happened in transportation, either in original packages or in broken lots. Shotgun and rifle and revolver ammunition is shipped in numberless packages every day, and it is within the personal experience of tens of thousands of users that the shipment is perfectly safe.

There is absolutely no good reason for making any such change as that proposed by the Elkins bill with respect to the transportation of ammunition. To put the contemplated restriction in practice would mean measureless trouble to shippers and users, and vastly increased expense to the consumer. In view of the needlessness of the restriction and the hardship it would entail upon all concerned, the Elkins bill should be amended in committee by the elision of the clause "such cartridges as are ordinarily used in sporting or fowling pieces or in rifle or revolver practice."

This is a matter which may very properly be taken up by individuals, and concerning which letters of protest should be written to Senators.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

THE plea which Assemblyman Scovel, of Camden, made on behalf of the robin in the New Jersey Assembly last week must be counted as one of the curiosities of legislative debate. There is in New Jersey some such prejudice against the robin on the part of fruit growers as Mr. W. B. Mershon tells us exists in Michigan; and a bill was before the Legislature legalizing the killing of robins as fruit destroyers. In opposition to the bill Mr. Scovel said:

"The robin was first a magpie and gray in color and unprepossessing in general appearance, but with a most sympathetic nature. He approached the Cross of Calvary at the time of the Crucifixion, timidly uttering cries of grief. With his wings he tried to wipe off the face of Jesus, and with his beak he tried to draw forth one of the thorns from the forehead. A single drop of blood fell on his breast, and from then until now he has been called 'red breast.' He is the bird of God, the herald of the glad tidings of spring, and I shall vote to protect him if every man in the House votes against him."

The press despatches say that the House was carried away by the eloquent plea, and straightway rejected the bill by a unanimous vote.

Now the fact is—though this is of slight consequence—that the robin, which the legend associates with the Cross, is the European robin, which is another bird, altogether distinct from the American species. The European bird is in classification nearer a warbler than a thrush, in size is half as large as the robin, in color is of a very different and brighter breast color, and in characteristics is, as Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote, "a little domestic bird that fed at the table, instead of a great, fidgety, jerky, whooping thrush." There is a further contrast in song. "The songs of the two are as different as possible," wrote Mr. Francis Moonan, in his charming sketch of the English robin, in our issue of January 9.

So much for the European *Erythacus rubecula* and the American *Turdus migratorius*. They are two birds; yet as our species was so like the one they had known at home that the English settlers gave it the familiar name, it were just as well that it should share all the superstitions, legendary regard and protective sentimentalism unto the name appertaining. If New Jersey legislators be unconvinced by the statistical arguments of the economic ornithologists, may there always be a Scovel to beguile them with the legend of the robin breast dyed blood red at Calvary; or, as another superstition has it, scorched by the fires of hell, whither it flies daily, with one drop of water at a time, in the hope of quenching them. If the small boys of our enlightened age are not amenable to the Band of Hope humane teachings of to-day, instil in them the eighteenth century belief that gave immunity to the English robin:

> I found a robin's nest within our shed,
> And in the barn a wren has young ones bred:
> I never take away their nest, nor try
> To catch the old ones, lest a friend should die.
> Dick took a wren's nest from the cottage side,
> And ere a twelvemonth pass'd his mother dy'd.

Among the contents of our next issue will be a continuation of "The Trails of the Pathfinders," and an illustrated paper descriptive of the strenuous life of the Glouscester fishermen.

The annual banquet of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held at the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, on Tuesday evening of this week.

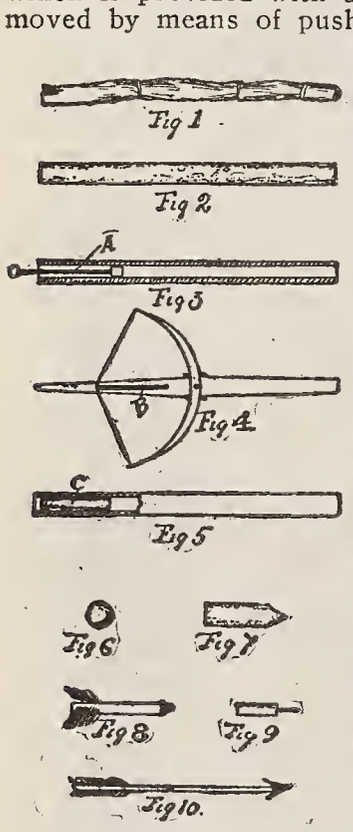


THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

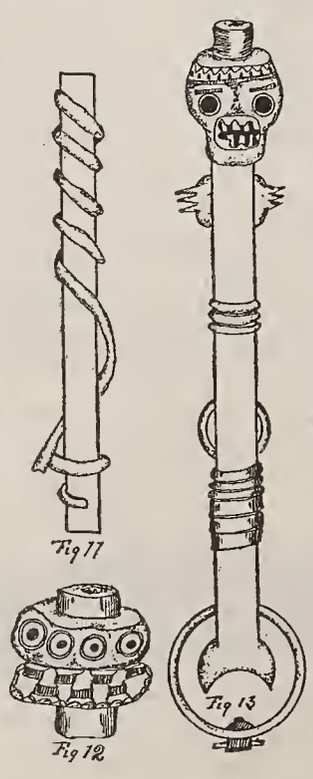
Blowpipe Men of the Philippines.

MANILA, P. I., Jan. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is a strange class of individuals in the Philippine Islands, who utilize the blowpipe of bamboo or other wood for hundreds of purposes in peaceful pursuits and in battle. The annexed illustrations are for the purpose of giving the reader an idea of the nature of these odd weapons. Figure 1 is the commonest description of blowpipe used by the natives for the purpose of shooting clay balls, darts, little arrows and the like. This crude affair is madc from a section of wood about three feet long and from one to two inches in diameter, with the hollow portion about half the original exterior diameter. The exterior is usually rough and crude in the bambo stock, but the interior is quite free and smooth, except the ridges at the partition walls, which ridges may be removed by using a scraping affair, leaving the interior channel very even and ready for passage of an object. But these tubes are not always for shooting darts and objects. They are used by the smiths and metal workers to blow the heat upon a piece of metal in the manufacture of metallic parts. Quite a good air-blast is possible with the device.

We next show the smooth surfaced bahooey wood, which is provided with a sappy interior, which is removed by means of pushing instruments through, resulting in effecting a very even channel through which darts and other objects may be blown. The native becomes quite expert with the tube. He can shoot straight and well. He can use great force with his wind, and manages to make the dart or clay ball reach its target. In figure 3 is another type of tube which is employed by the natives. I saw these in use by some of the Moro tribesmen of the island of Mindanao. A straight piece of the wood is chosen, and the bore made. Then a flanged piece is inserted to a rod A, as shown. The native inserts the object to be shot from the tube, in the head, and introduces the flange of the rod. A quick, sharp blow is made, and the object is sent out of the tube with speed to its destination. Of course, the natives make the ammunition more effective by applying poison to the points. They use poisons obtained from poisonous reptiles and woods.



The arrow tube gun is exhibited in figure 4. It consists of the stock of the piece being made of hard wood, with a boring burned through the barrel portion. A strong wood bow is adjusted to this stock as shown, and the native draws the cord with the arrow to be discharged placed as at B. As soon as released, the arrow shoots forward with considerable speed and force. Figure 5 is for the purpose of illustrating the wood plug amunition sometimes used in the blowpipes. These plugs are loaded with a powder made of charcoal and saltpeter secured by the natives in the hills. The powder is placed inside the little piece C, and there is a fuse attached. The fuse is lighted and the projectile is blown forth by the native. It usually explodes far from its mark, and seldom does much damage, and is more of a Fourth of July display than anything else. Figure 6 shows one of the clay balls made by puddling clay and rolling in the palms of the hands to proper form, finally baking it. Some of the projectiles, made in the form of the one in figure 7, are shaped from clay, others from wood or metal. I saw some of these designed from stone. Figure 8 is a sketch of the dart plan. It is a hard wood piece, tipped with steel carrying poison. There are feathers arranged to guide the dart, as shown. Some darts are of the prick order only, as shown in figure 9, with a needle-like affair inserted. Many of the arrows used are fitted with heads of metal or stone, as in figure 10. The head sticks firmly in the flesh when imbedded. I saw some remarkably nicely decorated shooting tubes in the possession of the sultans and chiefs of tribes on Mindanao Island. Figure 11 is an example. The tube is entwined with coils of wood, as shown, and these parts are all neatly smoothed and polished, with the result that an exceedingly good effect follows.



In figure 12 is a sample of one of the stocks of the tubes, showing engravings and gems placed thereon to the value of several hundred dollars. The natives of Jolo get oyster pearls, and a little silver is mined. These articles are utilized to decorate the tube head, as shown. The natives are very proud of these ornamented blowpipes. One of the most attractive blowpipes I saw is sketched in figure 13. When held up to blow through, the link at lower end drops down and the mouth can be adjusted closely to curved portion, where the bore is and the blast of air sent forth. The head is ornamented with a skull effect, the teeth of the jaws of which were said to be those of enemies who were slain by the poisoned darts blown from the tube. There were precious metal attachments, and fine polish, to add to the beauty of the pipe.

TRAVELER.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

VII.—A Cotton Town.

WHEN I reached Tiptonville I was fortunate in being directed to Mrs. Foster's, when I asked for a place to board for a few days. Mrs. Foster's house is a two-story one, with a front view to the north. A weedy field bounded on the far side by a many-strand wire fence, one post of which is a tall cypress tree, on which the last negro hung in town was lynched. Beyond is an old bend of the river—a place where the current used to come swceping round sawing into the banks, but a few years ago a sand bar formed, and now green willows, and a streak of white sand are where the river flowed.

With the scenery different, and the weather strange, the tourist naturally expects to find another kind of people, and he is not disappointed. Likely enough he will find himself to be the oddest type of all, and his own land a curious combinaton of egotism, frailties, energies and versatilities, such as he had never dreamed. A traveler who walks backwards, and keeps his glasses focussed on "home," is bound, sure pop, to see what he had never seen, and find what his dreams had never showed. It seems to me that the plainsman in the hills gets the best view of his own land possible, while an Adirondack stray in a cypress brake gets to know his own beech flats as never before.

As I was going over to Reelfoot Lake, bag and baggage sooner or later, I asked if there was a man in town who would carry my boat and duffle from the river to the lake. Mrs. Foster gave me the name, "Jim Miller," and over town I heard he had a gray horse in his team—last seen down by a cotton gin. I went that way, and found the gray-horse-team. But when I asked for Miller, a negro shunted me round the corner of the gin, asking as he walked, "Whar you gwin to carry Jim to?" Jim didn't show up at all, so far as I know, but one who "drives his team" took my stuff and volunteered the information that Jim was over at Reelfoot Lake.

I don't know at this writing that I have seen Miller since I got to town, but there can be no doubt that I was, for a time at least, a suspicious person from the view point of the darkies.

One is puzzled by the use of grease by southern cooks. They fry potatoes, and serve the dish, sometimes at least, so saturated that the bottom of the dish is half an inch deep with melted lard. So with meat and most other things. It was all I could do to keep Stevenson—with whom I came as far as Tiptonville from Kaskaskia—from putting lard on beefsteak "to soften it up." They fry bacon in lard sometimes.

I can account for the use of grease in such large quantities only by the fact that in the old days bears were very numerous throughout the Mississippi country. The bears were very fat, and this fat was tried or rendered out, and some of the hardier frontiersmen, at least, would drink a pint of the thin, sweetish grease at a draught. The grease and the meat of bears was one time exported from New Madrid in such quantities that the river at that point was called "Grease Bay," "L'Anse de la Grasse." And by similar historical antecedents, one may account for the use of knives in conveying food from the plate to the mouth, which for a long while has excited comment from travelers who came from regions with different or less pronounced traditions and customs. The men who opened up the cotton and corn lands of the Mississippi carried a big knife, with which they dressed their game and ate their meat. They had no forks, and complained that porcelain dulled the hunting blade. The test of friendship was to break one's knife in two when a comrade lost his. The fork is a comparatively recent table utensil, and its use as a shovel in northern communities is only less frequent than in southern.

One day I walked down to the lower landing at the river, and on my return was overtaken by a youngish, but weazened, withered little man in a buggy.

"I don't suppose up in your country you have such little, unhealthy kind of men like me, do you?" he asked in a tone of sickly dejection. Lake county chills and tobacco from childhood had stunted him. One of the hardest sights I had seen, was a boy of eight or nine with a cigar as large round as my thumb in his lips, clutched with two fingers over the top, as he rode in a cotton wagon the sides of which came up to his shoulders, and I told the man it "seems like the tobacco gets used to young, don't it?"

"Shaw!" he exclaimed, more astonished than dissenting. Certain it is that there is a "right smart" of tobacco used in the region—in spite of mothers and their old buggy whips. To hear a boy of fourteen say "I can't stop it!" of smoking and chewing tobacco, is something to add a different feature to one's sensations. But the use of tobacco, and the features of chewing tobacco which fills so much space in books of travel written by foreigners before the war, is plainly not so bad now as then. But it is bad enough, especially as regards foolish and unfortunate little boys who, in their ambition to be men, do the things that usually prevent their becoming thoroughly manly, physically at least.

Type for type—clerk, merchant, politician, ex-soldier, the bearing of men in the South is on the average a bit more erect, and more direct in the gaze—seeming to indicate haughtiness in their natures, which more than anything else makes the tourist realize that he is in a part of the country different from his own.

A look beyond one's temporary residence quite verifies this difference. Tiptonville is a cotton town, and to one from a spruce bark camp in the Adirondacks it was a right interesting place.

One who approaches Tiptonville by way of any of the land routes—from up stream or down, or from Obion—is greeted by numerous advertisements nailed to trees and fences along the highways. As the place has no railroad, and the steamer landing is usually two miles from town—on account of the sand bar that has thrust itself across the town front—fortunately for the town's existence, one must see these insistent proclaimers of various wares. It is a surprise to see them—nowhere in New York State have I seen so many bill boards for a town of even 2,000 inhabitants, as this one which claims 1,000, as at Tiptonville. Advertising is said to indicate superior enterprise according as it wrecks the beauty of a scene—the more views a company spoils, the better its advertising department.

The big signs in the distance, too far to be read, quite hurt me, especially as they showed up against a cypress swamp of my dreams, and rendered some magnificent trees horrible around the trunks. I turned the other way as much as possible and passed them by unread so far as I could, but spite of me I came to know the names of the town stores in the order of their advertising insistence—which was the triumph of the advertiser, without doubt. And then, one day, I found myself walking a mile just for the sake of putting down in my note book "the readin' on some of the signs."

"So-and-So discounts all prices of any old house this side of New York!" "No mistakes in filling prescriptions—pure drugs!" "For good shoes go to ———!" These are familiar enough in their form to a sign victim, except the first one, which shows a lack of economy in the use of space. Several words could be taken out, paint saved and the words rendered entirely commercial and uninteresting. But here is one without rhetoric which commands the attention of unaccustomed eyes:

"Buggies. At Walbell's Hardware and Furniture Company's. Stoves, Ranges, Coffins and Caskets!"

Someway or other, the advertisers no matter which the firm, always got the stoves and coffins in together. It's a novel sight to see coffins blazoned forth on a twenty by ten foot advertising sign, especially as it appears in connection with cotton fields, cypress trees, and the bottom lands of the Mississippi, where there is no horizon, but just the nearest line of trees for the distances, shutting a man in till he longs for a tall tree to climb, and a chance to see that blue which comes of forty miles of good air, not of six of miasmic fogs.

The cost of living is very high—groceries must pay the steamboat lines which carry all the freight, "reasonable" fifty or seventy-five cents a hundred to bring them in, and profits, when the storekeepers are not at war, are high enough to be good livings for owners, even though stores are located every mile or two along the bottom roads. The negroes get fifty cents a hundred pounds for picking cotton, and pick from 200 to 700 (record) pounds a day—averaging two dollars or two-fifty a day. They work all the week and spend it all on Saturday "evening." "A third of a cotton crop only," this year, has hurt the storekeepers proportionately.

At intervals during the day steam whistles sound along the brick and wood shores there, and the stranger asking about the noise, is told it's a gin. In Tiptonville there are two gins, and in Lake county seventeen, two closed down. They pay 3 cents to 3.50 a pound for seed cotton. As the farmer comes in with 3,000 pound loads, and gets cash for his gin order at one or other of the two banks, it will be seen that "there's plenty of money 'round town." Most farmers are contented to leave their money in the bank, however, and do not take it out till necessary to pay the pickers on Saturdays, or their bills run up on credit during the planting season. It's easier to buy on credit—the cash is not seen in the actual process of going out till settling time comes, and not even then, for an

order serves as well—so people who have money are careless, and don't realize the value of it.

"They spend money here, they sure do!" Mrs. Foster used to say. One sees a store clerk with a hundred dollar diamond on his finger, throwing tobacco juice like a hoosier from the bottoms. The clerk can afford the stone, for he gets from $30 to over $100 a month right there in the Tiptonville stores. A boy of fifteen has received the $30—the tobacco does not matter. In fact half a dozen or so of the young men in town had their photographs taken with large cigars between their teeth. This photograph excited some comment because it was "a right good picture."

The main street and the country roads were so hard when I saw them, that the cotton wagons—with big boxes drawn by mules, usually driven by a dark man who has a long leashed, short handled whip—rumbled along as though on macadam or on a bridge. They are ideal roads for wheelmen and pleasure riding, but in winter, "why, you just aint got no idea how deep that mud does get. People pays any price to have anything moved, and four mules on a light wagon gets stuck some days for hours at a time, not able to start it."

Winter is cold in Tiptonville—at intervals. The sleet storm two years ago left a coat of ice on the ground, trees, and everything, which lasted for six weeks, but mostly it's just mud. An old ex-parson said of last winter, that he didn't get off the sidewalks from middle November till late April, on account of mud. This is not so very unusual—any winter will have weeks and weeks of mud. And yet some of the moneyed people and all the others apparently in town, are reduced to the extremity of cutting down their shade trees—so necessary in summer heats—simply because they didn't have wood piles. When the roads are good no one thinks anything but cotton—and curiously enough, there is no regular coal dealer in town nor anyone to put a barge on the river to bring wood to town from the vast forests which line the banks of the Mississippi—and wood bringing $1.50 an uncut, unsplit wagon load of swamp and drift pile pickings, and extra for putting the stuff into more or less regular lengths for the stoves.

Perhaps the thing that always strikes a northerner in such a cotton town—I have talked to many northerners who have come South and like its ways—is the simplicity of the life led by most people, rich or poor. They read the local paper, and perhaps a paper from the nearest city (Memphis, at Tiptonville), get cotton reports over the telephone—and get much of their enjoyment and sorrow just so—and perhaps take a long drive in a buggy behind lean, fast horses. One hears, "I'm often surprised at the immense amount of satisfaction that can be got out of a stick and a good jack knife." There are few signs of people being discontented, or given to wandering around, though having money enough to go as they please. Judge (that is his given name) Harris, with thousands of acres of cotton land out at rent, large banking interests, and a big estate to manage, and a young man, was the only one in Tiptonville who seemed entirely able to use all his time "doing something," as the expression is understood in the North. He takes photographs for recreation, and some of these are beautiful. Hobbies are rare in the valley.

The village is divided into two parts, one of which figures in the local papers as "Coon Town." The negroes furnish much of the local gossip, their doings being right interesting on occasion. The seven prisoners in the local jail are all colored, two being women. Two, a man and a woman, are waiting trial for murder—the man of his wife with a club, the woman her husband with an ax. One is a boot leg whiskey seller, one hit a man with a hoe, craps caused some fines, and the other woman was up for shooting a revolver for practice on a cane ridge.

The jail is a ramshackle wooden building with a right strong steel and iron cage within. Those fined with costs serve their sentences at the rate of forty cents a day, and the sheriff gets forty cents a day for caring for them. The food consists of seven biscuits, all beans he can eat, a piece of meat—hog, beef—molasses once, for each man daily.

Jailer Thorn is obliged to maintain discipline by such processes as buckets of water, holding back food and water, making a hot fire in the stove, and the like. About November 1, the jailer was awakened at 3 A. M. by the darkies singing and playing a French harp, or mouth organ. They wouldn't stop nor give up the harp. The jailer said either give up the harp or no water and grub. All day long the prisoners were riotous, but about six o'clock the jailer said he was going to take a little walk, and away he went. Two hours later he returned and heard one of those negroes on his knees praying:

"Oh Lord! Give me a little corn bread, and give me a little water which doesn't cost anything!"

"We got hungry, and we told him we'd do anything for him if he'd only give us something to eat," one of the negroes said.

"They are right witty," the jailer has to say of his men.

It seems that they come to be riotous just because they want to break the monotony of days and weeks cooped in a space fifteen by fifteen feet. A prisoner who comes in without money or tobacco is tried by his fellows and whipped. Also if he does certain things which make it more uncomfortable for the others. Under compulsion they are obliged to keep the cell clean at Tiptonville, but in other jails this is not done. But personal cleanliness is not enforced—one yellow man had never bathed in his life—though cutting off food or water or both invariably fetches prisoners to terms. Three years ago a negro was taken from the jail and hanged by a mob, and two years ago another was taken from the court house by day, when a white jury disagreed. The jury was a "scrub jury," mostly strangers in the region, and of them one had been accused of the same crime, and another's son was similarly accused some time before, unknown to anyone in Lake county. When the facts regarding these two jurymen became known both left the country—under the impulse of notes delivered at night. A man was once killed in the jail by a shot in the night through a window as he went to bed.

Tiptonville has been burned out twice, and the houses are nearly all new and well painted—white. It is remarkably clean and neat, and shows that there is considerable money in town by the average standard of clothes worn, and preponderance of the white collar contingent.

As Tiptonville is a river town, it has had its experiences with floods. Being on the same ridge that New Madrid is, water does not come to the houses, but, along the water front, the bank has been continually caving, and some of the houses have had to be moved back. A two hundred acre farm was once between Tiptonville and the river. The farm is gone, and one corner of the old warehouse at the very edge of the place is on the caving bank. Under the town flow streams of seep-water, and this causes a constant small wearing away of the water all the year around. The mail comes by stage 24 miles—by sklff in high water, for then the ridge is an island. They have their little shakers, and there are some things which lead to such expressions as "If I wasn't kept here by this or that I'd get away faster than you could talk." One time there was a negro hung at Tiptonville and he said his innocence would be proved by the town "sinking into the river." The caving banks, the rotten limestone under all, and the "little shakers" remind the old timers of various things. "We're living here," said Lockey Donaldson, one of the town's "big men" "but we don't know."

The river has brought a sand bar down before the town, a levee seems likely to lower permanently the height of Reelfoot Lake by stopping the influx of river water in high tides, and the earthquakes don't come so often as formerly. One can look at the sky, so to speak, and believe it isn't going to rain very hard anyhow—like Noah's neighbor, in the story they tell in the Mississippi Valley—where some parallel between local conditions and those of Noah's time is found.

To northern eyes, Tiptonville is interesting in every way. If one is a bit circumspect, and exercises some of his innate Sherlock Holmes ability, such things as the road crossings—beams with cross sticks nailed at stepable intervals—will indicate the mud to come if it is dry weather, the lean activity of the store keepers, their prosperity, the pretty eyes and taut carriage its romance, and the toot of the cotton gins its commerce. As a cotton town, perhaps Tiptonville is most remarkable of all. Lake county cotton is famous, and so I had a better chance to see a cotton town than I realized for some time after I reached Tiptonville. The gin brings the stores clustering around.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Twilight and Camp-Fire Clubs.

THE Twilight Club was founded in 1883, at the time of Herbert Spencer's visit to this country, when that great philosopher remarked at the dinner given in his honor at Delmonico's, that Americans "have had too much of the gospel of work, and need to cultivate the gospel of relaxation." The club was, therefore, organized to cultivate rational recreation, and the requirements for membership were to possess "a clean shirt and $1 in pocket." The plan was certainly unique. There are no officers, no constitution, by-laws, rules, or regulations, but the club's affairs are managed by the perpetual secretary, Mr. Chas. F. Wingate, the sanitary engineer and founder of Twilight Park. Members come direct from their offices and sit down to dinner, usually at the St. Denis Hotel. The speaking begins promptly at 8, a different toastmaster presides on each occasion. The speeches are short and in the nature of shop talk. The following are some of the topics which have been discussed:

How did you earn your first dollar?
Should preaching be abolished by law?
What shall our boys do for a living?
How do the strikes strike you?
Have the Trusts helped or hurt you?
Why did you come to New York?
Have you lost faith in Democracy?
How would you spend a million for the public good?
Why don't people go to church?
How are you training your wives and daughters?
Should criminals be punished or reformed?

The club found many imitators, including the Sunset Club, of Chicago; Six O'clock Club, of Washington, D. C.; the Candlelight Club, of Denver, and the Present Day Club, of Dayton, Ohio.

On Thursday, March 10, the club held its 315th dinner, and a dozen members of the Camp-fire Club were invited to share in the discussion of the topic "Outdoor Life."

Among those present were Dr. Wm. T. Hornaday, President of the club, and Director of the N. Y. Zoological Park; Arthur F. Rice, the secretary; Dan C. Beard, the artist; David T. Abercrombie; Dr. C. C. Curtis, Professor of Botany at Columbia University; Capt. E. B. Rogers, Pay Inspector U. S. Navy Yard, Brooklyn; Dr. T. K. Tuthill, A. A. Anderson the artist and supervisor of the forest reserve at Yellowstone Park; E. W. Deming, the Indian painter; and T. E. Batten of FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. Beard acted as toastmaster, and said that he had been brought up in Kentucky, "the dark and bloody ground" which was full of traditions of Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, and Simon Girty, the famous hunters who preceded the trappers, and he had heard many stories in his childhood of their wonderful deeds. It was a common remark among the sturdy woodsmen of his day, that "the only thing on 'arth they feared was a painter and a rattlesnake." Doubtless in the primitive days of flint-locks and poor powder, an encounter with a full-grown panther was to be dreaded. He had always heard that even the grizzly is afraid of the mountain lion. He related several stories which he had heard from Yellowstone Kelley, about these "varmints." One of them carried off a good sized baby in his teeth, but could not climb the fence and so dropped the kid. Another one killed a hunter in a hand to hand contest, while a third followed a friend of Kelley for a mile and a half until the latter concluded that it was safe to shoot him. Mr. Beard himself met a woman out West, who was attacked by a panther while traveling with a dog. She had a rifle, but dared not shoot for fear of killing the dog, so she broke the lion's backbone with the butt of the gun.

Mr. Beard gave an amusing account of his experience in building a summer home in Pike county. The natives there had never seen a log house, and could not understand a builder's plan, so he had to whittle out a model with a jack-knife in order to show what he wanted. He left plenty of cracks for ventilation, and the house was quickly occupied by numerous families of flying squirrels. When he returned the second year his stovepipe was plugged solid for six feet with cotton tufts from the bed covers; the bed itself was full of nuts, and when his sisters started to clean house they found squirrel nests in his rubber boots, overcoat pockets, and even in his corduroy panteloons. When the latter was shaken out the squirrels flew in all directions to the consternation of the house-cleaners. At another time he strewd pepper about in spots, thinking to rid himself of these pests, but was kept awake by their sneezing. He described his first encounter with a rattlesnake after sixteen years' failure to meet one of them. He also gave a vivid account of his travels in Yellowstone Park, and the delights of open air life in the far West, where the men are said to measure nine inches between the eyes, and smell like a wolf, but are genial and excellent company, men in short "with the bark on." He concluded by telling of the new lovers of nature who shoot game for food but not for mere love of butchery, and who regard the fad for collecting of deer heads and horns as but little better than the Indian collector of scalps.

In order to break the ice, Mr. Wingate led the speaking and told of some of his observations of animal life among the Catskills. He related a number of anecdotes regarding catamounts or "painters," black bears and porcupines in that section and in the Adirondacks. He referred especially to the wonderful leaps made by the catamounts, measuring as much as forty feet, as stated by Dr. Merriam. No wild creature was so feared by the Indians and early settler, or did such damage to colts, calves and sheep. Their mournful screams and stealthy mode of attack created universal terror. Bears are still common in the Catskills, and so are porcupines, though they do not strip the hemlocks bare as in other sections. He referred to the steady growth of appreciation of outdoor life, which began with Wordsworth and Thoreau, but has been mainly fostered in recent years by the writings of John Burroughs. Our methods of summering have entirely changed since 1870, and now camps, cottages, and parks are found throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Doctor Hornaday, managing director of the "Zoo" at Bronx Park, gave a delightful and breezy account of his observations as a naturalist and a traveler in South America and in the far West. He described an experience with a puma ("el Tigre," as the natives call them) in South America when he was hunting sloths. The panther was swimming across a river, and when they followed him in a leaky canoe, he deliberately tried to come on board. The situation was decidedly interesting, as Mr. Hornaday had no firearm, except a rifle loaded with bird shot. This wounded, but only enraged the beast, so he took to pounding him on the head with an ax, a difficult matter because his head sunk in the water each time he struck. They finally hauled the creature into the boat only half dead, and there despatched him. The speaker said he had always regarded the panther as not a dangerous animal. The attendants enter their cages at the "Zoo" without hesitation. The screams, despite Doctor Merriam, can be heard at all hours for the distance of a mile, and sound like the cry of a terrified woman, or like a magnified cat. Incidentally, he remarked that he had never seen anything so startling or so horrifying as the sudden attack of a male jaguar on a female which had been placed in the same cage. He leaped like a thunder bolt, and seizing her head in his powerful jaws, crushed it in in a second.

Referring to the main subject of the evening, he said that outdoor life is the only antidote for our present automatic existence, when everything is done by machine methods. But to enjoy and benefit by such life one must have some object. A naturalist, as a matter of course, must love fine scenery, but a lifeless landscape has few attractions. He gave a graphic account of a trip to the Bad Lands and the Great Divide, where he rode hard, slept on the ground, climbed and hunted and fished continuously, and returned after a month's absence and a thousand mile journey, bringing back one pair of antlers as his spoils. But they were ample return for the time and trouble. The love of nature is steadily increasing, and outdoor life is a pleasure, as well as a necessity.

Mr. Arthur Rice, secretary of the Camp-fire Club, told of the first and only occasion when he had heard a panther scream, while night hunting in the Adirondacks. It sounded like the wail of a lost soul. His guide at once turned back to camp with the remark that it was no use going after deer that night, as they would all be hiding in terror. Emerson says every man contains a bit of savage as big as a woodchuck. We are wild men temporarily tamed; the instinct of flight and pursuit remains with many animals. The cow fears the dog, because her progenitor was afraid of the dog's wolfish ancestor. The dog turns around before lying down, and buries his bones from inherited habit. So sheep gather at night in a clump with their heads outside, and the buck rounds up the does and then carefully takes shelter in the midst of them. Hunting once meant life or death to the savage or the scout. The woods are our sane asylums. As soon as the first bluebird's notes are heard and the first robin, we are lured into the forest. Every boy wants to run wild at a certain time, and men are but children of a larger growth. The pleasures of outdoor life are threefold—anticipation, realization, and remembrance.

Captain Rogers, of the Navy, gave a detailed account of outdoor life in Japan, and described a delightful excursion with a party of pilgrims, dressed in Japanese costume, to the famous sacred shrine in the mountains of Niko, which are full of legends, beautiful buildings, and magnificent views. He gave interesting details of native customs and methods of trout fishing, and an account of the eclipse of the sun which he witnessed.

Mr. A. A. Anderson, who is in charge of the Forest Reserve at Yellowstone Park, told of the wonderful improvements which have been made in that locality. Mountain lions are so numerous and destructive there that it will be necessary to employ hounds to get rid of them, yet they are so stealthy, that the principal guide said he had not seen one of them in twenty years, though he was constantly coming across dead carcasses of animals which they had killed and partly eaten. Quite recently six colts and three young steers were thus made away with. The panthers usually leap upon their victim, and seize and hold it by the throat in their powerful jaws, and suck its blood until it dies. Referring to the forest reserve, he said that no spectacle is finer than to see the thousands of elk which roam at large with other game of all kinds. Some of them are wonderfully tame and remain close to habitations all the year round.

Natural History.

Eagle and Sturgeon.

WE had been camped for a few days at a point on the upper reaches of the Pic River, waiting for a few of the party who were running a side line. A source of amusement, was watching the descent of a large bald-headed eagle in the eddy back of the point.

He would strike the water with great force, coming down from an immense height. At times he would dive under the surface to reappear a moment or two later, generally with a fish clutched in his claws; when he would fly (freighted with his fish) to a very high mountain, on the overhanging crest of which the nest with his mate and young were quite visible to us with our field glass.

I had noticed his success and journeys to the nest for two mornings. On the third morning, a shadow coming across the sun's rays caused me to look up, and there was the great bird at his usual hunt to supply the young eagles with breakfast. With his keen eye piercing the river depths he poised over a particular spot for a few moments, and then shot down with the velocity of a cannon ball.

The waters parted and the eagle was lost to view. I watched and waited to see him emerge with his prey, but moments lengthenced into minutes, and minutes into a quarter of an hour, but the surface of the water remained undisturbed.

What could it mean? Even if he had struck himself against some hidden rock and been killed, the body would have floated to the surface. It passed my reasoning powers to solve the result of that plunge. Then far down, fully a quarter of a mile off, I saw the great bird struggling, either to carry off a heavy burden or to free himself from one. The waters were lashed into foam, and the bird again disappeared, and all was still.

This lashing of the water and disappearing was repeated again and again, each time further down stream. A bend in the river prevented my seeing the final result. Calling one of our men from the tent, we embarked in a canoe and started down river to view the strange proceeding closer. When we had doubled the point below, I saw lodged against the beach in a small bay something that did not look natural to the place. We paddled down and found it was my eagle fast fixed to a sturgeon, fully six feet long. Both were motionless. The king of fish and the king of birds had met death.

MARTIN HUNTER.

The Wonderful Chimpanzee.

From the London Field.

THE death of the wonderful chimpanzee Consul, which occurred in Berlin on the 20th inst., must be regarded as a misfortune from a purely scientific point of view. His intelligence, already far above that of most individuals of his species, was in full process of development, and, considering his age—only five—promised greater things had he been spared the fatal attack of bronchitis to which he succumbed after only three days' illness.

Those who have only seen Consul during his short performances at the Hippodrome cannot form an adequate idea of his intelligence. I took much interest in the ape on his arrival in London, and saw a great deal of him, on and off the stage, during the six weeks he spent here. He was extremely sensitive to kindness, and responsive to the sympathy of his friends. I shall not soon forget the screams of joy with which he greeted me when I visited him in the evening in his dressing room at the Hippodrome. Like all the higher apes, he was capricious and of somewhat unreliable temper, and if slightly unwell, or irritated at the presence of some person for whom he felt a dislike, he might show himself very savage, and even so much forget himself as to refuse to obey his master. But, as a general rule, he was extremely well behaved, obedient, and thoroughly enjoyed company. Both in Paris and in London he received frequent invitations to luncheon or dinner, when he would sit for over an hour at table without moving from his chair, eating almost of everything, with fork or spoon, and drinking wine or beer out of a glass without hardly ever upsetting a thing or soiling the table cloth. Dessert was, of course, most enjoyed, and he always greeted the appearance of fruit on the table by a sort of grunt several times repated in rapid succession. Like other chimpanzees, he was very fond of bread, of which he ate several pieces in the course of dinner, always leaving the crust. He was very partial to strong drinks, and had a special liking for whiskey and soda, but smoking he clearly did not enjoy. He would take a few puffs just to please his friends, and would then throw away his cigar or cigarette, or pull it to pieces. On one occasion, as he was sitting on my knee, tearing up the leaves of a cigar, he arranged the fragments on the back of my hand with a symmetry that was not accidental. I several times tried to make him draw some simple design, as he was fond of using a pencil, but with no success; yet I cannot help thinking that, given his power of imitation and his dexterity, something in this line might have been obtained with time and patience. Consul understood many words, even when spoken by total strangers, and he would recognize his friends among the crowded audience round the arena of the Hippodrome, interrupting his "turn" to rush across to them.

As has already been noticed in other anthropoids, he had a sense of the ridiculous, and would do certain things with the evident object of provoking laughter. One day that I had him to luncheon it occurred to me he might like to use a bell, as he was in the habit of doing at table during his performance, and I accordingly placed one, quite similar in shape to that which he used twice daily, by his side. But Consul realized that there was no necessity for calling a waiter when servants were standing in the room, so instead of ringing the bell he put it on his head, at the same time looking round to judge of the mirth which his jocular action produced on the other guests. He clapped hands when very pleased, and always after having done something which he thought deserving of applause. He was extremely fond of playing with people, romps up and down the stairs being a great treat to him, and when tired he would come in your arms to be nursed like a little child.

One of the most remarkable things about Consul's training was the system by which he had become so hardened as to go about—more or less warmly clad, of course—in all weathers, driving in a motor car or a hansom, without feeling any the worse for the changes of temperature. He washed with cold water, and I must not omit to mention, without entering into details, that his toilette on rising differed in no way from that to which we accustom our children. Unlike many human beings, he was fond of soap and water.

Of his public performances the most noteworthy part was his riding a bicycle, the steering of which around tables, chairs, etc., implies a degree of mental adjustment with which mute animals are not usually credited. Much in the details of his "turn" had been devised by himself, as, for instance, standing on his head, an addition to the programme which, I am told, he made recently in Paris entirely on his own initiative, and probably in imitation of some human performer at the Folies Bergères. It speaks for his intelligence, as distinguished from educability, that, unlike other trained animals, he hardly ever performed twice in exactly the same way. Sometimes he would refuse to go to bed after undressing, as was part of the regular performance, or he would get in at the wrong end, and he occasionally disgraced himself by making his appearance on the stage on all fours. His trainer never felt quite sure of what was going to happen. The way he could stand and walk perfectly erect for a long time was very remarkable, especially in view of the fact that not many years ago the possibility of chimpanzees doing so was denied, notwithstanding the statement of Buffon. The account given by the illustrious naturalist of the behavior of a trained chimpanzee, Jocko, exhibited in Paris in 1740, has been regarded by some authors as exaggerated; but as I have seen Consul do everything with which Buffon's chimpanzee is credited, I believe the account to be absolutely trustworthy, and it seems to me, from all I have read, that Jocko and Consul, following at an interval of 160 years, are to be regarded as the two most highly trained anthropoid apes that have ever been brought to notice. How many years will it be ere Consul finds a successor?

Chimpanzees, of which I have seen a great many, vary much in appearance, quite irrespective of differences due to age. Consul was an exceptionally handsome specimen, with hardly any freckles on his flesh-colored face, and a pleasant expression, especially when his eyes were bright with satisfaction. He was somewhat disfigured temporarily by having lost most of his milk teeth; the second dentition was just cutting through. His coat was perfectly black and lustrous, and I never noticed his hair to stick up when he was excited, as is the case with many individuals, particularly the young male Jimmy now in our Zoological Gardens.

I stated at the head of this notice that the loss of Consul is regrettable from a strictly scientific point of view. As the late Professor Romanes well said in writing on the mental faculties of the chimpanzee Sally, the confinement of these animals in menageries is not favorable for anything like systematic instruction, while the treatment to which Consul was subjected under the able care of Dr. Scott promised to bring out the full mental development of which the highest of brutes is capable, and of the limits of which we must confess to be still ignorant. The chasm between the mind of dumb animals and that of the lowest of men is certainly very deep, but how much so it would be premature to say in view of the rare opportunities afforded to the scientific observer. Such an opportunity the death of Consul surely removes for a long time to come.

G. A. BOULENGER.

Bears as Game Destroyers.

BREWER, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If it will be of any help to those opposing protection of bears, I will say that in the fall of 1859 Mr. Wm. H. Staples (whom your correspondent Mr. Burnham mentioned several times when he wrote from Jock Darling's camp) found where quite a small bear had crept to a large bull moose with nine points on each horn, and had jumped on his neck and held him down till he killed him. There was a light sun and everything could be plainly seen; and Mr. Staples found him in less than twenty-four hours from the time he was killed. It was no wounded moose, as no one was hunting in the vicinity. I was hunting some twenty-five miles to the north, and Mr. Staples told me all the particulars when we next met.

Jock Darling once told me that in coming up a stream on Aroostook waters he found a she bear and two cubs feeding on a cow moose, which she had just killed by jumping from the bank upon her when feeding on lily-roots.

Among hundreds of moose hides I have had dressed by the Indians, I have seen several where hips showed great scars, where they had been torn by bears. These were not scratches made by being torn on knots, as one often sees, but showed plainly the marks of all the nails on both hips. But if more conclusive proof is desired, in Scribner's Magazine for September, 1901, is an article by Frederic Irland, entitled, "The Beguiling of the Bears," in which he tells of going with Harry Braithwaite on his spring bear hunt. On page 318 he says: "During the first few days of its life, the baby moose is a clumsy, helpless creature, that wabbles feebly on its long legs, and can scarcely get out of the way of a man, to say nothing of a bear. All the bears go moose hunting at this season, and any bear killed in May is almost certain to have moose hair in its stomach. Gene Hay and a few other trappers have decimated the bears and lynxes, and the moose have increased enormously." What is true of the moose is also true of caribou and deer. Bears can kill the young in May and June just as they like, and later can and do kill some old ones.

Our Legislature in their wisdom removed the bounty on bears as being a needless expense, and put one on the nearly harmless porcupines. I do not think the bear bounty ever was over $2,000 in a year. Already we have vouchers which call for over $12,000 for porcupines, and more damage is done by fires set to smoke them out than all the bounties ever paid on bears would amount to.

M. HARDY.

Robins and the Garden.

SAGINAW, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Saginaw Courier-Herald some time ago offered a prize for the one reporting the arrival of the first robin. The result is that Thos. Londry, of Merrill, Mich., a town near here, reports having seen one on his farm on the morning of March 5. Mr. Sheperd reports seeing three a day later, and reports of several others follow on or about the same date. There is strong prejudice against the robin on account of their fruit-stealing propensities. My yard is filled with them, and I cheerfully surrender the product of three cherry trees to them each year. My strawberry beds I keep covered with mosquito netting from the time the berries first begin to turn. The bunches of my grapes I tie in paper bags. It makes some work, but the grapes are nicer and the robins cannot get at them, so that all through the summer my lawn is covered with these birds, and I think they are of more value than the few dollars' worth of fruit destroyed. Cherries can be had on the market, anyhow, for a song, and so can strawberries, and the robins are always willing to furnish an equally pleasant song.

I am afraid our quail have been exterminated by the severe winter. I have heard reports of several people driving along the road and finding dead quail lying on the roadside. The protection of birds and wild animals in a practical way is being delayed like the growing of forest trees, until the last one will be exterminated.

W. B. MERSHON.

When a Duck is Not a Duck.

I READ a few days ago in an exchange a description of a dinner partaken of by a number of Roman Catholic dignitaries—it was on a fast day in Lent—where teal duck was served at dinner.

The presence of meat upon the table excited comments from one not thoroughly posted, and the explanation given was as follows: That, like a turtle and a hen's egg, teal duck was neither fish nor meat.

Mallards were a grain-eating duck and their flesh was built up from the same foundation as a stall-fed beast. But a teal duck, living on minnows and lower forms of water life, was certainly betwixt and between, and neither one thing nor the other, and for this reason its presence upon the table during Lent was permissible. But whether it be fish, flesh, fowl, or the devil, a properly cooked teal duck is a morsel not to be sniffed at.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

An Oregon Rabbit Drive.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cornwall (N. Y.) Local writes from Skullspring, Oregon: "I wish to tell the readers of the Local about a rabbit drive in which I participated on New Year's Day, at the mouth of Butter Creek, near Echo, Oregon. It is said to be the biggest drive ever made anywhere. A large corral was built with a wing three miles long, and about three hundred people to drive them in. It is estimated that about ten thousand rabbits were killed. Two coyotes were also caught in the drive. One thousand of the bunnies were used at the Echo Cannery, that being all that could be taken care of before spoiling. One man hauled away fifteen hundred for his hogs, and the remainder were left on the ground. The village hunters may think of this when they are tramping through the woods all day for one, or perhaps no little cotton-tail.—L. G. B."

Destruction of Prairie Dogs.

MONROE, Neb., Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in FOREST AND STREAM that Cabia Blanco in speaking of the prairie dog seems to think that it would be almost impossible to exterminate them. We have found it rather easy. There was a dog-town north and west of Columbus a few years ago, that was almost one mile wide by perhaps three miles long. There is not a dog left there now.

We used sulphide of carbon. We used to saturate a piece of corn cob in the fluid and drop it down the hole and cover the hole up tight and that was all. The carbonic acid gas would do the rest.

As to shooting them, I have killed as many as twenty in succession with a rifle, and not had one of them fall down the hole out of reach.

L. H. N.

Some centuries before our era there was a man who carved for his feudal prince a piece of jade into the form of a mulberry leaf. He spent three years over the job, and when it was finished the leaf was so perfect in detail—stalk, veins, and even hairy spikelets—that when mixed up with other mulberry leaves, no one could say which was the imitation. The artisan was richly rewarded; but the philosopher of the day is said to have remarked: "If God Almighty spent three years over every leaf, there would be scant foliage on the trees. Therefore," he added, "the wise man puts his trust in the processes of nature, and not in cunning or ingenuity."—Professor Giles.



GAME BAG AND GUN

Life in the Woods.

VI.—The Old Trapper and his Bucks.

North of Echo Lake there was a rough and rocky stretch of country about as wild as when only the wolf and the red man roamed over that section. Twice—and twice only—had civilization invaded it, and both times it was the lumbermen who ventured in. In the early seventies a small crew had cut off a limited amount of the best pine, but their work was scattering, and nature had so far resented the intrusion that in the last of the eighties the trees the woodsmen had left standing, as shown by the old stumps, had grown to larger proportions than the trees first cut had ever attained. Again the eager competition for pine had caused another invasion nearly twenty years after the first, but only forty acres of trees were sacrificed that time. On account of the distance, the rocks, and the high ridges, this territory for many years was shunned by the hunters, but gradually, as game grew scarcer, and the wary deer withdrew to this fastness for protection, we began to prowl through the ravines and over the rocky nubs, though every time a deer was killed there the whole party vowed they would never help lug another out of such a hole.

This spot was a favored one by the Old Trapper. There he could cover about an acre a day at his own gait. There he could prowl along the ledges or sit and sun himself on some rock and smoke his pipe in peace. There quietness prevailed, and, surrounded by dark forests, deep ravines, and in every direction high knolls covered with trees or brush, it was possible to commune with nature until nature tired you out. We went over there one day and in the little forty-acre chopping we saw the track of a mighty deer. It was fresh and it was a big fellow. It spread out in the soft dirt something like the hoof of a big heifer, and it cut in as if the weight of an ox impressed it there. That was all we did see. We climbed all those ledges and crawled through every ravine. We navigated the hills and took birdseye views of the country until our eyes were tired, but no game. We kept going until the warm sun made us sweat as we never sweat before, and until a gun felt almost as heavy as a railroad rail, but no deer. In fact, it was a case of "no nothing," excepting that track. In camp that night the Old Trapper was contemplative, and finally reminiscent. He told about all the big deer he had ever seen, and the tracks they made. He told about all the big deer he had ever shot, and just how he did it, and I verily believe when he slept that night he did nothing but dream about that big buck, for the next morning we had a drive planned in which all were to participate, and on which we rather banked for good results; but when ready to start, the Old Trapper said he guessed he wouldn't go out until later, and if he did go he rather reckoned he'd try and give that old buck a whirl. We urged in vain, and finally he admitted that he was after that big buck in dead earnest, and that he was going to get him, too. We went our way and he his.

It was a bright, clear day. The sun had just risen as fresh and smiling as any sun could possibly rise. The air was almost as balmy as a summer morning. The blue-jays squalled and screamed to one another. The woodpecker's call echoed through the woods, and the busy little red squirrels were chattering away on every side. The Old Trapper, by a trail well known to him, struck off straight for the home of that big buck. There was no noise over there save that made by the denizens of the woods. No echoing crash of gun, or call of man, or resounding clatter of the woodsman's ax disturbed the solitude. He reached the chopping and traveled all around it. He took several turns through the surrounding woods and around the swamps, but found nothing. He grew a little anxious, and searched more carefully for the buck, but not a fresh sign was to be seen. At last every place had been looked over and no encouragement at all received. He was about to give it up for that day as a bad job, and as he stood musing on a large log his gaze gradually centered on the highest knob in that whole section. It was stripped of every tree, and, save for some brakes and sweet fern, with an occasional sprouting pine, was apparently as bare as an egg. It towered above all the other points as the eighteen-story skyscraping buildings in the big cities o'ershadow their more unpretentious neighbors. It was about as large as the space occupied by two or three good-sized houses. Something moved the Old Trapper to think he had better go up there and look the country over. It was the only place where he had not been. He was tired. He was hot. His gun was heavy. He was a long way from camp. Would he go? Finally, hunter-like, he balanced a stick, saying to himself, "Whichever way it falls, I will go." It fell toward the mass of rocks. Even then he hesitated and hated to move, but finally, impelled by some unknown power, he started.

He reached the base of the ledge. What was that? Why should the blood go dancing through his veins as if he were only sixteen instead of sixty? He steadied himself and stooped to look closer. There it was—the mammoth track—and perfectly fresh, going up the hill, while close beside it was another track not quite, but almost, as large. The Old Trapper's old soldier instinct asserted itself. There was no indecision, no tremor, no excitement visible. Varying his course to work against the wind, slowly he ascended. Oh, how slowly! From time to time he gently pushed aside the brakes and stooped to lay one side with careful hand every stick, twig, or leaf that threatened to betray him. Step by step he neared the summit. Now he was half way, now almost there, but nothing came in sight, and the weight of disappointment began to settle over him, when suddenly, with a snort and a bound, two large patches of gray sprang up six rods before him, one to the right, and one to the left. The gun swung quickly to shoulder, and bang! the echo was turned back from rock to rock until it seemed as if a whole battery of artillery was in action. Again and again the vicious crack. Smoke was all around him. All was still save the echoes of the last report. Did he have him? Who could answer until, slowly from the ground some thirty rods away, there raised a massive pair of horns and slowly disappeared, pulled down by the mighty hand of death. The Old Trapper had captured his big buck. That night in camp the boys opened a bottle of wine and celebrated the skill and luck of their old comrade in royal hunter's style. The deer weighed, when dressed and shipped home, 206 pounds. That came of having the right man in the right place at the right time. It was a fine piece of stalking, and the game was bagged after a fair and square combat between animal sagacity and human reason.

Perhaps it was the wine or the elation of success that loosened the Old Trapper's tongue that night, but at all events, before we turned in, he told us all about two other big bucks he shot one trip, and about one he didn't get. The incidents concerning the latter were about as follows:

"We were hunting on the Poplar River that fall, and it was a new country to all of us and some way or other we didn't get the hang of it very good. There was too confounded much driving and a chasing around running through the woods. Why, they had it figured out how they were going to drive deer to such and such a place because they couldn't go nowhere else, and come to find out there was dozens of places along the route where a yoke of oxen could get through. I began to get pretty tired of running my legs off every day and one afternoon told the boys I guessed I'd look after my traps, so I started off up creek. Bimeby I come to a little ridge where the sun shone good and warm and thinks I to myself, 'I'll sit down here a minute and have a smoke.' So I gets out my pipe and fires her up. Now you fellows may laugh all you please, but the deer pays no attention to tobacco smoke, not half so much as they will to our camp-fires. Well, I sot there, having a pretty good time, when all of a sudden I see the bushes wiggling down in a little hollow to my right, and next thing out walks a nice big buck. He stood there rubbing his head in some bushes while I takes careful aim. Bang goes the old gun and down goes Mr. Buck and lays as quiet as a little lamb. Well, thinks I, 'that's a pretty good job after a week of no luck at all.' That's good enough for another smoke, so I puts down the old gun, fills up the old pipe again and fires her up. I had a double barrel gun, one barrel rifle and the other buckshot. I had fired the rifle and had put the gun down without reloading it. I felt pretty good just then and sat down and admired the big deer. I says to myself 'I'll go down and bleed and dress him and then I'll go to camp and get the boys to come out and carry him in,' as our camp was only half a mile away. I figured he'd weigh 190 pounds or thereabouts and allowed he was as handsome a deer as I ever see. I sot there several minutes and was just knocking the ashes out of my pipe when that buck commenced to wiggle and then to thrash around. I made a grab for my gun and by the time I got it to my shoulder the cuss was up and climbing through the brush as if nothing had ever happened to him. I let go the buckshot at him, but he was too far away. First I felt awful bad. Then I thinks, 'what will the boys say?' and I rather guessed I wouldn't tell them anything about it. Then I made up my mind that the old fellow couldn't go very far, so I hurried back to the camp and got the old hound Sport we had with us and put him on the track. He ran about quarter of a mile or so and then stopped barking. We never found the deer, and though we thought some other hunter did we were not able to prove it. If it hadn't been for the old pipe I'd have of had that deer killed and hung up a dozen times. Why I could have walked down and cut his throat or killed him with a club if necessary. You bet when I get a deer down now I get to him just as quick as I can, and I don't mind wasting a cartridge or two either to insure a good job."

The two bucks that he did get were both shot at the "Gorge." One right in the "Gorge" and the other just a little outside. One weighed 175 pounds dressed and the other 198. They were both very fine deer.

Our party had done very poor shooting that fall, and though individually we had a goodly number of opportunities, yet we had not bagged much game. The end of the hunt was near at hand, there being just two days left, so we all vowed a mighty vow that we would kill some deer, but the Old Trapper was the only one whose skill counted for aught, and he had nearly given up when on his way to camp he got a long running shot and knocked a buck down in his tracks. He fell right on the bank of the Pembine, so we rigged up a raft, tied the deer on it and started the outfit adrift down stream. It went along pretty well except now and then it grounded on the rapids and shoal places, and when this occurred the Old Trapper waded in though the ice was forming and pulled it off. It was a hard job just the same and we were not anxious to repeat the experience. The next day we all went out again, but had no luck excepting the Old Trapper. He had been up the creek and around Beaver Lake getting in a line of traps he had out for otter and mink. He had secured the last one and fastened the whole bag full on his back and was on his way to camp. On reaching the "Gorge" he was tired out by his load and seated himself on a log with his back to a tree to rest and smoke. As he was sitting there up walked a big buck and passed about six rods away. A quick shot through the shoulders settled him in short order, though he staggered around a good deal knocking down a lot of small dead trees and covering the ground with blood. On holding a consultation at camp it was decided to get him out the same way as we did the other, so all that afternoon we worked to carry him to the Pembine, build another raft and float him down stream. As he was a heavier deer he grounded oftener, giving us much more trouble, but as the team was coming for us the next day we had to get him out. These two shots made the Old Trapper the undisputed champion of that hunt.

As our old comrade had done so well on this particular day in killing the big buck alone and in a fair and square hunt, and that too after he had openly declared his intention of going after him, we opened another bottle of wine and all drank to his health once more, after which we honored him still further by doing his share of the work in preparing for the next morning, by bringing up the water, getting in the wood, whittling the kindlings and getting the coffee, meat and potatoes in readiness for breakfast. Then one by one we sought our bunks to sleep and dream. Some to rest in the complete unconsciousness that fatigue and perfect health brings, and some to toss and dream of what they would do if only they had a chance at such a deer, or perchance to lie awake for a time, listening to the sounds of the night, and to wonder what was going on in that different and seemingly so far distant world where dwell the loved ones, and from which in the complete isolation of the wild woods one seems at times so widely separated.

Carolus.

[To be continued.]

Destruction of Alaska Big Game.

Bills introduced recently in Congress looking toward the repeal or modification of the Alaska game laws have naturally aroused much interest among big-game hunters, and have brought out many comments as to the different species of game found there, their abundance, and the rapidity with which they are being killed.

It has generally been believed that in southeastern Alaska the small Sitka deer are enormously abundant, and that there is no danger whatever of their extermination by hunting, since the natives kill them almost altogether by shooting from canoes on the water.

Definite testimony on all matters connected with the preservation of Alaska big game is much to be desired, and we print herewith copies of two private letters recently received by a gentleman in this city which have a direct bearing on the subject:

Madison Grant, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* In answer to your request, I am writing to you a few details about the destruction of game in Alaska by the natives.

It seems that all the Indians have an overwhelming desire to destroy animal life, no matter what the nature of the animal is, be it either fish, flesh, or fowl.

Whenever we were camped near a salmon stream, and my men wanted some amusement, they would gaff quantities of salmon and throw them upon the bank to die. When I remonstrated, they simply answered, "There are plenty more left."

While after mountain goats, I met a party of three adult and two young Indians who were packing up portions of the carcasses of sixteen goats that two of them had killed that morning. They had, however, killed more than sixteen, as I counted eighteen carcasses myself that I actually found. In one pile among some granite boulders I found three dead goats that were untouched with the exception of one hindquarter that had been cut off.

The following day I found several more carcasses about a mile further on that had been killed some time before, as they were much decomposed. These were killed in August or even July.

While hunting on Admiralty Island I found the carcasses of several deer that had been killed and left untouched, and it was always difficult to keep my men from shooting them whenever they saw them.

One Indian was sent out to get one deer for some miners. In about two hours he came back with a deer slung over his shoulders, and said he had five more, mostly fawns and does, upon the mountain side. These could not possibly be used, as the weather was very warm.

Another Indian whom I met in Yankee Cove wanted to join my party, and as a recommendation told me he had killed fifty-four caribou one morning.

The moose, too, share in this same wasteful slaughter, and it is a singular fact that the larger he is and the finer his horns the more pleasure they find in destroying him.

Another thing I would like to speak of is the destruction of caribou for the soldiers at such places as Fort Eagle and the posts along the Yukon. There the United States Government hires men to slaughter them by the hundred. One man I heard, and on very good authority, killed 129 animals in one day. Now, it seems that this slaughtering might be done away with, as plenty of food can be brought there by steamer by way of the Yukon River and the White Horse Railroad.

As I told you, I am going back to Alaska this summer, and I will try to get the names of any people, Indians or whites, whom I find killing animals needlessly.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS PHELPS.

MADISON GRANT, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* It is astonishing how so many people think Alaska is overrun with deer. In the first place there are very few, if any, on the mainland, as the wolves kill them at once. Then on the islands they are comparatively scarce. I never saw more than six in one day's hunt, and sometimes for a week I would not see one at all. About Wrangell Narrows there used to be great numbers. Now they have been largely killed off by the Indians for their hides, which are sold at twenty-five cents each.

The deer seemed to congregate along the edge of the salt water in the thickest timber, and were killed by the thousand by the natives, who ran them down in the snow and cut their throats.

One white man told me that he counted over four hundred carcasses in a short time—that is, a few hours. This has been stopped, as there is no longer any sale for the hides, but too late, as there are very few deer left.

The deer about Juneau are a myth. Here, like all the rest of the mainland, there are no deer. In all the tramping through the woods that I did I never even saw a deer track.

As to the game law, it is absolutely useless, except that it prevents the exportation of any part of the animals killed. Most of the Alaskans, Indians or whites, do not even know the existence of a game law, and were very much astonished when I told them there was one. Anyway, I think they would have very little respect for it.

GOUVERNEUR M. PHELPS.

The statement made in Mr. Phelps' letter do not at all agree with the observations on Indians made by other travelers in other parts of the continent. The Indians of the western plains and mountains did not commonly kill wantonly nor greatly waste food.

While they were always willing to kill, so long as there was any profit in the killing, and while they might destroy a thousand pound elk for a $1 skin and often let the meat waste, it was not their practice to destroy game for mere pleasure. The whole practice of the older and the wiser men in the tribe was against such waste, and they constantly warned their people against it. They realized that they depended for food on the game, and usually they killed what they needed for present and future consumption but no more.

On the other hand we have the testimony of more than one Alaska hunter that their natives did kill apparently for the mere pleasure of killing. If such an unusual state of things exists in Alaska it may be attributed to the influence of, first, the Russian, and, later, the American inhabitants of the country.

New Brunswick Guides' Association.

THE annual meeting of the New Brunswick Guides' Association was held at Fredericton on Wednesday, March 2. The president, Mr. George E. Armstrong, of Perth, occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance of members, all important game districts of the Province, being represented. The president reported that the past season had been a very successful one for the guides; the number of non-resident sportsmen was 25 per cent. greater than the previous year, and they had met with much better success. The guides had steady employment the greater part of the season, and many of them already have engagements which will keep them busy a good part of next fall. In regard to the association he was glad to report that its membership was steadily increasing, and the chances were that before long every competent guide in the Province will be enrolled. The president was also pleased to report that during the season a moose had been killed in the Province with an antler spread of 67 inches, which, in his opinion, breaks all records for this continent outside of Alaska.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Honorary President, L. B. Knight, Chief Game Commissioner; President, Arthur Pringle, Miramichi; Vice-President, W. Harry Allen, Little River; Secretary-Treasurer, Robert P. Allen, Fredericton; Executive Committee—Sydney Thomas, G. E. Armstrong, Charles Cremin, and the president and vice-president. Committee on Membership—Adam Moore, T. H. Pringle, Fred H. Reid.

The membership fee was reduced to two dollars, and the date of the annual meeting was changed to the third Wednesday in December.

It was announced that arrangements had been made by a number of the guides to handle bear hunting and fishing parties during the months of May, June, and July, and that a number of engagements had already been made for these months by American sportsmen.

Satisfaction was expressed with the game law as it stands at present, and all were of opinion that there should be no increase made in the non-resident license fee.

The members seemed to be strongly of the opinion that the Government should adopt more stringent measures to prevent the slaughter of deer and moose in midwinter by local pot-hunters, several flagrant cases having lately been brought to their notice.

After an informal discussion on game matters in general, the meeting adjourned at midnight.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

To his Guide.*

Quite grateful for the bounty there,
Provided by their hostess fair,
Her welcome at the eventide,
And parting speed ere morning's ride,
Sportsman and guide left Maple View,
In sight of Tobique's waters blue.
How oft recalled, the faithful team,
The traveled way, the river's gleam,
The ford, the halt on further shore;
The portage—twenty miles or more,
By rock and flood, through woodland brake,
O'er mountain range to Trouser's Lake.
Here virgin forests stately grew,
The haunt of moose and caribou,
And then at length in greenwood's glade,
Sportsman and guide their rude camp made;
There happy hours—too quickly gone—
Suggest the day a moose was won.
That morn they looked the landscape o'er
From wooded island's bush-clad shore,
'Neath cloudy skies, o'er waters dark,
The while a quarry failed to mark.
They thought perhaps their calls at dawn,
(The life-like lows from birch bark horn),
Might fall, within the forest near,
Upon a moose's listening ear,
And the roused stag no longer shy,
Boldly come forth with answering cry.
"Hark! Do I hear the looked-for sound?"
Exclaimed his guide, while turning round;
"A moose I see! Look, yonder, there!
Watch as I point and you'll see where!"



"Already glorying in his prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes."

The sportsman glanced beyond the wood,
On wat'ry point the quarry stood,
Now still and like a statue there,
A noble beast, superb and fair.
"'Tis not so large as some I've seen,"
Whispered his guide; "'Twould do, I ween."
(As now along the lake they flew,
In swiftly gliding birch canoe),
"Take pains and point your rifle right,
(Two hundred yards!) Adjust its sight,
Steady your aim and feel at ease,
Hold low! The trigger gently squeeze!"
The watchful sportsman gave full heed,
Leveled his piece, now drew a bead;
And as the dark stag tossed its head,
Swift to its life the missile sped;
In vain it strove, a hummock near,
With pawing hoof the knoll to clear;
Then, rearing, threw its muzzle high;
Next, with a crash, they saw it lie
Just on the marge, where mosses green
Formed bier—more gorgeous never seen!
The shallop beached, they gained the strand
And o'er the quarry hand in hand,
By lakeside and the forest there,
'Mid autumn foliage rich and rare,
With heart elate now stooped to touch
The game they coveted so much.
The moose magnificent outspread,
The long lithe limbs, the antlered head,
And graceful form with coal black sheen,
Made picture fair for sportsmen's een.

That day is past, but trophied shield
Remembrance of the scene doth yield.
Time hath not made the legend there
On carven plate a jot less fair;
E'en muzzle broad and pendant gland,
With neck and mane appear as grand
As when the monarch nobly bore
His crownèd head on laky shore.
Though larger horns may grace his wall,
And ornament the sportsman's hall,
No antlered prize† he'll deem so good
As that which fell beyond the wood.

* * * * * *

Glad greetings go with friendly lay
To all who try the forest way!
May mem'ry green good luck recall
And trophies won adorn thy hall!

WILLIAM DEHON KING.

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*Alexander Ogilvy, Jr., South Tilley, Victoria County, New Brunswick, Canada.

†The antlered prize was the sportsman's first moose.

Note.—The horns of the moose referred to above, spread 29 inches, and the entire head is a very beautiful one. Two days after this moose hunt, which occurred Sept. 22, 1902, the sportsman, in company with his excellent guide, Alexander Ogilvy, Jr., of South Tilley, N. B., had the further good fortune to shoot a large caribou. A single shot was fired across a lake with a .45-70 Winchester rifle (black powder shell), sighted for 300 yards. The bullet pierced the animal's spinal column and brought it to earth. The antlers, which spread 27 inches, measure in length respectively 36 and 37 inches from hair to tip. W. D. K.

Shooting from the Highway.

From the Pioneer Press, St. Paul, Minn., March 6.

Ole Johnson persists each year during the open hunting season in "camping down" in the road which runs across the Lamprey preserves, near Forest Lake, and shooting the game birds when and where he can get a shot.

Mr. Lamprey finally brought a suit, asking the court for an injunction forbidding Johnson from his pot-hunting, and to the complaint in the case Johnson demurred, saying that he was on a public highway, and could not be doing any damage to Mr. Lamprey by his shooting, inasmuch as Mr. Lamprey did not own the birds, which were wild.

Judge Lewis to-day filed an order overruling the demurrer and granting leave to the defendant Johnson to file an answer.

The case must be a novel one, for neither court nor council could find precedents applicable to the facts.

Judge Lewis' memoradum is, in effect, a piece of sporting literature, which will be read carefully by all the hunters in Minnesota and adjoining States, as it discusses, more especially the situation in popular, rather than in technical language. The judge says:

"Plaintiff is the owner in fee of a large tract of land lying in one body, and containing more than 1,300 acres, in the counties of Washington and Anoka, in this State.

"There are many private lakes and waters upon this land, and also two large bodies of water of about 600 acres in extent, which produce and furnish large quantities of wild rice and food for aquatic fowl. None of these waters are meandered, but all were actually surveyed, sold and patented as Government lands. Over certain of these grounds and waters many wild ducks and water-fowl regularly pass in their flight, and these locations furnish sportsmen with many opportunities and privileges of shooting during the open season.

"Plaintiff acquired these premises as a game preserve, and for the purpose of possessing and enjoying the advantages of pass-shooting, and to this use these premises are especially adapted by nature; and to this end plaintiff has expended some $20.000 in the erection of suitable buildings and accommodations, and the only substantial value of the premises consists in the maintenance and enjoyment of the pass-hunting privileges thereon. During certain seasons of the year, wild duck and water-fowl congregate in and upon these waters and make them their natural resting and feeding places, and in their flight back and forth over certain locations furnish opportunities to hunters of marksmanship called pass-shooting, the pleasures and benefits of which are generally considered of great value, in this case admittedly greater than $50,000.

"A public wagon-way or road runs through the tract, which, though never dedicated or condemned for such use, has to some extent been appropriated by the public for travel, for many years, without objection on part of plaintiff, who is the owner of the fee in the adjoining lands.

"The wild game before referred to, in their flight to and from the waters on these premises, frequently pass across the highway at certain points, and defendant, against the express wish of plaintiff, for a long time in the past during the open seasons has been in the habit of going upon the highway at this point and shooting at the ducks and fowl passing in their flight. This shooting frightens away from plaintiff's premises the ducks and water fowl thereon, and deprives plaintiff of shooting privileges and interferes with the enjoyment of the premises.

"Upon these admitted facts, is plaintiff entitled to relief against defendant by injunction?

"The answer to this question involves two propositions:

"First—What are the rights of a person making use of a public highway for shooting privileges?

"Second—What peculiar loss or injury does plaintiff suffer as a consequence of such use?

"Plaintiff is the owner of the land intersected by this roadway, which has become a public highway by use, and not by virtue of any statutory proceedings. Plaintiff is the absolute owner of the soil therein, subject only to the right of passage in the public and the incidental right to fit it for such use.

"Subject to this easement, plaintiff can enjoy and exercise all the usual rights and remedies of the owner of a freehold. As Justice Foster well says in 10 Burr. 122:

"'The owner of the soil has the right to all above and under the ground, except only the right of passage by the king and his people.'

"This principle excludes defendant from any use of the road at this point, except for the purpose of passage and the rights incidental thereto.

"The admitted facts in this case clearly show that defendant does not use this highway principally for passage, but does use it primarily for a shooting ground.

"This is not the case of a boy or man who takes his gun and walks into the country for recreation and occasionally gets a shot at game while walking along the highway. On the contrary, defendant, during the open season of every year, willfully and regularly goes upon certain portions of the highway wholly within the limits of plaintiff's preserve, and with full knowledge of the large investment made therein by plaintiff, and of all the surrounding conditions, and of the consequences of his action, defendant insists upon the right to use the higway at that point as a shooting ground, and persistently shoots at all game birds passing over the road in their flight to and from the waters upon plaintiff's land, and by this conduct frightens and drives away from plaintiff's land and waters the wildfowl, and thus destroys the pass-shooting thereon, and the value of the grounds for pass-shooting privileges.

"It needs no more than a statement of these facts to convince even the layman that defendant, in persisting in such conduct, contrary to the express wish of plaintiff, is making use of the highway at this particular point on plaintiff's land primarily for a shooting ground, and not for the purpose of travel. Such use is not conferred upon the public by the mere easement to use the road for public travel.

"But such wrongful use does not entitle plaintiff to pursue the remedy of injunction, except upon a showing of some special or peculiar injury to plaintiff. And the question follows: What special injury does plaintiff suffer by reason of defendant's conduct in this respect?

"It is admitted that plaintiff has invested large sums of money in these premises and that their chief value consists in the shooting privileges thus afforded. It is also conceded that by reason of the natural advantages and conditions existing on this land, ducks and wildfowl congregate there in great numbers during the open season, and when unmolested they make these waters their natural resting and feeding places, and in their flight from place to place upon these premises they furnish peculiar opportunites to the hunter for shooting, and it is also admitted that the advantages and benefits thus afforded of pass-shooting on these particular premiscs are of the value of $50,000 to the plaintiff. It is also admitted that the shooting by defendant on the adjoining highway frightens away these wildfowl, to the serious damage and injury of the pass-shooting privileges thereon.

"But defendant contends, and it is unquestionably the law, that no person has any right of property in wild game, even upon his own premises, until he has reduced it to actual possession by killing or taking; and defendant urges that plaintiff cannot be damaged in respect to the wildfowl on these premises because plaintiff has no property interest in these birds, and, further, because the defendant being in the highway has committed no trespass on plaintiff's lands.

"Whilc the principles of law stated are undoubtedly correct, they havc no application under the facts in this case.

"These premises are chiefly valuable not for the game thereon, but for the shooting privileges. They afford unusual opportunities for the enjoyment of the sport called pass-shooting. It is a matter of common knowledge that wild ducks are peculiar in this, that in their flight from one feeding ground to another, as well as in their migratory flights, they quite uniformly fly or pass over certain places and pursue certain lines day after day and season after season, and such places, when well defined and established, are termed by hunters 'duck-passes,' and it is not uncommon for persons to pay large prices for land that has no other value than the opportunity it affords for the enjoyment of so-called pass-shooting. By reason of the natural conditions and products of plaintiff's premises, wildfowl of this description gather there in great numbers and when unmolested and not disturbed by defendant fly within easy range over certain passes on plaintiff's premises, and so furnish unusual opportunities for the indulgence of shooting privileges; and the enjoyment of this privilege is not necessarily dependent upon the ability of the hunter to reduce the game to possession. These duck-passes furnish shooting privileges not found elsewhere. These privileges are dependent upon the waters and feeding grounds and upon the conditions peculiar to these particular premises and surroundings, and in this sense are natural to the land and constitute a valuable property right that runs with the fee, and defendant has no more right to go upon the adjoining highway and persistently shoot and deliberately injure and destroy this privilege of plaintiff than he would have to maintain thereon some unheard-of device that would accomplish the same purpose. In either case, he infringes upon a valuable right incident to plaintiff's enjoyment of the fee in his land, and for this reason should be enjoined."

In North Carolina.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer has referred to the fact that the Audubon law has been excellently enforced in most of the post counties in North Carolina, particularly in Currituck and Dare, where the duck shooting is of the greatest importance. In Dare county the killing of ducks at night by fire lighting has been completely stopped, but daring and dangerous residents of Carteret county have continued to conduct this illegal shooting of wildfowl, threatening to kill persons who interfered with them. The game wardens first appointed there failed to do their duty, but a new one has been put in authority who has lost no time in making arrests. Using a very swift naphtha launch, he ran down and captured two fire-lighters in Core Sound, having caught them in the act. These men are now in jail at Beaufort, and will be tried. The local officials there failed to enforce the law. Not many persons were engaged in fire-lighting, and several of them were known. It is expected that these arrests will stop the business. The men will be probably both imprisoned and fined.

The game warden for this (Wake) county has been doing considerable special duty in other counties during the past sixty days, having been in fifteen or twenty, and inspecting shipments from various junction points on the railways in search of contraband game. Secretary Pearson, of the State Audubon Society, got wind of the fact that some northern sportsmen in the counties of Richmond and Montgomery were adopting a new trick in getting partridges out of the State—that is, using the mails. Warden Upchurch has returned from a trip in both those counties and finds that in Richmond county fifty-nine licenses have been issued this season to northern sportsmen, and that two or three of the latter have been shipping partridges north by mail, placing the birds, two or three, in empty shell boxes. The sportsmen have now gone home. The whole matter has been laid before the United States Commissioner here, who will co-operate with the State authorities in enforcing the law.

Mention has been made of the fact that Game Warden Weatherly, of Guilford county, uses a very fine setter dog to aid him in spotting partridges shipped under disguise as all sorts of things, the warden and the dog visiting the trains at Greensboro, and the dog nosing out the birds no matter whether concealed in packages of butter or what not. But now comes a gentleman who says that the dog is all a bluff—that Warden Weatherly has had the tip as to the contents of the packages, and that he simply takes the dog along. The dog is right there, however, and is as much interested in the business as his master, no matter whether the latter has had the tip as to the birds or not. At Tarboro the young lady who is in charge of the local express office has certainly used a dog for two seasons to find birds. She was a pioncer in this business, since Warden Weatherly only began this winter. At Tarboro there is a very strong club of sportsmen, which really controls the whole county. In that county no birds are sold, the sportsmen forbidding this. In other words they go out and shoot, and anyone who gets license, coming from another State, is given liberty to shoot, but birds must not be shipped out, nor must they be sold. A bird seller is simply barred. This brings up the fact that there are a great many sportsmen in this State who would be glad to see the Audubon law so amended as to prohibit the selling of partridges. This selling certainly promotes pot-hunting, and the writer has heard of men in the vicinity of Raleigh whose only purpose is to kill the greatest number of birds, no matter whether they shoot them on the ground or not, and who will destroy the last bird in a covey. One restaurateur here has sold more than 8,000 partridges this season, these being bought from professional hunters or from farmers who make quite a business of hunting during the game season. The farmers are becoming exceptionally fine shots, and it requires crack sportsmen to keep up with them. There are plenty of farmers in this county who think nothing of killing forty to fifty birds a day, bring them in here and selling them for 12½ cents apiece, that being the standard price this season.

"It Just Happened So."

SEVERAL years ago while at Stilwell, Indian Territory, in the interests of the United States Biological Survey, a man called at the hotel and offered to guide me to a cave where I would be able to collect some bats. Half an hour later we were on the way. The trail led through a broken country covered with heavy oak timber. Wishing to secure a few flying squirrels, I hammered on the trunk of every hollow tree that we passed, hoping to scare one or more of the rodents out.

Finally one launched into the air, but before I could shoot, it glided to another tree, and, running up the bark, entered a hole. All our efforts to force it from its hiding place failed, so my companion suggested that he shoot a ball from his Winchester .44 into the tree a few inches beneath the cavity, to which I consented. Still the squirrel obstinately refused to appear; so I climbed the tree, and, on putting my hand into the cavity, pulled out the warm body of a full-grown gray squirrel. The rifle ball had pierced the thin shell of bark and wood, and entered the animal back of the shoulder. On turning my hand and reaching upward, I touched the flying squirrel, which darted past my fingers and out of the hole, only to meet its death a few seconds later by a charge of fine shot.

Again, while collecting specimens at the foot of Mt. Otis, in the Bear Paw Mountains of Montana, I set a steel trap for a ground squirrel, and as they are small animals, I simply drove the staple to the trap into the hard ground. Further on I set another trap in a well-worn cattle trail; this I fastened securely, intending it for foxes. That night a skunk, while prowling about, got caught in trap No. 1, pulled up the staple, and, following the path, trailed the chain across the pan of trap No. 2, which sprang it, and the following morning I found the skunk a captive in two traps, set fully half a mile apart.

J. ALDEN LORING.

OWEGO, N. Y.

New Mountain Goats.

IT has long been recognized by hunters that in the white goats there is a great variation in size. Many adults are killed which are very small, and on the other hand, now and then one may come across a perfect monster, which seems two or three times as large as the ordinary ones. This difference has recently been recognized by Dr. J. A. Allen, of the American Museum of Natural History, who separates the forms of white goat into three geographical races; one from the Cascade Mountains; a much larger form, with a longer and narrower skull, from British Columbia; and a much smaller form of the same type of skull as the last from Montana and Idaho. In all the forms, the coat is white, and the animals look substantially alike, so that the distinctive characters must rest on size and the form of skull, for the present.

These forms are distinguished as follows:

Size medium, skull broad: *Oreamnos montanus montanus* (Ord.).

Size large, skull narrow: *O. montanus columbianus*; new sub-species.

Size small, skull narrow: *O. montanus missoulæ*; new sub-species.

The material on which the two sub-pieces are based consists of nineteen speciments; three from the Cascades, seven from British Columbia, eight from Montana, and one from Idaho.

Lost Island Shooters.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., March 10.—Messrs. D. W. Norris, Jr., and Dr. Kibbey, members of the Lost Island Duck Shooting Club, left here to-day for the shooting lodge at Lost Island Lake, near Ruthven, to prepare for the other members of the club who will follow later, when the flight of the deep-water ducks begins. Among those who are practically certain to spend a few days at the shack are H. P. Densel, C. P. Cook, Charles Hull, L. C. Abbott, and possibly a few other Marshalltown members and Wm. Allington, of Webster City, Ia.

The Marshalltown shack at Lost Island has long been a fixture. From a small beginning, it has grown into a comfortable shooting box, capable of accommodating a dozen shooters comfortably. A sleeping box is being added this spring, fitted with bunks and wash-stands.

Lost Island is a famous ducking place, and usually affords sport, if any lake in northern Iowa does so. The Marshalltown sportsmen rarely return empty-handed from Ruthven. Their system is an excellent one. Their outing lasts there a fortnight or longer, and during this time there is certain to offer two or three days of rapid shooting. Last year's bag was satisfactory to the shooters who stayed it out, and the water this year promises good sport.

MOSCRIP.

Good Old Black Powder.

THE following interesting communication was recently received by the E. I. DuPont Company:

POTSDAM, N. Y., Feb. 24.—*DuPont Powder Company:* Dear Sirs—I have in my possession some DuPont powder that was bought about fifty years ago by my uncle and grandfather. They owned two rifles and did lots of shooting, so they bought a considerable quantity of powder and stored it in a large stone heap on my father's farm at a safe distance from the building. Uncle took to fever and died; grandfather never shot much more and died not long after; my father was no gunner, so the powder, or portion of it, was left until about fifteen years ago I went and dug it out. There was a large flat stone over the box, and about two dozen ¼-pound cans—round cans, I think, with an Indian's picture on each one. They were badly rusted. I picked the rusted can from around the caked powder, broke it up and sifted out the dust, leaving the powder looking quite natural, but for some red grains that showed the rust. I saved four pounds. I never tried it till last fall I loaded .38-72 shells with it, and some with some DuPont bought recently. The old powder shot fully as strong as the new.

Yours truly, W. A. CLARK.

A Coon Hunt in which the Coon was the Hunter.

AT a certain Adirondack cottage last season something disturbed things frequently. A jar of butter set under the house to keep cool, was broken into; a tub of beef in process of corning was robbed; a jar of suet on the back piazza was tipped over, broken, and some of the fat eaten; and many other depredations of like character committed. Several times the robber had been seen in the evening by ladies of the family, and to them he looked so big that the male contingent determined to watch for the thief and stop his thieving. Opportunity came one moonlit night.

Seen through a window and stretched over a pail in the shadow, the animal looked big as a half bushel. But he could not be shot just there, and so the broken jar of suet was placed in the moonlight in range of an open window, and gun in hand, the avenger waited. He did not have to wait long. Quietly and with great dignity, as though entirely within his rights, Mr. Coon came out of the woods again—right along the path to the house—and stopped to regale himself with the suet, so easily found in its new place.

Accounts were squared when the shotgun spoke.

JUVENAL.

A New Lake.

A REMARKABLE phenomenon is reported from the Russian rural commune of Schava, in the Government of Tzareff Koksaka. Inexplicable sounds were heard for several days issuing from the earth. The sounds varied from something like the booming of cannon to the screeching of steam whistles, and scemed to come from a forest skirting the commune. In this forest, where the terrified peasantry gathered in expectation of some calamity, the earth was seen to heave incessantly. Gradually huge cracks appeared, water was seen, at last the earth seemed gradually to sink, water rose, and there appeared a new lake of considerable extent, which is now being examined by geologists.—St. James's Gazette.

Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, March 12.—The following bills amending the fish, forest and game laws have been introduced in the Legislature:

Senator Stevens' (Int. No. 982), amending Section 176 so as to provide that special protectors may, when they hold the Commission's certificate that they are regularly employed by a board of supervisors or an incorporated society for the protection of fish and game, have the same power and right of search without a warrant as regular protectors.

Assemblyman Bedell's (Int. No. 951), amending Section 75 so as to allow the use of scoop nets in Wallkill Creek or River in the town of Wallkill, Orange county.

Assemblyman F. C. Wood's (Int. No. 950), amending Section 172 so as to increase the annual compensation of protectors to $600, with $600 for expenses.

Senator Goodsell's, amending Section 75. (Same as Bedell bill, above.)

The Senate has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman Reeve's (370—623), amending Section 101, so as to provide that deer shall only be taken between one-half hour before sunrise and one-half hour after sunset on the first two Wednesdays and the first two Fridays after the first Tuesday of November, and that possession between Aug. 31 and the first Wednesday after the first Tuesday in November, and between the second Friday after the first Tuesday and the 20th of November, shall be conclusive evidence of a violation of this section, unles it appear that the same was lawfully killed within the State, or was killed without the State.

Assemblyman Reeve's (438—477) amending Section 158 relative to renewals of leases of oyster lands.

(The last two bills are now in the Governor's hands.)

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman Coutant's (390—1011), amending Section 27b so as to provide that the close season for grouse, woodcock and quail in Orange and Ulster counties shall be from Dec. 16 to Oct. 15, both inclusive.

Assemblyman G. H. Whitney's (791—876), amending Section 87, subdivision 9, providing that perch shall not be taken in Saratoga county from Feb. 1 to May 1, both inclusive.

Assemblyman Hanford's, amending Section 59 so as to provide that bullheads, catfish, eels, perch and sunfish, and excepting the months of March and April, pickerel, may be taken through the ice with hook and line and tip-ups in Cayuta Creek and tributaries and the Susquehanna River and tributaries, Tioga county.

The Senate has advanced to third reading Senator Elon R. Brown's bill (472—535), amending Section 2 relative to prescribing a method for acquiring land and water for State fish hatchery purposes.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading the following bills:

Assemblyman Chanler's (870—1080), amending Section 86 so as to allow the taking of suckers through the ice in Crumelbow Creek, Dutchess county.

Assemblyman Cowan's (518—579), amending Section 31 so as to provide that there shall be no open season for Mongolian ring-necked or English pheasants, except in Suffolk county, prior to 1910.

Assemblyman Matthews' (687—807), amending Section 44 so as to provide that the close season for lake trout shall be from Oct. 1 to April 15.

Assemblyman Patton's (611—1063), amending Section 20 so as to provide that wild duck shall not be taken in Erie and Niagara counties from April 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive.

The Senate committee has reported the following bills:

Assemblyman J. T. Smith's (293—518), providing that there shall be no open season for deer in Dutchess and Columbia counties before Sept. 1, 1908.

Senator Townsend's (15—15), adding a new section, to be known as Section 10a, requiring non-residents to procure licenses before being permitted to hunt deer.

Committee's bill (Senate), relative to the boundaries of the Adirondack Park.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Fly-Fishing Near New York.

FIFTY years ago sport of any description had small place in the thoughts and lives of the American people; in fact, the word was seldom used except to express something "fast," and not to be encouraged. Now we are becoming a nation of sportsmen and sportswomen, and are all alive to outdoor amusements and recreations. The benefit resulting from this change in public sentiment is perhaps more marked in the women than in the men, as very possibly it was more needed. No one of mature years can fail to have marked the increased stature and healthfulness of our women. The ideal heroine nowadays is far removed from the wasp-waisted, die-away creature of the early portion of the last century. The girl of the twentieth century is a fine upstanding woman, with a flat back, large frame, and the limbs of a Juno. This article, however, has to do not with angels but with sport. The taste for this once acquired becomes inherent in the blood, and must be gratified or serious loss to health and happiness will result. We have much to be thankful for in this country, but it behooves us to look to the future, as well as to enjoy the present. We must be provident or the outlook for the "coming race" will be poor indeed.

Since the time of Walton, great numbers of the best and wisest men have evinced a love of fly-fishing amounting to a passion, and the increase in the votaries of the sport in recent years has been in the nature of a geometrical progression. There are one hundred fly-fishers now where one was found fifty years ago. When the breath of spring is in the air a kind of *heimweh* or homesickness seizes them; they must be off, if only for a few hours, to the fresh, clean, chilly country, where as yet not a leaf is to be seen upon the trees. The real season for sport comes a little later, but this first rush into troutland is a fine thing after a long cold winter like the one we have just experienced. It starts the blood in all one's veins, shakes up the liver, and is an antidote against spring fever. Only a minority of the great army of anglers can hie away to the lakes of Maine or the salmon rivers of the Dominion; the preserves of Long Island and the mountain streams of New York must receive the great majority. The demand upon these waters has thus become very great, and they would long ere this have proved inadequate if the genius of modern fishculture had not stepped in to fill the breach.

We have good spring trout fishing within a short distance of New York city, but the facilities for sport, and the size and number of fish can be largely increased if all the natural advantages of the country are fully developed. We may even have a season for fly-fishing in the autumn, such as we hear of as being enjoyed elsewhere. There are many good streams in the East, but for the purposes of this article, we will confine our attention to a few nearby waters, and perhaps make one or two suggestions in regard to them. They are easily reached by two lines of rail, and the region through which they flow is visited annually by thousands of health and pleasure seekers. We refer to five well known historic streams, having almost a common source, but flowing on widely diverging courses, three being tributary to the Delaware and two to the Hudson River. These are the Esopus and Big Indian, the Neversink, Willowemock, and Beaverkill. The first two are practically one, the Esopus being formed by the junction of the Big Indian with a small brook called Birch Creek, a short distance from Big Indian station. The big Indian has its source away up in the mountain of the same name, the highest peak in the Catskills, and within a few yards is a small trickle of ice cold water which is the beginning of the West Branch of the Neversink. The East Branch rises a little east and south, and the Willowemock north and west, as we remember the points of the compass, and the sources of the Beaverkill are not far away. All these are ideal trout streams, and will well repay the lover of nature as well as the angler. All are clear, cold, and pure, the water of the Neversink being as limpid as air, the smallest object can be seen distinctly at a depth of many feet.

Ten or twelve years ago the native brook trout—*Salvelinus fontinalis*—was master of all the brooks in this section, as they met all the requirements of its somewhat fastidious fancy, but now—chiefly owing to the wisdom and liberality of the State of New York—we have several varieties, all beautiful and sport-giving fish. Even at an earlier date (i. e., more than ten years since), the rainbow trout of the West (*Salmo irideus*) had found a congenial home in the Esopus and thriven amazingly, thus affording good fly-fishing where formerly there was little or none. I am referring now to the lower part of the river. It is claimed by some fishculturists that the rainbow trout can live and grow in water of too high a temperature for many other members of the salmon family. The brown trout (*Salmo fario*) has usurped first place in the Big Indian. This is the common European species, the trout of the British Isles. It is hardy and prolific, and within the last three years has greatly increased in the lower Esopus. The rainbow is still most abundant in this portion of the river, at least until the second falls is reached. Below these the black bass has, I am informed, taken possession. The Beaverkill holds brook, brown, and rainbow trout, but only a few fry of the last named have been released in it. The same may be said of the Neversink, and the stock of the Willowemock consists, or consisted very recently, almost entirely of native brook trout above Livingstone Manor. Clubs and individuals have released many fry and yearlings in these waters, and the Ontario and Western Railroad has carried millions of fry, besides giving transportation to parties engaged in carrying young trout from the State hatcheries.

Modern fishculture can satisfy all demands made upon it by fair fishing, and the development of the brown trout, principally from fry, has been very remarkable. A few years ago a pound trout was considered to be quite a large fish, and in an experience of many years the largest native trout we took from any of these streams was 16 inches in length and less than two pounds in weight. Since the introduction of the brown trout, two to three pounds is not uncommon, and many much larger fish have been taken. All pure tributaries of the Delaware and Hudson should swarm with trout. Brooks that have been barren for years may be made productive. The lower portions of the Beaverkill and Neversink are noble and beautiful rivers, and should afford more sport than they do now. We believe that the rainbow trout would do well there, and possibly the European grayling. Our own Michigan grayling seems to be a delicate fish, and is reported to be almost extinct. The foreign fish of this species must be hardier, as it flourishes in England and on the Continent in streams inhabited by large trout



THE FALLS OF THE ESOPUS.

and even pike. It is said to seek the lower portions of trout streams, and the same is reported of the rainbow trout. The latter has certainly done this in the Esopus, as it is found where there is plenty of water for a 30-pound salmon, and where the temperature rises high in summer. Both these fish are spring spawners (although the rainbow seems to be somewhat irregular as to time), and if they flourished together delightful sport could be enjoyed in the autumn, when weather conditions would be most favorable.

July and August were formerly good months for fly-fishing in the streams we have mentioned, as they flow at considerable altitudes, but until the season of 1903 our mountain summers, though very pleasant, have been warmer than of yore. Climatic changes are going on all over the country, the rainfall is less evenly distributed, and the streams get lower and warmer. The last season was all that we could desire in the matter of rainfall after the first of June, but we have had a number of very serious droughts in recent years. In fact, we have been experiencing some of the inconveniences felt in the United Kingdom from modern drainage, forest destruction, and the like. Thirty or forty years ago much of this region was a sea of hemlock; more snow fell and it remained longer, having more protection from the sun. Now deciduous trees have replaced the evergreen forest, and the appearance of the country is greatly changed. It must have looked a wild and savage region one hundred years ago.

The fishing has had many ups and downs. In the days of the first settlers the trout were only too abundant, but we believe that sport is better now than it was thirty years since. Tanneries were located on nearly all trout waters, and log driving and lumbering were constantly going on. There were but few trout below the tanneries, and though they fairly swarmed in the small brooks they were trifling in size and could have afforded but little sport. We have had sufficient experience of this kind of fishing, and have a poor opinion of it.

We wish that all Eastern anglers could have good fishing for the rainbow trout, as there appears to be a slight prejudice against this fish. We know of no better game fish. It leaps again and again when hooked, and rushes madly down stream. Lying usually in heavy, swift water, it takes every advantage of the situation, and requires all the angler's skill to land. Mr. Fred Mather had a high opinion of the rainbow for sport, and also as a table fish, and Herr Jaffé, the well-known German fishculturist, has expressed himself strongly in its favor. It has been established in some of the rivers of New Zealand, where it reaches a weight of six pounds, and the fishermen in that country are enthusiastic in its favor. We think it resembles the Atlantic salmon more closely than any other trout. The head is small, body round and plump and very silvery when in good condition, as it almost always is. We never saw any traces of spawning in the month of May except in fish of 15 inches and over. A few of the large fish were thin and the vent a trifle pronounced, but the great majority were in good shape. We have taken them in August as hard and solid as blocks of marble. With this fish and the European grayling in the lower portions of our trout streams and native and brown trout in the upper and middle reaches, sport would be vastly increased.

On first consideration some objections will appear to a fly-fishing season in the autumn months, but these will be found to be more sentimental than real. The brown and brook trout will be working up into the small brooks and on to the spawning beds, and the few taken would be promptly returned. They could not be exposed, and but few persons would care to retain them for food, as, being out of condition, they would soon after death become slimy and unpleasant objects. The rainbows and the grayling would be in the highest possible condition and afford the very best of sport. The season in Colorado runs to October 31, and there are many brown trout and some brook trout in that State now. In Oregon it is said that the big rainbow trout do not come up from the sea until the month of July.

Grayling were introduced into the Scottish Tweed and Clyde from England years ago, and have become abundant in those rivers. We should consider all proposals or suggestions bearing upon an increased supply of game fish, and there are miles of the Beaverkill and Neversink that might be greatly improved. The European grayling and the trout do well together, or in the same river, and there is no good reason why our season for fly-fishing should be so short. With scientific fishculture and good management there is no need to fear that our streams will be depleted by any amount of fair fishing. Dry summers, ice jams, and great floods in winter and fall are the dangerous features in the situation. All good members of the brotherhood of anglers who love to be quiet and to go a-fishing, do all that they can to increase the stock of game fish in our streams and lakes—particularly those species which will rise to the artificial fly. There are many other streams besides those mentioned which are easily accessible from New York city, and we know of no pleasanter way of spending the summer vacation than rambling from one to another, casting one's flies as the spirit moveth. It is easy to travel cheaply all over the region we have referred to. You can go in by way of the Ulster and Delaware and return by the Ontario and Western Railroad. If not in a great hurry, one can travel by the mail hacks which run from Big Indian to Claryville, and thence to Liberty. In fact, these mail hacks will be found making their daily pilgrimages in every valley, and up and down nearly all these rivers. Claryville is on the Neversink, at the junction of the East and West Branches; over the next divide is the Willowemock, and in the valley beyond flows the beautiful Beaverkill, which many people consider one of the most perfect trout rivers in this country. A large portion of the water is posted, but by staying at various farmhouses and summer resorts, enough fishing can be had to satisfy a reasonable person. In the early season good sport is had in the lower reaches in free water. In July and August the angler must seek cooler water far up the stream. Good luck.

THEODORE GORDON.

The Rod in Picture.

PERHAPS many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have seen a painting by a German artist depicting a studio, a full-length portrait, boots and all, of Bismarck, on the easel, the artist with palette and brush in hand standing by, and squatted in front of the painting studying the boots with a look of grave perplexity is the village cobbler, who has just returned the mended boots of the artist, which he holds in his hand.

There is something about those boots in the painting that no doubt interest and apparently surprise the cobbler. He has seen and mended many pairs of footwear during his long lifetime, but never, evidently, had he seen a pair of boots just like the ones in the painting. And the artist, because of the demeanor of the cobbler, shows both interest and irritation—interest to know why the boots so exclusively interest the man, and irritation because the cobbler can see nothing but the boots in the painting.

Now, it is fair to presume if that artist was a wise man, and not pig-headed and conceited, that he found out about those boots, and received and followed some advice that he was wise enough to follow, so that when the cobbler again saw that painting exposed in public he paid no further attention to the boots, because they were now,

like any other boots, right, and so he spent his time admiring and adoring the features of the great Bismarck.

Now as to rods. How often do you see depicted in the illustrated journals a picture of a trout stream. Everything is right about the stream—no blackened timber, no right-angled log-jams, raw or otherwise; no shingle, no sound of shod canoe-poles coming round the bend, no hemlocks or smoky, silent Indian in evidence, and no red gods except may be that the angler has been throwing a red-ibis. So, as far as the stream goes, peace and harmony prevail. The angler is correct from the wader immersed to his hips to the felt hat well hooked with convenient flies.

But the rod! Oh, ye gods and little fishes! The rod is correctly drawn, because, no doubt, the artist had one in front of him in his studio. But the bend! And the handling! From under the shelving rock where a tugging, rebellious, and obstinate trout is having it out with the lure, the leader comes. The strain on the fragile rod must be terrific, for, if one's eye does not deceive, it is but a 3½-ounce rod. Is the angler giving the trout the butt? No, my readers! With his right hand grasping the rod butt close above the reel, he grasps the butt joint well up near the lower ferrule of the second joint with his left hand!

You put the picture out of sight and mind and turn over to the next illustration. It is positively painful. You can't stand it. Something is going to give or break or snap while you are even looking on, and, fearful lest you may hear the profanity, you turn your head away.

A. B. Frost don't make breaks of this kind. It is safe to say that he fishes, and shoots as well, and he knows, and puts flesh and blood and action into his pictures. Looking at one of his illustrations is like looking at a perfectly dressed woman. The *tout ensemble* is so perfect that five minutes afterward you could not minutely describe any one part of her apparel. So with Frost's pictures. You give one look, and mentally transfer yourself into the person of the gunner or fisherman, and are doing it all over again. And when a man makes you do that, it's art, that's what it is. CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Fly-Fishing—Wet and Dry.

BY DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL.

WHILE fly-fishing, wet or dry, is unquestionably the highest branch of angling, and far preferable to bait-fishing for trout, it does not follow that fishing with the dry, or floating fly, is a superior art to fishing with the wet, or sunken, fly, as claimed by some of the dry fly-fishers of England.

Judging from recent communications on the subject in the English sportsmen's journals, the ultra dry fly enthusiasts have arrogated to themselves the distinction of practicing the most artistic and sportsmanlike method of angling, and look askance, if not with disdain and contempt, at the wet fly-fishers, whom they designate as the "chuck and chance it" sort.

I cannot think that the position they have assumed can be justly maintained, or that it is warranted by the facts of the case. As dry fly-fishing is being taken up by a few American anglers, it may be well enough to give the alleged superiority of the method some consideration.

Some years ago the *modus operandi* of dry fly-fishing was explained to me, personally, by Mr. William Senior, editor of the London Field. The angler waits beside the swim until a trout betrays its presence by rising to a newly hatched gnat or fly, creating a dimple on the surface. The angler then, kneeling on one knee, having a knee-pad strapped on, cautiously casts his floating May-fly, with cocked up wings, anointed with paraffine or vaseline. The fly is deftly and lightly cast, up-stream, a little above the swirl of the trout, and permitted to float down, as naturally as possible, over the fish. There being no response after a cast or two, the angler again awaits the tell-tale evidence of a trout before again offering the buoyant lure.

Now, if I have stated the case correctly, I cannot imagine why this method is claimed to be on a higher plane of angling than the "chuck and chance it" method. Certainly a knowledge of the habits of the trout is not essential, inasmuch as the angler makes his cast only on the appearance of the fish.

It seems to me to be akin to the practice of shooting pheasants with the help of a beater. The gunner, on one side of a hedge, does nothing but wait for the flushing of the bird by the beater on the other side, and at its appearance he bangs away.

Now, if it should be claimed that this plan of shooting is on a higher plane of sportsmanship than beating a stubble or turnip field with well-trained setters or pointers, one can readily see why dry fly-fishing is also thought to be on a higher plane of angling than wet fly-fishing, for the methods pursued in each case are somewhat analogous: The shooter waits until the bird is dislodged by the beater, while the angler possesses his soul in patience until a trout shows on the surface.

On the other hand the real sportsman, with some knowledge of the habits of his quarry, works over the ground with his dogs, selecting such places where he knows from experience that the game "uses," until the covey is pointed. He takes as much, or more, real pleasure in the working of his dogs and the exercise of his bird knowledge as in shooting the game when flushed.

So the wet fly-fisher, wading down-stream or up-stream, brings to his aid his knowledge of the habits and haunts of the trout, and casts his flies over every likely spot where his experience leads him to think a fish may lie. It is this eager expectancy or fond anticipation with every cast that makes up much of the real pleasure of angling, and which is utterly lost to the dry fly-fisher, who waits and watches on the bank like a kingfisher on his perch.

While there can be no objection whatever to dry fly-fishing, *per se,* and which, moreover, I welcome as a pleasing and meritorious innovation, I feel compelled to enter a protest against claiming for it a higher niche in the ethics of sport than wet fly-fishing. And with all due respect for the dry fly-men of Great Britain, I cannot admit that they trot in a higher class than those "chuck and chance it" fishers of honored and revered memory—Sir Humphrey Davy, "Christopher North," and Francis Francis.

New Jersey Lake Rights.

Decision of the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals in the Swartswood Lake Case.

THE right to fish in an inland lake of New Jersey cannot be separated from the ownership of the lake and taken under the power of eminent domain, because, first, the natural supply of fish therein is so small as to be incapable of meeting a public demand; and, second, the object of acquiring such a right is, not use, which implies utility, but mere sport or pastime.

Query: Is the value of such a right capable of estimation, so that a compensation may be awarded therefor which shall be just with respect both to the private owner and to the public purchaser?

C. D. Thompson and Charles L. Corbin for plaintiff in error. Messrs. Griggs and Harding for defendant in error.

The opinion of the court was delivered by Dixon, J.

"An act to acquire rights of fishing common to all in fresh water lakes in certain counties, to acquire lands adjoining thereto for public use and enjoyment therewith, and to regulate the same" (P. L. 1901, p. 333), declares that, in any county of the State wherein are fresh water lakes having an area of water surface exceeding one hundred acres, a commission may be appointed which shall have power to take in fee or otherwise by purchase, gift, devise or eminent domain, and to maintain and make available to the public the right of fishing in such lakes. Under this statute a commission has been appointed in Sussex county and is attempting to take by eminent domain the right of fishing in Swartswood Lake, which belongs to the plaintiff in error. The plaintiff resists this attempt upon the ground mainly that the power of eminent domain cannot constitutionally be exercised for the stated purpose.

In olden times the eminent domain seems to have been employed only in cases of State necessity, and there is no instance of its exercise in New Jersey prior to 1776 except for highways; but undoubtedly its scope has been much enlarged in recent times to meet the advance in social conditions. Scudder v. Trenton Del. Falls Co., Saxt. 694. Still, even as late as 1852, Chief Justice Green spoke of the objects for which the State exercises this power as being few in number. 3 Zab. 357.

Under our State Constitution (Art. 1, par. 16) private property can be taken only for public use. Whether the end sought to be attained by the taking is a public use is a question to be determined by the courts, although it is said there is a presumption in favor of a use declared by the Legislature to be public. Mills Em. Dom. S. 10; Lewis Em. Dom. S. 158; Scudder v. Tretnton Del. Falls Co., Saxt. 694, 727; Olmsted v. Morris Aqueduct, 18 Vroom, 311; Nat. Docks R. R. Co. v. Central R. R. Co., 5 Stew. Eq. 755, 764. The language of the constitution does not authorize property to be taken "for public enjoyment" or "for public purposes," or generally "for the public." Its expression is "for public use," which implies an idea of utility, of usefulness, not necessarily inherent in the other phrases mentioned.

The duty is, therefore, devolved upon this court to determine whether the object to be subserved by the condemnation of the right to fish in the plaintiff's lake is a public use.

In order that a use may be public, it is not essential that the whole community should be able directly to participate in it. Thus, a free school for children is for a public use, although only a fraction of the community can attain it. But it is essential that the utility should in a substantial measure concern the public, as, for example, the education of the young concerns the community.

The right to be condemned under this statute is merely the right to fish. Such a right is in the ancient legal French called a right "profit a prendre," a right so peculiarly for personal enjoyment that it is incapable of being acquired by the general public, either by custom (Cobb v. Davenport, 3 Vroom 369) or by dedication (S. C., 4 V. 223; Albright v. Cortright, 35 V. 330). No doubt there is a public right of fishing recognized by municipal law; it exists in the waters of the ocean along the coast and in the arms of the sea, as far as the tide ebbs and flows. But this right differs from that now under consideration in several important respects. In the first place, it is a mere incident of the public ownership of the public waters, while the object of the present proceedings is to sever the right of fishing from the title to the lake and give it an independent existence. If the Legislature had provided for the condemnation of the lake, so as to confer upon the public the right of restoring thereto for all purposes to which it is adapted, the condemnation might then have been supported on the precedents which find a public use in parks, and the right to fish would have passed as an incident of the public title; but under this statute the ownership of the lake is to remain private. In the next place, the natural supply of fish in the public waters is practically inexhaustible, if the right to fish therein be subjected to such regulations as will reasonably guard it from the free enjoyment of the general public; but the natural supply of fish in the inland lakes of New Jersey is so small that if the right to catch fish therein were excercised by persons sufficiently numerous to be deemed the public, the supply would soon come to an end. Lastly, fishing in the public waters has from time immemorial constituted an industry fostered by law for the supply of the general market, while fishing in private waters has been and can be only for individual amusement and gain. We think, therefore, that for present purposes there is no substantial resemblance between the common right to fish in public waters and the right now in question.

I turn then to the consideration of the matter in view of the rules which have been laid down as aids in determining what is a public use within the meaning of this provision of the constitution. A definition of the phrase has not, I think, been judicially attempted, but among the statements of the doctrine to be found in the books, that of Prof. Cooley seems most likely to subserve the general welfare for which the constitutional power is delegated, and at the same time to protect private property, which is equally a ward of our constitution. He says (Const. Lim. 553), "The reason of the case and the settled practice of free government must be our guides in determining what is or is not to be regarded as a public use; and that only can be considered such where the Government is supplying its own needs, or is furnishing facilities for its citizens in regard to those matters of public necessity, convenience or welfare which, on account of their peculiar character and the difficulty of making provision for them otherwise, it is alike proper, useful and needful for the Government to provide."

Applying this as the test, the present statute cannot be supported.

The right to be enjoyed under this statute is necessarily the right of each individual who exercises it to abstract from what is designed by the statute to be a common stock such portion as he can secure, and to appropriate that to his own benefit. This is for private, rather than public advantage. The statute does indeed contemplate the acquisition of the common stock by public agents, but they are to acquire it for private benefit. If the common stock thus to be acquired were capable of supplying an unlimited number of persons, then they might be deemed in the constitutional sense the public; but, as already stated, the stock would be quite inadequate for such a demand. The fact that a small supply is tendered free to the first takers does not show that the public can enjoy it.

But not only does the constitution require that the property taken should be for the public; it is also necessary that it should be for use. The chief purpose in the enjoyment of the property must be utility; but it cannot be doubted that the main object of the present statute is to furnish a means of amusement or sport to the few persons who have the inclination and leisure for such pastime. The public utility to be subserved by such indulgence is imperceptible. "The reason of the case," therefore, does not seem to warrant the conclusion that the proposed taking is "for public use."

When we look to "the settled practice of free governments" we find no parallel for the present enterprise. There are many instances of the exercise of eminent domain for the purpose of furnishing facilities to be enjoyed by individuals. Such are parks, highways, ferries, railways, telegraph, and telephone lines, etc.; but these differ from the right now under consideration in important respects. First, they are essentially useful; secondly, they are used by great numbers of people; and thirdly, their use by the individual abstracts nothing appreciable from the common opportunity of use.

There are also some instances of the exercise of the power in order to afford facilities for private enjoyment where it is intended that each individual shall abstract a portion from the common stock. An example appears in the condemnation of water for domestic purposes in populous neighborhoods; but here also marked differences from the present scheme are observable. The end sought is utility of the greatest urgency, and the natural supply is so abundant that private abstraction cannot exhaust it. In all such instances these characteristics will be found in substantial measure to make them of use to the public. We have found no instance of the exercise of the power in order to afford a means of pastime capable of being enjoyed by only a few persons.

There is another consideration deserving of some weight. The constitution requires that on taking private property for public use, just compensations should be made to the owner, and this implies that the property taken shall be reasonably capable of just estimation. The lake itself could, no doubt, be fairly appraised, as could, probably, the right of any individual or of any specified number of individuals to fish therein; but I know of no criterion by which the right of an unlimited number of persons to spend their time upon the lake for the purpose of catching fish could be valued. It might be that the appraisers would evade the difficulty by awarding to the owner the full value of the lake; but in that case justice would require that the lake itself, and not a mere incidental right in it, should become public property.

We think, therefore, that neither in the reason of the case nor in the settled practice of free governments is there legal support for the proposed condemnation.

The power of eminent domain is one of the extreme powers of government. When employed for the purpose of enabling it to perform its functions its scope is limited only by the wisdom of the Legislature. But when it is exerted with the view of furnishing facilities to private individuals, it so easily runs into the taking of one man's property to give it to others, in disregard of that right which the constitution declares to be inalienable, the right of protecting property, that it behooves the courts, where private owners can be fully heard in their own behalf, to take care that constitutional rights are guarded and constitutional limitations observed.

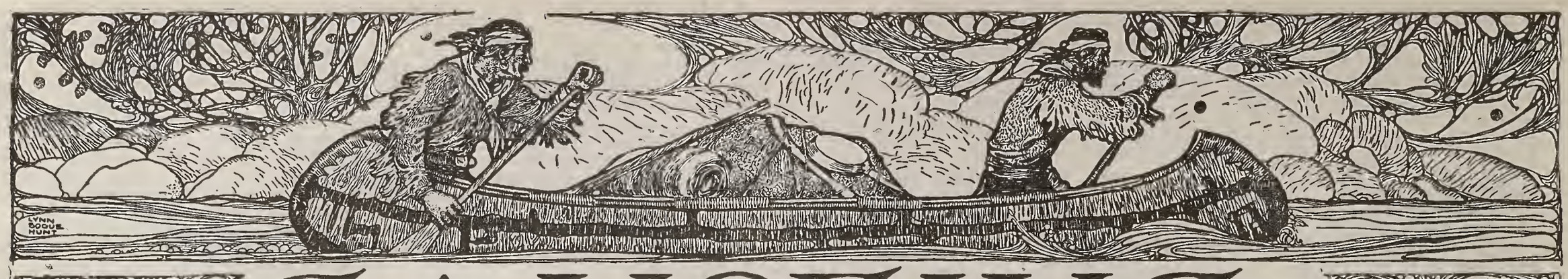
On full consideration we are constrained to adjudge that the present proceedings are designed to take the plaintiff's property for other than the public use, and are therefore illegal.

The judgment of the Supreme Court should be reversed, and a judgment entered setting aside the proceedings taken under the statute.

Jonah and the Poor Whale.

A YOUTH had preached in the College Chapel [of Glasgow]. After service the professors in the beautiful "Fore Hall" were discussing the sermon. They were all very complimentary. But Prof. Buchanan (the great Professor of Logic, whom, strange to say, Archbishop Tait did not think very clever), broke in: "Oh, don't say that. There was a sad want in our young friend's sermon. He said a great deal about how Jonah felt. I should have liked to hear something about how the whale felt!"—"Twenty-five Years of St. Andrew's."

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CANOEING

A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

The Log of the Iris.

BY J. N. STALKER, DETROIT, MICH.

THE prospective LLD. and myself, in council assembled, had decided to go on a canoeing trip for our summer vacation. This was in the winter that the council met, so we had plenty of time for our preparations. We first ordered a canoe built, in conformity with some ideas that we had on the subject, and which as we now consider them excellent, may be of interest.

The craft was 15ft. long, 30 in. beam, and 11in. deep amidships; decked over 3½ft. forward and 3ft. aft, and equipped with a leg o'mutton sail on a short mast and long jointed boom for sailing. She was, of course, heavier than a perfectly open boat would have been, but the lockers underneath the decks were very convenient for storing our stuff, and the decks themselves were absolutely invaluable in some of the heavy weather we later encountered. With regard to equipment, we were necessarily hampered by our lack of ability to carry very much, and when that is the case, of course, what to take and what to leave is largely a matter for individual preference. We took a pup-tent, rubber and woolen blankets, hatchet, frying-pan, bacon, corn meal and hard-tack, besides the endless array of small things stowed largely in the pockets, of which any camper can supply a list containing three times as many as it is possible to carry.

Equipped as indicated, we found ourselves one Saturday afternoon in the town of Ypsilanti, and got our boat, which had come out by rail, into the water about 5 o'clock. Then, we started, and the feeling of delight with which we pushed off into the swift and beautiful Huron River would be hard to describe. For two weeks we would be our own masters; sleeping, eating, and traveling, where and when we chose. And then how we expanded! Colleges and banks faded away into dim and misty unrealities, and we experienced the rare and pleasant sensation of feeling, now that we were entirely dependent upon ourselves, like complete men.

The Huron River charmed us from the very first. A more beautiful little stream it would be hard to imagine, with its rushing current, eddying and swirling along under overhanging trees, which lean over at all angles from either shore, and very frequently, indeed, are fallen quite across the river. These trees were a constant source of interest, and occasionally annoyance, all the way down. There was almost always some way to pass them, either shooting around the end, worming our way through the branches, dodging through the roots, ducking under the trunk, when one end was lifted out of the water, or often skimming over it, which was generally more or less dubious, as we could not tell how much water was passing over until too late to go back. The snags and sunken logs of which the river is pretty full, really increased the pleasure of navigation by adding complexity to the ever changing succession of problems that confronted us. We would think we had our course past a couple of fallen trees



Canoe Iris on Lake Huron.

beautifully clear, and would swoop down on a narrow opening with a rush, only to find a tree stump or something just in the middle of it, a couple of inches below the surface. We had to act quickly at such times to avoid difficulties.

It was at one of these trees, not twenty minutes from the starting point, that my cap was launched on its sea of misfortunes. In passing through the branches of a tree, being then inexperienced, I allowed the cap to be scraped from my head into the water. We were then close upon another tree which demanded instant attention, so that before we had any time to look for it, it had disappeared. While still peering anxiously around, we were swept past a little island, and there, lo and behold! we saw serenely coming down the other side a very tough-looking cap, not quite water-logged enough to sink. It was fished out, and then a few minutes later dropped into the mud and stepped on at a portage, made necessary by a fallen tree. That was pretty good for the first hour, but as will be seen, was only a starter.

About 6:30 we came to an ideal camping ground on a little island, and concluded to stop there for the night. In a short time we had our tent pitched, a camp-fire crackling cheerily, with bacon sizzling in the pan, our canoe hauled out, turned over, with most of our stuff stowed securely underneath, and everything ready for supper. The supper was of long duration if not very various, being a continuous process of cooking pans full of bacon and then eating them, along with bread

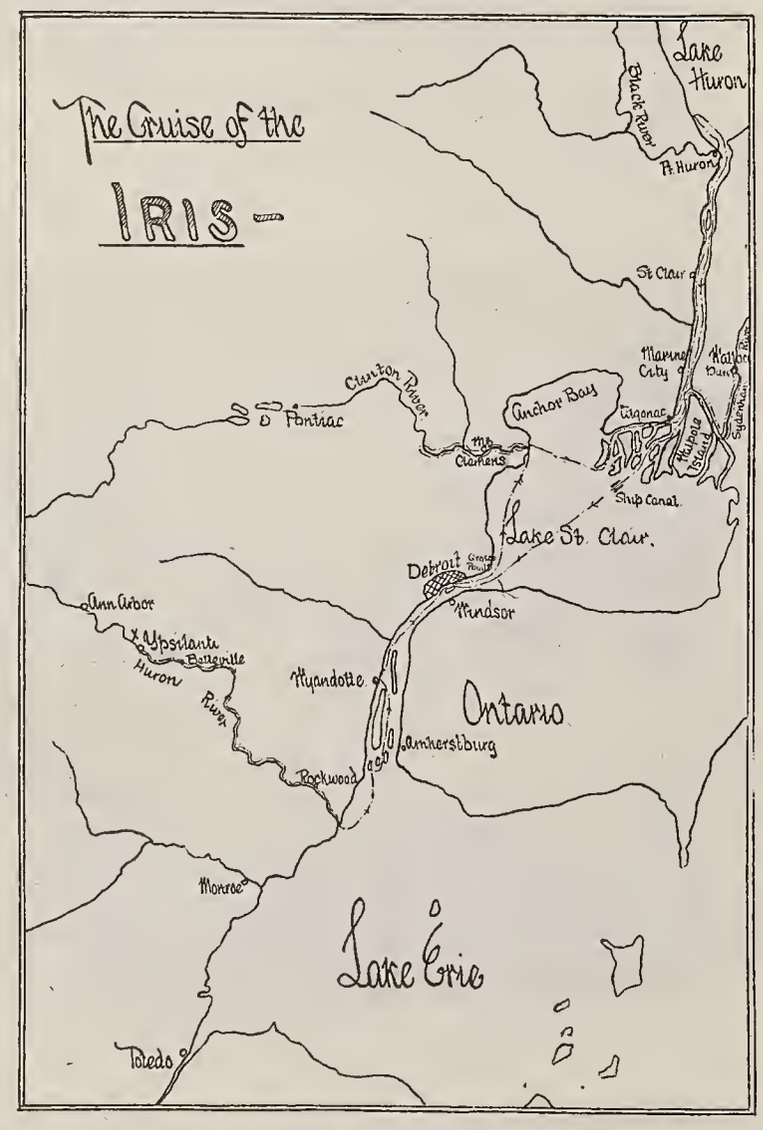


Chart of Course taken by the Canoe Iris.

and milk (the latter ignominiously purchased from a farmer).

I had wondered a trifle how we would put in our evenings, but we passed most of that evening very pleasantly in the manner indicated above. It may be confessed, however, that our enthusiasm for bacon somewhat abated before we got back home.

When we had finally finished and had washed the dishes (not much of a job, fortunately), we piled the wood on the fire, got our cigars, and resigned ourselves to absolute contentment, I swinging my cap to and fro in the smoke to dry it, the LLD. joyously digesting his bacon. In the course of these maneuvers I dropped the cap into the fire, burning it in spots and covering it with white ashes, which, when I tried to brush them off, united with the green mud in entering into the wet cloth. The occurrence made an ineffaceable impression on the cap, it was never the same again. Finally, stimulated by the example of the frogs, crickets, tree-toads, etc., of the vicinity, we lifted up our voices in song and really enjoyed it very much. We seldom have a chance to sing with vigor like we did then, as nothing of the sort would be tolerated by neighbors. At length we squirmed into the tent between the blankets, wrapped our heads up in our coats and didn't go to sleep. The situation was too strange the first night, and the chorus outside too energetic.

The night was an unusually cold one, and about 4 o'clock we decided that we had enough of that miserable cold, achy feeling, so we got up, built a fire, and were soon happy again.

For breakfast we had hot buttered toast (really very creditable toast), bacon, rye bread, cheese, milk, and the best of sauces. Before 6 o'clock we were on our way again to make as long as possible one of the most enjoyable days we ever spent. A most delightful feature about traveling the way we did, was the fact that we never knew what was coming next, and whatever it turned out to be, we had never seen it before and never would again; when a person is going anywhere with the expectation of returning, every difficulty surmounted, such as a dam, acts as a drag on the spirits, owing to the knowledge that it must be remet. With us it was quite the contrary.

Another continual source of pleasure was the animals along the banks. They seldom seemed to notice us at first, coming along quietly as we did (though unlike the traditional Indian, there was always the regular gurgle and drip of the paddles to betray us). There are almost no boats on that part of the river, and I suppose the animals, while keeping a pretty good lookout to landward, though that from the water-side they were safe. That day we saw dozens of squirrels and chipmunks perched saucily on stumps, or rollicking through the treetops with their dare-devil leaps and scrambles; a score of muskrats, which frequently let us approach within twenty feet of them when swimming before they dived, half a dozen woodchucks, a mink, and hundreds of turtles, besides dozens of animals who did not wait for inventory, and of which we saw nothing but the splash.

One of these turtles provoked a shout of laughter from us by the eccentric means of self-preservation he adopted. We were noticing him because of his unusual size and shape; he was probably twelve or fourteen inches long by eight or nine inches wide, and positively, he looked less than an inch thick, as if he had been stepped on accidentally by an elephant, or been put through a clothes wringer. Later, when we saw more of this species, we perceived that it was the fashionable shape on the river, and admired it as sincerely as if it had been a straight front corset. As I started to say, this peculiar beast paid no attention to us until we had got safely past him, when he raised his head straight up on his long neck with the appearance of wildest alarm, and started galloping desperately after us down the slope. He descended in a little avalanche of sand and pebbles, with a more ludicrously clumsy method of propulsion than we believed existed, his head and tail waving frantically in the air all the time. In comparison with him a galloping cow was like a naked nymph for grace.

The number and variety of the birds we encountered continuously shamed us for our ignorance of natural history. A good many of them we knew by sight, but their notes we found to our disgust that more often than not we were unable to identify. In the mornings, especially, about sunrise, we would be surrounded by a regular carnival of melody, each saucy little rascal apparently trying to outdo all his neighbors in the volume of his music he produced. In the midst of such exuberant happiness, with a glorious sunrise ushering in a fresh, clear day, I defy the gloomiest misanthrope in the world to be anything but cheerful, and we are not misanthropes by any means.

Kingfishers were very numerous along the river, though what fish they found I do not know, and watch-



Huron River.

ing them dive for food, which they did in utter disregard of our presence, is something of which I would never tire. Of all the creatures we encountered, however, the species for which we came to have the greatest respect was the crow. By paying strict attention, we became grounded in the rudiments of his very considerable language, not to be able to talk it, but enough to be able to catch the drift of meaning of many of the conversations we heard. While the crow is not precisely a lovable bird, he can, nevertheless, command respect through simple force of intelligence.

We paid the more attention to the little creatures I have referred to, owing to the fact that the river banks were delightfully free from human beings. The farmer

of whom we bought some milk for our light lunch, and one or two of the inhabitants of Belleville, were the only members of our own species that we so much as caught a glimpse of all day long.

At the latter place there were two dams, at the first of which we saw the appropriateness of the name. We were obliged to force our way up a steep bank covered with high weeds and underbrush, sweating and groaning most fearfully under the burden of our canoe and equipment; then for rods along the shore through the same kind of stuff until we came to a spot where we could take to the water again. The place was full of nettles, thistles and sharp sticks, and as we happened to be doing business barefoot to dry our shoes, we were brought to the verge of strong language more than once.

Some miles past Belleville we camped for the night, making everything snug and getting our supper ready with an ease and rapidity that astonished us. We then sat down by our camp-fire, and smoked, and watched the stars and the fire, and were perfectly happy. Our evenings in camps we shall never forget. We had been inconsiderate enough to locate near the foot of a big tree which happened to be the private property of a squirrel. Naturally enough he was up in its branches when we planted ourselves at the foot, and his annoyance can be only faintly imagined. Indisposed to come down and discuss the matter quietly, he stormed and chattered away until he must have been on the verge of apoplexy, and without the satisfaction of even knowing that we paid any attention to him. We sympathized with him, but stayed.

The next morning we had had breakfast, had broken camp, and were on our way before 5 o'clock, for our last day on the river. We went down steadily, hour after hour, through the entrancing scenery of the little stream, with the silence broken only by the regular drip of the paddles and the noises of the various birds and animals along the banks, each intent exclusively upon his own affairs. There can be few better ways of seeing nature doing business in her own way than this one.

At length we passed Rockwood, persuading our canoe with some difficulty to consent to be carried around the dam instead of going over it, as she seemed to prefer, and before long had passed out of the almost continuous belt of trees which had lined the banks all the way down. After that we came to the open meadows and marshland, which indicated that we were nearing Lake Erie. If I have not made any references to the unbelievable sinuousness of the Huron, it is because I have felt myself unequal to the task. Bill Nye tells somewhere how he was on one occasion gored by a bull with the result that his insides all came outdoors, and no matter how the doctors packed them in again, they always had a yard or so left over that there was no room for. I think any finite creature trying to pack the whole length of the Huron River into the number of miles it makes in a straight line, would have much the same experience. It frequently happened that twenty minutes or more of paddling would bring us to within a few hundred feet of where we had been before, and while the distance from Ypsilanti to Lake Erie is only about twenty-five miles in a straight line, it is probably not far from 125 miles by water.

We had by this time pretty well outlined our itinerary, which was, in a word, to run up the lake system into Lake Huron, taking side trips up any rivers that might strike our fancy as we went along. With this attractive prospect before us, and finding no interest in the flat marshes along the river, we were in a hurry to reach the lake. The river was not, however, and with the current dwindled to almost nothing, kept us paddling back and forth in those villainously hot rushes, for miles. The LLD. with a foolish and ill-considered optimism, kept making matters worse by positively announcing the lake at the next turn, for the last five miles, and every tree visible here and there in the rushes was, according to him, manifestly upon its shore. On the strength of each of these announcements, we would hit up our gait in order to "finish in style," and the business got very wearing. At last, about 1:30, we got there in a very much wilted condition, and our first glimpse of the cool, blue waters of Lake Erie made us feel that we could understand better than ever before the delight that must have inspired the war-worn followers of Xenophon when they raised their shout of "The Sea!"

There is a peculiar fascination about a great body of water, moreover, that a little river, no matter how pretty, does not possess. Somehow it would seem presumptuous to think of getting tired of it. We promptly hoisted our sail, and made for Tawas Island, which is situated just below the mouth of the Detroit River, reclining restfully in the bottom of the boat, and reviving rapidly under the influence of the cool lake breeze. After a brief and very enjoyable sail, we stopped for lunch, for which there was no lack of appetite, as we had had nothing to eat since before 5 o'clock. Before we did anything else, however, as our clothes were still wringing wet from our paddling on the Huron, we went in for a swim and gave them a little soak; then while they were drying, proceeded in the most startling negligee to eat our lunch. This was a mistake, because the call to dinner, meant for ourselves, was apparently considered general by hordes of shameless mosquitoes, who promptly swooped down upon us, utterly oblivious of the fact that we were not dressed to receive them. We finally came to the conclusion that it did not pay to take in the raw material and dispense equally large quantities of the refined product, so packed up, put on our wet clothes and went on.

We paddled over betweeh Hickory Island, with its magnificent trees and picturesque summer cottages on one side, and Sugar Island with its crowd of merry picnickers on the other. At these latter, we cast a few longing glances, but, alas! our costumes and general appearance did not warrant any intrusion. There was no good place to camp in the vicinity, and we determined to make Stony Island, barely visible in the hazy distance. A stiff paddle against the current finally brought us there, but then we could find no place to pitch our tent that was in any way inhabitable. The shore, instead of being a real shore, is a hybrid mixture of stones, water, reeds and mud, and the mosquitoes reminded us of those prehistoic monsters whose skeletons we see in the museums. By the time we had quit fooling around the place it was already dark, and as we had been paddling almost without a stop since 5 o'clock in the morning, and had covered between fifty and sixty miles already, we felt little enthusiasm for more work. Wyandotte was the only place to make for and that would necessitate another hour or so of hard plugging against the current, but there was no help for it, so we went ahead.

To make a long story short, we eventually got there, but we were pretty near "all in." We went to the Michigan Alkali Club boat house, after we had found it, with the request that we might leave our boat over night, and were most courteously received. In getting the boat out of the water, however, I passed through an experience which I cannot recall to this day without emotion. I was standing down on a single wet plank about on the level with the water, and being rendered careless of all else by emptiness and fatigue, behold my feet slipped off the plank and I fell into the dark, cold stream. I had always wondered if I could swim with all my clothes on; I found out (a) that I can, but (b) that I hate to. The LLD. promptly abandoned the canoe to the tender mercies of the night in order to wait until I returned to the dock and then grab me in such a way that I could not possibly climb up. When I did crawl out, the canoe had vanished, and considering everything, I was seriously annoyed. With the help of a borrowed canoe we found ours and got it back, a mixed crowd of young people illuminating the scene with fireworks from an upper balcony, and apparently enjoying it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



The Indra Log.

The Story of a Cruise from Marblehead, Mass., to Sydney, N. B.

BY HENRY G. PICKERING, BOSTON, MASS.

(*Continued from page 217*)

Wednesday, the 15th, we are still at anchor; the day's proceeding varied by a foraging trip ashore; eggs and wild strawberries to eke out the larder. In the evening the men go ashore to church, a good habit to be encouraged whenever possible. The night is not quite so good for sleeping, the yacht pitching and rolling more, especially at change of tide.

With the morning comes a welcome breeze from the southwest, strong and favoring; we change our clocks to Dominion time, and at 11:15 leave the can buoy off the southeast point of the island, shaping our course for the Grand Passage, Bryer Island. The tide is against us and very strong, but the breeze holds and strengthens and we make anchorage off Westport, Bryer Island, at 4:20. The half point allowance for the tide in the twent-six mile run has proved too small, as our going shows. At 5:10 in the morning, we face the great tide-rip in the Passage, distinct in our memories from last year's cruise. The tide here runs from five to six knots an hour, the mere pressure against a spindle, set about midway of the Passage, being enough to throw the water eighteen inches in the air. We pass it successfully, of course, with loss of headway, but the yacht behaves admirably in the heavy cross sea, and in twenty miutes or thereabouts we are well through it. A long day's sail is before us with long and short tacks, and varying winds, very light at the end of the day, and we pick up the whistling buoy off Yarmouth Harbor, work up the rather tortuous passage, and drop anchor at 6:30 in approximately our berth of last year. The fog sets in before bed-time and continues through the night. Why is it that the very wind you want comes when you cannot leave port? It is so to-day; the larder must be restocked and sundry and various matters call us ashore, and it is 5 in the afternoon before we start in tow of a tug for the lower anchorage. Now mark what happens! The tow line, not being properly made fast, slips its bearings and carries away the hood of the forward hatch. Back we go to our anchorage, and send ashore for a carpenter, who fails, however, to respond, and we must wait over to-morrow for repairs. A quite unnecessary accident and most annoying delay!

Sunday, the 19th, southeast wind and rain; quite as well that we did not make the lower anchorage as proposed, and lie in the teeth of it! Our mate, or sailing master, by courtesy so-called—the owner handles and sails his own boat—leaves us on the issue of responsibility for the accident of the day before, and we must replace him with a new hand forward before starting.

The next day is a gala one for our small company. The Captain's birthday, and it is duly celebrated at dinner with toasts and much good fellowship, and the presentation of such modest gifts as local markets afford. A jug for the "wee bit drappie" and sundry accompaniments thereto.

> "Who wakes us at the break of morn,
> And balmy slumber laughs to scorn,
> Till sleep is fled from eyes forlorn?
> The Captain.
>
> "Who steers the Indra hard to lee,
> As staunch a ship as sails the sea,
> From keelson up to maincrosstree?
> The Captain.

And much more to the same effect, somewhat to the confusion of our host, but happily responded to and with mutual fun-making and enjoyment all round. How the great, broad sea, and a common experience of its delights and dangers opens the sympathies and draws closer the bonds of a wholesome and hearty companionship! Commend me to it always for the makings of unselfishness, good humor, and kindly offices one to another. All this we offset against the weather, now "more unkind than man's ingratitude." Then, too, we have visits from friends of the yacht club, and our mail from Halifax, forwarded as by telegram of the day before—so we are not comfortless. The new mate, Mr. S., arrives on board, engaged through the kind efforts of Commodore L., of the yacht squadron; but his stay is doubtful, as he awaits possible orders for a South American cruise. Two days of more or less weather, as you choose to look at it, and a further chance for Mark Tapley and Job! East wind and rain. Mr. S. gets his anticipated billet as master of a ship, bound for Buenos Ayres, and leaves the yacht. In his stead we ship G., a Yarmouth fisherman, well recommended and with good knowledge of the coast, and Sunday, the 26th, started eastward at 9 A. M.; but after making three or four miles toward Chebogue, the fog sets in thick, the wind falls, and we return to anchor at the bar by the Inner light. Three fishermen are anchored near by, waiting, like us, for a chance to clear. The barometer is falling, and next day it is a northwesterly gale. We are glad to be in harbor and stay there.

Tuesday, July 28, a fine morning with strong breeze from the northwest, and we get under way at 8:40 after our ten days' imprisonment, with two reefs in the mainsail, topsail and jib set, all drawing well, and make Schooner Passage at 10 o'clock and Barrington Passage about 1. This route inside of Cape Sable Island saves a considerable distance and eliminates the uncertainties of the Cape. Once through this we shake out our reefs, set topsail and staysail, have a good run past Baccaro, the Salvages and Cape Negro to Cape Roseway, and make the entrance to Shelburne Harbor at 4:30 P. M., anchoring about a mile south of Adamant Shoal, under the west shore. We have had a fine day's run of seventy miles, in ten hours; and the yacht has shown herself a good sea boat, taking in almost no water even in the roughest tide-rips. Of tides the Atlantic Coast sailor has no conception until he has tried the west and south coasts of Nova Scotia. The ebb flows westward through the narrow passages with extraordinary force and speed, forming difficult cross-seas, and necessitating liberal allowance in the compass for a run of any considerable length. Even on the open coast, without a fair wind, you are actually running astern against a two-knot tide such as you will find all the way from Digby to Yarmouth.

More fine weather now, and we think we deserve it. A beautiful morning July 29, clear with favoring, though light wind from the southwest. We leave our anchorage at 7:50, without having entered the inner harbor, one of the finest on the Atlantic Coast, for we are far behind our schedule and must be moving eastward. The coast here is low, but of decided beauty and interest, with rolling meadow, upland and long stretches of hard, white sand beach. Liverpool, at 3 P. M., and our first appointed stopping place for fishing. Here is the Port Medway River, where we are beneficiaries of rights owned by our friend, Dr. W., of Boston. We

arranged to start early next morning for Greenfield, eighteen miles away and inland. Breakfast aboard at 5:20, then ashore and take team, arriving at Greenfield in time for second breakfast at the small, but comfortable hotel. The river is a picturesque one, with a number of good pools, but we are, of course, late for the salmon, and the trout are small and not of very full flavor. Back to the hotel for a late dinner and the night; the next morning we fished the lower river from where we had stopped the evening before. Two grilse and a couple of dozen small trout reward us, and we end a plesant two day's outing, and are back on board for a late supper at 9 o'clock.

How glorious these clear, crisp mornings are, and how the blood courses in the veins! These are the halcyon days of yachting life—past misadventures forgotten, no more grumbling at fog or fate, but "Stand by the main sheet!—a little more—that's well— make fast!" See how she takes it, and carries her lee rail awash!

We make St. Margaret's Bay in good time after eight hours of perfect sailing, and then a long beat up to the anchorage in Hubbard Cove. We are a strange sight in these waters, no yacht of our size having ever visited



Bras D'Or Light.

here within the recollection of the veteran light-keeper who comes aboard for a friendly chat. On this coast look out for fishing nets; they are set all along shore at frequent intervals, and are easily picked up and cut by a boat of our draft, and constitute almost the only sea peril to the owners, and incidentally to the yachtman's pocket, that we have here encountered.

A fair wind in the morning and a good run inside Sambro Light, gaining a considerable distance, round Chebucto Head and to anchor in Halifax Harbor in front of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron's house at 4:35. We are promptly visited, as is the invariable custom in Canadian ports, by a delegation from the club extending to us the hospitalities of the Squadron's house during our stay.

Next morning going ashore we are met by the house secretary with our mail, and return with him to visit the club's ample and comfortable quarters. In the late afternoon we are the guests of the honorary secretary, Mr. Wylde, on the Youla, the commodore and Mr. T. on board, to the Northwest Arm, an exceedingly pretty and sheltered bit of water with beautiful country places and smaller cottages along its shores, their grounds freely thrown open to picnicking parties from the town in full enjoyment of the afternoon's outing. We dine and pass a delightful evening watching the fireworks and boat parade of colored lanterns, and listening to the admirable regimental band; all of this a weekly occurrence with the Haligonians, and to be heartily commended to the holiday-seekers of our home shores.

Next day it is our turn to entertain our kind hosts at



St. Peter's Passage.

lunch and dinner, and to take regretful leave for the morrow's start.

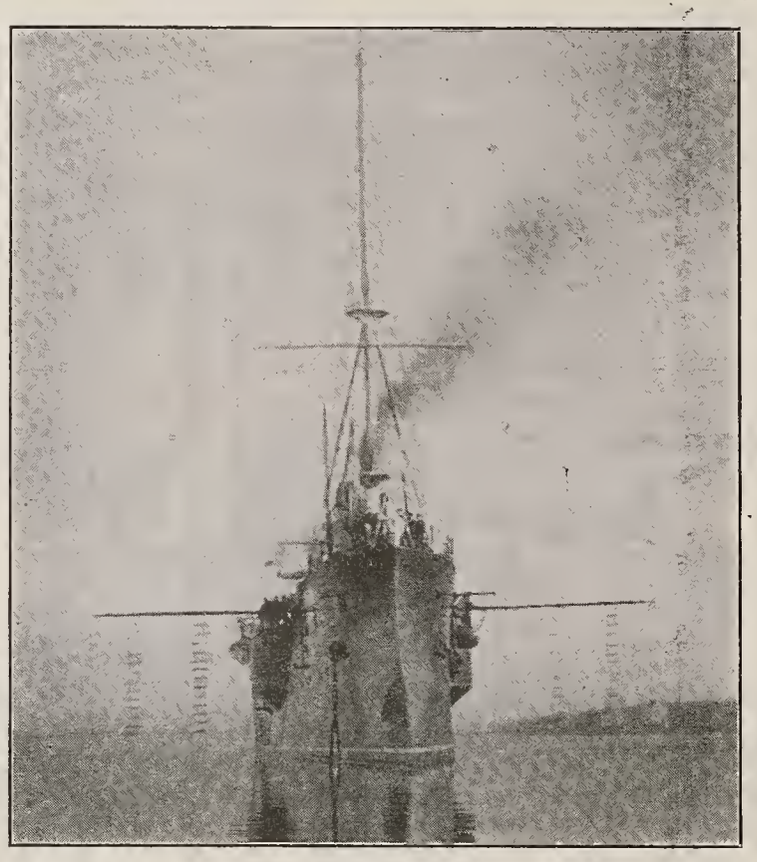
The smoky morning of the 5th opens with a slack wind falling to calm, but once under way the breeze strengthens, the skies clear to the eastward, and we do some fast sailing on our all-day run. Jeddore Harbor lights are in line at 9 P. M., and we anchor in the narrow entrance. Have a care here, and work slowly and cautiously up—there is little room to spare.

August 6, and our second trout fishing trip. Ten miles inland to drive and a mile and a half row up river. The fish are small, but we get a mess with specimens of sea trout and grayling. But there is lake fishing further away and worth the trying, we are told; so why not stay over the night? The country is fine, the weather promising, and the sport? Well, we shall see what the morrow brings forth. So we start for the great "Ship Harbor Lake" at 7:30, with the D's, father and son, a haul and a carry by the way, changing boats at the latter, and then seven miles straight away to the head of the lake. The shores are densely wooded, and the whole character of the country strikingly like that of a Scottish Loch; even the touch of mist is not wanting this morning to complete the likeness. A one-pound trout got trolling and a two-pounder with the fly at a reedy point along shore are our best fish. We lunch at an old logging camp, and vary our return journey by two of us taking boat for the entire distance to the yacht, and finding thereby that we could have readily brought the latter to a point within easy reach of the Lake.

We are waked in the gray of the morning by an inbound schooner drifting against us with the tide, and slightly breaking the larger boat swinging from the davits, a fortunate escape from serious damage. At 9:50 we are off with a good wind and shape our course from Jeddore Rock for Beaver Harbor; the sea is heavy from the hard blow of the day before, but the wind holds well and we anchor off Port Dufferin, Beaver Harbor, at 4:30. Here is report of further trout fishing at Quoddy, and L. and E. must needs be off that evening in preparation for it. The writer, not so intent, follows in the morning, a three-mile walk to Warren's farmhouse, and there awaits their return. It is late supper time when they arrive, but it has been a good day's sport at the lakes, and the trout gamy and of fair size.

Fog and rain in the morning, clearing later with a light breeze in the afternoon. We make sail at 5:10, intending a night run, but find a heavy sea outside and falling wind, so we run back to harbor and anchor behind McLeod's Island. A snug berth and a beautiful moonlight night, and we are consoled.

It is nearly noon of the next day before the breeze comes, and we start, intending to make Liscomb Harbor for the night, but the wind falls again, the fog comes in rapidly and thick, and we make ready for our only night run of the trip, as it proves, to Canso; "oilers" are got out, the binnacle lamp lighted, and watches assigned. First watch, eight to twelve, seventeen miles; slow progress, but better than the next—twelve to four—when we make but six miles by the patent log astern. Now the breeze freshens, and we do some good sailing; so good that we decide not to go into Canso Harbor, but to keep right on for St. Peter's Passage, the entrance to the Bras D'Or Lakes. We make the moorings there at 11:45 A. M., finding the Sibyl, N. Y. Y. C., which has made the trip from New London direct, and go at once into the lock of the canal. The passage is a short one, but slow,



Frenchman at Sydney.

by tow-line from the shore and with a considerable traffic to and fro, and we tie up at the further end for lunch: then a mile or so up the Little Bras D'Or, but the wind is ahead, and beating up the narrow passage a difficult problem, so why not anchor for the night in this pretty bay, out of the channel and opposite the miniature light house on the point?

August 13, a perfect day, with a fine and favoring wind through the narrow channel into broader water. Here we have our first glimpse of the beauties of the Bras D'Or, in places not unlike the Norwegian fjords, but with much variety of shore, dotted with lighthouses on projecting spits and sandbars, and inland with well kept farms and settlements, signs of an industrious and prosperous country life. At the Narrows we pass the draw of the railroad bridge and are hailed from the Baddeck steamer lying at the wharf. Here is our friend and new shipmate, A., whom we had telegraphed to meet us at Baddeck, and we lay to and take him aboard with hearty welcome. Then up the lake again, the Greater Bras D'Or, and at six o'clock come to anchor off Baddeck. It is a short stay here, for Whycocomaugh (pronounced locally "Haugama") and the Margaree River of salmon fame are awaiting us, and "Baddeck and that sort of thing"* can abide our return. So at 1:30 next day we are off via St. Patrick's Channel, and anchor in the late afternoon opposite Salt Mountain in the harbor of Whycocomaugh. From here the Margaree is some thirty miles away, a day's drive, with lunch at McLean's, the ten-mile stopping place, where we find sundry anglers, yearly visitors to Ainslee Lake, the famous trout fishing ground of this region, but who are having this season but indifferent luck. A beautiful valley this of the Margaree, the river promising with tempting pools and clean shore and shingle from which to cast. Our host is Dougald Campbell, a genial Scot, and keeper of an excellent hotel. We are unannounced, other guests are coming, and rooms are limited, but we are made welcome and comfortable at once. The population here is almost entirely Scottish Highlanders, sturdy and independent, and with much canny humor and kindly feeling.

Next evening, Sunday, come John Carroll and his son, old fishermen on this river, to discuss probabilities and arrange for Monday's outing. Under the law all nets must be taken up on the evening of the 15th of October, the day of our arrival, and legalized netting then ceases,

*The title of Charles Dudley Warner's book on this region.

fly-fishing continuing to the 31st. This, under ordinary conditions and earlier in the season, should insure an abundant fresh run of salmon into the river from the sea; but we are very late, and the season has been an "off" one, so we temper expectation with hope, and are at least sure of the delights of nature in this most beautiful of valleys.

Monday morning we are told the fish have come in already and have been seen in numbers in the pools; but if they are there they are certainly very shy. At last A. raises a grilse, but it fails to take the fly. Nevertheless it is a good omen, and possibly forerunner of more; and sure enough, in a long pool just below E. hooks and lands a fine fresh-run salmon of 18 pounds, plump and bright, and with the sea-lice still on its sides—sure sign that it is not long since it left salt water. The Margaree is an aggravating stream, from the fisherman's point of view; at least it was so to us, for the apparent conditions of stream and shore are ideal, and we fished it faithfully and with all the care of which we were capable, but beyond this morning's result we got nothing and saw nothing of the salmon tribe during our stay. Trout there are,



Frenchman at Sydney.

nevertheless, of moderate size at all points on the river, and these supplement Mrs. Campbell's excellent table at morning and night.

Eleven miles away on the Northeast Branch is the hatchery, to which we drive for a try at further pools, and with the fisherman's never-failing hope uppermost in our breasts. The country is of great beauty here, a fine stream with richly wooded banks, and "indications" are not lacking, but the salmon are elsewhere, or will not rise to our fly. The probabilities are that the entire region is over-fished, as the well-trodden paths at all points to the shore would indicate, as well as netted and speared. *"Hinc illæ lachrymæ piscatoris."*

Next day a thirty-mile drive back to Whycocomaugh, and we are soon on board with our spoils, which include two young geese purchased at Campbell's for the larder, and duly appreciated by all hands.

In the morning the elder Carroll, most excellent of fishermen and companions, who had driven us over the day before, pays us an early visit on the yacht, and at nine o'clock we are off for Baddeck. At Indian Bay, St. Patrick's Channel, we drop anchor and go ashore for a short sporting trip, E. to the Baddeck River, where he secures eight snipe and sights two flocks of ducks, and A. and P. to fish the Middle River, most picturesque and promising of trout streams; but there are few fish rising, and one only of a pound and a half takes our fly—just a suggestion of what "might be" for the patient angler.

A short stop at Baddeck next day, and after lunch we are under way once more for Sydney, rounding the fine wooded promontory owned by Professor A. Graham Bell, and through the Narrows. Here are high shores and flawy winds, and, profiting by the maneuvers of ves-



View south from Louisburg Light, showing old town of Louisburg in the distance.

sels ahead, we drop our mainsail and work through under jib and foresail, then rounding the outer buoy under a strong and favoring wind we shape our course direct for Sydney Harbor. At seven o'clock we are at anchor opposite the yacht club house, our "farthest North," and destined to be the end of our outward cruise. There is cordial welcome, as always, on shore, and the usual pleasant interchange of courtesies with the club.

August 22, at eight in the evening, we start by train for Louisburg, and find an excellent small hotel, the landlady and the owner, Captain K., British Navy, retired, and a veteran of the Indian mutiny, most attentive and kind.

The morning we spend at the old town, going over the fortifications and re-reading on the spot the story of the two sieges, the extraordinary strategy of Pepperell, and the daring energy of Wolfe. There are far more indications of the forts than we had expected to find, and the traveler and student may well spend a day here to his enjoyment and profit. The harbor here is excellent, and the entrance channel well buoyed, and, with this wind, there is a fine surf at the lighthouse cliff where we idle away the afternoon.

Next morning at seven we start again for Sydney, and

are on board the Indra at nine o'clock. Now ensues preparation for departure on the writer's part, who must leave the yacht this afternoon with many unavailing regrets for the homeward journey, and for the starting next day of the Newfoundland expedition, E., L., and A., on a fortnight's trip by steamer to Port-aux-Basques, and then rail and canoe to the fishing and hunting grounds. As this does not pertain to the Indra riding quietly at anchor in Sydney Harbor meanwhile in friendly company of big warships and tiny yachts, and as the writer's participation in the trip ends here, this chapter of our story draws to a close.

It is a record of much pleasure and few mishaps, and perhaps even these accentuating the charm of this ever-changing life at sea; at the worst it is "all in the day's work," and at the best is an experience we none of us would forego. The philosophic sailor will dwell not alone on the sunny days of favoring winds and smiling skies, but on the untoward conditions he has met, and against which he has gloriously prevailed—the bit of prompt work here, or the quick judgment there that saved the situation and plucked victory out of seeming defeat. Yes, even defeat after a good fight will lend its not unwelcome color to the retrospect, and the shadows bring out the lights until all turns to a pleasant glow in the unfading picture. Who would give up a day or an hour of it now as we gather for a happy reunion of old shipmates in these autumn days, or each one singly for himself lives over again this life on summer seas?

Yonder lies the good ship stripped for winter quarters, and the sailor's heart goes out to her in grateful remembrance of kindly shelter on unknown paths where his feet have strayed with hers. May all good fortune attend her, and "the little cherub that sits aloft" be her unfailing companion in all the days to come.

Southern Letter.

THE yachtsmen of the extreme South pride themselves upon the fact that their sport has at last entered upon the boom which will, before long, place this favored section of the country's seaboard in the front rank as an up-to-date and popular yachting coast. The advantages of both sides of peninsular Florida have for many years been known to lovers of the pleasure marine, but it is only of late that the claims of that grand stretch of the Mexican Gulf from Pensacola to Galveston have begun to be realized. These magnificent cruising latitudes are almost incomparable for their attractiveness of the climate, scenery, fish, game and romance. Of course, New Orleans, with the varied attractions of a great maritime metropolis, is the Mecca of those cruising from Florida to the east, or Texas to the west, as it is of the hundreds of voyageurs who leisurely float down the waters of the Mississippi in a hundred different kinds of craft in the course of a few months. Whether your cruiser comes down the Great Father of Waters or comes from the east or the west, to the Crescent City, the great attractiveness of the shores of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama have been heard of long before this arm of the gulf has been reached. The most attractive of all the gulf coast is the hundred mile stretch lying between Mobile, Ala., and New Orleans. This shore of old ocean is a continuous line of handsome villas, and here many wealthy Northern people spend the winter, and here many people from all the Southern States come for a summer resort, the winters being very mild and the summers cool; exceedingly cool, owing to the influence of the constant gulf breeze.

About every dozen miles or less along the coast there are small and attractive villages of about two thousand inhabitants each, such as Bay-St. Louis, Pass Christian, Gulfport, Biloxi, Ocean Springs and Pascagoula. The entire stretch of gulf from New Orleans to Mobile Bay is what might be called an "inside route," as there is a string of islands parallelling the shore some ten miles out, forming a natural break-water, the body between them and the shore being known as Mississippi Sound. The railroad skirts the shore of the mainland amid a beautiful semi-tropical growth, while some little distance back, as the land elevates, is seen the edge of the virgin pine forest, which extends for hundreds of miles away toward the north. The salt sea waters play upon these shores most beautifully and most refreshingly, and they abound with much that is most useful and interesting in ocean life. This fine stretch of country is worth more than a passing notice, for many believe that the day is soon to come when it will be recognized as the Riviera of this continent. Such is the dream of those who already live and sail in the locality. If the section had had half the advertising vouchsafed to other parts of the South, it would long since have seen more halcyon days instead of just now entering upon its red-letter period of prosperity as a winter resort. The first million-dollar hotel was constructed last year—à la The Royal Poinciana—and others are to follow. The Great Southern Hotel, at Gulfport, Miss., mid-way on the coast, has been crowded all winter, as has the Mexican Gulf Hotel, at Pass Christian, Miss., and more accommodations of the same kind are required and will be added for next season.

The sport of yachting is well organized and it is the chief attraction of the coast, there being seven yacht clubs in the short distance of one hundred miles, all being banded together for racing and fostering purposes in an organization entitled "Southern Gulf Coast Yachting Association," the combined enrollment of members of which is above the two thousand mark. It is the intention of the association to make this coast one of national importance, and steps are on foot to institute yachting events which will attract the attention of lovers of the sport in all sections of the country. Costly trophies will probably be put up, the promoters of the sport desiring to have events patterned after the Seawanhaka Cup and the Canada's Cup take place here every winter. That the Southerners can handle such affairs was amply proven when the Southern Y. C. in the year 1884 put up the sum of $1,500 for an inter-state race; that they can be strong opponents was demonstrated, as the Louisiana yacht won from the New York representative in this contest, and that they would be excellent hosts they crave the opportunity to prove. Brethren of the North are earnestly requested to suggest what kind of contest and style of craft should be selected to be the most popular with those who would like to come South.

With an idea of building up a small racing machine class on the style of those which contest for the Seawanhaka Cup, and which are so popular with the clubs of the Inland Lakes Y. A., the Southern Gulf Coast Y. A. three years ago offered a valuable prize for boats of that size and type. The class has grown so that it is beginning to be the desire to want to try conclusions with the scows of other parts. One Western boat of this class was brought here and raced last season, and there is a Mower and a Crane designed craft in the fleet, to say nothing of a number of other likely ones that have been modeled after fast machines of the North. Splendid additions have been made to this class this season, at least two of the latest bidders for honors being expected from the shores of Oshkosh, where was produced the champion of the United States. Coming on about now, the Southern Association yachtsmen begin to want to get into this national skimming-dish game, for they have taken to the type for their small classes, as it is found that boats of the kind are very good for use for the younger element in a climate which invites no end of "slopping around" during all the months of the year.

Yachts of the more pretentious sizes are now being encouraged also, and the South particularly desires to be well up to the fore with a class of cabin sloops of 30ft. rating, such as are being encouraged by the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes, and other associations and individual clubs. This is the favorite size of cruiser for use on these tranquil waters, as they afford accomodations for four or five comfortably, and yet they are not too large to be transported on the longest of flat cars. The latter fact is one that is appreciated, as it is being hoped that some of the crack racers of the North will be brought down next winter. Last winter the owner of one of the fastest Boston yachts proposed to bring his boat here for a series of races, but the yachtsmen here had not anticipated such an event, and they were in nowise prepared for a contest, but they have since been up and doing, and there are to be this season thirty-footers for the express purpose of meeting a Northern invasion. Boats are being built here from lines by leading Northern designers, and a Herreshoff and a Hanley sloop are now being negotiated for. Those in a position to know consider that the yachting world will be quite surprised to know the number of fine Northern cabin boats which will find their way South in the next several months. It is only in the past year or so that our yachtsmen began to wake up to a new order of things and want a better class of cruiser-racer, one that comprises in its make-up the modern measure of speed, style, finish, comfort and general handiness.

So much for the yacht that is a yacht, when the matter is written by a "wind-jammer crank," but candor compels the statement also that the boats of the other crowd, the motor yachts, are increasing in numbers at astonishing rapidity. The South, always conservative, took to the gasoline engine rather slowly, and not many of them appeared until the experimental stage had been passed in the motor manufacturing centers, but now the motors seem to be coming this way by the car load. The clubs and the association are welcoming them gladly, and where in former seasons the motor boat races were a side issue at our regattas, this season, what think you? the motor boat races will be held upon special and separate days from the "yacht" races. Auto-boats, automobile launches, launch-omobiles, "me latest launching-car," and what not, are, if not literally in the air, figuratively speaking, to be seen on every waterway path. The launches of last year are considered now to be good enough for fishing and oyster boats, and the sound of the hammer tacking on the veneer to "airy, fairy" forms is now busily heard in the Southland. In speaking of a very lightly constructed hull now being built here, which has the small frames very close together, an old barnacle of a ship carpenter said that they "might as well 'knock-off' planking altogether and just caulk between the frames." Speed, speed, thy name is frailty. Our regatta committees are up-to-date and agile in handling a timing watch, and all this speed that is being figured on by all classes of our yachtsmen will be measured with accuracy; the rules and regulations to be used for the motor races will be those of the American Power Boat Association.

The promoters of the sport here feel that if the South should hold a big contest every winter, both for speed launches and sailing yachts, the plan would meet with great favor from the devotees of boating throughout the entire country. Several of the leading motor manufacturers have been broached on the subject, and it is certain that a number of them will join with a movement to hold a grand mid-winter boat carnival at New Orleans about the month of February.

In summing up, it would seem that there is no fairer field for the expansion of the revolution now going on in all kinds of yachting than the hundreds of miles of the enchanted Mexican Gulf coast with its thousands and thousands of tributary rivers, bayous, lakes and lagoons.

LORILLARD D. SAMPSELL.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, March 10.—Last Thursday evening, at the Boston Athletic Association, there was a conference between representatives of the Boston, Eastern and Corinthian Y. C.'s, and of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, to arrange dates for racing fixtures for the coming season, with a view to having as little conflict as possible after the racing season has been started. This practice has been adopted for the past three years and has resulted in much good. The fact that clubs have not scheduled any event on the day that another club has arranged for a big open or club race has been productive of much better general attendance at all of the races. The fixtures arranged at that conference were as follows:

May 30, Memorial Day—South Boston, Y. R. A. open, City Point.
June 4, Saturday—Boston, club, City Point.
June 11, Saturday—Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
June 17, Friday—Boston, Y. R. A. open, Hull.
June 25, Saturday—Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
July 2, Saturday—Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
July 4, Monday—Corinthian, invitation, Marblehead, A. M.
July 4, Monday—Eastern, special open, Marblehead, P. M.
July 9, Saturday—Boston, club, Marblehead.
July 16, Saturday—Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
July 23, Saturday—Corinthian, open, Marblehead.
July 28, Thursday—Boston, midsummer series, Y. R. A. open, Hull.
July 29, Friday—Boston, midsummer series, Y. R. A. open, Hull.
July 30, Saturday—Boston, midsummer series, Y. R. A. open, Hull.
Aug. 1, Monday—Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
Aug. 2, Tuesday—Boston, Y. R. A. open, Marblehead.
Aug. 3, Wednesday—Corinthian, midsummer open, Marblehead.
Aug. 4, Thursday—Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead.
Aug. 5, Friday—Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead.
Aug. 6, Saturday—Corinthian, invitation, Marblehead.
Aug. 8, Monday—Manchester, Y. R. A. open, West Manchester.
Aug. 9, Tuesday—Manchester, Crowhurst Cup, West Manchester.
Aug. 10, Wednesday—Boston, club, Marblehead.
Aug. 11, Thursday—East Gloucester, Y. R. A. open, Gloucester.
Aug. 12, Friday—Annisquam, Y. R. A. open, Annisquam.
Aug. 13, Saturday—Annisquam, Y. R. A. open, Annisquam.
Aug. 17, Wednesday—Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
Aug. 18, Thursday—Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
Aug. 19, Friday—Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
Aug. 20, Saturday—Boston, club, Hull.
Aug. 25, Thursday—Plymouth, Y. R. A. open, Plymouth.
Aug. 26, Friday—Duxbury, Y. R. A. open, Duxbury.
Aug. 27, Saturday—Duxbury, Y. R. A. open, Duxbury.
Aug. 29, Monday—Cape Cod, Y. R. A. open, Provincetown.
Aug. 30, Tuesday—Cape Cod, Y. R. A. open, Provincetown.
Aug. 31, Wednesday—Cape Cod, Y. R. A. open, Provincetown.
Sept. 2, Friday—Wellfleet, Y. R. A. open, Wellfleet.
Sept. 5, Labor Day—Lynn, Y. R. A. open, Nahant.

From July 28 the above list gives continuous racing to the close of the season, with the circuits in sequence, so that the boats will be constantly traveling in the same general direction. Saturday, June 18, has been left open in the above list. This is a good date, with an afternoon tide, and some of the clubs, that have to chose time according to the tide, will probably be most anxious to take it up. There is an opportunity for the Squantum and the Wollaston Y. C.'s to come in on the two first days of the week, when the Boston Y. C. midsummer series is sailed, it being assumed that the Quincy Y. C. will give a race on the day before the opening of the series. This would give all these races in one central circuit and would keep the boats together. It is expected that the Y. R. A. of M. rendezvous will be held on Sept. 10 and 11, and it is likely that some clubs will want Sept. 10 for an open race.

The annual meeting of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts will be held at the town house of the Boston Y. C., on Thursday evening, March 17. At this meeting the selection of dates for open races is made by the different clubs. The preliminary conference provided for dates for most of the Y. R. A. clubs, especially for those whose fixtures come at about the same time each year. There are other clubs, however, which might want to give open races, and it is likely that they will prefer to hold them on Saturdays, if possible. On this account it may be possible that some of the fixtures in the preliminary schedule may be altered, although it is understood that the schedule arranged at the conference was intended to be permanent. At the annual meeting of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts there will also be proposed an amendment to the racing rules, which is expected to bring out more or less discussion. The amendment proposed is to adopt a new class, to be called "Class H—yachts conforming to the limitations of the Massachusetts 30Ft. Cruising Yacht Association." It is understood that there is more or less objection to the adoption of the class.

The three 18-footers, designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman, which were destroyed by fire at Fenton's shop, Manchester, will be rebuilt at the same yard. Two of these boats were for the one-design class, which is to race the one-design class from Buzzards' Bay. The boats of this class for Mr. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, and Mr. C. H. W. Foster, have been finished at Lawley's. Mr. Boardman has an order for a 50ft. over all auxiliary cruising yawl, for Dr. W. M. Baum, Vice-Commodore of the Chicago Y. C. She will be of the modern fisherman type, with lengthened ends.

Stearns & McKay, of the Marblehead Yacht Yard, are designing a 33ft. hunting launch for Mr. Roger Upton; also a 35ft. launch and a 16ft. speed launch.

Considerable interest is taken in the proposed ocean race for yachts of less than 40ft. over all from New York to Marblehead. Opinions vary as to advantages of such a race and there are some who do not believe in it. There are others who are quite willing to enter their boats. It is considered that the limit of 40ft. is about right, owners of yachts of less than 25ft. waterline, whose over all length does not exceed 40ft., believing that if the modern 30-footers and 35-footers should be allowed to enter, the smaller boats would not have a ghost of a chance in anything like a breeze, notwithstanding time allowance. It is figured that the smaller boats would have to lie to at times when boats of longer waterline could carry their sail and go along. The opinion has been expressed that the same allowance of 30 minutes to the foot is not enough.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

BY F. H. BELL, ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA Y. S.

YACHTING and boat sailing have always been popular in Halifax. The natural facilities for the sport are very great. The harbor is one of the largest and finest in the world. Chebucto Bay, from which the harbor opens, is itself a large indent on the southern shore of the Province, sheltered on the west by high land, and, to a lesser extent, on the east also. The harbor proper begins at Mauger's Beach Light, an old Martello tower situated at the end of a gravel spit extending from McNab's Island on the eastern side of the harbor nearly a mile to the westward, leaving an entrance of little more than a mile between the light and the western cliffs, crowned with modern forts. From the light the harbor extends northwardly for about three miles, with an average width of nearly two. It then commences to narrow until a couple of miles further north it reaches the Narrows, little more than a quarter of a mile in width. Then it suddenly expands again into the beautiful sheet of water known as Bedford Basin, a salt water lake six miles in length by four in width, surrounded with high hills. The harbor curves to the west, and the effect of this, together with the two large islands at the eastern side of the bay and a smaller one further up, is to effectually shut out the sea. One arm of the harbor runs up at the back of the city, a salt water river four miles in length by a quarter of a mile in width, an ideal spot for boating and canoeing. The passages between the islands and the eastern land make another most charming stretch of water. In the whole of this large area of sheltered water, with the exception of a bar at the mouth of the eastern passage, and a couple of insignificant patches, there is a uniform depth of water of upward of one hundred feet. The summer winds, as a rule, are strong, the southwest wind in particular frequently reaching a registered velocity of 25 to 30 miles an hour, and occasionally as high as 40, and the high lands of course make it in places extremely puffy. Under such conditions the only suitable boats are keel craft with moderate sail plans.

Though there was no yacht club, there was a good deal of racing in the earlier part of the last century at the various regattas, much commoner then than now. Old pictures show a good fleet of starters of boats that were fair representatives of the fishing craft of those days. About 1840 Mr. Eben Mosely began shipbuilding in Dartmouth on the eastern side of the harbor. He was a man in many ways in advance of his time, an excellent draughtsman in the days when work on paper was almost unknown and rather despised. He was the parent of a large fleet of brigs, brigantines, schooners, and other small craft—all handsome, speedy, good carriers, and good sea boats. He built a number of fast yachts. One of them, the Mystery, of 15 tons, built in 1849, two years before the America, was a striking anticipation of the ideas embodied in that famous ship, and also about the same time in the English cutter Mosquito. Her lines show a cut away fore foot with the keel raking to a deep heel, a hollow midship section, and a long entrance with the waterlines slightly hollowed. She was a fine all-round performer, and was in her day considered a marvel at a turn to windward in rough water.

The first yacht club in Halifax was the Royal Halifax, founded in 1857. There were many Bermudians among the merchants of Halifax in those days, keen yachtsmen, and the extent to which they influenced yachting is shown by the fact that out of seven yachts on the first register of the club, six were "Mudians." The club prospered, and in 1860, the year of the Prince of Wales' visit, it put up a snug club house at the northern end of the harbor. The Prince presented the club with a very handsome cup, which was raced for for years as a challenge cup. For a number of years the club got along very well, doing a good amount of racing and general festivities. Its fleet was a fair one for the day and the size of the city, and the Corinthian element was always strong. For some reason, however, the club failed to satisfy the demand for sport; possibly because the ideas of its members as to yachts were somewhat too high for the pockets of many would-be yacht owners, and the feeling manifested itself in 1869 in the formation of a separate sailing club, which for a while did a good deal more racing than the larger institution.

Differences between the yachting and the non-yachting sections of the club gradually increased, until in 1875 a number of the yacht owners and more active yachtsmen determined on the formation of a new club, and a meeting was called for the 25th of November. The gentlemen present were Lt. Col. Clerke, A. C. Edwards, J. Tupper, W. B. Fay, H. St. G. Twining, H. H. Black, R. MacDonald, James W. Stairs, and F. C. Sumichrast. It was resolved to form a new club, a committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, and the club was formally organized at a meeting held on December 7, at which there were present, in addition to most of those present at the November meeting, S. Tupper, F. W. Bullock, W. Webb, J. E. Butler, A. Marvin, and W. S. Salter. The custom prevailed at the outset of having what was practically an honorary commodore, leaving the work of the club to be done by the vice-commodore. The first commodore was Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, and the first vice-commodore F. W. Passow. The custom was dropped in 1889, since which time the commodores have been all working officials. And it is worth mentioning here that the club has always chosen its officers and committees solely with a view to their efficiency, and whatever success has been attained has been due solely to management on business principles.

The differences of opinion which led to the formation of the club left one significant trace in the provisions in the constitution that of the managing committee three at least should be yacht owners, and that on all questions of measurement, time allowance, classification, and other matters relating to racing, the vote should be taken by yachts instead of members.

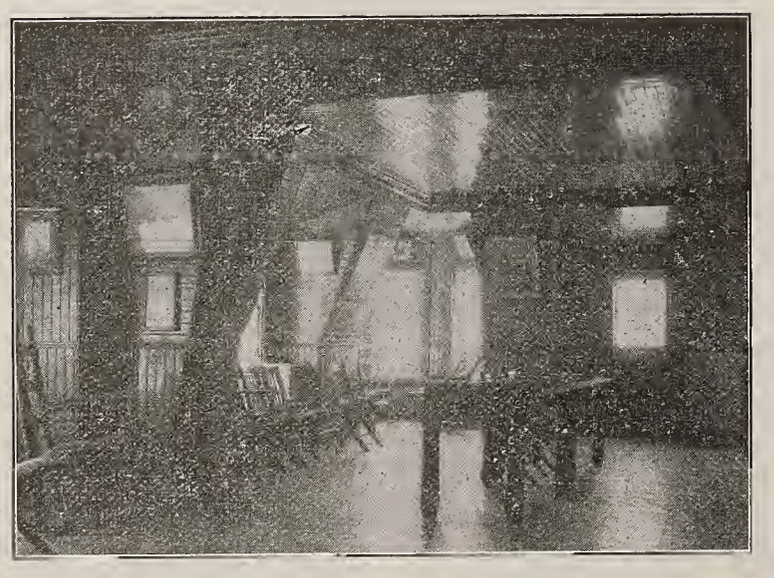
The club was at the outset but a tiny affair. In the first year only 25 members paid subscriptions. It grew, however. It increased to 40 in the second year, and then mounted steadily till it reached a membership of about 80, at which it remained for some time. It received its warrant to fly the blue ensign and to use the prefix



Halifax Harbor——Showing the location of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.



Club House of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron——Showing the additions made to the building in 1903.



A View of the Club Room in the Home of the R. N. S. Y. S.



Original Club House of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.



Club Room in Home of Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

Royal in 1880, and was incorporated in 1888. The largest yachts on the club's register in 1876 were the Petrel of 20 tons, and the Mystery of 14 tons; the rest of the fleet were almost entirely small half-decked craft of from 20ft. to 25ft. waterline, sloop rigged with inside ballast. In its first season the club's programme consisted of four races only with a couple of harbor cruises. The amount of racing done did not materially increase for several years.

The young club received a blow in its first year which nearly caused its death. In the race for the Mayor's cup in September, 1876, one of the yachts, the Cygnet, capsized and sank with the loss of two amateurs, and on the same day another amateur was lost off another competing yacht, the Petrel. Two such disasters in one day gave such apparent confirmation to the popular belief in the danger of yachting that the continued existence of the squadron was in doubt. The upset was, however, mainly due to a very bad boat combined with somewhat careless handling. Since that date the club has fortunately been free from accident, and the modern boats of ample freeboard and outside ballast have often demonstrated their ability to face with perfect safety any weather likely to be encountered in summer time.

From the outset the club determined that in one respect it would leave nothing to complain of, namely, the conduct of the races. Thanks to an enthusiastic and indefatigable secretary, Mr. F. C. Sumichrast, now professor of French in Harvard University, the management of the races was conducted in entire conformity with the rules and suggestions of the British Y. R. A. The "two post" starting line and the "one gun" start have always been the practice of the club, and in every other way the "business" part of the races has been made as smart and up to date as possible.

In the early years of its existence, the racing fleet of the club grew but slowly. Outside influences had little effect in determining the type of craft. Yachting literature, with its host of up-to-date designs, was not then in existence, and Halifax is too remote from the yachting centers of the States for the types prevalent there to have much influence. For many years the principal additions to the club's fleet were the creations of Mr. J. E. Butler, who modeled, built, and raced his own boats. They were all small boats, ranging from 21ft. to 26ft. waterline, with very short overhangs and a beam of about one-third of their waterline length. They had fairly sharp sections and good ends, with plenty of body and very moderate sail areas, and were probably fast for the day, although, in the absence of any outside competitors, that must be a matter of speculation; every boat is proverbially fast when sailing by herself. Their great defect was their extremely low freeboard even for those days. They certainly required more careful handling than a modern keel boat. However, whether it was the handling or the boats, or both, they never met with a mishap, although sailed and raced in all kinds of weather. In Mr. Butler's hands they were most successful as prize winners. The Hebe in particular, a sloop of 25ft. waterline by 8ft. 4in. beam, and about 5ft. draft, was the crack of the squadron for several years. Her lines show a nice, clean boat, with a good entrance and a V-shaped midship section that was a good compromise between the flat bottomed American boats of the day and the deep craft of enormous displacement that the British "1730" rule was then turning out. She was during the several years in which she was owned and sailed by Mr. Butler only beaten once, and that was by a schooner four times her size in a race sailed in half a gale.

In spite of the enthusiasm of a few members, and of the great natural facilities for the sport, the club made but slow progress, in fact for many years was at a standstill. The membership remained below 100, and with a yearly fee of only $5 the income was insignificant, and interest in the club and the sport seemed gradually dying out. The reasons were not hard to discover. The chief one was the want of a club house. The only accommodation which the club could offer its members and guests was the use of the fine wharf and premises of the Royal Engineers kindly placed at their disposal on race days, which did not at that time exceed half a dozen Saturday afternoons in the season. This, and the occasional privilege of following a race on a tug, and a still more occasional "hodge-podge," was all that the members obtained in return for their subscriptions. A further reason was the difficulty of obtaining new yachts. There was no good building yard in or near the city, no designer, and, in fact, no one with whom a prospective builder could take useful counsel. As the older yachts gradually went out of existence there were no new ones to take their places, and the sport languished. The club held its own, but that was all, and even the enthusiasts began to doubt as to its future.

In 1887 there came a chance to give it a "boom." That was the year of Victoria's Jubilee, and the good old loyal city of Halifax proposed celebrating it with due honor. Water sports of some kind have always been one of the "Alligonians'" favorite forms of celebration, and the yacht club proposed to take advantage of the occasion. A subscription list was opened, and about a thousand dollars was obtained, with which a very handsome cup was purchased for a race in which it was hoped many of the leading yachts, both British and American, would compete. The secretary of the club went on to the States to look up entries, and the race was well advertised. In addition to the city cup, a number of gentlemen in the States interested in Canadian affairs presented another handsome cup to the club to be raced for by Canadian yachts. On the strength of all this a good deal of interest in the club was worked up, and many additional members obtained. In the event the racing was rather a disappointment, as the hoped-for competitors failed to turn up. Lt. Henn's Galatea, the well known challenger for the America's Cup, and Mr. G. H. Warren's English cutter, Stranger, came down from the States, and, as good luck would have it, the old schooner Dauntless dropped in on her way back from her ocean race with the Coronet, and her sporting owner, Mr. Caldwell H. Colt, at once and most cheerfully acceded to the club's request to help make up a race. So far as the cup was concerned, the Galatea, with her big allowance, was tolerably safe, but merely as a race the match was as fine a one as was ever sailed. The course was an open one of thirty miles in the bay and outside. The night before it blew very hard from the southeast, hauling round in the morning to the west, blowing all day not less than 30 miles an hour, with a big cross sea. These conditions suited the old schooner to a T, and she led the cutter all day, except in one ten-mile turn to windward, when the Galatea, as her owner told the writer, was driven into it harder than ever before in her life. In the result the schooner finished first by quite a bit, which was glory enough for her sporting owner. The race for the cup presented for Canadian yachts was won by the schooner Wenonah. She was owned by a syndicate, and a year later on, when they dissolved partnership, they presented the cup to the club as a perpetual challenge cup, for which purpose it has been held ever since.

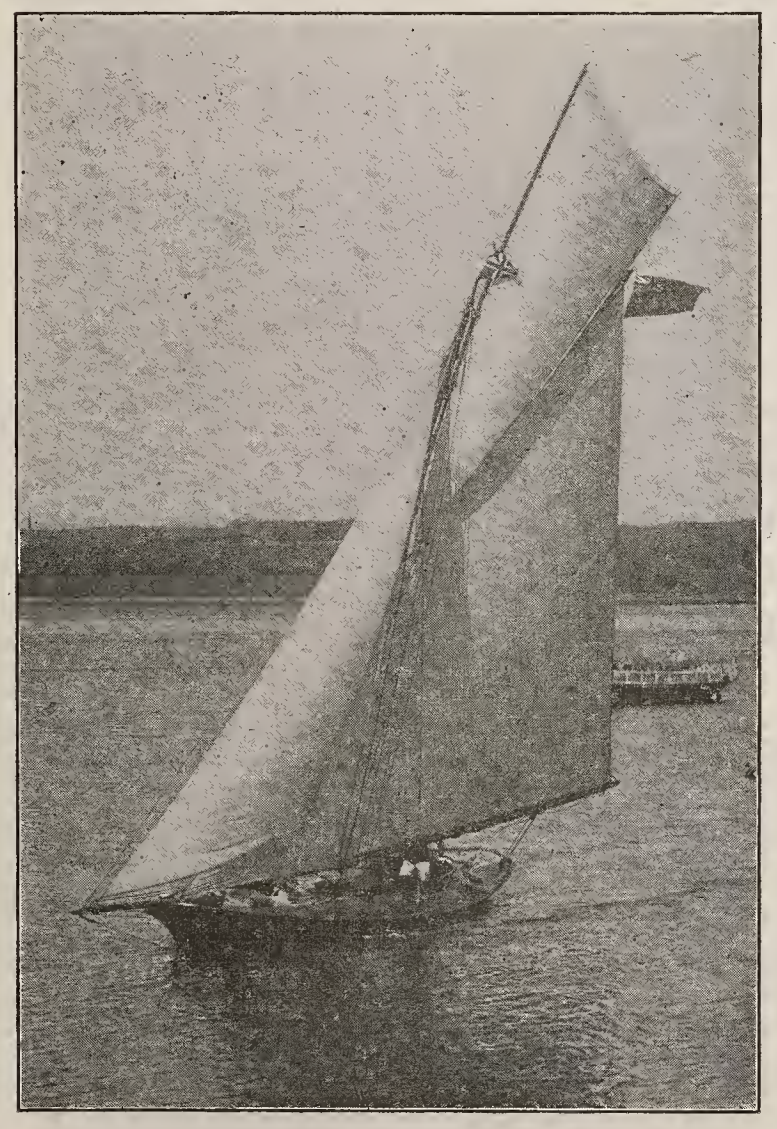
The races had been most successful in the object for



Cutter Princess.—Owned by George Wright, R. N. S. Y. S.

which they were chiefly instituted, reviving interest in the club and procuring additional members, but the committee felt that this would be only a temporary revival, and wisely determined to take advantage of the opportunity to obtain a club house.

It was no light matter for the little club to face, with a membership of little more than 100 and a revenue of only about $500. Fortunately, the club possessed in its commodore, Mr. A. C. Edwards, a man of great energy, enthusiasm, and tact, and he was loyally backed up by an energetic committee. A site was purchased, plans of a modest club house obtained, and the building, together with a good wharf and large boat house, erected. A vigorous canvass considerably increased the membership,



Cutter Youla.—Owned by H. M. Wylde, R. N. S. Y. S.

and the annual subscription was raised to $10. The club has never had an entrance fee, as it was always felt that it might tend to keep out members of more interest in yachting than means to enjoy it—the class, after all, on which every such club must mainly depend for continued success. The financing of the scheme was a serious proposition. A first mortgage was obtained from a loan company for $4,500; a further sum of $2,000 was obtained on six per cent. $50 bonds floated among the members of the club, and secured by a second mortgage. In addition to these, when the club house and premises were finally completed and opened on the 14th of June, 1890, the club was liable for miscellaneous debts to the amount of about $1,500.

The property was, however, well worth the expenditure. The late Mr. Hurst, for many years treasurer of the N. Y. Y. C., and a resident for many years in Southampton, G. B., once said to the writer that he knew of no yachting station, not even Cowes, comparable to it for all-round excellence. The site is a beautiful one at the southern end of the peninsula on which the city is built, and on the edge of the fine park which includes all the seaward end of the peninsula. It is only a mile from the post-office, and the electric cars run past its gate. The view from the wide verandas is superb, looking right out to sea, and taking in the greater part of the harbor with the finely wooded and heavily fortified islands at its entrance. The water is deep right up to the club wharf, and a considerable indentation of the shore at that point makes a good though somewhat exposed anchorage for the yachts, nearly all of which lie at moorings directly in front of the club house. There is only a six-foot tide, and practically no current. A large floating stage with a self-adjusting ladder makes easy landing at any stage of the tide. The club house itself was of the most modest description. It consisted mainly of a large and airy club room on the second floor, facing directly on the harbor, and surrounded with a roomy veranda. There are no dining facilities, the only provision for the inner man being a room with lockers in which the members can keep what they please, and the club supplies the sundry fluids which are grouped under the general name of "soft drinks." The ground floor opening directly on the wharf, is given up to the storage of gear, and a dressing room with lockers for clothes. For those who can swim, a capital header can be taken off the wharf. A modest lawn with a couple of quoit beds, and a large boat house completed the club property.

The club prospered in its new premises. Its membership rose to above 200, and kept there. A tight hand was kept on expenses, and it soon began to get its head above water. The miscellaneous debt was soon paid off; then the bonds were paid off at the rate of $300 a year, and finally the loan mortgage was reduced and converted into an ordinary mortgage, and the club gradually found its way into Easy street.

With prosperity, however, inevitably came increased expenses. One of these is, it is believed, somewhat unusual. It has been the policy of the club to lend every posible encouragement to the keeping of yachts. Now, yachts require some attendance, and attendance involves paid help. To the majority of the would-be yacht owners among the club the keeping of a paid hand is out of the question. The club stepped into the gap. It hired men, at first one, then two, and undertook to perform certain strictly stipulated duties for such yacht owners as chose to avail themselves of the opportunity, such as conveyance to and from the yachts, hoisting and stowing sails, drying them after rain, pumping and keeping the yachts in order. For these services a monthly fee varying with the size of the yacht is paid to the club. The members who keep rowboats in the club boat house—some sixty in number—contribute a small yearly fee in return for assistance in getting their boats in and out. In this way between a half and two-thirds of the wages are recouped to the club. The balance the club bears, and considers the money well spent in the encouragement it gives to the keeping of yachts, especially the smaller kind, many of which would otherwise not be kept at all.

From the outset the club house on race days, which practically means Saturday afternoons and holidays, has been thrown open to ladies, and they have availed themselves of the privilege to the full. The club has always been on excellent terms with the army and navy stationed at Halifax, and the fine band of the regiment or the flag ship frequently performs at the club house on race days, making the premises one of the fashionable summer resorts of the city.

The management of the club, however, never made the mistake of supposing that music and fashion could take the place of sport, and fully realized that if the club was to continue it must be through the maintenance of its own special branch of sport. The difficulty of procuring new yachts already referred to continued. In 1890 Mr. James Fraser brought out from England the Fife cutter Uvira, since so well known in New York waters. But there was nothing of her class in the club to make sport, and her owner parted with her after one season. In the next year another attempt on less ambitious lines was made to induce the building of new boats. A company was formed, and Mr. S. Harlow, an excellent builder, installed as manager. From Mr. Fife was procured the lines of a 26ft. L.W.L. cutter, a miniature Uvira, and two boats were built. They were, and still are, most admirable boats, but their cost was still too great for the average Halifax yachtsman. Another capital boat added to the fleet about the same time was a handsome 27ft. cutter designed by Mr. H. C. MacLeod, since better known as the designer of many fast boats on Lake Minnetonka, and of the Canada cup defender Minota. These three boats made good racing for a couple of seasons, but nothing new was coming forward, except some undesirable additions in the shape of ex-fishing boats, and the committee again felt that a further step in the direction of still cheaper yachts must be taken. A class of one-design 18ft. knockabouts from the board of Mr. MacLeod, the lines of which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of May 14, 1898, was established. The result was most beneficial. Yachting had at last been brought within reach of the average pocket, the sport flourished greatly, and the number of members actually taking an active part in it was at least trebled. There still remained a class of juveniles to whom even an 18ft. knockabout was an impossibility. To catch these and interest them in the sport, the club in 1902 established a class of 12ft. dingheys, choosing the boat designed by Mr. Morse, of Toronto, the lines of which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM for April 8, 1899. The class has proved an immense success, some twenty boats have been built, and it has been the means of bringing into the club a host of most desirable recruits, some of whom have already expanded into owners of larger craft. Finally, to complete the history of the club's attempt at promoting the building and ownership of yachts within reach of modest pockets, in the past season a second class of knockabouts somewhat smaller, cheaper, and at the same time more modern than the 18-footers, was established. The lines of a boat of 15ft. waterline were obtained from Mr. E. A. Boardman, of Boston (they may be seen in The Rudder for March, 1903), and four boats were built which have given great satisfaction. In the meantime,

the larger boats had been from time to time added to, especially by a handsome and fast 28ft. cutter built by Mr. MacLeod from his own design, and an up-to-date 30ft. cutter built last year by Mr. G. Wright from the lines of Mr. B. B. Crowninshield. The club now possesses a very respectable fleet, especially strong in the smaller classes, and, without exception, the boats are modern keel craft.

In place of the four races in a season with which the club started, there is now at least one race on every Saturday afternoon or holiday from the beginning of June to the end of September, and, including the dinghies, there are frequently three races going on at once. As the courses for the smaller craft are laid off directly in front of the club house, the spectators both in the club premises and the adjoining park have plenty to interest them.

For some years previous to 1902 it had been felt that the club had outgrown its premises, and in the fall of that year it was resolved to enlarge. The work was carried out during the winter and spring of 1903, consisting of a large addition to the club room and the addition of a library, a ladies' room, and greatly increased locker room and general accommodations. The membership of the club is now about 270, its property much exceeds in value the incumbrances upon it, its financial condition is thoroughly sound, and with a continuance of the same careful management which has prevailed in the past, it has every reason to look forward to a long and prosperous career.

The yachts of the club have always done a fair amount of cruising, especially on the coast to the westward of Halifax. It is hardly an ideal cruising ground, with strong winds and heavy seas, and, worst of all, a good deal of fog, and with not much in the way of sheltered reaches such as abound on the coast of Maine. Still there are plenty of fine harbors and many charming spots—notably Chester at the head of the superb sheet of water known as Mahone Bay. Shelbourne is another fine harbor about 100 miles west of Halifax. Of recent years both Shelbourne and Chester have started yacht clubs of their own, and provided cups for which Halifax yachts have competed. There is a flourishing club at Yarmouth, with a good fleet of boats of the modern Massachusetts type, and the boats of the club have in recent years met those of the Halifax Club not only at Chester and Shelbourne, but at Halifax. With the increase of membership and the size and capability of the boats, the amount of cruising done is steadily increasing.

One matter more must be mentioned. Reference has already been made to the cup presented by citizns of the United States, and after being won by the schooner Wenonah, presented to the club as a challenge cup. The club has also another attractive challenge cup. It has been mentioned that the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, on the occasion of his visit to Halifax in 1860, presented the Royal Halifax Y. C. with a very fine cup. That club failed to survive the secession of most of its active members, and a couple of years afterwards went out of existence. The cup remained in the possesion of the surviving members, and in 1898 was presented by them to the new club as the Prince of Wales challenge cup, they being at the same time made honorary members of the club. The racing for these two cups has been steadily growing in interest. The fixtures for them are made on succeeding days to suit the convenience of visiting yachts, and, with some club races on the same dates, make up a sort of club week. Competitors in recent years have come from Sydney, C. B., from Yarmouth, and from Boston, and it is hoped that each year will see a greater number of outside competitors avail themselves of the opportunity for a cruise in Nova Scotian waters, terminating in a week's racing over courses that cannot be excelled, with the probability of plenty of wind, and the certainty of a hearty welcome.

The Outside Race.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My object in planning the Outside Race is fourfold: first, while there are hundreds of races held every season in which racing craft can engage, there are almost none in which genuine cruising craft can enter and race against cruising craft. It is no use for a genuine cruiser to go into regular events, as such a boat has no chance of success when stacked up against the machine of to-day. Consequently, the cruising man gets no opportunity to try his boat against boats of the same type, except in club runs and scrub matches.

Second, our club cruises are sailed over inshore waters, close to ports, and are generally of such short daily duration that the boats are only out during the hours of daylight. Consequently, little or no knowledge of navigation is necessary. Many of our yachtsmen are afraid to sail out of sight of land, in the first place because they have never done so, and in the second place having no knowledge of navigation they are afraid that they will not be able to navigate from place to place.

Third, it will be acknowledged the majority of small yachts to-day are expensive toys, designed to please the eye rather than to be of service. They have scanty accomodations for their length, are indifferently constructed, and have nothing to recommend them to the seaman except their phenomenal speed. Numerous attempts have been made to suppress this type by inventing measurement rules and inflicting restrictions. All such measures have failed in their principal object. The racing of boats outside for long distance in rough water will necessarily call for a type of boat having large accomodations, strong construction, and genuine seaworthy qualitites.

Fourth, the coming of the gasoline engine, and the subsequent craze for craft driven by that motor is rapidly destroying yachting. Unless something is done to attract the attention and engage the interests of men to the practice of the true sport, cruising in sailing yachts is doomed to extinction. The effect of this will be to discount skill and to destroy a breed of yacht sailors who are the backbone and pride of the sport.

Therefore an outside race will give a cruising man a chance to try his cruiser against a cruiser under cruising conditions. It will inspire confidence in himself and his boat, teach him the value of navigation and cause him to study that art and apply it. It will lead to the designing of sound models, to strong construction, and let us hope it will bring back to yachting those who have deserted the true sport.

THOS. FLEMING DAY.

In the above letter Mr. Thomas Fleming Day, editor of our contemporary, The Rudder, clearly sets forth his views on the race for 40ft. over all boats from Sandy Hook to Marblehead. Mr. Day is responsible for the idea, and we believe it to be a good one.

Sir Thomas Lipton has agreed to present a suitable prize, in the shape of a handsome cup, to the winner, provided the race is given under the auspices of some club.

Yachtsmen took to the idea of an ocean race readily, and already a number have signified their desire to enter. Even though there are many men who talk enthusiasticaly about the plan now, when the time came their boats would not be in evidence, there will be plenty of real sailors on hand.

Mr. Day wishes it thoroughly understood that only bona fide cruising boats will be allowed to compete for the cup and that a capable committee will pass upon all boats entered and satisfy themselves that all craft were suitably built and rigged to withstand any weather that might be met on the 320 mile trip.

This of course should be done, for there are a great many danger-loving and foolhardy chaps that would want to start who are not capable of handling their boats outside, principally because they are not familiar with the conditions and difficulties to be encountered and whose boats are not adapted for such a trip.

Proposed Conditions Governing Outside Race.

1. Boats limited to 40ft. over all; any rig.
2. Crew limited to four; all amateurs. One professional may be carried as steward or cook, but must do no work on deck.
3. Boats to carry stores and water sufficient for ten days; not less than a gallon per day per man of water to be carried.
4. Each yacht must have a first-class tender or dinghy not less than 8ft. long on boats under 30ft. over all, and 10ft. long on boats over 30ft. over all.
5. No restrictions as to the light sails carried or used, but the lower canvas must be that used by the yacht for cruising.
6. All boats must carry anchors, chain or hawsers, lights and complete cruising outfits.
7. Towing by dinghy and rowing allowed.
8. Before starting, captain of yacht must satisfy committee that he has on board proper navigation instruments, charts, etc., and that he has a proper log-book, which must be kept with hourly entries and handed in at completion of race. Extra prize to be offered for best kept log.
9. Committee to reserve the right to reject the entry of any boat that they do not consider a bona fide cruising craft, or that is in their judgment unseaworthy or otherwise unfit to make the race.
10. The measurement for racing shall be the over all length of boat. An allowance of 30 minutes to the foot.

Gravesend Bay Y. R. A.

AT a meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay the reorganization of the Association was completed. The Atlantic Y. C. has again joined the organization. Now all the clubs on Gravesend Bay will center their interest in the Association, and this will mean beneficial results to all concerned. It was practically decided that five races would count in the championship series next season for Class N, and under Class N boats will also sail over outside courses. Inside courses were selected for Class P and below. Boats will compete under the point system, as heretofore. Races will be held every Saturday and on holidays. The championship races decided on follow: June 25, Brooklyn Y. C.; July 16, Bensonhurst, Y. C.; July 30, Marine and Field Club; Aug. 27, Atlantic Y. C.; Sept. 17, New York C. C.

The racing rules in force in the Atlantic Y. C. were officially adopted. In the election of permanent officers for the reorganized association, William K. Brown, President, and John R. Brophy, Secretary-Treasurer, were unanimously re-elected to the positions which they held last year.

Erratum.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my letter on "The Scale of Time Allowances" in FOREST AND STREAM of March 5, page 196, the equation at line 21 needs amending so as to read as follows:

(1.2 × 120m. = 144m.). SEXTANT.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Southern Yachting.

We have added to the yachting department of this paper a letter dealing with the sport in the South. This subject is to be handled by Mr. L. D. Sampsell, secretary of the Southern Y. C., and his letters will appear at frequent intervals. Mr. Sampsell will cover the racing and cruising along the Gulf Coast, and we hope through this medium not only to encourage the Southern sportsmen, but to gain for them the recognition they deserve from yachtsmen throughout the country.

One Design Class for Jamaica Bay Y. R. A.

Some time ago a committee was appointed by the Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. for the purpose of securing plans for a one-design class. In this committee's report they recommended that the plans submitted by Mr. E. V. Pardessus, secretary of the Jamaica Bay Y. R. A., be adopted. The boats in this class will be used for general racing and cruising. They will be all 24ft. over all, 18ft. waterline, 8ft. 9in. breadth, and 1ft. 8in. draft. They will carry 460sq.ft. of sail. Several yachtsmen have agreed to build from the design selected, and the new class will mean new life to the sport of Jamaica Bay.

Gloucester Y. C.

The annual meeting of the Gloucester (N. J.) Y. C. was held on March 6, and the following officers were elected: Com., Benjamin Wilson; Vice-Com., Charles Jeffries; Rear-Com., William Lowry; Recording Secretary, George Van Fossen; Financial Secretary, Frank Smith; Trustees, Harry Quinn, John Fitzmorris, Thos. Plotts, William Shaw, George L. Kurtz; Treasurer, John Casnet; Auditing Committee, Robert Murray, Harry Tolan and Frank Smith.

35ft. Launch for C. H. Davis.

Mr. Charles Henry Davis, of New York city, is having a 35ft. launch built by the Electric Launch Company, Bayonne, N. J., from designs made by Mr. Morgan Barney. She is 35ft. over all, 32ft. waterline, 6ft. breadth, and 2ft. 6in. draft. The boat will be fitted with a 25 horse-power Buffalo motor, and with this power it is expected she will develop a speed of 14 miles.

Westhampton Country Club Schedule.

The yachting squadron of the Westhampton Country Club has announced its schedule for the coming season. On July 16 a club race will be held. The association regatta comes on Aug. 13. An open race will be held on Sept. 3. Regattas for yachtswomen are scheduled for July 28 and September. In 1900 there were 44 starters in the club's regattas; in 1901 there were 49 starters; in 1902 there were 69 starters, and in 1903 there were 77 starters.

Brooklyn Y. C.

Com. Samuel S. Fontaine, Brooklyn Y. C., has made the following appointments: Fleet Captain, Frederick W. Shipman; Fleet Surgeon, John A. Vorhees, M. D., and Fleet Chaplain, the Rev. James P. Byrnes. The trustees have appointed the following committees: House Committee: John E. De Mund, M. D., chairman; John A. Voorhees, M.D., and Arthur T. Wells. Entertainment Committee: Chauncey H. Humphreys, chairman; John E. Haviland and William W. Butcher. Finance Committee: Cornelius Furgueson, chairman; George E. Reiners and W. Newton Bennington.

American Power Boat Association.

Twelve delegates attended a special meeting of the American Power Boat Association, held at the Hotel Manhattan, New York city, on the evening of March 10. It was realized some time ago that it was necessary to have special rules to cover the high speed power boats, and the principal business of the meeting was to pass upon some rules suggested.

The new rule defines an automobile boat as one whose rating exceeds ten times the square root of its load waterline length.

These boats are to be fitted with reversing gear of sufficient power to drive them at the rate of four miles an hour. The midship section, which is to be taken to find the rating, is to be the actual greatest transverse midship section, instead of being measured 55 per cent. from the forward end of the water line. These auto boats are to be classified by themselves. All under 50ft. are to be in one class, and above that rating they are divided every 10ft.

This change was made because, in many of the modern speed hulls, the greatest draft and fullest sections are placed well forward. In other ways the Association rules will apply the same to auto boats as to all others. The following classification, according to rating, was adopted for auto boats:

Class O—All over 100ft. rating.
Class P—Over 90ft. and not over 100ft. rating.
Class Q—Over 80ft. and not over 90ft. rating.
Class R—Over 70ft. and not over 80ft. rating.
Class S—Over 60ft. and not over 70ft. rating.
Class T—Over 50ft. and not over 60ft. rating.
Class V—All rating 50ft. and under.

Ventnor Y. C.

The Ventnor Y. C., of Atlantic City, N. J., have decided to build a new club house at an expense of $10,000.

Staten Island Y. C.

The Staten Island Y. C., which has occupied the old ferry landing at the foot of Canal street, Stapleton, S. I., for a number of years, has arranged to purchase the property in front of the Marine Hospital for a wharf and anchorage, and also one of the large houses overlooking that property on Bay street for a club house.

Atlantic Y. C.

Com. Harrison B. Moore, of the Atlantic Y. C., has appointed Gen. Benjamin M. Whitlock, fleet captain for the year, and Paul Outerbridge, M. D., fleet surgeon. The board of trustees has appointed as the house committee, Spencer Swain, chairman; S. Edward Vernon and George D. Provost. The house committee has reappointed Mr. Arthur Clark, superintendent.

Com. Moore has given $2,000 to be used for prizes during the coming season. The board of governors has appropriated $1,500 for the regatta committee, and the other officers of the organization have also signified their intention of adding something to the racing fund. These liberal donations will enable the regatta committee to make up an elaborate racing schedule, and to offer some handsome cups. One-half of the money offered by Com. Moore will go toward prizes for an ocean race, and the balance will provide prizes for two power boat events.

New Bedford Y. C.

Over 200 members attended the annual meeting and dinner of the New Bedford Y. C., held at the Parker House in Boston, a short time ago. The following officers were elected: Commodore, William F. Williams; vice-commodore, Charles R. Allen; rear commodore, Joseph C. Nowell; secretary, Seth J. Besse; treasurer, Horace Woods; directors, Robert A. Terry, Alfred S. James, Edgar B. Hammond, Benjamin H. Anthony, John I. Paulding, A. R. Pierce, Fred R. Fish, William P. Covell, F. W. Reynolds, Frank B. Sistare, Charles A. Morrison.

Hempstead Harbor Y. C.

The annual meeting of the Hempstead Harbor Y. C. was held on Saturday, March 6, the officers, board of governors and committees chosen last year were unanimously re-elected. John S. Appleby is commodore, E. P. Titus, vice-commodore, and Ward Dickson, chairman of regatta committee.

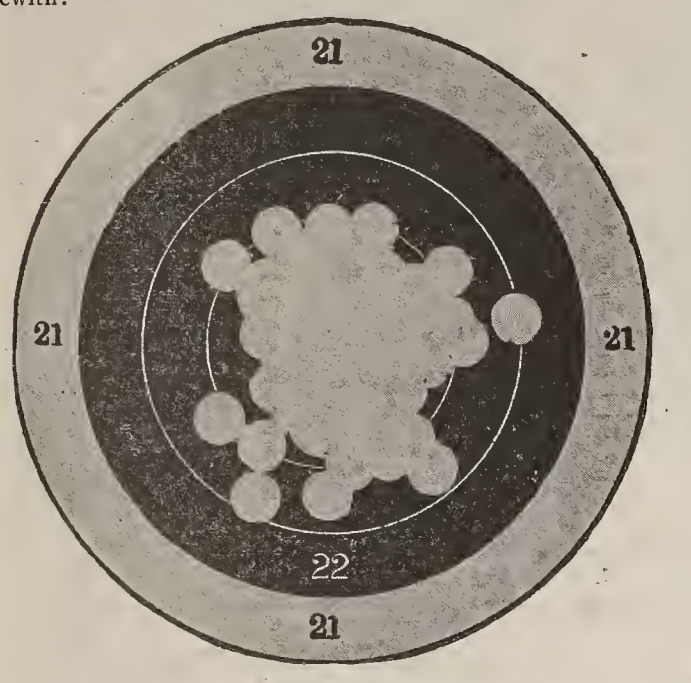
Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

Composite Championship Target.

THE composite indoor championship target of the recent indoor contest in Zettler Brothers' gallery, New York, is illustrated herewith:



It was made by Mr. L. C. Buss, of New York, who scored 2456 out of a possible 2500. He shot at a 25-ring target, 75ft., offhand. It is of special interest inasmuch as it shows in one group the whole 100 shots, and is an object lesson in the wonderful steadiness and precision which are indispensable to land a contestant at the head in modern rifle competition.

The New York Corps.

SEVENTY-FIVE members of the New York Corps were present at the bi-monthly gallery shoot, in the Zettler gallery on March 11. R. Gute was high on the ring target. C. Roffmann won the special prize for the best center shot on the bullseye target. The scores:

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., offhand: R. Gute 247, 246; O. Schwanemann 241, 239, J. N. F. Siebs 239, 235, B. Zettler 237, 237, J. G. Voss 231, 234, H. Haase 234, 230, H. Beckmann 229, 232, J. Facklamm 238, 229, N. C. L. Beversten 226, 241; P. Heidelberger 228, 234, G. Thomas 227, 228; H. Nordbruch 237, 220; J. H. Meyer 226, 228; J. Paradies 228, 225; H. Rottger 229, 224; J. C. Bonn 224, 228; C. Konig 231, 220; W. Dahl 225, 225; G. Offermann 221, 228; W. Schultz 214, 234; L. C. Hagenah 226, 221; Capt. J. H. Hainhorst 223, 222; M. J. Then 222, 223; C. Schmitz 229, 216, H. D. Meyer 224, 221, H. R. Coplan 222, 221; H. B. Michaelsen 228, 215, A. Evers 217, 223, H. Winter 214, 228; C. Wahmann 222, 218; H. Gobber 229, 209; J. Jantzen 228, 210; J. H. Doscher 221, 216, F. Dierks 217, 220, A. W. Lemcke 218, 225; Herman Koster 210, 221; J. G. Tholke 207, 222; Adolf Beckmann 209, 217; D. Dede 206, 220; H. Quinten 209, 214; F. Feldhusen 210, 212; F. Schultz 209, 212; D. H. Brinckmann 210, 212; G. Junge 214, 207; J. C. Kruse 223, 198; H. Offermann 210, 210; H. Meyn 216, 203; Aug. Beckmann 202, 214; H. C. Hainhorst 190, 223; Hy. Koster 208, 206; C. Mann 203, 209; C. Roffmann 208, 204; H. Konig 211, 199; H. Heinecke 206, 205; C. Brinckama 198, 211; E. F. Lankenau 190, 218; M. Von Dwingclo 208, 196; W. Schaefer 192, 208; D. Pepper 197, 208; R. Ohms 197, 204; N. W. Haaren 193, 198; J. Gobber 183, 202; J. C. Brinckmann 183, 205; D. Von der Lieth 196, 189; J. May 202, 181; J. H. Grote 210, 178; H. Horenberger 190, 199; Hy. Decker 196, 184; D. Von Glahn 205, 185; H. Haaren 174, 196; N. Jantzen 187, 184; Gus Hagenah 179, 186; B. Kumm 159, 95; D. Ficken 198, 152; H. D. Von Hein 138, 192.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, the best center shot to count by measurement; one shot: C. Roffmann 35 degrees, G. G. Voss 37, H. Beckmann 46½, J. Facklamm 49½, R. Gute 57, J. Jantzen 59, G. Junge 61½, C. Mann 63½, W. Schaefer 68½, F. Dierks 73 degrees.

The Worn—Rein Match.

THE fifty-shot gallery match between Gottlieb Worn and Chas. Rein, both of Brooklyn, for $25 a side, was shot off on Breitkopf's gallery in East New York, Brooklyn, on March 6. In the shooting, Worn showed that Rein was outclassed. He outshot his opponent in every score.

The conditions of the match called for 50 shots, in strings of five.

The match went on for a number of strings, when in rolling up one of Worn's cards it was found to contain six shots. This situation caused a diversion among the cohorts of the two marksmen. The referee, Rosenbaum, was in a dilemma. Worn claimed that he shot only five shots in his target, and said the extra shot came from Rein's stand. Rein claimed that such a thing was impossible. Worn said it was possible, and that he could do it for money. A bet was made, and Worn demonstrated the possibility of his claim by shooting from one stand to the other, hitting the bullseye, thus winning his bet.

The referee finally patched up matters for the time being by deducting a 25 from Worn's target. The match was then continued to the finish, when Worn was declared a winner by 96 points. The old matter of Worn's extra shot was revived by the backers of Rein, and a protest was filed with the stakeholder, forbidding him to turn the stakes over to Worn.

At the last reports from the scene of the contest, the stakeholder was still being held up. The scores follow:

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 85ft., offhand; 50 shots:

G. Worn, Bal.-Zischang.....238 237 231 234 242—1182
Chas. Rein, Bal.-Stevens.....225 216 214 218 213—1086

The daily press recounts that invitations have been sent to riflemen in the United States and various foreign countries requesting the appointment of teams to participate in the match for the Palma trophy, which represents the military team championship of the world. The trophy was won by the American team at Bisley, England, July 11, last year, in competition with teams from Great Britain, France, Norway, Canada, Australia and Natal. This year the trophy is to be contested for at Sea Girt, N. J., on or about Sept. 1.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, March 13. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Hasenzahl was champion for the day with the fine score of 230. The day was cloudy and a cold east wind prevailed, varying from 10 to 12 o'clock:

Hasenzahl	230	222	211	211	203
Payne	226	225	225	221	216
Nestler	224	214	213	210	209
Trounstine	213	199	199	197	193
Freitag	210	203	178	177	176
Roberts	208	208	205	202	201
Drube	208	198	191	...	...
Hoffman	205	204	203	201	200
Lux	205	200	198	198	197
Hofer	204	203	201	198	195
Gindele	203	192	...	...	...
Odell	200	200	196	196	189
Uckotter	198	198	192	183	180

Zettler Rifle Club.

IN the adjourned weekly shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club some of the active members did not show up. Louis Maurer, who has been absent from the weekly contests for several weeks past, was on hand, and filled in his quota of 50 shots, making a total of 1189. W. A. Tewes was present and set the pace for his clubmates, and finished his 100 shots with a total of 2445.

L. P. Hansen was second with 2437. The scores are appended: Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft; 100 shots: W. A. Tewes 2445, L. P. Hansen 2437, Aug. Kronsberg 2426, A. Moser 2421, E. Van Zandt 2416, Chas. G. Zettler, Jr., 2421, Chas. G. Zettler, Sr., 2384, B. Zettler 2377, H. Fenwirth 2335, Major A. Rowland 2322.

Fifty shots: H. C. Zettler 1204, W. A. Hicks 1201, Louis Maurer 1189, Aug. Begerow 1179, Thos. H. Keller, Sr., 1178.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

THE members of the Lady Zettler Rifle Club shot their monthly scores at the Zettler gallery, on March 12. Miss Kate Zimmermann added lustre to the family escutcheon by making a full score of 250 points. Miss Millie Zimmermann was first for the two best scores.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, two scores to count, muzzle rest: Miss Millie Zimmermann 494, Miss Kate Zimmermann 493, Miss Anna Koch 493, Mrs. H. Fenwirth 489, Miss F. Muller 488, Mrs. W. H. Turbett 479, Mrs. C. J. Watson 478, Miss Tena Eusner 465, Mrs. Aug. Kronsberg 450, Mrs. Hy. Scheu 461.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

March 22-25.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
March 19.—North Branch, N. J., marchandise target shoot.
March 23-24.—Allentown, Pa.—Two-day target tournament at Duck Farm Hotel. C. F. Kramlich, Mgr.
April 1.—Shingle House, Pa.—Oswago Valley Rod and Gun Club seventh tournament. U. S. Dodge, Sec'y, Millport, Pa.
April 1-2.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club tournament.
April 6.—Sheepshead Bay, L. I.—Eastern amateur target championship, on grounds of Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club.
April 6-7.—Bristol, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Bristol Gun Club. S. W. Rhea, Sec'y
April 12-13.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Indiana League of Trapshooters' annual tournament.
April 18-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. F. Schmelzer & Son's Arms Co. fourth Interstate midwinter shooting tournament; targets and live birds.
April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Patriots' Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
April 19.—Wellington, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Mgr.
April 19.—Haverhill, Mass., eighth annual Patriots' Day tournament. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
April 19-21.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club's spring tournament. W. B. Kennedy, Sec'y.
April 20-21.—Rensselaer (Ind.) Gun Club amateur tournament. Everette Brown, Mgr., Pleasant Grove, Ind.
April 21.—Easton, Pa.—The Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club's first annual target tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Sec'y.
April 26.—Greenville, O., Gun Club amateur tournament. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.
April 26-27.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club tournament. $100 added. Louis Lautenslager, Mgr.
April 26-29.—Kansas City.—Spring target tournament, at Blue River Park. R. S. Elliott, Mgr.
April 27-28.—Americus, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.
April 28.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club's Fast Day shoot. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
May 3-4.—Wabash, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
May 3-5.—Junction City, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. E. L. Wetzig, Sec'y.
May 4-5.—Nashville, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club. Charles Eastman, Sec'y.
May 11-12.—Springfield, O., Gun Club's target tournament. Geo. Morgan, Sec'y.
May 11-13.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. J. Burmister, Sec'y.
May 12-13.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club annual spring tournament. W. W. Foord, Sec'y.
May 16-18.—Southern Trapshooters' Association's thirteenth tournament at targets, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club; $500 added. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y.
May 16-21.—York, Pa.—Tournament of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fifth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Cor. Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Dallas, Tex.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dallas Gun Club. E. A. Mosely, Sec'y.
May 17-19.—Davenport, Ia.—Cumberland Gun Club's annual amateur tournament. W. F. Kroy, Sec'y.
May 18.—Boston, Mass., Gnn Club annual team target shoot. H. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 18-20.—Columbus, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament. G. A. Schroeder, Sec'y.
May 19-20.—Oklahoma City.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association fifth annual tournament; $300 added money. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.
May 20.—Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club tournament.
May 23-25.—Houston, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 24-25.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day target tournament.
May 24-25.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
May 25-26.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club Spring shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
May 30.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club Decoration Day target shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
May 31.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer Island Gun Club spring target tournament. W. E. Kette, Sec'y.
June 1-3.—Watertown, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. F. J. Cory, Sec'y.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.
June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Mgr.
June 14-16.—Akron, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League target tournament. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—New London, Ia., Gun Club midsummer tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.—East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht. Sec'y.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen, Sec'y.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handican tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.
July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 15-22.—Indian tournament: place determined later.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. Charles North, of Cleveland, O., was a visitor in New York for a brief while last week.

The Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club announces their eighth annual Patriots' Day tournament on Patriots' Day, April 19.

At Lake Denmark, N. J., March 11, Mr. A. K. Baker defeated Mr. Charles Munson in a match at 50 birds, $50 a side, by a score of 47 to 45.

The expert trap shot, Mr. J. S. Fanning, started westward from New York on Tuesday of this week. He will, in his sunshiny way, demonstrate the perfection of the powder which he uses.

The secretary-manager, Mr. J. L. D. Morrison, informs us that the St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club have fixed upon July 12-14 as dates for their amateur handicap tournament.

A twelve-man team match between the S. S. White and Media gun clubs, at Gorgas Station, Pa., March 12, was very close. The Media team won by a score of 197 to 194. Each man shot at 25 targets.

The Crescent Athletic Club team of trapshooters defeated the Yale team at Bay Ridge last Saturday. The scores were 201 and 185. There were five men to each team, and each shot at 50 targets.

The Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club announces that they will hold an all-day target shoot on Decoration Day, May 30. The programme can be obtained by applying to the club captain, Mr. C. G. Blandford.

The manager, Mr. O. R. Dickey, informs us that the Boston Shooting Association will hold an all-day shoot on Patriots' Day, April 19, on their grounds at Wellington, Mass. The programme will be announced later.

Mr. Edward Banks was a visitor in New York on Monday of this week. His position with the DuPont Powder Company requires his presence in Wilmington, Del., most of the time; therefore, he contemplates a change of domicile from New York to that city.

In the miss-and-out contest for the sterling silver cup, at the shoot of the Keystone Shooting League, Holmesburg Junction, Pa., last Saturday, Dr. Luther Wilson killed 25 straight and won. In an event at 7 birds, Messrs. John Morris and Charles Geikler scored straight.

Concerning the recent announcement that 96,000,000 microbes were found on a greenback by an expert, it was stated that the microbes were harmless; therefore the winners at tournaments may accept their winnings without any undue exhibitions of frantic alarm.

The Eastern three-man team championship, shot on March 9, at Guttenburg, N. J., had four entries. The Jeanette Gun Club, of New York, was the victor on a score of 26 out of a possible 30. The other teams were entered by the Hudson County Gun Club, the East Side Gun Club, and the Orange County Gun Club.

In the programmes of the Interstate series of tournaments for the forthcoming trapshooting season, the following important matter is a part: "That not more than two manufacturers' representatives be permitted to shoot in any one squad, providing the number of entries received at the tournament permits of this arrangement."

A postal card bearing the London, England, post mark, conveys to us the regards of Messrs. A. A. Schoverling and H. S. Welles, who are now sojourning in England. They contemplate a stay of some weeks. Each is an expert trapshooter, and if they engage in any competition there is no doubt but what they will give a good account of themselves.

In the contest for the English Hotel cup, Mr. Jos. Michaelis defeated Mr. S. H. Moore on the grounds of the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club, March 12, by a score of 84 to 78. Each contestant shot at 100 targets. Dr. O. F. Britton challenged Mr. Michaelis. The challenge was accepted, and March 26 was fixed upon as the day for the contest.

Mr. G. M. Wheeler, the secretary, informs us that the Brunswick, Me., Gun Club will hold a target shoot on Fast Day, April 28, in the afternoon, and an all-day tournament on July 4. A two-man team match at 100 targets between Messrs. S. Whitmore and Scribner on the one side and Messrs. Wheeler and Webber on the other will be a conspicuous feature.

The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., has arranged for a series of five target shoots for a valuable prize contributed by Mr. C. W. Feigenspan. These events will be at 100 targets.

Mr. Luther J. Squier, famous as one of the most expert trapshooters, started westward this week on a business trip. He will so time his itinerary that he will arrive in Indianapolis to participate in the Grand American Handicap.

The report of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League meeting, held in Pittsburg, March 10, published elsewhere in our trap columns, recounts that eleven more clubs were admitted to League membership, and that eight more sought information concerning membership. This League is an object lesson of what organizing ability and tactful energy have accomplished and can accomplish.

In the cup trapshooting contest at Pinehurst, N. C., last week, there was a close competition between Messrs. Arthur C. Ketcham, of New York, and J. D. Wescott, of Union City, Pa., Mr. Ketcham's score of 66 was highest. Other contestants were Messrs. C. A. Lockwood, New York; M. H. Wilson, Cleveland, O.; Herbert L. Jillson, Worcester, Mass.; M. C. Parshall, Warren, Pa.; W. S. Edey, New York.

On March 12, at Palm Beach, Fla., in the shoot of the Florida Gun Club, Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, of Greater New York, killed 21 live birds out of 25 and won thereby the championship of Florida. Heretofore, Mr. Remsen has been credited with Brooklyn and Hempstead as places of domicile, but they are local, and mere fragments of New York. Mr. Remsen is president of the Florida Gun Club, the Brooklyn Gun Club, and a member of the Carteret Gun Club and the Crescent Athletic Club.

The programme of the Bristol, Tenn., Gun Club tournament, April 6-7, the first of the Interstate Association series for 1904, is now ready for distribution. Twelve events are provided each day, of which eight are at 15 and four at 20 targets; entrance respectively $1.50 and $2. Dinner will be served on the grounds. Targets, 2 cents. Practice day, April 5. Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. Guns and ammuntion, prepaid, sent in care of Barker Hardware Co., Bristol, Tenn., will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. For further information address the secretary, Mr. S. W. Rhea.

BERNARD WATERS.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 3.—There were two cups to shoot for to-day, this being the regular monthly shoot of the club, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, eight men were on hand to shoot. Latimer and Frank are beginners, and that they are made of the right material is proven by their appearance in weather like that of to-day. Both did nicely, too, Latimer's shooting in event No. 4 being exceptionally good for a beginner.

In the race for the club cup, Traver, Claymark and Winans tied on full scores. In the next event, for the Traver cup, Traver and Winans tied again, making them tie for both cups. Marshall and Smith also tied with them for the Traver cup. In the shoot-off Traver made another full score, and as the others had all fallen by the wayside, he scored a double win. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	25	25	25
Traver	9	8	..	22	22	22
Claymark	5	7	..	19	17	..
Du Bois	9	10	8	19	15	16
Winans	8	..	..	19	19	18
Latimer	3	1	..	14	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	25	25	25
Frank	3	1	3	6	..	..
Marshall	..	7	6	17	20	17
Smith	..	9	..	19	21	16
*Marshall	..	10	..	..	..	..

*Re-entry.

Result of events 4 and 5 with handicaps added:

	Club Cup. Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.	Traver Cup. Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Traver	22	3	25	22	3	25
Claymark	19	7	25	17	7	24
Du Bois	19	5	24	15	5	20
Winans	19	6	25	19	6	25
Marshall	17	5	22	20	5	25
Smith	19	4	23	21	4	25
Frank	6	7	13	..	..	..

Shoot-off of event No. 6:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Traver	22	3	25	Marshall	17	5	22
Winans	18	6	24	Smith	16	4	20

March 10.—The effect of the good weather to-day was quite noticeable in the attendance, fourteen men being present. The shooting was generally good, considering that a great many of the targets thrown were pick-ups, some of which were full of ice. Travers did some excellent work. He broke his first 48 straight, and scored 96 out of his first 100, which score is within 2 points of the best ever made on these grounds. Out of a total of 145 shots, Traver averaged 92½ per cent. Mr. Ralph Jones, of Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, was a guest of the club, and did some good shooting, notwithstanding that both gun and grounds were strange to him. J. Rhoades and Claymark tied in the cup event proper, Rhodes afterward defeating Claymark. Smith came along after Rhodes had left the grounds, and in his trial for the cup made a straight score and tied Rhodes. Du Bois in event No. 7 was trying a .32 gun. He started off like a winner with it, too, but something happened; he don't know yet what it was.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	25	25	25	25
Traver	10	10	10	..	15	22	24	23	20
J Rhodes	8	7	8	..	..	20	21	..	..
Wescott	1	4	1	..	..	5	..	..	..
Du Bois	6	8	6	..	..	19	12	..	..
Latimer	2	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marshall	9	6	4	7	14	14	..	..	12
Winans	9	10	8	..	..	16	18	21	..
Hans	9	5	8	10	..	..	..	15	17
Jones	8	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
T Rhodes	4	7	6	3	8	15	..	..	..
Claymark	..	..	5	..	..	20	16	..	..
Frank	..	..	2	1	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	6	12	..	..	21	19
Cheney	..	..	..	6	9	..	..	11	..

Traver cup; result of event No. 6 with handicaps added: Traver (2) 22, 24; J. Rhodes (7) 20, 25; Wescott (7) 5, 12; Du Bois (5) 19, 24; Claymark (6) 20, 25; Marshall (4) 14, 18; Winans (6) 16, 22; T. Rhodes (7) 15, 22; Cheney (7) 11 18; *Smith (5) 21, 25.

*Made cup score in event No. 8.

SNANIWEH.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., March 5.—The regular shoot of the New York Athletic Club took place to-day. The weather was bright and clear. The attendance was as good as could be expected under the conditions.

The main event was for a handsome silver loving cup, which was captured by Mr. Greiff, who beat Dr. De Wolfe by only one target.

Main event, 50 targets, handicaps added: Dr. De Wolfe (7) 40, 47; Greif (5) 43, 48; Striffler (16) 27, 43; Elias (10) 32, 42; Miller (12) 33, 45; Elliott (15) 25, 40; Carman 36; Garvin 30.

Events:	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	15	25	25	25	25	25
Greiff	16	13	21	..	20	22	..
De Wolfe	..	..	21	..	..	19	..
Elias	15	12	15	18	19	17	19
Striffler	16	..	11	15	13	16	11

Events:	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	15	25	25	25	25	25
Miller	13	..	15	18	16	18	21
Carman	..	10	..	14	..	..	..
Eliot	12	9	17	..	..	15	..
Garvin	14	7	..	16	11	..	..

March 12.—There was an unusually small attendance to-day at the shoot of the New York Athletic Club. The main event was the cup shoot at 50 targets, which had scores as follows: Capt. Nelson (12) 38, G. E. Greiff (5) 46, W. Gibson 42.

Other events:

Targets:	20	*	*	*	10	10	25	10
Capt Nelson	12	3	5	4	7	8	13	7
W Gibson	14	4	10	6	6	7	20	10
Greiff	18	6	5	8	9	9	19	..

*Five pairs.

IN NEW JERSEY.

North Side Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., March 12.—Event 1 was at 25 targets, ten contestants, with results as follows: H. Bechler 16, B. Terhune 15, A. Howard 12, C. Lewis 10, J. Storms 14, J. Dewar 8, H. Devine 9, Garlic 9, C. Teddes 9, R. Carlough 7.

Event 2: A. Howard 7, B. Terhune 7, C. Lewis 3, C. Teddes 5, H. Devine 5, Garlic 6, W. Banta 3.

Event 3: A. Howard 8, B. Terhune 7, C. Lewis 8, H. Devine 6.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., March 14.—Appended are the scores of our shoot of March 12. It proved to be quite a successful affair. Over thirty shooters took part in the different events. They were present from New York city, Tottenville, Ossining, East Orange, Jersey City, Plainfield, Dunellen, Scotch Plains, North Branch, Pattenburgh, Trenton, New Brunswick, Somerville, East Millstone, Montclair, Princeton, Freehold.

Mr. Ten Eyck won the gold piece for first high amateur average. Mr. Tingley took the gold piece for second high amateur average. Mr. Emmon, of Trenton, won the .22 Winchester repeating rifle, the .22 Stevens rifle and sole leather gun case. W. D. Pardoe and Tingley divided the main sweep of the day. Mr. Tingley won a tea set, Kodak and chocolate pitcher. B. Ten Eyck, of North Branch, won a silver bon bon dish. Chas. Cole, New Jersey's champion, shot at targets, won the wine set. W. D. Pardoe, of the Princeton University Gun team, did fine work, breaking 72 out of 75 shot at. He won the decorated afternoon tea set. Dr. Shaw, of the Ossining Club, won the multiplying fishing reel. Dr. Gardiner carried off the lemonade set and decorated ornamental pitcher. A. Young, one of Trenton's crack shots, won the bass casting rod after a very hot shoot-off with five others.

In shooting the event for the .22 Winchester repeating rifle, a squad of five crack target shooters from the Trenton Shooting Association each broke 23 out of 25 targets. In the shoot-off Mr. L. Emmons won on 25 straight targets. The day turned out to be quite a fair one for this time of year.

Mr. Glover was on hand to demonstrate the possibilities of his powders. Mr. Overbaugh assisted the management greatly in the office, besides making many friends for his company.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
Targets:	10	25	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	20	10	10	10	10	25	Broke.
B Ten Eyck	10	21	10	14	9	15	9	9	10	15	9	10	9	23	10	183
A Young	8	23	6	11	10	14	9	5	8	19	7	9	10	23	10	171
S C Wheeler	8	18	9	10	9	13	8	5	7	13	8	9	8	17	9	141
Van Valkenburgh	7	22	7	14	8	14	8	7	10	16	9	9	7	22	9	169
Rosenthal	4	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	...
W G Tingley	9	22	10	14	10	14	10	9	9	17	9	9	10	22	8	182
Dr Pardoe	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	...
Wilson	7	20	8	14	10	11	9	10	9	17	10	9	8	..	..	...
Glover	7	22	9	14	8	14	9	8	10	19	9	..	..	..	..	...
A Bidwell	9	15	8	7	4	..	7	5	6	..	5	..	..	..	..	...
A E Hollbrook	9	..	9	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
H Gano	10	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Dr Shaw	..	..	9	13	9	12	8	10	8	18	13	10	..	..	..	...
Dr Gardiner	..	..	8	13	10	15	9	10	10	20	9	10	..	..	..	...
D W Pardoe	..	..	10	13	..	..	10	..	10	..	10	..	9	..	10	...
Remsen	..	..	..	11	8	12	..	6	4	..	9	7	6	..	..	...
Van Clief	..	..	..	9	6	6	..	9	9	..	7	8	9	..	..	...
Hadkins	..	..	..	..	6	13	9	6	8	18	8	..	..	..	..	...
Ellis	..	..	..	..	3	9	6	8	5	13	8	..	..	..	..	...
Harrington	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	10	9	16	9	8	9	..	..	...
Blish	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	7	16	9	10	8	..	..	...
Emmons	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	20	10	9	9	23	10
Cole	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	17	8	7	9	23	9
Hoobs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	15	10	10	8	..	9
Van Nuis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	8	6	..	6	...
Hooey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	9	9	23	8	...
Rushmore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	0	..	..	...
Johnston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	8	..	9	...
John	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	5	..	6	...
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	..	...

Extra events:

Targets:	10	10	10	25
A Young	9	9	9	20
Dr Pardoe	8	8	10	..
F K Steele	6	..	..	..
Rosenthal	1	5	..	10

Targets:	10	10	10	25
Wheeler	..	..	..	21
Van Valkenburgh	..	..	..	19
Ten Eyck	10	..	..	..

J. B. PARDOE.

Eastern Team Championship.

Guttenburg, N. J., March 9.—The Eastern three-man team championship at live birds had four contestants. It was won by the Jeanette Gun Club of New York. The weather was pleasant, and favorable. There was a strong wind, which blew across the traps. The birds were an excellent lot. Each member of the winning team received a silver loving cup as a prize. The money was divided 60 and 40 per cent. The scores:

Hudson Co. Gun Club, N. Y.		Jeanette Gun Club, N. Y.	
Langcake	11010111*2— 7	Mohrman	21112102*2— 8
Zeller	1111211110— 9	Kroeger	1222102211— 9
Marcy	2020222020— 6—22	Steffens	111211112*— 9—26
East Side Gun Club, N. J.		**Orange Co. Gun Club, N. Y.**	
Harry C.	1122120202— 8	Steele	2010021012— 6
Piercy	101222222*— 8	Steever	1101122212— 9
Van	1001220221— 7—23	Smith	2100220102— 6—21

Event No. 2, 5 birds, $5:

Piercy	11222—5	Marcy	11001—3
Van	12011—4	Langcake	1*021—3

Other events were as follows, $10 entrance:

Birds:	10	10	10	Birds:	10	10	10
Van	5	9	8	Langcake	9	..	6
Piercy	9	7	8	Steever	..	6	..
Henry C.	6	..	9	Inteman	..	8	..
C Steffens	8	9	9	Whatley	..	5	..
Mohrmann	8	..	..	Garrison	..	7	6
Zeller	7	..	6	Masloh	..	6	..
Marcy	6	..	8				

Baker—Munson.

Lake Denmark, N. J., March 11.—The match at 50 live birds, $50 a side, between Messrs. A. K. Baker and Chas. Munson, shot here to-day, was won by Mr. Baker by a score of 47 to 45.

Baker	22222222222*2222222222222—24
	2122222122*22212221122220—23—47
Munson	12222222121222122*2112222—24
	22002222222222222201222022—21—45

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., March 12.—Event 6 was the handicap trophy shoot. It was won by Mr. C. E. Eickhoff. Handicaps apply to that event only. The scores:

Targets:	10	15	15	10	10	25	15
C E Eickhoff, 4	8	12	4	7	7	21	6
J Morrison, 2	7	13	12	9	9	20	15
F Vosselman, 6	6	10	10	5	8	15	..
Geo Allison, 4	..	..	11	5	..	17	6
F Truax, 2	..	..	..	..	5	20	7
Dr C Richter, 2	..	..	..	..	6	19	6

JAMES R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., March 12.—The following scores apply on the members' contest for a silver loving cup, to be shot for during the months of March and April, 250 targets to be shot at by each member. Mr. Howard, who was one of the best shots last summer, while shooting better than a week ago, shows the effects of a long and severe illness in a lower average than a year ago. Mr. Kendall continues to show improvement, and, if he keeps up his present form, stands a very good chance to win the cup, while Winslow has fallen away below his average of a year ago.

Mr. Sim Glover expects to shoot with the club on the 19th.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Cockefair	7	5	6	8	8	8	6	8	8	9
Holloway	5	7	3	8	6	5	4	6	8	6
C W Kendall	6	9	6	9	7	9	8	7	7	9
Matthews	5	8	5	7	7	6	8	6	..	..
Babcock	5	6	7	6	7	9	6	6	..	..
Crane	6	6	5	5	7	9	9	5	4	..
Winslow	2	3	2	5	3	6	6	..	..	..
Howard	..	6	7	7	9	10	8	6	8	..

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Montclair Golf Club.

Montclair, N. J., March 13.—The scores made at the shoot of the Montclair Golf Club are appended:

Targets:	25	25	25
Fitch	18	21	13
Hyatt	12	8	13
Allan	7	5	12
Taube	9	10	10
T E Batten	17	13	17

Targets:	25	25	25
Whitaker	13	..	..
Brown	14	11	15
Perley	17	17	17
Holsderber	14	14	14
Cross	13	5	..

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., March 12.—The five-man team match between the Yale and Crescent teams was an interesting event. The Crescent team won by a score of 201 to 185.

Lowell M. Palmer, Jr., broke 42 and was the high gun on the Crescents' team. E. A. Hall, high gun for Yale, broke one target less.

Frank B. Stephenson, with a total of 24, won the leg on the March cup for the day. Harry M. Brigham, from scratch, and Daniel C. Bennett, were second with 23.

F. T. Bedford, Jr., and Capt. A. W. Money tied on 25 in the contest for the Palmer memorial cup. Henry C. Werlemann and Daniel C. Bennett tied for a trophy shoot, at 15 targets, with a straight score.

For the Sykes team trophy Henry M. Brigham and Lowell M. Palmer, Jr., made a team total of 43. Erskine H. Lott and H. B. Vanderveer were second with 42, and Frank B. Stephenson and G. G. Stephenson third with 41.

For the Sauer gun trophy Henry C. Werlemann and Frank B. Stephenson tied with 25. Charles J. McDermott broke 24.

The score of the Yale-Crescent match follows:

Crescent A. C.—Erskine H. Lott 37, Lowell M. Palmer, Jr., 42, Frank B. Stephenson 41, G. G. Stephenson 41, Harry M. Brigham 40; team total 201.

Yale University Gun Club—J. Barden 33, G. Sturges 31, J. W. Addy, Jr., 40, E. A. Hall 41, J. P. Kinean 40; team total 185.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., March 10.—The officers of the Sheepshead Bay Gun Club called a special shoot for to-day. The main event had a pair of field glasses as a prize. They were presented to the club by Mr. Ed. Voorhees, for competition. The scores:

McKane, 11.....11111111110110111111111110001110101101111110101011—50
Gervet, 20 .....00101000101001000000110100111111101111100010110 11—46
Montanus, 17....11011101101001110011010010101111000001011001011101—45
Williamson, 14..01111010111111111110011011110001001111111101011111—50
Cooper, 18..... 00010101111000011100111111100111011111101010111110—50
Voorhees .....01111111111010111111011111601011101101101010011111—38
Fransioli, 20.....00100111110000100101001100010000100001011001101001—40
Cruson 16.....11101111110001100010100000010110010111101111111001—45
Shorty .....11111110110011011111111110111111110101111111101111—42
Kronika, 20.....11011011100101011011111000010101001001011101001 01—48

In the shoot-off McKane won.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 12.—In the contest for the English Hotel cup to-day, Mr. Jos. Michaelis defeated Mr. S. H. Moore by a score of 84 to 78.

Dr. O. F. Britton challenged Mr. Michaelis, and the latter accepted challenge and set date for match as Saturday, March 26.

Herewith result of six high scores for Julius C. Walk & Sons cup, 300 targets:

							Total.
O F Britton	49	50	50	47	50	49	295
J W Bell	50	49	47	49	50	50	295
Jos Michaelis	48	49	50	50	46	47	290
W T Nash	48	47	48	50	50	47	290
Gus Moller	48	48	47	45	49	50	287
E C Dickman	46	48	47	50	50	46	287
S H Moore	40	46	48	50	50	50	284
J M Lilly	46	48	41	48	50	48	282
J C Dixon	39	44	45	50	50	50	278
R S Heaton	40	47	48	46	48	45	278
H S Denny	49	33	46	49	43	50	270
C A Pfafflin	38	39	37	50	45	48	257
H B Sayles	..	38	44	50	49	50	231
W B Allen	43	44	30	47	47	..	211
J E Scheyer	38	27	..	47	43	46	203

As the balance of series is to be shot from distance handicap, at straight 50 targets, the result is not likely to change. Handicap distance, 16 to 21yds.

Scores exclusive of handicap allowances:

Targets:	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	Total.
Bell	39	38	45	45	46	39	40	40	47	379
Dickman	40	30	38	36	39	41	42	41	42	349
Nash	37	28	29	40	39	42	41	44	41	341
Moller	42	35	28	36	33	38	36	41	45	334
Michaelis	44	33	..	38	44	45	40	41	43	328
Lilly	21	30	32	32	33	..	39	34	33	254
Heaton	27	23	36	42	36	31	39	..	..	234
Denny	35	22	..	..	30	38	38	31	30	224
Moore	39	33	..	..	40	31	39	34	37	253
Dixon	29	34	..	29	35	..	39	34	36	236
Pfafflin	31	32	33	..	..	26	39	31	38	230
Britton	..	..	..	..	41	39	40	44	43	47	254
Allen	39	38	36	36	39	..	..	..	..	..	178
Scheyer	28	29	..	..	..	..	39	38	35	167
Sayles	..	..	..	..	24	32	38	41	32	167



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Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., March 5.—The Sixteenth Ward Sportsmen's Field Club held its second shoot of the season at Carsonia Park. Each man shot at 10 birds. Following is the result: Samuel Bobst 9, Frank Schlichter 9, Charles Schell 8, William Wentzel 7, John Sutter 6, and J. Alvin Seifert 7.

Sheridan, Pa., March 10.—The following is the score of the Sheridan Gun Club:

First event, 10 live birds, 28yds. rise: Hartman 5, Ed Weiss 1, Leibig 8, Brill 1, Keller 9, P. Weiss 2.

Second event, 10 live birds: Hartman 6, Leibig 7, Stamm 4, Keller 7, P. Weiss 3.

Third event, 5 live birds: Miller 4, Wolf 4, Weik 3, Stamm 1, Auchenbach 3.

Reading, Pa., March 8.—A shooting match was held on the Spring Valley grounds between N. Robert Tomlinson and William Monsky, of the Perkiomen Gunning Club, and Charles Schell, Sr., and Samuel Schlichter, of the East Reading Rod and Gun Club, for the championship of East Reading and $25. The match was won by Tomlinson and Monsky, by the following score: Tomlinson and Monsky killed 24; Shell and Schlichter killed 17.

Norristown, Pa., March 5.—Those who journeyed to King-of-Prussia yesterday afternoon witnessed good shooting. Some of the best gunners in the county were in attendance. The shoot was for a hammerless gun valued at $75. It was a miss-and-out event, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, unknown traps.

Among the shooters entered were Dr. Green, of Chestnut Hill; Park, of Philadelphia; Knipe, of Norristown; Geist, of Fagleysville; Dull, of Hickorytown; Dawson, of Valley Forge, and Hoy, of King-of-Prussia.

Green carried off first prize after killing 18 birds straight. Park did some excellent shooting, but he was unfortunate in having his eighteenth bird drop dead out of bounds. Others who made high scores were Knipe 14, Dull 12, Dawson and Geist 10. The latter killed 10 on each of his two chances.

There were five sweepstake events, in which Mack, of Norristown, carried off first money in three of the events. Dull and Knipe did the best shooting in the other two matches.

Fort Washington, Pa., March 3.—The Fort Side Gun Club held a successful shoot at live birds on its grounds at this place today. Well-known wing shots were present from Philadelphia and the surrounding country, and good scores were made. The best scores were:

Ten-bird match: Rotzell 9, Winkle 8.

Five-bird match: McQuaid 4, Streeper 3.

Sweepstake shoot: Dr. Blue 9, Duer 8, Jamison 8, Baker 7, Weitz 6, Steer 6, Henley 5, Quod 5.

Oakbrooke, Pa., March 8.—The shooting match held by the Oakbrooke Gunning Club for a fine Holstein cow and calf was held at its headquarters on last Saturday afternoon and was well attended. The high gun was Brown, of Gibraltar, who broke four times 15 straight. Wertz, of Temple, also broke 15. The following broke 14 out of 15: John Kurtz, Frank Wertz, Eshelman, Harner and Kachel. The following broke 13 out of 15: Brendle, Wegman, Yerger and James Kurtz.

Flourtown, Pa., March 3.—The second of the series of five live-bird handicap events being shot by the Flourtown Gun Club on their grounds at this place was largely attended to-day. Frank Henry, of Lansdale, shot high gun of the day and made the only straight score. Richard Dawson, of Valley Forge; Dr. Green, of Chestnut Hill, and Elmer Betson, of Frankford, won out in the sweepstake events. A fine lot of birds, good scores and an interesting day's sport were the features. The scores:

Club shoot, 10 birds: Henry 10, Rotz 9, Dr. Green 9, Dawson 9, Winkle 8, Swartz 8, Everett 8, Betson 8, March 7, Sharp 6, James 6, Hooker 5.

First sweepstake: Dr. Green 7, Dull 6, Henry 6, Betson 5, Jones 5, James 5.

Second sweepstake: Dawson 7, Green 6, Everitt 5, Swartz 5, Winkle 4, Boon 4.

Final sweeps: Betson 8, Henry 7, Green 6, Winkle 5, Swartz 5, Hother 4, Cleaver 4.

DUSTER.

Brunswick Gun Club.

BRUNSWICK, Me., March 10.—The annual meeting of the Brunswick Gun Club was held this evening at the office of G. M. Wheeler, and the following officers elected for coming year: President, L. Cecil Whitmore; Vice-President, David W. Scribner; Treasurer, Oscar B. Nason; Secretary, Gilbert M. Wheeler.

The club will hold a shoot on Fast Day afternoon, April 28 and an all-day tournament on July 4. Arrangements and particulars to be formulated later.

On Fast Day afternoon a 100-bird race will be shot by S. Whitmore and Scribner against Wheeler and Webber for the suppers. All shooters cordially invited to attend.

G. M. WHEELER, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THERE was a large attendance at the grounds on March 12. The day was cloudy. A chilly wind made the conditions far from ideal for the sport. At the time smoke drifted across the grounds, causing some of the shooters to spoil a good score. Considerable shooting was done during the week by different members.

On the 9th Stanley Rhoads, of Columbus, visited the grounds in company with a number of the members. The principal event was at 10 pairs. Six of the members took part.

Ralph Trimble did some good work from 22yds. He leaves on the 14th for Toledo, and will attend the tournament at Crawfordsville on the 22d.

Lou Ahlers appeared at the grounds this week, but did not take part in the shooting on the 12th.

Herman and Col. Bob West have returned from Hot Springs, Ark.

Harig was high man in the cash prize shoot, with 44. Maynard was second with 43, and Roll third with 42. The scores follow:

Ten pairs, March 9: Rhoads 16, Medico 11, Ahlers 14, Don Minto 2, Willie 9, Hinkle 1.

March 12.—Cash prize shoot, 50 targets, distance handicap: Harig (17) 44, Maynard (18) 43, Gambell (16) 43, Roll (18) 42, Boeh (16) 41, R. Trimble (22) 40, Medico (19) 40, Bullerdick (17) 38, Plunkett (16) 38, Block (18) 36, Falk (17) 36, Osterfeld (17) 36, Don Minto (16) 35, Herman (16) 34, Yellow Kid (16) 34, Pohlar (18) 33, Willie Green (17) 32, Linn (18) 31, Pfieffer (17) 31, Kenan (16) 31, Williams (17) 30, Captain (17) 29, Payne (16) 29, Ackley (16) 28, Muhleman (16) 27, Jack (17) 26, Hake (16) 25.

Match, 25 targets: Gambell 25, Medico 20; total 41. Osterfeld 17, Roll 19; total 36.

BONASA.

U. M. C. Southern Squad.

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 8.—Capt. Marshall presented the U. M. C. Southern Squad to the Palmetto Gun Club and their many friends here this afternoon. The weather was all that could be expected, good scores being the feature of the day. In this the profcssionals were not the only participants. The amateurs participated as well, from whom no doubt we will hear more as the trapshooting year wears on.

Capt. Marshall simply "ate 'em up," but Billy Heer and Pop Heikes kept him "going some" in order to win out. The Charleston sportsmen were much pleased with the exhibition of "Gun Etiquette," and will be glad to repeat their hospitality whenever the Southern Squad journeys South again.

The score follows: Marshall 97, Heer 95, Heikes 94, Budd 88, Anthony 84.

Augusta, Ga., March 9.—Capt. Tom, as he is called by the boys who compose the Squad, made his initial bow to a very large and much interested audience here to-day. Many ladies were besprinkled among the spectators and joined heartily in the applause that greeted Capt. Marshall's short but very interesting remarks.

The shooting of the experts was unusually good considering the weather conditions, "Pop" Heikes, well known as the Grand Old Man of the Traps, keeping well up in the race. Augusta sportsmen will be glad to welcome the return of the U. M. C. Southern Squad, especially the members of the Augusta Gun Club. The scores: Marshall 97, Heikes 96, Budd 92, Heer 85, Anthony 89.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—The eighteenth semi-monthly contest for the L. C. Smith badge was run off on Wednesday afternoon, the goodly number of ten shooters being on hand. Conditions were decidedly hard—a freezing temperature prevailed, while old Boreas did his level best to reduce the scores with a norther which must have blown at least thirty miles an hour. Powel was best man for the sixth time, winning on 40.

We were pleased to have with us Mr. W. T. Smith, who, by his gentlemanly bearing and good shooting, has made many friends with the members. His 10 straight stands out by reason of its being the only one made during the afternoon.

Six members took in the shoot at the Cananchet Club at Narragansett Pier, on Saturday, and made creditable scores. Hughes in the cup match went out with 80, and Manchester 83.

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Total.
Powel	7	8	8	9	8	40
Smith	5	7	8	9	10	39
Dring	6	6	8	8	7	35
Alexander	9	8	7	4	7	35
Manchester	8	8	7	6	6	35
Bowles	4	7	7	6	6	30
Macomber	5	5	5	6	7	28
Gilbert	8	6	3	5	5	27
Peckham	7	5	3	5	4	24
Hughes	8	7	5	4	6	30

Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O.

THE attendance at the shoot on March 9 was good, and the contest one of the most interesting which the club has ever held. Eighteen members took part in the medal shoot. Ten of them scored the full 25, and it required fifteen shoot-offs to decide the winner. In the seventh shoot-off Hanauer and Sapp were left behind. Gerlaugh and Rohrer continued to shoot at 5 targets each until the fifteenth shoot-off, when the former broke straight and Rohrer dropped out.

John W. Gerlaugh, the badge winner, shot at 121 targets to-day and broke 111, over a 90 per cent. gait. George Rohrer made a run of 67 straight, which is the best record made this year by any member of a Montgomery county gun club, barring R. O. Heikes. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Kershner	35	28	Sapp	35	25
Gerlaugh	35	28	Brandenberg	30	24
Schwind	28	27	Schaerf	33	22
Oswald	33	27	Hales	35	22
Clark	30	27	Nohr	26	22
Hanauer	29	26	Wetzel	35	17
Donohue	31	26	Landis	35	16
Rohrer	31	26	Kette	35	16
Kuntz	35	25	Brown	35	15

BONASA.

Cleveland Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O.—The shoot for the Cuyahoga county badge, on March 9, was a close and interesting contest, and was finally won by F. H. Snow, after shooting off a tie on 45 with Williams. Hogen and Martin were close to the leaders, breaking 44 each. In the shoot-off for the badge, at 25 targets, Snow broke 25 straight, and Williams missed his sixteenth bird. The badge went to Snow. Martin and Hogen tied for first prize. Eadie and Blakeslee for second and Kramer took third on 39. The scores follow:

Cuyahoga county badge shoot, 50 targets; open to all shooters of Cuyahoga county: Williams 45, Snow 45, Martin 44, Hogen 44, Blakeslee 40, Kramer 39, Brown 34, James 34, Eadie 40.

BONASA.

Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 12.—At a meeting of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, held Thursday, March 10, eleven clubs joined the League, and letters from eight clubs asking information were read by the secretary.

The yearly dues of $5 were paid by each club. Officers for the year were elected as follows: J. O'H. Denny, Chairman; Charles G. Grubb, Secretary; Board of Control: R. S. Deniker, L. B. Fleming, Louis Lautenslager.

All clubs in western Pennsylvania are requested to become members of the League.

It is optional with the club joining the League as to whether they give a tournament or not.

CHARLES G. GRUBB, Sec'y.

Portage County Gun Club.

THE Portage County Gun Club, of Kent, O., will place in competition this year a handsome gold medal with diamong setting, to be awarded to the shooter making the best record for the season. The club is preparing for a good season of sport.

A clergyman in the West of England, preparing candidates for confirmation, had among them a girl from a neighboring inn, where he frequently called for a glass of their noted home-brewed ale. On asking the usual question, "What is your name?" he was astonished at receiving no reply beyond a disgusted "Humph!" Again asked, "What is your name?" this was more than she could stand, and, turning to the class, she said: "Hark at he them! Comes into our house two or dree times a week and says, 'Sallie, fetch I a pint,' and now he axes I wat my name be!"

Oral examination in scripture:

Clergyman—What is the outward and visible sign of baptism?

Up-to-date Student—The baby, sir.

Clergyman (somewhat non-plussed)—Um, ah, yes. And what is your duty toward your neighbor?

Up-to-date Student—To keep your eye on him, sir.—County Gentleman.

A severe looking Bishop was examining a Sunday school class. "Who made the world?" he thundered, fixing a small girl with his eye. "Please, sir, I didn't," she faltered. The Bishop's eye grew sterner as he glared at her, whereupon she tremblingly and tearfully announced, "Please, sir, if I did, I'll never do it again."

An Englishman touring in Scotland after a week of incessant rain, said to an old Scotchman: "Does it always rain in this place?" "Nae," replied the old man, "sometimes it snaws."—County Gentleman.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., March 9.—"Business before pleasure; but I am through with my business for to-day," was what one of the twenty-three attendants at the Boston Gun Club's Wednesday shoot said upon shooting his first event to-day, and from that on his sole idea was that the rest and enjoyment he would secure from three hours with favorite gun and load amply repaid him for the extra trouble and expense he had been put to to be present at the regular matinee. So it is with the majority of our shooters, as they are mostly well-known business men; but they realize that an afternoon free from business cares, etc., will enable them to tackle with renewed vigor all the morrow's problems. How many more should do the same thing is hard to tell, but there are many that never knew the benefits that can be derived from an afternoon with the gun. But, should they ever find out, we are under the impression it would be the same old story, of not finding enough trapshooting to satisfy them.

More than the usual number of visitors were present to-day, seven facing our trap for the first time, and as many more representing the prominent clubs of Boston and vicinity. A Boston Gun Club shoot would not be a shoot unless we had some newcomers, the general feeling being that all are to be made welcome; and surely, what seems better to a visitor and new shooter than a good-fellowship welcome when visiting a new club ground. No club should forget this part of the programme, as it may be the beginning of a larger membership roll, and a chance for a future Heikes, Gilbert or Crosby being brought forth on its grounds.

Honors of to-day were taken care of by Hodsdon, 19yds. seemingly being no drawback to his shell and powder combination, leading by two targets in the prize match; and, with Woodruff as team partner, leading in the team match. While averaging considerably higher for the afternoon than Getchell, the latter's percentage of 81 per cent. is high average for each event on the programme being entered.

The newly acquired find of the club, Bell, was not much outdone, however, his 15-target events not netting the usual amount, and preventing average from coming his way.

Frank's score in the prize match places him in the lead over Bell, as yet the only two to have finished their complete scores. Capt. Woodruff, though, has begun to move, and will bear watching from now on. All the boys are waiting for this, as they are in hopes of a victim in the three-cornered race between Watertown, Harvard and Boston, and depend largely upon their captain to turn the trick. Other scores:

Targets:	10	15	10	*	15	10	10	15	15	Av.
Griffiths, 19	7	11	9	8	11	8	6	15	..	.789
Campbell, 16	6	9	8	5	12	8	10	12	..	..736
Allison, 18	4	10	6	7	8	7	5	6	10	.572
Frank, 18	7	11	7	6	12	9	8	10	..	.736
Bell, 18	9	12	10	6	11	9	8	11	..	.800
Burns, 16	2	8	7	5	12	4	7	8	8	.554
Worthing, 16	8	7	8	4	12	6	8	8	..	.642
Moore, 16	6	7	7	4	6	6	4	8	..	.405
Getchell, 16	5	13	10	8	12	9	9	11	..	.810
Lee, 16	5	13	7	5	12	7	..	..	..	.686
Woodruff, 17	7	8	7	7	13	7	4	13	..	.695
Muldown, 16	4	5	4	2	5	..	..	..	..	.333
Bryant, 16	2	2	3	2	4	1	..	..	..	.200
Lawler, 16	8	14	8	7	11	8	8	11	..	.789
George, 16	5	6	7	2	1	..	..	..	..	.440
Foote, 16	..	..	..	1	8	5	6	11	9	.533
Paul, 16	..	..	..	7	7	5	8	6	10	.593
Buck, 16	..	..	..	7	9	7	3	7	11	.586
Arnot, 16	..	..	..	6	10	6	5	10	13	.666
Jones, 16	..	..	6	3	12	8	2	10	10	.600
Hodsdon, 19	..	..	..	..	13	10	9	12	..	.880
Skelly, 16	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	.933
Williams, 16	..	..	..	..	11	8	..	..	..	.760

*Five pairs.

Prize match:

Hodsdon, 19	111101011111111111111111—23
Frank, 18	011110111111011111111011—21
Getchell, 16	011111001111111011111111—21
Campbell, 16	111111111011001111011110—20
Bell, 18	111011111100010111111111—20
Woodruff, 17	111101111111101101111001—20
Jones, 16	100110111111111111011111110—20
Griffiths, 19	101110111011101101111011l—19
Lee, 16	111001111111101111010011l—19
Lawler, 16	110110011101111111011011l—19
Worthing, 16	101111011110111010110110l—16
Burns, 16	101111001111111110010000l—16
Arnot, 16	110011110110110110110110O—16
Buck, 16	101000010111111101011011l—16
Allison, 18	000111001101011111001011l—15
Foote, 16	111101010010100100011010l—13
Paul, 16	110101001010100101110100O—12
Moore, 16	000100111000101100111110O—12
Bryant, 16	010100001000010000000001— 5

Team match:

Woodruff	4 13—17	Jones	2 10—12
Hodsdon	9 12—21—38	Williams	9 11—20—32
Frank	8 10—18		
Bell	8 11—19—37		

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—At a meeting of the Ossining Gun Club held at the Weskora Hotel, Ossining, March 7, it was the sense of the meeting that "inasmuch as A. L. Burns, of Mamaroneck, had won the special prize, four silver candle holders, at the shoot of this club, Lincoln's Birthday, 12th ult., according to his knowledge of the conditions governing the same, that he be awarded the prizes and that this action of the club be forwarded to the sporting papers for publication." C. G. BLANDFORD, Capt.

Vicksburg Gun Club.

VICKSBURG, Miss., March 5.—Great preparations for our three days' target tournament, to be held here May 16, 17 and 18, are being made, and everything at present points to success. We will add fully $500 in cash and merchandise, and expect to have in attendance some of the best shots in the United States. Messrs. Hayes, Miller, Dinkins, Fletcher, Pinkston and Bradfield are going to do all in their power to make this one of the record shoots for 1904. Besides the cash and merchandise prizes offered, there will be put in competition some very handsome trophies, to be contested for.

Our sister cities—Greenville, Memphis, Natchez, Shreveport, New Orleans and others—had better start practicing. Our local shots will commence about March 20 to shoot a series for several very handsome prizes; this competition to close on the last day of our tournament. Besides the prizes offered, this series of shoots will enable our local boys to get in thorough practice before tournament time, and perhaps some of us may get in line for the Grand American or the World's Fair shoot, which I note follows right after our tournament.

This will be the thirteenth tournament of the Southern Trapshooters' Association, of which our club is a member. We will do all in our power to make it a success.

We will have some of the finest champions with us May 16, 17 and 18, among whom might be mentioned Crosby, Gilbert, Faurote, Spencer, Riehl, Heikes, Anthony and Kaufman. Of course, these professionals cannot shoot well enough to compete for money, but they like to shoot, and they are always welcome in old Vicksburg. None of them are strangers to us.

Of course, Uncle Tommy Devine will be here, and we also hope against hope to have Geo. Hillman with us.

May is a fine time to visit us. Don't be afraid of sickness. Our old Hill City is the healthiest spot in the United States.

RABBIT.

New Jersey Pigeon Bill.

WE are informed that the contemplated legislation hostile to pigeon shooting at the traps was defeated in the New Jersey Legislature a few days since. The following, taken from the Observer, shows what powerful forces were organized in support of the anti-pigeon bill:

Trenton, March 8.—President George Morrow McCarthy, of the Hudson County S. P. C. A., who drew the bill introduced by Assemblyman Ernst, of Hudson county, prohibiting the use of live pigeons or other fowl as a target for so-called "sports" to blaze away at a few feet from the muzzle of the guns, called on Governor Murphy and presented to him the petition signed by 10,561 Jerseymen against the legalized massacre of innocent birds.

The petitions were most extensively signed in the counties that the members of the committee which is holding the bill in committee to kill it misrepresent.

Governor Murphy listened attentively to the remarks of President McCarthy on the demand from all over the State from humanitarians for the passage of the act, and stated that he was heartily in sympathy with the movement to secure the abolition of the cruel sport. He emphatically said that he would do all in his power to secure a report from the Committee on Fish and Game, and he gave Mr. McCarthy every hope that he would succeed.

It was stated around the State House that the Governor would have a big task on hand if he attempted to force the Fish and Game Committee, which has defied public sentiment, to report the anti-pigeon shooting bill. The Governor could do it, it is said, if he would resort to the drastic threat of informing the five members of the committee that he would sign no bill introduced by them which succeeds in passing both houses unless they agreed to report the measure forthwith. The defiant committee could thus be brought to its knees.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 5.—The next three shoots, completing the series, will be shot from a distance handicap, 16 to 21yds., with no targets extra to shoot at.

The scores of the ninth contest for the Julius C. Walk & Son cup follow:

Targets:	25	25	*	Shot at.	Broke.
J W Bell, 21	23	24	3	53	50
Gus Moller, 20	23	22	5	56	50
S H Moore, 17	18	19	13	67	50
J C Dixon, 17	18	18	16	69	50
H B Sayles, 17	17	15	18	69	50
H N Novice, 16	15	15	20	83	50
O F Britton, 21	23	24	2	53	49
W T Fugate, 19	20	23	6	58	49
J M Lilly, 17	16	17	16	75	49
C A Medico, 18	17	21	10	65	48
Jos Michaelis, 19	23	20	4	58	47
W T Nash, 18	22	19	6	60	47
E C Dickman, 19	21	21	4	59	46
J E Schroyer, 17	17	18	11	71	46
Jos Morgan, 17	18	17	10	71	45
Chas Rush	10	..	..	25	10
T J Douglas	12	..	..	25	12
O Konstanzer	13	..	..	25	13
R Johns	10	..	..	25	10
J L Head	21	21	..	50	42

*Number broken out of handicap allowance. SEC'Y.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

In the following events Winchester factory loaded shells were used: Dave Curran, of Ennis, Tex., winner of the Houston Chronicle cup at the Sunny South Handicap, was challenged by F. K. Sterritt, of Abilene, to shoot for it on Feb. 22. Curran won. Sterritt posted $75, which was $25 more than the conditions called for, for a match on the 23d. Curran won again. He shot a Winchester repeating shotgun. In Omaha, March 5, John Severson, Wisner, Neb., defended his title to the P. L. Combs cup and beat seven of the Nebraska cracks, including Mr. Diffenderfer, the winner of last year's Grand American Handicap at targets. He also used a Winchester repeating shotgun. W. R. Crosby, at Thomasville, Ga., March 2, broke 97 targets out of 100. At Cordele, Ga., March 4, he broke 99 out of 100. In the amateur class at that shoot, Mr. Marbury won first average, Mr. Aycock second, and Mr. Loyd third. At Americus, Ga., March 5, Crosby broke 98. Mr. Smithwick and Mr. Lee won first and second high averages for amateurs.

The indoor rifle championship of the United States was again won with Peters .22-short cartridges, making an unbroken succession of seven of these important events to the credit of this ammunition. The winning of this event is a severe test of man, weapon and ammunition. In four successive years the average of the winning scores has been 245.5 points out of a posible 250, a mark but little short of perfection. In addition to winning the premier events of the indoor season, Peters ammunition won the prizes in the other matches held in connection with the championship. The new champion is Mr. L. C. Buss, of New York city, whose winning score of 2456 is but 2 points below the record for this event, which was made by Mr. L. P. Ittel, of Allegheny City, Pa., in the contest of 1902. A composite target of this championship contest is presented in our rifle department.

Mr. G. W. McGill won high average for the two days' shoot Feb. 26 and 27, at Woodbine, Toronto, Ont. He also won the handsome silver cup in the live-bird event. Mr. McGill and Mr. Wakefield won the two-man team championship of Canada. Each used Lefever guns. The Lefever gun also won high amateur average at the Michigan State shoot, the Interstate cup at St. Joseph, Mo., killing 25 live birds straight; the challenge trophy at Sioux City, Ia.; also the medal for the championship of central Michigan. Send for one of the Lefever Arms Co. handsome 1904 illustrated catalogues.

Such scores as the following speak volumes for the Parker gun: Fred Gilbert, out of 1,000 targets shot at in nine events, broke 962, or 96.2 per cent. The Sunny South Handicap amateur average was won by M. E. Atchison. Mr. T. W. Morfey holds the championship of New Jersey at live birds. Walter Huff, shooting at 100 targets at Macon, Ga., broke 96; at Columbus, Ga., 94; at Americus, Ga., 96.

Polk Miller's book on "Dogs" costs 3 cents in stamps, to cover postage; otherwise it is absolutely free. No dog man or owner should be without it. Write to the Polk Miller Drug Co., Richmond, Va., for a copy. That firm will charge you nothing to prescribe for your sick dog.

The calendar for 1904, issued by the firm of Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., presents twenty-four portraits of eminent shooters, who are users of the Parker gun, with a brief synopsis of their famous doings in competition.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., will be glad to send any one free, upon request, a copy of their "Trapshooter's Guide."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Rates to St. Louis World's Fair.

Tickets to be sold at very Low Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

FOR the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, to be held at St. Louis, Mo., from April 30 to Dec. 1, 1904, several forms of excursion tickets to St. Louis will be placed on sale by the Pennsylvania Railroad on April 25, as follows:

Season tickets, good to return until Dec. 15, 1904, to be sold daily at rate of $38.80 from New York.

Sixty-day excursion tickets, final limit not later than Dec. 15, 1904, to be sold daily at rate of $32.35 from New York.

Fifteen-day excursion tickets to be sold at rate of $26.25 from New York.

Tickets of the forms named above will be sold from other stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad at proportionate rates.

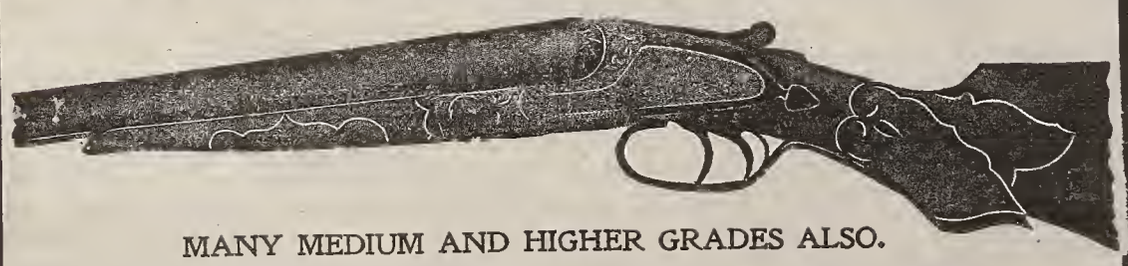
Ten-day special coach excursion tickets will be sold on May 10, and on other dates to be announced later, good going only on special coach trains, or in coaches on designated trains, and good returning in coaches on regular trains, at rate of $20 from New York, $18.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates, approximating one cent per mile, from other points.

Excursion Tickets by Variable Routes.—Season tickets and sixty-day excursion tickets will be sold via variable routes; that is, going by one direct route and returning via another direct route. Variable route tickets will be sold applying through Chicago in one direction at the same rates as apply for season and sixty-day excursion tickets to St. Louis, going and returning via the direct routes.

On all one-way and round-trip tickets, reading to points beyond St. Louis, a stop-over of ten days will be permitted at St. Louis on payment of a fee of $1 and deposit of ticket.

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Do you know that we build to order special Trap and Field Guns at $60 and $75 that, for efficiency and finish, equal most $100 and $150 grades of other makes?



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A pocket trap score book, containing 50 pages of score sheets and the Interstate Association Rules for target and live bird shooting, and for shooting under the Sergeant System. The cover bears the title "My Trap Scores," and the pages, in number and form, are arranged to make a complete record of the shooter's doings at the traps. The pages are ruled to make a record of the place, date, weather conditions, number of traps, number of shooters, gun and load used, events, etc. The score sheets are ruled for 25 targets. Bound in leather. Price, 50 cents. -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- -:-

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

CONCERNING BIRDS AND TARGETS.

CORRESPONDENTS who use the improper terms "birds," and "killed," and "kills," when writing for publication on matters pertaining to trap shooting at flying targets, thereby contribute materially to the legal abolition of trapshooting at live birds throughout the United States. Moreover, the foregoing terms, as commonly applied to target shooting, are misnomers. They properly belong to the nomenclature of live-bird shooting. When perversely used in matters of trapshooting, they afford general and substantial evidence for the hostile use of the part of the daily press and the humane societies which are actively opposed to pigeon shooting at the traps. The daily press in particular is a powerful educator of the masses.

The public is prone to accept published statements literally. The fact that "birds," and "kills," and "killed," are quite commonly used by trapshooters to denote the breaking of inanimate targets, does not in the least change the idea of slaughter conveyed to the public by those misnomers, nor does it in the least impair the force of such misnomers when presented before legislative bodies as good evidence. By the use of those misnomers, trapshooters have aided materially in educating up a broader and more aggressive public hostility to pigeon shooting at the traps, and amplified hostile evidence for hostile legislation.

The trapshooters, as a class, may accurately comprehend the true significance of the misnomers, but the public at large, without the necessary opportunities, or, perhaps, inclination, to inform itself concerning the nice distinctions of trapshooting colloquialisms or awkward attempts at metaphorical embellishments, is certain to understand the terms according to their literal significance, which also is their true significance in the nomenclature of trapshooting.

The daily press abounds in reports of trapshooting competitions at targets, which refer to targets as "birds," and to breaks as "kills," and those reports are not infrequently furnished by trapshooters themselves.

To the public, the "birds," and "killed," and "kills," convey ideas of the incessant slaughter of countless thousands of "innocent doves," by gun clubs of every city and town in the United States.

If this popular belief of the public is considered from an unprejudiced viewpoint, it is quite justified as a consequent to the common and improper use of the misnomers aforementioned as applied to targets. Under the circumstances, it seems to be quite unfair to scoff at the public for its failure to understand that "bird" does not mean bird at all; and that "kill" does not mean kill at all; and all this in view of the fact that both kill and bird in trapshooting nomenclature actually have their literal significance.

In view of the situation as between accuracy and inaccuracy, and as between the trapshooters as a class and the public at large, the more simple and sensible procedure would be, perhaps, to abandon the pernicious use of the terms as misnomers. The true terms, targets and breaks would not, to the public, convey the idea of big, heartless men with mammoth guns blowing innocent doves into fragments around the horizon; or of wounded doves dying in slow torture in multitudes throughout the country; or of an atmosphere laden with showers of dismembered wings, feet and feathers, and blood and butchery everywhere.

In short, if a trapshooter publishes to the world that there was a shoot at "birds," and that a certain number was "killed," the public is quite justified in accepting the statement literally, and the public cannot justly be accused of stupidity therefor. And, independent of all else, accuracy of statement should be cultivated and observed for its own sake.

SENATOR ARMSTRONG'S BILLS.

OUR remarks last week respecting Senator Armstrong's bills in the New York Legislature relative to the use of guns by boys under eighteen years of age, were based partly upon ignorance of the law as it is to-day, and partly upon misinformation as to the precise scope of Senator Armstrong's amendments. The prohibition against giving a gun to a boy under eighteen years of age was assumed by us to be a novel proposition: while as a matter of fact, the penal code now contains a provision that any person "who in any city or incorporated village in this State, without the written permission of the chief magistrate, sells or gives any pistol or other firearm [which, of course, includes a shotgun], to any person under the age of eighteen years . . . is guilty of a misdemeanor." No special sense of mortification attends this frank confession of ignorance of the law: probably there are comparatively few citizens of the State who know that having given their sons and nephews guns, may have made themselves amenable to prosecution.

This, then, is the law to-day. Senator Armstrong would amend it by reducing the age limit to sixteen, which is in the line of common sense; and by enlarging the present specification of the statute "pistol or other firearm," to read "gun, revolver, pistol, or other firearm, or loaded or blank cartridges or ammunition therefor." The full text of the amendments is printed in another column, together with a letter from Senator Armstrong explaining the motive and intent of his measures. It is further to be noted that the prohibition of adults carrying arms is restricted to public places, and to the carrying of "any pistol, revolver or other concealed firearm;" and would not interfere with the sportsman going afield with shotgun or rifle.

COLD STORAGE.

ONE vicious quality of the system which permits the storing of game in bond in close season is in the encouragement it gives to excessive killing for market in the open season. The ultimate rule must be the absolute abolition of traffic in wild game, without regard to season or place. Pending the realization of that ideal condition, we should at least confine the selling period to the open season for killing. It is quite practicable for dealers to restrict their purchases to the supply of game that can be disposed of in the open season. On the other hand, if they enjoy the privilege of storing their stock on hand at the close of the open season, they will take all that comes up to the very end, and keep it in storage to be dumped on the market when the next season opens. The New York Association for the Protection of Game is thoroughly right in its contention that the present law providing for the cold storage of game "is opposed to the entire spirit of the game law, as it is solely in the interest of those who keep game in cold storage, and would not hesitate to exterminate all game for present profit." Mr. Prentice's bill in the Assembly to repeal the cold storage provision should have the active support of individuals and clubs and protective associations.

ALASKA BIG GAME.

The bill introduced into the Senate at Washington to repeal the Alaska game law was discussed by the Committee on Territories, on Thursday last, without final action. The repeal of the bill is earnestly opposed by sportsmen throughout the country, on the ground that such repeal would threaten the extermination of a certain species of large game whose numbers are very scant, and would result in head and hide hunting all through the Territory. Among the reasons urged for the bill are that the bears destroy the settlers' sheep, and that the killing of game is the only means by which the settlers may procure fresh meat.

The bill to repeal the law appears to have been introduced largely under the misapprehension that the present law forbids the killing of game for food and also trapping, and that it is a great hardship to the natives whose subsistence and whose trade are thus largely taken away from them. As we have several times pointed out, the Alaska game law makes special exception in favor of natives, miners and travelers, who may kill for food at all times, and does not prohibit trapping.

If the bill actually did work to the prejudice of the natives of Alaska, the FOREST AND STREAM would be among the first to urge its repeal, but it does not abridge their rights in any degree, except so far as it does prevent their killing and bringing to market and export the heads and horns of game.

It is not certain how the committee will finally act on the bill, but in view of the fact that at least one member of the committee is well known as an earnest advocate of game protection it is hoped that the present bill will remain in force without substantial change.

COLORADO'S LAST BUFFALO.

A press despatch of March 20 announces the killing in Colorado of the last of the Lost Park herd of buffalo. The story may be true or not, but even if not true, it foreshadows something that must shortly take place. It is sad to know that a great State whose territory for uncounted ages has been traversed by America's greatest mammal, has lost its last wild specimen of that species.

The little bunch of buffalo within the northwest corner of Colorado close to Wyoming has for years been known as the only wild herd of buffalo left in the United States. The Yellowstone Park buffalo are under the charge of guardians employed by the Government and so are in a sense domesticated animals. The little bunch on the head of Dry Fork and Porcupine rivers in central Montana, is believed to have been utterly destroyed about six or eight years ago, by the Red River half breeds, who made a systematic hunt for them. But in the high mountains and among the dense timber of North Park, in Colorado, about Hahn's Peak and Lost Park there has always been a bunch of buffalo, bison, mountain buffalo, strongwood buffalo—call them what we please—which have held their own bravely, though with constantly diminishing numbers. Every year or two we have read accounts of one, two or three of these animals being killed and smuggled across the Wyoming line into that State, and now we are told the last one has gone!

How inadequate is a $100 fine as the penalty for killing the last buffalo in Colorado. What does the man deserve who would commit such a deed?

NIAGARA FALLS.

THE latest and most outrageous grab to be schemed for by the commercial spirit of the age is the water flow of Niagara Falls. If the Niagara Power Company shall secure from the New York Legislature the franchise it is seeking, it will be authorized to divert the water of the Niagara River without limit, even to drawing it off in such volume as to destroy the falls. The people not only of New York, but of the country, are alarmed at the prospect that the Legislature may pass the Thompson bill, giving the company this extraordinary franchise; the press has denounced the scheme, and mass meetings of citizens have voiced the public indignation.

The proposition to destroy, or to make possible the destruction of this unique and stupendous marvel of nature, is so impudent and audacious, that it ought to fasten lasting obloquy and enduring infamy upon the names of those who have presumed to attempt it. Only the dark expedients and hidden ways of legislative corruption could compass it. The passage of the bill would not only make possible the destruction of Niagara's cataract, but it would destroy also the self-respect of the citizens of New York, and make our commercialism a byword with the nations of the earth, and earn for us the execration of posterity.

The fighting that is now going on in Southwest Africa, between the Germans and the native tribe known as Heroros, lends an especial interest to Mr. Frank J. Thompson's article this week on the Zulus of South Africa, with whom he was so closely associated for many years. Mr. Thompson's letter gives in a nutshell the salient characteristics of that interesting race, which for many years has been more or less prominently before the public. The British bill introducing coolie labor in South Africa is one that may have great effect on the future of all the native races there, and if put in force its operation will be watched with great interest.

The paper "With the Gloucester Fishermen," announced for the present issue, has unavoidably been deferred to next week. A new chapter of "Floating Down the Mississippi" will be given next week.





THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Trails of the Pathfinders.

IV.—Jonathan Carver.

AT the close of the "late war with France," when peace had been established by the Treaty of Versailles, in the year 1763, Jonathan Carver, the captain of a company of provincial troops during the French and Indian War, began to consider how he might continue to do service to his country, and contribute as much as lay in his power to make advantageous to Great Britain that vast territory which had been acquired by that war in North America. What this territory was; how far it extended; what were its products; who were its inhabitants, were some of the questions that suggested themselves to Carver. He was a good patriot, and felt that knowledge as to these points would be of the greatest importance to his country. With the natural suspicion that all Englishmen of his time had for the French, he believed that this race, while they retained their power in North America, had taken every artful method to keep all other nations, particularly the English, ignorant of everything concerning the interior parts of the country. "To accomplish this design with the greatest certainty," he says, "they had published inaccurate maps and false accounts; calling the different nations of the Indians by nicknames they had given them, and not by those really appertaining to them. Whether the intention of the French in doing this, was to prevent these nations from being discovered and traded with, or to conceal their discourse, when they talked to each other of the Indian concerns, in their presence, I will not determine; but whatsoever was the cause from which it arose, it tended to mislead." But Carver contemplated something more important and far reaching than the mere investigation of the country, for he says: "What I chiefly had in view after gaining a knowledge of the manners, customs, languages, soil, and natural products of the different nations that inhabit the back of the Mississippi, was to ascertain the breadth of that vast continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean in its broadest part, between 43 and 46 degrees north latitude. Had I been able to accomplish this, I intended to have proposed to the government to establish a post in some of those parts about the Straits of Annian [now Puget Sound] which, having been first discovered by Sir Francis Drake, of course belonged to the English. This, I am convinced, would greatly facilitate the discovery of the northwest passage, or a communication between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific Ocean, an event so desirable, and which has been so often sought for, but without success. Besides this important end, a settlement on that extremity of America would answer many good purposes, and repay every expense the establishment of it might occasion. For it would not only disclose new sources of trade, and promote many useful discoveries, but would open a passage for conveying intelligence to China, and the English settlements in the East Indies, with greater expedition than a tedious voyage by the Cape of Good Hope, or the Straits of Magellan would allow of."

Carver's projects for crossing the continent to the Pacific Ocean proved abortive; yet he traveled into the interior nearly as far as any one had hitherto advanced. True, the Verendryes and one or two of the Jesuit Fathers went beyond him on this parallel of latitude; yet the work which Carver published is almost the first that touches on a region lying well within the borders of the Louisiana Purchase, and now one of the most important sections of the United States.

In his introduction, Carver has a prophetic word to say about the unhappy relations existing when he wrote between Great Britain and America. "To what power or authority this new world will become dependent, after it has arisen from its present uncultivated state, time alone can discover. But as the seat of Empire, from time immemorial, has been gradually progressive toward the west, there is no doubt but that at some future period, mighty kingdoms will emerge from these wildernesses, and stately palaces and solemn temples, with gilded spires reaching the skies, supplant the Indians' huts, whose only decorations are the barbarous trophies of their vanquished enemies."

In June, 1766, Carver left Boston for the interior parts of North America. He has little to say about the country lying adjacent to the "back-settlements," which, he observes, have often been described. He passed through the Great Lakes, mentioning as he goes various Indian tribes, and some of the products of the country, stopped some little time at the great town of the Winnebagoes, at Lake Winnebago, in Wisconsin, where he was very civilly received. At this time these people had a queen, or woman chief. He discusses this tribe at some length, and incidentally repeats a curious story: "An elderly chief more particularly acquainted me, that about forty-six winters ago, he marched, at the head of fifty warriors, toward the southwest for three moons. That during this expedition, whilst they were crossing a plain, they discovered a body of men on horseback, who belonged to the Black People; for so they call the Spaniards. As soon as they perceived them, they proceeded with caution, and concealed themselves till night came on; when they drew so near as to be able to discern the number and situation of their enemies. Finding they were not able to cope with so great a superiority by daylight, they waited till they had retired to rest; when they rushed upon them, and after having killed the greatest part of the men, took eighty horses loaded with what they termed white stone. This I suppose to have been silver, as he told me the horses were shod with it, and that their bridles were ornamented with the same. When they had satiated their revenge, they carried off their spoil, and being got so far as to be out of reach of the Spaniards that had escaped their fury, they left the useless and ponderous burthen, with which the horses were loaded, in the woods, and mounting themselves, in this manner returned to their friends. The party they had thus defeated, I conclude to be the caravan that annually conveys to Mexico the silver which the Spaniards find in great quantities on the mountains lying near the heads of the Colorado river: and the plains where the attack was made, probably, some they were obliged to pass over in their way to the heads of the River St. Fee, or Rio del Nord, which falls into the Gulf of Mexico to the west of the Mississippi."

From the Winnebago town, Carver proceeded up the Fox river, and then carried across a short distance to the Ouisconsin river, and proceeded down that. Here he found the great town of the Saukies, the largest and best built Indian town he ever saw. It consisted of "about ninety houses, each large enough for several families, built of hewn plank, neatly jointed, and covered with bark so compactly as to keep out the most penetrating rains." The streets were regular and spacious; and it appeared more like a civilized town than the abode of savages. About the town lay the plantations of the Indians, in which they raise great quantities of corn, beans, and melons; and their annual product was so large that this place was esteemed the best market for traders to furnish themselves with provisions, of any other within eight hundred miles. Near the mouth of the Wisconsin river, on the banks of the Mississippi, the Ottigaumies —Outagami, i. e., "people of the other band," that is the Foxes—had a large town, at a place called "La Prairie les Chiens, which signifies Dog Plains;" a great trading place.

About the first of November, Carver reached Lake Pepin, and speaks with the greatest enthusiasm of the beauty of the country; its apparent productiveness, and the extraordinary number of game and wild fowl seen near about it. On the plains, he says, are the largest buffalo of any in America. In the groves are found great plenty of turkeys and partridges; while great numbers of fowl, such as storks, swans, geese, brants, and ducks frequent the lake. A little below that lake he discovered, in a fine, level, open plain, what had once been a breastwork, about four feet in height, extending the best part of a mile, and sufficiently capacious to cover five thousand men: one of the famous mounds for which the Mississippi valley has so long been celebrated.

About thirty miles above Lake Pepin, near the St. Croix river, Carver met three bands of the Naudowessie (Sioux) Indians; and while he was there, a war party of Chippewas approached the camp, and seemed to be preparing for an attack. The Sioux requested Carver to help them; to put himself at their head and lead them against their enemies. This, the traveler was of course unwilling to do, for his work in the country made it important that he should be friendly with all people. He endeavored to persuade the Sioux to allow him to attempt to make peace with the Chippewas, and when at length they assented, he met the invaders, and succeeded in inducing them to turn back without making an attack. He then persuaded the Sioux to move their camp to another part of the country, lest the Chippewas should change their mind, and return to attack them. Carver declares that this diplomatic success gained him great credit with both Sioux and Chippewas; that to it he was indebted for the friendly reception that he afterward met with the Naudowessie of the Plains; and that, when many months later he reached the village of the Chippewas, further to the north, he was received with great cordiality by the chiefs, many of whom thanked him for having prevented the mischief.

About thirty miles below the Falls of St. Anthony, Carver was shown a remarkable cave of amazing depth, which the Indians called Wacon-teebe; that is to say, "the Dwelling of the Great Spirit." Within it is a lake, which "extends to an unsearchable distance; for the darkness of the cave prevents all attempts to acquire a knowledge of it." The walls are covered with many Indian hieroglyphics, which seem to be very ancient, for time had nearly covered them with moss. The Falls of Saint Anthony greatly impressed Carver, as they did the young Indian in his company.

At the mouth of the River St. Francis, Carver says, "I observed here many deer and carraboes, some elk, with abundance of beavers, otters and other furs. Not far above this, to the northeast, are a number of small lakes called the Thousand Lakes; the parts about which though but little frequented, are the best within many miles for hunting, as the hunter never fails of returning loaded beyond his expectations."

Above the St. Francis river, the Mississippi was new ground, for Hennepin, the river's first explorer, had not passed up it further than the St. Francis, and Carver remarks that, "As this river is not navigable from sea for vessels of any considerable burthen, much higher up than the forks of the Ohio, and even that is accomplished with great difficulty, owing to the rapidity of the current, and the windings of the river, those settlements which may be made on the interior branches of it, must be indisputably secure from the attacks of any maritime power. But at the same time the settlers will have the advantage of being able to convey their produce to the sea-ports with great facility, the current of the river, from its source to its entrance into the Gulph of Mexico, being extremely favorable for doing this in small craft. This might also in time be facilitated by canals or shorter cuts; and a communication opened by water with New York, Canada, etc., by way of the lakes."

Returning to the north mouth of the river St. Pierre, now the Minnesota river, Carver ascended this about two hundred miles, to the country of the Naudowessie of the Plains. The northern branch of the river St. Pierre, rises, he says, from a number of lakes near the Shining Mountains; and it is from some of these also that a capital branch of the river Bourbon—the York, now Nelson river—which runs into Hudson's Bay, has its sources. All this geography comes from the accounts of Indians, and is clearly misunderstood as to distance and location, for Carver says, also, that the river Messorie, which enters the Mississippi far to the southward, also takes its rise at the head of the river St. Pierre. His distances were very far from right, for he makes the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the river Bourbon, and the Oregon, or River of the West (Columbia), head all together in these high mountains.

At the great Sioux camp, which he came to on this river, and which he estimated to contain a thousand people, most of whom had never seen a white man, he was most hospitably received. He spent the winter with them, studying their language, acquiring so far as possible a knowledge of the geography of the country, and at last, with a considerable portion of the camp, returning down the river to the Great Cave, and to the burial ground which lay near it. Before parting with the Sioux he held a council with them, at which long speeches were made by both Englishmen and Indians, and finally, Carver left them to return to La Prairie du Chien, where there were some traders from whom he purchased goods for his further journey.

Among the places now well known which Carver visited, was what he calls the Red Mountain, from which the Indians get a sort of red stone out of which they hew the bowls of their pipes. This is, no doubt, the pipestone quarry, described by Catlin, and now owned by the Sioux Indians, which it has been proposed that the Government shall purchase as a park. Carver says, also, that in some of these parts is found a black hard clay, or rather, stone, of which the Indians make their family utensils.

Carver was much impressed by the beauties of the country through which the River St. Pierre (Minnesota river), flowed; of which he says: "Wild rice grows here in great abundance; and every part is filled with trees, bending under their loads of fruit, such as plums, grapes, and apples; the meadows are covered with hops, and many sorts of vegetables; whilst the ground is stored with useful roots, with angelica, spikenard, and groundnuts as large as hen's eggs. At a little distance from the sides of the river are eminences, from which you have views that cannot be exceeded even by the most beautiful of those I have already described; amidst these are delightful groves, and such amazing quantities of maples, that they would produce sugar sufficient for any number of inhabitants."

Carver at length reached La Prairie du Chien, and after attending to various matters there, returned up the Mississippi to the place where the Chippewa river enters it, a little below Lake Pepin. Here he engaged an Indian pilot, and instructed him to steer toward the Ottowaw Lakes, which lie near the head of that river. About thirty miles from the mouth, Carver took the easternmost of the two branches and passed along through the wide, gently flowing stream. "The country adjoining to the river," he says, "for about sixty miles, is very level, and on its banks lie fine meadows, where larger droves of buffaloes and elks were feeding, than I had observed in any other part of my travels. The track between the two branches of this river is termed the Road of War between the Chipeway and Naudowessie Indians." Near the head of the stream he came upon a Chippewa town, the houses built after the Indian manner, and having neat plantations behind them. He then carried over to the head of the river St. Croix, descended one of the branches, and then ascended another; and on both streams he found several mines of virgin copper. Then carrying across a height of land and descending another stream, he found himself on Lake Superior, and coasted along its western shores until he reached the Grand Portage, between Lake Superior and Lac la Pluie, or Rainy Lake.

Here were met a large party of Killistinoe and Assinipoil Indians, "with their respective kings and their families." They had come to this place to meet the traders from the east, who were accustomed to make this their road to the northwest. From these Indians Carver received considerable geographical information about the country to the westward, much of which, however, is too vague to be very valuable. Many of the great lakes to

the westward were mentioned and described, and some of them are readily recognized. Such are Lake Winnepeek, Lac du Bois, and Lac le Pluye, or Rainy Lake. Of the country about Lake Bourbon, and Lake Winnepeek, it is said that there are found some buffalo of small size, which are fat and good about the latter end of summer. This difference in size Carver attributes to their northerly situation; "just as the black cattle of the northern parts of Great Britain differ from English oxen." But it is quite possible that these "small buffalo" may perhaps have been musk-oxen, and that their location may have been wrong.

"These Indians informed me that to the northwest of Lake Winnepeek lies another whose circumference vastly exceeded any they had given me an account of. They describe it as much larger than Lake Superior. But as it appears to be so far to the northwest, I should imagine that it was not a lake, but rather the Archipelago or broken waters that form the communication between Hudson's Bay and the northern parts of the Pacific Ocean."

As already stated, Carver believed that the headwaters of the Missouri were not far from the headwaters of his St. Pierre river. The Indians told him that they frequently crossed over from the head of that stream to the Missouri. The nearest water to the head of the Minnesota river is Big Sioux river, in Dakota, which is, in fact, a tributary of the Missouri.

The ethnological information there gathered was as little trustworthy as that concerning the geography of the more distant parts. For example, it is said that in the country belonging to the Pawnees, and the Pawnawnees, nations inhabiting some branches of the Messorie river, mandrakes are frequently found, a species of root resembling human beings of both sexes; and that these are more perfect than such as are discovered about the Nile in Nether-Ethiopia.

"A little to the northwest of the heads of the Messorie and the St. Pierre, the Indians further told me, that there was a nation rather smaller and whiter than the neighboring tribes, who cultivate the ground, and (as far as I could gather from their expressions), in some measure, the arts. To this account they added that some of the nations, who inhabit those parts that lie to the west of the Shining Mountains, have gold so plenty among them that they make their most common utensils of it. These mountains (which I shall describe more particularly hereafter) divide the waters that fall into the South Sea from those that run into the Atlantic.

"The people dwelling near them are supposed to be some of the different tribes that were tributary to the Mexican kings, and who fled from their native country to seek an asylum in these parts, about the time of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, more than two centuries ago." After a brief discussion of the reasons which may have led these supposed immigrants, and the Winnebagoes, to leave their southern home for the north, Carver speaks at some length of the Shining or Rocky Mountains, just mentioned.

"That range of mountains, of which the Shining Mountains are a part, begin at Mexico, and continuing northward on the back or at the east of California, separate the waters of those numerous rivers that fall either into the Gulph of Mexico or the Gulph of California. From thence continuing their course still northward, between the sources of the Mississippi and the rivers that run into the South Sea, they appear to end in about forty-seven or forty-eight degrees of north latitude; where a number of rivers arise, and empty themselves either into the South Sea, into Hudson's Bay, or into the waters that communicate between these two seas.

"Among these mountains, those that lie to the west of the river St. Pierre, are called the Shining Mountains, from an infinite number of crystal stones, of an amazing size, with which they are covered, and which, when the sun shines full upon them, sparkle so as to be seen at a very great distance.

"This extraordinary range of mountains is calculated to be more than three thousand miles in length, without any very considerable intervals, which I believe surpasses anything of the kind in the other quarters of the globe. Probably in future ages they may be found to contain more riches in their bowels than those of Indostan and Malabar, or that are produced on the Golden Coast of Guinea; nor will I except even the Peruvian mines. To the west of these mountains, when explored by future Columbuses or Raleighs, may be found other lakes, rivers and countries, full fraught with all the necessaries or luxuries of life; and where future generations may find an asylum, whether driven from their country by the ravages of lawless tyrants, or by religious persecutions, or reluctantly leaving it to remedy the inconveniences arising from a superabundant increase of inhabitants; whether, I say, impelled by these, or allured by hopes of commercial advantages, there is little doubt but their expectations will be fully gratified by these rich and unexhausted climes."



A MAN AND WOMAN OF THE NAUDOWESSIE.
From Carver's "Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America." Edition 1778.

The pages which Carver devotes to a description of the unknown country to the west, are inserted in his account while he was sojourning with these Crees and Assiniboines, at the Grand Portage. There were more than three hundred people in the camp, and as they waited for the traders who did not come, their stock of provisions began to run low; and the coming of the traders was awaited with an impatience that increased day by day.

It was during this season of waiting that Carver had an opportunity to witness one of those prophecies by a priest, or medicine man, which even in modern times have puzzled many cool and clear heads; and though the story of what he saw is long, yet it may be worth while to give his account of it in full. It appears that one day while all were expressing their hopes for the early arrival of the traders, and were sitting on the hill looking over the lake, in the hope that they might be seen, the chief priest of the Crees informed those who were with him that he would endeavor to obtain information from the Great Spirit as to when the traders would arrive. Carver gave little heed to the suggestion, supposing it to be merely a juggling trick; but the chief of the tribe advised him that the priest had made this offer chiefly for the purpose of allaying his anxiety, and at the same time to convince Carver of his ability to talk with the Great Spirit.

"The following evening was fixed upon for this spiritual conference. When everything had been properly prepared, the king came to me and led me to a capacious tent, the covering of which was drawn up, so as to render what was transacting within visible to those who stood without. We found the tent surrounded by a great number of the Indians, but we readily gained admission, and seated ourselves on skins laid on the ground for that purpose.

"In the centre I observed that there was a place of an oblong shape, which was composed of stakes stuck in the ground, with intervals between, so as to form a kind of chest or coffin, large enough to contain the body of a man. These were of a middle size, and placed at such a distance from each other, that whatever lay within them was readily to be discerned. The tent was perfectly illuminated by a great number of torches made of splinters cut from the pine or birch tree, which the Indians held in their hands.

"In a few minutes the priest entered; when an amazing large elk's skin being spread on the ground, just at my feet, he laid himself down upon it, after having stript himself of every garment except that which he wore close about his middle. Being now prostrate upon his back, he first laid hold of one side of the skin, and folded it over him, and then the other; leaving only his head uncovered. This was no sooner done, than two of the young men who stood by took about forty yards of strong cord, made also of an elk's hide, and rolled it tight around his body, so that he was completely swathed within the skin. Being thus bound up like an Egyptian mummy, one took him by the heels and the other by the head, and lifted him over the pales into the inclosure. I could now also discern him as plain as I had hitherto done, and I took care not to turn my eyes a moment from the object before me, that I might the more readily detect the artifice, for such I doubted not but that it would turn out to be.

"The priest had not lain in this situation more than a few seconds, when he began to mutter. This he continued to do for some time, and then by degrees grew louder and louder, till at length he spoke articulately; however, what he uttered was in such a mixed jargon of the Chippeway, Ottawaw, and Killistinoe languages, that I could understand but very little of it. Having continued in this tone for a considerable while he at last exerted his voice to its utmost pitch, sometimes raving and sometimes praying, till he had worked himself into such an agitation that he foamed at his mouth.



A MAN AND WOMAN OF THE OTTIGAUMIES.
From Carver's "Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America." Edition 1778.

"After having remained near three-quarters of an hour in the place, and continued his vociferation with unabated vigor, he seemed to be quite exhausted, and remained speechless. But in an instant he sprung to his feet, notwithstanding at the time he was put in, it appeared impossible for him to move either his legs or arms, and shaking off his covering, as quick as if the bands with which it had been bound were burned asunder, he began to address those who stood around, in a firm and audible voice. "My Brothers," said he, "the Great Spirit has deigned to hold a talk with his servant at my earnest request. He has not, indeed, told me when the persons we expect will be here, but to-morrow, soon after the sun has reached his highest point in the heavens, a canoe will arrive, and the people in that will inform us when the traders will come." Having said this, he

stepped out of the inclosure, and after he had put on his robes, dismissed the assembly. I own I was greatly astonished at what I had seen, but as I observed that every eye in the company was fixed on me with a view to discover my sentiments, I carefully concealed every emotion.

"The next day the sun shone bright, and long before noon all the Indians were gathered together on the eminence that overlooked the lake. The old king came to me and asked me whether I had so much confidence in what the priest had foretold as to join his people on the hill, and wait for the completion of it? I told him that I was at a loss what opinion to form of the prediction, but that I would readily attend him. On this we walked together to the place where the others were assembled. Every eye was again fixed by turns on me and on the lake; when just as the sun had reached his zenith, agreeable to what the priest had foretold, a canoe came round a point of land about a league distant. The Indians no sooner beheld it, than they sent up an universal shout, and by their looks seemed to triumph in the interest their priest thus evidently had with the Great Spirit.

"In less than an hour the canoe reached the shore, when I attended the king and chiefs to receive those who were on board. As soon as the men were landed, we walked all together to the king's tent, where according to their invariable custom we began to smoke; and this we did, notwithstanding our impatience to know the tidings they brought, without asking any questions; for the Indians are the most deliberate people in the world. However, after some trivial conversation, the king inquired of them whether they had seen anything of the traders? The men replied, that they had parted from them a few days before, and that they proposed being here the second day from the present. They accordingly arrived at that time, greatly to our satisfaction, but more particularly to that of the Indians, who found by this event the importance both of their priest and of their nation greatly augmented in the sight of a stranger.

"This story I acknowledge appears to carry with it marks of great credulity in the relator. But no one is less tinctured with that weakness than myself. The circumstances of it I own are of a very extraordinary nature; however, as I can vouch for their being free from either exaggeration or misrepresentation, being myself a cool and dispassionate observer of them all, I thought it necessary to give them to the public. And this I do, without wishing to mislead the judgment of my readers, or to make any superstitious impressions on their minds, but leaving them to draw from it what conclusions they please."

The arrival of the traders, so anxiously looked for, did not greatly help Carver, who found that he could not procure from them the goods that he desired, and shortly afterward he proceeded eastward, having coasted around the north and east shores of Lake Superior. He describes the lake, and the various peoples who inhabit its borders, most of whom are Chippewas. During his trip, he found native copper on a stream running into the lake on the south, and describes how large a trade might be made in this metal, which, as he says, "costs nothing on the spot, and requires but little expense to get it on board; could be conveyed in boats or canoes through the Falls of St. Marie to the Isle of St. Joseph, which lies at the bottom of the straits near the entrance into Lake Huron; from thence it might be put on board large vessels, and in them transported across that lake to the Falls of Niagara; there being carried by land across the Portage, it might be conveyed without much more obstruction to Quebec. The cheapness and ease with which any quantity of it may be procured, will make up for the length of way that it is necessary to transport it before it reaches the seacoast, and enable the proprietors to send it to foreign markets on as good terms as it can be exported from other countries." Stockholders in the Calumet and Hecla and in other Lake Superior copper concerns are requested to take notice.

The fishing of Lake Superior impressed Carver as much as it has other travelers. Of these fish he says: "The principal and best are the trout and sturgeon, which may be caught at almost any season in the greatest abundance. The trout in general weigh about twelve pounds; but some are caught that exceed fifty. Besides these, a species of white fish is taken in great quantities here, that resemble a shad in their shape, but they are rather thicker, and less bony; they weigh about four pounds each, and are of a delicious taste. The best way of catching these fish is with a net; but the trout may be taken at all times with the hook. There are likewise many sorts of smaller fish in great plenty here, and which may be taken with ease; among these is a sort resembling a herring, which are generally made use of as a bait for the trout." The foot of the Sault Ste. Marie, which Carver calls the Falls of St. Marie, is noted by him as "a most commodious station for catching the fish, which are to be found there in immense quantities. Persons standing on the rocks which lie adjacent to it, may take with dipping nets, about the months of September and October, the white fish before-mentioned; at that season, together with several other species, they crowd up to this spot in such amazing shoals that enough may be taken to supply, when properly cured, thousands of inhabitants throughout the year."

Passing now through the Straits into Lake Huron, this body of water is described, and attention called to the rise and fall of the waters, which Carver says is not diurnal, but occurs in periods of seven years and a half. Still going eastward, the town of Detroit was reached, and something given of its history in recent years, and especially of the conspiracy of Pontiac, and the death of that chief.

In Lake Erie, Carver noticed the islands near the west end, so infested with rattlesnakes that it is very dangerous to land on them; and also the great number of water-snakes, which lie in the sun on the leaves of the large pond lilies floating on the water.

"The most remarkable of the different species that infest this lake is the hissing-snake, which is of the small speckled kind, and about eighteen inches long. When anything approaches, it flattens itself in a moment, and its spots, which are of varied dyes, become visibly brighter through rage; at the same time it blows from its mouth with great force a subtile wind, that is reported to be of a nauseous smell; and if drawn in with the breath of the unwary traveller, will infallibly bring on a decline, that in a few months must prove mortal, there being no remedy yet discovered which can counteract its baneful influence." Still proceeding eastward, the author continues to describe the country, mentioning many well-known lakes, and the people about them.

This concludes Carver's journey, but by no means his book, of which the remaining two-thirds are devoted to the manners and customs of the Indians, with a chapter giving vocabularies of several languages, and other chapters treating of the fauna and flora of the vast region passed over. Like most writers about the Indians, he discusses their origin, quoting a great number of authors from the discovery of America to the time of his writing; the last of these, Adair, who, as is well known, devoted a very considerable work to proving to his own satisfaction that the Indians were the lost tribes of Israel. Carver announces that he is of the opinion that "the North American continent received its first inhabitants from the islands which lie between the extremities of Asia and America, viz., Japon, Yeso, or Jedso, Gama's Land, Behring's Isle, with many others;" to which he adds a cluster of islands that reach as far as Siberia, which may possibly be the Aleutian Islands. To support this conclusion, he advances many cogent arguments, and announces that "that great and learned historian Doctor Robinson," is of the same opinion with him.

Concerning the persons and dress of the Indians, Carver has much to say. He notices many things still well known, and speaks of certain others that are so long obsolete as to be almost forgotten. Thus, he declares that: "It is also a common custom among them to bore their noses, and wear in them pendants of different sorts. I observed that sea shells were much worn by those of the interior parts, and reckoned very ornamental; but how they procured them I could not learn: probably by their traffick with other nations nearer the sea." Another custom noted, which has long been obsolete, but is still remembered by the most ancient persons of some of the western tribes, is the woman's fashion of dressing the hair. To the west of the Mississippi, he says, the Sioux and Assiniboine women "divide their hair in the middle of the head, and form it into two rolls, one against each ear. These rolls are about three inches long, and as large as their wrists. They hang in a perpendicular attitude at the front of each ear, and descend as far as the lower part of it."

The characteristics of the Indians; their method of reckoning time; their government; division into tribes; chiefs; their food; dances and many other matters, are described at great length; as is also their hunting, their manner of making war, and, incidentally, the defeat of Braddock, and the massacre of the people under Col. Monroe, at Fort William Henry. Carver, himself, appears to have been with the prisoners, of whom so many were massacred on that unhappy day; but he, himself, at length reached Fort Edward in safety. He tells something, also, of the way in which the Indians have tortured their captives, and speaks of the Illinois Indian brought into the town of Ottigaumies, who was bound to a tree while all the small boys in the village were permitted to amuse themselves by shooting arrows at the victim. As none of the boys were more than twelve years old, and they were placed at a considerable distance, their arrows did little more than pierce the skin; so that the prisoner stood for more than two days pierced with these arrows. During all this time he sung his warlike exploits, told how much injury he had inflicted on his enemies, and endeavored with his last gasp to incite his tormentors to greater efforts, in order that he might give still greater proofs of his fortitude.

Following the chapter on war comes one on their methods of making peace; then one on games, marriage, religion, and character. The last hundred pages of the volume treats "Of the Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, and Insects, which are found in the interior parts of North America." Of the larger mammals a catalogue is given from which two or three descriptions may be taken.

"The Carrabou. This beast is not near so tall as the moose, however, it is something like it in shape, only rather more heavy, and inclining to the form of an ass. The horns of it are not flat as those of an elk are, but round like those of the deer; they also meet nearer together at the extremities, and bend more over the face than either those of the elk or moose. It partakes of the swiftness of the deer, and is with difficulty overtaken by its pursuers. The flesh of it likewise is equally as good, the tongue particularly is in high esteem. The skin being smooth and free from veins is as valuable as shamoy."

"The Carcajou. This creature, which is of the cat kind, is a terrible enemy to the preceding four species of beasts. He either comes upon them from some concealment unperceived, or climbs up into a tree, and taking his station on some of the branches, waits till one of them, driven by an extreme of heat or cold, takes shelter under it; when he fastens upon his neck, and opening the jugular vein, soon brings his prey to the ground. This he is enabled to do by his long tail, with which he encircles the body of his adversary; and the only means they have to shun their fate, is by flying immediately to the water, by this method, as the carcajou has a great dislike to that element, he is sometimes got rid of before he can effect his purpose."

There is a very long description of the beaver, and its extraordinary intelligence.

The list of birds, too, is a long one; but that of the fishes is very short. To snakes, as might be imagined, much space is given; but to insects very little. Carver describes the lightning bug, but adds: "Notwithstanding this effulgent appearance, these insects are perfectly harmless; you may permit them to crawl upon your hand, when five or six, if they freely exhibit their glow together, will enable you to read almost the finest print."

Trees, plants and shrubs are all described, and among them the wild rice, of which Carver says: "In future periods it will be of great service to the infant colonies, as it will afford them a present support until in the course of cultivation other supplies may be produced; whereas in those realms which are not furnished with this bounteous gift of nature, even if the climate is temperate and the soil good, the first settlers are often exposed to great hardships from the want of an immediate resource for necessary food."

In his appendix, Carver sums up conclusions drawn from his extensive travels in, and wide knowledge of, the interior of the continent. He has faith in the discovery of a northwest passage, and believes that the Hudson's Bay would be a safe retreat for the adventurous navigators who might try, at first unsuccessfully, a northwest passage. He even names a certain Richard Whitworth, gentleman, of England, who had purposed pursuing nearly the same route as Carver, and having built a fort at Lake Pepin, to have proceeded up the river St. Pierre, crossed over to the river Messorie, till, having discovered the source of the Oregon, or River of the West, he would have sailed down that river to the place where it is said to empty itself near the Straits of Annian. Carver was to have accompanied this Mr. Whitworth on his explorations, and many of the preparations had been made for the trip, "when the present troubles in America began, which put a stop to an enterprize that promised to be of inconceivable advantage to the British dominions."

So, the War of the Revolution put an end to Carver's western explorations.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

Zulu Habits and Customs.

OF course, on my first arrival in Natal, South Africa, I was brought in contact with the native tribe of Zulus, but did not begin to study their traits and characteristics until making preparations for my first trip into the interior, when I found that I could not induce a single one to accompany me. I began to despair of being successful, when I fortunately made the acquaintance of a son of the Commissioner of Native Affairs, the Government official who has charge of all native business, and they look up to him as the great head of their nation. On mentioning my dilemma to him, he kindly offered to extricate me, and explained the reason of my failure. Whenever a Zulu applies for a situation, he has to undergo an examination to see that he does not bear the marks of a lash on his shoulders and back. On the slightest provocation, a Boer will make a vigorous application of the sjambok (a rawhide whip), and as my intended journey would be almost entirely in the Boer country, the Zulus were afraid of my not preventing them from using their favorite implement of torture. He spoke to my help, guaranteeing that I would not allow them to be whipped, whereupon they unanimously decided to accompany me. Thereafter I never had the slightest difficulty in procuring help, as those who had previously accompanied me bore witness to my constant protection.

S. soon as one mixes among the Zulus, they will notice some peculiarity about him, and give him a nickname, having reference to this characteristic, by which he will be known throughout the entire country. On my arrival in Natal I wore a full beard and mustache, while the colonists generally sported the mustache alone. Thereupon the Zulus christened me "the man without a mouth," and I would frequently meet parties of them who had never seen me before, when I would be saluted with the following remark: "Ugh! the man without a mouth." The Boers have followed this custom, and my sobriquet with them was "the wolferman." Their name for the hyæna is wolfer, and they could not understand why I should pay them for one of the greatest nuisances from which they suffered, as their flocks of sheep were constantly curtailed by them.

The Zulus are a brave, shrewd and superstitious race; a belief in witchcraft is common among them, and they generally endeavor to propitiate an evil spirit, instead of worshipping a good one. By nature they are herdsmen, and they therefore do not show much liking for agriculture, using every effort to increase the herds of cattle, which form almost their entire wealth. They are tall and slimmer than the negro, and exceedingly active. They are of a dark brown color, with black and curly hair, and give forth the same odor as the negro; but their lips are not so prominent, and the nose in higher and not so flat.

Polygamy is universal, and when a Zulu has two wives he is independently wealthy, as the women build the huts and cultivate the crops of Indian and Kaffir corn, while the husband lies around doing nothing, except occasionally indulging in a pipe of dried hemp leaves, which at first renders him frantic and incoherent, until he falls into a senseless state, which lasts for some time before he becomes perfectly conscious. The pipe used is an adaptation of the hubble-bubble, being made of a cow's horn, with the stem inserted near the point and long enough to raise the bowl above the water, which is put in the horn. The lips are inserted in the large end, which is trimmed so as to make a close fit around the mouth, and the smoke sucked up through the water.

A Zulu's food consists almost entirely of corn meal mush and milk, the corn being pounded to an extraordinary fineness and boiled for quite a length of time. When thoroughly cooked, all squat around the pot and help themselves by means of long-handled wooden spoons, which are of native manufacture. During my residence in Natal there was a law compelling every one to furnish each Zulu in his employ with three pints of Indian meal per day, which was really more than could be eaten, and I found that by purchasing a neck piece of beef thrice a week there was a considerable reduction in my outlay for food. Besides, the natives enjoyed it so much the more, as they had never been accustomed to meat for diet, and were fairly frantic to get at it.

During my trips to the interior my rifle usually kept the larder filled with game, which was about our sole nutriment. So sure as I hired a new Zulu, I found that in a short time he became sick from over-eating, and my constant remedy was a huge dose of castor oil, which the patient would gulp down with the greatest eagerness and then wipe the remains out of the cup with his finger and lick it off with gusto, so as not to lose a drop of the greasy material.

Their wages were fixed by law at 5 shillings and rations per month, and so soon as one received ten shillings in silver, his great anxiety was to change it into gold, so that it could be concealed more easily. At one time the banks were short of half sovereigns,

as so many had been hoarded and hidden by the natives, for the purpose of purchasing cows. A queer instance of this habit once occurred with my gang, in order to thoroughly understand which it will be necessary to give a rough description of a Zulu hut. To construct one, a lot of poles are cut and planted in a circle. The tops are then drawn in and lashed together, forming a dome-like framework, which is thatched with grass, leaving an opening at the summit for the escape of the smoke, and another at the side to serve as a door, which is so low that it is requisite to go down on the hands and knees in order to make an entrance. By some carelessness the hut of my gang caught on fire and burnt like a tinder. So soon as the complete structure was reduced to ashes, there was an instantaneous rush of its occupants, who commenced digging at sundry spots and quickly unearthed their store of half sovereigns, which had been buried for safety.

So soon as a young Zulu collects enough cows to purchase a wife, he hunts around until he finds a damsel whose father is willing to sell, provided the price is satisfactory. After the sale has been concluded, there is a carousal entitled "dancing in," after which the husband leaves his child wife in the care of her parents, while he seeks some occupation by which he can accumulate enough bovine currency to make a second purchase, which renders him affluent, as his two wives will release him from all labor. Henceforth his sole solicitude is that a majority of his progeny will be females, which in the due course of time are parted with at the highest market price, thereby increasing his herd, which is looked after by his male children, who continue in this service until they are old enough to get employment elsewhere and gain enough coin to purchase cows and follow in the footsteps of their provident father.

During my residence in Natal, the supply of damsels became so scant that their price ran so high as to prevent the young men from investing. Whereupon the Commissioner of Native Affairs conceived a scheme, by which he relieved the ill-feelings of the young men and created a source of revenue for the colony. He got the Colonial Parliament to pass a law which fixed a limit on the price of damsels, except those of chiefs, and every man who wished to secure a helpmate was forced to go to the nearest magistrate, who would issue a marriage license for a named fee, which went to increase the Colonial revenue. It proved to be immensely popular with the young men, who were a majority of the native population, and also with the colonists, who ignored the justification of polygamy, in order to lessen their taxation. Just after the bill was passed I reached Ladysmith on my way up into the interior on the day appointed by the Commissioner to proclaim the law to the natives. He was received by an enormous crowd, the younger portion of which continuously shouted his praises. Previous to marriage a Zulu wears his hair au naturel; but after wedlock the crown of the head is shaved and the hair immediately surrounding the circlet is colored white, while the balance is interlaced and arranged into various kinks, plaits, etc., which are kept in order by the use of a very singular pillow. It is made of a piece of wood hewn out in the shape of a plank, about fourteen inches in length by six in width, which is carved with various designs, and the upper edge consists of two concavities for the purpose of supporting the neck, thus allowing the knotted portion of the hair to project beyond, and I often wondered how one could enjoy a refreshing slumber with such an uncomfortable rest for the head.

The first requisite for one, on his arrival among the Zulus, is to acquire a smattering of the language, which is highly sonorous and pleasing. The commencement is usually made with what is colonially termed as kitchen Kaffir, of which the following is an example. Soon after arising in the morning I would call out to my body servant, "January, cook kettle." A short time afterward I would be addressed as follows: "Kettle cookeelee, M'kos," which, freely translated, means "the kettle is boiling Boss." It is wonderful how quickly the children of the colonists acquire a knowledge of the Zulu language, which is attributable to their being cared for by Zulu boys, as the females are not allowed to enter into service. During my residence in Durban I never saw a native female servant. Among the Boers I noticed a small number, but comparatively few, and they were of the tribe known as Fingoes.

Before the building of the railway from Durban to Pietermaritzburg and Pretoria, the mails were carried by Zulus, who tramped in various directions throughout the colony. They would start from Durban about sunset with the bags on their shoulders, and arrive in Pietermaritzburg, between fifty and sixty miles, before daylight the next morning, there being but one relay on the route, and I have frequently seen them lying asleep in the portico of the post-office with the mail bags serving as pillows.

The milk supply of Durban was brought in by Zulu boys, perfectly naked, with the bottles slung around their necks. They usually stopped in front of my shanty on the outskirts in order to put on coarse colonial shirts, as there was a municipal ordinance forbidding the entrance of a naked Kaffir into the corporate limits. A Zulu girl wears no clothing until she becomes a wife living with her husband, when a rough skirt of calf's skin serves as a petticoat in the remote districts, while those in the neighborhood of the colonial stores turn out in the same style of dress made of cheap cotton goods. The women are forbidden to touch a cow, consequently the operation of milking is performed by the men, which is about all the labor they do.

In one of my trips into the Zulu country I had crossed the Natal boundary but a short distance, when I encountered a novel idea in the shape of baskets, which held liquids. They were woven from a species of rush, and when not in use, were placed in running streams, so as to keep the material from which they were made well swollen. Some of them were quite large and used for the purpose of brewing a native beer from Kaffir corn, which I imagined was a variety of sorghum, from its close resemblance to that plant. The beer was strongly intoxicating, and I frequently met parties of natives under its influence.

A Zulu is proud, warlike, superstitious and indolent, but when one once gains their confidence, he can certainly trust to their faithfulness, as was frequently proved by me, during my stay among them. Their warlike qualities have been frequently proved. One of the first instance of this was when the Boers crossed the Drakensberg Mountains and attempted to settle in Natal. They were surprised and slaughtered by the Zulus at a place known as Weenen (Weeping), which I visited. The entire party, some 600 in number, including women and children, were massacred. Since, several desperate wars have taken place between them and the English colonists, in the last of which the Prince Napoleon, only son of Louis Napoleon, was killed in a surprise. In Natal no Zulu is allowed to have a gun, and they are all armed with their native weapons, namely the knob-kerrie, or club, and assegai, or spear. The knob-kerrie is usually made of heavy wood, and occasionally of the horn of the white rhinoceros, a species that is fast becoming, if it is not already, extinct. I have one in my possession which was obtained in exchange for tobacco, that I prize very highly, as I doubt if there is a duplicate of it in this country. I have seen a Zulu boy throw a small wooden one whirling and cut down a quail in full flight. The assegai is a rather light spear, which is thrown with surprising force and accuracy. Several times did I see one hurled and transfix a grinning Vervet monkey over fifty feet distant. From my experience with them I would say that the Zulus are vainglorious, superstitious and indolent; but if one gains their confidence, they are wonderfully honest and faithful. On my departure from Natal, my body servant, January, wished to accompany me, but as there was a colonial law forcing every one who carried a Zulu to foreign parts to give security for a safe return, I was compelled to leave him behind.

Frank J. Thompson.

It Just Happened So.

II.—That the Gull was There.

An interesting illustration of the excellent marksmanship of Uncle Sam's men behind the guns, as developed during the recent inspection trip of the naval committeemen on the United States ship Dolphin, has just come to light. Representative Roberts, of Massachusetts, was of the party. Approaching Gunner's Mate Spoer, of the ship, Mr. Roberts offered him $1 to hit a seagull. Spoer took a 40-pound 6-millimeter Colt's automatic gun, and after a trial shot he popped a seagull on the fly at 400 yards. One of the Representatives was firm in his declaration that the shot was an accidental one, whereupon Spoer shot another gull at 350yds. The crowd of astonished witnesses to the feat finally came to the conclusion that Spoer was the crack shot of the ship. This Spoer modestly disclaimed, saying, "We've a shipload of 'em, sir." Spoer got his dollar.—Washington Star.

III.—That the Shark was There.

E. Baero, master of the bark Margharita, has answered the petition of damages filed by Juan Martinez.

In his petition for damages Martinez said that he sailed from Pisagua, Chili, July 21, on the bark Margharita, bound for Savannah. During a storm, while the bark was some miles off the coast of the Falkland Islands, he was ordered aloft to reef a sail. When he reached the yard arm and started to perform the hazardous job the yard arm gave way, and he was plunged into the sea. As he sank a shark or some other sea monster bit one of his legs off. He was rescued from the water almost dead from loss of blood and the severe shock to his nervous system.

Martinez claims that his fall into the sea was in the discharge of his duty, and was caused by the insecure manner in which the yard arm was fastened, which was the fault of the ship owners.

It is in the narrative of Martinez that the real horror of such an ordeal as he went through is truly depicted. He can scarcely speak English, but in his description one not at all familiar with the Spanish language can supply with imagination what some of his excited sentences mean. Martinez hobbles about on his crutch. "I never want to go to sea in a sailing vessel again," he said. "I shall never forget that night," and then he related the story:

"We were sailing off the coast of the Falkland Islands somewhere, when a heavy gale struck us," he said. "I was ordered to go aloft and reef a sail. The masts were whipping about like reeds, and it was all that I could do to keep from being snapped into the water. When I reached the yard arm and prepared to reef the flapping sail, I felt something give way, and down I went. I seemed to have fallen a mile before I struck the water. As I felt the sea close above me, and I went down and down into the waters, which were even darker than the night itself, I gave up all hope of life.

"As I was rising to the surface again, I felt a powerful pressure on my leg. Quick as a flash I drew my knees up to me, putting one against the head of the monster in an endeavor to break his hold. This seemed to infuriate him, and he commenced shaking me as a bull-terrier would a rat. I had no instrument that would be effective against such a powerful monster, but in sheer desperation I pulled out a small pocket-knife that I had and made an effort to strike with it. I was strangling, and my strength was fast leaving me. I began to lose consciousness, and I could feel the bone in my leg being crushed. I felt something give way as I neared the surface, but never had an idea that my leg was gone. As I rose to the top, I saw a light up above, and I knew that I was at the side of the bark. I called as loudly as I could, and was finally hauled aboard , where I lost consciousness. When I came to, my leg was missing, and they told me that I was in that condition when they fished me out of the water."—Savannah (Ga.) News.

Natural History.

Kadiak Grizzlies Again.

For the benefit of anyone who may possibly want to go to Kadiak Island for the giant bears that have made the island famous, let me say that the simplest way to get there is to take a cannery steamer from San Francisco to Karluk Beach, on the Shellikoff, or west shore of Kadiak Island. From there take another cannery steamer to the cannery at Uyak Bay. Be sure to finish out your outfit here, for beyond Uyak Bay there are neither stores, roads, horses, conveyances, or even human beings, and the only houses to be met with, if they can be called houses, are two deserted barabaras of the natives, one at the end of the trail to Karluk River, and the other at the foot of Karluk Lake. From the cannery at Uyak Bay you go in open boat to the head of the bay, and from there is a portage over a pretty blind trail to the barabara just alluded to on Karluk River. From this point you follow up the river to its source at Karluk Lake, and I venture to say that you will not be there long, if it is the right season, before you make the acquaintance of some of the giant Kadiak grizzlies, and when you see them I think you will admit that they are the largest grizzlies you ever saw.

The "carry" or portage from the bay to the river is covered in some places waist deep with toondra or Siberian moss, usually watersoaked, and there are miry spots on the trail almost knee deep, so you must take your high rubber boots along, and of course you must have guides and baidarkas besides your regular white man's outfit. Be sure to take plenty of blankets along, too, for one morning in the middle of August we found ice half an inch thick in our coffee pot that had stood outside of the tent over night.

Once at Karluk Lake, all you have to do to find your bears is to sit in your baidarka with your rifles and let your Aleut guides paddle you quietly around the shores of the lake. If it is in August and your experience is like ours, you will not only soon see grizzlies, but you will have an opportunity to shoot at them in perfect safety from your boat, or if you prefer the excitement of a land encounter you can take a grizzly trail and follow it up on land; but I may remark here, that if it is ever true that "discretion is the better part of valor," it is when one is on the trail of a Kadiak "big bear." I will only add that if any one goes to hunt these bears at Karluk Lake, he should go in August when the salmon are spawning in the shallow water along the shores of the lake, for that is the time when the bears congregate about the lake. At other seasons of the years they are probably scattered indiscriminately over the island, and it is only a matter of chance whether you see one on the lake or anywhere else.

I have called these bears "grizzlies" because they are commonly known by that name, but I am aware that some naturalists distinguish them from *Ursus horribilis*, though as far as I can see they look as much like the regulation grizzly as two peas look alike, except that the Kadiak variety is on a bigger scale than the ordinary grizzly.

Livingston Stone.

Do Bears Destroy Game?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sooner or later, in the discussion on bear protection now going on in your columns, the question was bound to come: "Do bears play any appreciable part in the destruction of our large game?" The casual reader will answer, "Of course they do." Then the question follows, "Is that the result of general hearsay, or of fairly reliable observation?"

In your last issue, one of your correspondents, who undoubtedly knows well his own ground, calls down the law on Bruin on account of his game-killing proclivities, maintaining that he is responsible for large numbers of moose, caribou and deer that disappear annually. Two or three interesting incidents of Bruin's carrying away deer are mentioned; but in each case the supposition seems to be that the bear appropriated game which had already been shot, rather than that which he had himself hunted and killed. Undoubtedly your correspondent has other cases in mind which the writer and many other naturalists would be glad to hear. So, in the interests of Bruin and of natural history, this article is written, in the hope that some of your readers may be enough interested in the subject to send their own observations.

It is generally held, I think, in more or less definite fashion among hunters, that Bruin is a game-killer; but it is astonishing how hard it is to find first-hand evidence on the subject. Whether this be, as your correspondent suggests, because Bruin is a sly dog and conceals his depredations, or because he is really innocent of the charge, is an open question. Personally, I have known one or two cases where bears have undoubtedly killed fawns and calves, but in no case am I at all certain whether this were an accidental affair, a bit of Bruin's good luck, or the result of deliberate hunting. I have found where bears have pounced upon wounded or helpless animals and by killing them have saved the poor brutes from a slower death. No credit to the bear, of course, but it might influence our point of view and call down the law on the hunter. And I have known of cases where a hunter, returning for his game, found it missing, and Bruin was the ultimate winner. But I have not yet found a genuine case of a bear stalking a free deer, a moose or caribou, and getting his game. Once, possibly, I came near it, in surprising a big black bear that was lying in wait in some bushes at a narrow opening between two barrens. A herd of caribou were going that way, to pass from one barren to the other, and it is possible that Bruin was watching there to catch one.

The difficulty in the case seems to be that a bear's odor is so strong that a man—to say nothing of the sensitive nose of a deer—can often detect him even when he is lying to leeward. The strong, doggy smell

is a warning that even fawns must notice, and so the game can readily look after itself. Pigs and sheep are easily caught, but a deer is a different proposition; and so it may be that Bruin is no game killer for the simple reason that he cannot be, even with the most earnest intentions.

In the brief season when fawns are left hidden in the woods, while the mother feeds, the bear might easily destroy the little fellows, and probably does, if he chances to stumble upon them. At such times, however, fawns are cunningly hidden (and probably have something of the game bird's power of withholding scent); and I judge besides that Bruin is little of a hunter, contenting himself with simply taking the good things that come his way—with an occasional *ausflug* after sheep or shots that he can get without trouble.

At most times of the year Bruin is well fed, thanks to his inclusive appetite and to nature's abundance. Indeed, he seems to make little effort for his food, except to ramble about perpetually. If he finds dead meat, he eats it; but, judging from my own observations, he will go further and take more trouble to get fish than flesh; and at all times he prefers honey and mast and berries and grubs to either. In the summer and autumn he seems to be almost entirely herbivorous. In the winter, when deer are in their yards and more at the mercy of their enemies, Bruin is safely tucked away where hunger does not bother him. In the spring, when he comes out after his long fast, he seems to avoid meat in the first few days; but in the absence of other food, will turn to whatever dead animals he can find. It may be at this season that he occasionally kills some of the animals that have been weakened by the long winter. All these are, of course, mere indications, which prove nothing conclusively, but which may, however, point to the fact that big game suffers very little from this prowler in the black coat.

In the Yellowstone Park, where one of the chief objects is to protect the game, bears are not molested. Mountain lions and wolves are shot at all seasons; but Bruin and old Ephraim go their peaceful ways and are protected like the elk and bison. Mr. C. J. Jones ("Buffalo" Jones), game warden of the Park, says positively that bears are not molested there simply because they do no harm to the game. In forty years of his life among animals, he tells me, he has known hardly a single case of game being destroyed by bears of any kind.

Certainly in the Park, where game is so abundant, he has splendid opportunity to settle the question. Yet one man's experience counts for just for one man's experience and no more, in settling any question of animal habits. Moreover, brutes of the same species differ widely from one another even in the same locality. It may possibly be that the so-called ranger bear, which appears occasionally and which hibernates only a small fraction of the winter, during the heaviest storms, is simply a larger bear which, contrary to the habit of its species, has taken to killing game and so does not need to den up, as his fellows do, when the heavy snows come.

In speaking recently with another hunter from the same locality, who is a well-known guide for the Rockies, he said decidedly that bears do destroy game; and he mentioned the well-known fact that in the spring grizzlies are often caught feeding from the carcasses of winter-killed elk. But when I questioned him closely he said frankly that he had himself never seen a specific case, nor did he know of one, where he was fairly sure that the bear had caught and killed his game.

So there is the question with which we started. Will not the hunters of FOREST AND STREAM give us their own observations and experience, and so help to settle a problem in natural history which has interested the writer, and no doubt other readers, for many years past? Incidentally it may help to settle the primary question whether or not Bruin should be protected in regions where the farmers' sheep and pigs do not turn the balance against him.

WM. J. LONG.

STAMFORD, Conn., March 11.

E. J. Chase, of Newcomb, N. Y., writes in the Essex County Republican:

"Since the opening of the bear protecting campaign I have read with much interest the various articles of discussion on the subject in the papers, and am pleased to see such strong argument drawn out against the protective measure, but am surprised that some of the stronger points have been omitted, points which should have much weight in our State Legislature.

"It is an undisputed fact that bears cause great havoc in the sheep pasture, and also take pigs, calves, colts, etc. I wish to say right here that the strongest point of the whole argument is the fact that bears commit even greater depredations on our noble game animals, the deer, moose and elk.

"It is well understood by persons having any knowledge of the nature of deer that the mother leaves her fawns in hiding each day or night and proceeds to some distant pond or stream for feeding, and while the fawns are thus left they offer no resistance to the hungry bear, who very easily locates them by the use of his very sensitive nasal organ, and a young deer makes a very desirable repast for him.

"It has been my experience to discover where several fawns had been thus caught and devoured by Bruin, whose tracks were in evidence to prove no mistake, and surely if several cases of this kind have come within the limited scope of my experience, there must be a great number throughout the vast Adirondack wilderness.

"The above conditions are fully applicable to the moose and elk, whose natures are identical with that of the deer.

"The State is expending a large sum of money to restock the Adirondacks with these noble game animals, and surely our legislators will not enact laws that will be antagonistic to the interest sought.

"The ravages of bears are unlimited; they do not hesitate to enter any stream in quest of fish, and will literally clean them out during the spawning season.

"They are equally as destructive to our game birds, and are particularly fond of taking an old partridge from her nest and at the same time secure the eggs or young birds.

"I am at a loss to conceive any possible excuse for any person who may wish to pass a law to protect black bears, unless it may be to gain notoriety in some way; certainly it is not for the purpose of enhancing the best interests of the Adirondacks."



GAME BAG AND GUN

Alaska Indians and the Game Law.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since so much has been printed of late regarding the abundance of game in Alaska, and the privations endured by the natives in consequence of the so-called "absurd piece of legislature," known as the Alaskan game law, I deem it my duty to state the facts regarding the Indians and the game, as I found them during a visit to the Cook Inlet country in 1901.

The enemies to the Alaskan game law assert that there are yet large quantities of moose, caribou, deer, sheep, goats and bear in Alaska. This I do not think will be contradicted by any sportsman who has traveled in the country. It is not so much a question of whether the game is there, as it is how long it will remain, under existing circumstances. The buffalo once roamed our western plains in such vast numbers that people said it was impossible to exterminate them, yet in less than ten years they were wiped from the face of the earth, and that before the time of smokeless powder and expansion bullets. Are we to wait until history again repeats itself before we come to our senses?

Speaking in a general way, game is still plentiful in Alaska, but the stories that one hears about the wanton destruction, and about its abundance fifty years ago, proves beyound a doubt that it is rapidly being exterminated. This is particularly true about the populated districts where it has become necessary for those dependent on the game for their food to travel further away before they are satisfied. Still fish are usually plentiful where other game is scarce.

Is it any reason why game should not be protected because it is still found common? We are told that the animals are so abundant that it is nonsense to protect them. Can anyone point to a country that has been civilized or is undergoing civilization, where the game is as abundant now as it was before firearms were introduced? In every case the most stringent laws are necessary, and we have only to look at our West and to Africa, to convince us that there the protection to the animal life came too late. Is it necessary to flaunt in the face of Congress and the people, such chestnuts as the passenger pigeon, great auk, Labrador duck, American bison, and Steller's seacow; and many other animals that have fallen under the advance of civilization; to prove to them that animals are exterminated regardless of their abundance.

If the Alaskan game is to be saved, the time to act is before it is too late, and that time has now arrived.

For the benefit of those who think that the natives never kill game without a cause, and do not waste the meat, I will say:

During my trip up the Knik River, I came near getting into serious trouble with my three Indians, because I would not allow them to kill everything they saw, from an eagle to a moose. They claimed that they could not live on my larder of rice, beans, flour, coffee, milk and bacon, but must have fresh meat; and they wanted to kill meat to take back to their hungry parents.

As we were leaving the country we came suddenly upon two yearling moose, I killed one and the Indians shot the other. No sooner had the animals fallen, than my guide informed me that the Indians objected to packing the meat (piece by piece) a quarter of a mile over the level (but marshy) country to our boat. And these were the Indians who for weeks begged me to allow them to kill meat for their hungry families.

A few days later a large bull moose was seen near camp. Although we had all the meat we could possibly carry, the Indians wanted to go after it. That same afternoon a second moose forded the Knik River near us, and again the Indians would have killed it had I not interfered.

One of the Indians admitted that he and a companion had shot five moose the winter before, and had saved the meat of but one. When asked why he did not take the others, he replied that they "were bulls, and tough."

During the spring of 1889, an Indian killed fifty moose back of Tyonek, where they were once common, but have since almost entirely disappeared. The North American Company's agent at Knik gave the Indians an order for twenty-four head skins from bull moose. One windy day the entire order was filled, and little of the meat from the noble animals was saved.

My guide, Mr. H. H. Hicks, whom I found to be perfectly reliable and who has lived in the country for six years, trading and hunting with the Indians, told me that they were wanton destroyers of game. Mr. J. L. Davis, of Kadiak, informed me that the Indians on Afognak Island, and the adjoining mainland, were killing bears during a season when their skins were worthless, simply saving the intestines, which are used to make waterproof garments.

Game law or no game law, the Cook Inlet Indians, at least, will have the same hardship-starvation story to tell every winter. It is the perpetual winter cry of the entire northland, and this is a country where fish, and both large and small game can be secured by little exertion.

At the time that I visited Alaska, there was no game law, still I heard hunger stories from the time that I landed at Tyonek until I left the country. While none of the natives were in an actual state of starvation, they claimed to be in want of food, and were constantly begging. Yet, whenever I took a trip into the timber, I found snowshoe rabbits and spruce grouse common within three miles of the village. At Knik, some eighty miles northward, I heard the same stories; yet back of this place is where one of my Indians killed five moose, four mouths before, and saved the meat of but one. Moose were fairly common fifteen miles from the village and there was then no law to prevent them being killed, yet the inhabitants were too lazy to go for them. Here, also, I saw the dogs patrolling the beach and mud flats at low tide, catching the fish that had become stranded in the pools, while their owners lay about camp and begged credit of the traders.

Of course, it is harder to hunt in winter than in summer or in fall, but there is really no need of an Indian stirring from his cabin during the winter, unless it be to get water and fire wood. If he so chose, during the summer and fall he could lay by enough dried berries, fish and moose, caribou, deer, sheep and goat meat to feed his entire family, regardless of its size, for a year; yes, years.

I will leave it to any fair-minded person, if there is an excuse for anyone going hungry in a country where berries are abundant in summer, and where from the first of July until the middle of September, the salmon run up the streams in such numbers, that the fishermen are often obliged to allow part of their catch to escape before they can haul their seine ashore. Even the bears glut themselves to such an extent that they choose what to them are the choicest parts, eating only the head and belly. Candle fish (small fish, so fat, that when dried they will burn) are so abundant, that I have walked along the beach and picked up dozens as they were washed ashore by the waves. My guide told me that he knew of places where, at certain times, he could scoop up half a bucket full at a time.

At Skagway I saw both Indians and whites paddling about the bay over schools of fish (herring, I think they were), capturing them by means of long poles, having nails driven into the end at intervals of two inches or more. One of these poles was thrust into the water by a man seated in the bow of the boat, and by a sweeping motion it was drawn through the schools, which were so compact, that each time from one to eight fish were impaled on the spines and flipped into the boat. I saw bushels of fish captured in this way; the water was black with them, and when the steamers drew up to the dock the fish scarcely moved out of their path.

Lack of foresight and lack of energy, are usually responsible for the hardships endured by Indians. An Indian does not hunt because he likes it, it is labor to him, his way of earning his living, and so long as there is meat in camp, so long will he postpone his labor. Even after he has consumed his last mouthful, he frequently does not attempt to replenish his larder until the pangs of hunger demand it. Then he starts out and his family fast until he returns; if perchance he is unsuccessful for a few days, or if he is further delayed by accident or storms, as is frequently the case, the period of hardship for those dependent on him is

prolonged. Once he is among the game he does not hesitate to slaughter everything that he can, then he returns home with the choicest parts and feasts, until again compelled to hunt.

As summer draws near, you will hear him say, "Wait until the salmon come; I am not going to be hungry again next winter, I am going to dry enough fish to keep myself and family in meat until the next spring." Poor fellow: he means it all right, but when the salmon come and he has had his fill, he becomes lazy, forgets hunger, and next winter brings its same story of starvation.

The stories of lack of food are seldom heard from the missions, where the influence of the missionaries is felt, but from the Indians beyond their reach. "The mission Indians," as a rule, are industrious. They freight goods for the whites, fish for, or work at the canneries, and lay by a winter's supply of dried fish or meat for themselves.

So I say that if the Alaskan natives living along the Pacific (and within a belt 100 miles from the coast), between the town of Wrangel and the head of Cook Inlet, will begin to dry fish and berries as soon as the season opens, and in the fall dry the meat of the large game animals, which the laws allows each man to kill, they will have food in plenty all winter; and it will not take a man and his wife more than two weeks to do it either. Then, if they will put in part of their spare time trapping furs, making "eucla" (dried fish for dog food, which is purchased and shipped north by the commercial companies), or fish for, or work at the canneries, the income will easily supply them with clothing, groceries and other necessities.

Formerly, the large game animals were so plentiful that they could be killed from cabin doors. Now, however, the Indians are obliged to travel from ten to fifty miles before they find it in quantities. This, of course, entails more labor to get the meat back to camp, and the Indians are loth to follow the hunt in consequence, preferring to lay about camp and complain that the game has all been killed out.

It is the wanton, reckless slaughter that is exterminating the animals; killing simply for heads, skins, intestines, and killing for the pleasure of killing, which trait seems to be born in the northern Indian. The amount of game shot and actually consumed is a minimum in comparison to the amount that is slaughtered.

I am in favor of a game law which will allow the Indians to kill all the meat they need, between the months of September and January, provided they will agree not to kill wantonly. I sincerely believe that (with the exception of bears on Kadiak Island) in the localities where most of the killing would be done, the number of animals taken would not outnumber the yearly increase.

The question naturally arises, how are we to enforce game laws; how can we show the Indians their errors? A single issue of FOREST AND STREAM it too small to answer this question.

Much good could be done by appointing or sending agents to the larger Indian villages to explain the game law. Instead of threatening them, they should be reasonded with. Tell them the stories of the passenger pigeon and the buffalo; how at one time the birds were so abundant, that limbs of trees broke under their weight, and the sky was darkened with their flight; tell about the buffalo migrations and the sight that met the eyes of Col. Dodge when he went west. Compare the pigeon flights and the herds of buffalo with the schools of herring and the salmon runs, and then explain to them how quickly they were all exterminated. At last, wind up with an explanation that the Alaskan game law is not intended to cause them hardship, but to prevent the extermination of the game in the same manner that the pigeons and buffalo have gone, and that the Government wants both the white man and the Indian to cease killing, for the sake of killing and to assist it in keeping the game law, and in this way preserve the game for their children and grandchildren.

Pictures of the buffalo and pigeon migrations distributed to a few families in each town would help to keep the stories in their mind, and herald them to outlying districts by visiting natives. This, it seems to me, is one way by which much good could be done in preserving the big game.

It has not been my object to prove that the Indians are the only slaughterers of game in Alaska; the whites are equally as bad. I could enumerate many instances where the killing of moose at Turn-again Arm, and deer about Wrangel Narrows, is positively shocking. I have confined my remarks to the Indian question, because, as has been said, attempts are being made to prove that it is the game law that is causing the suffering, and that the natives never kill more game than they use.

J. ALDEN LORING.

OWEGO, N Y, March 17.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have read Mr. Gouverneur Morris Phelps' letters in last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM. My observation regarding the abundance, distribution and destruction of the Sitka deer, on the islands and southern coast of Alaska, agrees perfectly with his statement.—J. A. L.

A Good Shot.

A FRIEND bought a fine hammerless ejector gun last summer, and not having any time to use it, loaned it to a friend of his to go after ducks. When the gun was returned the gentleman said: "Say, Mr. I., your new gun is no good for wild ducks, but for tame ones it's a corker! I got four shots into a flock of tame decoys and got ten; and at $5 per, they were too rich for me. If they had been wild ducks I would have got possibly two or three at the most."

E. H. K.

The talk of scarcity of game and fur in this locality may seem to be a myth after reading the statement of Edward Minerly, one of our local hunters. He says: "I have caught 65 skunks, 300 muskrats, 5 minks 40 opossums, 5 foxes, 2 greys, 1 red, 40 raccoons, 1 bear and 3 wildcats, at Plattekill; and about 300 rabbits.—New Paltz (N. Y.) Independent.

Harking Back.

OUT of the dim past comes a letter from an old playmate, who, although out of sight for forty years, yet rarely out of mind. He was older than I, and from him I learned to know the haunts of the woodcock, snipe and quail.

We carried our muzzleloaders, shot pouches, flasks and caps afield many an early Saturday morning. He owned old Dick, and of course on such trips Dick led the way and pointed the quarry. Dick was a pointer, and yet was he marked and spotted like a carriage dog. Good of nose, staunch, invaluable at retrieving and obedient, he was responsible for many a full bag and pleasant day in the swamp, marsh and stubble. Many were the birds we had brought to our hands that we doubted if we hit. But while we shot where we thought the woodcock was a-going through the thick alders, yet Dick knew and fetched.

And that day up in Connecticut with old Pa Hinman when we missed Dick for fully half an hour, only to see him bounding over stones and crawling under fences toward us with a fine cock partridge that had carried away the contents of two barrels, Dick knew and found our bird.

And Rob writes, "Well might you say, 'turn back the hands of time forty years and make us boys again!'" He goes on and says J. P. and myself are alone left of the M. crowd of gunners, and he is almost blind.

"The rest have all gone to the happy hunting grounds. Joe L. died last month. Charlie, you would not now know the old stamping grounds we knew so well as boys, and over every foot of which we tramped with guns on our shoulders. They are cut up and built upon, and bricks and mortar loom up where the snipe arose and went off with a scape! scape!

"I have done no gunning for years, and the old gun is laid away to rest. Not that I can't shoot even now as well as I ever could and can see as well and could no doubt make some of the younger fellows take notice, and can walk as far as I ever could, but the old haunts are gone, and the ones we loved to go with have gone with them.

"I can picture your boy and the prairie chicken just as if I were with him. What a day it must have been for him! We were there once, you and I, ourselves, and we know."

And you put down the letter and find yourself wandering through the woods among the old familiar scenes; now crouching under cover awaiting the evening coming of the woodduck at the old Mile Pond; now perspiring at every pore as you slashed throught the hip-deep black muck and tore your way through the branches and alders of Moriches Swamp; now basking in the sun behind your scanty blind on old Rockaway Beach as you whistled and lured the snipe to your decoys; again at old Huntington, where we hunted woodcock in July and quail in October, and not the least forgotten at old Riverside, where in the Connecticut swales and along the sunny sidehills we followed the plump woodcock as they dodged betwixt and between the white birches, or stopped the lordly partridge as he broke from 'neath the protecting hemlock and went thundering on his course that ended in a fluttering thud upon the ground surrounded with a glory of fluttering feathers.

Yes, Bob, I remember the old days, and if there are any hunting grounds across the river that we must all cross some day, we'll be boys once more and live our happiest days over again.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Spring Duck Shooting.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 16.—*Editor Forest andStream:* In your issue of March 12 there appeared an article by Madison Grant, secretary, wanting to know who W. E. Hookway, secretary, represents. I have the honor to represent 90 per cent. of the duck shooters of central New York. I mean shooters, and men who own a shotgun and go hunting. They are not fishermen or persons who never go hunting, or those who have a theory "what a duck law should be for the other fellow."

We have an organization for the preservation and protection of ducks, and our aim is to get a law fair to all, rich and poor alike. The present law is too one-sided, and it is sure to be appealed or amended, as one-sided legislation will never stand.

Now is the time to get a satisfactory law.

We admit that more ducks would be preserved if none were shot, but fail to see why ducks should be preserved for the wealthy.

If too many ducks are shot, then cut the shooting days down to twenty days a year if necessary; but have ten days' shooting on southern flight and ten on northern, and also limit the number of ducks to be killed by each shooter.

With a limit of ducks killed in one day, no man will pay $3,000 for a share in shooting preserves, as they do at the present time.

Why should the wealthy shooter be allowed to kill from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty ducks a day in the fall of the year on their preserves, and a poor farmer be prevented from killing ten in all the spring shooting he does on his wet back lot?

The men I represent claim it is no more harm to kill a duck in March than in November, as long as the duck is not paired or mated.

We favor cutting down the shooting days, and having them Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week from Sept. 15 to April 15, which will give in central New York sixty-two days a year, against a hundred and seven, present law, not counting January and February, on account of weather conditions. There cannot be as many ducks killed in sixty-two days as in a hundred and seven.

Around Syracuse the best points and ponds have been bought or leased, and there is no place for a poor man to go in the fall. The best points and ponds at Montezuma marshes have all been bought up lately. The two islands in Cross Lake are now owned by two men, and the other good places have now been closed to the unfortunate.

On the northern flight any one can get a place, as our swamp woods, which are dry in fall, contain from three to four feet of water, and the poor farmer who owns the land can go down into his woods and get an outing without hearing what he does in the fall, "Get out of here; this is my pond."

We ask that a fair and impartial law be passed, one that will preserve ducks, and one that will treat every one alike.

Let the wealthy have their preserves, but cut down the shooting days and give the poor man a chance.

In central New York the southern flight of black ducks does not amount to much because we have no water. We have thousands in the spring on account of the high water, and those few who breed here are killed off in August by lawless shooters; and if a few ducks which do nest here could be sent on north it would be better for the duck, as she and her young ones would not be killed off in August by a pot shot.

We would be thankful to FOREST AND STREAM for any suggestion as to a law that would be fair to all; but we feel grieved to see a man go to his preserve in the fall and kill more ducks in one week than all the shooters combined in Onondaga county kill in the entire spring shooting.

If the present law is fair, we fail to see it; and we do not feel that we who want a few days on northern flight are the only game butchers.

We are organizing, and expect to have shooters in every Assembly District, and we now ask the FOREST AND STREAM to consider all the facts and conditions, and suggest a law fair to all. And also would like to have a suggestion from any interested duck shooter.

We also suggest a law being passed preventing the carrying of guns of all kinds during the months of May, June, July and August in woods, on lakes, streams, etc., as there is no way now to prevent lawless shooting.

W. E. HOOKWAY.

Game Cold Storage.

NEW YORK, March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The purport as stated in your issue of March 12, of the bill introduced by Mr. Prentice, to amend Section 141 of the Game Law, would seem to be inadequate. The object of the Prentice bill is to prevent the storage of game during the close season.

In March, 1902, an amendment to Section 141 was introduced in the Legislature permitting proprietors of cold storage warehouses upon giving a bond for $1,000, to keep game in cold storage during the close season. This bill was passed through the Legislature at a highly accelerated pace, in fact its speed was so swift that no public hearing was given on the bill nor did the public even have opportunity to remonstrate. The New York Association for the Protection of Game heard of the introduction of the bill, and passed a resolution directed to be sent to the Governor and all the members of the Legislature, protesting against its passage, but before this resolution could be printed and sent to the Legislature the bill was passed and signed by the Governor. It was vicious legislation, in the interest of a few owners of cold storage warehouses, and diametrically opposed to the people of this State, and this I fancy will explain the manner of the passage of the amendment of 1902.

The Prentice bill merely seeks to strike game from the provisions of the section as it now stands and so prevent the storage of game during the close season. I believe if the public, and sportsmen generally, knew of the introduction of this bill they would clamor for its passage.

XPER.

NEW YORK, March 1904.—At a regular monthly meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Game, held at the City of New York on the 14th day of March, 1904, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That the New York Association for the Protection of Game favors the passage of Assembly Bill No. 1040 amending Section 141 of the Game Law, by striking out game from the provisions of the Section, and that this resolution be printed, and a copy be sent to Mr. Prentice and the Chairman of the Committee on Fish and Game in the Senate and the Assembly, and the remainder distributed by the Special Committee on Legislation."

ROBERT B. LAWRENCE, Secretary.

The Adirondack Bears.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The talk about our Adirondack bears gets on to the edge of one's nerves. The story of Mr. Hardy, in the issue of March 12 is particularly suggestive, even though he is from or in Maine. He has bought, say, 5,000 bear skins of which he thinks fifty were shot to death in a fair way. The others were trapped. No one need doubt this statement. The people of the Adirondacks know that "very few bears are ever shot by fair shooting." The man who has "killed his bear" usually has to acknowledge that he got it by unfair shooting. Now, what I want to know is this: What kind of a man is it, let alone asking what kind of a sportsman is it, that will go out and set a trap for any kind of game? The one blot on the reputation of the men who come to the Adirondacks that is deeper than any other blot is their trapping of the bear. To set a trap is to acknowledge that the trapper hasn't the brains of a bear; he can't get a bear by fair shooting; he is unable to do it even with the aid of dogs.

This is not an appeal in behalf of bears, but in behalf of manhood. The woods makes men, if the bipeds who come to the woods will but show some inclination manward. But the weaklings who come here to get the name of killing a bear (to get the name, mind you, not the requisite skill to kill one), these poor curs haven't backbone to stand upright, let alone leaning manward. The fact that but fifty out of Mr. Hardy's 5,000 bears were killed by fair shooting shows that the bear is the game best worth a man's time of any in the woods. I do not mean to argue in favor of a close season, but I do say that the extermination of the bear would be the greatest—at least one of the greatest—evils that could befall the Adirondacks.

The letter of George L. Brown, editor and manager

of the Post and Gazette, makes an appeal that is particularly fetching. If he will let me know at what particular time of the year he and his neighbors are "run over by bears" I'll certainly visit the place and photograph the stampede for the benefit of readers of FOREST AND STREAM and the law-makers of New York. I agree with his consensus of opinion that "Bruin is a beast of prey," and that he should be "shot on sight." But what I have been trying to learn these many years is how to get the sight without the use of a trap. If bears are so numerous there as to add to the burden and heat of the day—well, the only burden and heat that afflicts us on this side of the mountains in connection with bears is due entirely to our inability to get sight of the wily beast.

One other point of the letter of the editor and manager of Post and Gazette is notable. He says "our sheep, pigs, cattle and horses, our crops and fruit trees" have been "totally destroyed" by Bruin. That is a most interesting statement. I beg that he will amplify—just how many of each have been so destroyed in that county during the last year, or, say during the last time the bears "run over" the county. I have lived on the edge of the great wilderness for sixteen years, and in that time not one domestic animal has been destroyed by a bear anywhere in my section. A bear came to the house directly across the road from mine one morning early, and it smelled of the chicken coop, but went to the swill barrel a moment later, leaving the chickens unhurt. My neighbor's wife got up to build the fire about that time (good woman, that—she built the fire), and when she went out to get some wood she met the bear. But the bear didn't run over her—not a step. He hiked it for the woods. Neither swill nor chickens could tempt him to remain in the presence of a lady uninvited. The bear, as said, is of all game in the nation the most difficult to get by fair hunting. For this reason and for this alone, I hope they will long remain with us, even though they do run over some of the Essex county editors and managers and add to the heat and burden of the day. It is a good thing to have them here if only to attract to our region now and then one whom all the gods declare to be a hunter sportsman—one who can kill his bear by "fair shooting." And meantime, some others among us are doing as well as we can to acquire the skill of these rare great ones, and we don't want to lose our incentive.

JOHN R. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., March 18.

From the Elizabethtown Post, March 10:

When Senator Townsend's bill relating to the protection of wild black bears in the State of New York was reached in the Senate Monday night, Senator Townsend offered an amendment to except Essex county from the provisions of the bill.

Speaking of the Essex county exception in the Albany Argus of Tuesday, March 8, 1904, Smith, the editorial writer whose fun-making is proverbial in and about the Capitol, said:

"Senator Townsend's bill, to protect the black bears of the State and give them a close season wherein to be as reasonably safe from the out-of-season hunters of the Adirondack region as the deer and other game animals are, has been favorably reported from the Senate Committee on Fish and Game with an amendment exempting Essex county from its provisions. Senator Prime and Assemblyman Graeff were prepared in the event of not being able to exempt the whole county of Essex, to have inserted a provision exempting Editor George L. Brown and the Elizabethtown Post from the operations of the proposed black bear law. Editor Brown has waged continuous war against the proposition to put the black bear among the game animals of the State entitled to protection of law, and he has been successful in getting his county out of the list of those where Bruin may be protected for a period of the year."

The Post and its editor have followed the plain path of duty regarding this bear matter, representing an immediate constituency, and doing what was reasonable in aiding to crystallize public sentiment against a measure which we believed to be not only obnoxious but positively dangerous to the best interests of Essex county as a whole. If our attitude along the line of duty has furnished material for our newspaper friend, fun-maker Smith, of the Argus, and thus added to the enjoyment of the world, we certainly shall take no offense. However, we were merely instruments used toward a much-desired end, and Senator Prime and Assemblyman Graeff are entitled to the credit for the exemption of Essex county when it came to the final "shown down" in the Legislature, and have our sincere thanks for the manly part they have taken in representing their constituency, notwithstanding their personal views on the bear protection matter. Personally, we are satisfied, as the exemption of Essex county is what we have fought for from the start to finish. If the other counties of New York State want bear protection, let them have it.

Senator Armstrong's Bills.

SENATE CHAMBER, ALBANY, March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: My attention has been called to a letter from Mr. Redmond, of Rochester, in your issue of Feb. 13, criticising some bills which I have introduced relative to dangerous weapons. I inclose you copies of the bills with amendments which I have made to them to meet some objections which were made, and to perfect the measures.

If you will examine Section 409 of the penal code, as it now exists, you will see that the sale or gift of a firearm to any person under the age of eighteen years, or of an air gun or spring gun to any person under the age of twelve years, or of any toy pistol or instrument in or by which loaded or blank cartridges may be used, to any person under the age of sixteen years, is already prohibited. I have endeavored in this bill to not do more than to equalize the age below which such dangerous weapons and instruments shall not be intrusted in irresponsible hands, by making the age uniformly sixteen years, and at the request of the State Medical Association have included in the prohibition loaded and blank cartridges. I think it will be readily conceded that such dangerous weapons ought not to be put in the hands of irresponsible boys; but in order to do justice to those who hold Mr. Redmond's views, and to limit the application of the existing Section 409, I find it necessary to amend Section 410, so that the prohibition of the possession of these dangerous weapons should only apply to their possession by persons under sixteen *in public places.*

You will readily see, therefore, that boys may still shoot at marks on their own premises, go afield hunting, and have the utmost freedom in their use, provided they do not carry them in the public streets. This means that boys of that irresponsible age, when they are upon the public streets, must either refrain from carrying these instruments or be in charge of an adult person. The latter part of my amendment to Section 410, from lines 9 to 17 inclusive, is only aimed to regulate the carrying of concealed weapons by persons over the age of sixteen, and certainly does not interfere with the carrying of guns, rifles or other hunting implements.

Now for the purpose of these amendments. It is two-fold. First, I am seeking to protect song birds and animals from the annoyance of irresponsible boys with Flobert rifles and toy guns, than whom our song birds and our pets have no greater enemy. At present, as the law exists, boys by the hundreds in the public streets of cities, villages and towns are carrying these weapons, at an age when they are quite irresponsible, and shooting at every bird or animal which moves whenever it strikes their fancy. They can only be apprehended by being followed and arrested in the act of shooting at a protected bird or animal. If this amendment becomes a law, the possession by them in a public street of such weapons will be sufficient. They cannot be touched in any other place than upon a public street.

In the interest of the song birds and animals, both pets and other kinds, I feel as if I could appeal confidently to your many years of friendship to such legislation to correct the wrong impression which has gone forth that I am seeking to do something either ridiculous or unjust.

The other part of the purpose is as I have suggested, at the request of such men as Doctor Louis C. Ager, Third Avenue and Silliman Place, Brooklyn, President of the New York State Medical Association, to prevent the blank cartridge nuisance among children, and to this end I have made the amendment take effect on June 1, so as to govern the procedure at the next Fourth of July celebration.

Will you not read this carefully; and if you discover that they do more than I have suggested, advise me; and if you find that they do not, support me in the effort which is approved by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of the State, and by many of my sportsmen friends who hope to see the measures enacted.

WM. W. ARMSTRONG.

The amendments proposed by Senator Armstrong are as follows, new matter underlined, words to be omitted in brackets:

Section 1. Section 409 of the penal code is hereby amended to read as follows: A person who manufactures, or causes to be manufactured, or sells or keeps for sale, or offers, or gives, or disposes to any person of any instrument or weapon of the kind usually known as slungshot, billy, sandclub or metal knuckles, or a person who offers, sells, loans, leases, or gives any gun, revolver, pistol or other firearm or loaded or blank cartridges or ammunition therefor [to any person under the age of eighteen years], or any air gun, spring gun or other instrument or weapon in which the propelling force is a spring or air or [who sells or gives away] any instrument or weapon commonly known as a toy pistol or in or upon which any loaded or blank cartridges are used or may be used, or any loaded or blank cartridges or ammunition therefor [to any person under age of sixteen years is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 2. This act shall take effect June 1st, 1904.

Section 1. Section 410 of the penal code is hereby amended to read as follows: A person who attempts to use against another, or who with intent so to use, carries, conceals or possesses any instrument or weapon of the kind commonly known as slungshot, billy, sandclub or metal knuckles, or a dagger, dirk or dangerous knife is guilty of a felony. Any person under the age of sixteen years, who shall have, carry or have in his possession in any public [street, highway or] place [in any city or incorporated village in the State, without a written license from the police magistrate of such city or incorporated village any pistol or other firearm of any kind] any of the articles named or described in the last section which it is forbidden therein to offer, sell, loan, lease or give to him shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Any person over the age of sixteen years who shall have, carry or have in his possession in any public street, highway or place in any city or incorporated village in this State any instrument or weapon of the kind usually known as slungshot, billy, sandclub, or metal knuckles or a dagger, dirk or dangerous knife, or who, without a written license from a police magistrate in such city or incorporated village, shall have, carry or have in his possession in any such public street, highway or place any pistol, revolver or other concealed firearm of any kind shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. This section shall not apply to the regular and ordinary transportation of firearms as merchandise, nor to sheriffs, policemen or other duly appointed peace officers [or for use without the city or village limits].

Section 2. This act shall taffe effect June 1st. 1904.

Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, March 19.—Governor Odell has signed Assemblyman Reeve's bill (438—477) relative to leases of oyster lands.

Bills amending the forest, fish and game laws have been introduced recently in the Legislature as follows:

Senator Elon R. Brown, providing for additional protection against forest fires, in accordance with the recommendations of the special joint legislative committee which investigated the subject during the summer.

Assemblyman Hooker, defining the powers of boards of supervisors in relation to the protection of fish and game.

Assemblyman Simpson, authorizing the Forest, Fish and Game Commission to sell and dispose of buildings on the abandoned Beaver Kill hatchery, in the town of Rockland, Sullivan county, and authorizing their removal from the hatchery lands.

Senator Carpenter, amending Section 100 so as to provide that this article shall apply only to the counties of Kings, Queens, Nassau, Suffolk and Westchester, and to Long Island Sound.

Assemblyman Cook, adding a new section, to be known as Section 41a, so as to provide that trout shall not be taken from brooks and streams in Erie county for two years from June 1, 1904.

Assemblyman Denison, forbidding the taking of ducks, geese, brant and swan on Black River Bay in the night from sunset to daylight.

Assemblyman Robinson, providing that carp shall not be placed in Conesus and Hemlock lakes, Livingston county.

The Senate has passed the following bills:

Senator Townsend's (12—853), for the protection of wild black bear.

Senate Committee on Forest, Fish and Game, relating to and defining the boundaries of the Adirondack Park.

Senate Committee on Forest, Fish and Game (481—754), providing that no person shall take any wild deer between one-half hour after sunset and one-half hour before sunrise.

Assemblyman J. T. Smith's (293—518), providing that there shall be no open season for deer in Columbia county prior to Sept. 1, 1907.

Senate Forest, Fish and Game Committee, creating the Catskill Park.

The Senate has advanced the following bills to third reading:

Senator Townsend's (15—753), requiring non-residents to procure a license before being permitted to hunt wild deer in this State.

Senate Forest, Fish and Game Committee (668—811) relative to the prevention of forest fires.

The Senate Game Committee has reported the following bills:

Senator Le Fevre's (326—356), making the close season for grouse, woodcock and quail in Ulster county from Dec. 16 to Oct. 15.

Assemblyman Coutant's (389—979), allowing the use of tip-ups and set lines in Ulster county in fishing through the ice.

Senator Elon R. Brown (473—536), providing that the close season for plover and other birds shall be from Jan. 1. to Sept. 15.

Assemblyman G. H. Whitney's (741—876), providing that perch shall not be taken in Saratoga county from Feb. 1 to May 1.

Assemblyman Harvey's (482—848), providing that the close season for black bass in Seneca Lake shall be from Jan. 1 to Sept. 15.

Senator Ambler's (602—721), providing that the close season for gray squirrels in Dutchess county shall be from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15.

Senator Barnes' (410—699), providing that trout shall not be taken from the streams of Rensselaer county for the purpose of selling the same.

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman C. R. Matthews' (687—807), making the close season for lake trout from Oct. 1 to April 15.

Assemblyman Chanler's (870—1080), providing that suckers may be taken with nets through the ice in Crumelbow Creek.

Assemblyman Stevens (709—1194), making the close season for trout in White Creek in the towns of White Creek and Hoosick, in Rensselaer and Washington counties, from Sept. 1 to April 30.

Assemblyman Nichols' (284—1193), striking out the clause that makes the close season for grouse and woodcock in Ulster county from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30, and in Orange county from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15.

Assemblyman Patton's (611—1243), providing that wild duck may be taken in Erie and Niagara counties from March 1 to Oct. 15.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading the following bills:

Assemblyman Cowan's (518—1297), providing that there shall be no open season for Mongolian ring-necked pheasants or English pheasants, except in Suffolk county, before 1910.

Assemblyman Bedell's (951—1183), allowing the use of nets in Wallkill Creek or River in the town of Wallkill from Sept. 1 to May 30.

Assemblyman Wood's (950—1182), giving the game protectors an annual salary of $600 and $600 a year for expenses.

Assemblyman Stevens' (982—1220), providing that special game protectors shall have the same power as to the right of search without warrant as regular protectors.

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100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

95

THE story of the discoverey of human bones and bangles in the interior of a crocodile captured at Fort Johnson, Rhodesia, brings to mind another story which may appositely be recalled at the present juncture. Everybody has heard of "Mrs. Macquarrie's chair," as they call the eastern point of Farm Cove, in Sydney harbor. There it was that a poor emigrant, in precable days, killed and towed ashore a shark, cut him up, and found a London newspaper in his internals. In the paper was the announcement of the war between France and Germany. The shark had outdistanced the steamer by which the mail was coming, and here the discoverer had the fact to himself. He gave his information to a wealthy wool dealer, who bought all the season's clip at 9d. per pound and sold at 3s. after the news of war had arrived by the ordinary channel. He cleared, it is said, four millions sterling by the deal. The man who killed the shark and extracted the news of price—well, he received a battered silk hat and a five shilling piece, and unrestrained liberty as to the disposal of the shark.—St. James's Gazette.

Concerning Dogs.

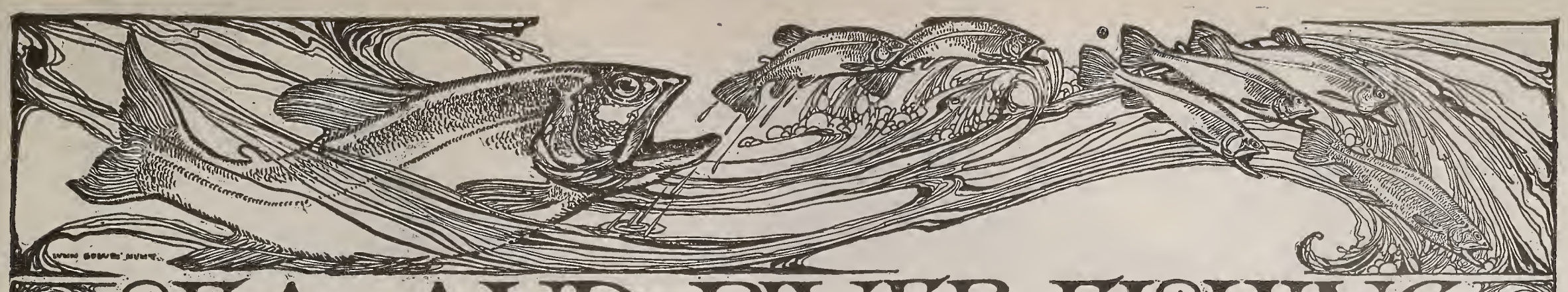
BERRYVILLE, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article regarding cats as vegetarians makes me think that I never hear stories of cats, or in fact, anything regarding the intelligence of various animals. I do not want to add a tribute to the dog—any dog.

I once owned a dog which could have been full brother to the one owned by the youngster who described his pet's pedigree as being "half p'inter, other half jest dawg." This dog not only ate vegetables of every description, but was especially fond of fruit. When strawberries, cherries and gooseberries were in season, I would usually find her down in the garden feasting upon the ripened fruit. She it was who found the first strawberries, and after a storm in summer, which shook the ripened cherries and peaches from the trees, she would make a dash for the trees before the children could get there before her. She was also exceedingly fond of nuts, and would hide them away like a squirred and munch on them as her fancy dictated.

When I returned from a day's sport in the fall, covered with burrs and beggars' needles, she would sit at my feet and carefully pick the burrs from my clothes with her teeth. If beef and other meats continue so high, and the numerous trusts about the country continue to hold a tight rein on "what we shall eat and what we shall drink," why cannot the cat and dog meat be utilized? The principal objection is prejudice, and prejudice must have arisen, because these animals were thought to be carnivorous only. But the FOREST AND STREAM has proved this to be otherwise.

E. A. L.

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SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Fishing from Galveston Jetties.

GALVESTON, Tex., March 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Spring is on us, and the born, not made, fisherman is overhauling rods and reels, and trying the waters, although there will be no really good fishing before April, and in fact no mackerel much before May.

From the middle of May to the first of November may be called the Spanish mackerel season of this part of the Gulf. I say mackerel, because all other fishing is secondary to it; and the only drawback to it is that mackerel fishing spoils a fisherman for all other fishing.

There is the same trouble as to our jetty fishing. No salt-water fishing is ever satisfactory to the man who has stood on a flat granite rock six miles out in the Gulf and fished with rod and reel in 30 feet of water.

One of the charms of fishing is the uncertainty of what the day and the water will bring to our bait, and in a cast from the jetty we may draw a shark, a tarpon, a june (or jewfish), pompano (or two of them; they frequently are caught in pairs), a redfish, sheepshead, speckled trout, sea-cat, rockfish (also called the black sea bass on the Atlantic coast), or an angel fish, a pigfish (sea perch), or last, but not least, the jackfish (a first cousin to the yellow-fin of the Pacific), and occasionally we draw a kingfish; but we are not fishing for any of these; we are after the Spanish mackerel, and are disappointed when the lottery gives any other prize.

I belong to the Tarpon Club—we call it so because we do not fish for tarpon. Our waters are teeming with tarpon; but our preference is for other fishing, as we can get all the sport and exercise we want in landing fish that are as good to eat as to catch. We get colt-hitched-to-the-line business when we don't want it, in the sharks and jackfish that we have to fight it out with and that are just as gamy, fight just as hard, and the jack is just as long as the average tarpon.

If you never caught a jack it is worth a trip to Galveston to do so. I say to Galveston, because you stand up to it and fish at sea from the rock jetties, and you do the work at one end, and the jack at the other attends fully to his business, and will give you a sweat bath and all the work you want for from ten to thirty minutes; and when you find he does not weigh over fifteen to twenty-five pounds you can't take it in that it was only a jack on the hook.

We land a tarpon once in a while on the rocks. We fish with reels, line and hooks that would hold a tuna if the fisherman were in a boat and the fish did nine-tenths of the work of hauling the boat along for three or four miles.

It must be borne in mind that when tarpon are fished for on the coast of Florida or at Rockport, Tex., it is from a boat and in shallow water, say three to six feet. It is a different sort of fishing to land a tarpon in twenty or thirty feet of water and standing on the rocks. We think we can fish. We have fishermen who have averaged three days in the week for seven months in the year for the past ten years, who have the best tackle, and we think there is more skill shown in landing two tarpon in a season on the jetty than in three a day from a boat and in shallow water. If you want to "mix up" with tarpon, however, come and try them from a boat in the shallows of Galveston waters; the tarpon are here all right. It is no uncommon thing to lose a half a dozen hooks to tarpon in an afternoon's jetty fishing. When other fish are biting and we see a tarpon loafing toward our bait we reel in fast; or if he hooks himself, we turn down the end of the rod, put the brake on, and let him carry off the hook to remind him of the occasion.

Now, brother angler, do not for a moment suppose that the weather always suits, or the fish always bite when the wind, tide and water promise great sport. We draw blanks enough to make us enjoy the red-letter days when we catch mackerel until our arms ache, or more fish of other sort than we can carry.

When mackerel are in season, we do not think it an average day when a party of six or eight catch less than 75 to 125 pounds of mackerel in three hours and a sprinkling of other fish.

Did you ever catch a Spanish mackerel? You have to have a float, as he comes along at thirty miles an hour within three feet of the surface. When he strikes, your cork goes under, out of sight, as if shot out of a gun. If you hook, you do not know for a few moments whether it is a 3-pound mackerel or a 100-pound tarpon that you are "mixed up" with, and once in a season you may get an eight or nine-pound mackerel that makes you wonder whether you have come up against the leviathan of the deep. He is not only game to the last in the water, but as savage as a Spitz dog when you have him on the rock.

What the California fisherman call Catalina sea bass we call June-fish; they frequent the deep water of our jetties, do not grow quite as large as in the Pacific, but do grow to weigh from one to two hundred pounds. We never fish for them; we leave them to pot-fishermen, with a shark hook and a clothes line—main strength and awkwardness. We don't care to catch fish that have to be jiggered up when they sulk to make them move. Any one who thinks there is sport in them had better not come to Galveston jetties unless he is willing to lose all taste for June-fish, by a knowledge of better things. A Los Angeles paper will give a column to every jewfish caught at Catalina, when certainly three out of every five times a man goes fishing on our jetties he gets better sport than a jewfish can give.

There are many fishermen that would come from New York or Chicago, to catch a jackfish from the rocks if they only knew the sport the jack will surely give them. Come and try it; there are plenty of them. We will spare our fellow Waltonians a few.

The facilities here for the fishing stranger are exceptionally good. Half-way out on the North Jetty, two miles and a half from land, is a house where accommodations for fishermen can be had at very reasonable rates; it is decently kept, and one can spend a week or so with a good boat and fish fare. A boat plies three times a day to the city, some seven miles away.

The Tarpon Club is a private club; our boat (combination sail and power) goes to the jetties at daybreak every morning that there is a prospect of fishing, returns at 12, and goes again at 1 P. M. Nine-tenths of the time many of the members of the club are away, and a fisherman, right, can nearly always be made a visiting member for ten days, with the same privileges as the annual member has; and can fish with as dignified and sober a crowd as ever spun fishing yarns; and can eat fish on the boat that will taste as good as they did when you were a boy. G. E. MANN.

Mascalonge or Maskinonge.

It was far from my intention or inclination to take part in the discussion of Mr. Chambers and his Canadian friends concerning the proper vernacular name of the mascalonge, as that subject has been thoroughly discussed in past issues of FOREST AND STREAM. I feel called on, however, to take up my flail and do a little threshing of this old straw, inasmuch as Mr. Chambers in FOREST AND STREAM of March 12, says:

"Dr. James A. Henshall credits Mr. Fred Mather with having investigated the origin and etymology of the word to a greater extent than any one else up to his time, and with having, as a consequence, deliberately favored the Chippeway form of the name—maskinongé, as opposed to the French derivation—masque allonge, and its variations. Yet in spite of this fact, and of the priority of the Indian over the French nomenclature, Dr. Henshall clings to the supposition that 'common consent and custom have decreed among the majority of anglers that it is mascalonge, and mascalonge it will be for generations to come.'"

The words are quoted from "American Game Fishes," (1892). In "Bass, Pike, Perch and Others" (Macmillan Co. 1903), I enter quite fully into the scientific and vernacular nomenclature of the mascalonge, to which I would refer any one feeling an interest in the matter. My opinion, as quoted by Mr. Chambers, is not a "supposition," but is, I think, a fact. Among angling authors who use or favor the name "mascalonge" I will mention Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, Edward A. Samuels, Charles Hallock, A. N. Cheney, Robert B. Roosevelt and Fred Mather, while, as stated, it is also used by a majority of anglers in the United States. Eugene McCarthy, author of "The Leaping Ouananiche," in his "Familiar Fish" (1900), favors the Indian derivation of the name but uses the form "muskellunge." And notwithstanding Fred Mather considered that the proper derivation of the name was from the Ojibway, and not from the French, he always wrote it "mascalonge," and never "maskinongé."

Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, an uncle of the President, fished for many years in Canada, and always employed Indian or half-breed guides. In his "Superior Fishing" (1865), he invariably uses the name "mascallonge," with two l's. In his "Game Fish of the North" (1862), he says:

"The name of this fish is derived from *Masque allonge,* long snout, which is a translation from the Canadian Indian dialect, of *Masca-nonga,* words which have the same signification; and from corruptions of these two designations arise our common names. I took great pains to ascertain precisely how the Canadian boatmen, who are a cross of the Indian and Frenchman, pronounced this name, although in their French *patois* he is ordinarily called *Brochat,* and the best my ears could make of it was *Mas* or *Muscallung,* the latter syllable being guttural. But as the most sonorous, expressive and appropriate name is Mascallonge, it is desirable that all sportsmen should employ it."

I have fished a good deal in Canadian waters in Ontaria, Quebec and New Brunswick, and my experience fully agrees with that of Mr. Roosevelt, as I never heard the term "maskinongé;" it was either mascalonge or muscalonge.

De Witt Clinton (1815), called it "muscalinga." De Kay (1842), used the common name "muskellunge," preferring it to maskinongé. Rev. Zadock Thompson was the first naturalist to give an accurate description of this fish; he conferred on it the specific title *nobilior* (1849), and used the vernacular name of "masquallonge." In "Bass, Pike, Perch and Others" I have retained the specific name *nobilior,* as in my opinion the later name *masquinongy* is irrelevant and was bestowed on insufficient evidence. The generic name *Esox,* another good old name, having been rehabilitated and *Lucius* relegated to synonomy, the mascalonge has again come into its own name and estate as *Esox nobilior.*

Mr. Chambers bases his claim for "maskinongé" on priority, legislative enactment and a resolution of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association. While the law of priority is of necessity an immutable one in scientific nomenclature, it can not, for obvious reasons, be applied to vernacular nomenclature. Were it to be strictly enforced we would have, according to Longfellow (Hiawatha), the Indian names: Kenosha for pickerel; maskenozha for pike; sahwa for perch and ugudwah for sunfish. We would also have "trout" for the large-mouth black bass, as that name was the first to be bestowed by the English settlers of the Carolinas, though a question of priority might have arisen in favor of "salmon" and "chub" applied to the same fish by the English settlers of Virginia.

Common names are the result of custom and usage, and it is well if they can be made of uniform application, but this can not be accomplished by legislative enactment or resolutions. It will take some generations yet to relegate the name "trout" in the Southern States for the large-mouth black bass, and to firmly establish the name pike-perch for the Canadian names of okow, doré and "pickerel." I can join hands with Mr. Chambers in endeavoring to secure uniformity of common names for our game fishes, but in order to obtain this result we must adopt the name most in vogue, and it will be fortunate, indeed, should it prove to be both proper and distinctive. The Century Dictionary gives twenty variations based on the names mascalonge and maskinongé, and amid this embarrassment of riches we must choose as between mascalonge, maskinongé and muskellunge, though in regard to the latter name it is worthy of remark that the letter "u" has no part or parcel in either of the original derivations, Ojibway or French.

JAMES A. HENSHALL.

Newfound Lake Fishing.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., March 5.—In Newfound Lake landlocked salmon and lake trout fishing is good from April to Sept. 1. The lake, entirely surrounded by hills, lies partly in the towns of Bristol, Bridgewater, and Hebron. It is fed by numerous springs, the water having a general depth of from forty to one hundred feet, thus making a cool abiding place for the trout and his royal cousin, the landlocked salmon.

Bristol is on a branch road, thirty-two miles north of Concord, 107 miles from Boston. The fishing season—trolling with live bait—opens about April 15, or as soon as the ice clears from the lake. Each year's fishing record is an improvement over the previous one, more fish having been taken last season and a larger number per diem, thus the Fish and Game Commissioners' plan of artificial propagation (which was so severely criticised and ridiculed here by some local fishermen a few years ago), is now showing good results. The lake is kept well stocked with game fish, and it is now understood by store-keepers and summer boarding houses that it is to their financial advantage to see that the fishing shall be along the line that the commissioners have laid out.

It is up to Commissioner Wentworth to answer certain allegations made out against him in the local paper as to why certain fish that he has put in, or caused to be put in, do not bite. In the first place, a summer sojourner, writing from Philadelphia, asks what species of whitefish were put in Newfound, as he has never caught one. Mr. Wentworth answers, "The whitefish put into Newfound Lake are the true whitefish of Lake Michigan." Then follows the discussion whether they will take the bait. One gentleman of Laconia writes that the fishermen at Lake Winnisquam take quite a number through the ice with bait, one man taking twenty-four in one day's ice fishing. The largest known to have been taken weighed 5½lbs. Other fishermen maintain that whitefish were seldom, if ever, taken with the hook; so the question is put squarely to the Commissioner, Why do not the whitefish in Newfound bite?

The second count is by the same gentleman, as follows: "Why are not smelt caught with hook and line in summer in Newfound, as I have done in Lake Sunapee for bait and pan. Will Mr. Wentworth tell me why?"

Then the third and last count is by a resident on the shore of the lake, who in the local paper asks, "Why are not the white perch, of which there are a number in this lake, caught with hook and line, as the writer has seen done in other New England lakes. Will Mr. Commissioner tell us why?"

The reason why smelt are not caught with hook and line in this lake is advanced by our local fishermen as being that there are not any to catch, and that's the answer. The determination of men and boys to net any that run up the brooks in spring to spawn is answer enough. SAMUEL HENTALL.

The Massachusetts Banquet.

THE annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of its incorporation, was held at the Hotel Brunswick on Friday night, March 18. President W. S. Hinman presided. Among the guests of the evening were Chairman J. W. Collins, of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission; L. T. Carleton, of the Maine Commission; Wm. H. Boardman, of the Rhode Island Commission; the Rev. Dr. W. H. Rider, of Gloucester; Hon. Salem D. Charles; General A. O. Davidson; Hon. R. S. Gray; S. O. Staples, member of the Legislature; A. W. Robinson, former president of the Megantie Club; J. D. Loud; Nathan Tufts; Dr. Martin, of Franklin; Dr. Wm. Conant; Col. Stoddard, A. C. Mitchell, and others of the Middlesex Club. Ex-President Wiggin, and Mr. Nash, of the Committee, were absent because of illness. Guests and members numbered more than one hundred, and the occasion was one of the most delightful in the long series of the Association reunions. When the time came for the speaking, President Hinman reviewed the history of the Association, which for nearly a third of a century has been a force in protecting the game and the fish of the commonwealth.

"The purpose of the organization," said President Hinman, "is not to kill. One-half of the men who compose its membership never wet a line nor pull a trigger. Its membership is composed of sportsmen from the Cape to the Berkshires, and we are afflicted with numerous agricultural, horticultural, sportsmen's and gun clubs. We have done much work in the past, and are active to-day.

"Perhaps all of us are not aware of the fact that about 95 per cent of the quail in the covers of the State have died during the past winter. Not 5 percent of the quail in the covers last October have survived the severe weather and deep snows of the past months. We have made repeated efforts to save the birds by feeding, but the grain which has been put out has been covered by the snows. Ice has formed a crust, covering the birds, which perished miserably under the snow, sleeping huddled on the ground as they do.

"While the hardy New England partridge has doubtless wintered better, many of even the fur-bearing animals have suffered. Even the thrifty fox has been forced by hunger to come off the hills to be fed in the farmyards. We have done what we could to save the birds and are setting about making up the loss. We have 90 dozen quail ready to be put out and have contracted for 150 dozen more. We stand ready to purchase 1,000 dozen quail this spring to restock the covers.

"We plead for our birds and animals which make their abode in the remote places. We strive to care for them as best we can, as well as our domestic animals are sheltered and protected. We are not an organization formed for the fostering of the killing spirit. We aim to protect our native wild birds and animals and hand them down to our children."

The Rev. Dr. W. H. Rider, of Gloucester, in a happy vein, compared modern fishing tales to the story of Jonah and the whale and the Hebrew story of the quails. Here he told an entertaining narrative of his trip down the west branch of the Penobscot and lauded the man who catches and kills only what he wants, deprecating the men who kill for the sake of killing and belittling the so-called sportsmen, who take trout only to have them rot in the sun. He advocated a concerted movement for the removal of the present fine attached to most of the game laws of the State, and favored imprisonment. He was greeted with three cheers, given standing, as he finished his eloquent address.

Chairman L. T. Carleton, of the Fish and Game Commission of Maine, said:

"We in Maine are engaged in the protection and propagation of fish and game within the borders of our State. I cannot tell you of the beneficial influence of the support of an organization of this kind. The power of such an influential body of professional and business men cannot be overestimated.

"We have found in Maine that laws are necessary. In Maine for many years men were permitted to come and go and kill at will, until our beautiful lakes and streams were almost depleted and there was scarce a track of deer or moose in our broad forests. We found that laws were indispensable. We followed the example of Moses, the great law giver and creator of the first game law when he laid down the commandment: 'Thou shalt not take the mother bird from the nest.' This is the rudiment and the purpose of all game laws. We believe there is not so good a State in the Union for the out-of-doors life as ours."

Capt. J. W. Collins, Chairman of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission, spoke of the immense moral and practical value of all similar associations and expressed his appreciation of the unvarying support which the Massachusetts Association had always given his Commission.

Charles W. Bartlett told a number of stories, fishy in the extreme, of his experiences at the Rangeley Lakes in Maine, and Walter R. Terry narrated stories of the halibut and salmon fishing on the Spokane River in Alaska. The Hon. Salem D. Charles, Chairman of the Street Commissioners, ascribed the success and advance of the Anglo-Saxon race to its love for nature and the wild and the chase and hunt. He lauded the pursuit of health of body and rejuvenation of mind along the valleys and over the hills and along the streams.

"To those of us who have been there," he said, "there is no delight to compare with the hour in the log cabin in the stillness of the Maine woods, with the very perfume of nature in the air. There is health and beauty and true enjoyment in it that exists nowhere else."

Charles Wilson had a fund of Scotch stories and M. T. Callahan told many amusing anecdotes of the son of Erin. Thomas Hall sang several songs.

Henry Hurlburt drew a comparison between the law and fishing and hunting and told of his effort at farming pheasants. The Hon. William S. Morse told of the value of proper legislation, and President Hardy, of the Middlesex Fish and Game Protective Association, lauded the influence of such organizations. The evening closed with the singing of "America."

A pleasant feature of the evening was the entrance of a member of the club in the garb of a farmer, intent on searching out a member of the club who shot his chickens for quail and his hens for partridges. He wore a police badge as big as a Roman shield and his noisy entrance, amid protests of President Hinman and the feigned efforts of a half-dozen waiters to eject him, was a genuine surprise.

The success of the anniversary celebration was due to the committee composed of President W. S. Hinman, George W. Wiggin, A. R. Brown, N. LeRoy, C. W. Dimick, M. H. Richardson, N. C. Nash, M. A. Morris, B. C. Clark, Gilmer Clapp, Rolin Jones, J. R. Reed, Thomas H. Hall, A D. Thayer, and Secretary H. H. Kimball.

Fishing on the St. Lawrence.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The only disappointment awaiting the visitor to the beautiful Thousand Islands is the small catches of the most faithful and skillful angler. Thirty years ago we could always depend upon our breakfast of fish within fifteen or twenty minutes' time; but now we fish all day for the same catch and only succeed by visiting distant waters. What causes this difference? Of course, there are more fishermen now, and steamers may drive the fish away; but to my mind the chief cause lies in the destruction of fish by the minnow peddlers, who go up and down the river with their long net, sweeping every minnow from the quiet bays where the water is warm and shallow, two of the prerequisites for safety and comfort of minnows. Several years ago I cleaned out my harbor between my landings, and by scattering food there, attracted the fish, so that by letting down a yard square net I could catch bait at any time; but the minnow peddlers would come with their fifteen-yard nets and sweep every fish from my harbor. These fellows are an impudent set, whose only stock in trade is a net, a leaky old boat worth $5, and a barrel for the fish. They never pay anything to improve property or a dollar of taxes, and yet they have more privileges than those who have paid thousands of dollars for improvements, and are heavily taxed to keep the beautiful river a desirable summer resort. They catch enough fish with one sweep of their net to supply a whole colony of cottagers for a season, provided they were allowed to grow to maturity. I have watched them many seasons, and I have never seen them throw any back after a haul. I will venture that half of them are game fish and the rest are food fish for the game fish; so in either case, it works disappointment to the angler. Unless these depredators can be stopped soon, fishing among the Thousand Islands will become a roaring farce.

All of the cottagers deplore the evil, but seem helpless to remedy it.

I write this in the hope that those interested may agitate the matter until these sweep nets are abolished.

DR. C. E. LATIMER.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Saturday, contest No. 2, held at Stow Lake, March 12; wind, S.W.; weather, fair.

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3 — Acc. %	Event No. 3 — Del. %	Event No. 3 — Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
C. G. Young	90	92.8	..	..	91.11	94.9
J. B. Kenniff	115	93.8	..	..	90.11	97.3
A. Brotherton	110	88.4	..	..	94.6	..
C. R. Kenniff	90	92.4	..	..	92.1	98.8
G. C. Edwards	108	89	..	..	88.4	65.2
T. C. Kierulff	85	94	..	..	81.5	72.6
Dr. W. E. Brooks	96	87	..	..	91.3	..
L. Weinman	...	56.8	..	..	69.6	..
H. C. Kewell	83	63.8	..	..	80	..
Geo Lane	...	..	..	..	91.10	..
W. Mansfield	...	91	..	..	93.4	94.1
Dr. F. J. Lane	80	87.8	..	..	79.4	..
		Re-entry.				
T. W. Brotherton		89.4	..	..	92.1	..
W. Mansfield	...	91.8	..	..	91.9	..
C. R. Kenniff	...	..	..	..	..	99

Sunday, contest No. 2, held at Stow Lake, March 13; wind, N.W.; weather cloudy. Judges, Golcher and Everett; Referee, Brooks; Clerk, T. M. Haight.

W. E. Brooks	...	85.4	..	..	83.1	63.8
T. W. Brotherton	101	87	..	..	85.1	98.6
Ed Everett	84	87	..	..	84.9	..
Geo. Foulks	80	86	..	..	87	..
H. C. Golcher	70	85.4	..	..	81.2	..
J. O. Hanon	...	62	..	..	69.2	..
C Huyck	83	87.8	..	..	81.1	..
C. R. Kenniff	86	92	..	..	89.1	97.8
J. B. Kenniff	87	92	..	..	86.1	95.5
T. C. Kierulff	81	83	..	..	83.4	73.8
W. D. Mansfield	...	90.4	..	..	84.4	97.5
F. H. Reed	...	87	..	..	89.1	..
A. Roos	66	67	..	..	68.7	..
A. Sperry	65	78.4	..	..	74	..
H. B. Sperry	84	82.8	..	..	77.7	..
F. M. Haight	...	78	..	..	83.4	..
C. G. Young	85	84.8	..	..	88.8	85.10
G. W. Lane	...	..	..	..	86.5	..
		Re-entry.				
C. R. Kenniff	...	..	..	..	..	98.2
T. C. Kierulff	84	89.8	..	..	81.9	68.3

How Claren Caught his Fish.

From the Young Contributors' Column of the Brooklyn Eagle.

LAST summer, when I was in the country, a little boy by the name of Claren Sowle moved into a house near us. Claren was five years old, and he liked to fish very much. The first week he was there he fished every day, but did not catch any. One day he said to his mother:

"Mamma, I know why I don't catch any fish."

"Why, Claren?" she asked.

"Because they see that I am a little boy, and then they don't bite. Do you know what I am going to do?" he added.

"What, Claren?" she asked.

"I'm going to put papa's hat on, and see if they won't bite then."

So Claren put his father's hat on and went fishing. He caught four large trout.

"Mamma," he cried, when he came home, "I fooled the fish. They thought I was a big man, and look at what I have got," he added, holding up his prize.

WALTER V. MOORE.

How Savarin Fried Fish.

In Savarin's "Physiologie du Gout," which was, according to Balzac, a veritable decalog, irrefragable as the laws of Kepler, is thus set down the way to fry fish: "The beauty of a good fry is in carbonizing or browning the surface by sudden immersion—the process known as 'the surprise.' It forms a sort of vault to inclose all that is valuable, prevents the fat from reaching it, and concentrates the juices so as to best develop the alimentary qualities. Don't forget when you have any of those trout weighing scarcely more than a quarter of a pound, and fetched from streams that murmur far from the capital—don't forget, I say, to fry them in the very finest olive oil you have. This simple dish, properly served with slices of lemon, is worthy of a cardinal. In exactly the same way you should treat smelts, of which adepts think so much."

Have you, my dear housewife, have you ever tried to fry your fish this way? Have you ever cooked small fish in deep boiling oil or lard in the way you would a doughnut or a cruller? Did you ever fry your meat croquettes this way—or are they generally soft and greasy out of a shallow pan?—Good Housekeeping.

Kipling's Pacific Salmon.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "H." will find Kipling's statement that the Pacific Coast salmon rose to his flies, in "From Sea to Sea," Part II, Chapter XXVII, page 108 (Scribner's). "He [the salmon] broke for the fly and got it!"

E. H.

NEW YORK, March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If your correspondent will refer to Kipling's "From Sea to Sea," Vol. II, page 37, et seq. (Doubleday & McClure edition), he will find the description he asks for of the salmon caught with a fly in an Oregon stream by the author. E. B. ROGERS.

Carp Stop Sawmills.

A PRESS dispatch from Grand Rapids, Wis., says that for several days carp have filled the river around Hustingford in such numbers that saw mills and grist mills have been obliged to shut down, as the fish get into the waterwheels and make it impossible for them to run. The fish are of large size, 10-pounders being common. This is the spawning season for carp, and they leave the big streams and crowd into water two to four feet deep.

The Kennel.

English Law of Trespass.

CAN a trespasser sue for damages for injuries received while trespassing—e. g., from the bite of a dog? His Honor Judge Addison has held that a boy who had wilfully trespassed upon premises where he had no business to be, and was bitten by a dog there, was entitled to damages, the county-court judge drawing a distinction between such a person and a burglar. The Law Times ventures to doubt the correctness of this decision. The older authorities lay it down that a trespasser cannot sue for injuries received while trespassing. Modern writers qualify this doctrine. It is said by some that, although the trespasser is liable to an action of the trespass, he is not thereby debarred from suing for an injury which might be occasioned to him. The proper view, says our learned contemporary, seems to be rather this, that a person going on to property on lawful business has a right to be protected against traps, and also against obstacles wilfully placed in such a position as to be likely to cause injury. For instance, a person would not be justified in putting a savage dog in the way of access to the house, so that persons innocently coming for a lawful purpose might be exposed to attack. But the case is very different where a person strays from the ordinary approach to a house and trespasses on the adjoining land where there is no path. Here, if he sustains an injury not caused by any wrongful act of the owner, he has no remedy, as obviously he has only himself to thank for the mischief. The boy in the case referred to was really a trespasser, and, therefore, would seem to be disentitled to an action in respect of any injury to which he was a contributory party.—Shooting Times.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, a member of the Eastern Field Trials Club, and until a few years ago one of the most active contestants in the field trials of America, was elected president of the Saratoga Racing Association on March 17. Mr. Harry Payne Whitney was elected vice-president, succeeding Mr. Hitchcock. Mr. Hitchcock is a steward of the Jockey Club, and has a stable of race horses under the care of W. P. Burch. Mr. H. B. Duryea has leased the running properties of the late W. C. Whitney stable, of Mr. Harry Payne Whitney as executor.

On March 8, Mr. S. E. Shirley, J. P., of Ettington Park, Stratford-on-Avon, and Lough Fea, Carrickmacross, Ireland, died in London. He was president of the English Kennel Club. He also was its founder, and was identified with it conspicuously since its organization in 1873. He was a noted dog breeder and bench show judge.

Mr. G. T. Teasdale Buckell, of London, England, visited FOREST AND STREAM office for a while on Thursday of last week. He has swung around a large circle of United States in which the setter and pointer of high degree abound; that is to say, Georgia, Tennessee and Chicago. Mr. Buckell was the chief breeder of the setter now known as Llewellin. While in this country he purchased some setters which he will take with him to England. On his return he will write for publication some American notes, which from his sane and prolific pen will be both entertaining and instructive.



Khama.

NOW THAT so many American yachtsmen have imported British boats, both sail and steam, the news that another vessel has been purchased does not cause the widespread comment and interest it would have done a decade ago. We now look upon each new English yacht that is brought out to the States very much as though the boat had been built in one of our own yards.

English-built boats have played an important part in the history of American yachting during recent years, and there is now to be found in our waters the pick of the British racing vessels. The importation of British yachts has been of great benefit to our yachting in every way and their remarkable beauty has always been a subject of much comment, while their substantial construction and careful rigging have proved valuable object lessons.

A few years ago bargains were to be found in the British yachts, but that day has passed and Americans buying boats abroad now pay for them all they are worth, and the expense of the ocean trip runs the investment up to a tidy figure. Then again, after the boats reach this side, considerable money has to be expended on the interiors, which have to be refitted to make them suitable for our requirements and climate, both of which differ materially from the conditions prevailing on the other side.

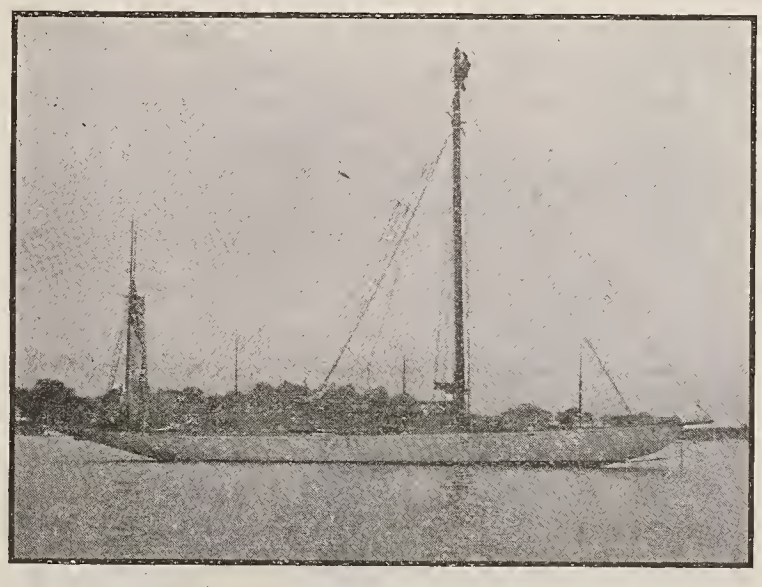
The last of the notable English boats to make an appearance in our waters was the handsome Fife cutter Khama. This vessel was purchased early in 1903 by Mr. Seymour J. Hyde, of New York city. Mr. Hyde has been closely identified with American yachting for the past twenty years, and he has owned many well known yachts. Two trips were made to England by Mr. Hyde before deciding on Khama, and he looked carefully over all the modern vessels of about her size. Mr. Hyde at that time owned the 35ft. waterline Fife yawl Albicore, which he afterward sold. He had used Albicore several seasons, and she proved to be such an admirable boat that he made up his mind to purchase another Fife production.

Khama was made ready for the ocean voyage as early last season as was possible, but considerable difficulty was experienced in procuring a crew. After some delay a crew of eight men was shipped. The navigator and the captain had some difficulty soon after starting, and it was decided to put back. The captain quit the vessel, and another man was given the billet. The new officer had crossed the Atlantic three times before in yachts of about Khama's size, and when he came aboard he found she was not suitably fitted for the long and hazardous trip. No life lines had been rigged (these boats only have a very low rail), and her skylights were not properly protected; these and many other things necessary for the safety of those on board were lacking. More time was lost in having stanchions made for the life lines, and heavy wooden boxes to cover the skylights. Finally the boat was equipped to suit the new officer's ideas and a second start was made. When off the Tuskar—a light on the Irish coast—a vicious gale was encountered, and Khama was put back to harbor for the second time. These delays were most vexatious, and after repairing some minor damage done during the storm, she made a third start. This time she kept on and came through to New York without accident or incident worth recording.

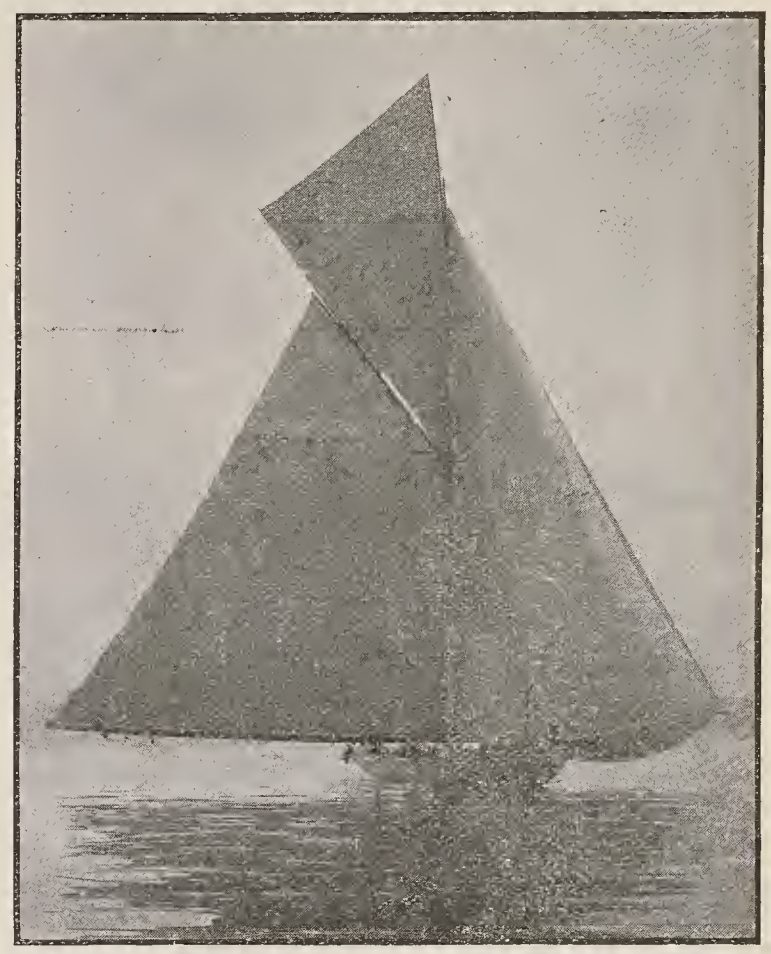
Khama made the passage under a jury cutter rig, and a good idea of her appearance may be had from the photograph that accompanies this article. Alternate gales and calms were met with and she consumed something less than a month in making the actual voyage. No head winds were experienced, but either it blew so hard she was under a reefed trysail or else she was becalmed, and had it not been for the continued flat weather a faster passage would have been made.

The writer talked at length with the officers and crew that came out in Khama, and all agreed that she was a very fine vessel, and an admirable sea boat. A considerable quantity of case oil was carried for use in case of emergency, but none was required even in the worst weather.

Khama showed signs of having met bad weather on her arrivel, but she was not strained in any way, and no damage was done but what paint would rectify. She was towed to Jacob's yard, City Island, as soon as possible, and the work of overhauling and refitting was commenced. Her deck was scraped, and the paint was burned off her topsides. In a few days she began to present a smart and ship-shape appearance. Her bottom is coppered, and the metal was found to be in perfect condition when she was hauled out, and there was not the slightest sign of growth anywhere and no wrinkles in the copper.



Khama—Showing Jury Rig. Photo taken just after her arrival at New York.



Khama Racing in British Waters.

All the yacht's racing sails were sewed up in burlap and stored below. This proved to be a mistake, for some of them became damp (the hatches were almost constantly closed, and little or no air found its way below), and as a result mildewed. The usual custom is to send such gear out by steamer, as the yacht is more buoyant without the extra weight, and the sails are less liable to be injured.

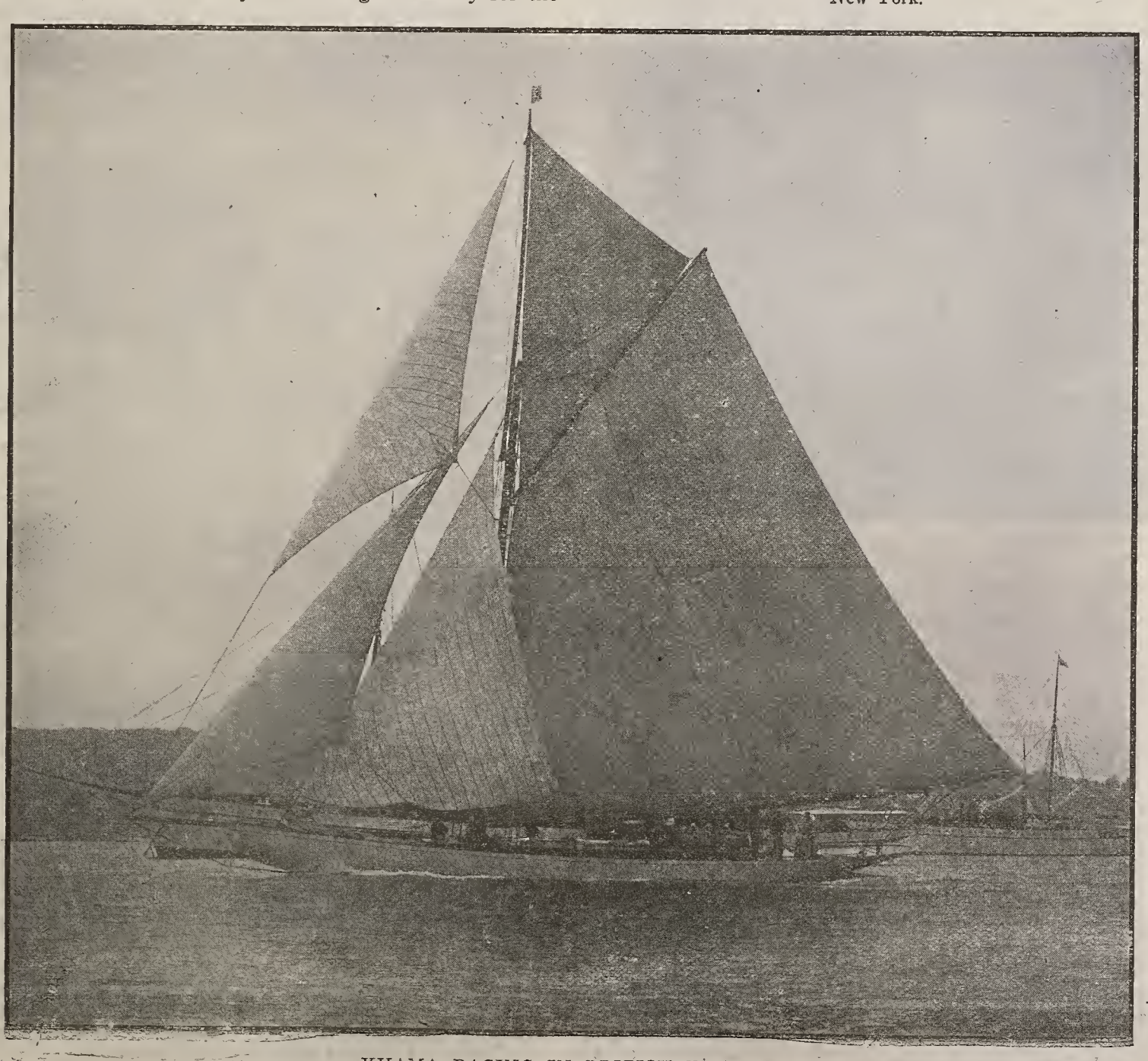
Khama was designed by Mr. William Fife, Jr., and built by Messrs. William Fife & Son at Fairlie, Scotland, in 1900, for Mr. James Knott, of Glasgow. She was only in commission in 1901, the year she came out. Her owner did not put her overboard the second season, as practically all the racing boats in her class were on this side, having been purchased by Americans.

Khama is a very handsome vessel. Her ends are long and graceful, and her low freeboard gives her a very shippy look. She is very much like Isolde, both on deck and below. Her construction is composite and her planking is double, the outer skin of which is mahogany. Below her arrangement is identical with that of Isolde, both in size and fittings. If one was not familiar with certain details it would be difficult to tell which vessel one was aboard, Khama or Isolde. Even the upholstery is of the same material and design.

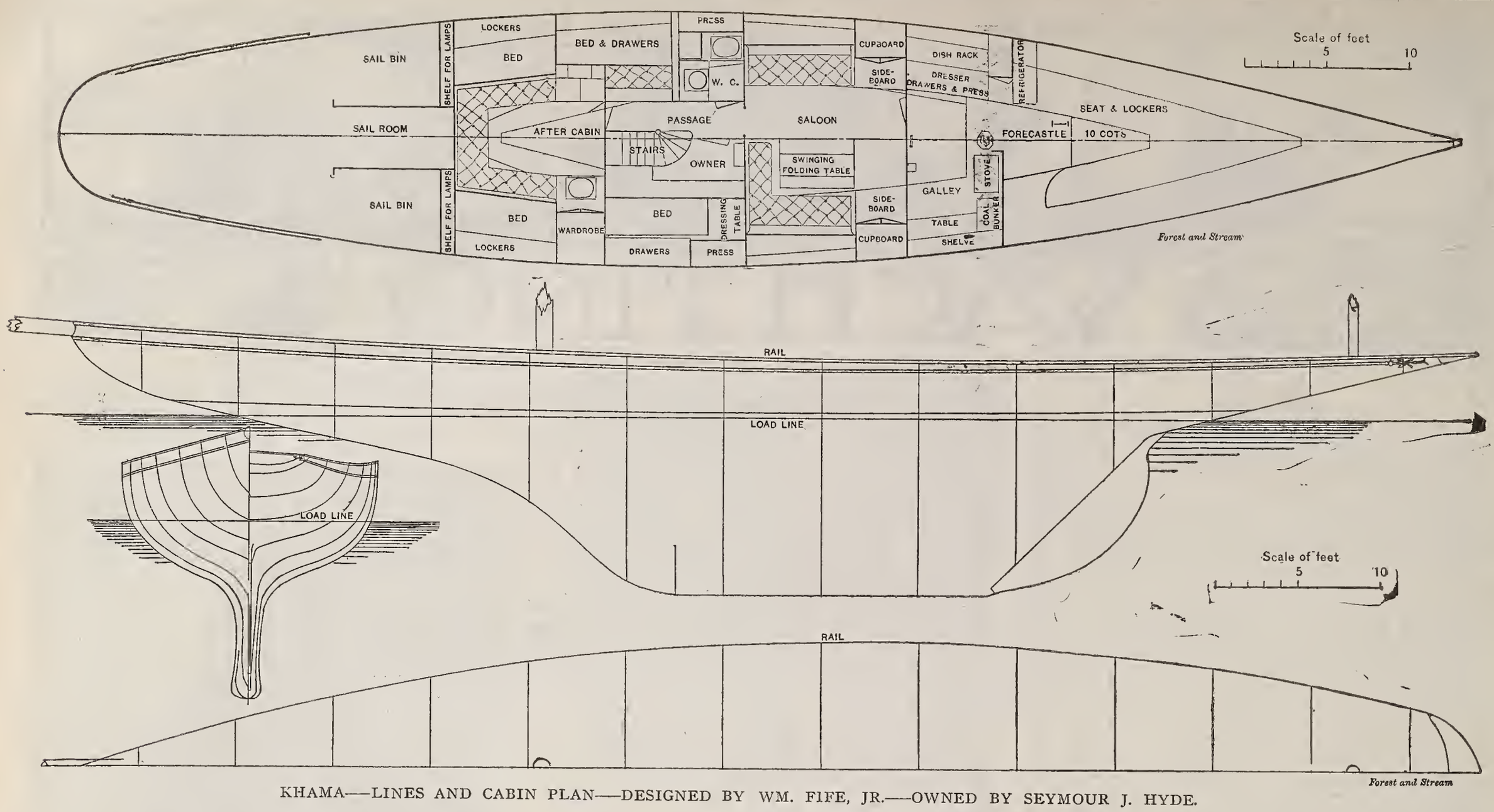
The companion leads to a steerage with a berth and a toilet room to port. Opposite on the starboard side is the owner's room. Aft is the ladies' cabin, and forward of the steerage is the main saloon. Forward Mr. Hyde made some changes; the captain's room was removed and that space was thrown into the galley. This made unusually fine quarters for the steward and cook to work in.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	86ft.	6in.
L.W.L.	60ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	10ft.	6in.
Aft	16ft.	
Breadth—		
Extreme	15ft.	6in.
L.W.L.	14ft.	9in.
Draft—		
Extreme	10ft.	9in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	5ft.	
Stern	4ft.	
Least	3ft.	
Sail area (cutter rig)—		
Fore triangle	1,511.12 sq.	ft.
Mainsail	2,239.97 sq.	ft.
Topsail	704.13 sq.	ft.
Total	4,455.23 sq.	ft.



KHAMA RACING IN BRITISH WATERS.



KHAMA—LINES AND CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY WM. FIFE, JR.—OWNED BY SEYMOUR J. HYDE.

Mr. Hyde disposed of his English crew soon after the yacht's arrival, and most of the summer Captain Clayton Haff was in charge. Six Scandinavians were carried in the crew in addition to the steward and cook.

We show two sail plans, the one of the cutter rig which she carries at present, and another of a yawl, which Mr. Hyde contemplates adopting. Khama now steers with a long tiller, but a wheel will probably be substituted this season.

Little is known of Khama's speed, as Mr. Hyde did not race her any to speak of, only participating in two or three of the racing runs on the N. Y. Y. C. cruise. While she did not get any prizes on these occasions, she showed up very well.

British Letter.

THE new Clyde 36-footer restricted class continues to attract northern sportsmen, the latest supporters being Messrs. B. G. Allan and T. C. Glen-Coats, who have ordered boats from Mylne. The class now consists of seven owners, all well-known and experienced yachtsmen, and with two such designers as Fife and Mylne providing the lines of the boats, there will, no doubt, be a lot of keen and healthy rivalry in the class which gives every promise of flourishing. The boats will conform to yacht racing rules and regulations as far as is compatible with local conditions. As a class they are deserving of success, but it is not without a feeling of disappointment that one learns they will probably cause the disappearance of the 36ft. Y. R. A. class, started in 1902, and which provided a large share of sport for two seasons. Falcon, Eusay and Eileen are in all probability not to be fitted out unless they change hands, so that the smart little Mylne designed Barabel, which has been champion of her class during both seasons, will be the only representative, and Mr. MacIver is hardly likely to go to the expense of fitting her out, unless he has something to race against. The new restricted class is also cutting deeply into the Clyde 23ft. length class; in fact, Mr. Leckie's champion, Cymbeline, is about the only boat spoken of as likely to fit out. Although the new restricted class will consist of boats in every way worthy of the sport they are to maintain, it certainly seems a pity that their existence should prove fatal to the other classes above mentioned, which have shown such excellent form; and it is most sincerely to be hoped that new blood will be infused into them to save them from extinction. The racing between Falcon, Eusay, Eileen, and Barabel was one of the leading features of the Clyde regattas last year, while, as for the 23ft. class, they have been an institution so long, and a training squadron for amateurs, that their disappearance would cause a gap which it would, indeed, be difficult to fill.

The famous old 40-toner Norman has been purchased by Professor D. W. Finlay, who was formerly one of the leading amateur yachtsmen on the Clyde, and the 40-rater Vendetta has been sold by Mr. W. W. MacClellan, and will leave the Clyde for southern waters. Norman is so well-known that it is impossible to add to the long string of doughty deeds performed a quarter of a century ago by her when in charge of Tom Diaper. Vendetta's career has not been so successful as that of Norman. Built in 1893, for Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu, from designs by the late Arthur E. Payne, she found in the Watson cutter Carina a far too formidable opponent, and was early disposed of by the admiral. Vendetta was Payne's second attempt at a vessel of this size, his first being Corsair, also the property of Admiral Montagu. Corsair was a much more moderate type of boat with the then characteristic short knee bow, so common among the small raters designed by Payne, and generally known as the Payne bow. In Vendetta the Southampton designer produced quite an extreme type of boat with great beam and immense overhang for that period. It was soon found out that Vendetta was too big for her sail area, and it was only in broad reaching in a fresh wind that she showed her great speed. She was laid up for a time, and for some years has been raced in the handicap classes on the Clyde under the flag of Mr. MacClellan with a fair amount of success. Vendetta will be a distinct loss to the district.

At the annual meeting of the Solent Classes Racing Association, which was held at the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C., Portsmouth, Feb. 27, Colonel Bucknill made a proposal to start a cruiser class as a Solent class with American ratings and Yacht Racing Association time scale. The proposal was discussed, but did not receive much support and was not put to the meeting. An amendment, however, was carried to the effect that a small handicap class be formed for this year only, to consist of boats between 5 and 20 tons, and that the Solent clubs be asked to encourage it and notify in their fixtures the dates of the cruiser races. This is a much better idea than that of Col. Bucknill, for whatever may be the merits of the American rating rule, it is at present an unknown quantity, and, as the idea of the cruiser class was to fill up the gaps caused by the disappearance of the 36ft. and 30ft. classes, it is not contemplated that the class will be a permanent one.

For some years the members of the Royal Yorkshire Y. C. have been considering the advisability of transferring their annual regatta from the Humber to Bridlington Bay, and no doubt this would have been done long ago, but for the lack of accommodation for yachts in Bridlington Harbor and want of deep water. The North Eastern Railway Company has now offered to provide a powerful dredger for the purpose of dredging out the harbor, so that yachts may lie afloat at all times of tide, and the Bridlington Town Council and Harbor Commissioners have combined with the railway company in their efforts to improve the locality for yachtsmen.

Additional accommodation is to be provided for yachts lying alongside the quay, and it is proposed to lay moorings outside for larger yachts. Under these circumstances the Royal Yorkshire Y. C. has decided to hold its annual regatta at Bridlington, and the fixture will be extended to a week. This is emphatically a move in the right direction, as few places are so unfitted for yachting as the waters of the Humber, especially in the vicinity of Hull. The courses, too, were necessarily monotonous, being merely down the Humber and back; whereas, in Bridlington Bay is a fine, open expanse of blue water, free from the terrific tides which are the *bête noir* of yachtsmen on the Humber, so that a big triangular or quadrilateral course can be laid. If this new programme is adhered to the regattas of the Royal Yorkshire should receive a fillip which they would never have had as long as the venue was the muddy and swift running Humber.

E. H. KELLY.



Khama being overhauled at City Island.

Challenge for Manhasset Bay Cup Accepted.

Mr. Edward M. MacClellan of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. has notified Mr. T. Alfred Vernon, secretary, and Henry J. Gielow, chairman of the regatta committee of the Atlantic Y. C., that the challenge for the Manhasset Bay challenge cup has been accepted.

Mr. MacClellan sent the following letter to Mr. Alfred T. Vernon:

Edward M. MacClellan, Secretary,
Manhasset Bay Yacht Club,
No. 90 Water Street,
New York, March 15, 1904.

T. Alfred Vernon, Secretary Atlantic Y. C., City:

My Dear Sir—Referring to your letter of Feb. 19, containing challenge of the Atlantic Y. C., on behalf of the sloop Bobtail, for a match for the Manhasset cup, I beg to advise that your letter was placed before the trustees of this club at a meeting held on the 11th inst., and the challenge of your club accepted.

The arrangement of details connected with the match has been placed in the hands of Mr. Charles D. Mower, chairman of our race committee, who will at once take this matter up with Mr. Gielow, of your club.

It has given us much pleasure to have received the first challenge for this season from the Atlantic Y. C., and we trust that the races of the match will prove to be as successful as were those of last year. Yours very truly,

E. M. MACCLELLAN, Sec'y.

Speed Launch for C. V. Brokaw.

At Woods' yard, City Island, there is building a speed launch, from designs by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, for Mr. C. V. Brokaw. The boat is 50ft. long, and is double planked. She will be equipped with a 150 horse-power Smith & Mabley simplex that will make 850 revolutions and not weigh more than 2,000 pounds.

The steam launch Buccaneer has been sold through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, to Mr. F. A. Keep, of New Orleans. The British steam yacht Surf, owned by Mr. F. D. Lambert, has been chartered by the same firm, to Mr. Alfred W. Hoyt, of New York city.

Thordis Changes Hands.

Mr. Charles A. Heney, of Boston, has sold his 25-footer Thordis through Messrs. Macconnell Brothers, of this city, to Mr. D. C. Newman Collins, of New York. The same firm has sold for Mr. Walter Murray Beiling, of Bayonne, N. J., the 21-footer Eaglet to Mr. Edmund Reeks, of New York.

Mr. Calus C. Bragg, has sold his schooner yacht Alsacienne, ex-Norseman, through MacConnell Brothers, to a prominent eastern yachtsman. The same firm has sold the 79ft. steam yacht Navarch to Mr. Gilbert E. Orcutt, of New York City.

A Long Island Cruise.

A Power Boat Trip from Jamaica Bay to Peconic Bay.

BY GEORGE E. CRATER, JR.

A MAN who has never experienced the sensations of an earnest sportsman, has yet to learn how to live.

I shall tell you of a little cruise which I took with my friend, Mr. W. H. Norledge, an Englishman, who appreciates sport in the broadest sense and who cast his fortunes with mine on the morning of July 5 last.

We had talked over a way of spending the holiday of the day before, and had agreed that we should go to my club, located on the shore of Jamaica Bay, view the fireworks of the Fourth and dine together at the Oriental, at Manhattan Beach.

Accordingly, on the afternoon of the Fourth, we journeyed together to the club, and finding a comfortable and cool spot on the veranda, we at once set about to refresh with the aid of some good cigars and the proverbial Scotch high ball.

We enjoyed the yacht races provided by the club for the amusement of the club members and their guests. Before us lay the Americus, a trim little craft, of 20ft. waterline, of which I was a modest owner. Her little 3 horse-power engines had been carefully cleaned and the canvas hood had been snugly adjusted by the boatman in charge of the club wharf.

We soon caught the enthusiasm of our brother yachtsmen as they raced their sailing craft in an earnest endeavor to merit the approval of the ladies present, and incidentally, to win a club trophy. I could not stand the strain a moment longer and at once set about in a vain endeavor to find some of the other members who owned small power craft, with a view of arranging a match.

It may be well to say that I had not heard that the builder of the Americus had previously raced this little skimming dish against every 20-footer in the bay and on both sides of the island, and had easily won every match.

I was keenly disappointed in failing to find anyone who was willing to try his steel with me, and I hastened back to my friend, and for a half hour found myself in deep thought. At last I hit upon an idea which afterward proved most delightful, and was a trip long to be remembered. I shall attempt to describe it for you, for I am sure you will be interested and it may be instructive.

First, let me say that I am an amateur, and my friend likewise, so if we do not use the vernacular of the yachtsmen, you must overlook and try to enjoy our experiences without criticising us. On this memorable evening, I suggested to my friend that we stay all night at the hotel and get a good early start in the morning and cruise up the coast and in through Jones' Inlet, and thence through Great South Bay, through Shinnecock Bay, the canal to Peconic Bay, and down Peconic Bay to Craterdale, a summer place of which I was very proud, and which was located on Peconic Bay, at Red Cedar Point, about seven miles east of Riverhead.

My friend was quite agreeable, and we set about making preparations; the commodore of the club tried to persuade us that the proposed cruise with the Americus would be a dangerous undertaking and advised us not to attempt an outside trip in so small a craft.

His interest was well meant, but we could not allow our seamanship to be thus questioned, aside from casting an insinuation on the Americus, which boat we were very fond.

Neither my friend nor I had ever been over the course we outlined, and did not know exactly how we were going to accomplish our task. We finally decided that we must employ a pilot and immediately interrogated the commodore and other club officers, who informed us that they knew of no one who would attempt the trip in the Americus, which made us the more determined.

We finally found a life saving station, and after the usual refreshment and cigars at a nearby resort, a pilot, by the name of Davis, agreed to go with us and see us through the inlet. Accordingly, it was arranged that he should have breakfast with us at Hales' store and restaurant, the only place open at 4 A. M., the next morning, and that we would get away at sunrise.

After putting on 5 gallons of gasolene, 76 proof, and filling the stationary gasolene tank of the Americus, we spent the evening watching the people, who seemed to find amusement in sitting at tables and eating all sorts of horrors, and drinking the queerest mixtures. Being the night of the glorious Fourth, we found much amusement in "slumming," and finally retired at 3:30 A. M., for we had but one hour to rest before we had arranged to breakfast with the pilot.

A heavy knock at the door reminded us that the hour was up, and we hastily put on the few garments which we had removed, and hurried out into the glorious morning; and such a morning, the birds were singing everywhere, and far above us a flock of wild geese were winging their lazy flight over the placid waters of Jamaica, evidently bound for some far off feeding ground.

We hurried on to the restaurant, and there found the genial wife of the proprietor, preparing our bacon and eggs, ordered the night previous, and we had not long to wait before the pilot made his appearence, and we put him through the same initiation. A good breakfast over, we hastened to the Americus, and in a jiffy all was put aright and we were off.

I shall never forget that day! As the dainty little Americus glided on and out through the bay, the pilot, Mr. Norledge and myself, as if by the same sentiment, sat speechless and drank in the soft sea air and the grandeur of it all, and truly no men were ever nearer to their Creator, for we were thankful that we were sportsmen.

On shot the little craft and soon we had gone the full length of Jamica Bay, and before us we could plainly see the broad expanse of ocean with its heavy swells, and we had but to plow our way through the turbulent waters, where the peaceful Jamaica Bay joins the Atlantic, and we were in the ocean.

Up to this time hardly a word had been spoken, and as we shot through the seas and felt the swells of the ocean, we began to realize that our task was not an ordinary one, by any means. The continual hum from the little engine and the sharp reports of the exhaust, told us that the little craft was as true as steel, and was doing her part to give us a safe and enjoyable cruise.

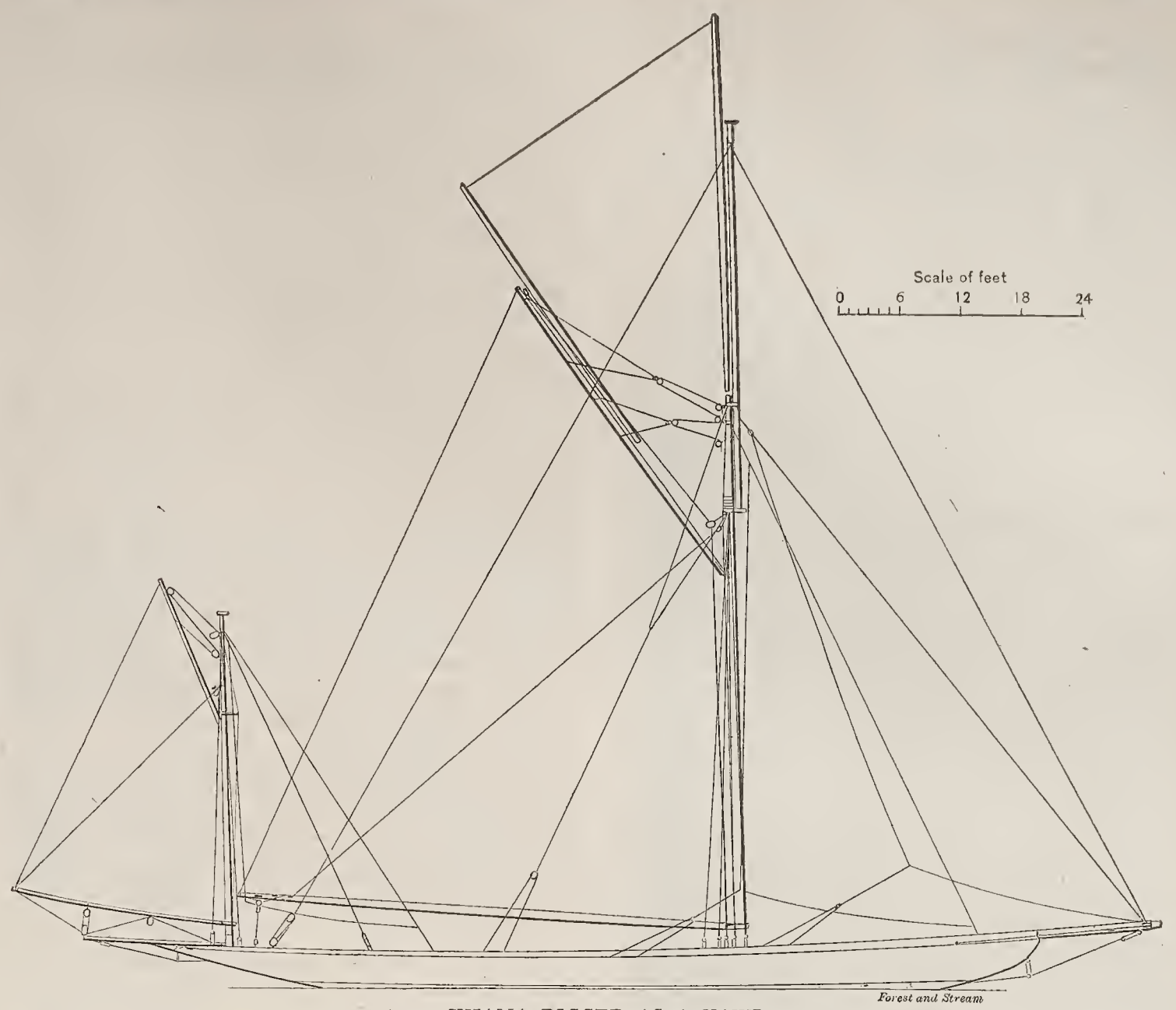
We kept the log, of course, and, if you like, I will quote from that, for you can then know the depth of the waters and will be able to take this trip yourself, should you desire.

After leaving Jamaica Bay we headed off shore for about three knots, and then sailed due E. The water along the coast has an average depth of 9 fathoms, which is ample of course. We passed the Rockaway Life Saving Station, and could plainly see several of the men in charge of the station, watching us, and one of whom had a glass. This was so with every life saving station we passed, and the Long Beach Station, reported to the Herald, "A queer, small craft passed here, bound E., at 9:43 A. M., carrying blue pennant with white hatchet, and white pennant with letter 'A'."

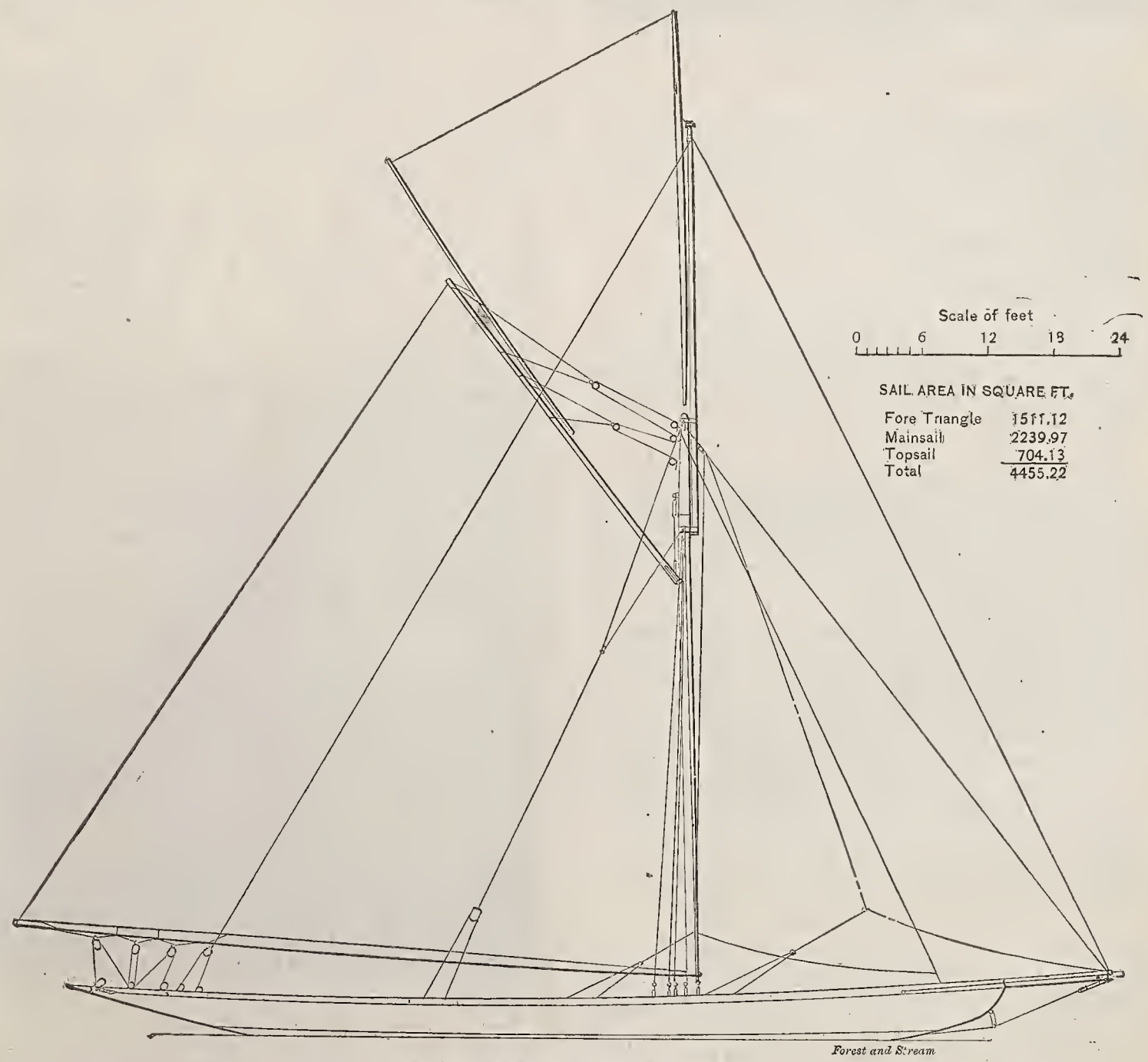
We seemed to be a source of wonder and amusement to Uncle Sam's life savers, and, no doubt, they thought that they were in for it and would have an opportunity of trying their skill on the crew of the Americus, but not so.

Directly south of Shelter Island and Shelter Island Inlet, we passed a red, whistling buoy, and found that we were in 10¼ fathoms of water. This buoy we passed to the right or, if you prefer, we left the buoy on our port hand. Three and a half miles due E. we again passed a similar buoy in 11 fathoms of water. After passing this last buoy, we altered our course and steered N.E., and after a run of 5⅝ miles, we sighted the bell buoy off Jones' Inlet. A good, stiff breeze had now sprung up and we began to feel our little craft rocking merrily on the waters of the Atlantic, and soon by her excellent behavior, we unanimously agreed that the Americus was a little queen, and a match for the element, and we settled down to plan our course through the Inlet.

Passing the bell buoy to starboard, we could plainly see the grim outline of a large tramp steamer, beached and a total wreck off the point, and about ½ mile S.W. of the Short Beach Life Saving Station. Here we met our first mishap. The pilot and Mr. Norledge were busily engaged in a discussion regarding the cause of



KHAMA RIGGED AS A YAWL.



KHAMA RIGGED AS A CUTTER.

wreck of the British tramp, when suddenly we felt a jar and the engines began to double their speed and we were not moving. Only a moment was necessary to decide what caused the accident; a large piece of heavy timber floated by and our wheel had struck it and loosened it, and there was no further resistance in the water, and hence our little engines were putting up a merry pace.

The pilot advised us that he could adjust the wheel in no time, and with a large wrench, made his way to the stern and started in. Mr. Norledge and I agreed to use a pair of oars and keep the head up to the wind, thus giving the pilot a better chance. The pilot gave up in despair, after working in the water for nearly an hour, and informed us that we could do nothing but try and paddle our way through the Inlet. He also encouraged us by telling us that the weather was getting heavier every minute and we would have to try and get through the Inlet at once, and in the hope that we would find the waters of Great South Bay more calm, we commenced to paddle, with every thing on board which could be used for the purpose.

After about half an hour of this sort of thing, I concluded to try my hand with the wrench, and while Norledge and the pilot paddled I worked to set the jam nuts on the shaft, which would make fast the wheel again. A number of heavy swells broke over the stern and drenched me, but I stuck to the thing, and after a half hour of hard work and with the assistance of a leather washer I cut from the top of my shoe, I managed to set the wheel, and off we started again.

We could now see that the sea was breaking heavily on this point of land off the life saving station, and that the Inlet seemed a seething mass of foam and spray, and to tell you truly, I did not think the outlook very inviting.

We had planned to go through the Inlet, and through it we were going. Norledge and the pilot took the wheel, and with a life buoy by the side of each, were ready for the task. I unlaced my boots and placed a life buoy close beside me, and notified them that the "Engineer" was ready. The Americus seemed eager for the task, and we did not have long to wait. The pilot explained to us that every fourth comber was usually light, and that he proposed to ride in on the crest of every favorable one. I agreed, and we soon found our little craft on the very top of a crested breaker, and I would increase the speed on every such occasion, and the pilot would put the bow directly into the mountain of foam, and we would land some hundred or more feet nearer the more calm waters of the Great South Bay.

Again and again we repeated the same operation and the Americus really seemed to enjoy each new danger, and I can assure you the sport was exhilarating. We shipped several barrels of water, and Norledge kept the pump going, and in half an hour we had passed this inlet and had put in at Egg Island, where we refreshed and washed up for luncheon.

During the excitement, we had not forgotten to make our soundings and found that we had 4ft. of water, directly off the point, and by keeping in close to the inside shore of Short Beach, we found about 8ft. of water on an average. The pilot here took the upper channel leaving Deep Creek Meadows and Snipe Island on our port side, and we found that the lowest amount of water we had was 3ft., and from that amount to 17ft.

This was not the best course, as we afterward found, for there is a good channel with an 8-foot average of water, which is easily reached by steering a course due N. of the point on Short Beach, and leaving Deep Creek Meadows to starboard. After a repast of several kinds of sea fish and a big plate of clam chowder, and a good cigar, we were all eager to be on our way, and the Americus seemed as eager.

We hurriedly set out, and steering a course between Green and Low Islands, were soon in South Oyster Bay. The channels are very difficult to find all through the Great South Bay, and we had much difficulty from grass, which continually fouled our propeller and caused us no end of delays, for we were obliged to stop and clean the wheel many times. The channels lay close to the shore and directly off of Strong's Point, Fleet's Point, Conklin's Point, etc., and in the order named. The water at low tide is about 3ft. on an average all the way along this coast, and power boating is not as delightful as it might be in Great South Bay.

Next we passed Nicholls' Point, where we found a good, hard bottom, and about 10ft. of water in the channel. We steered a course due E. from this point and found that we had plenty of water and as much grass, but not nearly so difficult to navigate. Our log registered 8 miles from Nicholls' Point to Blue Point, and we then headed into the channel for Patchogue. Here we found a refreshing "snack" and some good cigars. We rested for half an hour, and then decided to set out again, and as every soul on board the Americus was an officer, we all smoked on duty and enjoyed our fragrant Havanas to the fullest extent.

The weather was very rough; and by this time the sky was cloudy and overcast, but we paid no attention to the weather, except to note that the barometer fell several degrees. The wind now and again would dash the foam from some breaking wave into our little craft, but we would only laugh and relight our cigars and enjoy the exhilarating situation.

We were soon off Howell's Point, and found about 7ft. of water in the channel, and thence we laid our course across Bellport Bay, which is grassy and very difficult to navigate. We were able to follow the channel here, for the life saving station, situated at Smith's Point, had marked the channel, so that they could be able to get supplies by boat from Patchogue.

From this point through Moriches Bay, we had to overcome innumerable difficulties, grass in particular, and very little water. The latter, at low tide, has only an average of about 3ft., and the extremely soft bottom makes poling slow and tedious. We persevered, however, and after traveling 9½ miles in this sort of water and mud, we arrived at Petunk Point.

There is an alleged canal or waterway connecting Moriches Bay at this point with Shinnecock Bay; we managed to get through this canal, and under an old abandoned bridge which crosses it, and once more found ourselves in full view of a lighthouse and a short space of clear water. The channel here lies off the shore from Phillips' Point, and we steered a course due E. from this point to the Shinnecock Lighthouse, on Penquogue Point.

One of the life saving crew from the lighthouse at this point became very much interested in our craft and our trip and begged to go with us a part of our journey, offering to pilot us and aid us through Shinnecock, which we accepted, for our pilot had never been through the Great South Bay, nor had he ever sailed through Shinnecock.

We soon had our new pilot aboard, and after initiating him to a high ball and a good Havana, we set out again, and on the last stage of our cruise. Our new pilot had no difficulty in taking us around Cormorant Point, and to the hotel at Canoe Place, where we sent him to the railroad depot, and gave him a ticket back. He was delighted with the little craft and expressed himself in regard to her again and again, and wondered at her performance and the ease with which she could be handled in rough waters.

We were doomed to another disappointment. For after leaving the hotel at Canoe Place, we entered the new canal, connecting Shinnecock Bay with the Great Peconic Bay. In the canal we found a tide gate and a large sloop on the other side of the gate, and we learned from her captain that he had been waiting for two days for the water to open those gates. We were now doomed to spend some time, unless we could pry open, or in some way find means of getting around or through the gate. The captain of the sloop was in a bad temper and only laughed at our predicament, and evidently seemed happy in the thought that misery loves company.

It was now getting well along toward evening, and the sun's last rays were tipping the housetops in a quiet little village about a mile away. I had visions of spending the night there and not making the goal which we hat set out to make and for which we had worked so hard. It seemed a shame, and I managed to get an ax and we were going to try and cut the gates loose and stand the damage in order to make our record good.

This we soon found was impracticable, so we set about to plan some way to get the Americus over the gates. She was not so heavy, and, with help enough, I was satisfied that we could pull her over the gates. I took out a bottle of Scotch and proceeded to get the captain of the sloop in proper form to help us, and to remove a look which was plainly evident came from disgust and an attack of that tired feeling. You would be surprised to know how quick a good cigar and a high-ball will put you right after a long, hard day's work—and the tired sportsman has generally had his share of the work.

Soon my disgruntled friend was in a better humor, and I proposed to him that we bring the sloop alongside, and that he put his boom over on my side of the gate as a sort of derrick; and that I would make slings of rope and we would hoist the Americus clear and put her on his side of the gate. He finally assented, and we set about making slings in which to hoist the little skimming dish, as she has been affectionately called ever since.

Soon all was in readiness and a dozen or more farmers and townspeople from the little village crowded around to watch. When all was in readiness, I took out our last box or cigars, and after supplying my curious friends, I invited each one of them to give us a hand, and soon we had about twenty sturdy men on to the ropes, and the tackle began to tighten and lo! the Americus left the water. It was but the work of a few minutes to swing her over on the other side of the gates, and after a division of the cigars remaining among my newly made friends, we again got aboard and soon the big sloop passed from view, in the distance and in the mantle of night which now was fast settling upon us.

We lit our port and starboard lights and settled down for a run of about 7 miles down Great Peconic Bay, the finest body of land-locked water in America, and the yachtsmen's paradise. I had telegraphed my man in charge of Craterdale to go to Red Cedar Point and hang a lantern on the point, so that I could find the way up the channel and to the front of the old farmhouse, where both the Americus and her tired crew would find shelter, food, and rest.

As if realizing that she had made a record day, the Americus eagerly plunged ahead and found little difficulty in making good speed on the less turbulent waters of Peconic. We had soon passed the 7 miles, so our taffrail log indicated, and I looked in vain for the light but to no avail; and on we went, until we were getting close to the town of Riverhead, the lights of which were now plainly visible and which meant that we had passed Craterdale some 9 miles.

A quick turn and soon we were on our way back, and when the log again registered the proper mileage, we used the whistle, and to our satisfaction, far over in the direction of Craterdale we could see a faint glow of a lantern and could see that it was being swung for our benefit, and in less time than it takes to tell you, we were alongside of the light and my man had arranged that he would fire three shots in rapid succession, which was to be taken at the house that we had been sighted and were coming in the channel and would be ready for a good supper.

The three shots were given, and we took our man aboard and started up the channel at half speed, for the hospitable old country house, where we, tired and hungry sportsmen, were to be well dined. Soon the little Americus drew alongside of the dock, and in a moment every tired seaman was at the table with a fine broiled spring chicken before him and a good bottle of claret, and I can assure you we did not stop eating except to discuss the trip. Next followed a big, home-made, blueberry pie and a cup of good coffee for each officer—and we were all officers, as I have before related—and then we drew around our chairs and each had a pipe and a good smoke.

An hour later a crew of tired sportsmen were slumbering on an equal number of feather beds, happy, content, and far away from the noise of a busy city, convinced that yachting was the king of outdoor sport The little Americus remained in her berth at the dock, the wonder and admiration of all who knew of her extraordinary cruise; and I can truly say that I would rather be a sportsman for a day, than the king of an empire forever!

Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound.

THE March general meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound was held at the Arena, No. 41 West 31st Street, New York City, on Monday, March 21, 1903. The following amendments to the racing rules were voted upon favorably:

Rule II. To strike out Section 1 and substitute the following: "Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing measurement, which shall be determined by multiplying the length by the square root of the sail area, and dividing the product by 5.5 times the cube root of the displacement."

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Section 2. To strike out first line and substitute: "Length shall be ascertained by measuring the load water line length in a—"

To add a fourth paragraph to read as follows: "The load water line beam shall be measured at points one-eighth of the length of the load water line from its forward end and from its after end, and these measurements added. If this sum exceeds the maximum load water line beam, such excess is to be added to the load water line length. The result so obtained shall be the measurement of length."

To strike out Section 4.

To add the following to be numbered Section 4: "Displacement shall be ascertained by multiplying the area of the immersed midship section in square feet by 55 per cent. of the load water line length, the result being the measurement of the displacement in cubic feet."

To amend Section 6 by inserting the words "or remove" between the word "board" and "any" in the second line.

To strike out the second paragraph of Section 8.

Rule III. To reletter certain classes.—Referred to Executive Committee with power.

Section 2. To amend the first line to read "The restricted classes shall include only such yachts."

To strike out Section 3.

To add a new section to read as follows: "A yacht in a restricted class appearing alone in her class, may enter and compete in the relative sloop classes, provided that notice is given as specified in Section 3."

Add new section to Rule III: "A yacht availing herself of the privilege provided in Sec. 3, 4 and 5, must display on both sides of her mainsail, in addition to her regular racing number, the letter of the class in which she starts."

To strike out Section 6.

Rule XV. Section 1. To insert the words "in red" between the words "anchor" and "and."

To amend Section 2 by providing a starting signal for the knockabout class.

Rule XVIII. To amend the second sentence of Section 2 to read "The Committee boat at the finish line shall show a red ball, and after sundown shall show two red lights and at intervals the club's night signal."

Section 3. To substitute the words "flag N of the code" for the words "a mark ball" in the third and fourth lines.

Rule XIX. Section 1. To strike out the words "a red ball hoisted under flag B" in the second line and substitute "flag Y."

Section 2. Substitute flag "Q" for flag "B."

Restricted Classes: To change the title of the 18-foot restricted class to the 18-foot knockabout class.

Table of Scantlings: To strike out the columns applying to the 25-foot and 21-foot classes and change the headings of the remaining columns to apply to the 32-foot, 27-foot and 15-foot restricted classes.

Code Signals left with Executive Committee with power. Voted that code signals in colors be printed in book of rules, 1904.

The following officers were unanimously elected: Thos. H. Macdonald, President; Chas. E. Tower, Secretary; E. M. MacLellan, Treasurer.

Executive Committee—Frank B. Jones, Robt C. Mitchell, Chas. T. Pierce, Clinton H. Crane.

Requested that Regatta Committees advise all owners of racing yachts to send their measurement certificates to their club measurer, for the purpose of having same corrected, so as to show the measurement under the new rule and thus avoid confusion which otherwise will result from delay in doing this.

The racing schedule for 1904 is as follows:

Saturday, May 28—New Rochelle Special.

Monday, May 30—Harlem Annual, Bridgeport Special; Indian Harbor Special.

Saturday, June 4—Knickerbocker Annual.

Saturday, June 11—Manhasset Bay Annual.

Saturday, June 25—Seawanhaka Annual, New York; Athletic Special.

Friday, July 1—American Annual.

Saturday, July 2—New Rochelle Annual.

Monday, July 4—Hartford Annual.

Saturday, July 9—Riverside Annual.

Monday, July 11—Manhasset Bay Cup Race.

Tuesday, July 12—Manhasset Bay Cup Race.

Wednesday, July 13—Manhasset Bay Cup Race.

Saturday, July 23—Hartford Special.

Saturday, July 30—Indian Harbor Annual.

Saturday, Aug. 6—Hempstead Harbor Annual Shelter Island Annual.

Saturday, Aug. 13—Horseshoe Harbor Annual, Bridgeport Annual.

Saturday, Aug. 20—Huguenot Annual; Northport Annual; Hartford Special.

Saturday, Aug. 27—Huntington Annual; Corinthian Stamford Annual.

Saturday, Sept. 3—Indian Harbor Fall; Hartford Special.

Monday, Sept. 5—Norwalk Annual, Sachem's Head Annual.

Saturday, Sept. 10—Seawanhaka Fall.

Saturday, Sept. 17—Manhasset Bay Fall.

Saturday, Sept. 24—Riverside Fall.

Katrina and Venus.

TERMINAL, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Katrina was designed by Mr. J. H. Holmes, an amateur of the Humber Yawl Club, England. I used the plans as published in FOREST AND STREAM, making a few changes, which I thought would be better for the local conditions, and they proved to be about right.

The draft I increased 5in., using 2,500 pounds of iron outside. Her original rig was that of a knockabout with the forestay leading to the stemhead, but in the first season she had a short bowsprit of 3ft., and in 1893 it was increased to 5ft. She had about 500 ft. of sail in jib and mainsail; were I building to that model again I would step the mast about one foot further forward, as she always had considerable weather helm, but was much improved after the changes were made in her headsail.

For a sea boat her equal would be hard to find; in that size her good freeboard, moderate overhangs, and compact sail plan gave me just the boat that I wanted, and I only sold her in order that I could build one larger which would give me more room on a cruise. You can see by looking at the charts that our cruises are all deep water and off shore, and are of quite a



Venus.

different kind than those indulged in by our eastern friends, and I well know whereof I speak, having been born and brought up in the east.

Our favorite ground is around Catalina Island, lying off shore some 25 miles. The South Coast Y. C. goes there on the Fourth of July, which, so far, is the only cruise that they have taken as a body, except one to Ocean Park, some 30 miles up the coast where we went to race for a cup, put up by the Country Club of that place, and managed to bring it home with the Venus, which was not very hard, seeing that none but our club boats were entered.

Earlier in the summer we made a cruise to Santa Barbara, everyone talked of going but only five boats made a start (the smallest turned back, finding it too rough), but the others had a very fine trip, although it was a little sloppy for the two smallest of those going through, Venus and Katrina. On this trip—my wife being along—we accepted an invitation from Mr. H. H. Sinclair to accompany him on his schooner Lurline, which he had just bought from Mr. John D. Spreckels, of San Francisco, making a cruise to Honolulu and Japan in Lurline. I sent the Katrina up with a couple of boys, and the Venus went up with her owner, Commodore Pease and a party of friends. The Venus has never been beaten since she was launched, but I expect to go down this summer before a new boat, built by Mr. Joseph Fellows; and as he designed and built the Venus, he feels certain that in the new boat he has worked an improvement. Whether he has or has not, time alone will tell, and Mr. Pease, who is now ex-commodore, is certain to make a good fight before he acknowledges defeat.

As a club, we are out for the Lipton cup, given by Sir Thomas to the Corinthians of San Diego. We hope to make a strong bid for it this summer, and if we don't bring it back it will be because they have a better boat or better sailors, which as yet we are not willing to concede.

JOSEPH T. PUGH.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Yacht Milwaukee is Awarded Cup.

After waiting for two years and a half, the owners of Milwaukee, which boat, on Aug. 17, 1901, won the special prize offered for competition between 35-footers by the Chicago Y. C., have been rewarded by the receipt of the handsome cup, accompanied by a letter from the committee to whom was referred a protest which resulted in the long delay in making the award. The cup is now in the possession of Mr. Robert Nunnemacher, chairman of the Milwaukee syndicate which built the yacht Milwaukee in 1901 to compete in the trials for the selection of a defender of the Canada's cup, which Invader won at Chicago in August of the same year by defeating Cadillac, the Detroit craft selected by the committee to meet the Toronto yacht.

Milwaukee was not successful in the trials, but out of courtesy to the yachtsmen who had brought yachts to Chicago to compete in the preliminary contests prior to the real thing for the Canada's cup, the Chicago Y. C. offered a trophy for special race after the cup races were finished, and Mr. Nunnemacher entered the craft which Chicago yachting writers dubbed the "sidewalk." The day of the special race was set for Aug. 17, 1901, the entries being Milwaukee, Illinois and Yankee. In a whole sail breeze the Jones & Laborde creation led the other 35-footers around the Chicago Y. C.'s 15-mile course on the day of the contest. Milwaukee ran away from Illinois, and Yankee was hardly a competitor after the first leg of the course had been sailed. Milwaukee carried her new centerboard, which was 14in. deeper than its predecessors, and 1,350 sq.ft. of canvas under a double reef. In the race she almost caught up to the 52-footers, in spite of her 8-minute handicap.

Immediately after the race, Mr. George Pynchon, of Illinois, entered a protest against Milwaukee, and in sending the cup to Mr. Nunnemacher, who is the chairman of the Milwaukee syndicate, Chairman Robert Thorne, of the regatta committee of the Chicago Y. C., addressed the following letter to Mr. Nunnemacher, which is self explanatory:

Chicago, March 7, 1904.

Mr. Robert Nunnemacher, Chairman Milwaukee Syndicate, Milwaukee, Wis.:

Dear Sir—In the matter of the protest filed by Mr. George Pynchon against the yacht Milwaukee, the winner of a race held under the auspices of the Chicago Yacht Club, Aug. 17, 1901, the regatta committee renders the following decision: "At the time of the protest some doubt existed in the minds of the regatta committee as to the proper manner in which to measure the girth of the Milwaukee, and the matter was therefore referred to the council of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, who ruled that 'if a hollow is formed in the water line profile, such hollow shall be filled up by drawing a straight line from the lower extremity of the centerboard and extended forward to waterline mark, and girth taken at that line.' Immediately after the race the Milwaukee went out of commission, and it was impossible for the regatta committee to re-measure the boat. However, Article 4 of the racing rules of the Yacht Racing Union provided that 'measurers may accept for the measurement of the girth the designers' written certificate or drawing, certified to as being correct by designer and builder.' With the measurements we had, together with this written certificate, we find that, according to the ruling of the council, that the Milwaukee measured 34.60 feet on the day of the race. We therefore overruled the protest and award the prize to the Milwaukee. We greatly regret the delay in our decision; but it took a long time for us to secure the ruling of the council of the Yacht Racing Union, and in the meantime our committee's duties had expired and the matter was inadvertently overlooked."

The cup has been this day shipped to Mr. Nunnemacher at Milwaukee. Very respectfully,

The Regatta Committee C. Y. C. for 1901.
Robert Thorne, Chairman.

Milwaukee will be placed in commission again this year by Mr. Nunnemacher, who hopes to arrange for another series of races during the season with Illinois, which is now owned by Mr. Joseph Uihlein, of Milwaukee. Mr. Nunnemacher is enthusiastic over Milwaukee as a result of a trial he made against the speed of Invader and Cadillac at Chicago on Aug. 14, 1901, the day of the final race between the American defender and Canadian challenger. On that day he got Milwaukee under way 4 minutes after Invader and Cadillac got the gun, and finished 7 minutes sooner than Invader, a net gain of 11 minutes.

A. W. FRIESE.

MILWAUKEE, March 19.

California Y. C. Fixtures

The regatta committee of the California Y. C. has issued the following programme:

May.—Saturday, 7th, opening; Sunday, 8th, cruise in squadron; Saturday, 14th, open; Sunday, 15th, open; Saturday, 21st, open; Sunday, 22d, handicap race; Saturday, 28th, cruise to Benicia; Sunday, 29th, special orders; Monday, 30th, special orders.

June.—Saturday, 4th, open; Sunday, 5th, open; Saturday, 11th, open; Sunday, 12th, open; Saturday, 18th, open; Sunday, 19th, class flag regatta and owners' cup race; Saturday, 25th, open; Sunday, 26th, open.

July.—Saturday, 2d, cruise to San Mateo Point; Sun-



Katrina.

day, 3d, clambake, San Mateo Point; Monday, 4th, return from San Mateo Point; Saturday, 9th, open; Sunday, 10th, Wallace trophy race; Saturday, 16th, open; Sunday, 17th, open; Saturday, 23d, up river cruise; Sunday, 24th, up river cruise; Saturday, 30th, up river cruise; Sunday, 31st, up river cruise.

August.—Saturday, 6th, cruise to Sheep Island; Sunday, 7th, fish chowder, Sheep Island; Saturday, 13th, open; Sunday, 14th, open; Saturday, 20th, cruise to California City; Sunday, 21st, cruise to California City; Saturday, 27th, open; Sunday, 28th, race for 20ft. class.

September.—Saturday, 3d, cruise to Petaluma Creek; Sunday, 4th, cruise to Petaluma Creek; Monday, 5th, Labor Day Cruise; Friday, 9th, Admission Day, Pacific interclub regatta; Saturday, 10th, open; Sunday, 11th, open; Saturday, 17th, open; Sunday, 18th, open; Saturday, 24th, open; Sunday, 25th, race for 20ft. class.

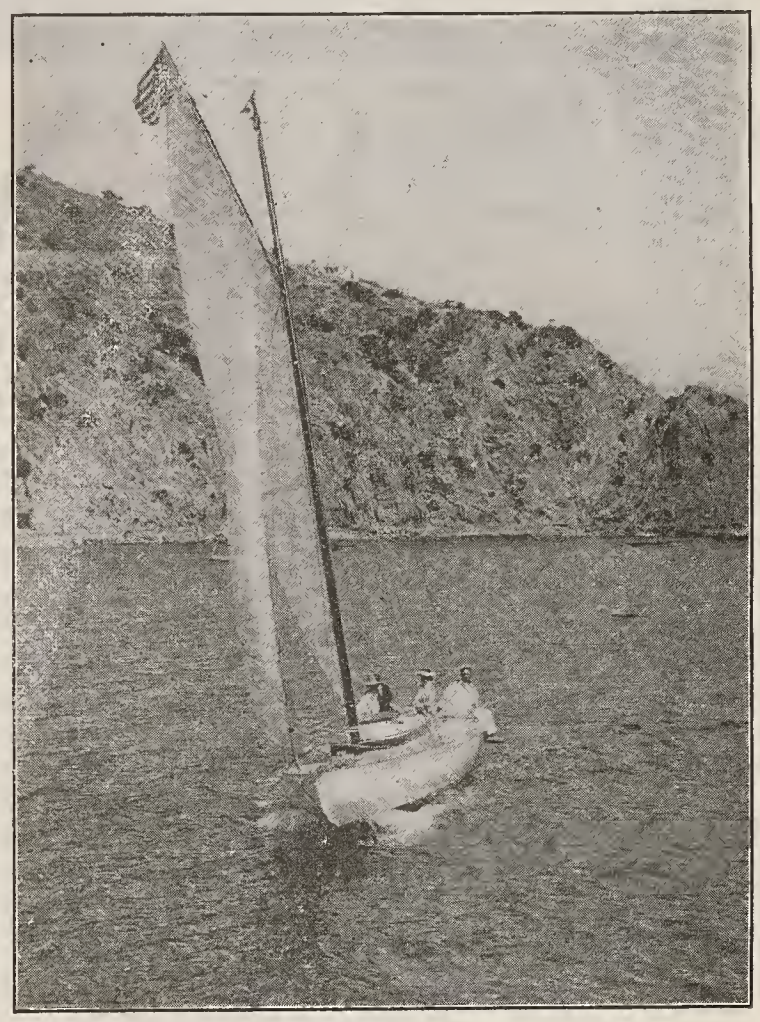
October.—Saturday, 1st, open; Sunday, 2d, Vincent handicap regatta; Saturday, 8th, open; Sunday, 9th, open; Saturday, 15th, rendezvous at Sausalito; Sunday, 16th, cruise outside; Saturday, 22d, open; Sunday, 23d, open; Saturday, 29th, closing day; Sunday, 30th, cruise in squadron.

Harbor at Cape May.

Mr. T. Alfred Vernon, secretary of the Atlantic Y. C. has sent Mr. Theodore E. Burton, chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, House of Representatives, Washington, the following letter in regard to a proposed harbor of refuge at Cape May:

The members of the Atlantic Y. C. regard with great interest and satisfaction the proposed action of the Government, under pending legislation in Congress, of providing to make available a harbor of refuge, on the now almost harborless coast of New Jersey, at Cape May, N. J., and thus establish what we regard as most desirable and of absolute necessity in the way of assuring the safety of our large and increasing fleet of pleasure vessels, as well as for the mercantile marine, along the coast.

They have long been impressed with the great need of a harbor



Venus.

on the New Jersey coast, of a place of refuge between here and the Capes, and now express our sincere approval of the project under way to meet this need, by the harbor at Cape May, and sincerely petition your honorable body to report favorably on this proposed legislation that this important work may be taken in hand at an early date.

Two New Speed Launches.

Two speed launches are being built at the Lozier shops, at Westchester. One of the boats was designed by M. Farguson. She is 37ft. 1in. over all; 33ft. waterline; 4ft. 5in. breadth; and 8in. draft. Her power will consist of a 30 horse-power motor. The second boat is from designs by Mr. Henry J. Gielow. This craft is 26ft. 3in. over all; 25ft. 3in. waterline; and 4ft. 4in. breadth.

New Launch for T. L. Park.

The Huntington Mfg. Co., of New Rochelle, is building a 41ft. launch, from designs by Mr. E. V. Willis, for Mr. Trenor L. Park. The boat is 41ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth, and will be fitted with a 70 horse-power engine. Two other launches are being built at this yard. The larger of the two is 35ft. long and was designed by Mr. R. N. Bavier. She will be fitted with a 15 horse-power Standard engine. The other launch is for Mr. Daniel S. Morrel, of Hartford, Conn. This boat will have a 24 horse-power motor installed. Twelve sailing dories are being completed for members of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia. These boats are 21ft. over all, and 6ft. breadth.

Larchmont Y. C. Fixtures.

The spring regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. will be sailed on Saturday, June 18, and the annual regatta on July 4. Race week will begin on Saturday, July 16, and end on Saturday, July 23.

Redwing Sold.

Mr. J. B. O'Donohue, of the Atlantic Y. C., has purchased the Bar Harbor 30-footer Redwing.

Steam Yacht Cangarda Sold.

Mr. Charles J. Canfield, of Manistee, Mich., has sold the steam yacht Cangarda to Mr. Willis T. Hanson, of Schenectady, N. Y., through tre agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox.

New Boats from W. H. Hand's Designs.

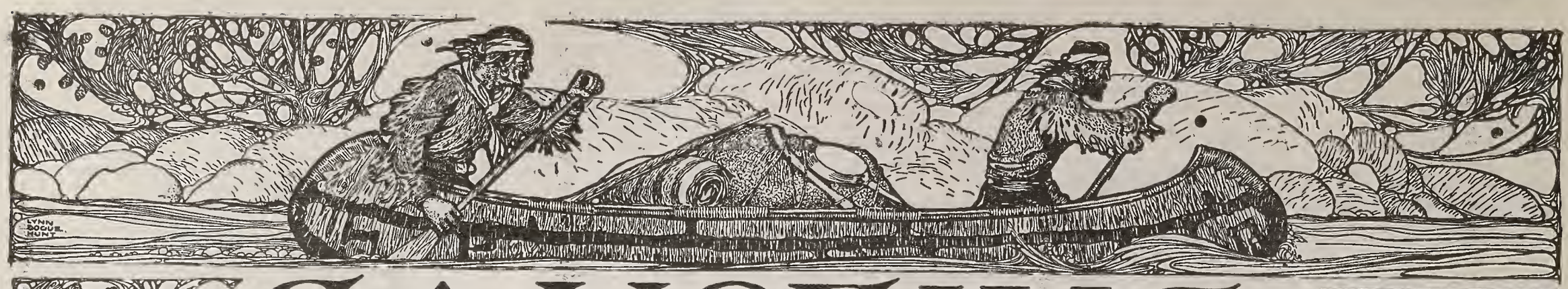
Mr. W. H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford, has finished the lines of a 21ft. racer for H. L. Chamberlin, of Buflafo, a 22-rater for Mr. D. D. Allerton, of New York, under the Gravesend Bay Y. R. A. rule, and a restricted 15-footer for Mr. E. B. Green, of Buffalo, under rules similar to those of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

Steam Yacht Geisha Sold.

The 80ft. steam yacht Geisha has been sold by Mr. A. Bleecker Banks, through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh, to Mr. Leonard Richards.

N. L. Skene Establishes Brokerage Business.

Mr. Norman L. Skene has established himself at 131 State street, Boston, Mass., where he will carry on a yacht brokerage business in connection with his designing work.



CANOEING

A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

The Log of the Iris.

BY J. N. STALKER, DETROIT, MICH.

(*Continued from page 235*)

When it came to a question of hotels, the LLD. looked at me gloomily and said nothing. I was smothering to relieve my system of a lot of sulphurous thoughts, but there was no discoverable recipient for them, so I, too, said nothing. After some explanations we got ourselves housed in the servants' quarters of a hotel; I first wringing out my clothes in a faraway bathroom, and resuming them, wet and horrible, for the trip to our apartment. It was then about ten o'clock, and for various other reasons we waived supper and went to bed with a good appetite for breakfast. Soothed by the drip, drip, of my garments I was soon wrapped in slumber's soft embrace from which I emerged to find them still dripping, festooned picturesquely around the chamber, and a little pool of water under each. There was no choice, so they went on again, wet and cold, and after breakfast and a liberal fortification of the system on my part we were on our way.

We had an interesting but uneventful ride up the majestic Detroit River from Wyandotte to Detroit, past the almost continuous succession of tall chimneys and big factories below the town, and long river frontage of the big city. We decided to stop at the latter place over night and give the present scribe a chance to dry out.

The white caps were rolling merrily the next morning, but the wind was favorable so we put up our sail and set off at a clipping pace. Once we had passed the world-famous Belle Isle and gotten out into Lake St. Clair, it became decidedly rough, so rough, as we subsequently learned, that no fishing from the broad heavy fishing boats was attempted all day. Perhaps the fishing would have been no good anyway, I am not enough of an authority to say, but at any rate we had the most exciting sailing I have ever enjoyed. Running pretty much before the wind, we fairly tore along, now rushed ahead on the white crest of a wave for a minute at a time, then finally outstripped by it, dropping into the trough until caught up and hurled forward by the next, which broke over the covered deck and generally landed a half pailful of water between the steersman's shoulders.

Steering under those conditions was one of the most strenuous occupations I ever undertook. When the stern of the boat was heaved up into the air, by a wave just about to pass under us, it took every ounce of strength we possessed, applied to the long single paddle to keep her straight, and then a minute later when the wind caught her bow it was almost as bad. Although we did not readily tire paddling, we were obliged to change places pretty often that day, and I never got so many and such appalling aches in my life, as fell to my lot as the result of steering that little canoe. The lee-boards of inch ash, and strongly braced with iron, were literally wrenched to pieces before we had been gone an hour, so we unstrapped them from the thwart, threw them overboard and went on without them. We sailed the whole morning in this fashion, passing headland after headland in one continuous rush, and getting wetter and wetter all the time.

By half-past two we were shipping so much water that we were kept busy to bail it out as fast as it came in. We were sitting in from two to three inches of it all the time, and were soaked to the skin from head to foot, but sublimely happy, nevertheless. Chancing to look around, however, we saw a big black thunderstorm approaching, so that all things considered we decided to make for shelter. There were a couple of boat-houses near at hand, but the doors were of course shut, so that we could not run in, and we dared not land near them for fear of being smashed to splinters against the wooden wall which ran along the shore, and curbed the wandering tendencies of the land.

We were accordingly obliged to continue on to where there was a beach, at which place, in order to avoid accident to the boat in the really considerable surf, we jumped overboard and ran her up in regular life-saving crew style. The LLD. now showed an intelligence which did him credit. As soon as we had got our sail down, without waiting to decide the matter by discussion, whereat he would have been worsted, he shoved me off again a prey to the elements, and went away himself to get a boat-house door open. I struggled manfully out there in the wet, paddling furiously without seeming to make much headway and eyeing the approaching storm with great dislike. I got the boat safely into a boat-house before the storm broke, however, and we went up to a farm-house to wait, the LLD. soothing me with a fabulous tale about the difficulties he had encountered in getting the place opened up. As I did not believe any of the tale I will not repeat it.

The minds of the farm-house people had been somewhat prepared for our arrival by my companion, so that considering our horribly water-logged condition, they welcomed us as warmly as we could expect. The family consisted of an ex-day-laborer from Detroit, his barefooted wife, and a bare-footed young lady whom we took to be his daughter. The latter coyly sat on her feet while we passed through the kitchen, then sized us up through a crack in the door, and that was about the extent of our acquaintance with her. We had barely got inside when the rain came down in torrents, and did not stop until after dark, so we were very glad we were under shelter. We sat down, dripping as we were, to the most villainous meal, with the exception of next morning's breakfast, that I have ever been up against, and as to our sleeping accomodations that night—I decline to describe them.

The next morning we climbed into the mess of water-soaked carpet, cushions, tent, and provisions that we found in our boat; by half-past eight we had reached the mouth of the Clinton river, and after a leisurely eight mile paddle up the pretty little stream came to the city of Mt. Clemens. We spent the rest of the morning drying out our stuff and ourselves by spreading the whole aggregation picturesquely along the shore in the sun. In the afternoon, in the process of seeing the town, I imbibed in my ignorance a whole tumbler of raw, undiluted mineral water, thereby greatly astonishing the Mt. Clemensite who gave it to me in the expectation that I would not want more than a sip. In fact, I did not, but drank it anyway. However, I shortly began to turn a ghastly green, and found myself under the necessity of retiring to a secluded spot, where I proved myself an inhabitant of the space of four dimensions by turning completely inside out. I would not mention this sad occurrence but that it explains why we did not proceed until next morning.

The next day was a very enjoyable one spent in exploring the Clinton River way up past the town. We went up twelve or fifteen miles before lunch and back again in the afternoon, and found it very pretty indeed—not quite so wild as the Huron, but with a certain quiet beauty of its own. After supper we fairly surpassed ourselves in the eight mile paddle down to the club-house at the mouth of the river where we passed the night. The moving consideration was a huge black thunderstorm which came up behind us directly we left town. Expecting momentarily to be deluged, we tore down the river for those eight long miles at the very top of our speed, and succeeded in getting to our destination ahead of the storm, albeit dripping with perspiration and pretty thoroughly blown. The reader may now attempt to imagine our nausea when I tell him that the whole thing blew over without raining a drop. Even suitable thoughts failed us.

The next day, the Fourth of July, by the way, was positively ideal. Early in the morning we started straight out into the lake in the direction of St. Clair Flats, feeling just like miniature Columbuses as we steered our little craft into the open lake. There is certainly an exhilaration about venturing into the "unknown," so to speak. Although we had a pretty definite notion where the flats as a whole were to be found, we didn't have much idea what part of them we would strike, or when it would be, steering as we did by the sun, and pretty much at the mercy of the wind and current. Besides, I shall have to plead guilty to the charge of pretending to myself that I was as ignorant of the blue waters surrounding us as the first aborigine that ever trod their shores. It was more fun doing it that way, that was all. We often did it.

Before long, we saw the scattered trees and long lines of rushes that mark the flats, and were soon grappling with the problem of navigating through that wonderful maze of islands, rushes and channels. We were finally led by the course of events for about two miles up what seemed to be a long channel, but which turned out to be a bay when we got to the end of it. This was on the face of it a very distressing circumstance, but luck was with us, and ten minutes of profitable exploration revealed a spot where a couple of inches of water covered the land as far as the next channel. Over this mud accordingly, with a good deal of force and coaxing we finally wriggled the boat into deep water again. Not far from here we came across a little summer hotel where we discovered where we were and where we wanted to go, after which we had no trouble. I was amazed at the great area of the flats, though; the ordinary traveler forms no adequate conception of them.

Before long a big catboat that had been out after muscalonge overtook us and offered a tow, which we promptly accepted. It is magnificent, when away like that, to do it all yourself, but it is not common sense. The man who offered the tow was not foolish, either, as he was the proprietor of a little hotel not far away whither he towed us, and once there we were easily induced to stay to dinner.

That important function satisfactorily terminated, we found ourselves temporarily incapacitated for further exertion, and were accordingly granted a further tow of four miles to Pearl Beach behind the proprietor's naphtha launch. Here, the distaste for work having by this time reached large proportions, we hoisted the sail and let the wind do the rest, reclining luxuriously in the bottom of the boat and smoking some of our late host's excellent cigars. Up that picturesque shore, with its miles of summer cottages, we were wafted lazily along, the water just rippling pleasantly against the bow, in as perfect contentment of mind and body as it would be possible to be. At every row and sail-boat we saw, and there were many of them out for pleasure that afternoon, the thought came to us how tame their fun was, with the necessity before them of traveling in the old familiar waters and returning from each ride to the old familiar starting point. With us it was so different; we simply kept on and on, seeing new things and enjoying them every mile until we got tired; then a cheerful camp and a fresh start the next day.

At the city of Algonac we stopped for our first mail but were unable to get it as the post office was celebrating the Fourth. We accordingly determined to take a little side trip on the Snicardy, about whose beauty we had heard much, then go up the Sydenham River as far as we cared to, after which we would return for our mail when the times were more propitious. The Snicardy River, which is simply another outlet for the St. Clair River, separating the Indian Reservation of Walpole Island from the mainland, we found quite up to expectations, although for the canoeist it lacks the fascination of a little stream without possessing the compensating largeness and majesty of a big one. We had supposed that the Snicardy was tributary to the St. Clair, instead of being an outlet of it, and having been warned of its swift current. toiled along very wearily, condemning the head wind and feeling rather sorry for ourselves.

After a number of such laborious miles, however, we noticed that the current seemed to be going the wrong way. When this observation was confirmed, the truth dawned upon us that we were going *with* the current and we went along very much more easily.

A couple of fair camping grounds on Walpole Island were passed up, because of an alleged desire (a totally insane one, by the way) on the part of the LLD., to reach the Sydenham River that night. The actual cause of this desire was, in my opinion, the belief that we would be unscalped, and our "valuables" taken by stealthy Indians that night, if we ventured on or near Walpole. However, in any case, he is clearly to blame for all that follows. Naturally, when, tired and very supperless, we reached the river aforesaid, there was no camping ground to be found; the place was wet, marshy, and alive with mosquitoes. Until dark we poked sadly up and down that neighborhood, until finally, in sheer desperation, we were compelled by the approaching darkness to take the first place we came to. The grass was tall and wet, and there was an ominous buzzing in the air, but we landed and set about pitching our tent, which was, of course, the first essential.

We had considerable difficulty here, because material for pegs was scarce, and we were obliged to do all our work with one hand while we slapped at mosquitoes with the other. When the tent was finally up, it was quite dark and too late to think of getting supper, though our appetites were such that we remember them to this day with distress. Before we had time to stow things comfortably away, it began to rain, so we crawled into the tent, accompanied by a horde of mosquitoes from all the surrounding region, who also wanted to keep dry.

We had had recommended to us a preparation of pennyroyal and tar as a defense against these pests, but the stuff was put up under the direction of the LLD. so that the vaseline, a very essential ingredient, was omitted. We applied the stuff very liberally, however, but alas! we had not reckoned with our skin, which was raw with sunburn, so that the turpentine in it soon began to feel like so much fire. And to cheer us still further the mosquitoes seemed to like the mixture prodigiously, and settled down on it like flies! One might imagine that the situation was intense enough as it was, but in addition, the tent, besides leaking, was like a Turkish bath for heat, so that as we slapped and wriggled under the influence of the mosquitoes, we fairly melted away into perspiration, and were unable to wrap our heads in our coats, as a protection, without danger of suffocating.

Matters having fully developed we settled down to enjoy the mosquitoes, and such mosquitoes! They apparently, despite their ample physical development, had not had a meal for months, and I can testify that they will not need another for years. It was simply slap, slap, slap, minute by minute while the hours passed slowly by, and while we were slapping one spot we could feel about a dozen stings going through our burning skins in other places. We thought longingly of our cigars, off somewhere in the canoe in the midst of all our stores, but we were afraid to go wading through the wet after them for fear of further angering our guests.

The limit of human endurance finally seemed to be reached, and I was at last driven to crawl out into the deluge on a hunt for cigars, where somewhat to my surprise, after four or five minues' strenuous search, I found them. After we had got the place pretty full of smoke we were troubled much less, but it was necessary to keep on producing smoke incessantly, as the draft which blew through the tent, both ends of which were, of course, open, seemed especially ordained for the benefit of the mosquitoes. In consequence we smoked alternately, the LLD. and myself, without a stop, until daybreak. The cigars were none of the best and our stomachs were empty, so that naturally we sickened awfully before morning, but we dared not stop.

About 4 A.M., the rain having stopped, we crawled out in a very pessimistic frame of mind, to face the breakfast

problem. On account of the number and quality of the cigars consumed, we had no appetites, but knew we ought to have. All available wood had, of course, been out all night and was soaked through, but by chopping away the outside of a log we got some chips which were merely damp, and with them we set to work. After over an hour of unremitting attention, and five unsuccessful attempts, we had a fire which could stand the strain of wet fuel without going out. Then a rather unenthusiastic breakfast, part of it in a drizzle of rain, and all of it in the mud, and we set off languidly up the Sydenham River, feeling as if our mainsprings were gone, and still thinking occasionally of home and mother.

We found the river very muddy, flat, and uninteresting, and distinguished chiefly by the utter absence of paint on the houses along its shores. We arrived at Wallaceburg just about dinner time, having spent most of the morning under a shed watching the rain. After dinner we took a vote whereby it apppeared that that portion of the British Empire possessed no further attractions for us. We accordingly paddled our fifteen miles back to Algonac that afternoon, against a strong head wind all the way. We had encountered a strong head wind going the opposite direction the day before, and had hoped for an easy time returning, but this seemed to be our yellow day all around.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have been proposed for membership in the A. C. A.: Charles F. Langnecker, New Brighton, Pa.; Robert W. Allen, Kenosha, Wis.; Augustus S. Wright, Lowell, Mass.; G. B. Proud, Manchester, N. H.; Ralph W. Richardson, Newton, Mass; Walter E. Foster, P. W. Shephard, Wm. S. Power, David H. Boyd, John M. Irwin, Richard Owen, Karl V. Myler, and A. G. Parsons, all of Pittsburg, Pa.; Wyn B. Morris, Willkinsburg, Pa. Mrs. Charles P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y. (for associate membership).

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg herewith to inform you that the following have been transferred from active to life members of the American Canoe Association, in accordance with Sec. 2 of Art. I. of by-laws:

1903—Nov. 24: Samuel Hoffman, Morristown, N. J.

1904—Jan. 29: Frank C. Hoyt, care McLellan, Boody & Co., New York.

March 4: Morton V. Brokaw, 95 William street, New York; A. S. Mitchell, 113 Devonshire street, Boston, Mass.; Percy F. Hogan, 242 Pearl street, New York.

March 12: George H. Voss, Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N. Y.

ROBERT J. WILKIN,
Pres. Board of Governors, A. C. A.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

Atlantic Division Dinner.

The annual dinner of the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A. was held at the Arena, West Thirty-first Street, New York City, on Saturday evening, March 12.

There were in attendance eighty-seven members, who were well entertained by Commodore C. F. Wolters and John S. Wright, of Rochester, N. Y.; also by W. P. Stephens, C. B. Vaux, Chas. L. Norton, and Robert J. Wilkin, member Board of Governors. Vice-Commodore L. C. Kretzmer called particular attention to the Atlantic Division meet, May 28-30, on the Hudson River, opposite Riverdale station of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.

The affair was pronounced a grand success, in bringing together so many enthusiasts of the paddle.

The menu was a very attractive souvenir of the occasion:

MENU.

Buzzards Bays
Potage Henriot
Olives Celery Radishes
North Carolina Shad au four St. Augustine
Potato Croquettes
Larded Tenderloin of Beef aux cepes
Catalane Haricot verts Grilled Tomatoes
Sorbet
Ruddy Duck, Roasted Fried Hominy
Salade de Saison
Fancy Ice Cream Assorted Fruit
Cheese
Café Noir

Yapewi Aquatic Club.

At the annual meeting of the Yapewi Aquatic Club, of Bordentown, N. J., held in March, the following officers were elected: President, Richard Woodward; Vice-President, Elmer B. Ayres; Purser, Charles E. Burr; Secretary, J. Bert. Reynolds; Captain, Charles S. Osmond; Mate, Charles A. Tyler; Board of Directors, Harry C. Ford, George W. Swift, Frederic W. Taylor, Dr. Wm. Kester, George Anderson.

Shattemuc Yacht and Canoe Club.

Commodore Franklin Brandreth, of the Shattemuc Yacht and Canoe Club, has appointed Dr. Merritt W. Barnum Fleet Surgeon, and Louis H. Soule Fleet Captain of the club for the season of 1904.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Central Corps.

TWENTY-THREE members of the Central Corps were present in the Zettler gallery on March 16. Gute and Muller were first and second for high scores.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: R. Gute 241, 247; H. D. Muller 240, 240; J. N. F. Siebs 243, 237; F. Kast 232, 239; B. Eusner 232, 233; C. Gerken 222, 238; G. A. Viemeister 230, 227; D. Scharninghaus 232, 222; W. Schillimann 223, 226; H. Schrader 228, 231; F. Engelken 222, 221; A. D. Ritterhoff 215, 220; A. Rode 222, 212; F. Schiller 206, 218; F. Schroeder 219, 204; John Koch 213, 208; Ch. Tietjen 205, 216; H. von der Lieth 217, 198; J. H. Speckman, Jr., 197, 211; H. A. Ficke 211, 189; J. Winter 184, 200; G. Dettloff 168, 200; J. von der Lieth 200, 167.

The Independent New York Corps.

GUS ZIMMERMANN, as the captain and leader of the Independent Corps, is much pleased with the interest that is being shown by the members in the monthly shooting. Twenty members were present at the shoot on March 18. Capt. Zimmermann was first for the two best scores:

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., the aggregate of two scores to count, possible 500: Gus Zimmermann 487, Aug. Begerow 482, L. Schmidt 477, F. Liegibel 477, Wm. Soll 475, L. C. Hauenstein, Jr., 473, Jac. Bittschier 472, E. Greiner 464, Geo. Zimmerman 460, Herman Kuhn 451, Jac. Schmid 450, B. Eusner 449, H. J. Behrens 437, F. A. Wittig 429, F. A. Young 427, H. Zimmer 427, H. Kabirske 407, E. Gartner 402, F. C. Halbe 400, A. Rodler 372.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE members of the Zettler Club are hard at work in their weekly gallery contest for honors and high scores in the winter gallery shoot. On March 15 Louis C. Buss, the new champion of the late tournament, was high for the best 100 shots. Wm. A. Tewes seems to be in the lead for the best fifty scores to date.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., 100 shots: L. C. Buss 2453, Wm. A. Tewes 2444, L. P. Hansen 2432, H. Fenwirth 2357, Major A. Rowland 2324.

Fifty shots: Chas. Zettler, Jr., 1217, E. H. Van Zandt 1213, A. Moser 1208, B. Zettler 1204, W. A. Hicks 1203, Aug. Kronsberg 1205, Chas. G. Zettler, Sr., 1199, H. C. Zettler 1190, Aug. Begerow 1162, Thos. H. Keller, Sr., 1143.

New York City Corps.

AT the bi-monthly shoot of the City Corps in the Zettler gallery, March 17, Aug. Kronsberg was first for high scores.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: Aug. Kronsberg 245, 240; R. Schwanemann 242, 238; O. Schwanemann 238, 240; R. Busse 241, 235; J. Facklamm 233, 235; C. Wagner 234, 232; B. Eusner 232, 232; R. Bendler 234, 222; H. C. Radloff 225, 216; J. Keller 214, 225; G. Schrotter 209, 212; H. C. Coplan 213, 223; E. Sonner 211, 212; F. Keller 208, 186; A. Wiltz 208, 177.

Rifle Notes.

The returns of the United States Revolver Association's revolver and pistol competition indicate that Mr. S. E. Sears and Dr. E. H. Kessler, both of St. Louis, are the winners, respectively of the revolver and pistol championships. Mr. Sears' score was 477 out of a possible 500; Dr. Kessler's score is 450 out of 500.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 22-25.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
March 19.—North Branch, N. J., merchandise target shoot.
March 23-24.—Allentown, Pa.—Two-day target tournament at Duck Farm Hotel. C. F. Kramlich, Mgr.
April 1.—Shingle House, Pa.—Owego Valley Rod and Gun Club seventh tournament. U. S. Dodge, Sec'y, Millport, Pa.
April 1-2.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club tournament.
April 2.—East Millstone, N. J., Gun Club merchandise and sweepstake shoot.
April 6.—Sheepshead Bay, L. I.—Eastern amateur target championship, on grounds of Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club.
April 6-7.—Bristol, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Bristol Gun Club. S. W. Rhea, Sec'y.
April 7.—Bethlehem, Pa.—Lehigh Rod and Gun Club of the Bethlehems all-day target tournament. H. F. Koch, Sec'y.
April 12-13.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Indiana League of Trapshooters' annual tournament.
April 16.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all day target shoot; free silver prizes. Dr. J. B. Pardoe, Sec'y.
April 18-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. F. Schmelzer & Son's Arms Co. fourth Interstate midwinter shooting tournament; targets and live birds.
April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Patriots' Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
April 19.—Wellington, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Mgr.
April 19.—Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club's eighth annual Patriots' Day tournament. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
April 19-21.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club's spring tournament. W. B. Kennedy, Sec'y.
April 20-21.—Rensselaer, Ind., Gun Club amateur tournament. Everette Brown, Mgr., Pleasant Grove, Ind.
April 21.—Easton, Pa.—The Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club's first annual target tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Sec'y.
April 26.—Greenville, O., Gun Club amateur tournament. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.
*April 26-27.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club.
April 26-27.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club tournament. $100 added. Louis Lautenslager, Mgr.
April 26-29.—Kansas City.—Spring target tournament at Blue River Park. R. S. Elliott, Mgr.
April 27-28.—Americus, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club. H. S. McClesky, Sec'y.
April 28.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club's Fast Day shoot. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
May 3-4.—Wabash, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
*May 3-4—Derry, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 3-5.—Junction City, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. E. L. Wetzig, Sec'y.
May 4-5.—Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club spring tournament.
May 4-5.—Nashville, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club. Charles Eastman, Sec'y.
May 11-12.—Springfield, O., Gun Club's target tournament. Geo. Morgan, Sec'y.
May 11-13.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. J. Burmister, Sec'y.
May 12-13.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club annual spring tournament. W. W. Foord, Sec'y.
May 16-18.—Southern Trapshooters' Association's thirteenth tournament at targets, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club; $500 added. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y.
May 16-21.—York, Pa.—Tournament of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fifth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Cor. Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Dallas, Tex.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dallas Gun Club. E. A. Mosely, Sec'y.
May 17-19.—Davenport, Ia.—Cumberland Gun Club's annual amateur tournament. W. F. Kroy, Sec'y.
May 18.—Boston, Mass, Gun Club annual team target shoot. H. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 18-20.—Columbus, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament. G. A. Schroeder, Sec'y.
May 19-20.—Oklahoma City.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association fifth annual tournament; $300 added money. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.
May 20.—Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club tournament.
May 23-25.—Houston, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 24-25.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day target tournament.
May 24-25.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
*May 25-26.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 25-26.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club Spring shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
May 30.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Spring tournament of the Enterprise Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 31.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club Decoration Day target shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
May 31.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer Island Gun Club spring target tournament. W. E. Kette, Sec'y.
June 1-3.—Watertown, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. F. J. Cory, Sec'y.
*June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State Shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.
June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Mgr.
June 14-16.—Akron, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League target tournament. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—New London, Ia., Gun Club midsummer tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
*June 15-16.—Millvale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.— East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.
*July 6-7.—Kane, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen, Sec'y.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handicap tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
*July 13-14.—Scottdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.
July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 15-22.—Indian tournament; place determined later.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The next regular club shoot of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club will be held on April 2, commencing at 2 o'clock.

The secretary, Mr. H. H. Valentine, Albany, N. Y., informs us that the West End Gun Club will hold a tournament on May 30.

The East Millstone, N. J., Gun Club announces a merchandise and sweepstake shoot to be held on April 2, commencing at 1 o'clock.

Mr. Gus E. Greiff has accepted a position with the famous firm of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, Nos. 302-304 Broadway, New York.

We are informed by Dr. J. B. Pardoe that the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club will hold an all-day target shoot on April 16. Free silver prizes will be offered.

The S. S. White Gun Club and the Hilltop Gun Club engaged in a twelve-man team match, March 19, on the grounds of the latter club. The S. S. White team won by a score of 222 to 214 out of a possible 300.

In a five-man team contest between the Harvard Gun Club and the Boston Athletic Association, March 19, on the grounds of the latter, the scores were 210 to 207 in favor of Harvard. Each contestant shot at 50 targets.

An eleven-man team contest, March 19, between the Sewell Gun Club and the North Camden, N. J., Gun Club, was won by the latter club on its own grounds by a score of 195 to 182. Each man shot at 25 targets.

At the weekly shoot of the New England Kennel Club, March 19, held at Braintree, Messrs. Thomas Silsbee, R. K. Longfellow and George M. Paton tied on 25 in the club event. In the shoot-off, Silsbee won. Mr. Henry N. Richards scored a win on the Ashlea cup.

The New Jersey Legislature is taking a very serious view of the anti-pigeon shooting bill. At Trenton on March 17, an immensely long petition evoked action on the part of the House of Representatives, which, after a lively discussion, adopted the minority report favoring the Ernst bill by a vote, under suspension of the rules, of 31 to 11. It will next go to the Senate.

The Brooklyn Gun Club will hold a prize shoot on March 36, commencing at 2:30 o'clock. Mr. John S. Wright, the expert manager, further informs us that the club will hold shoots every Saturday, commencing at the same hour. Take Kings county elevated to Crescent street station, where hacks may be taken to the club grounds, on Kaiser's farm, situate on the Old Mill road.

The secretary, Mr. H. F. Koch, Bethlehem, Pa., informs us that the Lehigh Rod and Gun Club, of the Bethlehems, will hold an all-day target shoot April 7, on the club grounds at Rittersville. The programme consists of twelve 15-target events, $1 entrance. Highest professional average will win a $5 cash prize. Professionals may shoot for targets only. Prizes for amateur high averages, $5 and $3. Mr. H. F. Koch is the secretary.

Mr. Carl Von Lengerke is recovering rapidly from his recent scvere accident. The broken leg is knitting soundly, and will be as good as new in a short time. It will be a pleasure to his many friends to meet him soon and receive his hearty handshake as in days not long since passed.

A match at 50 live birds between Messrs. Fred Miller and Ike Budd, on the Point Breeze race track, March 16, was won by Miller. The scores were 32 and 31 in favor of Miller. A handicap miss-and-out followed the match, the prize of which was a gun. Murphy won in the eleventh round.

The secretary, Mr. Geo. W. Mains, informs us as follows: "At the annual meeting of the Enterprise Gun Club, McKeesport, Pa., officers were elected for the year: Chas. H. Baird, President; Fred Gross, Vice-President; Geo. W. Mains, Secretary; J. F. Calhoun, Treasurer; Phil Ratzsch, Captain. Executive Board: Chas. H. Baird, Geo. W. Mains, Phil Ratzsch, C. L. Kelly, Harvey McFarland. We hold our spring tournament on May 30. Programme out April 1."

A team shoot of more than passing interest took place on the grounds of the Mountainside Gun Club, West Orange, N. J., March 19, between teams of the home club and Nishoyne Gun Club. The Nishoyne team, Mr. R. B. Baldwin, captain, won by a score of 133 to 131. The prize was a Winchester rifle, to go to the shooter making the highest score, and it was won by Mr. Baldwin, who scored 23 out of 25. His success was very gratifying, especially as he contemplated soon a departure for Rawlings, Wyo.

A gun club was organized at Lock Haven, Pa., recently with thirty-four charter members. The club contemplates active competition as soon as grounds are secured, traps installed, etc. The officers elected were as follows: President, George Kreamer; Vice-President, Roy Schuyler; Secretary and Treasurer, Ira J. Fox. Executive Committee: J. Hogan Furst, George Kreamer, H. G. Shearer, Charles W. Keiger and W. A. Simpson, Jr. Committee on Constitution and By-Laws: S. D. Furst, Esq., Henry Hipple, Esq., P. M. Carskaddon.

On March 16, in the contest for cup of the Florida Gun Club, Dr. Daniel Karsner won with a score of 16, 10 in the main event and 6 in the shoot-off. He was tied by Mr. David T. Dana, of Lenox, who missed his sixth bird in the shoot-off. The other contestants and scores were: Wilbur Whitehead, Cleveland, 27yds., 9; Thomas M. Cook, Pittsburg, 28yds., 9; J. S. S. Remsen, Brooklyn, 33yds., 8; Phil McFadden, Philadelphia, 29yds., 8; George A. Huhn, Jr., Philadelphia, 27yds., 8; Mr. Burke, 27yds., 8; Robert E. Glendenning, 28yds., 8; E. N. Huggins, Poland Springs, 25yds., 8.

The programme of the Indiana State League's eighth annual tournament has been issued. It will be held at Indianapolis, Ind., April 12-13, under the auspices of the Indianapolis Gun Club. There are twelve like events each day, nine at 15 and three at 25 targets, $1.50 and $2.50 entrance, a total of 210 targets, $21 entrance. Events 7 and 9 each day constitute a 100-target race for the individual championship and State League diamond medal, value $50. To the manufacturer's representative and the amateur making highest average, $10 respectively. To the amateur making the longest run during the two days, $5. The handicap committee meets at 8:30, April 11. Handicaps, 16 to 19yds. Amateurs will not be allowed to shoot for targets only. Ship guns and shells to Indianapolis Gun Club, 121 West Washington street. Event 8 of the second day will be the two-man team league contest. The members of the handicap committee are Mesrs. John M. Lilly, Ed Voris and J. W. Farrell. Mr. J. W. Bell is the secretary.

The Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' Association has issued a notice to the gun clubs of Chicago and Cook county, the substance of which is that said Association will conduct a series of five-man team shoots, open to teams of regularly organized gun clubs within the county limits. The Association will donate $100 for prizes and trophies. Entrance per team $5. The series will commence on May 7 and will run through a period of twenty-two weeks. Entries close when ten teams have entered. Entries must be with the secretary not later than April 23. The contests will take place at Watson's Park. The secretary is Mr. E. B. Shogren, 940 First National Bank Building.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trap at Point Breeze.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 19.—The sixth shoot of the live-bird handicap series at the Point Breeze track to-day, had thirteen contestants. Three tied on 8, and a like number tied for second place on 7. The conditions were 10 live birds, handicap rise:

Felix, 29	2222221020—8	Wingate, 26	0222201221—8
Payne, 27	*220220020—5	Shetzline, 26	0020000020—2
Marks, 29	*1111021*2—7	Smith, 28	0220222022—7
Paulson, 26	10200122**—5	Leaming, 26	0202*02202—5
Edwards, 28	2201122102—8	Dewinney, 27	2*12000220—5
Galbraith, 27	1000211111—7	Sweeney, 26	00*2220200—4
Freeman, 26	001*001100—3		

Match shoot, 10 live birds, Rhode Island rules:

Felix	1111111011—9	Smith	1011111111—9

Shoot-off, miss and out: Felix 5, Smith 4.

The Western Pennsylvania Trap Shooters' League.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Pa., March 21.—The following are the dates on which tournaments are to be held under the auspices of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League:

Herron Hill Gun Club, Pittsburg, Pa., April 26-27.
Derry Rod and Gun Club, Derry, Pa., May 3-4.
Brownsville Rod and Gun Club, Brownsville, Pa., May 25-26.
Ligonier Rod and Gun Club, Ligonier, Pa., June 7-8.
Millvale Rod and Gun Club, Millvale, Pa., June 15-16.
Kane Rod and Gun Club, Kane, Pa., July 6-7.
Scottdale Rod and Gun Club, Scottdale, Pa., July 13-14.
Tarentum Rod and Gun Club, Tarentum, Pa., Aug. 25-26.

C. G. GRUBB, Sec'y.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O.

At the regular club shoot on March 16, C. Smyth and W. Hanauer tied for first, the former winning in the shoot-off.

A plan is under consideration by clubs of Dayton to select centrally located grounds on which each club may have a certain day each week for shooting; seven of the eight gun clubs of the city are said to favor the scheme. A proposition has been made to form a company and issue 1,000 shares of stock at $5 each, the money to be used in buying land and fixing it up for shooting purposes. The grounds to be in order at all times for shooting, so that visiting shooters may be entertained. BONASA.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Goose Creek Gun Club.

Rockaway, L. I., March 13.—The main event at the shoot of the Goose Creek Gun Club to-day was at 25 targets, and scores were made as follows: Steffens 16, Wohlmacher 15, Albert 11, Kelk 17, Lahey 18, Rudolph 10, Schleyer 15.

Rockaway, L. I., March 20.—The shoot of the Goose Creek Gun Club to-day had twelve contestants in the main event, at 25 targets. The scores: Steffens 18, Lahey, Jr., 15, Albert 14, Kelk 10, Lahey, Sr., 16, Alsheimer 11, Stickel 16, Baker 7, Wohlmacher 17, Bovie 9, Rudolph 10, Schleyer 11.

EMIL STEFFENS, Sec'y.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., March 19.—The regular monthly club shoot for March took place to-day. The weather could not have been more favorable for the sport. It was clear and bright; in short, it was a pleasant spring day. This may account for the unusually fine scores made by some of the members.

If Messrs. Montanus and Osborn keep in their present form they certainly will be among the first in the Eastern amateur championship event, which takes place on the Sheepshead Club grounds on April 6.

Event No. 1, club shoot for medal:

Montanus, 9	1100001011001101111111011—25
Pillion, 10	0010101111111111101011001—25
Koch, 10	1001001101000010011011111—23
McKane, 5	0110111111110111101111110—25
Voorhies, 5	1110110110110111110111101—24
Gewart, 15	0001011111111111111110101—25
Osborn, 8	1001101101111011011111111—25
May, 3	0111111111111111111111111—25
Dede, 15	1100111000010111000101101—25
Krake, 15	0111100111000001001011001—21

Shoot-off, 25 targets: Montanus, May and Pillion withdrew; McKane (3) 23, Gewart (8) 24, Osborn (4) 25, Dede (8) 22, Krake (8) 19.

Dr. Hill cup, 50 target handicap:

H J Montanus, 18	1110111100111100111110111 1011010111100111011110100—50
J J Pillion, 14	1100101110101111010011011 1101111111101100110101111—49
Ira McKane, 7	1111010111100111111110110 1111111101101011111111111—48
H Koch, 18	0000100101111100111101111 0110111001111000100101110—47
E Voorhees, 7	1111100010001111111111101 0111101110010110101110110—41
H B Williamson, 11	1010101111011111011011100 1001011001111110111111010—45
R Gewart, 20	0110111010110101001011011 1111111101010011111110101—50
T Osborn, 17	1111011111111110111111111 1111111111110111011111111—50
P May, 10	1101101110001111101111111 1100010111011111100011111—46
R Dede, 20	1000100000001111101110000 0010111101010110111100111—45
H Krake, 20	0000001001010010100100100 0001001111100101111110110—43
C Cooper, 18	0101100111110011011111011 1111111101010000111111111—50
Dr Gouboud, 20	1000110110001000010100111 1001100110010101011100000—43
F Crusen, 20	1010000101001100010111110 0100001011101100111001000—43

Shoot-off for cup:

H J Montanus, 5	1111111111111111111111110—25
R Gewart, 5	0000101110101111001100100—17
T Osborn, 4	1111101111111111111000111—25
C Cooper, 5	1000011111110111111100011—23

Second shoot-off:

Montanus, 3	1110010111110011111101111—22
Osborn, 2	1101011111111101100111011—21

Events:	3	4	5	6	Events:	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25		Targets:	25	25	25	
Glover	22	..	..	23	Montanus	..	17	..	..
Dryer	19	9	15	..	May	..	25	20	..
Bergen	14	..	..	19	Voorhees	..	18	15	..
McKane	21	..	..	21	Pillion	..	..	14	..
Cooper	..	17	15	..					

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., March 19.—There was an afternoon of lively competition to-day by the shooting contingent of the Crescent Athletic Club. The weather was pleasant.

Messrs. F. B. Stephenson, L. M. Palmer, Jr., and Capt. A. W. Money tied with scores of 21 for the March cup, ten entries. Stephenson is high man for the cup, the three highest scores, 22, 24, 21.

In a nine-man team shoot, 10 targets, H. B. Vanderveer's team won with a score of 58.

Monthly cup, 25 targets, handicap allowanee added: F. B. Stephenson (1) 21, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (1) 21, G. G. Stephenson (2) 16, F. T. Bedford (2) 19, A. W. Money (1) 21, H. Werleman (7) 19, D. C. Bennett (3) 20, O. C. Grinnell (6) 16, H. L. O'Brien (4) 15.

Trophy match, 25 targets, handicap allowanee added: F. B. Stephenson (1) 19, L. M. Palmer (1) 19, E. H. Lott (1) 23, G. G. Stephenson (2) 20, F. T. Bedford (2) 21, S. Van Allen (0) 24, A. W. Money (1) 17, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 18, W. W. Marshall (5) 18, D. V. B. Hegeman (3) 19, A. G. Southworth (1) 25, D. C. Bennett (3) 20, L. C. Hopkins (2) 21, O. C. Grinnell (6) 14, H. W. Marshall (0) 10, H. C O'Brien (4) 22, H. Werleman (7) 21, H. T. Kenyon (5) 19, T. W. Stahl (4) 23. Won by Mr. Southworth.

Trophy match, 15 targets, handicap allowance added: F. B. Stephenson (0) 11, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (0) 11, E. H. Lott (0) 8, G. G. Stephenson (1) 12, F. T. Bedford (1) 12, Capt. A. W. Money (0) 11, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 3, W. W. Marshall (3) 8, D. C. Bennett (1) 13, L. C. Hopkins (1) 10, O. C. Grinnell (4) 11, H. W. Marshall (0) 13, A. G. Southworth (0) 14, H. L. O'Brien (2) 12, H. Werleman (4) 11, H. L. Kenyon (3) 9.

Team shoot, 10 targets, scratch:

Capt. A. W. Money's Team—Capt. A. W. Money 6, E. H. Lott 9, L. C. Hopkins 6, S. Van Allen 9, D. C. Bennett 5, C. A. Sykes 7, T. W. Stake 6, H. W. Marshall 4, H. L. Kenyon 3; total 55.

Capt. H. B. Vanderveer's Team—Capt. H. B. Vanderveer 6, F. B. Stephenson 9, L. M. Palmer 8, G. G. Stephenson 8, A. G. Southworth 8, H. L. O'Brien 6, W. W. Marshall 3, O. C. Grinnell 5, H. Werleman 5; total 58.

Trophy match, 15 targets, handicap allowance added: F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (0) 10, E. H. Lott (0) 12, G. G. Stephenson (1) 10, F. T. Bedford (1) 11, S. Van Allen (0) 10, Capt. A. W. Money (0) 10, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 7, T. W. Stake (2) 11, W. W. Marshall (3) 10, D. C. Bennett (1) 10, L. C. Hopkins (1)) 9, O. C. Grinnell (4) 10, H. W. Marshall (0) 9, H. L. O'Brien (2) 12, H. Werleman (4) 11, H. L. Kenyon (3) 10.

Shoot-off: F. B. Stephenson 15, O'Brien 12, Lott 11.

Saver trophy match, 25 targets, handicap allowance added: F. B. Stephenson (1) 20, L. M. Palmer (1) 21, G. G. Stephenson (2) 20, F. T. Bedford (2) 21, Capt. Money (1) 17, D. V. B. Hegeman (3) 19, H. Werleman (7) 21, H. L. O'Brien (4) 14, A. G. Southworth (1) 21, O. C. Grinnell (6) 17.

Mineola—Port Washington.

MINEOLA, N. Y., March 21.—Appended are the scores made at the match shoot, Mareh 19, between the Mineola Athletic Club and the Port Washington Gun Club. This gives Mineola two out of three, thus winning the series. The first event to-day follows, and resulted in a tie, 89 to 89:

Cornwell	1011001001001001111011000—12
Seaman	1111111100110111110111111—21
Smull	1111000111111001011011100—16
Valentine	0010110100010010010010001— 9
Hyde	1010101000101010111100100—12
Schmidt	0001010111001111101111111—17
Young	0010101010101001010110010—11
Skelly	1001111010001110000101001—12
Hendrickson	1111111111011010111011111—21
Simonson	1111011111100101111100011—18
Bradley	1010001000110111010110110—13
Sprague	1011010010000100011001111—12

The second contest to-day resulted in a victory for Mineola, 102 to 84:

Cornwell	1011110111101011100100000—14
Seaman	1011110111111111101111111—22
Smull	1111000111100101111011000—16
Valentine	0011101011010010111110111—16
Hyde	1011100110101101110000001—13
Schmidt	0110111111111100011110001—17
Young	0111011010011010010010010—12
Skelley	1000111000100110001110101—12
Hendrickson	0010110011011111101111111—18
Simonson	1011111110110100111011011—18
Bradley	0001011001100101100110010—11
Sprague	1111101011111110011010010—17

Ten target sweep: Cornwell 3, Smull 8, Sprague 8, Bradley 6, Henudrickson 9, Apgar 8, Murphy 4, Valentine 2, Simonson 7, Young 5, Schmidt 5, Skelley 4.

Ten target sweep: Cornwell 5, Smull 6, Sprague 3, Bradley 6, Hendrickson 9, Apgar 8, Murphy 4, Valentine 2, Simonson 7, Young 3, Schmidt 5, Skelly 4.

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., March 19.—The following scores and explanations are the outcome of the championship shoot held at our club grounds on above date. Messrs. Maurer and H. Snyder, who held the championship of the club, retained the championship after a hard race, Messrs. Skeds and Brunner having given them a little scare; but even with this, the champions held their nerve, and outshot them in the finish. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
W H Maurer	100	69	O Skeds	100	76
H. Brunner	100	60	H. Snyder	100	76

Immediately after this shoot the champions were again challenged to shoot by Messrs. Heil and Transue, who say they will give them a good race and expect to reap the laurels. The date of this match will be set later. The club then participated in a practice shoot, with the following results:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
J E Frederick	100	79	Salesman	50	25
E F Markley	100	74	H Transue	25	17
G Elliott	70	39	E Jones	25	8
H Miller	75	55	F Wciss	20	6
H Snyder	85	41	A Sutter	75	30
I Miller	50	19	J Burner	5	2

J. E. Frederick, our left-handed crackajack, leads the list of the day, as usual. When he does not lead, he is either sick or has poor shells.

Owing to the high winds prevailing, scores of the shooters were not up to standard, and many of the boys say that when our professional friends visit us, as they intend to, at our tournament on April 21, they will have to keep their eyes "peeled" to keep goose eggs from the score sheets. E. F. MARKLEY, Sec'y.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., March 9.—The prize shoot, a handicap, $2 miss-and-out, permitted the contestants one re-entry. From the 27yd. mark Mr. Charles E. Geikler, killed 12 straight on his first chance, and took an order for a handsome Easter hat. He missed his second bird on his other chance. Fred Coleman, the State champion, shot from 31yds. He lost his twelfth bird on each chance. W. T. Smith missed his twelfth in his second string. Ed Johnson lost his tenth dead out on his second string. The scores:

First chance: Geikler, 27yds., 12; Coleman, 31yds., 11; Bridge, 26yds., 8; Vandegrift, 29yds., 7; Budd, 30yds., 7; Smith, 27yds., 5; Frank, 29yds., 6; Morris, 27yds., 4; Johnson, 28yds., 3; Harvey, 29yds., 1; Jenkins, 29yds., 0.

Second chanee: Coleman 11, Smith 11, Johnson 9, Bridge 6, Frank 4, Harvey 2, Morris 2, Budd 2, Jenkins 1, Geikler 1, Vandegrift 1.

The birds were strong and fast.

Open sweepstake, 7 live birds, handieap rise, $3 entrance, three moneys:

Morris	2212112—7	Vandegrift	2202220—5
Coleman	2222222—7	Smith	0121120—5
Geikler	1212122—7	Johnson	0102221—5
Harvey	2222111—7	Budd	0201011—4
Frank	0222222—6	Jenkins	1010101—4
Murray	1210122—6	Campbell	0120201—4
Haek	1111011—6		

Trap at Point Breeze.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 16.—A match at 50 live birds between Fred Miller and Ike Budd was the event of main interest at Point Breeze to-day. Budd was not shooting up to his usual form by many degrees. Miller lost 5 dead out. The birds were good, and a stiff wind helped them materially. The scores:

F Miller	22*222222222**022000022222222002022**0220222200220—32
I Budd	122010*1100202200222202*022001021122200120021210 22—31

Handicap shoot, miss-and-out: Morris (28) 1, Oliver (27) 1, Torpey (29) 0, Coleman (30) 10, Paulson (26) 0, Felix (29) 5, Davis (28) 2, Oliver (27) 5, Muller (29) 0, Hothersall (28) 0, Galbraith (27) 10, Muller (29) 6, Murphy (30) 11, Davis (28) 1, Muller (29) 6, Felix (29) 2, Hothersall (28) 4, Torpey (29) 2, Kopp (28) 0, A. J. Miller (29) 10, Oliver (27) 2, Pine (28) 0, Kopp (28) 0, Pyne (28) 0, Kopp (27) 0, Pyne (27) 0, Edwards (27) 0.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 16.—Some back scores were shot up to-day at the shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club in the weekly spring handicap:

	Brk.	Hcp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hcp.	Tot'l.
Rickman	12	5	17	Kay	19	4	23
Rickman	16	9	25	Kay	19	5	24
Rickman	15	9	24	Wride	13	10	23
Rickman	15	9	24	Wride	16	11	27
Rickman	15	9	24	Wride	12	9	21
Kay	20	4	24	Watson	18	7	25
Kay	20	4	24	Clark	17	5	22

The challenge contest for the Monroe county championship diamond medal has been postponed from March 23 for one week, and will be shot for on the regular weekly shooting day, Wednesday, March 30, at 2:30 o'clock.



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Cup Presentation.

CINCINNATI, O.—A few of the friends of Hon. Thomas A. Logan, known to the majority of shooters as "Ackley," and to many of the older generation of sportsmen as "Gloan," author of a work on shooting and of many interesting and instructive articles in the sportsmen's press, entertained him at a banquet given at G. W. Schuler's, on the evening of March 17. The affair was gotten up for the purpose of showing the love and respect which they feel for him, and in appreciation of the character of true sportsmanship which he has always upheld and exemplified in his dealings with his brother sportsmen and fellow men. He was one of the early leaders in trapshooting in Cincinnati, and is almost the only one of the old guard left who can be met at the traps; at over seventy-five years of age, he is still as enthusiastic as ever, and as ready to devote his time and energies to forward any movement promising to advance the interests of the fraternity.

He was active in the organization of the old West End Gun Club in 1859, and was a leading spirit of the Cosmopolitan Gun Club, formed in 1884, for a number of years the most exclusive club in this city. He was an officer of that club, and for several of the last years of its existence his efforts alone prevented it from disbanding.

When the Cincinnati Gun Club was formed, in 1898, he transferred his allegiance to that organization, and is still a loved and honored member. He has set a high standard for the sportsman, and has always vigorously combatted every move which tended to lower that standard. An ardent lover of field sports, he has always been an able advocate of game protection and was one of the original members of the Cuvier Club when it was formed as the Ohio State Society for the Protection of Game and Fish, in 1871. He served for a number of years as an officer and on important committees.

The tables were spread for over forty, and there were few vacant chairs. The decorations consisted of ferns and flowers, and at each place was a shamrock in honor of Supt. Arthur Gambell and St. Patrick.

Col. Bob West was toastmaster. After the cigars were lighted, he began his duties by informing Judge Logan that the affair was gotten up wholly with the view of honoring him; and then, in a few well chosen words, he presented him with a magnificent solid silver three-handled loving cup as a token of the esteem and love felt for him by those whose names were engraved thereon.

Judge Logan was taken completely by surprise, but recovered in a moment and responded as follows:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen: Upon occasions similar to this, it is quite customary for the recipient to protest vigorously that he is taken by surprise, and probably he frequently is, although not always so; but I can assure you most earnestly and truthfully that I am really and entirely surprised. I have not had the slightest intimation of your purpose. I came here to-night with no thought except to join in the celebration of the birthday of our popular superintendent, which I was glad to do. I had no idea for a moment that the object of this meeting was to extend beyond that, and now that I have listened to these unexpected words of friendship and regard, and see this magnificent token, it completely overpowers me. At the moment I can think of no tribute that could come to any man that would touch him more deeply than this has touched me. To a professional man the highest tribute he may hope to receive is one which he may have from his professional brethren in token of some great success or progress in the directions they jointly follow, but an offering like this is of a different character. It comes to but few men in their lives, and when it does come it appeals to the heart, and I feel more sensibly than I ever thought to feel the force of the quotation that 'the heart feels most when the lips speak not.' "

He then spoke of his earnest interest in the success of the Cincinnati Gun Club, of the pleasant recreation he enjoyed with its members, of the deep friendships he had formed in the club, and of the deep appreciation he felt for the honor conferred upon him. He concluded feelingly as follows:

"It is true, as has been said, that in my time I have been connected with many associations of a similar character, but I can say frankly once for all, that never in my career have I found myself surrounded by a body of gentlemen more completely in accord with my feelings; that more completely command my respect and my love, as those individually and collectively that I have found in the Cincinnati Gun Club. If I say once more I thank you, it will be but a poor expression of what I would like to say, but I give you a pledge that the memory of this night, accompanied by this token of friendship, shall abide with me while memory remains."

As one of the old-time shooters, and one who has been associated with Judge Logan as a member of many of the old gun clubs, Maynard was called upon. In the course of his remarks he said: "We indict Judge Logan to-night, not for an offense he has committed, but for the good he has done, while he has been associated with us. He has been with us not because he has won cups or money, but because he loves the sport. Some people were born with a silver spoon in their mouth, but he was born with a gun in his hand, and is an expert in all that relates to guns. Despite his handicap of years, he continues with us and sets a good example to the younger members."

In conclusion, he said: "We want you with us as long as you live, and trust that will be for many years."

Other speakers were S. O. Cundy, an old-timer, and champion shot; John W. Coleman, the originator of the testimonial to the Judge; George Krehbiel, Dr. Beebe, Emil Werk (Chief Rio Grande), who spoke of his first meeting with the Judge at Vincennes, Ind., while snipe shooting, and sang a few verses of the song which gave him the title he bears as a member of the Indians; J. J. Faran; G. W. Schuler enlivened the evening by the story "Can He Stand the Gaff" and several vocal selections. A. C. Dick, A. B. Heyl, Theo. Foucar, J. E. Block, Milt Lindsley, C. W. Phellis and Arthur Gambell. Telegrams and letters of regret at their inability to be present were received from Joe Coyle, J. B. Mosby and R. F. Davies. The speakers told many good stories and witty anecdotes, but the main portion of their remarks expressed the esteem felt for the honored guest.

The toast of the evening was proposed by Mr. F. E. Pond, and was drunk standing: "May the accurate aim and active interest of Ackley be maintained for another quarter of a century; the pen and precept of Gloan continued to promote sportsmanship, and the name of Thomas A. Logan be enrolled among other patriarchs of the craft—such as Izaak Walton, Daniel Boone and Isaac McLellan—who were hale and hearty until their years scored nearly 'a hundred straight,' while, like our guest, they were honored because they loved their fellow men."

The festivities lasted until a late hour, and were brought to a close with the singing by all present of the song "Farewell, My Own True Love."

The cup was of solid silver lined with gold, about 12in. high, with three handles. On the space between two of the handles is engraved a wreath of oak and laurel leaves, joining the monogram T. A. L., at the top with a pair of crossed guns surmounted by a pigeon, and encircling the inscription "Thos. A. Logan, 'Ackley.' From Sportsmen Friends. 1904." On the other spaces are engraved the names of those who joined in the testimonial, as follows: L. F. Ahlers, E. B. Barker, J. E. Block, Gus Boeh, F. E. Bullerdick, B. F. Beebe, J. W. Coleman, Joe Coyle, A. W. du Bray, R. F. Davies, A. C. Dick, E. A. Donnally, Theo. Foucar, J. J. Faran, A. Gambell, A. B. Heyl, W. Harig, H F. Jergens, Geo. Krehbiel, M. F. Lindsley, W. F. Linn, J. B. Mosby, J. C. Norris, H. M. Norris, Geo. Osterfeld, H. Osterfeld, F. E. Pond, C. W. Phellis, H. S. Rosenthal, G. W. Schuler, F. See, F C. Tuttle, E. O. Underwood, H. Van Ness, R. H. West, J. E. Worth, E. Werk, F. J. Waddell.

BONASA.

Springfield Gun Club.

SPRINGFIELD, O.—Following are the scores made at the regular shoot on March 19. In the Young handicap medal race Strong won with a score of 23, at 17yds. Young was high man with 92 at 18yds. Strong second with 83. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3		Events:	1	2	3	
Targets:	25	25	25	Total.	Targets:	25	25	25	Total.
Young	22	24	24	70	Phillips	19	..	20	39
Strong	21	22	17	60	Poole	21	..	..	21
Hinkle	19	20	16	54	Crist	..	..	16	16
Henderson	19	20	5	44	McClure	..	..	6	6
Poole	..	20	22	42					

Event 4, Young handicap medal shoot, 25 targets:

Strong, 17.....1111111010111111111111111—23
Young, 18 .....1111100111111111110111111—22
Poole, 16 .....1101111101111111110111111—22
Henderson, 16 .....0111111111100011011110010—17
Crist, 16.....1110110010000011011010110—13

BONASA.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., March 19.—The appended scores were made at the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. Some very good shooting was done by a boy seventeen years old, T. S. Delamater, who had shot at clay targets but twice before. If he is able to follow the sport up he will make the "bunch" here "step some" to keep in his class.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
J Hyland	9	9	4	8	6	6	7	20
C Blandford	9	9	9	8	7	9	7	18
T Delamater	..	..	8	5	..	7	8	..
A Aitchison	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..

C. G. B.

Harvard—B. A. A.

BOSTON, Mass., March 19.—On the grounds of the Boston Athletic Association at Weston, the five-man team contest between Harvard and the Boston Athletic Association resulted in victory for Harvard, as the subjoined scores will show:

Harvard—Bancroft 44, Wright 40, Foster 45, Marsales 40, Ward 41; total 210.

Boston A. A.—Ellis 44, Hunter 40, Blinn 36, Frost 43, Gleason 38; total 201.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores at 50 targets were shot last week in the cash prize race of March 12, by members who were unable to be present on that day: C. Dreihs (16) 45, Grau (18) 42, Sampson (17) 37, Davies (18) 36, Bleh (16) 36, Dick (18) 36, H. Sunderbruch (17) 34, A. Sunderbruch (20) 32.

The fifth in the series of team races was shot March 14, and resulted in a victory for Gambell and Barker by a score of 170 to 148. This gives them a lead of 94. As there was no hopes of reducing this materially, the other five matches of the series were declared off. The winning team is looking for more victims. The scores: Gambell 81, Barker 89; total 170. Medico 84, Davies 64; total 148.

The scores in the five matches show very consistent work on the part of Barker, who has been high gun in all but the first.

Match, 100 targets: Gambell 89, Medico 84.

St. Patrick was greeted with a pretty mean sample of weather in this village on the 17th. Cold, cloudy, windy in the morning, it settled down in the afternoon to a heavy rain and a strong wind. Only a few members mustered up courage enough to visit the grounds, and several of them shot their score in the Parker gun contest, besides taking part in the other events provided by Supt. Gambell in honor of his patron saint.

A high wind and occasional hard showers made the shooting in the afternoon of March 19 difficult and uncomfortable, and the boys quit about 5 o'clock. In the Parker gun event Randall and R. Trimble tied for high gun on 89 actual breaks. Pfieffer was second with 86.

Emil Werk starts for Duck Island on the 20th for a try at the ducks.

Stanley Rhoads was in the city, but the bad weather prevented him from coming out to see the boys.

C. W. Phellis made a flying visit to the city on purpose to attend the Logan testimonial supper on the 17th, and left early the next day.

C. O. Cundy, of Atlanta, Ga., one of the old-timers, has been in the city a few days and visited the grounds to-day.

Ackley had the misfortune to blow the stock of his gun to pieces on the 17th, but fortunately escaped unhurt himself.

Two prominent shooters of Ohio (names will be furnished on request) will shoot a team match of two men from any State except Iowa, at 100 live pigeons, 31yds. rise, 33yds. boundary, for any sum from $500 to $1,000 a side. Match to be shot on grounds of Hilltop Gun Club, Austerlitz, Ky. There's a chance for some one, but it will not be "easy money."

The scores of March 19, Parker gun shoot, handicap allowance added, follow: Randall (15) 100, Pfieffer (40) 100, Maynard (18) 100, Jack (30) 100, Kramer (40) 100, Plunkett (40) 100, Willie Green (40) 100, Norris (30) 100, Boeh (40) 100, Pohlar (35) 100, Bullerdick (30) 100, Linn (25) 95, Medico (12) 93, Block (18) 93, Captain (25) 93, A. Sunderbruch (10) 92, R. Trimble (0) 89, Herman (30) 88, Williams (18) 69.

Match, 50 targets: Gambell 44, Sunderbruch 39; total 83. Don Minto 37, Medico 44; total 81.

BONASA.

New England Kennel Club.

BRAINTREE, Mass., March 19.—The New England Kennel Club's shoot to-day was notable for high scores. In the cup event Messrs. Thomas Silsbee, R. K. Longfellow and George M. Paton were tied with scores of 25. Silsbee won in the shoot-off, and won the cup. He also was high man in net scores in the club cup shoot by breaking 24.

In the shoot for the Ashlea cup, Henry N. Richards was high with a clean score of 25. His handicap brought his gross score up to 29. Silsbee was second in the Ashlea cup contest, with 24 net, 25 gross. In the Ashlea cup contest Mr. Longfellow still leads, having three wins to his credit. The summary:

Club cup:

	Broke.	Hcp.	Tot'l.		Broke.	Hcp.	Tot'l.
T Silsbee	24	1	25	W R Goodnow	18	3	21
R K Longfellow	17	8	25	R O Harding	15	6	21
G M Patton	13	12	25	H N Richards	16	4	20
L C Fenno	22	1	23	A Dorr	7	13	20

Ashlea cup:

	Broke.	Hcp.	Tot'l.		Broke.	Hcp.	Tot'l.
H N Richards	25	4	29	L C Fenno	21	1	22
T Silsbee	24	1	25	G M Patton	9	12	21
R K Longfellow	17	8	25	T Morse	5	15	20
R O Harding	17	6	23	W R Goodnow	15	3	18

Cleveland Gun Club.

AT the semi-monthly shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club, on March 16, in Class A, Williams was high man with 38, and Rogers was second with 35, and won first in Class C. Snow, in Class B, was first. Bigelow led in Class D. The weather was cloudy, but no wind was blowing. The scores:

Club shoot, 40 targets: Williams, Class A, 38; Rogers, Class C, 35; Snow, Class B, 34; F. G. Hogen, Class B, 32; Bigelow, Class D, 27; Gaylord, Class C, 26; F. H. Wallace, Class C, 23; Auer, Class C, 18; Kluver 10.

IN NEW JERSEY.

New York German Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., March 16.—The shoot of the New York German Gun Club to-day at Outwater's, was well attended, nineteen contestants participating. Messrs. Van Valkenburg, Kroeger and Metzen were guests. In the club, 10-bird event, the three visitors scored 9 each, and were high. The three birds following the 10-bird event represent unfinished scores from the shoot of Feb. 17, which stopped on account of darkness:

E Von Kattengell	30	7	1012021111— 8	221
H W Mesloh	28	7	2011122010— 7	121
J Schlicht	28	7	1020120212— 7	122
E Steffens	29	7	0111**2120— 6	212
P Albert	28	6½	1121122001— 8	101
P Garms	28	6½	0211110110— 7	121
A E Hendrickson	28	6½	2020020010— 4	020
Dr G V Hudson	29	7	0120112012— 7	1011211021— 8
Gus Hagenah	25	4½	2222012022— 8	
C Van Valkenburg	28		2222222202— 9	
H Ludeking	25	4½	0001020*12— 4	000
R Baudendistel	28	6	0102221222— 8	
J P Dannefelser	28	6	0*2002200*— 3	211
W Lempe	25	4½	0021001202— 5	011
Jas Zemman	25	4½	1002000210— 4	001
J H Kroger	30		1111011222— 9	
H Meyn	28	6	012**10*01— 4	201
C Metzen	28		22*2222222— 9	
J F Wellbrock	29	7	22222*2202— 8	121

A friendly match for the price of birds, between Messrs. Mesloh and Schlicht, resulted in a victory for Mesloh in the twenty-third round, his allowance of two making him a winner. The scores:

H W Mesloh....2 1 0 2 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 0 0 2 2 0 0 1 2 2 2 2—+2—19
J Schlicht.....2 0 2 0 * 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 0 1 0 —17

A 5-bird sweepstake, $2 entrance, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20, resulted as follows:

Mesloh	10212—4	Van Valkenburg	01*22—3
Hendrickson	00021—2	Barberi	22012—4
Wellbrock	20212—4	Hagenah	20002—2
Baudendistel	02102—3	Schlicht	01002—2
Steffens	01102—3	Ludeking	00110—2
Albert	0021*—2	Dannefelser	11211—5
Von Kattengell	22110—4		

Von Kattengell was first in $1 miss-and-out, four entries. In the second miss-and-out, $1, Von Kattengell and Van Valkenburg tied on 3.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., March 19.—Mr. F. Truax was the winner of the handicap trophy shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day. That was event 5, and handicaps apply to it only.

Targets:	25	15	10	15	25	10	10
C E Eickhoff, 3	20	9	7	10	13	7	7
Jas Morrison, 4	21	9	7	11	17	7	..
C Leasenfeld, 10	14	10	5	7	10	5	..
H Schramm	14	10	2	11	7	7	10
F Truax, 1	..	8	8	11	23	8	9
Ricker	..	6	1	9	10	..	..
Hornung	..	6	7	7	..	..	..
J R Merrill, 6	11	..	..	..	11	6	5
Schmargel	..	..	4	6	..	4	..
Wagner	21	9	6	10	13	4	..

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., March 19.—A goodly number of the members of the Montclair Gun Club were present to-day at the weekly shoot of the club.

The weather conditions were all that could have been desired, and there was no excuse for low scores unless it was that the birds were thrown very swiftly.

This club depends mainly upon its own membership for support, and to a very small extent upon outsiders, and has made no particular effort to secure high scores by throwing an easy target.

The members' cup contest continues until the middle of April. Over 1,500 targets were thrown. Mr. Sim Glover was present to demonstrate his powder, and shot along with the club.

Messrs. Holzderber and Cross, of the Montclair Golf Club were the guests of the club. The scores are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	Broke.
Glover	10	8	8	9	9	9	10	9	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	90
Campbell	4	3	8	4	5	5	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	41
Geo Batten	4	6	5	5	4	5	3	5	1	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	43
Gunther	8	9	9	9	7	7	6	10	8	9	9	7	5	8	7	18	136
Winslow	5	5	4	2	5	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	28
Babcock	6	6	9	9	6	7	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	58
Wheeler	..	5	9	8	3	9	8	7	9	4	4	6	7	8	9	19	115
Holloway	..	..	4	4	4	4	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	32
Howard	..	..	7	7	9	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	38
Crane	..	..	9	5	5	4	3	4	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	37
W I Soverel	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	6	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	37
Benson	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	8	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	34
Allan	..	..	..	..	..	1	2	3	4	4	4	6	..	..	..	..	24
Fitch	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	9	8	8	9	8	9	8	6	..	80
Holzderber	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	5	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	30
Cross	..	..	..	..	..	4	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Cockefair	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19
C W Kendall	..	3	7	7	8	4	7	6	7	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	62

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

South Side Gun Club.

New York.—Through the generosity of C. W. Feigenspan, the popular young sportsman of Newark, N. J., the South Side Gun Club of Newark, N. J., has been presented with a $1,200 automobile, with a request that it be put up as a prize, to be shot for by amateurs in open competition. The conditions under which this valuable prize will be shot for are as follows:

A series of five 100-target re-entry matches, aggregate of two best scores to count, only one score to count on each match day, entrance price of targets only at 2 cents each. Contestants must compete in at least three of the five shoots to be eligible to win the prize. The series will start on Saturday, April 23, and end on Saturday, May 21. If, however, there are any ties, those in the tie will shoot off same on Saturday, May 28.

Mr. Feigenspan has also donated a silver loving cup, which will be presented to the professional, ex-professional or trade representative making the best score under the above conditions.

The matches will be held on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club at the foot of Broad street, Newark, N. J. Two sets of traps will be used, and the shoots will start at 10 o'clock each day. Lunch and ammunition can be obtained at the grounds. Take Central Railroad of New Jersey, to Broad street, and trolley south on Broad to Vanderpool street. Walk east one block under Pennsylvania railroad, turn to right along railroad to grounds. For further particulars, write or call on M. Herrington, Room 1735, 150 Nassau street, New York.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., March 16.—The patience of fourteen shooters was tested to the limit to-day at the regular Wednesday shoot, trapping facilities having a matinee for the first time in the history of the club and preventing the usual amount of targets from being thrown in the endeavor to satisfy the desires of the trapshooting aspirants.

The friends of the club were, as usual, in the majority and did not miss one chance in endeavoring to right matters, though it was an impossibility, and as a last resort the club set up an improvised system, and by the shooters making allowances for mistakes, etc., the events were run off in fair style.

The honors of the afternoon were taken care of by the visitors, Griffith and Thomas securing the two leading positions in the prize match, and the former averaging high for the afternoon, .812 per cent., showing an average of more than the usual from a Boston Gun Club standpoint.

Targets:	15	10	10	15	10	15	Av.
Griffiths, 19	12	7	7	13	10	12	.813
Frank, 18	11	4	9	..	..	..	.685
Bell, 18	13	6	8	10	7	12	.746
Allen, 16	11	6	7	12	8	11	.733
Kirkwood, 19	6	4	..	..	..	..	.400
Burns, 16	8	5	6	8	5	12	.586
Thomas, 16	9	7	5	13	9	9	.693
Woodard, 16	7	10	9	..	..	..	.742
Woodruff, 17	11	5	8	11	8	12	.733
Lawler, 16	11	5	5	..	..	..	.600
Muldown, 16	8	6	3	..	..	..	.486
Bryant, 16	3	3	5	7	3	7	.373
Lee, 16	7	4	..	..	..	..	.440
Powell, 16	11	8	7	..	..	..	.748

Prize match:

Griffiths, 19	11111011101111111111111—23
Thomas, 16	11011111111110111111110111—22
Allen, 16	11101110111101111111001111—20
Woodruff, 17	11111011100110111101011111—19
Bell, 18	10110001111111001110011111—17
Burns, 16	10100010111101001110100 10—13
Bryant, 16	11010001010001100010101 00—10

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—This week's shoot, postponed from Wednesday to Thursday, March 17, was made the occasion for a somewhat more pretentious affair; a longer programme was arranged, and we had with us several well-known outsiders.

From Providence came a squad headed by Griffith, including Messrs. Root, Bennett, Bain and Arnold. The Canonchet Club sent over McArdle, Sorenson, Winter and Burns. These, with nine of the locals, made up a very respectable party.

The day was a raw one for March. A bright sun and no wind made shooting a pleasure.

High average was taken by Griffith with 92 per cent., his score including a run of over 40. Second place was taken care of by Manchester, who also shot well, running his first 25 straight:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		
Targets:	10	15	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.	Av.
Griffith	9	12	18	20	20	18	18	115	.920
Manchester	10	15	13	18	19	17	18	110	.880
McArdle	7	12	17	18	15	17	15	101	.808
Hughes	10	12	15	13	17	16	16	99	.792
Bennett	8	11	12	19	13	19	16	98	.784
Bain	6	12	16	15	18	13	15	95	.760
Peckham	9	11	14	16	15	17	12	94	.752
Root	8	9	14	12	17	15	17	92	.736
Mason	5	10	17	13	13	15	18	91	.728
Arnold	6	13	13	13	18	14	12	89	.712
Bowler	7	13	13	11	14	14	15	87	.696
Dring	9	7	10	15	15	16	13	85	.680
Powel	5	10	12	13	14	12	16	82	.656
Winter	5	11	14	13	11	10	11	75	.600
Macomber	6	10	13	9	11	11	9	69	.552
Alexander	4	9	11	11	7	9	7	58	.464
Sorenson	..	..	..	..	14	15	20	49	.816
Burns	..	..	..	..	6	6	10	22	.366

Herron Hill Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 17.—Kindly announce to your readers that the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., will be an applicant for the State shoot of 1905, at the meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at York, Pa., May 16 to 21, inclusive.

W. S. KING, Sec'y Herron Hill G. C.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 17.—Although the weather conditions were good to-day, none of the ten men that faced the score did anything wonderful in the shooting line, and as reason therefor are too numerous to mention, no explanations will be attempted.

J. Rhodes made a full score and won the cup. As Smith failed to tie him on the shoot-off for last week's cup, he practically scored a double win.

A number of the boys will attend the weekly shoot of the newly organized New Paltz Club, on Monday, the 21st.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	5p	25	25	25
Traver	8	13	8	..	..	8	..	19	17
J Rhodes	9	12	8	11	8	6	22	19	..
Hans	8	13	9	..	6	9	..	..	18
Frank	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marshall	..	..	..	5	..	6	17	19	12
Cheney	..	..	..	8	4	..	..	9	..
Claymark	..	..	..	..	6	..	19	15	..
Wescott	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	2	..
Winans	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	17	..

	Broke.	Hcp.	Tot'l.		Broke.	Hcp.	Tot'l.
Traver	19	2	21	Smith	18	5	23
J Rhodes	19	6	25	Winans	17	6	23
Marshall	19	4	23	Wescott	2	7	9
Claymark	15	6	21	Cheney	9	7	16

SNANIWEH.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

W. R. Crosby, at Americus, Ga., March 7, broke 98; at Macon, Ga., March 8, 97; at Columbus, Ga., March 9, 98 out of 100. At Americus, Messrs. Sells and Loving won first and second amateur averages. At Macon, first, second and third amateur averages were won by Mr. Ch. Jones, Mr. Jones and Mr. McNeal. At Seneca, Kans., March 9, the professional averages were won by Fred Gilbert and F. H. Lord; the amateur averages by L. Reed and E. L. Witzig. Mr. Reed also won the loving cup. At Aberdeen, Md., March 10, the three first averages were won by L. S. German, J. M. Hawkins and Wm. M. Foord, respectively. H. B. Ten Eyck and U. G. Tingley won first and second averages respectively at Bound Brook, N. J., March 12. All used Winchester factory loaded shells.

Fred Gilbert, with the Parker gun, at St. Joseph, Mo., March 12, defeated Mr. Wm. Clayton, of Kansas City, in the challenge contest for Wyeth trophy, 100 live birds per man. Mr. Gilbert, 33yds., killed 98, and Mr. Clayton, 29yds., killed 96. Gilbert scored the first 70 straight, also 4 practice birds. His score of 98 out of 100 is also a world's record from the 33yds. mark. At Seneca, Kans., March 10, he won high average with 349 out of 365 targets.

F. C. Riehl, at Aberdeen, Miss., March 11, broke straight, 70 flying targets. He used a Remington gun. H. G. Taylor won high average at the Seneca Gun Club shoot, Kansas, March 8 to 10, with over 93 per cent., using U. M. C. factory shells. F. D. Ellett, Keithsburg, Ill., won first average at Joy, Ill., with a score of 94 per cent., and he also won a live-bird match, killing 50 birds without a miss.

At the Interstate midwinter tournament, Seneca, Kans., March 8-10, Kansas City five-man team No. 1 won both the Interstate team match at targets and live birds. The individual live-bird handicap was won by Mr. Dave Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo. He shot from the 31yd. mark, scoring 24 without a tie. Each shot Peters factory loaded shells.

PULISBHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Pennsylvania Railroad's Washington Tours.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad's sixth three-day personally-conducted tour to Washington will leave New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Elizabeth and Trenton, March 28. Round trip rates—only difference being in the hotel selected in Washington—are $12 and $14.50 from New York; $10.50 or $13 from Trenton, and proportionate rates from other points. Tickets cover railroad transportation for the round trip and hotel accommodations. A special side trip to Mt. Vernon may also be taken. All tickets are good for ten days, with special hotel rates at expiration of hotel coupon. For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; Tourist Agents, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; or Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

There is nothing more useful, and perhaps nothing more difficult to get, than a coat which is waterproof, and at the same time comfortable to wear. Rubber clothing—especially for those who are performing hard physical work—is uncomfortable on account of its lack of ventilation. The Duxback sportsman's coat is so called because it "sheds water like a duck's back," and we are told that it is made of smooth cloth that will not wrinkle or crack. It is said also to be excellently ventilated. A coat that will keep out the moisture from without, and permit the eseape of the moisture from within is an ideal garment, whether for fishermen or hunters, and the Duxback clothing appears to us well worth investigation.

With spring and warm weather comes the season for fishing upon the wider waters, and for this pursuit nothing is more essential than a good boat. The value of the St. Lawrence River skiffs and canoes, their durability and the ease with which they are propelled, are well known, and persons interested in craft of this description should send stamp for catalogue to Wilbur & Wheelock, Clayton, N. Y.

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FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 346 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

IN FLORIDA.

AUDUBON'S portrait of the greenshank has peculiar interest, because the species is European, and there is no other recorded observation of its occurrence in North America. Audubon shot three of the birds on Sand Key, six miles from Cape Sable, in the spring of 1832. It was certainly a curious circumstance that these wanderers so many thousand miles from their accustomed haunts should have found here in Florida the naturalist's pencil to perpetuate them for us. Audubon, indeed, did not recognize them; he took them to be telltale godwits, and when he had them in hand imagined them to be new; but was set right by his companion, who was familiar with the European greenshank and identified them as belonging to the species.

The picture has an antiquarian interest also, because the artist has chosen for the background a "View of St. Augustine and Spanish Fort, East Florida," as he saw them, only ten years after Florida had come into the possession of the United States, and five years after Fort San Marco had been given the name of Marion the Swamp Fox. Audubon's view of the town and fort and harbor shows them as they remained in general outline as late as the seventies; and as, indeed, some of us may wish they might have remained to this day, at all events with this once characteristic suggestion of bird life about them. In no respect have the natural conditions of "East Florida" changed more completely since Audubon's day than in this of the wild life which once was so conspicuous a feature and is now so meager. Audubon saw the Florida bird land in its pristine freshness and plenitude, and he looked upon it with the same enthusiasm and delight which permeate all his descriptions. It is good to go with him through the Florida of the thirties, as he takes a schooner from St. Augustine to explore the St. John's River. As the vessel made its way across the shoal bar, "my eyes, however, were not directed towards the waters," he tells us, "but on high, where flew some thousands of snowy pelicans, which [at the report of the pilot signal gun] had fled affrighted from their resting grounds. How beautifully they performed their broad gyrations, and how matchless, after a while, was the marshaling of their files as they flew past us! On the tide we proceeded apace. Myriads of cormorants covered the face of the waters, and over it the fish-crows innumerable were already arriving from their distant roosts. We landed at one place to search for the birds whose charming melodies had engaged our attention." On shore, that February morning, "the blossoms of the jessamine were steeped in dew; the humming bee was collecting her winter store from the snowy flowers of the native oranges; and the little warblers frisked about the twigs of the smilax."

It is all very charming and alluring as he describes it, even the clouds of "blind mosquitoes," which had no sting, but swarmed about them in such numbers one night as to extinguish the light and sacrifice themselves in hosts between the leaves when Audubon surrendered and shut up his journal.

The Florida of that day was a land of ever unfailing interest for the bird lover. If the more valued species have now become few in number and rare, there is yet reason to believe that conditions are changing for the better. The bird butchers' "exterminatory peregrinations," as our contributor Didymus so aptly termed them, have been suppressed by law and by public sentiment; and the Florida landscape may once again be brightened by the flash of bright plumage. A State whose tourist interests are so large cannot fail to find bird protection good business.

As yet, however, the barbarians are abroad in the land. A Florida correspondent of the New York Herald reports that two northern visitors brought into St. Augustine as a trophy of their prowess a six-foot alligator which they had killed with rifles, and it is added that "the beast made a desperate struggle for its life." Of what nature is the "desperate struggle" a creature can make against a brace of repeating rifles! And is not the doing to death of a six-foot alligator rather a slender claim to glory in the society news columns?

FOR THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.

AMONG the interesting things brought out by the publication of Mr. Grinnell's "Trails of the Pathfinders" is a little volume entitled, "The Travelers' Directory through the United States, containing a description of all the principal roads through the United States, with copious remarks on the rivers and other objects. To which is added an appendix containing post-office regulations, land offices and military posts, together with a census of the United States and a comparative and prospective view of the population. The whole illustrated by appropriate maps by John Melish. A new edition revised and enlarged, New York: published by A. T. Goodrich, at his Geographical Establishment, 124 Broadway, 1825." The little book is loaned us by our valued correspondent, Mr. H. L. Allen, of Staten Island.

This directory gives the roads by which the different portions of the country may be traversed, naming the towns on the road and often side remarks referring to the natural features of the country. Thus, on page 49, the article describing the road from Washington to New Orleans by Staunton, Knoxville and Nashville, says, opposite the name of the town of Lexington, "At fourteen miles from Lexington, two miles to the west is a Natural Bridge one of the greatest curiosities in the world."

There is much that is quaint and interesting in the type matter of this little volume, which is, however, almost entirely statistical.

Its most interesting feature, however, is the map. On it we see, in the east, the States much as they are to-day, but when we get as far west as Lake Erie, we find that Detroit is in Michigan Territory, while to the west of Lake Michigan is the Northwest Territory, including what are now Wisconsin and parts of Michigan and Minnesota, and to the west of the States of Missouri and Illinois and of the Northwest Territory, is the great Missouri Territory, including what are now Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, parts of Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and parts of Wyoming and Montana.

The western border of the map includes the heads of the Marias, the Two Medicine Lodge and the Missouri Rivers in Montana, and shows, in the mountains at the head of the Yellowstone River, a lake called Lake Eustis.

Further to the south on the Rio Del Norte is Santa Fe, not very far from the heads of the Canadian Rivers, but there is no road leading to it, for the Santa Fe trade had not yet become established.

The town of Chicago is shown on the map, and a trail leading thence southwesterly to Arkopolis, the Hot Springs, and Natchez, where this trail meets a wagon road.

Many of the western rivers are named as they are to-day, but it is not without interest to see in Dakota, not far from the boundary line and just west of the Red River, the "Lake of Devils," which we know to-day as Devil's Lake. The old name for the Niobrara River is here printed "R. Quicourre, or Running Water." Away to the west in the mountains there are practically no names. On the heads of the Arkansas River are "James Peak," now Pike's Peak, "Castle Rock," and a little more than two degrees further north, three high mountains are indicated, with the name "Highest Peak."

West of the Mississippi River, towns were few, though in Louisiana there were half a dozen, and as many in Arkansas Territory and Missouri. Just below the Council Bluffs, the map shows Fort Calhoun, and there was a St. Peter's military post, presumably on the St. Peter's River, though we do not see it on the map.

Here and there little triangular marks show, representing Indian tents, "Old Kansas Vil.," "Tetons of Burnt Wood," "Old Rickeree Village," "Mandans;" and just north of the Mandans, between the Cannon Ball and the Little Missouri Rivers, perhaps about where the town of Mandan now stands, is "Fort Mandan."

The statistics as to population are interesting. We are told that the population of the United States had increased from 3,929,326 in 1790, to 9,609,827 in 1820. New York had the greatest population, 1,379,939; Virginia the next, 1,065,366; with Pennsylvania a close third, 1,046,844. The smallest named population was that of Michigan Territory, 8,896.

It is interesting and curious to glance over this little book and to compare the conditions in this country seventy-nine years ago with those of to-day.

The sportsman tourists of 1825, planning journeys into new and unexplored regions, had only this material to study. Truly of them it might almost have been said: "The world was all before them where to choose."

GOOD SHOTS ON BOARD SHIP.

IN the matter of target shooting, the doings of the navy, in its big-gun practice, receive very little attention by the average landsman. One cause of this seeming apathy may be in the ignorance of the average landsman on all matters pertaining to the deep sea in general, and naval matters in particular. Yet all Americans keenly admire skillful marksmanship, and that is one of the points on which the men of land and sea are one in common interest.

The recent exhibition of the Kearsarge gunners with the powerful guns of war, will gratify all Americans. Rear Admiral Taylor, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, on March 21, reported to Secretary Moody, in part, as follows: "One 13-inch gun made six hits out of seven shots, in five minutes and twenty seconds. One 8-inch gun made ten hits out of ten shots, in five minutes and twenty seconds. One 5-inch gun made eighteen hits out of eighteen shots, in two minutes. You could have covered all the holes in the target with a hall rug." When it is considered that the shooting was done at a distance of 1,600 yards, at a target 17 by 21 feet, the wonderful precision of it is apparent.

NEXT WEEK.

The series of chapters following the "Trails of the Pathfinders" is attracting much attention and is read with growing interest. They give the individual personal element of the Louisiana Purchase theme; and it is always the individual and personal in which we are most interested. Mr. Grinnell has had the good sense to let his heroes in large measure relate their experiences for themselves; and this makes the story all the more real and graphic. Next week's chapter will relate to Alexander Mackenzie and his voyage to the Frozen Ocean.

The press published last week the story of the fate of Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., of the exploring party sent into Labrador last summer for the Outing Magazine. Mr. Hubbard starved to death last October; a report of his death came from Labrador in January, but was unconfirmed until the receipt last week of a letter from Dillon Wallace, his surviving white companion. The distressing details have been printed at length in the daily papers; and it is not necessary to repeat them here. But the awful sufferings of the Hubbard party should not fail to serve as a warning and a deterrent from other like ill-considered enterprises. The two white men and an Indian plunged fatuously into what they believed to be an unexplored wilderness, insufficiently provisioned, inadequately fitted with transportation for what supplies they did have, and unequipped with any knowledge of woodcraft which might sustain them after their provisions should be exhausted. What happened was precisely what might have been expected to happen under the circumstances. The one bright gleam in the dismal story is the courage with which the men endured their suffering, and the unselfish devotion of each member of the party to his fellows.

There have been published numerous and persistent reports of a great mortality of Adirondack deer during the past winter. In a communication in our shooting columns Chief Protector Pond gives an authoritative contradiction of the sensational stories. Some deer have been found dead, but the number is so small as to be altogether insignificant. The Chief Protector has done well in the way to set the false rumors at rest.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Fields and Pastures New.

MY FIRST trout was caught in a New Hampshire brook, over thirty years ago, and my first quail and duck were shot in Ohio several years before. Scarcely a year since has passed without my getting an outing, long or short, near or far, as circumstances permitted; and it has been my privilege and pleasure to catch trout in the Alleghenies, Adirondacks, around Lake Superior and in the Rockies, and to shoot white tail and black tail deer, elk and antelope, as well as smaller game, in these and other districts. I had, however, never shot or even seen moose or caribou, and longed for new game and new country, which I found as told hereafter.

I.—Temagami.

In northern Ontario, about half way between Toronto and the southern end of Hudson's Bay, and about 200 miles east of Lake Superior, lies the "Temagami Forest Preserve," part of the great wilderness which extends indefinitely northward. Its only roads are Indian trails; its only houses Indian cabins and posts of the Hudson Bay Company, and these are very scarce; and the few Indians and whites who permanently make their home there practically depend on the only local staple, fur, the sable and mink skins obtained being especially dark, fine and valuable. Each Indian has his trapping range, often very extensive, and his rights are respected by others, and pass to his children by inheritance. Trespass is very rare and is a grave crime, which custom permits to be prevented or punished by any means found necessary.

Here the ancient backbone of the continent, the Laurentian Mountains, has been planed by glaciers and gnawed by weather and time, until it has become rolling or hilly country, ridged and ragged with rocks, dotted with countless lakes, and covered in large part by splendid forests of white and red pine, which, so far, have been spared the ax. Through the tangled swamps and boggy lakes splash and stalk the magnificent moose. The black bear and lucivee roam the forests, and the mink and martin are many. Ruffed grouse are numerous and ridiculously tame, and the scarcer and more solitary spruce grouse is often met with. Big black bass, pike and doré, the latter being the pike perch and locally known as pickerel, abound in the lower lakes and larger streams and, above the high falls impassable to these, the speckled trout have taken refuge and thrive and increase abundantly. Temagami itself, most beautiful of lakes, with its multitude of channels and arms extending for hundreds of miles and studded with numerous islands, abounds in lake trout and whitefish, which grow to great size. The serpent in this earthly paradise is the scourge of black flies, midges and mosquitoes, which appear about the first of June, make the summer months almost intolerable, and practically disappear by the middle of August. In the month of May the fishing is at its best and the flies have not arrived, and with September comes the shooting season and the flies are gone, so the tender-skinned Yankee had better visit the country in May or September, and avoid the months between. A few of the pests appear at the end of May and a few linger to the first days of September, so a provision of fly dope and veils is expedient.

This wilderness is reached from Lake Temiskaming either by the Montreal or Metabetchouan Rivers, the sole means of travel being canoes. The camp and personal outfit, tents, blankets, supplies for the journey and all luxuries must be taken from civilization, though flour, meal, sugar and such supplies can generally be obtained at the Hudson Bay Company's post at Bear Island. As everything must be carried over numerous portages, some of which are a mile or more in length and quite rough, the importance of going light is manifest and at the best travel must be pretty slow. A canoe and guide should be provided for each of the party, and an extra guide with canoe to carry supplies, cook and attend to camp, leaving the "sports," as those visiting the country for pleasure seem to be invariably called, and their personal guides, free to get away from camp in the morning or come in late at night, without the domestic economies being upset thereby.

To avoid payment of duties, supplies of all kinds should be purchased in Canada, at Toronto or Montreal as may be convenient, and furnished in sacks convenient for portaging. They can be checked as personal baggage. Michie & Company, grocers of Toronto, make a specialty of supplying tourists and have given me complete satisfaction. Sleeping bags, tents and camp and personal outfit I have found could best be obtained from New York dealers. Take the usual trout fly equipment, a light steel rod with spinners and spoons, and 200 feet of No. 20 annealed copper wire for deep trolling. For moose I have found the new .33 caliber Winchester "take down" quite sufficiently powerful and very handy, while the lightness of both gun and cartridges is a great advantage. A light .22 caliber rifle or target pistol will be found useful for grouse or to give a finish to one of the big Temagami Lake trout, if you are lucky enough to hook him. Guides vary as human nature always does. Mine were excellent woodsmen and excellent fellows, though sometimes rather slow, and did their very best to get me good sport. Others that I saw and heard of were inefficient, and as usual in such cases sulky in proportion.

The regular rates are two dollars per day and twenty-five cents per day for canoe. Tents and blankets can also be rented if arrangements are made in advance. The ice goes out of the lakes from April 20 to May 1; but vegetation hurries forward to get its work done during the short summer, and leaves can be almost seen to grow. Light snow and freezing nights may be expected early in October, and pretty heavy snow is probable by the end of that month. One is always likely to meet cool or even cold weather, and the clothing and outfit should be provided accordingly. I went in by way of Toronto and Mattawa, met my guides at Temiskaming, and went by steamer up the lake; but a railroad was then being built from North Bay to Lake Temiskaming, which may be now in operation, and will give a much better route, saving several days' paddling and portaging.

My first trip here was in the fall of 1900, when I stayed only a few days and spied out the land. The following spring my wife and I started in at Haileybury, went up the Montreal and through Lady Evelyn and Sucker Gut Lakes, and up a river which meets the extreme end of the latter, to which we gave the name "Lemabin." After passing three large falls we found wonderful trout fishing; in fact, the trout were so numerous that an hour's fishing per day would furnish all that could possibly be used, and fishing had to stop. Thence we went down through Temagami and out by the Metabetchouan, a canoe trip of over 200 miles in all, taking three weeks and full of delights.

In the fall of that year I went back hoping to get a moose, but went in several wrong directions, struck bad weather, was taken ill, and was too weak to trail the only moose I saw, after shooting him through the neck. My guides followed and finished him. but his head was not worth mounting. This was outside the forest preserve in which shooting was not then permitted. The prohibition was removed the year after, and another trip provided me with a really fine specimen, having a maximum spread of 55½ inches. with very regular and beautiful antlers. This moose was evidently still young, and his horns seemed light for the great size of the animal. I measured him with great care and found his dimensions to be: Nose to tail, 10 feet 1 inch; girth, 8 feet 3 inches; hind leg to ridge of back, 6 feet; height at shoulder (estimated) 6 feet 9 inches.

Visitors to this country will find it wise to comply strictly with the requirements of the local laws, which are in no way unreasonable. The authorities maintain a surprisingly efficient system of inspection, and the penalties inflicted on a detected offender are very severe. One can have plenty of sport legally, be safe from penalties, and, best of all, enjoy the approval of his own conscience.

II.—Newfoundland.

During the last trip to Temagami I met some New York gentlemen, who had been caribou hunting in Newfoundland the year before, and they were good enough to give me a full account of their experience, with names and addresses of their guides, routes and sources of supply, and, in fact, all the detailed information that one has usually to laboriously, tediously and expensively acquire for himself. I at once began correspondence, and succeeded as I thought in making all necessary arrangements, and our party of four left Cleveland on August 24. Four days' steady travel, by way of Boston, Plant line steamer to Hawkesbury, Cape Breton, rail to North Sydney, the steamer Bruce to Port au Basques, and the Newfoundland railway, would bring us to Grand Lake, where guides, boats and supplies were to be. The actual trip did not work out quite according to schedule, on account of some delay in the arrival of articles ordered shipped from New York, not quite time enough having been allowed.

Newfoundland is roughly triangular, the sides being about 350 miles each, and much indented with bays and long narrow fiords, St. John's lies on the extreme southeastern corner, and Port au Basques on the southwestern. A total population of about 140,000, of which St. John's has 40,000 and about all the remainder live on or near the coast, make a laborious and precarious living by and on the product of the seal, cod, and herring fisheries, which are almost the only productive industries. The climate is too boreal and the soil too barren to admit of much agriculture, and there is little timber fit for anything but pulp and fire wood, but, in scenic beauty, and as a home for game and fish, few if any lands surpass or even equal it. The lower levels are like the Temagami country, though the rivers are finer, the hills higher and the whole landscape on a grander scale. The elevated plateaus, which make up a large part of the interior and are called "barrens," are unlike any country I have ever seen, and must resemble the Scotch moors, though with much more woodland. They are a series of rocky ridges and knolls, often several hundred feet high and some miles apart, divided by valleys containing numberless streams, lakes and marshes, and dotted here and there with patches of densely growing spruces and balsams. Much of the higher land is covered with a growth of dwarf spruce and juniper, rarely exceeding three feet in height, and matted and tangled beyond description. It is too thick to walk through and not quite thick enough to walk on, and would be practically impassable for civilized man, were it not for the caribou paths, which radiate in every direction and are beaten down by centuries of use.

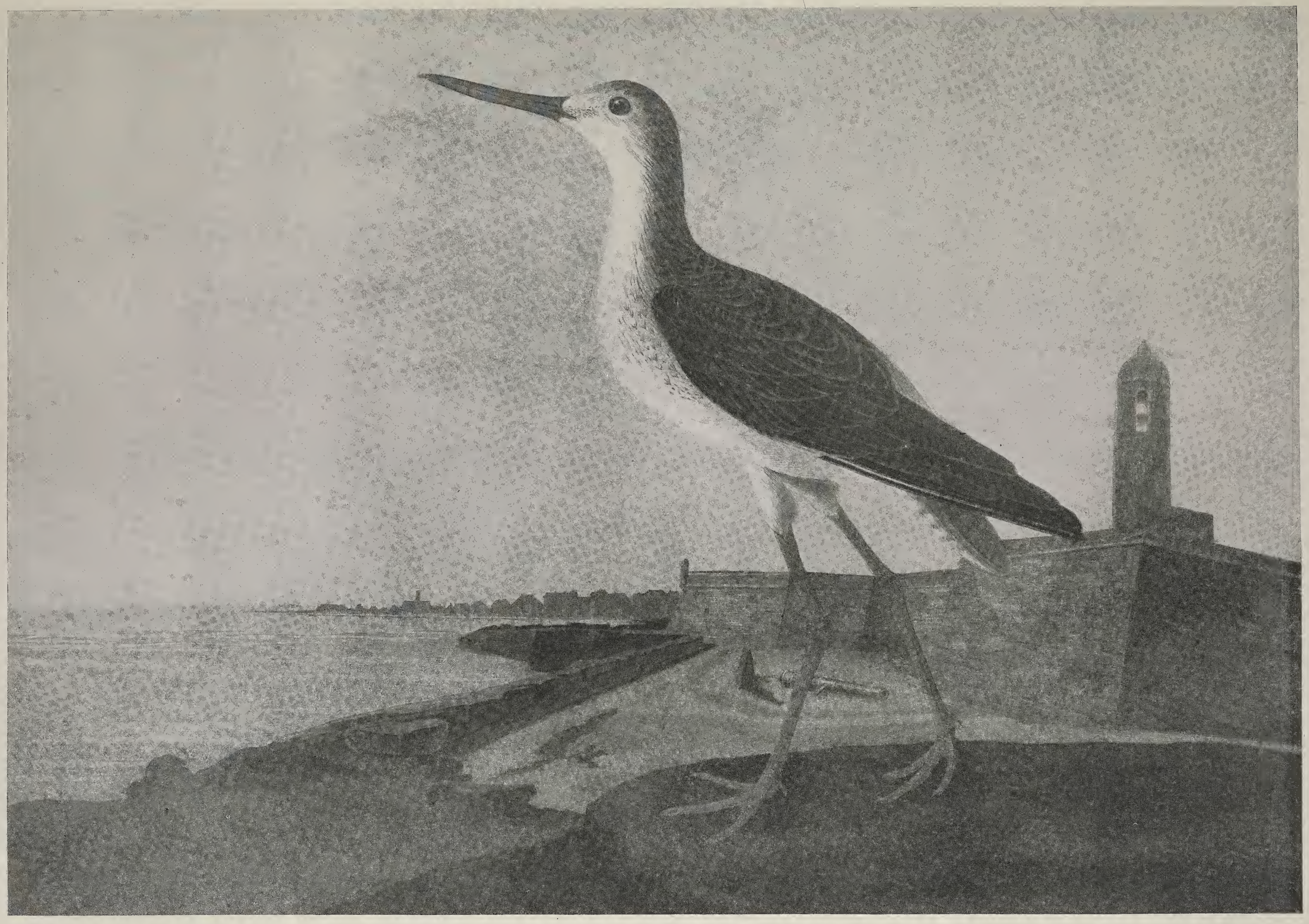
The caribou moss, "sphagnum," I think, forms a soft mass of a foot or more in depth, and holds water like a sponge. Everything below the ridges is soaking wet, and one's feet are in the water most of the time; a good stock of waterproof foot gear is therefore necessary for comfort. Boots are too noisy for stalking, and moccasins are difficult to keep at all dry, so a lumberman's overshoe, or rubber moccasin with leather tops, would seem to be indicated and I shall try them this fall.

The Newfoundland railway, a well constructed narrow gauge line, runs from Port au Basques to St. John's, curving northward to about the center of the island and making a line of 540 miles in total length. An express train, with parlor and dining car, is run in each direction three times a week, with a mixed train on alternate days. In summer the express starts on time and is rarely very late; while the mixed train is likely to turn up anywhere from two to twenty-four hours after schedule time. In winter, which begins about October 15 and lasts until May, I understand that it is not unusual for trains to be run three months apart and to be four months late in arriving, but this is beyond my personal experience.

The harbor of Port au Basques is a small basin, entered through a cleft or cañon and surrounded by rocky ridges, sparsely mottled with scrubby vegetation and irregularly placed whitewashed cabins. One is at first reminded of pictures of Iceland and Greenland, but the railroad soon passes into a more attractive country, crosses or skirts several magnificent salmon rivers, and after a run of about 100 miles, comes down to the splendid salt water fiord called "Bay of Islands," fifty miles long by a mile or two wide, and bordered by stately hills which are nearly worthy of the name of mountains. Into the head of this bay flows the Humber River, a glorious salmon stream of large size, flowing between lofty hills, precipitous cliffs, and all that is picturesque in landscape. Ascending this river it first widens out into Deer Lake, and then contracts again into the upper Humber, into which flows the Junction River, the outlet of Grand Lake and another superb salmon stream. The two log cabins which form Grand Lake Station are just west of the latter river, and there is a fine salmon pool immediately below the bridge. Grand Lake, about seventy miles long and one to three miles wide, stretches off to the southwest, bordered by rapid slopes rising to the great upper barrens, 1,500 feet above, promontories of which make picturesque headlands, and down which flow a series of dashing streams.

The journey down Grand Lake is made in dories; and parties can leave the lake and climb to the barrens at any one of many points, being practically sure of good shooting anywhere. We went down the lake some thirty or forty miles, and made the climb and journey over the barrens to our main camp very easily in one day. That is, it was easy for us, but how our guides climbed that fierce hill and tramped across the scrub under their huge packs, was a wonder to me. They were thoroughly skilled woodsmen, keen sportsmen, willing, prompt and highly efficient; in fact, the best guides I have ever had, and were well satisfied to receive a dollar and a half a day each, which also paid the hire of two dories.

Caribou hunting here is real deer stalking, the game being often found, and its size and value determined with a powerful field glass at a mile or two away, and then approached with due regard for the wind and cover. The large stags are always quite light in color, showing a great deal of white, which increases as the season grows later, while the does, yearlings, calves, and young stags are much darker, often showing a good deal of black. A distant white spot is always worthy of careful examination and, if it proves to be a deer, his value as a trophy can be often pretty well determined by his color, long before his antlers can be seen. Many of the does bear horns, though these are always small; but I noticed that no does which had calves with them bore antlers, and think it possible that they are worn only by does that are barren that year, and hence can apply to the growth of horns the strength that nursing a calf would otherwise consume. The coat is very thick even in summer, and, with the heavy body, makes the hornless does and calves look much like Jersey cattle in figure, though the coloration is black, gray and white instead of fawn. A large stag will weigh nearly or quite 500 pounds, and is therefore about twice the size of our red deer, and half that of our elk. They seemed to me notably unsuspecting and easy of approach, far more so than any other of the *Cervidæ*, so that with reasonable care there was little difficulty in getting



THE GREENSHANK—AN OLD WORLD VISITOR.

With View of St. Augustine and Spanish Fort San Marco.

DRAWN FROM NATURE BY JOHN JAMES AUDUBON IN 1831.



PHOTO BY ARTHUR ST. JOHN NEWBERRY.

THE THIRD FALLS OF THE THE LEMABIN.

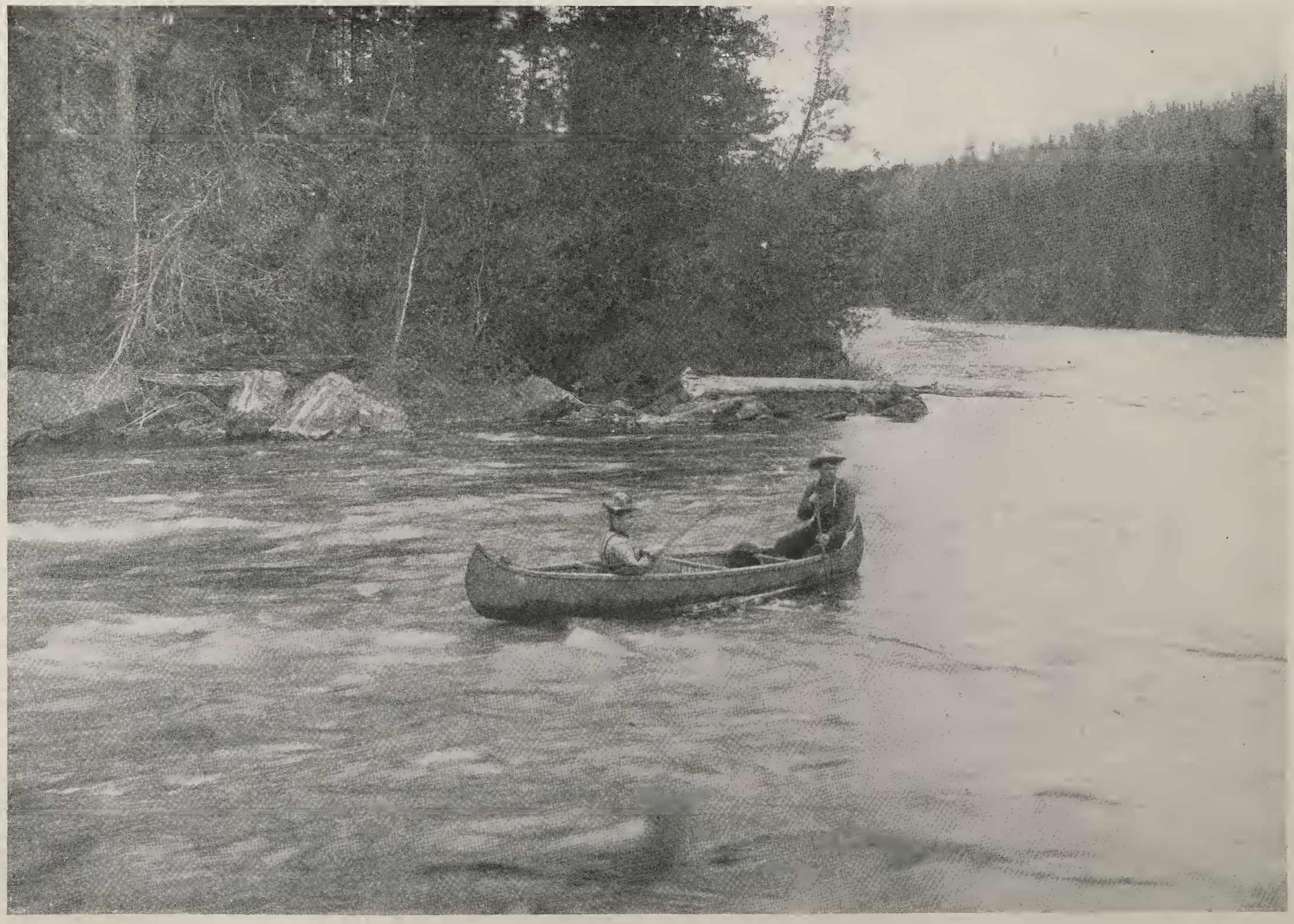


PHOTO BY ARTHUR ST. JOHN NEWBERRY.

A GOOD STRIKE—LAKE KOKONSEE.

within good range; and, like the elk, they certainly succumbed more quickly to wounds of the same gravity than the Virginia deer.

In the early part of September the stags are beginning to shed the velvet, the biggest doing so first, my guides said. Does and fawns could occasionally be seen in the open all through the day; but most of the deer then pass the day in the woods, coming out when the sun is low and going back in the morning, so the shooting is best done in the evening and at sunrise. One can get through the marshy valleys with ease, through the scrub or "bushes" with difficulty, and through the woods scarcely at all, so the game must be caught in the opening. My guide and I sat on a little knoll one evening, watching the deer come out of the woods and wander over the marshes, when a yearling walked up within thirty yards of us, and refused to go away for some fifteen minutes, though we stood in plain sight and pelted him with stones. He was a beautiful light, iron gray, and as he stared and pranced in excitement was a charming sight.

It is well known that the Newfoundland caribou have particularly heavy and fine antlers, and that many have two large brow paddles, which often interlock, instead of one paddle and a single spike as seems to be generally the case in Maine and New Brunswick. Our two licenses entitled us to six heads, which we got in a very few days, and all were good specimens. My best head had thirty-six points, each antler measuring three feet two inches around the curve, and with a maximum spread of two feet eight inches, the horns being of good weight and very uniform. One of my companions got a much heavier and finer head, though the two horns were less alike. Two of our party were college boys, neither of whom had ever shot a deer, and they both got good heads.

Shortage of supplies compelled us to get back to the railroad, and, after this deficiency was remedied, we went about ten miles up the lake and camped by a river flowing into it. It was high noon and a bright day when we arrived, but I got out a light trout rod and began casting over a pool in front of the camp, using No. 8 trout flies. After taking two or three nice trout and a one pound salmon, my flies swept into an eddy, sank a little and stopped dead. I struck and put quite a pull on and nothing happened, so said to my guide, "Thats queer, but it don't feel like a rock somehow." Just then there was a convulsion and a big, silvery speckled fish shot out a good two feet. I eased him down, he rested a few seconds, made a short circle and jumped again. So he kept it up, never offering to run, but going out of the water just twenty times and getting half way out on the twenty-first, but finally was tired out and landed. He was my first salmon of any size, and a big fish for my tackle, though he only weighed six pounds. Next year I shall go properly equipped, fish systematically, and hope for something bigger.

Taken all together, in ease of access, beauty, variety and number of fish and game, and interest of the sport, Newfoundland equals if it does not surpass any country I have visited. A. St. J. Newberry.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

VIII.—A Cotton Town—Part Two.

"King Cotton" is a suggestive title. There are "oil fevers," "gold fevers," and real estate booms, but in the main agriculture has outgrown the point where men become excited by the possibility of getting rich from a crop in the ground. New countries which promise much wealth in the way of tremendous returns in harvests create a slight furore compared to those of mines and precious sands. But cotton is an exception to the general rule, in one great section of the Basin. As the old prospector has "no thought, no hope, no wish but gold," so the confirmed cotton man can think only in bolls, seed and lint, and the price thereof. He "eats, drinks and sleeps cotton." Whatever his occupation may be, whether whittling a stick or reading the paper, it's the cotton crop or the price of cotton he has in mind. And it is not a small subject he has to deal with. It's the markets of the world on one hand and the work of the weather on the other. In Lake county the crop failures depend on three conditions—floods, weevils and frosts. This year flood and frost wrought disaster at both ends of the cotton season. The high water kept the fields covered so long that it was late or not at all before the seed was hilled in. In the falll, while the bolls were still green, the frost came hard and heavy, and so prevented many of the bolls from opening. All the cotton country which ships to Memphis was affected by the bad season, and when at last the bales began to come in it was less than a third of a normal crop—the high prices did not make up for the deficit in the farmers' pockets. Hard times were promised for the valley this winter by the existing conditions.

It happened that I reached Tiptonville when as much of the cotton as ever during the present season was coming to the gins. The day I got there I saw cotton picked for the first time—a lot of negroes, men, women and children, with white duck bags tied to their waists into which they were stuffing the seed-cotton as fast as they could pick with both hands. They held their fingers almost straight, closing on the stuff from all sides as it rippled from the boll. All of the sacks were two feet wide, but the "chilluns" had three-foot long ones, and others six, nine, twelve and even fifteen-foot sacks, the cloth being of eight ounce duck as a rule. These sacks are hung by a strap, as the hunter's bag, and on the same side. When it is more or less full the picker takes it to the big wagon in the middle of the field where the farmer weighs the stuff on a steel-yard swung from a sort of gallows, usually. Allowance is made for the weight of the sacks, and the net result credited to the picker in the "book." Then the cotton is poured into the wagon, fluffing out of the sack in a mass, which one sees further across the level purple fields against the distant cypress of varied shade, than he can the wagon and mules—a pure white flash, inexplicable until it has been explained to the unaccustomed seer.

The 3½x3x12 feet or so wagon box full, the traces of the patient mules are hitched up—the impatient ones are brought with caution from the fence—and the wagon joins the procession on the road. This year the cotton wagons were far apart in Tiptonville's district, it being a third-of-a-crop year.

It's a sight of the valley to see the wagons on their way to town, with their negro drivers, who snap short-handled long-leashed whips till the reports are heard as far as a shotgun, some faces hideous, some so cheerful as to spread a smile all over the landscape. Here and there in the line a man has a "pick" of cotton between his lips, especially if it is cold weather—he's usually a white, on his way to town to collect or get the best price for his load—"eating cotton," as they say they do. My impression of a load of cotton had been that of the baled stuff, but here were loads of the raw, unginned seed cotton, like a load of potatoes, only white, with black specks, in proportion to the farmer. If the farmer is a good man, his cotton is almost clear white, for his



THE MISSISSIPPI BANKS AT TIPTONVILLE.

pickers have to "pick" cotton or be docked. The sloven's, however, is full of bolls and twigs, showing that his is "pulled" cotton, and likely enough he is docked for the weight of the bolls at the gin.

It's cotton—but the wagons rumble over the baked-mud roads, slow driven, the panting of the teams, the crack of the whips, and the sound music to the farmers, for "the crop's moving" and cash is coming in. 2,500 to 3,000 pounds make a load, and the stuff is sold by the pound—3 cents up to 3 1-4 or 3 1-3 at Tiptonville this year for the seed cotton, as the farmer brings it to the gin. Fifty bushels of potatoes would weigh 3,000 pounds, and might bring the farmer $40. A load of cotton brings from $60 to $100 per load. It is interesting to consider that an acre of potatoes in these bottom lands—with two crops, would bring more than the cotton, as prices now run for the vegetable in the valley—but cotton is a good gamble. A man never does know how much he can get out of it, and the price may run sky high.

Tiptonville has several cotton buyers. The gins hire men to buy for them, one for each gin. Some gins have their own lands, as the Harris Estate Gin, below Tiptonville. The renters of the 12,000 acres of Harris land bring their cotton to the gin, and are paid more than the prevailing price of cotton in the other gins. There are gin companies, with gins all through the cotton belt, and some little gins run by independents, who get out a few hundred bales and make a living for the owners. These little gins are "in the way" of the big companies, and one of them near Tiptonville was most aggravating. He paid more than the prevailing rate invariably—just enough to get all the cotton he wanted, say 3 1-2 when the price was 3. In early November this buyer had a talk over the telephone with a commission man at Memphis, who wanted to know what he would sell a hundred bales for. "Nine cents," was the answer. Unknown to the ginner, cotton had gone up, and the price next day would be 3.25 for seed cotton, while to sell at the price he had contracted for he couldn't pay more than 3.15 or 3.20. He was careless, and it cost him over $500; for when the other gins heard of his difficulty, the price paid for cotton went up to 3.30, and great was the glee of the superintendents when they heard of the old man's ravings. The farmers who had received a higher price on their cottom on his account would accept nothing less than the prevailing price, of course.

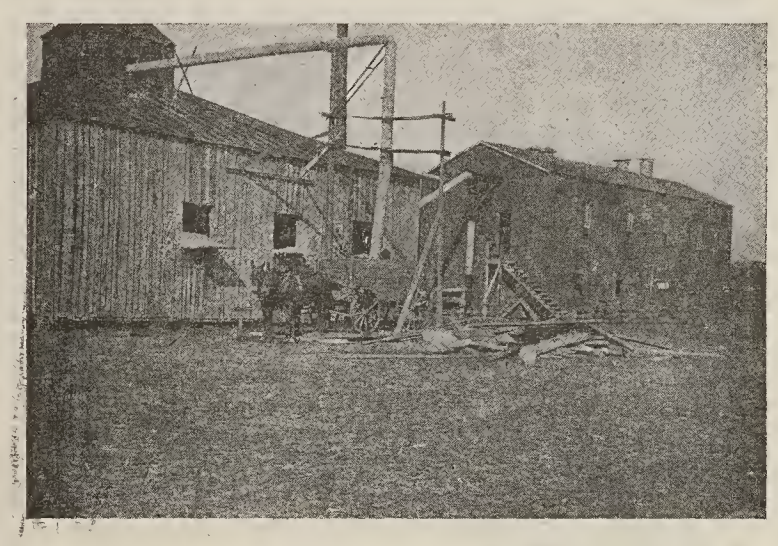


The Old Cypress by the River.

Buying cotton is an art, demanding experience, a knowledge of market conditions and tact, more especially tact, as witness the commission merchant who caught the old man. It is so with the street buyer in a town like Tiptonville, though he receives his instructions from Memphis as to what he can pay. The cotton crop value, depending somewhat on the weather a thousand miles up the Mississippi, the general conditions in the cotton belt and in Egypt, and market on labor conditions in Massachusetts, on industrial affairs in Europe, on the avarice of some unknown group of speculators and other whimsical world-wide features, has connections somewhat like wheat. The buyer must be an able hot-air merchant, as they say, to talk to the farmers, and explain things to them, else a rival walks off with the stuff. Some of these street buyers for gins come to think they know all that can be learned about cotton, and go in on their own hooks. One Arnett at Tiptonville, a farmer, did that. Some idea of what can be done in the cotton belt may be realized from the fact that when Arnett failed it was for about $300,000, and he paid seventy-five cents on the dollar. Cotton is a good deal like the old darky's mule. It's whimsicalities can be foreseen to a certain extent, and the forces guided, but beyond an x point, it goes into business on its own account, and comes out yellow—but triumphant. Arnett began as a farmer, took to buying from his neighbors, put up a gin, reached toward Memphis, but went under. When I saw him, Arnett was tearing down his gin—unchanged in appearance for the past twenty years, I was told. A long gray beard, bright "searching" eyes, 170 pounds crowded into five feet seven, he looked, walked and acted the keen old farmer that he used to be and is.

The town marshall at Tiptonville, being obliged to walk the streets most of the time by virtue of his office, became also buyer for the "New Gin." One Tateham, recently from Kentucky, whose wife is weigher for the rival gin, and Marshall Thurmond illustrated one phase of cotton buying while I was at Tiptonville. A farmer with eighty acres or so to pick, came to town, and, naturally the buyers wanted to get his first load, to "get the crop coming their way." Three cents was offered, and the other bid 3.05, and the price went up till one man reached his limit, both as to price and temper—"strong-minded men, both," I was told. The first hot word spoken, perhaps six more followed, and then Tateham went backward through the window of the post-office, with a knife in his hand. Tateham got a lot of broken glass in his back, and Thurmond a slash in the leg. Spectators intervened, the sheriff put them under bonds, and for a couple of days the men did not show up, waiting for their wounds to ease a bit.

"It won't stop here! No, sir! This ain't the last



A TIPTONVILLE COTTON GIN.

of it. One or other of them men will git killed, he sure will! They're both strong-minded, determined men!" I heard on all sides. It was with interest that I gazed at these two men, Thurmond big, florid, and burly—an ex-prize fighter, it was said, and the other lean and dark and tall, some stooped. The prospective victims of a tragedy. It was said that they were both willing to let the matter drop right there, but "of course it wouldn't do for them to have any words!"

The gin is not without its incidents. Superintendent Bray, of one of them, boarded at Mrs. Foster's, at Tiptonville, and I came to know him of course. One night the whistle of his gin began to toot in short blasts, the signal of "Fire!" Bray jumped from the supper table, and away he went—a lamp had been overturned and a bale of cotton almost burned up, but the gin was saved. "You never did see a man git like Mr. Bray did!" Mrs. Foster said, adding, "Once there was a gin here that had a fire two or three times a week, but the engineer would toot his whistle and they all would come from town and put the fire out, and do you know, they never did git to burn that gin, but had to tear it down!"

The gin is where they separate the seed from the lint, and then bale it. A fan sucks air through galvanized iron pipes, called "sucks." The end of this pipe drops into the wagon outside the gin, and up jumps the cotton, and is dropped from a trap which opens automatically, by the shutting off of the air, and the cotton is then in the cotton house, whence it is sent in another pipe to the gin-house, men called "suckers" feeding it to the floor-sucks with their hands and a fork. One sucker is white, the other black, "because, you see, if they was both black they'd both play, but when one's white, he makes the other do the work, mostly."

The distributor feeds the four gins—seventy pairs of saws constitute a gin—the saws snatch the lint from the seed, and send one flying and the other dropping. The lint is carried by air to the cog-rollers, which reduces it to more or less regular sheets, and it is poked down into a box by a negro pressman, and then a steam press compacts the stuff, time and again, till about 500 pounds are in the box, upon which another box, on the two-box turnstile comes under the chute of cotton, and the full box over a screw press, which, from beneath, shoves all taut, so the balers can wrap with sacking and loop with the iron-band ties, and key them up. Released, the cotton, enveloped in sacking, is ready to ship.

At the entrance, the wagon load of seed cotton, as brought by the farmers, is weighed, and when the wagon is re-weighed, and the cotton weight found, the superintendent, or weigher, or weigher, makes out an order, showing the gross weight, the net weight, and the price

per pound, and the sum total. This order is cashed at the gin's bank, whichever one it happens to be.

The weigher has some things to watch out for. One farmer tells of selling his ninety pound dog ninety times in one fall, and still possessing the dog. The dog was in the cotton, and wasn't in the wagon when it was returned to be weighed—ninety pounds, at the rate of 3 cents a pound would be $2.70 a load, or $243 all told. Others have been known to "sell," or attempt to "sell" their children in the same way. One must watch out for yellow cotton—cotton that has been stained by rains, or "burned" by being held too long in private cotton houses, or too many hulls and woody debris. Some loads must be docked, but when competition is strong, not much docking is done. Figuring up the value of a load when it weighs, say 2,965 pounds net, at 3.27, with the farmer complaining that the gin scales didn't give him within a hundred pounds of what his steel yard weight in the field amounted to, the ginners—two for four gins—yelling "More cotton! More cotton!" to the slow suckers, and ringing the bell, and the local blowhard giving some anecdote, and perhaps the round bale press expert coming in with a request for some different hammer or wrench from the blink-blank one at hand—to figure accurately under such circumstances is a job in the daily experience of the superintendent. But he has a cotton calculator, which tells him the value of every possible load of cotton from one pound to 200,0000 pounds, at any conceivable value from a cent a pound to fifteen cents. A glance at the printed page of figures shows it all. The only need is to read the scales and the calculator right.

The toot of the cotton gin's whistle, far heard, and at frequent intervals during the day—and night, too, when the crop is big—is a most impressive feature of the cotton country. Close at hand the red, or black, buildings, a chimney spouting a combination of soft coal and wood smoke, ventilators from which fly shreds of white, snowy lint, the suck "overflow" from which flies a cloud of dust at intervals—darkies singing, mules laying their ears back suggestively, whips cracking, cotton wagons full and empty, the hum of the gins and fans, and the old farmer, perhaps some negro "uncle" renter, out at the knees, heels, elbows and toes, clutching between thumb and forefinger the slip of yellow paper, calling for $75—five per cent. of what his 100-acre crop will bring—such a spectacle will make even the old-time cotton man step to one side for another look from a more advantageous view-point.

On Saturday "evening"—the afternoon—the pickers are paid off, and come to town. They throng the streets, all manner of colored folks, spending what they have earned during the week. With from four to fifteen dollars "spending money" each one chooses and selects. "They buy what they want, if they've got the money to pay for it." Fruit, chickens, canned stuffs, dress goods, anything and everything they can see that promises good looks or a pleasant taste. In the back alleys, in the shacks that are white-washed, one hears the click of little cubes of "ivory," a low, droning noise, as the players of craps whistle and call for luck. In the jail are some crap players, and the marshal is always on the lookout for them—but nevertheless "Coontown is frequently in evidence," as the local paper says. And once in a while "Coontown" adds a coffin to its purchases, due to failure of the cubes to be thoroughly understood by all parties present.

Around the gin in picking time, and in the streets on a Saturday evening, one sees and hears the things that go to individualize the cotton town.

To the tourist from the spruce pulp country, it's a place for wide eyes, and the notebook man feels helpless and grows irritated because so much is there to collect. Stray expressions, colds facts, red-hot figures.

Cotton land is owned mostly by large holders—by men who own plantations. Witness the Harris Estate with 12,000 acres. These men rent their land out at from $3 to $5 an acre, and perhaps a sub-renter pays six dollars an acre for choice land. The land is worth from $30 to $150 an acre, and produces from half a bale to perhaps two bales. 1,500 pounds of seed cotton makes a bale, and the gins figure that the seed will almost pay the expense of ginning and the lint pays for the cost of the seed cotton and makes the profit. In Lake county, Tenn., there are seventeen gins, fifteen running this year, with a daily output of from ten to sixty bales a day.

All the land, with the exception of five or six small—say hundred-acre—patches, is in the hands of estates or large holders. "That's the trouble." Let land be put on the market and the big holders outbid the little men. Land can't be bought. But there is cotton land left by the river after every flood. If a man knows the way the river is wiggling, he can run in and after a year of squatting take out a deed for "300 acres, more or less." This land, some of it in the hands of thriftless negroes, or dangerously situated as regards the river, may be had at from twenty-five cents an acre up. Some people are taking up such claims—usually clay lined river folks, who keep a skiff, a flat boat and a house boat in the back yard against the spring floods.

But however interesting cotton and a cotton town may be, at the end of three weeks, during which I "wrote up" and took a look at Reelfoot Lake, I grew uneasy, I one day went afloat from Tiptonville, having waited in vain for a medicine and show boat, which I had seen upstream, and wished to join. I found the river not less interesting than before. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Mr. Hubbard's Death in Labrador

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE reports of Mr. Hubbard's death by starvation, on the watershed of the Northwest River in Labrador, are perhaps not accurate as described in the daily press, but unless information to the contrary reaches us it would seem as though the party was not quite sufficiently skilled in woodcraft. Mr. Hubbard died about the middle of October, and had been on scanty diet for a month. From the 15th of September to the 15th of October one might expect to find a good many kinds of food, excepting on the rocky barren plateau.

Assuming that bears, beavers and caribou were not easily obtainable, although all are inhabitants of the region until the caribou move southward, one would expect to find the following supplies:

Porcupines, woodchucks (*Arctomys*), hares, red squirrels, lemmings, and several smaller rodents. We have depended upon hares for meat at times when we were too much engaged in exploring to care for variety in food. They are easily caught by setting snares in the runways, and the rudest and most carelessly arranged snares of common string gave us all of the meat that we wanted. A pail half full of water set in a runway, and containing a little seal oil for bait and to keep the water from freezing, will catch so many small rodents during the night that one is not likely to go hungry unless he is sqeamish.

Porcupines are pretty good eating, and are to be found in the spruce valleys. Woodchucks are not good eating, and are not common, but their holes can be found occasionally. Foxes, wolves, lynxes and otters are practically out of the question for food supply, unless one has unlimited time for outwitting them, or for finding their haunts.

So far as my experience goes, trout and chars will bite at any time of the year, although they will not rise to the fly excepting during the summer. They will take natural or artificial bait of various kinds.

Suckers can be snared in the still waters if one is equipped with a small "waterscope."

Eels are abundant in most of the streams until hibernating time. But they probably ceased to bite in September.

Ciscoes and other *coregonus* could undoubtedly be caught in a small gill net set at night, although we have not tried it. The gill net would certainly pick up suckers.

For starchy food, one can find almost anywhere collections of ferns, and the rhizome of one that is common in Labrador (*Osmundia?*) is fairly good eating. It seems to be the chief food of the bears when they first emerge from winter quarters.

The fruit of the curlew berry (*Empetrum*) and of two cranberries remains upon the plants all winter, and in such abundance that one need not go very far without getting a supply. The young tops of caribou moss, though astringent, have a fine flavor, and contain enough starch to make the caribou fat. Poplar buds can be obtained almost anywhere where there is any sort of wood. They are a favorite food of ptarmigan and grouse, and are not to be despised as a luxury when one is exploring. The buds of willow and of white birch can be obtained pretty generally in Labrador, but they are not good to eat excepting when one is starving. The buds of the white bush maple are good and wholesome.

The rhizome of the yellow water lily is almost as full of starch and as meaty as a potato, and if one could get the tannin out, it would make an abundant and excellent food supply. I have eaten it several times, but the tannin spoiled it for food, excepting in an emergency.

The yellow water lily is found practically everywhere in the "scoop hole marshes" of the sub-arctic region, and if some chemist will tell us how to get rid of the tannin without spoiling the starch, he will be one of the famous public benefactors.

According to the newspaper reports the party make no mention of ptarmigan or of spruce grouse, and one would judge from this that for some reason these abundant birds were absent from the region traversed. Personally I have never been out of reach of one of them in Labrador, but have heard from the Indians that they sometimes leave a locality for a while. An exploring party is apt to make the mistake of carrying too many supplies. The tendency is then for one to go for as long a time as possible on the food in the pack, and then to become weakened, and to lose the ambition required for living on the country. I have done it myself. This happens particularly when one has set a time limit for getting to a certain spot, a fault common with men from a clock country, but not one that can be charged against the traveler in a sun and moon country.

If some of us were going over the country traversed by the Hubbard party we would take no provisions at all excepting enough seal oil, salt and pepper, for flavoring the luxuries that we could pick up. We would have tea and tobacco, to be sure, and these two things would be so good all of the while as to pay for the whole trip. If we set a time limit on getting to any given place and return we might expect to perish before getting back, unless the time limit were elastic enough to allow us to get back "in the spring or by summer, or perhaps not until fall, but look for us by winter anyway."

Some of us do not believe that "sad tales of privation and hardship" are often necessary. We go into that sort of thing voluntarily on the football team. Some of us have been in the wretchedest country in the north, with no dry clothes for two weeks at a time, often making some sort of camp in a swamp or on a cliff when caught by night, sometimes with not a thing to eat all day long, because the storms were too furious, or there was no time to stop to get food. Cold, wet, and hungry—this may sound like complaint and a sad tale, but it is not. Personally I would rather be there now than to have the best bed and board at the Waldorf-Astoria, although I dine there to-night. Give me instead a seat on the thick wet caribou moss, with the sleet bounding off from the tin platter that is washed sometimes, and on the platter some wood-rat stew with poplar buds on the side. For a relish a seal oil salad of brake sprouts. For dessert a handful of spice cranberries picked on the spot, and for luxury a cup of hot tea without sugar or milk, and flavored with nothing excepting the sweet, pure, strong wind that almost puts out the fire of willow sticks. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, March 25.

Baron Martin von Schlosser.

MEYERS FALLS, Washington, March 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of March 5, it is said the above named baron was killed by a bear in the Olympic peninsula in the State of Washington. The announcement is not true. The baron has turned up alive and well. Some one, maliciously or some other way, gave circulation to a story that may cause nothing but panic or harm. M.

Natural History.

The Winter Whitening of Animals

Editor Forest and Stream:

An editorial on the above in your issue of December 26, 1903, is one of much interest to lovers of nature. Some of our scientists ought to take hold of this subject and give us an explanation of the true cause. Capt. Barrett Hamilton's theories on the matter, "atrophy of the pigment cells due to fatty deposits," do not appear to me to be well founded, in fact quite the opposite of what I have observed during many years of trapping. To begin with, I will take the three best known species of our fauna that undergo a complete change: the hare, weasel and ptarmigan (willow grouse). The two mammals above named are remarkable for the total absence of fatty tissue on their bodies, and when they do have a little it is only a small streak on the back, from the neck to the shoulder blades, which, strange to say, is the part where the dark color of the fur is retained the longest in the fall. On the underparts where they never have any fat, the color remains white all the year round. Ptarmigan are in their primest condition about the end of August, at which time they have their finest summer plumage. After that period, berries, on which they have fattened during the summer disappear, and the birds are forced to subsist on the buds of the willow and other shrubs. They then lose flesh gradually until the end of October, at which time they have assumed the white plumage of winter, and have not a particle of fat on their body anywhere. The tail feathers that are deeply seated in the fatty rump and near the oil glands remain black at all seasons. If this whitening process of the fur or feathers were due to accumulations of fat, such animals as the bear, beaver, porcupine, skunk and others would turn white, as in the fall of the year all these animals have a heavy coat of fat on them.

The young of the Greenland seal (*Phoca groenlandica*) are born white; at birth they are very lean, but soon accumulate fat, and at the end of from five to six weeks are just one solid lump of fat, when the white coat is shed and the dark, mottled color is assumed, just at the time that the quantity of fat is the greatest! The Greenland seal deposits its young on the ice in February. Another species of seal (*Phoca vitulina*) also is born white in the same lean condition, but this white coat is shed the same day, within a few hours, and sometimes immediately after birth, and the dark color taken. This last species deposit the young in June. Here we have two mammals of the same family, one giving birth to its young in winter, which retains its white color till the spring, or until such time as the influence of the sun's heat is felt. The other depositing the young in summer, when the white color is immediately thrown off. Would not this seem to indicate that cold is the chief factor and has more to do with coloration than fat?

The back of all northern mammals, as a rule, is darker than the underparts, being most exposed to the sun's rays, while the other portions in contact with the cold or damp ground remain paler or white. The fur of the hare and weasel and the feathers of the grouse may also be more susceptible to cold than those of other animals or birds, owing to some peculiarity of texture and the pigment cells therefore more easily affected. It is a well-known fact that hares and weasels begin to change color earlier on the high ranges than they do near the coast line, but in each case only after the first frosts, and gradually more so as the cold increases. In mild seasons the change comes later than in early ones, showing that there is no fixed time, all depending on temperature. Another important fact worth noting, and of which Capt. Barrett Hamilton says nothing, is that the skin of the animal undergoes the same changes, being dark in summer and white in winter.

NAP. A. COMEAU.

GODBOUT, Feb. 17.

Hawks and Owls.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your long-time contributor, Old Sam, whose name I was glad to see once again in FOREST AND STREAM, writing in your issue of Feb. 27, made a vigorous attack upon the whole tribe, or tribes, of hawks and owls, stigmatizing them all as habitual murderers of game birds and domestic fowls, and damning them without discrimination as enemies of society, both human and feathered.

The pretty and interesting little "toy" owl, commonly called screech, comes in for the largest share of odium, and is made to appear as an ogre, with a large capacity for devouring his fellow creatures.

The inference to be drawn is that unless these destructive marauders have speedy punishment meted out to them by present execution without benefit of clergy, there shall soon be neither game birds nor chickens left, when the murderous hawks and owls must perforce all starve to death.

Your correspondent gives a number of concrete examples wherein the culprits were taken in *flagrante delictu,* concerning the truth of which no doubt is intended here to be implied. But the contention is made that these instances were exceptional, and do not mark the rule of conduct of the hawks and owls.

I think a little reflection would substantiate this contention; and a considerable volume of negative testimony can be offered in the cause of the defense.

Passing over the positive testimony afforded by systematic nivestigation of the stomachs of the accused, which show them to be vastly more beneficial than harmful to human interests, as evidenced by the character of the food found in their stomachs, let us take up the evidence of a negative character.

Every sportsman must have noted that in the pursuit of partridges (*virginianus*) he has found the same coveys on the same ground throughout the season, the numbers of birds not appreciably diminished, except by his own gun or those of other sportsmen, notwithstanding the presence of numerous hawks in the neighborhood, who are not infrequently engaged in hunting the same fields as the sportsman, but evidently

for different game. Now, suppose that the hawks relied solely, or mainly, on partridges for their food supply, how many birds would be required to supply the demand? Each individual hawk would devour several hundred birds in the course of a year, and the supply of partridges could not last a twelvemonth.

It is also a fact of common knowledge that where guns are kept out of the fields for a few seasons, there is a marked increase in the number of available birds for the sportsman's purposes, notwithstanding the presence of numerous hawks.

It is doubtless true that before man came upon the scene, and interposed his meddling hand in nature's world, both hawks and game birds were far more numerous than now, and nature, unaided by man's devices, managed to maintain a fairly constant balance between them.

The writer has spent the greater part of his waking hours during half a century in the woods and fields, and has seen hawks as well as owls in familiar association with most of the varieties of birds of this country, including some of the game birds, without any manifestation of fear on the part of the birds, or of murderous intent on the part of the hawks. The occasions have been very rare when an attack upon any kind of bird by a hawk has come under my observation; and I have never yet witnessed an attack by a sparrow-hawk upon any kind of bird, though much familiar association between them is a matter of every-day observation. I once saw a shrike hammer the life out of an English sparrow, and I saw one of those misanthropical birds making persistent pursuits of a brown thrush, evidently with murderous intention; but bird tragedies of the kind named have been exceedingly rare in my experience.

When a pair of hawks have builded a nest and are rearing a brood in the neighborhood of a farmyard, if there are young chickens conveniently to be had, they will rely to some extent on that source of food supply for their young ones. This very natural conduct of the hawk parents has brought upon the heads of all hawks anathema from the farmers and their wives. But the per cent. of loss to the chicken industry from this cause must be very small.

When man essays to regulate the affairs of nature's domain by interposing his own destructive hand, except for the elimination from his vicinity of such creatures as his interests obviously demand the removal of, he is pursuing a blind and generally a vain course, and being ignorant of the hidden inter-relations that exist between the wild creatures, with the checks and balances that nature has set up among them, one upon the other, man's interference is most likely to cause disastrous effects to all concerned, though he may not be able always to discern the relations of cause and effect, as the result of his actions.

Moral: When you raise your hand to destroy any of nature's children on suspicion of its being an enemy to man, if there is a doubt about its guilt, give it the benefit of the doubt—if you have made o mistake in so doing, it is not an irretrievable one—but life, once destroyed, can never be recalled. COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI



The Florida License Law.

FORT ORANGE, N. J., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been in Florida since January, and have heard so many complaints from so many different sources, in fact hearing them from every non-resident with whom I have spoken on the subject, that I think it quite time to put these ideas in print, to see if, in a measure, a compromise cannot be effected to the satisfaction, and also to the best interests of all concerned.

I have been warned to keep my finger out of this "political pie." I have been told that the present system of fish and game laws was a pet scheme of Senator Frank Sams, of New Smyrna, in which he was very ably assisted by H. M. Flagler, our east coast railroad magnate. How true this is I, of course, do not know; but until it is proven to me I shall not believe it; for, if they deserve their present reputation, they could never be guilty of short-sightedness sufficient to put into force a system of laws which so bitterly dissatisfies every visiting sportsman.

There are about twenty-five to thirty States in the Union that charge non-resident hunters a license fee. Florida excepted, the sums charged range from $10 to $40, Wyoming being the highest and Pennslyvania the lowest. The sums mentioned entitle the holder of the license to shoot upon every foot of wild land within the borders of the State by which the license was issued. These sums are not extortionate; no fault is found and no difficulty is experienced by these States with their non-resident brethren. But what of Florida, the winter hunter's paradise, and the saviour of the Northern invalid, the State of all in the Union where the non-resident should be treated fairly, and encouraged to travel over the entire country? What of Florida's game laws? Simply this, and when you consider the situation as a whole, and study the laws from beginning to end, they are everything but simple. There are forty-five counties in the State of Florida, fourty-four of which charge $10 each to the non-resident sportsman for the privilege of hunting only within the borders of the county issuing the license. It is a county affair in Florida, and costs $440 for shooting in fourty-four counties of the State in the same season; and as to the fourty-fifth, LaFayette county, if one shot there this entire year it would cost him $366 for so doing, or if you shot in that county through the regularly prescribed open season of four months it would cost you only (?) $120 for that county alone.

Again, one is not allowed to carry game across any county line. He is not allowed to take his legally killed and dearly paid for game to any place within the boundaries of the State, as he would be in any other State in the Union. Considering these laws, do you wonder that all non-residents call them an outrage and an imposition on themselves, and a reflection on the fairness and common sense of the Florida citizen? This may be harsh criticism, but can anyone say that it is not, at least in a measure, a just one?

Why not make this a State instead of a county affair? Why not charge a license fee which is reasonable and within everyone's means, and let the license issued cover the whole State? It is easily seen how such an act would benefit Florida, and the railroads and steamer lines in particular.

A great many more sportsmen would come here to hunt, and, not being satisfied with a certain locality, would go from place to place, hunting in them all; thereby not only using up a great deal more time, but a great deal of money as well, and all because one license would cover this entire trip. Is it not easy to understand how beneficial this additional circulation of money would be? I will venture to say that there isn't a single non-resident in Florida at this moment who will not agree with every word I have said, and a majority will add more to it and make it all the stronger. Everyone, of course, knows that ninety per cent. of our sportsmen here do not buy a license to hunt, but it is a well-known fact that if a State license law were adopted seventy-five per cent. of this same number would gladly pay $15 for the privilege of shooting where he pleased within the borders of Florida. Therefore, there is nothing that the citizens of Florida can do which will be of such material benefit to the State as a whole as to put this hunting industry in the hands of State officials, and empower them to appoint a head game warden for each county, together with deputies sufficient to the demand of complete protection, something which at present is not known in any part of the State. Charge $15 for a license to cover the whole State. Make all the wardens and deputies State agents for the licenses, and answerable for either the sale or return in good condition to the State Game Commission, and have the money realized by the sale of licenses paid into the State Game Commission, and paid out by them for wardens' salaries and other necessary expenses for the protection of the game, under the supervision of the governor and council.

There would not then be the temptation to hunt without a license that there is to-day, and even if one were tempted to do so the protective system would be so complete as to render such a thing an impossibility. Under this system the game would thrive as it does in other States, the hotels and railroads would be much better patronized, and, above all, the patrons would be better satisfied and more willing to call again.

There is a great deal more that can be said upon this subject, but I shall wait for a reply to this before putting the rest in print. S. FRED CUMMINGS,

Licensed camp-owner of Square Lake, Maine.

Wolves and Forest Reserves.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In Mr. Anderson's letter on "Wolves and Forest Reserves," published in the issue of Feb. 20, Mr. Anderson makes such astounding statements, that I cannot let them pass unchallenged.

Mr. Anderson intimates that my remarks were intended to stir up opposition to the Yellowstone Reserve. I can assure Mr. Anderson that I am, and always have been, in favor of the reserve, and did what I could to help to have it established. But a little plain talk on the situation seems needed.

Mr. Anderson says that there is no decrease in the number of settlers by reason of the reserve. The best answer to Mr. Anderson is found in the fact that wherever one goes on the reserve are found abandoned ranches, tumble down fences, filled up irrigation ditches, and deserted houses on which appears the notice, "This building has been taken possession of by, and is the property of, the United States, all persons are thereby warned against trespassing thereon."

Some time before the present Yellowstone Reserve was established, FOREST AND STREAM published my ideas on the subject. I then pointed out that northwestern Wyoming, on account of its cold summers, was a hay and cattle country; that at least 320 acres was necessary to make a ranch that would support a family; and that without the grazing rights on the range, the ranches were valueless. I also suggested that no considerable bodies of agricultural land should be included in the reserve, and that care should be taken not to interfere with the rights of settlers. Had my suggestions been followed, the present situation would have been avoided.

Ten years ago, Northwestern Wyoming was practically unsettled, and the bulk of the settlers have come in within the last seven years. Owing to the distance from land offices, the difficulty in getting witnesses, and the expense, it was the custom among the settlers to put off filing upon their lands as long as possible. As each settler was allowed a homestead of 160 acres, and a desert claim of the same amount, and as a desert claim must be brought under cultivation and final proof made inside of four years, while seven years was allowed on a homestead, nearly every settler located his desert claim on the land easiest reclaimed, taking the poorest part of his ranch for the homestead.

While this condition of affairs existed, the Yellowstone Reserve was established, and every settler who had not filed his desert claim was out the best part of his ranch. Many left the country at once, others are now engaged in an almost hopless endeavor to get a title to their lands. In addition to this the reserve was established in May, and it was late in July before any definite information as to the reserve could be obtained. During this time many settlers had located ranches. These last were promptly ordered off the reserve, and their improvements confiscated. It is estimated that in northern Uinta county, which comprises that part of the reserve directly south of the Park, 30,000 acres of first class hay land would now be under cultivation, had the settlers actually on the land at the time the news of the reserve had been established was made public, been allowed to remain.

If Mr. Anderson is ignorant of these facts, it is but additional proof, were such needed, of his unfitness for the position he holds. And I am informed, that on the eastern side of the reserve the situation is much the same. At any rate, the people over there are kicking up an awful row.

As to Mr. Anderson's statement, that the same amount of stock is on the reserve, I challenge him to publish the amount actually allowed on the reserve as against those kept off. Last summer tens of thousands of acres of grass went to waste, though the stock was ready to eat it, and this winter thousands of tons of hay have been sold for the cost of putting it up, or are rotting in the stacks, simply because the stock cannot be summered on the reserve. I expect to burn 200 tons of standing hay next fall that should be worth six dollars a ton; and on hundreds of acres of land I shall not even turn the water, because of Mr. Anderson's management of the reserve.

The people of Wyoming are not opposed to forest reserves. A very large majority in this part of the reserve asked that it be established. But they had no idea that hundreds of thousands of acres of valuable grazing and hay lands would be included, or that settlers actually living on the lands would be removed. The people of the State have demanded, through the governor, that Mr. Anderson be removed, and a competent man put in his place.

Making a royal progress through the reserve during the summer months, attended by a retinue of would-be bad men loaded down with firearms may be impressive, but it is a mighty poor way to administer a territory larger than many eastern States.

The wolf question is a very important one to the stock raising States. During the last ten months Wyoming has paid $40,000 in bounties on wild animals. In addition nearly all the stock associations and large stock ranches pay bounty of from $10 to $20 for all wolves killed on their range. In Montana, last year, 26,000 sheep were killed by wolves. A conservative estimate of the losses in these two States caused by wild animals puts the total expense to the stock men, including bounties, at half a million dollars a year. In the face of figures like these, Mr. Anderson's "number of wolves killed by the ranges," and "pack of dogs for hunting mountain lions upon the reserve," are rather amusing. I have been hunting lions with dogs for seventeen years, and have killed several hundred, but never could see that the stock on hand decreased much. As to the reserve becoming a breeding ground for wild animals here are the facts: Here is a great tract of mountain country, thinly settled, and intended to be kept so. It is well stocked with game to furnish food, and every attempt is being made to have as little hunting done thereon as possible. The cougar are already there; and the wolves have found out its advantages and are coming in in droves.

The large bounties are not paid on wolves killed on the reserve, and the State bounty is too small to tempt trappers for that alone. In addition, the State, urged

thereto by the L. A. S. who might be better engaged, has prohibited the trapping of bear and martin on reserves, thus further discouraging trappers. I stand by my statement that the Yellowstone Reserve, as now established and managed, will be a breeding ground for predatory animals and a menace to the stock interests of the surrounding States.

With the boundaries restricted to the actua. forest and mountain lands, and with a man in charge well informed as to actual conditions and who possessed the respect and confidence of the people, much might be done. As it is, the situation is bad. A heavy blow has been struck at the development of Wyoming, and very little good accomplished. The forests could have been protected just as well with a much smaller reserve. These forests are mainly of large pole pine, are of very little commercial value, and were in no danger until railroads came.

Nothing has been done toward the main object of game protection, to save the larger males, so as to provide trophies that are worth going after. I see that Buffalo Jones is quoted as saying that the small proportion of big bulls to cow elk is caused by the cougar prefering bull elk meat. I never noticed that cougar prefered bulls; most of the elk I have seen killed by cougar were cows and calves. But I noticed that the following prices were offered: Bull elk scalps, $8 to $15; bull elk tusks, $2 to $5 each; mountain sheep scalps, $3 to $8; and from $50 to $500 for extra large elk and sheep heads. And if anyone thinks that no elk and sheep are killed at these prices, they are mistaken. For the next two months is the hunters' harvest. The big bulls and rams are weak and are bunched in sheltered places.

I can leave home to-morrow morning and, before night, can have a hundred dollars worth of elk tusks in my pocket, and in a month can have a thousand dollars worth of heads cached, ready to pack out in the spring, and no one the wiser. And I don't know but what I might just as well do it.

Mr. Anderson is in New York telling what great things he has done, and is going to do toward game protection, and if I don't get the heads and tusks, some one else will, so what is the odds? WM. WELLS.

WELLS, Wyo.

New Hampshire Bears.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This State pays a bounty of five dollars on bears killed within its borders. During the last two sessions of our Legislature, efforts were made to repeal the bounty. As I understand, the opposition which defeated the repeal came from men living on or near the bear regions.

In many parts of New Hampshire, north of Plymouth, there is a fair number of bears, and they know how to take care of themselves.

My experience in hunting bears has been rather limited. I have seen in all (when wild and free from traps) ten black bears. Of this number, I shot at five; one at long range, which I missed, and four at close quarters, which I killed. I also assisted in the killing of four more. I never had a chance to follow an unsuspecting bear on a good still-hunting snow. I did follow three which had been started; one from its winter den under a fallen spruce. The recollection of the rough ground over which those bears led me, and the very slight chance of even getting a sight of them, cured me of all desire to again attempt to still-hunt a bear which had been started.

Occasionally a bear is found in its winter den. I have seldom heard of one being tracked there. It is said that when a bear retires to winter quarters he usually does so at the beginning of a snowstorm, and leaves no trail.

The easiest instance of finding some bears in a den that I know of happened to a member of a party I was with. During the latter part of November, 1900, two of my neighbors and I were hunting deer near Stinson Lake, in Rumney, N. H. There had been a snow fall of several inches, followed by a thaw. When we reached the hunting grounds we found about an inch of crusty snow. On this snow one of our party found the trail of two bears quite handy to our camp. The tracks were old and, in places, hard to follow, and evidently were made before the thaw. Few men would have thought it worth while to follow such old bear tracks. The man who found them is a powerful young fellow, a natural woodsman and hunter. Previous to that year he had never hunted anything larger than a fox. He wanted very much to kill a bear, and had said that should he find the track of one he would follow it a long time. He followed those tracks about half a mile to a hole in a ledge near the top of a mountain. A wide circle was made around the ledge, and no outgoing tracks found, the hole and several other holes in the ledge were tightly plugged. The following morn- we all went there to investigate. We found and killed four bears, an old one and three good-sized cubs.

A good many bears were seen last fall in the vicinity of this den. Ten were shot (no trapping), and some shot at and missed. About four miles north of the den, in the town of Ellsworth, is what is called the Wallace Place. Here are several deserted farms and the remains of some buildings, and also quite a number of apple trees. Last season the berry and nut crops were failures. In some places there were apples, and the Wallace Place was favored. Bears came frequently to those trees. Eight were shot there; seven of them when either on or under apple trees. I heard of some instances connected with the shooting. At the upper end of an old road leading to Wallace Place is a barn. A party of three, two of whom had repeating rifles, were watching from the barn. A bear came to an apple tree some thirty yards away. The men opened on him. One fired all the cartridges his rifle held, and the other pumped out five without pulling the trigger, and the bear departed, unharmed.

As to protecting bears by a close season and other restrictions, A New Hampshire bear does not need any protection from the man who hunts him with a gun, and I think the same applies to other regions. For every bear shot, ten are trapped.

I have hunted in some parts of New Hampshire, Maine and Nova Scotia, where there were bears. I spent some time cruising about. I never yet have seen a bear (except those in the den) when I was looking for one. Those I saw I ran across when hunting for other game.

Last October was an exceptionally good time to get a shot at a New Hampshire bear. With practically little or no food for them in the woods, they hunted up places where there were apples, and the chances of getting shots were very much better and easier by watching such places for an hour or two in the early morning or late afternoon than to cruise about in the woods. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., March 24.

The Boy and the Gun.

BOSTON, March 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue, I noted with a great deal of satisfaction the editorial relative to Senator Armstrong's proposed bill for a license in the carrying of firearms, and also absolutely prohibiting the use of firearms by any person under the age of eighteen.

I agree with you heartily in the position you take, for while the bill would not affect me or my family in any way, yet my own experience has been such, and the satisfaction of following out the ideas as outlined in the editorial has been so great, that I wish to express my thanks for the broad position you take in this matter.

I have a son who is now thirteen years of age and who, from the time he was six years old, has been in the woods with me each year from two to three months at a time, and who has been plainly taught to use a rifle, and with such success, that even he feels the responsibility, and is better able to handle a gun, with a proper knowledge of its uses and also with a proper idea of the possible disastrous consequences which might arise from the misuse of it, than a great many people who have arrived at the voting age, and who never knew the value of early instruction. I venture to say that a gun in his hands, is safer than in the hands of many so-called sportsmen, who go into the woods late in life, and when they are supposed to have arrived at the age of discretion.

Nearly all of the accidents which happen from shooting, and at something you never see, are due entirely to the fact that the gunner had not been brought up in his youth to a proper appreciation of the importance of knowing how to handle a gun, and not take chance shots; had such instruction been given, many of these accidents would not occur.

Very rarely do you find in the woods a man with his son, and more is the pity. Not only is the boy benefited by his early experience and the knowledge he acquires from the love of nature; but the man who has not been in the woods with his son can have but little appreciation of the pleasure that one gets with his boy, whom he can make his chum when all others fail. One who has yet to experience the full companionship of a bright, healthy boy in the woods, would find, if he ever tried it, that the boy would see more to interest them both in one day, than the pater could in a month. I think one is to be pitied, who has failed to experience this feeling of companionship that comes from bringing a boy up in this manner. Leaving aside the healthful benefits which would naturally accrue from these experiences, we must not fail to consider the moral effect that it has on a boy's mind. No one ever saw a boy brought up in the woods who was not better for it; and while this measure may be enacted in New York State, yet it will not be, if the fathers who have sons, and who are fond of nature and the woods, will take into consideration the benefits that they themselves can get from the close companionship with each other and their guns.

Leaving aside this point, is a measure of this kind constitutional? If I remember correctly, there is a certain amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which reads as follows: "A well regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

Does not this amendment apply as much to guns that are bought for private use, as well as for means of protection? It seems to me that a literal construction of the amendment would imply that a more efficient militia could be organized if the people were allowed to use arms in other ways. F. A. NICCOLLS.

[As our correspondent doubtless has observed in our issue of March 26, the law forbidding the possession of firearms by boys under eighteen years of age is already a part of the Penal Code of New York.]

Can Ducks Smell?

Summing Up.

YOUR HONOR, since Coahoma, my learned and clever opponent on this momentous question, shows an inclination to come over on the side of the defendant in this action, I am led to believe from this that he has seen the error of his ways.

May it please the Court, and if it will be good enough to bear with me a few moments, I will recite the true history of this Limburger case.

I was acting as chairman of a meeting of business men some years ago, when, because of friction and other things that sometimes arise at such meetings, the atmosphere became decidedly inharmonious. There was a lull in the proceedings, caused by the necessity of waiting for some records that had been sent for. How to throw oil on the waters I did not know. Seated among the rest was a bewhiskered Teuton, with whom I had gone duck shooting once. I remembered the trip, because he and his friend had eaten Limburger that day for lunch, and had borrowed my favorite hunting knife with which to open the can. (I boiled the knife in lye afterward before I could make use of it.)

Well, the Limburger tin thrown carelessly on the pass flashed into my mind, and I then and there made the story of the wayward mallards and told it in the crowd. They listened attentively, many of them being sportsmen; and I had a no more attentive listener than the Teuton referred to, who had been on the trip with me.

As I got along in my story I could see now and then a gleam of intelligence scintillate through his whiskers as if he recognized some earmark familiar to him in the story. And, as I expatiated on the hypersensitive ducks, and described how they went to the right and left and far over our heads out of gun shot, and how I buried the tin, and how the shooting once more instantly improved, I could see him grasp the handles of his chair and with much self control hold himself down. But as I finished the story and told how I dug up the buried tin, and how they admitted that the tin where it was exposed "smelled" off the ducks, and there finished my yarn, he flew out of his chair and fairly yelled, "I vos dere myself, already! You vos de tamtest liar in tree states! So!" and at once the whole room burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter at his own "give away," and the button was pushed and the liquid refreshments were on him, and no mistake. The story did the work. The oil—or Limburger—turned the meeting into harmonious paths and all went well and peace reigned.

And that, your Honor, makes me think of a story. A fisherman stopping at the farmhouse of a well-to-do and educated German, referred to the inability of the average German to appreciate an American joke. Yet the American was quick to catch on to any of the jokes given out in the Fliegende Blätter and other German comic publications. The German disputed this statement, and said, "Germans were just as quick to understand a joke as anybody else."

"Well," said the fisherman, "here's one. We had down in our country a farmer with such big feet, that when he went to bed nights he had to go out into the forks of the road and use it for a bootjack to pull off his boots."

The German never cracked a smile.

"I told you so," said the fisherman.

"Vait a minute, just," said the German, "so I see vedder I you understand correctly. You say dot you know a man vat makes a bootjack already of de forks of de road to pull mit his boots off, he such big feet got?"

"Yes," said the fisherman.

"You mean by de forks of de road vere de road, one goes dis vay and de odder dat vay, a fork making?"

"Yes."

"And he go out dere and his boots he must pull off like a bootjack he use?"

"Yes."

"Vell, I understand, don't I? Vat?"

"Yes."

"Oh! den, dat no joke vas, dat vas chust a tam lie."

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Adirondack Deer Supply.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In justice to the general public, the hotels and guides of the Adirondacks, and to the railroads traversing the region, I consider it my duty to refute the numerous unreliable statements that have been printed in the newspapers from time to time to the effect that on account of the unusually cold weather during the past winter the deer of the Adirondacks are becoming a thing of the past.

This department has been kept advised daily by a reliable class of men, who have been on snowshoes visiting the principal deer yards since the first statements were made early in the winter that deer were suffering unusually; and we can truthfully report for the benefit of all persons interested, that there is no foundation for any such statements. People who frequent the Adirondacks during the summer and fall will see fully the usual number of deer as in past years, and will find the fall hunting as good, if not better.

Protectors Emery Kinsman, who is located in the northern portion of Lewis County, and B. H. McCollum at Edwards, St. Lawrence County, have spent no little time in the woods, and especially in the vicinity of Cranberry Lake and the middle branch of the Oswegatchie River, where deer are very plentiful. Protector E. H. Reynolds, of Colton, has spent the principal part of the last two months along the Raquette River, circling either way into the forest as far south as Tupper Lake. George Selkirk, of Duane, Franklin County, and Isaiah Vosburgh, of Saranac Lake, have been equally busy visiting on numerous occasions the principal deer yards in Franklin County. Protectors R. B. Nichols, of Indian Lake, and Joseph Grenon, of Raquette Lake, have covered the northern portion of Hamilton County thoroughly, and the same is true of Frank E. Courtney, of Wells, in the southern portion of that county and down into Fulton County.

Alvin Winslow, of Stoney Creek, Warren County, and C. T. Barnes, of Olmsteadville, Essex County, have been watchful over the territory they are supposed to look after, and the same is true of N. A. Scott, of the northern portion of Saratoga County, and Charles A. Klock, of Fairfield, Herkimer County, whose territory not only covers the southern portion of Herkimer County, but extends through into Fulton County, and the reports of these several protectors are to the effect that scarcely any dead deer have been found. The north parts of Essex and Clinton counties are taken care of by Protectors F. S. Beede, of Keene Valley, John Weir, of Dannemora, and J. F. Shedden, of Mooers, and they make no report of finding any dead deer. The snow in that portion of the Adirondacks was not so deep as in former years.

Protector H. N. Gaylord, of Turin, in the southern portion of Lewis County, has been very active, and in company with assistants has taken in all that portion of Herkimer County from the head of Fourth Lake to the south branch of the Moose River, following the river and making large circles either way down as far as deer inhabit, and going also through Beaver River country. He reports that on that extended trip by the aid of two trappers, who were located remote from any settlement, twenty-eight dead deer were found. In the territory that

he covered it is safe to say that there are from two thousand to twenty-five hundred deer.

Dead deer have been found in past winters along Moose River, and some eleven years ago the mortality was quite large. The dead deer found were nearly all late fawns and old deer, bucks principally. Everyone knows that deer lose their teeth at about the same age that sheep do, which naturally makes them unable to live on coarse browse, and it is a fact that the bucks that roam over a large territory during the rutting season are not in as good condition the first of January as other deer.

Since hounding was abolished deer have been on the increase rapidly, and as the south branch of the Moose River for many miles is too far remote from still-hunters to make it profitable getting their deer to the settlement, little hunting is done in that locality as against the time when the hunter went there to start his dogs and drive the deer to the larger bodies of water, where, if killed, they could be gotten to the settlement quite easily.

All of the protectors referred to, and many interested guides, including the Brown Tract Guides' Association, have devoted much time in the felling of trees suitable for deer to feed on.

On the 6th and 7th of February there was a thaw which formed a crust sufficiently strong to hold a deer, which enabled them to leave their yards and to reach higher for browse and moss, which is their entire living through the winter.

There is no question that the feed along the south branch of the Moose River consists too largely of balsam, which is weakening to any animal, but many deer naturally congregate in that vicinity, as there is more or less open water there; and there is no doubt the same instinct in the deer to-day that there was thirty years ago, when wolves were numerous and they yarded in the vicinity of some rapids or open water where they could plunge in and keep away from the wolves.

I hope that this statement, which is gathered from the facts as they exist, will be good news to all interested in the Adirondack deer.

J. Warren Pond.
Chief Protector.

Game Birds for Stocking.

Grand Forks, N. D., March 21.—If you would take up the subject and advocate the enactment of laws in the different States relative to giving permission to take game birds and animals from one State to another during the open or closed season for propagating purposes I believe a great good would result from it.

This is one of the good features of the "Lacy Law," but it is inoperative when it conflicts with the game laws of a State.

It has been an oversight, I think, in most of the States in not providing for this in drafting game laws. It is my desire to experiment to a limited extent with quail in North Dakota. I am confident that they will thrive in many parts of the State, but have encountered the difficulty of securing them from some of the northern States on account of their game laws not permitting the birds to be taken out of the State for propagating purposes. This certainly is of mutual interest, and an interchange of game birds, when they have become scarce or extinct, or bringing into a State game birds not native and such that would in all probability thrive and multiply by having proper protection under the game laws of the State, is of interest to every sportsman and citizen of their home State. Laws permitting this should be made stringent and such that could not be abused. This could be easily done by having the birds or animals shipped through the proper parties in authority, whose duty it would be to see to the correct distribution of the same.

Clarence A. Hale,
State Game Warden, District No. 1.

[If Mr. Hale will refer to our issue of March 5 he will find there an editorial urging this very thing.]

Spring Duck Shooting.

East End, Long Island, N. Y., March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. W. E. Hookway is on the right track in your issue of March 26.

I do not believe in spring shooting, and I do not agree with Mr. Hookway that this spring shooting law is especially for the rich man; but I do know it hits the poor man in this section. January and February are the months he can best gun, and the season when work and, consequently, food are hard to get. This class of shooters work hard for a "mess," and do not break any spring shooting law.

Two ways to protect game. First: "Forbid shooting;" second, "Limit the bag."

The first would be fought by all who love to shoot. The second, by owners of game preserves and market hunters.

We must strike a happy medium. A law that will be respected by the greatest number of shooters.

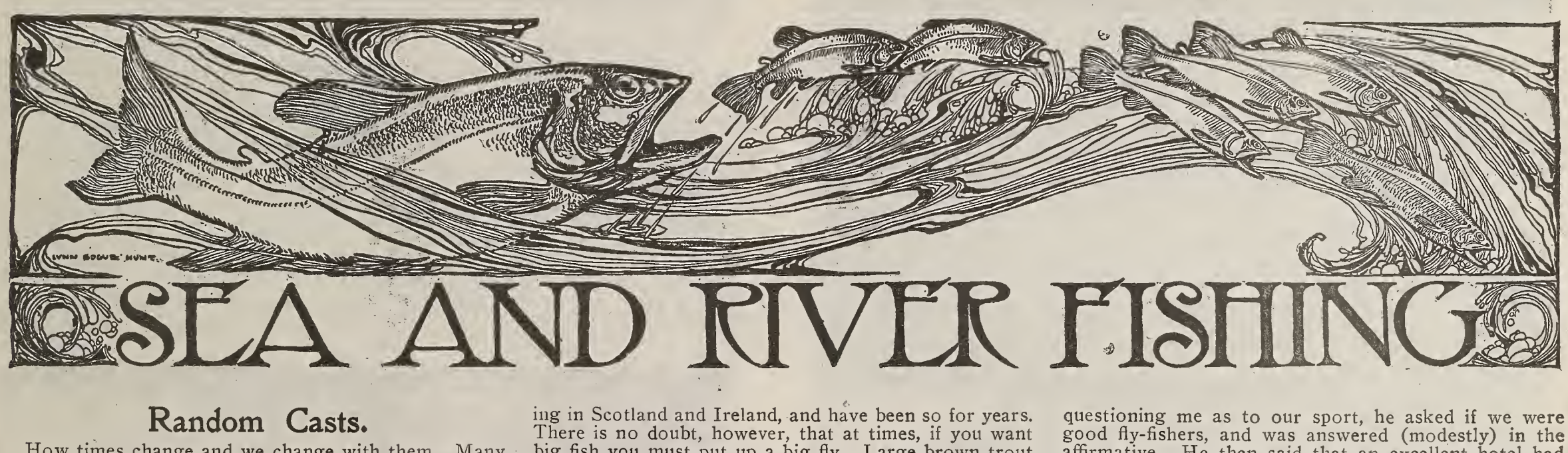
Such a law, I think, would let us shoot in the fall and winter. Not later than March 15 on Long Island. If the birds are still on the decrease, "limit the bag," or shoot every other week during the above season, and forbid the sale of game. But don't pass a law then not not respect it.

I am also secretary of an organization for the propagation and protection of game. D. C.

Game on the Border.

Enosburg Falls, Vt., March 19.—We very much fear that the heavy crust that has formed on the snow has killed most of our ruffed grouse. Recently during a long drive through eastern Canada we only saw one grouse track. On the 11th inst. we saw, nearly sixty miles north of here, a robin, and he appeared as lively and pert as in early May, and the whole country was alive with crows. Deer are quite numerous all along the frontier, and foxes have been, and are still, very plentiful. Quite a number of bay-lynx have been killed in this vicinity, and but a short distance north in Canada there is a small pack of wolves—an old she and two or three yearling whelps. The catch of coon and mink has been a large one, and their pelts have been well furred. Up to date we have had over one hundred days of continuous sleighing and forty-eight days the temperature has been at or below zero. A record winter for cold weather. Stanstead.

"There are some things," said the philosopher, "that money cannot buy." "I suppose so," answered Senator Sorghum. "But that doesn't alter the fact that there is an almighty lot of things that it will buy."—Washington Star.



Random Casts.

How times change and we change with them. Many old residents of New York city can remember when there was plenty of free water on Long Island; now all the streams and ponds are owned by clubs or individuals, who close them to the public. Trout were found to be in good condition very early, as Long Island enjoys a comparatively mild climate, owing to the proximity of the Gulf Stream. I believe that at one time the season opened on the first of March, and even now, the law allows trout to be taken on the island two weeks or more earlier than elsewhere in the State. The fish which had access to salt water were celebrated for their fine quality, and may be still, I do not know. Of course, the conditions in our mountain streams are very different; snow is usually found in the woods until the end of April. I have seen it on the slopes of the Catskills early in May. The nights are very cold, and the rivers often too high for good fishing. May and June are the angler's favorite months, and the thirty days from May 15 until June 15 his harvest time. In fact, any one who is master of his time would in all probability kill more trout between the dates named than in all the remainder of the season. There are usually a few days or a week of really fine fishing. The trout in this golden week seem to be innumerable, and if one can strike upon the right day and the right fly, a heavy basket will be made. It is not easy for a business man to time his visit so as to enjoy the best fishing of the year, as the few days I refer to may come at any time from May 10 to the middle of June. Our climate is a very uncertain quantity, and the seasons vary greatly from year to year. It is really very puzzling to note the great numbers of trout at this season. They have a way of disappearing suddenly a little later when the hot weather begins. A few schools may be found at the mouths of cold brooks, but where thousands were, a few hundred at most remain.

What a fortunate thing it is that the equipment of the fly-fisher is so interesting and attractive! How much pleasure one has in hours of ease fussing over rods, flies and tackle. This is particularly the case where trout are shy and only the smallest flies and filmiest casts san be used with any prospect of success. I believe that the importations of the best work of the English fly-maker have been larger this year than usual, and I know that there has been a large increase in the number of dry fly-fishers. Even in Maine, the fashion has changed, and small flies were quite the rage last season. It was formerly the custom to use patterns dressed on hooks as large as No. 2, old style, for the big trout of the lakes; but now we hear of 8, 10, 12, and even smaller sizes. I have noticed that these hooks are favorites on the Scotch lochs and for sea trout fishing in Scotland and Ireland, and have been so for years. There is no doubt, however, that at times, if you want big fish you must put up a big fly. Large brown trout particularly, which have taken to a fish diet, will not be attempted by any infinitestimal insect. I remember locating one of these busters some years ago, when the water was very low in the stream I was fishing. It was a fine big pool, and I worked at it faithfully many times and oft without moving the big chap, though I took a number of smaller fish. One afternoon I tried every fly I could think of, ending with several of Holland's floaters (after pointing my cast with three lengths of his cobweb gut). Nothing was any good, and I sat down to think about it. Turning over the leaves of an old book, I found a whacking black bass fly which I had tied on a Pennell eyed hook. What a fool I was! Just for something to do, I knotted the end of the cobweb gut to the big metal eye and cast the fly out where the smooth water began, near the head of the pool. As the hackle was heavy and put on dry fly fashion, the fly floated beautifully and looked like an enormous moth trying to fly. There was a tremendous splash, and out sailed the big chap with the fly in his mouth. The gut, fine as a woman's hair, and tied to thick iron, popped at once, and I was left lamenting. This was on hard-fished water.

It is a curious fact that one sometimes finds wild trout that have seldom or never been fished for as shy and hard to take as it is possible for fish to be. I remember a pool in a perfect wilderness that was simply alive with trout; they could be seen in companies and regiments, but two or three fish only could be taken at one time. The hundreds remaining were alarmed by the struggles of the first fish that were hooked, or else realized that the flies were not the real thing. There are streams in this country where the trout are not in the habit of seeking food upon the surface, and these are wilderness rivers also, usually situated in heavily timbered, mountainous districts. I fancy that some of these waters do not produce natural flies at all. I have fished brooks in hemlock forests, where the trout were said never to rise until the month of July. Two friends and myself traveled several hundred miles to reach one of these, not being aware of this peculiarity. We had expected great things, as an official of the railroad had given us wonderful accounts of the sport to be had; and we were sadly disappointed. A good basket of fish was to be had with bait by going up stream about eight miles, but we were fly-fishers, and had been dreaming of this trip for months. However, on our way home, we stopped off at Lockhaven, on the Susquehanna River, for a good night's rest, as we were extremely tired. Next morning we were sitting in the reading room of the hotel, feeling anything but happy, when the landlord joined us. After questioning me as to our sport, he asked if we were good fly-fishers, and was answered (modestly) in the affirmative. He then said that an excellent hotel had just been opened for the season at Bellefonte, in the Bald Eagle Valley, and that there was good fishing in the stream which flowed through the town, for anglers who were fairly expert. My friends were too much depressed to take this bait; but for many months I had been looking forward to the time when I could enjoy a little fly-fishing. I took train therefor in the course of an hour, and soon reached my temporary destination. I found everything as represented. The hotel was first rate, and I was the only guest. Meals were served at all hours, and everything possible was done for my comfort. The stream was large, with numerous dams upon it, and held a large stock of trout. The finest tackle was necessary, and very small flies. It was most important to ascertain the color of the fly the fish were rising at, as, if this could be matched, a fair basket of trout would follow. To give an instance of this, I will relate a single experience. I went up stream one afternoon with a resident of the town to a dam which had been constructed only two or three years before the time of which I am writing. We found that the trout were rising all over the shop at a small ephemera with pale yellow body. This we tried to imitate in vain, and also used all of the flies that were usually most successful. At last my companion found a small yellow dun in one of the leaves of his fly-book, and upon attaching this to his cast, found that he had done the trick. Casting over rising fish only, in a very short time he killed forty-three trout, while I could do nothing. He had no other fly at all like this one. This was many (can it be thirty) years ago, but the experience was useful, and I have never forgotten that trip. It began in discomfort and disappointment, and ended in a week of pleasure, with a fine lot of trout. There may be fish there now. I know not.

Theodore Gordon.

Kippewa Fishing and Hunting Club.

The recently organized Kippewa Fishing and Hunting Club controls a territory of 587 square miles, and holds an option on 400 more. This great territory includes a vast number of lakes and rivers, whose waters abound in lake trout, pike, pikerel, maskinongé and bass with, of course, brook trout in the rivers and smaller lakes. Moose are abundant, and the originators of the club have had good hunting. The largest moose killed there, of which we have heard, measured sixty-three inches across the antlers. There are plenty of deer, some bear and caribou, besides other smaller animals. An interesting feature about the club is its accessibility, since one can go directly to the club house by rail and steamer in less than two days. The limit of membership is sixty,

With the Gloucester Fishermen.

A STRANGER in Gloucester happening to wander along the many wharves of that busy town during the latter part of March, would be struck by the remarkable activity to be seen, more intense than at any other time of the year. Here two or three vessels on the ways undergoing a final overhauling, there one in the water, with the painters busy on her sides, and the riggers swarming over her deck and aloft, bending sails and standing rigging. Further on, one is moored to the wharf, receiving into her capacious hold all kinds of supplies for the voyage, food for the men, salt, eight or ten tons of it, two or three hundred empty barrels and twelve or fifteen tons of ice. Just outside of her, lies a vessel ready and trim for the voyage, a little smoke issuing from her fo'castle, her hatches off, and a few men lounging around her decks with an air of proprietorship, but more below arranging their bunks. These are the crew, eager, after a winter spent in various pursuits and with varying fortunes, to get back to the sea and to the most remunerative and fascinating branch of the fisheries of Gloucester. The captain is up in the office at the head of the wharf receiving final instructions from the firm, and when he comes clambering aboard and the little tug comes alongside and puffs the vessel away, amid farewell shouts of luck and a running fire of jokes and satire between the wharf and vessel, you very naturally turn to the man beside you and ask the meaning of all this excitement and activity, to learn that the mackerel fleet is fitting out for the season, after having been laid up since last November.

Almost one hundred vessels there are that follow this branch of the fisheries, and the finest in the fleet. Watch them as they stand out of the harbor with all sails drawing well in the fresh southerly breeze, and just enough of a heel to reveal the beauty lines of the underbody. If you are fortunate enough to be aboard, go aloft and mark the speed in the lines of the hull as you look down, stand abaft the lee quarter and see if you can find any dead water in the wake, and you will fall in love with the vessel at once. And after you have gone through a two days' hard blow from the east your admiration will develop into confidence and respect.

Their objective point at the beginning of the season is off the eastern coast from Hatteras to Sandy Hook, and here it is that they hope to be the first to sight "fish," and to make a quick run to New York with a couple of hundred barrels of fresh mackerel, the first catch of the season. No time is lost in port, and very often not more than six hours is spent in unloading, getting a few necessary supplies aboard, and starting down the harbor. After the middle of May a seiner is rare around New York. They are then off Block Island, Nantucket and the Cape, their catches are not as heavy and are landed at Newport, and shipped fresh to New York by the Fall River boats. Still later the ports of call are Boston and Gloucester, and T wharf in Boston, and the scores of company's wharfs in Gloster are the lodestones that draw many a large-fisted, broad-backed and bronzed fisherman on the look-out for a summer on a seiner and several good shares to help along his bank account.



SURROUNDING THE FISH.



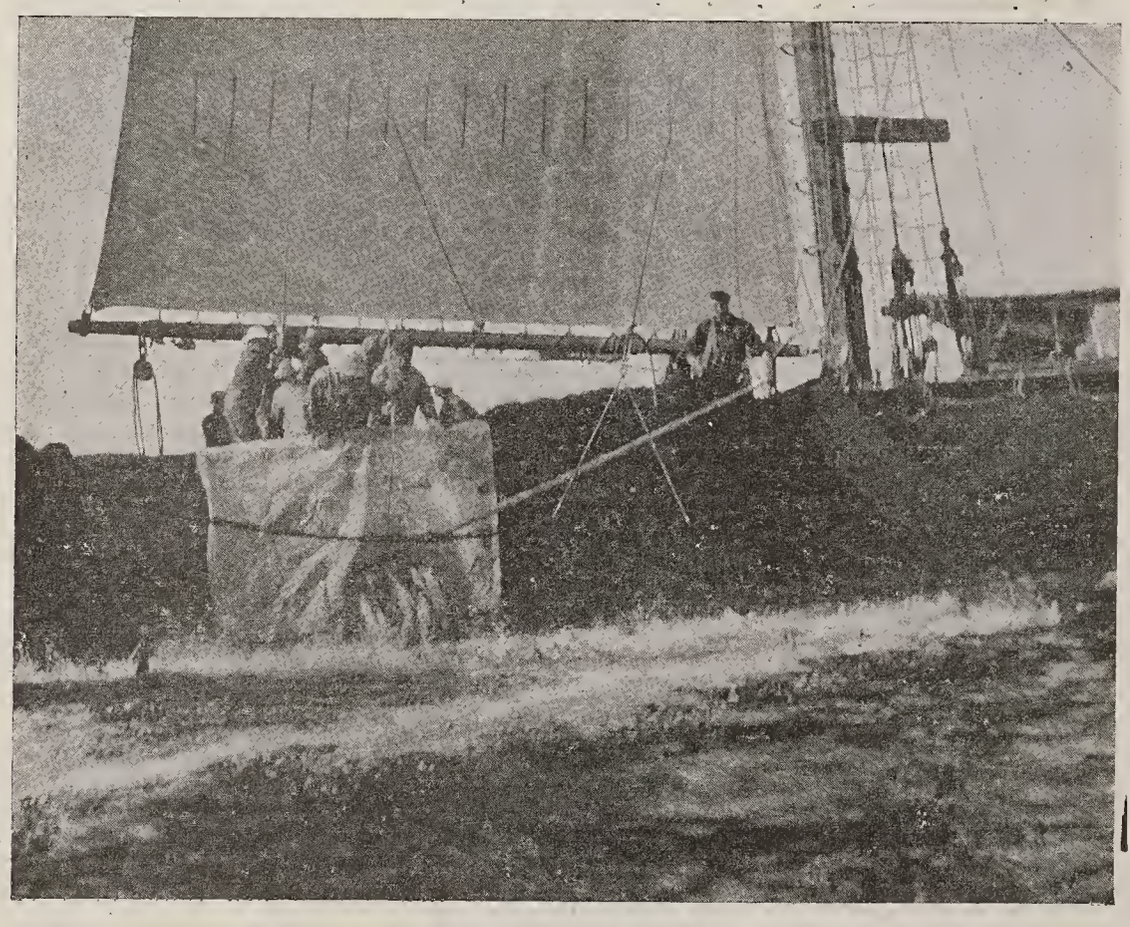
DUMPING INTO THE POCKET.

It was in this latter place that I had the good fortune to get a berth in one of the finest and best equipped vessels in the fleet, schooner Saladin, of Gloucester, the highest type of mackerel seiner that has yet been developed. Over 100ft. in length, built for speed and seaworthiness, she has the great advantage over those fishermen which depend on wind alone for motive power, of carrying a 100 horse-power marine gasolene engine, capable of driving her seven and one-half knots, and invaluable during light breezes, when the fish are running. Of vessels thus equipped there are but six, all of recent construction, the rest of the fleet carrying no additional motive power to their sails. Money is not spared in their construction, the cost, fully equipped with engine, rigging, two seine boats and dories, and two mammoth seines, worth $1,000 each, being about $20,000, and their success in landing big fares seeming to warrant the prediction that all the first-class vessels of future construction will be of the same type.

It is a common impression that the fishing industry is practically at the same stage of development that it was fifty or one hundred years ago, and that the fisherman is a slow and methodical animal, who lacks initiative, and fishes because he can't do anything else. In some branches of the business this may be true, but not of the seiner. No trust manager is quicker to make use of a new idea to increase his income than the modern owner, who is constantly consulting his captains and crews for new ideas that will give him a lead over his competitors. Many instances of this can be given. A few years ago a vessel was launched, built from the drawings of a noted speed-yacht designer, which had an equal carrying capacity, and could sail three knots to two of the older models. Now they are all racers. At the present time the experiment of a steam seiner is being made, and bids fair to be abandoned, the advantage of speed being overbalanced by the cost of power, which must be kept up at all times, even though fish are not sighted for weeks. Gasolene auxiliaries have been used in the seineboats to increase the speed in getting around fish, but the noise of the propeller was found to render the fish doubly wild and so the idea was abandoned. Automatic pursers are now used universally in place of the old and slower method of pursing by hand; while balls of prepared salt bait are sometimes thrown in the net to tempt the fish to feed until the seine is pursed, and thus render capture certain. And so it goes throughout every stage of the business. The trade is the same as it was many centuries ago, but the methods are up-to-date in every particular.

In regard to the fisherman himself, current opinion is still more erroneous. Six hours on board was long enough to convince me that here at last had I found the modern prototype of the ancient Norseman. Big of bone and body, with faces weatherbeaten and bronzed by storm and sun, eyes and mouth which gave promise of reserve power to meet any emergencies which might arise in this dangerous calling, dressed in all sorts of old clothes, they formed a picturesque little world of their own, a world which has to do with elemental forces and which leaves the daintier callings of life to those of a less hardy nature. The capabilities of the newcomer for the work in hand is quickly judged, and he is accepted on his merits without any recommendation. If they fancy him it will be a long time before he finds it out; if they don't, he will know the fact in about twenty-four hours. Twelve of the crew were Nova Scotia men, naturalized Americans who made Gloucester their home, and the rest were native Americans from various towns on the Maine coast. This ratio will hold throughout the fleet, if a sprinkling of Scandinavians, Portuguese and French are added.

A typical example of the longevity of these men was our "oracle," an old salt almost seventy years of age, who was continually airing his views and who reminded one of the ancient prophets, for he had no honor among the crew. Nobody would listen to him, but that did not prevent his pulling an oar and doing his work with the best. Our youngest was a Nova Scotia man, about twenty-four years old, the recipient invariably at meal time of the table jokes, on account of his long continued and death-like sleeps and his enormous carrying capacity. The fact that he had the previous winter done that which no fisherman will do unless pushed to it, made a trip to the banks, also caused him to be singled out as a victim. For this particular trip, after vainly casting around ashore in



HOISTING THE POCKET.



THE CATCH ON DECK.

the hope of finding a job to tide him over till the next mackerel season, Jim, with his money gone and his wits at a low ebb, had shipped with a hard-headed and hard-lucked Franchman for a midwinter cruise to the Grand Banks. After three months of gales and seas, which for days removed all possibility of going in the dories, which dragged the trawls and set adrift the buoys; cold which encrusted the vessel in six inches of ice over night and necessitated incessant chopping by day; sickness, and one burial at sea, Jim again set foot in Gloucester. His share for the trip did not amount to as much as an ordinary day laborer can make in a week.

In winter when the mackerel are gone they seek a change in occupation. A few go to the banks, or to Nova Scotia for frozen herring, some on coasters or South American freighters, many become carpenters—they are very handy with tools—or ice cutters, or work for the firm in Gloucester, skinning fish, or doing odd jobs, even to being motormen or conductors in the towns throughout New England. Anything to keep them busy until the next season.

Career of our captain, a magnificent specimen of American manhood, in the prime of life, almost 6ft. in height and big all over, is typical of the training which these men receive before they reach this coveted position. On the banks at eleven years of age, he had at different times followed all branches of the business, filled ice houses, worked in shipyards, skinning and drying lofts, gone as mate and captain of a coaster and finally captain of a seiner, after an experience with sea and fish in all their moods, covering a period of over forty years. A fund of useful knowledge he was, too, of good education, one of the most noted "killers" in the fleet, and a man who enjoyed the respect of his men and the confidence of his employers.

The routine work on board the seiner is very light. A full crew consists of eighteen men and a cook, and they receive equal shares of one-half a catch, after a few minor expenses have been deducted. "Cookie" receives a bonus of $1 per day and the captain an extra 4 per cent. The watch is stood by two men at a time, one hour at the wheel and one at the masthead on lookout, and as there is very little shifting of sails the rest of the time is spent very much as each man wishes. Breakfast begins the day at 4 o'clock, with dinner six hours later, supper at 3:30 being the last of the regular meals. The food is good, fish and corned beef, potatoes, mackerel (after a catch), beans, pies, puddings, tea and coffee being the principal items. The larder, or closet, as it is called, is handy and frequently replenished, so that there is no danger of underfeeding.

The fact that mackerel are now much scarcer, and so harder to find, than they were thirty or forty years ago, contributes a charm to a midsummer cruise on one of these vessels, which no other branch of the fisheries can offer—unless it be the swordfishermen. They are continually on the move. If fish are reported off George's Bank, all vessels in harbor from Cape Cod to Mt. Desert get the news and sail at once. By the time they reach George's, the fish have possibly disappeared, and so they cruise around continually making harbor and speaking vessels in order to hear the latest. No reporter is keener for a beat than your mackerel captain for reports of fish. With almost 100 of these vessels continually on the go, the waters from Cape Sable to Cape Cod and east a couple of hundred miles are raked as with a fine tooth comb countless times during the summer.

Not the least remarkable feature of the business is the speed with which they will discover a vessel which has just made a catch. I well recollect one morning, when at daybreak we sighted two vessels some four miles to windward, their headsails down, the sure sign of a catch. Gasolene served us better than the wind, which was light, and enabled us to net a $1,000 school, about sixty-five wash barrels. When we made our strike at 5 o'clock there were five vessels in sight from the masthead. At 10:30 the fleet numbered fifteen. They jogged along from all points of the compass, seemingly with no other guidance to this particular spot in the ocean, 180 miles off shore, than that marvelous instinct that enables a good captain to smell fish, as it were, if he is within thirty or forty miles of them.

The chief interest and business of the cruise begins, of course, when fish are sighted. You will be sailing along slowly in a soft sou'wester, dozing on deck in the sun abaft the cabin roof, with your mates possibly occupied in the same way or asleep in their bunks below, when suddenly will come the cry from aloft, School to sta'board!" The vessel is awake in an instant. Up come the men, with their oilskins handy, should the captain, who has gone aloft at the call, satisfy himself that the fish are mackerel, and not squid, porgies or kyacks. He alters the vessel's course a couple of times, gives the order to take to the boat, notes the size of the school, the direction in which they are traveling, and finally comes sliding down the side stay to find the seine boat alongside, the seine unlashed and the ten rowers and the three heavers in their places. All of which has occupied about a minute and a half from the time we received the order to man the boat. But where are the fish? Ah, there they rush! with a great rippling on the surface, and after them we go! every man putting his back into it! Within striking distance, the end of the seine is thrown over, the purse line pitched up by the dory and away it is to surround the fish. No easy work is this for anybody. Quarter of a mile, the length of the seine, must we row, with every ounce of power, every oar bending, three men heaving that heavy seine, the bottom or purse line of which sinks 120 feet below the surface, and the captain swinging the boat with his huge oar, before we have completed the circle and received the other end of the line from the waiting dory. All that remains now is the pursing and we will have them, and if you thought the rowing heavy work, what will you call this! Three men at each of the two cranks with frequent spells make the machine hum; but you can't help thinking you've fouled some old sunken derelict or the bottom, the drag is so tremendous. Five minutes will complete it, however, and then you mop your brow and wonder what you've got. So you begin hauling in the corks at bow and stern and the seine over the side of the boat. There comes a mackerel, caught in the twine. Heave him back. And another, and another, more and more frequently, till you realize that you have made a catch, and that now there will be some use for those empty barrels down in the hold. The vessel, which has been standing back and forth nearby then comes up, and the fish are dumped into the pocket alongside, and from there bailed out onto the deck by means of heavy long-handled nets. They are then iced, if the captain decides to run them in fresh, or split down the back, cleaned, salted and allowed to stand in barrels on deck until well packed. The next day the barrels are headed, holes bored in the sides through which the pickle is introduced and they are then sealed and stowed in the hold. Twenty minutes later the vessel is as clean as when she left port.

Do not imagine that success is the rule in catching these fish. The odds are all against the fisherman. The sun may be too bright, the fish—they are usually wild—may swim out of the open side of the circle before you have surrounded them, the seine may be fouled and allow them to escape over the corks or underneath, while large schools, aided by a shark or two, have been known in their mad rushes to tear holes in the net large enough for a whale to go through. Instinct is their surest safeguard, and when they bring this into play, you will see them lie on the surface watching that hole underneath grow smaller and smaller, until just when you think you have them, down they go to come up on the other side of the net. All that is left for you will be a dory load. It is not at all unusual for ten or twelve sets to be made in one day and not a barrel caught. As a general thing they school better just at daybreak and dusk, while many good catches are made at night when they are betrayed by the phosphorus in the water. The catches run as high as 700 barrels in one set, but are generally from 60 to 100 barrels; 200 barrels in the hold and a fair priced market, say $18 a barrel, will tempt any captain to make a quick run to port to unload.

The rivalry between the vessels is intense, and no greater distinction can come to any captain than to be high line of the fleet at the end of the season.

After leaving the vessel the careful fisherman will find the results of his season's labors to be an addition of from $300 to $800 to his bank account, and with his health at 100 per cent, he will then begin to look around for some occupation to keep him going until the mackerel fleet will again set sail out of Gloucester.

Philip L. Boutillier.



"USE FOR THE BARRELS."



FISHERMEN OF GLOUCESTER.

Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Concerning Tackle for Trout.

It is only enthusiasts who begin their trout fishing on April 1, but there are a host of them, and the provident ones have already got their tackle in first class shape; but the improvident anglers far outnumber the others, and a few suggestions to such will, perhaps, not be uot of place here.

In the first place those who use the split bamboo rods—and most anglers do nowadays—find it to their advantage to take them to the rod maker and have them examined carefully for splits and cracks, and then varnished. It is astonishing how quickly a tip will snap if an old and apparently insignificant crack is neglected through the winter, and it is not necessary that the fibres of the wood shall be broken at that; cracks in the varnish beneath which the water has penetrated to the wood and soaked into it in a greater or less degree weaken the rod very much, and even if it is in perfect condition so far as injuries go. I am one of those who believe that it should have a coating of proper varnish every season in which it is used.

The ferrules, with long continued casting, may have become so worn that they slip apart often at a very critical time; more than one good trout have I seen lost by the rod separating at one of the joints, while the fish was being played. The ferrules made nowadays are as near perfection as can be, both as to fit and durability, they are vastly better than those which were made ten or fifteen years ago, and if one has a rod that is still capable of doing good work and the ferrules on it have become worn, he will get better service from it if he has them replaced by modern ones.

A year or two ago I had two of my rods thus repaired, and they are now fully as good as they were when new. If the reels were not overhauled when they were put away last fall the should be attended to now; on removing the plates one will find that considerable dirt has worked in between them, and they are encrusted with more or less greasy gum. This should be wiped carefully away and a few drops of fine oil put on all the bearings. It is also very important to examine and thoroughly test the line; one cannot afford to take any chances with a weak line when angling for large trout. Careful anglers before they put their lines away in the fall stretch them out in the sun to dry; if there is a strand here and there from which the varnish has been chafed or worn off, the line becomes saturated with moisture far beyond where the bare spots occur, and if they are left on the reel without first being thoroughly dried, they rot and weaken very considerably in a few months. This chafed condition is most pronounced for a yard or two of the line, which is drawn back and forth through the loop at the end of the tip in casting.

I once saw that enthusiastic angler, the late T. B. Stewart, of New York, lose a magnificent trout at the Upper Dam on the Rangeley Lakes, Me., through his line breaking just before the fish could be saved with the landing net. I shall always remember the expression on Mr. Stewart's face when the rod sprang back and the fish went down the stream out of the pool. He told me subsequently that he knew perfectly well there was a badly chafed spot on the line, which by rights should have been cut out, but he had no idea the strands had become so weakened. After that accident he always tested his lines every season before he used them. It was a good seven pound fish that he lost, and a man less philosophical than he was would have used very strong language when the trout hurried away.

Leaders and Flies.

It is economy to purchase and use only the very best leaders or casting lines; a saving of a dollar or so in buying a half dozen of an inferior grade is not economy at all. The very best all round gut that is put in tackle shop leaders is none too good, and for a number of years I have found that I got more satisfaction from leaders that I tied myself, and I searched pretty carefully for the best gut for them before I purchased it.

There is a prevailing notion that leaders a year or two old cannot be depended upon. I have proved the

contrary, for I have found that casting lines which I had had four or five years in my book would stand as severe a strain as those which were newly tied.

The fly book will, of course, have to be replenished, and the angler who has a good bank account can draw on it pretty heavily if he chooses, for the tackle stores will offer him an endless variety to choose from. Every time I go into one of those establishments I discover new varieties that have been created by the fly-tyers, and many of the old standard kinds seem to have disappeared. While I do not believe in buying flies by the gross, I hold that the angler should always have a good supply of sizes and varieties adapted to all conditions of the weather and water.

There are eight or ten standard flies, of each of which one should have at least a half a dozen of different sizes in his book. I have already, in FOREST AND STREAM, named a number of kinds that always may be relied on; of these the silver-doctor, in different sizes, is one of the most valuable, Parmachene-belle, royal-coachman, red ibis, gray drake, light and dark Montreal, coachman, grasshopper, and hackles brown, red, gray, and black, should be in every book. It is very often the case that hackles will rise fish when all other flies fail, and I have seen heavy trout killed on these little hairy lures which seemed at the time too insignificant to attract the attention of such fish. A year or two ago I stated in FOREST AND STREAM that it is good economy to have one's flies tied to order, for a large percentage of the store flies are not always made upon honor; the silver-doctor, for example, as ordinarily sold is made up with very thin hackle-dyed feathers and common tinsel for the body. A little additional cost will secure a genuine silver-tinsel body, a little thicker hackle, and feathers from the crest of the golden pheasant. This tinsel never tarnishes, the feathers never fade, and the fly, until it is absolutely worn out, almost looks as bright and good as it was when new.

One may always rely on carefully tied flies which have been tested, and their additional cost seems trifling when we consider the satisfaction that is derived from their use. The average run of store flies are rather loosely put together, and many a good fish has been lost in consequence of a loop or snood pulling out, or the hook itself becoming detached from the body of the fly; and it is sometimes the case that such flies come apart, even when one is casting.

A Fishy Deception.

In casting for trout, one sometimes meets with strange surprises. On one occasion I saw a well-known angler of this city hook and play, what he supposed to be a large trout, fully a quarter of an hour before the fish came to the landing net; it was in the good, old times when fly-fishing in "the run" just above the Middle Dam on the Rangeleys was a sport worth going far to obtain. "The run," as it was called, was really the outlet of the Welokennebacook Lake, the fourth in the Androscoggin system, the water was pretty deep and the current was not very rapid; in fact, most of the time in early autumn there was hardly any perceptible motion to it, but how the big trout used to congregate in it! The run itself was about 200 feet broad, but the channel, where it was deepest and where the fish most loved to abide, was only a good cast in width; it was a celebrated locality among anglers, and I have seen a dozen at a time stationed a rod or two apart on the shore, offering their lures to the splendid fish that were hidden in the deep water before them. They were all enthusiasts, and among them were some of the most distinguished men of their time.

On the occasion I refer to one of the gentlemen rose and hooked a strong heavy fish, which, after making two or three short, spiteful runs, settled down to the bottom where it moved about, here and there, apparently determined to stay there during the remainder of the open season.

"Ah! ha! boys!" he exclaimed, "I'm fast to jumbo this time, sure!" and we all agreed that he probably had hooked the prize trout of the season.

Well, the fish was not worth the long story, for after he had played it until it was exhausted and he got it where the landing net could encompass it, it proved to be a three pound chub, the largest specimen of its species any of us had ever taken. And what an expression of disgust and disappointment was on the face of the angler as he lifted the fish and held it up before us.

Say nothing about it, boys," he exclaimed "and the 'rhumb' is on me to-night."

That run now alas! is entirely obliterated, for the new dam that was constructed a number of years ago has raised the water in the lake so high that every vestige of the old fishing ground is entirely lost to sight.

Live Bait for Trout.

As I have already stated, the average angler must depend on bait in spring fishing for trout, the use of the fly in icy and melted snow water bringing very unsatisfactory results. In large brooks, rivers, and the deep water of lakes, the minnow is by far the preferable, and most sportsman like bait, and my best success has been with the red fin dace, and next to that the common shiner and striped minnow have proved most attractive to the trout. But these are not always obtainable; in fact, nine bait anglers out of ten have to depend on the common angle worm, and such is the bait that is generally used in most of the hurry-scurrying mountain brooks, in which it is only now and then that a pool six inches in depth is found in which the angler can drop his lure; in these his dependance is placed on the worm bait during the entire season. In these little brooks the trout rarely, if ever, exceed six inches in length, and they have to be picked out with a rather stiff bait rod as soon as they are hooked.

It is astonishing how far the little beauties ascend those mountain streams. I remember once following one of these brooks in all its meanderings and twisting near Gilead, Me., for nearly six miles, and trout had in some way wiggled up over the shoal places into all the pools which were, of course, small until the brook became a mere tinkling little rill. How they managed to ascend so far was a puzzle to me, and I concluded that they were a good deal like a birch canoe that will float quite comfortably over dew-moistened grass—as guides sometimes declare. On that occasion my companion and I picked out enough of the trout to satisfy our desires, and we left many more in the brook than we caught.

How those fish managed to get through the winters when the brooks must be almost frozen through is hard to say. Ordinarily, in similar streams they must ascend to deeper water, but those in the brook I refer to, could not safely go into deep water, for it emptied into the Androscoggin River, in which there was an abundance of pickerel, whose predatory habits every trout is always anxious to avoid.

Choice Angleworms.

Now everybody knows all about the ordinary angle worm, and is satisfied to use it in its normal condition, but there are some anglers who are rather fussy about this kind of bait. My old friend, John Moore, who was at that time editor of one of the Concord, N. H.. papers, kept his in damp moss which he sprinkled occasionally with indian meal moistened with sweet milk; the worms when thus treated bleached until they were almost white, and they seemed to become tougher than worms usually are in their normal condition. He was an enthusiast in brook trout fishing, and he would talk on that subject for hours, and interestingly, too.

Now, the ordinary sized angle worm is not a very tempting morsel to the great trout of the Rangeleys, unless "one had a whole gob of 'em on his hook," as one of the guides used to say. But bait fishermen, when minnows were not to be obtained, used to secure a supply of the big earth worm that comes out of its burrow only at night.

With feet clad in moccasins, in order that their tread might be as light and noiseless as possible, with lantern in hand, they walk stealthily about in search of the worms; these were most commonly found in pasture lands and other stretches of open sward, and they come out at night to feed. Huge fellows they were, six inches in length, with fat, yellowish bodies and bronze-colored heads. They never left their burrows entirely, but maintained a hold on them with the extremity of their tails, and the celerity with which they slid back into the earth when it was jarred was simply astonishing.

The worm hunter, on discovering one of these long, slimy bodies glistening in the light of the lantern, in order to secure it, was obliged to creep noiselessly toward it until he could reach it with his hand, and then he captured it only by pouncing upon and grasping it as quickly as possible. A dozen or two of these monsters sufficed for a day's fishing, and in the water their long, wriggling bodies, through which the hook was passed three or four times, proved such tempting bait that no trout could resist seizing it. It was with one of these angle worms that the eleven pound trout, that was caught at the Upper Dam and which was sent to the Smithsonian Institution, was captured.

Fish and Fishing.

Canada's Alpine Chars.

A GROWING interest is being manifested by anglers and others in the numerous variations and somewhat muddled nomenclature of the Canadian chars. Almost every season I am indebted to some of my many angling friends for specimens of peculiarly marked trout as they are usually called, almost all of which are chars, and the great majority of them simply uncommonly colored specimens of *Salvelinus fontinalis,* or the commonly called American brook trout. It is quite surprising how much difficulty there is in persuading the ordinary unscientific angler that several of the extraordinarily marked specimens of the common American brook char do not constitute a distinct variety. Nevertheless, it is always quite interesting to receive specimens differing in any way from the more common examples of our native fish, though for the lack of sufficient material in the local museums for proper comparative studies, I usually find it advisable to forward doubtful specimens to the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge. In view of the approach of the coming angling season, I should like to indicate to anglers fishing in Canada, how desirable it is that several specimens of any novel variety of fish should be forwarded, when any at all are sent to those interested in their identification or nomenclature. It is almost impossible to speak positively as to the proper classification of an unusual specimen, in some instances, at least, unless supplied with both young and adult specimens of both sexes.

Opportunities are many for the furnishing of specimens of out northern chars. Mr. Napoleon Comeau showed me a fish at Godbout last summer which had been caught in one of the neighboring streams, which looked marvelously like *Salvelinus oquassa marstonii.* Mr. W. C. J. Hall, superintendent of the Laurentides, National Park, read a paper on the park the other day before the Canadian Forestry Association, in which he claimed that the Alpine char is to be found in the park, and this fish he confounds with *Salvelinus marstonii,* which there is but little doubt is to be found in the waters of the park, since it is known to exist in some of the neighboring lakes. Jordan and Evermann (Vol. I., p. 516) are very positive, however, that with the saibling (*S. alpinus*), the Alpine char, *Salvelinus marstonii* has still less in common that with other northern chars. With the exception, of Professor Garman's distinct classification of *Salvelinus oquassa marstonii,* it is really astonishing how little real progress we have made since the days of Sir John Richardson in our knowledge of the far northern American *Salmonidæ.*

Big Trout of the National Park.

Mr. Hall makes an interesting reference in his paper on the Laurentides National Park to the big brook trout, so-called, which are to be found there. It is doubtful if larger specimens of *fontinalis* are to be found anywhere. Mr. Hall is positive that there are ten-pound fish of this variety in some of the waters of the park, and the fact that some exceeding nine pounds each have already been captured, seems to fully warrant his belief. Not only may permits be obtained from the Government at Quebec for fishing within the limits of the park, but some of the lakes and rivers contained in it are actually under lease to fish and game clubs. Thus Lakes Batiscan, des Passes, and some others form part of the waters which have been under lease for many yeas to the Triton Fish and Game Club. The regulations governing the fishing in the waters of the park provide for fly-fishing only. But in the case of some of the larger lakes, *namaycush,* or so-called lake or gray trout, are found, and for these waters, as well as for some others in which the brook trout secure so much bottom feeding that it has been found impossible to tempt them with surface lures, the Government rules have been relaxed and trolling is now permitted. Mr. Hall points out in his paper that the basin of the Jacques Cartier River is altogether withheld from lease, and reserved for transient anglers fishing under Government permit. A five-mile drive from Quebec over good roads brings the angler to the starting point on the river, where Government canoes and camping outfits are kept in readiness, and good river men can be secured at moderate wages.

Will be Missed in Angling Circles.

Sportsmen who have fished or hunted in the park in recent years, and who have entered it through Tewksbury, by the route from Quebec already described, will regret to hear of the death of George Colvin, the very efficient and very gentlemanly chief guardian of the park, who had his headquarters at Bayard's, just below where the boats are usually taken for the ascent of the river. George was a handsome, strapping fellow, whose heart was always in the right place, and who took a pleasure in doing everything that lay in his power to promote the comfort and happiness of all visitors to the park who came in his way.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

The Piratical Kingfish.

"THE kingfish of Florida straits is of the same family and very much like the northern bluefish, except that he is larger, stronger, fiercer, more voracious and more of a pirate generally than his northern brother," said Captain Wardwell, of the trim schooner Julia and Nancy, as we sailed in and out amid the green keys of South Florida.

"I can tell you some tales about him that to a landsman may seem incredible."

All begged the captain to proceed, as there was no limit to our credulity, and he continued:

"I was running into Santa Lucie one day when a kingfish leaped aboard and down the companionway, landing at my feet as I sat in my cabin pouring over one of Miss Parloa's cook books. I called Moses, the black cook, and had him served up for dinner."

"There is nothing unusual in that," said Colonel Allamb, the great cattle king. "I was on a cattle schooner once, sailing down to Key West, when a kingfish jumped for a mullet and, missing, went clear over our stern, cutting off the tip of the steersman's nose as he passed. The fellow tumbled off his perch in a dead faint, and the schooner broached to before anyone could reach the wheel."

"I knew of a feat of the kingfish even more wonderful," said Williams, the orange buyer. "You may know Robertson, for many years steamboat factor at Fort Meyers, on the Caloosahatchie River?" Several of the party knew Mr. Robertson.

"What is his reputation as to truth and veracity, gentlemen?" continued Williams.

The cattle king said he had never known him caught in a lie, and the others agreed that his reputation in that respect was without blemish.

"He told me," added Williams, "that once, standing on the steamboat dock at Fort Meyers, he saw a kingfish strike a mullet, and, with it in his mouth, go clean over the ridge pole of the freight house and slide down the roof on the other side. He had them both for dinner."

"It is a fact," remarked Captain Gibson, a veteran wrecker, "that one of our men had his swaller pipe nearly cut in two by a kingfish that cum aboard the Sally Mariar, much as these gentlemen have described it to you."

The present writer has no doubt at all as to the accuracy of the stories told above. Later, he made the voyage from Cutler to Miami in a fishing schooner, her chief quarry being the game kingfish. The captain had his son with him, a bright, active lad of fourteen. He was barelegged to the knee, and the stranger noting a livid, ugly-looking scar on his leg, asked what caused it.

"He war bit there by a kingfish," said the father, "after Tommy, here, had shooked him from the hook. They're longer than a shark, and a doggoned sight livelier in the water."

CHAS. B. TODD.

Dynamiting the St. Lawrence.

CORNWALL, Ont., March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice a letter in last number of FOREST AND STREAM complaining of the falling off in the number of fish caught in the Thousand Island waters. The same state of things prevails in the waters adjacent to the Long Sault, on the St. Lawrence, but from a different cause from that cited by Dr. Latimer. Here it is from the netting and dynamiting of mature fish, which is carried on to a very great extent all through the season. Fish are exposed for sale in the shops here which show plainly the net marks or the action of dynamite, and the size of the strings, if other evidence were wanting, is proof that they could never have been caught with hook and line. The transgressors are mostly Indians, and we hear that for one pound sold in Canada ten pounds are sold in the States. Besides the fish captured, a great many are killed by dynamite, and can be seen on the shore rotting. So far, no very active efforts have been made by the fishery inspectors on either side to put a stop to this destruction of fish, but the authorities on both sides of the river will have to put their heads together or there will soon be few food fish left, where they used to be very abundant. C. W. YOUNG.

Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 28.—Governor Odell has signed Assemblyman J. T. Smith's bill (printed No. 771) providing that there shall be no open season for deer in Columbia, Delaware, Dutchess, Greene, Oswego, Putnam, Rensselaer and Ulster counties prior to Sept. 1, 1907.

Bills have been introduced as follows:

Senate Forest, Fish and Game Committee, appropriating $350,000 for continuing the acquistion of property in the Adirondacks, and $100,000 for acquiring lands in Catskill Park. The money is to be expended under the direction of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission.

Senate Forest, Fish and Game Committee: Concurrent resolution proposing an amendment to Section 7 of Article 7 of the State Constitution relative to the forest preserve, allowing the Legislature to authorize the removal of dead timber on burned areas so far as is necessary for reforestation.

Senator Malby: Amending Section 187, relative to the proceeds of actions by the people of the State.

Assemblyman Wainwright: Amending Section 100 so as to make this article apply also to Westchester county.

Assemblyman Cocks: Amending Section 102 so as to provide that gray squirrels shall not be taken or killed or possessed at any time in Nassau county.

Assemblyman F. C. Wood: Amending Section 11 so as to allow the Forest, Fish and Game Commission to restock the Adirondack region with elk. (Same bill introduced by Senator Townsend.)

Assemblyman Cocks: Allowing the taking of trout from inland waters of Long Island for the purpose of selling the same.

The Senate has passed the following bills:

Senator Townsend's (12—853), for the protection of wild black bear.

Senator Townsend's (15—870), providing for licensing non-resident hunters.

The Senate has advanced the following bills to third reading:

Senator Barnes' (410—469), providing that trout shall not be taken in Rensselaer county for the purpose of selling the same.

Senator Elon R. Brown's (475—926), making the close season for plover and other birds from Jan. 1 to Sept. 15, both inclusive, and providing further that plover shall not be possessed from Jan. 1 to Aug. 15, both inclusive.

Senator Le Fevre's (326—918), relative to the close season for quail in Schenectady, Dutchess, Orange and Ulster counties.

Other bills passed by the Senate are the following:

Assemblyman Coutant's (389—979), allowing the use of tip-ups and set-lines in Ulster county in fishing through the ice.

Senator Ambler's (602—927), making the close season for gray squirrels in Dutchess county from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive.

Senator Le Fevre's (326—918), providing that there shall be no open season for quail in Schoharie county prior to 1906, no open season for grouse in Westchester county prior to 1905, nor in Dutchess county prior to 1907, and that in the latter county the close season for quail and woodcock shall be from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive; and that there shall be no open season for woodcock, grouse and quail in Schenectady county prior to 1906.

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman Stevens' (982—1220), relative to special game protectors.

Assemblyman F. C. Wood's (950—1182), relative to the compensation of game protectors.

The Senate Game Committee has reported the following bills:

Assemblyman Wolff's (383—886), prohibiting all fishing except angling in Sheepshead Bay and Rockaway Inlet, excepting in certain waters from Oct. 10 to Dec. 31, both inclusive.

Senate Forest, Fish and Game Commission's (668—873), relative to the prevention of forest fires. The bill has been restored to its place on third reading.

The Assembly Ways and Means Committee has reported the bill of Assemblyman Wood (1202—1618), relative to restocking the Adirondack region with wild beaver.

The Assembly Fish and Game Committee has reported the following bills:

Assemblyman Robinson's (1090—1416), prohibiting the placing of carp in Conesus and Hemlock lakes, Livingston county.

Assemblyman Denison's (1100—1455), prohibiting the taking of wildfowl in Black River Bay between sunset and daylight.

Senate Forest, Fish and Game Committee's (611—730), creating Catskill Park.

Assemblyman Pearson's (321—337) relative to taking fish through the ice in Sullivan and Greene counties.



CANOEING

A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

The Log of the Iris.

BY J. N. STALKER, DETROIT, MICH.

(*Continued from page* 261.)

The next morning the joy of living had returned to us, and we started out exuberantly for our twenty-eight mile paddle up the river to Port Huron. We had looked forward confidently to a wind that would enable us to sail, such as there is, nine days out of ten, but this morning a flat calm prevailed; and the river was as smooth as a mirror. It was delightful paddling, however, the sun comfortably warm and every fleecy cloud in the blue sky faithfully mirrored in the glassy water.

Sound was borne along the surface in a surprising way. We several times heard the spat spat of a gasolene launch when the boat itself was so far away as to be scarcely visible, and the sound of ordinary conversation reached us when carried on quite across the river. The continuous procession of big boats plying up and down the river was another interesting feature. We remembered with pride that no other water system in the world could show half the tonnage. There were the great steel five hundred footers, towering mountain-like above the surface of the water on the way up, or loaded deep on the way down, with their one or two consorts swinging majestically after them; the cigar-shaped whale-backs, with their cabins mounted on turrets and their decks



Huron River.

awash; the older wooden barges, many of them large and fine boats; an occasional passenger steamer, perhaps, tearing along at eighteen or twenty miles an hour and rolling up the great swells behind her; then smaller freight boats of every description, running all the way down to the forty or fifty foot tramp sailing schooner, some in the last stages of decay, and picking up a precarious livelihood as best they might.

The current was most distressing. We left Algonac at nine o'clock and did not reach Marine City, eight miles up stream until after twelve. This was hardly satisfactory, so we began to hug the shore as closely as possible, which we had not been doing, and paddle a little harder. We kept steadily at work all day without a stop, taking turns at lunch while the other man kept the boat going, until finally, about eight o'clock in the evening, we caught our first sight of the factory chimneys below Port Huron. A couple of men in a rowboat tried to pass us about this time, and for the honor of our craft we had to keep ahead of them, but it really came hard. The way they hung on behind us, mile after mile, made us wonder if they had no homes. Then, just to find out whether we could do it or not, when they finally left us we kept up the same gait to the Black River where we were informed we could find a place to leave our boat. It was nine o'clock when we hauled her out, after a practically continuous paddle of twelve hours. The way we figured things out was like this:

Actual distance	28 miles
12 hours current at 6 miles per hour..	72 miles
Total	100 miles

Those who do not accept these calculations may make others to suit themselves.

The next morning we were feeling disposed to peace and quiet, and concluded that we would try a permanent



Clinton River.

camp up on Lake Huron for the few days that remained of our vacations, and see how comfortable we could make ourselves. Going the way we had been our facilities for comfort were necessarily very limited. We accordingly laid in a good stock of canned goods, cooking utensils, fishing tackle, etc., in Port Huron, and with our gunwales very near the water started for the lake.

The current at the head of the river is appalling, but we managed to get out, and started coasting along the shore. We had never seen such clear water before in our lives. In one place where the bottom did not look a bit over six inches below the surface we found it about three feet, and a few moments later, when we judged it was about three feet deep, we could not touch bottom with our long double paddle. There was a slight breeze, so we soon hoisted our sail and moved along in the most enjoyable manner in the world, basking like crocodiles in the hot sun, which would have been uncomfortable but that our skins were by this time about the color and consistency of leather.

A finer beach than that above the city I believe does not exist—a gradually shelving shore covered with the cleanest, finest white sand you ever saw, back of which is a fringe of dark green pine-trees, diffusing the most fascinating fragrance under heaven, as is their nature; and then, stretching out to the horizon and throwing into bold relief the strip of pure white sand, the deep intense blue of the magnificent lake. Truly it is a place to dream about. For perhaps five miles the beach is pretty well built up with cottages, which rather mar the artistic effect, but beyond them where we went, things were just as nature made them and delightful beyond description.

We finally selected the site for our camp, ten or twelve miles up the lake shore, pitched our tent, arranged our fire-place and got everything in order, and then set out to enjoy life. And enjoying life we certainly did. After a swim and a good large supper we lay down by the light of our camp-fire with our cigars and simply absorbed delight at every pore. The moon was near her full and throwing her soft shimmer to us for miles across the lake; back of us the pine trees, intoxicating us with their fragrance, lifted their picturesquely jagged outlines boldly against the starry sky. The woods were full of the night voices of their little inhabitants, whip-poorwill, treetoad, cricket, katydid, and many others, together with the soft soughing of the branches, while at our feet we heard the lazy, interminable wash, wash, wash, of the lake against the pebbles. Around us were our tent, canoe, and stores in snug array, and the blazing fire of driftwood crackling cheerily in the midst. It was too good to leave, and we lay there enjoying it until a disgraceful hour.

In the morning we were up betimes to go fishing—and such perch fishing! Lest anyone imagine that this account is too glowing, however, I will confess that we had our troubles catching minnows for bait. We had some mosquito netting which we got after our



At the Outlet of Lake Huron.

experience on the Snicardy, and we tied a string to each corner of this, and a stone and some bread in the middle and waded out. The middle, where the stone was, sank beautifully, but the edges all floated, so that in order to hold them down it was necessary to put our feet on the corners, much after the fashion of a ballet dancer doing the splits. Then of course our feet kept sinking deeper and deeper into the sand, so that we kept settling deeper and deeper into the water, which was icy cold—and the lower extremities of the elementary garment or so which we had donned for the occasion soon began to float artistically about us, on the surface of the water. In this position we waited for minnows. At length some came, and we made ready to haul up the net, but of course before we could extract a foot from the sand all the bait was in the next township. We tried this three times without a minnow, when we hit on the obvious scheme of planting the corners in the sand to hold them down and then attach-

ing long strings so that we could stand some distance off. In this way, by exercising some tact, we managed to get all we wanted. Of course if we had had netting enough for a seine it would have been very easy.

Once we had our bait, however, the fishing was all that we "could ask, or even think." Leaning over the side of the boat (one on each side, and carefully) we could see the fish twenty feet below us circle lazily around the hook and perhaps move off again, but in a minute they would be back, unable, especially if there were more than one, to long resist; then with a quick move, one of them would have seized the bait, and up he would come, a flapping beauty resplendent in white and gold. The number of fish we would pull up in the morning was regulated solely by the number we thought we could use, and no fisherman need be told that under the circumstances we estimated our capacity rather largely.

And then such splendid fish they were, too, firm and sweet and white, and when fried in butter and cornmeal, and accompanied by new potatoes borrowed for the



Along the Beach—Lake Huron.

occasion, and baked in the ashes, they made a meal the very remembrance of which makes my mouth still water. Our meals were generally sandy, it is true, and sometimes the worse for inexpert cooking, but never were meals enjoyed more or digested better, though the cook of the hour might occasionally hear a few caustic comments if he listened. For instance, the LL.D., when engaged in making cornmeal mush one morning, despite my urgent appeals, refused to stir it, stating that that was not necessary. Of course he would have been pretty well blistered up, because the fire was hot, but that was part of the job, that was all. Well, the mush when served had a decidedly burnt taste, and there was perhaps half an inch of it stuck in the bottom of the pan, but it *wasn't burnt.* Oh, no! The stuff in the bottom of the pan was not explained, but the peculiar taste was caused by smoke which ventured over the top of the pan, fell in, and became incorporated in the mush. That is still the official explanation, because you might as well argue with the Washington Monument as with the LL.D. He has besides a number of foolish tales, which he tells on all occasions, about me, but they are untrue, and not worth repeating anyway.

The days passed like a fairy story, upon that beach. We had nothing to do but get our meals and amuse ourselves. With our meals we were by this time succeeding gorgeously, with wild raspberries in profusion, new potatoes very accessible, and fresh perch in unlimited quantities—besides these we had, of course, our staples, and an extra supply of canned goods from Port Huron. Amusing ourselves required very little trouble. Fishing was, of course, great fun, but we listed that as part of the not very strenuous struggle for existence. Aside from that we spent most of our time swimming, and then lying flat on our backs in the shade and talking, thinking or dozing as we happened to feel like. We had been paddling pretty hard and steadily for the preceding ten days, and a ittle loafing and good living just seemed to suit.

One afternoon we paddled down to the life-saving station and made a very pleasant little call there, looking over their apparatus and swapping yarns. In the course of our stay a couple of the men wanted to try the canoe. The first came out all right, as was expected, but the second, a man rather given to talking of his own achievements, past, present and future, was not so fortunate. With a lordly wave of the hand, indicating the way in which it *should* be done, he got in and seated himself on the deck the way he had seen the present scribe doing. He had not gone thirty feet before the boat gave a spasmodic tip, and the next instant there was nothing to be seen of him but a wild flapping of arms, legs and paddles in the water, while the "old hand" recovered from his surprise enough to cough the water out of his lungs and tow the boat ashore. The delight of our hosts—our other hosts, that is—positively knew no bounds, and to add to the general good feeling I went down and took a picture of the returning hero as he crawled disgustedly out on the little dock. I happened to know exactly how he felt, but did not mention the fact.

On our way back there was not a breath of air stirring and the lake was as flat as a mirror, so that, the light being right, we were able to see the bottom with as much distinctness, apparently, as if there were no water between us and it. This gave us an almost uncanny feeling, as though we were travelling in an airship. The ground would rise and fall, now rough, now smooth, below us, and we would glide along above as if supported by wings. I have a number of times traveled over water so clear that the bottom was distinctly visible, but never before had an illusion of that sort borne upon me so strongly.

That night we made the acquaintance of the most zealous creature I ever knew. It was a whipporwill, and in this tired blasé world it did us good to know him. He had found his work. I think he repeated his vocabulary of one word a hundred thousand times at the very least that night, and that without abating one jot or tittle of his ardor. Each repetition was just as fresh, just as enthusiastic, just as replete with satisfaction to himself, as the first. We were sorry we couldn't feel the same about it as he did.

After three days of this tranquil camp life our time was up and we had to go back. We were anxious to finish in style, however, and determined to make the sixty-mile run from Port Huron down to Detroit, where our cruise would terminate, in one day. That was with the understanding, however, that we would not attempt to cross Lake St. Clair if it looked stormy. It is a treacherous little lake at best, and to get caught in a canoe by a squall when five or ten miles from shore would mean simply a question of obituaries. We accordingly, with some pangs at being obliged to leave, packed up and paddled down to Port Huron, where we made arrangements for our tent, sail, blankets and heavier stuff to go down by steamer, and left our canoe in the warehouse on the dock.

The next day was Sunday (we had figured our time pretty close) and we were disappointed to learn that we could not get the canoe before seven o'clock; however, as matters turned out, we could not get any breakfast in time for an earlier start, so that it didn't matter.

At seven o'clock, accordingly, we started, and a fresher, clearer day I have never seen. We had but one grievance, the wind. The day before it had been blowing right down stream, but, as we expected, it veered completely around in the night and blew dead against us all day. If the wind did make traveling harder, though, it supplied us with fresh, pure ozone in unlimited quantities, and the first thirty miles or so, from Port Huron down to the Flate, were certainly delightful.

We came down mile after mile, working easily but steadily, past the familiar spots we had remarked on our way up, but this time keeping to the middle of the river as if we owned it, and allowing the right of way to the up-coming barges simply through the courtesy that flowed from our superabundant good humor. We reached Algonac, twenty-eight miles down the river, at a trifle after eleven o'clock, still as fresh as daisies, for we were saving ourselves for our run across the lake. Our lunch we brought with us and ate in the boat, one of us paddling while the other ate. The paddling under those conditions is something of a bore, but the eating lunch is great. We very soon reached the Flats, after passing the two or three miles of summer cottages that extend up into the St. Clair river. At one of these it required a colossal draft upon our resolution to proceed without a stop, the attraction being a couple of charming girls in swimming who, we imagined, looked lonesome. The fact that we were looking frightfully tough was another factor in the case, not without weight, in enabling us to adhere to our determination.

Then came the numerous fine club houses and hotels, and after them the famous ship canal. The latter is a channel dredged for two miles through the shallows of the lake, and protected by embankments thrown up on either side from the encroachments of the continually changing shoals.

Once through that and we were ready for our eighteen-mile trip across the lake. After a careful and dutiful inspection of the weather we decided that it was safe, wriggled ourselves into as comfortable positions as we could, and started. Far away to our right was visible a black line which indicated the American shore, but ahead of us, and to our left, there was nothing in sight but water, and the smoke of an occasional distant steamer. We started off at a good gait and as happy as larks, expecting to be in Detroit by four or five o'clock. Had we known that we had seven hours more of hard paddling ahead of us our spirits might have ebbed a little.

The wind, which had not been seriously annoying on the river, began to bother us on the lake, and at half-past four we were still three or four miles farther out in the lake than Grosse Pointe. By this time we could make very little headway at all against the wind, the whitecaps bunting against the bow of the boat in tireless succession, then breaking on the forward deck and dumping the overflow into the cockpit. It required three hours of the hardest kind of work to make the next five miles. Solid work of that sort came hard, too, for we were more tired than we thought, and as far as simple bodily comfort went it would have been preferable to be blown out into the lake and drowned to forcing our aching muscles to any further exertion. We were opposed to dying on principle and for other reasons, however, and the wind mercifully died down about half-past seven, so that we reached Detroit safely an hour later, still alive, but very tired indeed. We had not stirred from the canoe for thirteen and a half hours, and had been paddling all that time, for over three hours using the utmost of our strength.

However, "All's well that ends well," if our sixty-mile trip did come harder than it should, and after we had tipped out the water, of which we had shipped over two pailfuls, and got home to bed, we were ready to make plans for the next year's outing.

We were several shades darker than mulattoes when we got back, and some of our lady friends stated that they had *once* considered us good-looking, with emphasis on the past tense, but we have hopes of eventually regaining our Caucasian hue. Physically, the trip gave us a new lease of life, and you may be sure that two weeks of primitive life next to broad, sweet, simple nature left a beneficial impress somewhere on our characters.

Special Cruising Class Canoe.

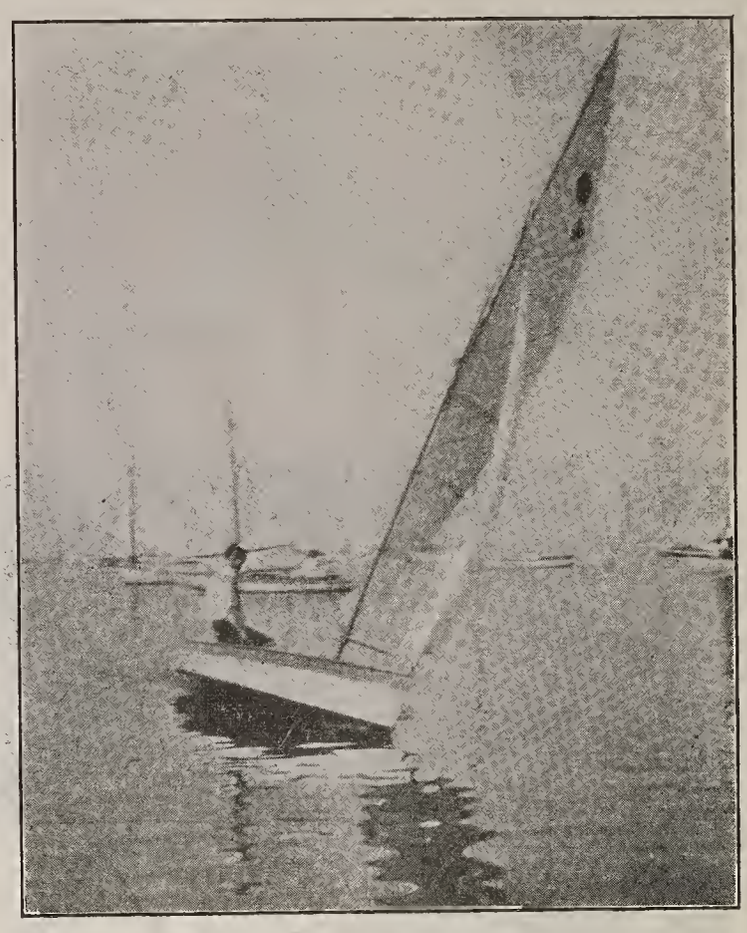
LAST year Mr. Daniel B. Goodsell and two members of the New York C. C. built special cruising class canoes. The plans of these boats appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 7, 1903, and we give herewith a photograph of Mr. Goodsell's boat under sail.

The A. C. A. made provisions for this class at a meeting held last year.

The boats were put together by W. F. Stevens, of Bath, Maine, known as the most expert builder of racing canoes in America. They cost, complete, a bit under $125.

The hull is straight sided with rounded bottom and deck. An underbody rudder is used instead of the old style hung to the stern post. The boats can be rowed or paddled, although distinctly built for racing purposes. A leg-o'-motton mainsail and small jib are used, the latter being rigged to boom out and act as spinnaker.

The boats are 17ft. over all and 42in. breadth. They



Special Cruising Class Canoe.—Owned by D. B. Goodsell.

will draw 5in. With the board down the draft is 3ft. The hull will weigh 200 pounds. The total displacement with crew of one aboard is about 510 pounds. Hollow spars will be used. They carry about 135ft. of sail.

The canoes are painted on the outside, except the top strake, which is varnished. Each boat is fitted with water-tight compartments, making it non-sinkable. The straight features of the sides and the cockpit arrangements make it almost impossible to fill the craft, even though the sail be lying flat in the water. A zinc dagger centerboard of the Linton Hope type, weighing 65 pounds, will be used. A feature of the boat is three feet clear cockpit space aft of the centerboard trunk.

Officers of A. C. A., 1904.

Commodore,—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. E., Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer—John Sears Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York.
Rear-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N.J.
Purser—M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., 201 Palisade Ave., West Hoboken, N. J.
Executive Committee—H. L. Pollard, 138 Front St., New York; N. S. Hyatt, Ossining, N. Y.; H. C. Allen, 54 Prospect St., Trenton, N. J.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 164 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

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Rear-Commodore—Frank D. Wood, Buffalo, N. Y.
Purser—Frank C. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Executive Committee—Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome. N. Y.; H. C. Hoyt, 26 S. Goodman St., Rochester, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, 164 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East, Rochester, N. Y.

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Rear-Commodore—H. M. S. Aiken, 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
Purser, Edw. B. Stearns, Manchester, N. H.
Executive Committee—B. F. Jacobs, Jr., West Medford, Mass.; D. S. Pratt, Jr., Wellesley Hills, Mass.; Marcus Butler, Lawrence, Mass.; William W. Crosby, Woburn, Mass.
Board of Governors—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minet, 125 Vitre St., Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

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Rear-Commodore—Chas. J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, O.
Purser—Geo. A. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thos. P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section 1, of the by-laws of the A. C. A.:
"Application for membership shall be made to the Division Pursers, and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *should be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*



Interlake Yachting Letter.

Cleveland, Ohio, March 26.—The one or two warm days during the past two weeks have reminded the yachtsmen that it is time to be up and be doing, and accordingly the work of fitting out has become noticeable all along the line, while more orders for new are still being placed.

In Buffalo, aside from Mr. Sumner Hayward's big yawl, Dr. E. P. Hussey's yawl, two 21-footers, and an 18-footer, the new 15-foot one design class are attracting considerable attention, and last week another boat was ordered. The new class starts out with five boats in all, which are being built by Weir, of Hamilton, Ont. The Buffalo Y. C. is having a new defender built for the Ryan Cup, by Messrs. Strong and Patterson, which is almost completed. She is a trim little craft and is expected to keep the cup for the club. The Canoe Club is building a challenger which is now being planked. Mr. James Johnson may purchase Beaver, the one time defender of the Canada's Cup. There is some talk of a syndicate building a restricted 21-footer to challenge for the Lipton Cup, at Chicago, and the prospective owners are now considering several designs.

Erie yachtsmen are building a boat for the 21ft. restricted class that will be tried out, and if her showing is such as to indicate her candidacy for the cup races, will also be shipped to Chicago and entered in the races. Several other small boats have been built at this place, and the yachtsmen are looking forth to a successful season. In a letter to the writer, Mr. W. H. F. Nick states that fitting out has begun in earnest and the fleet will be in commission fully two weeks earlier this spring than at any time heretofore. Commodore Geo. T. Bliss, former commodore of the Erie Y. C., is in Honolulu, where he has been spending the winter, and will not return till the sailing season is on.

Another new boat has just been discovered. She is for a Cleveland yachtsman, and is being built at Toledo by Joe Hepburn for Mr. R. L. Lockwood, and is for the new 16ft. restricted class recently adopted by the Detroit Y. C. The craft is about completed, and for her over all length has a wonderful amount of room, both above and below decks. Her general dimensions are as follows: Over all, 28ft. 2in.; water line, 16ft.; breadth, 6ft. 10in.; draft, 20in. She has 4ft. headroom in her cabin, which is 6ft. in length. The yawl for Dr. N. W. Brown is finished, and waiting for the ice to leave the river, when she will be launched. Mr. H. S. Watterson's 18-footer is nearly completed. In a recent freshet Chloris, with a number of other boats, were seriously damaged, and two completely destroyed. Fresh water yachtsmen will be sorry to learn that Commodore Geo. Worthington will not fit out the Priscilla this season, as her owner is going to Europe.

The Lakewood Y. C., of Cleveland, held its annual election on Friday evening, March 11, at its city rooms in the Arcade. The following were elected: Com., A. J. Phelps; Vice-Com., Henry D. Whiton; Rear-Com., Warren J. Brodie; Sec'y-Treas., C. O. Peterson; Fleet-Captain, Geo. Gerlach; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. R. H. Singleton; Directors, F. W. Wakefield, Myron B. Vorce and Robt. E. Powers. Through a discussion the office of measurer was left open and the vacancy will be filled at a meeting of the board of directors. Two new boats are being built at Sandusky, one for Donahue Bros., and the other for a gentleman who wished his name withheld. At the annual election held some time ago, Mr. Lockwood was elected commodore, but for personal reasons resigned, and at a meeting of the board of directors Mr. Wm. F. Seitz, former secretary of the Inter-Lake Y. A., was appointed his successor.

The club house of the Toledo Y. C. came very nearly being destroyed by fire recently, and had it not been for prompt action on the part of the yachtsmen they would be homeless to-day. As it is, so much damage was done that will mount up in the thousands to again place the handsome structure in its former condition.

Detroit is by all odds the busiest yachting center on the lakes, and each day brings news of new boats building; in fact orders are being placed so rapidly that it is almost impossible to keep track of them. Nine or ten boats are building for the 21ft. restricted class to compete for the Walker Trophy, and also for the Lipton Trophy, at Chicago. The last to get in the game is Mr. H. T. Schmidt, a member of the Detroit Y. C. His boat was designed by her builder, a Mr. Parker, of Marine City, Mich. He is a new man in the field, and little can be said of the boat. Mr. Schmidt, however, is of the opinion that the boat will be a hummer. One thing is certain. The 21-footers will be the most popular class on fresh water the coming season, and will have things pretty much their own way. Mr. Geo. Wilds has gotten out the lines of a boat for this class, and it is more than probable that a boat will be built, though who the owner will be is a question. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Wilds know that when he tries his hand that something will happen. He designs very few boats, but those who are familiar with Detroit, of Canada Cup fame, know that he is a practical designer, and his boats always combine extreme speed with good wholesome construction, and can go through a season's hard work without a scratch, and with prizes galore.

Cadillac, one-time defender of the Canada's Cup, has been sold, and Detroit yachtsmen are happy, not because she was sold, but because she was sold in Detroit, and is to remain in that city, and will continue her battles with Detroit the coming season. Cadillac was placed on the for sale market through the death of her owner, the late Mr. Warren. Mr. Harry C. Kendall, of the old Shamrock fame, came to the front at the head of a syndicate and purchased the boat. Mr. Kendall is one of the ablest skippers on the lakes, and he has associated with him one of the best Corinthian crews on fresh water, all of which are part owners.

C. W. Schmidt, Jr.

Southern Letter.

All the hundreds of bodies of water discharge into the Gulf of Mexico along the shores of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, with their semi-tropical and various other attractions, are ideally picturesque; and, as it is convenient to poke in and out of their openings to the sea when voyaging along these shores, they hold no end of interest and enjoyment for yachtsmen. On this coast there are no rock-bound shores, and very little of tide or current, the greatest rise of water in the tributary streams being when the wind blows from the Gulf backing the sea-water up a foot or so, and making the waters for miles up-stream salty, with a beneficial effect upon marshy places. The Mississippi River at New Orleans, 100 miles from its mouth, is at times quite salty at certain seasons of the year, and when the winds are from a southerly direction for some days at a time, and fish which live only in salt water come up the river that far and are often caught in front of the Crescent City. Generally speaking the river is to the west, the south and to the east of the city, and then it bends away to the Gulf. The Gulf curves up into the state so that to the east of the city it is not half the distance to the sea that it is in going down he river, and an arm of the Gulf comes in to the north of New Orleans, within the city's bounds, that is brackish water the year round.

It is upon this body of water that the yachtsmen of New Orleans do their sailing, and not upon the Mississippi River, as many suppose. Lake Pontchartrain, as it is called, is 22 miles wide and 40 miles long. The club house of the Southern Y. C. is situated upon its southern shore in the northern suburb of the metropolis of the South, and it is only 7 miles across the city from the river bank to the shore of the Lake. There are two navigable canals which stretch from the lake to the very heart of the city, but which do not connect with the river, while a third one ten miles below the city connects the river with the Gulf and shortens the distance out to the Gulf by 50 miles or more.

Coming along the Gulf of Mexico from the eastward to Mississippi Sound, the course is to the southwest into the land, where the sound ends in a bay known as Lake Borgne. At the western end of the latter is a narrow and deep passage, called The Rigolets, which connects with Lake Pontchartrain, and to the westward still further is another large body of water, which was also at one time, so science says, a part of the Gulf; this is Lake Maurepas, and the salt water backs up into it from Pontchartrain through Pass Manchak, owing to the influence of tide and wind.

Lake Pontchartrain is the largest of the three lakes. It has several fine resorts along its shores, and a uniform depth of about 18 feet of water. There is probably not a better sheet of water anywhere for yacht cruising and racing. The club house of the Southern Y. C., its racing course and yacht anchorage are very advantageously situated at West End, "the Coney Island of the South," and while there are there all the adjuncts of a place of that character, including Ferris wheels, flying-horses, roller-coasters, places of wonder *ad lib.*, its chief attractions are the water, the yachts, yacht-club house, rowing-boat clubs, the bathing and the fishing. The Southern Y. C. anchorage basin, or "the Pen," as it is called, is landlocked, and it is reached by means of a canal. In front of the club house, which is built out in the lake on spiling, the club has a 5-mile triangular course buoyed off, which is sailed around twice, or 10 miles in all. The canal, which extends back through the city for 5 miles, straight away, affords a splendid course for the racing of small motor boats in smooth water.

As to the premier yacht club of the South, all the yachting world knows that the Southern Y. C. is, next to the New York Y. C., the oldest organization of the kind in the country. It was organized in the year 1849, and it is therefore in the fifty-fifth year of its activity. It has a membership of over 750, and a large and growing fleet. The club is now occupying the third club house in its history, the present building having been erected three years ago. Last April there was a fire at "the Pen" which destroyed 29 yachts and a number of boat houses. Now the club is just finishing a new anchorage at a cost of $10,000, around which all the houses (they are used for storing of yachts and yacht paraphernalia) must be built of fire-proof material—that is, sheathed with galvanized iron. Part of the outfit at the anchorage includes excellent hauling-out ways, with switches over which trucks may be run, so that half a dozen yachts may be out at a time, a crane for handling spars and a large warehouse for the use of the members, where may be stored the sails, spars, dinghies and any and all furnishings and fittings of those who do not own their own boat houses, the general idea being that the club will give every possible encouragement to the younger yachting element in particular, so far as the cost of maintaining their craft goes, there being no charge for the use of these accessories.

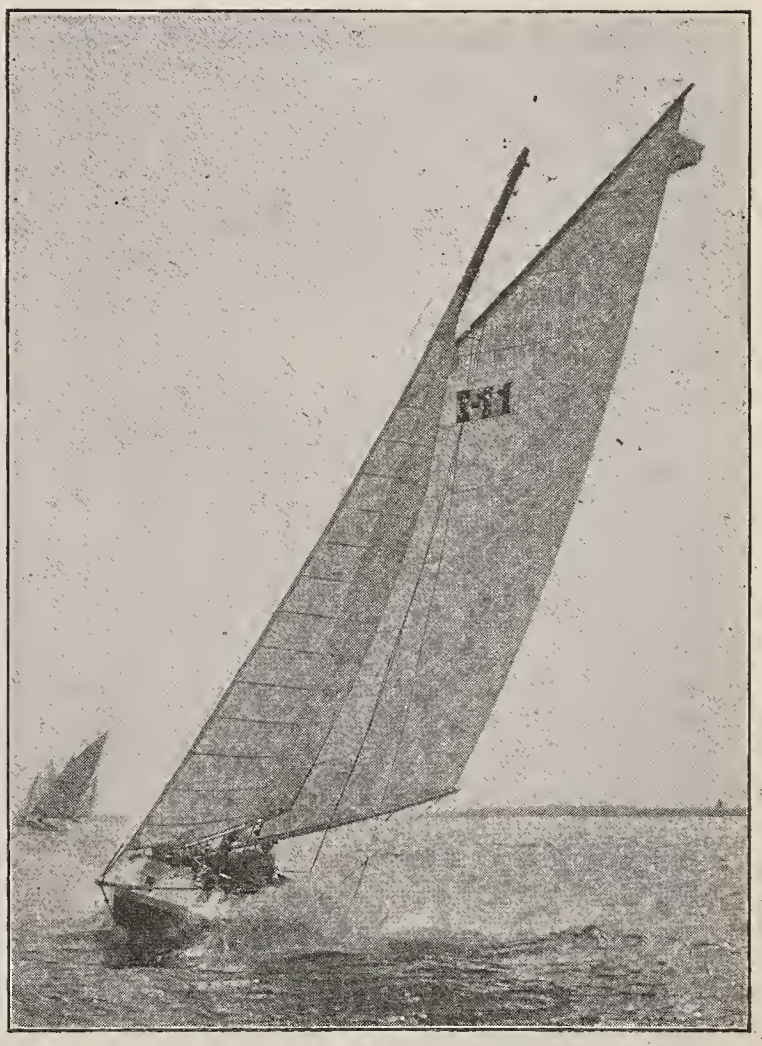
The dues for membership in the Southern Y. C. are very low compared with other clubs, the sum being $12 annually, and the initiation fee is only $10, and the latter has been suspended for some months. The club is extremely well off financially, and between $9,000 and $10,000 are spent every year for the encouragement of the sport of yachting. The club has a paid secretary, a steward, porters and a "pen," or anchorage keeper. There are in the club house sleeping apartments affording accommodations for upward of a hundred members, many of whom lodge there, over the lake waters, during the months of summer. In a season the Southern Y. C. holds half a dozen or more regattas and several dances and entertainments. In fact no stone is left unturned by the officers and committees to foster the sport and to amuse and entertain the club's membership, which "all hands and the cook" will endeavor to bring up to the one thousand mark for the season of 1904-05.

L. D. Sampsell.

Arrow's Record, 1903.

The 18ft. knockabout Arrow was designed by E. A. Boardman, naval architect and yacht broker, Boston, Mass., and raced by E. A. and R. D. Boardman last summer in Massachusetts Bay.

Arrow proved to be the best boat in the fleet, finishing first, fifteen times; second, five times; third, once; fourth, four times; one breakdown, and withdrawing once when in leading position, on account of rounding wrong mark.

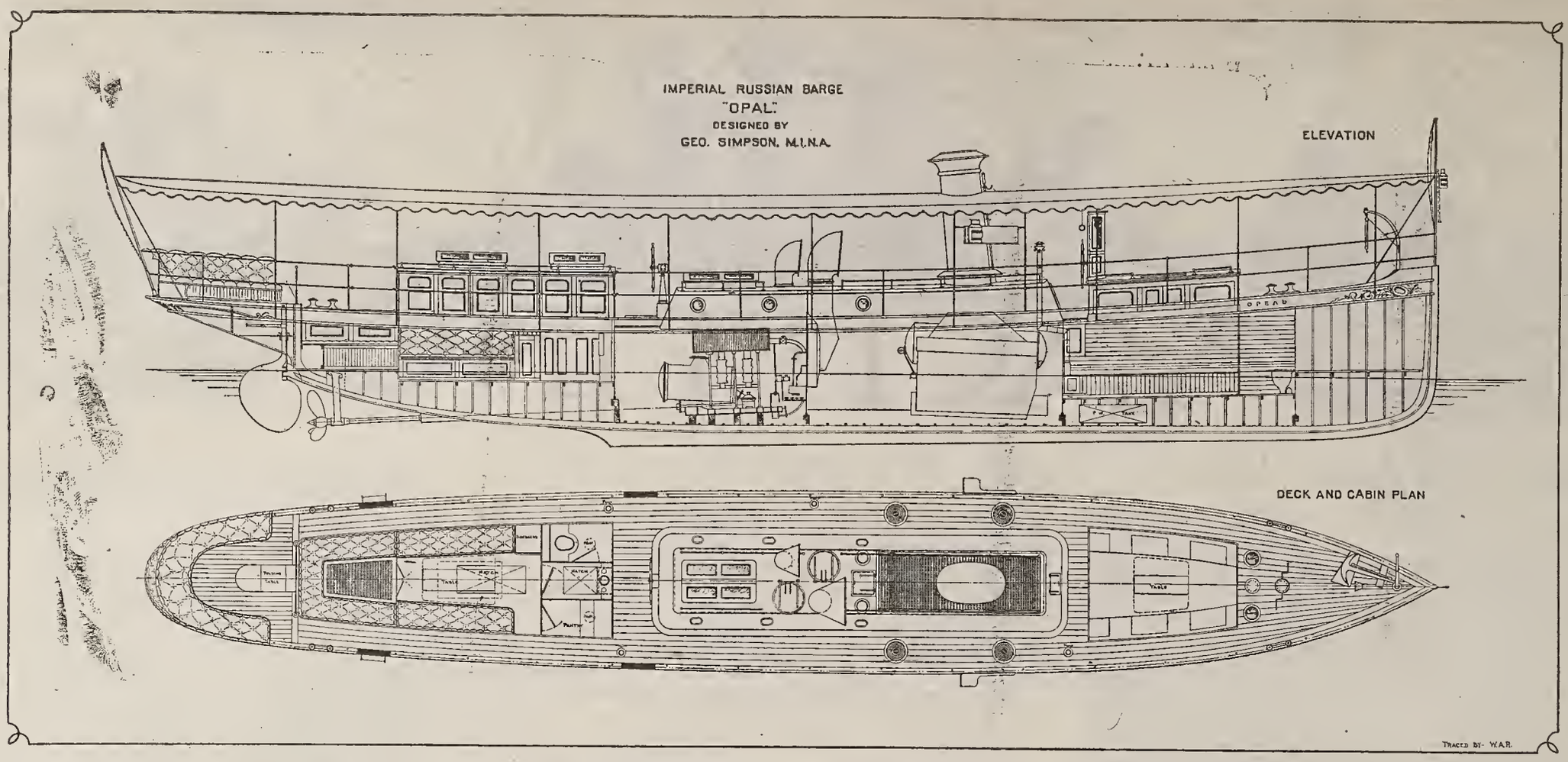


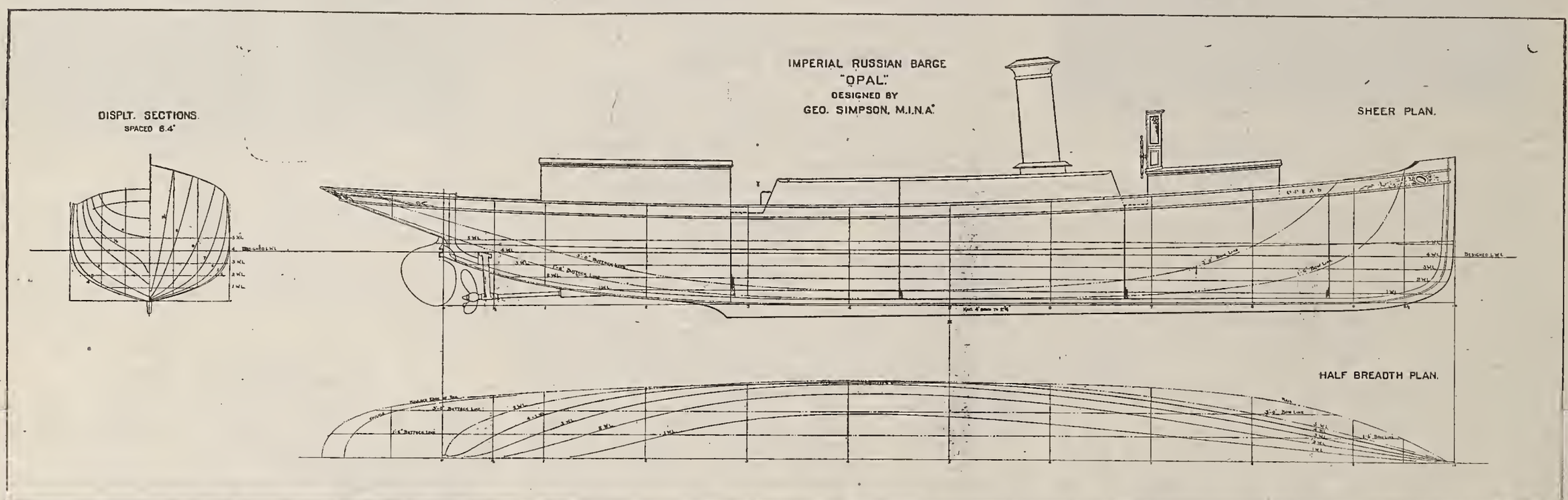
ARROW.
Photo by Willard B. Jackson, Marblehead.

She won the Corinthian Championship at Marblehead, five firsts in five starts. The Corinthian mid-summer series, which are the largest series at Marblehead.

She won four firsts in four starts on the North Shore circuit of Y. M. R. A. races, leading in M. Y. R. A. percentage at the end of this series, but withdrew from M. Y. R. A. races as it was impossible to follow the South Shore circuit.

Chance, another 18-ft., designed by Mr. Boardman, won the mid-summer series of races for the Lawson cup, of the Boston Y. C., at Hull, Mass. Arrow did not start in this series, on account of losing her mast just before the first one.





LINES, INBOARD PROFILE, DECK AND CABIN PLANS OF THE BARGE OPAL—DESIGNED FOR THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT BY GEORGE SIMPSON.

Imperial Russian Steam Barge Opal.

THIS handsome barge was constructed for the Imperial Russian Government for the use of Admiral Alexieff, the commander-in-chief at Port Arthur, and diagonally built of mahogany from the designs of Mr. George Simpson, superintending constructor to the Townsend-Downey Shipbuilding Company.

Opal's dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	71ft. 9in.
Between perpendiculars	64ft.
Freeboard—	
Forward	5ft. 5in.
Least	3ft.
Taffrail	3ft. 10in.
Breadth—	
Moulded	10ft.
Draft of hull—	
Extreme	5ft. 1in.
Depth—	
Moulded	5ft. 8in.
Tonnage—	
B. O. M.	30.

The barge is built of wood throughout, excepting the water-tight bulkheads and the machinery casing, which are of galvanized mild steel, suitably stiffened. Shell planking is of mahogany, the inner thickness being laid diagonally, and the outer fore and aft, with thin calico between. Deck houses are of teak, tastefully paneled, and the deck is fitted in two thicknesses, the upper one being of teak wood.

The whole of the deck fittings were of polished composition, and the interior work is luxuriously finished. Outside the barge presented a striking appearance with white boot-top and navy blue topsides, having a gold band carried around at knuckle moulding, terminating in artistic scroll and quarter carving enveloping the Russian coat of arms.

The propelling power consisted of a water tube boiler, supplying steam to a compound engine, having cylinders 8½in. and 18in. in diameter, with a 9in. stroke, capable of developing 300 I. H. P. This power was sufficient to propel the barge, fully loaded, at a rate of 20 miles per hour.

A 65ft. House Boat.

THERE was launched a short time ago a 65ft. power house boat from the yard of the Wilson Shipbuilding Co., Ferry Bar, Baltimore, Md. She was designed by Captain Leonard J. Nilson, and for use on Chesapeake Bay. The boat is 65ft. long, 16ft. breadth and 3ft. 4in. draft. Her power consists of a 15 horsepower motor. A long cabin house runs nearly the length of the vessel, and there is little deck room forward and aft. The top of the cabin house is used as a promenade deck, and it is entirely covered with an awning. The owner's room is in the forward end of the house. It contains a double bed and locker to starboard and a single berth with drawers to port. The forward end of the compartment is used for drawers, sideboard, lockers and lounging seat. Beside the owner's stateroom on the port side is the bathroom. Aft of the bathroom and a storeroom on the other side of the passageway are two more staterooms. These are fitted with double berths, bureaus, lockers, shelves and divans. Aft of these staterooms is the main saloon, a commodious apartment fitted up with sofas, buffet, sideboard, writing desk, book shelves and china lockers.

The galley, engine room, cook's stateroom, toilet, ice chest, gas stove and sink occupy the stern of the house. The gasolene tanks are located under the after deck. The boat is to be run with only one paid hand.

New York Y. C.

THE second general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house in West Forty-fourth street on the evening of March 24. In the absence of Commodore Bourne, Vice-Commodore Henry Walters presided. Much important business was transacted, and it was very late before the meeting adjourned.

Modifications and changes were made to the constitution, by-laws and racing rules, and reports of different committees were read.

The letter sent to Sir Thomas Lipton was read, but its contents will not be made public until after it has been received.

Mr. F. F. Brewster sent a letter to the club in which he explained why Elmina was not measured last season. Through this oversight Mr. Brewster forfeits all the prizes won by his yacht.

The Astor cup, won by Mr. Morton F. Plant last season, was presented to the club to be placed among its permanent trophies. Mr. Plant also prevented to the club another cup to be raced for by schooners in Class B during the cruise.

It was decided to invite boats of the Eastern Y. C. to join the New York Y. C. fleet at Vineyard Haven, and participate in the races that follow.

The regatta committee gave out its schedule for the coming season. The fixtures follow: Thursday, June 16, annual regatta, Lower Bay; Saturday, June 18, Lysistrata Cup, Sandy Hook Lightship; Monday, June 20, opening club station, Glen Cove; special races for yachts owned by members too small for enrollment, and motor boat races, Glen Cove; Tuesday, June 21, Glen Cove Cups, Glen Cove; Thursday, July 7, Friday, July 8, and Saturday, July 9, Glen Cove series, Glen Cove.

Thursday, August 11, special races for yachts owned by members but too small for enrollment and motor boat races, Glen Cove; Thursday, August 11, rendezvous annual cruise; Friday, August 12, cruise to Morris Cove; Saturday, August 13, cruise to New London; Sunday, August 14, at New London; Monday, August 15, cruise to Block Island; Tuesday, August 16, cruise to Vineyard Haven; Wednesday, August 17, cruise to Newport; Thursday, August 18, special races for yachts owned by members but too small for enrollment, and motor races, Newport; Friday, August 19, Astor cups, Newport; Saturday, August 20, 10 A. M., start of ocean races to Nantucket Lightship, Fire Island Lightship and return Brenton's Reef; Saturday, August 20, 2 P. M., steam yacht races, Hauoli cups, Brenton's Reef Lightship; Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 22, 23 and 24, Newport series, Newport, and Thursday, September 8, Autumn cups, Glen Cove.

The Brenton Reef Challenge Cup, Sandy Hook Lightship to Brenton Reef Lightship, Newport, R. I., and return is open for competition, and on the receipt of entries the committee will arrange for the races.

One Hundred and Sixteen Mile Race for Small Boats.

THE New York Athletic Club is bringing itself into prominence as a yachting organization by offering prizes for small yachts for a race from Whortleberry Island, located at the western end of Long Island Sound, to West Harbor, Block Island, a distance of over one hundred miles. The conditions governing the race follow:

The yachts eligible are to be propelled by sails only. Must be not more than 30ft. 6in. waterline, or more than 43ft. over all. If keel boats, they shall have not less than 5ft. 8in. head room in the cabin, for a distance of 6ft. fore and aft. If centerboard boats, they shall have not less than 5ft. head room in the cabin for a distance of 6ft. fore and aft.

Yachts will be considered in cruising trim when they carry a boat, two anchors and cables, a life preserver, regulation lights, and their cabin furniture and water tanks in their usual places, and not otherwise. No restrictions as to sail carried, any rig, and no time allowance. Yachts will carry their club colors at the main truck. The crew of each yacht shall number not more than five persons in all, one of whom may be a paid hand.

As this race is given with the object of bringing together the best types of small cruising yachts, the committee reserve the right to refuse any entry which in their opinion does not comply with the spirit of these restrictions. Owners wishing to enter their yachts for this race will send their club measurer's certificate that the yacht so entered qualifies to said measurements.

The race will be started from a line between the N. Y. A. C. house on the east side of Whortleberry Island, and the striped buoy on the southerly end of Green's Flats, and will finish at the entrance to the west harbor of Block Island. Yachts can go through Plumb Gut, the Race, or Fisher's Island Sound, and may anchor, but must be sailed on the channel side of all buoys and Government marks.

The start: Preparatory signal at 10 o'clock, one long whistle from club launch and the lowering of club flag. Ten minutes later, one long whistle from club launch and hoisting of the club flag, when the time of all boats will be taken, no handicap.

The race is open to the boats of the clubs of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, the New York Y. C., the Atlantic Y. C., and the Larchmont Y. C. There will be a second prize if three boats finish. The event is to be started on Saturday, June 25. Entries close a week before that day with the New York Athletic Club Yachting Committee, Pelham Manor, N. Y.

Gas Engines and Launches.

BY F. K. GRAIN.

The Cylinder.

(*Continued from page* 195.)

These engines will invariably cause trouble by cramping the piston, through the excessive pressure, against the wide walls of the cylinder, and also need excessive lubrication.

Piston and Rings.

The piston now takes our attention, this part being, of course, what the novice would call the plug, that slides up and down in the cylinder. In the steam engine, the piston is a shallow disc, but in the bulk of gas engines the piston is what is called the trunk type, being usually from one and a quarter to one and a half times its diameter in length. As the fit of the piston in the gas engine cylinder controls to a great extent the degree of compression, it should be very carefully fitted and should be on the smallest engines not over five thousands of an inch smaller than the bore when new. In grooves turned out of this piston there is usually placed three packing or piston rings, in most cases two at the top and one at the bottom. These rings are of cast iron, varying from one-quarter to three-quarters of an inch in depth and turned eccentric, being, say, one-quarter of an inch thick on one side and on the opposite side of the circle coming down to one-eighth of an inch, where they are divided by being cut crosswise at an angle of 90 per cent, or cut out in steps; this allows the ring, which has been turned slightly larger than the bore of the cylinder, to be compressed when inserted, making it a spring ring.

In addition to these spring rings it is now the universal practice to turn several annular grooves around the piston. These act as an oil packing, and also help to keep the lubricant circulated around the piston. In some cases the groove is turned also in the ring, but we do not approve of this plan as it takes out too much of the metal on the thin side where the rings are turned eccentric.

Fly Wheels.

Fly wheels on the majority of marine engines of the two-cycle type are generally made of the web pattern, that is, without spokes. The web should be as light as possible, consistent with strength in order to throw all the available weight on the rim of the wheel. The usual practice is to make the diameter of the fly wheel about three times the length of the stroke; the weight should equal the weight of the cylinder, which if properly designed will give the right proportions.

Coupling and Thrust Bearing.

On the opposite end of the crank shaft from the fly wheel, we have the shaft coupling and thrust bearing. In order to form the thrust bearing, which is intended to take up the thrust or push from the propeller, the general practice is to insert a number of balls fitted in a cage between the couplings and the after bearing of the engine, or in a great many cases a groove is turned in the coupling for a ball race, the opposite side being a flat, hardened steel washer. While this, theoretically and to all appearances, is a very neat and effective arrangement, we have found from actual experience that ball-bearings in marine work are not a success, especially if they are not properly adjusted and carefully looked after, which is most generally the case. The old-fashioned method, and one still employed on large marine work, is the ring thrust, composed of a collar with a number of rings which mesh into a block fastened to the keelson entirely separate from the engine. The importance of a good thrust bearing, we are sorry to say, is sadly neglected by the launch owner, as a bearing of proper design, if carefully looked after, will in the majority of cases add from twenty-five to fifty revolutions a minute to the average engine, and not only keep the engine in a much better and freer working order and save a good deal of wear, but in many cases prevent a broken connecting rod, the latter in many cases being broken by the thrust crowding the connecting rod forward and, of course, cramping the entire machine.

Circulating Pumps.

Circulating pumps, used to circulate the water through the water jacket, are in a great many cases of insufficient capacity. While in cold weather when the water is cool it is sometimes advisable to shut off a part of the water supply; of course, the majority of engines being used in the warm months when the water is warm, we often hear of cases of over-heating. Most marine engines are placed as low as possible in the boat and generally exposed to the heat of the sun, which, owing to their being protected by the sides of the boat, they get the full force of it and are not benefited by any draught, consequently, more liable to heat. The pump should have a check valve on both the inlet and discharge side, these checks being placed as close to the pump as possible, as, of course, the pump is depending upon forming a partial vacuum to do its work. On some engine we find the discharge check placed anywhere, on the piping of the cylinder in place of an elbow. This is bad practice, and invariably leads to a poor working pump. Of course, all pumps on two-cycle engines have an impulse at every revolution of the engine. This is unavoidable, although it is mechanically very bad practice, as the average marine engine will make about 500 revolutions per minute, and any plunger pump loses its efficiency above a speed of 200 strokes per minute.

This is one reason why in practice these pumps give such an irregular circulation. Of course, the remedy would be to gear the pump so that the engine would make about four revolutions to one of the pump and increase the size of the pump. This would add considerably to the cost of any engine, and unfortunately, it is one of these points that the average launch owner is not willing to pay for.

Vaporizers

Vaporizes are now so universally employed for generating the gas that it is hardly worth while to mention any other device. The carbureters, pump, feed by direct injection, and all other devices being practically out of date. There is very little difference in the operation of any of the different styles of vaporizers, they being all of the same principle which is that of the ordinary check valve, the gasolene being admitted through a small opening directly under the seat of the valve and being controlled by a needle valve. In operation the vacuum of the crank case lifting the valve admits air, at the same time the valve lifts to admit the air it also uncovers the inlet of the gasolene. The gasolene then striking the air is mixed or vaporized into an explosive mixture of gas. This gas, however, will not produce a destructive explosion until confined in the cylinder and then compressed. The usual practice is to make the air inlet of the vaporizer of the right proportion without necessity of adjustment, the gasolene being adjusted to suit the constant air supply. Constant, level and float feed vaporizers, widely advertised for automobile purposes, are not adapted for marine work.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Boston Letter.

Boston, March 28.—At the annual meeting of the Y. R. A. of Massachusette, held at the town house of the Boston Y. C., it was decided to adopt the recently formed class of 30-footers. This class will be known as Class H, yachts conforming to the limitations of the Massachusetts Thirty-foot Cruising Yacht Association. From the opinions expressed prior to this meeting, it was understood that some opposition to the adoption of the class would be raised. There was considerable discussion in regard to the matter and a vote upon the question was not reached until after many arguments had been made. The vote resulted in 15 for adoption and 4 against. There are three boats building for the class. One of these is from designs by Messrs. Burgess and Packard, for Mr. T. K. Lothrop, Jr., and is being built under the designers' supervision at Beverly. The other two are being built by the Herreshoffs, one for Mr. F. G. Macomber, Jr., and the other for Mr. S. Reed Anthony. It is unlikely that any other boats will be built for the class this season.

Although racing dates had been assigned to many of the Y. R. A. clubs at a conference held a week previous to the association meeting, the final arrangements of dates for open races was not made until the meeting was held. There were some additions and changes, and the final schedule of Y. R. A. open races now remains as follows:

May 30, Monday—South Boston, City Point.
June 17, Friday—Boston, Hull.
June 18, Saturday—Squantum, Quincy Bay.
July 16, Saturday—Winthrop, Winthrop.
July 27, Wednesday—Boston, midsummer series, Hull.
July 28, Thursday—Boston, midsummer series, Hull.
July 29, Friday—Quincy, Quincy.
July 30, Saturday—Boston, midsummer series, Hull.
August 2, Tuesday—Boston, Marblehead.
August 8, Monday—Manchester, West Manchester.
August 11, Thursday—East Gloucester, Gloucester.
August 12, Friday—Annisquam, Annisquam.
August 13, Saturday—Annisquam, Annisquam.
August 25, Thursday—Plymouth, Plymouth.
August 26, Friday—Duxbury, Duxbury.
August 27, Saturday—Duxbury, Duxbury.
August 29, Monday—Wellfleet, Wellfleet.
August 30, Tuesday—Wellfleet, Wellfleet.
September 1, Thursday—Cape Cod, Provincetown.
September 2, Friday—Cape Cod, Provincetown.
September 3, Saturday—Cape Cod, Provincetown.
September 5, Monday—Lynn, Nahant.
September 11, Sunday—Association rendezvous, Hull.

At the meeting Mr. Louis M. Clark resigned from the executive committee, on which committee he had served for ten years, or since the formation of the association. Mr. Clark's resignation is regretted on all sides, as he has ever been zealous in the affairs of the association and more than once has brought the organization out of perilous positions through his far-seeing judgment.

Mr. Clark was the organizer of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. It was he who called the first meeting, which was held at the rooms of the Massachusetts Y. C. on March 19, 1894, and which was known as the Congress of Regatta Committees. This meeting was adjourned for two weeks and, at the adjourned meeting, a schedule of non-conflicting dates was arranged. The practice of thus arranging racing fixtures has continued to the present time. Mr. Clark was elected the president of the organization, which was to be known as the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, and he continued in that office until 1899. From the time the association was formed it has occupied a most prominent position in the yacht racing field and, through its influence, many features governing restricted classes have been made permanent in different sections of the country. The most active man in the establishment of permanent restricted classes and in the making of equitable rules for racing has been Mr. Louis M. Clark.

Interest in the racing of sailing dories along the north shore has become greater every year since the first famous Swampscott sailing dories were built in 1898 from designs of Mr. Charles D. Mower. In the Swampscott Dory Club and in the Annisquam Y. C. there has been quite a fleet of these little boats. Last season the Bay State Y. C., of Revere, a new organization, commenced to go in for dory sailing, and there are now a number of the boats in the club. On account of the interest in the class in the three clubs, it has been determined to organize an association for the development of the type, and this organization will be known as the Massachusetts Racing Dory Association. Ironclad rules for measurement and scantlings have been drawn up, so that the type as originally built, may be preserved without the introduction of freaky ideas. The officers of the Association as as follows: President, J. Samuel Hodge, Bay State Y. C.; Vice-President, Daniel H. Woodbury, Annisquam Y. C.; Secretary-Treasurer, Harry O. Russ, Swampscott Dory Club. A schedule of races has been arranged as follows:

July 9, Saturday—Revere.
July 16, Saturday—Swampscott.
August 4, 5 and 6, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Marblehead.
August 13, Saturday—Annisquam.

At the annual meeting of the Lake Winnipesaukee Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., Frank P. Egan; Vice-Com., J. A. Dowling; Sec'y-Treas., J. Q. Litchfield; Meas., J. A. Dowling; Directors, Amasa J. Whitney, J. H. Pope, W. L. Smart, C. F. Pinkham, A. S. Johnson, O. A. Atkins, J. I. Stuart, A. J. Ward, Col. G. W. Moses, J. H. Whittier, Dr. F. E. Banfield, F. W. Rollins, C. L. Edgar, J. T. Meader and J. A. Dowling. At a joint meting of the Lake Winnipesaukee Y. C. and the Kingswood Club, held at the Bellevue last Wednesday, the establishment of fixed lights on the lake, the betterment of channels and the issuing of sailing directions were discussed. At the meeting Mr. Roswell B. Lawrence, Secretary of the Appalachian Mountain Club, gave a lecture on the beauties of Lake Winnipesaukee.

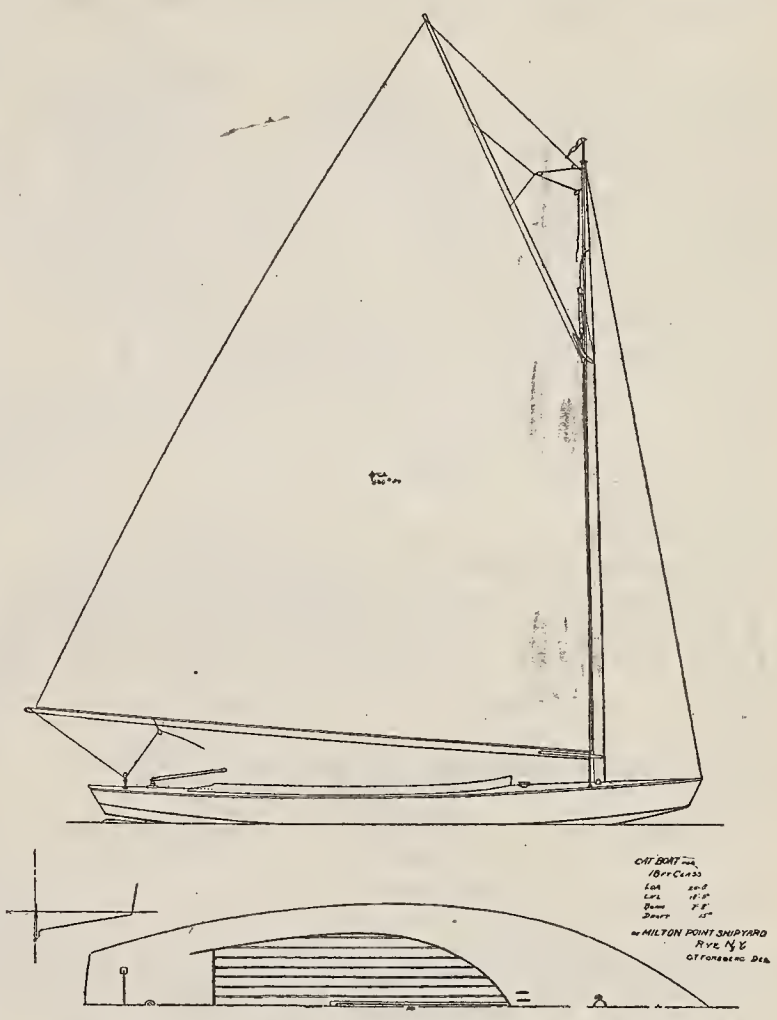
Messrs. Burgess and Packard have received an order for a 23ft. one-design class for New Orleans yachtsmen. The first boat to be built will be for Mr. F. Clay Viguerie, of New Orleans Picayune. She will be 40ft. 6in over all, 23ft. waterline, 11ft. 9in. beam, and 3ft. 3in. draft. She will have 1,145 sq. ft. of sail, and will carry 600 pounds outside ballast.

John B. Killeen.

One-Design Class of Catboats for Hempstead Bay Y. R. A.

There are building at the Milton Point Shipyard, Rye, N. Y., some twenty one-design catboats for members of the Hempstead Bay Y. R. A. The boats are 26ft. over all, 18ft. waterline, 7ft. 8in. breadth, and 1ft. 3in. draft. They will carry 340 sq. ft. of sail.

These boats are being constructed in the best possible manner, and great care is to be taken to make them strong and finish them up nicely. The waters in which these boats are to be used are as a rule very



Plans of One-Design Catboats for Hempstead Bay Y. R. A.

smooth even when there is a strong wind blowing; and they have been designed to give the greatest speed under such conditions. They will be very seaworthy and stand up well in a strong breeze. It is readily seen from the plan that there is very little resistance to this type of hull, and the boats ought to be fast. The racing of boats all of the same design and size has become very popular among many yacht clubs, and a great deal of interest is sure to be shown in this particular boat. More boats will be built from same design, and possibly by the end of the season there will be a fleet of thirty of these boats in waters about Freeport, L. I.

One of the boats is to have a portable summer cabin fitted, as the owner goes off on short cruises very often.

A New 15ft. One-Design Class.—The Milton Point shipyard, Rye, N. Y., has closed a contract for six 15ft. waterline one-design boats for members of the Marine and Field Club. The boats are 24ft. over all, 15ft. waterline, 6ft. 6in. breadth and 3ft. 10in. draft. They will carry 1,000 lbs. of outside ballast. The boats were designed to meet the requirements governing the 15ft. of the Gravesend Bay Y. R. A. The construction is very substantial, and the boats should be fast and seaworthy.

Yawl Coon Sold.—The auxiliary yawl Coon, purchased in New York last fall by Mr. Robert Galloway, of Memphis, Tenn., and used by him all winter on the Gulf of Mexico, has just been sold through the agency of L. D. Sampsell to Mr. James Z. George, a member of the Southern Y. C., New Orleans, La.

Houseboat Ulma Sold. Mr. Robert W. Nelson has sold his power house boat Ulma through the agency of Messrs. Macconnell Brothers, to Mr. Henry Ashton Little, of Philadelphia.

South Bay Y. C.

The South Bay Y. C. has its home on the most southerly arm of San Francisco Bay, at the head of navigation, in the little town of Alviso. Its membership for the most part is composed of business and professional men residing in the contiguous cities of San José and Santa Clara, eight miles distant, but connected by railroad.

The club was first brought into existence on March 4, 1897, and consisted of a dozen or more amateurs interested in boating, with three sloops and a schooner for their crafts. The first officers were headed by the veteran old salt, J. O. McKee, as Commodore, H. A. Spencer, Vice-Commodore, John E. Auzerais, Secretary, and S. E. Smith Treasurer. Before the first season was completed, Mr. Frank Davis joined the club and brought



Home of the South Bay Y. C.—Flagship Muriel in Foreground.

a fine launch, and thus from time to time the fleet and membership have been augmented, until at this date the former consists of two schooners, eight sloops and six launches, and the membership roll is about 100.

The year of 1903 was the most auspicious of all of the club's life, for this year saw them in possession and ownership of a commodious club house, located convenient to their moorings. There is in contemplation a series of high-class entertainments for the amusement of the members and their guests during the coming season, to take place at the club house.

The points for sailing, besides San Francisco, are Redwood City, San Mateo, Oakland, Sausalito, Vallejo, Napa, Benicia, Mare Island, Stockton and the towns and villages up the several rivers, and out the Golden Gate to Santa Cruz, Monterey, Bolinos and other points on the coast.

The officers for 1904 are Com., H. A. Spencer; Vice-Com., Louis Sonikson; Sec'y, N. E. Wretman; Treas., B. Swartz; Port Capt., S. E. Smith; Meas., J. O. McKee. The various committees will soon be selected, and it is fair to presume that this will be the banner year.

SAN JOSE, Cal., February.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

A. CASS CANFIELD DIES.—A. Cass Canfield died at Aiken, S. C., after a short illness, on March 24. Mr. Canfield has been identified with yachting for many years past and was well known, not only as a very able amateur sailor, but as a designer as well. Mr. Canfield was fifty-one years old, and was born in Detroit. He was graduated from Princeton in 1874, and three years later received high degrees at Columbia. Most of his life was spent in travel and study. Soon after entering the ranks of yachtsmen he took up the study of naval architecture and became a proficient designer. Mr. Canfield's first yacht was Rosalie, a 50ft. sloop. In 1884 he designed the cutter Isis, which boat had a successful racing career while under his flag. Later he bought the unsuccessful America's cup trial boat Priscilla. On her he made numerous changes which materially improved her. The famous schooner Sea Fox was designed by Mr. Canfield for his own use, and this fine vessel is to-day one of our best cruising schooners.

Mr. Canfield is No. 131 on the roster of members of the New York Y. C., having joined that organization in 1884. He served twice as a member of the committee on the defense of the America's cup. He was also on the committee on measurement of the New York Y. C., and gave great assistance to that board in framing the new rule during 1902-3.

In 1883 Mr. Canfield was elected a member of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. He was elected commodore in 1886, and held that office until 1890.

ATLANTIC Y. C. SENDS FIRST ENTRY FOR N. Y. A. C. CUP.—Mr. T. Alfred Vernon, Secretary of the Atlantic Y. C., has entered the sloop Adeline for Mr. J. B. O'Donohue for the race to be given by the New York Atlantic Club. The contest is scheduled for June 25, and the boats will race from Whortleberry Island to North Harbor, Block Island. Adeline is a centerboard boat, 41ft. overall, 25ft. waterline, 10ft. 6in. breadth and 2ft. 6in. draft.

ARBEEKA SOLD.—Mr. J. B. Walker, editor Scientific American, has sold his knockabout, Arbeeka, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, to Mr. Ernest A. Gerken, Jersey City, N. J.

CRUISING LAUNCH FOR DR. CHARLES BRENTON.—A cabin cruising launch is being built at Mariner's Harbor, S. I., for Dr. Charles Brenton from designs made by Mr. Arthur Masters. The boat will be used next season on Narragansett Bay, and the following winter she will make a cruise to Florida. She is 56ft. 3in. over all, 54ft. 9in. waterline, 10ft. extreme breadth and 3ft. draft. A 20 horsepower Standard engine will give her a speed of about 12 miles.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. OF SAN FRANCISCO.—The yacht owners of the Corinthian Y. C., of San Francisco, met early in March to draw up a racing schedule for 1904. The following fixtures include several new events:

On May 1 the opening cruise in squadron; May 7, cruise to Petaluma drawbridge, returning the following day; May 21, cruise to Vallejo, returning the following day; May 30, annual regatta.

June 11 and 12, Point San Pablo and return; June 19, first outside cruise.

July 2, cruise to Army point; July 3, cruise to Vallejo through Montezuma slough, with handicap race back to clubhouse on the 4th; July 16, Paradise cove and return; July 24, non-yacht owners' day, handicap race in cruising rig.

August 6, second cruise to Petaluma draw bridge, yachts returning the following day. The annual cruise up river will take place from August 20 to 28.

September 3, cruise to Alviso, to visit members of South Bay Y. C.; September 17, cruise to Vallejo, returning the following day.

October 1, fleet will sail to Sausalito to join the fleet of the San Francisco Y. C. for the interclub "outside" cruise on the following day. October 22 the fleet will sail to Corinthian cove, and on the following day the annual games will take place. October 29 will be closing day, and the 30th the final cruise in squadron.

SEA FOX CHARTERED.—The schooner Sea Fox, owned by Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, has been chartered to Mr. Percy R. Pyne through Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane.

CHALLENGE CUPS FOR RACEABOUTS.—A challenge cup for raceabouts is to be offered by the members of the Indian Harbor Y. C. The conditions governing the races for the cup have not been decided upon but the details are now being arranged and will soon be made public.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

United States Revolver Association.

THE United States Revolver Association is a national organization formed for the purpose of encouraging, regulating and conducting pistol and revolver shooting under uniform conditions throughout the United States.

The national indoor championship contests for the pistol and revolver have just closed, being held simultaneously in the principal cities throughout the country under regulations that insured uniform conditions. The leading scores follow:

Revolver.

						Total.
S E Sears, St. Louis	95	95	96	96	96	478
Dr W H Luckett, New York	86	93	93	89	86	447
Lieut. R H Sayre, New York	81	83	86	83	92	425
E L Harpham, Chicago	86	80	83	84	85	418
A L A Himmelwright, New York	82	81	86	77	79	405
W E Proll, San Francisco	82	77	84	72	79	394
Henry Klotz, New York	86	80	67	76	83	392
W G Krieg, Chicago	87	65	71	83	86	392
Capt W B Martin, New York	79	77	68	81	78	383
Pistol.						
E H Kessler, St. Louis	90	89	92	90	89	450
Lieut. R H Sayre, New York	90	86	87	87	86	436
J A Dietz, Jr., New York	80	86	86	91	87	430
E L Harpham, Chicago	86	88	84	85	86	429
Henry Klotz, New York	89	81	75	88	81	414
Dr Dudley Smith, Oakland	76	79	80	80	80	395

The above scores were made on the Standard American target at a distance of 20yds.

The performance of Mr. Sears is remarkable. The best previous 50-shot revolver record at 20yds., was 464, made by Dr. Luckett, of New York city.

Dr. E. H. Kessler, of St. Louis, the winner of the indoor pistol championship, is one of the prominent officials of the St. Louis Sharpshooters' Association, and was recently chosen by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to take charge of the rifle and revolver tournament to be held there.

The matches were held in Boston, New York, Springfield, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco.

The conditions were as follows:

Indoor Revolver Championship.—Open to everybody; distance 20yds.; 50 shots on the Standard American target, reduced so that the 8-ring is 2.72in. in diameter. Arm, any revolver. Ammunition, any suitable smokeless gallery charge approved by the executive committee. The score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee, $5; no re-entries.

Prizes.—First, a silver cup, to be held until the next annual competition, the cup to become the property of the competitor winning it three times; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal. A bronze medal will also be awarded to any competitor, not a prize winner, making a score of 425 or better.

In 1901 first prize was won by W. E. Petty on a score of 439; second, J. A. Dietz, Jr., 439; third, R. H. Sayre, 433.

In 1902, first prize was won by W. E. Petty, on a score of 439; second, R. H. Sayre, 436; third, A. L. A. Himmelwright, 428.

In 1903, first prize was won by Wm. H. Luckett, on a score of 437; second, J. A. Dietz, Jr., 434; third, W. A. Smith, 427.

Indoor Pistol Championship.—Open to everybody; distance, 20yds.; 50 shots on the Standard American target, reduced so the 8-ring is 2.72in. in diameter. Arm, any pistol. Ammunition, any suitable smokeless gallery charge approved by the executive committee. Black powder ammunition allowed in .22cal. pistols. The score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee, $5; no re-entries.

Prizes.—First, a silver cup, to be held until the next annual competition, the cup to become the property of the competitor winning it three times; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal. A bronze medal will also be awarded to any competitor, not a prize winner, making a score of 435 or better.

In 1901, first prize was won by R. H. Sayre, with a score of 433; second, J. A. Dietz, Jr., 429; third, J. B. Crabtree, 427.

In 1902, first prize was won by R. H. Sayre, on a score of 448; second, J. A. Dietz, Jr., 428; third, A. L. A. Himmelwright, 408.

In 1903, first prize was won by T. Anderton, on a score of 460; second prize, J. A. Dietz, Jr., 456; third, R. H. Sayre, 446.

The New York Corps.

THIS corps closed its winter gallery contest on March 25.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: R. Gute 245, 244; J. Facklamm 241, 231; J. H. Hainhorst 230, 230; A. W. Lemcke 225, 232; B. Zettler 237, 228; J. N. F. Siebs 237, 239; C. Schmitz 225, 231; O. Schwanemann 237, 237; H. Lohden 226, 234; H. Haase 227, 231; F. Facompre 226, 232; J. C. Bonn 229, 227; H. Beckmann 224, 226; H. B. Michaelsen 229, 230; G. Offermann 233, 231; J. G. Tholke 230, 220; G. Thomas 225, 231; H. Gobber 225, 221; H. D. Meyer 228, 217; D. Pepper 223, 220; M. J. Then 225, 213, C. Konig 226, 216; H. Leopold 218, 228; C. Wahmann 214, 223; H. Koster 210, 221; P. Heidelberger 219, 226; W. Dahl 225, 217; N. C. L. Beversten 226, 216; F. Dierks 229, 211; J. H. Doscher 219, 215; H. Decker 209, 219; A. Evers 215, 219; H. C. Hainhorst 215, 215; L. C. Hagenah 212, 216; J. Jantzen 223, 202; J. C. Kruse 212, 210; H. Koster 217, 210; J. G. Voss 218, 210; H. Winter 214, 207; W. Schultz 217, 213; C. Roffmann 218, 217; H. Rottger 212, 215; H. Quinten 220, 215; R. Ohms 218, 212; H. Nordbruch 213, 219; J. H. Meyer 226, 207; H. Meyn 211, 212; H. Offermann, 209, 214; J. Paradies 205, 212; J. C. Brinkmann, 209, 217; C. Brinkama, 209, 217; H. R. Coplan 204, 209; J. C. Degenhardt 216, 197; D. H. Brinckmann 205, 201; M. von Dwingelo 210, 202; H. Heinecke 207, 203; H. Horenberger 212, 207; H. Haaren 177, 217; G. Junge 204, 218; H. Konig 203, 196; B. Kumm 133, 196; F. Schultz 199, 174; W. Schaefer 209, 197; C. Mann 188, 207; D. von der Lieth 205, 200; E. F. Lankenau 214, 201; J. May 197, 185; A. Lederhaus 185, 162; N. Jantzen 179, 163; N. W. Haaren 183, 193; Gus Hagenah 193, 150; L. L. Goldstein 173, 196; Aug. Beckmann 191, 198; J. Gobber 153, 131.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, the best center shot to count by measurement: F. Schultz 26½ degrees, R. Gute 32½, W. Dahl 34½, J. C. Bonn 36, J. W. Siebs 37½, H. Meyn 40, W. Schultz 41½, G. Offermann 44, F. Facompre 43, P. Hiedelberger 48½, H. D. Meyer 59½, A. W. Lemcke 63, J. H. Hainhorst 66, G. Voss 70½, A. Evers 71, C. Schmitz 75, H. Beckmann 79½, D. Pepper 80, J. Facklamm 81½, J. C. Degenhardt 83½, H. Offermann 95, H. Heinecke 98, H. Quinten 100½, J. C. Kruse 102, D. H. Brinckmann 117, H. Decker 131.

New York Central Corps.

AT the last shoot of the New York Central Corps on March 23, 10-shot scores, two to count, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., the scores made were as follows: R. Gute 244, 239, J. N. F. Siebs 242, 236; B. Eusner 242, 232; H. D. Muller 236, 235; D. Scharninghaus 244, 225; Ch. Gerken 234, 232; Geo. A. Viemeister 227, 239; F. Kast 236, 229; H. Rolfes 229, 233; F. Schraeder 233, 226; F. W. Wessel 227, 232; J. von der Lieth 228, 222; J. Feldscher 232, 223; H. Schroder 225, 220; W. Schillingmann 217, 224; F. Brodt 221, 221; F. Schiller 228, 214; A. Rohde 217, 213; M. Jaeger 210, 213; A. D. Ritterhoff 217, 225; J. Roffmann 208, 203; F. Engelken 217, 204; Ch. Tietjen 203, 212; H. A. Fecke 208, 205; G. Dettloff 213, 198; J. H. Speckmann, Jr., 212, 198; H. von der Lieth 214, 194.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, the best center shot to count by measurement: R. Gute 44 degrees; H. von der Lieth 46, G. A. Viemeister 48, H. Rolfes 55, Fritz Brodt 77.

Zettler Rifle Club.

AT the weekly gallery shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club, March 22, scores were as follows:

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance, 75ft.; 100 shots: Louis C. Buss 2451, Wm. A. Tewes 2448, L. P. Hansen 2438, Geo. Schlicht 2424, H. Fenwirth 2369, Maj. A. Rowland 2294.

Fifty shots: R. Gute 1220, E. Van Zandt 1206, A. Kronsberg 1205, Louis Maurer 1204, Chas. Zettler, Jr., 1201, Chas. Zettler, Sr., 1191, B. Zettler 1186, Aug. Begerow 1183, Geo. Bernius 1133, W. A. Hicks 1196.

Miller Rifle and Pistol Club.

AT the weekly gallery shoot of the Miller Club, March 23, 10 shots, distance 75ft., the following scores were made: F. Unbehaum 246, D. Miller 242, C. Bischoff 242, D. Dingmann 241, E. Doyle 240, R. W. Evans 235, R. A. Blake 231, L. Rodges, 226, C. Bayha 225, R. W. Dahlman 218.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

April 1.—Shingle House, Pa.—Owego Valley Rod and Gun Club seventh tournament. U. S. Dodge, Sec'y, Millport, Pa.
April 1-2.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club tournament.
April 2.—East Millstone, N. J., Gun Club merchandise and sweepstake shoot.
April 6.—Sheepshead Bay, L. I.—Eastern amateur target championship, on grounds of Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club.
April 6.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Ohio Valley Shooting Association Spring tournament.
April 6-7.—Bristol, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Bristol Gun Club. S. W. Rhea, Sec'y.
April 7.—Bethlehem, Pa.—Lehigh Rod and Gun Club of the Bethlehems all-day target tournament. H. F. Koch, Sec'y.
April 12-13.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Indiana League of Trapshooters' annual tournament.
April 16.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all day target shoot; free silver prizes. Dr. J. B. Pardoe, Sec'y.
April 18-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. F. Schmelzer & Son's Arms Co. fourth Interstate midwinter shooting tournament; targets and live birds.
April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Patriots' Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
April 19.—Wellington, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Mgr.
April 19.—Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club's eighth annual Patriots' Day tournament. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
April 19-21.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club's spring tournament. W. B. Kennedy, Sec'y.
April 20-21.—Rensselaer, Ind., Gun Club amateur tournament. Everette Brown, Mgr., Pleasant Grove, Ind.
April 21.—Easton, Pa.—The Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club's first annual target tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Sec'y.
April 23.—Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association's big merchandise shoot. J. R. Taylor, General Manager.
April 23.—Philadelphia.—Team shoot: Trenton University vs. University of Pennsylvania.
April 26.—Greenville, O., Gun Club amateur tournament. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.
*April 26-27.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club tournament. $100 added. Louis Lautenslager, Mgr.
April 26-29.—Kansas City.—Spring target tournament at Blue River Park. R. S. Elliott, Mgr.

April 27-28.—Americus, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club. H. S. McClesky, Sec'y.
April 28.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club's Fast Day shoot. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
April 30.—Princeton, N. J.—Team shoot: Princeton University vs. Crescent Athletic Club, of New York.
May 3-4.—Wabash, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
*May 3-4—Derry, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 3-5.—Junction City, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. E. L. Wetzig, Sec'y.
May 4-5.—Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club spring tournament.
May 4-5.—Nashville, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club. Charles Eastman, Sec'y.
May 7.—New Haven, Conn.—Intercollegiate shoot.
May 11-12.—Springfield, O., Gun Club's target tournament. Geo. Morgan, Sec'y.
May 11-13.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. J. Burmister, Sec'y.
May 12-13.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club annual spring tournament. W. W. Foord, Sec'y.
May 16-18.—Southern Trapshooters' Association's thirteenth tournament at targets, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club; $500 added. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y.
May 16-21.—York, Pa.—Tournament of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fifth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Cor. Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Dallas, Tex.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dallas Gun Club. E. A. Mosely, Sec'y.
May 17-19.—Davenport, Ia.—Cumberland Gun Club's annual amateur tournament. W. F. Kroy, Sec'y.
May 18.—Boston, Mass, Gun Club annual team target shoot. H. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 18-20.—Columbus, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament. G. A. Schroeder, Sec'y.
May 19-20.—Oklahoma City.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association fifth annual tournament; $300 added money. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.
May 20.—Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club tournament.
May 21.—Princeton, N. J.—Princeton University vs. University of Pennsylvania.
May 23-25.—Houston, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 24-25.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day target tournament.
May 24-25.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
*May 25-26.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 25-26.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club Spring shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
May 28-30.—Butte, Mont.—Montana State Sportsmen's Association eleventh annual tournament at targets; $500 added. C. H. Smith, Sec'y.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Secretary, Box 9, Newport, R. I.
May 30.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Spring tournament of the Enterprise Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club Decoration Day target shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
May 31.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer Island Gun Club spring target tournament. W. E. Kette, Sec'y.
June 1-3.—Watertown, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. F. J. Cory, Sec'y.
*June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State Shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.
June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Mgr.
June 14-16.—Akron, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League target tournament. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—New London, Ia., Gun Club midsummer tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 15-16.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. L. K. Forseythe, Sec'y.
*June 15-16.—Millvale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.— East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.
*July 6-7.—Kane, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen, Sec'y.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handicap tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
*July 13-14.—Scottdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.
July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 15-22.—Indian tournament; place determined later.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Mr. Frank E. Butler informs us that Annie Oakley (Mrs. F. E. Butler) has made a satisfactory settlement with certain Massachusetts newspapers for a libelous publication of some months ago, after one judicial decision was made in her favor.

From May 28 to 30, inclusive, are the dates fixed upon for the eleventh annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Butte. The competition will be at targets, and $500 will be added. The secretary is Mr. C. H. Smith, Butte.

The Princeton University trapshooting team will be in active competition in April and May. It will engage in team contests as follows: April 23, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; April 30, Crescent Athletic Club, of New York, at Princeton; May 21, University of Pennsylvania, at Princeton, and on May 7, the Intercollegiate contest is fixed to take place at New Haven. Mr. J. H. Slutesman, '05, was recently elected captain of the Princeton team, vice Mr. Pierce Archer, '04, resigned.

On some Saturday afternoon in April, the third team match will decide the supremacy of either the Ossining Gun Club or the Schenectady Gun Club, each having a win to its credit. The contest will take place on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

The beautiful trophy, emblematic of the eastern amateur individual target championship, to be shot for under the auspices of the Shepshead, L. I., Gun Club on April 6, is on exhibition in the window of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302-304 Broadway, New York.

The Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., has installed its traps, etc., on new grounds. The club has fixed upon May 30, Memorial Day, as the date for its third annual tournament. Programmes will be ready on May 1. The secretary is Mr. J. S. Coggeshall, Box 9, Newport, R. I.

The Highland Gun Club and the North Camden Gun Club, at Gorgas Station, Pennsylvania, March 26, held a fifteen-man team contest, 25 targets per man, the Highland team pressing the Camden team closely by the narrow margin of 33 targets. Scores: Camden 269 to 236 out of a possible 375 targets.

The Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association announces a big merchandise shoot, to be held on April 23, on the Interstate Fair grounds. Entrance fee, cost of targets. Three sets of traps. One handsome prize for best professional average. Send luggage to E. S. Applegate & Co. Mr. J. R. Taylor is general manager.

Lieut. H. Sauer, of the firm of J. P. Sauer & Son, after a visit of several months in the United States, chiefly in New York, returned to his home, Suhl, Germany, Tuesday of this week, on the S.S. Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. He was so pleased with America that he contemplates another visit next year to the United States.

The programme of the New Haven Gun Club's twenty-ninth annual tournament, fixed to be held on Friday of this week, provides fifteen target events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, totals of 190 targets and $15.33 entrance. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Targets 1½ cents. All shooters are invited. Mr. John E. Bassett is the secretary.

In a twenty-one-man team contest at Narberth, Pa., between teams of the Narberth Gun Club and the Meadow Springs Gun Club, 25 targets per man, the scores were 264 to 203 out of 525, in favor of the Narberth team. High man, Roberts, broke 19, and low man scored 5, so that the extreme possibilities of the contest were not strained to the utmost.

Mr. Edward Banks, now of Wilmington, Del., was a visitor in New York in the early part of this week. He was enthusiastic in his description of his new domicile. As we remember it, he could shoot magnificent, toothsome shad from his back door, and seine targets within a convenient distance landward. Still, he had some pleasant words for this restful town, New York.

Mr. T. H. Keller, of the Peters Cartridge Company, is due in New York from his recreative ocean voyage some day this week. The season of March gales peculiarly appealed to him for an enjoyable, benignant journey afloat, which, to the landsman who views things differently, would seem about equivalent to repose on a bucking bronco. May his shadow never grow less.

The Legislature of New Jersey adjourned recently without passing the anti-trapshooting pigeon bill, the purpose of which was to entirely prohibit the shooting of birds from the traps. This may be construed as a rebuke to the professional humanitarians and the sensational journals which seriously impeded legislation in New Jersey on important business matters by keeping before the Legislature an anti-shooting bill which relatively was insignificant in importance.

The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., announces two shoots for April, the first one to be held on April 3. For the main event of the second shoot; on April 17 a prize contest at 100 targets is on the programme. A hand-painted stein, donated by one of the club members, will be the reward of the winner. A distance handicap will govern. No entrance fee, and everybody is eligible. Targets, 1½ cents. Mr. Jas. Hughes, 831 Pavonia avenue, is the secretary.

The seventh contest of the live-bird series at the Point Breeze race track, Philadelphia, on Saturday of last week had fifteen contestants, and of these, Mr. A. A. Felix was alone on an individual pinnacle of excellence, having killed all the 10 birds straight in the presence of the other fourteen who had not. He further accentuated his superiority by defeating Murphy in a 10-bird match by killing them all, and yet the race was close, his opponent being only 2 behind.

New Orleans, La., recently manifested some disapproval of live pigeon shooting at the traps, through the action of the Board of Directors of the Louisiana State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Board considered such shooting unnecessary and a violation of the State laws, and it adopted a resolution to instruct its counsel to take measures to prevent pigeon shooting. This action was in the main evoked by a match at 100 pigeons at New Orleans, between the famous sportsmen Messrs. Norvin T. Harris and R. E. Saucier, for $100 a side on March 5. The scores were: Saucier 81, Harris 72. The agent of the Louisiana State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals interposed to prevent it, but he failed in his purpose. This, of course, only incited the society to greater effort.

Barring the little tiff between Russia and Japan, concerning which the Associated Press Board of Strategy destroys one navy or the other each day and restores it intact the next day for future consumption, shooting has been very dull during 1904 up to the present time, considered from a general viewpoint. It is notable also, as it concerns shooting at the traps, that no one this year yet has discovered and published a system governing the division of the moneys whereby in a contest each participant divides first money, wins it alone, or at the worst saves his entrance fee unimpaired. In the past, the general activity in practically testing how an infallible system worked to make a winner out of a loser, made activity in sweepstake matters till it was gravely determined that, nevertheless, some shot better than others and won, or else there was the paradox that where all were winners all were losers.

The programme of Messrs. R. S. Elliott & Co.'s first annual target interstate shooting tournament, to be held at Kansas City, Mo., April 26-29, is now ready for distribution. First two days are at targets; the other days at pigeons. April 25 is practice day. The target programme is alike each day—ten events, 20 targets, $2 entrance, $10 added. To professionals and amateurs respectively, $25 for high average, two moneys. April 28, Interstate amateur five-man team shoot, 20 birds, entrance $25; optional sweep, $10. Rose system, 7, 5, 3, 2; $100 cup to the winning team; cup subject to challenge for one year, redeemable by R. S. Elliott & Co. at their next annual tournament in 1905 at $100. April 29, individual amateur interstate challenge cup, 25 birds, $20 entrance, Rose system, 7, 5, 3, 2. Professionals may shoot for money only; any one may shoot for the cup, entrance, price of birds, $6.25. Cup redeemable under same conditions as team cup. Also merchandise prizes, competition open to amateurs only, will be the subject of target competition.

BERNARD WATERS.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—The club members celebrated their farewell to the old grounds on Wednesday with the regular semi-monthly badge contest. Nine faced the traps, and the resultant scores were fairly good as a whole, Manchester annexing another win with 43.

The day was a delightful one for March; every one felt it good to be out of doors.

The matter of new grounds has been in the hands of a committee for some weeks. A selection of a lot has been made, and the club house and traps are now bound thither. The new location is on Bliss Mine road, a trifle longer walk from the trolley, but still no further from town. The old five-trap system will be retained, it being found impossible to use two sets of traps, as it was hoped to do. Now that the matter of new grounds is settled, arrangements can and will be made for the third annual on May 30.

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Total.
Manchester	10	8	9	8	8	43
Hughes	6	8	8	9	9	40
Alexander	8	7	8	9	7	39
Peckham	7	8	8	9	7	39
Bowler	7	7	6	7	7	34
Powel	8	6	5	6	8	33
Dring	8	7	4	6	8	33
Macomber	3	3	4	6	7	23
Griffin	5	6	..	..	..	11

The third annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club will be held on Memorial Day, May 30, when it is hoped the success of former tournaments will be repeated. Programmes will be ready about May 1, and may be had on application to J. S. Coggeshall, Secretary, Box 19, Newport, R. I.

Tippecanoe City.

The Tipp City Fish and Game Protective Association was organized on March 15, at Tippecanoe City, O., with the following officers: John Rohrer, President; H. J. Harshberger, Vice-President; Frank D. Nunlist, Secretary and Treasurer; Directors, Geo. Fry, W. F. Bennett. The club started with thirty-three charter members, and proposes to look after game interests in their locality. They are deeply interested, want the laws enforced, and will do all possible to that end. They will also work for the restocking of the streams with fish.

The Tipp Gun Club, of Tippecanoe City, met with a severe loss in the death of the secretary, Mr. H. E. Brier, and has done no shooting for over two months. Probably when the weather becomes settled the sport will be taken up again.

BONASA.

Trap at Pinehurst.

PINEHURST, N. C.—The weekly contest at the traps at Pinehurst had a 60-target contest for the main event. The targets were divided into 30 singles and 15 pairs.

Mr. M. H. Wilson, of Cleveland, with a handicap of 8 targets, won with a net score of 41. Mr. A. E. Lard, of Washington, D. C., scratch, was 38.

Other scores, handicaps added, were: C. A. Lockwood, New York, 24; Arthur C. Ketcham, New York, 23; Edward C. Hoyt, New York, 22; J. D. Wescott, Union City, Pa., and J. Howard Edwards, Brookline, Mass., 19.

Two 10-target events followed, Mr. Lockwood winning the first with 8, and Mr. Wilson the second with 9.

Dubuque Gun Club.

DUBUQUE, Ia., March 26.—The Dubuque Gun Club held its seventh weekly trophy shoot on Friday, March 25. A strong north wind made the flight of targets very erratic and assisted materially in reducing scores. Each man shot at 50 targets. Scores:

Class A: J. O'Brien 45, A. J. Schmid 40.
Class B: A. Y. McDonald 36.
Class C: Ed. Ryan 39, H. Michel 38, Dr. B. Michel 36, J. Murphy 36, J. McDonald 28, J. B. Iles 26, H. Knoernschild 25.

F. M. JAEGER, Sec'y.

For New Hampshire Shooters.

WINCHESTER, N. H., March 28.—The championship trophy, the handsome cup given by the Peters Cartridge Company to the State of New Hampshire, is on exhibition this week in Mr. O. H. Sleeper's window, Exeter, N. H.

The present holder of this trophy is Mr. L. R. Nelson, Winchester, N. H. The trophy is subject to challenge at any time by any man in the State.

It is a very handsome cup, one that all lovers of trapshooting should see and take an interest in.

L. R. NELSON.

Cleveland Gun Club.

The prize package shoot of the club held on March 19 at 40 targets, was attended by a big crowd, and was an interesting affair. The scores: Jack 36, Hall 35, Eadie 32, J. F. 31, Cannon 30, Hopkins 28, North 26, Fitz 26, Mack 26, Battles 26, Klint 24, Bigelow 22, Hull 22, Freeman 17, Purcell 12.

Shoot-off of ties on 26, 20 targets: North 15, Mack 12, Battles 9, Fitz 8.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., March 22.—The weather was extremely unpropitious, raw, rainy, cloudy and dismal generally. Considering the bad weather conditions, the birds were a good lot. The March shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club was held at Outwater's, and the scores made were as follows, in the club event at 10 birds:

G Van Valkenberg	28	..	2222222022— 9
J A Belden	28	6	011*220211— 7
L H Schorty	30	7	22222122*2— 9
A G Wilson	28	6½	0002212222— 7
F Gardella	26	5½	0*01102022— 5
R Baudendistel	28	5½	2111102122— 9
J Kreeb	28	5½	1000010010— 3
F Trostel	28	6½	120110*111— 7
J Shappert	26	..	1202000020— 4
E A Meckel	28	7	0000020111— 4
J Klenk	28	5½	1111211122—10
J Hughes	26	5	1121010211— 8
J H Doherty	26	4	12201020*2— 7
H Forster	30	7	1*00112102— 6
C Lang	28	6½	0212221200— 7
P Albert	28	7	1002121111— 8
P Garms.	28	6½	0102212*11— 7
J H Sclg	26	4	0200000001— 2
Col J H Voss	30	7	11*0111102— 7
J P Dannefelser	28	5½	2120201112— 8
C Weber	28	6	1*21222*20— 7
P Woelfel	28	6½	0121222202— 8
J Cunningham	26	..	0010022102— 5

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., March 20.—On this date a successful shoot was held by the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City. The day was fine, and everybody seemed to have a good time.

This club holds two shoots in April—3 and 17. On the last date there will be a 100-target event. The prize will be a hand-painted stein, donated by one of the members. In this event, distance handicaps will be used. There will be no entrance fee, and the price of targets will be 1½ cents. Everybody is eligible. Don't forget the date.

Targets:	25	25	25	10	25	25	15
Staples	23	22	22	9	22	18	8
Pape	14	17	15	..	20	..	..
Pape, Jr	13	13	14	..	17	..	..
Cottrell	10	10	16	..	..	..	..
Gille	17	15	..	..	..	..	8
Van Dyne	16	11	12	..	19	..	..
Schieman	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hughes	16	14	18	..	..	..	..
Piercy	14	24	21	..	20	20	..
Pearsall	21	22	20	..	19	..	..
Whitley	15	13	..	..	..	..	..
Headden	13	10	12	..	..	..	..
Clifton	19	12	18	..	16	..	..
Maj Stag	..	15	10	5	16	14	7
Smith	..	18	20	10	16	..	..
Doran	..	15	..	6	..	..	..
H Pearsall	..	19	12	..	18	..	..
O'Brien	..	..	..	..	..	..	11

JAS. HUGHES.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., March 26.—The scores made at the shoot of the Trenton Shooting Association are appended. L. Emann and J. Taylor shot off a tie for the trophy in event 1, and Taylor won, also winning it again in the regular competition. One more win by Mr. Taylor and the trophy is his property.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	25	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	25	*	25
Squier	25	12	13	14	12	15	23	..	..	..	..	25
Taylor	25	14	8	11	13	..	..	19	23	21	9	..
Farlee	24	14	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brindley	22	13	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F W M	22	13	13	..	13	14	20	21	21	21	7	..
Fritz	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Emann	22	15	14	14	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jules	20	13	15	10	11	13	21	21	21	18	4	..
W H M	20	11	13	11	13	12	20	20	18	23	6	..
Rowan	19	9	7	10	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilkes	19	14	10	14	11	13	23	21	22	..	..	..
Baker	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williams	19	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W D Wilson	15	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carson	9	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Brown	8	8	..	..	..	8	18	..	21	..	..	..
Phillips	..	10	10	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T M M	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., March 26.—Event 5, the trophy shoot, was won by Mr. Geo. Allison. Handicaps apply to that event only.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	15	15	15	25	10	25
F Truax, 0	21	10	10	11	19	..	..
H H Schramm, 10	20	10	9	13	8	8	17
J Leasenfeld, 10	16	10	6	13	9	..	..
C E Eickhoff, 3	18	12	9	9	14	7	..
J Morrison, 2	20	10	12	10	20	10	..
Ph Luiesch, 10	17	..	..	..	7	..	..
J Allison, 4	..	..	..	..	14	..	..

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., March 26.—The cup shoot this afternoon was very well attended, over twenty taking part.

Although the sky was overcast, and the wind at times quite blustery, the weather conditions were generally favorable, and all present had a good time.

Arrangements had been made with a Newark photographer to take a large picture of the club, which was done when the shoot was about half over.

Interest has been increasing of late. The club has added to its membership quite largely, and is in a very prosperous condition.

Messrs. Schneider, Cross and Case, Jr., were the guests of the club.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Hartshorn	7	4	5	2	6	1	4	5	..	..
P Harrison	6	5	7	5	8	*7	*7	*3	*8	*5
Holsderber	*10	*8	*7	*7	*8	*8	*9	*6	6	..
Winslow	4	4	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Geo Batten	5	2	3	6	8	6	..	..	..	..
Gunther	7	7	8	8	9	*9	*10	*10	*8	*8
Wheeler	6	7	5	5	7	..	..	..	..	..
Cockefair	*9	*8	*9	*7	*5	*9	*10	*8	..	..
Howard	8	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Case	6	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Case, Jr.	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cross	6	6	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
C W Kendall	6	*7	*7	*4	*3	*6	*9	*8	*10	*7
Schneider	9	9	9	9	6	7	9	8	9	9
Babcock	9	*8	*9	*10	*7	*7	*9	..	..	..
Holloway	*5	*8	*8	*6	*8	*6	*5	..	..	..
Benson	8	*8	*8	*9	*5	*8	..	..	..	..
Allan	4	*4	*5	*6	*5	*8	*5	..	..	..
Perley	*7	*9	*8	*10	*8	*8	*9	*6	10	..
Crane	7	*7	*4	*4	*4	*3	..	..	..	..

Scores marked * count on cup contest.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J,. March 26.—At the shoot to-day of the Franklin Gun Club the scores were as follows: John Williams broke 20 out of 32; Ander Wright, 26 out of 34; Frank Kishpaugh, 40 out of 55; Alf. Wright, 25 out of 37; Milt Morgan, 22 out of 40; Frank Morgan, 7 out of 14; Fred Southard, 4 out of 24; Frank Ramage, 7 out of 25.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., March 24.—The shoot to-day was a special and the attendance was notable as to the aggregate of ripe ages, a majority of the contestants having passed the half-century mark. Mr. J. Tappan was badly handicapped by imperfect eyesight. The scores:

Team match, 25 targets:

Pillion	10	Cruson	10
McKane	20	Montanus, Jr.	18
Suss	7	Dr Goubeaud	10
Montanus, Sr.	8	Bush	9
Fransioli	8—52	Tappan	5—52

Second team match, 25 targets:

McKane	19	Montanus, Jr.	19
Pillion	12	Suss	8
Fransioli	7	Montanus, Sr.	12
Dr Goubeaud	12	Cruson	9
Tappan	0—50	Bush	9—57

Two 10-target events resulted as follows: Pillion 5, Suss 3, Cruson 4, Goubeaud 4, Fransioli 4, Montanus, Sr., 1, Montanus, Jr., 8, Bush 6.

Second event: Pillion 5, Cruson 5, Montanus, Sr., 2, Montanus, Jr., 6, Bush 5, Tappan 1, McKane 8.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., March 26.—A light attendance marked the close of the shooting season of the Crescent Athletic Club. Mr. F. B. Stephenson's three scores of 22, 24, and 21 proved to be the winning performances in the March cup contest. Scores:

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: C. Kenyon, Jr., (3) 15, H. C. Werleman (4) 12, Capt. Money (0) 12, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., (4) 10, Dr. Pool (2) 10, H. B. Vandcrveer (1) 9, W. W. Marshall (3) 9, L. C. Hopkins (1) 8, Geo. W. Meeker (2) 7.

March cup, 25 targets: Brigham (0) 21, Werleman (7) 21, F. B. Stephenson (1) 20, G. B. Stephenson, Jr., (2) 20.

Sauer gun, 25 targets: F. B. Stephenson (1) 24, A. G. Southworth (1) 22, Brigham (0) 22, Money (1) 20.

Shoot-off, 25 targets: F. B. Stephenson (1) 23, H. C. Werleman (7) 21.

Springfield Shooting Club.

THE Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club will hold one of their popular all-day tournaments at clay targets on Patriots' Day, Aril 17. Shooting will begin at 9:30 A. M. The programme calls for three 10, five 15, one 20, and two 25-target events; 175 targets in all; $17 entrance in the sweeps; $5 in gold to the amateur making high average shooting the entire programme. Purses will be divided by the Rose system, four moneys; less than ten entries, three moneys. In addition to the regular programme, the club will run a national sportsman contest. This will be a 25-target event; open to all amateurs; $1 entrance, targets extra. Value of prizes depends on number of entries received. Handicaps will be arranged in this event from 16 to 25yds. mark.



Springfield Shooting Club's House and Grounds.

Professionals and paid experts allowed to shoot for targets only in order to advertise their goods. Sweepstakes being optional, any one may enter any event for price of targets only. Targets included in all events at 2 cents each. To reach the club grounds take Indian Orchard or Palmer cars to Red House Crossing; grounds one minute walk from car line. Guns and ammunition shipped to the secretary, C. L. Kites, 499 Main street, will be delivered on grounds free of charge. Lunch will be served at club house. Loaded shells will also be for sale. Programmes are now ready, and may be procured by addressing the secretary.

During the season the club members will shoot for a gold badge.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., March 26.—The next regular practice shoot of the Ossining Gun Club will be held on April 2, at 2 P. M. The members are requested to make a special effort to be present, as there will be three prizes to compete for.

The captain of the Schenectady Gun Club, Mr. Valentine Wallburg, has sent a challenge to the Ossining Gun Club to shoot a long deferred match between these two clubs, to be shot on neutral grounds. Poughkeepsie is to be the battleground, and as each one of these clubs has a match to its credit, this final match will be of particular interest. At the last team shoot, which was held at Schenectady, the winning team won by 3 targets, with a general percentage of 879, ten men up.

Members of the Ossining team and aspirants for same, will try to be present for practice on April 2, as this team shoot is to be held some Saturday afternoon during the month of April.

C. G. B., Captain.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 24.—The sun shone brightly and the air was warm to-day. The conditions were just right for trapshooting.

The trap was speeded up and the targets thrown 70yds., giving excellent practice. Some of the boys could hardly adapt themselves to the changes of speed, and scores suffered.

Capt. Traver, as usual, shot in good form; and Du Bois also gave a good account of himself. Hans was unused to the gun he was shooting, but toward the last began to "get on." Du Bois captured the cup with a full score, with Traver and Winans but one point to the bad. Marshall did some good work, but was a little unsteady at times. Buckley has just recovered from a serious illness; therefore was in no condition to shoot well. D'Arcy is a new one, willing to learn. Smith can do better, and will, next time. Seores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25
Traver	9	..	9	..	10	..	..	..	8	21	22
J Rhodes	5	6	4	6	3	6	5	..	..	19	..
Du Bois	8	7	..	7	7	8	..	..	..	21	..
Hans	4	6	4	..	..	9	..	7	7	..	..
Winans	..	8	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	18	..
Smith	..	..	7	5	2	2	7	..	..	14	..
Claymark	..	..	7	3	3	4	..	4	..	14	14
Buckley	..	..	..	3	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Marshall	..	..	..	..	9	9	6	10	6	13	10
D'Arcy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..
Cheney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..

Traver cup:

	Broke.	Hcp.	Tot'l.		Broke.	Hcp.	Tot'l.
Traver	21	3	24	Smith	14	4	18
J Rhodes	19	4	23	Winans	18	6	24
Claymark	14	6	20	Du Bois	21	4	25
Marshall	13	4	17	Cheney	6	7	13

Dayid N. Tallmann, of Willmar, Minn., was the guest of his brother, Isaac Tallman, the well-known amateur trapshooter, of Millbrook, N. Y., last week. For a little amusement the two brothers shot three 100-target matches, the last two of which were shot the same afternoon. Scores made were as follows:

*D N Tallman	95	90	67	275	252
I Tallman	94	99	98	300	291

*Shot at only 75 targets in the last match.

In the last 200 Ike smashed 197, which is pretty fast work. Mr. Tallman is a member of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

SNANIWEH.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., March 26.—The afternoon was not the best in respect to weather conditions, rain threatening and a high wind prevailing during the latter part of the shoot. In the merchandise event, the winner had his choice between 50 pounds of delectable coffee or $20, of the medium of which makes the mare go. Of the twelve chances which were taken, Messrs. Vandergrift and Jenkins remained permanently, the others being eliminated by the interesting process known commonly as miss-and-out. The twelve chances and their doings were recorded as follows:

Prize handicap shoot, miss-and-out, contestants limited to two chances, $2 per chance: First chance—Vandergrift, 30yds., 8; Frank, 30yds., 7; Geikler, 28yds., 6; W. T. Smith, 28yds., 7; Jenkins, 28yds., 3; Morris, 28yds., 0.

Second chance—Vandergrift 8, Jenkins 8, Geikler 6, Frank 6, Morris 4, Smith 1.

A 15-bird event next entertained the gladiators, John Morris taking off the top usufruct with 15 straight, and A. Frank was camping close on his heels with 14, his tenth bird having taken wings to itself and flew away. The conditions were: Open handicap, 15 live birds, $5 entrance, three moneys:

John Morris	222212222211221—15	J Morris, Jr.	20222102*210222—11
F Frank	222212222012222—14	C Jenkins	11202101*111210—11
J Vandergrift	2121120220221 21—13	W T Smith	1122010021*1120—10
C Geikler	222222222221*02—13	J Williams	202022012111010—10

There are two misfortunes in a sweepstake, one being when no one scores anything; the other when everybody scores everything. The following was a happy medium:

Open handicap, swecpstake, 7 birds, $3 entrance, three moneys:

Geikler	2222222—7	Frank	2222202—6
Smith	2222222—7	J Morris	1210112—6
Vandergrift	1111112—7	C Jenkins	0120101—4

Open handicap, sweepstake, $3 entrance, three moneys:

Geikler	2222222—7	Vandergrift	2101012—5
Smith	2122221—7	Jenkins	211*020—4
Morris	2222002—5		

Trap at Point Breeze.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 26.—At the Point Breeze race track to-day the seventh contest of the live-bird series took place. There were fifteen contestants. Mr. A. A. Felix killed all his 10 birds and was alone in skill in that event. The scores:

Felix, 28	2121222122—10	Aiman, 26	200*022222— 6
Bender, 27	0212111121— 9	Schoenfeldt, 26	2*21002210— 6
Murphy, 26	22*2022122— 8	Simmons, 26	22202*2102— 7
Dr Charlton, 26	*021222222— 8	Leaming, 26	2022*2021*— 6
W Charlton, 26	12202222*2— 8	Frceman, 27	*2202*2210— 6
Fisher, 28	22222202*2— 8	Devinney, 26	0220202220— 6
Clegg, 26	201222*221— 8	Paulson, 26	22*2002*20— 5
Scott, 28	12222*20*2— 7		

Good Tackle Means Success.

EVEN the generous size of the page in Forest and Stream does not give sufficient space to carry out the argument of good tackle as an essential to success; nor does it occur to us that a cold type argument is necessary to the angler who knows his business. Without good tackle we all know success to be next to impossible. The joys of fishing are best known where break-downs do not occur. Pursuant to this thought, we are mentioning in this advertisement different articles for the fisherman that we know will contribute to the success of all his outings in search of fish. Even this space does not enable us to mention very many articles in our tackle department, but what we do not mention here you will find in our big new catalogue. If you will send for it, you will find every need supplied there.



GOOD TACKLE MEANS SUCCESS.

RODS. We call special attention to our new hand-made bait casting rod, the "Hercules Hexagonal Split Bamboo," 5½ to 6 ft. long, weighing 6 to 7 oz. These rods, with one of the New "Gayle" Kentucky casting reels with drag and click, will weigh together about 10 oz. and make an outfit impossible to beat. These will be our leaders this season and are made in two qualities, $15.00 and $25.00 net each.

The "Gayle" Kentucky reel specially adapted to these rods costs $15.00 net each.

Our Assortment of **hand=made** Split Bamboo, Greenheart and Lancewood Fly and Bait rods are most complete and up-to-date, varying in price from $10.00 to $30.00. They weigh from 3 to 6 oz. and are from 8½ to 10 ft. long.

We make no specialty of cheap rods but carry a few costing from 50 cents up to $5.00.

We carry a full line of Bristol Steel rods, both in Fly and Bait. Salt water tackle we have a full line.

REELS. We are the Eastern Agents for the **celebrated "Gayle" Kentucky Reels** and carry a complete line of these, and our line of Vom Hofe's Reels includes the very latest models.

LEADERS. We pride ourselves on our Leaders. These are all made especially for us from the best imported gut, selected by experts in the business.

FLIES and HOOKS. Our Flies are all tied by experts to our special order, with selected gut, and these must not be confounded with the cheap products offered in this market.

We do not sell factory tied hooks on gut, but all our hooks are tied to selected gut to our orders.

ARTIFICIAL BAIT. We import all the different kinds of Minnows, Frogs, Grasshoppers, and make it our business to get the very best that money can buy.

The **"Silver soldier" bait,** for which we are the Sole Agents, is the most killing of all artificial baits. This is made in 3 sizes. Large for Striped Bass, Weakfish, Sea Bass, etc. Medium size for Lake and Salmon Trout, Black and Oswego Bass, Pickerel, etc. Small for Brook Trout, Bass, Pickerel, Perch, Sunfish, etc.

Of Silk enameled, braided oiled silk, and linen lines, Tackle Books, and Boxes, Baskets, Rod and Reel Cases, Bait Pails, etc., we carry a full line.

VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD,

318 BROADWAY, - - - - NEW YORK CITY.

The Disappointments of a Fisherman.

THERE are at best many disappointments that must be suffered in silence and make "liars" of all men. Flooded streams happen, low streams occur and East winds do blow, nor can the fisherman control these things. Worse still these conditions often exist when he is actually fishing and he may have only three or four days at that particular time in which to fish. Thus some morning, duties call him home, and as he starts he finds that the torrents have ceased, the streams become normal, and the warm sun, as he drives across the bridge, embitters the day. On the other hand the reverse of these disagreeable things is known to all anglers. Placid brooks, dancing sunbeams and the joys that come with the rise of the trout furnish him with memories glorious, lasting until he can go again. The ingenuity of man has provided him with the wherewithal to bring the fish to his net. Competition, however, has done much to do away with "merit" in the manufacturing of fishing tackle. This applies to rods, lines, reels, leaders and flies, articles that even the expert can know little of until the test is made; and then comes the disappointment of the fisherman, should his tackle go bad. The selection of his tackle the fisherman can control. "Avoid cheap tackle" is good advice. Cheap tackle and bad weather are a combination that tends to make back-sliders of good men. The articles listed here will stand the test.

REELS.

Single Action.

Vom Hofe's Rubber and German Silver, Metal Safety Bands, Steel Click, Cog Spring and Ratchet.

		EACH.
No. 82.	40 yards	$4.50
" 83.	60 yards	4.75

Single Action.

Vom Hofe's Rubber, Screw-off Metal Revolving Plate, Steel Spring and Click, Nickel-plated.

		EACH.
No. 62.	40 yards	$1.60
" 63.	60 yards	1.75

Single Action.

Vom Hofe's Hard Rubber, Rubber Safety Band, Flush Balance Handle, Back Sliding Click, Nickel-plated.

		EACH.
No. 52.	40 yards	$1.35
" 53.	60 yards	1.50

Double Multiplying.

Vom Hofe's Patent Rubber and Nickel-plated, Raised Pillar, Back Sliding Click, Patent Adjusting Pivot Cap, Steel Spring and Ratchet.

Nos.,	302	303	304	305	307	308	309
Yards,	40	60	80	100	200	250	300
Each,	$2.75	3.00	3.25	3.50	4.50	5.00	5.50

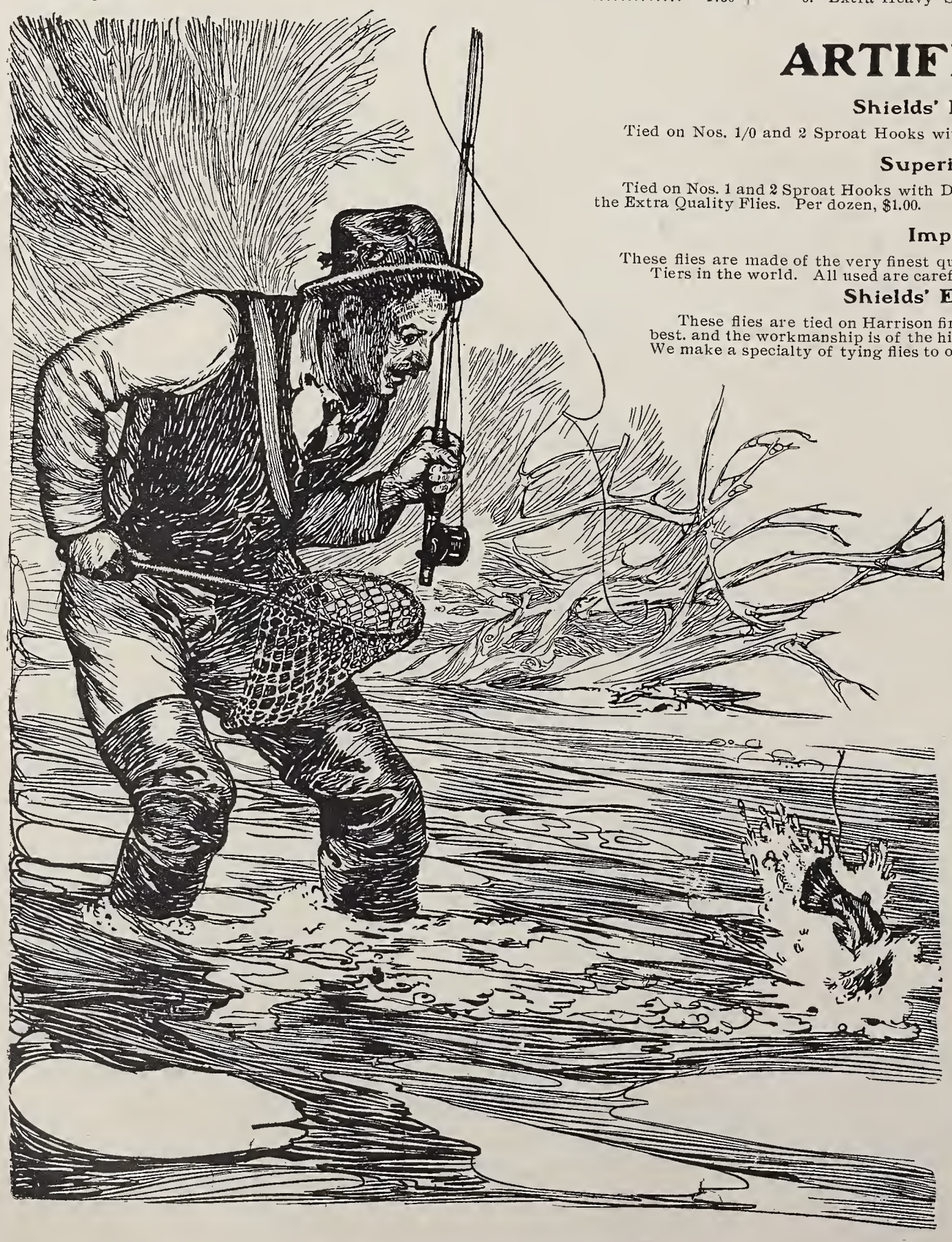
Double Multiplying.

Vom Hofe's Patent Rubber and Nickel-plated, Back Sliding Click, Patent Adjusting Pivot Cap, Steel Spring and Ratchet.

Nos.	323	324	325	327	328	329
Yards,	60	80	100	200	250	300
Each,	$4.25	4.50	5.25	6.50	7.50	9.00

Looped Leaders.

		1 yd.	2 yds.	3 yds.
No. 11.	Extra Lake Trout. ..... each	$0.20	$0.40	$0.60
" 12.	Extra Salmon..... "	.25	.50	.75
" 6.	Extra Heavy Salmon..... "	.75	1.50	2.25



The Disappointments of a Fisherman.

ARTIFICIAL FLIES.

Shields' Extra Quality Bass Flies.

Tied on Nos. 1/0 and 2 Sproat Hooks with reinforced snells. The following styles carried in stock:—

Superior Quality Bass Flies.

Tied on Nos. 1 and 2 Sproat Hooks with Double Gut Snells—one on a card. We carry the same patterns as in the Extra Quality Flies. Per dozen, $1.00.

Imported Salmon Flies.

These flies are made of the very finest quality hooks and material. They are made by the most expert Fly Tiers in the world. All used are carefully tested. Below we name a few of the most successful patterns.

Shields' Extra Quality Lake Trout Flies.

These flies are tied on Harrison first quality Sproat Hooks from 2 to 14. The material used is the very best. and the workmanship is of the highest class. All these flies from 2 to 6 are tied with reinforced snell. We make a specialty of tying flies to order and to sample.

Sagamore Enameled Waterproof Braided Silk Fly Lines.

These lines are made from the highest cost pure silk and are absolutely waterproof. They are the best lines ever offered, and as nearly perfect in finish, wearing qualities and strength as it is possible to make.

RODS.

EACH.

No. 820½. Three-piece Fly Rod, Selected Bamboo, with Butt swelled nearly to the size of the Reel Seat, Fine German Silver Mountings, Solid Metal Reel Seat and Welted Ferrules, Silk Wound Rings and Keepers, wound at close intervals with two colors of silk, Extra Tip. Cork Grip, finely finished; all in flannel-covered wood form and cloth bag; length, 9½ and 10 feet $7.50

No. 820. Three-piece Bait Rod, Selected Bamboo, with Butt swelled nearly to the size of the Reel Seat, Fine German Silver Mountings, Solid Metal Reel Seat and Welted Ferrules, Silk Wound Guides, wound at close intervals with silk, Extra Tip. Cork Grip, finely finished; all in flannel-covered wood form and cloth bag; length, 9 and 10 feet 7.50

Rod repairing a specialty.

Sagamore Split Bamboo Rods.

EACH.

No. S. F. Three-piece Fly Rod, specially selected Calcutta Bamboo, six strips firmly cemented together, the bamboo extending the entire length of the Grip, Full German Silver Mounted, Hand-made Reel Plate and Welted Ferrules, Silk Wound Rings and Keepers, close cluster windings of fine silk, Solid Cork Grip, Extra Tip, put up in canvas partition bag and bamboo tip case; length, 9, 9½, 10, 10½ feet $10.00

No. S. B. Three-piece Bait Rod, specially selected Calcutta Bamboo, six strips firmly cemented together, the bamboo extending the entire length of the Grip, Full German Silver Mounted. Hand-made Reel Seat and Welted Ferrules. Silk Wound Guides. close cluster windings of fine silk. Solid Cork Grip, Extra Tip; put up in canvas partition bag and bamboo tip case; length 8¼ and 9½ ft. 10.00

The Johnson Split Bamboo Rods.

This Rod is made for us of the best selected stock, German Silver Hand-made Mountings, Swelled Butt, fine cluster silk windings, Cork Handle, beautifully finished; put up in bamboo tip case and canvas partition bag. We fully guarantee this rod. It is the finest rod *ever* offered for the price.

EACH.

No. J. F. Three-piece Fly Rod, Extra Tip; length, 9, 9½, 10, 10½ feet $15.00

No. J. B. Three-piece Bait Rod, Extra Tip; l'gth 8¼ & 9½ ft. 15.00

P. S.—We buy Second-hand Guns of good make and that are in good condition. We pay Cash for them. What have you got? Write us.

IVER JOHNSON SPORTING GOODS CO., 163 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.



AMMUNITION

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114-116 Market Street, San Francisco.

Crawfordsville (Ind.) Gun Club.

The attendance at the Crawfordsville tournament, March 23 and 24, was not as large as was anticipated, owing to the bad weather which prevailed for some days previous.

The club has grounds containing about eight acres and all conveniences for accommodating a crowd. The grounds are within a short walk of the center of the city. Mr. John Dietrich is superintendent, and performs his duties well. Dinner was served each day in the club house by Mrs. Dietrich, who is noted for her exceptional qualities as a culinary artist.

The targets were thrown at least 60yds, and, aided by the wind, were so swift that few were centered, and many were badly dusted. There were no complaints of "easy targets" at this tournament, as has been the case betimes in the past.

March 23, First Day.

The first day was dark and windy. Twenty-eight shooters took part, twelve shooting the entire programme of 215 targets. Wiggins was high gun with 192. Lord second with 190. Moeller and Head third with 187 each. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	15	Total.
Wiggins	8	12	19	14	19	13	18	14	17	14	19	13	12	192
*Lord	9	14	16	13	20	12	15	15	18	11	17	15	15	190
Moeller	8	13	18	12	17	13	19	12	19	12	16	14	14	187
*Head	10	11	19	11	17	14	13	15	17	14	18	14	14	187
Faust	6	13	18	11	20	11	18	13	19	14	18	12	13	186
Voris	8	15	16	13	16	14	15	14	18	13	15	13	14	184
*R Trimble	5	10	18	13	16	12	18	14	17	12	19	10	14	178
Long	7	13	17	13	18	10	18	13	12	10	18	14	14	177
Brown	8	13	12	12	15	13	17	15	18	11	17	9	15	175
Partington	10	11	19	12	17	15	19	13	20	13	16	9	..	174
Vietmeyer	8	11	18	11	19	12	14	14	10	20	14	11	11	173
Myrick	9	11	18	11	15	11	16	12	17	12	15	12	14	173
Clark	9	12	16	10	18	11	14	12	16	12	18	12	13	173
Stillwell	5	12	14	9	17	12	13	..	16	10	17	11	12	151
Maxfield	9	8	14	15	14	12	11	8	16	11	16	8	..	142
Lamme	..	..	..	13	15	12	19	12	17	12	17	12	13	142
Cook	8	13	15	8	13	12	16	12	14	..	..	..	14	125
Jeffers	5	12	16	9	18	12	17	7	..	..	17	..	..	113
Slow	9	11	..	11	12	10	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	76
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	10	16	11	14	11	17	12	14	105
Foster	6	10	12	8	14	11	10	..	..	..	13	..	..	84
Dr Diff	..	..	..	5	14	9	12	6	18	8	..	..	..	72
Sarviss	5	11	15	10	14	10	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	77
Lee	..	..	12	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	8	59
Washburn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	6	13	31
Ballard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	14	12	44
Parson	..	..	..	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24
Rowe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8

*Trade representatives.

March 24, Second Day.

The second das was partly cloudy, the air close and oppressive. A strong variable wind made the targets very erratic. Twenty shooters took part, thirteen shooting the entire programme. R. Trimble was high gun with 202 out of 215; Wiggins second, 200, and Clark third with 196. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	15	Total.
R Trimble	9	13	19	14	20	14	20	14	20	13	19	14	13	202
Wiggins	10	14	20	13	18	15	19	15	19	12	18	14	13	200
Clark	9	15	18	13	16	15	20	14	18	13	18	14	13	196
Moeller	7	13	18	13	17	15	20	13	19	15	17	13	13	193
Head	9	12	18	8	18	13	19	15	20	12	18	14	11	187
Lord	8	14	16	15	19	14	17	14	14	12	17	12	14	186
Voris	6	15	16	12	17	13	19	14	17	12	17	14	12	184
Vietmeyer	7	14	17	15	16	11	14	15	19	13	16	13	12	182
Moore	9	15	17	14	15	13	15	12	17	14	15	13	10	179
Tripp	6	12	18	13	19	9	16	14	16	13	16	12	10	175
Ballard	9	14	17	13	19	11	15	13	14	13	14	11	10	173
Stillwell	8	10	16	12	16	12	11	11	12	10	13	12	14	165
Washburn	7	9	16	11	16	11	16	13	15	12	15	9	10	160
Brown	10	14	13	13	18	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	97
Myrick	10	9	17	12	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	76
Cook	9	12	15	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	46
Shaw	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Iliff	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Dietrich	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Smith	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

High average went to Trimble, with 392 out of 430. Wiggins and Moeller second with 380 each, and Lord third, 380.

High average, total of 430 targets: Wiggins 392, Trimble 380, Moeller 380, Lord 376, Head 374, Clark 369, Voris 368, Vietmeyer 355.

Montreal Gun Club.

Montreal, Can.—The following events were shot off in a very strong wind, with temperature near zero, on the Montreal Gun Club grounds recently:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	20	20	20	10	Targets:	20	20	20	10
Redmond	17	11	11	8	Cook	13	17	15	5
Kearney	16	15	13	..	Hogan	11	14	..	..
Edwards	15	13	11	..	St. Jean	12	9	8	8
D Candlish	15	12	..	..	Dumont	11	10	8	8
N Candlish	14	..	14	6	McDuff	8	15	13	7
Parsons	14	16	16	..	J White	..	12	..	..
Landrault	14	16	19	9	Cote	..	11	..	5

Event 1 was one man up system, at 25yds., unknown traps.

Event 2 was the spoon shoot, 25 targets, known traps and angles.

Event 3 was for the president's trophy, 10 targets, known angles, and 10 targets reverse angles. Event 4 was at known angles.

There was an interesting shoot on the old Montreal Gun Club grounds on March 19. The principal event was a team shoot between the Westmount and Montreal gun clubs, for the Montreal challenge trophy. Below are the scores, and also the scores in the other events:

Montreal Team.		Westmount Team.	
McDuff	12	Lewis	12
Candlish	11	Wooton	9
Edwards	10	Stockwell	9
Redmond	9	Hanson	9
Kearney	6—48	Cleghorn	8—46

Sweepstakes, 20 targets each:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Edwards	20	18	20	D Candlish	14	..	..
Stockwell	18	15	..	Elliott	13	16	12
Redmond	18	19	17	N Candlish	13	9	10
McDuff	18	20	19	Rainville	13	..	..
Cote	17	13	16	White	12	..	..
St. Jean	17	18	18	Bowden	9	9	..
Wooton	16	..	..	Cooke	9	13	..
Parsons	16	..	..	Hogan	8	17	13
Cleghorn	16	18	..	Kearney	..	..	10
Landriault	15	..	18	Galbraith	..	15	..
Hamilton	15	15	..	Hansen	14	..	..
Outhet	14	14	..				

Easter Monday a team from the Old Reliables, the St. Hubert Gun Club, of Ottawa, Ont., will tackle the Montreal team for the Montreal trophy, and we may look for a good score by the winning team, as there will be two strong teams in the contest.

S.

Awosting vs. Poughkeepsie.

New Paltz, N. Y., March 21.—The shoot of the Awosting Gun Club had two interesting, well-contested team matches, and ranks with the best shoots of the club in point of importance. Capt. Traver, of the Poughkeepsie Club, made high average, and Snyder, of the home club, was second. In the sweepstake event, Mr. W. Moore, of the home team, was high with a full score. In the team events, each man shot at 25 targets. The scores:

First event, Rosendale vs. Awosting:

Rosendale.		Awosting.	
Capt. Slater	19	H. Hasbrouck	12
Smith	7	Moore	14
Delaney	12	W. Hasbrouck	17
Bedford	15	Benjamin	14
Springer	14	Snyder	19
Van Ostrand	14—81	Adams	12—88

Second event, Poughkeepsie vs. Awosting:

Poughkeepsie.		Awosting.	
Capt Traver	21	Strong	18
Winans	16	Snyder	18
A J Du Bois	16	Capt Johnston	15
Marshall	16	Slater	17
Bissing	19—88	W Hasbrouck	17—85

Sweepstakes, 10 targets: Moore 10, Traver 9, Marshall 7, Winans 7, Bissing 7, W. Hasbrouck 7, Snyder 6, Johnston 6, A. J. Du Bois 6, Cassady 4, Adams 3.

Capt. Traver won the fourth event, 15 targets, with a full score.

Snyder won the fifth event, 25 targets, with a score of 19.

Bristol Gun Club.

Bristol, Tenn., March 23.—The day was very fine. Some of the members were resting over from the shoot held on Monday, when the U. M. C. squad were here. Messrs. F. B. Pond and J. H. Bryan are new members. Mr. W. Gump was a visitor. The scores:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Total.
A M Hatcher	23	25	23	24	24	119
A G Keller	25	24	22	20	23	114
A M Cumley	22	23	22	21	23	111
H A Arrants	24	23	22	23	..	92
Dr S W Rhea	22	23	22	23	..	90
Justin King	24	23	21	22	..	90
W H Hicks	20	21	20	22	..	83
W B Kilgore	20	21	19	21	..	81
A S McNeil	21	22	..	..	..	...
F B Pond	12	16	20	..	..	...
J H Bryan	7	11	..	..	..	...
W Gump	9	16	..	..	..	...

S. W. Rhea, Sec'y.

New York Athletic Club.

Travers Island, N. Y., March 26.—The main trophy event was a handicap at 25 targets, and Bechtel was high with a score of 23, though on actual breaks, he tied with Greiff, scratch, on 21.

The scores: Borland (3) 22, Greiff (0) 21, King (6) 21, Bechtel (2) 21, Barnes, (4) 21.

The second event was a special cup contest, at 50 targets, handicap allowance added. The scores: Bechtel (9) 45, Borland (8) 43, Greiff (3) 39, Barnes (9) 34.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	10	*	25	10	Targets:	15	10	10	*	25	10
Greiff	15	7	8	6	..	..	Barnes	9	6	9	6	17	8
Bechtel	7	5	9	4	18	9	King	..	..	8	4	15	6
Borland	14	5	9	6	19	..							

*Five pairs.

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

Worcester, Mass., March 24.—At the annual election of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, which was held last evening, at my office, the following officers were elected: President, E. C. A. Becker; First Vice-President, Dr. J. M. Stanley; Second Vice-President, George Williams; Secretary, Harry M. Winchester; Treasurer, F. S. Blanchard.

To act in connection with these on the executive committee, Messrs. E. F. Dakin, F. A. Blake, J. A. Underwood, H. E. Jaques.

The report of the treasurer for the past year showed that the club had cleared up their entire debt of about $250, which it had a year ago paid; $100 in prizes were paid at one of their shoots this season, and that it has a little money in the treasury at the present time, with not a dollar of indebtedness. We hope during the present year to get the club into active working order as soon as possible, and expect to have quite a successful season of it.

As this is the beginning of our business year, and I am exceedingly anxious that the club shall be a success during the season, any suggestions that your might offer whereby we can promote the interests of the club will be most thankfully received.

E. C. A. Becker.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O.

Dayton, O.—Twenty shooters took part in the regular weekly handicap medal shoot on March 23. Four tied on full scores. The shoot-off was an interesting contest, and resulted in the victory of G. W. Gerlaugh.

The bridges are up, the club house is in the best of shape, and the grounds are in fair condition. A strong wind prevailed.

Medal shoot, 25 targets, handicap of extra targets to shoot at, number shot at in parentheses: Wm. Kuntz (35) 27, C. F. Butler (35) 27, J. Schaerf (35) 26, J. W. Gerlaugh (29) 26, M. Ford (34) 24, P. Hanauer (28) 23, H. Nohr (29) 22, J. Sapp (35) 21, C. Ballman (32) 22, G. Rohrer (30) 21, W. Apple (35) 20, H. Oswald (32) 18, J. Donohue (30) 16, H. Hales (35) 16, A. Landis (35) 16, Doc. Stettler (35) 16, J. Eisen (35) 14, J. Spohr (35) 14, Brown (35) 14, W. Kette (35) 10.

Shoot-off No. 1: Gerlaugh (10) 10, Schaerf (10) 10, Kuntz (14) 10, Butler (13) 9.

Shoot-off No. 2: Gerlaugh (6) 5, Schaerf (7) 5, Kuntz (7) 5.

No. 3: Under the rules, those shooting at 7 targets shot off miss-and-out: Schaerf 2, Kuntz 1.

Final, 5 targets: Gerlaugh 5, Schaerf 3.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Fred Gilbert was high man at Dows, Ia., March 16-17. Lew Foley and S. A. Smith won first and second amateur averages respectively, the first day; R. Klein and O. C. Bottger the second day. At Dover, Del., March 17, J. M. Hawkins, A. B. Richardson and W. H. Reed, won first, second and third high averages. At Salisbury, Md., March 18, J. M. Hawkins and W. B. Miller won first and second averages; Don Graham and L. C. Coulbourn tied for third average. At Bristol, Tenn., March 19, A. M. Hatcher, a local amateur, won with the score of 96 out of 100. Each used Winchester factory loaded shells. Mr. Hatcher used a Winchester repeating shotgun.

"The Common Sense of Dog Doctoring," issued by Spratts Patent (America), Limited, 450 Market street, Newark, N. J., is now presented in revised and enlarged form; price 25 cents. It contains 166 pages, divided into 31 chapters, which treat of every ill with which the dog is afflicted. Concerning it the publishers in the preface state as follows: "In the following pages it will be found that in prescribing, we have given our own medicine the first place. This is natural and logical, seeing that we firmly believe that our preparations are to-day the best in the world. We have, however, usually given an alternative prescription, and this is always one of known and tried value." There are chapters on the dog as a household pet, sporting dogs and training, greyhounds and their management, etc.

The Lefever Arms Co. ejector gun won high amateur average for both live birds and targets at the Interstate shoot, held at Seneca, Kans., March 8-10. Mr. H. G. Taylor, shooting his Lefever, broke 340 out of 365 targets, and also won high amateur average at live birds. Send for their handsome 1904 illustrated catalogue, describing their famous system of boring and containing valuable hints on loading and shooting.

Mr. S. E. Sears, of St. Louis, winner of the recent indoor revolver championship, held under the auspices of the United States Revolver Association, used for a load 8 grains of DuPont smokeless shotgun powder and a 160-grain hollow-base bullet.

Trap at Allentown.

ALLENTOWN, Pa.—The two days' tournament, March 23 and 24, held at the Duck Farm Hotel, had eighteen contestants on the first day, nineteen on the second day. The twelve programme events each day had a total of 220 targets. The scores:

First Day, March 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	20	15	20	20	20	25	Total.
Hawkins	14	14	19	14	11	19	18	14	19	19	18	21	200
Mason	11	12	17	13	12	15	17	12	15	17	15	21	177
German	12	12	20	13	13	20	19	15	19	17	17	21	198
Kramlich	14	15	18	11	13	19	18	11	17	16	17	20	189
C Miller	11	12	10	10	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	15	76
Squier	14	14	17	14	13	18	19	13	16	17	16	25	196
Spencer	13	12	18	14	15	19	17	19	17	16	16	22	188
Fredrick	13	14	18	13	11	15	17	12	19	17	16	23	188
S J C	9	10	15	12	11	15	17	8	16	..	..	..	113
B Eley	10	10	15	9	12	15	14	..	14	..	..	..	99
Moll	6	8	15	9	8	10	16	..	..	..	..	..	72
Apgar	12	11	15	6	14	12	14	..	16	16	13	19	148
Schlicher	..	..	..	14	14	17	18	..	20	20	16	24	144
Francotte	..	..	..	10	5	7	..	..	11	13	12	15	73
Hillegas	..	..	..	..	..	17	16	..	..	..	..	..	33
Desch	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	15	19	13	16	21	104
Beil	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	..	..	27
G Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	11	..	33

Second Day, March 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	20	15	20	20	20	25	Total.
Hawkins	14	15	19	13	13	18	19	14	19	18	19	24	205
Mason	11	10	16	13	11	18	17	..	..	..	..	..	96
German	13	15	19	15	13	19	20	12	18	19	19	22	204
Kramlich	10	12	16	13	15	16	19	12	18	18	20	22	191
Apgar	12	9	17	10	12	19	15	13	19	18	19	21	184
Squier	14	14	20	11	13	20	16	15	17	19	17	25	201
Spencer	12	11	17	14	14	19	17	12	15	19	19	24	193
H Schlicher	15	13	19	14	14	19	18	13	19	19	17	23	205
Hahn	12	12	15	9	11	12	13	11	15	..	..	..	110
Smith	8	13	7	8	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	47
Moll	..	..	13	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	34
C Schlicher	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
F Diehl	..	..	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24
Straub	..	..	11	11	10	16	18	13	18	..	..	..	97
Graff	..	..	11	13	11	17	17	10	16	15	15	17	142
Hendricks	..	..	..	10	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	24
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	15	16	..	..	53
Desch	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	17	13	19	16	..	..	81
Mitman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	11	6	..	22

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., March 23.—Just eleven shooters toed the mark at the eighth weekly prize shoot of the Boston Gun Club to-day and found the conditions for shooting just to their liking. No wind to speak of, and light just right for all, made good targets a reality, a 45yd. steady target, with no hop, skip and a jump, that sometimes play havoc with the straight lines on the score sheet. And such a day it was; with a warmth like the middle of June, and soon made the regulars doff sweaters and outer garments and shoot in the old light jersey, which at all times is a pleasure to shooters.

Many were the straight scores made in the nine events, Rule leading with three; Griffiths and Bell next with two; unusually good for these grounds.

But with all the good shooting, the social part of trapshooting was not forgotten, and the remarks made between squads were more than humorous, and went to show how really well a thorough sportsmanlike attendance enjoys itself. It was also interesting to note the spirited rivalry between the two high average winners of to-day.

John Bell has for a long time been thinking (something unusual for him) "that it do be funny how that Pascoag, R. I., representative comes to our shoot and invariably walks away with all the honors, and the next time there will be something doing." John was there to-day, and there with both feet, too; and was shooting for keeps, though Griffith dug almost as deep; and when the smoke had cleared, just one target separated them on the total, and a tie score in the match. John's face fairly beams, the smile usually on his face having broadened just a little, a .925 per cent. not being generally on the trapshooting score books of this section.

Griffith, in his usual quiet way, only waits for next time to get even, and with that gun and powder combination, is more than liable to show us the way to do it. Welcome he will be, sure, and the oftener the better.

Capt. Woodruff's misfortune with a burst barrel in the second event naturally put a damper on his shooting, but a gun borrowed from the trapper boy renewed the enthusiasm, and a 90 per cent. average from then out was the result. After the shoot, while receiving the congratulations of all present upon his lucky escape, he remarked that "he guessed there were still a few more trap shoots for him, as this one was the first of any kind of accident in twenty-five years, and unless they come oftener than that I shall not worry."

Another welcome visitor to-day was Fenton, of "gun-below-the-elbow" fame, and as usual was right up with the procession, barring his 15-target events, which did not net the required amount, due wholly to not using the care necessary at all times. Joe, however, is not out for the average, just taking one day a week with his gun and dog, trapshooting being to him a school for game hunting. It was a caution, though, to see him handle that 12-gauge, and would give the advocates of small gauges a good deal to think about if they ever should shoot with him in the brush.

The prize match scores proved a boom to all to-day, Frank's 21 jumping him up to first in the standing, with Bell second, 4 targets less, and Woodruff 6 targets to the rear. Wait a few weeks and the results may be different, as there are a number of good scores unfinished as yet.

Frank and Bell are now making a runaway of the team match, a lead of 6 points over the second team being a lead hard to overcome.

Other scores:

Targets:	15	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	20	Av.
Griffiths, 19	13	13	9	8	15	9	10	14	19	.917
Rule, 18	10	15	9	9	13	10	10	11	18	.875
Frank, 18	9	7	8	7	13	8	10	14	17	.775
Bell, 18	14	13	10	9	14	10	9	14	18	.925
Root, 18	8	13	7	8	12	10	9	13	14	.784
Fenton, 16	9	12	8	7	14	9	9	10	17	.792
Lee, 16	8	10	7	3	12	7	10	12	..	.690
Woodruff, 17	8	10	10	9	12	9	9	13	..	.800
Follansbee, 16	10	9	6	9	8	5	..	..	..	.626
Willard, 16	11	9	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	.640
Williams, 16	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	14	18	.891

Prize match, 25 unknown, distance handicap:

Griffiths, 19	1111111111111111111110111—24
Bell, 18	1111111110111111111111111—24
Rule, 18	1111111001111111111111111—23
Fenton, 16	1111111111111011101111111—23
Root, 18	1110111101011111111111111—22
Frank, 18	1110110111111111110110111—21
Woodruff, 17	1111100011111111111111011—21
Lee, 16	1010111101111111101011101—19
Follansbee, 16	1010101100010111010111000—13

Team match:

Frank, 18	10 14—24	Williams, 16	9 14—23
Bell, 18	9 14—23—47	Woodruff, 17	9 13—22—45
Griffiths, 19	10 14—24	Lee, 16	10 12—22
Root, 18	9 13—22—46	Fenton, 16	9 10—19—41

Mermod-Cabanne and Spencer-Thompson.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 21.—Herewith please find scores of two matches at 50 live birds each; one between Messrs. Mermod and Cabanne, and the other between Messrs. H. B. Spencer and Sam Thompson. The birds were a very fair lot, only about three sitters in the 200. In the first match, Mr. Cabanne had a little the worst of the deal, and made some beautiful kills with his second barrel. With the exception of one, the birds he missed were towering incomers. This match between Messrs. Cabanne and Mermod is one of the three which Mr. Cabanne expects to shoot in the near future; the other two being with Mr. Harlow Spencer and Mr. Joe O'Neil.

The match between Messrs. Spencer and Thompson was at 50 birds, but at the end of the thirtieth round, one of the contestants proposed that they double the number of birds, and double the bet; the other 50 to be shot some time this week. A target match at 50 pairs resulted in the defeat of Mr. Spencer.

Interest in the Missouri State shoot, May 23 to 26, is manifesting itself in many ways, and indications are pointing to the most successful and best attended shoot ever held in St. Louis.

The management of DuPont Park, who are promoting the original World's Fair Tent City, and which will be known as "Canvasback Camp," will be ready by May 1 to take care of the shooters who may visit St. Louis, and the World's Fair. During the State shoot, the last week in May, they expect to be able to accommodate every shooter attending, which will be a great advantage to both shooters and management, saving much valuable time, and giving the shooters a chance to attend the Exposition evenings, etc.

Mermod	2212222222212221211*22122—24
	1112122222121222222222122—25—49
Cabanne	1222*1222*222222222222122—23
	2221222220222222220222202—22—45
H B Spencer	2222222220102202222022222—21
	2222212122222222201222222—24—45
S Thompson	2122201220222220222222202—21
	2222222122222022222222202—23—44

DUPONT.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following members were unable to shoot their scores in the Parker gun event on March 19, and did so later: Medico (12) 100, Barker (14) 100, Dick (22) 100, Harig (40) 100, Hake, (50) 100, Payne (50) 100, Gambell (10) 98, Muhleman (50) 97.

A three-cornered match was shot on March 21 at 100 targets. The scores: Medico 88, Barker 86, Gambell 80.

March 26 was cold, cloudy and a high wind made the targets very erratic. In the cash prize shoot Gambell was high with 43. Nye put in an appearance, and in the main event tied Medico for third place. Eaton's score of 38 put him near the top. The attendance was light, owing to the weather, and to the absence of some members duck shooting.

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets, distance handicap: Gambell (16) 43, Trimble (22) 40, Maynard (19) 40, Medico (18) 39, Nye (17) 39, Eaton (16) 38, Boeh (17) 37, Ackley (16) 37, Block (18) 36, Faran (18) 36, Captain (16) 36, Ahlers (20) 35, Falk (17) 34, Plunkett (17) 34, Pfieffer (16) 33, Harig (18) 30, Williams (17) 30, Roanoke (16) 26, Bullerdick (17) 19, Muhleman (15) 18.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 23.—The scores made at the shoot of the Rochester Gun Club to-day are appended:

	Broke.	Hcp.	Tot'l.		Broke.	Hcp.	Tot'l.
Rickman	22	9	31	Coughlin	19	6	25
Stewart	24	4	28	Stewart	21	4	25
Adkin	23	4	27	Bonbright	21	3	24
Watson	19	7	26	Stewart	19	3	22
Bonbright	21	5	26	Coughlin	17	5	22
Bonbright	22	4	26	Borst	14	6	20
Coughlin	19	6	25	Adkin	17	2	19

The match for the county championship medal, arranged for next Wednesday, has been indefinitely postponed in consequence of an injury suffered by one of the contestants.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Tour to the Pacific Coast and Grand Canyon—Rate, $106

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, account General Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church.

ON account of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be held at Los Angeles, Cal., beginning May 3, the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will run a personally-conducted tour to Los Angeles, visiting the Grand Canyon of Arizona en route, at unusually low rates. A special train of the highest grade Pullman equipment will leave New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg on Wednesday, April 27, running via Chicago and the Santa Fe route to the Grand Canyon. Sunday will be spent at this wonderful place, and Los Angeles will be reached on the evening of May 2. Round-trip tickets, including transportation, one double berth and meals on special train going; and transportation only returning on regular trains via direct routes or via San Francisco, will be sold at rate of $106 from New York, $105 from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and $100 from Pittsburg. Tickets will be good to return at any time before June 30. Tourists returning via St. Louis may stop off for ten days to visit the World's Fair, by depositing ticket and paying $1 fee. A descriptive itinerary will be sent on application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad street station, Philadelphia, Pa.

For spring shooting no arm appeals to the sportsman more than the .22 caliber rifle. Among arms of this type the Savage .22 caliber repeater is noteworthy, using the best of the .22 caliber ammunition—the short and long rifle cartridges all in the same arm. Perhaps the two strong points of the Savage are accuracy and the smooth and easy manner in which it works. "Savage quality" is a commonplace term, but it means everything to a shooter. Being honestly made, Savage products are sold by the manufacturers under the strongest guarantee. The Savage Arms Co., P. O., Utica, N. Y., will send catalogue on application. Write now.

Mr. Chas. Lancaster, of New Bond street, London, Eng., is sending an exhibit of his guns to St. Louis, where they can be seen in the Fish and Game Department. The booklet describing them is interesting, and the figures show them to be graceful and beautiful weapons. Among them is the special "Colindian," ball and shot gun, which shoots a ball accurately up to 100 yards. Interesting, too, to the average American, will be the gun with a "cast off," for a man shooting from the right shoulder, but using the left eye.

Messrs. Burgess & Packard, whose advertisement is found in another column, have taken the business of Mr. Hollis Burgess, who has given up yacht brokerage to assume the position of treasurer for the Southern Lumber Company, with offices at Boston. Mr. W. Starling Burgess has long been well known as a naval architect.

New Advertisements.

That is a capital heading which John C. Hopkins & Co., New York city, have chosen for their new advertisement. It touches the foundation of things. Camp ought to be "where the weary rest" and where one is free from anxiety and worries. Outfitting in these days has become a science as well as an art, and it is possible before starting for a man to provide himself with everything that he needs, so that his outing shall be absolutely free from worry.

The Union Fire Arms Co., Toledo, O., are just beginning a campaign of advertising to popularize the Union Fire Arms Co. They manufacture six-shot repeaters, double-barrel hammerless, and double-barrel hammer guns, at prices which are very attractive. From their advertisement we understand that they do not sell at retail, but refer all inquirers to dealers who are carrying their goods. They furnish a catalogue which contains much that is interesting to gunners, and for which it would be well to apply.

The large and handsome fishing tackle catalogue of W. J. Cummins, North of England Rod Works, Bishop Auckland, England, contains in its nearly 200 pages not only everything that the angler needs, but also much practical information. Through his advertisement in the FOREST AND STREAM Mr. Cummins has sold hooks, gut, flies, rods, etc., in many parts of the United States. He writes us that he knows of several salmon rivers to let in Norway, and in Scotland, and that he will be glad to give advice to American anglers who are thinking of going to Norway.

We have had occasion in previous years to call attention to the admirable fishing for brook trout in the streams and lakes of western and northern Michigan in the territory traversed by the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railway. The road's booklet, "Where To Go Fishing," contains a great deal of practical information on this popular region, and will be sent on application to Mr. C. L. Lockwood, G. P. A., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The reputation of the Divine hand-made rods was not made yesterday, nor is it necessary to say very much about them. They come in split-bamboo, Bethabara, Maltese, Greenhart, Dagma and lancewood, and are fully described in the illustrated catalogue which is sent on application by the Fred D. Divine Co., 67 State street, Utica, N. Y.

BAKER SPECIAL PARAGONS.

Strictly high grade. Built to order at regular prices. $60, $75, $200 and up. Carefully fitted and highly finished. Baker guns have a long established record for hard shooting and great durability.



Send for FREE QUARTERLY and 1904 booklet fully describing all grades.

BAKER GUN AND FORGING CO.,

Cor. Liberty & School Sts., BATAVIA, N. Y.

MY TRAP SCORES

A pocket trap score book, containing 50 pages of score sheets and the Interstate Association Rules for target and live bird shooting, and for shooting under the Sergeant System. The cover bears the title "My Trap Scores," and the pages, in number and form, are arranged to make a complete record of the shooter's doings at the traps. The pages are ruled to make a record of the place, date, weather conditions, number of traps, number of shooters, gun and load used, events, etc. The score sheets are ruled for 25 targets. Bound in leather. Price, 50 cents. -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- -:-

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 346 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

"UNEXPLORED" LABRADOR.

THE lonely death of Mr. Hubbard, of which much has recently been heard, is full of pathos, just as is the lingering, lonely death of any helpless human being. Nothing is sadder than to read of a little child, playing about the farmhouse and wandering off into the forest, to be found dead days afterward, perhaps within sight of its home. The tale of the Babes in the Wood has appealed to human beings for many hundreds of years.

It is not unfair to compare the members of the Hubbard party with little children lost in the woodlot next to the farmhouse, perishing of hunger, while, as Dr. Morris showed in his letter last week, meat and drink were all about them, if only they had known where to look for it.

Since these young men started off with insufficient food, determined to live on the country, and since they failed to provide themselves with the knowledge and the means necessary to procure that food—to capture game and fish, to gather berries or dig roots—it was a foregone conclusion that if they left the beaten paths they must perish. Of the uncertainties of travel in a wild country they were apparently quite ignorant, and they did not fear the dangers they did not know, nor have any idea of what they might meet with.

It is well understood that reindeer are uncertain in their migrations, and that even when deer are plenty in a country they do not always come up to travelers and stand, waiting to be shot.

Few things are more melancholy than to see a bright, strong, courageous young life blotted out, without reason and to no purpose. Such a death was Mr. Hubbard's.

People who know nothing of the region are accustomed to talk of Labrador as an unexplored wilderness, when, as a matter of fact, it has been known for not far from 200 years. Delisle's map of 1703 is a fairly good one.

The two great rivals in the fur trade, the Hudson's Bay Co. and the North West Co., came to an agreement and consolidated in 1821, and soon after nine or ten trading posts were established and maintained in Labrador, of which three are still kept up. In 1849 John McLean published an account of his journeyings there undertaken between 1838 and 1840. Again in 1862 H. Y. H. Hind, for the Canadian Government, did some exploring there and published two large volumes, and in 1870 and 1871 Geological Survey parties explored the country between Lake St. John and Lake Mistassini. From 1884 to 1888, and again from 1893 to 1897, and since, Mr. A. P. Low, of the Dominion Geological Survey, was engaged in traveling backward and forward through the district, and in 1887 and 1891 Messrs. Holmes, Carey, Cole, Bryant and Kenaston made expeditions to the country.

Ignorant of all this, it has long been the practice of persons whose explorations were confined to regions like the Adirondacks, to talk of Labrador as if it were absolutely unknown—as much so as northern Greenland or the islands of the Arctic Sea—and they have represented the difficulties of travel there as equal to those of any Arctic expedition. Many of our readers will remember the fabulous tales told years ago of the wonders of Lake Mistassini and of the difficulties of reaching it, and the way in which these stories were refuted by persons of experience in the North.

Meantime, for near a hundred years, generations of white and Indian residents of Labrador have been traversing it by routes of travel as well known there as Pennsylvania Avenue is to a Washingtonian, or Clark street to a Chicagoan. Maps have been made of the country, which are obtainable at the office of the Dominion Geological Survey at Ottawa, and from the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, and at these posts can usually be had guides absolutely acquainted with the country. Labrador is not unexplored.

IMPROVED POSTAL SERVICE.

THE Postal Progress League is an organization for the promotion of a better postal service. The specific reform to secure which the League is working is in the transmission of merchandise. In this branch of our postal service the United States is far behind that of other nations. Thus, our rate on merchandise or fourth class mail matter is one cent per ounce, with a weight limit of four pounds, for which the postage is sixty-four cents. In Germany the limit is eleven pounds, on which the postage is twelve cents. Like proportions hold in comparison of the American rates with those of other countries. We are as far behind the rest of the earth in international merchandise postal rates. Of fifteen nations represented at the World Letter-Post-Union at Paris in 1878, the United States was the only one which refused to approve the organization of an International Parcels-Post-Union, a service which was put into operation in 1880, without our co-operation. "To-day this service covers nearly all the civilized world outside of the United States." What this means in the loss of mail orders for American goods for the foreign markets is hinted in the estimate of Consul Louis H. Ayme in Guadaloupe that the sum so lost to American firms in the West Indies alone is not less than $2,000,000 a year.

The loss of domestic business due to excessive transportation rates is also a sum vast beyond reckoning. The postal limit of four pounds and the high rates drive the shipper to the express company, and the exorbitant charges exacted by the express are a constant repression of business. The Postal Progress League proposes a new classification of postal matter, putting the present third class (books) and fourth class (merchandise) together, with a weight limit of eleven pounds, and rates as follows: "On parcels up to three ounces, one cent; over three ounces up to six ounces, two cents; over six up to nine ounces, three cents; over nine up to twelve ounces, four cents; over twelve ounces up to one pound, five cents; for each additional pound or fraction thereof, two cents, making the rate on an eleven pound parcel, twenty-five cents. No parcel shall be more than three and one-half feet in length or occupy more than two cubic feet of space." Under this rate a dealer in New York could mail a shotgun to a customer anywhere in the country for a quarter; and a fishing rod would go for postage so ridiculous that it would not be thought of by seller or buyer.

The business man who sends goods by mail, or who might send them, may figure out for himself what such a postal system would mean to him in the course of a year's trade. The Postal Progress League may well have the active and concerted support of all firms whose advertisements appear to-day in FOREST AND STREAM.

FLIES.

THE sleeping sickness is an African disease in which the patient first shows indolence, then sinks into a lethargy, falls asleep and dies. The cause of the disease, which has long puzzled European investigators, has now been traced to a teetse fly, which communicates the deadly microbe to man. In some regions the fly gets the microbe from big game, the koodoo, impala, buffalo, wildebeest, and other species; and when the game has been killed off by the hunter's gun the sleeping sickness disappears. This shows that there are regions—away across the seas in Africa—where game extermination is not an unmixed evil. Indeed, if the teetse depends on the large game for its bad offices, a West African decree might well go forth putting a bounty on the head of every koodoo in the land.

Another fly story comes from Ceylon, and illustrates the often most curious and unexpected complications which follow a disturbance of the balance of nature. A certain lake breeds a species of pestilential fly, which of late has become a nuisance. To aid to avert the plague the municipal authorities have forbidden fishing. They have reasoned it out that the flies, which are bred in the water, are in their early stages of development food for the fish; of recent years fishing has increased, both rod fishing for sport and net fishing to supply the demand caused by a growing taste for fish food; and as the fish have decreased, the flies have increased. The theory is plausible. In America we have discovered that the ornamental ponds in our gardens, which are mosquito breeders, may be robbed of their evil agency if they are stocked with goldfish, which feed on the mosquito larvæ. Thus in the intricate and interdependent ways of nature the humblest chub may serve its small mission of making the earth a pleasanter dwelling place for man.

THE COMING AGE.

IN our shooting columns, Mr. Fred A. Olds describes the systematic methods adopted at Pinehurst, N. C., to provide a game supply for northern visitors to that resort. Not content with the haphazard ways of the past, advertising for sportsmen guests and trusting to the chance stock of birds to give them shooting, the enlightened and provident management of Pinehurst has put into operation an extensive breeding and fostering enterprise, to insure a renewing supply of native and introduced birds. With thousands of acres protected and with well devised methods of restocking, the Pinehurst shooting attractions appear to be permanently assured.

A similar plan has been adopted at Fortress Monroe, Va., where the Hotel Chamberlin has set apart 10,000 acres of shooting grounds for the exclusive use of its guests; and where approved methods have been adopted to insure a continuing supply adequate to meet the demand upon it.

These two preserves in North Carolina and Virginia are of more than casual interest and significance. They are the early examples of what before long must be a large number of similar adjuncts of autumn and winter resorts. No one can question that the capital which has been expended in the Pinehurst and Fortress Monroe preserves has been well invested; nor can there be any question that the managers of other resorts will in growing numbers follow the examples here set. The field of open shooting is everywhere on the wane; the sportsman tourist must, in corresponding degree, depend upon preserves; and and he will favor the resorts which can assure him sport. Thus will it be in the coming age.

AN ALASKA DOG CASE.

THEY change their sky but not their mind who cross the sea, runs the old proverb; but it is not always true, for our estimates of values change with our surroundings and circumstances. In thickly settled communities, where there are railroads, trollies, automobiles, bicycles and sundry other conveyances, we do not set such store by a horse as to hang the horse thief; but in a new country where every man depends on his horse for travel, the horse thief is shot or strung up with short shrift. So as to the dog, Maine and Alaska differ on this point to a degree to be expressed only by the expanse of the continent which lies between them. In Maine the courts have held that a dog is a wild animal, *feræ naturæ,* and not entitled to protection as property. In Alaska, a man has been sentenced to nine months at hard labor and to pay a fine of nearly $300 for stealing a dog, and a cur dog at that. The case was appealed, but the higher court sustained the decision, in a long opinion setting forth the value of the dog as a draught and pack animal in the far north; here, said the court, the dog "is a chattel, and next to man is the most important factor in the past and present history of the country." From the Alaska courts the case has been taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, the appellant basing his appeal on three grounds: First, that his sentence is illegal because the crime for which he was sentenced is not named in the Civil Code for Alaska, under which he was tried; second, because the Justice of the Peace who tried him was without power to condemn him to hard labor; and third, because a dog is not, under the Alaskan code, subject for larceny.

FROM Caribou, Me., comes a report that Bald Mountain, in the Tobique Valley, has disappeared, and in its place is a lake. The Maine reports from there will probably read, "Hunting not so good this year, but fishing the best ever known."



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Trails of the Pathfinders.

V.—Alexander Mackenzie.

To the Frozen Ocean.

OF the early explorers of the north none is more celebrated than Alexander Mackenzie, the first man to penetrate from the interior to the Frozen Ocean, and the first in the farther north to cross the continent. Among the leaders of the northwest he is pre-eminent as a discoverer, and of the early northmen his name is the most often mentioned. His journeyings—that to the Arctic made in the year 1789, and that across the continent in 1792 and 1793—are told of in a splendid volume, published in London in the year 1801, entitled, "Voyages from Montreal and the River St. Lawrence, Through the Continent of North America to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans, in the Year 1789 and 1793." Its publication was soon followed by the conferring of knighthood on the author.

The earliest explorations into the interior of this continent were all of them by water. By water, the first missionaries pushed their way up the St. Lawrence and through the Great Lakes, and then crossing over by short portages to the Mississippi, journeyed down that great highway of more modern times until they came to the Gulf of Mexico. Later, missionaries and explorers and traders, still from Montreal, followed the water trail up the Great Lakes to the Grand Portage, and thence pushed westward until they reached Lake Winnipeg, the Saskatchewan, and all that broad country which lies east of the northern Rocky Mountains. The frail birch canoe carried their scanty provisions and their goods for trade, and returned laden to the gunwale with rich packages of furs. Later still, when the people of the United States began to push westward, it was down the Allegheny and the Ohio—still largely by water—that their journeyings were conducted.

Alexander Mackenzie was fur trader, and he made his way westward, by the usual route, to the Grand Portage, Lake Winnipeg, then up the Saskatchewan and across to Fort Chipewyan, on the Lake of the Hills—now known as Athabaska Lake. Though the journey was long, it was full of interest; the country had been seen by few white people, it abounded in life of many descriptions, all wild, and for the most part undisturbed. He reached Fort Chipewyan, with ninety or a hundred men, and without any provision for their sustenance; but the lake was full of fish, its shores abounded with game. The autumn fishing was successful, and the cold during the winter intense, so that fish were caught in great numbers, and frozen, remaining good until spring. During the spring and fall great numbers of wild fowl resorted to the lakes, and immense numbers were killed, so that for short terms the geese supported the life of the traders.

From the earliest settlement of Canada the fur trade had been regarded as of the greatest importance to the colony, but the settling of eastern Canada soon made fur hunting profitless there, and the French pushed further and further west in search of furs. Hence had arisen the class of *voyageurs,* known also as *coureurs des bois,* who pushed into the Indian country, each carrying a little stock for trade, collected furs from the Indians, brought them back, and turned them over to the merchants who had furnished them their goods. At first their journeys were short, but, as time went on, and they pushed further and further in search of new and richer lands where fur was to be had, their trips lasted longer and longer, until at length they extended to a year or more. These voyageurs were as improvident as the Indians themselves, and, during the short periods that they spent in civilization, they commonly squandered in dissipation of one sort or another all that they had received for the hard labor of a year. Effort by the Church was made to stop their operations, on the ground that their dissipation and licentiousness was likely to corrupt the natives, and to bring the Christian religion, of which they were supposed to be representatives, into disgrace. These efforts were fruitless; and until the close of the fur trade, many years later, the voyageur continued to exist, and to play his important part in the commerce and in the development of the far north.

In 1783 and 1784, the Northwest Fur Company was established, in opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company, and included among its partners many of the most celebrated traders of the north. Mackenzie had for five years been employed in the counting house of Messrs. Gregory and McLeod, and was admitted a partner in the Northwest Company, and proceeded to the Indian country in 1785. How enormous the trade that this company carried on is shown by a list of the returns for a single year, which show 106,000 beaver skins, 2,100 bear, 4,600 otter, 17,000 musquash, 32,000 marten, 6,000 lynx, 600 wolverine, 1,650 fisher, besides a less number of fox, kitfox, wolf, elk, racoon and deer skins, and buffalo robes. Mackenzie was astronomer as well as trader. He was also an observer who considered the economic possibilities of the country, its fauna and its flora, and especially the game, as well as the human inhabitants.

Mackenzie started from Fort Chipewyan, on the south side of the Lake of the Hills, June 3, 1789, in a birch-bark canoe. His crew consisted of four Canadians, a German, and two Indian women, an Indian interpreter, known as English Chief, and his two wives journeyed in a small canoe, while two young Indians followed in a third. English Chief had been one of the followers of a chief who was with Mr. Hearne on his explorations to the Coppermine River. A fourth canoe, in charge of one of the clerks of the company, Mr. Le Roux, accompanied them, carrying a load of trade goods and presents, together with a part of the provisions and ammunition of the expedition. Their route was without much adventure until they reached Slave Lake, still covered with ice, somewhat melted near the shore. The gnats and mosquitoes which had troubled them during the first few days that they had been on their way, here left them. Mackenzie says: "The Indians informed me that at a very small distance from either bank of the river are very extensive plains frequented by large herds of buffaloes: while the moose and reindeer keep in the woods that border on it. The beavers, which are in great numbers, build their habitations in small lakes and rivers, as in the larger streams the ice carries everything along with it during the spring. The mud banks in the river are covered with wild fowl, and we this morning killed two swans, ten geese, and one beaver, without suffering the delay of an hour; so that we might have soon filled the canoe with them, if that had been our object." That same day they reached the house erected on Slave Lake by Messrs. Grant and Le Roux in 1786, and here they stopped and pitched their tents, as it seemed likely that the ice would detain them for some time. The nets were set, and many fish were caught. Berries were already ripe, and the women were occupied in gathering them, while wildfowl were breeding, and they collected some dozens of their eggs. On Monday, June 15, the ice broke up near them, and cleared a passage to the islands opposite; and at sunset they embarked and crossed to them, where they stopped to gum their canoes, and the next day set out again, following the shores of the lake. Ice interrupted their passage from time to time, but they supplied themselves with food by means of their nets.

On the 18th, two of the hunters killed a reindeer and its fawn. The ice continued to hinder them, but they worked along slowly. On one of the islands that they passed reindeer were seen, and seven killed. The island was named Isle de Carre Boeuf. Here occurs a somewhat unusual usage of the term pemmican, described to be "fish dried in the sun, and afterward pounded for the convenience of carriage." The more common meaning of the term is, flesh dried and pounded and mixed with grease, as buffalo pemmican, elk pemmican, caribou pemmican. On Tuesday, the 23d, the explorer met with a little camp—three lodges—of Red-Knife Indians, so called from their copper knives. They informed the explorer that others of their people were near at hand. These Indians—now known as Yellow-Knives—are of Athabaskan stock, thus allied to the Hare, Dog-rib, and Chipewyan peoples, also to the Navajos and Apaches of the south. They possessed some furs, and Mr. Le Roux secured from them eight packs of good beaver and marten skins. They seemed to know little or nothing about the country to the north, and Mackenzie's inquiries brought forth no useful information.

The ice in the lake was still troublesome, though breaking up fast. On Monday, June 29, they entered the river by which Slave Lake discharges to the north, and made good progress down it. On both sides of the river the Indians reported that there were extensive plains, which abounded in buffalo and moose-deer. By this time the wildfowl had begun to molt, and the Indians no longer troubled to shoot them, but pursued them in their canoes, killing them with sticks, or capturing them alive. On the 1st of July, keeping on down the river, they made a cache of provisions on an island. By this time they had come in sight of high mountains to the west, barren and rocky at the top, but well wooded on the slopes.

On July 3, the current was stronger, and their progress still more rapid. They saw frequent signs of camps, but none of very recent occupation; but on the 5th, smoke was seen on the north shore of the river, and as the canoes drew nearer, natives were discovered running about in apparent alarm. Some took refuge in the woods; others hurried to their canoes. The hunters landed, and calling out to the Chipewyans in their own tongue, assured them that the party was a friendly one, and after some difficulty the Indians became convinced that there was no danger. These were five families of two different tribes, the Slave and the Dog-rib. Mackenzie offered them the pipe, though it was quite apparent that they were unacquainted with tobacco, and also gave them a drink of grog, which also seemed new to them. However, they appreciated the beauties of knives, beads, awls, rings, hatchets, etc., and soon became so trustful of the party that "They became more familiar even than we expected, for we could not keep them out of our tents; though I did not observe that they attempted to purloin anything.

"The information that they gave respecting the river had so much of the fabulous that I shall not detail it; it will be sufficient just to mention their attempts to persuade us that it would require several winters to get to the sea, and that old age would come upon us before the period of our return; we were also to encounter monsters of such horrid shapes and destructive power as could only exist in their wild imagination. They added besides that there were two impassable falls in the river, the first of which was about thirty days' march from us."

While these stories did not affect Mackenzie, they did influence his Indians, who were already tired of the voyage, and anxious to turn back, and it required some effort to convince them that it was better to go on. One of the natives was persuaded to accompany them as a guide, and, though he afterward wished to withdraw, he was not allowed to, and with some ceremony he finally took his unwilling departure with the white men. These people used bone knives, were tattooed on the face, wore a goose quill, or a small piece of wood, through the nose, and used vessels woven of wattap—the roots of the spruce or tamarack—in which they boiled their food by hot stones. Arrows were pointed with horn, flint, iron, or copper, and their axes were made of stone. They obtained from the neighboring Red-Knives and Chipewyans, by barter for skins, small pieces of iron, from which also they made knives. Their awls were of iron or horn.

The guide whom they took from this country was anxious to return to his people, and had to be watched constantly to prevent his escape. As the explorers passed on northward they were constantly in sight of the ridge of snowy mountains to the west. "Our conductor informed us that great numbers of bears and small white buffaloes frequent those mountains, which are also inhabited by Indians." These white buffalo were, beyond question, the white goats which inhabit the mountains to the west of the Mackenzie River. Being animals unknown to the interpreter, who came from the lower country, they would be described as hoofed animals, shaggy, with a hump on the shoulders, and a beard, and with black horns; and thus might well enough have been described as white buffalo.

The next day more natives were met with, who, as usual, fled on the approach of the white men. One old man, however, did not run, but approached the travelers, "and represented himself as too far advanced in life, and too indifferent about the short time he had to remain in the world, to be very anxious about escaping from any danger that threatened him; at the same time, he pulled his gray hairs from his head by handfuls to distribute among us, and implored our favor for himself and for his relations. Our guide, however, at length removed his fears, and persuaded him to recall the fugitives, who consisted of eighteen people." These joyfully received the presents of beads, knives and awls, which were offered them, and overwhelmed the explorers with hospitable attentions, giving them food, which was gladly accepted. They told of dangers to be met with further down the river, and some of the natives accompanied Mackenzie's people to point out the safest channel of the rapids, which they declared to be just beyond; but as a matter of fact there were no rapids. The river was about three hundred yards broad, and Mackenzie's soundings gave fifty fathoms of water.

Along the river there were almost continuous encampments of Indians, all of whom were spoken to, and all of whom traded food, such as hares, ptarmigan and fish, to the travelers. The last parties met with were Hare Indians, who told wonderful stories of danger, and of fearful things to be met on the river; and these terrors were not distant, for according to the Indians, behind an island opposite their camp dwelt a spirit in the river which swallowed every person that approached it. Unfortunately, Mackenzie had no time to cross to the island and see whether it would swallow him.

The people met a little further along were more attractive than those seen earlier, many of whom had been sick, while these were "healthy, full of flesh, and clean in their persons." Their ornaments and utensils did not differ greatly from those further up the river. They had a little iron, which they obtained from the Eskimos; their arrows were made of very light wood, and winged with two feathers, while their bows were of the Eskimo type, of two pieces spliced with sinew. Their shirts were not cut square at the bottom, but tapered to a point from the belt downward as low as the knee, before and behind, and these points were fringed. Over the breast, back and shoulders their shirts were also fringed, the fringe being ornamented with the stone of a berry, which was drilled and run on each string of the fringe. The sleeves of the shirts were short and wide, and long mittens covered their hands and arms. Their leggings were like trousers, and the shoes sewed to the leggings.

These people told them that it would take ten more nights to reach the sea, but after three nights they would meet the Eskimo. The reports of some guns discharged as the canoes pushed off, greatly alarmed the Indians, and the guide that they had hired at this place seemed inclined to leave them, until advised that the noise was a signal of friendship. The guide and two of his companions who accompanied them on their journey were merry fellows, singing not only their native songs, but others in imitation of the Eskimos'. Not satisfied with singing, their guide proceeded to dance, and transferring

himself to the white men's canoe, he danced in it, to their no small alarm lest he should upset it.

Mackenzie now began to be a little uneasy, for his provisions were growing scant, his hunters discouraged, and his men generally seemed anxious to return. Some of them declared that they must turn back, and the explorer was obliged to satisfy them by the assurance that he would go forward only seven days more, and if he did not then reach the sea, would return. They had now reached latitude 68°, and the sun was continually above the horizon. On the 11th they met an abandoned camp of Indians, where were seen parts of the fragments of three canoes, and places where oil had been spilt. Later, an Eskimo hut was found, and about it a great deal of property. Now, they began to see fresh tracks of the Eskimos on the beach. According to their guide, they were approaching a large lake, where the Eskimos lived, and in which they killed large fish found there, which Mackenzie presumed must be whales. White bears, and other large animals not identified from the description, were told of as well as the Eskimo canoes, which could conveniently carry four or five families.

On the 12th, in the morning, they landed where there were four huts. "The adjacent land is high and covered with short grass and flowers, though the earth was not thawed about four inches from the surface, beneath which was a solid body of ice. This beautiful appearance, however, was strongly contrasted with the ice and snow that was seen in the valleys. The soil, where there is any, is a yellow clay mixed with stones. These huts appear to have been abandoned during the last winter, and we had reason to think that some of the natives had been lately there, as the beach was covered with the tracks of their feet. Many of the runners and bars of their sledges were laid together near the houses in a manner that seemed to denote the return of the proprietors. There were also pieces of netting made of sinews, and some of bark of the willow. A thread of the former was platted, and no ordinary portion of time must have been employed in manufacturing so great a length of cord. A square stone kettle with a flat bottom also occupied our attention, which was capable of containing two gallons; and we were puzzled as to the means these people must have employed to have chiseled it out of a solid rock into its present form."

When they had satisfied their curiosity they were about to re-embark, but were puzzled to know where they should go, or what channel they should take. The lake was quite open to them to the westward, and the water very shallow, so much so that it was impossible to go quite close to the shore. They therefore went to an island, where they camped, and having set the net, Mackenzie and his interpreter climbed to the highest part of the island, from which they discovered solid ice, extending from the southwest by compass to the north and to the eastward. To the east were many islands.

As they passed along, on their walk of exploration, they came upon a number of white partridges, now becoming brown—the ptarmigan—and beautiful plover, which were breeding. There were also white owls, and presently they came upon an Eskimo grave.

Even the Indians and the Canadians, seeing that the time for turning back had almost come, began to regret that they must return without coming to the sea, not knowing that they were already upon it. For the next two or three nights they were several times obliged to move the baggage to keep the water from flowing about it, and at last Mackenzie concluded that this was the tide that was rising and falling. One morning many large animals were seen in the water, and Mackenzie recognized them as whales, and ordered the canoe to start in pursuit. Fortunately, just at this time a fog arose and the whales were not overtaken. These were white whales, and the Indian guide stated were one of the principal sources of food for the Eskimo.

All Mackenzie's efforts to meet these northern people failed, and on Thursday, the 16th of July, the canoes entered the river and began the return journey. They were still subsisting largely on the wildfowl that the Indians killed, and the fish that they took in their nets, and these were barely enough to support them. Indeeed, on some days the wildfowl were so shy that they could not be approached, and this obliged them to draw more or less on their store of provisions. However, on the 18th, and before they had gotten away from the country of the Eskimos, the hunters killed two reindeer, a very fortunate addition to their supply of food. But this killing of the reindeer was not without its unfortunate side, for it so alarmed their guide that he deserted that night. However, geese were plenty, and on the following day the hunters killed twenty-two, and the next day fifteen, and four swans.

They were now obliged to resort to the laborious and slow towing line to ascend the river. They met a party of Indians, among whom was the brother of the guide who had recently deserted, and Mackenzie sat up all night to watch them. They were greatly interested when they saw him writing, wondering what he was doing. As the night drew on, some women came from the forest to the camp, and after remaining for a short time, went away. "Those who remained immediately kindled a small fire and layed themselves down to sleep around it, like so many whelps, having neither skins nor garments of any kind to cover them, notwithstanding the cold that prevailed. My people having placed their kettle of meat on the fire, I was obliged to guard it from the natives, who made several attempts to possess themselves of its contents; and this was the only instance I had hitherto discovered of their being influenced by a pilfering disposition. It might perhaps be a general opinion that provisions were a common property."

From here they continued to tow the canoe up the river. Some Indian huts seen were built of drift-wood. On the slope of the beach, and on the inside, earth was dug away to form a level floor. Within these huts were drying scaffolds, covered with split fish, and fires made in different parts of the hut warmed and dried the air, and hastened the operation of drying. The Indians told him of the Eskimos who dressed like themselves, wore their hair short, and had two holes perforated, one on each side of the mouth, in line with the under lip, on which they placed long beads—the labrets, so well known as ornaments of the primitive Eskimos. They reported the animals of their country to be reindeer, bears, wolverines, martens, foxes, hares, and white buffaloes, and that the latter were only to be found in the mountains to the westward. On the journey up the river the towing line was much in use, but often, when the wind was north, it was possible to use the sail. For six days on this southward journey the party had not touched any of their provision stores, but in this time, Mackenzie says, they had consumed two reindeer, four swans, forty-five geese, and a considerable quantity of fish. "I have always observed that the northmen possessed very hearty appetites, but they were much exceeded by those with me since we entered this river. I should really have thought it absolute gluttony in my people, if my own appetite had not increased in a similar proportion."

He now began to hear, from the people whom he met, of a great river to the west of the one he was traveling on, and beyond the mountains, perhaps the Yukon or the Fraser. But the country through which this river ran was inhabited by strange creatures. "The Indians represented them as being of gigantic stature, and adorned with wings, which, however, they never employed in flying; that they fed on large birds, which they killed with the greatest ease, though common men would be certain victims of their voracity if they ventured to approach them. They also described the people that inhabited the mouth of the river as possessing the extraordinary power of killing with their eyes, and devouring a large beaver at a single meal. They added that canoes of very large dimensions visited that place. These tales, however, they told not of their own knowledge, but from reports of other tribes."

It was at this camp that Mackenzie was obliged to shoot an Indian dog, which it was impossible to keep from interfering with his baggage, which, of course, contained the provisions. "It was in vain that I had remonstrated on this subject, so that I was obliged to commit the act which is just mentioned. When these people heard the report of the pistol, and saw the dog dead, they were seized with a very general alarm, and the women took the children on their backs and ran into the woods. I ordered the cause of this act of severity to be explained, with the assurance that no injuries would be offered to themselves. The woman, however, to whom the dog belonged was very much affected, and declared that the loss of five children during the preceding winter had not affected her so much as the death of this animal; but her grief was not of very long duration, and a few beads, etc., soon assuaged her sorrow."

On the way up the river, August 2, small springs of mineral water were observed, as well as lumps of iron ore, and finally, a "coal mine," or bed of lignite, on fire. The beach was covered with coal, and the English chief gathered some of it to be used as a black dye, to color porcupine quills. A little further on, the Indian hunters killed a beaver, whose fur was now beginning to grow long. Tracks of moose and reindeer were seen, but all of them old. Since the weather was growing cooler the reindeer would now leave the plains to come into the woods, for the mosquitoes were beginning to disappear. Though the river had fallen much the current was still very strong, and the work difficult. The weather was cold, and now their violent exercise scarcely kept them warm. The women constantly remained in the canoes, making moose-skin moccasins for the men, who as constantly wore them out, a pair lasting not more than one day.

On the 7th they saw two reindeer on the beach before them, but the Indians, quarreling to see which should be the first to get near them, alarmed the deer, which ran away. However, a female reindeer was killed, whose legs showed wounds, and it was supposed that she had been pursued by wolves, which devoured her young one. One of the young Indians took her udder, which was full of milk, and squeezing it over some boiled corn, ate the mixture with great relish.

On the 10th, accompanied by one of his young Indians, Mackenzie strove without success to reach the mountains which were seen on the southwest of the river.

For the last few days the hunters had been unsuccessful, killing only a beaver, a few hares, and a few waterfowl, but on the 13th they reached the island where they had hidden their pemmican on the way down, and raising the cache, found themselves once more in plenty. A little later they saw another camp of Indians, who, very much frightened, drew their canoes up on the beach and fled to the woods, leaving much of their property behind them. This was pounced upon by Mackenzie's Indians, who took his interpreter severely to task for his conduct. This brought on a more or less violent dispute, in the course of which the English chief declared that he would accompany Mackenzie no further, but would leave him and remain here. The Indian and all his relations wept bitterly, but after a few hours Mackenzie persuaded him to continue the journey, and propitiated him by a gift of rum.

On the 17th and 18th of August the hunters were more successful, and on the last day the English chief killed a buffalo, while a few water-fowl were brought in daily. They now found signs of a Cree encampment, and presently reached the entrance of Slave Lake. Coasting around this, often in heavy weather, they came upon Mr. Le Roux, from the fort there, and found that he had been somewhat successful in trading for skins, having five packs, principally of marten. Large game seemed abundant here, and the tracks of buffalo, moose, and reindeer were seen. On August 30 they reached Mr. Le Roux's house.

Here Mackenzie's Indians left him, on the ground that he traveled too fast for them, and that they feared they should be drowned if they followed so reckless a sailor. Mr. Le Roux's establishment was left on the 31st of August, and twelve days later, after many difficulties from storm and cold, they reached Fort Chipewyan, having concluded a voyage which had occupied one hundred and two days.

Geo. Bird Grinnell.

A ship in harbor weighs half the weight of its cargo, and its own weight is double half what it weighs if half its weight is counted as half its weight of cargo. The united weight of ship and cargo is more than 10,000 and less than 11,000 tons. What does the ship weigh when it leaves harbor? Answer—The anchor.

Idle Hours.

The blue smoke curls up in a thin wreath from the hot coals and glowing logs of the fire, toward the big pine trees that tower into the clear blue dome overhead, while the murmuring voice of the stream mingles in pleasant cadence with the appetizing sizzle of the little trout browning to a crisp in the long-handled frying pan. A wide, capacious, open camp filled with soft, spicy balsam boughs, offers a couch of fragrant comfort not to be surpassed by any other. The bright sunshine streaming down through the yellow-tinted leaves falls on the rough board table and benches set for the partakers of a meal in the woods. What a free, whole-souled, unaffected and natural life is this! We forget the world, and receive joyfully the balms and invigorating influences of the woods, living in the beauty and happiness of the present, thus becoming strengthened for the future.

Not far from our summer home was such a spot, with an amber brook, huge pines, an inviting open camp, and the wild, untouched forest surrounding; it is needless to say that visits to this place left memories of everlasting pleasure behind them, nor were the days anything more than one long hour of unstained happiness.

It was reached by a two-mile drive through the woods on a good wagon road; then a short walk brought one to where the pines soughed above, the brook rippled around a point of springy leaf-mould that formed an ideal location for the camp and fireplace. This level bit of land was overgrown with fresh, delicate ferns, while a number of graceful yellow birches twined their roots in the rich soil or grew from a mossy rock in the stream. From the end of this small point two rough hewn logs stretched across a deep, clear pool, and once over the rustic bridge, one might walk down the brook on a wood trail that ended where a foaming cascade fell over a smooth, rounded rock, and boiled into another pool below. On every side was the wild virgin forest, and many times deer came within a short distanee of the camp, while two mighty pine trees standing nearby were a crowning delight.

A soft northwest wind was blowing, and across the clear, deep-tinted blue of the sky sailed those white, gray-lined, Adirondack clouds; but here in the woods only the rustling murmur of the leaves above told that a breeze was stirring, for the smoke from the fire which Rob had just kindled hung in sunbeamed streaks between the trees.

"To-day we must go over to the stream" had been a proposition so readily accepted that here we were, two hours later in the morning, with pack basket filled with everything needful for an outdoor repast, and Rob, whose cooking powers, quaint wit and wood lore could not be done without. After fat, faithful Flora, a mare of unlimited merits, had brought us safely to our destination, driving from the road down to the camp on the rough, uncertain trail with ease and sure-footed care of an old-timer, I pereeived Fred fumbling under the buckboard seat in evident search of something. "What are you looking for?" I questioned, my curiosity aroused. "Worms," he answered. "I wasn't coming over here without some bait, you can just believe. Ought to catch a few trout down stream, Rob?"

"Yes, you ought ter get some," returned Rob, as he arranged the "wood artist's" painting stool and outfit near the thick, mossy bank, where later on a sheet of canvas there appeared the yellow stream, rock and clasping birch of the reality. The "little lady," too, had brought her sketching materials, pen, ink and block in immediate use with a book of Shelley's fragrant poems resting beside her. I made up my mind without further ado. "I am going, too; but you can fish and I'll look on for a half hour or so before I come back to help fry the 'murphies' and make the toast," I said, addressing Rob. "Then if you get any fish we can have some for dinner," speaking to the angler who was adjusting hook and line and buckshot sinker to a birch rod he had cut.

"All right; come along," he returned; and off we started, stopping by the pool before crossing over, to throw a few big night-walkers to the half dozen trout that lurked in its cool, amber depths. We never fished for these or any others between this point and the falls, several hundred yards further on. The pool was not very deep, and the sun, striking on it now, showed clearly every yellow stone and old rotted log covering the bottom. Suddenly a small form shot out from under one of these dark, sheltering retreats, as a bright *fontinalis* darted in eager haste at the worm, twisting slowly downward. Seizing it greedily, he swam off, pursued by two or three other hungry, lively fish, that endeavored to snatch the dangling bait from his mouth. After passing over the bridge, we continued walking down the trail until we reached the rushing falls that marked the commencement of the fishing grounds. In many places where a strip of soft "muck" or sand bordered the brook, were the sharp, deeply sunk tracks of deer, and I have no doubt that the ungainly, thrilling imprints of some old Bruin's paws had marked it, too. A high knoll arose on the opposited side of the stream, a thick growth of balsam, spruce, pine and a few birches covering the steep incline, free from underbrush. "There goes a trout under the bank," said Fred, when, after scrambling over fallen trees, balancing on slippery moss-grown logs, plunging ankle-deep into several copious spring holes, we had reached a likely looking pool. Splash, slump! and I slid off a treacherous log into the wet, spongy muck, nearly losing my balanee as I endeavored to get nearer to Fred's location, for we had become somewhat separated on this rough ground, each one picking his own way.

"Don't try and come across," he called to me, after I made a hasty retreat to a firmer position. "I nearly got mired myself, and each shoe feels as if there was a bucket of water in it."

Neither of us could resist a good laugh at our mishaps, for the day was warm, and such amusing incidents only added to the fun, not making us at all uncomfortable.

"Here's a good place," came a hidden voice from Fred's direction; and finding a well-beaten deer runway, I followed it down to the brook until I stood

within a few yards of the pool he was fishing. The amber water flowed windingly in and out among the thick alder bushes that hung and overshadowed it in many places; here the stream rippled over a shallow gravel bed, glinting and flashing in the sunlight, and then in a sweeping turn sank into a little coffee-colored pool. A fallen balsam spanned the brook, while beyond was an open, grassy point, with a background of tall, fragrant tamarack, pine and balsam trees, whose sweet, spicy odors mingled strongly with other wood aromas.

Under the former's overhanging stub was a dark secluded hole. Into this, after repeated efforts to disentangle from grasping bushes, Fred dropped his hook.

"There's some in here, sure enough," he said, with an accompanied muttered exclamation of tried patience as an unseen twig caught the hook, which came up after a good deal of pulling and disturbance to the pool, minus the worm. "Well, here goes again," as another fresh bait was lowered carefully in. Before it had disappeared from sight the birch rod bent, the line grew taut, and Fred triumphantly swung out a glistening trout, whose olive mottled back and crimson spotted sides gladdened our hearts.

"He's a beauty," I exclaimed, cutting a twig with a crotch to string him on, for we had no creel. "Try there again; you may get another."

At the third or fourth attempt two more fish were landed and added to the first. Further along, we came on a number of shallow pools with shadowy retreats under the banks, but all the trout inhabiting them were too small or the ground was so wet and full of treacherous "rooty" holes that we were prevented from approaching the stream. However, we kept on, looking for another likely spot, listening to the calls of a flock of bluejays and the occasional rapping of a big pileated woodpecker on a hollow, resonant pine stump.

Hearing the harsh cries of the former, reminded me of an incident that occurred some years back, when I was fishing with the Veteran on this same stream, only further down along its course, where a great many heavy, yielding pools existed, while the woods were especially wild and primeval. We were fishing a big pool, the Veteran ahead and I behind, walking along through the thick alder bushes that, as usual, bordered the bank, dropping in where an opening offered a favorable place to land the bright, voracious trout.

All at once a sound broke the stillness; a wild, weird cry, that to my imaginative and youthful senses was almost hair-raising in its uncanny nature. "What's that?" I asked, clutching the Veteran's coat. He stopped and listened. "Sounds like a fox," was the answer, as again the long-drawn, high-keyed wail came to our ears. As at that time I was unacquainted with the strange vocal powers of these crafty wood denizens, I became fully convinced it was nothing more or less than a hungry panther, and was consequently seized with terror. Every moment I expected to see a creeping, yellow form and round, gleaming eyes coming up behind us, so as a result of these dilated fancies, I trod on the Veteran's heels at every step, and ran into him when he stopped to fish, in effort to keep as close as possible, for my eyes continually sought the rear. Finally he was forced to leave off fishing in order to save his heels from being unmercifully trampled upon, and of course he could take no comfort with me clinging fearfully to his coat half the time. Will I ever hear the last of that episode? To this day it is referred to with laughter and imitations for my special benefit; illustrations of how I endeavored not to lose sight of the Veteran. Since then I have heard, many times, the shrill, yelping howls, barks and wails of foxes far off in the dark, quiet woods at night, and also when in them during the day; but their first influence has been replaced by a delightful pleasure, now experienced when listening to those wild forest sounds, unmarred, in their native element.

The stream was too swift to fish where it curved around the grassy point, with the background of thick conifers, still occupied by the chattering, brilliant jays; so we pushed on for a short distance until we discovered another pool, not very large, to be true, but favorable in its appearance.

While Fred put on a new bait and made a cautious approach within fishing distance, I continued on, walking through the scented grass and brakes to look for the next best location. Several times I came on fresh "deer beds" that evidently had been in recent use, for the grass was flattened into round semi-circular mats, and appeared snug, inviting resting places for some graceful doe or thick-set watchful old buck, who usually picks out the safest and most comfortable retreat. Surely the deer deserve all these small comforts, when one thinks of the hard, bitter winters some of them contrive to live through, followed by the summer torments of flies and ending with the hunting season. Here, however, I should stop, for yearly I am fortunate in enjoying that splendid sport, whose various pleasures, added to the bagging of a fine deer, are unlimited.

"This makes the sixth," said Fred, as I came back to where he stood displaying a plump trout he had just landed from the pool. Two or three undersized ones were swung out after this from the same place, but were of course immediately returned again, and as hooking these little chaps did them no good, the angler wisely concluded to move on. From under a partly sunken log near the bank he succeeded in catching a couple more, lively and well conditioned, that readily seized the bait as it drifted by their concealed nook.

A little below, another fish ran out into the open sunlight, swallowed the worm, and was promptly precipitated into the air, to join his former companions that were fastened on the birch twig.

"It must be getting toward dinner time; so I'll go back and take these trout with me," I said, picking up the fish.

"Very well; I'm going to stay for a while longer, and perhaps I can get a few more," he returned. So, after giving his catch a dip in the water to freshen them, I struck back from the stream into the woods, where the walking was better, and soon reached the path that led to our camp. How delicious are the various odors that penetrate one's nostrils, for, besides their fragrance, the resinous smells of spruce, balsam, tamarack and pine are like a bracing, aromatic tonic when breathed into the lungs. Undoubtedly the wonderful health-giving purity and exhilaration of Adirondack air is due to the quantity of oxygen generated by the vegetable growth that gives rise to the healing vitality and life of the atmosphere.

Half way on the trail to camp there came to my ears a yell, or, rather, a call—the first describes it best—that made me jump before I realized it was only Rob announcing the near approach of dinner; so I hurried on, and a couple of minutes later deposited the morning's catch on the cook table beside the fire.

"The 'murphies' are all ready," said Rob, handing me the frying-pan filled with round, white slices of potatoes and a big lump of pork. "Smoke is mighty strong, so you'd better let me cook 'em," he continued; but I refused, for I always enjoyed a taste of outdoor cooking, despite the smarting, eye-watering process one is compelled to undergo. While the trout were being prepared by skilled fingers, I dodged around the fire, trying to escape the pungent smoke, and twice nearly upsetting potatoes and all into the dirt.

"Tough on yer eyes,' isnt' it?" asked Rob, as he set the steaming coffee pot and a plate of crisp toast on the table. "Now, we're all ready, I guess; come, get ter eatin' while things are red hot, and I'll have those trout fried before you can turn 'round."

Fred put in a timely appearance at this moment with five more fish, making a total of fourteen for his morning's catch.

Soon we were all seated, the flickering sunlight falling across the table, and Rob's culinary handicraft set before us. Did we enjoy and relish that meal, flavored with a pungent delicious taste of outdoor cooking, eaten with sound healthful appetites and the murmur of the brook in our ears? It is a question to be answered by those who have experienced these same pleasures and blessings the woods offer us.

After dinner was over and the wood artist had seated herself to put the finishing touches to the painting of the stream while Fred and the little lady enjoyed the springy, fragrant luxury of the open camp, I sat by the fire toasting my damp shoes, leaning back to look up at a mighty pine shooting high in soft lines against the sky. What a massive, wonderful structure, coated with rugged bark, the heavy, twisted branches reaching out like powerful arms to feel and vibrate with winds and storms; to wave and shake dark, feathery tassels in the breeze until they sigh and murmur to those who listen.

Two hours later we were driving homeward, the mellow light of the setting sun shedding a soft glow down the road and piercing the woods with hazy, slanting sunbeamed rays. At every "thank you ma'am" going up the hills, patient Flora would turn reproachful glances on the wagonload, and once as she stopped to rest, a big red doe, followed by a spotted fawn, crossed the road with a leaping bound, and two white flags waved defiantly as they disappeared. When we came to the place where they had entered the woods, there they both stood but a short distance away in a sloping green hollow. The old doe was browsing, and after one inquiring look at the familiar apparition of a horse and wagon, went on feeding unconcernedly, switching flies with her tail, while the fawn gazed intently in our direction until we finally drove on, leaving them still there.

That night as I stood looking out an open window on the quiet dark-shadowed lake, and the darker outlines of the surrounding hills and mountains, the sweet, mellow tones of an accordeon floated across the water, and as the last note of a familiar air died away, the weird, lonely hooting of an owl came clearly from the silent shore—a good-night and pleasant dreams from a wilderness voice.

CAMILLA.

Tough and Tender.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read in your issue of April 2 the very pertinent editorial comments upon the experiences of the Hubbard (Outing) party in Labrador, and the death of Mr. Hubbard by starvation in October. These deprecate the thoughtless undertakings of inexperienced and unequipped explorers in a wilderness country. October was not a month to starve in. By way of contrast between the taught and untaught I beg to refer your readers to the sketch of Dr. Robert Bell, which was printed by the FOREST AND STREAM in the fall of 1900, entitled, "One of Canada's Explorers," and more particularly to the exploit of Factor McLean, of the Hudson Bay Company, who is on record as having made the trip from Northwest River in Labrador to Winnipeg on snowshoes, and living off the country—a distance of 2,500 miles, requiring fourteen weeks' time. Such a feat is marvelous, and beyond comprehension. McLean had but a single attendant, both carrying a kit and sleeping bags, and subsisting for the most part upon what they trapped and shot.

Sportsmen who make short trips into the woods with well-equipped and experienced guides have small conception of the woodcraft necessary to accomplish an itinerary like that recorded of Dr. Bell.

When I first heard of Leonidas Hubbard's death I would not credit the report; for I had been a good deal on Hudson Bay trails, and traveled with the brigades several times (in mid-summer), and learned their systematic ways; and I felt that if the Hubbard party had outfitted at Northwest River station, which I have visited personally, he would have been set straight and given a proper send-off. The temerity, not to say innocence, of the unsophisticated is surely marvelous to contemplate. How often I have asserted in my writings that not a considerable fraction of those who write knowingly of sport in the woods could take care of themselves a week if left to their own resources. They would get lost in a ten-acre wood lot. Even the Nordenskold arctic exploring party perished of starvation in their tents on the Lena River in Siberia because they did not think to try for the fish which were beneath them, or know how to catch them if they did.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Natural History.

Colorado Buffalo.

DENVER, Col., March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your editorial under "Colorado's Last Buffalo" in your issue of March 26, you refer to a press despatch of March 20, announcing the killing in Colorado of the last of the Lost Park herd of buffalo, and you apparently locate the Lost Park in the northwest part of Colorado, whereas the Lost Park in which these buffalo were is in central Colorado in Chaffee county.

I did not see the press despatch to which you refer, and doubt somewhat the truth of its statement, for the reason that from the best information I have, some persons residing in Buena Vista, Colorado, killed two bulls, one cow and one calf, in February, 1897, which were understood to be the last of the Lost Park herd. This killing was done to procure specimens, the skeletons and hides only being saved, the meat having been left in the field.

It may be a matter of interest to you to know how this work of vandalism could be accomplished and go unpunished, as has been the case thus far. It appears that the killing was done very quietly and the hides and skeletons were kept concealed, so that the game commissioner could find no sufficient evidence of the act or identification of the perpetrators until 1901. In that year, by some very skillful detective work, he and one of his deputies were introduced to the perpetrators as taxidermists desiring to purchase the hides and skeletons, and criminal informations were filed against the two Bartletts and some other parties who assisted them in the killing.

There were two different trials of the perpetrators, in which the evidence was absolutely conclusive of their guilt, but in the first case the court held that the prosecution was under the game law of 1893, and that it had been repealed by subsequent laws. In the second case, the court instructed the jury that if the evidence showed the defendants to have been in possession of the hides and skeletons more than three years prior to the commencement of the prosecution they must be found "not guilty." The evidence did so show; the jury returned the verdict of "not guilty," and the defendants were discharged.

Upon being discharged the defendants asked an order for the return of the hides and skeletons, which the court refused to grant, but ordered the sheriff to retain their custody until further order of the court. Soon thereafter the State Game Commissioner commenced a replevin suit for the hides and skeletons. This suit hung fire for some time, and for reasons of which I am not fully advised, the case was dismissed.

On October 24, 1903, the perpetrators of the act began a replevin suit against the sheriff in whose custody the property was, and that suit is now pending in the District Court of Lake county, and at the request of the present game commissioner, I have promised to look after it and try to see that the perpetrators of the outrage, although they have so far escaped punishment, shall not be able to get away with the proceeds of the crime. Notwithstanding the complications above recited I anticipate no serious difficulty in preventing the undesirable result which I have indicated.

D. C. BEAMAN.

Bears as Game Destroyers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been interested in the discussion the past few weeks concerning bears as game destroyers. In March 24 issue Wm. J. Long expresses the hope that readers will send in their "observations" along this line. When disputed questions like this arise, we find much of the discussion consists of only an expression of sentiment and opinion, rather than that of actual personal observation. I have referred on previous occasions to the most unaccountable way in which different persons of equal experience and intelligence, and in the same locality, will arrive at conclusions so widely different as to admit of no compromise; and yet when it comes to an analysis of their actual observations they may be very similar; thus we must conclude that a prevailing sentiment does sometimes influence persons in arriving at conclusions as a result of observation.

For instance; my sentiments are strongly in favor of the bear: of not only prohibiting a bounty on him, but protecting him, if necessary for his existence. My sentiments are, that of all our North American animals the bear is the most interesting, and the most to be desired from the standpoint of the hunter, either in the sport connected with his capture or the trophy which he furnishes; and I would go further and pay more to hunt where there were plenty of bear, with even a possibility of killing one, than for a double certainty of killing any other game where no bear were to be found. Those are my sentiments.

My opinion, based on observation, is that they are not game destroyers, and it is quite possible that my opinion may, to some extent, be the result of sentiment. That they are "bad medicine" on hogs and sheep almost anyone will admit, but that is not the question at issue. Perhaps being unduly influenced by sentiment, when I have found the remains of a young game animal which has been eaten by bears, unless I can find evidences to the contrary, I conclude at once that it has died from some natural cause, and after decomposition began a bear had found it, owing to the stench, which will attract a bear from a long distance; for they eat carrion as readily as freshly killed meat.

A person who has only a feeling of hostility for the bear, and believes him to be a destroyer of game, would on the same occasion report that he had found where a bear had killed and eaten the young of some animal; of course believing it to be a fact. The observations being the same, conclusions are largely the result of sentiment.

I have found where bear were feeding on the carcasses of elk, and, in nearly every instance, have learned through investigation that the elk, or presumably the same ones, had been wounded by hunters and escaped; probably being found by the bears only after the stench from the

decaying carcass enabled them to locate it at some considerable distance. I was once walking through the woods, when I suddenly came upon a black bear, not over 25yds. away; it was standing looking at me, and I shot it in the head. On going to it, I found it had been to dinner and had just finished burying the remains of a deer, on which it had been feeding; and as it had been busy at its work it had not noticed my approach. A few days later I learned that a hunter had wounded a deer, which had escaped from him in that exact locality, about two weeks before, indicating that it had been found by the bear only after the carcass had begun to decay.

In all the bears which I have followed, I have never seen any actions or signs to indicate that they were looking for game: always prying into such places as would be a likely harbor for insects or mice, or where honey, roots or berries of any kind might be found. In fact if one who had never heard of such an animal, and knowing nothing whatever of their habits, if such were possible, were to go into the woods where bears live, and make a study of them, his impression would be that they were vegetarians, as there is so little in their actions when hunting for food to denote a beast of prey.

Mr. Long says, in speaking of the Yellowstone park: "Mr. C. J. Jones, game warden of the park, says positively that bears are not molested there simply because they do no harm to the game. * * * yet one man's experience counts for just one man's experience and no more in settling any question of animal habits." Now I would like to take exception to this last statement: If it was a matter of casting votes, where each counted the same, that would be corrcct; but when it comes to determining the habits of animal life in North America, the verdict of Col. Jones should count equal to that of a half dozen average readers of FOREST AND STREAM; for the number of men living to-day who have had an equal experience, in an equal extent of territory, of equal intelligence, and who have observed and studied wild animals to the same extent and thoroughness as has Mr. Jones, are very, very few.

At one time a disease broke out in our town which was declared by some of our local medical men to be smallpox, while others insisted it was not. In order to arrive at a correct conclusion, an expert of the medical profession who was the most experienced, and highest authority obtainable, was sent for to come and decide the case in dispute.

Most of us who are interested in wild animals are but amateurs, while Col. Jones may be compared to a professional, and his conclusions should have corresponding weight. The "observations" of all should count for the same, as far as they go, regardless of the experience of the observer, but the weight of conclusions must depend upon the extent of experience. All respect and consideration are due to those who take the other side, for some there be among them who are of long experience, and whose conclusions are not to be ignored.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

In our issue of March 19, Mr. Manly Hardy gave an account of a moose, which, as the circumstances indicated, had been killed by a bear. Mr. Hardy writes: "By a misprint I was made to say that there was a 'light sun.' I wrote 'light snow.' Mr. Staples, who found the moose, told me he could see every motion, just how the bear had crept up to the moose, which was lying down, how he had jumped on its neck and held it down, and how they struggled over a large place; but the moose never was able to get on its feet. The bear was a small one, while the moose was a large one, with nine points on each horn. I know of another case where a moose, after the entrails were removed, was turned over on its breast to let the blood out and was left over night. In the night a bear crept up to within springing distance, evidently thinking the moose was not dead, and sprang on it and clawed it; but finding it was dead left without eating any."

NEW YORK, April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The new question which has just come up as to the destruction of game by bears is of very great interest, less from the practical side of game preservation than from the natural history side.

I know nothing whatever of the black bear of the East, and very little about the bears of any region. On one occasion, however, I followed a band of elk for a long time through the snow over the mountains. I had hoped to come up with them, but for the last mile or two of my travel a medium sized grizzly bear had cut in ahead of me and was following the elk trail. This alone proves nothing. The bear might have had a dozen motives for doing what he did.

On the other hand, if we may trust the stories told by the plains Indians of buffalo days, bears sometimes attacked and killed buffalo and also elk. I have cited a case, on the testimony of an eye witness, where a grizzly bear tried to kill a buffalo and was subsequently—after a long fight—himself killed by a young bull that was with the heifer.

Indian stories of fact and myth frequently speak of bears killing buffalo, and tell how the bears crept around in the brush of river bottoms to get near enough to spring on the buffalo. An old Blackfoot friend, now dead, told me of seeing a grizzly bear kill an elk, and I remember his saying "he bit it in the jaw," implying, of course, that the bear grasped the elk's neck with his arms and crushed the head with his jaws.

While the food of the bear is exceedingly varied, we all recognize that they eat flesh when they can get it, and I believe that they will return day after day for weeks to a carcass, until nothing remains of it except the larger bones, which they still seem to like to mumble or play with.

Personally, I have absolute confidence in what Mr. Manly Hardy says of the eastern black bear of his region, for Mr. Hardy's experience goes back further than that of most of us, and he is a most careful observer.

G. B. G.

The Linnaean Society.

A REGULAR meeting of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, 77th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York, April 12, at 8 P. M. The speakers will be: L. B. Bishop, "Further Notes on the Winter Birds of Pea Island, N. C."; Wm. Dutcher, "The Work of the National Committee on Bird Protection."



GAME BAG AND GUN

Alaska Game Law.

A HEARING was had last week before the Committee on Territories of the United States Senate on Mr. Dillingham's Senate bill 4,166, which repeals the game laws of Alaska, and which, if passed, will, it is believed, result in the speedy extinction of large game in Alaska, and the consequent starvation and death of large numbers of the natives.

It is a curious thing that the persons who are reported to chiefly advocate this bill, advance as their principal reason for its advocacy, their wish to benefit the natives, and do not appear to realize that wholesale permission to slaughter at all seasons of the year for commercial and other purposes, while it may help the natives for a year, or possibly two years, will then have placed them in greater straits than ever.

One of the chief advocates of this repealing bill is reported to be a gentleman very familiar with matters in southeastern Alaska, and with the facts as to the deer there, but not familiar with conditions in the farther north, principally affected by the game law.

Among the letters received by the committee we print two—one signed by the president of the Boone and Crockett Club, addressed to Senator Dillingham, and another from Mr. Andrew J. Stone, addressed to Mr. Madison Grant, Secretary of the N. Y. Zoological Society. Mr. J. Alden Loring, of Owego, N. Y., also wrote Mr. Grant a letter similar in tenor to the one printed in FOREST AND STREAM last week.

We give the letters below:

BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB,
Secretary's Office, 11 Wall Street.
NEW YORK, March 23, 1904.

Hon. W. P. Dillingham, Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C.:

Dear Sir—At a recent meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club resolutions were passed putting the Club on record as opposing Senate Bill No. 4,166, for the reasons stated in this letter. A copy of the Club book is enclosed to show the personnel and purposes of the organization.

A letter just handed us by Mr. C. Grant La Farge, in which you set forth in great detail your views on the subject, would indicate that you place much reliance on the information furnished you by the gentlemen mentioned therein.

We would say in reply to this, that the Boone and Crockett Club is not composed of gentlemen who have purely theoretical or academic views, but its members have a very considerable amount of practical information on the subject.

Many members of the Club, notably Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Mr. Walter B. Devereux and Dr. Lewis R. Morris, are familiar with the condition of affairs in Alaska from a study on the spot. Other members, like Mr. Jas. H. Kidder and Dr. Lord Smith have hunted there season after season.

In addition to this, members of the Club have supported the Andrew J. Stone expedition, and are thoroughly familiar with its results. Mr. Stone probably knows more than any living man about the animals of Alaska, having traversed something over one thousand miles of the Canadian arctic coast, having crossed from the Mackenzie to the Yukon Rivers, and having hunted for us during the last three years along the south coast of Alaska from the Alaska peninsula to the Stickene River, B. C., and in the interior.

Mr. J. Alden Loring was also sent, under the direction of some members of the Club, to the head waters of Cook Inlet three years ago; a letter from him bearing on the subject is enclosed.

Our authority on the question of the walrus and sea lion is Mr. Charles H. Townsend, who was for many years in the U. S. Fish Commission, and who is an international authority on the fur seals of Bering Sea, as well as on the sea lions and walrus.

In addition to this we have many sources of information, such as Mr. Phelps, as appears in the letters to which you refer, so that the views we express are not without some basis.

We may say to start with that all the above authorities are in absolute accord and against the proposed repeal.

As to the invasion of the immemorial right of the natives to trap, the report of the sub-committee of the Committee on Territories is erroneous, as there is no limitation in the existing law on the killing of any fur-bearing animal, except bear, which latter can be killed during the spring, when their fur is at its best. There is also in the law no limitation as to the killing of animals for food by natives, explorers, miners or travelers, the purpose of the law being to preserve for the residents of Alaska, both native and white, the present store of food animals, and to prevent a few professional hunters from destroying them en masse for commercial purposes.

There is no surer way to destroy the game, and to prevent anyone from having fresh meat, than to allow the employment of paid hunters to supply meat to steamboats, mining camps and settlements.

Senate Bill No. 4.166 seems to be based on an erroneous view of the needs of the natives, and on the mistaken idea that they are dependent on meat for food. As a matter of fact the coast natives are fish eaters rather than meat eaters.

The natives, when demoralized by the presence of whites, and when equipped with modern firearms, are not only reckless and improvident killers of game, but are frequently used as agents for white hunters who wish to evade the law.

The present limitations on the killing of animals are absolutely necessary in the interests of the natives themselves, as the walrus has been greatly reduced in numbers along the Alaskan peninsula, and the sea lion must be protected if it is to be preserved much longer.

As to the alleged numbers of brown bear, we cannot help but feel that you have been misinformed both as to its numbers and ferocity.

On the Alaskan peninsula and on Kadiak Island the brown bears have been reduced to a small fraction of their former numbers. These bears are fish and vegetable rather than meat eaters. The writers have been concerned in several expeditions for these bear during the last two or three years.

As to the caribou on the Alaska and Kenai peninsulas they are on the verge of extinction. In the latter district their numbers in 1902 had been reduced to less than forty. There are no elk in Alaska.

The necessity of protecting animals during their breeding season, the protection of breeding females, the limitation of the numbers to be killed by one person, and the absolute prohibition of commerce in hides, meat and antlers, are fundamental principles.

Every State in the Union, every province in Canada, in fact, every civilized community on earth, including the newly organized protectorates in Africa, especially Uganda, has found it necessary to apply these principles and restrict the indiscriminate killing of wild animals, both by whites and by natives, in consequence of the universal introduction of modern firearms, especially repeating and long-range rifles.

Until two years ago Alaska alone was without such protection, and the wasteful slaughter of game there was without check. An exceedingly liberal law was passed in 1902. This law it is now proposed to repeal, and to leave without protection all birds, all sheep, goats, walrus, and sea lions, and impose a nominal restriction on the export only of hides and heads of the three species of deer.

A license is imposed of twenty-five dollars for residents, and one ten times as large for non-residents. Under this dealers can ship two moose and two caribou heads worth $150 to $200 apiece for each $25 license taken out in the name of some resident.

It is scarcely credible that the Senate of the United States, having before it the destruction of the buffalo, and other large mammals in the west, which to-day is a standing reproach to the civilization of our country, would deliberately remove from the statute books all protection for the game animals in the one locality where they still exist in anything like their former numbers. Those who are not familiar with the details of the destruction of the buffalo, as well as the elk, sheep and deer in North America, cannot realize how quickly such destruction can take place. In the years 1880 and 1881 the buffalo north of the Union Pacific Railroad were estimated at 500,000. Less than five years afterward,

in 1886, only 400 of this herd remained. It is undoubtedly a fact that a similar catastrophe awaits the animals of Alaska, if, from any misapprehension of the facts, the true interests of the natives are disregarded, and the game animals slaughtered without restriction.

In closing, we wish to thank you for your courtesy in addressing us through Mr. La Farge, and to say that we thoroughly appreciate the generous instinct which prompted you to intervene on behalf of the native Alaskans, and we do not wish you to suppose that we are actuated by any sentimental regards for game as such, but we honestly believe that the maintenance of the present law is for the true and permanent interest of the natives.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) W. AUSTIN WADSWORTH. President.

(Signed) MADISON GRANT, Secretary.

HOTEL BELLECLAIRE, New York, March 11.

Mr. Madison Grant, Secretary of the New York Zoological Society, 11 Wall Street, New York City:

My Dear Mr. Grant—In answer to your inquiries in reference to the killing of game in Alaska and especially that part of the killing in which the native element takes a part, I can only cite some of the things that have come under my personal observation.

In considering the native element in connection with the killing of game, we must divide them into two classes, the coast people and the inland people.

The inland people are practically out of the question when considering laws for the protection of game, for the reason that there are but few places where the law could reach them. The largest white population and the largest native population is on or near the coast, and, unfortunately, in a country characterized with so much coast line as Alaska, a very considerable of the animal life is in reach of the coast. Especially is this true of south-eastern Alaska and western Alaska.

The deer are the principal game of south-eastern Alaska, and while there is one condition there that favors their perpetuation indefinitely, there are others that help very extensively toward their extermination.

The first instance is in the character of the country that furnishes them everywhere during most seasons with the best of cover—but in the second, we might safely say that ninety per cent. of the country inhabited by the deer in south-eastern Alaska slopes from the rugged mountain ridges toward the sea. When the snows begin to pile up in the fall of the year the deer travel toward the lower levels and the sea, and the result is that eventually seventy-five per cent of them, if not more, are in the neighborhood of the coast and an easy prey to every class of hunter. At such time of year, when there was no law to protect these animals, the natives slaughtered them by the thousands, merely for the skins, which usually sold anywhere from fifteen to thirty-five cents each. It is safe to say that not more than ten per cent. of the flesh of these animals taken at such times was consumed. The coast natives are a fish eating people—their favorite food is abundant and more easily procured than the flesh of animals, and for that reason they do not depend on the deer for food, but if left to their own inclinations, would slaughter it for the most insignificant profit. A thing again that is not necessary to their support, for their support comes almost solely through the capture of furs and as laborers at the salmon fisheries.

The trade in deer skins in south-eastern Alaska grew to enormous proportions in the last ten years, and if allowed to continue in the same way for another ten years would very nearly exterminate the deer.

We must not forget that an Indian would rather hunt all day for a deer skin that would bring him twenty cents than to do ordinary labor for one dollar and fifty cents, and in this particular character becomes a greater enemy to the life of the game than the average white man.

This I am confident of—there is not one-half the number of deer in Alaska to-day that there were ten years ago.

Another feature that has to do with the preservation of game animals in Alaska is that of the settlements, mostly mining. It is of no avail to prohibit white men from killing game for the market and to permit natives to kill what they like, when they like, for they not only take advantage of this to market great quantities of game, but white men take advantage of such a law by putting themselves behind the natives, and in this way speculate through the slaughter of game.

During a visit to Hattie Camp, thirty miles west of Fort Wrangel in the fall of 1902, I found that the people developing the mines there were using about ten deer a week, and they told me that that was about the average the year through. These people, as well as the people of all other mining camps in south-eastern Alaska, could get beef on short notice from Seattle, but they used the deer because it was cheaper.

Scatter mining camps and settlements of this nature all through a country as they are now scattered throughout the coast country of Alaska and give them liberties in the consumption of game and they will soon destroy it, and the native, if allowed, will prove an important element in its destruction, for the reason that he prefers to hunt rather than do ordinary labor, even though his pay is very much less. While in western Alaska last summer, a Mr. Peter Larsen, of Unga, told me that the fall before he and his Indian brother-in-law killed caribou until they had secured thirty fine heads, which they took to San Francisco and sold at a good profit. My experience teaches that the securing of these thirty marketable heads meant the killing of not less than one hundred animals, and the Indian brother-in-law was the screen behind which this scene was enacted.

The natives and the white men married to natives and who, when pressed, can use the natives as a screen, supply the Appolla mines at Unga with caribou meat the year round, and will continue to do so as long as any special permit is granted the natives. The present law does not permit of white men going to sea for the purpose of hunting sea otter, that are now very nearly extinct, but the native is allowed to hunt and the white man manages to use him and get the profit.

The natives of Bellkofsky kill caribou the year round and ship them to Unalaska to market.

Natives on the Bering Sea coast of the Alaska peninsula kill caribou by the hundreds,. merely for the hides, which they sell to the traders for a most insignificant consideration.

In the summer of 1902 one native killed near Chugathik bay, Cook Inlet, about twenty-five head of moose for the purpose of selling the meat to the Aurora Mining Co., and a very unfortunate feature of this killing was that the lazy Indian would not usually bring out more than a quarter or a half of an animal when killed, for the reason that to bring out a whole animal is rather more work than a native cares to perform at one time.

During the summer of 1903 several placer mines, operating with from forty to sixty men each, at the head of Cook Inlet, were supplied largely with moose meat taken by the native hunters, and the steamer Tyonic, that plied Cook Inlet, fed its crew and passengers all summer very largely on moose meat supplied by natives. If the natives of Alaska were dependent upon the game for food it would be heartless to deprive them of it, but it is a positive fact that the coast natives do not, and any legislation in their behalf as concerns the killing of game at once becomes a legislation in behalf of the sorriest lot of white wretches that inhabit that country, and means eventually the extermination of the game, and that, too, almost before people generally realize what is taking place. There were ten caribou on the Alaska peninsula fifteen years ago to every one that can be found there to-day. Less than ten years ago hunters would take not less than two hundred skins of the big brown or Merriam's bears in one spring on Muller bay with but little effort. Ten skins is a big production to-day.

Ten years ago a single hunter would take in a short spring's hunt on Stephana Flats on the Alaska peninsula, north of the Shumagin group of islands, forty or fifty skins of the Merriam's bears, and there are not enough bears there to-day to entice even a single hunter who would be satisfied with a couple of skins.

I have mingled with almost every element known to that north country in almost every section, and I know of few places where the protection of animal life has not now become one of serious importance. But the animal life of that country cannot be protected as long as the natives are given special liberties.

Very sincerely,

(Signed) ANDREW J. STONE.



THE QUAIL YARDS AT PINEHURST.

Quail Stocking in North Carolina.

THE writer spent a day or two at Pinehurst, largely with a view to seeing the hunting facilities at that noted resort, and found some very interesting things going on. There are 6,000 acres in the estate, and 30,000 acres outside are under lease by Mr. Tufts, the sole owner of Pinehurst. For some of these leased lands, used as a preserve, the owners are paying a fixed rental, while in other cases the taxes are paid. Partridges (quail) are the principal game. The country is very open, the large timber being the long-leaf pine, which in most cases has been devoured by the sawmills, while much of course has been destroyed by the forest fires, a great curse in that section. The country is very rolling, at the foot of every sand hill being a thicket of bay and gallberry bushes, through which little streams, very clear, run all the year. Partridges have never been very abundant in that country, as there is not food enough for them; but to remedy this, cornfield peas are being planted by the Pinehurst people. Cattle and hogs run at large, hence the pea patches have to be fenced with wire. At the poultry yard at Pinehurst a very singular sight was seen, this being 2,000 partridges in wire-screened divisions of the poultry yards. On top of these divisions is a great canopy of white cloth, so that if the birds become frightened and fly they will not injure themselves, the meshes of the wire netting at the sides being very fine and not injurious to them. A photograph, which was very artfully taken, accompanies this article and shows the ground under the screens literally covered with partridges. While some of these were caught in this State, the greater number came from Kansas. The Kansas birds are darker than those from North Carolina, but those from both States are of about the same size. The birds are now being released. In one section a little hole is made through which the birds can leave one by one and go where they like. In other cases the birds are taken, a dozen or so at a time, out to the leased lands and there turned loose.

Yet another experiment is being made on the poultry farm, where sections have been arranged, screened at the sides and top with fine wire, water running through each section and in each a breeding house being provided, as well as screens for the further shelter of the birds. Half of this place is devoted to Mongolian pheasants and the other half to partridges. George C. Chase, the poulterer, appears to be very confident that he will succeed in rearing both pheasants and partridges in this way. The pheasants are to be used quite largely in stocking both the Pinehurst estate and the leased lands. If Mr. Tufts can get 50,000 acres around his estate in a block then this raising of pheasants will be a great success, no doubt, as the country seems to be pretty well suited to them. But the land is now held "en bloc," as there are here and there among his leased properties lands which the owners refuse to allow to pass from their control. This is rather awkward, but perhaps may be overcome. However, Mr. Tufts is going to try the pheasant-raising anyhow, and the experiment on so large a scale in North Carolina will be watched with interest. This is the first season that hunting has gone on regularly at Pinehurst, and considering the open country and the relative scarcity of the birds, the bags have been fair, though, of course, not half what they are in the sections of the State where small grain and peas are grown so largely. There isn't any question that the cow pea is the very best food for partridges—makes bigger birds and fatter ones, and carries them through all sorts of weather, since it takes a very deep snow to cover two-thirds of the pea vines, and even then with a little scratching there is the grain ready for use by the partridge (as every North Carolinian knows him).

FRED A. OLDS.

New York Spring Duck Shooting

THE hearing given by the New York Senate Committee on Fish, Forests and Game on the subject of the Hubbs bill was held March 23 in the Senate Chamber at Albany.

The opposing factions were not so evenly divided as at the hearing one year ago, which preceded the passage of the bill abolishing spring shooting. The Senator and three Assemblymen from Long Island, Mr. W. K. Post, and one or two Long Islanders commercially interested in the practice of spring duck shooting, represented those in favor of the bill, while among those who opposed there was a large delegation from New York city as well as from the central and western portions of the State. Eight or ten important game protective clubs sent delegations to the meeting, Mr. W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, represented the New York Zoological Society, and the Boone and Crockett Club; Mr. Wm. Dutcher represented the American Ornithologists' Union, the Linnæan and the Audubon Socities; Dr. T. S. Palmer, of the Biological Survey of Washington, and Mr. Robert B. Lawrence, formerly President of the New York Fish, Forest and Game League, were present.

Mr. Hornaday made the opening address in favor of the existing laws, and was followed by Mr. Dutcher. An excellent speech was made by Mr. Robert B. Lawrence and Dr. Palmer closed the argument, illustrating his remarks by a number of tables and diagrams. These showed, among other things, that in the Chesapeake Bay and in North Carolina, where wildfowl are thought to be very plenty, and where it is claimed they may be shot during a long open season that, taking out the "rest days" during that season, when shooting is not permitted, those States have in one case ten days, and in one nine days less shooting than the existing law gives in New York. The repeal of the existing law would give New York more than double the number of shooting days had in Maryland or North Carolina.

The hearing lasted for over three hours and there was an opportunity for everyone to speak his mind. What action the committee will take is of course not known, but those who listened to the arguments on both sides

have strong hope that the bill will not be reported by the committee.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial in the issue of Feb. 27 in regard to spring shooting and your eulogy of Mr. Brown occasioned some thoughts in my mind, and I would like to unburden myself of the same.

Did Mr. Brown ever go to the root of the matter, "the sale of game"? There is the trouble. It is not the spring shooter, like myself, who breaks his chain for two or three days in the spring that is reducing the supply of ducks, but the market hunter and cold storage.

Let Mr. Brown go to the root of the matter and get up a bill stopping the sale of game, and he will no doubt find the nut a hard one to crack.

Where were the opponents of the Hubbs bill a few years ago, when a market hunter managed to get a bill passed allowing battery shooting between Smith's Point and Quogue, Great South Bay, Long Island? According to R. B. Roosevelt, "the battery is the coffin of the duck," and it is especially so in that locality, the bay being so narrow. A few "spring shooters" (not market shooters) got together and had the bill repealed the following year.

During the first freeze-up of the bay last winter, two market shooters of Long Island killed nearly 300 ducks in two days, and you can rest assured that those 300 ducks came to the New York markets.

Stopping spring shooting will only be successful in a very small measure in increasing the supply of ducks. Let Mr. Brown bend his energy and knowledge to the suppression of the sale of game and he will be nearer a solution of the problem.

Mr. W. E. Hookway's suggestion "to limit the bag" would help to reduce the market supply.

According to newspaper reports Grover Cleveland has just been on a successful duck shooting trip. Lucky Grover! I wish I were as well fixed. I'd shoot some ducks, too.

C. Howard.

The Kadiak Bear.

Seattle, Washington, March 27.—*Editor Forest and Streams:* Referring to your editorial on The Passing of the Kadiak Bear, I should like to say something about this species.

I spent parts of 1888 and '89 prospecting on Kadiak Island. Bears were very plentiful at that time, and there was more than one species. During the summer season I have known the bears to swim from Kadiak to Goose Islands, thence to Silchinak Islands, and thence to Tugidak, where I shot a three-year-old during the latter part of August, 1889. I have seen bears on the mainland of Alaska, opposite Kadiak Island, which I could not tell from the Kadiak bear, by seeing them on foot and being very close to them.

What is commonly called Kadiak bear has a broader skull than any other bear found in Alaska. The nose is also broader, the nostrils larger, the perpendicular crease between the nostrils deeper and more prominent, the skin on the nose is darker, and the dark skin extends deeper in the nostrils. This last feature you will not find in any other member of the brown bear family in Alaska.

I have seen bear tracks on Sutwick Island, which lies twelve miles from the mainland. I know two fishermen who wintered on "Nigai" Island, who killed a bear in the early spring of 1887. To reach that island a bear would have to swim a distance of over twelve miles. Bears are attracted to outlying islands in the summer season by dead whales drifting ashore. In former years caribou existed in great numbers on the Alaska peninsula, and during the calving season swam off to all the islands west of the "Simedas," to escape the wolves. Natives have repeatedly told me that the bears followed the caribou in former years and preyed on the caribou calves. I have been on at least 25 islands—during the years 1886, '87, and '88—where the old caribou horns lay concealed in the dead grass so thick that it was difficult to walk through small patches on account of getting the feet tangled up with the horns.

The narrowest point on Shelikof Straits between Kadiak Island and the mainland is 25 miles. There is nothing improbable in the bear swimming either way, or having been carried either way on the ice. I do not believe the bears found on Kadiak Island are any larger than some specimens taken on the mainland. The largest bear skin I saw during my residence in Alaska was killed over 200 miles southwest of Kadiak on the Alaska peninsula in 1886, and the first time I go to San Francisco I believe I can get the dimensions of the skin.

Thos. W. Hanmore.

A Vanishing Game Bird.

In the April number of the Auk Mr. Herbert Brown writes with much feeling of that rare little game bird *Colinus ridgwayi,* the masked Bob White. This bird, as many ornithologists will remember, was originally identified as *Ortyx graysoni,* a Mexican species, but was later described by Mr. Brewster as new, and was named in honor of Mr. Ridgway. Mr. Brown tells us that it is reported that in old times—say forty years ago—this bird was moderately abundant in a limited range in southern Arizona and northern Sonora, but the settling up of the country, the bringing in of a great number of cattle, and a number of rainless seasons have stripped the country of the masked quail bare of vegetation, and the birds are disappearing or—Mr. Brown fears—have already disappeared. "When their food and shelter had been trodden out of existence by thousands of hunger-dying stock, there was nothing left for poor little Bob White to do but go out with them. As the conditions in Sonora were similar to those in Arizona, birds and cattle suffered in common. The Arizona Bob White would have thrived well in an agricultural country, in brushy fence corners, tangled thickets and weed-covered fields, but such things were not to be had in their habitat. Unless a few can still be found on the upper Santa Cruz, we can, in truth, bid them a final good-by."

Haverhill Protective Association.

Haverhill, Mass, April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For some time several of our enthusiastic sportsmen have been talking of game and fish protection, enforcement of the game laws, and the good that might be accomplished by an association of the right kind, with the result that Thursday evening, March 31, they met at a prominent business office, and when they wended their way homeward The Haverhill Fish and Game Protective Association had been formed and officers elected: Mr. C. J. Halpen, President; Mr. Clifford Poor, Secretary; Mr. J. A. Wood, Vice-President; Mr. J. W. White, Treasurer; Messrs. C. J. Halpen, J. L. Adams, C. A. Abbott, C. D. Syrrell and G. W. Beckell, Directors. The membership roll already carries forty-five names. The charter list will remain open until May 1, when it is expected this number will be more than trebled. The association will be incorporated at once, and it will no doubt be a power in the good work of game protection.

The extreme cold and deep snow of the past winter has played sad havoc with our quail, and without doubt most of them have perished. Three years ago this spring the Haverhill Gun Club and their sportsmen friends procured thirty dozen quail from Kansas and liberated them within a few miles of our city. They did very nicely indeed. Their experiment proved a grand success; so much so that they again took up the burden, or rather the hat, and the shekels kept up a merry jingle until a goodly sum was raised, and several dozen quail have already been secured and turned loose, and several more dozen are expected.

We are gradually getting on to the Forest and Stream Plank down here in the "Old Bay State," the sale of partridges and woodcock being prohibited at all times, so that it really looks as though the time was not far distant when we can hold the whole plank down.

Pointer Man.

Legislation at Albany.

Albany, April 2.—Governor Odell has signed Assemblyman G. H. Whitney's bill, 741—876, providing that perch shall not be taken from the waters of Saratoga county from Feb. 1 to May 1, both inclusive.

The Senate has passed the following bills:

Senator Le Fevre's, 376—1041, relative to the close season for grouse, woodcock and quail in Dutchess, Orange and Ulster counties.

Senator Malby's bill, 718—980, relative to the proceeds of actions brought by the people for violations of the forest, fish and game laws.

Senate committee's bill, 668—1014, relative to the prevention of forest fires.

Senate committee's bill, 783—1013, Constitutional amendment allowing the Legislature to authorize the removal of dead timber on burned areas in the Adirondack region so far as is necessary for reforestation.

The Senate has advanced the following bills to third reading:

Assemblyman Wolff's bill, 383—886, relative to fishing in Jamaica Bay.

Senator Malby's bill, 538—1049, relative to fishing in St. Lawrence county.

Senator Townsend's bill, 788—1030, providing for restocking the Adirondack region with wild deer and elk.

Assemblyman C. R. Matthews' bill, 687—807, relative to the close season for trout.

The Senate Committee on Forest, Fish and Game has reported the following bills:

Assemblyman Dickinson's bill, 160—883, relative to the close season for squirrels, etc., in Genesee and Cortland counties.

Assemblyman Cowan's bill, 518—1297, relative to the close season for pheasants. Advanced to third reading.

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman Robinson's bill, 1090—1416, prohibiting the placing of carp in Conesus and Hemlock lakes, Livingston county.

Assemblyman Denison's bill, 1100—1455, relative to taking wildfowl in Black River Bay, Jefferson county.

Assemblyman Reeve's bill, 376—1537, relative to the possession of venison.

Senate Committee's bill, 630—800, defining the boundaries of the Adirondack Park.

Senator Barnes' bill, 410—987, prohibiting the sale of trout caught in Rensselaer county.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading the following bill:

Assemblyman Cocks' bill, 1178—1594, relative to gray squirrels.

The Assembly Committee on Forest, Fish and Game has reported the following bills:

Senator Townsend's bill, 12—853, providing for the protection of wild black bear.

Senate committee's bill, 481—754, providing that no person shall take any wild deer between one-half hour after sunset and one-half hour before sunrise.

Senator Townsend's bill, 15—870, requiring residents of other States to secure licenses from the State Commission before being privileged to hunt deer in New York State.

Assemblyman F. C. Wood's bill, 1202—1618, relative to restocking the Adirondack region with elk.

Assemblyman F. C. Wood's bill, 950—1182, relative to the compensation of game protectors.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Flies that Feed the Trout.

A Few Notes by an Enthusiast.

Nothing excites the ardent angler more than seeing a large trout rising steadily, which he cannot induce to take his flies. I am speaking now of fish that are really feeding upon surface food, and not playing. If the right fly is at last found and success follows, great is the joy of our friend. He attributes the result entirely to his own skill and feels proud of himself accordingly, and is apt thereafter to pay more attention to the natural flies that he sees on or about the water. There is no doubt that the study of entomology would add considerably to the interest of fly-fishing, at least in many of the streams of New York and Pennsylvania. I know of no work upon the subject that is of much assistance to the angler, and he will often be at a loss in trying to identify an insect which he finds is attractive to the fish. The habit is formed, however, of noting the flies as they appear, and he will often be astonished at the numbers which hatch out when the weather is favorable. He learns to be a good judge of color and size, and finds that a comparatively small assortment of flies will enable him to imitate the naturals, if he fishes in the same locality. The scientific side of the question, with Latin names, etc., is not of the first importance to the fisherman, yet I hope that in the near future some well equipped naturalist will take up the subject of stream flies. I believe that four families comprise the major part of the insects found on the cold, clear brooks and rivers of the Middle States; the *Ephemeridæ,* to which the May flies, red, brown and golden spinners, and the different colored duns belong; the *Perlidæ,* stone flies, willow fly, etc.; *Diptera,* all the black gnats, etc.; and the *Trichoptera,* all the caddis flies. Ephemera are very numerous and are easily known by the upright wings and long, tapering body, curved upward at the tail and terminating in two or three whisks, which are frequently mottled.

Nearly everyone has noticed the big stone fly which hatches out irregularly all through the season, when the weather is not too warm. I have never seen this fly in large numbers, though a yellowish stone fly that is a little smaller comes out in great force sometimes in the latter part of May or early June. As with all these insects, the temperature of the air and water has everything to do with the time when they appear. The wings of the stone flies lie flat upon the back when at rest, and are four in number. They make a fine show when expanded, and the fly itself is a fat and juicy morsel for the trout. I do not think that the fish get many of these insects in a perfect state, but when they are crawling about waiting for their wings to grow the trout have a better opportunity. I have found many in their stomachs. Everyone has seen the case which these flies leave upon the rocks after they have hatched out. I have an idea that one of our stone flies comes out of the larval case at night, at least I have found many cases of a rather small fly which I could not follow in its metamorphoses.

The *Diptera* form a very large family by themselves, the first to appear being a black gnat with clear wings, early in the month of March. There are more or less of these little creatures about at all seasons, but I do not know much about them. Some are so small as to be scarcely visible without the aid of a magnifying glass.

The *Trichoptera,* or caddis flies, are a host in themselves, and their numbers are, at times, almost beyond belief. The larger members of this family make their houses of sticks, and until they are seen crawling about will be thought to be sticks in reality. Vast quantities may be found in many waters in the month of June. The smaller caddis use small stones and sand to build their homes. All are beautifully made, and are as smooth as satin inside. Trout when hungry will swallow the caddis, case and all. The remains of the cases can often be found in the stomachs of large brown trout, usually the stick kind. In western North Carolina the caddis is called "stick bait," and has always been used in trout fishing. The Indians of this State made use of the deer hair hackle or buck-tail fly long before the country was settled by the whites. I cannot vouch for this, but my informant was a gentleman who was passionately fond of "The Land of the Sky." I would like to know how the aborigines made their hooks.

All the water flies are quite hardy and are best to be observed in the early part of the season. As soon as the temperature of the water rises they cease to hatch out in any number. I say the temperature of the water, because one can find more or less flies about during the hot weather if he seeks the headwaters of the brook,

where it is cool. The hatch will be confined to the evening and early morning hours, as the hot sun is not favorable to any of these insects and may be fatal to some. In 1903 the month of March was unusually mild, many flies were on the water and trout were rising in our mountain streams just as they do in May. I have seen great numbers of ephemera hatching out in April, and have taken a basket of trout while the snow was falling. Of course, it melted about as fast as it fell; I do not mean that the air was very cold.

At first the trout are hungry and foolish, and will take almost any fly, but they soon learn to be cautious and discriminating. Some patterns of flies will kill more or less all through the season, but when the fish get well on to a particular color, more trout and a better average will be secured with a good copy of the natural. The color of the body is of the first importance. I remember a fly that was only good for a short time during one season, and that was a period of about three weeks in August. I have seen a few in subsequent years, but only a few. The water was low and the trout very shy, but, thanks to a good imitation of this small fly, I enjoyed most excellent sport among the large trout. I tried many experiments with other flies and compared results with other fishermen, and this fly easily led all others while the natural was about. In the matter of size (of fish taken), the difference was very remarkable. I have been led away from my subject proper. It is so easy to get off the track when writing on these matters.

I know so little of entomology that I do not pretend to instruct anyone. I only hope that a more competent person may take up the study of the insect life of our trout streams. I do not advise the slavish following of the imitative theory, I only claim that on some streams (particularly where there is much still water), a copy of the natural fly upon the water will often give one a good basket of trout when all other artificial flies are nearly, if not quite, useless. Again, big trout that confine themselves practically to a fish diet, are not often to be lured to the surface by small insects, yet may be taken by a large moth, particularly if fished for at night.

To me, the ephemera, or day flies, are the most interesting. It was formerly thought that they lived only for a day, hence the name. As inhabitants of the air, their life history is short, not extending over a period of much more than two weeks, I believe, in any member of the family, but as larval insects in the depths, they pass from one to two years. If the water is shut off from a mill race or any similar place, and the bottom proves to be composed of stones, sand and gravel, it will be found very interesting to appoint oneself a committee of investigation. The number of larva of various sorts and kinds will usually prove surprising. Many sizes will be found, brown, dull yellow, olive and dark orange are the common colors. All have good strong mandibles or pincers to seize their food, and all, or at least those I have found, of the ephemeral species, are active and full of life. When the time comes for these creatures to change their habitat, they swim upward to the surface, the shell of the larval forms splits down the back and the winged insect emerges, sometimes with a rapidity that almost defies the sight, and again slowly and with difficulty.

How the change can be made in the former way puzzles me. I have occasionally been able to take up a position directly above the place where the larva or nymph was coming up. In one instance the fly was a large one and I fancied that I could see the larva shooting up, the next instant two or three flies were floating down stream with their big wings erect upon their backs. In another instance, a very small insect was hatching out in swarms at short intervals. It was an unusually cold day, with blasts of wind and rain. After each flurry of wind and rain, the sun would peep out, and instantly the hatch would come on and the trout be seen rising all over the pools. Taking a small space on the water for observation, one moment it would be vacant, the next a dozen little flies would be dancing on the surface. What this fly was I do not know, but not an enhemera, possibly. I was too intent on my fishing during the short time that the fish were rising to catch any specimens and think that the flies were coming up too far out to do so, in any event. Strange as it may seem, a tiny cowdung fly was a good imitation of this natural, and I took 63 trout in a short time, returning all of these except the best fish. After hatching out, the ephemera have to undergo a second transformation, from the dun to the spinner, or perfect insect. In the former state the colors are quite dull and the wings opaque. As soon as their wings gain strength the insect flies to the shore and hides among the bushes. After remaining in this condition for some days, it sheds its whole covering, coming out in bright colors and with clear, glassy, sparkling wings. These wings, by the way, cannot be well imitated, and the best thing to do is to dress the fly with hackles only. (A hackle with dark center and golden edge answers for wings and legs.) As duns and spinners these flies do not feed at all, their only duty in this latter state being to perpetuate their species. The males may be seen dancing up and down in the air, usually in the evening. They are then on the watch for the females, which are quickly caught when they leave the bushes in which they have sought shelter. The nuptial rites take place in the air and soon after the females deposit their eggs upon the water. Their existence terminates soon after, as both male and female are reduced to mere shells. The little egg quickly sinks to the bottom, on which it finds a lodgment among stones and gravel. In a few weeks it becomes a larva, to follow its destiny as described.

When the stone fly wishes to change its shell it crawls out upon a stone and, gripping tight with its powerful claws, splits down the back and with considerable difficulty emerges. It is not in condition to fly, and is obliged to slink about under rocks, etc., until its wings are perfectly formed. It goes through no second transformation. I do not remember ever seeing stone flies heavily on, though I have seen great numbers in the act of laying their eggs. These were of the yellow kind, and, although they were extremely clumsy, often being carried down for several yards by the current, not a trout touched them. I was told, however, that earlier in the season they were well taken by the fish.

I know nothing worth mentioning in regard to the diptera or their life history. I have had fine sport with a small black gnat. It is a good pattern for night or late evening fishing. The caddis flies hatch out largely at night, and are perhaps the most numerous of all the insects found upon our trout waters. They allow the angler few opportunities to study them, as he is too busy during the short hour or two allowed him after the sun is off the water to spare time to secure specimens or to study their life history. Quantities may be taken by means of an exposed lamp, however. We know that they hatch out in swarms and are well taken by the fish. They have the power of secreting a bubble of air at the end of the case, but I doubt whether this would enable them to rise to the surface, though I have heard that they did so. This is entirely unnecessary, as they move about the bottom from place to place, and can readily crawl out upon the shore or a stone when they wish to change their mode of life. They present a variety of colors, but the majority are brown, in many shades. The wings form a roof over the body and extend beyond it. The family of crane flies is a large one. The best known and most esteemed member being our friend the mosquito. Fortunately this is one of the smallest of the tribe, others being an inch in length. If we had mosquitoes of this size and proportionately ferocious, life would be intolerable in many parts of the country. The next best known is the harry-long-legs, and I have found him in several colors, brown, dull orange and yellow.

No one who spends even a very little time in the study of insect life, can fail to be astonished by the infinite variety and great numbers of species, varieties and colors of these flies. They fill an important place in nature, acting as scavengers in the larval stage and feeding the fish all through their existence. The birds also take heavy toll at times and possibly other creatures. They are among the most beautiful of all insects, delicate in form and exquisite in color. To me the ephemera are more beautiful than any of the moths, wonderful as are the coloring and markings of the latter. We have seen several handsome books treating of moths, butterflies, etc., and with excellent illustrations. Considerable attention has been given to the inhabitants of stagnant pools and ponds, but the insects which feed the trout have been neglected in this country. Some day I intend to import all the English works I can find that treat of the subject, but we would like to be able to identify our native flies when found during our fishing rambles. Unless I am much in error we have a greater number of species, and there are such differences in the insects found upon streams and lakes in various parts of the country that no foreign work would be satisfactory.

From my small experience, I should say that the same species may not be found in waters not 50 miles apart. Some are common to all, while others are peculiar to a district or even to a stream. On a large river more big flies will be found. In petty brooks, the flies will be for the most part small, though the great stone fly appears nearly everywhere I have been in this State. It is said that we have several kinds of May flies, some of them much larger than the old country type.

We certainly have one fly bigger than anything to be found across the Atlantic. That is the horned corydalis, the larva of which fills such an important place as a bait for the black bass. I refer to the hellgramite, or dobson. This is a queer beast. I have seen it appear in large numbers early in June. That is, the fly hatched out at that time. Its habits are very peculiar, as after living as a larva in the rapids of our streams for a year or more, it comes out and burrows in the soil. Some people say that it returns to the water before becoming a fly, but I have found it in the transition stage upon land, before it was perfectly developed. All the corydalis I have seen were, when I observed them, headed up stream and were flying rapidly. One evening (it was always late in the afternoon that they appeared) I saw a number of individuals strike the water in a river where there were many trout, but they were not taken. I also caught several and threw them in at the top of a big pool without result. The trout were probably afraid of such a huge black thing. I have heard of the capture of at least one big trout with the hellgramite as bait, and there are few better for bass. I have but touched upon the subject of the flies that feed the trout, as I feel my lack of thorough equipment to treat it as it should be done. I crave indulgence for scanty information and probable errors, pleading my love for all things connected with fly-fishing in extenuation.

THEODORE GORDON.

Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Our Old Darling, the Trout.

ALTHOUGH nominally our spring begins on March 21, there are then really but few indications of its arrival in most sections of the North and East; it seems at that time difficult to shake off the firm grip that old winter has held upon the face of the country. But on the advent of April, conditions have changed very considerably in many favored localities, and nature appears to have awakened from a long hibernation. The maple begin to blush with pleasure, the buds of the willows swell and blossom, and the birds are again arriving among us.

The song sparrow is trilling his sweet melodies in the sheltered thickets; an occasional robin is seen flitting about the pastures and orchards, and the blackbirds are calling in the swamps. These, the earliest of our migratory birds, will soon be followed by other species, and, later on, there will come the insect-eating varieties which abide with us through the summer. The pleasure that all these bring to lovers of nature is beyond description, but the opening of the month confers an additional enjoyment on devotees of the rod and reel, for it marks in many sections the beginning of the open season for trout fishing.

The Early Trout Gets the Worm.

Now, while it is true that the use of the fly at this early date usually brings but very poor results, one may occasionally find a spot where it may be profitably employed, but, generally speaking, the angler places his main dependence on the minnow or angle worm. There are some who do not care much for early trout fishing, particularly those who restrict themselves to the use of the fly, and I have a friend who goes so far as to declare there is no genuine sport at fishing until the mosquitoes and black flies bite.

I understand fully what his meaning is and agree with him partially but not wholly, for I am one of those enthusiasts who desire to get all the fishing that is to be had, and am perfectly willing to "try my luck," even in early April when the winds are still far from balmy and the water is so cold that an occasional thin sheet of ice form along the shore at night when the mercury drops to the freezing point.

From the brooks and small streams the creel is filled by the use of bait; the fish are then ravenously hungry, their food supply being exceedingly limited, and the minnow or angle worm that is dropped in the pools and lurking places of the trout is seized with avidity.

I have another friend who maintains that he gets as much sport in following the meanderings of a brook, dropping his minnow here and there behind an old stump or rock or beneath the shelving bank of the stream in which the "trout do hide," as others possibly can obtain with the fly in more open localities.

Well, he may be right; there is a lot of pleasure to be derived from such sport, and it requires no small degree of skill to handle a good sized fish in most of the brooks in which trout occur, filled as they are with old stumps, roots of trees and submerged bushes.

There are many brooks throughout the country, such as, for example, those in Plymouth county and other localities in Massachusetts, in which the acme of pleasure is reached with bait fishing with the minnow. Fly-fishing is practically impossible, for they flow through heavy growths of alders whose tops almost touch above them, and the angler is obliged to wade a good portion of their length in order that he may reach the lurking places of the spotted beauties, upon whose backs are traced the hieroglyphics which from time immemoral have had for the devotees of the angle an indescribable charm.

The Surface Fly.

But there are exceptions to every rule, and sometimes trout will come to the surface fly even if the water is icy cold, provided it is not very deep. I have proved this to my great satisfaction more than once. On one occasion I was out with the late Dr. John T. Stetson, of Boston, one of the most genial and companionable men I ever met, and an enthusiastic angler withal. We were fishing from a boat on one of the large submerged cranberry bogs in Tihonet in Plymouth county, Massachusetts, owned by. Capt. Bessee; the water was nowhere more than two feet in depth, except where the ditches ran, in which places it may have been a foot or two deeper.

The day was bitterly cold—it being in the first week of April—and there was still a little snow left on the shores and a thin crust of ice flecked the weeds and grasses around the bog. It was about the last day one would choose for surface fly-fishing, but the Doctor and I had exceptionally good success, our catch being nearly four dozen between us. It is true they were not large fish, none of them exceeding a half pound in weight, but they were as lively and gamy as we could wish. The flies we used were the red-hackle, scarlet-ibis, fiery-brown-hackle, and the silver-doctor.

Now it is probable that if we had used angle worms or minnows our catch would have been larger, but we restricted ourselves to the use of the flies and employed them as surface flies at that; we could not very well have sunk them much for the water was too shallow. The fish, of course, were very hungry, and a hungry trout will come at almost anything that is in motion.

At the beginning of spring trout as a general thing fare on pretty short commons; there are no insects flying or spiders moving, and the larvæ of aquatic species and an occasional minnow are about all the food they can procure, and if we examine the stomachs of those we have taken we find but little in them, the larvæ of caddis fly, dragon fly and now and then a shrimp being all they contain. The fish are then, of course, not in the best condition, there being no fat around the viscera at all, and but very little in the flesh itself.

Six weeks later conditions have changed very materially, the caddis flies are awing, the May flies (*Ephemera*) are in great abundance, and myriads of other insects, worms and spiders, together with fresh-water shrimps, minnows, etc., help to complete the menu of the speckled darlings. And if we then examine their stomachs we find that they are fully distended, there is an abundance of fat around the intestines and the flesh of the fish is rich and curdy.

The flies that I have mentioned above have been my most successful ones in early spring fishing, but in deep water, of course, I sank them well down. My father used to tie a fly that, for early trout fishing, was the most satisfactory of any I ever used. It had a pretty full red cheneille body, yellow wings, and a rather thick reddish hackle; it was a fly that could be seen quite a distance well under the water, and it would always move a trout if there was one in sight of it.

My first success with it was at the Middle Dam, at the Rangeley Lakes, it was then very early in the season, the ice having but just gone out, and the water was, of course, very cold. There were nearly a dozen anglers at the camp, and all of them were using minnows or angle worms. They killed a number of large fish, for such were abundant in those days, but bait fishing did not give the real pleasure that the angler looks for, and so my father and I rigged up our fly tackle and took positions on the piers and boom just above the dam from which we began casting. The water was at least fifteen or twenty feet deep at that point, and surface fly-fishing was futile. We tried it for upward of an hour and got hardly a rise. At length I put on one of the red and yellow flies I have described and cast well out into the deep water; before recalling it I stopped to relight my pipe, during which interval the fly sank deep into the water. I lifted it gently and drew it toward me, fearing it might possibly get caught in drift stuff at the bottom. While I was thus moving

it, it was seized by a fish, the strong tug that it gave causing my pliable rod to bend in a short curve.

I played my fish, and on landing it found that it was a good two-pounder. From that time on my father and I did no bait fishing at the dam, for we got all the trout we wanted with the sunken fly. While the trout in early spring will greedily accept any lure you may offer him, he is more fastidious later on when the weather and water become warmer and there is an abundance of insects and other food; in fact, his caprices then have become proverbial.

All of us have, time and again, been unable to move a fin with any kind of a fly or even ordinary bait, but if we could catch a large, plump locust, and by that I do not mean the cicada, but the common field grasshopper, and impale it on a small hook attached to a thin casting line and toss it out upon the pool it was seized without any dallying. But one cannot always catch a locust, particularly in the woods through which most of the trout streams pass, and one would think the next best thing to do would be to select a fly that resembled the locust as closely as possible, but that does not always prove successful, no matter how lightly we cast it or slowly and gently we move it.

Now and then we may present a fly which overcomes his fastidiousness, but he accepts it perfunctorily, and not with the eager rush that every angler loves to behold. One often wonders why the trout ever comes to the surface fly, and that it often accepts most quickly the one which is the most outré of all combinations, resembling no insect whatever in nature.

Odd Flies

For example, the kertoodle fly, commonly called the toodle bug, that is, or used to be, tied by one of the Rangeley guides named Witney, is simply, entomologically speaking, a monstrosity; no one ever saw a moth, butterfly or any other insect that it in any way resembled, but what a killing lure it is for the big trout in September. There is something about it that simply fascinates those huge fellows who would disdain to even look at a smaller or less pretentious fly.

It is true that it was most successfull when worked just below the surface of the water, but it generally had a strange attraction for the six, seven, and eight-pounders that lounged around at their ease in the deep pools and still water of the runs. In various ways have I at times endeavored to overcome the caprices of the spotted darlings, and have tried almost every fly in my book to no avail. One of my old guides, Steve Morse, used to say that "when they won't, they won't, and that's the end on't," but even when they are the most offish they may sometimes be outgeneralled.

A Mouse as Trout Bait.

On one occasion as I was fishing on a Canadian salmon river I reached a large pool, which, although it at that time contained no salmon, teemed with sea trout of a generous size. For some reason or other, strange to say, they did not seem to care for anything in the fly line that I presented to them. The water was rather low and almost as clear as crystal, and that, perhaps, in a great measure accounted for their reluctance to "come in out of the wet." I tried finally an exceedingly large gray hackle, which on being thrown out to them was quickly seized.

In angling nomenclature that fly is commonly called the gray mouse; no doubt it resembled a mouse, as it was drawn through the water, and it seemed to be just what they wanted.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed my guide, "it's a mouse they want; all right, we'll fix 'em." I reeled in my fish, which proved to be a handsome three-pounder, but on lifting it from the landing net my guide accidentally broke off the barb of the hook. It was the only fly of its kind I had with me, and I about made up my mind I should get no more of the sea trout in that pool on that day, at any rate.

But my guide was evidently prepared for just such an emergency, for he took from his pocket the skin of a flying squirrel, from the belly part of which he cut a strip about three inches in length which he folded and tied to the shank of a bait hook somewhat after the manner in which a strip of menhaden is affixed to the hook as a casting bait for the striped bass. This he attached to my casting line and I threw it out into the pool. It was a queer looking object in the water, but the trout evidently wanted it, for they were not at all "backward in coming forward," and they all seemed to want it at once. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that I secured all the sea trout then that I wanted.

Frogs as Bait.

As I before stated there is no accounting for the caprices of trout, for they will at times take almost any old thing that is thrown to them for bait. On one of my outings at the Upper Dam on the Rangeleys I met a gentleman who had just come from Connecticut, he had never before done any trout fishing but seemed to be willing to learn. On the evening of his arrival we had a little chat, during which he showed me a good sized wicker hamper which he had brought along. On opening it he displayed to my astonishment about 200 small sized green frogs, huddled in a big bunch of damp moss, that he had brought for trout bait, evidently believing that since the frogs were acceptable to the black bass they would prove so to the trout. I told him I hardly believed that the Rangeley trout would care for the frogs, but he might try them.

The incident seemed very funny to me, and I could not resist telling the story to the other men at the camp. Of course, everybody had a quiet laugh, and on the following morning many suggestions were given the stranger regarding bait, etc., for the large trout in those waters. He was told by one of the anglers that a bunch of raisins often proved an irresistible lure; by another he was informed that the white of a fried egg was an acceptable morsel, and by another the yellow foot of a chicken was a famous bait.

The stranger "said nothing but sawed wood," and he sawed it pretty effectively, for when he came back to camp that night he brought with him five or six of as handsome trout as one would wish to see, and all of them were taken with the little green frogs for bait.

The Pike: What to do With Him

BY L. O. ARMSTRONG.

Read before the North American Fish and Game Protective Association.

I HAVE a feeling of respect, amounting almost to admiration, for the maskinongé. I love the doré, or wall-eyed pike, or golden pickerel, on account of his beauty and his flavor, but to the common pike (*Esox lucius*) I confess at the outset I am a mortal enemy, and therefore I must try my utmost to do him justice. Dr. Warwick claims for him that he can show intelligence, affection and gratitude. This is his story of an experience with an English pond pike. It is a pretty story; even those who know it will not, I hope, object to its repetition.

"When I lived in Durham," says the Doctor, "I was taking a walk one night in Lord Stamford's Park. when I arrived at the pond where fish destined for the table were temporarily kept. I noticed a splendid six-pound pike; when he saw me he darted away like a flash toward the center of the water. In his flight he struck his head against an iron ring in a post. I found out later that he had broken his skull and wounded the optic nerve. The fish was evidently suffering terribly; he darted to the bottom and buried his head in the mud, turning with such rapidity that he was lost to my sight for a moment. Then he plunged madly hither and thither in the pond, and finally threw himself out of the water on to the shore. I examined him, and found a small portion of the brain coming out of the skull. I replaced the brain with care, and rounded the brain indenture. The fish remained quiet during the operation; when it was over it plunged into the water again. It seemed at first to be much relieved; but at the expiration of a few minutes it began again wildly to plunge in every direction, and finally threw itself out of the water again. It continued to do this several times in succession. I was deeply interested. I called the guard, and with his assistance I applied a bandage to the fracture, threw it back into the water and left it to its fate. Next morning when I appeared on the water's edge, the pike came to me, placing his head close to my feet. I found the incident extraordinary. I examined the skull and found it to be doing well. I walked along the shore for some time; the fish swam as close to me as he could to and fro, turning when I turned; but as he was blind on the wounded side, he seemed to be agitated always when his wounded eye was next to the shore. Next day I brought some friends to see the fish; the pike swam toward me as usual. He gradually became so docile that he would come near when I whistled, and ate from my hand. With other people, to the contrary, he remained as shy and wild as ever."

Gentlemen, what do you think of that story? If true it makes one feel a stronger and more human interest in our finny fellow-beings, but nevertheless with them the law of the "survival of the fittest" must work, and I hope that it may work a little more actively on account of our helpful action as an association.

During a recent canoe trip on the Mississaga River in Ontario, Can., I met with a black-backed, pink-fleshed pike, which was gamey; he rose to the fly and broke a salmon-rod for me without my being conscious of any extraordinary clumsiness on my part. His size was not great enough to account for the discomfiture that I felt in being worsted by him; and after helping to eat him, his firmness and flavor made me temporarily more tolerant of this water "bully and tough," but I have recovered and am ready to make a declaration of war against the pike. Wherever he is to be found I would Russianize his territory.

I would let flourish, and would ever help along the colonization of our waters by that favorite of mine, the doré (*Lucioperea americana*), or pike-perch. That grandest of fighters and bounteous giver of sensations, the maskenonzay, as Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, after the Ojibway fashion, correctly spelled and called him in "Hiawatha," I would foster; but I would make war upon the vulgar pike.

Some of my friends would have me include all the members of the pike family in the declaration of war. They say to me in protecting doré, bass and maskenonzay are you not helping to destroy the trout, ouananiche and salmon? To some extent, perhaps; but in them I am protecting game fish of such delicious flavor that I find my palate to have many sympathizers when it says it can enjoy these three fish many more times during the year than trout or salmon, which are a little rich. In fact, I do not know of any occasion when my great friend, the palate, would not rebel against my declining an invitation to dine on either doré, bass or maskenonzay and Sauterne.

My fishing for doré and maskenonzay has been done in Canadian lakes in the far north, where they are a table luxury in any month in the year.

But now, to be practical, let me ask you the question, "What are we going to do about it?" and at the same time give the answer from my point of view. I would propose then that this Association recommend to all the Governments that "No netting should be allowed except for pike, suckers, ling, catfish, whitefish and other coarse bottom-feeders. That all game fish should be returned to the water until September 15, 1905." All commercial fishing companies should raise every other kind of fish just as meat canners raise their beef or mutton, or buy from those who have raised them. All other fish than those mentioned as being permissible should be caught by rod, hook and line only. This would give more work to local fishermen and as much pay. It would hurt only the few shareholders in the big commercial fishing companies, and these should be hurt if any hurt is to be received.

I have been shocked at the waste of the net-fishermen in Lakes Superior, Huron, Erie and Champlain. They have almost destroyed the fishing in Lake Ontario. At Sarnia and in Lake St. Clair the catches of doré in seines have been enormous. Let us put an end to this kind of fishing.

The Canadian conscience is being awakened about the fishing in the Great Lakes and in Temagami, Lake Champlain, and I think the action of this Association has had something to do with it.

Incidentally, I cannot refrain from referring to spring shooting for ducks. The duck is our ally in destroying the pike-spawn in the spring. Let us make an offensive and defensive alliance with the spring duck. I have watched mother ducks diving for the pike-spawn, and have seen her fight to protect her young from the pike. I could not get near enough to se how she conducted the fight, but I saw her go down many times for the spawn, and saw that, in spite of many rushes of the pike, the parents and children of the duck family got away safely.

Resolved, that the North American Fish and Game Protective Association ask of all Legislatures that such legislation be enacted as will make it illegal for anyone to net trout of any kind, except *namaycush* or lake trout, bass of any kind, doré or wall-eyed pike, or maskenonzay, until Sept. 15, 1907, and that all legislatures in their publications should use the Indian name of the fish sometimes called muskullunge—mascalonge—maskinongé, and that it should always be spelled in the Indian way as found in Longfellow's "Hiawatha," viz.: "Maskenonza," with the a hard—Maskenonzay, or according to the governmental pronunciation in Canada—maskinongé.

Is there need of this or of some other more effective action? Let me tell you that there is. I met some farmers last year who were about to gather together to ask the Government to send them some pike for summer-fishing because they "grew fast and were easy to catch." These farmers lived on a lake well stocked with lake trout that were, however, not easy for them to catch in summer. There is a largely-signed petition at Ottawa, Canada, sent in by the citizens of Stony Lake, County of Peterboro, asking for a pike hatchery; the reason given being that there had been a great destruction and reduction in the number of pike in the region, whereas salmon and trout had increased notably for some years. These are intelligent people, good farmers and citizens, and yet do they not remind you of the frogs who asked for a king and got the heron? Do you not see in them the lambs asking for wolves to come and crunch their tender bones? We must protect these and all other lambs from the common pike, that fresh water wolf, that shark of the inland lakes. Let this fish make room for a better species. He is a thief and a blackguard. Let us kill him any way we can; let us pitchfork him in the shallows and small creeks, spear him, shoot him, set night lines for him, net him, destroy him by fair means or foul; he has no friends among the wise and the good.

The Strike in Sea-Fishing.

To strike at the right moment, and with a nice judgment, is one of the most useful arts at the command of the angler. It can be compared only with the gradual pressure on the trigger in deer-stalking. The pull-off that jerks the rifle is fatal; it is the gentle squeezing of the trigger that does the trick and drops the stag, and it is the accurately-timed upward stroke of rod or line that hooks the fish. Now, in fresh-water angling, where there is more often than not a tell-tale float to betray the movements of the hidden fish, striking is a dainty art—a mere flick of the fingers or turn of the wrist. Where a tiny hook has to be embedded in a delicate fish in a few inches of water, science is evidently of greater moment than strength. When, on the other hand, a large hook has to be driven home in a pollock or conger feeding in a strong tideway, and perhaps a couple of hundred feet below the fisherman, it is clearly necessary to strike, not merely at the right moment, but also with considerable force. The right moment can be gauged only with practice, for there is no float, as a rule, and the fish are almost always out of sight. As an exception to the last-named condition, I well remember drift-lining for mackerel of great size off Mevagissey. The water was as clear as crystal, and we could plainly see the great mackerel, weighing up to 2 pounds and 2½ pounds, darting in every direction quite three fathoms beneath us. The bait was pilchard, and we had only to lower the heads and then lean over and hook each fish as the bait disappeared in its jaws. I fancy we caught the best part of a hundred, and they were all given away on the quay. That was a red-letter day, but, as a matter of fact, it savored rather of hooking tame carp in a pond, and if all sea-fishing were so simple the sport would have fewer admirers.

It is when the fish are invisible that striking is difficult. You may strike a fraction of a second too soon or too late, with as much result as firing a yard too much before or behind a driven pheasant. The fish is doubtless injured, like the bird, but you are none the better off. Indeed, the late Matthias Dunn, of Mevagissey, accounted for the malformed sea-bream, which are not uncommon in the neighborhood of Plymouth, by the fact of fishermen striking impatiently when troubled with chads, as the bream are called in their youthful stage. The striking, which would not catch such small fish on the large pollack-hooks, tore away the upper portion of the jaw, he maintained, and these chad in time grew to be bream with a distorted face. I have, indeed, known woeful amateurs who prided themselves on foul-hooking really good pollack and whiting, baiting their hooks and then continuously striking (like the manner in which Scotch herring fishermen work the jigger lines) until a fish, prowling round the baits, would be hooked. This, however, is wanton pot-hunting and not fair fishing.

The exact moment at which to strike must, as was said above, be learned by experience. Every fish lost in this way is a step in the education of the sea fishermen—that is, if he takes intelligent notice of his error and endeavors to correct it. The general principle is to strike as soon as possible after first feeling the bite, and "as soon as possible" means in this case some portion of a second. Some fish, notably large pout, give a second and even a third chance, particularly when some tough bait like squid is used. Others, like mackerel, generally rob the hook of the bait at the first nip. The conger eel, again, sucks at the bite in gingerly fashion, and it is important to abstain from striking until the hook is really in the mouth of the fish. In short, the correct moment of striking can be learned only by personal study of the manner in which each fish takes the bait. These matters baffle description, and must be acquired at first hand.

About the maner of striking, however, particularly in deep water, there is no doubt in my mind whatever. The

stroke must be firm and to the point. If using a rod one of two plans may be adopted. Either the rod top may be smartly flicked upwards through a good two feet, or else a couple of feet of the line may be pulled smartly back through the rings. The latter method will be voted heterodox by those stylists who say that the line should never be touched in any circumstances, being manipulated only with the winch. In ordinary circumstances I am in perfect accord with this canon of angling, but there are cases in which striking a fish can be satisfactorily accomplished in deep water (especially when the hook is not as sharp as could be wished) only in the way indicated. With hand-line fishing there is less difficulty. The line is held between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, the hand being kept inside the gunwale, and the moment a bite is felt the clenched hand is drawn smartly towards the body, as firmly, in fact, as if the angler were pulling up a runaway horse. This may at first sight appear a considerable expenditure of energy to hook a fish, but it must be remembered that a great deal of the energy is dissipated by the depth of the water, the force of the currents, and the inertia of the lead and wet line.—F. G. Alflalo in the County Gentleman.

News from New Bern.

NEW BERN, N. C., April 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Who do you s'pose I met here one day this week? Give it up? Well, it was Charles Hallock. Yes, it was; old Charles Hallock, the man that gave FOREST AND STREAM such a boost that it has never been able to stop itself since.

I say "old" because, compared with us young fellers of fifty odd or sixty, he is old. But you'd never imagine he had passed the three-score-and-ten mark, which he has, for his cheeks are as rosy, his eyes as bright, and his step as springy ("near about," as they say down here) as they were in the eighties when he was living in New Bern and booming it for all he was worth.

It is just possible that your readers may hear from him shortly, for I told him a heap o' things that would make good copy.

I have been here for two or three months every winter since 1898, and hope to "do so some more," as the climate is much milder than that of New Jersey and living more reasonable, while quail, snipe, ducks and deer abound in the surrounding woods and marshes.

Thanks to the educational efforts of the Audubon Society in spreading useful information about birds, the white and gray gulls which winter here have, by their tameness and increased numbers, added a great attraction to the water front along the Neuse River. Thoughtless men and boys no longer shoot at them from the river bank, and being unmolested they fly or swim about quite close to the sea-wall which skirts the promenade, and will fearlessly pick up scraps of food thrown to them. This, to strangers, is intensely interesting, and recalls the interest displayed by visitors to the Charleston Exposition in the flocks of wild ducks which found a safe asylum in Colonial Lake, and along the water-front of the famous South Battery.

Fishing for black bass, whose local name is Welshman, is good now and getting better every day.

Both live bait and spoons are used, and the fish run in weight from two to six pounds. Later in the season other kinds of fish are taken in large numbers, but the Welshman is the only game fish, strictly speaking, that is found in this vicinity.

J. L. KEARNY,
(of Perth Amboy, N. J.)

The Salmon of Bangor Pool.

BANGOR, Maine, April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first day on which it is allowable to fish for salmon is April first, and on that day there are always several enthusiasts, who usually are market fishermen, casting for the first fish of the season. This first salmon always brings a high price, about $1.25 a pound, and the fishermen are very eager to land the prize, both for the pecuniary profit and the record. Nearly every year the first day records the first fish, and then there are times when it is a long time before the second fish is taken, while at other times April shows a fairly good record throughout the month. Old anglers contend that the fishing at this pool, once famous for its salmon supply, is better on those seasons when the leaving of the ice is marked by a freshet, but there is no freshet at all this year. Although the ice is so rotten in the river now, being in fact clear most of the way between the Bangor bridges and the sea, there has not been freshet enough to force it out thus far. Above the bridges there is an almost unbroken sheet of ice to the pool, and in the pool itself several boats are manned by the hardier souls, who have landed three fish to date. One, a trifle over 18 pounds, was caught by Thomas F. Canning, the other two being a racer and a kelt. The ice will probably go clear to the dam before Monday, and after that date the fishing will be carried on with unabated vigor and perseverance. It is a bit unusual, that whether a man fishes for sport or market, he must use the artificial fly if he would have success with the aristocratic sea salmon, while in other fisheries the market fisherman frequently may, and does, resort to less sportsmanlike methods of luring his fish.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

St. Lawrence Fishing.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 26, Dr. C. E. Latimer asks what causes the difference in the fishing on the St. Lawrence River. I claim that it is the absolute prohibition of netting in these waters. Why does he have better success in those distant waters? For the reason that in those waters the use of nets is permitted at certain seasons of the year for the removal of the coarse fish, many of which are the natural enemies of the game fish. I would suggest that the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, instead of meeting next summer and passing the "usual resolution," select a committee of intelligent sportsmen to investigate this matter as to why the fishing is so much better in those distant waters. In Chaumont Bay we have a practical demonstration of benefits of the removal of the coarse fish; our fishing has improved each year, until now we have the best small-mouth black bass fishing in the State. Just so long as the anglers of the St. Lawrence let law protect the sturgeon, eel, lawyer, bullhead, sucker, mullet, sheepshead, rock bass, perch, and sunfish, just so long will their fishing grow poorer each year. I will guarantee that if the provisions of Sec. 74, of the game laws are applied to the St. Lawrence River, the doctor will not have to go to those distant waters to get a mess of fish.

W. H. TALLETT, President,
Jefferson County Sportsmen's Assn.

Maskinongé or Maskenozha.

MONTREAL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have fished since boyhood among the Ojibways for maskenozhā (as Longfellow spells it in his lines, "When he saw the fish rise upward, saw the pike, the maskenozha") and among the French settlers for maskinongé, and I have never heard among either of them the term "mascalonge" or "muskellunge," which are to me, clearly, corruptions of the Ojibway word, as "Chippeway" is a corruption of the word "Ojibway," and like that a corruption that is not liked by the Ojibways. The Ojibways have named our rivers—the Mississippi, for instance—and our lakes to a large extent, and to me it seems very clear that their pronunciation, or the French, which is almost identically the same, is the correct pronunciation. I do not think that "common consent or custom" should establish an error; but in our northern country at least there is no common consent as to mascalonge. That word has been imported and taught to the guides by the importers. I am very sure that from eastern Ontario to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, among French and English alike, and to the west of the Ottawa as far as Lake Winnipeg among the Ojibways and English and French the words in general use are maskinongé according to the French, and maskenozhā according to the Ojibways.

In the United States there are admittedly five ways of spelling the corruption. Which is the correct?

J. O. ARMSTRONG.

Texas Tarpon.

TARPON, Texas, March 28.—I inclose you record of tarpon caught from 17th of March to 26th:

F. S. Parmelee, Omaha, Neb., one.
J. R. Wainwright, Pittsburg, four.
W. B. Young, New York, eight.
D. T. Beals, Kansas City, four.
Geo. R. Barse, Kansas City, four.
Lee Clark, Kansas City, one.
Miss Violet Coen, Chicago, one.
Miss Virginia Gillette, San Antonio, two.
Geo. W. Jones, Kansas City, two.
W. E. Thorne, Kansas City, one.

J. E. COTTER.

The Kennel.

Virginia Field Trials Association.

RICHMOND, Va., March 28.—A meeting of the Virginia Field Trials Association was held in Richmond, Virginia, recently. A good number of members were present. The main object of the meeting was to fix the date of holding the trials for 1904, and to appoint a committee to select new grounds. The committee which consists of Dr. Leigh Buckner of Roanoke, Mr. E. P. Wilkins of Riverton, and Mr. Charles B. Cooke of Richmond were instructed to visit Martinsville in Henry county at the junction of the Norfolk & Western and the Danville & Western, to look over the grounds and make all necessary arrangements, if they be found satisfactory. The date fixed for holding the trials was the week of November 28, beginning Tuesday morning November 29. The club will add $25.00 to the purse, in open all-age stake.

There was quite a discussion in this meeting of the question of requiring dogs to retrieve. Most of the old school dog men in Virginia think that a bird dog is not worth anything unless he will retrieve, and they lay great stress on this one point. The matter was finally compromised by adopting the following rule: Retrieving shall be considered in the members' all-age stake only, in determining the winners.

The following committee was appointed by the chairman to select judges for the trials: Mr. Polk Miller, Mr. J. C. Tignor, and Mr. Chas. B. Cooke. Letters were read from the President, Mr. Geo. G. Herring, and other members, regretting their inability to attend the meeting. The club is in a prosperous and flourishing condition and is making a change of grounds solely in the interest of the association, and the desire to furnish plenty of birds. From the report of members who are training young dogs and grooming their older ones, the 1904 trials will be bigger and better than ever before.

CHAS. B. COOKE, Secretary.

Points and Flushes.

FROM a correspondent we have received information that a libel suit has been instituted on the part of the judges of the recent field trials at Grand Junction, Tenn., and by the United States Field Trial Club, against the American Field Publishing Company of Chicago. The alleged libel is stated to have been published in the American Field of Feb. 6.



CANOEING

A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

Red Dragon C. C.

BY W. K. PARK, RED DRAGON C. C.

ON THE west bank of the Delaware River, a few miles above Philadelphia, the Red Dragon C. C. rejoices in the possession of a typical canoeist's home. Here a number of congenial spirits meet, exchange ideas and give and take advice on things appertaining to aquatic life. Here they hold forth the year round, resting in the shady grove, or paddling, or sailing, or swimming, or perhaps, wrestling with an obstreperous "choo-choo" boat during the sweltering summer months. Here they shoot at clay targets, or skate, or tinker with canoes, or remodel launches and other craft during the dreary winter period.

The Red Dragon C. C. was formed in 1887 with a home on the New Jersey side of the Delaware. A year later the Keystone C. C. amalgamated with them under the name of the Red Dragon C. C. of Philadelphia. At that time they had headquarters at Cooper's Point, Camden, N. J.

Canoeing became a popular recreation on the Delaware, and the membership in the new club grew rapidly. In December, 1889, misfortune frowned upon them and fire wiped out all their belongings. Undaunted by this blow they went to work and soon had a new home and a fleet of twenty new canoes, making the club stronger than ever. Additional members were received, and for more than a year the Red Dragons were happy and prosperous. But a year later fire again visited them and a second time the canoeists saw their home and fleet destroyed.

Two such disasters was quite disheartening, and it was with much difficulty that the organization was held together. In 1891 the faithful few selected a home near Wissinoming, Pa., eight miles above Philadelphia. Six canoes and a St. Lawrence skiff comprised the fleet, and eight members were ready to again paddle against the stream of adversity and battle the tide of misfortune ultimately to reach a peaceful harbor. At this time Fred W. Noyes was commodore and A. S. Fenimore, purser. These men worked faithfully for the club's welfare, and to them much praise is due. Others who helped at that period were R. G. Fleischmann, H. C. Blumner, W. Gray and Dr. F. O. Gross. To the last named great credit must be given for his influence in securing the present comfortable quarters at Wissinoming.

In May, 1892, the Red Dragon C. C. took possession of their new home and shortly afterward gave a re-

gatta, which drew many canoeists from other places. So pleasant were the surroundings that a number of the Mequnonois C. C., of Camden, became members of the Red Dragons, adding much strength to the organization. From this period the club grew and prospered, and the names of such zealous canoeists as Maurice D. Wilt, Dr. Buckingham, H. E. McCormick, H. M. Rogers, Harry Fleischmann, H. E. Bachmann, W. J. Scott, Joseph Edward Murray, Lloyd Titus, J. M.

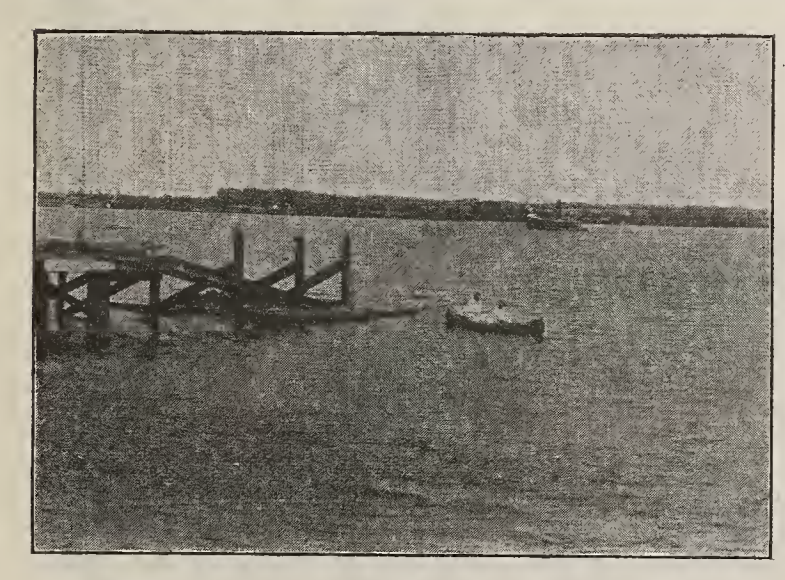


A Red Dragon Camp at Delanco, N. J.

Hamilton, Omar Shallcross and E. W. Crittenden were added to the roster. Sailing canoes were much in favor at that time, although the paddling canoes had their devotees.

From 1895 to 1900 new men came in who enjoyed the double blade and such enthusiasts as E. D. Hemingway, Chas. Zimmerling, Harry E. Davis, A. D. Shaw, T. W. Cook, Tom McGinley, W. K. Park, W. Bachmann, and F. A. Hookey soon made cruising a popular form of recreation.

Each year the Red Dragons held regattas which became immensely popular with the lovers of aquatic sports. After each meeting of this sort new applicants for membership were admitted, and within the past three years the club has added such active workers as J. C. Maclister, W. C. Thompson, Wm. Overington, Jr., Paul S. McMichael, W. H. Logan, Jr., Edwin K. Merrill, W. H. Wolstencroft, Chas. W. Swift, C. Alfred Sparmaker, Theodore Quasebart and Clifton T. Mitchell. Nearly every new member added a canoe to the fleet, and special quarters were constructed on the club grounds with racks, fitted with rollers, the building being large enough to accommodate thirty



The End of the Red Dragon C. C. Pier, Delaware River.

canoes. At the present time the fleet consists of twenty-one cruising canoes, two racing canoes, one sailing canoe, three gunning skiffs, one Cape Cod catboat, four launches and six yawls.

The home of the club is an ideal place for the enjoyment of river life. The property consists of several acres of well-shaded ground facing the Delaware River. The house is a historical mansion, over 100 years old, quite surrounded by a grove of fine old trees. The interior is of the colonial style, the old-fashioned fireplace lending a peculiar charm, particularly on a winter's evening when the logs are cracking and blazing cheerfully and the boys are seated around, sipping musty ale and making merry with song and story.

On the first floor is located the reading and smoking room, the walls being decorated with trophies, relics, models of canoes, photographs and appropriate pictures. Adjoining are private rooms of members. On the second and third floors are other rooms, each shared by two men, who have fitted their quarters according to their own ideas; some with art decorations and pictures depicting scenes upon the water, others with game panels, shooting scenes or trophies of the field, each showing the individual taste of the occupants.

On the second floor the janitor's family have quarters. In the basement of the house the "Raths Keller," now called "Snug Harbor," permits of suppers, informal gatherings or club smokers where the quaint surroundings and immense fireplace invites sociability and reminiscent reveries.

In the rear of the mansion is a tennis court, an inclosed kennel for the hunting dogs of the club's sportsmen, and several cabins where the members do their cooking and eating during the summer months. In the front of the club house, and extending out 150 feet over the river is the club wharf. At the further end is a sliding gangway and floating dock. At the end of the wharf proper is a broad "look-out" supplied with seats and chairs. In the summer evenings when the city is suffering from the heat the Red Dragons and their friends gather here and pass pleasant hours fanned by the cool breeze from the river, at times listening to the soft music of the mandolin and guitar.

During the winter months the wharf is put to another use, the gun exponents getting out traps and fitting it up for shooting at clay targets. The sport is indulged in on Saturday afternoons, and many spirited contests are held, several of the members being experts with the shotgun.

The Red Dragon C. C. has been quite prominent in the A. C. A. meets, and in 1894 they sent a large delegation to Croton Point, taking first prize for the best club mess. The A. C. A. has on two occasions bestowed upon members of the Red Dragon C. C. the honor of being chosen vice-commodore, Fred W. Noyes and Joseph Edward Murray, each serving one term. During the latter's term in 1897 a notably successful cruise was given on the Delaware River from Easton to Philadelphia, Mr. Murray being in charge. This club has been represented in the A. C. A. races for several years past, and some of its double blade experts have returned with well-earned trophies.

Cruising and camping is one of the delights of the Red Dragons, and every season several of the members cruise from Easton to Trenton, a charming two days' run. Other short cruises are made on the Pennypack and Neshaming Creeks on the Pennsylvania side, and the Pensauken and Rancocas Creeks on the New Jersey side of the river, a run of nearly fifty miles being possible on the last named stream—if attempted before mosquito time. These cruises are usually only a day's outing, but at times a longer cruise is made on one of the larger creeks, taking an afternoon tide fifteen to twenty miles, camping, or stopping at a



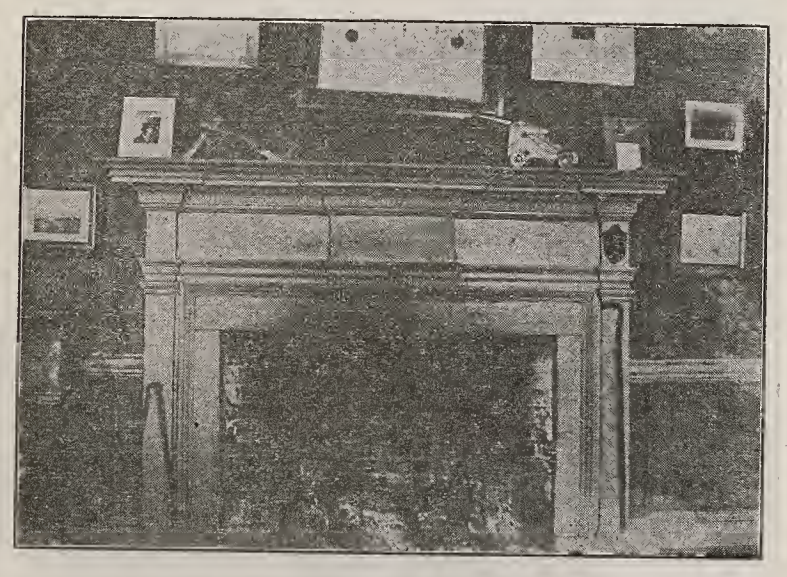
View of the Front of the Red Dragon C. C.

country hotel over night and returning with the tide the following morning. Such runs are always well attended by the members, and often the wives of the more fortunate ones go along to share the delights of the trip.

Two or three times during the season several of the members who prefer camp life to cruising stake their tents in a shady spot near Delanco, N. J., five miles above the club house, or on a pretty island in the Rancocas Creek twelve miles away. Many pleasant camps have been established at Delanco, and on one occasion the Atlantic division of the A. C. A. held a meet here.

Club regattas are given in June and September, handsome prizes attracting canoeists from various clubs along the upper Delaware. The programme is always a varied one, and the paddling races, single and double, swimming races and tilting tournaments form exciting affairs.

The success of the Red Dragon C. C. is due in a great measure to the interest taken by each individual member. There are none who shirk their duty, and drones



Fireplace in Main Reading Room of the Red Dragon C. C.

or bores are not allowed to remain long in the club. To become a Red Dragon required something besides the name of being "a good fellow." Active boating men are the only ones who ever receive membership. It is an organization of gentlemen who have similar tastes and inclinations. One excellent rule of the club is that of "no treating." While the utmost sociability is always manifest among the members each man pays his own way and the poorest one feels equally at home with the richest, whether at a theater party, a club supper or an informal gathering.

To show the energy and love for work possessed by some of the red-blooded ones, it is only necessary to look at the log book. This shows that during the season of 1903, Paul McMichael paddled 625 miles, J. C. Maclister 583, W. H. Logan, Jr., 254 and M. D. Wilt 253. These men each received a handsome trophy offered by the commodore to all who paddled 250 miles or more during the season. A dozen other members proved their muscle by covering from 100 to 200 miles. In the racing J. C. Maclister, M. D. Wilt, Paul McMichael, T. W. Cook, E. D. Hemingway and H. E. Davis are among the leaders.

The present officers of the Red Dragon C. C. are: Com., J. C. Maclister; Vice-Com., W. C. Thompson; Purser, W. H. Logan, Jr.; Quartermaster, Harry W. Fleischmann; Fleet Surgeon, F. O. Gross, M.D.; Meas., Harry Blumner; Correspondent, Will K. Park; House Committee, W. H. Wolstencroft, M. D Wilt,



A Corner of Com. Maclister's Room, Red Dragon C. C.

P. F. McMichael and H. E. Davis; Trustees, Joseph Edward Murray, A. S. Fenimore, E. D. Hemingway.

The Red Dragon C. C. club house has no latch string out, as the door always stands wide open to all fellow canoeists.

Camping and Canoe Cruising in Canada.

BY R. W. ASHCROFT.

The Outfit

Tent, 7x10, with poles (Indians carried their own tent). Ax, two lanterns, four tin pails (nested), two frying pans with covers, one mixing pan, one cooking spoon, six each tin cups and plates, six each knives, forks and spoons, one broiler.

In addition, each man carried: Two pairs blankets, one sweater, rain coat, soft hat, two woolen shirts, two suits underwear, four pairs socks, one pair shoes, one pair rubber shoes, one pair waders, two pairs trousers, and half a dozen handkerchiefs. Other odds and ends



Red Dragons in camp at Delanco, N. J.

according to the eccentricities of the individual. Each kit being inclosed in a large sheet of table oil-cloth, which was used at night underneath the blankets.

The Commissary Department's list was as follows: 20lbs. bacon, 1 peck potatoes, 25lbs. flour, 10lbs. rice, 10lbs. corn meal, 5lbs. dried prunes, 5lbs. dried apricots, 10lbs. sugar, 6 tins baked beans, 1lb. Lipton's India Ceylon tea, 2lbs. Lion coffee, 2 lbs Plasmon cocoa. 2lbs. Plasmon chocolate, 1 dozen boxes safety matches, 1 dozen wax candles, bag of salt, can of pepper, can of baking powder. Milk, butter, eggs, fresh meat, potatoes, etc., were procured en route from the settlers.

'Way down upon the Scugog River—the good old Scugog. That was where it commenced on a bright, sunny morning toward the end of last June.

The Scugog, however far removed from euphony its name may be, is nevertheless a stream of pleasing parts, flowing from the lake of its name to Sturgeon Lake in Ontario.

There were four of us, weary of New York's asphalt trails and "long-green" angling, and, as it proved, no church choir ever boasted a quartette who blended more harmoniously.

To the "Guv," it was a home-coming. He was born and raised on that river, lucky fellow! Even the bullfrogs knew him, and hoarsely croaked a welcome. Every summer, for nigh three decades, has his paddle fondly kissed those waters, and their wildness and their beauty have, for him, lost none of their charm and magnetism. Nor did we wonder at it!

The noble Casker had accompanied the "Guv" the year before, and the memory of his experiences then served only to whet his appetite for more. As the Gaffer aptly remarked to me: "Cinders," said he, "Tom Jones' avidity for the fair sex was mild compared with Casker's hunger for the trout and bass of Ontario."

Faithful old Zack Knot was there waiting for us. The Ojibway tribe may well be proud of him. A

grandfather is he, who has fished and hunted and trapped and guided in these woods and waters for many a year. Johnny, his youngest boy, a child of nature, was with him. We guessed why, before the final handshake; as, during the trip, our thoughts often joined those of the old guide as he fondly gazed at the boy's face, and we, too, saw therein the wistful, silent features of the squaw mother who had departed for the happy hunting grounds a dozen summers since.

The three cedar canoes, trim craft from "clew to earing," 16ft. long over all, were loaded to within a couple of inches of the "gunnel" when we weighed anchor. Despite our attempt to "go light," and the fact that before leaving we did discard about one-third of the canned luxuries on our anti-hunger list, we had about all we could carry, and were somewhat fearsome of choppy weather on the northerly lakes.

Merrily we dipped our maple paddles into the water, gently floating with the current down the Scugog, and then paddled through a submerged marsh, full of fallen timber and tree stumps, into Goose Lake. Though somewhat early in the afternoon, we commenced to troll for "lunge," using a medium-sized copper spoon. For an hour, we struck nothing but snags and weeds, and then a smile o'erspread Zack's kindly face. His trolling line was wound around his knee, in order to facilitate paddling. Concurrently with the smile that enwrapped his visage, I, who was in his canoe, observed a suspicious twitching of his knee.

"I've got him!" he whispered delightedly, and commenced to pull in his line, hand over hand, while I stood ready with the gaff.

To land the first fish is one of the honors of any angling trip that all try to achieve. Until then, every one is on the *qui vive* and keeps eyeing the other craft with anxiety, lest one of them should win the prize. Strikes are kept religiously dark, until one knows whether it is the real goods or some sophistry. I had gaffed a magnificent maskinongé before our triumphant howl reached the ears of the occupants of the two other canoes. The sobriquet "lunge" is a fitting one for this fish, as they are, most assuredly, fierceness personified while they last. They swallow the bait with a vengeance, and it is often necessary to cut one's line and wait until supper time before one's favorite spoon may be secured for further service.

A two-pound small-mouthed bass by ye noble Casker, and a ten-pound "lunge" by ye humble Cinders, completed the day's score; and we put up our canvas at Camp Pleasant, on the Fenelon River, about half a mile below the falls.

The Gaffer always slept late. We could never root him out before 5 o'clock. The first morning was the exception to the rule, for, at about 4:30, an unearthly howl of terror emanated from the tent. Out jumped a squirrel, and made for the nearest tree. Then came Gaffer, panting as though he had been wrestling with a bear. The squirrel had been squatting on his chest.

We did stunts that day, portaging over Fenelon Falls, and then hustling across Cameron Lake to the slide in Rosedale River, which was reached at noon. It was here that Casker caught his bass—three of them, aggregating ten pounds, all from the one pool, and within ten minutes. All you've got to do now is to whisper "Rosedale" to Casker, and he'll kick up his heels like a young colt.

Balsam Lake is an ugly one on a windy day, so, instead of camping on Bald Island as intended, we took advantage of the pleasant weather and consequent smooth water, and hiked across and up Gull River to Camp Whippoorwill, dropping anchor about a mile below Coboconk.

The next morning—'twas Monday—we raided Coboconk for supplies. We asked for bread, but couldn't get a crust. They bake once a week in Coboconk, and that on Monday afternoons. We invested in a sponge, and a can of white lead, too, as one of the canoes showed signs of porosity. After plastering any apparently dilated seams of this Jonah craft with the lead, we lifted all three canoes across the dam, loaded them, and prepared for the mile of stiff paddling up the Coboconk River to the north of the town. Canoe poles would have been desirable implements for that little stretch, but, not having them, we took our comfort from the knowledge that we would come back that way.

We had heard at Coboconk that there was a log drive in the Norland River, and, as we were anxious to make time on the outward-bound trip, we didn't waste much of it in the Little and Big Mud Turtle Lakes.

At the mouth of the Norland River, there is a peninsula about a mile in length, and it is much more convenient to portage across this strip of land than to indulge in a two-mile paddle around the point. At least, we thought so. Before doing so, however, we reconnoitered as to the navigability of the Norland River, and found that we could approach to within 100 yards of the falls. On the way up, we passed the log-driver's raft, and the ubiquitous aligator. Zack parleyed with the cook as he passed the raft, and exchanged three fine bass for three pies. Oh, those pies! What cast-iron stomachs log-drivers must have! Nevertheless, we negotiated them, and added the three tin plates to our stock of culinary articles. I especially was thankful for these extra plates, as I never did take kindly to eating my dessert off an unwashed meat plate.

We landed at the foot of a steep bank on the right-hand side of the stream about 100 yards below the slide. To those unaccustomed to watching a drive of logs shooting a slide, there is something most fascinating about it. Above the slide, all is quiet and gentle, and the logs float lazily along toward the brink. They gather momentum down the incline, and then take their plunge into the noisy tumultuous water, often apparently turning a double somersault in their mad and frantic career. Small hope there'd be for any frail canoe that perchance was drawn down one of these slides, although some super-venturesome paddlers turn the trick once in a while, either voluntarily, or because, on their way down stream, they were too careless in approaching the brink of the slide, to make a safe landing.

If there's one thing that a log-driver prefers to his liquor or his cards, it is a chance to fool a canoeist. Inquiry on our part as to the probable duration of the drive developed the information that the stream would be clear in two hours, and yet not for three days. The time varied according to the informant. We finally learned from a farmer, who had just driven into town, that the end of the drive was about two miles upstream, and this information made us decide to portage.

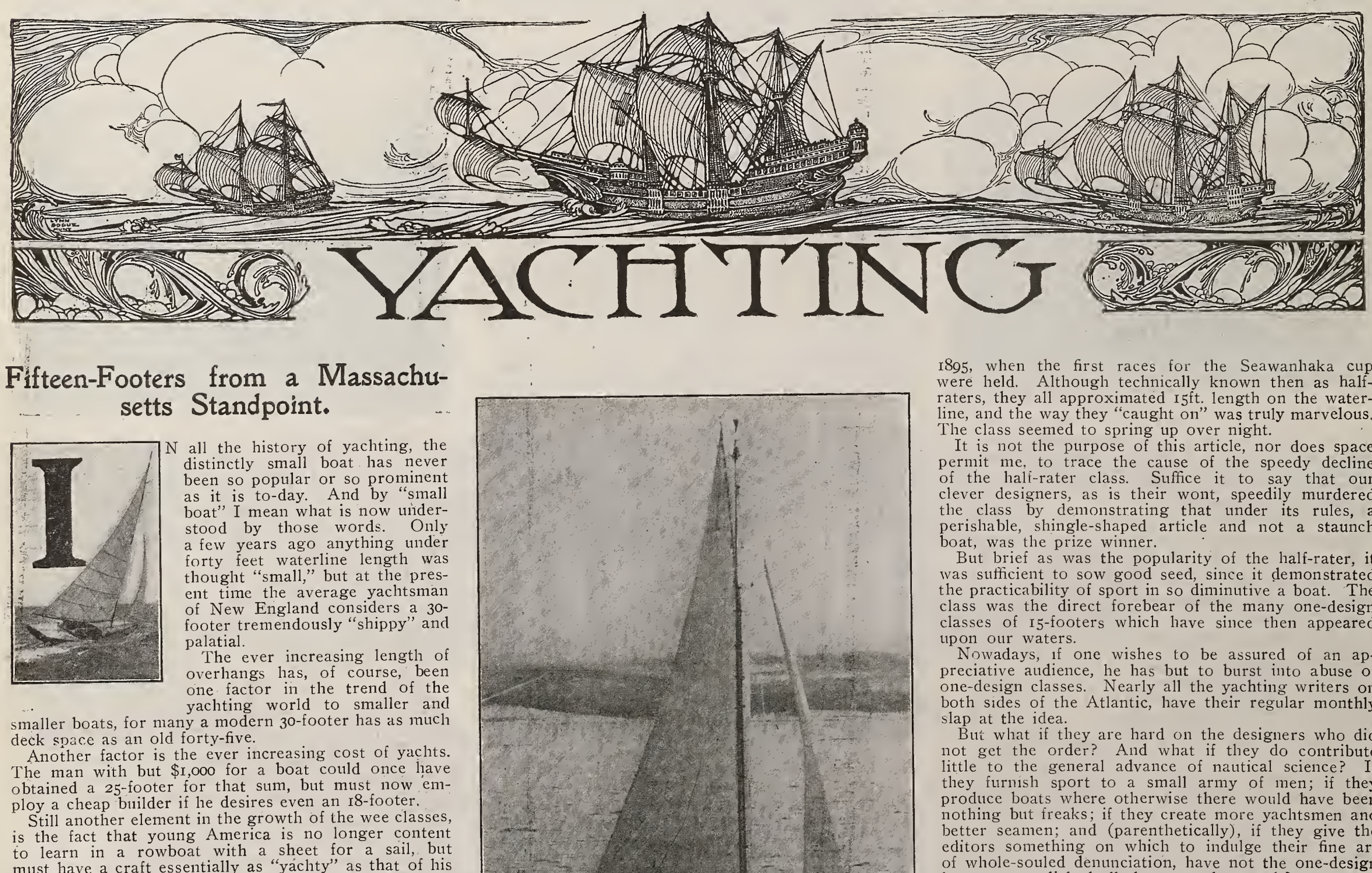
For this purpose, we hired a hay wagon. The heavy stuff was loaded in the bottom of the wagon, and one of the canoes placed in the center on top of it. The two other canoes fitted nicely on the overhanging sides of the wagon, and all were securely bound and tied and paddled with one cushion and soft stuff.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.:

C. A. Temple, Robert L. Manning, Albert W. Thompson, Remson Varick, J. B. McCrillis, Frederic S. Nutting, Harry C. Coulter, Edgar L. Martin and Mendon P. Moore, all of Manchester, N. H.; George C. Cheney, Dedham, Mass.; Clifton T. Mitchell, Philadelphia, Pa.; H. M. Morse and Fred B. Williams, Trenton, N. J.; Harry L'Hommedieu, Ray B. Kurtz, Conrad L. Baer, Raymond L. Watt, Frank T. Day, all of Buffalo, N. Y.; R. W. Allen, Kenosha, Wis.; J. G. Tyssowski, of Chicago, Ill.; William Becket Harding, of New York City.



Fifteen-Footers from a Massachusetts Standpoint.

IN all the history of yachting, the distinctly small boat has never been so popular or so prominent as it is to-day. And by "small boat" I mean what is now understood by those words. Only a few years ago anything under forty feet waterline length was thought "small," but at the present time the average yachtsman of New England considers a 30-footer tremendously "shippy" and palatial.

The ever increasing length of overhangs has, of course, been one factor in the trend of the yachting world to smaller and smaller boats, for many a modern 30-footer has as much deck space as an old forty-five.

Another factor is the ever increasing cost of yachts. The man with but $1,000 for a boat could once have obtained a 25-footer for that sum, but must now employ a cheap builder if he desires even an 18-footer.

Still another element in the growth of the wee classes, is the fact that young America is no longer content to learn in a rowboat with a sheet for a sail, but must have a craft essentially as "yachty" as that of his father. This is quite as it should be, for it develops pride in his boat.

Then, too, the fathers have found that there is as much sport and more independence in racing a small boat than a much larger one. It is certainly keener racing where one meets fifteen competitors than where one has but two or three antagonists, and this wealth of rivals is more surely to be found in the smaller classes.

The result has been that while the 21-footers furnished a good sized fleet, and the 18-footers the largest class in our history, the 15-footers are destined to eclipse everything in point of numbers, and probably in closeness of competition.

The 15-footers received their first great boom in 1895, when the first races for the Seawanhaka cup were held. Although technically known then as half-raters, they all approximated 15ft. length on the waterline, and the way they "caught on" was truly marvelous. The class seemed to spring up over night.

Crane 15-footer.

It is not the purpose of this article, nor does space permit me, to trace the cause of the speedy decline of the half-rater class. Suffice it to say that our clever designers, as is their wont, speedily murdered the class by demonstrating that under its rules, a perishable, shingle-shaped article and not a staunch boat, was the prize winner.

But brief as was the popularity of the half-rater, it was sufficient to sow good seed, since it demonstrated the practicability of sport in so diminutive a boat. The class was the direct forebear of the many one-design classes of 15-footers which have since then appeared upon our waters.

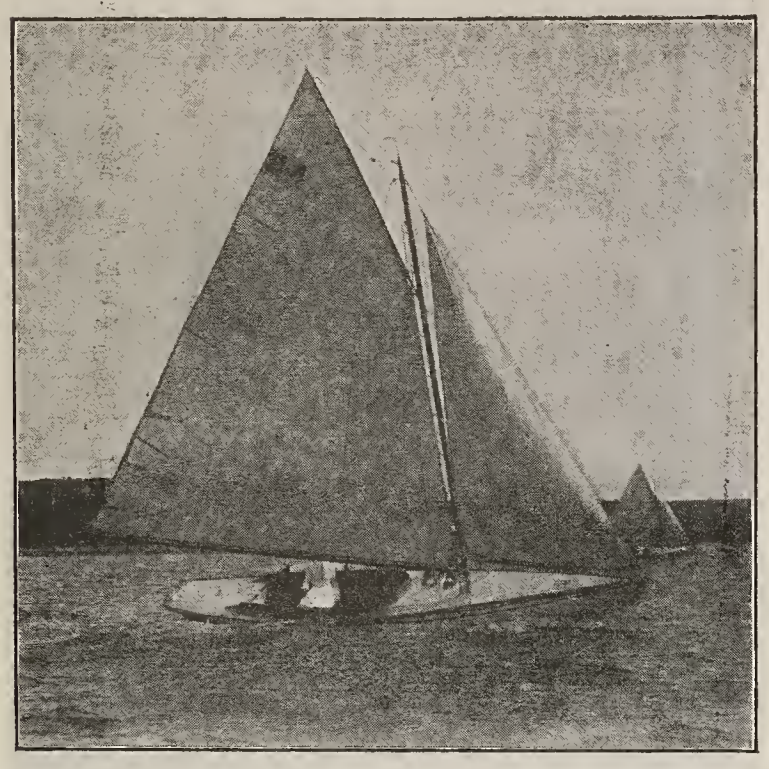
Nowadays, if one wishes to be assured of an appreciative audience, he has but to burst into abuse of one-design classes. Nearly all the yachting writers on both sides of the Atlantic, have their regular monthly slap at the idea.

But what if they are hard on the designers who did not get the order? And what if they do contribute little to the general advance of nautical science? If they furnish sport to a small army of men; if they produce boats where otherwise there would have been nothing but freaks; if they create more yachtsmen and better seamen; and (parenthetically), if they give the editors something on which to indulge their fine art of whole-souled denunciation, have not the one-design boats accomplished all that mortal can ask?

Take the "Water-Wags," a one-design class in Dublin Bay that has flourished for over twenty years, and is still very much alive; take the Newport thirties, or the Seawanhaka twenty-ones—what general measurement rule has produced better results?

Two great objections to one-design classes which have not been exploited by yachting critics (and which I mention here for their benefit), are the facts that most men want something a little different from everybody else's, and that (alas! that it should be so) where one is beaten because the other fellow is too clever for him he has to take it out on some one, and as he cannot lay it to his boat, he is apt to vent his feelings on his rivals (N. B.—By protests, bickerings and innuendoes.),

Perhaps you think I am straying from my subject. Perhaps I am—perhaps not. I know of one meritorious class of one-design 15-footers that was disrupted in precisely that fashion. I refer to the Crosby designed class at Hyannis Port, Mass. These were shoal draft, beamy, centerboard craft, with all the ballast inside. The most remarkable feature of this class was that all the boats were owned by the builder and chartered by him each season to the summer residents of Hyannis Port. It was a most progressive move on the part of the builder, and if it was not remunerative (which I believe it to have been) it was due to the jealousies



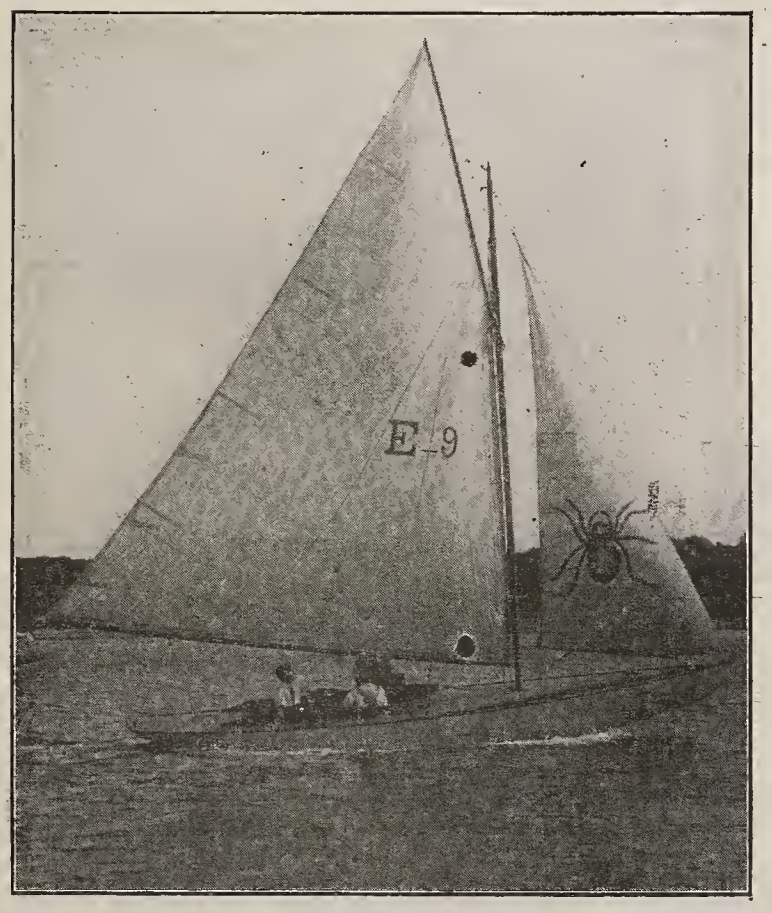
Herreshoff 15-footer Teaser.

of the putative owners rather than to any fault of his.

Hyannis Port is an ideal spot for a one-design class. As a yachting center it is semi-isolated. It is remote from any yacht racing association and the waters and winds of that locality have characteristics essentially their own. The boats that Mr. Crosby produced were admirably adapted to that vicinity, although they were undeniably homely and were a shade too beamy and flat for the prevalent seas of Nantucket Sound. Their overhangs, both forward and aft, showed a reverse curve at the L.W.L., and this gave a very peculiar shape to the transom. New York men who recall the Crosby half-rater of 1896, can get a good idea of this craft. Although designed as 15-footers, their extremely low overhangs soon scttled until they measured 17ft. on the L.W.L., and they are now considered 17-footers. It is well to remember this fact and their beam of 8ft. in connection with their sail area of 388 sq. ft. They were over-canvased for everything save the lightest airs.

Their ballast was but 300 pounds, and was carried inside. It consisted of small stones and shale, which is a popular form of ballast on Cape Cod, as everyone who has ever seen a good old-fashioned Cape "Cat" knows. This ballast was of value principally for trimming purposes, as the boats depended for their stability almost entirely on their great beam and flat floor.

The boats started off with a schedule of two races per week, and much sport should have resulted. But



Herreshoff 15-footer Spider.

the wrong spirit prevailed, and when one skipper succeeded in winning several straight races, the others invented protest after protest and finally quit racing altogether in a fit of sulks.

The best known of the one-design 15ft. classes is probably that of the Beverly Y. C. Designed and built by Herreshoff, these boats have the appearance of being small editions of Columbia. Their bow overhang is long, strikingly high and fairly sharp. Although of the centerboard type, they are narrower than any of the other one-design class boats, having but 5ft. 10in. extreme breadth. Their draft of 2ft. 3in. is also less than any of the others save the Crosby boats.

Buzzard's Bay is rather more turbulent than any other sheet of water on the New England coast. The prevalent wind is S.W. and blows straight up the bay. The tides run very strong, and when going out against the S.W. wind cause a nasty, choppy sea. This is accentuated by the fact that the winds of that locality average much greater weight than those at Larchmont or Marblehead.

Mr. Herreshoff took these things into consideration in designing the class and produced a boat admirably adapted to the local conditions. The class has afforded the keenest of racing every year since its conception and is still popular. It has done much to develop the sport in that locality and to breed new and able sailor men. Despite their diminutive size, they have proved capable of journeying down to Padanarum and over to Vineyard Haven.

In point of numbers, the most prominent class of this size is that organized by members of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., and built in the winter of 1902—03, from the design of Mr. Clinton H. Crane. It was at first proposed to build a class under the rating rule, but it was feared that such boats would not be fast enough, so a one-design class was determined upon. In appearance the boats greatly resemble a 21ft. knockabout scaled down to 15ft. They are very handsome, and this aside from their careful construction and beautiful finish. They are double-planked, which seems unnecessary for such small boats, and built of the most expensive materials, which also seems a subject of regret, as they would be just as serviceable if less expensive, and would at the same time be more attractive to men with slender purses. However, as some twenty or more of them were built, this last objection may not be well founded. I understand that they cost $650 each, exclusive of sails and fittings.

In design they are keel boats with more breadth than the Herreshoff boats, and less sail area, having but 290 sq. ft. in jib and mainsail. They are quite full forward and aft, with slack bilges and a moderate

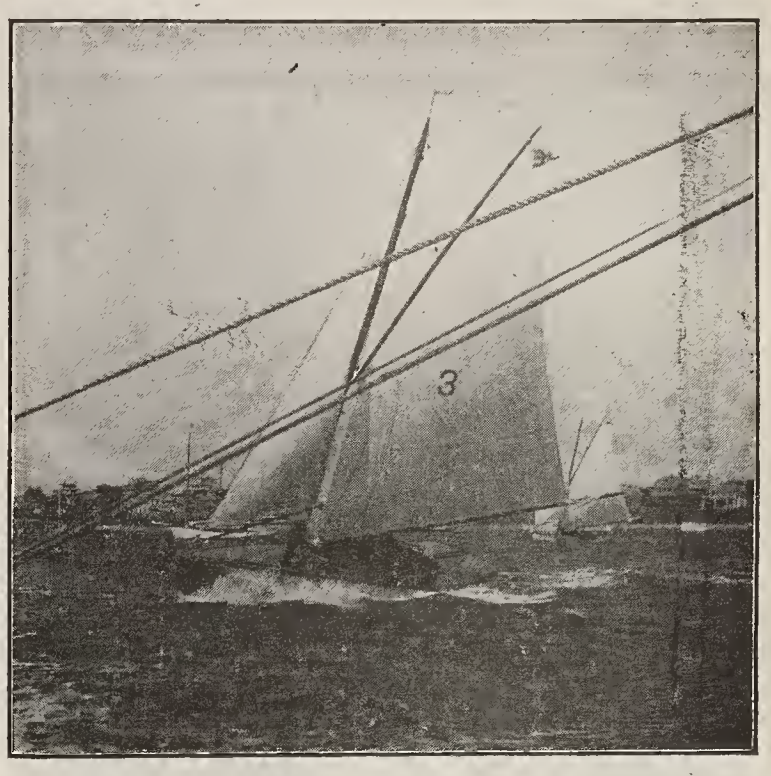


Mattapoisett 15-footer Spindrift.

amount of deadrise. The sections are saucer-like rather than U-shaped.

Last winter was a great one for classes of this kind, for in addition to that of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., others were formed from designs by Mr. W. Starling Burgess and Mr. William H. Hand, Jr. The former designed a class for the Mattapoisett Y. C. which had the avowed intention of trimming the Herreshoff boats of the Beverly Y. C. This was a pity, because the primary object of one-design classes is to produce an admirable boat irrespective of other craft. Eleven boats were built for this class, and the design showed much careful thought, although in my opinion it was not one particularly well adapted to Buzzard's Bay waters. They have 7ft. 6in breadth or nearly 2ft. more than the Herreshoff boats, and just one-half their L.W.L. Their bilges are fairly hard and their floors flat. The sections showed a hollow garboard, which serves to reduce the wetted surface. Although of the centerboard type, they drew 3ft., or 9in. more than the Herreshoff boats and only 9in. less than the Crane keel boats. The added breadth and greater draft made them much more powerful than their Herreshoff rivals and enabled them to swing 350 sq. ft. of sail, when the Herreshoff boats were under double reefs. Under these conditions the boats proved to be fairly well matched (judging from such chance meetings as the two types had; there was never any regular match between representatives of the two designs). In light or moderate winds the boats of the Mattapoisett Club were unable to compete with those of the Beverly Club; while in a light air and a lop of a sea the latter could sail circles around the boats from Mattapoisett. The trouble was that the Mattapoisett boats were too powerful and too flat for the conditions with which they had ordinarily to cope. In a breeze they developed an excessive weather helm and became almost impossible to steer, even when still able to carry their sail. They were built rather heavier than the Herreshoff boats in every respect. As an instance of this their planking was 5/8in. stuff, as against 1/2in. planking of the Herreshoff boats. Their spars were also heavier—needlessly so—but this was probably a blessing rather than a detriment, since the added weight aloft would tend to give them a list in light airs when they most needed it, and in heavy weather they would be able to carry their sail so much longer than the other 15-footers that the unnecessary weight aloft was not a harm, comparatively. It is to be noticed that these Burgess designed boats had considerably more sail than any of the other 15ft. ones, with the exception of that designed by Crosby. To my mind they were not as handsome as the Herreshoff, Crane, or Hand products. These Mattapoisett boats made an unusual record by sailing in forty races last season.

While it was not so announced, it is probable that Mr. Hand in designing a class for the New Bedford Y. C. also had it in mind to defeat the Herreshoff boats. His design, from which three boats were built, also

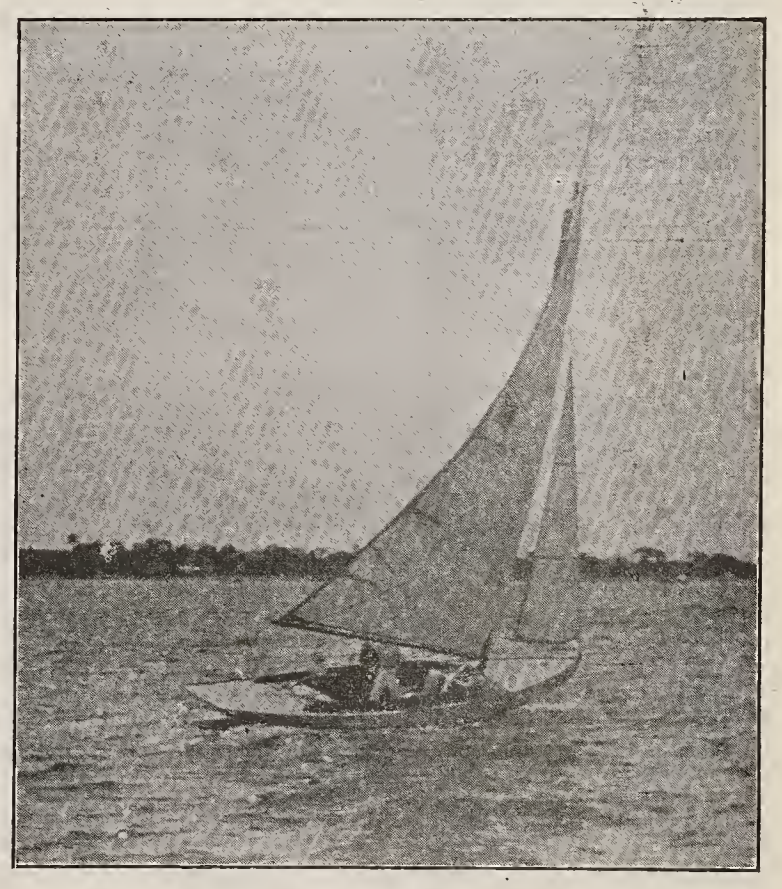


Crosby 15-footer Roolet.

went to more breadth and a flatter floor, more sail area, and less freeboard. He chose the keel type, but did not go to the extremes in dimensions that Mr. Burgess did, and his boats were as handsome little fellows as I have ever seen. The Hand and Crane boats are quite similar; but in almost every dimension, that of the former have a few more inches—to be exact, they have 5in. more over all length, 5in. more deck breadth, 6in. more waterline breadth, 100 pounds more ballast, and 26 sq. ft. more sail than the Crane craft.

In the few opportunities that arose for the Hand and Herreshoff boats to try conclusions, the former had rather the best of it.

The successes of all these classes and their marked popularity was undoubtedly a factor in the recent adoption by the Massaclusetts Y. R. A. of a restricted 15ft. class. But it is to be regretted that the task of drawing up the restrictions was left to a man whose long identification with the old 21ft. cabin class and the new 22ft. class has influenced his mind in favor of a rather undesirable type of boat. This influence is shown in the restrictions devised by him. They are clearly calculated to produce a small 22-footer rather than a model similar to that of the Herreshoff, Crane or Hand boats. The new boats will be unduly wide, high-powered and over-canvased. It would seem as if in choosing the restrictions the very successful 18ft. knockabouts would have been followed for ideas rather than the 22-footers. But such was not the case. The sail area is but 75 sq. ft. less than that allowed the 18-footers. In fact it is the direct proportion that 15



Hand 15-footer.

is to 18. Can it be possible that this rule framer thought that sail area should vary directly as the waterline length? Such a theory would give a 90-footer but 2,250 sq. ft. of sail—18 is to 90 as 450 is to 2,250. It is to be noticed that 375 sq. ft. of sail area is 25 sq. ft. more than that allowed the Burgess 15ft. one-design class; 59 sq. ft. more than given Mr. Hand's boats, 55 sq. ft. more than the Herreshoff boats have and 95 sq. ft. more than the Crane boats swing.

Perhaps the most striking feature of these restrictions is the rule, "Boats having a draft of more than 2ft. 6in. without centerboard shall be considered keel boats." That either means that boats without centerboards are to be considered keel boats (which one would take to be the case without any rule to that effect), or else it means that centerboard boats draw-

ing 2ft. 6in. with board up are keel boats. I suppose in time a rule will be made to the effect that sloops having bowsprits over a certain length shall be considered schooners.

The oft-repeated call for heavy scantlings has been heeded in these rules with a vengeance! The planking is to be the same thickness as with the 21ft. raceabouts. The frames are to be of the same material and of the same size as the 21ft. raceabouts, but are to be spaced nearer together. The deck clamps and bilge stringers are to be three-quarters the size of those on the raceabouts but must run from stem to stern, while on the raceabouts the bilge stringers ran only half that distance and their deck clamps were tapered at the ends.



Mattapoisett 15-footer Spindrift.

It does seem absurd for a 15-footer to have as heavy construction as a 21-footer, especially when the lighter construction of the Herreshoff 15-footers proved ample to meet the hammering received in Buzzard's Bay.

These new restrictions (calling for a minimum beam of 6ft. 6in. in keel, and 7ft. 6in. in centerboard boats) will produce very wide flat craft with beam carried well forward and aft, with deep, heavy transoms and blunt bows. They will be heavy and probably clumsy. It is hard to see how they can compare favorably in looks, seaworthiness or general adaptibility with the Crane, Hand or Herreshoff models. The popularity they are sure to meet with would prove much greater were they more nearly in accordance with the splendid little craft turned out by those three designers.

Such features of these restrictions as those barring hollow keels, hollow spars, and double planking are a step in the right direction and much to be commended. The boats are sure to be able to carry their enormous sail spread owing to the generous beam imposed by the restrictions. The only question is whether it is well to have such high-powered craft when boats with less power and less sail have proven themselves equally fast in the average racing conditions, and also whether or not these wide flat boats are preferable to the handsomer types evolved by the Seawanhaka, Beverly and New Bedford Y. Cs. These questions are ones that are best answered by the personal opinions of those who build for the new class.

Table of comparative dimensions of the different classes of 15-footers:

Designers	Crosby.	Herreshoff.	Burgess.	Crane.	Hand.
Type	C.B.	C.B.	C.B.	Keel.	Keel.
L.O.A.	25ft.	22ft.	26ft.	24ft. 5in.	24ft. 10in.
L.W.L.	15ft.	15ft.	15ft.	15ft.	15ft.
Ex. breadth	8ft.	5ft. 10in.		6ft. 2in.	6ft. 7in.
L.W.L. bdth	7ft.		7ft. 6in.	5ft. 6in.	6ft.
L'st freeb'd.	16in.			15in.	15in.
Draft	1ft. 6in.	2ft. 3in.	3ft.	3ft. 9in.	3ft. 9in.
Area m'ns'l	311sq.ft.		280sq.ft.	231sq.ft.	260sq.ft.
Area jib	77sq.ft.		70sq.ft.	59sq.ft.	56sq.ft.
Total S.A.	388sq.ft.	320sq.ft.	350sq.ft.	290sq.ft.	316sq.ft.
Ballast	3001bs.		6001bs.	11001bs.	12001bs.

Yokohama Y. C.

BY A. R. CATTO, YOKOHAMA Y. C.

EARLY in the history of the foreign settlement in Yokohama there were occasional sailing races among the boats of the ships lying in the port, and as boats were acquired by the residents the sport grew in popularity. For many years the fleet consisted of open boats, old converted ships' lifeboats, etc., but as time went on craft were specially built for the purpose, and during the season of 1886 races were held regularly and so much enthusiasm was shown that it was felt that the sport required the establishment of a properly organized yacht club. At the outset there was some difficulty, as the Rowing Club, to which most of the boat owners belonged, wished to take the matter in hand. The Rowing Club had a pavilion and landing stage, which they represented as being indispensable to the owners of the sailing boats, but the latter felt that it would be better to have their own organization, and decided to form a separate club, even if they had only the wide, wide sea as their club house. The Yokohama Sailing Club was therefore formed, and commenced the season of 1887 with about 24 sail on their register. Of these, five were specially built yachts, decked and ballasted, five were open or half-decked, one was built on the model of a Japanese fishing boat, and the remainder were converted ships' boats. The champion for the season of 1886 is still on the club register, and still races occasionally in handicaps.

The succeeding four years saw a large number of new boats built. One built in 1888 from lines supplied by the late Edward Burgess, with a water-line length of 31ft., and sail area of about 1,900sq.ft., is still well to the front in her class, and in her own particular weather picks up an occasional prize. A few yachts have been imported from the Solent, the Clyde and New York, but the majority have been built from lines by local designers, and these are by far the most successful.

A canoe class was started in 1889, and flourished for some years until the addition of heavily weighted keels to some of the boats brought the type into disfavor. A Surbiton gig class started in 1890 then reigned in favor among the younger owners, and with modifications the type lasted until 1902.

In the year 1897 the name of the club was changed to the Yokohama Y. C., as the proportion of real "yachts," as opposed to "sail boats," certainly justified the name. The club register for this year included 30 yachts; the old converted ships' boats having been all superseded. From about this time a very useful class of raceabouts has gradually developed into one of the best for close racing in the club. With a water-line length of from 18 to 21ft., and sail area about 450sq.ft., they are very handy craft for racing and day sailing. Last year a one-design class was started, 15 boats being built to the lines of the Lark. These small racers sailed 24 races during the season, and afforded most excellent sport, proving quite the best class from a purely sporting point of view that has ever been introduced in these waters.

The Club Register for 1903 contained 17 cabin yachts, headed by the flagship of the Commodore, a schooner of 37 tons register, and an auxiliary schooner, a cruiser. The first division consisting of boats of from 10 to 14 tons displacement, was unfortunate during the season, as one yacht was wrecked during a gale and broken up, and another was taken away from Yokohama on the departure of the owner from Japan. The second division, cabin yachts forming the cruising class, afford very good sport racing under handicaps. Ten raceabouts and fifteen Larks complete the number on the register. In 1903, during the season from May to October, 62 races were sailed. The rating formula is the cube root of load waterline multiplied by sail area, but as the types of yachts are so varied, a fair proportion of races are



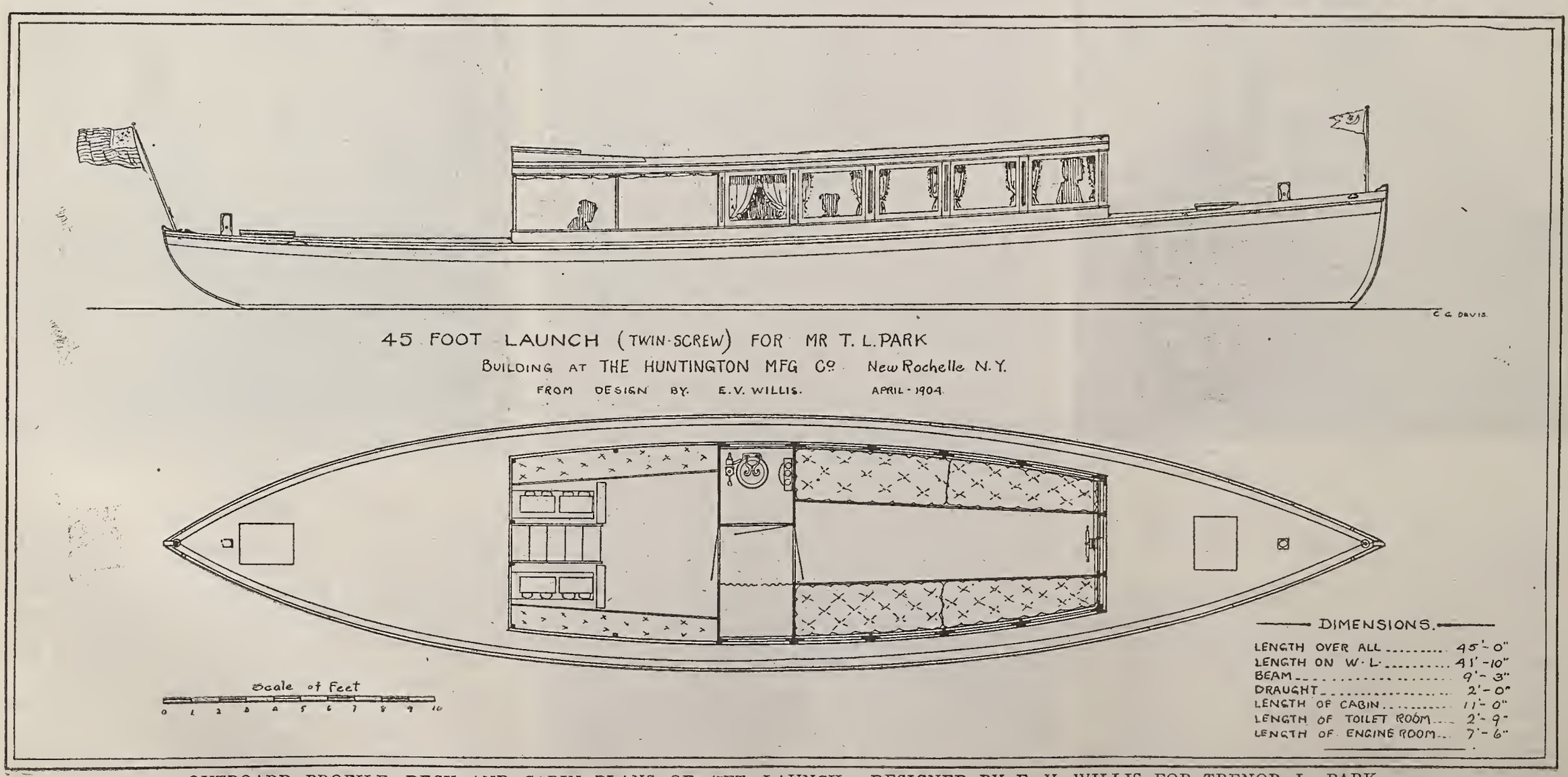
Crane 15-footer.

sailed under handicaps, except, of course, races for the Lark class.

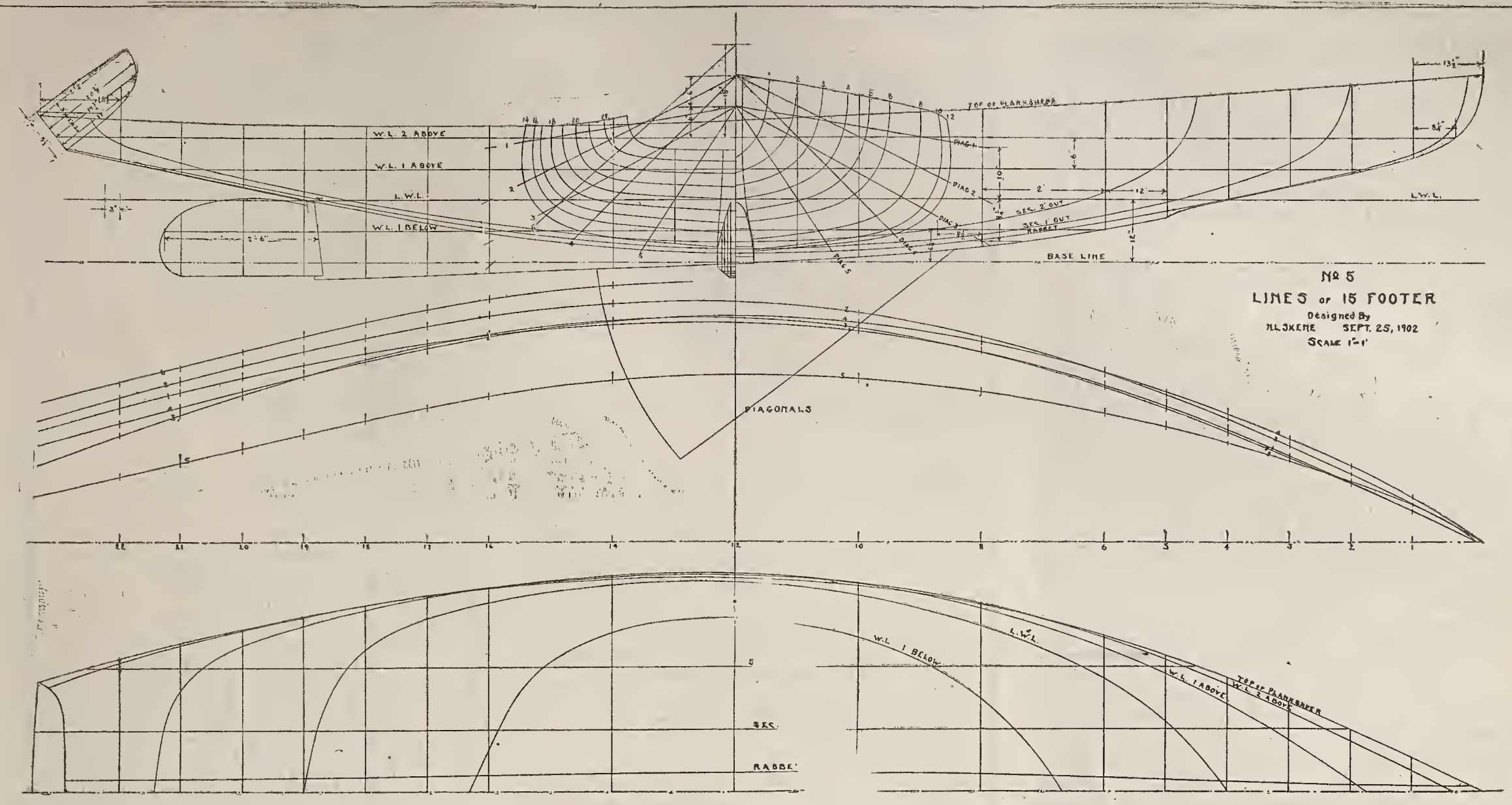
From its situation on the Gulf of Yedo, Yokohama is admirably suited for the headquarters of a yacht club. The harbor is well protected by a breakwater, and the part assigned by the authorities for the yacht anchorage is next to the Bund, with a depth of from 2 to 3½ fathoms. The average rise and fall of tide is about 6ft. The Gulf of Yedo extends some 40 miles by 20, and affords excellent cruising and racing water, especially to the west and south, where it opens to the Pacific by a channel about 6 miles wide. Outside there is splendid scope for coastwise cruising, with numerous snug harbors at convenient intervals. Off the coast lies Vries Island, which forms an objective for more ambitious voyages, and has been visited by several of the larger yachts, as excellent woodcock shooting is to be got there.

Japanese make very good yacht hands, as they are born sailors. They take a very keen interest in racing, and at the close of every season there is a race for the small boats, manned by native paid hands only. This event is always productive of great excitement, and there is usually some carrying away of gear among the competing boats.

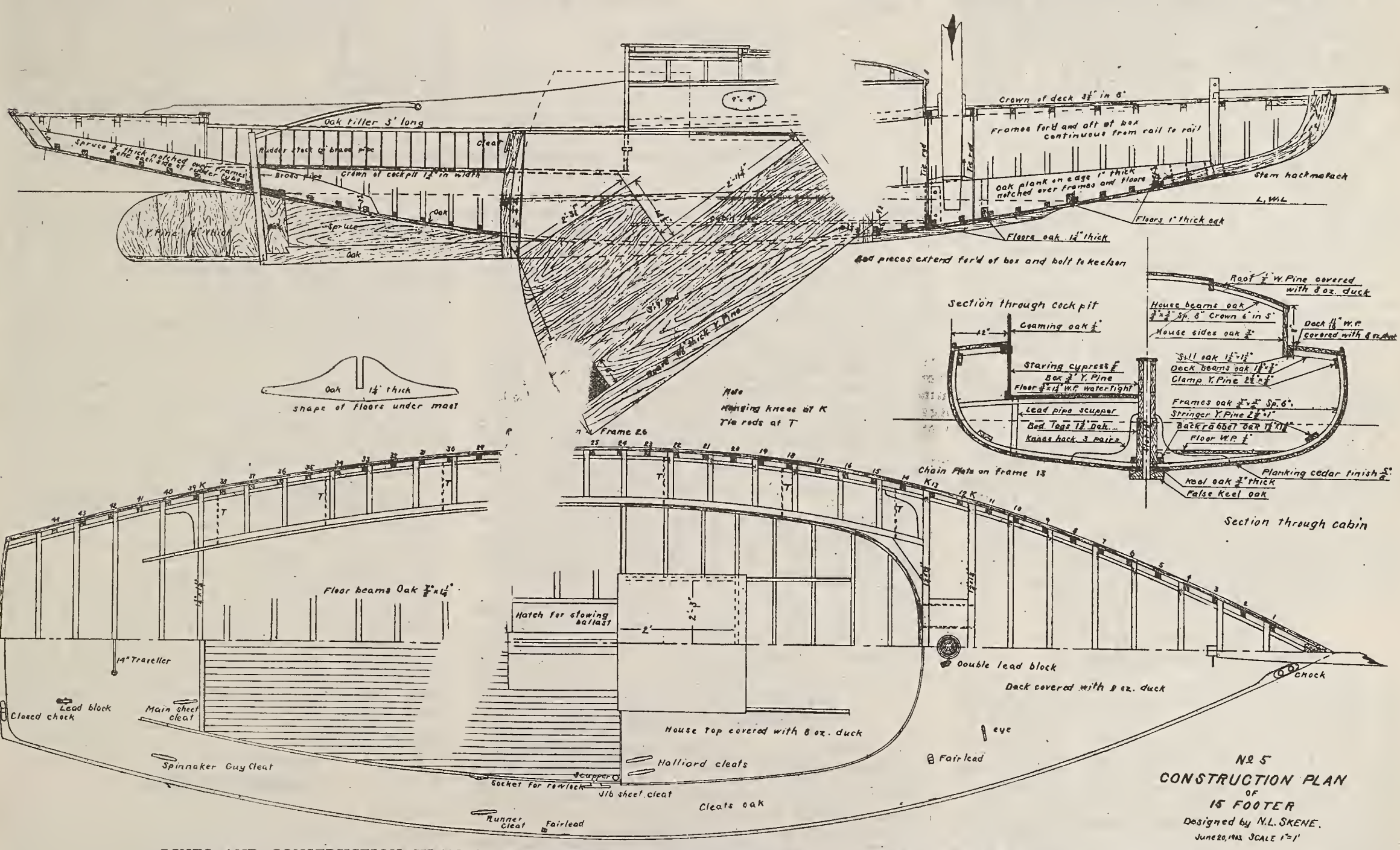
In and about Yokohama there are some excellent



OUTBOARD PROFILE, DECK AND CABIN PLANS OF 45FT. LAUNCH—DESIGNED BY E. V. WILLIS FOR TRENOR L. PARK.



No 5
LINES of 15 FOOTER
Designed By
N.L.SKENE SEPT. 25, 1902
SCALE 1"=1'



No 5
CONSTRUCTION PLAN
OF
15 FOOTER
Designed by N.L. SKENE.
June 20, 1903 SCALE 1"=1'

LINES AND CONSTRUCTION ULAN OF 15-FOOTER—DESIGNED BY NORMAN L. SKENE FOR PROF. JOHN. W. PILLSBURY.

Japanese shipwrights, who turn out very good work, and the cost of construction is low. One of the most prominent members of the Yacht Club, a gentleman who has done a great deal for the good of the sport, and a very successful designer, has in connection with his business a staff of sailmakers. Yacht sails supplied from his loft have been pronounced by good judges to be equal to anything obtainable in America. Altogether the expenses of yachting in Yokohama are lower than almost anywhere else in the world, anyone with a taste for the sport can indulge in it to the top of his bent.

Design for a 45ft. Launch

WE publish herewith the outboard profile, cabin and deck plans of the 45ft. launch building by the Huntington Manufacturing Co., of New Rochelle, for Mr. Trenor L. Park. The boat was designed by Capt. E. V. Willis, Mr. Park's sailing master. She will be used for towing Mimosa I. and Mimosa II., Mr. Park's two racing boats, to and from the different Sound regattas. Her dimensions are as follows: 45ft. over all, 41ft. 10in. waterline, 9ft. 3in. breadth, and 2ft. draft.

She has an oak frame keel, keelson, stem and stern, cedar planking put on with brass screws. Her top strake and all fore and aft members such as clamps and shelves, are yellow pine. Topstrake also yellow pine in one length.

She will be equipped with 70 horsepower, made up of two 35 horsepower auto motors, manufactured by the Matheson Motor Car Co., Ltd., of Holyoke, Mass.

Her cabin and interior will be finished in mahogany.

Design for a Fifteen Footer.

IN this issue there appear plans of a centerboard 15-footer. She is a jib and mainsail boat of a serviceable and handy type. The boat was designed by Mr. Norman L. Skene for Prof. John W. Pillsbury, of Waban, Mass., for use at Chatham on Cape Cod.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	23ft.	6 in.
L. W. L.	15ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	4ft.	1½in.
Aft	4ft.	4½in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	7ft.	
L. W. L.	6ft.	8 in.
Draft—		
Extreme	1ft.	3½in.
To rabbet		10 in.
Board down	4ft.	3 in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	2ft.	
Least	1ft.	2½in.
Aft	1ft.	4½in.
Sail area—		
Mainsail	267	
Jib	58	
Total	325sq. ft.	
Cockpit, length	7ft.	6in.
Cabin, length	6ft.	6in.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

BROOKLYN Y. C. TO MANAGE OUTSIDE RACE.—The outside race for small boats that was exploited by Mr. Thomas Fleming Day is now in the hands of the Brooklyn Y. C., which club will manage the contest. The race will take place late in June or early in July. The start will be made from Gravesend Bay, and not from Sandy Hook, as was originally intended. After leaving Sandy Hook the race will be outside all the way. The distance is over 320 miles. It is believed that there will be at least ten or twelve starters.

SCHOONER ELFIN SOLD.—Mr. Paul R. Bonner has sold his schooner yacht Elfin, through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh, to Mr. Freeland Jones.

Designing Competition Awards.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your paper is to be congratulated on the splendid results of the designing competition offered by you last autumn. No less than twenty-seven sets of plans of 40-footers having been sent in to compete for the three prizes, and the cabin or arrangement prize.

The designs have been marked according to the following table, and I think your readers will be interested in the system employed:

	Model.	Construction.	Arrangement.	Style.	Rig.	Specifications.	Total.
Possible mark:	10	10	10	10	5	5	50
Lanyard	7	8	8	8	4	3	38
Buster Brown.....	6	5	9	7	3	3	33
Weather Helm.....	5	8	6	5	3	3	30

First prize, Lanyard; second and cabin prize, Buster Brown; third prize, Weather Helm.

The first prize, of one hundred dollars, goes to Lanyard, Mr. Charles D. Mower, of New York City, whose plan received a total of thirty-eight marks in a possible fifty. The second prize, of sixty dollars, goes to Buster Brown, Mr. Harold W. Patterson of Yonkers, N. Y., who receives thirty-three points. The third prize, of forty dollars, goes to Weather Helm, Mr. A. E. Luders, New York City, with thirty points.

The prize of twenty-five dollars offered by Mr. T. C. Zerega, for the best interior plan, has been awarded to Buster Brown, Mr. Harold W. Patterson, who is marked nine points out of a possible ten in the column headed arrangement.

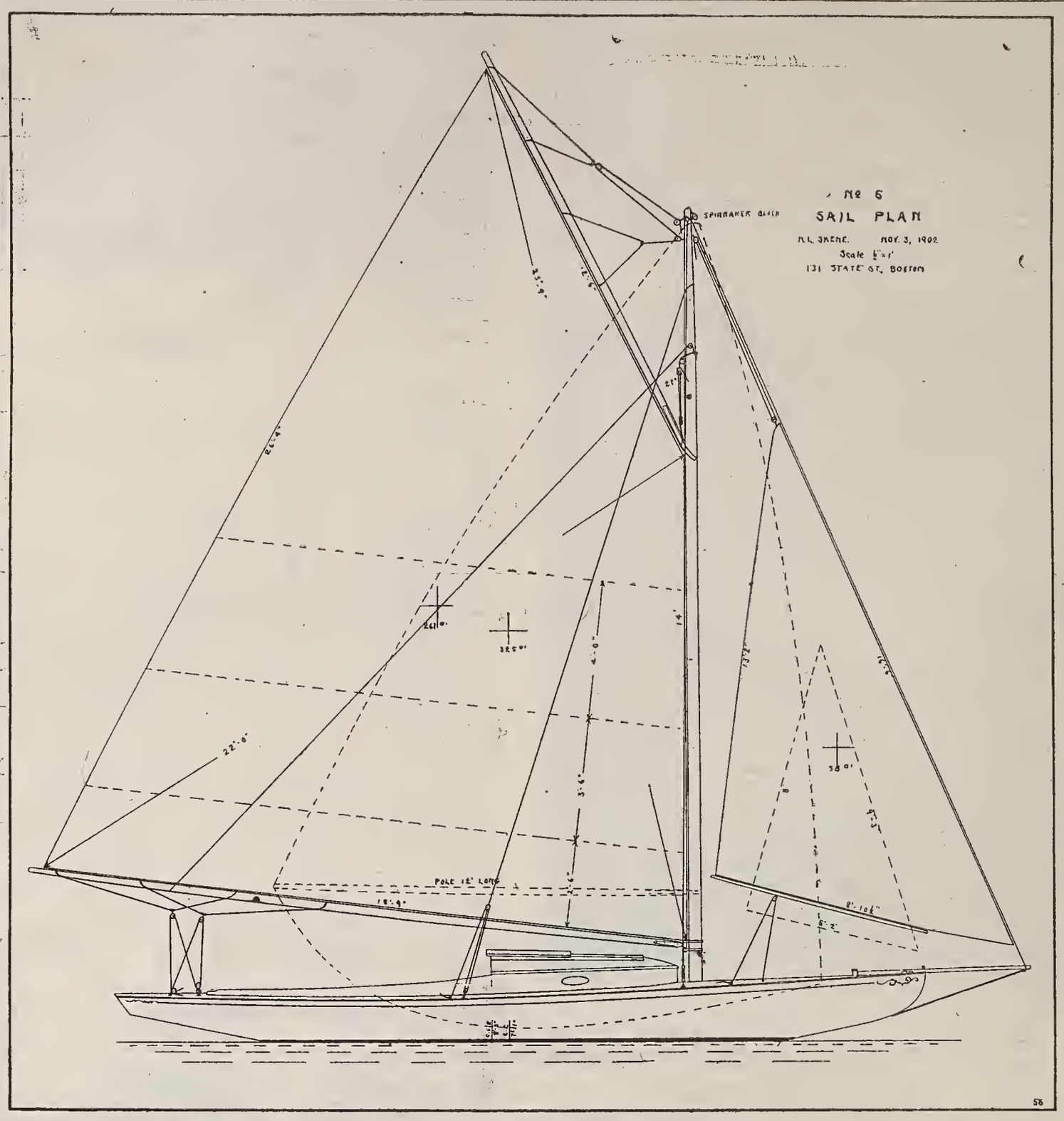
The various points to be considered have been divided into six heads: Model, construction, arrangement, style, rig and specifications. As marks on these points were considered to cover the requirements of the competition under the first four headings, 10 was taken as a possible score, and under the other two, 5, as these were considered to be more or less stereotyped by custom, and, therefore, less latitude could be taken by the competitors.

Lanyard, Mr. Chas. D. Mower, presents a very handsome and well thought out design, which has received a high mark in all requirements. The model is fair and easy, the construction good, arrangement fair, good forecastle, galley and cabin, and some very novel features of entrance and after cabin. The deck plan is novel and looks very comfortable. The companionway on one side is an interesting feature. Mr. Mower gives an excellent general description with his specifications, which I hope you will find space to print.

The second prize of sixty dollars has been awarded to Buster Brown, Mr. Harold W. Patterson, who has sent a very handsome design, very well thought out. The construction is somewhat different from Lanyard, as the frames are all bent. His cabin arrangement has received the highest mark of all the designs, and the "Cabin Prize" has been awarded to him. The features of the cabin plan are a good forecastle where the crew will be contented and stay throughout the commission, a comfortable stateroom for the owner, with good toilet room opposite, hall arranged cabin and an entrance separate from the cabin where a man may shed his wet things when going below in the rain, and where charts may be consulted. This boat presented the most comfortable plan of the twenty-seven, but I am not sure that the last word has yet been said upon the arrangement of the room in a 40-footer. An excellent description accompanies this set of plans.

The third prize of forty dollars goes to Weather Helm, Mr. A. E. Luders, who presents a boat of good model and of excellent construction. Style, rig, and specifications, fair. The cabin plan from the companionway to the forward end of cabin is perfect, but forward of that point there is too much attempted. The galley lacks headroom except under a small skylight, and the stateroom and captain's room crowd each other uncomfortably. A captain's room on a 40-footer is of doubtful utility, as the owner is supposed in this size boat to be able to accept the responsibility of command.

CLINTON H. CRANE.



SAIL PLAN OF 15-FOOTER DESIGNED BY NORMAN L. SKENE FOR PROF. JOHN W. PILLSBURY.

St. Paul Letter.

ST. PAUL, March 30.—The annual meeting of the White Bear Yacht Club was held March 9, in St. Paul. There was a large attendance, and the officers for 1904 were elected. As this year will be a red-letter year for the White Bear Yacht Club, especial attention was paid to selection of the new officers, all of them being men in whom the club members feel the utmost confidence. J. P. Elmer was unanimously chosen commodore, W. C. Reed was elected vice-commodore, G. W. Rodenberg was re-elected secretary, and W. B. Geery was for the second time given the office of treasurer. Henry Van Vleck will hold the office of captain.

The executive committee is as follows: H. P. Clark, L. P. Ordway, T. G. Wann and C. M. Griggs. The regatta committee will consist of William Rees, Dr. C. M. Owens, Dr. J. M. Welch and Henry Merrill.

Although there are numerous trophies and pennants for each of the different classes of boats on White Bear the interest for the coming season is centered in the coming race with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for the Seawanhaka cup on Lake St. Louis. There will also be much interest shown in the selection of two boats for the regular Inland Lake Y. A. meeting, which will be held at Oshkosh or Lake Winnebago in the latter part of August.

There will be a large class of small boats, known as "B" boats, and as most of these are owned by the sons of the regular members a great deal of sport is expected. Johnson, of White Bear, is building fifteen of these boats, all the same model, five of which remain on White Bear and the rest go to Spring Lake. These yachts are almost the same model as the Massasoit, which was a contestant in the Bridgeport trial races to select a challenger for the Seawanhaka cup in 1902. Gus Amundson has finished three "B" class boats, of somewhat the same model as his last year's winner of the "B" class at Oshkosh.

Both Johnson and Amundson have started to work on the new Seawanhaka challengers, and the third, which is built by Jones & Laborde, of Oshkosh, has already been finished. It was at first proposed to build four boats, and it was in the FOREST AND STREAM to that effect, but the committee has since changed its mind, and now there are only going to be three. The first trials will be held June 13, and after the fastest boats have been found, they will be raced at Oshkosh under conditions quite similar to those at Lake St. Louis, Montreal.

Bald Eagle is a small lake not far from White Bear, and although there has only been sailing there for four years, the Yacht Club has made rapid strides. The members are nearly all young men, and are very enthusiastic over the sport. A new class has been added to the fleet; this class is very similar to the old "seventeen-foot" class of the White Bear Y. C. There are ten boats, all of the same model, being scows and twenty-five feet over all. The club will have a new club house, which will not be expensive in style and furnishing, being built more for comfort.

The officers elected at a recent annual meeting are: Z. H. Thomas, Commodore; Charles H. Hart, Vice-Commodore; A. Geisberg, Secretary; J. A. Mull, Treasurer; A. Holterholf, Captain. The sailing committee consists of R. B. Hall and I. E. Sifveland.

The Lake Minnetonka Boat Club was incorporated Tuesday, March 29. The membership fee is $10 annually. The officers are Carl Puckett, Commodore; Roy H. Wagner, Vice-Commodore; T. E. Hawkins, Secretary; and F. B. Zahn, Treasurer.

J. G. ORDWAY.

British Letter.

THE French paper, Yachting Gazette, for March 18, is a nicely got up, well illustrated number, full of good photographs of the yachts and motor launches taking part in the racing at Marseilles, Cannes, Nice and Monaco, but to Britishers the Riviera regattas this year are of little interest, and the chief contests are between French and Italian yachts. The most important event from a sporting point of view will be the races for the Coupe de France at Nice, on April 2, 4 and 5. This trophy was won by Mr. Harrison Lambert's 20-rater, Gloria, in 1898, the defending boat, Esterel, being distinctly unlucky in losing. The cup was successfully defended by the Royal Temple Y. C.; Mr. E. Hore's Payne-designed Laurea beating the Duc Decazes' Anna on the Solent in 1899, and once more successfully defended it against the same owner's Quand-Même I, at Ramsgate the following year. In 1901 the Royal Temple Y. C. enlisted the services of Fife's invincible 52-footer, Magdalen, to oppose a third challenge by the Duc Decazes with a new Quand-Même. Unfortunately, a short time before the races were fixed to take place, it was discovered that Magdalen was over 20 tons, French measurement, and as her owner, Baron de Forest, refused to allow her to be altered to suit the rule, the cup had to be returned to France.

Magdalen and Quand-Même II had a private match at Weymouth, the best out of three races, in which the Scotch boat won the first two in a most decisive manner, thus rendering a third contest unnecessary. Before the end of 1901 the Duke of the Abbruzzi challenged on behalf of the Regio Yacht Club Italiano, and the size of the competing boats was reduced from 20 to 10 tons. The Italian-built Artica scored a very lucky win over the French boat Suzette in 1902, but the following year the cup went back to France, Suzette getting her revenge for the defeat of the previous year. This year the French boat is a new one, and the challenging boat is Sally, the property of Chevalier Colteletti. Sally is one of the three boats built last year with the view to defending the cup, though she was not then chosen.

The glories of the Riviera regattas, however, seem to have departed for the time. During the closing years of last century there were always some of the big English cutters present at the chief regattas and splendid races were organized for them. Many stirring matches were sailed when Britannia, Satanita, Ailsa and other such heavy weights hoisted colors in the blue waters of the Mediterannean, but since Sybarita and Kariad sailed a series of one-sided races out there two years ago no big vessels of note have graced the Riviera. There has, however, been a great increase in motor boats, and the small raters keep up their numbers. Of course, the absence of big British racers is easily accounted for, because there are none fitted out for English racing.

Col. Bucknill, well known in Solent yachting circles, and more widely so as a writer under the pseudonym of Thalassa, has been elected captain of the Solent One-Design Class for 1904. Col. Bucknill was one of the principal starters of the class in 1896, and was its first captain. The class is still going strong, and Mr. H. Maryetti, who owned and raced the old Richardson cutter Irex, the last three seasons in the big handicap class, is building a boat for the Solent One-Design Class. There will be at least a dozen of these little craft afloat this year.

E. H. KELLY.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, April 4.—The work of fitting out has commenced at the various yards, and, in some instances, yachts are to be found at their moorings. These cases are rare, however, for the fitting out season has been the most backward in several years. Generally, at this time, there are scores of yachts with running rigging in place, sails bent an their sides glistening with fresh paint, ready to take their dips as soon as there have been two or three days of warm weather. The warm days had not arrived up to last Sunday, however, and so little or nothing has been done. In other years many amateur yachtsmen could be found working on their boats during the first days of April, but this year there are very few yachts that have had their winter coverings removed.

Mr. Lawrence F. Percival's 35ft. speed launch has been launched at the Marblehead Yacht Yard, and she was given a trial last Saturday. She did not develop the speed that was desired. It was discovered that the shaft strut had pulled off and spoiled the lead of the screw. As soon as this has been fixed she will be given another trial, when it is expected that she will develop all the speed that was intended.

The second general meeting of the Eastern Y. C. for 1904 will be held at the St. Botolph Club, Tuesday evening, at 8:30. At this meeting the advisability of purchasing the wharf at Marblehead, now used as a club landing station, will be discussed. This property is one of two parcels, in which ownership was hotly contested by residents of Marblehead recently. The other parcel is owned by the Boston Y. C. The Marblehead residents claim that each of these wharves had been used as public thoroughfares for a number of years, and that the yacht clubs had no right to inclose

them and bar out the public. It was decided by the courts that the clubs could do what they pleased in the matter of building fences around the properties. The wharf now used by the Eastern Y. C. was purchased by Mr. Frank B. McQuesten, and it was generally understood at the time that it would eventually be owned by the Eastern Y. C. As a landing place it has proven of great value to members of the club.

At Lawley's the 102ft. waterline steam yacht, designed by Mr. Arthur Binney for Mr. Chauncey B. Borland, is nearly ready to take the water. This yacht is similar to the Monaloa, also designed by Mr. Binney for Mr. Borland, with the exception that she is longer. The steel steam yacht, designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley, for Mr. Paul Raincy, is receiving the finishing touches, and the 99ft. steam yacht, designed by Swazey, Raymond & Page, is practically ready for the water. Mr. S. C. Winsor's 22-footer, Warrior, designed by Fred D. Lawley, is well along. This boat is very flat and has as much of the scow principle as the restrictions governing the class would allow Mr. Lawley to go. The 15-footer for Mr. H. H. Wiggin is about completed.

Another fast auto boat has been heard from. The order for this boat has been given to Messrs. Burgess & Packard, by Mr. H. L. Bowden, the well-known automobilist. She will be fitted with a French motor of 50 horse-power, and is expected to be about the fastest thing of her kind in Massachusetts waters. The designers do not wish to announce any further particulars concerning her dimensions, etc., just at present. The same designers have orders for a 26ft. auxiliary cruising yawl for Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, a keel 15-footer for Dr. Morton Prince, and a keel 18-footer for Hon. W. Caleb Loring.

Small Bros. have an order for a 21-footer to race for the Lipton cup at Chicago. This boat will be built at Lawley's, and will be planked with mahogany. The owner's name will not be announced for some time. They also have an order for a Y. R. A. 15-footer for Mr. H. Lunberg, of the Dorchester Y. C., and a 20ft. cat for Mr. C. H. Kelley, of Winthrop. The 21ft. ketch of their design for Mr. R. R. McCormick, of Cocoanut Grove, Fla., is being built by Mr. Hugh Bishop, of Gloucester, and the mahogany launch for Mr. H. W. Hornthal, of Norfolk, Va., is being built by Messrs. Sterns & McKay, at the Marblehead Yacht Yard.

At the South Boston Y. C., Thursday, there will be a testimonial hop, tendered to Messrs. P. J. McMahon and William X. McKee for their excellent work on the last anniversary ball committee. The second general meeting of the club for the year will be held on Wednesday evening.

The New Bedford Y. C. has elected Frank H. Murkland, Measurer, and W. H. Hand, Jr., J. G. Baker, W. S. Bourne, W. E. Smith and F. W. Reynolds, Regatta Committee. The club will cruise to Onset Bay on June 25, and to Newport July 2, 3, and 4. There will be a cruise to Marion in August, and a cruise September 3, 4, and 5.

Mr. E. A. Boardman has an order for an 18-footer, for a yachtsman who wishes his name withheld for the present. He has also sold an 18-footer for the same yachtsman.

The houses at the City Point and Marblehead stations of the Boston Y. C. were opened for the season, April 1. Floats have been put in position at both stations for the early yachtsmen. JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The New York Corps.

At the monthly meeting of the New York Schuetzen Corps, No. 69 St. Mark's Place, April 7, the winners in the corps' winter gallery contest received their prizes. Capt. John H. Hainhorst, assisted by the members of the shooting committee, Messrs. F. Facompre, B. Zettler, Chas. Munn, A. W. Lemcke and Chris. Konig, distributed them to the eighty-three members who shot through the winter programme. The shoot was opened in November with eighty-six entries. The prizes consisted of silver and bronze works of art, and other articles useful in the home. The winners, in the order of their standing, follow:

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, the best ten centers: H. D. Meyer 22½ degrees, Geo. Ludwig 24½, C. Brinckama 25½, F. Schultz 26½, J. N. F. Seibs 27, H. Nordbruch 27, L. C. Hagenah 30, H. Meyn 31, P. Heidelberger 32, R. Gute 32½.

Five best bulls for the special diamond medal, one prize: J. N. F. Siebs.

Ring target, most points, ten prizes: Otto Schwanemann 4713, J. C. Bonn 4607, H. Haase 4567, Geo. Offermann 4530, G. Thomas 4526, H. Beckmann 4461, C. Schmitz 4442, A. W. Lemcke 4440, Wm. Schultz 4407, N. C. L. Beversten 4398.

Winners for best bullseye for the balance of the prizes: Wm. Dohl, C. Roffman, D. von der Lieth, G. J. Voss, J. Paradies, H. Winters, F. Facompre, D. H. Brinckmann, H. C. Hainhorst, John H. Meyer, J. Facklamm, D. Pepper, J. H. Hainhorst, H. R. Caplan, H. Horenberger, J. Jantzen, Geo. Junge, J. C. Kruse, C. Mann, A. Evers, J. Gobber, H. Offermann, Herman Koster, C. Konig, F. Feldhusen, R. Ohms, F. Dierks, M. J. Then, H. Lohden, N. W. Haaren, A. Beckmann, H. Rottger, D. von Glahn, F. Lankenau, C.Wahman, J. H. Doscher, J. C. Degenhard, M. von Dwingelo, H. B. Michaelsen, B. Kumm, J. G. Tholke, H. Koster, H. Konig, Aug. Beckmann, D. Ficken, Wm. Schaeffer, Herman Heinecke, H. Quinten, H. Haaren, Gus Hagenah, D. von Hein, H. Leopold, J. H. Grote, J. C. Brinckmann, John May, H. Decker, A. Giebelhaus, L. Goldstein, H. Gobber, Aug. Ledhaus, D. Dede, N. Jantzen, B. Zettler.

Zettler Rifle Club.

At the weekly gallery shoot of the famous Zettler Club good scores were the order. Capt. W. A. Tewes gave a fine exhibition in his 100 shots. He made three scores of 248. His total, 2462, was a grand score. L. P. Hansen shot in good form, and got a total of 2448. Veteran Louis Maurer made one score of 247.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., offhand, 100 shots: W. A. Tewes 2462, L. P. Hansen 2448, A. Moser 2412, Aug. Begerow 2367.

Fifty shots: W. A. Hicks 1206, Aug. Kronsberg 1205, C. Zettler, Jr., 1201, C. Zettler, Sr., 1199, L. Maurer 1204, H. C. Zettler 1187, B. Zettler 1183, Major A. Rowland 1182, Geo. J. Bernius 1173.

New York City Corps.

Nine members of the New York City Corps shot in the regular contest, Zettler's gallery, on March 31. Aug. Kronsberg was first and Capt. R. Busse second. Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: Aug. Kronsberg 242, 246; R. Busse 242, 243; O. Schwanemann 236, 240; John Wagner 239, 228; R. Schwanemann 231, 235; Jos. Keller 211, 221; H. R. Caplan 205, 213; G. Schrotter 204, 205; A. Wiltz 186, 208.

Italian Rifle Club.

At the Italian Club shoot, Zettler ranges, March 28, E. Minervini was first with the score of 244. P. Selvaggi second with 242.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., offhand: Minervini 244, Selvaggi 242, Conti 237, Gerbolini 237, Bianchi 236, Borroni 232, Rossotti 226, A. Orsenigo 226, E. Orsenigo 225, Personeni 225, Reali 226, Ciancinino 214, Corbyoni 193.

Rifle Notes.

The Miller Rifle and Pistol Club left its old home at 423 Washington street, Hoboker, N. J., and located at No. 107 Washington street. The club's new headquarters has three ranges 75ft. long, with all the modern improvements.

Great improvements are now being made in the Union Hill Schuetzen Park in order to get it in shape for the great festival in June. When finished, there will be thirty-two targets open for the great body of riflemen who are coming from all parts of America to take part in the contest.

The target of honor (Columbia) and the Stich target will carry probably $15,000 or more. The other targets will increase the total prize list to $25,000.

There will be a formal opening of the rifle shooting season in the Union Hill Schuetzen Park, May 4. The programme provides team and prize shooting.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

April 6.—Sheepshead Bay, L. I.—Eastern amateur target championship, on grounds of Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club.
April 6.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Ohio Valley Shooting Association Spring tournament.
April 6-7.—Bristol, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Bristol Gun Club. S. W. Rhea, Sec'y.
April 7.—Bethlehem, Pa.—Lehigh Rod and Gun Club of the Bethlehems all-day target tournament. H. F. Koch, Sec'y.
April 12-13.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Indiana League of Trapshooters' annual tournament.
April 16.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all day target shoot; free silver prizes. Dr. J. B. Pardoe, Sec'y.
April 18-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. F. Schmelzer & Son's Arms Co. fourth Interstate midwinter shooting tournament; targets and live birds.
April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Patriots' Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
April 19.—Wellington, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Mgr.
April 19.—Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club's eighth annual Patriots' Day tournament. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
April 19-21.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club's spring tournament. W. B. Kennedy, Sec'y.
April 20-21.—Rensselaer, Ind., Gun Club amateur tournament. Everette Brown, Mgr., Pleasant Grove, Ind.
April 21.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association first shoot of the season. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.
April 21.—Easton, Pa.—The Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club's first annual target tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Sec'y.
April 23.—Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association's big merchandise shoot. J. R. Taylor, General Manager.
April 23.—Philadelphia.—Team shoot: Trenton University vs. University of Pennsylvania.
April 26.—Greenville, O., Gun Club amateur tournament. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.
*April 26-27.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club tournament. $100 added. Louis Lautenslager, Mgr.
April 26-29.—Kansas City.—Spring target tournament at Blue River Park. R. S. Elliott, Mgr.
April 27-28.—Americus, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club. H. S. McClesky, Sec'y.
April 28.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club's Fast Day shoot. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
April 30.—Princeton, N. J.—Team shoot: Princeton University vs. Crescent Athletic Club, of New York.
May 3-4.—Wabash, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
*May 3-4—Derry, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 3-5.—Junction City, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. E. L. Wetzig, Sec'y.
May 4-5.—Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club spring tournament.
May 4-5.—Nashville, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club. Charles Eastman, Sec'y.
May 7.—New Haven, Conn.—Intercollegiate shoot.
May 11-12.—Springfield, O., Gun Club's target tournament. Geo. Morgan, Sec'y.
May 11-13.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. J. Burmister, Sec'y.
May 12-13.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club annual spring tournament. W. W. Foord, Sec'y.
May 16-18.—Southern Trapshooters' Association's thirteenth tournament at targets, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club; $500 addcd. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y.
May 16-21.—York, Pa.—Tournament of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fifth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Cor. Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Dallas, Tex.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dallas Gun Club. E. A. Mosely, Sec'y.
May 17-19.—Davenport, Ia.—Cumberland Gun Club's annual amateur tournament. W. F. Kroy, Sec'y.
May 18.—Boston, Mass, Gun Club annual team target shoot. H. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 18-19.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Jos. H. Knapp, Mgr.
May 18-20.—Columbus, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament. G. A. Schroeder, Sec'y.
May 19-20.—Oklahoma City.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association fifth annual tournament; $300 added money. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.
May 20.—Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club tournament.
May 21.—Princeton, N. J.—Princeton University vs. University of Pennsylvania.
May 23-25.—Houston, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 24-25.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day target tournament.
May 24-25.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
*May 25-26.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 25-26.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club Spring shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
May 28-30.—Butte, Mont.—Montana State Sportsmen's Association eleventh annual tournament at targets; $500 added. C. H. Smith, Sec'y.
May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day target tournament; free merchandise prizes. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Secretary, Box 9, Newport, R. I.
May 30.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Spring tournament of the Enterprise Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club Decoration Day target shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
May 31.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer Island Gun Club spring target tournament. W. E. Kette, Sec'y.
June 1-3.—Watertown, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. F. J. Cory, Sec'y.
*June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State Shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.
June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Mgr.
June 14-16.—Akron, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League target tournament. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—New London, Ia., Gun Club midsummer tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 15-16.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. L. K. Forscythe, Sec'y.
*June 15-16.—Millvale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.— East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.
*July 6-7.—Kane, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen, Sec'y.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handicap tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
*July 13-14.—Scottdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.
July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 15-22.—Indian tournament; place determined later.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

In the Good Friday shoot at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., last week, a handicap at 25 birds, $10 entrance, Harvey, at 28yds., won first money on a straight score of 25.

In the monthly shoot of the Freeport, L. I., Gun Club gold medal event, April 2, Messrs. E. P. Smith and L. W. Valentine tied, and, in the shoot-off, Valentine proved victorious.

Mr. John Klenk was the only one to kill 10 birds straight out of the twenty-two contestants who participated in the shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, at Outwater's, on Friday of last week.

Mr. A. H. King won the president's cup, donated by Mr. C. A. Painter, at the shoot of the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., on Friday of last week. He scored 19 out of 20 birds in that contest.

April 23 was fixed upon as the date for the three-cornered team shoot between the Ossining and Schenectady gun clubs, on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club. The Schenectady Gun Club is also included in the contest.

A match at 100 targets, $100 a side, has been arranged between Messrs. S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, L. I., and John H. Henderson, of Long Island City. It will be shot on the grounds of Freeport, L. I., Gun Club on Saturday of this week.

We are informed that Messrs. Knox & Knapp have recently erected a club house, on the Seward avenue grounds of the Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club, and installed a Leggett trap. All shooters welcome every Thursday afternoon. Targets one cent. A tournament will be held May 18 and 19, with a good programme, added money and one good merchandise event. Everybody welcome.

The Pattenburg, N. J., Gun Club have issued the programme for their second annual tournament, to be held April 25. There are four events provided, three merchandise prizes to each. If time permits, sweepstakes will be shot. The value of the prizes is about $100. Shells can be obtained on the grounds. For further information address the secretary, Mr. C. W. Bonnell, to whom guns and ammunition may be sent.

The Patriots' Day shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, to be held on their grounds at Shrewsbury, provides twelve events, nine at 10 and three at 20 targets, 65 cents and $1.30. Totals: 150 targets; $9.75. Moneys divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Targets, 1½ cent, included in entrance. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Dinner at Haven at 1 o'clock. Extra events if time permits. Mr. E. C. A. Becker is president. Mr. H. M. Winchester is secretary.

The team shoot between the New England Kennel Club and the Boston Athletic Association, the first of a series of three, was won by the former, at Braintree, Mass., on April 2. There were five men on a team, 50 targets per man. The members were: Boston Athletic Association—S. A. Ellis, George B. Clark, W. L. Hill, C. M. Howell, E. F. Gleason. New England Kennel Club—Thomas Silsbee, W. F. Beal, L. C. Fenno, Thomas F. Baxter, H. N. Richards.

The programme of the silver shoot, given by the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club, April 16, can be obtained of Dr. J. B. Pardoe, the club secretary. There are eleven events, nine at 15, one each at 5 and 25 targets. There are from one to four silver prizes in each event. Five dollars covers the total entrance for the day. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock; practice from 9 to 10 o'clock. Shells may be obtained on the grounds. Paid experts and targets only is the rule, excepting that a silver loving cup will be given respectively to the professional and amateur making high programme average.

Secretary D. W. Hallam informs us that the target trapshooting season of the Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association will begin on April 21.

The president of the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., Mr. James E. Bush, has offered a silver loving cup for competition by the club members, the conditions of which are that a contest will take place for it each week, commencing April 2 and ending Jan. 1, 1905. The member who participates in the greatest number of contests wins the cup. Thus, it is a matter of regular attendance.

Secretary E. J. Loughlin, Utica, N. Y., writes us as follows: "The Riverside Gun Club's shooting house and equipments were swept away by recent flood in this vicinity and have become a part of the valley driftwood. This misfortune, however, will not deter us from being in the game the coming season. Our grounds will be put in condition for regular shoots as soon as the present high water recedes."

Mr. S. G. Miller, secretary of the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club, writes us as follows: "The feature of our eighth annual Patriot's Day tournament, April 19, will be a five-man team match, 50 targets per man. Open to all gun clubs. Each member of the winning team will be presented with a suitable souvenir. We have already received assurances that the Boston Gun Club, of Boston; the Birch Brook, of Lynn, and Powwow Gun Club, of Amesbury, will be in the field with a team, and the home club will try and make it interesting for the visitors. We are quite sanguine of several other teams being present. A cordial invitation is extended to all shooters."

The programme of the Interstate Association tournament, given for the Americus, Ga., Gun Club, April 27 and 28, has nine events each day, five at 20 and four at 25 targets, $2 and $2.50 entrance, $12.50 and $15 added. Dinner will be served on the grounds each day. Targets, 2 cents. April 26 will be practice day. No handicaps. Rose system, 7, 5, 3, 2. Guns and ammunition, prepaid and sent in owner's name, care of the secretary, H. S. McCleskey, will be delivered on the shooting grounds free of charge. Mr. McCleskey will present a loving cup to the contestant who makes the highest average. Mr. Lawson Stapleton will present a pair of shoes to the amateur making the longest straight run. Secretary-Manager Elmer E. Shaner will manage the tournament.

BERNARD WATERS.

U. M. C. Southern Squad.

THE U. M. C. Southern Squad began at Paducah, Ky., the last week of their three months' tour, Monday, March 28. The Paducah Gun Club were out in full force, giving the visitors a rousing reception.

The day was ideal for shooting, and every one shot exceptionally well. Billy Heer missed but one out of 100 targets, and he was high man. The Squad averaged 94 per cent. for the day.

On Tuesday, Owensboro, Ky., was the place, and Davies County Club entertained. Heer ran 100 straight, and Budd came next with 97. The Squad this day averaged 93 per cent.

At Louisville, Wednesday, with the Jefferson Country Gun Club, the fine work of the two previous days was continued. Here the Squad averaged 97 per cent. Also a number of amateurs caught the spirit of their associates, and made some enviable runs.

This has been a most interesting State to visit, and all vote that Kentucky is not a "hard road to travel." For the three days Mr. Heer had an average of 99 per cent., breaking 297 out of 300. The Squad for the three days had an average of 94 2-3 per cent., which is most phenomenal, considering the fact that they have been traveling nights and shooting nearly every day for the past three months. The scores, 100 targets, follow:

	Paducah.	Owensboro.	Louisville.
T A Marshall	93	90	96
C W Budd	97	95	96
W H Heer	99	100	98
E D Fulford	91	90	96
J L Head	91	90	97

Schmelzer Tournament.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—It gives us pleasure to inform you that we have completed all details and the programme for the coming tournament of the Interstate Midwinter Shooting Association on April 18 to 22, inclusive, to be held on the grounds of the Schmelzer Athletic and Shooting Park.

Our programme calls for 200 targets a day; two and a half days will be devoted to these events. On the third day there will be a target team shoot, four men to the team, 50 targets per man, and open only to teams from the States of Kansas, Missouri, Illinois and Iowa. A handsome loving cup trophy is offered as the prize in this contest. The fourth day will be live-bird shooting, 25 live birds to the man, entrance $20; $100 in cash added. The fifth day will be a team shoot on live birds, five men to the team, and to the winning team the J. F. Schmelzer & Sons Arms Co. awards to each of the contestants a handsome loving cup, besides the winnings they will get. The Wyeth trophy, emblematic of the world's championship on targets, will also be contested for, as well as the T. B. Combs' target trophy, given to amateurs. A total of $400 in cash and over $500 worth of trophies are the inducements held out; and from the number of those already received, the shoot will certainly be a pronounced success.

CHAS. J. SCHMELZER.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 31.—To-day, the last day of March, instead of bright sunshine and warm spring air, with the robin and bluebird singing gayly, a young blizzard was raging, and gloves and overcoats were none too comfortable. Notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions, five men faced the score, and endeavored to smash bluerocks that were being thrown to the limit of the trap, a good 70yds. The scores made, while not high, were very good, considering conditions. In the cup event, Winans scored a win, while Smith came within one point of tying him. Traver Smith and Winans now have four wins each out of the six necessary, while several others have three each.

The Schenectady and Ossining gun clubs will each send a team here on the 23d inst. to compete in a three-cornered team match.

Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	25
Traver	9	9	7	9	19	19
Smith	10	8	8	..	17	..
Winans	8	6	7	..	17	16

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	25
Latimer	3	2	4	..	3	..
Marshall	..	..	9	4	15	15

Traver cup, being result of event 5, with handicaps added:

	Broke.	Total.
Traver, 2	19	21
Smith, 5	17	22
Winans, 6	17	23
Marshall, 5	15	20

SNANIWEH.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Pattenburg Gun Club.

Pattenburg, N. J., March 26.—The regular monthly shoot for the medals took place Saturday on our pleasant grounds, and was represented by nine contestants. The result was that there were two ties—A. E. Holbrook and N. Stamets. On the shoot-off A. E. Holbrook took charge of the gold medal and Hunter badges; N. Stamets took the silver one.

We hope to see a good crowd out to our tournament on April 15, when we will give about $100 in prizes. We ask all readers who like a good day's sport to attend.

Medal shoot scores:

H Gans	111111100111101111110111O—20
H L Gans	110111111101110010111O010—17
E Eckard	100110100111010000101O001—11
N Stamets	011111111111101111111011—22
A K Hellman	110111100011011111111111—20
H O Milburn	111101110011111111110010—19
A E Holbrook	111111011111111111001111—22
C W Bonnell	010011111011111000111111O—17
R Stamets	011111101110111011101111—21

Shoot-off: R. Stamcts 0, A. E. Holbrook 1.

C. W. BONNELL, Sec'y.

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., April 2.—Shooting at 25 targets, Ander Wright broke 18, Ed Winters 9, Charles Redimer 15, John Williams 14, Frank Kishpaugh 18 out of 27, James Stephens 19 out of 29, W. Stephens 24 out of 30, Fred Southard 24 out of 53, Alfred Wright 33 out of 52, Milt Morgan 22 out of 44.

FRANK KISHPAUGH, Sec'y.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., April 2.—The Bound Brook Gun Club today held its first shoot for the handsome silver loving cup donated by Dr. J. B. Pardoe, a very active member of the gun club.

The wind made target shooting very trying, as it came in gusts, and made the targets tower skyward. Owing to the high wind, only eight members contested for the Pardoe trophy. T. K. Stelle and A. K. Smith tied. B Prugh came in second with 24. In the shoot-off, Stelle and Smith tied again. Then they shot from scratch at 5 targets, and still they were a tie. In the next 5 Smith came out one target ahead, and was the winner.

The Bound Brook Gun Club expects to hold a silver shoot April 16, all prizes are silver. The club will have an automatic trap, which will make it worth coming to see in action and to shoot over.

The club holds its regular shoot on the third Saturday of each month. All visitors are welcome.

Trophy shoot: Dr. J. H. V. Bache (4) 17, Leon Du Four (12) 22, T. K. Stelle (10) 25, S. W. Dunning (11) 22, A. K. Smith (12) 25, Dr. J. B. Pardoe (2) 17, Mr. Morris (11) 23, B. Prugh (12) 24.

Shoot-off: Stelle 25, Smith 25.

Second shoot-off, 5 targets: Stelle 3, Smith 3.

Third shoot-off: Stelle 1, Smith 2.

Other events, each at 10 targets:

Dr Bache	5	9	6	4	4	A K Smith	6	..	9	7	6
Dr Pardoe	6	4	6	4	8	T K Stelle	5	7	5	7	7
L Du Four	5	3	4	4	6	Mr Morris	4	..	6	4	4
S W Dunning	3	..	6	6	4	B Prugh	..	..	5	2	5

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, April 2.—There was a busy afternoon on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, of which Mr. John S. Wright is manager. Several members of the Crescent Athletic Club were present, and the change of grounds seemingly had an effect on their scores. Event 20 was at 5 pairs. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
F B Stephenson	6	5	7	6	6	7	9	9	6	8
H Brigham	7	7	6	8	6	7	10	9	7	6
G G Stephenson	5	8	..	6	9	9	9	9	..	..
C R Cook	0	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	..	..
O C Grinnell, Jr	5	4	5	4	7	4	5	7	8	6
E Symon	0	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	4	..
H J Frost	4	..	..	..	..	..	6	2	6	..
J S Wright	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
Events:	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	15	25	10	
F B Stephenson	9	6	6	10	13	14	13	19	8	6
H Brigham	9	8	8	7	11	11	12	18	8	4
G G Stephenson	..	5	..	..	10	12	11	19	..	7
C R Cook	..	2	..	..	3	3	4	..	..	..
E Symon	..	4	..	..	4	9	5	..	..	..
H J Frost	..	6	..	..	8	4	9	..	..	..
J S Wright	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Winter	..	..	5	..	12	..	..	..	..	..

JOHN S. WRIGHT, Mgr.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 2.—On April 7 Messrs. Michaelis and Britton are to shoot for the English Hotel cup. The Indianapolis Gun Club will hold shoots every Saturday afternoon. Shooting at 100 targets, the U. M. C. squad made scores as follows:

Marshall	16 18 20 17—71	Fulford	24 22 23 21—90
Budd	18 20 22 19—79	Head	21 22 24 22—89—427
Heer	25 24 24 25—98		

Indianapolis Gun Club squad, 100 targets per man:

Britton	15 19 18 17—69	Bell	18 20 20 24—82
Michaelis	16 21 17 16—70	Moeller	18 22 18 22—80—378
Nash	18 22 19 18—77		

Praetice:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Broke.
Michaelis	20	11	10	16	..	..	..	100	57
Moore	13	13	12	17	15	7	..	150	77
Nash	13	13	12	17	15	7	..	150	77
Moeller	16	16	17	19	17	..	..	125	85
Head	23	20	17	22	18	..	..	125	100
Marshall	17	13	17	17	..	..	..	100	64
Budd	17	21	19	17	..	..	..	100	74
Heer	21	21	..	..	..	..	..	50	42
Fulford	20	18	23	..	..	..	..	75	61
Dickman	20	17	18	20	19	21	16	150	131
Bell	21	19	..	..	..	..	..	50	40
Tripp	12	15	18	21	21	21	22	175	130
Britton	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	19
Williams	13	16	19	..	..	..	..	75	48
Sayles	7	12	15	16	15	..	..	125	65
Leib	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	50	26
Seloff	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	50	22
Steffen	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	50	25
Dark	16	11	14	12	11	..	..	125	64
Pfafflin	17	19	..	..	..	..	..	50	36
Dixon	15	16	21	20	..	..	..	125	72
Denny	11	11	12	..	..	..	..	75	34
Morris	10	7	10	..	..	..	..	75	27
Habich	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	50	11
Allen	12	15	21	20	..	..	..	100	68
Wise	17	18	17	..	..	..	..	75	52
Mack	18	22	13	..	..	..	..	75	53
Smoke	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	13
Armstrong	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	7

For Julius C. Walk & Son cup, 50 targets:

Bell ..... 21 21—42 **Britton** ..... 18 14—32

South Side Gun Club.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—For the purpose of stimulating the attendanee of members of the South Side Gun Club, the oldest trapshooting organization in Wisconsin, President James E. Bush has offered a silver loving cup for competition, which will be conducted along novel lines, as the trophy will be awarded to the member who shoots the greatest number of scores during the nine months which constitute the club's season. Skill in snuffing out bluerocks will not count at all in this contest, which will be one of endurance and regularity in attendance instead. The first shoot for the cup took place April 2, and the final date set for competition is for Jan. 1, 1905, when the winner will be announced.

There was never a time in the history of sport in this city when the interest in trapshooting reached the point it has at the present time.

There are six live clubs in full operation at the present time, and weekly meetings attract a large proportion of the membership of each organization. The South Side, Wisconsin, Jolly, Cream City, National, and Parker clubs have the largest memberships, and in addition, there are two rifle clubs which hold weekly competitions to bring the members together. The Milwaukee Sharpshooters and Milwaukee Rifle Club have distinct organizations, as well as separate ranges, on which high scores are made when the members get into competition.

Following are the scores made to-day by the several clubs:

South Side Gun Club.

Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
J E Bush	11	13	13	13	13	10	..
T M Drought	13	11	11	11	13	12	11
C W Mott	11	13	11	..	..	..	..
F C Witte	10	12	11	10	10	..	..
W Mitchell, Jr	9	11	..	..	..	..	..
C W Mitchell	9	11	10	8	8	9	..
Crosby	7	7	9	8	..	..	..
Jenkins	8	7	7	9	10	..	..

Wisconsin Gun Club.

Figge	13	Gassmann	13
Lahmann	17	G Ruggaber, Sr	14
Himmelstein	15	G Ruggaber, Jr	17
Schmidt	21	Knell	12
Heiden	19	J Harmon	15
Faber	15	Black	20
Oeshhele	21	Hammersmith	20
Friedmann	16	Knoll	15

Parker Gun Club, at 25 Bluerocks.

Klapinski	19 21	Seidel	19 20
Kroening	15 19	Schrieber	19 18
Brunn	20 16	Herbert	17 16
Harper	19 20	Melms	14 14
Siegel	16 18	Soergel	23 20
Hembrook	20 21	Ircinck	18 18
Libby	16 16	Fisher	.. 17

Jolly Gun Club.

Brill	21 16	Zass	18 19
Reifenstuhl	19 20	Weidner	12 16
Traudt	18 17	Loeffler	10 10
Lawton	16 19	Bodenbach	10 20
Lessner	13 15		

A. W. FRIESE.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., April 20.—The Montclair Gun Club ran off a very successful merchandise prize shoot this afternoon. There were three events, 25 targets each, entrance 2 cents per target. There were twenty members present and participating.

The prize for event No. 1, a very handsome pocket compass, was won by Mr. Cortlandt Babcock, who made a straight score of 22 targets, which, added to his handicap of 3 targets, gave him a perfect score.

The prize in event No. 2, a pearl opera glass, was tied for by F. S. Hyatt and Thos. Doremus. Doremus won on the toss.

The prize for event No. 3 went to Mr. A. R. Allan, who took home a very handsome sole leather cartridge case.

On Saturday the 9th, the club will hold another similar shoot, with revised handicaps based on to-day's averages. Among the prizes will be a year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, donated by Mr. T. E. Batten.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
Babcock, 3	25	21	22	Cockefair, 1	21	20	16
T E Batten, 8	23	21	16	Doremus, 12	22	26	..
C W Kendall, 2	14	22	18	Matthews, 7	24	19	13
Gunther, 1	21	23	24	Allan, 9	21	23	25
P Harrison, 5	20	17	21	Hyatt, 4	20	25	..
Geo Batten, 8	16	20	13	Fitch	20	18	20
Winslow, 9	17	17	19	W I Soverel, 1	22	21	..
Howard, 1	18	21	..	Benson, 2	17	18	21
Holloway, 6	17	17	10	Crane, 7	19	19	23
Perley, 1	25	19	17	Dr Foster	..	21	20

Handicaps based on averages for month of March.

First event won by C. Babcock; prize, pocket compass. Seeond event, F. S. Hyatt and Thos. S. Doremus tied. Doremus won on toss; prize, opera glass. Third event won by A. R. Allan; prize, solc leather cartridge case.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

The Oswego Valley Rod and Gun Club.

SHINGLE HOUSE, Pa., April 1.—It is customary for the management of tournaments to explain their small attendance to inclement weather, and low scores to a combination of rain and high winds. The nineteen sportsmen who faced the traps at this place Friday will attest that we had both rain and wind, and plenty of it. Dougherty, of Bolivar, N. Y., was high gun with 159; Elliott, of Wellsville, N. Y., was second with 155; Nobles, of Olean, was low gun with 133.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	20	10	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	15
H R Elliott	7	12	7	10	13	14	6	12	9	11	13	8	11	9	13
C C Farnum	7	10	5	11	12	13	3	10	5	11	8	4	12	5	7
H L Zimmerman	5	13	8	13	12	17	4	9	5	8	..	..	..	..	..
A Stohr	7	11	8	11	13	11	9	12	6	11	8	7	10	6	10
J P Dougherty	9	12	8	14	13	16	8	13	8	10	10	8	12	7	11
F F Browning	6	12	9	13	9	13	9	13	9	11	13	6	12	6	12
B D Nobles	10	13	5	11	11	13	8	8	6	11	7	4	10	9	7
O Miller	7	11	8	11	12	13	5	12	6	7	13	9	12	5	15
J F Daly	4	8	2	8	6	9	2	8	7	6	6	5	9	6	5
G H Stohr	4	8	5	13	11	..	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R Becker	9	10	8	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C R Nichols	8	12	8	9	12	14	8	12	8	14	12	8	8	..	..
Dodge	8	9	5	10	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Meine	..	..	8	12	8	8	5	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barnes	..	..	..	..	8	..	9	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Bunker	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
F H Failing	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	6	7	5	5	..	4	7	..
L Fleming	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	11	9	14	15	7	12	9
A P Root	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	11	9	14	15	7	12	9

Totals:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
H R Elliott	200	155	R Becker	65	49
C C Farnum	200	123	C R Nichols	175	133
H L Zimmerman	135	94	Dodge	85	53
A Stohr	200	140	Meine	95	53
J P Dougherty	200	159	Barnes	50	26
F F Browning	200	153	Bunker	40	14
B D Nobles	200	133	F H Failing	95	45
O Miller	200	146	L Failing	20	6
J F Daly	200	91	A P Root	135	98
G H Stohr	90	59			

U. S. DODGE, Sec'y.



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Western Items.

The Consolidated Gun Club, of Toledo, O., is getting into line. Their first shoot will be given April 13, with Gus Kneireem as captain.

Duluth, Minn., shooters have crawled out of winter quarters and held their first shoot March 29. Mr. Fulton won the Panton & White trophy with the fine score of 48 out of 50.

The Valley Beagle Gun Club, of Wheeling, W. Va., are going to make a fine showing this season, and have bought a Leggett trap.

That great pair of shooters and old-time Nebraskans, Dan Bray and Geo. Schroeder, at Columbus, Neb., are going to have all the State boys with them May 18, 19 and 20. Many of the trade representatives will also journey thither to attend the twenty-eighth annual tournament.

What a busy time the week preceding the G. A. H. will be for trapshooters. The Ohio, Michigan and Illinois State shoots will all be on, besides the New London, Ia., which should be as large as any of the others.

The Ohio Trapshooters' League now has forty clubs enrolled, and the selection of Akron was very much to the interest of the local club.

A special meeting of the Mankato, Minn., Gun Club was held on last Thursday. The meeting was interesting, there being twenty-five members present. A trophy shoot will be held during the year, the same commencing this week.

Wm. Myers, of Toulon, Ill., was backed to shoot at 100 targets and had to break 86 to win. His friends had $20 up on the result and pandemonium reigned while the shooting was going on, yet he smashed out 88.

The programme is out for a shoot at Ames, Iowa, to be held April 12 and 13. The towns of Randall, Jewell, Stratford and Ames are united with Dr. Proctor as the head center. Two hundred targets will be shot each day if the entry is made with one Fred Whitney.

Marshall Sharp, after his long tramp throughout the South, was seen in St. Louis, April 2 as he was on his way to Omaha, his headquarters. He was looking well even if he did travel as fast as Frank Butler while laying out the route for the U. M. C. Southern Squad.

H. W. Cadwallader, who for many years was located at Danville, Ill., and known as "Cad" the good shot, is now traveling in the interest of the Peters Cartridge Co., was last heard from in Wisconsin.

Billy Allen, of Hutchinson, Kans., shot a match last week against an unknown, who sported the name of Francotte, and Allen took his scalp with a score of 49 out of 50.

The Wabash, Ind., Gun Club, of the Indiana League, promise a fine tournament on May 3 and 4, as it has purchased one of the newest autotraps.

The programme for the Rensselaer, Ind., Gun Club tournament is now ready for distribution. The shoot will be held April 20-21, with Everett Brown, manager. The conditions should draw well, especially the silver cups for Indiana and Illinois shooters.

On Saturday last, Harold Money dropped in on Alex. Mermod at St. Louis, and there was a happy meeting of two old cronies. A trip was made to the shooting park in the afternoon.

When the champion Texas shot of Dallas comes to town in the person of F. M. Faurote, there is always something doing in the shooting line. He was the guest of the Gate City Club, Denison, Tex., on the occasion. Shooting at 75 targets, Faurote was in championship form and accounted for 71. He made a run of 49 straight, and this keyed up the local boys.

Kid Spencer lost but 10 out of his string, while T. W. Dollorhide made the third best score.

Brenham, Tex.—After much advertising of former dates, the Houston Club desire to announce through their manager, Mr. Alf Gardiner, of Brenham, that the dates have been changed to that of May 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. Will all in any way interested please note same. This was found necessary not to conflict with any other event in the South. The attendance will be very large, owing to the fact that $1,000 cold cash will be added. There are many State medals and other interesting events.

At a meeting of the Jewell, Tex., Gun Club, held March 24, the decision was to the end that a tournament would be in order May 5 and 6. There will be $50 added, which will go as average money. There will be twelve events each day, with a total of 200 targets. To make this an attractive shoot for the members of the Iowa amateur gang, there will be a large collection of merchandise prizes. The club will unite in their efforts to give a shoot that will draw and please. Will S. Hoon, the well-known shooter, is secretary, and will answer all questions.

With the closing of March and a prospect of good weather, it is a pleasure to inform your readers that after many long months Harold Money has returned to Kansas City, where he suffered so severely a year ago, when he lingered between life and death. He is to-day strong as ever; he claims to enjoy better health, in fact, than formerly. All his friends will be glad to know that he is now on the road again, and that he has his "shooting eye" with him. In order to entertain him, a match was made and shot at Kansas City, March 31, in which he and Chris Gottleib outshot Wm. Clayton and Dave Elliott, and besides getting the laugh on them, sat down to a fine supper at their expense. The conditions were 100 targets per man. Chris can now appreciate a good partner, as Money pulled him out in fine shape with the extra score of 98, while he lost 19. The race was a very exciting one, as the score was a tie at the end of the seventieth round; but there the unexpected happened. After Dave Elliott had lost but 1 out of his first 50, he fell away in the last, and at the end was 2 behind Clayton, who made 85, and the match was lost by 11 targets.

There was a team shoot at Caldwell, Kans., March 29, the contestants being the Deer Creek, Okla., Gun Club and the home team, eight men on the side, each shooting at 50 targets. The Oklahoma team won by the big score of 53 targets. The conditions were the worst that could possibly have been doled out by the Kansas dust storm. Only those who have been in Nebraska, Kansas or the Territory, realize what a dust storm is, when the real estate changes hands and backs up on the opposite of the hedges. Under these conditions, the scores were made, and they are good, though looking poor on paper. None but natives could stand the pressure. The scores: Deer Creek team—Hartman 38, Strider 36, Reid 35, Eberle 34, Soucke 33, Craft 33, Ball 32, McAlpin 31; total 272. Caldwell team—Ransom 35, Ford 35, Hazen 29, Goode 28, Lorne 28, Strubel 24, Baum 21, Burnette 19; total 319.

The members of the Abilene, Tex., Rod and Gun Club are getting enthusiastic and will at least keep the traps going weekly until after the shoot at Brownwood, which will bring all the northwestern Texas shooters together. Shooting at 50 targets, results as follows: Malone 3, Douglas 36, Motz 27, Briggs 37, Jackson 23, Steffens 16, Winniford 43, Craig 32, Sterrett 41, Mrs. Sterrett 28, Mackechney 8.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., March 30.—Twenty-one shooters in all participated at the Boston Gun Club grounds to-day, and were kept busy from 2 o'clock till 5, pointing guns right and left in hopes that some unseen power would dump a bluerock in a charge of shot just long enough to allow the scorer a chance to play his part in the afternoon performance.

Some were fortunate part of the time; others were unfortunate all the time, and the elusive target invariably sailed on unscathed; and as the club's scorer remarked to a regular, "That target will give us another chance next week."

No one felt bad, though, as the crowd mingled with one another, and between squads had smoke talks that were indeed interesting to hear and passed away the time in a decidedly social way.

During the shoot, in some unaccountable manner, the club house caught fire, and but for the work and faithful service of Baker's Hancock protector fire brigade, pressed into running gear without the ringing of alarm, the club house would now be a thing of the past. As it was, no great damage was done, and the usual trapshooting contingent will congregate as usual when the proper time comes.

Baker's return to the trapshooting fold was a welcome addition, and it just took one event to bring out all the old enthusiasm. Many of the regulars were likewise the target for his jests. Same old Baker, some one remarked; and it did seem so, too, and reminded one of the old days, when B. Leroy was one of the old standbys, and regularly stood on the 21yd. mark and smothered the larger portion of targets. Will Woodard, B. Leroy's brother, was also present, and in the majority of cases proved that the Woodard name is a good one to have, if you want to excel in trapshooting.

High average for the afternoon was taken care of by Hodsdon, his 85 per cent. just topping the second place holder by 1 per cent. Williams was evidently out for the average, but time was called for his sport at 3 o'clock; therefore, his excellent shooting does not count in the average. Next time, a longer stay will be looked for, though an increased handicap is sure to be the result of a 97 per cent. average.

Mayor Reed, of Manchester, N. H., under the nom de fusil of "Jones," with his brother, who stuck to the family name, hammered away and made very creditable scores for a first appearance, and, according to their own story, better "things doing next time."

Gokey's final 10 in the prize match landed him one target in the lead over Hodsdon and Woodard, and certainly is getting accustomed to the new gun in fine style, if scores prove anything. Bell's score in the prize match cut out a previous 17 and now stands one target from first place. Frank says, he "will never get there if I can help it," and being leader at present, he has just a little to say about it.

Other scores:

Targets:	10	10	15	5p	15	10	15	10	15	Av.
Baker, 19	8	8	13	7	11	10	10	..	..	.788
Frank, 18	7	7	10	7	12	8	15	8	..	.779
Bell, 18	8	7	12	6	12	9	11	9	10	.764
Hodsdon, 19	8	6	13	..	12	10	13	10	..	.847
Kirkwood, 19	8	7	13	7	11	10	14	9	13	.837
Blinn, 16	6	9	12	6	8	9	13	9	..	.758
Owen, 16	4	7	12	7	10	..	6	8	12	.694
Spofford, 16	7	7	13	3	11	9	13	..	11	.740
Barrett, 16	2	5	14	5	9	3	..	..	..	.543
Olmstead, 16	5	8	9	5	10	6	..	..	..	.573
Woodard, 16	7	7	12	6	12	10	12	..	12	.780
Reed, 16	8	6	11	3	10	7	12	8	..	.683
Jones, 16	9	9	12	7	13	7	11	7	..	.789
Williams, 16	10	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	.971
Woodruff, 17	9	3	11	6	9	7	11	5	..	.642
Muldown, 16	6	6	14	5	..	..	..	..	..	.688
Bryant, 16	2	4	9	0	7	5	7	..	..	.411
Burns, 16	..	9	9	4	12	9	13	9	11	.760
Gokey, 16	..	..	12	7	13	10	10	7	..	.786
Wood, 16	..	..	10	3	10	5	..	..	..	.560
Frederick, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	.667

Merchandise match, 25 unknown, distance handicap:

Gokey, 16	1111110111111011111111111—23
Hodsdon, 19	0110111110111111111111111—22
Woodard, 16	0110101111111111111111111—22
Baker, 19	0101110111110111111111111—21
Bell, 18	1111111110011101111111110—21
Kirkwood, 19	1101111110101011111111111—21
Burns, 16	1101101111110111111111110—21
Frank, 18	0110111011111111111010111—20
Jones, 16	1100111111111110111110011—20
Spofford, 16	0110010111111111111101111—20
Blinn, 16	1010010011110011111101111—17
Reed, 16	0111001110101111111010011—17
Woodruff, 17	0100011111010111110101011—16
Olmstead, 16	1101000111101110110011011—16
Owen, 16	1000110110011110000111111—15
Wood, 16	0011010111111010111100011—15
Bryant, 16	0011100100110010011101010—12
Barrett, 16	0000101110011110101100000—11

Team match:

Frank	15	18—23	Burns	13	9—22	
Bell	11	9—20—43	Gokey	10	7—17—39	
Blinn	13	9—22	Reed	12	8—20	
Owen	12	8—20—42	Jones	11	7—18—38	
Woodruff	11	5—16				
Hodsdon	13	10—23—39				

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y., April 2.—Am sending you scores made at the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. The first prize event was at 25 bluerocks, distance handicap. The prize, a cut-glass and silver claret pitcher, was won by O. W. von der Bosch, from the 17yd. mark, with a score of 23.

The second prize event was for the individual ownership of the cup won from the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, by the Ossining team. This is a distance handicap series, to be won three times to own. Those with the highest club percentages on the team start from 18yds. The balance from 16yds. Von der Bosch and Blandford shot from 18yds. to-day, the latter winning first leg for the cup with 24 out of 25. Hyland was a close second with 23 from 16yds.

The conditions governing this competition are that a man winning once must go back two yards, so Blandford shoots from 20yds. from now on, as 20yds. was designated as the limit.

Poughkeepsie has set April 23 for the three-cornered team shoot, in which Schenectady is included. This promises to be a big event.

Figures after names denote handicaps in event for claret pitcher, 25 clays.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	25	25	10	5
C G Blandford, 21	5	8	19	24	..	..
J T Hyland, 16	8	..	20	23	..	..
D Brandreth, 16	6	3	18	..	8	..
E F Ball, 17	3	6	15	..	..	..
W H Coleman, 18	8	7	17	19	6	..
A Harris, 16	8	7	19	20	8	..
O W von der Bosch, 17	8	9	23	19	7	4
*R Darling	..	5	..	..	4	5
M H Dyckman	..	6	22	19	6	..
W Fisher	..	..	..	..	9	..

Event No. 6, match at 5 bluerocks for $10, Darling shooting Von's gun, who borrowed a strange gun. This was one on Von.

*Visitor.

C. G. B.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., April 2.—The handicap trophy shoot, event 5, was won by Mr. Sim Glover. Handicaps apply to that event only.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	25	25	25	20
C Eickhoff, 3	10	5	16	20	18	15
Dr Richter, 2	12	7	21	15	21	15
S Glover, 1	13	9	23	19	23	15
J Morrison, 2	13	6	16	16	17	16
F Vosselman	11	7	10	7	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	25	25	25	20
G Harland, 5	5	7	12	12	17	15
S Liesenfeldt	13	3	9	11	..	..
F Truax, 0	..	8	20	20	23	17
Japo, 1	..	..	23	22	21	20

Jas. R. Merrill, Sec'y.

Ohio Trap.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—Each week a few members find it impossible to be at the grounds on Saturday, and therefore shoot their scores early the following week. In the cash prize shoot of March 26 the following scores, 50 targets, should be added: Dick (18yds.) 42, Grau (19) 41, C. Dreihs (18) 40, Jay Bee (17) 38, Sampson (17) 35, Bleh (16) 35, Cook (16) 26, H. Weller (16) 26, B. Weller (16) 28.

The first of the week the following matches were shot, 50 targets per man, two high men out:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Gambell	44	44	Grau	41	40
Dreihs	43	43	Medico	40	43
Faran	42	42			

Shoot-offs of tie in No. 1:

No. 1: Medico 20, Dreihs 20.

No. 2: Medico 23, Dreihs 22.

April 2 was a pretty day, clear, bright and spring-like, with a crispness in the air which made out-door sport a pleasure. The only drawback was a strong west wind, which made the targets very puzzling in their flight, and caused more than one of the shooters to drop below his usual mark.

In the Parker gun shoot R. Trimble was high man with 91 actual breaks, a very fine score under the conditions. Barker was second with 88, and Faran third with 82. Nine full scores were made including handicaps.

Jay Bee was out to-day for the first time in several weeks. He shot in a few practice events, but did not stay long.

No. 2 set of traps was used to-day for the first time since the new trap house was built. The background for some of the flights is not so good as at No. 1, the targets showing against a thick grove of trees.

Ralph Trimble starts for Bristol, Tenn., the first of the week to attend the Interstate Association tournament. He will also be present at the Indiana State shoot on April 12 and 13, at Indianapolis.

Some shooting has been done during the week, the most noteworthy being a match at 50 targets per man, on March 30. The scores follow:

Parker prize gun contest, 100 targets, handicaps added targets; handicaps, breaks and totals in the order mentioned, follow: Barker (14) 88, 100; Faran (18) 82, 100; Payne (50) 74, 100; Plunkett (40) 72, 100; Pohlar (35) 69, 100; Harig (40) 67, 100; Willie Green (40) 65, 100; Boeh (40) 61, 100; Hake (50) 58, 100; Captain (25), 73, 98; Roanoke (40) 57, 97; Maynard (18) 78, 96; Jack (30) 66, 96; Randall (15) 80, 95; Herman (30) 63, 93; R. Trimble 91; Bullerdick (30) 60, 90; Block (18) 68, 87; Linn (25) 59, 84.

Match, 50 targets:

Targets:	25	25		Targets:	25	25	
Gambell	24	23	47	Barker	20	18	38
Harig	21	20	41	Faran	16	20	36
	45	43	88		36	38	74

Match, 50 targets, March 30:

Targets:	25	25		Targets:	25	25	
Linn	17	20	37	Krebiel	17	18	35
Willie Green	23	17	40	Foucar	17	14	31
	40	37	77		34	32	66

Event No. 3, Young handicap medal shoot, 25 targets, distance handicap: Miller (16) 23, Foley (16) 23, Watkins (17) 23, Strong (17) 21, Nicholson (16) 20, Poole (16) 18.

Miller won in the shoot-off, and captured the medal:

Sweepstakes:

Targets:	25	25	25	T'l.	Targets:	25	25	25	T'l.
Events:	1	2	4		Events:	1	2	4	
J Foley	23	19	19	61	J H Strong	..	17	14	31
E Watkins	19	23	19	61	Phillips	..	17	..	17
C Miller	17	16	19	52	Hirtzinger	..	14	..	14
Wm Poole	15	19	15	49					

Mr. J. H. Strong shot at 15 in event No. 4.

Springfield (Ohio) Gun Club.

The following scores were made at the regular weekly shoot of the Springfield Gun Club, held on March 28.

The Young handicap medal was won by C. Miller, after shooting off a tie on 23 with E. Watkins and J. Foley. High gun honors for the day were divided by Foley and Watkins, with 84 each.

Trap at Dayton.

At a meeting of Dayton, O., shooters held at the Phillips House on March 26, the following gun clubs were represented: Buckeye, N. C. R., Davis, Rohrer's Island, West Side, and Gem City. A consolidation of the gun clubs of the city was effected, the new organization to be known as the Dayton Gun Club. A committee to select grounds was appointed and consisted of Messrs. Zenas Craig, chairman; C. H. Cord, W. C. Breene, W. H. Orth, Charles Taylor. H. L. Monbeek, Elmer Lewis. The new club will issue 2,000 shares of stock at $5 a share, and when 50 per cent. of the stock has been paid for, will incorporate under the laws of the State. A. W. Ryan, of Troy, will act as special solicitor for new members. The clubs interested in this movement will continue their regular shoots on their old grounds until the new grounds are fitted up. The Rohrer's Island Gun Club will not surrender its individuality. Some of its members will undoubtedly join the new club, but Rohrer's will continue to hold its weekly shoots on its own delightful grounds. The officers elected: John L. Theobald, President; A. F. Kemper, Vice-President; Chas. Wertz, Treasurer; O. H. Bailey, Secretary.

BONASA.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., April 2.—The regular club shoot took place to-day and was fairly well attended. The main event was a 50-target handicap for a handsome Sauer gun, presented for competition by Mr. H. Sauer. These shoots will continue during April and May.

Mr. G. Greiff was an easy winner with a score of 46 out of 50, a handicap of 4 making a total of 50. A close second was Mr. Barnes, who shot in good form and captured the April cup with 24 out of 25.

On April 9 Travers Island will be opened for all members, which no doubt will be a great benefit to the trapshooters and their friends:

Fifty-target handicap for Sauer gun trophy:

King, 14	10010010110100100110010100111010000100010001000	—29—43
Bechtel, 7	01011011111111111011111011111101011010111011100111101	—38—45
Greiff, 4	11111011111111111111111011111111111111111111111110	—46—50
J Nelson, 8	00000000010001111111011110111001101011011010110	—27—35
Barnes, 9	11111110011111010001011100111111111111111111111101	—39—48
Williams	11111110111111111111100111111111101010111111	—42
De Vean	11110111101111111111000111010000111000011001100	—35
Bowles	01000000000000100100000000000000101110000000000010100	— 9
Dr Brown, 18	00000101111011011010011000010101101111101000000000101	—23—41

The next shoot for this trophy, April 9.

Event No. 2, April trophy, 25 targets, handicaps, resulted as follows:

Capt Nelson, 5	11111010110101111001111011—18—23
Barnes, 3	11111011111111111111111111—24—25
Bechtel, 4	01101100010001100001001011—10—14
Dr Brown, 10	01101000011101001010100111—12—22
King, 8	00010000011001001011001110— 9—17
De Vean	10011000010011011100001111—12—12
Williams	11001111010110001001101100—13—13
Greiff, 1	01111110111111111111011101—21—22

Events:	3	4	5		Events:	3	4	5	
Targets:	10	25	*		Targets:	10	25	*	
Williams	7	14	7		Dr Brown	9	..	2	
Barnes	8	..	5		King	2	14	2	
Bechtel	7	13	4		De Vean	4	11	2	
Greiff	9	23	6		Capt Nelson	4	..	4	

*Five pairs.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 30.—The event of chief interest contested at the shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club to-day was the Monroe county diamond medal championship, for which Mr. Harry M. Stewart, holder, and Thomas F. Adkin, challenger, were opposed to each other. They tied on 89, and tied again on 90 in the shoot-off. Darkness intervening, competition was necessarily suspended. The scores of the Monroe county championship follow:

Stewart	24	20	22	23—89	Bonbright	20	22	21	21—84
Adkin	23	21	23	22—89	Snow	21	20	24	18—83
Clark	22	20	23	21—86	Watson	21	20	29	21—81

Shoot-off:

Stewart	21	23	22	24—90	Adkin	23	21	22	24—90

In the Rochester Rod and Gun Club's spring handicap contest contestants and scores were as follows:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Adkin	5	24	29	Snow	7	19	26
Clark	6	22	28	Watson	6	18	24
Kershner	3	24	27	Stewart	1	22	23
Shoemaker	10	17	27	Wride	11	11	22
Skutt	4	22	26	Bonbright	3	24	27
Weller	4	18	22				

Bristol Gun Club.

BRISTOL, Tenn., March 31.—The weather was very good to-day, and quite a number of the club members were in attendance, this being the last regular shoot until the tournament on April 6 and 7.

The club has received nine new members this month, and interest is on the increase.

Targets:	25	25	25	25	Total.
Events:	1	2	3	4	
E K Bachman	22	23	25	25	95
C C English	25	21	22	20	88
J M Berry	18	20	25	24	87
A M Hatcher	21	25	25	23	94
Dr S W Rhea	23	23	22	23	91
S G Keller	21	22	24	24	91
H A Arrants	21	23	23	21	88
R M Crumley	23	21	22	22	88
W B Kilgore	23	22	23	20	88
W H Hicks	23	24	19	20	86
T B Pond	18	21	19	16	74
J W Grimp	13	19	18	14	64
H B Hall	14	14	19	11	58
J T Cecil	16	20	17	16	69
J King	23	21	..	..	..
E B Smith	22	22	22	..	66
P T Preston	10	15	21	..	46
R Burrow	21	22	..	..	43
J P Davis	17	18	..	..	35
A S McNeil	18	21	..	..	39

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The Ithaca Gun Company, which has been conducted as a co-partnership for the past twenty-two years, has recently been incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. The officers are Geo. Livermore, President; L. P. Smith, Vice-President; C. H. Smith, Secretary; Paul Smith Livermore, Treasurer. The management remains unchanged, and the incorporation is the result of an increase in business from year to year until the Ithaca Gun Company became too large to be run under a co-partnership.

Messrs. Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., write us that "W. R. Crosby, one of the champion shots of the world, was treated to a surprise recently at Atlanta, Ga. Despite a heavy wind, amounting almost to a gale, Mr. Crosby broke 94 out of 100 clay birds, a remarkable record under such adverse circumstances, and yet he was beaten by one bird, as Mr. B. H. Worthen smashed 95 of the clay flyers. The battle between these two was a right royal one, and Mr. Worthen used, as he always does, the old reliable Parker gun."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A Demand for Clean Papers.

From an article by M. Lee Starke.

No decent family would think of inviting a vulgar person or one of uncertain character into its home, yet permits the delivery of newspapers containing advertisements which, if read aloud, would cause the blush of shame to mantle the cheek of each member of that family. They refuse pollution in one form and embrace it—perhaps unconsciously in some cases—in another. No publisher wants to feel that his columns are disgraced, so the question naturally arises, Why does he permit the publication of such rot? There can be but one answer—greed. He wants money, and he sells the good name of his paper, and even his own self-respect, for "the root of all evil."

I am a newspaper man, and believe that the most profitable publicity in the world is that secured by the intelligent use of space in daily papers. It not only produces the best, but the quickest results. The daily comes nearer to giving a dollar's value for a dollar than any other medium; in fact, the family circle newspapers offer an advertising investment the interest on which is compounded daily.

If decent advertisers would refuse to associate with the questionable ones, and would use only clean papers, and if respectable families would see to it that only clean papers are received into their homes, it would remedy the existing conditions.

They Were Both Wrong.

During some army maneuvers in England, two officers were disputing about the classification of a tree. One was sure it was a birch, the other was equally certain it was an ash. A private was at length appealed to to settle the question. He looked up and down the tree, walked around it, stripped a piece of bark of and dug into the trunk with his bayonet. "What are you doing that for?" asked one of the officers. "To find out what kind of a tree it is, major." "Well what is it?" The private gave another dig and made a minute inspection of a splinter, then delivered judgment. "You are both wrong," he remarked respectfully, though authoritatively. "It ain't a birch tree and it ain't a hash tree; it's an hordinary wooden 'un."—Unidentified Exchange.

Pennsylvania Railroad's Washington Tours.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's seventh three-day personally conducted tour to Washington will leave New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Elizabeth and Trenton, April 14. Round-trip rates—only difference being in the hotel selected in Washington—are $12 and $14.50 from New York; $10.50 or $13 from Trenton, and proportionate rates from other points. Tickets cover railroad transportation for the round trip and hotel accommodations. A special side trip to Mt. Vernon may also be taken. All tickets are good for ten days, with special hotel rates at expiration of hotel coupon. For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agent; Tourist Agents, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; or Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

"In the Maine Woods," published by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad Company, began as a booklet, but has now attained the proportions of a large magazine. It contains nearly 200 pages, descriptive of the fishing, camping, canoeing and hunting in Maine, and is finely printed and beautifully illustrated. A copy may be had for 10 cents in stamps sent to C. C. Brown, G. P. & T. A., Bangor, Me.

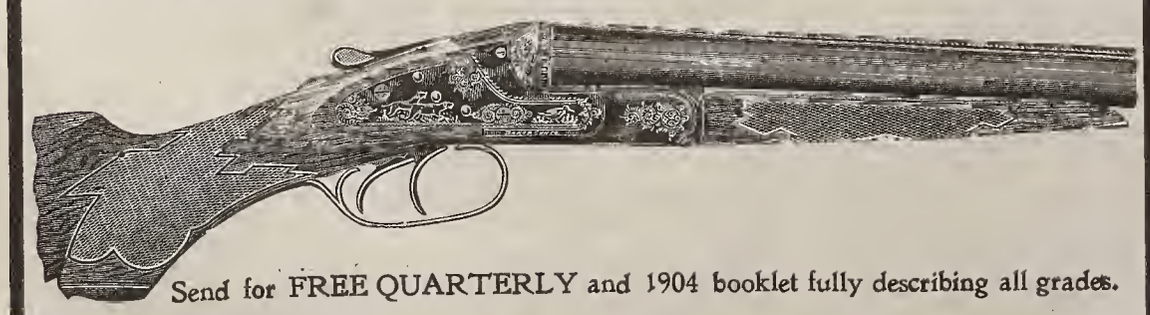
New Advertisements.

Attention is called to the handsome offers of cash prizes for photographs of yachting and camping scenes, made by Messrs. Geo. B. Carpenter & Co., of Chicago, as set forth in our advertising columns. Messrs. Carpenter & Co. supply sails, tents, camp outfits, marine hardware, etc., to outers, and offer two catalogues, the Marine, which will be sent for 6 cents in stamps, and the Tent and Camping catalogue for 4 cents.

All of us who are much out of doors, whether we hunt or fish, travel in yacht or canoe, climb mountains or ride long distances over the prairie, know how important to the comfort is proper footgear. The many people who have used the Witchell hunting and fishing boot manufactured by Witchell Sons & Co., of Detroit, Mich., are able to testify that these goods always give satisfaction. Whether it is a hip boot for a horseback rider, or a low, tramping shoe for a New England gunner, they are able to supply the article needed.

BAKER SPECIAL PARAGONS.

Strictly high grade. Built to order at regular prices. $60, $75, $200 and up. Carefully fitted and highly finished. Baker guns have a long established record for hard shooting and great durability.



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MY TRAP SCORES

A pocket trap score book, containing 50 pages of score sheets and the Interstate Association Rules for target and live bird shooting, and for shooting under the Sergeant System. The cover bears the title "My Trap Scores," and the pages, in number and form, are arranged to make a complete record of the shooter's doings at the traps. The pages are ruled to make a record of the place, date, weather conditions, number of traps, number of shooters, gun and load used, events, etc. The score sheets are ruled for 25 targets. Bound in leather. Price, 50 cents. -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- -:-

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THE UNJUST TAX ON AMMUNITION.

IF the average well informed shooter were asked where the fulminate of his shot gun and rifle shells was made, he would probably say that it was a product of the factories of those shell manufacturers whose names are as household words. But he would be in error; it comes from Canada. The reason for our importing the fulminate instead of making it ourselves, and of our paying such a high price for it, is found in a chain of circumstances which are among the curiosities of the United States Internal revenue system. The explanation is given in the report of the census for 1900 as follows:

> Although charges of dynamite and other high explosives are invariably fired by detonators or blasting caps charged with mercuric fulminate, and although percussion caps, friction primers and fixed ammunition are also charged with this explosive, yet the amount of this most important and essential explosive which is returned as manufactured in the United States was quite insignificant. On the other hand * * * the importation of fulminate is assuming greater and greater importance as our home industry in other explosives grows, and this is shown even more markedly if to the values for the fulminate there be added those for the blasting caps, percussion caps and cartridges that are also imported.
>
> The fact that, notwithstanding the dangers attendant on the transportation of this violent explosive substance, its home manufacture has been almost completely superseded by the foreign product, is explained on stating that it is manufactured from grain alcohol, mercury and nitric acid; that for every twelve parts by weight of mercury fulminate produced, 110 parts by weight of 95 per cent. alcohol are consumed; and that the tax levied in the United States on alcohol makes the foreign commerce in this article a very profitable one, and home competition practically impossible.

The revenue tax on the alcohol used in the manufacture of fulminate powders, or fulminate of mercury, the explosive agent used in percussion caps and cartridges of all kinds, is $2.08 per gallon. This is prohibitive of home manufacture. "Practically all the fulminate of mercury used in the United States," says an authority on the subject, "is now made in Canada, the alcohol being shipped from this country in bond without payment of tax and used in bonded manufacturing warehouses in the preparation of the fulminate. This is exported to the United States, paying a customs duty of 30 per cent. *ad valorem,* which is considerably less than our internal revenue tax on alcohol necessary to manufacture it." The commercial alcohol tax means, then, in this case, that Canadian workmen get the employment which, with free alcohol, American workmen would have; we pay an increased price for our ammunition, and American manufacturers are shut out from the markets of the world.

But this is only a part, and a minor part, of the drain which the tax on alcohol makes on the sportsman's purse when he opens it to pay for his ammunition. Of greater moment is the increased cost of smokeless powders caused by the increased cost of alcohol, which is a considerable constituent of their composition. Every pound of the best smokeless powder is taxed thirty-seven cents for the alcohol employed in its making. That is to say, it costs to make thirty-seven cents more than it would cost were the alcohol of the kind used in its manufacture free of tax. The manufacturer, of course, gets his money back. The consumer pays it. The $2.08 per gallon for alcohol in this particular instance comes out of the pocket of the man who shoots the gun. The sportsman is taxed twice for his cartridge, once for the fulminate and again for the powder.

It is worth noting, too, that the sportsmen of no other civilized country on earth have to pay an increased cost for their ammunition by reason of a tax on alcohol. Everywhere else than in the United States alcohol for industrial purposes is free of tax.

Why are we thus taxed for our ammunition? For the same reason that we are taxed for our hats, furniture, typewriters, perfumery and everything else into the manufacture of which alcohol enters. And that reason, so far as any is discernible, is to give increased profits to the wood alcohol interests. Wood alcohol is untaxed. Taking advantage of the tax of $2.08 on alcohol made from corn, potatoes and other farm products, the distillers of wood alcohol sell their eight to ten millions of gallons per year at a vastly increased profit. It is this immense profitableness of the wood alcohol industry which is stimulating the denudation of vast areas of forests.

A measure introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Boutell, and now in the hands of the Committee on Ways and Means, provides as follows:

> "That distilled spirits of an alcoholic strnegth of not less than one hundred and sixty per centum proof, as defined by sections thirty-two and forty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States, may, when rendered unfit for drinking purposes or for use as a beverage, be removed from distillery warehouses free of tax under such regulations as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury shall prescribe: *Provided,* That sulphuric ether, wood alcohol, methylic alcohol, wood naphtha, or other substances approved by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and the Secretary of the Treasury, shall be mixed with such distilled spirits so as to render the same unfit for drinking purposes or for use as a beverage."

Other sections make provision for so controlling the treated product that it may not be rectified for use as a beverage.

As has been said, the only opposition to the enactment of Mr. Boutell's measure comes from the wood alcohol interests, which under the existing system have extraordinary favoritism. If beyond this selfish favoritism of a class there is any reason why the sportsman should continue to pay 37 cents a pound more for his powder than he would without the alcohol tax, we have been unable to surmise it. Or why we should pay more for the thousand and one other things which are taxed at the rate of $2.08 for every gallon of alcohol used in their manufacture. Or why, by government intervention, we should stimulate the wood alcohol industry, which is laying waste the forests. The forestry question, it is true, is, for most of us, academic; we have convictions on it and some sentiment; but it does not appeal to us with the force and directness of something that touches the pocket. Every one of us, on the contrary, who uses a gun or rifle, may measure the personal interest he has in the passage of the Boutell bill by multiplying the number of the pounds of smokeless powder he uses in a season by the number 37, which represents the excessive price per pound he will have to pay for his powder until the bill shall have become a law.

RAILROADS AND FISHING.

There is very little free fishing for trout on Long Island. On the other hand, that island affords some of the best preserved fishing anywhere in New York, but this is accessible only to the persons for whom it is preserved.

In the interior things are somewhat different. A vast number of streams, large and small, flow down into greater rivers, and afford a vast mileage of fishing waters. Ten or fifteen years ago many of these brooks and little rivers were so persistently fished that they were almost exhausted, and in many cases yielded the scantiest return to the ardent angler. In present years, however, the fishing is much better; and this has come about from a source which most people would hardly have expected—through the restocking of the waters by the railroads passing near them.

It is well recognized that all the railroads which penetrate big game countries make a great feature of their hunting advantages, and of late years the attraction which shooting and fishing offers to a large class of the public has come to be generally appreciated by railway and steamboat lines everywhere.

Their advertising in periodicals, and the special booklets which so many transportation lines now prepare for the sole use of those devoted to the pastimes of the gun and rod, show how important this feature of travel has become. Efforts are constantly being made to render new regions accessible to hunter and angler, to find out what these regions contain in the way of game and fish, and to furnish the detailed information which the sportsman requires. It is not enough nowadays to talk in general terms about the hunting and fishing of any region, without knowing anything about it. Real effort is made to give accurate information, so that the successful sportsman shall patronize the line year after year, instead of visiting the country once, finding it misrepresented, and then going away disgusted, to return no more.

As competition grows more and more keen there is an eager rivalry among the railroads for the patronage of big-game hunter, gunner and angler, and with this in mind roads like the Erie, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and the New York, Ontario and Western each year put themselves to a considerable expense of time and money to keep up the supply of fish in the streams near which their lines pass.

This is money well invested by the railroads and it certainly is a great benefit to the angler. It is possible nowadays, by consulting the booklets issued by the different roads, to get a deal of information as to streams, hotels, teams, and matters generally of interest to the angler, so that, assuming all this information to be accurate, he need not go astray, and, if weather conditions are satisfactory, is reasonably sure of a successful trip.

There are many old timers who declare that the railroads are the primary cause of the present scarcity of game and fish, and it is, of course, true, that by bringing a multitude of people into a region once given over to solitude the roads are the indirect cause of the destruction of the wild creatures which occupied these solitary places. But it seems that the pendulum has now begun to swing back again, that the railroads are stocking the waters with fish; and it is conceivable that the time may come when these great corporations will find it to their interest to restock the covers with game.

NEW YORK SPRING SHOOTING.

THIS year the New York spring shooting of wild fowl resembles the reptilian fauna of Ireland. There is none. The advocates of the repeal of the present law succeeded in passing the Hubbs bill in the Assembly, without allowing the supporters of the present law to be heard, but when the bill reached the Senate the story was a different one. What was done at the hearing before the Senate committee, to which the bill was referred, was duly reported in the FOREST AND STREAM.

In due course the time came for action on the bill, and Senator Bailey, of Suffolk County, moved to discharge the Forest, Fish and Game Committee of the Senate from further consideration of Assemblyman Hubbs' bill to permit spring shooting on Long Island. The vote on this motion is given below, those voting in the affirmative, favoring spring shooting. This is the final defeat of the measure in this Legislature.

> Ayes—Mr. Bailey, Mr. Burton, Mr. Cullen, Mr. Dooling, Mr. Dowling, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Foley, Mr. Frawley, Mr. Grady, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Keenan, Mr. Martin, Mr. McCabe, Mr. McCarren, Mr. Plunkett, Mr. Ramsperger, Mr. Riordan, Mr. Russell, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Wagner, Mr. Whitlock.
>
> Nays—Mr. Allds, Mr. Ambler, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Brackett, Mr. E. R. Brown, Mr. W. L. Brown, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Elsberg, Mr. Fancher, Mr. Gates, Mr. Goodsell, Mr. Green, Mr. Hill, Mr. Lefevre, Mr. Lewis, Mr. L'Hommedieu, Mr. Malby, Mr. Marshall, Mr. McEwan, Mr. Raines, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Warnick, Mr. White, Mr. Wilcox.

It is worth while for the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to keep this list for future reference, for it shows the position of the various New York Senators on the question of spring shooting. It shows also a respectable majority in the Senate in favor of game protection, and that the New York City and Brooklyn Senators on the whole are in favor of spring shooting.

New York is the great market of the Atlantic seaboard for game of all sorts, including wild fowl. If market gunners find that wild fowl cannot be sold in New York the inducement to kill them almost ceases to exist. Recently, in some of the southern States, and especially along Currituck Sound, the price of canvasbacks fell to seventy-five cents a pair—a price lower than they have brought for many years, the usual price to gunners being $2.50 or $2 per pair. The price for other ducks fell correspondingly, so that ducks hardly paid for the ammunition used to kill them.

The local gunners could not understand what such a fall in prices meant, but since they could not get more than this for their birds, many of them have given up shooting, declaring that rather than kill canvasbacks at such a price they would let them go, to return to their northern homes and breed to bring back others next autumn.

The great fall in the price of canvasbacks and other ducks is, no doubt, due to the fact that the New York market is no longer open to them in spring. The markets of other large cities became glutted, and the buyers of birds could not get rid of their stock; they therefore ceased to buy, the gunners ceased to shoot, and the fact that shooting or possession of wild fowl in New York is forbidden in spring has stopped the shooting of birds in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and no doubt in many other States. So far reaching is the action of the New York Legislature in this matter.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Floating Down the Mississippi.

IX.—Reelfoot Lake—Part One.



RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

IN the early part of the last century, or perhaps toward the end of the one before, the ground in one section of the Mississippi Basin began to tremble. As the basin embraces upward of 2,200,000 square miles, those interested will do well to take a map of the United States—better yet of the Mississippi and its tributaries—run a line due south from the fork of the Ohio and Mississippi for 120 miles. Another line of the same length run due west, then north and east again, making a square, will indicate sufficiently closely the area of intense and acute disturbance. If the map used is the Index Chart of the Mississippi from the Mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf of Ohio, it will be seen that the district is largely "alluvial"—built of river sediment—and still the playground of many streams. To those who like history, the names New Madrid, Gayoso, Columbus, and Fort Pillow will indicate one branch of interests centered in this arbitrary square. New Madrid comes first of all to the mind. As a fighting town, New Madrid is famed.

The trembling of the earth continued for a number of years before they more than sent the wild birds screaming into the air, and caused men to more than cease for a moment from their ordinary occupations of hunting and land clearing; but, according to Judge Hawyard's account (in the '20s), about Dec. 14, 1811, a dark fog, with the smell of sulphur in it, seemed to exude from the earth, the wind ceased, and a dead calm ensued. And then, at 2:30 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 16, "an awful noise, like distant thunder, only more hoarse and vibrating," was heard coming from the west. The ground began to jump, cabins fell down, trees whipped through the air, and the inhabitants of New Madrid, screaming and running through the town, were enveloped in darkness, caused by "the saturation of the atmosphere by sulphurous vapors." At daybreak, after many minor vibrations, came another, more violent than the rest. "The earth rolled in waves a few feet in height," which burst as they came, spurting stone and coal and sand "as high as the tops of the trees," and in the river "spouts of water three to four inches in diameter shot up to a great height."

All kinds of animals, domestic and wild, rushed into the settlements and mingled with the equally terrified humanity, the chorus of cries being accompanied by the crash of trees whose roots were being twisted and tops snapped off—all to the music of earth-boomings. The waters of the streams sloshed against the banks from which they had jumped, and the "people of New Madrid, who had been noted for their profligacy and impiety," between spasms of sea-sickness, endeavored to get to their knees and clasp whip-sawed hands in earnest supplication.

A Mrs. Lafont fell fainting and died of fright. A Mrs. Harris was hit by a log from her cabin, as it fell, and died of her injuries. Many people fled inland and waded away from the river for miles with the water up to their waists, for the country was overflowed by water from the earth and from lakes whose beds had been raised higher than the banks. The graveyard caved into the river.

A succession of minor shocks succeeded these severe ones, till on Jan. 23, 1812, when another violent shock came, and was followed by days and days when the "earth as in continual agitation, visibly waving as a gentle sea." Till Feb. 7 this storm from the depths of the earth tossed the earth, and on that day come a concussion known as "the hard shock."

Each account of what occurred on Feb. 7 differs more or less, according to the narrator. But the stories seem to be all true. Eliza Brown, in a letter written to Lorenzo Dow, a preacher, described the New Madrid earthquakes, and his letter seems to have been edited with a dictionary of synonyms—nice, big words, and considerable grammar thrown in. The letter says:

"At first the Mississippi seemed to recede from its banks as the water gathered up like a mountain, leaving for a moment the keel boats that were here (New Madrid) on their way to New Orleans, on the bare sand, in which time the poor sailors made their escape from them. It then rising from 15 to 20 feet perpendicularly and expanding, as it were, at the same moment, the bank overflowed with a retrograde current as rapid as a torrent," stranding keel boats far up the little creek, at the mouth of which they were tied. This water came back and the drift tore young cottonwoods in two as if "by art," so evenly was it done. Fish were left high and dry, and rumor said a woman and several children were drowned from a "torn up" keel boat.

Nolte, a merchant, in "Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres," was tied to the New Madrid landing in a keel boat. He reached the town on Feb. 6, with about twenty other boats. "It was a clear moonlight night. My friend Hollander had retired to rest, and I was sitting about 12 o'clock at a little table, sketching a little caricature of Madison, then President of the United States. I had just given the last touches, when there came a frightful crash, like a sudden explosion of artillery, and instantly followed by countless flashes of lightning. The Mississippi foamed up like the water in a boiling cauldron, and the stream flowed rushing back, while the forest trees near which we lay came crackling and thundering down." Clambering to the top of his boat—"our flats were still floating, but far from the shore. The agitated river was full of trees and branches, which the stream, now flowing in its proper current, was rapidly sweeping away, and a light only here and there in town—in short, a real chaos." The other boats had cut loose and were in the stream somewhere.

Judge Hayward says that in some parts the "river was swallowed up for some minutes by the seeming descent of the water into some great opening." Boats were "engulfed with crews and never heard from."

"At sunrise the whole terrible scene was revealed, and the little town of New Madrid, sunken, destroyed and overflowed to three-fourths of its extent, lay more than five hundred paces from us. Of the boats which surrounded us on the evening of Feb. 6, nothing was ever afterward heard," by Nolte, who pulled out next morning as soon as he could see.

Other things had happened. At what is now Hickman, Ky., which some inland fighters of the Civil War know, the face of the "bluffs" pitched into the river. The first steamer to come down the Mississippi was up in the Ohio River surrounded by drift, the pilots hopelessly puzzled, almost, by the islands that had disappeared, banks changed, bars and channels that were come or gone. And the newspapers here and there in the world had about a hundred words in regard to what happened six months or so later.

It is said that all but two families fled the New Madrid country. Things had happened beyond their comprehension—and not yet quite comprehensible. Incidents will show some of the phenomena. Ten miles below Little Prairie, on the Pemiscot River, old man Culbertson lived with his family. On the morning of Dec. 16, after the first big shock, a smoke house and well, which the night before were in the front yard, were seen on the far side of the river—the ground had split, spread, and the water taken to the crevasse. Chasms were opened all through the region, and some people fell in them; and right here the old-time frontiersman showed his expedients. He noted that the cracks ran from the southwest to the northeast, and, while leaving their profligate and impious ways permanently, many of them, they all felled trees to the southeast and northwest, and when the shakers came, ran to the big trees and hung fast to the branches, sometimes seeing their cabins swallowed up and chasms formed under their bridge; but the trees spanned the opens, and so the people helped themselves.

Crops were destroyed, food supplies spoiled by water and neglect, but wrecked keel boats cast their cargoes on the waters and "flour, beef, bacon, pork, butter, cheese, apples—in short, everything that is carried on the river—was in such abundance as scarcely to be matters of sale." For more than a year the people lived in light-roofed bark shacks that could fall on them and not hurt over much.

The earthquakes were not by any means confined to the New Madrid district. They reached to Quebec, and came from Central America, where they upset whole cities; nor were they confined to the years 1811-12. For ten years or so after the big ones, some little fellows that tumbled cabins out of shape, occurred, and for the next ninety odd years they came at intervals. I was writing the first draft of the Reelfoot stories, at Tiptonville, on Nov. 4, 1903, when "six of our little shakers came along," as they say 'round New Madrid. They sent folks out doors, scared one negro out of a cottonfield, and showed intense realism to a man who was hunting "local color." Five years ago one came that shook Blennerhasset Russel out of his bed at Bessie (where the last one shook ten acres into the river), started a man out of the Halliday House in Cairo to the street in his night clothes, and almost ruined the sewer system of brick at Memphis, Tenn. Indeed, earthquakes are of so frequent occurrence in the New Madrid region that it is not good policy to put in cement cisterns to catch drinking water, upon which people in the alluvial districts are largely obliged to depend. So the New Madrid earthquakes are by no means ancient history, but modern and in the experience of a notebook maker, who learned about them in a physical geography at school and then forgot all about it till he saw the brick in his fireplace wiggle, pull apart and then do a concentric circle puzzle act, so to speak.

At the time of the worst shocks—back in 1811-12—there were few people in the territory affected. Less than eight years previously the land west of the Mississippi had been purchased by the American Government, and that east of the big river in the bottoms still belonged to the Chickasaw Indians. Davy Crockett had not yet begun his bear hunting in the Obion River country. Elk were still found east of the Mississippi, and buffaloes had been hunted to the river within a dozen years. In fact the whole country was a howling wilderness; but the first steamboat had started on its voyage down the river and the new era of the valley commenced, one may say, with the earthquake.

Of course, one can believe anything or nothing in regard to the happenings in a land such as that. The traditions have involved people in many sorts of disputes, some purely intellectual; other involving such vulgar things as rifles, courts and such things that settle—if you boil them!

Most interesting of these, to the scientist, is perhaps the query whether the Mississippi River really flowed backward when the earthquake of Feb. 6-7 came. The listener to traditions will hear it stated that the river ran backward for "four hours," "an hour," "a long time." "The stream flowed rushing back," says Nolte, an eye-witness.

James C. Harris, who died last spring, reputed to be wealthier than any other citizen in Lake county, Tenn., and owning the most of Reelfoot Lake, said in an article for the Lake County Advocate, that the story was not true. He said:

"The truth is that the river runs due west at New Madrid, and the lurch or upheaval of the earth, coming from the west and passing eastward, caused an immense swell or wave in the river, and flat boats, skiffs, etc., were picked up by the wave and carried on top the bank, in many places one or two hundred yards above the place they were when the wave picked them up."

There is another theory, and that is based on the occurrence of such caves as that one Horace Kephart discovered running down under the bed of the Mississippi, the size of the Mammoth cave, Nick-o-Jack cave, etc. Far down under the alluvian of the valley is rotten limestone rock, disintegrating, and perhaps empty when the earthquake came. The great splits in the earth may have opened way for the water to these immense cavities, and into these flowed the water of the river, backward in places, and caused the mid-stream geysers by the sudden tremendous pressure. And again, it is asserted that when the ground shook so it sank, closing down on the porous limestone, and in sinking left openings in the banks, into which the river water ran till the lowlands were filled, again causing the backward current.

The collector of notes is bound to believe that all three things happened, for there are superficial facts that indicate it. Anyhow, the waters were mightily agitated, every one in the region was scared, and it is enough to know that in the west was lightning and thunder; the earth, unsettled by subterranean fires, sent waves whipping along the backbone of the continent, and these waves eddied in the New Madrid country—made a choppy sea, with whirling and jumping motions of the earth—passing on in waves that became ripples, and then tremors, flapping at last against the granite of the Adirondacks, their strength wasted.

Scientists have been here and pondered over the surface and subsoil, the meanderings and discharge of the valley and river, have disputed, corrected and considered as to this or that effect, as to the whys and wherefores of certain ridges, and certain cypress logs in Cairo sands, sycamores in the depths opposite Memphis, and yet have not gone into the details of these earth storms called New Madrid earthquakes. Doubtless, tucked away in various corners, are fragments of information, all of them together being adequate for the desires of a notebook maker; but just what happened—what came up out of the earth, what went down into it, which way the whirlpools went and what sent them—whether the Rocky Mountains or just those cliffs on White River—what things were shifted and what weren't. How high did those waves, "increasing in elevation as they advanced, and when they had attained a certain fearful height," burst open—how high did they run, and on what beach did they cast their froth of alluvian and broken stone? Even the notebook maker stands still and shivers and looks around, almost unable to put the questions down, much less the answers!

There is just one reason why no such work has been done. It wouldn't pay. There are not enough readers interested in such things as earth storms to buy a book that would describe accurately the history of such

a thing. It would cost a good deal to make the requisite surveys, the necessary borings and examinations.

What confusion exists in regard to this fourteen thousand square miles of land! So many miles are liable to be submerged, so many are above the high-water marks, so many have such and such growths upon them, so many are cleared already, and the levee is so far protective, and so far disintegrated by such and such a number of cubic feet of unexpected waters—these things are interesting, valuable, have their effect on the current market reports, and the notebook maker finds himself very deeply involved in them alone; but here and there are leads—traces and trails—which take him back into those old days when lots of things happened, around which tradition has thrown a beautiful halo, and lots of darting streaks of light, which confuse the vision.

It is convenient to assail the Government. Why go way down to Pelee, to far-off Alaska, to see if the American flag is nailed to the North Pole, with this large area, like prickly heat, so near and so marked with question points? Tie up one of those dredges digging channels at which the river pilot usually laughs, and set the crew to examining the Sunk Lands, please, Mr. Uncle Sam—so one is tempted to ask.

Three weeks ago I wrote, "It is certain the ground sank." Faithfully I had gone to old citizens, read stories, tried to get something accurate in my notebook about this region, and I was sure the ground "sank"—that the earth had really settled. To-day in Memphis I heard Robert Mitchell say that an old surveyor, who had solved the Spanish method of surveying, found their heaps of charcoal under marked trees, showing lines; and these lines, made back in the 1700s, were unchanged, though in the heart of the Sunk Lands country. The level was unchanged. What happened then? Why do the maps say "Sunk Lands"? It is a curious question, one involving some queer country—lakes where forests stood, and forests where lakes used to be. Reelfoot Lake is one of these "sunk land lakes," filled with the dead stubs of a forest.

The earthquakes are all gone, save "once in a while we have our little shakers." But when the violent shocks of 1811-12 had gone past, not only had the inhabitants become pious to a large extent, but there was a new country for many miles around New Madrid, whichever way the woodsman, most familiar with the region, chose to travel. Raymond S. Spears.

The Story of a Horse.

Some weeks ago Cabia Blanco told of his horse Bummer eating the army cook house slops, and of the sorrel mare that ate tobacco. I can go Cabia Blanco "one better," in that I had a horse that would do both.

I have long wanted to tell Forest and Stream about Pet (that was the name of the horse that would do such an awful thing as to eat tobacco and garbage). I bought her of my brother in Jefferson county in 1865, when she was five years old. Pet was so well broken that I could leave her on the street without hitching half a day at a time, and often did so while buying wool on the street. (I was agent of a woolen mill at that time.) I often rode horseback to the mill in the morning, and on the way home at noon would stop at my office on Main street, when I would throw the reins of the bridle over the back of the saddle. My brother, who occupied the store in which I had my office, knew Pet's failings for tobacco, and would go out and "give her a chew." The store adjoining was a tobacco store, whose proprietor also had acquired the habit of treating Pet. So, when she was left unhitched under saddle in front of the two stores, and her friends failed to make the usual donation after a reasonable time, she would step across the sidewalk to the tobacco store (she knew by the smell) and nose the door handle until the proprietor "gave her a chew" and put her in the street, where she would wait for me. But should I remain longer than what seemed a reasonable time to her, she would walk up the street and turn the corner and stop at the News room, where I always stopped to get my paper. After waiting for me a few minutes, she would go across the street in the alley, where there was a pile of dry-goods boxes, which she would nose and lick. When I had gotten my paper and started for the post-office, I would snap my whip and say, "Come, Pet," and when I came out of the office she would be standing at the curb for me to mount.

Pet had another habit that I have never known another horse to have. When driven to a sleigh during a heavy fall of snow, if left standing on the street, she would lie down in the snow. She would not try to roll. One morning when on my way to the mill, I left her standing at the side entrance of the bank while I was inside. A friend saw the mare lie down in a foot of fresh snow. He put his head in the door and said, "Davison, your horse is down." I told him that it was all right; she would get up when she got ready. When I went out she got up, shook herself, and was ready to go when I got in the sleigh. She did this many times and never broke a thill or disarranged the harness.

Pet was a good stepper, and I could "lay out" all the fast horses on East avenue and on the ice of the Erie Canal.

I must tell of my first hunting trip with Pet within a month after I got her. It was the first day of quail shooting, Oct. 20. I had a fine cocker spaniel that a friend had brought from England. Pet, Karo, and I, all in the new buggy, hied away to seventy-five acres of land about nine miles from the city that I had acquired in June, at which time I had heard and saw many Bob Whites, which I concluded went with the land. After putting Pet in the small log barn on the place, Karo and I started out to gather in some of the game, but succeeded in getting only three quail and one grouse when it commenced to rain, and we returned to keep Pet company for some hours, when we started for home in the rain. For some reason the dog did not want to ride, and jumped out of the wagon. Pet did not propose to wait for him, and he was soon far in the rear. I stopped Pet, and when the dog came I again took him into the wagon, only to have him jump out again a few minutes later, and he was soon left behind. Afraid that he might tire out before getting home, and that I would lose him, I again waited for him to catch up, and taking him in again, snapped the hitching strap to his collar ring and tied him to the dashboard of the wagon. I stopped to see a farmer, hitching Pet to the gate post with the halter. Before getting to the house, which was some distance from the road, I heard the dog yelling, and looking back, saw the mare humped up with her feet all together, trying to get as far away from the wagon as possible. The dog had jumped out, and as the strap was too short for him to reach the ground, he had swung around between the crossbar of the thills and the mare. Before I could get to her, she commenced to kick. I soon had the mare by the head, but could not stop her kicking until I picked up one of her forefeet. After quieting her, I stepped along to raise out the dog (which was dead). As I did so, she saw the motion, and gave one kick, which just grazed my knee and tore my trousers leg nearly off. I patted her on the hip and spoke to her, and then took the dog out without further trouble. The only damage to the wagon was a broken crossbar of the thills. The cushions, laprobe and blanket were thrown out of the wagon. After laying the dead dog in front of the mare, that she could see that he was harmless, I bound the broken crossbar and whiffletree together with the fatal hitching strap, the mare watching me the while (I never used blinds on her). The women folks came out to see what the trouble was, and asked how I was going to get home, saying that the horse "would run away and kick everything to pieces and kill me." I assured them that I would have no trouble in getting home, and I did not, and also, I never drove over that road in as quick time again. But there was lamentations on my arrival home over the sad fate of Karo.

And now comes the sequel to that tragic affair.

Before I had got my wagon repaired I made arrangements with one of the best sportsmen here for a few days' quail shooting, where I had had such hard luck. When about half way there, we heard the call of "Bob White." Hitching the mare to the fence at the roadside, and getting the dogs and guns out of the wagon, we started out to investigate. My friend had an English setter, and I procured a black pointer of the same breed as that Nessmuk wrote about in Forest and Stream fifteen years after, that he had used while living in Lockport, in 1845, and of which he wrote to me.

The quail we had heard did not materialize, and we returned to the wagon. I left the loading of the dogs into the wagon to my friend, while I unhitched the mare. While I was doing so the black dog got against her heels, and then there was some "high kicking" for a time, long enough for the mare to free herself of the wagon. I held to the reins at her head, and had my hands badly cut either by the bit or the mare's teeth. The only other damage done was to the harness. After getting the harness in shape that it could be used, I tried to get the mare between the thills, but without success. A farmer and his son came to our help and drew the wagon to his barn, where I put the mare in a stall and asked him to feed and water her at noon. The farmer said that he could not do so without going in beside her, and he would not do that. I put her in another stall, where he would not have to do so.

My friend and I started out for where the farmer had told us we would find some quail. On the way my friend asked, "Davison, how are you going to get home?" I answered, "Why, I am going to ride home, of course." He said that "he would not ride behind that horse."

It was an ideal Indian summer day, and we had fine hunting. Going through an open woods, the dogs came to a point near my friend, who motioned me to come to him, when he pointed to the end of a rotten log in which lay a whole covey (at least a dozen) of quail. After watching them for a moment, he had his dog flush them. My friend made a double and I got one. We had gone but a few rods, when an enormous gray cat got up within a few feet of me and started up a tree. I did not know what it was, and I shot it before it was ten feet up the tree. We concluded that the cat was after the birds that we had found bunched in the log, and probably would have got more of them than we did had I not killed it. We found our birds in some wheat stubble, and my friend secured two. This was my second day's attempt at shooting on the wing, and my bag was not great. When we had finished the day's sport, I concluded the best shot I had made was at the cat.

When we got to the barn where we had left the mare, my friend refused to go in the yard. I put the black dog under the seat of the wagon, brought out the mare and watered her at the pump, led her to the wagon and backed her into the thills and hitched her to the wagon as if nothing had ever happened. My friend walked out a quarter of a mile, when he put his dog in with the other and climbed in beside me; and that was not the last time he rode behind her for a day's shooting.

After that experience I was afraid to leave the mare on the street on account of the dogs, and I did not conclude to invest in the black pointer breed of dogs. I secured a liver-colored pointer pup three months old and turned him in the barn to keep the mare company. At first I watched him when he went around the mare's heels, and also talked to Pet with a whip in my hand, and all went well for a couple of weeks, when I noticed that the mare's tail was getting short, which I could not account for, as I knew she did not whip it off on the wagon or sleigh.

One morning while going to the barn I heard the pup growling, and looking in the window, I saw the dog had the mare by the tail with his forefeet on her gambrels and was swinging from side to side. The mare seemed to enjoy it as well as the dog. I removed the dog to different quarters, and saved the rest of the mare's tail, and she never cared for dogs after that.

In September, 1868, Mr. James Ludlum, of Pompton, N. J., came into my office and said that he had met a Lockport man in St. Lawrence county who told him that I had a horse that I wanted to sell. I told him that the man was mistaken, as I did not want to sell her. Mr. Ludlum then wanted to know if I would sell her. I told him that was a different matter, as it would depend on whether I got my price, which was $500. Mr. L. wanted to see her, and then he wanted to drive her, to which I consented. I drew the wagon out of the barn, put the harness on the mare, slapped her on the hip and said, "Go on, Pet, and she went out and backed into the thills. Mr. L. asked, "Is that the way she always does it?" When all was ready, Mr. L. said that he would want to drive her pretty hard, and that he might kill her. I asked him what time he intended to leave Lockport. He said, "At 2:30." I told him that if he could kill her in two hours to go ahead. We drove out in the country three miles, crossed to another road and back to the house, and the mare never walked a rod. Mr. Ludlum got out and looked the mare over, and said, "She's all right. I am going West for two weeks, and will stop on my return and decide the matter." I did not expect to see him again; but before the two weeks expired, he came and said he would take the mare. He afterward wrote asking if I knew of a mate to her. I did not. In the winter he wrote that he had found a good mate to Pet as for looks, but she could not "foot with her." By putting Pet in front he could drive them tandem in three minutes; that Pet was as good to him as if he owned Dexter, and that he would not take $5,000 for her. In 1881 Mr. Ludlum wrote that Pet was of age (twenty-one years), had long ago used up her mate, was yet as sound as a dollar; he was going to raise a colt from her, and if it was the right gender, was going to name it J. L. D. I never heard from him again, and I suspect that both he and Pet have long since passed away.

I owned a number of horses within the next ten years after foolishly disposing of Pet, but for "an all-around horse" Pet was worth all of them. J. L. Davison.

Lockport, N. Y.

Amid the Florida Keys.

As one sails from Miami to Key West, 150 miles, they rise and recede before and behind seemingly without limit as to number. From Key West far down into the southern horizon one still sees them, and if he sails up the west coast he is still embayed amid their green intricacies. Their number has never been computed. They vary in size from Key Largo, thirty miles long and of an average width of a mile, to mere atolls in the watery waste, a rock, marsh grass, turtle feed, seaweed and a few mangroves that have gained a precarious foothold in the crevices of the rock.

Not many of them are inhabited; not all are habitable, but Key Largo, Key Eliot and some of the larger keys have quite extensive plantations of pineapples, cocoanuts and truck fields upon them. The neat, white painted houses of the planters are usually set in a grove of stately cocoanut palms facing the ocean, and have a long wharf extending out into the shallow water with sail boats and now and then a launch tied to them. Small trading schooners plying between Miami and Key West call sometimes two and three a week and furnish the only means of communication with the great world outside.

On the uninhabited keys often are small huts thatched with palm leaves used by the wood cutters who come here in ancient sloops and schooners, cut the hard, generally button wood, and carry it to Key West, where it forms almost the only fuel of the inhabitants.

In the course of a three days' cruise among the keys we spent several hours on Key Elliot, one of the most populous and highly cultivated of the series. At the house of Mr. Edward Higgs, of Lemon City, Fla., we were courteously entertained by the three young men in charge of the plantation during the absence of the owner. There was a grove of 500 cocoanut trees with some 18,000 cocoanuts in sight, but the specialty is pineapples, for which the keys are peculiarly well adapted. The cocoanut grows in great clusters at the base of the long, graceful leaves which put out at the summit of the smooth, snake-like trunk, often sixty or seventy-five feet from the ground. As with the husk on, each nut is considerably larger than a man's head, the thirty or forty nuts borne by each tree form quite a rampart around the summit. The ripe fruit and green are often seen together.

"Did you ever drink the milk of the green cocoanut"? asked our guide. "It is a never failing specific for Bright's disease and all diseases of the kidneys."

He took a green nut, cut a hole in the base where it had been attached to the parent stem and inverting it poured out over a tumbler full of a clear, colorless liquid. It had a peculiar, slightly astringent taste but not unpleasant.

From the cocoanut grove we went for a visit to the pineries and truck fields. This took us directly across the key to the shores of Biscayne Bay. The surface is solid limestone or coral, not smooth, but sharp, corrugated, serrated, edged, fissured. Walking over it was quite difficult. Not an iota of soil was visible except a few ounces of black vegetable mould in the crevices of the rock, yet in this unpromising field were growing the most luxuriant pineapples, tomatos, red peppers and germea corn we had ever seen. The tomato vines and red peppers were in bearing, and fairly loaded with fruit, yet our guide said that not an ounce of fertilizer had been applied. The pineapple is half an air plant and no doubt draws nourishment from the atmosphere, but how the other plants named could find sufficient food in this barren rock was one of the mysteries of nature. Mr. Higgs, whom we saw later at his home in Lemon City, told us that pineapples would exhaust the soil in about five years, but that other crops could be grown indefinitely. His explanation was that the rock was about 75 per cent. lime and organic matter and 10 per cent. phosphates, and that on this plant life thrived. Pineapples, he said, would render land worthless for other crops.

The rock is soft and pliable and is broken up for cultivation.

On the bay side was a long dock with sailboats tied to it, and a beautiful prospect across the shallow bay to Cutler on the mainland, some fifteen miles distant. This bay now affords the finest ground for sponge fishing on the coast and numerous sails of "spongers" plying their

trade dotted its wide expanse. Fishing is good, too, both in bay and ocean. There are no venomous serpents nor beasts of prey on the keys, and all the conditions that make life idyllic would seem to meet here, but when we said as much to our kind cicerone he spoiled our modern arcadia with one word, "mosquitoes." On this topic he waxed eloquent.

"There are days together when we have to stay in the house or be eaten by them," he said, "and all through the summer, unless the wind is strong, they are more or less a torment. I thought I had seen mosquitoes on the mainland, but they are nothing compared to the clouds that at times descend on the keys. Nobody knows whence they come or where they breed, but with the wind in certain quarters come they do, and then there is nothing to do but to stay in doors until a change of wind drives them away."

C. B. TODD.

Food in the Wilderness.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When first the news came of the unknown fate of Leonidas Hubbard and his companion in the wilds of Labrador, the writer was among those who entertained no serious fears for their safety. Even when the rumor of Mr. Hubbard's death was published, he still had little doubt of their safe return sooner or later. This faith was based on the belief that a woodsman, a hunter, an angler and a writer on sport, must be familiar with woods and wilds, and must know how to meet the few real perils that beset the sportsman who has even a slight knowledge of woodcraft. Now that the sad story of death from starvation and of the terrible hardships and sufferings of the survivors, with woods and waters all around them, has come. I find it hard to realize. From many years' experience as an amateur hunter and fisherman, I am forced to the conclusion that their Indian guide was as ignorant as themselves of what any half-breed in Maine or New Brunswick understands thoroughly—the various ways of procuring sustenance wherever vegetable and animal life abounds. Even with Mr. Wallace's letter before me, it seems incredible that two intelligent sportsmen and an Indian provided with firearms, hatchets and knives, should suffer from hunger in any region where vegetation is abundant and where bears, caribou, porcupines, hares and squirrels, grouse, ptarmigan and water fowl are indigenous, and generally abundant.

I cannot but agree with the opinion expressed in your editorial in issue of 2d inst. that "the two white men and an Indian plunged fatuously into what they knew to be an unexplored wilderness, insufficiently provided, inadequately fitted with transportation for what supplies they had, and unequipped with any knowledge of woodcraft which might enable them to sustain life should their provisions be exhausted. What happened was precisely what might have been expected under these circumstances. The only bright gleam in the dismal story is the courage with which the men endured their sufferings and the unselfish devotion of each member of the party to his fellows." While agreeing with you in my admiration of these qualities, I must, without cynicism, quote the old adage which these presumptuous men forgot—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

I think your readers are greatly indebted to Dr. Robert T. Morris for his letter in your issue of 2d inst., in which he gives them an invaluable lesson in woodcraft. Had poor Hubbard and his companion known even the rudiments of their business as explorers, all their sufferings could have been avoided, and Mr. H. would have returned to his many friends none the worse for his expedition.

Were the Octogenarian forty years younger he would ask nothing better than, with Dr. Morris and E. A. Samuels as companions, and Sachem Gabe and Sebattis Toma (as he knew them forty years ago) for attendants, to follow the route and seek the goal which proved so disastrous to poor Hubbard and his party. Most heartily would he echo the wish expressed by Dr. Morris, with all the longing of a true woodsman: "Give me a seat on the thick, wet caribou moss, with the sleet bouncing off the tin platter that holds some wood-rat stew, with poplar buds on the side; for a relish a seal-oil salad of brake sprouts; for dessert a handful of spice cranberries, picked on the spot, and for luxury a cup of hot tea without milk or sugar, flavored only with such an appetite as vigorous exercise and the strong, pure wind" give to the lovers of nature when in the wildest haunts of the Red Gods. There are fine days, even in the wilds of Labrador, and the pleasures of these more than compensate for all the discomforts their worst storms can cause to the woodsman who understands his craft.

I commend Dr. Morris's letter to the careful study of all who are ambitious of joining that small circle of sportsmen who can dispense with double tents, sheet-iron stoves and canvas stretchers, and who can make themselves comfortable and happy under the most adverse circumstances as long as they are surrounded by rocks and woods and within reach of lakes and streams.

THE OLD ANGLER.

SUSSEX, N. B.

Narrows Island Club Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Narrows Island Club was held at the Hoffman House, New York city, April 11, at 8:30 P. M.

There were present Messrs. J. B. Lawrence, W. H. Wheelock, Henry Sampson, T. S. Young, Jr., Fred. Jones, W. H. Nichols, Charles Greer, Wm. R. Peters, Geo. Bird Grinnell, Bayard Dominick, and Dr. F. Markoe.

After the reading of the reports of the secretary and treasurer and an address on the work of the past year by the president, the following officers were elected: President, J. Burling Lawrence; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. H. Wheelock; Vice-President, Henry Sampson; Executive Committee, T. S. Young, Jr., Fred Jones, R. H. Robertson, Geo. B. Grinnell, and the officers.

The address of the president showed the present shooting season to have been the most successful except one in the club's history. Only in the season of 1885-1886 were more birds killed. The grounds of the Narrows Island Club are in Currituck County, N. C.

Natural History.

Preservation of the Wild Animals of North America.*

BY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN.

THE National and Congressional movement for the preservation of the Sequoia in California represents a growth of intelligent sentiment. It is the same kind of sentiment which must be aroused, and aroused in time, to bring about Government legislation if we are to preserve our native animals. That which principally appeals to us in the Sequoia is its antiquity as a race, and the fact that California is its last refuge.

As a special and perhaps somewhat novel argument for preservation, I wish to remind you of the great antiquity of our game animals, and the enormous period of time which it has taken nature to produce them. We must have legislation, and we must have it in time. I recall the story of the judge and jury who arrived in town and inquired about the security of the prisoner, who was known to be a desperate character; they were assured by the crowd that the prisoner was perfectly secure because he was safely hanging to a neighboring tree. If our preservative measures are not prompt, there will be no animals to legislate for.

Sentiment and Science.

The sentiment which promises to save the Sequoia is due to the spread of knowledge regarding this wonderful tree, largely through the efforts of the Division of Forestry. In the official chronology of the United States Geological Survey—which is no more nor less reliable than that of other geological surveys, because all are alike mere approximations to the truth—the Sequoia was a well developed race 10,000,000 of years ago. It became one of a large family, including fourteen genera. The master genus—the Sequoia—alone includes thirty extinct species. It was distributed in past times through Canada, Alaska, Greenland, British Columbia, across Siberia, and down into southern Europe. The Ice Age, and perhaps competition with other trees more successful in seeding down, are responsible for the fact that there are now only two living species—the "red wood," or *Sequoia sempervirens,* and the giant, or *Sequoia gigantea.* The last refuge of the *gigantea* is in ten isolated groves, in some of which the tree is reproducing itself, while in others it has ceased to reproduce.

In the year 1900 forty mills and logging companies were engaged in destroying these trees.

All of us regard the destruction of the Parthenon by the Turks as a great calamity; yet it would be possible, thanks to the laborious studies which have chiefly emanated from Germany, for modern architects to completely restore the Parthenon in its former grandeur; but it is far beyond the power of all the naturalists of the world to restore one of these Sequoias, which were large trees, over 100 feet in height, spreading their leaves to the sun, before the Parthenon was even conceived by the architects and sculptors of Greece.

Life of the Sequoia and History of Thought.

In 1900 five hundred of the very large trees still remained, the highest reaching from 320 to 325 feet. Their height, however, appeals to us less than their extraordinary age, estimated by Hutchins at 3,600, or by John Muir, who probably loves them more than any man living, at from 4,000 to 5,000 years. According to the actual count of Muir of 4,000 rings, by a method which he has described to me, one of these trees was 1,000 years old when Homer wrote the Iliad; 1,500 years of age when Aristotle was foreshadowing his evolution theory and writing his history of animals; 2,000 years of age when Christ walked upon the earth; nearly 4,000 years of age when the "Origin of Species" was written. Thus the life of one of these trees spanned the whole period before the birth of Aristotle (384 B. C.) and after the death of Darwin (A. D. 1882), the two greatest natural philosophers who have lived.

These trees are the noblest living things upon earth. I can imagine that the American people are approaching a stage of general intelligence and enlightened love of nature in which they will look back upon the destruction of the Sequoia as a blot on the national escutcheon.

Veneration of Age.

The veneration of age sentiment which should, and I believe actually does, appeal to the American people when clearly presented to them even more strongly than the commercial sentiment, is roused in equal strength by an intelligent appreciation of the race longevity of the larger animals which our ancestors found here in profusion, and of which but a comparatively small number still survive. To the unthinking man a bison, a wapiti, a deer, a pronghorn antelope, is a matter of hide and meat; to the real nature lover, the true sportsman, the scientific student, each of these types is a subject of intense admiration. From the mechanical standpoint they represent an architecture more elaborate than that of Westminster Abbey, and a history beside which human history is as of yesterday.

Slow Evolution of Modern Mammals.

These animals were not made in a day, nor in a thousand years, nor in a million years. As said the first Greek philosopher, Empedocles, who 560 B. C. adumbrated the "survival of the fittest" theory of Darwin, they are the result of ceaseless trials of nature. While the Sequoia was first emerging from the Carboniferous, or Coal Period, the reptile-like ancestors of these mammals, covered with scales and of egg-laying habits, were crawling about and giving not the most remote prophecy of their potential transformation through 10,000,000 of years into the superb fauna of the northern hemisphere.

The descendants of these reptiles were transformed into mammals. If we had had the opportunity of studying the early mammals of the Rocky Mountain region with a full appreciation of the possibilities of evolution, we should have perceived that they were essentially of the same stock and ancestral to our modern types. There were little camels scarcely more than twelve inches high, little taller than cotton-tail rabbits, and smaller than the jackass rabbits; horses fifteen inches high, scarcely larger than, and very similar in build to, the little English coursing hound known as the whippet; it is not improbable that we shall find the miniature deer; there certainly existed ancestral wolves and foxes of similarly small proportions. You have all read your Darwin carefully enough to know that neither camels, horses, nor deer would have evolved as they did except for the stimulus given to their limb and speed development by the contemporaneous evolution of their enemies in the dog family.

*Address before the Boone and Crockett Club, Washington.

The Middle Stage of Evolution.

A million and a half years later these same animals had attained a very considerable size; the western country had become transformed by the elevation of the plateaux into dry, grass-bearing uplands, where both horses and deer of peculiarly American types were grazing. We have recently secured some fresh light on the evolution of the American deer. Besides the *Palæomeryx,* which may be related to the true American deer *Odocoileus,* we have found the complete skeleton of a small animal named *Merycodus,* nineteen inches high, possessed of a complete set of delicate antlers with the characteristic burr at the base indicating the annual shedding of the horn, and a general structure of skeleton which suggests our so-called pronghorn antelope, *Antilocapra,* rather than our true American deer, *Odocoileus.* This was in all probability a distinctively American type. Its remains have been found in eastern Colorado in the geological age known as Middle Miocene, which is estimated (*sub rosa,* like all our other geological estimates), at about a million and a half years of age. Our first thought as we study this small, strikingly graceful animal, is wonder that such a high degree of specialization and perfection was reached at so early a period; our second thought is the reverence for age sentiment.

The African Period in America.

The conditions of environment were different from what they were before or what they are now. These animals flourished during the period in which western America must have closely resembled the eastern and central portions of Africa at the present time.

This inference is drawn from the fact that the predominant fauna of America in the Middle and Upper Miocene Age and in the Pliocene was closely analogous to the still extant fauna of Africa. It is true we had no real antelopes in this country, in fact none of the bovines, and no giraffes; but there was a camel which my colleague Matthews has surnamed the "giraffe camel," extraordinarily similar to the giraffe. There were no hippopotami, no hyraces. All these peculiarly African animals, of African origin, I believe, found their way into Europe at least as far as the Sivalik Hills of India, but never across the Bering Sea Isthmus. The only truly African animal which reached America, and which flourished here in an extraordinary manner, was the elephant, or rather the mastodon, if we speak of the elephant in its Miocene stage of evolution. However, the resemblance between America and Africa is abundantly demonstrated by the presence of great herds of horses, of rhinoceroses, both long and short limbed, of camels in great variety, including the giraffe-like type which was capable of browsing on the higher branches of trees, of small elephants, and of deer, which in adaptation to somewhat arid conditions imitated the antelopes in general structure.

Elimination by the Glacial Period.

The Glacial Period eliminated half of this fauna, whereas the equatorial latitude of the fauna in Africa saved that fauna from the attack of the Glacial Period, which was so fatally destructive to the animals in the more northerly latitudes of America. The glaciers, or at least the very low temperature of the period, eliminated especially all the African aspects of our fauna. This destructive agency was almost as baneful and effective as the mythical Noah's flood. When it passed off, there survived comparatively few indigenous North American animals, but the country was repopulated from the entire northern hemisphere, so that the magnificent wild animals which our ancestors found here were partly North American and partly Eurasiatic in origin.

Elimination by Man.

Our animal fortune seemed to us so enormous that it never could be spent. Like a young rake coming into a very large inheritance, we attacked this noble fauna with characteristic American improvidence, and with a rapidity compared with which the Glacial advance was eternally slow; the East went first, and in fifty years we have brought about an elimination in the West which promises to be even more radical than that effected by the ice. We are now beginning to see the end of the North American fauna; and if we do not move promptly, it will become a matter of history and of museums. The bison is on the danger line; if it survives the fatal effects of its natural sluggishness when abundantly fed, it still runs the more insidious but equally great danger of inbreeding, like the wild ox of Europe. The chances for the wapiti and elk and the western mule and black-tail deer are brighter, provided that we move promptly for their protection. The pronghorn is a wonderfully clever and adaptive animal, crawling under barb-wire fences, and thus avoiding one of the greatest enemies of Western life. Last summer I was surprised beyond measure to see the large herds of twenty to forty pronghorn antelopes still surviving on the Laramie plains, fenced in on all sides by the wires of the great Four-Bar Ranch, part of which I believe are stretched illegally.

Recent Disappearance.

I need not dwell on the astonishingly rapid diminution of our larger animals in the last few years; it would be like "carrying coals to Newcastle" to detail personal observations before this Club, which is full of men of far greater experience and knowledge than myself. On the White River Plateau Forest Reserve, which is destined to be the Adirondacks of Colorado, with which many of

you are familiar, the deer disappeared in a period of four years. Comparatively few are left.

The most thoroughly devastated country I know of is the Uintah Mountain Forest Reserve, which borders between southwestern Wyoming and northern Utah. I first went through this country in 1877. It was then a wild natural region; even a comparatively few years ago it was bright with game, and a perfect flower garden. It has felt the full force of the sheep curse. I think any one of you who may visit this country now will agree that this is not too strong a term, and I want to speak of the sheep question from three standpoints: First, as of a great and legitimate industry in itself; second, from the economic standpoint; third, from the standpoint of wild animals.

General Results of Grazing.

The formerly beautiful Uintah Mountain range presents a terrible example of the effects of prolonged sheep herding. The under foliage is entirely gone. The sheep annually eat off the grass tops and prevent seeding down; they trample out of life what they do not eat; along the principal valley routes even the sage brush is destroyed. Reforesting by the upgrowth of young trees is still going on to a limited extent, but is in danger. The water supply of the entire Bridger farming country, which is dependent upon the Uintah Mountains as a natural reservoir, is rapidly diminishing; the water comes in tremendous floods in the spring, and begins to run short in the summer, when it is most needed. The consequent effects upon both fish and wild animals are well known to you. No other animal will feed after the sheep. It is no exaggeration to say, therefore, that the sheep in this region are the enemies of every living thing.

Balance of Nature.

Even the owner cannot much longer enjoy his range, because he is operating against *the balance of nature*. The last stage of destruction which these innocent animals bring about has not yet been reached, but it is approaching; it is the stage in which there is *no food left for the sheep themselves*. I do not know how many pounds of food a sheep consumes in course of a year—it cannot be much less than a ton—but say it is only half a ton. how many acres of dry western mountain land are capable of producing half a ton a year when not seeding down? As long as the consumption exceeds the production of the soil, it is only a question of time when even the sheep will no longer find subsistence.

The Last Stage to be Seen in the Orient.

While going through these mountains last summer and reflecting upon the prodigious changes which the sheep have brought about in a few years, it occurred to me that we must look to Oriental countries in order to see the final results of sheep and goat grazing in semi-arid climates. I have proposed as an historical thesis a subject which at first appears somewhat humorous, namely, "The Influence of Sheep and Goats in History." I am convinced that the country lying between Arabia and Mesopotamia, which was formerly densely populated, full of beautiful cities, and heavily wooded, has been transformed less by the action of political causes than by the unrestricted browsing of sheep and goats. This browsing destroyed first the undergrowth, then the forests, the natural reservoirs of the country, then the grasses which held together the soil, and finally resulted in the removal of the soil itself. The country is now denuded of soil, the rocks are practically bare; it supports only a few lions, hyænas, gazelles, and Bedouins. Even if the trade routes and mines, on which Brooks Adams in his "New Empire," dwells so strongly as factors of all civilization, were completely restored, the population could not be restored nor the civilization, because there is nothing in this country for people to live upon. The same is true of North Africa, which, according to Gibbon, was once the granary of the Roman Empire. In Greece today the goats are now destroying the last vestiges of the forests.

I venture the prediction that the sheep industry on naturally semi-arid lands is doomed; that the future feeding of both sheep and cattle will be on irrigated lands, and that the forests will be carefully guarded by State and Nature as natural reservoirs.

Commercialism and Idealism.

By contrast to the sheep question, which is a purely economic or utilitarian one, and will settle itself, if we do not settle it by legislation based on scientific observation, the preservation of the Sequoia and of our large wild animals is one of pure sentiment, of appreciation of the ideal side of life; we can live and make money without either. We cannot even use the argument which has been so forcibly used in the case of the birds, that the cutting down of these trees or killing of these animals will upset the balance of nature.

I believe in every part of the country—East, West, North, and South—we Americans have reached a stage of civilization where if the matter were at issue the majority vote would unquestionably be, *let us preserve our wild animals.*

We are generally considered a commercial people, and so we are; but we are more than this, we are a people of ideas, and we value them. As stated in the preamble of the Sequoia bill introduced on December 8, 1903, we must legislate for the benefit and enjoyment of the people, and, I may add, for the greatest happiness of the largest number, not only of the present but of future generations.

So far as my observation goes, preservation can only be absolutely insured by national legislation.

Government Legislation by England, Belgium, Germany.

The English, a naturally law-abiding people, seem to have a special faculty for enforcing laws. By co-operation with the Belgian Government they have taken effective and remarkably successful measures for the protection of African game. As for Germany, in 1896 Mr. Gosselin, of the British Embassy in Berlin, reported as follows for German East Africa:

That the question of preserving big game in German East Africa has been under the consideration of the local authorities for some time past, and a regulation has been notified at Dar-es-Salaam which it is hoped will do something toward checking the wanton destruction of elephants and other indigenous animals. Under this regulation every hunter must take out an animal license, for which the fee varies from 5 to 500 rupees, the former being the ordinary fee for natives, the latter for elephant and rhinoceros hunting, and for the members of sporting expeditions into the interior. Licenses are not needed for the purpose of obtaining food, nor for shooting game damaging cultivated land, nor for shooting apes, beasts of prey, wild boars, reptile, and all birds except ostriches and cranes. Whatever the circumstances, the shooting is prohibited of all young game—calves, foals, young elephants, either tuskless or having tusks under three kilos, all female game if recognizable—except, of course, those in the above category of unprotected animals. Further, in the Moschi district of Kilima-Njaro, no one, whether possessing a license or not, is allowed without the special permission of the Governor to shoot antelopes, giraffes, buffaloes, ostriches, and cranes. Further, special permission must be obtained to hunt these with nets, by kindling fires, or by big drives. Those who are not natives have also to pay 100 rupees for the first elephant killed, and 250 for each additional one, and 50 rupees for the first rhinoceros and 150 for each succeeding one. Special game preserves are also to be established, and Major von Wissmann, in a circular to the local officers. explains that no shooting whatever will be allowed in these without special permission from the Government. The reserves will be of interest to science as a means of preserving from extirpation the rarer species, and the Governor calls for suggestions as to the best places for them. They are to extend in each direction at least ten hours' journey on foot. He further asks for suggestions as to hippopotamus reserves, where injury would not be done to plantations. Two districts are already notified as game sanctuaries. Major von Wissmann further suggests that the station authorities should endeavor to domesticate zebras (especially when crossed with muscat and other asses and horses), ostriches, and hyæna dogs crossed with European breeds. Mr. Gosselin remarks that the best means of preventing the extermination of elephants would be to fix by international agreement among all the Powers on the East African coast a close time for elephants, and to render illegal the exportation or sale of tusks under a certain age.

In December, 1900, Viscount Cranborne in the House of Commons reported as follows:

* * * That regulations for the preservation of wild animals have been in force for some time in the several African Protectorates administered by the Foreign Office, as well as in the Sudan. The obligations imposed by the recent London Convention upon the signatory Powers will not become operative until after the exchange of ratifications, which has not yet taken place. In anticipation, however, steps have been taken to revise the existing regulations in the British Protectorates so as to bring them into strict harmony with the terms of the convention. The game reserves now existing in the several Protectorates are: In (a) British Central Africa, the elephant marsh reserve and the Shirwa reserve; in (b) the East Africa Protectorate, the Kenia District; in (c) Uganda, the Sugota game reserve in the northeast Protectorate; in (d) Somaliland, a large district defined by an elaborate boundary line described in the regulations. The regulations have the force of law in the Protectorates, and offenders are dealt with in the Protectorate Courts. It is in contemplation to charge special officers of the Administration with the duty of watching over the proper observance of the regulations. Under the East African game regulations only the officers permanently stationed at or near the Kenia reserve may be specially authorized to kill game in the reserve.

Other effective measures have been taken in the Soudan district. Capt. Stanley Flower, Director of the Gizeh Zoological Gardens, made a very full report, which is quoted in Nature for July 25, 1901, p. 318.

State Laws.

The preservation of even a few of our wild animals is a very large proposition; it is an undertaking the difficulty of which grows in magnitude as one comes to study it in detail and gets on the ground. The rapidly increasing legislation in the Western States is an indication of rapidly growing sentiment. A still more encouraging sign is the strong sympathy with the enforcement of the laws which we find around the National Park in Wyoming and Montana especially. State laws should be encouraged, but I am convinced that while effective in the East, they will not be effective in the West *in time*, because of the scattered population, the greater areas of country involved, the greater difficulty of watching and controlling the killing, and the actual need of game for food by settlers.

When we study the operation of our State laws on the ground we find that for various reasons they are not fully effective. A steady and in some cases rapid diminution of animals is going on, so far as I have observed, in Colorado and Wyoming; either the wardens strictly enforce the laws with strangers and wink at the breaking of them by residents, or they draw their salaries and do not enforce the laws at all.*

*Addendum.—There is no question as to the good intention of State legislation. The chief difficulty in the enforcement of the law is that officers appointed locally, and partly from political reasons, shrink from applying the penalties of the law to their own friends and neighbors, especially where the animals are apparently abundant and are sought for food. The honest enforcement of the law renders the officer unpopular, even if it does not expose him to personal danger. He is regarded as interfering with long established rights and customs. The above applies to conscientious officers. Many local game wardens, as in the Colorado White River Plateau, for example, give absolutely no attention to their duties, and are not even on the ground at the opening of the season. In the Plateau in August, 1901, the laws were being openly and flagrantly violated, not only by visitors, but by residents. At the same time the National forest laws were being most strictly and intelligently enforced. There is no question whatever that the people of various States can be brought to understand that National aid or co-operation in the protection of certain wild areas is as advantageous to a locality as National irrigation and National forest protection. It is to be sought as a boon and not as an infringement.

The Various Causes of Elimination.

The enemies of our wild animals are numerous and constantly increasing. (1) There is first the general advance of what we call civilization, the fencing up of country which principally cuts off the winter feeding grounds. This was especially seen in the country south of the National Park last winter. (2) The destruction of natural browsing areas by cattle and sheep, and by fire. (3) The destruction of game by sportsmen plays a comparatively small part in the total process of elimination, yet in some cases it is very reckless, and especially bad in its example. When I first rode into the best shooting country of Colorado in 1901, there was a veritable cannonading going on, which reminded me of the accounts of the battle of El Caney. The destruction effected by one party in three days was tremendous. In riding over the ground—for I was not myself shooting—I was constantly coming across the carcasses of deer. (4) The summer and winter killing for food; this is the principal and in a sense the most natural and legitimate cause, although it is largely illegal. In this same area, which was more or less characteristic and typical of the other areas, even of the conditions surrounding the national reserve in the Big Horn region, the destruction was, and is, going on principally during the winter when the deer are seeking the winter ranges, and when they are actually shot and carted away in large numbers for food both for the ranchmen and for neighboring towns. Making all allowances for exaggeration, I believe it to be absolutely true that these deer were being killed by the wagonload! The same is true of the pronghorn antelope in the Laramie Plains district. The most forceful argument against this form of destruction is that it is extremely short-lived and benefits comparatively few people. This argument is now enforced by law and by public sentiment in Maine and New York, where the wild animals, both deer and moose, are actually increasing in number.

Granted, therefore, that we have both National and State sentiment, and that National legislation by co-operation with the States, if properly understood, would receive popular support, the carrying out of this legislation and making it fully effective will be a difficult matter.

It can be done, and, in my judgment, by two measures. The first is entirely familiar to you: certain or all of the forest reserves must be made animal preserves; the forest rangers must be made game wardens, or special wardens must be appointed. This is not so difficult, because the necessary machinery is already at hand, and only requires adaptation to this new purpose. It can probably be carried through by patience and good judgment. Second, the matter of the preservation of the winter supply of food and protection of animals while enjoying this supply is the most difficult part of the whole problem, because it involves the acquisition of land which has already been taken up by settlers and which is not covered by the present forest reserve machinery, and which I fear in many instances will require new legislation.

Animals can change their habits during the summer, and have already done so; the wapiti, buffalo, and even the pronghorn have totally changed their normal ranges to avoid their new enemy; but in winter they are forced by the heavy snows and by hunger right down into the enemy's country.

Thus we not only have the problem of making game preserves out of our forest reserves, but we have the additional problem of enlarging the area of forest reserves so as to provide for winter feeding. If this is not done all the protection which is afforded during the summer will be wholly futile. This condition does not prevail in the East, in Maine and in the Adirondacks, where the winter and summer ranges are practically similar. It is, therefore, a new condition and a new problem.

Greater difficulties have been overcome, however, and I have no doubt that the members of this Club will be among the leaders in the movement. The whole country now applauds the development and preservation of the Yellowstone Park, which we owe largely to the initiative of Phillips, Grinnell, and Rogers. Grant and La Farge were pioneers in the New York Zoological Park movement. We know the work of Merriam and Wadsworth, and we always know the sympathies of our honored founder, member, and guest of this evening, Theodore Roosevelt.

What the Club can do is to spread information and thoroughly enlighten the people, who always act rightly when they understand.

It must not be put on the minutes of the history of America, a country which boasts of its popular education, that the *Sequoia*, a race 10,000,000 years old, sought its last refuge in the United States, with individual trees older than the entire history and civilization of Greece, that an appeal to the American people was unavailing, that the finest grove was cut up for lumber, fencing, shingles, and boxes! It must not be recorded that races of animals representing stocks 3,000,000 years of age, mostly developed on the American continent, were eliminated in the course of fifty years for hides and for food in a country abounding in sheep and cattle.

The total national investment in animal preservation will be less than the cost of a single battleship. The end result will be that a hundred years hence our descendants will be enjoying and blessing us for the trees and animals, while, in the other case, there will be no vestige of the battleship, because it will be entirely out of date in the warfare of the future.

Tanawadeh Outing Club Dines.

The second annual dinner of the Tanawadeh Outing Club was held at The Arena, Broadway and Thirty-first street, New York, on April 9. The following officers and members were present: President, F. James Reilly; Vice-President, J. Frank Case; Secretary, Harry V. Radford; Treasurer, Joseph B. Hanf; John F. Curry, S. Valentine Farrelly, Francis W. Norris, Jr., Joseph E. Ridder, William F. Reilly and Charles Stepath. The menus were in the form of pyramidal tents, composed of regular army duck, upon untying and opening which was disclosed the list of viands, printed in the club colors, sky-blue and marine, and ornamented with sketches emblematic of the out-of-doors life to which the members were so enthusiastically devoted. The following toasts were responded to: "Allurements of the Out-door Life," J. Frank Case; "Our Club—Its Aims and Objects," Joseph E. Ridder; "True Sportsmanship," Harry V. Radford; "Campfire Fantasies," William F. Reilly; "The Ninth Annual Outing," S. Valentine Farrelly.

The Tanawadeh Outing Club was organized in 1896 primarily with the object of encouraging out-door sports and promoting good fellowship among its members. The membership limit is twenty.

A Chicago professor has the petrified form of a fish sixteen feet long. It will be recognized at once by many truthful anglers as the one that got away when they were about to haul it into the boat.—Chicago News.

Secretary Taft does not pretend to be much of a soldier, and has to take a good many jokes on his incomplete knowledge of military matters. Last night at the banquet of the Virginia Military Institute men he made a speech on the War Department in which he humorously disclaimed any particular acquaintance with the ways of the army. "When I was on my way home from Manila," he said, "I stopped in Japan, where I was invited to inspect the Japanese Army. I did so, and told the officers the army was all right. As a matter of fact, I was trembling in my boots all the time for fear some one would ask me what was the caliber of a Krag-Jorgensen rifle."—New York Times.



GAME BAG AND GUN

Confessions of a Dog Borrower.

AND this is about as he tells it—

"I was about to take a shooting trip up near Winnipeg, having received word from my brother that the sharp-tail grouse were more than plentiful in the freshly cut stubble. But I had no dog, and dog I must have, beg, borrow, buy or steal.

"I firstly went to the ammunition store and selected my supply of shells, and the storekeeper, in conversation, wormed out of me the fact that I had no dog. I told him, however, I was about to buy one. 'Buy an untried dog! Why, no man in his senses does that. Shoot over him first and then if you like him buy him, but not otherwise. Hire a dog if you will and buy him afterward. Yes, I can tell you where you can hire a dog. I'll send word to the party and he'll call on you.'

"The time was short, as I was to leave Saturday evening for the north. But the man turned up, extolled his dog to the skies, offered to loan it for a moderate figure, and said I could buy the dog if I wished to, after a trial, for $75. He promised the dog would be at the depot early on Saturday, so I could look him over before I started.

"Saturday rolled around and an hour before train time I was notified that the dog was at the depot. I thought it over and feel it now was a groundhog case. That dog had to suit. I saw the dog and was not impressed with him. He fought shy of me, growled, and was anything but an amiable dog. The owner, however, assured me that on acquaintance he would improve and would be found docile, kind, obedient, affectionate and an all around fine dog.

"I spent most of my time in the baggage car en route for Winnipeg getting acquainted with that dog, but it was slow work. However, arrived at my station I found my brother awaiting me with his team, so bundling dog, gun, baggage and shells into the rig we started off. It was early in the afternoon and as we made short cuts over prairie and wheat stubble we began to see birds. The dog became restless, and we decided to let him out. And we did. And he took the back track. We knew he would follow the road straight back to Winnipeg, and by making a short cut we were able to intercept him. We caught the dog and now tied him to the hind axle of the rig. We reached my brother's farm, petted the dog (keeping him tied up, however), fed him on fresh milk and chicken bones and felt that having introduced him to a good thing he would remain by us. He was unloosened and followed us around and at nightfall we locked him in the barn.

"The birds were, to say the least, numerous, and we could see them in the stubble and hear them as they flushed with a coo-coo-coo-cooo!!!

"The rig was harnessed up, a fine lunch packed away and a large stone jug filled with cool spring water placed where it could be handy. Then off we started—and the moment we released the dog off he started, slowly and cautiously at first, until apparently conscious that he was beyond gunshot, when off he loped, flushing birds right and left in his course, and the last we saw of him was the tip of his tail as he crossed a hill far to the north. He never came back, and for all I know is going yet. What hunting I did was done *per se*, walking up my birds in the stubble and kicking around in the prairie grass and now and then flushing one. My trip was spoiled.

"When I returned to town the owner of the dog called on me and asked me how I liked him. I told my story and it is needless to say that the same was listened to with much evident incredulity mingled with surprise. 'Wasn't a better dog in the country.' 'Must have abused him.' 'Never knew him to act that way before.' The conversation ending up with a request to produce the dog or hand over the agreed price, $75. And to make a long story short, after much correspondence and some very warm interviews I sent the fellow a check for $30 and considered the incident closed."

"The months rolled by when once more did the chicken season arrive. I again went to the gun store and whom should I meet there but the man who had sold me the lost (and—very likely as far as he was concerned—the stolen dog). I lost no time in telling him in good Queen's English and otherwise just what I thought of him. He bore it with surprising meekness, and when I halted for breath he started in by telling me of another dog that he had. He had his pedigree on the tip of his tongue. It was a long one, beginning at the kennels of Nimrod and coming down to date. This was a dog that was a dog. A nose that would scent a chicken a mile off if the wind was right. Broken to a T and trained to a knife edge. This was a $100 dog, not a $75 one. This one he guaranteed to give satisfaction or no sale. I could take him and try him and if he did not suit no charge would be made for his hire.

"And I took the dog on trial. I found him more sociable than the former one, and my hopes were elevated, to say the least. We arrived at the grounds at dark and made an early morning start. He commenced to range and work beautifully. The birds got up and as we fired the dog broke and made off as if the devil were after him for the main road. We sought our rig and gave chase and when within seventy or eighty yards, in desperation, I let go at him. Instantly he put his tail between his legs and turned in his tracks and loped toward us, coming beautifully to heel, as it were. There were no shot marks in his hindquarters. He acted like a dog that was sorry and would try to do better. And we worked back to the field and he again began to work with nose to the ground, when all of a sudden he threw his head high in the air, as if scenting the birds from afar, and started off at a steady lope. There were fences here and there and we must follow him afoot, which we did as best we could. We cut around a hill, thinking to intercept him at the road, but he was a little too swift for us and was already loping up the road towards a farm house. We felt hopeful that he would stop there perhaps for a drink at the pump when we could once more get possession of him.

"But, alas! out from the farm's yard came three great nondescript dogs, scrappers, every one of them, snarling and growling as if they meant business. Our dog stood not on the order of his going, but, assuming a jack-rabbit gait, turned to the right and made little of fence, ditch or plowed field and was out of sight in a jiffy. Gone, but not forgotten. I thought of a combination of things, in which a hundred dollars was somehow inextricably mixed up with pedigrees, guarantees, etc., etc.

"The dog artist kept out of my way and I have not laid eyes on him since, but a few days ago a letter from an attorney at law was received by me demanding $100 or the return of the dog and suggesting a prompt remittance and thus avoiding further trouble and expense.

"And, going to my lawyer, he has written the other lawyer that if he made a single move to commence suit his client would get all the law he wanted, and more. And I am waiting for further developments."

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Life in the Woods.

VII.—How We Hunted.

PERHAPS the reader, who has followed through the tortuous wanderings of this disjointed narrative, will pardon a brief digression at this point for the purpose of explaining what may have been already guessed, namely, the methods used by our party in hunting. With the location selected and the camp arrangements completed, the next thing has always been to examine well the ground and find out as soon as possible the haunts and runways of the deer, make our own trails or reblaze the old ones so that the more inexperienced might have convenient routes to travel over to camp from certain given points. Around the old choppings, along the old logging roads and about the swamps, as a rule, are found the best hunting grounds, as in the one place the clover and grass have sprung up making good feed and in the other there is abundant cover. During the first few days of the hunt, when on new ground, it has been the rule for each one to explore by himself until he became thoroughly acquainted with the country and able to travel in every direction with not any fear of becoming lost. The feeding ground once located, a number of places have always been found where different ones could take their stands at early morning or at twilight and watch the movements of the deer, sometimes securing in this way many a good shot and oftentimes bringing down a fine deer. Another favorite method with us is to find the hiding places of the deer and their runways and then place some of the party on these runways while the others go around and drive the game from the cover. When started the deer usually take the runways and the watcher is rewarded with a shot, and generally this method has been attended with considerable luck.

A large island in the Menominee River was one favorite place for such "drives," as we called them. I can remember the time when four of the party went there and commencing at the lower end spread out hunting abreast of each other for quite a distance. One of the boys on the left discovered some large deer tracks in the light snow and leading into a large patch of thick brush. A consultation was called and it was arranged for three of the party to take stands on some ridges, which partially surrounded the brush, while one should go in and start the deer. As soon as the watchers had taken their stands the driver went in and soon the sound of his voice was heard calling "Look out, he's coming," and sure enough, there came bounding up the hill a right royal buck, with head and tail erect. As he came leaping over the brush he looked more like an elk than a deer, but as he neared one of the stands a fortunate shot brought him to the ground, and when examined by the party he was pronounced one of the largest deer ever killed in northern Wisconsin, as it was estimated he would weigh over 300 pounds. At the same time two other deer were started from the same cover, but they succeeded in escaping. Another method of hunting is for each to take his selected territory and still-hunt through the woods, keeping a sharp lookout for whatever can be seen. By this method many deer have been killed, especially by the older members of the party, who are experts in that style of hunting.

It was when the first fall of snow came that they excelled in this kind of work, for at early morn they would start out, take a fresh track and follow it all day, if necessary, but finally get their game. In taking a track this way the deer, when first started, usually puts off at a lively gait, but as a rule soon slows down when he finds that he is not being hurried any. Sometimes he will keep this up for quite a time, but as a rule, after having been started a number of times, unless it is an unusually wary old buck or doe, they gradually become careless, start slower and when started run slower, soon dropping into a walk. Perhaps the first four or five times a deer is started in this way, or maybe even more, not even a glimpse of him will be obtained, but sooner or later he will begin to lag and every now and then the patient, careful hunter will be rewarded by the sight of a flash of gray disappearing over the top of a ridge or into the brush. It is then that the greatest care must be exercised, and at this time experience in the ways of deer and a natural ability to judge the country becomes of great service, the former in watching the track closely and judging whether the game is still alert or whether it is showing a disposition to stop and watch or lie down, the latter in determining which way the deer is most liable to turn, so that a short cut will head it off, where it is most liable to stand and watch for you or to lie down ond sun itself. Many a time I have known the old hunters in our party, when following a deer, to suddenly start off at right angles to the track and hurry to some ridge or edge of a swamp, there to catch their game traveling along wholly unsuspicious of their presence. A gentle "bah" or a low whistle and the next second a bullet crashes through him. Many a time have I known them to follow so carefully and persistently and watchfully that on the sunny side of some ridge they would catch their deer in his bed and kill him before he had time to rise, and then again on several occasions I have known them to meet the object of their pursuit face to face as he was coming back on his back track, in hopes of throwing his pursuers off. Success is not always with one in this style of hunting, for deer, when once they realize that you are after them, are not as silly as some may think. At the outset they will oftentimes be started two or three times, but finally assured that they are being followed they will put off at a dead run and perhaps not stop short of two or three miles and perhaps more. As often, too, they will run over their track two or three times, then take a big jump off sideways, and more frequently they will herd in with other deer and make it next to impossible for any particular track to be followed. So that success does not by any means always attend efforts of this kind. On the contrary, it requires more than the average strength and activity to stand the strain of such a chase. One must be able to go far and still be strong enough and supple enough to step over logs carefully and to avoid breaking any brush and at the same time be able to cover a long distance quickly if necessary. It requires mental vigor also, for one must be constantly on the alert and have his mind entirely on the pursuit, for one careless moment may lose to you the only chance for success of the day. It is a hard way to hunt and one in which the beginner is rarely successful. To prowl through the woods watching on a runway now and then is more enjoyable and not nearly as hard and then, too, one's ambition will not crowd him to stay out and overdo when he should be, for his own health, resting in camp.

One year, when the Wisconsin game law allowed it, we hunted with hounds, but though we were successful in the number of deer secured, yet none of us were satisfied with that method of hunting and rejoiced that the succeeding Legislature passed a law prohibiting it. We all agreed that it is far better to give the deer a chance for his life. If he can outwit you so much the worse for you, but if you can outgeneral him so much greater and satisfactory is your victory. Our experience has shown that hounding deer drives them away from the territory in which you are hunting almost as effectually as a band of wolves will. It makes the deer more timid and wild, and if you attempt to still-hunt them after they have been dogged, at the first cracking of a stick or the snapping of a twig they are off at top speed, and the most experienced cannot tell when they will stop running. Deer that are constantly dogged do their feeding at night and

when daylight comes they hide away as best they can. Hounding deer also tends to exterminate them, for the young deer run more like rabbits, and making short circles are easily and quickly killed off. In sections where I have known hounding to be vigorously followed up this is so true that at the end of a season after a fresh fall of snow it would be almost impossible to find the track of a small deer, and when they are killed off in this way, with every now and then an old one sandwiched in, how long will they last? Is there any glory or skill in sitting by the water all day to kill a deer taking refuge there, which any boy could almost kill with a club? Is there any true sportsmanlike satisfaction in it, to say nothing of the condition of your venison, after the heat of a long chase by the dogs at full speed? I like a hound as much as anyone and no one enjoys more than I do the sound of a dog giving full tongue in the woods, but I draw the line at using them on deer.

There is another, even more unsportsmanlike method, of hunting deer and that is by the use of the headlight, and no other one thing has done more to exterminate the deer in northern Wisconsin than this. Dogged by day and headlighted by night, what chance for life has the game? I have heard engineers on the "Soo" and "Northern" roads say that in the hunting sections through which their trains run they have frequently seen a hunter with a headlight on to nearly every half mile. Probably this is exaggerated some, but it suffices to show how bad it has been. These men have patrolled the railroad tracks from dark until morning waiting to catch a "shine" as the deer crossed the track or occasionally walked up or down the right of way. For this kind of butchery a variety of weapons are used. The ordinary rifle or shotgun, of course, predominates, but frequently among such hunters are found No. 8 Cheasapeake duck guns, single barrel and weighing about nineteen pounds. These guns shoot nine bullets, not buckshot, with a corresponding charge of powder and kill at from fifteen to twenty rods. Then there are rifles with five or more barrels fixed to shoot singly or all together. A good, strong, cool-headed man with a powerful bullseye lantern strapped over his left eye and well armed, is pretty apt to kill three out of every five times he gets a "shine," which is the reflection from the deer's eye, and I have known men who made a business of it to frequently kill from three to nine deer in a single night. They travel quietly against the wind and are quick, so that what chance does a deer stand that comes upon one of them suddenly and within range? There is no sound, no scent, nothing but that big flaming orb at which the deer stares in wonder until from out it comes the crash of death. It is the method of the butcher and it is moreover a dangerous way to hunt. I have known of many instances when valuable oxen and horses belonging to lumbermen were killed by mistake in this way, and in my personal experience two men have been shot down by careless hunters who mistook the light from their lanterns to be the reflection from the eye of a deer, for when a deer is standing sideways to the man with the light only one eye shows. Why, one time a party of surveyors who were camped near us were at work in their tent by candle light, making out the "profile" for the day, when a bullet sped through their tent just over their heads. An investigation showed that a fool headlight hunter had caught the gleam of the candle and without stopping to turn his light off, thus seeing whether it was the reflection from an eye or the light from a camp, he let go. There is, of course, some sport about headlight hunting on land or on the water, but it is hard work, tiresome work, and worse for game and for the hunter than hounding.

There are still other methods used in capturing deer, such as snares, pitfalls and set guns, but these are so barbarous and so little used that any discussion in regard to them seems useless, and yet even now they are used to some extent and rarely a season passes by that the press does not record the death or wounding of some hunter in northern Wisconsin or Michigan by a set gun.

Our favorite methods of hunting, as I have indicated, were driving, still-hunting and watching. It has always been our plan while in the woods to get out early in the morning, experience having taught us that the best hunting is from daylight until about nine o'clock, as then the deer, if not dogged or hunted too hard, are generally moving around and the chances for a shot are greatly increased. After a drive or two we separate to hunt toward camp, figuring to reach there in time for dinner and then to work or loaf around until about half past three in the afternoon, for after that time the deer are apt to begin to stir around again. It is true that the deer are in the woods and not in camp, and if one wants to get them he must go where they are, so that a man when out in the woods, is apt to get a shot at any time, while the man in camp will certainly get none, but there is no use in working all the time or in staying out when the weather is bad, so that we have settled down to about the hours as given and generally with good results. Bright moonlight nights make still-hunting poor, for then the deer move and feed more freely during the nights and correspondingly less during the day, so that when the moon is full and bright we generally do more driving and watch late in the evening. For the latter salt licks and scaffolds have been an aid, but these adjuncts, too, have been abandoned as unworthy the true sportsman. To discover a good place to watch requires good powers of observation and knowledge, and the locality must be chosen with a view to the way the game is expected to come and which way the wind is blowing. It is also a good plan to get up on a fallen tree, a stump or rock, for a person so situated is not in so much danger of being seen or scented. Once located it behooves the watcher to keep perfectly still, for a deer is usually very quick to detect motion of any kind and their ears are keen to catch the first sound. In fact, no matter how he hunts, it behooves the man who would be successful to be constantly on the watch, to move carefully and when he gets a shot, be it standing or running, always to see hair through the sights before he pulls the trigger. CAROLUS.

The Life of a Deer.

AWAY far back in the deep forests of northern Maine a young deer was born. He was a tiny little fellow, and his coat was spotted. His kind mother had selected a dense clump of young spruce for his early home. For a time he lay quietly on his bed of dry leaves, only standing up at such times as his mother came to him and roused him. But as he grew he began to frisk around, and began to want to go out, but his mother made him understand that he must obey, and taught him many things. She taught him that when danger came he must drop down flat in the bushes and leaves and lie perfectly still, not making the least sign, and he, being so small, the enemy would not see him and he would escape. Then she taught him that if she left him at any place he must never move from that spot so she could find him on her return. He obeyed her, and so lived and grew through the summer and was a fine large fawn. He wintered with his mother and many others in the deep spruce woods. Sometimes deep snow covered the ground and it was very cold, but he was strong, and the wild creatures know well where to look for food.

Then spring came and new wild blood flowed through his veins. He went out alone into the woods and finally left his mother alone to care for another young brother. He learned many things, one of which was to fear man. While feeding with others, he had heard a sharp crack, and a big buck that was feeding near him had sprung high in the air and fallen dead. He fled to the woods, but, lacking the caution of age, had turned and walked softly back and peered through the bushes to see why the big buck should fall and lie so still. He saw a man hurry out of the timber and cut the buck's throat, and while he stood trembling with fear, the man proceeded to skin and mangle the buck in a horrible way. Then he fled on, and on, not stopping till he was very tired, so to get as far away as possible from such a horrible, cruel creature as that man was. He never forgot. If he heard that sharp crack he always fled at once. Soon he began to have a soreness in his head and finally his horns broke through. Two "spikes" they were, but still horns, and were for battle and defense. He was proud of them, but they soon got him in trouble with older bucks who would have none of his lordly ways in their presence. But still he grew and waxed strong, and the next year he won some hard fought battles, and he had his mate with him till spring came again.

Now he was full grown and had a magnificent head of antlers. There was not a larger or finer buck in the forest. He had many battles and was always victorious. His fame spread abroad and hunters went far into the forest to slay him, but he was quick of sight and keen of scent, and, with all his bravery, had learned caution. When his keen eye or keener nose told him that men were near he fled and would go deeper back into the forest and stay for days and weeks. Then he would venture back cautiously and would not appear in sight till he knew that the man had gone. So he lived on, and was monarch of all that country. He had become such a terror to the other bucks that hardly one dared fight him. His pride was at last his ruin. On a bright fall day he came to the side of the lake with his herd to drink. All was still. Man had not been seen or smelled, and no danger was in the air. On a high bank a young buck stood in the warm sunshine. He did not move when the old giant came in sight. This made him mad, and he charged upon the bank and the young buck fled. Then he marched in lordly style to the top of the bank, raised his head and snorted forth his note of defiance to all the world. Crack went a rifle from the lake below and the noble animal leaped high forward, and a few more jumps, and down to earth he went with the hunter's rifle ball through his heart, and the famous buck of the great forest was no more. HUNTER.

Bear Mention.

WHEN I started the town of Hallock, in the northwest corner of Minnesota, in 1879, bears were quite plenty in the timber belt which lines the Two-River Creek on which the settlement is located. In winter they denned in the banks on the creek and in summer played pranks in the school house yard. There was no settler nearer than at a point eighteen miles up the creek, toward the Roseau region, where one Carney had a cattle ranch of some eighty head. These animals grazed on the open prairie and housed in the timber belt. Ephraim Carney, a youngster of fourteen years, was his father's chief herder, and one day when we were walking through the oak woods I noticed that a good many of the smaller branches were broken where bears had garnered the acorns; it being their habit to climb out on the limbs as far as they would hold, and then to scoop in an armful of twigs and nip off the nuts. I asked Ephraim if he saw many bears in the course of the year while herding the cattle. "Oh, yes," he said, "quite a few!" "What do you do when you see a bear?" "Don't do nawthin!" in a tone of contemptuous surprise. "Well, what does the bear do?" "What does he do? Well, if he's on the ground he stands up, and if he's up a tree he just goes up higher." I thought this was a cute description of bear traits. Then I asked Ephraim if the bears didn't sometimes bother the cattle, and he said "no."

This statement seems to settle the question for the northwest. The bears should never lack for food nor be hungry for meat, except when they come off their hibernation in the spring. I spent parts of seventeen years in the vicinity of Hallock and never heard of bears troubling pigs or calves.

With the middle south the case wears quite a different aspect. Only last week I was talking with Supt. Mann. of the North Carolina State Experiment Farm at Tillery, about the depredations of bears in Hyde County. It seems that they became so destructive to the North Carolina Cattle Co. that experts were employed to thin them out with trap, gun, poison, deadfall, side hunts and drives. Forty-six were killed by old Bob Gerry, a colored man, in one winter. I think it was in 1876. A particular class of large bears known as "sinnakero" made the havoc. Hog bears are smaller and different. But both kinds go for meat in any hard winter, after berries and mast are "done gone," and the cow peas and corn and sweet potatoes and apples are stacked or housed. At such times the range cattle are afraid to go into the pocosons, and keep to the savannahs and "reed lights," reeds or canes constituting their principal feed. The bears climb the junipers, gums, and cypresses where the cattle trails pass, and lying along their extended lower limbs drop like felines on the luckless animals passing underneath, suck the blood from their necks while clinging to them as they run. In the end the victim succumbs from fright, exhaustion, and loss of blood, and dies miserably. CHARLES HALLOCK.

Which of them Favor Cold Storage and which of them are Opposed to the Protection of Game?

Editor Forest and Stream:

A bill was lately introduced in the Assembly by Hon. E. P. Prentice, of the city of New York, representing the Twenty-fifth Assembly District, to amend section 141 of the game law. This section 141 was introduced for the benefit of the cold storage men and provides by giving a bond for $1,000 a dealer in fish and game may keep fish and game during the close season; in other words, a dealer in fish and game, by giving a bond for $1,000, may break a law the remaining inhabitants of the State may not break. The manner in which this section 141 was placed on the statute book was, in the opinion of the writer, disgraceful, and the subject has been referred to in a letter in your issue of 26th March, 1904.

The Prentice bill seeks to amend section 141 by striking game from the provision of the section, and thus proscribing the possession of game during the close season. Should this bill be passed, it will be unlawful to have game in possession during the close season, and to accomplish this end is the sole object of the bill.

Now, it goes without saying, if one be opposed to the possession of game in the close season, he must favor the passage of the bill, while if he favor cold storage during the close season he will oppose the bill.

The Assembly Committee on Fish and Game is composed of thirteen members. As Mr. Prentice's bill has not been reported, it is obvious that a majority of the committee are opposed to game protection, favor the keeping of game in the close season and favor the cold storage of game in such season.

The names and addresses of that committee are as follows:

Hon. Willis A. Reeve, Patchogue, L. I., N. Y.
Hon. Edwin A. Merritt, Jr., Potsdam, N. Y.
Hon. Chas. S. Bridgeman, Kendall, N. Y.
Hon. H. Wallace Knapp, Mooers, N. Y.
Hon. John F. Simpson, Hurleyville, N. Y.
Hon. A. P. Smith, Savannah, N. Y.
Hon. C. R. Matthews, Bombay, N. Y.
Hon. Frank L. Stevens, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
Hon. Jay H. Pratt, Verona, N. Y.
Hon. F. C. Wood, Gloversville, N. Y.
Hon. John Wolf, 251 Powers street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hon. Edw. Rosenstein, 141 Clinton street, N. Y. City.
Hon. Robert W. Chanler, Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Doubtless some of the above are in favor of reporting the bill, and it is but right that they should declare themselves. As for the others, they can safely be left to their constituents.

NEW YORK, April 5.

Northern Big Game Grounds.

MONTREAL, April 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had occasion to look for good fishing grounds in the Rocky Mountains and wrote to a disinterested party at Golden, B. C., and the Canadian Pacific Railway, asking him about the pack-horse trains to certain good grounds, and also asked him to advise a friend of mine. He writes as follows:

"I have written to Mr. ————, sending him two large maps covering a choice of three separate trips where the party would doubtless obtain game. These American hunting parties are chiefly keen on the black-faced caribou and it means dollars and cents to the railway company to put them directly in the way of getting at this game without a long, tiresome, pack-train journey to reach the best grounds. If these hunting parties fail to get game they will soon fire up the country in disgust. No local prejudice should stand in the way. The valley of the Beaver-foot and across the east slope of the Rockies has been shot out and bands of Indian hunters clean up the game almost every season.

"Parties coming should be put into a practically new and unexplored section (though we know game is abundant there), and then if they have a successful hunt they will come again and bring others. Long pack-train journeys should be avoided and the party put on the shooting ground with as little delay and unnecessary work as possible, and this cannot be done by coming in from Banff and Simpson Pass. The very best shooting ground at present is under the east slope of the Selkirks in the valley of Dutch and Findlay creeks, and in the vicinity of Prairie Mountain in the valley of Beaver. I send you a small map showing the location of the latter. The first mentioned is south and west of Sinclair Pass and is not shown on this map. In writing Mr. ———— I traced out for him three different routes the party could make, in which I think they will find ample game, and of a variety."

Golden Station is between the Rocky and Selkirk ranges, on the Canadian Pacific Railway where the two ranges are only about a mile apart. A line of small steamers runs from Golden to a point quite close to these hunting grounds. This information may be of value to others. L. O. ARMSTRONG.

For a Man Who Really Wants a Grizzly.

MONTREAL, April 7.—There are occasionally bits of information that will be of value to your readers, and which I can personally vouch for. I have a letter from a sportsman who resides at Golden, B. C. He says: "You can guarantee bears to at least five or six parties within a few miles of Golden if they can get here before the 15th of May. We have guides and outfits here for that number. A man who really wants a good grizzly skin should come now." L. O. ARMSTRONG.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Fish and Fishing.

Maskinongé or Mascalonge.

BECAUSE of his high standing in the ranks of writers upon angling subjects, Dr. Henshall's offer, in FOREST AND STREAM of March 26, to join hands in the endeavor to secure uniformity of common names for our game fishes, is extremely gratifying. Given a proper understanding of the object to be attained, among a goodly number of those of light and leading in the community who are determinedly united in their efforts, I believe that the difficulties in their way are far less insuperable than the doctor fears. In order to arrive at such an understanding, however, it is necessary to deal rather with facts than with opinions, and in the case of the latter to agree to press or to accept them as the case may be, merely for what they are and for what they are worth. Unfortunately, I find a great gulf fixed, at the very outset, between Dr. Henshall and myself, as to the value of opinions. As defined by Webster, I believe opinion to be a belief stronger than impression, though less strong than positive knowledge. I regard it as a reasonable supposition. Dr. Henshall, on the other hand, says: "My opinion, as quoted by Mr. Chambers, is not 'a supposition,' but is, I think, a fact." On my side I can neither conscientiously claim that my own opinions are facts, nor yet concede as much for the mere opinions of others.

It may be taken for granted that uniformity in the vernacular names of fishes is easier of attainment when the name proposed is that most in vogue, but it is not essential to success, as Dr. Henshall seems to think it to be, that such a name should always be adopted; and instead of being satisfied with feeling that it is very fortunate when the selected name is both proper and distinctive, I believe that we should never attempt to secure uniformity for any that does not comply with both of these conditions, no matter whether it be that most in vogue or otherwise.

A striking illustration of the success which may attend united effort in this direction is afforded in the case of the name of ouananiche. Though various forms of orthography commencing with a "w," such as winninish, winonishe, winanishe and wananishe almost invariably appeared in the American literature of the fish up to nine or ten years ago, the name is now seldom seen in print anywhere except as ouananiche. The change dates from the time that the priority and appropriateness of the last mentioned spelling of the word—as ascertained by thorough investigation in the place of its origin—were presented, together with the evidence supporting the claim, to the discriminating constituency served by FOREST AND STREAM, and to such influential publicists as Dr. John Duncan Quackenbos of Columbia University, President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, Jr., University and the late M. A. N. Cheney.

In the case of the fish to which Dr. Henshall refers in his recent communication, it would doubtless be quite possible to attain the same result, even were the more appropriate name—maskinongé—for which I have urged uniformity, not that which is the most in vogue among those who angle for it, though I really believe that it is so. Dr. Henshall thinks otherwise, and therefore I claim that the matter narrows itself down to a question of fact, rather than a mere matter of opinion.

The doctor has given us the names of half a dozen angling authors who use, or favor, he says, the name mascalonge, though everybody acquainted with their writings knows that some at least of the number have employed other forms of the name. It is perfectly easy, too, to produce a greater number of authorities for the use of either maskinongé or muskellunge than he has given us for his favorite form of the fish's name.

Mr. Cheney, one of the doctor's six authorities for mascallonge, uses also muskallonge at page 336 of the first volume, new series, of the reports of the New York State Fish, Forest and Game Commission.

Another, Mr. Charles Hallock, gives both maskinongé and muskellunge, as well as mascalonge.

A third, Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, testifies to the priority of maskinongé.

Mr. Fred Mather, as quoted by Dr. Henshall himself, "has investigated the origin and etymology of the word to a greater extent than anyone else, and he favors the Chippewa derivation of the name maskinongé as opposed to the French derivation of *Masque allonge* and its variations.

Three, then, of Dr. Henshall's six authorities, admit the propriety of the orthography maskinongé; Mr. Fred Mather, as shown by the doctor himself, Mr. Hallock by employing this form, alone, of the name, in his Fishing Tourist (page 197), and Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, who, like Mr. Mather and so many others, admits the Indian source of its derivation. Like Mitchell, Kirtland, and Jordan and Evermann, Dr. Bean adheres to the scientific nomenclature, *Lucius masquinongy*, in his newly issued paper on "The Food and Game Fishes of New York" (1903), while Dr. Henshall does not. The latter tells us that in one of his recent books he has retained the specific name, *nobilior*, as, in his opinion, "the later name, *masquinongy*, is irrelevant and was bestowed on insufficient evidence." The facts of the case do not bear out this opinion, however, for *masquinongy* is neither a later name than *nobilior*, nor yet was it bestowed on insufficient evidence. *Nobilior*, according to Dr. Henshall, was conferred by Rev. Zadoch Thompson in 1849. The doctor apparently shares the doubts expressed by others, that Mitchill had conferred *masquinongy* in 1824, though DeKay, the author of "The Fishes of New York," is authority for the statement that he did. In any case, however, it is fortunately unnecessary to go back to Mitchill in order to show priority of *masquinongy* over *nobilior*, for Kirtland employed the former name at page 194 of his "Fishes of Ohio" in 1838, eleven years before the *nobilior* of the Rev. Zadoch Thompson made its appearance. In the "Encyclopædia of Sport" (London and New York, 1896) Dr. Bean points out that "the priority of the Indian word, *maskinongé* is well supported."

Jordan and Evermann's new and magnificent catalogue of "The Fishes of North America," in four sumptuous volumes, certainly constitutes the court of final appeal in matters concerning the scientific nomenclature of North American fishes, and when backed up by such other authorities as Dr. Tarleton Bean, already quoted, and by Dr. Hugh M. Smith in the Manual of Fish Culture, issued by the U. S. Fish Commission, in adhering to the name, *Lucius masquinongy*, it is safe to assert that *masquinongy* it is and *masquinongy* it will be for generations to come. Mr. George McAleer, in Dr. Johnson's elaborate new work on North American fishes and fishing waters, follows the now almost universal manner of writing the scientific name of the fish, giving both maskinongé and mascalonge as the vernacular. It certainly seems absurd, however, when so excellent an opportunity is afforded of using the scientific name of a fish as the vernacular, to insist upon a variation. If *masquinongy* is to remain the scientific title, as it seems pretty certain that it will, why should not the popularization of the vernacular, *maskinongé*, be encouraged, rather than the hybrid orthography, *mascalonge?* This is how the matter presented itself to the distinguished American and Canadian sportsmen, fish and game commissioners and others composing the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, when they unanimously adopted the resolution so adversely criticised by Dr. Henshall.

Perhaps one of the greatest authorities of the age upon the proper classification and nomenclature of fishes is Dr. Gunther, a fellow of the Royal Society and for many years keeper of the zoological department of the British Museum. In his voluminous "Introduction to the Study of Fishes" he avoids the word *mascalonge* altogether and describes the fish as "muskellunge or maskinongé."

Jordan and Evermann equally avoid *mascalonge* in their latest work on "American Food and Game Fishes," (Doubleday, Page & Co., 1902,) adhering to the scientific form *masquinongy*, but so far contradicting Dr. Henshall's statement that "common consent and custom have decreed among the majority of anglers that it is mascalonge," as to declare that *muskallunge* is the spelling which now seems to be most usually followed. And from the long list of variant spellings which is given, the form *mascalonge*, as already intimated, is carefully excluded, though both *masquinongy* and *maskinongy* are given.

That most magnificent specimen of the American sportsman and angling author, Mr. Genio C. Scott, admirably summed up, many years ago, some of the reasons which compelled his use and advocacy of the orthography, *maskinongé*. In his "Fishing in American Waters," he says: "The Ojibwa name of this fish is *maskanonja*, meaning long snout. When Canada was a French colony the *habitants* named it *masque-longue*, signifying long visage. I submit that the Ojibwa was entitled by priority to the right of naming the fish; but, as the Dominion of Canada has named it again, and in all legal enactments there in reference to it the name of the fish is written *maskinongé*, I willingly accept the modification instead of either the Indian or the French name. Thus much in explanation of naming a fish which has puzzled most ichthyologists and anglers, so that they have been uncertain and dubious on the point. The name is maskinongé." And to emphasize his concluding statement, Mr. Scott printed the name in small capitals.

It is unnecessary to weary the reader with other quotations from American or English authors who both use and favor the name maskinongé.

Among Canadian authorities, Prof. Prince, of Ottawa, takes deservedly high rank. In a very scholarly paper on "Vernacular Names of Fishes," published by the Dominion Minister of Marine and Fisheries in 1901, Prof. Prince, of Ottawa, says: "As a rule these early names"—Indian or Indo-French names, which the early settlers continued to apply to animals, because they were already in use—"always more or less accurately describe features in the forms on which they were bestowed. Thus the name maskinongé, commonly, but very erroneously, spelt muskellunge or mascalonge in the United States, is really an Indian name, the Chippewa name for pike being kenosha and the prefix mis or mas means large or great, so that maskenosha or maskinogé (corrupted into maskinongé) is really a large, deformed pike."

I might continue to quote from other distinguished writers of fish and fishing, notably from Mr. Whitcher, from Mr. Wilmot, from Mr. L. Z. Joncas, from Prof. Ramsay Wright, of the University of Toronto; from A. N. Montpetit, author of the exhaustive book entitled "Les Poissons d'eau douce du Canada; from Castell Hopkins, in his "Cyclopedia of Canada; from Sir James M. LeMoine, D. C. L., F. R. S. C., in "Les Pecheries du Canada," and from many more, did time and space permit; though I am satisfied that enough has been said to show that the employment of the form mascalonge is far from being as general as Dr. Henshall supposes, and that if uniformity of nomenclature is to be striven for in the case of the fish in question, with any prospect of success, it must be upon the basis of the name by which it has been officially known for considerably over half a century in the country in which it was first found and described by white men—which has received the general indorsement of writers upon fish and fishing—and which by Mr. Genio C. Scott, in 1849, and by the North American Fish and Game Protective Association in 1904, has been alike declared to be *maskinongé*.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

A-Fishing Would You Go?

From the Log of Camp Nessmuk.

HE would know of the ways and joys of a "Nessmuker," or life under the greenwood trees, of the strikes and trophies of rod and reel; of the beauties of mountains, the melody of murmuring brooks and the play and splash of mimic Niagaras; of the epicureau delights of a boutiful camp larder; of the mysteries of the sparks ascending through the leafy branches far into the darkling night; of the joys unconfined that linger and loiter in and around a canvas home, under grand old maples, surrounded by balmsly hemlock covered mountains, deep down in the "kettle" with the waters of some "Big Sock," "Dry Run," "Kettle Creek," or "Ogdonia," clear and cold, mingling and murmuring at your feet—each the haunt of the shy but gamey trout—the hawk of the brook—waiting the call of your reel and the dropping of your flies, to be yours, perhaps, after an unequal though gamey fight; or of the dewey freshness of sleep upon a hard but wholesome bed, stripped from the feathery hemlock, all bound and cemented by the ties of congenial companionship among true friends, each anxious to serve your comfort and pleasure; of these and the thousand and one things that go to make life pleasant under the greenwood trees, and knowing, would enjoy? Come with us. Sit round our Nessmuk fire and watch the glimmering sparks as they go to join the twinkling points of light far up in the calm, enfolding vault of heaven. Behold the crescent moon as she breaks over the brow of yonder mountain, casting shimmering lines of molten silver over the dimpling waters of the 'Sock and plays hide-and-seek amid the leafy blackness of our maple trees. Go forth in the early morn with rod and creel up the rocky bed of Dry Run to try, in its mid-day gloom, the cast for beauties speckled o'er with red and black and silver; at the sinking of the sun behind that high and wooded peak, take your place at the rude table, prepared with appetite known only to the fisherman after a hard day's tramp, to partake of the evening meal—trout, done to a turn, coffee, Mocha and Java—the blended essence of the desert and the Isles of the Orient, fit drink for Olympus. And the work of camp—help to build the fire of drift and logs, in the manner pointed out by our patron saint, Nessmuk, but no saint was he if his runi rhymes read true, though deep learned in woodcraft and camp lore; join the friendly group circled round the brightening fire where tales and song and laughter bid Time fly on golden wings unnoted. After the making of the bed, take your allotted place in the row of recumbent forms beneath the fleecy blankets, where each face is lit by the fitful light from the blazing, crackling fire as it burns and hisses in front of the open canvas door, and one by one, to the music of the katydids, the call of the whippoorwill, the sighing of the winds, the murmur of the leaves and the rhythmic plashings of the waters, fall to sleep—the sleep that the call for breakfast—5 A. M.—will leave you fresh and vigorous for another day; another day in camp; another day in the balmy mountains; another day to seek the trout in his favorite haunts; another day in which to drink the life-giving ozone and the joys of life in the greenwood.

The simple annals of camp life, with its work and its play, its sun and its shadow, its going and its coming, its days and its nights, its incidents and its charms, we might attempt to portray. Not as they are, for who can paint the beauties of nature, the charm of moonlight upon mountain and stream, of the glory of the orb of day sinking beyond peak, while its last lingering rays illume the tops of yonder mountain range; or who could reproduce the music of the waters and the winds; and what of the night, with its sounding stillness broken ever and anon by the soulful cry of the whippoorwill and the mournful hoot of the night-haunting owl? Of the thrill of a strike when the hungry trout leaps for the seductive fly, and the ex-

pectant fisherman, hand steady and nerves tense, feels that the cruel hook has gone home, and that his skill is now to be put to the test, of all these I can tell you naught. To know them as they are you must see and feel their subtle charm.

Life is pleasant under leafy boughs; but at times the sun hides his face, the rains descend, the lightning flies from peak to peak, things get wet, gnats and mosquitoes make living a sore trial, teamsters forget their promises and railroads are distant, and walking footsore and wearing, but we go afishing and complain not.

WM. WALTERS CHAMPION.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa.

Salmon Fishing.

There is a keen delight in catching a salmon, especially the first one, and the experience never palls. Each fish has an individuality of its own; and no two act alike. Some are bright, sprightly fellows, who take out line freely, let you see them often, keep going from start to finish, and fulfil every requirement of a well-bred fish; while others are sulky brutes, who may rush away when they first feel the hook, but soon plunge into deep water, and there chug away at the bottom until one's patience is nearly exhausted. Some days they are greedy and take anything that is thrown where they can see it; again they lie almost motionless, perhaps a dozen or two together, not rising even to look at the fly, or if they do take any notice, come up lazily, apparently size up the feathered monstrosity and reach the conclusion that it is not in their line. This is sheer perversity on their part, and most annoying. As the guides say, they could make a fly, they have seen so many.

Just above tidewater on the St. John (Gaspe) there is a pool much frequented by salmon—the Whirlpool—not often fished, but seldom failing when cast over. The water is not deep, and huge fish are always in sight. One day we were going up the river after trout, though not averse to a salmon if it came our way. A little chap, eight or ten years old, was in the party, equipped with a cast-off trout rod, a rickety reel, with only a few yards of line, and a frayed fairy fly at the end of it. When we reached the Whirlpool the salmon were there, as usual, and in such a position that we could put the fly right over them with every cast. They were evidently in a very finicky mood, for though we almost exhausted the fly book for them, trying Jock-Scott, Durham-ranger, silver-doctor, and several others, they calmly ignored our best endeavor. The little fellow, meanwhile, was whipping the water a few feet from shore with his old fairy, when a salmon darted in, seized the fly, made a quick rush away and took all the line, leaving the youngster gaping with astonishment. That was the only salmon that rose that day for anybody.

A year or two afterward I was again on the St. John, with no license for salmon, but free to catch trout in tidewater under no compliment to anybody. My brother, who had not been in these regions before, had never seen a salmon alive, but was very anxious to do so. We had not come across a salmon in tidewater, and on the last afternoon of our stay were chatting with the guardian, and asked if we could not go up to the Whirlpool on the quiet and have a try for a fish, but this grizzled old salt, who after years of voyaging had settled down in his declining days into the dignified and not strenuous occupation of a river policeman, would not hear of it. At last, however, he consented to allow us to go up in the canoe if we left our rods behind; we could see the fish, but to catch them was out of the question. Our canoeman was an old hand at the business, and as we poled up the river was not too complimentary to the guardian, who, he thought, need not have been so very particular. We were soon at the coveted spot, where, sure enough, twenty or thirty salmon were swimming about. We watched them with ill-concealed longing for an hour or so, when our guide said he guessed he would find a way to circumvent the old whaler.

We had no rods, but flies were available, and the guide had a cod line in his pocket, ten or fifteen fathoms of it. From the thicket near by, he cut a sapin pole, ten or twelve feet long, leaving a crotch at the top. Then tying a large fly to the cod line he whirled it deftly in the air, dropping it nearly over a salmon and letting the line rest in the crotch of the sapling. It was then easy to work the fly on the water. After several casts a salmon actually took the fly, hooked himself securely, and after a few minutes of never-to-be-forgotten battle, was dragged to shore by main strength, killed with a club, and hid under brush in an ice cold spring, whence we extricated him on our homeward journey next morning. This was not exactly sportsmanlike, but we wanted the fish, and everybody is a bit of a poacher, once in a while.

It is the dream of almost every fisherman to catch a salmon, but most of them are under the impression that it is a tremendously expensive operation. So it is under ordinary conditions, but it is possible to have good sport on water that is free or nearly so. All streams are free as far as the tide reaches, subject only to the permission of the owner of the adjoining lands, if one fishes from the shore. In most of the Canadian waters there is free or unleased water for some distance above the tide. This is the case on the Restigouche, one of the very best salmon rivers in the world. Most of the Restigouche, with its tributaries, the Matapedia, Causapscal, Upsalquitch, and other smaller streams, are controlled by the Restigouche Salmon Club, an association composed of millionaires mostly, who come in palace cars, and live in luxury at the club house at Matapedia. Five dollars a pound would be a low average for the fish caught by these gentlemen. Fun can be had for less money.

The club limits run out a few acres below the Matapedia bridge of the I. C. R. Between that and tidewater is a stretch of six or seven miles, some of which is leased to private parties, but a good many excellent pools may be fished for a dollar a day, or without any fees whatever. Every salmon that goes to any of the rivers above-named passes through these waters, and if one is prepared to stay a week or two at the right time, late in May, and up to the middle of July, according to the season, he may be reasonably sure of several salmon. Most fishermen stay in Campbellton, N. B., going up the river on an early accommodation train, both good and cheap board can be had in the vicinity of flat lands.

The fishing is from canoes, and the two guides that are necessary get from $3 to $4 a day, including the craft, which is of birch bark of the Gaspe variety, as the paddlers are red or white in color.

One morning on the train from Campbellton I got into conversation with two gentlemen—one from Ottawa, the other from St. John, N. B.—neither of whom had ever cast a fly over salmon. The Ottawa man was well equipped, but the Blue Nose had an old trout rod, that had been kicking around Murphy's Hotel at Dalhousie for years, a common reel, with cogs so worn that the line would not serve, and a line to match, so rotten that one could break it easily in the fingers. It is usually considered that with a good rod and reel a test of eight pounds for the leader and line is sufficient, but the line in question would not stand half that strain. I told the St. John man that he was wasting his time in going after salmon with that outfit, but the sequel proved I knew nothing about it, and that luck is often with the tenderfoot.

I went out that morning with a farmer, Delaney by name, who was an excellent canoeman, but when noon came we had not even a rise to comfort us after many hours of casting. Sitting on Delaney's porch after dinner, on a hill overlooking a wide stretch of water, we watched our friends of the morning fishing on the opposite side of the Restigouche. After a while one of them was seen to raise a fish. The anchor being lifted, a struggle began which took the canoe over several miles of water. Nearly two hours the fight lasted, the climax being reached when we saw the fish gaffed on a shallow bar only a few yards from our shore.

We ran down to see the result, and found that our St. John man, with his rotten outfit, had actually landed a forty-pound salmon, and you have to see a fish of that weight to realize what a huge monster he is. The fish was almost dead when he was gaffed, and had hardly strength enough left to kick when he was flung on the shore. The amateur was fortunate in having as his guides Indians of great experience, who realized exactly what had to be done, coached the man with the rod every minute and actually played the fish with the canoe. It was the largest of the season. But don't take this as a precedent. It is always safer to have good tackle.

C. W. YOUNG.

COMAU, Ont., March, 1904.

Adirondack Trout.

The ice in the northern lakes still remains intact and three feet or more in thickness. Even with continuous warm weather from now on, it will probably not go out until nearly the first of May. Throughout most of the wilderness region the ground is covered with four feet of snow and this is not likely to disappear until about the second week in May or later. Anglers usually expect to have the best trout fishing in the Adirondack lakes immediately after the ice leaves them, but in the rivers and smaller streams the finest sport comes later, when the speckled beauties are active on the rifts.

Trout may be taken on and after next Saturday, April 16, but fishermen who frequent the Adirondacks or Central New York—where there is still considerable snow left and the streams are all greatly swollen—will not have much angling for some time to come. The conditions this spring are very different from what they were a year ago. Last spring the snow and ice in this part of the State had nearly all disappeared by the middle of April, and the trout were ready to bite as soon as the law permitted the angler to go out, and good trout fishing was had in the Adirondack lakes about as early as in the waters of Central New York. But the spring of 1903 was a remarkable one in many ways and its like may not be experienced again for many years.

Veteran anglers predict that the coming season will be excellent for lake fishing, basing their forecast on the old time belief that trout are not able to obtain as much food during a long and severe winter as during an open one, and consequently when spring opens they are ready to jump at almost any lure which is offered them. If there is any foundation for this theory the trout ought to have pretty good appetites by this time, for the winter of 1903-04 was one of almost unprecedented severity.

As a rule, the fishing in the streams of the Adirondack region appears to be deteriorating, and without more effective measures to protect the trout, or to restock the waters, it will not be many years before the angler will have to look elsewhere for his sport. The main trouble comes from the wholesale slaughter of infant trout in the small brooks by amateur anglers who are more ambitious to tell a big story about the large number of fish they have captured within a few hours than to respect the law, or by men fishing to supply the tables of hotels and boarding houses, and whose employers are not scrupulous about having the fish measure at least six inches in length. It is unfortunate that the law in regard to the size of trout that can be taken is not more closely observed, but it is not easy to enforce it, with the present number of State game protectors. Many people believe that if special game protectors were given the same right of search, without a warrant, which the State protectors have, a far better observance of the law might be secured.

Sportsmen familiar with the Adirondacks are firmly of the opinion that the most effective way to improve the trout fishing would be to prohibit all angling in the small streams, for a term of years at least. This would give the little trout a chance to grow, and as soon as they attained to six or eight inches in length they would run down to the lakes or large streams to which such brooks are tributary, and thus restock them by the natural process. It is believed that such a move would be productive of far more satisfactory results than could be obtained by artificial stocking, even though all the fish hatcheries in the State were devoted exclusively to rearing trout to replenish Adirondack waters.

A lamentable circumstance in connection with the Adirondack trout waters is that many of the larger lakes and streams are becoming filled with black bass. Of course, these are game fish and many anglers enjoy catching them, but as speckled trout can not long exist in the same waters, their introduction in the Adirondacks will be deplored by hundreds of anglers who prefer trout fishing to any other because of the gentle art. The reason for the disappearance of trout from waters inhabited by bass lies in the fact that the latter not only devour the eggs of the trout, but they prey on the young. There is no way of ridding a lake or stream of bass when they once become thoroughly established, and consequently it is safe to say that trout fishing is already ruined in scores of Adirondack waters which were formerly alive with the speckled beauties.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., April 9.

An Amateur Fisherman.

JOHN PIPER had been selling goods in northern New York for twenty years or more, and during all that time the "old man Brown" had never taken a day off for a vacation of any kind.

One day he said to him, for about the twentieth time, "Brown, I want you to go fishing with me."

"Vell, I know noting about dot feeching und I have no time to spare avay from my beesness," replied the old man promptly.

"Yes, I know all about business. Have been hammering away at it ever since I was born. But we'll be dead one of these days and the chances are it will be too hot to fish after that. Besides, Brown, I don't believe that you were ever out in a row boat; there's some fun in that."

"Row boat, vell, mebbe not, but I was out by dot sea und dot vas row boat enough for me, und don't you forget it."

"Now, Brown, we have talked this matter over a good many times, and this is the time I am going to have my way about it. I've got a steamer trunk here and it's well filled with every kind of fishing tackle you ever heard of, reels and rods and——

"Vell, vell, dot's all right, but you see I can't go und leave der beesness, dere's dot bread und der cakes und der biscuit to go out und I can't go this time. 'Tvould never do to leave der boys to do all this work midout me. They couldn't start dose vagons in time midout me."

"Well, suppose the wagons didn't start on schedule time. You are about seventy years old, and you've got money enough to tide you over if you never send out another wagon in your life."

The old man's eyes twinkled as he nodded his head complacently. "Vell, I guess dot's so, Meester Piper, und I vill take some beer und some schnapps und ve vill have vot you fellows call vun lark."

"All right, Brown, shake, but suppose you don't take the beer and schnapps, there's plenty of everything at the Harbor."

The following day found them both at Sackett's Harbor. More than a dozen men shook hands with Brown and said they were glad to see him out.

"Quveer how the folks all know me, I don't know nobody," he said, reflectively.

After they boarded the boat and while they were getting the tackle in shape, Mr. Piper said: "Now, Mr. Brown, when you get a fish on your hook keep your line taut. Don't give the fish any slack or he'll get away from you."

Everybody was very quiet for a few minutes when Brown had a strike and a beautiful black bass jumped out of the water forty feet away. Very much excited Brown started to reel the fish in when the handle of the reel slipped from his fingers and the fish pulled out twenty feet more of the line.

"Vell, vell, vell, dot beats me. We don't have no feech dot shump dot way in Germany. Dot black bass he must be a Yankee feech."

By this time he had the reel under control, when the bass made another leap out of the water.

"Vell, I think if you got dot boat close to dot feech he vill shump into der boat."

Alas for human hope. Another leap of the fish tore it from the hook and the line was reeled in with nothing at the end but an empty hook and sinker.

"Vell, vell, vell, vell, how do you suppose dot feech got away? I keep him cooming right along pretty quvick, und now he's gone. Vell, vell, when you think I got anoder von like dot? Vell, you have vun on your line, too. Huh! und dere he cooms out of der water. See how dot pole bends. I think dot feech'll break dot pole. Huh! und dere he shumps again, und now he's by the boat."

Sure enough, the oarsman had the landing net under the fish, which soon laid in the fish box, his struggles about over.

"Vell, I think I like this feeching pretty good ven you've caught 'em, but dose meech don't seem to bite me. I don't see vy I don't get some feech myself." At that instant a fish took his hook, and the fun began again.

"Vell, I bet dot fellow don't got avay this time," and he began to turn the handle of the reel as fast as possible.

"Hold on, there, Brown, don't reel so fast—give him a little more time or you will lose him."

"Vell, how is dot? You say, reel him in. Don't give him some slack. Keep your line taut, but don't reel so fast. Dot's a good deal for a man to think of at one time with a feech shumping at der oder end of der line. Good gracious! he's a big one. See him shump."

As he spoke a four-pound bass leaped from the water, showing his entire size. Fortune this time favored the amateur, and the fish was landed without further trouble.

"Vell, vell, vell, I think dot feech is more again as big as yours," and Brown looked complacently at his catch, but while he is gazing another adventure was going on which had not yet caught the German's eye. Happening to look up he saw that Mr. Piper had another fish in tow.

"Vell, I don't think dot's fair. You got dot feech on your hook und say noting to me. How you expect I'm going to see the fun und learn der beesness if you keep all dese things to yourself?"

In the meantime the oarsman had thrown Brown's line in the water, and in the midst of his expostulations another fish seized his hook and away he flew

at a tremendous speed through the water. Brown had not had time to get the rod in his hand, and away went the reel spinning at a furious rate.

"Good gracious! dot beats me; I vunder if that's a feech or if dot vas a horse." And down came his hand on the reel so suddenly that it brought the fish up with a sharp turn, and it was a beauty. Brown in his excitement grasped the reel so hard that it had become unseated from the rod, and here he was with a monster fish and no appliances for handling him.

"Vell, vell, vell, I think dese feeching tackles is no good," as with the reel grasped in both hands he was holding it out at arm's length with the line still running. Mr. Piper was so fully occupied with his own line that he could not give his companion the assistance the situation demanded, but finally, having landed his fish, he gave his attention to Brown, and Brown was a picture beyond description. Leaning over the side of the boat, with arms extended as far as he could reach, holding on to the reel for dear life with both hands and a hundred feet of line out, the situation was to the novice desperate to the last degree.

Mr. Piper finally succeeded in getting Brown straightened in his seat, which was fortunate, as the equilibrium of the boat was very much endangered by his position. After replacing the reel on the rod he passed it again into Brown's hand.

"Vell, dot's all right. Now, how you wind him, fast or slow? and he began to slowly reel the line in. The fish had had his play spell and came along a distance of fifty feet with such rapidity that Brown had trouble in reeling his line as fast as the fish came in his direction. The fish, however, after covering this distance changed his course, and trouble began again immediately. Mr. Brown, having full confidence in his apparatus, lost his grip on both rod and reel when the fish made the turn, and had it not been for a quick movement of the oarsman both rod and reel would have gone to the bottom.

"By gracious! dot feech vas quvick, und I think dot man Dave vas about as lifely," and he took the reel from Dave's hands. "Und dot's vat you call experience, und I have got dot, but I don't got der feech. Vell, here ve go again." And he began to turn the reel, a dozen turns or more, with nothing but slack line to show that the fish was lost.

"How's dot? I don't feel him some more," and he continued to wind with a pained expression on his face which exhibited no concern over bread, or cakes, or biscuit. He finally came to the end of the line, and as he looked at the bare hook he turned despondently to his companion and said: "You think dot feech bites again, huh? I think dot feech must be pretty sore, and I don't feel I was much success for a fisherman yet."

"Well, never mind, Brown, that's part of a fisherman's luck, and all there is to do is to try again."

"Oh, yes, dot's all right. Dot's good advices, but it don't caught the fish dot vas lost." After a few minutes of silence he continued: "Vell, how long you stay here? I thought I vould go back to-night, but if you think you vill stay I vill stay, too, and ve'll try them anoder day."

"Brown, I believe you are getting sporty."

"I think dot's so, but you know I must make up for lost time. Meester Piper, van you coom this way again you buy for me some of dose feeching tackles und I vill try und make up some more of dose lost times. Vell, vell, vell, how you suppose I forgot my beer, I got no beer since last night."

Florence L. Wright.

The Rhapsody of an Enthusiastic Angler.

We are waiting for the first of May. It will soon be here. That calendar fact is inevitable, however little it means to the majority of people. But there is a comparatively small but fast-growing class in Michigan in whom its approach arouses the liveliest emotions of the round year. Because they know that the trout season opens on that day.

The trout season! What currents of happy anticipation it sets in motion! what longings lift in the soul! what desires swell the heart! what iridescent bubbles of hope rise to the surface of the mind, whereon with a wonderful magic are painted scenes and pictures and visions and images that the craftiest hand of man never fixed, but which the deeper inner sight depicts with the perfect distinctness of accurate realism.

To those who know not the inner cult all this is absurd—to the trout fisherman it is a solemn truth rising almost to the seriousness of a deeply impressed religion.

These are the visions the old trout fisherman sees in the dreams he dreams at his desk, in the factory, in the store, on the street, in all his active duties—the sub-conscious structure that rises like a fairy palace, but holds its place and form like a tower of granite. The limpid stream swiftly hurrying over its bed of sand or gravel, gurgling over sunken logs, swishing around the roots of old stumps, deftly touching and swaying down-bending boughs, noisily rattling down boulder-strewn inclines, diving deeply and silently under overhanging banks, breaking into foam and lace-like strips of white water on the rocky riffles, but ever gently pushing the slow-wading, lone angler on and on to some unknown and never reached goal; the tracery of the trees against the deepest of deep blue skies, faint green of spring touching daintily every twig; little slants and bars and slivers, and sometimes broad sheets of most golden sunshine; often the half-hushed note of a nest-building bird, perhaps a surprised mink on the water's edge or a soft-eyed doe stealing down to drink, occasionally the deep resonant throb of the rolling war drum of the ruffed grouse far away in the woods; the soft beds of mosses along the brink, the green early things that spring from the rich mold, the vagrant unknown flower that shrinks beneath the ghostly birch—and above it all the voices of the water, talking through the long afternoon, plain to those whose ears are taught to hear, gossip of the woods and the wild things, and of the secrets that nature hides away from men—except from those men who silently wander along the streams, deftly casting a string of bright-colored flies lightly ahead of them, hoping that it may haply fall at the doorway of the home of the brook trout.

This is what the dreamer sees when the first of May is near at hand. This is trout fishing in Michigan.—W. J. Hunsaker in The Gateway.

Legislation at Albany.

Albany, April 9.—Governor Odell has signed the bill of the Senate Committee on Forest, Fish and Game providing for the creation of a State park in the Catskill Mountains, in Ulster, Sullivan and Delaware counties.

The following additional bills have passed the Senate:

Senate Committee's bill (783—1013), Constitutional amendment authorizing the Legislature to direct the removal of dead timber from burned areas in the Adirondack region for the purposes of reforestation.

Senator Malby's bill (538—1049), relative to fishing in certain waters of St. Lawrence county.

Assemblyman Wolf's bill (S. Pr. No. 1033), relative to fishing in Jamaica Bay and adjacent waters.

Senator Brackett's bill (883—1197), relative to the close season for trout in Orange, Saratoga and Tompkins counties.

Senator Elon R. Brown's bill (917—1263), providing for the publication of the forest, fish and game law, as amended.

Assemblyman G. H. Whitney's bill (552—1794), relative to fishing in Saratoga county.

Assemblyman Graeff's bill (1267—1761), relative to fishing through the ice in Lake Champlain.

Assemblyman Pearsall's bill (321—1806), relative to taking fish through the ice in Chenango county.

The Assembly has passed these additional bills:

Assemblyman Bechtel's bill (1294—1792), relative to fishing in Richmond county.

Senator Malby's bill (538—1049), relative to fishing in certain waters of St. Lawrence county.

Senate Committee's bill (481—754), providing that no person shall take any wild deer between one-half hour after sunset and one-half hour before sunrise.

Assemblyman Cook's bill (1115—1470), relative to the close season for trout in Erie county.

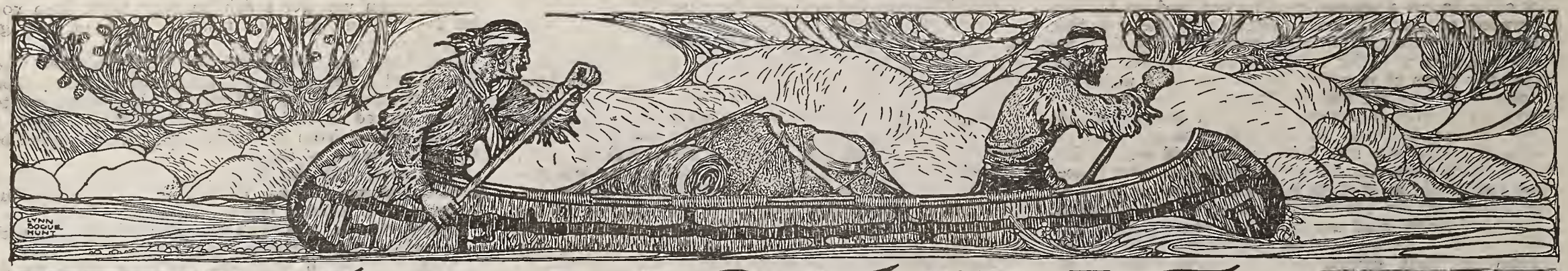
Senator Le Fevre's bill (326—1041), relative to the close season for quail, woodcock and grouse in certain counties.

Assemblyman Sheldon's bill (1286—1784), relative to taking black bass.

Assemblyman F. C. Wood's bill (792—1832) providing for restocking the Adirondack region with wild beavers.

Assemblyman Cook's bill (1178—1594), relative to gray squirrels.

Senator Elon R. Brown's bill (472—852), prescribing a method for acquiring land and water for State hatchery purposes.



CANOEING

A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

Duquesne C. C.

BY H. W. BREITENSTEIN, DUQUESNE, C. C.

The Duquesne C. C. was organized September 25, 1897, with eight names enrolled: S. B. Hughes Commodore; H. E. McLain, Vice-Commodore; B. Dangerfield, Jr., Secretary-Treasurer; H. A. Ross, S. B. Evans, G. R. Graham, H. W. Breitenstein, T. W. Shepard. The national colors, with burgee, a blue field and horizontal white stripe, containing in red the letters D. C. C. were adopted.



The Home of the Duquesne C. C.

This small band with five names added, constituted the charter membership, and in the following June, 1898, the club bought the Pittsburg Y. C.'s house-boat, which they moored in a small cove at Brilliant Station, on the Allegheny River, a very pretty pool of two miles to the islands. There the missionaries worked faithfully in the cause, with only three converts the first season. The fleet consisted of two 16ft. cedar boats and one 20ft. basswood.

At the annual election, January, 1899, the following were re-elected: Com., S. B. Hughes; Vice-Com., H. W. Breitenstein; Sec'y-Treas., R. L. Demmler. During this year the membership increased to about twenty, and the fleet to seven canoes, a number of the original members dropping out or losing interest; there was but little enthusiasm.

For 1900, S. B. Hughes was re-elected Commodore, H. W. Breitenstein Vice-Commodore and W. C. Weckerle Secretary-Treasurer. Soon after Commodore Hughes resigned office, and H. W. Breitenstein was elected to succeed, and H. E. McLain to Vice-Com. The membership gradually decreased and no new ones were admitted. The ice-damaged house-boat had to be beached, and the outlook generally was gloomy.

For 1901, officers for the year were: Com., H. W. Breitenstein (re-elected); Vice-Com., J. Wein; Sec'y-Treas., W. C. Weckerle. The election was held after a powwow of the six members who attended the meeting which was called to discuss disbandment. The vote resulted in the determination to reorganize and be a canoe club, or go broke. At a subsequent meeting all dead-woods were asked to resign, and the remaining few, with only three original members left, pledged enough money to buy property and build an up-to-date club house, which resulted in the present home of the club, now a chartered organization and a full membership. The club colors, adopted by the new organization, is a gold field with a design of the Allegheny, Monongahela and Ohio Rivers and Fort Duquesne in black.

The club house was initiated July 4, 1902, by an annual meet of the American Canoe Association Central Division, and is situated at the foot of a long, winding pool on the Allegheny River, at Sylvan Station, ten miles from Union Station and accessible by trolley cars also. The surroundings are picturesque, the Allegheny being second to none for beauty, and very popular as a resort of the members, some of whom live at the club during the season.



The Pool—From the Porch of the Duquesne C. C.

In 1902 the club re-elected H. W. Breitenstein for Commodore, H. E. McLain for Vice-Commodore, and W. C. Weckerle for Secretary-Treasurer.

In 1903 W. C. Weckerle was elected Commodore, F.

C. Demmler Vice-Commodore and A. W. Heeren Secretar-Treasurer, and enjoyed a very successful season. Most members are also enrolled on the A. C. A. register.

The offiers for 1904 are Com., F. C. Demmler; Vice-Com., E. H. Demmler; Sec'y-Treas., A. W. Heeren. The club's fleet now contains 30 canoes, mostly open paddlers.

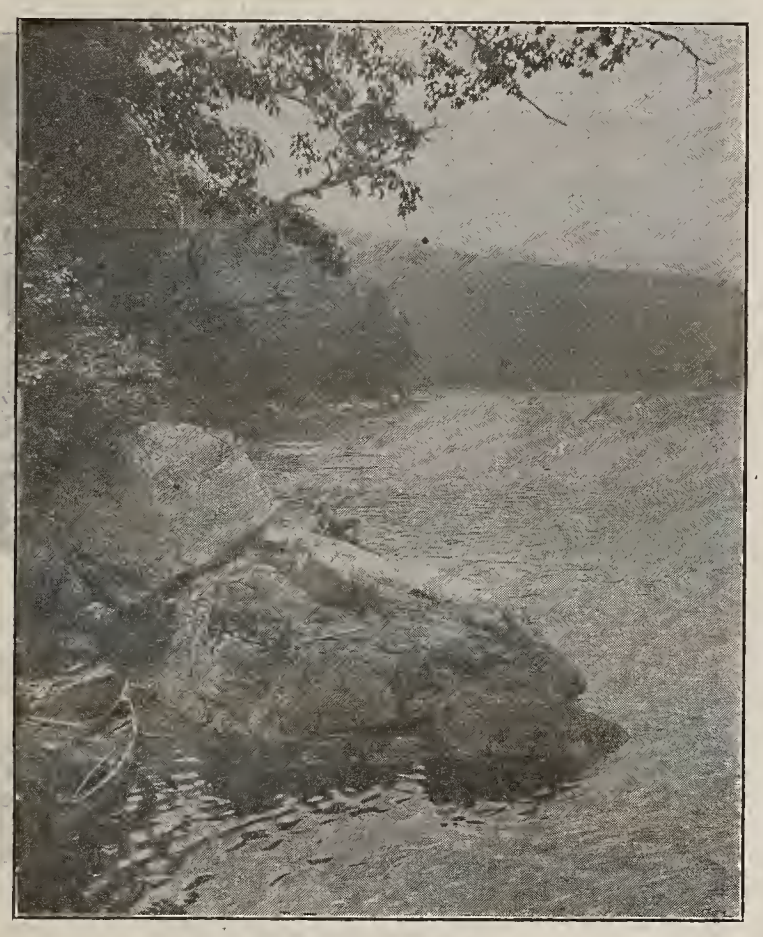
Cruising on the Allegheny.

Without a doubt the Allegheny River is one of the most beautiful of our larger streams, and to the canoeist, who does not require dangerous rapids, a paradise.

During the past summer Parde and I boarded the night train on the B. R. & P., at Allegheny, and next morning at 5 o'clock, by special arrangement, had it stop at Carrolton, frightening the operator, who was roused from a sleep by the unwonted stop, thinking he had blocked the road.

Cold, densely foggy and sopping wet, it was a very cheerless morning. After a similar breakfast, we shouldered the canoe, then the duffle for the carry to the river. Embarking, we drifted, listening for fast water ahead. Gradually the light breeze dissipated the fog, and by 9 o'clock we were enjoying one of the most glorious of days. Bright sunshine, bird music everywhere, and a most riotous profusion of wild flowers in gorgeous splashes of color; the river winding among the steep wooded hills, and we in high spirits at being free from the daily pall of our smoke-laden atmosphere, was a combination to put any grouch in a good humor.

With idling, sneaking into every creek's mouth to observe animal life, a halt for lunch and an occasional



"A Rugged Shore"—On the Allegheny.

one to draw some Indian into conversation, generally a fruitless effort and a parley with a bunch of friendly Indians—at least one of the girls said they were—who were camping on the reservation, we put in a memorable day. A very picturesque camp on one of a group of islands with the rushing river singing sweet melodies, a generous and cheerful camp-fire and the pipe of peace which, with complete companionship, makes a benediction, made a night as perfect as the day. What would you more?

Day after day, content, idling or paddling as our mood.

Now on the deep and calm of a pool,
With flowered shores and shadows cool,
So cool, so cool, so cool, so cool—
Then down with a rush on waters white,
That leap and dance in laughing flight,
That dance in laughing flight;

Or, drifting at ease under the sky,
Wondering not, nor caring why—
Nor caring why, nor caring why;
Kissed by the winds that idly blow
O'er changing tides at ebb or flow,
O'er tides at ebb or flow.

We were sorry when our six days ended, and would have preferred doing the same over again, to going to the A. C. A. camp on Sugar Island, but as we wanted to see the boys, reluctantly packed our equipment and shipped it home.

Perhaps our equipment would be of interest to the amateur cruiser. With two pieces of rubber cloth we decked the ends of the canoe (have now two false decks which can be slipped on and held in place by two elastic cords under the gunwales), and a few cross sticks and a rubber poncho made a small tent large enough to sit in upright, and with a cross board for a table—a cozy dining room when raining.

From Oil City where our cruise ended, down to Pittsburg, is 132 miles, from there up to Carrollton something over 100. The most frequent cruise is that from Oil City to Pittsburg. It is more accessible and makes a grand week's outing. On this stretch of valley are some of the finest scenes on the river, probably the most notable is the narrows from Red Bank to Mahoning. In this deep cut are "Camp Sans Souci" whose owners have extended the most wholesome hospitality one meets with, and "Camp Belle a l'Eau," whose genial owner you'll probably meet at the Hotel Reynolds, in Kittanning. While the river flows through a fairly populous country the hills are mostly wooded, and often one sees very little life in the valley, and one can feel more or less the proprietorship of one's surroundings. While the upper river, after reaching the high hills, is undoubtedly the more beautiful, the lower part is not without its special charms, and I never tire of loafing throughout its length.

When within ten miles of Pittsburg, you will find



"Sunshine and Shadow"—A Scene on the Allegheny.

the open door policy as interpreted by the Duquesne C. C., where I hope no worthy canoeist will ever feel a chill. Although near the city, the surroundings are very attractive, and many spots are dear to the Duques, whose gay parties often make the hills ring in echo where midnight cruises are the most charming stunts



The Allegheny near the Duquesne C. C.

on the programme with the steak broils an enticing second. It is there you'll find "'Tis always fair weather," etc.

At Pittsburg you will find the confluence of the Allegheny and the Monongahela forming the Ohio; once a scene of forest and stream, now a smoke-be-



A Quiet Day on the Allegheny.

grimed home of cliff-dwellers, denuded hill and cinder-curbed streams in which we still find marks of beauty.

Beaver.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

Oakland C. C.—The Oakland (Cal.) C. C. has elected the following officers: Charles Stewart, Commodore; H. G. Hinckley, Vice-Commodore; Charles L. Taylor, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer; S. A. Hackett and F. B. Bain, Committee on Membership. At the annual meeting a committee was appointed to arrange races in which the Canoe Club, the Encinal Yacht Club and the Olympic Canoe Club will take part during the coming season. The races will be similar to those held last year between the craft of the three clubs.

The Camp Site Committee of the Eastern Division for the season of 1904 has been appointed, as follows, by Henri Schaeffer, vice commodore, and Edward B. Stearns, purser:

Perry H. Dow, Cygnet, Manchester, N. H., chm.
Paul Butler, Vesper, Lowell, Mass.
A. E. Kimberley, Lawrence, Lawrence, Mass.
B. F. Jacobs, Jr., Medford, W. Medford, Mass.
H. M. S. Aiken, Quinobequin, Boston, Mass.
W. R. Wescott, Cygnet, Manchester, N. H.

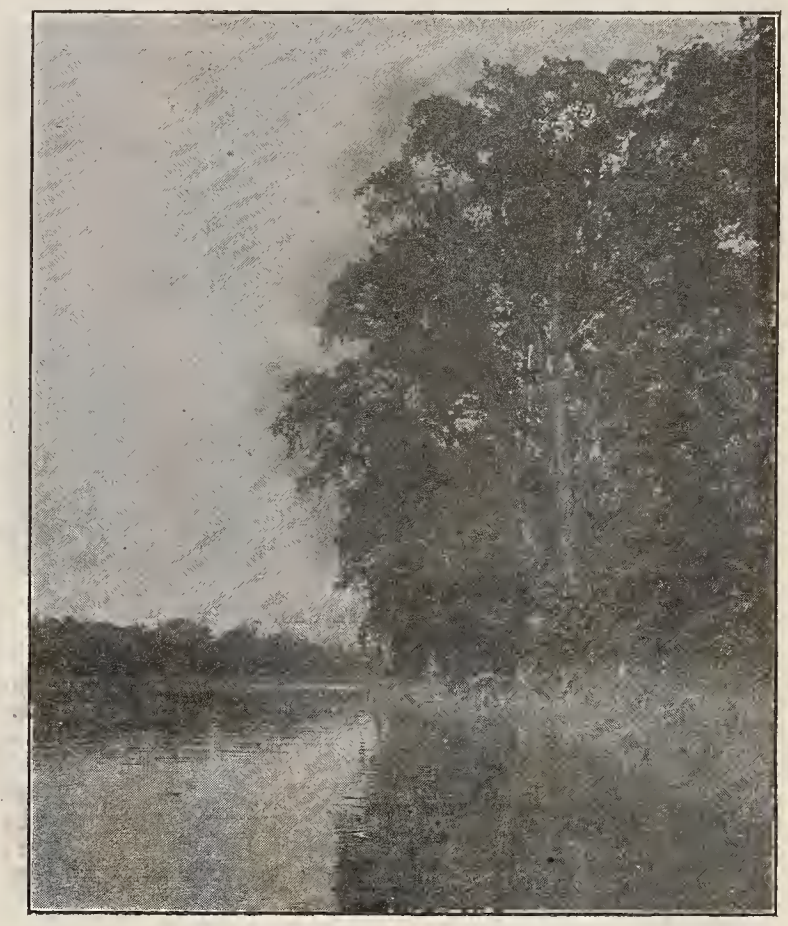
To the Members of the A. C. A.

Gentlemen: During the time that I was chairman of the camp site committee last year, I sent circular letters to the members of the Association, stating that because of the extra building necessary to start our occupation of Sugar Island, which the Association purchased in 1901, a larger amount of money than usual would be required, and asking for contributions of $1 or more from those who felt inclined to contribute.

A number of the members contributed very generously, and money still comes in occasionally, but there is still a large amount owing, and thinking that it might remind some of you who have not as yet contributed, I thought it best to jog your memory in this way, and hope that many more may be induced to send me contributions.

For the first time I herewith append a list of those who have contributed to date. (There may be possibly two or three names omitted, and if there are, I ask pardon for the omission, and beg that they inform me of it.) I do not mention the amounts each one gave, but they ranged from $1 to $100. Do not fear that you will be called upon for such extra subscriptions each year, for you will not, as the island is pretty well arranged for camps, and the dock, ice house, kitchen and store are built and, of course, will not have to be provided again. We also have a number of productive assets, such as a number of floors, lumber, cots, blankets, etc., which nearly cover the defict, so that when this deficit is paid, the Association will certainly be in a flourishing condition, with respect to its island home.

Hoping that many of those who read this letter and



On the Upper Allegheny.

to whose attention the matter is brought may still contribute, I am,

John S. Wright,
Secretary-Treasurer.

The following contributed to the Camp Site Fund:

H. C. Allen,
H. M. S. Aiken,
B. Arthur Aycrigg,
Edward D. Anderson,
H. W. Anderson,
Jesse J. Armstrong,
Wendel Andreas,
E. H. Batney,
William E. Barlow,
Dr. William B. Breck,
Paul Butler,
Marcus Butler,
William J. Burbeck,
Harry L. Burrage,
Al. T. Brown,
J. H. Ten Eyck Burr,
O. C. Cunningham,
C. S. Chapin,
Henry G. Chamberlain,
William P. Couch,
Walter Mack Clark,
J. E. Cunningham,
William E. Comfort,
William W. Crosby,
Frank L. Dunnell,
Henry M. Dater,
Frederick W. Donnelly,
W. B. Davidson,
C. J. Davol,
Irving V. Dorland,
Fred. W. Dickens,
W. S. Donaldson,
Duquesne Canoe Club,
J. C. Edwards,
Fred G. Furman,
William A. Furman,
Benjamin W. Fenton,
Henry L. Frick,
Charles P. Forbush,
John Frick,
J. W. T. Fairweather,
George W. Gardner,
R. W. Gibson,
George H. Gardner,
Dr. A. G. Gerster,
N. S. Hyatt,
W. R. Huntington,
S. V. Hoffman,
Percy F. Hogan,
William A. Holcomb,
Frank C. Hoyt,
William R. Haviland,
Levi Hasbrouck,
Ralph Hunter,
F. W. Johnson,
Henry T. Keyser,
Louis C. Kretzmer,
George S. Kellogg,
Karl F. Kilhoffer,
H. D. Keyser,
A. Elliott Kimberly,
Gerritt B. Lansing,
F. B. Lewis,
Joseph Edward Murray,
Frederick G. Mather,
Frank C. Moore,
Henry D. Marsh,
Daniel C. McEwen,
Edo E. Mercelis,
William B. Maddock,
J. McD. Mowat,
H. S. McKeag,
Louis F. Massa,
J. C. Maclister,
Gen. Robert Shaw Oliver,
James N. Oliphant,
M. Ohlmeyer, Jr.,
H. Lyndhurst Pollard,
Dr. S. C. Powell,
Walter B. Perkins,
A. S. Pennington,
J. E. Plummer,
Sherburn Pearson,
Robert Parkhurst,
J. R. Robertson,
J. H. Rushton,
John Robson,
George W. Ruggles,
Auguste J. Rossi, Jr.,
W. F. Richards,
D'Arcy Scott,
W. E. Stanwood,
Stanton Bros.,
George L. Stamm,
H. M. Stewart,
Philip J. Syms,
Walter F. Smith,
Walter F. Stafford,
Henri Schaeffer,
Frank S. Thorn,
Herbert S. Turtle,
L. W. Thompson,
C. H. Twist,
E. W. Tanner,
F. W. Theis,
U. M. Van Varrick,
Walter Witherbee,
Fred B. Yard,
Maj. J. M. Walsh,
Robert J. Wilkin,
C. F. Wolters,
John Sears Wright,
A. J. White,
H. A. Wheeler,
Edwin S. Webster,
C. E. Ward.

All communications for Forest and Stream *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Camping and Canoe Cruising in Canada.

BY R. W. ASHCROFT.

(*Continued from page* 800.)

For the benefit of those who are not as well acquainted with the Canadian farmers as we are, let me say that they are the squarest lot of men, as a class, that one would want to meet. It always pays to leave the price of a portage to them. Don't bargain with them beforehand. Don't say: "Will you do so-and-so for such a price?" Wait till they've portaged you, and then ask: "What's it worth?" and pay their price. It will be about one-half what you expected. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, and, once in a while, you are liable to make an error in judgment, just as the credit man of the firm does sometimes. But on the whole, it pays—at least in Canada.

As soon as we had portaged, we hastened to make camp near the river just above Elliott's Falls, as rain was due in less than half an hour. A neighboring farmer, on whose land we camped, sold us some straw, a chicken, some potatoes, butter and milk; and so we remember the spot as "Camp Chicken." We remember the bed of straw, too! Ostermoor mattresses may be more practical at home, and new-pulled hemlock or spruce bough or cedar tips more poetical in camp, but give me straw!

The head of our only ax broke off at this camp; which reminds me to counsel my readers to take two of these implements along.

It is a pretty little stream, that above Norland! The west bank, for the most part, borders fairly arable land; whereas, on the other side, the beech and the



Dr. Woodruff's Cabin.

maple, the pine and the cedar flourish uninterruptedly.

Tuesday morning saw us paddling north again toward Moore's Lake. This is a small sheet about a mile and a half in length, and half a mile wide, and takes its name from the first white settler who located in those parts and who is said to have been killed by hostile Indians. At the head of the lake are Moore's Falls, and at this point the road from Cobocunk to Minden crosses the water. There are several good bass holes below the falls.

The portage was easy, and the canoes were soon in the next northerly sheet of water, known as Gull Lake. This lake is very long and fairly narrow, and in navigating it it is preferable to hug the western shore. If the wind is at all high, and from the west as it usually is, it is safer to follow the exact contour of the shore, and not cut across from headland to headland.



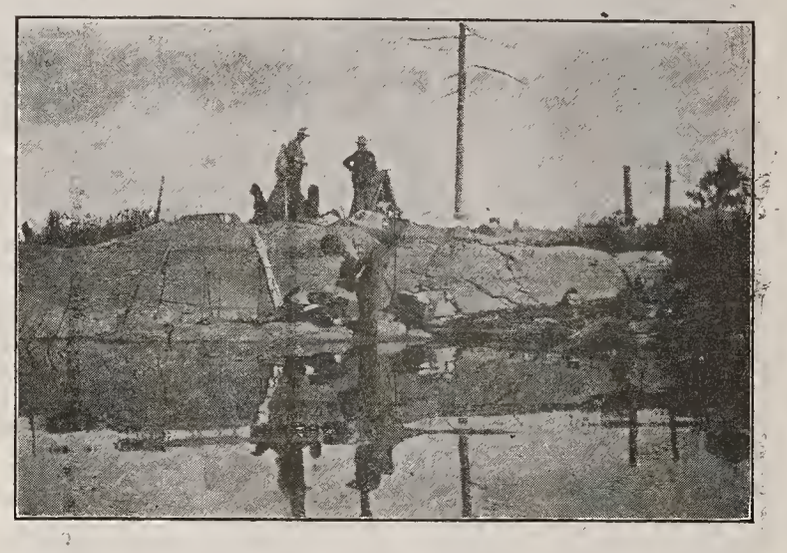
Playing Bass at Rosedale.

Minden River is exactly at the head of the lake. Its mouth cannot be missed, as it is to the right of about the only cultivated field on the shores of the lake.

It is an hour's steady paddling up the river to the town of Minden, which, by the way, is quite a metropolis for those parts. The Gaffer was even able to get the golden bridge of his eye glasses soldered by the local smithy, who also performed the more delicate operation of wedding our ax-head to another handle.

The Gaffer excited my intense and lasting admiration at this juncture by a wonderful display of executive ability. A villager informed him that worms did not grow any further north, so the Gaffer inspected his worm tin, and found that his stock of these delicious morsels had dwindled down to a few lackadaisical specimens that had exuded all the goodness they ever possessed in their erstwhile frantic endeavors to bore through good American tin. The Gaffer argued: "No worms, no minnows; no minnows, no bass; no bass, no fun," and thereupon hailed a small boy, and offered him a penny piece for good fat, lively *Lumbrici terrestris*. This small boy tipped off his friends, and soon a dozen urchins were digging industriously along the river bank. The Gaffer's pence began to dwindle, so he lowered his price to half, but the boys supplied bigger and fatter ones at the cut rate. Such a windfall had not come their way for many a moon. The Gaffer finally sought relief by disappearing from the scene, and the bottom thus fell out of the worm market.

He had not shown up when our canoes, etc., were loaded on a hay wagon, preparatory to a four-mile portage into Mountain Lake. Of two evils, we had chosen this, instead of a portage of similar length into the Horseshoe Lakes. Had we chosen heads, instead



Desert Island.

of tails, we would not have experienced about the only unpleasant incident of the trip.

We started without the Gaffer, thinking that probably he had gone on ahead and was waiting for us out of worm-shot, but we were mistaken. After we had gone quite a piece, his tall, lanky form showed up on the after horizon and we saw that he had a Winchester on his shoulder. It being close season for mountain sheep, we had thought it prudent to leave civilization with nothing more destructive than a revolver, to allay the suspicions of any over-zealous game warden who might be eyeing us. Still, a rifle was a comfortable thing to have around the tent, especially in the region whither we were bound, and we hailed the Gaffer's acquisition with delight. He said he got it from the postmistress, on the strength of his good looks and the desposit of a golden eagle. The Gaffer's veracity is unimpeachable.

Mountain Lake was a long time in coming, for we



After Seven-Mile Portage.

were tired and hungry, having had an early lunch. We could not reach the lake by the usual field, as the farmer owning it had sown wheat and we did not care to disturb it. So we journeyed on about a quarter of a mile, reached a likely spot, and were about to take down the bars of the fence, when we were met with a shrill: "Yez can't cross this here field," emanating from a scraggy, wild-eyed female brandishing a milking stool. "I'm a-going to stop these here portages! Yez come and take down the bars, and never put 'em up again, and the stock gets all over the place, and the deuce of a time I have in ketchin' 'em again. I won't stand for it no more!"

We set the Guv. at her. The Guv. is a ladies' man for fair. He's a past-master in the art of flattery. He quickly discovered this Canadian beauty's soft spot, for she soon blurted out: "Well, yez can cross for a quarter." Quick as a flash, four separate hands dived down into four separate pockets, and out came four separate quarters. Each of us would gladly have parted with a dollar, rather than walk a step further. The Guv.'s quarter was proffered to her, and, following up his advantage, he said sweetly, eyeing her milk pail: "And do you know where we could buy some milk this evening?" "Yez can have this, if yer want it," she said. "How much?" said the Guv. She asked ten times the market price of the milk, and she got it. But she got a reputation besides.

It rained hard that night, but we had straw to burn, so "Camp Hold-up" was a pleasant spot withal.

The description of scenery is not my long suit, so suffice it to say that Mountain Lake took my eye quite completely. It did not belie its name a particle. The reader must remember that every portage meant locating on higher ground, and this last four mile portage had put us fairly among the clouds.

We had been told not to expect much in the way of fish between the Mud Turtles and the lakes in the neighborhood of our destination, viz.: Hollow Lake, but we thought we would try our luck in Mountain Lake. One small lake trout was our only reward after a couple of hours' trolling. By this time we were at the portage at the head of the lake, and made it, and proceeded through Twelve Mile Lake into Little and Big Boshkung. Passing under the bridge which carries the Meinden road over the lower end of Little Boshkung, we made diagonally across the lake to the inlet where the sawmill is located.

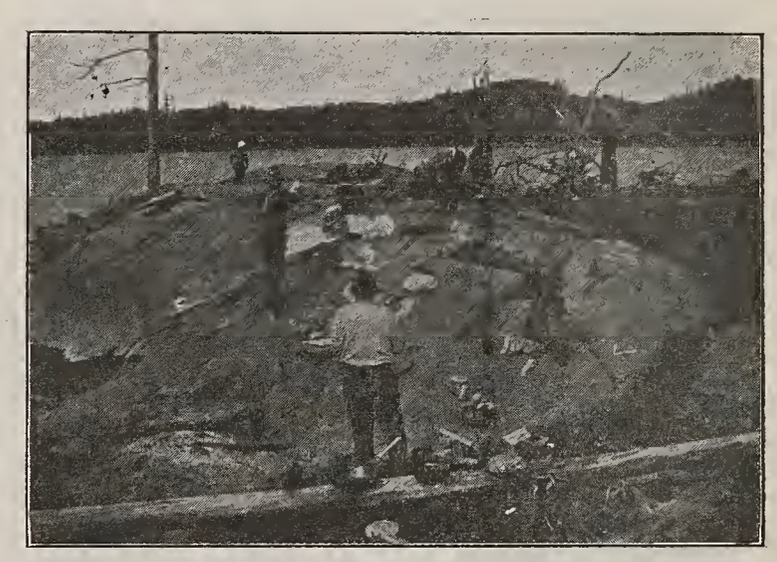
Fortunately for us, two lumbermen were at work there, or I wager we would never have made that portage that day. It consisted of a third-mile climb up a steep hill, and an eighth-mile descent to the next lake to the west of Little Boshkung. The sawmill is located at the foot of a narrow rapid tumbling stream emptying from one lake into the other.

The Gaffer and I thought at the time that this was the limit for a portage, but we don't think so now. By the aid of the lumbermen, we got over in fairly comfortable shape, and at once pitched our tent, although it was not 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Still, our weather sharp Zack prognosticated heavy rain for the balance of the day and for the night, so we decided to take time by the forelock and be prepared. It came down hot and heavy till dawn.

There is no outlet at the north end of the lake we embarked on this morning, and the canoeist must be careful at this point to proceed southwest for half a mile, and around the bend into Lake Kushog, which, being translated, means "The water that is narrow and long."

Although we had head-wind and a choppy sea, which made the Jonah canoe proceed rather gingerly, we had the best part of the lake behind us before we put ashore at noon for lunch. It was then we smelt big game for the first time this trip, discerning the tracks of deer, and also of bear, on the shore of the lake.

We sighted Ward's around a bend at the head of the lake on the western shore, and proceeded there "for orders." No one had been able to give us any information as to the lay of the land beyond Ward's, but



Camp Gibraltar.

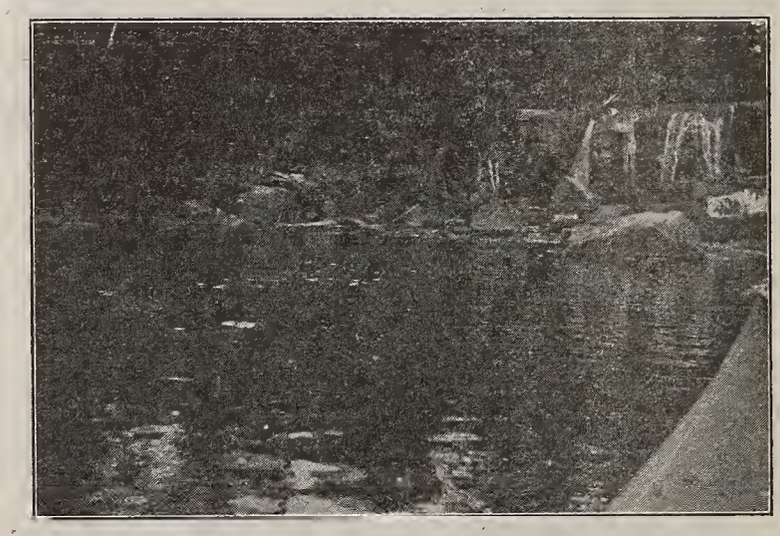
one and all said: "Ask Ward, and he'll put you straight." We had a map, of course, but found it none too accurate.

Ward was away from home, and wouldn't be back till evening, so we decided to take a side trip to the island home of a hermit doctor thereabouts. Queer place for a doctor! Ideal place for a hermit! His island we found in the center of Senora Lake, which lake is reached by passing through the Narrows at the head of Lake Kushog.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.: Harry A. Whitton, Clarence S. Forsaith, both of the Cygnet C. C., of Manchester, N. H.;



"Full of Bass Holes."

W. E. Bertling and Finley H. Creen, of the Buffalo C. C., Buffalo, N. Y.

Vice Commodore Breitenstein has appointed the following as regatta committee for the Central Division, 1904:

H. E. McLain, Pittsburg, Pa.
Greg. Rogers, Pittsburg, Pa.
Hiram Hoyt, Rochester, N. Y.

NEWBURGH CANOE AND BOATING ASSOCIATION.—The Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association will hold their annual regatta on Newburgh Bay, Hudson River, Saturday, July 23. The Regatta Committee is making an earnest effort to bring together the fastest boats along the Hudson. Unusually valuable prizes will be put up for the different classes and the visiting yachtsmen will be royally entertained at the club's summer camp.



The merit of the measurement rule exploited over a year ago by the New York Y. C. is at last receiving proper recognition, and the club may now feel that its efforts to secure a good formula that might be universally adopted were not in vain.

For some years past yacht racing has been on the decline and the sport has reached almost as low an ebb here as it has in England. This state of affairs is due to various causes, but chiefly to faulty measurement rules. From the time the old Seawanhaka rule, which held sway for so many years, was abandoned, various formulas were adopted by the different organizations, but none of them served the purpose for which they were intended. As the different clubs were thus experimenting, matters grew steadily worse, and the situation reached a climax last summer when five different rules were in effect on Long Island Sound.

Old yachtsmen conceded that something must be done, but the first club to take up the matter in a thorough and systematic manner was the New York Y. C. This club appointed a committee of the ablest men that could be secured anywhere, and these gentlemen devoted themselves for months in an effort to devise a correct mathematical formula for the measurement of racing yachts. They conferred with prominent designers throughout the world and consulted all the existing data on the subject. In fact, to sum up in a few words, they made an exhaustive study of the problem, and the rule that was decided upon was one which was believed to be the best adapted to the purpose. The report of the committee was put before the members of the club and the rule which had been devised was adopted. No sooner had this been done than the club was criticised somewhat harshly by the press and by other clubs, some of which felt that they should have been consulted in the matter if the New York Y. C. were making an earnest endeavor to secure a rule which might become universal. The New York Y. C., however, felt that all efforts in this direction were more or less experimental in character and they wished to bear the entire blame provided the rule they decided upon was not practicable. The New York Y. C. rule went into effect last year, and only three boats were built under it. Yachtsmen were still a little skeptical and they hesitated about building until they were assured that several men were willing to take the step and that the classes would fill. The three boats that were built were the schooners Ingomar and Valmore and the sloop Pelligrina. The schooners did remarkably well in the racing, but Pelligrina was used solely for cruising. It is interesting to note that all three proved to be fine cruising vessels, and more than satisfied their owners in this direction.

As soon as the rule had been adopted by the New York Y. C. the Eastern Y. C. accepted it. This was the first step toward a general adoption and the securing of what bids fair to be a universal rule. The season of 1903 passed without giving the rule a really satisfactory test, in so far as the building of new boats was concerned. It was rather unfortunate that the rule should have been adopted in an America's Cup year, for the interest was centered in the international contest. As the season wore on, however, the rule was looked upon with less disfavor, the original framers were gaining more confidence and new supporters were found on all sides. Other clubs saw that the rule had unquestionable merit and that they were hindering the development of the sport and the building of new boats by adhering to old rules. Most yachtsmen felt that a good universal rule, even if it was not perfect, was far better than a number of indifferent ones.

The Atlantic Y. C. was the next club to join forces with the New York Y. C., for they adopted the formula last winter, with slight modifications in the factors. The Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound next accepted the rule, and they also ratified it with modifications in the factors. Thus all the Sound clubs were racing under one rule, with the exception of the Larchmont Y. C. and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. The members of the latter club saw that the tendency was now toward a universal rule, and they felt that it would be advisable to accept it also, for it would be obviously difficult to sail their club matches under one rule and the Association races under another. This leaves the Larchmont Y. C. alone, but as this club is not a member of the Association, it was not so essential that they should accept the new rule.

The New York Y. C. formula is as follows:

"Length multiplied by the square root of the sail area, divided by 5.5 times of the cube root of the displacement."

All the clubs that have ratified the rule accepted it as here printed.

The New York, Eastern and Chicago Y. C.'s find the length factor as follows:

"The mean of the length over all, exclusive of bulwarks and rails, and of the length on the load water line, both measurements to be taken parallel to the middle vertical plane and at a distance from it equal to one-quarter of the greatest beam of the water line. * * * *"

In the case of the Atlantic Y. C. and the Y. R A. of Long Island Sound, the length factor is obtained by different methods. The Association calculate the length as it is now done under the Hyslop rule, which is as follows:

"Actual water line length plus the excess, if any, of the beam measured ⅛ in from either end of the water line over the extreme beam."

The Association calculates the displacement in a slightly different manner, which, however, gives practically the same result. The sail area is measured, as was done unde the old Seawanhaka rule, which is really a spar measurement. The Atlantic Y. C. arrived at the length factor in still another way, which is as follows:

"Length on the quarter beam line, 10 per cent. of the beam above the water line."

These several methods of calculating the factors embodied in the rule do not affect the formula in any degree, and for the present the variation of calculation is hardly an objection, for the practical application of these three methods will enable the experts to determine after a season which one of the several ways is best. The rule may have to be modified slightly, but now that a good basis to work on has been secured it is more than likely that an admirable rule will be the outcome and that the slight changes which may take place will not only be helpful in its development but will do much toward advancing it to a point of real perfection.

The Larchmont Y. C., which is perhaps the strongest racing organization in this country, has always conducted its fine races in an excellent manner, and substantial prizes have always been given. It has always been looked to as an advisory organization in racing matters in general. We have always felt, however, that for the benefit of the sport at large the club would do well to join the Association, for such a step could in no way injure the club and would certainly add to the Association's strength, and the two organizations could then work together without danger of conflict and with more singleness of purpose. All clubs should now join hands in a firm resolve to revive the failing interest in yacht racing, throw aside petty and personal feelings and do their utmost to encourage the building of racing yachts and the development of the sport, for it is for this purpose that they were organized.

The ranks of the racing men have been greatly thinned out during this lethargic period, for men have no desire to attempt to build a boat that will fit several racing rules. Many of the Corinthians have drifted to power boats during the last year or two, perhaps never to return to the racing sailing yacht again. This is not so much the case in the east as it is on Long Island Sound, where good boat-sailors are somewhat scarcer.

The Chicago Y. C. has accepted and adopted the New York Y. C. rule, and this seems to be the beginning of the general adoption of the rule on the Great Lakes and through the west. The Chicago Y. C. is a far-sighted institution and moves only after giving a subject due consideration, and its attitude as to the new rule is significant. If the rule works out as well as is anticipated on the lakes it is more than probable that the Canadian yachtsmen also will accept it, for these sportsmen are always on the lookout for changes that are really improvements, and they can always be counted upon to assist in any move which will be of benefit to the sport. The Gulf Coast Yachting Association now has in its membership several clubs whose combined strength is very great, and they are on the lookout for a rule which is better than anything yet introduced in their waters, and now that so many northern yachtsmen are to take their boats south in the winter to race, it is, of course, essential that the same rules of measurement should apply to the racing there as in the north.

The only way we can ever hope to have really fair and satisfactory inter-club, inter-association and international races is by the adoption of a universal rule.

Boston Letter.

Boston, April 11.—The second general meeting of the Eastern Y. C. for the year was held at the St. Botolph Club last Tuesday evening. At this meeting it was voted to purchase the wharf property on the town side of Marblehead harbor, now used by the club as a landing station. The transfer of the property at this time is merely a matter of form, it being understood at the time the wharf was bought that the purchase was made for the Eastern Y. C. The regatta committee announced one of the best list of fixtures that has been arranged for the club in many years. It includes racing for yachts of all sizes, including three open races for automobile and power boats. It is also contemplated holding an ocean race from New York to Boston on July 6, if there should be sufficient number of entries to warrant starting the boats. In this proposed race there will probably be an opportunity for yachts to compete which are barred under the rules of the Lipton cup race, to be held under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. It is understood that several Massachusetts yachtsmen, owning yachts of more than 40 feet over all in length, are desirous of competing in such a race. This year a cruise has been arranged along the coast of Maine as far as Bar Harbor, where the Eastern Y. C. has a station. There will also be a race at Bar Harbor. The cruise will be one of the best that the club has held in years. As the cruise to the eastward will be of considerable extent, the fleet will probably not cruise to the westward in squadron order to join the fleet of the New York Y. C. The complete list of fixtures announced by the Regatta Committee is as follows:

July 2, Saturday—Open race for E. Y. C., classes J and K, and Y. R. A., classes D, E and I.

July 2, Saturday—Squadron run to Gloucester.

July 4, Monday—Automobile and motor boats, open, A. M.

July 4, Monday—Open race for E. Y. C., classes J and R, and Y. R. A., classes D, E and I.

July 6, Wednesday—Start of ocean race from New York to Marblehead.

July 9, Saturday—Automobile and power boats, open.

July 15, Friday—Annual regatta.

July 15, Friday—Rendezvous for cruise at Marblehead, captains' meeting on board flagship.

July 16, Saturday—Start of annual cruise and run to Gloucester.

July 17, Sunday—Squadron run, Gloucester to Isles of Shoals.

July 18, Monday—Squadron run, Isles of Shoals to Peak's Island.

July 19, Tuesday—Squadron run, Peak's Island to Boothbay.

July 20, Wednesday—Squadron run, Boothbay to Islesboro.

July 21, Thursday—Squadron run, Islesboro to Bass Harbor.

July 22, Friday—Squadron run, Bass Harbor to Bar Harbor.

July 25, Monday—E. Y. C. regatta at Bar Harbor.

July 30, Saturday—Automobile and power boats, open.

August 1, Monday—Open race for E. Y. C., classes J and K, and Y. R. A., classes D, E and I.

August 18, Thursday—Open race for E. Y. C., classes J and K, and Y. R. A., classes D, E and I.

August 19, Friday—Open race for E. Y. C., classes J and K, and Y. R. A., classes D, E and I.

During the cruise the fleet will lay over during one day at some port, to be arranged at captains' meeting after the start.

The annual meeting of the Dorchester Y. C. was held at the American House last Thursday evening, at which it was announced that the work of dredging on the south side of Dorchester harbor had begun. Commodore T. W. Souther showed an official blue print, on which was indicated the extent of the dredging to be done. Commodore Souther felt that the deepening of the water would prove of great vale to the yacht owners. The work of dredging has commenced on the north side of the harbor, the work in this direction being explained by ex-Commodore Hawes, of the Savin Hill Y. C. When this work has been finished Dorchester will be one of the best anchorages for small yachts along the coast.

Throughout the winter dredging has been carried on in Dorchester Bay, at City Point. It is proposed to increase the depth of water along this shore, where the yacht clubs are located, and for a considerable distance out, to 12 feet at mean low water. This depth will be maintained inshore almost up to the sea wall,

With these improved anchorage faciilties there is little doubt that there will be an increase in the fleet laying there. With sufficient depth of water this makes an ideal anchorage, being handy to the yacht clubs and also being free from the inconvenience of sooty rigging and sails which has to be put up with by yachts that now have to anchor in the deeper water nearer the city; while the handiness of the anchorage to the city makes it of great advantage to yachtsmen who steam back and forth to their summer homes every day.

At a meeting of several owners of catboats, enrolled in the Quincy Y. C., last Tuesday, it was decided to hold a long-distance race for these boats on June 25, the same day that the 22-footers and other classes are to race from Marblehead to the Isles of Shoals, under the auspices of the Boston Y. C. It is proposed to race the cats from Quincy to a stake boat off Thatcher's Island and return.

At a meeting of representatives of the Quincy, Wollaston and Squantum Y. C's it was decided to hold a series of interclub races, as follows: June 17, at Wollaston; July 2, at Squantum, and July 16, at Quincy.

Mr. Lawrence F. Percival's new speed launch, built by Messrs. Stearns & McKay, at the Marblehead yacht yard, was given a trial at Marblehead on Saturday, April 2, during which she failed to show the speed that was expected of her. She was hauled out Monday, when it was found that several fathoms of lobster buoy rope, together with the buoy itself, had become entangled in the propeller and around the strut. It bent the blades of the propeller backward, tearing off the strut. She was given another trial last Thursday, with an experimental propeller. She developed good speed at times, although, owing to the newness of the engine, it was run at less than half power, and a defective commutator prevented more than two cylinders doing effective work. The results were encouraging, however, and it is hoped that with the final propeller, which will be tried in about a week, the boat will show as much speed as can be combined with seaworthy qualities in a launch of her size.

Rear Commodore Walter Burgess' new 21-footer, Clarita, the only boat to be built during the winter for the newly adopted Y. R. A. of Mass. 21-foot class, was launched at the Marblehead yacht yard last week and was given a trial last Wednesday. In a light easterly breeze she moved very fast, and, as it freshened, she carried her sail very comfortably.

On Tuesday, April 19, the fleet of new and old 18-footers at Duxbury will be given a tryout in an informal race. Three new boats were built during the winter at Kingston, and there are several older boats laid up that are very fast. It is expected that the race will be an interesting one. JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Mimosa II.

THE keenest racing that was seen last season between boats of moderate size was found in the 43-foot class. The two new boats Mimosa II and the Gardner production Aspirant met in a number of contests, and the racing could hardly have been better. Aspirant, owned and sailed by Messrs. Addison G. and Wilmer H. Hanan, carried off the honors, but the racing was close, and Mimosa II pushed her hard for first place.

Mimosa II did not suffer from lack of handling, but her defeat may be attributed to a number of things. Aspirant was skinned out below and she did not have any interior fittings, while Mimosa II was loaded down with partitions and other equipment, weighing considerably over a ton, which did her harm. Had these been removed and the equivalent weight been put on the keel it would have vastly improved her.

The two boats will no doubt meet again this year, and as Mimosa II will be seen in an improved condition the racing ought to be more interesting than ever.

Mimosa was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield and built by the George Lawley & Son Corp., South Boston, Mass., for Mr. Trenor L. Park, of New York city. Below she is quite roomy, and from the cabin plans it will be seen that she has all the comforts of a cruising boat.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	62ft.	¼in.
L. W. L.	41ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	9ft.	2in.
Aft	11ft.	10in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	12ft.	15⅝in.
L. W. L.	11ft.	6⅜in.
Transom	4ft.	11½in.
Draft—		
Extreme	8ft.	8¾in.
Fairbody	3ft.	3in.
Freeboard—		
Stern	4ft.	4¼in.
Least	2ft.	6¼in.
Transom	3ft.	2¾in.
Areas—		
Midship section	30 sq. ft.	
Rudder	17.80 sq. ft.	
Total lateral plane	181.80 sq. ft.	
Total wetted surface	735.30 sq. ft.	
Sail area—		
Jib	340 sq. ft.	
Staysail	321 sq. ft.	
Mainsail	1,501 sq. ft.	
Total	2,162	
Area, together with jib and gaff topsails	2,577	
Sail area, rated under Y. R. A. of L. I. S. rules	2,597	

ATLANTIC Y. C. ENTRY ACCEPTED.—Mr. T. Alfred Vernon, of the Atlantic Y. C., has received a letter from Mr. R. W. Rathbone, Chairman of the N. Y. Athletic Club Yachting Committee, in which he states that the Mr. J. B. O'Donohue's entry of the sloop Adeline for the race to Block Island has been accepted.



MIMOSA II.
Owned by T. L. Park. Photo by James Burton.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

THE FIFTEEN-FOOTERS FROM A MASSACHUSETTS STANDPOINT.—This most interesting and critical article that appeared in our last issue was written by Mr. William Lambert Barnard, of Boston. Mr. Barnard will be remembered as the author of the cruise that won first prize in our recent cruising competition.

SAPOLIO Y. C.—The Sapolio Y. C. held its annual meeting on March 31, and the following officers were elected: Com., Samuel Kolischer; Fleet Capt., Dave Helsman; Treas., Joe Brenner; Meas., William Kuhn. The members are: Ike Heisman, Carroll Donohue, William Cleary, Harry Barend, William Dangman, M. McBride, Lewis Brewster, Joe Monday, Harry Cohen.

STEAM YACHT FALCON CHARTERED.—Mr. John P. Roberts has chartered his steam yacht Falcon for a short period, through MacConnell Brothers, to Mr. Joseph Cowan, of New York City. The same firm has sold for Mr. Richard H. Swartwout, of New York, the knockabout Raduga, to Mr. C. A. Hatch, of Stamford, Conn.

NEW BOATS FROM F. S. NOCK'S DESIGNS.—The following is a list of the new work Mr. F. S. Nock, of East Greenwich, R. I., now has on hand: Design for a 54ft. cabin launch (hunting cabin type) for Mr. W. S. Otis, of Providence, now in course of construction in his shops; a 35ft. speed launch for Mr. J. R. Harding, of East Greenwich, also in course of construction; a small sailing and rowing tender for Mr. Daniel Howland, of Hope, R. I., also building; design for a 36ft. hunting cabin launch for Mr. Fred W. Albru, of Kingston, Ontario; design for a 43ft. cabin launch for Buffalo Gasolene Motor Co.; design for a 35ft. hunting cabin launch for Mr. F. Babcock, of Centerville, R. I.; design for a 60ft. speed launch for Providence owner (name withheld); design for a 30ft. speed launch for T. A. Winslow, New Orleans; and a design for a small power boat, 20ft. long, for Mr. W. O. Towers, New York City.

CAROLINE PURCHASED BY SOUTHERN YACHTSMAN.—The fast and able Class A sloop Caroline, of the Inland Lakes Yachting Association, will be added to the fleet of the Southern Y. C., at New Orleans, La. Caroline was one of the fastest boats of the season of 1901, and she shared honors with such crack racers as the Anita and Adyrin. Caroline was sold by Com. F. H. Libby, of the Oshkosh (Wis.) Y. C., to U. J. Virgin through the agency of L. D. Sampsell, Secretary of the Southern Y. C. She was designed and built by Jones & La Borde.

CORINTHIAN LAUNCHED.—On April 2 the new challenger, Corinthian, built for the members of the Corinthian Y. C., of San Francisco, was launched from the yard of the builders, W. F. Stone & Co., of Harbor View. The boat is the most extreme craft ever built on the Pacific coast. She is 56ft. over all, 24ft. waterline, 14ft. 6in. in breadth, 2ft. 7in. draft of hull and 10ft. draft with board down. The boat was designed by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, and she is fitted with a steel truss running fore and aft in order to properly strengthen her. Corinthian was built for a syndicate of members of the Corinthian Yacht Club, with the object in view of regaining the Perpetual Cup that was lost to the San Francisco club two years ago.

JAMAICA BAY Y. R. A.—The annual meeting of the Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. was held on April 5 and the following officers were elected: Chairman, Henry Lange, Old Mill Y. C.; Sec., E. V. Pardessus, Jamaica Bay Y. C.; Treas., George G. Boehm, Bergen Beach Y. C.

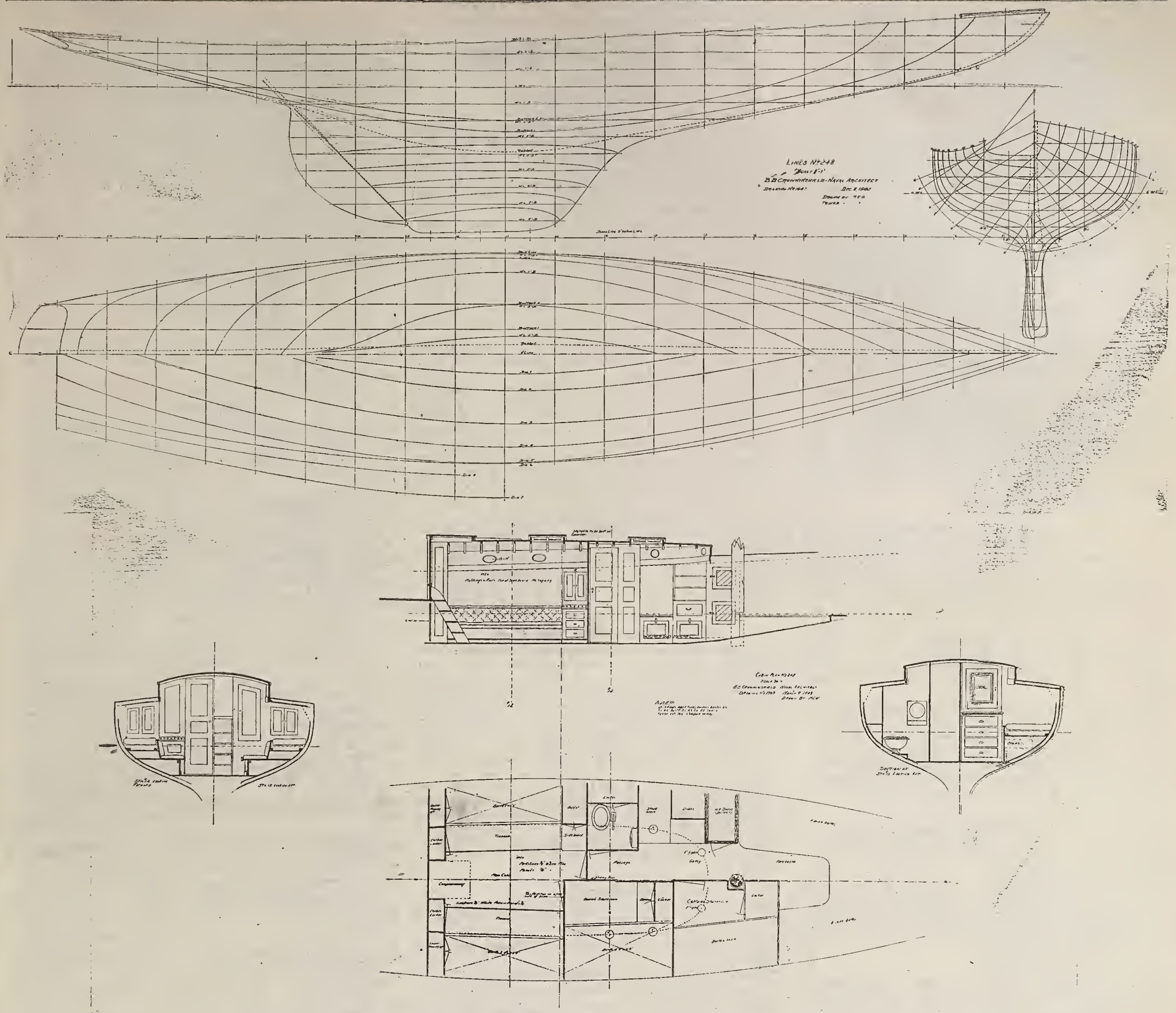
The delegates were not able to fix dates for their clubs' open races, so the matter was left open until they could confer with their respective regatta committees.

The course of the sloops in Association races was made as follows: Starting from off the Jamaica Bay Y. C.; thence to the red can buoy in Rockaway Inlet; thence to a mark in Broad Channel; thence to the starting line; sailed over once.

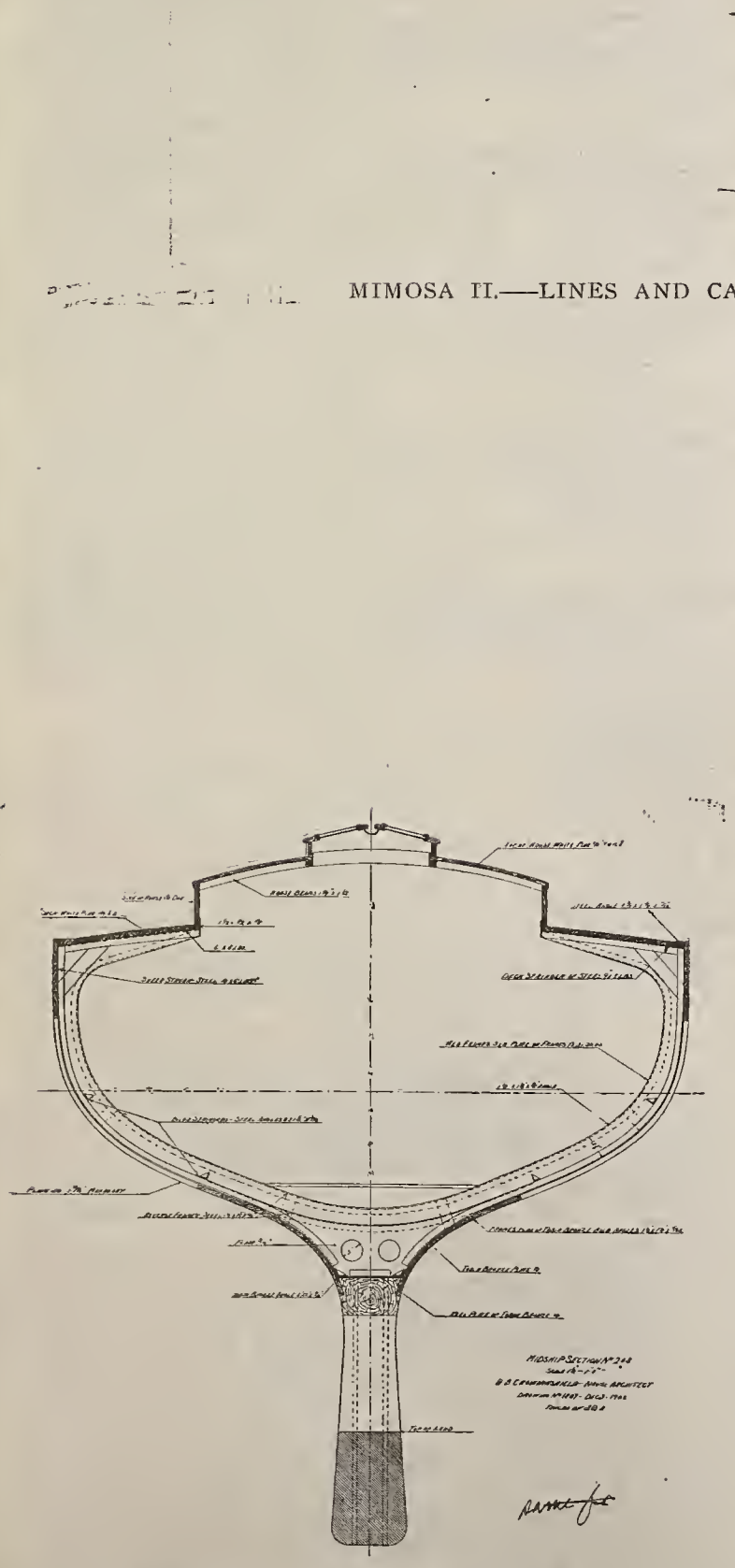
CAPT. ARTHUR H. CLARK'S YACHTING HISTORY TO BE PUBLISHED.—A history of yachting covering the period from 1620 to 1815 has been written by Capt. Arthur H. Clark, one of the oldest members of the New York Y. C. Capt. Clark has spent many years in securing data on this subject, and he is probably more familiar with the early yachting in England and Holland than any other man alive. From time to time Capt. Clark has picked up old and valuable prints illustrating the earlier types of yachts. The book will contain 112 full page pictures reproduced from those old prints. Capt. Clark's work is to be published under the direction of the New York Y. C., by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

T. C. ZEREGA BUYS THE SLOOP PLEASURE.—Mr. H. O. Havemeyer has sold the sloop Pleasure through Mr. Stanley M. Seaman to Mr. Theodore C. Zerega. Pleasure was designed and built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., in 1901, and is 64ft. over all, 44ft. waterline, 15.9ft. breadth, and 3.1ft. draft. Pleasure was champion of her class in 1901, '02 and '03.

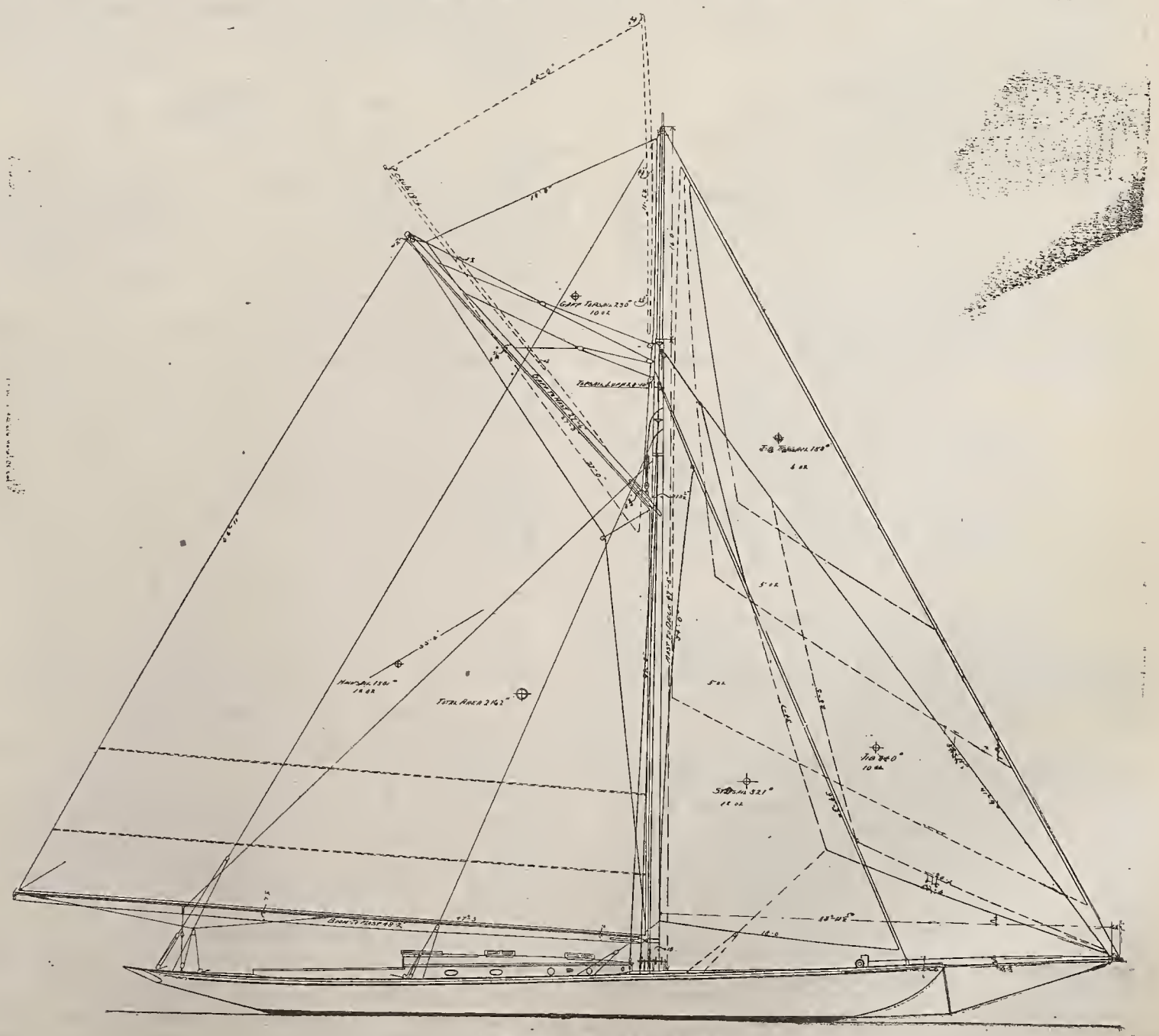
EX-MAYOR LOW'S STEAM YACHT SOLD.—The steam yacht Surprise, used by Hon. Seth Low, during his administration as Mayor for daily runs between this city and his home, Rye, N. Y., has been sold to Mr. Dumont



MIMOSA II.—LINES AND CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD AND OWNED BY TRÈNOR L. PARK.



MIMOSA II.—MIDSHIP SECTION.



MIMOSA II.—SAIL PLAN.

Clarke, New York Yacht Club, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, of New York. Surprise, ex-Wilda, is a steel vessel, designed by H. C. Wintringham and built in 1899 by Pusey & Jones Co. She is 127ft. over all, 102ft. waterline, 16ft. 6in. beam, 6ft. draft, has a credited speed of 15 miles an hour.

EDGEWOOD Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Edgewood (R. I.) Y. C. was held a short time ago and the following officers were elected: Pres., Charles I. Brown; Com., Herman G. Posner; Vice-Com., William Gibbs; Rear-Com., Henry E. Smith; Sec., Harry Fulford; Treas., C. Fred Vennerbeck; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. James H. Prior; the board of directors consists of the officers with the addition of George H. Flint and W. P. Stowe. At a meeting of the boat owners, held immediately after the general meeting of the club, Albert C. Davis was re-elected Measurer, with F. N. Gammell as Assistant Measurer, and the following were elected the regatta committee: Chairman, A. C. Davis; Fred Gammell, Fred Snelgrove, Fred Griffith, C. Fred Vennerbeck. The Edgewood Y. C. is now the largest organization on Narragansett Bay, having a membership of 450. There are now 130 boats in the club fleet and some thirty more will be added during the coming season. The club house is paid for and the organization is now on a firm footing. Wanderer, noted as a racing boat, has been sold by her former owners, Messrs. Harvey and Dutee Flint, of Edgewood, who have two new boats coming for the 30ft. class. Of the new power boats this year, Mr. George R. Babbitt, of Edgewood; Mr. William Schedley, of Providence, and Mr. James T. Thornton, of Edgewood, will have new power boats, the boat of Mr. Thornton being 61ft. in length with a 40-horse power engine.

THE HUNTINGTON MFG. CO., of New Rochelle, are now building: A 30ft. auto launch, 5ft. beam, for Mr. D. S. Morrill of Hartford, Conn.; a 31.9ft. auto launch, 4ft. beam for Mr. S. S. Thompson, through the Standard Motor Construction, whose engines are going in both boats; a 32ft. auto launch, 5ft. beam, for Mr. H. Newbauer, from designs by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane.

The 35ft. high speed launch for the American Ice Co. is on the ways ready to launch, complete.

The auxiliary yawl Rosalind was launched a few days ago. The cutter Saracen has been hauled out to be painted.

One of the dories built by this firm for members of the Philadelphia, was given a trial under sail on March 29. She sails very well and goes quite fast. They set very light on the water, and will probably use about 300 pounds in sand bag ballast except when they take about four men aboard. They are oak framed, cedar plank, lapstroked, galv. fastened. The sails were made by McClellan, of Fall River.

COM. A. C. JAMES' APPOINTMENTS.—The following appointments have been made by Com. Arthur Curtis James, of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.: Fleet Capt., Franklin A. Plummer; Fleet Chaplain, Rev. George R. Van de Water; Fleet Surgeon, Benjamin T. Tilton, M. D.

At the regular meeting of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., held at the City Club, West Forty-fourth street, on April 5, the racing rules were changed to conform with those recently adopted by the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound.

LARCHMONT Y. C. FIXTURES.—The Regatta Committee of the Larchmont Y. C., which is made up of Messrs. Charles P. Tower, Chairman, Howell C. Perrin and T. J. S. Flint, has arranged for the following races during the coming season:

Saturday, June 18, Spring Regatta, all classes.
Monday, July 4, twenty-fifth annual regatta, all classes, and Class B races for Colt Cup.
Saturday, July 16 to 23, race week.
Saturday, Sept. 3, club race.
Monday, Sept. 5, (Labor Day) fall regatta.
Saturday, Sept. 10, club race.

INDIAN HARBOR Y. C. FIXTURES.—The Regatta Commttee of the Indan Harbor Y. C. has arranged the following schedule of races:

Monday, May 30, Memorial Day—Open race for raceabouts, club handicap and race for club knockabouts.
Monday, July 4—Open race for motor boats.
Saturday, July 30—Annual regatta.
Saturday, September 3—Fall regatta.
Monday, September 5, Labor Day—Club handicap and ladies' day race.

AUXILIARY SCHOONER ATLANTIC ASHORE.—A brief report sent from Cuba by cable states that Mr. Wilson Marshall's auxiliary schooner Atlantic went ashore on April 6 at or near Havana. No details are given. Captain Carroll, who has been in charge of Atlantic during her extended cruise through the West Indies, has left, and Captain "Lem" Miller left New York on April 7 to take his place.

NEW YORK Y. C.—A special meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house, West Forty-fourth street on Monday evening, April 11. A number of amendments to the constitution, bylaws, and racing rules passed at a previous meeting were approved and are now in effect.

POWER BOAT DESIGNED BY MESSRS TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE.—Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has gotten out plans of eight power boats that will be prominent in the coming season's racing. Two of these boats are being built at Wood's Yard, City Island. They are both 50ft. long and 5ft. 6in. in breadth. The planking on each is double, the inner skin being of cedar and the outer of mahogany. The construction is elaborate, combining light weight and great strength. One of the boats is for Mr. Clifford V. Brokaw, and she will be driven by a Smith & Mabley engine of 150 horse-power. The name of the other boat's owner is withheld, but she will be fitted with two 90 horse-power Mercedes engines. It is expected that both these boats will show a speed in excess of 25 miles an hour.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

United States Revolver Association.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The following persons have secured a rating on the Book of Records and been awarded Association medals: George H. Wilkins, of the Myles Standish Rifle Club, Portland, Mc., a bronze medal on the scores of 83, 83, 84, 81, 81, 81, 84, 80, 85, 86; a bronze and silver medal on scores of 85, 87, 89, 86, 88, 88, 89, 87, 86, 88. Silas E. Adams, of the Myles Standish Rifle Club, Portland, Me., a bronze medal on the scores of 84, 82, 82, 80, 81, 83, 84, 81, 84, 80. Wm. G. Krieg, of the Willow Rifle and Gun Club, Chicago, Ill., a bronze and silver medal on scores of 85, 89, 96, 86, 86, 86, 89, 91, 92, 92.

April 9.—The Washington Revolver Club shot a match, their second, with the Smith and Wesson Pistol Club, of Springfield; teams of eight men each, 20yds., Standard American target, 30 shots per man. The Washington men to shoot military revolvers and military ammunition. The Springfield men, any revolvers and any ammunition, and allow Washington 20 points handicap per man.

The match was at 20yds., offhand. The Springfield men used target revolvers and special ammunition. The Washington team, which is made up of marksmen of the National Guard of the District of Columbia, used the regular military revolver and service ammunition. As an offset the Smith and Wesson team gave their opponents a handicap of 20 points to the man, or 160 to the team. They shot a very close match last year under the same conditions. The Springfield team then scored 2,037 points and won by 29 points. Yesterday they dropped behind their last year's record by 39 points, which was largely due to the poor light. George F. Adams, of the local National Guard, acted as scorer for the Smith and Wesson team, and the official in Washington was an Inspector-General of Rifle Practice. The scores:

Springfield.

C S Axtell	42	45	40	42	48	42	259
Dr W A Smith	39	44	45	43	44	41	256
Dr I R Calkins	39	42	41	47	37	41	247
F G Hodskins	38	40	44	41	40	39	242
C A L Wright	41	41	44	43	40	39	248
Z C Talbot	40	40	45	39	43	41	248
R V Wintergreen	42	46	39	39	37	44	247
J D Crabtree	39	38	40	47	46	41	251—1998

The Independent New York Corps.

TWENTY-TWO members of the Independent Corps occupied the Zettler gallery on Friday night, April 8. Lambert Schmidt was high on the ring target.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, two scores to count, possible 500: L. Schmidt 479, F. Liebig 478, Gus Zimmermann 478, J. Facklamm 476, A. Begerow 469, Geo. Zimmermann 467, E. Greiner 467, L. C. Hauenstein, Jr., 466, J. Bittscher 465, H. Koch 463, J. Schmidt 460, W. Soll 460, H. J. Behrens 454, J. Huhring 454, B. Eusner 453, F. A. Young 452, H. Zimmer 440, H. Kuhn 437, F. C. Halbe 418, A. Radler 409, E. Gartner 408, J. G. Bauer 405, A. Corse 403.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, the best center shot to count, by measurement: F. Hiegbel 18, E. Greiner 22, Geo. Zimmermann 37½, J. G. Bauer 40, A. Begerow 42, L. Schmidt 50½, J. Stuhring 51½, Gus Zimmermann 57½, H. Zimmer 63, H. Kabriske 71½, W. Soll 84, J. Bittscher 85½, H. Koch 95, F. A. Young 103, H. J. Behrens 117, J. Facklamm 129, J. Schmidt 139, B. Eusner 164, F. C. Halbe 200.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE winter gallery shoot of the Zettler Club has only two more weeks to go to the finish. W. A. Tewes has such a lead that he is sure of first place on the list of winners. At the last shoot, on April 1, Tewes made 2451 in his 100 shots. Hansen was second with 2444.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., offhand; 100 shots: W. A. Tewes 2451, L. P. Hansen 2444, Geo. Schlicht 2421, A. Moser 2414, H. Fenwirth 2326.

Fifty shots: Louis C. Buss 1216, R. Gute 1213, Chas. Zettler, Jr., 1211, A. Kronsberg 1207, W. A. Hicks 1203, B. Zettler 1197, Chas. G. Zettler, Sr., 1191, E. Van Zandt 1196, H. C. Zettler 1189, Louis Maurer 1182, Aug. Begerow 1166, Geo. J. Bernius 1149.

Extra scores: A. Moser 1207. W. A. Tewes made a full score of 250 twice.

New York City Corps.

THE New York City Corps closed its winter gallery contest in the Zettler Bros. gallery on April 7.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: Aug. Kronsberg 242, 244; R. Busse 243, 238, O. Schwanemann 235, 238; R. Schwanemann 231, 238; J. Facklamm 234, 230; H. C. Radloff 234, 234; B. Eusner 231, 231; Chas. Wagner 225, 229; Jos. Keller 225, 218; Wm. Heil 214, 207; Chas. Schmidt 213, 213; F. Keller 212, 206; A. Wiltz 216, 200; H. R. Caplan 196, 215; H. Vogel 198, 204; Geo. Schrotter 181, 190; E. Sonner 183, 185.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, the best center shot to count, by measurement: R. Busse 18½ degrees, F. Keller 23, Ch. Wagner 28, Aug. Kronsberg 30, O. Schwanemann 36½, J. Facklamm 38, Jos. Keller 44, H. R. Caplan 46½, R. Bendler 48, R. Schwanemann 49, B. Eusner 56, Wm. Heil 59, H. C. Radloff 61, Ch. Schmidt 66, A. Wiltz 69, G. Schrotter 81, E. Sonner 101, H. Vogel 117.

Rifle at Springfield

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., April 9.—To-day Mr. H. M. Pope, at 200yds., scored 917 out of a possible 1,000. The score:

H M Pope	8	12	9	8	11	11	11	8	9	10	92
	8	9	10	9	9	11	10	8	10	9	92
	8	9	10	11	10	9	11	7	9	10	92
	10	12	8	11	10	7	9	8	9	8	89
	9	9	10	9	8	9	8	9	10	8	89
	8	11	8	10	9	8	10	9	12	11	92
	9	9	10	10	10	8	8	9	10	11	93
	10	9	9	8	9	11	11	12	11	9	94
	8	10	7	10	10	7	10	12	12	7	89
	7	12	12	9	9	12	12	11	11	10	95—917

Miller Rifle and Pistol Club.

AT the weekly shoot of the Miller Club, of Hoboken, N. J., on April 5, good scores were the order. F. Unbehaum made the fine score of 248.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., offhand: F. Unbehaum 248, P. J. O'Hare 247, R. A. Goldthwaite 245, R. W. Evans 243, D. Miller 242, C. Bischoff 244, Owen Smith 242, H. Bahn 239, D. Dingman 241, T. Gabriel 240, J. Bischoff 238, H. Eames 234, C. E. Doyle 233, C. Miller 233, R. A. Blake 232, C. Tetzloff 221, C. Bayhre 217.

Italian Rifle Club.

AT the last shoot of the Italian Club, April 4, G. T. Conti and E. Minervini were a tie for first place, each with 243.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: G. T. Conti 243, E. Minervini 243, P. Selvaggi 242, Louis Reali 233, C. D. Felice 232, Dr. Navoni 232, G. Bianchi 232, G. Muzio 231, A. Orsenigo 228, E. Orsenigo 224, D. Mastropaolo 223, S. De Salvo 218, G. Fontanella 217, E. Rossotti 217, A. Gabriella 202.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

ELEVEN members of the Lady Club were present at the Zettler gallery on April 9, to take part in the regular club shoot. Miss Millie Zimmermann and Miss Anna Koch were first and second. The special prize presented by H. Fenwirth for the best center shot on the bullseye target, was won by Mrs. Geo. Bernius.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, muzzle rest: Miss Millie Zimmermann 246, 245; Miss Anna Koch 245, 245; Miss Florrie Muller 241, 246; Mrs. H. Fenwirth 242, 244; Miss T. Eusner 237, 237; Mrs. W. H. Turbett 231, 239; Mrs. F. Watson 227, 240; Mrs. H. Scheu 234, 233; Miss N. Hart 227, 237; Mrs. Geo. J. Bernius 233, 228; Miss Katie Zimmermann 246, 241.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, the best center shot to count, by measurement: Mrs. Geo. J. Bernius 35 degrees; Miss N. Hart 52, Mrs. F. Watson 67½, Mrs. H. Scheu 73, Miss M. Zimmermann 80, Mrs. H. Fenwirth 83½, Miss T. Eusner 101½, Miss K. Zimmermann 118, Mrs. W. H. Turbett 162, Miss F. Muller 166.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

April 12-13.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Indiana League of Trapshooters' annual tournament.
April 16.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all day target shoot; free silver prizes. Dr. J. B. Pardoe, Sec'y.
April 18-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. F. Schmelzer & Son's Arms Co. fourth Interstate midwinter shooting tournament; targets and live birds.
April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Patriots' Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
April 19.—Wellington, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Mgr.
April 19.—Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club's eighth annual Patriots' Day tournament. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
April 19-21.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club's spring tournament. W. B. Kennedy, Sec'y.
April 20-21.—Rensselaer, Ind., Gun Club amateur tournament. Everette Brown, Mgr., Pleasant Grove, Ind.
April 21.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association first shoot of the season. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.
April 21.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club's Fast Day shoot. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
April 21.—Easton, Pa.—The Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club's first annual target tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Sec'y.
April 23.—Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association's big merchandise shoot. J. R. Taylor, General Manager.
April 23.—Philadelphia.—Team shoot: Trenton University vs. University of Pennsylvania.
April 26.—Greenville, O., Gun Club amateur tournament. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.
*April 26-27.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club tournament. $100 added. Louis Lautenslager, Mgr.
April 26-29.—Kansas City.—Spring target tournament at Blue River Park. R. S. Elliott, Mgr.
April 27-28.—Americus, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club. H. S. McClesky, Sec'y.
April 30.—Princeton, N. J.—Team shoot: Princeton University vs. Crescent Athletic Club, of New York.
May 3-4.—Wabash, Ind., Gun Club tournament. Austin Flynn, Sec'y.
*May 3-4—Derry, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 3-5.—Junction City, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. E. L. Wetzig, Sec'y.
May 4-5.—Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club spring tournament.
May 4-5.—Nashville, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club. Charles Eastman, Sec'y.
May 7.—New Haven, Conn.—Intercollegiate shoot.
May 11-12.—Springfield, O., Gun Club's target tournament. Geo. Morgan, Sec'y.
May 11-13.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. J. Burmister, Sec'y.
May 12-13.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club annual spring tournament. W. W. Foord, Sec'y.
May 16-18.—Southern Trapshooters' Association's thirteenth tournament at targets, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club; $500 added. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y.
May 16-21.—York, Pa.—Tournament of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fifth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Cor. Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Dallas, Tex.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dallas Gun Club. E. A. Mosely, Sec'y.
May 17-19.—Davenport, Ia.—Cumberland Gun Club's annual amateur tournament. W. F. Kroy, Sec'y.
May 18.—Boston, Mass, Gun Club annual team target shoot. H. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 18-19.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Jos. H. Knapp, Mgr.
May 18-20.—Columbus, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament. G. A. Schroeder, Sec'y.
May 19-20.—Oklahoma City.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association fifth annual tournament; $300 added money. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.
May 19-21.—Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club handicap target tournament. Fred E. McKay, Sec'y and Mgr.
May 20.—Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club tournament.
May 21.—Princeton, N. J.—Princeton University vs. University of Pennsylvania.
May 23-25.—Houston, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 24-25.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day target tournament.
May 24-25.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Natchitoches, La., Gun Club tournament.
May 24-25.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
*May 25-26.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 25-26.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club Spring shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
May 28-30.—Butte, Mont.—Montana State Sportsmen's Association eleventh annual tournament at targets; $500 added. C. H. Smith, Sec'y.
May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day target tournament; free merchandise prizes. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Secretary, Box 9, Newport, R. I.
May 30.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club fourth annual Decoration Day tournament. T. M. Brodie, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club holiday shoot. A. B. Parker, Sec'y.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Spring tournament of the Enterprise Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club Decoration Day target shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
May 31.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer Island Gun Club spring target tournament. W. E. Kette, Sec'y.
June 1-3.—Watertown, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. F. J. Cory, Sec'y.
*June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State Shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.
June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Mgr.
June 14-15.—Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Hanover Park Shooting Association target tournament. E. L. Klipple, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—Akron, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League target tournament. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—New London, Ia., Gun Club midsummer tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.

June 15-16.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. L. K. Forscythe, Sec'y.
*June 15-16.—Millvale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.— East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.
*July 6-7.—Kane, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen, Sec'y.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handicap tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
*July 13-14.—Scottdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.
July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Aug. 9-12.—West Baden, Ind.—Indian tournament; $1,000 added money.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

We are informed by the secretary-treasurer, Mr. B. D. Nobles, that the Olean, N. Y., Gun Club has fixed upon May 24 and 25 as dates for a two-day tournament.

The next Indian tournament will be held at West Baden, Ind. The tribe announces that wampum, issued by the general government, will be added to the extent of $1,000.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Topsham, Me., has elected officers as follows: F. W. Atkinson, President; E. C. Hall, Vice-President; Claude Strout, Secretary and Treasurer.

The secretary, Mr. E. L. Kipple, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., informs us that the Hanover Park Shooting Association will hold a two-day tournament at targets on June 14 and 15. The programme will be issued later.

The Brunswick, Me., Gun Club, for its Fast Day shoot, offers a programme of six events, five at 20, one at 25 targets. Shooting commences at 1:30. The club desires that shooters keep in mind its Fourth of July tournament.

The Winchester Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., announces that its fourth annual Decoration Day tournament will be held on the club grounds at Highland Park. The secretary-treasurer is Mr. T. M. Brodie, 233 McDougal avenue.

Teams of the S. S. White Gun Club and Hilltop Gun Club, twelve men on a side, 25 targets per man, contested on the White Gun Club grounds at Gorgas Station, Pa., on April 9. The Hilltop club won by a score of 242 to 214.

In the contest for the Monroe county diamond medal championship, at the shoot of the Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club, April 6, Mr. H. M. Stewart, holder, and Mr. Thomas F. Adkin tied on 94 out of 100, an excellent performance.

The North Camden Gun Club twelve-man team, on its grounds, defeated a twelve-man team of the Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, last Saturday by a score of 260 to 257. Messrs. Bergan, of Camden, and Park, of the Florists', broke 25 straight and were high men on their teams.

We are indebted to Dr. J. B. Pardoe, secretary of the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club, for a photograph of the numerous beautiful silver prizes which are to be competed for at the club tournament on Saturday of this week, a particular mention of which was made in our issue of April 9.

On the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., April 9, Mr. Fred Coleman captured the I. W. Budd cup in the main event of the weekly shoot. In the 25-live-bird event, Coleman, Landis and Harrison killed 23. Messrs. Vandergrift and Lamb were visitors. The latter was high with a score of 24.

Mr. G. M. Wheeler, secretary of the Brunswick, Me., Gun Club, informs us that the dates of their forthcoming tournament have been changed from April 28 to April 21. Shooting will commence at 1:30. The programme will comprise 125 targets, all at unknown angles. Targets, one cent each. An invitation is extended to all.

The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., has planned to give its members and friends a specially pleasant tournament on April 17. The signs indicate that there will be a large attendance and a good competition. The main event is a 100 target handicap, distances 16 to 20yds.; targets 1½ cent to all. The secretary is Mr. James Hughes, 831 Pavonia avenue.

The Patriot's Day shoot of the Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club, to be held on the club grounds at Shrewsbury, provides twelve events, nine at 10 and three at 20 targets, 65 cents and $1.30 entrance; a total of 150 targets, $9.75 entrance. Moneys divided 50, 30 and 20. Targets, 1½ cent. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Extra events if time permits. Sweepstakes optional. Dinner at 1 o'clock.

A carte postale, bearing date of April 7, informs us that Messrs. Schoverling and Welles are in New York again, after several weeks' sojourn in Europe. They further inform us that they have signed contracts, in a business way, the purport of which they will communicate to the public in the near future.

The Pittsfield, Mass., Rod and Gun Club have issued a programme of seven events for their spring tournament, fixed to be held on April 16. It comprises a total of 100 targets; total entrance of $3.75. Shooting commenees at 1:30. The Rose system will govern the division of the moneys. Sweepstakes optional. Loaded shells for sale on the grounds. Guns and ammunition shipped to the secretary, Dr. G. C. Hubbel, 150 North street, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

The programme of the two-day holiday shoot of the Penn Gun Club, May 30 and 31, at Oakview Park, Norristown, Pa., provides like sweepstake events for each day, fifteen events, 10, 15 and 20 targets; entranec 50 cents, 75 cents $1 and $1.50. May 30 at 1:30 o'clock, is fixed for the six-man team contest, entrance $6 per team, 25 targets per man; optional swecp, $1. Shooting begins at 9 o'cloek. Targets 1½ cent. Per cent. system of division. The secretary is Mr. A. B. Parker, Norristown.

In a contest at 100 targets, $100 a side, on the grounds of the Freeport, L. I., Gun Club, Mr. John Hendrickson, a stenographer in the Long Island City Magistrate's Court, defeated the famous expert, Mr. S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, the scores being 90 to 83. This was somcthing of a surprise to the shooting talent, as the match, as it referred to Mr. Van Allen, was considered as being in the nature of delicatessen. A return match has been arranged, time and place to be fixed upon later.

Mr. Frank E. Butler returned to New York on Thursday of last week after a long and active stay in the South, acting as the advance agent of the U. M. C. Southern Squad. In the trip he was promoted to the office of Colonel, and the title has perfectly withstood the wear and tear of constant use. Having thus proved itself, it may be considered as genuine. Mr. Butler, notwithstanding his arduous duties, gained six pounds in addition to his title, all of which goes to show that it pays to advertise.

At Philadelphia, on the Point Breeze race track, last Saturday, the last live-bird shoot of thc season, so far as that ground is concerned, had a good attendance. A downpour of rain made unpleasant weather conditions. In the 10-bird event, $5 entrance, of the fourteen entries, Messrs. Felix, Murphy and W. Charlton were high with 9. In the second event, Murphy was high man alone with 10 straight. Target competition will next engage the attention of the Point Breeze shooters. The first target programme was arranged for Thursday of this week.

Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, of Hempstead, L. I., won the Eastern individual target championship at Sheepshead Bay, L. I., on April 6, with the excellent score of 93 out of 100. He shot with much grace of person and accuracy of aim, smashing his targets into dust. He has developed into a first-class shot, whether at targets or live birds. At Palm Beach, Fla., whence he returned recently, he was placed at 33yds. in the live-bird contests which took place there every week. When the cup was delivered to him there was an outburst of applause, which indicated that his success was heartily popular.

The programme of the Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament, given for the Cumberland Park Driving Club, May 4 and 5, Nashville, Tenn., provides ten target events each day, five at 15 and five at 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance, $10 and $15 added; a total of $250 added money. Targets, 2 cents. Lunch will be served on the grounds. First class shells on the grounds. May 3 will be practicc day. Guns and ammunition, prepaid and marked with owner's name, sent care of Gray-Dudley Hardware Co., will be delivered on the shooting grounds free of charge. That firm will present a beautiful silver loving cup to the amateur making highest average. Rose system, 5, 3, 2 and 7, 5, 3, 2. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The secretary is Mr. Chas. L. Eastman, 320 N. College street.

The secretary-manager, Mr. Fred E. McKay, writes us as follows: "On May 19, 20 and 21, we will hold, midway between the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn., a three-day tournament at targets, and will add in the neighborhood of $1,000 to the purses. This shoot will be open to all, handicaps ranging from 16 to 22yds. Handicap committee will be selected from the shooters. Any one will be made welcome, and given a square deal. Minneapolis has had the reputation in past years of holding the best shoots of the year, and does not propose that this one will be any exception to the rule." Programmes can be obtained of the secretary.

Mr. C. G. Blandford, captain of the Ossining Gun Club, writes us as follows: "The next regular shoot of the Ossining Gun Club will be held on April 16, at 2 P. M. This will be the final practice shoot for the team preparatory to the team match to be held at Poughkeepsie on the 23d inst. The members of the club desiring to qualify for the team are earnestly requested to be on hand. The programme of our open shoot, to be held on Deeoration Day, May 30, has seven events, three at 15 and four at 25 targets, entrance $1.30 and $2.50; totals, 145 targets, $13.90. Professionals may shoot for targets only; a special prize to high gun, providing three or more shoot. The shooters making first and second high averages will receive $5 and $3 respectively. Shoot rain or shine. One money to every three shooters; class shooting. Shooting will begin promptly at 11. Leggett trap."

The excellence of the scores made at the Interstate tournahent held under the auspiees of the Bristol, Tenn., Gun Club, April 6 and 7, border on the marvelous. Mr. W. R. Crosby broke 195 out of 200 on the first day, and 198 out of 200 on the second day; a total of 393 out of 400, or 98¼ per cent. Messrs. H. B. Money, A. M. Hatcher and R. L. Peirce on the first day were second high average with 193. Mr. R. L. Trimble was third with 188. On the second day, Mr. Peirce was second with 193, A. M. Hatcher third with 191. The Bristol team broke 74 out of its first 75 targets. Crosby broke 99 out of his first 100, and Hatcher duplicated the feat in his second 100. All of which, in addition to similar happenings elsewhere, go to show that general trapshooting skill has developed to a degree far above old standards. The 16yd. mark is too short a distance to test modern skill at targets. And yet, it would be much easier to evoke action to make the distance shorter than 16yds. than to make it longer.

May 4 and 5 will be days of activity in the affairs of the Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club, for those are the tournament dates. The programme has ten events each day, 15, 20 and 25 targets, $3, $4 and $5 added money. Entrance is based on ten cents per target. The totals each day are: Targets, 190; entrance, $19; added money, $38. Manufacturers' agents are invited to shoot for targets. Ship shells to McCord, Gibson & Stewart. Eggleston Hotel will be headquarters. Average moneys. On a separate trap there will be a 15-target re-entry handicap for a gold watch, valued at $35; entrance 50 cents. The committee has the following members: Messrs. F. C. Cutting, T. F. Adkin and H. M. Stewart.

BERNARD WATERS.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 7.—The warm spring sunshine, the regular monthly shoot, and two cups to shoot for brought out a good attendance to-day, and quite a lot of shooting was done. While several good scores were made, the shooting as a whole was very uneven, accountable by the fact that much experimenting was going on; nearly every one had "something new" to try.

In the race for the club cup, Winans was the lucky man, while Rhoades, after being tied by Du Bois for the Traver cup, succeeded in landing a winner with a full score in the shoot-off, in which event Rhoades needed but one more break to make the score a perfect one.

On Monday, the 4th inst., Claymark, who for a number of years had been one of this club's most active members, and at one time its secretary, bade all of his friends good-by and departed for Philadelphia, which place he will make his home, having business interests there. That the boys wished him success and pleasure in his new field, goes without saying.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	25	25
Traver	10	8	6	9	9	21	20	17	20
Rhoades	5	8	6	7	8	18	20	24	16
Hans	8	6	..	..	..	17	19	..	14
Latimer	4	..	3	5	..	..	..	..	..
Frank	4	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Winans	..	4	8	8	7	18	17	14	18
Cheney	4	4	2	..	..	5	8	..	..
Marshall	..	..	..	..	..	7	17	13	18	15
Du Bois	..	..	..	..	..	8	18	20	16	9
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	17	13	22	21

	Club Cup.			Traver Cup.		
	Broke.	Added.	Total.	Broke.	Added.	Total.
Traver	21	2	23	20	2	22
Rhoades	18	4	22	20	4	24
Winans	18	6	24	17	6	23
Cheney	5	7	12	8	7	15
Du Bois	18	4	22	20	4	24
Marshall	17	5	22	13	5	18
Hans	17	3	20	19	3	22
Smith	17	5	22	13	5	18

The cup scores are the result of events 6 and 7 with added breaks. The Rhoades-Du Bois tie was shot off in event 8.

The Lehigh Rod and Gun Club.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., April 9.—The scores of the all-day shoot held April 7 by the Lehigh Rod and Gun Club, of the Bethlehems, are appended. The day was a fine one, and the shooters turned out in good humor. High average was won by Mr. J. Pleis, of Easton, with 159 out of 180. Mr. H. Schlicher, of Allentown, second, with 151 out of 180.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Pelis	13	12	14	9	13	14	14	15	13	12	14	11
Miller	13	12	8	12	10	9	10	10	5	12	9	10
Ritter	12	10	11	9	4	..	..	..	..	..	11	14
Englert	13	12	12	13	11	8	11	12	8	11	13	..
Hausman	12	12	9	15	11	10	11	11	14	12	9	13
Hahn	11	12	12	15	9	10	12	11	12	13	13	13
Schlicher	10	12	11	13	13	13	15	14	12	14	14	10
Croll	14	14	11	13	14	12	12	12	9	11	11	13
Fryer	12	14	8	6	7	9	11	9	..	..	..	..
Hankey	..	..	..	13	13	11	13	12	13	13	9	13
Francotte	..	..	..	13	12	13	12	11	11	10	12	11
Brey	..	..	..	10	9	10	11	11	..	..	..	..
Straub	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	8	11	12	10	8
Kramlich	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	13	13	15	13	13
Heil	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	10	11	14	12	13
Bloden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	12	..	7
Hendricks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	12	..	..
Hillagass	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	10	11
Graff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13

H. F. KOCH, Sec'y.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., April 9.—In spite of the bad weather the shooters of the New York Athletic Club turned out strong to shoot for the J. P. Sauer & Son shotgun, which will be the prize of the series through April and May. Mr. R. A. Rainey captured the gun, as well as the April cup, and he tied with Mr. Greiff for first prize in the special handicap.

The main event, 50 targets, handicap, for gun resulted as follows: W. J. Elias (8) 33, J. D. Foot (10) 39, F. Barner (4) 40, King (15) 35, G. E. Greiff (3) 46, Capt. Nelson (8) 44, W. Land (4) 40, R. A. Rainey (8) 48, Sedam (8) 38.

April cup, 25 targets, handicap: W. J. Elias (4) 19, J. D. Foot (5) 20, F. Barnes (3) 23, King (8) 24, J. Nelson (4) 18, G. E. Greiff (3) 22, R. A. Rainey (2) 25, Dr. Brown (9) 14, W. Land (2) 17; Sedam (3) 20, Williams (0) 23.

No. 3, special handicap, 15 targets: Elias (3) 12, Barnes (3) 8, King (4) 12, Greiff (1) 15, Rainey (1) 15, Sedam (3) 13.

Mr. Rainey presented a cup, which will be shot for April 16.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O.

DAYTON, O.—In spite of the bad condition of the grounds on April 6, the attendance was very good. At the club's regular shoot H. Oswald won the medal after a spirited shoot-off with J. W. Gerlaugh, J. Schaerf, and P. Hanauer. The scores:

Club medal shoot, 25 targets, handicap of extra targets to shoot at. The number shot at is in parentheses: H. Oswald (35) 30, A. W. Ryan (35) 28, P. Hanauer (29) 26, J. W. Gerlaugh (27) 25, J. Schaerf (31) 25, C. F. Miller (29) 24, W. E. Kette (35) 24, C. Ballman (35) 23, C. Smyth (29) 22, J. Donohue (35) 22, J. Sapp (35) 21, F. Cook (32) 19, A. R. Lehman (35) 13.

Five shoot-offs, 5 targets each. Hanauer and Schaerf dropped out in the first: Oswald 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, Gerlaugh 5, 5, 5, 5, 4.

Norwich Shooting Club.

NORWICH, Conn.—The trapshooting season of the Norwich Shooting Club is well under way, and the plans for the prize shooting will be announced within a week. The scores of the contest on Saturday, April 9, were somewhat affected by the rain and mist, and were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
Olcott	19	16	15	Amberg	20	16	16
Dolbearo	18	17	19	Gates	14	17	..
Brown	18	20	..	Austin	16	17	..
Aborn	15	18	20	Tafft	23	21	..

I. P. TAFFT, Sec'y.



U. M. C. SOUTHERN SQUAD.

T. E. Hubby. Chas. W. Budd. Frank E. Butler. Tom Marshall. J. L. Head. [illegible]. Heikes. Col. J. T. Anthony. W. H. Heer.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., April 10.—These scores were made at the last shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. The attendance was not as large as at the last shoot, but on April 17 we expect a big crowd.

There will be a 100-target event on this date for a handsome prize. The price of targets will be 1½ cent to all, and distance handicaps will be used. They will be from 16 to 20yds.

If the day is fair we will give all shooters a good time.

Targets:	15	25	15	25	15	20	Targets:	15	25	15	25	15	20
Reynolds	6	16	11	17	..	13	Schieman	6	15	11	12	..	12
Maj Stag	10	17	10	20	..	13	Waterson	..	11	..	..	..	..
Cottrell	8	12	9	15	..	10	Lane	..	19	..	..	11	..
F Schoverling	11	16	9	18	..	13	Brugmann	17	6	22	11	..	
Gille	9	14	..	..	9	..							

JAS. HUGHES.

East Millstone Gun Club.

East Millstone, N. J., April 11.—The trapshooting season closed here with a merchandise shoot on April 2, which was very successful, although not largely attended. The visitors who participated in the shoot were the veteran Bissett, of South River; Nelson, of Brunswick Gun Club; Messrs. G. and F. Winthrop, of Tallahassee, Fla., and Mr. Carl Fleischman, of New York city. Bissett shot in excellent form, shooting the entire programme through at a 90 per cent. clip, which was a very clever performance on so windy a day. He won the .22cal. rifle and also leather gun case. Van Cleef and Wilson captured several of the other merchandise prizes, while Welsh was high gun of the home club and also largest winner of sweepstakes of the day. A large number of spectators saw a successful season brought to a close. The referee was Mr. Pace. Scorer, Mr. Swenson.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	15	25	25	25	15	15	10	10	10	10	10
Wilson	8	13	10	13	18	10	23	20	20	13	12	..	..	..	..	..
Welsh	9	13	8	9	19	10	21	21	..	12	..	8	8	..	6	9
Remsen	5	9	8	11	13	10	15	..	21	..	13	7	9	..	4	6
Van Cleef	9	10	9	11	14	9	17	19	..	..	9	8	7	..	5	7
Metz	7	..	8	13	13	11	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bissett	..	14	8	14	17	14	21	23	23	15	15	..	..	..	..	..
T Hulsizer	..	..	8	6	..	12	..	..	15	13	13	9	6	8	8	..
Van Nostrand	6	..	..	7	..	7	..	14	..	9	..	4	..	..	..	3
F Winthrop	..	..	6	5	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Winthrop	..	..	..	10	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Hulsizer	..	..	6	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Wycoff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	7	3	..
G Wycoff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	..	3	..

Events 2, 5, 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16 were sweepstakes. All others were for merchandise prizes.

F. W. REMSEN.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., April 9.—No. 10 was of special interest because of a match between Messrs. Fitch and T. E. Batten for a prize, Mr. Fitch conceding a handicap of 5. As will be seen by the scores, Mr. Batten won. Scores 25 to 24. Mr. Batten's win was a gift.

Event No. 1 was a handicap match, 25 targets. Geo. Batten and T. E. Batten tied for first place, and by previous arrangement the prize, one year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, was awarded to Mr. Winslow, who had the next highest score.

Event No. 2, was also a handicap match. Messrs. Crane, Kendall and Holzderber tied for first place, and on the shoot-off at 25 birds, Crane won, with a score of 22 broken. Prize, a pair of hunting boots.

Event No. 3, 20 doubles, was won by Wheeler, with a score of 17; prize, a box of shells.

Mr. Fitch made a score of 74 out of a possible 80, completing his shooting for the loving cup and tying Mr. Kendall's 232 out of a possible 250. Ties to be shot off next Saturday.

Very foggy toward the close; heavy showers.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	25	25	20	10	10	10	10	10	25	25
C W Kendall, 3	23	25	..	6	8	8	8	..	21	..
Fitch, 2	23	22	12	10	9	8	10	10	..	24
Matthews, 8	23	23	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Babcock, 1	20	23	..	8	7	9	..	..	..	..
T E Batten, 8	25	22	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	20
P Harrison, 7	17	18	12	6	6	6	6	..	..	10
Wheeler, 5	23	25	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cockefair, 2	22	23	13	8	9	7	..	..	..	..
Geo Batten, 10	25	25	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holzderber, 4	19	25	11	..	..	..	..	..	20	19
Crane, 7	22	25	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	..
Gunther, 0	19	19	11	9	9	9	9	..	..	20
Winslow, 10	24	21	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	..
Howe, 10	..	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

No. 3 was at 10 pairs.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., April 6.—The main event of the Hell Gate Gun Club shoot for April was at 20 birds. Prizes won on doubled point handicap, for regular club race of 10 birds. Klenk and Selg divided first and second with 6 points each. Forster, Wolfe and Dietzel were third, fourth and fifth. Schorty, Belden, Trostel, Wilson and Brennan were sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth. Weber and Voss eleventh and twelfth. Hughes, Van Valkenburg, Meckel, Cresci, Garms, Krebs, Bandendistel and Dannefelser were thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixtecnth, seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth. Dave, Newman and Wellbrock were twenty-first, twenty-second and twenty-third. Shappert, Fuchs and Schlicht twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth. Siebel and Gardella, twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth. Doherty, twenty-ninth. Muench and Cunningham thirtieth and thirty-first. The scores:

Hughes, 26	221**20200[illegible]—12
Belden, 28	102*2102112212222022—16
Forster, 30	1101112222212111111—19
Schorty, 30	2222222222**22220222—18
Davis, 26	0201*2011120221*120—12
Van Valkenburg, 28	0*0222220222222222—16
Schlicht, 28	2102020012200021202—12
Gardella, 26	211**0020112000010202—10
Muench, 28	0012001011122212000—12
Trostel, 28	1202211222221111101220—17
Meckel, 28	1202101110211221*1122—16
Cresci, 28	0112110022110001202—13
Garms, 28	2000121011121122221—15
Seibel, 26	001*0002120001002002— 7
Klenk, 28	0201112222201221222—17
Woelfel, 28	0111220212211112122—18
Doherty, 26	0200*2001001100001 00— 6
Kreeb, 28	0212110120010011200—13
Fuchs, 26	0100011200120001200— 8
Wilson, 28	22212222222**2122022—17
Glass, 26	0112111201011001 2102—14
Albert, 28	0211111101111101 1100—15
Bandendistel, 28	1020122100012021 0122—13
Weber, 28	1121020211011201 1022—15
Shippert, 26	0022000120*11011120—10
Dannefelser, 28	*1202110011101200222—13
Newman, 26	002*0102100*12210222—11
Wellbrock, 28	0212111122012100 21*2—15
Dietzel, 28	2222221302112122222—19
Selg, 26	1220111020122022 0110—14
Voss, 30	1212122122101011 1022—17
Cunningham, 26	0100001010010202 0*00— 6
Brennan, 26	1101001100121111 1110—14

U. M. C. Southern Squad Wind Up.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 2.—The Southern touring team caught up here with their forward man, Frank Butler, and a royal time they had. The only thing that marred the pleasure of the shoot was the strong wind, causing low scores. A side wind has a decided sweep across the local territory that adjoins this beautiful shooting park.

The worst troubled shooter on the ground was W. H. Heer. Taking into consideration the number of shoots that Heikes had engaged, Heer was compelled to break 94 to beat him out for the high average. So, when Heer tried out two 25s and got 21 each, it was a worse puzzle than ever. Billy did do a thing or two; he went to shooting high, and to his own surprise made the first 25 straight; then he went at it strong, closed the 50 with a 49, and the next 50 the same, a total of 98. This gives him the score of 395 out of the last 400 shot at. Look at the scores made by all the others shooting, then you will see what shooting he actually did. The scores:

U. M. C. Team. Targets:	25	25	25	25	T'l.	Home Team. Targets:	25	25	25	25	T'l.
Marshall	16	18	20	17	—71	Britton	15	19	18	17	—69
Budd	18	20	22	19	—78	Michaelis	16	21	17	16	—70
Heer	25	24	24	25	—98	Nash	18	22	19	18	—77
Fulford	24	22	23	21	—90	Bell	18	20	20	24	—82
Head	21	22	24	22	—89	Moeller	18	22	18	22	—80

Shooting at 100, Taylor broke 50, Dark 53, Dixon 72, Tripp 75, Allen 68, Dishman 76.

Menomicee Gun Club.

MENOMINEE, Mich., April 4.—The weather being quite spring-like and inviting, several of the boys got up their enthusiasm and met on the grounds back of the hotel for their first tryout. There was no let-up until 250 shots had been fired. Some good scores were made, that of Kane being the best. McQueen, of Bay City, was present, and helped boost the club he organized. Mr. F. H. Siefkin was on the ground showing up the new automatic rifle. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	30	at.	Broke.
Woessner	18	23	22	20	19	20	19	21	205	161
Hammersmith	21	21	23	22	20	19	19	23	205	168
Kane	19	19	22	24	23	24	21	28	205	180
McQueen	22	21	..	22	21	22	19	..	150	126
Juttner	16	22	21	23	22	22	21	22	205	169
Roenkule	..	..	..	..	21	23	..	..	50	44
Clough	..	..	..	..	22	24	19	19	24	130	108
Bottrell	..	..	..	..	18	17	20	6	..	85	51
Gosling	..	..	..	..	22	..	..	..	..	25	22
Bottfol	..	..	..	..	..	20	23	19	..	75	62
A M Gree	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	25	17

Match, 10 pairs: Juttner 17, Kane 19, Clough 11, Hammersmith 15, Woessner 12.

Springfield (Ohio) Gun Club.

THE regular shoot of the Springfield, O., Gun Club was held on April 2. The attendance was good. The Young handicap medal was won by Young, with a straight score. Henderson won the first contest for the Wilson trophy, making a straight score also.

The club offers good sport at its amateur tournament next month; 180 targets on each day, a total of 360 targets divided into 15 and 20 target events. The $50 added money will provide four high average prizes; open to all. Capt. B. Downs, Arthur Gambell and Rolla O. Heikes will handicap; 16 to 20yds.

Events:	1	2	3		Events:	1	2	3	
Targets:	25	25	25	T'l.	Targets:	25	25	25	T'l.
Poole	13	20	18	—51	Watkins	..	23	..	—23
Young	23	23	..	—46	Hartman	8	12	..	—20
Downs	18	17	..	—35	Miller	18	..	..	—18
Henderson	14	19	..	—33	Phillips	16	..	..	—16
Shaw	15	18	..	—33	Rankins	..	..	16	—16
Slough	12	13	—25		Weaver	..	7	..	— 7

Young handicap medal shoot, 25 targets: Young 25, Poole 20, Downs 19, Miller 17, Henderson 15.

Event No. 4, Wilson trophy, 25 targets: Henderson 25, Young 23, Watkins 21, Poole 21, Shaw 19, Downs 19, Miller 17, Phillips 16, Rankin 13, Slough 13, Weaver 7.

Middletown Shooting Association.

MIDDLETOWN, Del., April 9.—The last shoot for the Parker gun, donated by Parker Brothers, was held on the 7th inst. The competition in the series was quite close; therefore there was much interest manifested in this shoot. There was quite an assemblage of spectators. The gun was won by Ed. E. Massey. The poor scores, or, rather, showing, were due chiefly to the sliding handicap. When one of the shooters made a score he was handicapped by his score, as is shown by the handicaps of Parker gun event below. And we might say the 40yd. targets were a trifle stiff for most of the members, as the trapper was an ex-wheelman, and would send target after target from 45 to 60yds., though the shooters would ask "his swiftness" to reduce the speed, he seemed to have but one gait, and there he stayed. This shoot was divided into eight events, and all members of the Association who desired to enter the contest were eligible.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. also donated one of their repeating guns, which was shot off at 100 targets. The shooting was also very close and exciting in this event, as Brother Martin did a 24 clip in his first 25, and did not stop leading until he got past the 75 mark. After the Winchester gun event, Dr. W. E. Barnard defended the gold challenge medal in the same old style, this being the fourth time he has defended it. The club has secured several new members, and they hope to increase the club membership considerably during the summer. Below are scores of the day's shoot:

Parker gun:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Total.
S E Massey	22	14	20	14	19	..	18	..	107
Steele	20	14	20	8	16	8	19	16	105
G Massey	20	15	19	11	19	16	21	15	110
Barnard	19	18	16	22	13	18	20	16	113
Kates	19	12	15	13	9	..	..	..	...
H Pool	17	..	17	15	12	15	12	..	...
Black	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Pearson	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Burris	14	18	16	21	13	21	16	..	106
Stevens	15	15	..	14	..	..	..	..	...
Duryea	14	13	22	10	19	13	20	11	101
Ed Massey	13	12	20	15	21	21	20	19	116
F Pool	12	18	..	..	..	16	17	19	...

Parker gun handicap: Those scoring 16 stood at 15yds.; 17, 15yds.; 18, 16yds.; 19, 17yds.; 20 and 21, 18yds.; 22, 19yds.; 23, 24 and 25, 20yds.

Winchester gun, distance handicap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
S E Massey, 18	16	20	17	22	F Pool, 16	16	14	17	19
Barnard, 18	17	16	16	14	Duryea, 16	17	17	15	17
Ed Massey, 17	15	11	17	16	Steele, 16	17	17	13	6
G Massey, 17	19	21	17	20	H Pool, 14	12	13	14	15
Burris, 17	24	17	17	16					

Gold challenge medal: Barnard 21, F. Pool 18.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI.—April 9 was a bad shooting day. Heavy showers of rain and a strong wind prevented as large an attendance as usual, and also kept the scores below the mark in some cases. In the cash prize contest, Faran and Linn tied for high gun on 44, Maynard second with 40. Gambell made an excellent score in this event, breaking 46, but did not shoot from his handicap distance, and was not competing.

Little practice shooting was done, and the boys were all through by 4 o'clock.

Cash prize contest, handicap, 50 targets; Gambell (16) 46, Faran (18) 44, Linn (18) 44, Maynard (19) 40, Block (18) 34, Pohlar (18) 33, Herman (16) 31, Falk (16) 29.

Additional scores were made April 8. Gambell, Dreihs, Ahlers and Medico shot a match in connection with this event, two high men out. The scores show that the two former got left:

Allowance handicap, 100 targets: Medico (12) 93, Williams (18) 94, Ahlers (10) 92, Gambell (10) 90, Dick (32) 100, H. Sunderbruch (40) 100, Dreihs 79.

Gem City Gun Club.

DAYTON, O.—The club held its first medal shoot of the season on April 2. A large crowd was present. A strong wind kept the scores low. The club used a new handicap system, each member being allowed as many extra targets to shoot at as he missed in the first 25; high gun to win; thus Rike lost 8 out of 25 and shot at 33. Rike and Munbeck tied on 29, and in the shoot-off the former won. The scores:

Club medal shoot, 25 targets, handicap; number shot at in parentheses: Rike (33) 29, Munbeck (37) 29, Oswald (30) 26, Craig (29) 26, Spangler (28) 25, Breene (32) 25, Butler (40) 24, Bish (38) 24, Haas (40) 24, Wertz (35) 24, Taylor (34) 24, Suman (33) 24, Tibbals (35) 23, Kempert (28) 22, Cord (34) 22, Smith (34) 21, Clark (29) 20, Lenox (38) 20, Anway (40) 20, Schimer (37) 19, Keman (36) 19, Stiver (33) 19, Sapp (33) 18, Brandenberg (33) 17, Anderson (34) 17.

Cleveland Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O.—Twelve shooters took part in the semi-monthlly shoot of the club. A strong wind made the conditions hard. Grant, Class B, was high gun of the day with 31.

Club shoot, 40 targets. The scores: Class A—Jack 28, Williams 25, Alex 20. Class B—Grant 31, Martin 27. Class C—Hopkins 28, Nepter 22, Mack 20. Class D—Sheldon 29, Hull 28, Wallace 20, Cannon 17.

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Interstate Association Tournament at Bristol.

Bristol, Tenn., April 9.—The tournament of the Interstate Association, held on the grounds of the Bristol Gun Club, April 6 and 7, was remarkable and unique in several features. First, the Bristol crack team led off by breaking 74 out of the first 75 targets shot at. Second, W. R. Crosby broke 99 out of the first 100 shot at. Third, Mr. A. M. Hatcher broke 99 out of the second 100 shot at. Lastly, twenty-six contestants shooting through the entire first day's programme, made a grand average just a fraction under 90 per cent. This is probably a record-breaking score, as many of the professionals on the grounds frankly admit that they never saw such shooting before.

The weather conditions the first day were anything but favorable, a drizzling rain falling nearly the whole time the events were being shot. This, no doubt, helped to keep down the attendance somewhat.

Mr. W. R. Crosby was high gun the first day with a score of 195 out of 200. Messrs. H. B. Money, A. M. Hatcher and R. L. Peirce were in second place with 193 out of 200. Mr. R. L. Trimble was third high gun with 188 out of 200.

The second day was much more favorable for shooting purposes, and several new faces were seen at the firing points. W. R. Crosby kept up his good work of the first day, and was again high gun, with the remarkable score of 198 out of the 200 shot at, and right here I wish to say that the targets were not easy at that. R. L. Peiree was second high gun with 193, and A. M. Hatcher was in third place with 191.

The arrangements at the grounds were found convenient, and the contestants expressed themselves as well pleased with the attention and consideration shown them by the local club members. A Leggett trap and one set of expert traps, Sergeant system, were used, and both gave the best of satisfaction. This was the first experience of most of those who took part in the tournament with the Leggett trap, and many were outspoken in their praise of its working.

There were few spectators present the first day, due no doubt to the inclement weather; but the second day they were out in force, among them being many ladies.

Several extra events were shot each day after the close of the regular programme. The scores of the regular and extra events follow:

Wednesday, April 6, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	at.	Broke.
Forty-three	15	14	18	13	15	19	14	11	19	15	15	17	200	185
C C English	15	10	19	14	15	17	14	14	18	14	15	19	200	184
J M Berry	14	13	19	14	13	20	14	14	18	14	15	16	200	184
A M Hatcher	15	13	17	14	15	20	15	14	20	15	15	20	200	193
S W Rhea	15	14	20	12	14	17	14	14	14	9	11	17	200	171
J W Hightower	15	14	19	12	13	14	15	14	19	12	14	14	200	175
J D Carrier	14	14	19	15	14	18	15	14	18	11	14	17	200	183
H L Williams	11	14	20	14	12	18	14	13	16	12	13	14	200	181
J T Anthony	8	9	18	13	11	16	10	13	18	13	15	18	200	162
J T Ceeil	12	14	18	11	12	16	12	15	20	11	12	18	200	171
C McAlister	14	13	17	11	13	17	14	14	14	14	15	18	200	174
H Waters	15	15	19	13	12	16	15	12	19	13	15	17	200	181
R L Peiree	15	14	20	13	15	18	15	15	20	15	14	19	200	193
C N Otey	13	12	20	11	12	19	13	13	17	12	14	16	200	172
E H Storr	12	10	17	15	15	18	13	15	19	10	11	17	200	172
H A Arrants	14	13	19	14	12	17	13	11	18	15	14	15	200	175
J King	12	13	17	15	14	18	14	15	18	15	14	18	200	183
S G Keller	14	13	19	12	13	18	14	13	19	13	14	18	200	180
R M Crumley	12	8	18	12	10	16	12	11	17	13	11	15	200	155
R L Trimble	13	14	20	14	14	19	14	15	19	13	14	19	200	188
H B Money	15	14	20	14	14	20	15	15	19	14	13	20	200	193
W R Crosby	15	15	20	15	15	19	15	13	19	15	15	19	200	195
L G Richards	12	11	18	11	14	18	15	13	19	13	14	17	200	175
W M Cecil	11	14	16	12	13	18	14	14	18	14	13	17	200	174
W B Kilgore	11	7	15	11	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	71
E D Fulford	14	11	20	12	15	18	15	14	19	14	13	19	200	184
C B Adams	14	15	19	14	15	17	14	14	18	13	13	17	200	183
W H Hicks	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	19	13	14	17	100	91
S L King	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	35	31
R Burrow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	35	23
E Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	20	15

Extra events:

Targets:	15	15	20	25	Targets:	15	15	20	25
E K Bachman	14	13	19	25	J W Gump	12	8	..	23
C C English	11	15	20	21	J T Ceeil	11	11	19	20
J M Berry	15	14	20	23	R M Crumley	12	14	18	22
A M Hatcher	15	14	18	24	J T Anthony	12	13	19	..
S W Rhea	12	15	19	..	L G Richards	14	..	..	..
C McAlister	13	13	18	..	W Hieks	..	..	..	20
E H Storr	15	13	16	24	S G Keller	..	..	..	21
R L Peirce	14	15	20	..	J W Hightower	..	..	..	21
C N Otten	14	14	17	22	W B Kilgore	..	..	..	20
H Waters	13	13	19	..	F B Pond	..	..	..	18
W M Cecil	14	..	..	..	J T Creger	..	..	..	9
J King	15	14	17	22	L Cooper	..	..	..	17
H A Arrants	13	14	17	23	J R Jones	..	..	..	2
J Ross	10	..	..	19	E B Smith	..	..	..	20
C G Nichols	14	15	17	..	S L King	..	..	..	20

Thursday, April 7, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	at.	Broke.
Forty-three	15	14	19	13	12	18	15	14	20	14	14	17	200	185
C C English	15	13	19	14	14	19	12	14	19	14	13	19	200	185
J M Berry	14	13	19	13	13	19	11	13	19	12	14	18	200	178
A M Hatcher	15	14	19	14	14	19	15	14	20	14	14	19	200	191
S W Rhea	14	14	19	13	14	18	14	14	19	12	12	19	200	182
J W Hightower	15	12	19	10	14	17	14	14	18	11	15	17	200	176
J D Carrier	13	14	20	12	15	20	14	14	19	14	14	18	200	187
H L Williams	12	11	17	13	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	77
J T Anthony	15	11	18	14	15	18	11	11	17	14	14	18	200	176
J T Ceeil	12	13	16	13	14	15	15	13	16	11	15	16	200	169
H A Arrants	11	14	18	14	14	19	11	12	18	15	13	17	200	176
J King	15	13	18	14	13	17	14	12	19	14	14	14	200	177
S G Keller	14	14	19	12	14	16	15	14	17	12	14	15	200	176
R M Crumley	12	12	19	13	11	19	9	13	19	12	13	16	200	168
R L Trimble	15	15	19	12	13	20	14	14	20	13	15	14	200	184
Chas McAllister	12	12	20	15	14	18	13	15	20	13	12	18	200	182
E H Storr	12	11	17	13	14	19	13	13	17	11	14	18	200	172
R L Peiree	15	15	18	14	15	20	15	14	19	14	15	19	200	193
C N Otey	12	13	19	13	13	18	13	15	19	14	11	16	200	176
H Waters	14	14	17	13	14	18	13	15	18	15	13	20	200	184
H B Money	14	15	20	14	15	20	14	11	19	14	15	19	200	190
W R Crosby	15	14	19	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	200	198
L G Richards	14	13	18	12	12	20	13	12	15	14	15	18	200	176
W M Ceeil	8	14	14	14	13	16	12	14	19	12	12	20	200	168
W H Hicks	9	12	18	14	8	17	10	12	17	12	11	17	200	157
E D Fulford	13	13	16	14	15	18	15	15	19	13	14	20	200	185
C B Adams	13	12	19	13	15	18	15	14	20	15	12	17	200	183
J W Gump	12	14	18	12	13	15	13	10	15	8	12	14	200	156
A T Rueker	10	9	16	12	11	17	14	13	15	9	13	17	200	156
A S McNeil	11	13	11	12	..	..	..	..	15	14	12	12	135	100
Chas Nuckols	9	11	17	10	14	16	14	14	17	14	15	15	200	166
S L King	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	65	44
C A North	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	13	11	9	15	100	70
L P Ross	..	..	16	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	14	16	70	60
W B Kilgore	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	12	12	14	18	100	79

Aquidneck Gun Club.

Newport, R. I.—After ten days' energetic work, the club is now located on its new grounds, with traps installed, platform down and all ready to entertain members as well as visiting shooters.

Opportunity was had on Wednesday to receive two of the latter, as Messrs. Neaf Apgar and T. H. Keller, Jr., attended the opening shoot on that day. Good weather was the fortune of the club, and some excellent work was done, particularly by Apgar, he scoring 94 in 100.

The occasion was also the twentieth shoot for the L. C. Smith badge, which was won for the shoot by Alexander, with the very good total of 43, his high mark in the medal matches thus far. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	15	at.	Broke.
Apgar	..	..	9	9	9	10	10	10	24	13	100	94
Alexander	13	6	4	8	8	8	9	10	15	..	125	81
Bowler	..	..	5	6	8	10	8	8	19	13	100	77
Manchester	..	..	9	10	7	7	8	8	21	13	100	83
Peckham	..	..	..	6	8	7	7	8	..	..	50	38
Gosling	..	..	..	8	9	6	6	8	..	..	50	37
Powel	10	7	8	9	9	8	5	5	16	..	110	77
Mason	..	..	..	5	8	7	7	8	6	18	..	85	59
Hughes	13	10	8	8	5	8	6	9	19	..	110	86
Keller	..	..	8	5	5	7	8	9	20	12	100	74
Dring	..	..	6	6	6	6	6	8	..	..	60	38
Macomber	..	..	4	5	4	3	6	5	14	..	85	41
Coggeshall	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	7	25	11

Events 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 for L. C. Smith badge.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Rochester, N. Y., April 6.—The Monroe county diamond medal championship of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club was the subject of close and excellent competition to-day between Messrs. H. M. Stewart, holder, and Thomas F. Adkin, each scoring 94 out of 100. They were to struggle again for it on Wednesday of this week.

Monroe county diamond medal, 100 targets, resulted as follows:

Stewart ..... 21 24 25 24—94 Adkin ..... 25 22 25 22—94

The scores made in the club spring handicap follow:

	Broke.	Hcp.	Tot'l.		Broke.	Hep.	Tot'l.
Kershner	25	3	28	Clark	21	2	23
Shoemaker	17	11	28	Watson	19	6	25
Shoemaker	19	8	27	Stewart	23	2	25
Shoemaker	16	8	24	Backus	18	7	25
Riekman	22	5	27	Backus	15	7	22
Riekman	18	3	21	Borst	18	8	26
Coughlin	20	6	26	Adkin	23	1	24
Coughlin	17	5	22	Doctor	17	6	23
Clark	23	3	26				

In Alabama.

Demopolis, Ala., April 5.—The Demopolis Gun Club held a complimentary shoot to-day in honor of Mr. Max C. Hensler and Mr. J. G. Heath, of the U. M. C. Co., who were in the city. Col. N. G. Winn, our leading sportsman, made an excellent showing, breaking 93 out of 100 targets.

The Demopolis Gun Club is composed of the leading sportsmen of this section, who will devote considerable time to trapshooting this summer.

The attendance looked on with much interest at the race between Messrs. Hensler and Winn, the former leading by one bird only. Mr. J. A. McKinnon, of Selma, was also on hand to shoot with us. The score follows: Hensler, out of 100, broke 94; Winn, 93; McKinnon, 63; Dufeu, 61; Levy, 56; De Loach 45 out of 75.

Dixie.

Montreal Gun Club.

The Easter Monday tournament held on the Montreal Gun Club grounds, Montreal, Quebec, on the 4th inst. was a decided success, though the scores were very low, which was due to the westerly gale that blew down across the traps. The wind was gusty. It knocked the targets in all directions and puzzled the best shots to make connections.

The great event was the five-man team between the St. Huberts, of Ottawa, Ont., and the Montreal Gun Club team, one man up, at 15 targets per man. The targets were thrown from five expert traps, unknown traps, which make the hardest kind of shooting. The trophy was the Montreal challenge cup, which was held by the champions, the Montreal team.

St. Hubert—Cameron 12, Henry 10, Heney 14, Deslaurier 9, White 5; total 50.

Montreal—Aubin 8, Lyne 10, Kearney 9, Eaton 8, Dumont 4; total 39.

The Ottawa team won by the wide margin of 11 targets, and takes the trophy back to the capital of the Canadas with them.

Below are the scores of the other events. Besides Montreal and Ottawa, the cities of Sherbrooke and St. Hyacinthe were represented:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	10	25	10	20	25	10	20	at.	Broke.
Eaton	9	21	7	15	22	7	15	120	96
Lewis	9	20	5	19	19	10	17	120	99
Dumont	8	20	5	16	17	8	13	120	87
McDuff	8	21	7	18	22	4	16	120	93
Heney	6	20	9	15	17	9	17	120	92
Redmond	6	21	8	15	17	7	18	120	92
Deslauriers	6	19	5	..	..	4	..	...	..
Henry	6	18	7	14	19	7	14	120	85
Craig	5	18	7	15	18	7	15	120	85
White	5	15	6	9	18	6	16	120	75
Greene	2	16	6	10	18	8	11	120	71
Kearney	5	20	6	13	16	7	15	120	82
Easdale	2	12	6	10	..	..	10	...	..
Candlish	2	16	7	16	16	9	16	120	82
St. Jean	4	18	6	11	15	..	12	...	..
Morin	2	8	4	7	..	5	..	...	..
Moreau	4	17	4	13	..	..	..	...	..
Landreault	5	22	5	17	19	9	14	120	91
Cook	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	..
McMahon	5	..	6	16	..	7	12	...	..
Thompson	..	14	5	12	16	8	13	110	68
Bray	..	16	5	15	21	8	15	110	80
Cameron	4	17	7	12	18	7	18	120	83
Stockwell	..	13	4	13	..	..	..	...	..
Cote	..	14	5	12	14	5	9	...	..
Doyan	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	...	..
Outhet	..	..	..	18	19	6	..	...	..
Rainville	..	..	..	..	15	5	11	...	..
Boa	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	...	..
Brault	..	..	..	..	..	2	10	...	..

Five expert traps were used in all of the events. Event 1 was unknown traps; event 4, reversed angles; and all the other events were known angles.

After the regular events were shot off, there were several other scratch events and miss-and-outs which gave lots of fun for the boys.

Mr. Craig was the umpire in the trophy match, and Mr. N. P. Leach the umpire in the other races.

This defeat has put the Montreal shooters on their mettle, and they are soon going up to Ottawa to recapture that trophy. They are also after the Robin Hood international team trophy, now held down in Swanton, Vt., and they are after several individual trophies, including the international individual one held in Champlain, N. Y.

S.

Shamokin Gun Club.

Shamokin, Pa., April 1.—The appended scores were made at Park Hotel, near Shamokin. Each shot at 50 targets: Blue Ribbon 47, Capt. Longshore 38, Tovey 38, Kaseman 29, Ritchie broke 15 out of 25, Jackson 10 out of 25.

The members of the club are divided into three classes, A, B and C. Prizes will be given to the first and second high averages of each class—shooting at not less than 200 targets during the season.

A handsome gold medal has been presented to the club by the Hunter Arms Co., to be contested for, in a handicap shoot, during this season. The medal shall become the property of the person making the high average.

The big spring tournament on May 25 and 26 promises to be a great success. The best shooters in America will be here.

The scores for the month of March, made on the grounds, at Bunkill Hill, are:

Class A.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Capt Longshore	50	41	.82	Keiser	50	37	.74
I Jones	50	40	.80	Blue Ribbon	100	73	.73
Sober	50	39	78	Shipman	100	69	.69
			Class B.				
D G Seiler	50	30	.60	Bud	50	25	.50
Kaseman	50	27	.54	Hanley	25	6	.24
			Class C.				
Fulton	125	59	.49				

Western Traps.

THE secretary of the Natchitoche, La., Gun Club, informs us that they have claimed May 24, 25 and 26 as the dates for a tournament.

When Frank Butler was taking leave of Tom Marshall and his team, after the last shoot at Indianapolis, he said, "Gentlemen, before you return to your homes I would like to tell you how mighty proud I feel about 'you'ns all,'" and to think he had been South only three months.

The Wabash, Ind., Gun Club have placed in position a new Leggett trap, which will be used in the coming May 3 and 4 tournament, and the secretary, Austin Flynn, writes that he fully expects this to be one of the best shoots held in the State in 1904.

The Battle Creek, Mich., Gun Club has lately been reorganized, the officers being: Dallas Carpenter, President; Lee K. Forsyth, Secretary; W. H. Wooden, Captain. Three handsome medals have been purchased, this being necessary, as there are to be one hundred members, and the shooters will be classified into A, B and C. As the State League tournament will be held here, this has stimulated the shooters to renewed zeal in the cause. All are going in with enthusiasm to make the shoot a success. Visitors will find a crowd on June 15 and 16.

John Burmister, of Spirit Lake, secretary of the Iowa State Association, is purchasing a number of trophies, to be given as prizes on the occasion of the State meet in his town. With old man Budd for president, Fritz Gilbert for assistant, and J. B. for secretary, it will be a go. Then the fish will have to suffer, if Kline is able to lead the gang.

Last Monday, Salt Fork, craving revenge, sought out Deer Creek, Oklahoma, Club, on its own grounds and went home sadder and wiser. After shooting at 50 targets each, with eight men on a side, Salt Fork lost her flavor by the large majority of 55 targets. Deer Creek is meeting with a stormy career. The day was not equal to that of Caldwell, yet the rain fell in dampening style. The scores:

Deer Creek—Strider 45, Souck 43, Ball 41, Hartman 39, Croft 38, Reid 38, Eberle 35, McAlpine 35; total 314.

Salt Fork—Maple 38, Vansickle 36, W. Maple 36, Meim 36, Strinky 31. Harooer 29, Teboro 28, Goldsmith 25; total 259.

All details for the programme for the coming Schmeltzer tournament are complete. It is known as the Interstate Midwinter Shooting Association. The Wyeth trophy will be put up, as will the Combs target trophy. There have been assurances of a large turnout, and the former shoots held this past season show a wonderful interest in these midwinter meetings.

During the past four weeks Messrs. John Boa, of Chicago, and Ad. Topperwein, of San Antonio, under the charge of Thos. A. Cassetty, have been touring the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, giving exhibitions with shotgun and rifle. The wonderful things that Top can do with a rifle are well known to your readers, but of late it would appear that all the Winchester men have taken up trick shooting. Boa, during his part of the exhibitions, places two tin cans on the ground, fires a shot from the pump at each, striking under and raising them in the air, then fires two more shots, hitting each can twice before it reaches the ground. This is pumping the pump extremely fast; probably no other shooter can equal the feat. Boa reports having a good time, but that Cassetty is the busiest manager he ever struck, shooting daily and traveling nights. The exhibitions are making a hit wherever given. Boa has shot at 900 targets with an average of 95.1. The tour will end April 10, when Topperwein returns to Texas for a few days, and then he goes to St. Louis to take charge of the Winchester exhibit during the World's Fair, Boa going to the Indianapolis tournament, to take part in the League tournament.

Mason City Gun Club.

MASON CITY, Ill.—The home club is starting in for an active season, as the following scores will show. The weather was of the windy order, and though the scores are fair, they are not the regular average. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10		
A Mulford	8	9	10	9	10	8	10	10	8	8	100	90
W Mulford	5	4	8	10	8	10	8	8	10	7	100	78
Mangold	8	5	8	9	10	..	8	6	6	9	90	69
Nadle	..	8	7	8	9	9	8	7	..	..	70	56
Montgomery	7	8	8	8	9	..	..	..	8	8	70	56
Hubbard	9	7	5	5	5	6	3	7	..	..	80	48
Dr Stone	..	..	..	7	8	8	7	..	7	7	60	44
Ludlam	..	3	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	6
Doyle	..	..	..	7	8	8	7	..	7	7	60	44
Hubbard, Jr.	..	5	5	..	..	4	..	2	..	..	40	16

Trap at Enosburg Falls.

ENOSBURG FALLS, Vt., April 6.—There was an interesting trapshooting contest here to-day on the club grounds. Expert shooting. The targets were thrown 65yds. at sharp unknown angles, which makes the hardest kind of trapshooting. It was a three cornered race, between Leach, Greenwood and Dunham. The scores:

N P L.....1110111101110111011—16
Greenwood .....1011111111111110110—17
Dunham .....1111011011001111011—15

S.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Eastern Amateur Championship.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., April 6.—The Eastern amateur individual championship at Targets under the auspices of the Sheepshead Bay Gun Club, was a pronounced success in every particular. There were twenty-five entries, of whom two were classed as professionals, and therefore ineligible in the competition for the cup.

Mr. J. S. S. Remsen was the victor with the excellent score of 93, tying Mr. S. M. Van Allen, who was classed as a professional, and being only one less than Mr. Sim Glover, an acknowledged professional. Mr. Remsen shot in good style and time, centering his targets with admirable precision.

The weather was not unfavorable to good shooting. The sky became overcast soon after the championship contest began, making an even and favorable light. A moderate wind blew across the traps from right to left, making a rather fast left-quartering target and a high right-quarterer. As a general proposition, the targets were not hard. Still, for many, the atmosphere seemed easier to hit.

The club was generous in the extent of their hospitality. There were excellent eatables in abundance, also there was no reason for any one to suffer from any kind of thirst.

A large attendance of visitors watched the competition from start to finish. When the cup winner was announced, and the cup presentation made with a neat and appropriate speech by Mr. J. Pillion, the applause was hearty and prolonged. Mr. Remsen made a modest acknowledgment, and hearty cheers were given for him.

Following is a list of the shooters and their scores: J. S. S. Remsen 93, F. Smull 91, Hendrickson 90, C. Jap 89, G. Kowenhoven 88, H. Brigham 85, W. Simpson 85, F. Bissett 84, F. Stevenson 84, W. Simmonson 82, G. Piercy 80, C. Eickhoff 76, P. May 76, A. Traver 76, Southworth 73, E. Lott 72, R. Schneider 71, E. Reynolds 64, C. Gille 63, C. W. Kandall 59, J. Bradley 64, F. Palmer 61, C. Cooper 62, I. McKane 55, B. Waters 55, E. Voorhies 56, F. Krake withdrew, F. Crusen 48, F. Thies withdrew, R. Drede 38.

Professionals: S. M. Van Allen 93, S. Glover 94.

Sweepstake events, 25 targets:

Bissett	19	23	21	21	Stevenson	24	22	..	..
Brigham	22	23	24	24	Hendrickson	23	25	23	25
Piercy	20	18	23	23	Remsen	21	..	..	..
Van Allen	22	17	22	..	Palmer	13	24	..	..
Kowenhoven	23	..	..	..	Greiff	20	22	..	..
Simmonson	19	..	..	..	Smull	18	..	..	..
Southworth	15	..	..	..	Montanus	..	15	..	..
Lott	20	..	..	..	Voorhies	..	11	..	..
Glover	22	..	..	..					

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 9.—There was activity among the five shooters who attended the weekly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day. Twenty-six events were shot. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
Capt Money	4	5	6	6	6	6	5	8	4	5	4	5	8
G Kelly	6	5	7	8	7	9	8	3	3	5	..	7	..
K Schneider	8	..	9	..	9	..	7	8	8	..	5	6	6
J S Wright	..	..	7	4	6	6	6	6	5	..	5	5	..
R Winter	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Events:	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	24	25	26
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	*	*	*
Capt Money	8	11	5	9	9	8	12	14	14	4	4	5
G Kelly	10	11	12	..	14	10	19	..	..	6	2	7
R Schneider	8	..	..	9	..	..	..	14	10	8	7	10
J S Wright	9	8	..	..	11	10	..	..	..	4	6	2
R Winter	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	2	..

*Five pairs.

JOHN S. WRIGHT, Mgr.

Hendrickson—Van Allen.

Freeport, L. I., April 9.—On the grounds of the Freeport Gun Club to-day a match of unusual interest between Messrs. John P. Hendrickson, a stenographer of the Long Island City Magistrate's Court, and S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, took place. The conditions were 100 targets and $100 a side. Many friends of both parties were present. The judgment of the majority favored Van Allen for a winner, but Hendrickson demonstrated that the degree of fame is not necessarily the measure of success. He won the match by a score of 90 to 88. Mr. Van Allen was not shooting in his average good form, his score being much below his average. A return match has been arranged, time and place to be fixed upon later. The return match will be looked forward to with keen interest. A number of sweepstakes were shot afterward. The match scores follow:

J Hendrickson...1111111111111111101101111110110111111111101111111010
1111111111111111111111111111111111111101101111111101—90
S Van Allen.....1111111111111110111111100111111111111110010111111
1111111110111110111101111111111111111111111101011110—88

Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, O.—The second trophy shoot of the season was held on April 7. The badge was won by B. B., with a score of 45. Stickels won by 45 in the first shoot. The visiting sportsmen on Thursdays will find a cordial welcome awaiting him.

Club trophy shoot, 50 targets: B. B. 45, Link 44, E. D. C. 44, Doc 43, Stickels 40, Smith 40, Steinman 38, Ayres 38, Gingerich 36, Shumaker 33.

Georgetown Gun Club.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 8.—The Georgetown Gun Club, of this city, has come to life, and their spring practice has opened in earnest. The tournament held here last year and the fine shooting of the visitors opened the eyes of the locals. The shooters over the State realize that game is so scarce that there will be little shooting afield, so the traps will be resorted to for recreation.

The U. M. C. Southern Squad and the canvass made by the Winchester men throughout the South have set the boys going, and now it is up to the shooters to keep it going. The best advice to club members is not to shoot too much, nor too often, so as to get tired of the expense connected therewith. The following scores will show what our boys are doing as a spring starter.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	15	Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	15
K Skinner	8	9	10	15	15	14	13	W Barrow	7	8	9	..	..	..	..
J Harp	7	8	6	11	9	11	10	G Graves	5	7	4	10	..	..	..
F Van Deren	..	..	..	11	12	11	13	C Clark	6	4	4	9	8	..	..
W Henderson	..	..	..	13	14	15	13	R H Smith	5	6	8	8	13	11	10

Seven live birds, handicap distance:

Skinner, 28.....1111112—7
W Henderson, 28.....0122212—6
Smith, 26 .....1222102—6
Van Deren, 28.....2212100—5
C Clark, 28.....0001002—2
G Graves, 26.....1200101—4
J Harp, 28.....0120021—4

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The winner of the indoor pistol championship of the U. S. R. A., Dr. E. H. Kessler, of St. Louis, used a Stevens Lord model pistol, .22 long rifle cartridges.

H. H. Pope, who tied the world's record of 917 at 200yds., offhand, 100 shots, Standard American target, shot on the grounds of the Rod and Gun Rifle Club, Lake Lookout range, Chicopee Falls, Mass. He used his Stevens-Pope .33-caliber rifle, mounted with a Stevens-Smith telescope. This record was held previously by Mr. D. W. King, of Denver, Colo. Stevens and Stevens-Pope rifles now hold all records in the United States on all targets used for offhand shooting at 200yds, for all the different numbers of shots usually fired in contests pertaining to such targtes.

The U. M. C. Squad, including T. A. Marshall, captain; R. O. Heikes, C. W. Budd, J. L. Head, T. E. Hubby, W. H. Heer, J. T. Anthony and E. D. Fulford, assisted by F. C. Butler, shot in sixty-five Southern cities and twelve Southern States during the last three months. The first five shooters mentioned broke the five-man squad world's record by a score of 488 out of 500, at Palestine, Tex. Scores of 125 straight, 100 straight, 99 and 98, etc., out of 100 are some of the individual records. The Squad's one defeat was at Memphis, Tenn., when the winning team of amateurs all used U. M. C. shot shells.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington.

Six-day Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The third personally-conducted tour to Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington via the Pennsylvania Railroad for the present season will leave New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, April 23.

Tickets, including transportation, meals en route in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond—in fact, every necessary expense for a period of six days—will be sold at rate of $36 from New York, Brooklyn and Newark; $34.50 from Trenton; $33 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

Old Point Comfort Only.

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including luncheon on going trip, one and three-fourths days' board at Chamberlin Hotel, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at rate of $17 from New York, Brooklyn and Newark; $15.50 from Trenton; $14.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Mary had a little lamb,
Likewise an oyster stew,
Salad, cake, a piece of pie
And a bottle of pale brew—
Then a few hours later
She had a doctor, too.
—Chicago Daily News.

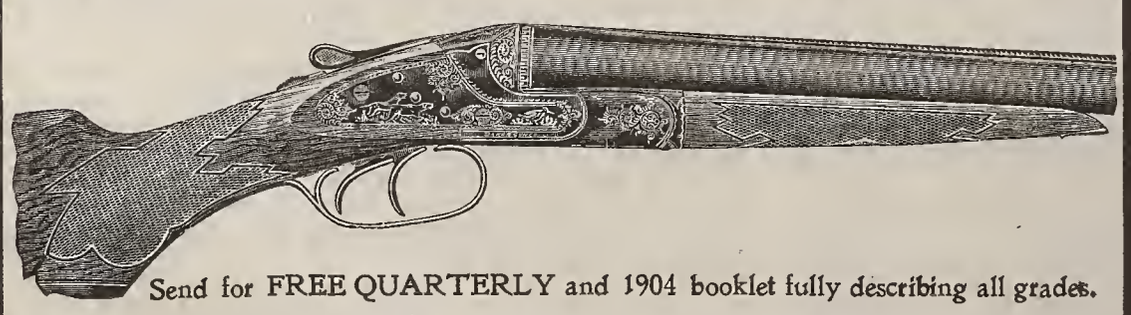
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Of all the burdens of outdoor summer life, none is harder to bear than the discomfort brought by mosquitoes, black flies and other insects. The Japstick, sold by the Culecide Co., Boston, is said to be very effective in driving these insects away, and the modest price at which the product is sold puts its use within the reach of every one.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

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STATE GAME REFUGES.

Two interesting letters which we print this week call renewed attention to the desirability of action by State and city governments toward the preserving untouched of wild areas of country, and the making such wild areas attractive by introducing and protecting the various creatures native to the soil.

It is generally known that, for economic purposes, great tracts of the United States public domain have been set aside and reserved as preserves of one sort and another. The forest reserves of the Federal Government aggregate more than sixty million acres, but it is not generally known that nearly 1,700,000 acres of land have been set aside by some of the States as State parks, State forest reserves and preserves, State forest stations and State forest tracts. These, however, are found in only a very few States. Pennsylvania has more than 300,000 of these acres, New York 1,250,000, California a little more than 40,000, Michigan more than 57,000, Minnesota more than 20,000 and Massachusetts less than 15,000. These areas are, as stated, of State creation, and must not be confounded with the measures introduced in Congress looking to the establishment of a national park in Minnesota and another in the Appalachian range.

All the States of the Union agree that the game should be preserved, and pass laws to that end, but along with the preservation of game should go also the establishment of localities where that game may live and thrive, free from molestation, and even from fear of harm.

To the average human being, living wild animals are, of all things, the most attractive. Who does not remember the circus and the menagerie of his youth, and his joy to-day in watching wild creatures undisturbed? It is quite within our power, if we wish it, to have within easy reach of us haunts of these wild creatures, where they shall be so free from fear that we may see them at almost any time. Examples of the natural tameness of all wild creatures are so familiar that they hardly need be cited. The game in the Yellowstone Park, the wild ducks in certain preserved sections of Florida, the water fowl of far Laysan, the wild fowl which in their migrations continually alight with the domesticated wild fowl in the New York Zoological Society's Park in the Bronx, all show very clearly that what we in our stupid, civilized way call wild creatures are really not wild creatures, but are fellow beings only too glad to live with us in peace and amity if we will permit it. Wildness—meaning fear of man—is an acquired habit.

In every State in the Union there are great tracts of land unoccupied and useless in the sense that they make no financial return—yield no income—to their owners. Such lands, as so often said, ought to be purchased by the State, and, being left in their present condition of wildness, might be stocked with native game. The cost would be trifling—the mere fencing of the tract, and the wages of men who should patrol it—but the return in pleasure, in interest to the citizens of the different States, would be very great—absolutely out of proportion to the cost of the park.

Massachusetts—usually in the van where progress is concerned—has seen the wisdom of such a course and has established no less than twelve reservations of this nature. Some of them are very small, being little more than twenty acres in area, others much larger, as the Bluehills reservation of 4,850 acres.

The time is coming when the public of the different States will demand action of this sort by their legislators, and the sooner that time comes the better for all of us.

The character of the land to be set aside will, of course, vary in different sections of the country. In New England and the East such lands are likely to consist largely of barren mountain sides, increased, perhaps, by areas of abandoned farms. In the West, marsh lands which are irreclaimable and liable to frequent overflow, may fitly be set aside in the same way, while the South possesses great areas of canebrake and low land subject to overflow, which might be made parks and preserves. The subject is well worth attention and careful thought by all our readers.

NEW JERSEY PROHIBITION.

THE shooting of "fowls, pigeons and birds," after the manner commonly known as trap shooting, is made unlawful within the State of New Jersey by act of the Legislature of that State, which met in special session on Wednesday of last week. The act is to take effect on and after July 4 next. It is so comprehensively worded that it absolutely prohibits, for trapshooting purposes, the use of crows, sparrows or pigeons, or, in fact, any other kind of birds. Its prohibition is absolute in general and in particular. It ends pigeon shooting.

The prohibitive area is growing. The immense territory, all New England and New York, is thus still further enlarged by New Jersey's adverse act: In the West, the opposition grows also. Iowa recently prohibited the sport in question by statutory enactment. Several other States have shown open hostility or threatening disapproval of it, and it is fair to infer that other States will prohibit it.

The act of the New Jersey Legislature is specially disastrous to this sport. New Jersey's trapshooting interests, from the viewpoint of financial investment and quantity, surpass those of any other State. It was the most active section in respect to pigeon shooting. Within its boundaries are situate the houses and grounds of three famous, wealthy clubs, namely, the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia, the Carteret Gun Club, of New York, and the Westminster Kennel Club, the latter a recent immigrant to that State. The many thousands of dollars invested by these clubs will be lost so far as the trapshooting features are concerned.

Of the New York clubs, the Hell Gate Gun Club, the Emerald Gun Club, the New York German Gun Club, and others, with an exceedingly large membership in the aggregate, will either become inoperative or will disband.

The moral effects of this law will be still more important and far reaching, for with such an important precedent for guidance, the Legislatures of other States are encouraged to vigorous action against pigeon shooting; and, furthermore, they will find weaker opposition to prohibitive legislation.

However, in this connection, be the loss to the sport what it may, the sport of shooting at the traps is not ruined. Its devotees have still unrestricted liberty to shoot at targets, which, after all, is no mean test of skill, although it will never hold so high a place as pigeon shooting in the esteem of the relatively small class which devotes itself to that form exclusively.

In any case, when pigeon shooting is prohibited by law in any section, it is incumbent on all good citizens to obey the law and the laws.

NEW JERSEY BEACH BIRDS.

THE actions of the Legislatures of New York and New Jersey during the session now ending, present a strong contrast. In New York, after a hard battle, the bill providing for the repeal of the anti-spring wild fowl shooting bill was defeated, while New Jersey formally enacted that shore birds or bay snipe may be shot from the 1st of May to the 31st day of December. In other words, may be shot throughout the breeding season and during the whole time that they are with us. All protection is withdrawn from this group of birds.

This action is extraordinary and regrettable. It is opposed to the sentiment with regard to game protection of the country at large, and we believe to the sentiment of the great majority of the sportsmen of the State of New Jersey. It is a step backward so remarkable as to call for sharp comment by the residents of the State.

The beach birds reach us from the south about the first of May, and, after tarrying for a short time, the most of them pass on northward, though a few species remain and breed with us. For these species there is thus no protection. All during the breeding season gunners may roam abroad, shooting the birds on their nests, and incidentally shooting any other bird that may present itself to view. The foreign gunner, joying in his half holiday on Saturday and the whole one of Sunday, and absolutely ignorant of our laws, delights to spend his time in the country with a gun and to kill everything that wears feathers; and when, as is sometimes done, the head and feet and feathers of the slaughtered birds are removed, it would take an expert anatomist and osteologist to say to what species it belonged. In this new law the alien gunner of whom we hear so much complaint will find his opportunity to slay at will—a temptation and an opportunity furnished him by the State.

New Jersey has long enjoyed the bad eminence of being one of the few States which still permits the summer shooting of woodcock. The present law is on a par with that one, and, as the New Jersey statutes now read, the birds of the snipe family have very little protection. English snipe may be shot during March and April and in the autumn, bay snipe from May 1 to the end of December, and woodcock in July and in the autumn. The wild fowl are little better off; they may be shot from the 1st of September to the 30th of April, while ruffed grouse, quail, English pheasants, prairie chicken and wild turkey may be shot from the 10th day of November to the 31st day of December, except on game preserves, where the shooting may begin on the 1st day of October.

The New Jersey Legislature cannot be congratulated on its game protective work for the season of 1903-4.

POWER BOATING.

IT IS now pretty generally known that the objectionable clauses incorporated in the Grosvenor bill relating to the pleasure power boat have been stricken out, and so the owners of motor craft will not be interfered with this year by any legislation. While we are very glad the Grosvenor bill did not become effective in so far as it related to the pleasure boat, we regret that there do not exist the effective laws needed to regulate the handling of power craft. Incompetent persons will attempt to sail yachts and handle boats, and often with disastrous results. All yacht sailors should be surrounded with every possible protection for the safety of all concerned. We fear that should one or two bad collisions or explosions, accompanied with loss of life, take place within the near future, the power boat would be legislated against in a most drastic fashion. This would be unfortunate and detrimental to the sport, and we should at once have regulations on the order of what was suggested by the American Power Boat Association not long since.

There are other matters, however, which may prove a menace to the sport; the demand for small power boats the past year has been unprecedented, and in some cases the builders have been unable to fill orders. If these boats were of good design and proper construction, we would welcome their appearance, but in many instances the desirable features that make up wholesome craft are lacking. However, just so long as the purchaser is satisfied with these shoddy craft, overloaded with their vulgar brass and nickel rails and gaudy cushions, the builder will turn them out. Until the consumer demands something better the builder has no incentive to produce a real boat. The builder does not pose as a public benefactor and he has no intention of educating the buying public to higher standards. A large percentage of men who have taken up power boating are not yachtsmen, and are not familiar with yachts, nor qualified to pass upon the requirements of boats of any kind. They take up the sport because they believe it will afford some excitement and amusement. Speed is the one thing they have in mind, and instead of going to one of our reputable designers they put themselves in the hands of some builder who constructs a boat from either a model or a crude drawing of his own. This builder does not know what constitutes a combination of lightness and strength as does the scientific designer, nor does he realize what strains such a boat has to meet. The result is, the powerful engines rack the boat to such an extent that it is next to impossible to keep her from leaking. One season will be sufficient to demonstrate how useless are many of the craft now being built; they will prove themselves not only unseaworthy, but slow, owing mainly to faulty design.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Trails of the Pathfinders.

VI.—Alexander Mackenzie.

Across the Continent.

ON October 10, 1792, Alexander Mackenzie left Fort Chipewyan to proceed up Peace River, his purpose being to go up the stream so far as the season would permit, and, wintering wherever he must, to cross the mountains at its head, and continue westward, if possible, to the Pacific Ocean.

Peace River takes its name from the settlement of their differences at Peace Point by the Knisteneaux and Beaver Indians. "When this country was formerly invaded by the Knisteneaux they found the Beaver Indians inhabitating the land about the Portage La Loche; and the adjoining tribes were those whom they called Slaves. They drove both these tribes before them; when the latter proceeded down the river from the Lake of the Hills, in consequence of which that part of it obtained the name of the Slave River. The former proceeded up the river, and when the Knisteneaux made peace with them, this place was settled to be the boundary."

As they proceeded the weather was so cold and raw as to make travel unpleasant, but on the afternoon of October 17 they reached the falls, where there were two considerable portages, and where they found recent fires, showing that the canoes that Mackenzie had dispatched some days before were not far ahead.

On the 19th they reached what is termed the Old Establishment, an early fort, and found that the people preceding them had slept there the previous night, and had carelessly set the large house on fire. But for Mackenzie's arrival all the buildings would have been destroyed. On either side of Peace River here were extensive plains, which offered pasture to great herds of buffalo.

The next morning they reached the fort, and were received with shouts of rejoicing and volleys from the guns, by the Indians, who now expected rum and a carouse. About three hundred Indians belonged here who, though apparently Chipewyan by race, had adopted the manners and customs of their former enemies, the Crees. The contrast between the neat and decent appearance of the men and the very disagreeable looks of the women as striking. After staying here only long enough to give some advice and presents to the Indians and his instructions to Mr. Findlay, he kept on up the river. It was constantly growing colder and the ice gave some trouble, but on November 1 he reached the place where he expected to winter.

Two men had been sent forward in the spring to cut and square timber for the erection of a house, and about seventy Indians had joined them. The men had worked well, and prepared timber enough for a considerable fort, as well as a ditch in which to set up the palisades of a stockade. Experience at the Old Establishment had shown that many vegetables would grow well in this soil and climate, but this was no time to think about gardening. What was more important was the fact that the plains on either side of the river abounded in buffalo, elk, wolves, foxes and bears, while a ridge of highlands or mountains to the westward was inhabited by great numbers of deer, being called Deer Mountain.

As with all traders, Mackenzie's first business was to call the Indians together and give them some rum, tobacco and advice. They listened to the advice, drank the rum and smoked the tobacco, promising everything that he asked.

On the 22d of November—although the sidehead giving the date in the printed volume says December—the river froze up, so that the hunters had a bridge on which to cross. Game was plenty, yet, but for this means of crossing the stream they might have suffered from lack of food. It was here that the practice of medicine was forced on Mackenzie. By means of simple remedies and by close personal attention to each case he cured a number of severe ailments among the Indians.

Of one of these he says: "On my arrival here last fall, I found that one of the young Indians had lost the use of his right hand by the bursting of a gun, and that his thumb had been maimed in such a manner as to hang only by a small strip of flesh. Indeed, when he was brought to me his wound was in such an offensive state and emitted such a putrid smell that it required all the resolution I possessed to examine it. His friends had done everything in their power to relieve him; but as it consisted only in singing about him and blowing upon his hand, the wound, as may be well imagined, had got into the deplorable state in which I found it. I was rather alarmed at the difficulty of the case, but as the young man's life was in a state of hazard, I was determined to risk my surgical reputation, and accordingly took him under my care. I immediately formed a poultice of bark, stripped from the roots of the spruce fir, which I applied to the wound, having first washed it with the juice of the bark. This proved a very painful dressing. In a few days, however, the wound was clean and the proud flesh around it destroyed. I wished very much in this state of the business to have separated the thumb from the hand, which I well knew must be effected before the cure could be performed, but he would not consent to that operation till, by the application of vitriol, the flesh by which the thumb was suspended was shrivelled almost to a thread. When I had succeeded in this object I perceived that the wound was closing rather faster than I had desired. The salve I applied on the occasion was made of the Canadian balsam, wax, and tallow dropped from a burning candle into water. In short, I was so successful that about Christmas my patient engaged in an hunting party, and brought me the tongue of an elk; nor was he finally ungrateful. When he left me I received the warmest acknowledgments, both from himself and the relations with whom he departed, for my care of him. I certainly did not spare my time or attention on the occasion, as I regularly dressed the wound three times a day during the course of a month."

Just before Christmas Mackenzie moved from his tent into his house, and now began the erection of houses for the men. Long before this the thermometer had been down far below zero, yet the men had been lying out in the cold and snow without any shelter except an open shed. "It would be considered by the inhabitants of a milder climate as a great evil to be exposed to the weather at this rigorous season of the year, but these people are inured to it, and it is necessary to describe in some measure the hardships which they undergo without a murmur, in order to convey a general notion of them.

"The men who were now with me left this place in the beginning of last May and went to the Rainy Lake in canoes, laden with packs of fur, which, from the immense length of the voyage and other occurring circumstances, is a most severe trial of patience and perseverance; there they do not remain a sufficient time for ordinary repose, when they take a load of goods in exchange, and proceed on their return, in a great measure, day and night. They had been arrived near two months, and all that time had been continually engaged in very toilsome labor, with nothing more than a common shed to protect them from the frost and snow. Such is the life which these people lead, and is continued with unremitting exertion till their strength is lost in premature old age."

Mackenzie was now receiving plenty of beaver from the Indians. But, on the other hand, he was not without the usual annoyances to which the fur trader was exposed. The Indians had a tendency to quarrel among themselves, especially over their gambling at the platter game, which is a sort of throwing of dice, the same, apparently, with the seed game, so common among all the Indians of the plains. On the whole, however, the winter passed quietly, and geese were seen on the 13th of March.

In closing his account of this winter, passed high up on Peace River, Mackenzie gives some account of the Beaver and Rock Mountain Indians living there, who, he says, did not exceed 150 men capable of bearing arms. As late as 1786, when the first traders from Canada arrived on the banks of the Peace River, the natives employed bows and snares, but since then they had become well armed, bows were little used and snares were unknown. These Indians were excellent hunters and such hard workers in the field that they were extremely lean, being always in the best of training. When a relation died the men blackened the face, cut off their hair and gashed their arms with knives and arrows. The women often cut off a finger at the death of a favorite son, husband or father. The Indians told of a time when no timber grew on the hills and plains along Peace River, but they were covered with moss, and the reindeer was the only animal. As the timber spread on them, elk and buffalo made their appearance, and the reindeer retired to the range of highlands called Deer Mountain.

The month of April passed, and early in May Mackenzie loaded six canoes with the furs and provisions he had purchased, and despatched them to Fort Chipewyan. He, however, retained six of the men, who agreed to accompany him up Peace River on his western voyage of discovery, and left his winter interpreter and another person in charge of the fort, to supply the natives with their ammunition during the summer. On the 9th day of May he embarked in a canoe twenty-five feet long, loaded with about 3,000 pounds of provisions, gifts for presents, arms, ammunition and baggage and ten persons, two of whom were hunters and interpreters.

The first day's journey was through an interesting and beautiful country. "From the place which we quitted this morning the west side of the river displayed a succession of the most beautiful scenery I had ever beheld. The ground rises at intervals to a considerable height, and stretching inwards to a considerable distance; at every interval or pause in the rise there is a very gently ascending space or lawn, which is alternate with abrupt precipices to the summit of the whole, or, at least, as far as the eye could distinguish. This magnificent theatre of nature has all the decorations which the trees and animals of the country can afford it; groves of poplars in every shape vary the scene, and their intervals are enlivened with vast herds of elks and buffaloes, the former choosing the steeps and uplands, and the latter preferring the plains. At this time the buffaloes were attended with their young ones, who were frisking about them; and it appeared that the elks would soon exhibit the same enlivening circumstance. The whole country displayed an exuberant verdure; the trees that bear a blossom were advancing fast to that delightful appearance, and the velvet rind of their branches reflecting the oblique rays of a rising or setting sun, added a splendid gaiety to the scene, which no expressions of mine are qualified to describe. The east side of the river consists of a range high land covered with the white spruce and the soft birch, while the banks abound with the alder and the willow. The water continued to rise, and the current being proportionately strong, we made a greater use of setting poles than paddles."

On the following days camps of Beaver Indians were seen, and Mackenzie was somewhat anxious lest they should encourage his hunters to desert, but this did not take place. Game continued abundant, and on the 13th they saw along the river tracks of large bears, some of which were nine inches wide. "We saw one of their dens, or winter quarters, called watee, in an island, which was ten feet deep, five feet high and six feet wide, but we had not yet seen one of those animals. The Indians entertain great apprehension of this kind of bear which is called the grisly bear, and they never venture to attack it but in a party of at least three or four."

The land on both sides of the river was high and irregular, and the banks and the rocky cliffs exhibited strata of red, green and yellow colors. "Some parts, indeed, offer a beautiful scenery, in some degrees similar to that which we passed on the second day of our voyage, and equally enlivened with the elk and the buffalo, who were feeding in great numbers and unmolested by the hunter." The next day they passed a river, of the mouth of which Mackenzie says: "This spot would be an excellent situation for a fort or factory, as there is plenty of wood and every reason to believe that the country abounds in beaver. As for the other animals, they are in evident abundance, as in every direction the elk and the buffalo are seen in possession of the hills and the plains." Two elks were killed and a buffalo wounded that day. The land above their camp spread out in an extensive plain, gradually rising to a high ridge, chiefly grassy, and dotted with poplar and white birch trees. "The country is so crowded with animals as to have the appearance, in some places, of a stall-yard, from the state of the ground and the quantity of dung which is scattered over it. The soil is black and light. We this day saw two grisly and hideous bears."

Although the ascent of the river had not been easy and they had frequently been obliged to unload and repair their canoe, it was not until Sunday, the 19th, that they met rapids and cascades, which presented greater difficulties. The canoe was heavily laden, the current enormously swift, and broken constantly by rocks and shoals, the only means of advance was by the tow line, and the beach was often narrow or wanting. At the beginning of this very difficult stretch of water they found several islands of solid rock with but little soil upon them, the rock worn away near the water's surface, but unworn higher up, so that the islands presented, as it were, so many large tables, each of which was supported by a pedestal of a more circumscribed projection. On these islands geese were breeding.

Carrying over short distances, often crossing the river in a very swift water, in constant danger from the great stones which frequently fell from the banks above, and much of the time in the water, they pursued their way for a short distance over this very difficult passage. The work was terribly hard, and as far as they could see up the river there was no improvement of the channel. Therefore, Mackenzie sent out a party of six men to explore, and on their return that same night they reported that it was necessary to make a long carry—nine miles they said—before smooth water would be met with. The canoe was therefore unloaded, the baggage carried up to the top of the bank above the river, and then the canoe was fairly hauled up to the same height. There they camped. In two days' march from this place, carrying the load and the canoe, they again met quiet water.

The journal for Thursday, the 23d, enumerates the different sorts of trees which they saw, among which is named bois-picant, a tree which Mackenzie had not seen before, but which was apparently the west coast shrub—the devil's club, which grows in a few places on the eastern slope of the Continental Divide. Although he did not know it, Mackenzie was now quite close to the summit of the Rocky Mountains.

The river here was wide, flowing in great volume, and very swiftly but smooth. There were many ani-

mals in the country, for their tracks were seen everywhere; and when Mackenzie left a bundle of presents on a pole, as a good-will offering to any natives who might pass by, one of his Indians added to the bundle a small, round piece of green wood, chewed at one end to form a brush, such as the Indians use to pick out the marrow from bones. This was the sign of a country with many animals in it. At a number of points along the river they had found places where wood had been chopped with axes, showing that the Indians who had passed along here had had intercourse with the whites.

They were now flanked on both sides by high mountains covered with snow, and the cold was so severe that the men, although working hard, could not get along without their blanket coats. On the last day of May the men were so cold that they landed in order to kindle a fire.

Their great labor, so long continued, had made Mackenzie's people more or less discontented. They were tired of the journey and anxious to get back. Moreover, some wanted to go in one direction and some in another, and the forking of the river gave rise to open grumbling. However, Mackenzie handled them well, and they went on. On the 1st of June he says: "In no part of the Northwest did I see so much beaver-work within an equal distance as in the course of this day. In some places they had cut down several acres of large poplars; and we saw also a great number of these active and sagacious animals. The time which these wonderful creatures allot for their labors, whether in erecting their curious habitations or providing food, is the whole of the interval between the setting and the rising sun."

Ever since they had started the water in the river had been rising, since, of course, the advancing summer was melting the snows in the neighboring mountains and swelling all the streams. On the 5th of June Mackenzie left the canoe and ascending a high hill or mountain crossed the country, and climbing a tree looked ahead. He saw little that was interesting, and on returning to the river could see nothing of the canoe. Made anxious by this, he went forward to see if it was ahead, sending others of his people back to look for it. He had no food, and was preparing to lie out during the night when a shot from Mr. Mackay and the Indian who had been sent back announced that the canoe had been discovered. His people excused their slow progress by saying that their canoe had been damaged and that the travel had been harder than on any previous day, and Mackenzie pretended to believe them. The difficulties of the way were now very great. The current was so strong that paddles could not be used, so deep that the poles were useless, while the bank of the river was so lined with willows and other trees that it was impossible to pass the line. The water was still rising and the current growing stronger. In spite of all these impediments they pushed on, and were already beginning to look for the carrying place, where they should cross the mountains to the stream which ran toward the Pacific.

On Sunday, June 9, they noticed a smell of fire, and in a short time heard people in the timber, as if in a state of confusion. The Indians were frightened by the discovery of the explorer's party, and the explorer's party were not a little alarmed for fear they should be attacked. Very judiciously Mackenzie turned his canoe off to the opposite side of the river, and before they were half way across two men appeared on the rising ground opposite them, brandishing their spears, displaying bows and arrows and shouting. The interpreter called to the Indians, telling them that the white people were friendly, yet the Indians preserved a threatening attitude, but after some talk consented to the landing of the party, though evidently very much frightened. They laid aside their weapons, and when Mackenzie stepped forward and shook hands with each of them, one of them, trembling with fear, drew his knife from his sleeve and offered it to Mackenzie as as a mark of submission.

These Indians had heard of white men before, but had never seen any, and were extremely curious as well as suspicious. They had but just reached here and had not yet made their camp, but on the discovery of Mackenzie's party, had run away, leaving their property behind.

The explorer made a great effort to conciliate and to attach them to him, and during the day the whole party of Indians came in, three men, three women and seven or eight boys and girls. They were delighted with the beads which were given them, and seemed to enjoy the pemmican, their own provision consisting entirely of dried fish. They possessed some iron, which they said they obtained from people distant about eleven days' march, and that those people traveled for a month to reach the country of other tribes, who lived in houses and who extended their journeys to the Stinking Lake, or the ocean, where they traded with white people, who came in boats as large as islands.

This account discouraged Mackenzie, who feared that the end of his journey was far distant. However, he continued his efforts to lull the suspicions of the Indians, and treated them and their children with especial kindness. The next day, sitting about the fire and listening to the talk of the Indians and interpreters, some portion of which he could understand, he recognized that one of the Indians spoke of a great river flowing near the source of the one which they were ascending, and of portages leading to a small river, which discharged itself into the great river; and a little patient work led the Indian to describe what seemed a practicable route toward the ocean.

These Indians were of low stature, not exceeding five feet six or seven inches, lean, round-faced, with pierced noses and loose hanging hair. They wore robes of the skins of the beaver, the ground hog or the reindeer, dressed with the hair on. Their leggings and moccasins were of dressed moose, elk or reindeer skin. The men wore collars of grizzly bear claws. Their cedar bows were six feet in length, and bore a short iron spike on one end, and so might be used as a spear or lance. They also carried lances, headed with iron or bone. Their knives and axes were of iron. They made lines of rawhide, which were fine and strong, while their nets and fishing lines were of willow bark and nettles. Their hooks were of bone set in wood, their kettles of basketry, their spoons of horn or wood. Their canoes were made of spruce bark. Among certain presents given Mackenzie before he parted from these people were a net made of nettles and "A white horn in the shape of a spoon, which resembles the horn of the buffalo of the Coppermine River"—by which undoubtedly is meant the muskox, "but their description of the animal to which it belonged does not answer to that." This horn was probably that of a mountain sheep.

With a guide engaged from these people Mackenzie pushed on, promising the Indians that he would return in two months. The journey up the river was difficult, and the canoe by this time was in bad shape, so that a little jar caused it to leak, and repairs were frequent. At length they left the main stream, by the instruction of the guide, who declared that it began only a short distance away, having its origin in a great valley which was full of snow, the melting of which supplied the river. The branch which they went was only about ten yards broad and the one they entered still narrower. The current was slow, and the channel so crooked that it was sometimes difficult to work the canoe. Soon they entered a small lake choked with driftwood, and camped at an old Indian camp. Beaver were abundant here, as were swans and geese, but they killed none of them, for fear of alarming any natives by the discharge of firearms. This Mackenzie regarded as the highest source of the Peace River.

At the head of the lake they found a carry where there was a beaten path, about 800 yards long, to another small lake. From here two streams were seen tumbling down the rocks from the right and emptying into the lake that they had left, while two others, falling from the opposite side, poured into the lake they were approaching. Now they had crossed the Continental Divide, and instead of fighting with the current they would be going down the stream. We may imagine something of what Mackenzie's feelings must have been when he had surmounted the Divide and saw before him a direct passage to the western ocean. But his troubles were by no means over.

From the lake they passed into a small river, full of wood which had slipped down the mountain side, and which constantly obstructed the way. At first there was scarcely water enough to float the canoe, but the water grew deeper, and toward evening they entered another lake. Its outlet was very swift, and they had difficulty in keeping the canoe from being driven against the trees which had fallen across it.

Men sent ahead down the river to report on its practicability came back with terrible stories of rapids, fallen trees and large stones. The guide was now very uncomfortable, and wished to return, but this, of course, was not permitted.

After carrying around the nearest obstacles they pushed off again, but the force of the current was so great as to drive the canoe sideways down the river again and break her. Mackenzie and the men jumped overboard, but before they could straighten her course or stop her they came to deeper water, and were obliged to re-embark, one man being left behind in the river. Almost immediately they drove against a rock, which shattered the stern of the canoe, and now the vessel darted to the other side of the river and the bow was smashed as well as the stern. The foreman tried to check her by holding to branches of a tree, but was pulled out of the canoe and ashore. A moment later she struck rocks, which broke several large holes in the bottom, and in a moment everyone was overboard tyring to hold up the wreck. The strength of the current, however, forced them down the stream several hundred yards, but at last the vessel was guided into shallow water, and an eddy, and there stopped and dragged to shore. In a short time the man that they had left behind joined them, and they were now able to see what their condition was. They had lost some of their baggage and the whole of their stock of balls, but they still had some lead in the form of shot, from which bullets might be made. The men were frightened and anxious to get back, but a liberal dose of rum with a hearty meal and some encouraging words from their leader quieted their fears, and made them willing to go on. Men were sent off to look for bark with which to repair the canoe and also to look for the main river, which their guide told them was not far distant. These men came back with unsatisfactory reports, declaring that the river they were following was quite impracticable, while they had not been able to see the other larger river.

The next day the canoe having, been repaired, was lightened and a part of the men took her slowly down the river, while the remainder carried the baggage along the shore. It was evident that this stream could not be followed much further, and again exploring parties were sent out to see if the great river could not be found. They saw it, but declared that to reach it would be very difficult. That night Mackenzie, as usual, sat up to watch the guide, so that he should not desert, but Mr. Mackay, who relieved him, permitted the man to slip away, and he was not seen again. The river that they were descending became more and more swift and rough and was, in fact, wholly impracticable. It was now determined to cut a way for the canoe across a neck of the land, and at eight o'clock that night they had the inexpressible satisfaction of finding themselves "on the bank of a navigable river on the western side of the first great range of mountains."

Rain the next morning postponed their start until eight o'clock, when they were on the water and, driven by a strong current, which, though it carried them along swiftly, was perfectly safe, since the river seemed deep. The stream was constantly joined by other rivers, and after a time it broadened out and the current became slow, so that they proceeded with more deliberation. An Indian cabin of recent construction was seen on the shore, and toward night a smoke on the bank indicated natives.

George Bird Grinnell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fly-Fishing for the Fair.

From Recollections of Sport with a Companion.

The best rod for a lady is a split-bamboo of the best quality, nine feet long, weighing four and a half to five ounces; a small click reel, holding 30 yards of fine enamelled waterproof line, six foot leaders or casting lines of silk worm gut, a good assortment of flies, selected with reference to the water to be fished, and a dozen snelled bait hooks of medium size. In stream fishing, the great difficulty has been due to the necessity of wading the stream, if the best sport is to be secured. A short, light skirt can be worn over waders, but after the spring sun has warmed the water, it is quite unnecessary to carry cumbrous waterproof wading gear. One of my girl friends wore stout shoes with hob-nails, heavy woolen stockings, with leggings, short skirt, jacket with roomy pockets, etc. If you are wise select a stiff, light hat that can be depended upon to stay where it is put.

Lake fishing is very delightful, but girls with sporting blood in their veins enjoy far more the independence and freedom found in wading and fishing one of our big mountain streams, where the scene is constantly changing and every variety of water is found; the long, deep, placid pool, flecked with foam, with heavy rapid pouring in at the upper end; the stretches of quick water and rifts of greater or less depth, and the potholes among the big rocks, where the stream is a running torrent. A girl, not greatly above the average in health and strength, has begun a day dedicated to sport by breakfasting at 6 o'clock in the morning; then a tramp of four miles over the trail to reach a good and wild part of the river, where it has not been over-fished. On entering the water it feels a trifle cold, but this passes off quickly, and she has fished two miles up the stream without thinking of a chill; in fact, without thought of anything except the beautiful surroundings and trout, nearly a dozen of which lie in her creel. She would never think of lunch if we did not remind her of it. Then indeed she finds her appetite, and keenly enjoys the sandwiches while resting luxuriously upon a bed of warm sand. She is quite ready to begin again, and we retrace our steps, picking up a trout here and there, and talking of the chances of getting a real big one in the great pool far down the river, which we have decided upon for the late evening cast.

The sun sinks behind the hills, great shadows stretch across the narrow valley; yet the light is still too strong on the favorite pool. Oh, we must wait a little longer. Now the sun has gone, the shadows deepen and the trout are rising here and there in a business like manner. She has taken a good fish, another, and another. Oh, just one more! The last trout is in the basket and we creep through the bushes looking for the trail. It is almost dark, but instinctively we know that the path is underfoot. We tramp onward in Indian file, and for a time chat brightly of the day's sport; but it grows very dark under the trees, and all our attention is concentrated on the trail. Finally, we reach the wood road, where we can walk side by side; the underbrush and forest are close on either hand. Suddenly there is a crash—close, very close. She grasps my arm for a moment, then laughs. What is it? We do not know. It may have been a timid bear, a lynx, or a stupid porcupine. We think that a belated squirrel, a rabbit or a long-eared wood mouse could never have made so much noise. We like to imagine that it was some savage beast, though we know that there are none here. She is not afraid. Afraid? Puff! No, indeed. Shall we take the short cut? It will save nearly half an hour; but she will have to wade the stream where it is wide and deep, in the darkness. No matter; she is afraid of nothing now. We pass through a belt of pine (since sold for a large sum and fed to a hungry saw mill—pine is very valuable nowadays), then through fields and brush to the water. It looks black and sullen, but she takes my arm, and in we go. Soon we are over, and refreshed and dripping, seek the well-worn path.

A few minutes' walk and the lights of the hotel shine before us. We enter, and in a moment are surrounded by an eager crowd. How very cool and clean these people are. The cry is: "What luck? What luck? How many trout have you caught?" A great dish is brought forth and the fish are heaped upon it. Twenty-nine. "Good! You have had fine sport for the month of August." "What time is it?" "Eight o'clock. Are you tired? Going to bed soon?" "No, indeed; I am going to the dance; but we will have supper first."

She comes down in a few minutes transformed, radiantly bright. She feels no fatigue now. In fact, will not realize how tired she is until she goes to bed. It is a healthy tired, and no ill results. Not even when on one occasion, in her eagerness to hook a rising trout, she wades too deep, loses her footing and is submerged. No one ever caught cold when catching trout. This is true; but one must not allow the blood to stagnate by lying about. The exercise and excitement make the circulation excellent, and the sport makes for health only. Many of our women and girls love all that pertains to fly-fishing, and there is no reason why they should not enjoy it just as their fathers and brothers do.

I intend to tell about the girl and the six-pounder, but my notes are already too lengthy.

Theodore Gordon.

Mrs. Simple Newleywed—"I want you to send around a gallon of midnight oil."

Grocer—"Midnight oil? Never heard of it."

Mrs. Simple Newleywed—"Why, I'm sure that's the kind my husband's mother said he always burned."—Brooklyn Life.

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Natural History.

Pine Grosbeaks as Pets.

EAST MONTPELIER, Vt., March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—I have been interested reading the accounts in FOREST AND STREAM, by your many correspondents of the ways of feeding the starving birds this cold, hard winter. One of the coldest days a bird flew, or dropped, into our yard, and could not rise again. We picked it up, took it into the house and put it in a moderately warm room. In a short time it regained strength enough to stand. We put it into a cage, thinking to release it as soon as the weather would permit. The next day and the next were still cold and windy. In the meantime, we began to get interested in our find. By the third day she was so tame she would light on our hand and eat seeds without the least signs of fear. We thought perhaps, it might be an escaped cage bird. This thought banished all idea of giving her her liberty in the continued cold weather.

She soon was a great pet in the family, and we began to cast about to learn, if possible, to what variety she belonged. In my inquiry I heard of a flock that answered to her description in an orchard eating frozen apples in a neighboring town.

I looked them up and found them the same as our bird, the males being red.

I tried to trap a male for two days without success. Left my trap with a friend and the next day got a telephone dispatch that he had one. We have them now in a large cage about four feet long. The male bird by the third day was as tame as the female. So we think they are natural pets. Now, I come to what I started in to ask without this long preamble: I will give description as to color, etc., asking you or some of your correspondents to give the variety to which they belong: In color the male is brick or blood red on top of head, shading lighter down the neck and breast to legs; also some red at base of tail; wings and tail brown, with white edgings on secondaries of wings, flights nearly or quite solid brown. Female is a soft shade of color, much like a maltese cat. Has a slight tinge of bronze on head, and on cushion at base of tail. They have the short, strong beak for shucking seeds. For food they are fond of apples and most all seeds, particularly so of sunflower seeds. They are about the size of robin redbreast, perhaps a bit smaller. The male has a low whistle, which he keeps going most of the time. When cleaning their cage we can hardly keep them off our hands, they are so tame. Altogether, they are enjoyable, handsome pets.

GEO. DAVIS.

[The birds are pine grosbeaks (*Pinicola enucleator canadensis*), a northern species of the old and new worlds, found in temperate climes only in winter, easily tamed and making most attractive pets. In the winter of 1903-4 pine grosbeaks appeared on Long Island, where they are very seldom seen, and a number were captured with a landing net and kept alive.]

As bearing on this subject, we reproduce parts of two contributions printed more than twenty years ago in the FOREST AND STREAM, one from the pen of our old correspondent, Shadow, and the other from B. Horsford, both writers well known for the interest of their observations and the charm of their writings, to an older generation of FOREST AND STREAM readers. Shadow says:

"Yesterday I saw three of these beautiful birds industriously picking up their dinner in a patch of weeds. They were quite tame and I drove within twenty feet of them, and paused a while to observe and admire them, as they are old friends of mine. Four years ago they were quite plenty in this vicinity, and a large flock of them came regularly every morning to feast upon some frozen apples that hung on a tree within ten feet of my window. They were very tame, and sang so sweetly that I determined to capture some of them if possible. Fixing a slipnoose upon the end of a fishpole I succeeded in roping in a pair of them; the male was a young one, and the female I judged to be two or three years old. There was an old male in the flock, gorgeous with his beautiful scarlet plumage, that I tried very hard to capture; but he was too wary for me. I got the noose over his head several times, but he would twist out of it with scarcely an effort, and never move from his perch nor cease his cheerful song. He always appeared glad to see me, and to be quite interested in my experiments; he would nod and wink at me in the most knowing manner in the world, but in spite of my best efforts, he preserved his liberty, and after a few days I saw him no more.

"The pair that I had captured I placed in a large breeding cage that was about three feet square. They did not appear to be at all alarmed, but took kindly to their new home and at once commenced eating, and in less than an hour they were twittering and singing, happy and contented. For many weeks they appeared to thoroughly enjoy themselves, and became so tame that when I let them out in the room they would fearlessly alight upon my head or shoulder and feed from my hand. I never saw such beautiful feathered pets; they kept almost a constant song from an early dawn until everyone in the house had retired for the night. Their song was not loud, but very sweet and musical."

Mr. Horsford wrote somewhat later of this species:

"I well remember the first I ever saw. It was north of latitude 45 degrees, in Maine, in the winter of '35-6. Coming home to dinner one day, in a blizzard such as is known only in that climate, I could not reach the door on account of snow-drifts. I went back to the woodshed, from which flew out five birds I had never before seen. One dropped a moment in the snow on the roof a few feet from me, and then all disappeared, uttering a soft, sweet note, to avoid separation in the blinding storm.

"Twenty years I looked in vain for that bird, whose form, color, and strange habits had been stamped on my brain. At length, in mid-winter, in Springfield, Mass., I recognized my birds of the storm. They were feeding on seeds of the ash, and I shot a pair with more satisfaction than I ever felt under similar circumstances. Six years afterward the birds again appeared in Springfield, a flock of a dozen or so feeding on the berries of the mountain ash, seeds of black ash, and buds of Norway spruce. Observing their quiet, unsuspicious habits, I captured with noose and fishing rod five, three males. Placing them in a large cage, I sat down to make their intimate acquaintance. They had evidently come from a region where men are not known, and consequently were ignorant of human treachery and human invention. It mattered little to them that they were in confinement; like the little redpoll, they would drop in a clump on the bottom of the cage, uttering, while eating, sweetest notes of recognition ever uttered by a bird. Then the leader's note would be heard, plain as a human voice, 'Come, come, let us go,' then, like the redpoll they would all start at the same instant in the same direction. Reaching the side of the cage, they would cling for a moment to the wires, and then fall back to the perches, sitting for a few minutes silent and dejected, then running to feed and pick about the cage. This was often repeated the first day, but soon abandoned entirely.

"In a few days my birds began to warble a song of soft notes, louder and more constant. As spring advanced the song resembled somewhat that of the purple finch, but with long, sweeping notes which that bird does not utter. I used to sit hours by the cage, for I never possessed pets I so much loved. They would eat from my hand, pick and apple seed from my lips, interspersing the same sweet music.

My birds delighted to wash, a luxury denied them in their native region. I filled their bathing vessels with snow and water, in which they would wallow until completely drenched, eating snow and ice while so doing. Sitting by the cage one Sunday afternoon, the sun shining brightly, I had placed in it a ball of snow; the birds were sitting on the ball, spreading wings and feathers over it with every token of delight. Suddenly with a scream every bird showed the most intense excitement, not terror, but fight all over, heads in one direction depressed, wings slightly spread, topknot overhanging the beak, and the beak wide open. Turning my head there was a shrike hanging to the sash not a foot away. The robber bird darted off and my pets became quiet. The shrike had discovered the birds from a tree opposite the window, and the birds recognized their mortal enemy at sight, showing no inclination to retreat. My inference was that the shrike dared not encounter the old birds, a single nip of whose powerful beak would cut off the neck of the shrike in an instant.

"Wishing another test of their sagacity, I brought to the cage some stuffed birds. They approached them fearlessly, recognizing their own kind, but the instant a stuffed shrike appeared there was the same scream, the same position of desperate resistance repeated.

"One of my birds, consigned to friends in New York, lived six years in a cage, suffering lately from those shelly excrescences mentioned by Dr. Coues. My own lived about the same number of years, and at last died of plethora from over kindness. Of their southern breeding limits little is known. Finding them in summer on Moosilank, midway in New Hampshire, and having most positive evidence that they come down from the spruce belt on the Green Mountains to feed on currants and cherries in the back settlements of Vermont, I do not hesitate to presume that they may be found much further south than represented to be the case. One fact at least favors this opinion, the bird is almost an annual visitor to us, and has already arrived this first of November, the snow-bunting having come a few weeks sooner, both preceding the cold weather as never before."

Pearl Fisheries of Ceylon.

THE most famous and best known pearl fisheries of the world are those of Ceylon, and from the earliest times pearls in great numbers and of great value have been taken from its waters. The divers descend to a depth of six or eight fathoms, forty or fifty times a day, aided in sinking by a stone fastened to a rope long enough to reach the bottom and carrying a basket or bag in which the pearl oysters are placed as collected. The greatest depth to which these divers descend is about thirteen fathoms.

The Ceylon pearl fisheries are now under the control of the British Government. A remarkable feature about them has always been their uncertainty and intermittent character. For fifty years, during the nineteenth century, the banks produced nothing, and from 1837 to 1854, and again from 1864 to 1873, no pearls were collected.

In view of the immense importance and value of these fisheries, an effort was recently made by the Colonial officers of the British Government to investigate the causes of these barren years, and also to find a remedy for them; and Prof. W. A. Herdman was asked to examine the records on this subject and to report on them. Following his report came a request by the government that he should make a personal investigation of the pearl banks, and with Mr. Hornell, an assistant, he went to Ceylon and set about the work.

The first step in the investigation was to make a complete survey of the whole sea bottom of the area of the pearl fisheries. This was done partly by sounding and dredging, and partly by the aid of divers, Mr. Hornell himself doing some investigating in a diving suit. Thus was gained much information as to the nature of the ground best suited to the growth of the pearl oyster and of the dangers to which the animal is exposed. It has many active enemies, such as sponges and molluscs and star fishes, which bore through the shell; fishes and internal parasites. Yet, on the whole, the destruction caused by these agents is slight, compared with that caused by shifting sands, which overwhelm whole beds of oysters, burying and killing them. A bed of oysters, examined in March, which extended over an area of sixteen square miles, was covered by a vast multitude of young oysters "so closely packed that the bank must have held not less than one hundred thousand million." In November of the same year the spot was revisited and the oysters had disappeared, having been buried in the sand or swept down a steep slope outside the bed.

Overcrowding is another fruitful cause of destruction which Prof. Herdman suggests may be avoided by transplanting. That the star fishes cause much damage is shown by an example given of a crop of oysters estimated in March, 1902, as five and three-quarter millions, which had nearly disappeared by March, 1903, from this cause.

Along with the study of the oyster and the oyster beds, were carried on investigations in a number of collateral subjects. Much light is thrown on the formation of pearls, and the investigators found that only in very rare cases is the nucleus of the pearl a grain of sand. Boring sponges and burrowing worms lead to the formation of pearls or pearly excrescences on the inside of the shell by the irritation which they cause. The largest and best pearls are those which occur in the mantle "or in the thick white lateral part of the stomach and liver, or even secondarily free in a cavity of the body." These are caused by the secretion of concentric layers of nacre about the dead body of a parasite, and such pearls attain their greatest size in oysters from three and a half to five years of age.

The work of this commission will be continued and Mr. Hornell will continue his observations as marine biologist at the Galle Laboratory, where he will undoubtedly do much for the pearl, sponge, trepang and other marine fisheries of Ceylon.

Accompanying this report are many descriptions of new forms of life, and it has a great scientific as well as commercial value.

Michigan Ornithological Club.

THE second annual meeting of the Michigan Ornithologieal Club was held at Ann Arbor, Mich., April 2, in conneetion with the Michigan Academy of Science.

In the absence of Pres. A. B. Covert, Mr. T. J. Butler presided. The business meeting of the club was held during the morning session. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Prof. Walter B. Barrows, Agricultural College; First Vice-President, A. H. Griffith of the Museum of Art, Detroit; Secretary, Bradshaw H. Swales, Detroit; Treasurer and Business Manager, Chas. E. Wisner, Detroit; Editor-in-Chief of Bulletin, Alex. W. Blain, Jr., Detroit; Associates, Prof. W. B. Barrows, Lansing; J. Claire Wood, Detroit.

A large attendance was present at the afternoon session, held in the lecture room of the University of Michigan Museum. Mr. Wilfred Brotherton read a paper, "Random Notes on the Bald Eagle in Oakland County, Michigan," in which his experience with the bird were set forth. Mr. Norman A. Wood gave a very interesting paper entitled, "Notes on the Avi-Fauna of Oscoda County, Michigan." A complete list of the species observed during a trip down the An Sable River in the summer of 1903 was given with interesting notes. It was in this region that the first nests, eggs and young of Kirtland's warbler were discovered by Mr. Wood in July of the same year.

Dr. Van Fossen, of Ypsilanti, presented a paper on the "Winter Birds Observed Around Ypsilanti." A list of the species found was given with full notes.

Mr. Charles C. Adams, curator of the University Museum, spoke on the "Geographical Distribution of Kirtland's Warbler," and illustrated by the use of maps the migration route of this species, as known by the captured specimens.

Mr. Alex. W. Blain, Jr., spoke on "The Future for Ornithological Work in Michigan," followed by remarks by Prof. H. L. Clark of Olivet College. Mr. Clark stated that extensive field work is especially needed to map out and understand the distribution of the birds of the State.

Mr. T. J. Butler spoke at length on the formation of a chapter of the Audubon Society in Michigan, and of its needs and aims. Mr. Butler is the secretary of the Michigan chapter and can be addressed at Detroit, Home Savings Bank Building.

Papers entitled "Bird Immigration," by J. Claire Wood; "Nesting of the Barred Owl in Michigan," by E. Arnold, and "The Birds of Michigan," by Prof. Barrows, were read. Considerable interest was shown in the meeting, and the club enters on its second year under favorable aspects. Over one hundred members are enrolled. All bird students and bird lovers of the Great Lake region are requested to write to the secretary, at 46 West Larned street, Detroit.

BRADSHAW H. SWALES, Sec'y.

DETROIT, April 15.

What Bird is This?

AT THIS season of the year—that is to say, early spring—as one strolls through the country, his ear is apt to be saluted with the cry of a bird which is almost like the sound of a clappers in a cornfield. It will begin clap, clap, clap, or clack, clack, clack (and this is a closer representation of it), and keep up uninterruptedly for a minute or so and then cease. Though very different from the cry of the cuckoo (being, in fact, quite devoid of music, withal possessing a fine resonant note of spring), it is analogous to it in this, that it nearly always seems to come from a distance and has, for that reason, a certain air of mystery about it. A dozen times have I gone in search of the utterer of the cry, only to find when I got to the place wherever it seemed to have proceeded, that it was being uttered far off in a different direction. Once, however, I was fortunate enough to get a view of the mysterious migrant. It was only a brief one, but sufficient to show me a rather large bird, about twice the size of a thrush, and of gray plumage in general. Will FOREST AND STREAM kindly identify it for me?

F. M.

NEW YORK, April.

Breeding Turtles and Tortoises.

UNITED STATES CONSUL CANADA writes from Vera Cruz, Mexico: A laguna known as the Paso de Colombia, and situated on the northerly end of the island of Cozumel, off the east coast of Yucatan, has recently been rented from the Mexican Government by one Señor Valerio Rivero with the intention of utilizing the waters as a breeding place for the common turtle, as well as for the tortoise variety. The lessee pays to the customs authorities at Chetumel the sum of $100 annually for the privilege, the lease to run for ten years.

Northern Birds in Italy.

PROF. HENRY H. GIGLIOLO, of the Royal Zoological Museum, Florence, Italy reports the occurrence last winter—1902-3—in central Italy of the great white-billed diver (*Colymbus adamsi*), two of which were captured; a female on Lake Montepulciano December 2, 1902, and a male on the 19th of the same month on Lake Trasimeno.

This winter there has been an invasion of northern Italy by the Bohemian waxwing (*Ampelis garrulus* L), which appeared in great numbers in December and January. It is reported from Nice that more than 200 specimens, said to have come from Corsica, have been sold in the market.

The yellow-billed loon, described by Gray in 1859, is an inhabitant of Arctic America, west of Hudson Bay, and is given as a casual visitor to northern Europe and Asia. Its occurrence in Italy is, of course, very extraordinary. A good figure of it is given in "The New and Heretofore Unfigured Species of the Birds of North America," by Daniel Giraud Elliott, two volumes, New York, 1866-1869, plate 63.

Some Birds of the South.

IN THE proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington, last November, Mr. E. W. Nelson, the naturalist, whose investigations have covered so much territory north and south, describes a number of new forms of birds from southern Mexico. Among these are a new quail dove, long-toed grouse, owl, woodpecker, two jays, several warblers and a bluebird.

In the November Condor he has an interesting illustrated article on the Mexican cormorant, which he found breeding at Lake Chapala about Christmas time, 1902. Most of the nests were just completed, and as yet contained no eggs, but quite a number had a single egg, and in a number of cases two eggs were found. A series of eighteen eggs were taken. A later inspection of the colony, January 5, 1903, showed it to be deserted, presumably as a result of the earlier visit.

In the proceedings of the Biological Society, just issued—March 10, 1904—Mr. Nelson prints an important paper of about twenty pages entitled: "A Revision of the North American Mainland Species of Myiarchus."

This group, which appears to reach its greatest development in the American tropics, including the West Indies, is known in the north only by the species *cinerascens*, which extend up the west coast to Oregon, and *crinitus*, which is found in eastern America as far north as southern Canada and New Brunswick. These birds, it is remembered, very commonly employ the shed skins of snakes as nest building material.

After some introductory matter, Mr. Nelson gives a key to the species and sub-species, which number about twenty, and subsequently describes each. The paper is largely technical, but of great interest and value.



GAME BAG AND GUN

Lost in the Woods.—VIII.

A Lost Hunter.

(*Continued from page 315*)

ONE morning just after there had been a fresh fall of about one inch of snow three of us started to make the Echo Lake drive. The Old Trapper and the Colonel were to take the stands, while I, with our spaniel Sport, was to make the drive. The others scattered, but Henry had arranged to go for the mail. Those of us who were hunting got one buck, which fell to the Colonel. We hung him up about three miles from camp, and over four hours after the Colonel fired his shot. The deer was weighed ten days after he was hung up, and the scales recorded 198 pounds. We were pretty well tired out by the time we reached camp, and had no desire to hunt the remainder of the day, but spent most of the time in visiting with some Indians hunting near by.

At dusk, Henry, who had gone for the mail, had not returned, and the worry which we felt developed into genuine alarm when at nine o'clock he had not returned. We had fired guns and "hollered" at intervals without result, and so the Old Trapper and myself lighted lanterns, and taking one gun started to look him up. It did not seem possible for him to have gone astray, as the woods were full of logging roads and he had the Pembine Creek and the railroad to take a compass line to in case of being lost, and by following a trail along the former he could walk right into camp. We went over the route we thought he would take to the logging camp, shooting our gun and yelling, but no answer did we receive. To one who has never had such an experience let me say it is not a pleasant situation. At such times, if he has not known it before, a person will find that he is possessed of a very vivid imagination. It seems as if there is nothing that will not be thought of. All kinds of accidents are pictured in the mind. The lost one may have shot himself. He may have been shot by some other careless hunter. His gun in the act of firing may have exploded. He may have fallen and broken an arm or a leg. A tree may have crashed down and killed him. A limb or part of a tree top may have broken off and felled him with a fatal blow. He may have fallen into a lake or be mired in some swamp. Or he may be wandering miles away, traveling as only a frantic man can when he is lost. So it is no pleasant situation to have a member of your party lost and it was in no pleasant frame of mind therefore that we hunted for our man.

After beating around the roads and choppings for quite a time we finally reached the logging camp. The cook, when awakened, said that Henry had been there and had started back to camp late in the afternoon. This was somewhat of a puzzler, and we were at a loss to know just what to do when we heard a young fellow calling to us as he stuck his head out of the door of the main shanty. "Say," says he, "are you fellows looking for that hunter?" We allowed that we were, and were very much relieved when he responded with: "Well, he's in here sound asleep." Come to find out he had started for camp and when not far from the logging shanty had shot at and supposed he had wounded a deer. It was so dark he thought he would go back and stay all night so as to be near the place in the morning, and ready good and early to look for his deer, but he never thought about our being alarmed. It was three o'clock in the morning when the Old Trapper and myself, completely beat out, crawled into our bunks.

We had a somewhat similar experience one year when hunting on the Pine River, but not with a member of our own party. Two of us, while up river and about a mile or so away from it, heard a great deal of shouting over in that direction, and finally worked over that way. We were walking along a logging road that led directly to the river when out of the brush on one side of the road burst a hunter on the run. He was a sight to behold. His clothing was all torn, his face and hands bleeding from scratches, his hat lost and his whole person bedaubed with the black from the half burned logs he had been crawling over. When he saw us he sank to the ground completely exhausted, saying: "My God! how glad I am to see you." When he revived sufficiently to talk we found that he belonged to a party that was camped about two miles further up stream and right on the banks of the river. He had been running around an area not over a half a mile square all the morning trying to find the river, and there it was so close that by standing still the sound of the water as it rushed over some rocky rapids could be plainly heard. Once on the river bank all he had to do was to follow a well-beaten logger's trail right to his camp. The poor fellow, however, had become almost crazed, and when we led him to the river he could not for the life of him tell whether his camp was located up or down stream. We finally took him to it, and when we left he vowed that no power on earth could ever get him into the woods again.

He was simply "rattled" so completely that he could not seem to get any idea of direction from looking at the sun, and he had no use he said for his compass because he didn't know whether to go east, west, north or south in order to reach the river. He had become so excited that he would run through the woods until exhausted, and generally he would wind up at the place from which he started.

This seems to be the general experience of men lost in the woods. Instead of keeping cool and following their compass, or, if without one, a direction from the sun, they imagine the compass is wrong, they get an idea that camp is located in just such a direction, and the more they travel the worse they become, until finally they reach a half-crazed condition. It would seem as if a man with a compass could work out of any part of Wisconsin now that it is so gridironed with railroads and so completely laid open by the work of the lumbermen, and yet only last fall a well-known physician while hunting was lost, and it was only after snow disappeared that his remains were found only a few miles from the place from which he started, and from all appearances he had wandered around until he died from exhaustion and exposure.

It is a bewildering thing to get lost in the wild woods and start out two or three times from a given point, in an effort to find your bearings, only to wind up at the same starting point. It is discouraging, and one can at once see how it would put the mind of an inexperienced person in a whirl. The main thing, however, is to keep cool. The first tendency, if a compass is at hand, is to doubt it. Don't do it. Stick to the compass, no matter how much it may seem to deviate, and it will always be found to be correct.

There is an old story current about an Indian who went out to hunt and carried a compass with him for the first time. When ready to return to camp he followed the compass, only to find that he was lost. He looked at the compass and said to himself, "Compass lost, Indian lost." Then he placed the compass on a log and with a stick shattered it with one blow, and as he did so ejaculating: "Compass go to ——, Indian find himself," and he did.

This may be all right for the Indian, but it won't do for the white man unless he is an experienced woodsman. A man who, when in the woods keeps his head, can take a compass line and by sticking to it can land himself among familiar landmarks. The next thing is not to be in too much of a hurry. Don't tire yourself out, but carefully husband your strength. Guard against emergencies by always seeing to it that you have some matches and a small lunch in your pockets before you start out. You may have to lie out all night, and if you do when darkness overtakes, stop, build a fire and stay by it until daylight. Don't shoot all of your ammunition away at once. If you are with a party you should have a signal for help. For instance, three shots fired as quickly as possible might mean that you wanted some one to come to you. If you gave the signal and it was not answered then wait a little while before repeating it.

When going into a new country to hunt we have always taken the direction of the water courses and the general trend of the ridges, so that when without a compass on a cloudy day knowledge of these things helps us out when in a strange place. Any wind storms that have passed through a country have usually come from one general direction, and by noting this and the way that the timber lies, information that may be of value can often be obtained. The runways of the deer generally cross the country in a well defined direction, and by observation of this a man can still further fortify himself. Our own experience in this phase of life in the woods has not been extensive, but we have frequently known of parties hunting near us whose members have suffered severely. In one instance one man laid out one night and had his feet so badly frozen that he was crippled for life.

CAROLUS.

In a New England Park.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The winter of 1903-4 will long be remembered in New England for the extreme and continued cold that prevailed, which, with the numerous storms, caused the destruction of many game birds, nearly exterminated the Bob White, and even many of the ruffed grouse, which are supposed to be able to survive the most severe weather, were unable so to do. It has been the general impression that the grouse's habit of budding would prevent individuals of this kind from suffering from want of food, but an examination of a number of these grouse that have been found dead has shown empty crops, although apple and poplar trees, the buds of which they are said to be particularly fond of were within easy reach.

We have in Springfield, within a mile and a half of the business center, 465 acres of land belonging to the city, called the Forest Park, which has not been developed in quite so artificial a manner as has been the case with many such places in other towns. Within its limits regularly breed the woodcock, Bob White and ruffed grouse, and wood duck have several years nested there. A flock of fifty or more semi-domesticated wild geese roam at their will around the park, some of which each season pair and raise their young. For a number of years ring-necked pheasants have there been raised in confinement, and every spring many of these have been let loose, some of which have remained and made their home in the park. Last winter it was noticed that these pheasants were standing the hard weather much better than the other game birds and that they did not seem to want for food. Ten years or more ago there was planted in one section of the park a half acre or more of barberries (*Berberis vulgaris*). These have grown to be shrubs three or four feet in height, with long spreading branches, which, during the colder months, are heavily laden with scarlet berries. It was observed that the pheasants were feeding upon this fruit, and during the winter eat many bushels of these berries. Following a fall of snow the conditions among the barberry bushes were similar to a barnyard in the country after a storm of this kind, where the snow had been trampeled down by domestic fowls, so numerous were the foot prints of the pheasants. I mention these facts, thinking they might interest persons who are engaged in raising these birds, for this kind of barberry is easily cultivated and will not only furnish pheasants with plenty of food during the colder months, but the shrubs will give them shelter against inclement weather and their living enemies.

The presence of representatives of any of these species of birds that I have mentioned, in a public park, where they are protected in fact, as well as by law, makes a very attractive addition to what is usually found in such places. The honking of a goose, the drumming of a ruffed grouse, the whistle of a Bob White, the glimpse of a pheasant skulking in the high grass, or of a woodcock skimming over a group of alders, are sounds and sights that give pleasure to many.

ROBERT O. MORRIS.

Do Bears Destroy Game?

JACKSON, Wyo., March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—Do bears kill game? I have been in a country for twenty years where there are plenty of bears, black, brown or silver tips. I have hunted them a great deal, having killed, and been the cause of killing, 100 in that time, and I have yet to find the first instance where a bear has killed a game animal of any kind, yet they like meat and no matter how well fed they are they will go a long ways out of their way to feed upon the carcass of any game animal killed by a hunter, and this has been the undoing of a great many bears. The hunter, by taking advantage of this weak point and setting a steel trap properly, is almost sure to get bruin, as after he has once found a carcass he will invariably return to it time and time again. It is true bears will sometimes prey upon domestic stock. In fact, I once saw, while traveling with a pack outfit upon a wagon road just after a heavy rain, where a large grizzly bear had been upon the road. His long claws had sunk deep in the moist earth, and upon investigating and following the bear's track a short distance I came to where there had been a struggle and something had been dragged away. I followed the trail for about a mile, and there at the foot of the mountain I came upon a three-year-old cow that the bear had killed and dragged away.

I think that such cases are rare, and I consider the bear one of our best game animals, and I am glad that in place of Wyoming paying a bounty upon each bear killed they are now protected for ten months of the year upon all timber reservations of the State, and I trust the time is not far distant when they will be afforded the same protection as all other game animals. I agree with Mr. Long that nearly all the stories about the bear are not written from personal observation, and believe his reputation for doing harm is greatly exaggerated. Bears are very sly, and in some cases might be able to conceal the fact that they do harm to game of any kind; but, as I said, in all my experience in hunting them, I have yet to see a single instance where I thought they had harmed any game animal; yet in this same time I have been where mountain lions, wolves, coyotes and other animals had killed hundreds of game animals.

A bear's food seems to be nearly entirely vegetable; they eat grass, weeds and roots, nuts and insects. They seem to take special delight in digging out squirrels and mice, not to get the animals, but to rob their cache of nuts or grass roots.

We are told that bears den up fat and come out in the spring poor; now the fattest bears I ever saw was in the spring, just after they came out of their dens, which, in this country, is usually in May. Their first food seems to be the young grass, just starting, but if they can get at some carcass containing fairly good meat they don't seem to care for anything else. A short time after they come out all their fat disappears. Their food up to the berry season is grass, weeds and roots, with some ants, grasshoppers and grubs as a relish; then berries and last nuts. A bear knows where every old carcass in the country is, and if you track him he will take you to one after the other, even after they are all consumed, but if he finds a good fresh carcass in dark heavy woods, he will often lay by it for days, and in some cases he will bury it completely. He holes up in November, high up in heavy timber, usually where the snow will lie till June.

S. N. LEEK.

Wild Ducks and Marsh Lands.

FORT ATKINSON, Wis., April 1.—Editor *Forest and Stream:* It has come to be generally recognized that the scarcity of wild ducks in this region, where formerly there were many thousands, is due to the draining of marshes that formerly afforded them protection and feed. There has been no general slaughter of ducks, like that of buffalo, and the introduction of smokeless powder and repeating shotguns has simply made the birds more wary, and when driven from the large lakes in this vicinity, if there are no pools or wet marshes in which they can pass the night they fly to Lake Michigan and often forget to come back.

If shotguns could be made that would shoot fine shot at all distances, from four rods to a mile, and make a 30-inch pattern at all ranges, there would be danger of wiping out the ducks, but none of us will ever see that day. However, while the ducks can not be wiped out by improving the firearms under present restrictions for hunting, they can most assuredly be driven out by draining the marshes, and this, in time, will produce the effect feared—their extinction.

The wisdom of the State in preserving wild ducks may be somewhat from poetic reasons, illustrated in the love of even non-hunters, to see these beautiful birds of passage flying northward in spring to their mysterious homes and southward again in the fall, but the main reason is to promote the sport of hunting, because a close acquaintance with the woods and fields is needed by thousands of the State's hardest workers, in order to keep them in good health.

This class is very large and takes in every man who owns or borrows a shotgun, while back of these is a large sympathetic class that would join in the sport if it could. These two classes, which include many of our foremost citizens, resent the growing tendency to drain every marsh in the State, though such draining may add a few dollars to the farm receipts for the year. Every extensive marsh drained not only encroaches upon sports afield but is a hindrance to the conservation of the water supply of the country to an extent that had been estimated at more than the cutting off of double that acreage of heavy forest.

This last is a reason that appeals at once to every citizen, sportsman or not.

One of the reasons that have caused government forest reserves to be made, has been to afford an opportunity to the poor man to enjoy the sport of hunting, which, in time, without this, would be narrowed down to the rich in protected reserves.

It is time that a general movement was made toward setting apart worthless marsh lands as game preserves.

When drained they are always subject to ruin by disastrous floods, and in a single wet season all that has been spent on them may be brought to naught. As government game preserves, they would be a source of perennial enjoyment to even the poorest citizen of our land.

For years past there has been a growing feeling that wild ducks would soon become extinct. A few were seen here in the spring and fall, and only a few. The old time flight was gone. Large marshes hereabouts were dry and the streams low, on account of lack of spring freshets and heavy fall rains. The rainfall remained the same, but, owing to open winters, there was no accumulation of snow and ice to flood the marshes in April.

This year all was changed. Heavy fall rains flooded the marshes. Heavy snow and twenty-four inches of ice covered land and water up to the middle of March. Floods not seen since 1881 have made room for millions of wild ducks, and the ducks are here. They are feeding on submerged cornfields, turnips and other vegetation. Old hunters at Lake Koshkonong report that the air is full of ducks and that it "is just like old times." Thousands of acres of "State lands" are nothing but swamps and marshes that would be worth ten times as much to the State withdrawn from sale and kept as game preserves as they can ever bring if sold under the hammer.

H. L. HOARD.

A Pipe Full.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps one of the greatest pleasures incidental to the pursuit of game is that derived from a close observation of the wild creatures themselves in their haunts. It is, I think, a pleasure more real than the actual killing of the game, though truly that part of it is, to most of us at least, a source of keen enjoyment.

No one who has ever killed game will gainsay the delicious thrill of satisfaction and self-applause that follows the careful stalk and the successful shot. The picture of the buck lurching to fall as venison—your vension, the cleanly killed quail falling like a plummet, the sudden wilting of the gaily plumaged drake or black-necked Canada goose, remains fixed in our memory, to be recalled and enjoyed again and again, long afterwards.

For, whether we have to thank a whilom savage ancestry or the fact of our being carnivores, there remains in most of us enough of blood-lust to desire to slay in season game for the sake of the game itself. Even the pleasure that we derive from studying our friends of fur and feather is not wholly free from a desire to kill. For, apart from those desiccated specimens of humanity whose sole purpose in studying anything animate is to catalogue it according to order, family genus and species, and juggle with its Latin name—is it not anticipation that makes it pleasurable to watch the wild fowl, for instance, sporting about the marshes? Anticipation of what—why, doubtless, the shoot we will have on the morrow, or the next week, or next season.

These rather rambling and incoherent remarks are the substance of a thought brought to mind a short while ago when the writer was whiling away an afternoon in the delightful occupation of tinkering with decoys and boats and other paraphernalia, and preparing for a shoot on the morrow.

I was hidden in some tules running out into the lake and forming a point on which a stand was located. There had not been a gun fired on the grounds for several days, and the birds were floating around in small rafts here and there, most of them apparently asleep, while the shores were the resting places of thousands of others basking in the warm rays of our midwinter sun. The day was ideal; a brisk breeze from the west hummed through the tules and whipped up miniature waves on the lake, and caused a sleepy lap lap of water against the rushes.

Not more than a gunshot away a flock of ten white-fronted geese floated, occasionally preening their glossy plumage and now and then dipping thirsty bills in the water, and then pointing them straight at the sky, to let the drops trickle down their trim necks. A band of shovelers, swimming along in single file, their gaudy red, white and blue contrasting sharply with the modest gray and drab of the geese, were making voluble comments on the weather, and their great peace and contentment, one occasionally pausing to tread water and flap lazy wings in the breeze. Now and then some swooping hawk would drop down and create consternation among the teal on the shore, causing them to take flight in a series of whirls and evolutions, perfect as one bird, which no hawk could follow. Far down the lake numbers of white dots bobbing about, gleaming in the sunlight, marked a raft of pintails riding in the open water.

It made a satisfying picture, and as I sat there, blowing meditative rings from my pipe, I wondered: Is this what those chaps mean who advocate hunting with a camera, and who preach a doctrine of bloodless sportsmanship? It was truly a beautiful picture—the birds, the background of sunlit, breeze-kissed water, and I was certainly very well content without a gun. But then at that very moment was not anticipation busily at work, weaving pictures from the past of what the morrow might have in store? And still wondering I walked back to the cabin to fill my shell case.

ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS.

CALIFORNIA.

PARIS, Saturday.—Spring fashions for Parisian dogs include many novelties, such as colored cambric night shirts, rubber shoes, thick, fluffy dressing gowns to wear after a bath, straw and felt hats, special wicker sofas, cushioned and bedecked with garlands and ribbons; nail files, ear picks, powder boxes and vaporizers.

At the dogs' dressmakers, in the Palais Royal, I noticed this week a white, hairy cloth overcoat bordered with white mohair galons, a red velvet collar and a pocket for the handkerchief.—New York Herald.

"This race problem is a dreadful thing." "Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "whenever I see Charley get a pencil and begin to figure on the entries in a race, I know there's going to be trouble."—Washington Star.

News from the Illinois.

THE ducks are flying north, blue-winged teal and mallard. But they do not make this State their rendezvous as in former times when blue ponds dotted the landscape and little streams wandered like silver threads through the woof of copper-colored prairie grass.

Along the rivers and lakes the wild orgies of the hardy feathered travelers are still held with all the old-time noise and chatter, but the rivulets have dried away and the ponds have been converted into good corn lands, by the aid of tilling.

Howsomever, the hunter's fret gets into the veins of a few men and boys when the wild duck's cry is heard, and buff hunting coats and brown leggings go slipping away to dredge ditches which take the place of the ponds and streams of other days, for the ducks and geese must still find a few resting places on their way to the Labrador coast.

But the game does not tarry now, as of old, a few days, a week at the most, and these doughty birds of passage have left us until the winter drives them south again.

Twenty years ago it was no uncommon thing to be able to find a dozen nests of wild goose and duck in a five minutes' walk. To-day not one duck will be found nesting in the old haunts.

Of prairie chicken and quail there are scarcely any to be found in the middle portion of the State. What a change man has wrought in a few years; time was when, as a little child, I counted daily, when the weather was cool, or during the winter months, strings of both quail and grouse hanging up on my father's back porch, ready alike to make a meal for friend or stranger. Now one must go far afield for the chickens, and be invited by a farmer to his fields at that.

Yes, the ducks are flying northward, blue-winged teal and mallard, but for sport one must pack his grip and go after them, to Newfoundland and Labrador.

Meanwhile the hunter has nothing left in the way of game, if game it may be called, save the timid rabbit and the noisy sparrow. But the coming youth clings to a gun quite as tenaciously as ever did his father, and now and then kills one of his companions by way of carelessness.

MRS. JAMES EDWIN MORRIS.

Subsistence in the Wilderness.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE lamented death of Mr. Leonidas Hubbard must cause profound sorrow to all your readers, and the statement that Mr. Hubbard was inadequately equipped and not sufficiently experienced in woodcraft should add to that sorrow. Any information regarding the natural resources to be found in an uninhabited country and the best means of utilizing them must be of very great value to all who undertake such trips, but unless we are in a position to give such information and *do so,* let us refrain from telling the public how much better we could have made the trip and how much we should enjoy doing so.

Let us rather pay an affectionate tribute to the memory of one whose writings were so entertaining, instructive and free from self-glory.

It is the experience of some persons who have traveled in the north country that a gill net is easily transported and will furnish many times its own weight of food for a long period; that fish traps can be made from willows, brush, etc.; that the inner bark of willows, alders, etc., can be twisted into lines and made into nets; but this is a slow and tedious process.

All these facts, and many others, are known to the Indians of the north country, and the fact that one of the party was an Indian would indicate that unusual conditions were encountered which overtaxed their resources.

When animal life is scarce in the north land it is very scarce indeed. In spruce timber a few squirrels can almost always be depended on. Rabbits may be plentiful for a few years and then almost entirely disappear. Caribou are constantly on the move and may be beyond reach. Ptarmigan may be found most unexpectedly when not needed and be conspicuous by their absence in time of want. Blueberries and cranberries are generally abundant, but what an unsatisfying substitute to digestive organs accustomed for generations to more nourishing food.

It would certainly be the part of wisdom for anyone venturing into the "Land of Little Sticks" to take a reasonable supply of light nutritious food and not trust entirely to the resources of the country.

E. FREY BALL.

Trails of the Pathfinders.

MONROE, Neb., March 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—I am much interested in the articles now appearing in FOREST AND STREAM, called "Trails of the Pathfinders," and shall look for the coming of FOREST AND STREAM with unusual pleasure as long as they last.

L. H. NORTH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10.—I am exceedingly glad you are publishing this series of articles on early exploration in North America. The books are so rare, and the privilege of consulting them so restricted, that your publication of the most important matter must be a source of information and delight to a great many people.

C. HART MERRIAM.

KELLER, Wash., March 9.—I am reading your articles on the frontier with great pleasure. Having spent the greater part of my life on the frontier, such articles seem to become a part of my nature.

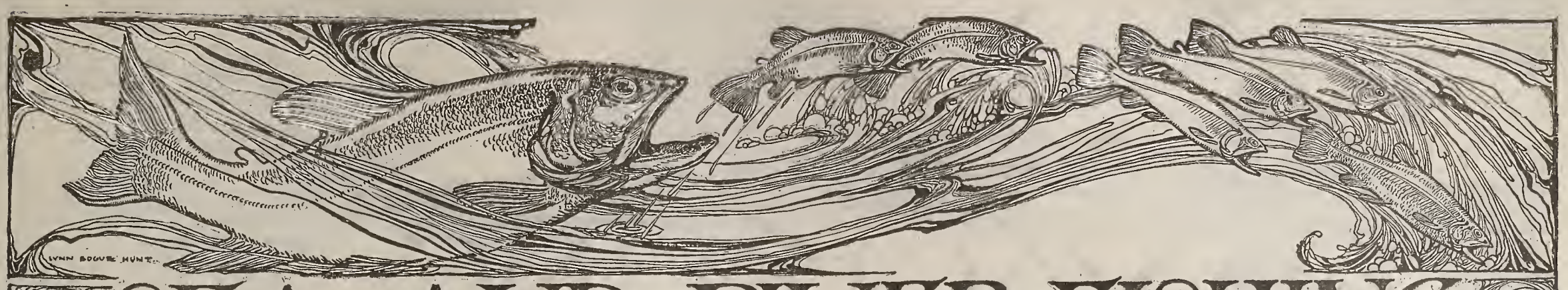
LEW WILMOT.

NEW YORK, March 21.—I take this opportunity to thank you for the pleasure and interest with which I am reading "Tales of the Pathfinders."

L. F. BROWN.

Mr. Plane (who is fond of dogs)—"Miss Waite, don't you think you ought to have an intelligent animal about the house that would protect you and"——

Miss Waite—"Oh, Mr. Plane! This is so sudden."—Philadelphia Press.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Voracious Pike.

CALLING the pike the fresh water shark is a name well applied, for he is bold and anything that comes his way is food for his maw. It is a known fact to those who have studied its habits that he will eat frogs, young ducks, musquash, in fact, anything that happens to be in front of him, not even barring his own offspring. How destructive they are in a trout or whitefish lake is well known.

One of the lakes on which I was stationed years ago was said to have been, formerly, good for whitefish, but was now almost nude of this staple food of the dwellers at the post, brought about by the increasing number of pike.

As I was likely to be in charge, for a few years at least, I set to work to destroy these marauders. The lake is only a mile and a half long by a quarter broad. It discharges into a large river by a shallow creek, but, by this creek, no doubt, many pike were added to the number at each spawning time.

The creek took my attention first, and we staked it from side to side with pickets six feet high and planted them about two inches apart.

At the back or river side of this barrier we kept some old, almost useless, nets set continuously. They were doubled so that no small sized pike could pass. This was done during the low water in August.

My next move was to employ every boy, girl and old woman about the post trolling for pike. We supplied them with the trolls and lines and paid them a cent apiece for every pike over a foot long.

During this trolling process we kept some nets of large mesh, set purposely for the bigger ones. For days and weeks there must have been landed on an average a hundred a day, and yet they came.

As most of the pay was taken out in cheap "bullseyes" at a cent apiece the real outlay in money was not considerable.

The following spring we inaugurated another system of warfare against the pests, and that was by paddling quietly around the bays and shooting them while they lay spawning and basking in the sun and shallow water.

Often three or four would be clustered together. A shot would not kill the whole, but it would stun them so we could finish them with the paddle.

One that was killed in this way measured thirty-nine inches long and weighed thirty-five pounds. A fish of this size was good eating, and therefore used at the post.

The small, slimy ones, however, were burned in numbers on a brush heap.

With such persistent and continued onslaught on our part, at the end of the first year their numbers were very noticeably decreased, and at the close of the following summer they were positively scarce, and a very welcome number of whitefish stocked our lake in their place.

I resided at that post for twelve years, and we were never in want of the finest fish for the post's consumption.

Before closing this sketch I must tell one anecdote about a pike, even if I lay myself open to be disbelieved by the reader. I am well aware that fish stories stand in bad repute and the veracity of the narrator doubted. The following is positively true and came under my notice:

Years before the foregoing part of my story happened I was stationed on the height of land north of Lake Superior, and one afternoon portaged my canoe over into a small chain of beaver lakes "hunting for signs."

It was a "still, calm day," as some high-flown writer would put it.

A feather dropped would have fallen straight to the earth.

I was paddling very quietly out into the lake from the portage when I noticed something moving very gently on the surface a few yards ahead of the canoe. Getting closer I made this out to be the fin of some fish moving sluggishly. Pushing the canoe further in advance with noiseless knife strokes of the paddle, I got close enough to see it was a pike with a whitefish half protruding from its mouth and almost dead from suffocation.

This, I thought, is a rare occurrence for a person to witness, and gently reaching out my hand I inserted my thumb and finger into the eye sockets and lifted both into the canoe.

On getting ashore at the next portage I forced open the jaws of the pike, and the whitefish dropped from them. The half that had been inside the pike's mouth was quite decomposed, while the part out in the water was comparatively fresh..

In trying to swallow this fish, which was two-thirds the pike's own length, he had distended his jaws to the utmost, but they only opened enough to reach near the back fin, and here fixing his teeth in savage fury the biter had bitten more than he could eat. He was equally unable to disgorge himself as he was incapable of swallowing, and thus by his greediness he brought on his doom.

Noticing his stomach was in a distended shape caused me to rip it open with my knife, and out tumbled the remains of a smaller whitefish, almost quite digested, which had been swallowed whole and would have measured nearly a foot long.

It was gluttony and not hunger that caused him to reach an untimely end, a moral for greedy little boys.

MARTIN HUNTER.

Tarpon at Tampico.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The season at Tampico, Mexico, has this year been extraordinary, even for this well-known fishing ground, and your readers may be interested in the fortunes of our party of three rods during ten days' fishing in those waters, swarming with tarpon, jackfish and shark, and with myriads of smaller Gulf fish that crowd the entrance to the river and bay.

W., our veteran of five seasons here, who fishes always with the tangible result in view, pronounces the season without parallel in his experience in the number of fish hooked and landed in a given number of days.

Tampico is not ideal, either in its conveniences for living or its equipment for the fisherman. In both of these, in fact, it is decidedly lacking; the hotels are poor and the food far from appetizing, while every item of tackle must be taken with you and all repairs be made by the fisherman himself as best he may. Ruiz, the proprietor of the most available boats, provides skiffs with boatmen at $4 Mexican ($2 American money) per day, with a charge of $2 for the chair, of which you thereupon become the owner.

The tarpon fishing is in the Januco River, abreast of the town, and extends to Tamos, a little village nine miles above. Below, as far as La Barra, "the bar" or entrance from the Gulf, a distance of some eight miles, the jackfish run plentifully, and sharks are to be readily taken from eight to ten feet in length. Our "savalo" or tarpon record covers seven days—Feb. 3 to 10—and shows fifty-eight fish to the three rods, the largest 6 feet 4 inches in length, with a girth of 40 inches; weight (by formula) 154.6 pounds. The others varied in weight from 70 to 125 pounds, and in length from 5 feet 4 inches to 6 feet 8 inches. These fifty-eight tarpon represented approximately a third of our "rises"—that is, of fish actually hooked—and the three rods must have had during the seven days at least 150 tarpon fairly "on." W. and the writer, fishing side by side one morning for perhaps two hours, "rose" nineteen fish during that time. W.'s method, and E.'s and my own for the first few days was to shoot the fish with a revolver after it had been brought in near enough to the boat to lift the head and shoulders out of water; but my own fancy later was to land the fish on the shore, take the hook from its mouth and return it to the water. In most cases I am confident that it survived the operation. The banks of the river are low and muddy, and the landing is far from being a pleasant process, but it gives the tarpon a chance for his life, and is, I think, to be commended in the case of a fish which is practically inedible, and in most cases a sheer waste. The natives will, it is true, accept the gift of a tarpon, but its subsequent use is more than doubtful; it has fertilizing properties, however, and may be so disposed of.

The jackfish, or "purel," is a powerful fighter, but does not leap. He is a tireless puller, however, and it is no easy matter to bring him to gaff. In appearance he is a direct contrast to the tarpon, being comparatively short and deep and of a clear orange color, varied with white and blue. He is said to be excellent eating—certainly the shark finds him a dainty morsel, as we found on opening one of his captors. The jack runs in size from 8 to 30 pounds, our largest of the fifty or more taken weighing 23 pounds.

Four sharks, taken at La Barra, where we passed two days on the fine sand beach, by hand-line from the shore, and three specimens of moonfish, the latter of an exquisite color and shading—a sort of iridescent blue—completed our creel. It was a wonderful experience in what one may call the heavier or more strenuous fishing. As an exhibition of fish power the rush of the tarpon is incomparable, and the first straight leap into the air, head up and silver body quivering in the sunlight, one of the moments of a fisherman's life. The tug of the purel is simply amazing, and the alternation of their powerful struggles with the leaping and lashing of fifteen tarpon, our heaviest day's catch, should be more than satisfactory to the seeker for exciting sport.

Our weather was as nearly perfect as may be. Only one day were we kept ashore by a norther, in the teeth of which the wise fisherman goes not forth. At such times, and in the non-fishing intervals our visit was made more than pleasant by the cordial reception and kind attention of friends, who did everything to make it long and happily remembered.

HENRY G. PICKERING.

BOSTON, April 12,

The Opening Day.

OH, don't get up yet, boys. What time is it? 4:30, eh. Too early. Dark for two hours yet. Why don't you let up and let me sleep a while yet. You are positive pests, and I will even up with you fellows yet.

All awake now and hustling, I can tell you. Where are we going to head for? "The island for me," says George. "I'll try the log jam and the North Passage," breaks in Norman. "Well, the best remaining spot is the long level for me. Shall we meet at the old elm for lunch? We are up none too early after all, boys, and I hurriedly apologize for my growling; but it was tough to be dragged out so. I wonder if Vet will have our breakfast ready, so we won't lose any time? Did he have bait procured for us, so we won't have to wait to get it this morning? We never thought to ask him to do it. Wonder if he could have forgotten it."

"Dear old Vet. Breakfast is ready for us, boys, and so is the bait. Why do we forget that he never forgets? How it does tickle him to see us so crazy and so happy to be here.

"Don't eat so fast, boys; it is unhealthy; and you look so greedy. You are not hungry, eh? Only eating because it is ready and not quite light enough to go yet. Here is Vet again with our lunches all ready. Better come with us, Vet. You only think you are too old and rheumatic. You will forget it all with the first trout. Well, good-by. Much obliged for your trouble. Oh, yes! we'll catch 'em to-day, sure. Just right; not going to be too bright; do you think so, Vet?"

At last we are started, and it seems miles to the river. "It don't seem as if it used to take so long to get there, does it, boys? And how light it is now! It is a shame we are not there now! What time we are wasting! Here's where we part. Well, good luck to you. Don't fail to be at the old elm at noon, boys." I must hustle now, get to work, and not be outdone to-day as usual. I wonder why George always catches the most and the largest? I am sure that the level is the best spot to-day, and I must be careful. It does seem, though, as if I would never get started at it. Oh, at last! The same old spot. Look at that log. That's where George hooked his two-pounder last season, right under that spur projecting over the dark pool and alongside the little eddy. Surely there must be another there now. I am shaking so that I can hardly get ready. What am I thinking of? I am almost in open view, and how can I expect to do business with a trout and so ignore his cunning? Baited at last! Is it possible? No trout there! I would not have believed it. Well, well! Come to think of it, I was too careless. Now for the old root below. I must look out now. There! What a beauty! Another, and another! What a day! Is it possible? Past noon? What will the boys think of me? Too late to go to the old elm now. I will have to eat alone and explain to them to-night. It is too bad; but I never dreamed that it was so late. I won't stop but a minute now to eat my lunch, and then get to fishing again.

The days must be getting shorter instead of longer. Where did my lunch get so thoroughly soaked? It must have been away back there when I slipped in just as I hooked that big fellow. This doughnut is about four times its original size, I should judge.

Off again! Glorious luck—beautiful fish—splendid weather. Oh, oh, can the day be so near over? It can't be possible. Well, I can't stay another minute, if I am to get back to-night. I am a little tired after all. Didn't think it. Yes, this is me, Vet. Have the boys come back yet? What luck did they have? Is it so, Vet? Have they really beaten me again? Fifteen apiece, and George has a 1¾-pounder? I don't care much, Vet. I have had such a day.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

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MOST fishing stories are supposed to be untrue, or at least greatly exaggerated, and in case the above heading may lead the unsuspecting reader to pass over the paragraph we hasten to say that although it *is* a fishing story, it is also an absolute fact. It appears that some time ago a member of the Ladies' Branch of the Kennel Club, residing in Jersey, sent to a local firm of jewelers four Ladies' Branch shields to be made into menu holders. The jewelers sent them to a firm of manufacturing silversmiths in London, who returned them to Jersey on the 15th of January, per London and South Western Railway. Three weeks ago a fisherman was spearing for eels near the Royal Pier at Jersey, and brought up on his spear a parcel done up in a portion of a trouser leg. On inspection he found enclosed the missing silver shields, which, as the owner's name was inscribed upon them were eventually restored to her.—London Kennel Gazette.



Ocean Cruises and Races by Yachts Enrolled in the New York Yacht Club.

Nos Agimur Tumidis Velis.

A SEARCH among the records of the New York Yacht Club from its foundation in 1844 to the present time, brings to light much interesting data bearing upon this subject.

The following lists cannot fail to attract those who are interested in the sport of yachting, as their perusal will recall almost all the events in our yachting world for the past sixty years.

Some of these dates may not be quite accurate, and any corrections will be most gratefully received by the club.

As early as 1850 a yacht flying the flag rounded Cape Horn, and shortly afterward the flag was carried to English waters and the Baltic by the schooner America, the sloop Sylvie, and the steam yacht North Star.

The America's sailing at Cowes gave great impetus to the sport on both sides of the Atlantic.

North Star, the first steam yacht in the club, made a cruise to the Baltic. The incident of the Wanderer, slaver, although not pleasant to dwell upon, is unique in the history of yachting. In Edith Mr. R. B. Forbes had a vessel peculiarly adapted for shoal water, as when she grounded, the water ballast in the double bottom was pumped out and the yacht floated at once.

In 1862 the famous America came into possession of the Navy Department, and did good work on blockading duty. The schooner yachts Hope and Henrietta also served their country during the Rebellion.

In 1866 Alice, 27 tons, sailed to Cowes, being the smallest yacht up to that time to cross the ocean. This year saw also the sweepstakes race, New York to Cowes, won by Henrietta.

In 1868-70 we find the N. Y. Y. C. represented in English racing by Sappho and Dauntless.

In 1875 occurred the first yacht race for steam yachts. This race was around Long Island, and was won by Ideal.

In 1878 the steam yacht Jeannette was lost in the Arctic on a voyage of discovery.

In 1885 the first circumnavigation of the globe was made by a N. Y. Y. C. yacht—the schooner Brunhilde.

The centerboard schooner Iroquois passed through the blizzard of 1888 that wrecked so many good vessels.

The Utowana was the first auxiliary of the N. Y. Y. C. to cross the ocean. This was in 1891.

In 1897 a flag member of the club, Miss Susan De Forest Day, cruised in her steam yacht Scythian to the West Indies.

The United States Government took over many of the steam yachts of the club during the war with Spain. Among those that did good work was Gloucester.

In 1902 a squadron of thirteen N. Y. Y. C. yachts assembled at Kiel, under command of Rear-Commodore C. L. F. Robinson, N. Y. Y. C. This year also the Utowana, auxiliary, won from four rivals a prize offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron in a race under sail alone.

The steam auxiliary barque America, N. Y. Y. C., made a cruise to the Arctic, 1902, and one in 1903.

In 1893 a squadron of five N. Y. Y. C. yachts were at Kiel under command of Rear-Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, N. Y. Y. C.

The earliest ocean race of the club was between the Maria, sloop, and Coquette, schooner, in 1846.

Many of the America's Cup contests and other races under the rules of the club have been sailed off Sandy Hook over ocean courses.

N. B.—The different measurement of the same vessels—tonnage and otherwise—is accounted for by the various changes in the New York Y. C. measurement rules from time to time.

1850——BETTY BLISS—Schooner, Geo. B. Rollins, owner.
Sailed from New York for San Francisco; was reported lost on west coast of South America.

1851——AMERICA—Schooner, 170 tons; Com. J. C. Stevens, owner.
New York to Havre, twenty-one days.

1851——AMERICA—Schooner, 170 tons; Com. J. C. Stevens, owner.
Race around Isle of Wight for Royal Yacht Squadron cup—now America's cup.

1851——AMERICA—Schooner, 170 tons; Com. J. C. Stevens, owner.
TITANIA—Schooner, 100 tons; Robt. Stevenson, owner.
Race from Nab Light Vessel, 20 miles to sea and return. Won by America.

1851——SYLVIE—Sloop, 105 tons; Louis Depau, owner.
New York to Havre, 16 days 12 hours.

1853——SYLVIE—Sloop, 105 tons; Louis Depau, owner, against English cutters, and schooners.
Race 20 miles to windward and return from Nab Light Vessel. Won by Julia, English cutter.

1853—Summer.——NORTH STAR—Steam yacht, 1,857 tons; Cornelius Vanderbilt, owner.
Cruise to Baltic and Mediterranean ports. First steam yacht in the N. Y. Y. C.

1855——SYLVIE—Sloop, 105 tons; H. G. Stebbins, owner.
Summer. Southampton to New York, 34 days. Returned dismasted.

1857-8—Winter.—WANDERER—Schooner, 238 tons; J. D. Johnson, owner.
Sailed for a cruise to Havana and New Orelans. Returned to New York.

1858——WANDERER—Schooner, 238 tons; W. C. Corrie, owner.
July. Sailed from Charleston for Trinidad and St. Helena. She returned to Brunswick, Ga., a slaver, November, 1858. At the meeting of the N. Y. Y. C., Feb. 3, 1859, W. C. Corrie was expelled from the club, and the Wanderer's name erased from the club list.

1858——HAZE—Schooner, 87 tons; W. H. McVicker, owner.
Sum- SYLVIE—Schooner, 105 tons; W. A. Stebbins, owner.
mer. FAVORITE—Schooner, 138 tons; A. C. Kingsland, owner.
WIDGEON—Schooner, 101 tons; Wm. Edgar, owner.
UNDINE—Sloop, 44 tons; L. W. Jerome, owner.
REBECCA—Sloop, 77 tons; J. G. Bennett, Jr., owner.
MADGE—Sloop, 99 tons; R. F. Loper, owner.
UNA—Sloop, 67 tons; W. B. Duncan, owner.
MINNIE—Sloop, 59 tons; S. W. Thomas, owner.
First ocean sweepstakes around Long Island, about 250 miles. Won by Sylvie and Minnie.

1858—Nov.——EDITH—Centerboard schooner, 46.6 tons (built of iron, with water ballast in a double bottom); R. B. Forbes, owner.
Provincetown to Rio de la Plata in 42 days. Mr. Forbes cruised in the tributaries of the Rio de la Plata in this yacht.

1861——HENRIETTA—Schooner, 158 tons; J. G. Bennett, Jr., owner.
Loaned to U. S. Government and taken into the U. S. Revenue Marine under command of Lieut. J. G. Bennett, Jr., U. S. R. M. Attached to U. S. South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

1862——AMERICA—Schooner, 170 tons.
Captured by U. S. Navy in the St. Johns River, Fla., and attached to the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron; stationed off Charleston, S. C., and other ports. Sailed in America's Cup race of 1870, finishing fourth in order and on time allowance (15 starters), under command of Vice-Admiral David D. Porter, U. S. N. Borne on the books of the Navy Department until 1873.

1862——HOPE—Schooner, 132 tons; T. P. Ives, owner.
Sold to the United States Government; attached to South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, U. S. Navy.

1865——FLEETWING—Schooner, 206 tons; Geo. A. Osgood, owner.
HENRIETTA—Schooner, 230 tons; J. G. Bennett, Jr., owner.
Ocean match from Sandy Hook Lightship to Cape May Lightship and return, 212 miles. Won by Fleetwing.

1865——HENRIETTA—Schooner, 230 tons; J. G. Bennett, Jr., owner.
October. PALMER—Schooner, 194 tons; R. F. Loper, owner.
Ocean match from Sandy Hook Point to and around Cape May Lightship and return, 220 miles. Won by Henrietta.

1866——VESTA—Schooner, 201 tons; Pierre Lorillard, owner.
HENRIETTA—Schooner, 230 tons; J. G. Bennett, Jr., owner.
Ocean match from Sandy Hook Lightship to and around Cape May Lightship and return, 212 miles. Won by Vesta.

1866——ALICE—Sloop, 27 tons; T. G. Appleton, owner.
July 12. Sailed from Boston to Cowes, I. W., Capt. Arthur H. Clark, N. Y. Y. C., in command.

1866——HENRIETTA—Schooner, 230 tons; J. G. Bennett, Jr., owner.
Dec. FLEETWING—Schooner, 206 tons; Geo. A. Osgood, owner.
VESTA—Schooner, 201 tons; Pierre Lorillard, Jr., owner.
Ocean match, Sandy Hook Lightship to the Needles, I. W., England, under N. Y. Y. C. rules. Won by Henrietta.

1867——ALICE—Sloop, 27 tons; T. G. Appleton, owner.
Cowes to Boston.

1867——VESTA—Schooner, 201 tons; Pierre Lorillard, Jr., owner.
Cowes to New York, 34 days.

1867——HENRIETTA—Schooner, 205 tons; J. G. Bennett, Jr., owner.
Cowes to New York, 36 days.

1867——FLEETWING—Schooner, 206 tons; Geo. A. Osgood, owner.
Cowes to New Bedford, 42 days.

1868——SAPPHO—Schooner, 274 tons; E. A. Lawrence, owner.
New York to Cowes, 14 days.

1868——ALINE—Schooner, 212 tons; R. Sutton, owner.
CAMBRIA—Schooner, 188 tons; James Ashbury, owner.
SAPPHO—Schooner, 310 tons; Capt. Baldwin (N. Y. Y. C.), owner.
International yacht race around the Isle of Wight, England. Won by Cambria.

1868——SAPPHO—Schooner, 274 tons; E. A. Lawrence, owner.
Cowes to New York, 32 days.

1869——EVA—Schooner, 81 tons; Louis L. Lorillard, owner.
Feb.-Apr. To Havana and return. Winter cruise.

1869——SAPPHO—Schooner, 310 tons; W. P. Douglas, owner.
New York to Queenstown, 12 days 9 hours 6 minutes. Record crossing.

1869——DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 268 tons; J. G. Bennett, owner.
New York to Queenstown, 12 days, 17 hours 6 minutes.

1869——METEOR—Schooner, 293 tons; Geo. L. Lorillard, owner.
New York to Cowes. Lost on Cape Bon, Africa, 1869.

1870——SAPPHO—Schooner, 310 tons; W. P. Douglas, owner.
Cowes to New York, 31 days.

1870——SAPPHO—Schooner, 310 tons; W. P. Douglas, owner.
May 10. CAMBRIA—Schooner, 188 tons; James Ashbury (Royal Harwich Y. C.), owner.
International match, first race, 60 miles to sea and return to starting mask off Isle of Wight. Won by Sappho.

1870——SAPPHO—Schooner, 310 tons; W. P. Douglas, owner.
May 14. CAMBRIA—Schooner, 188 tons; James Ashbury (R. H. Y. C.), owner.
International match, second race: Nab Light Vessel to and around Cherbourg Breakwater, 66 miles, and return. Sappho, sailover.

1870——CAMBRIA—Schooner, 188 tons; James Ashbury (R. H. Y. C.), owner.
May 17. SAPPHO—Schooner, 310 tons; W. P. Douglas, owner.
International match, third race: Nab Light Vessel, 60 miles triangle. Won by Sappho.

1870——CAMBRIA—Schooner, 188 tons; James Ashbury (R. H. Y. C.), owner.
Summer. DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 268 tons; J. G. Bennett, Jr. owner.
International match from Daunt's Rock, Ireland, to Sandy Hook Lightship. Won by Cambria.

1871——DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 268 tons; Com. J. G. Bennett, Jr., owner.
Summer. SAPPHO—Schooner, 274 tons; Vice-Com. W. P. Douglas, owner.
WANDERER—Schooner; Louis L. Lorillard, owner.
Match race on cruise with N. Y. Y. C. Squadron to Cape May. From Sandy Hook to Cape May Lightship. Won by Wanderer.

1871——ENCHANTRESS—Schooner, 253 tons; Geo. L. Lorillard, owner.
New York to Gibraltar.

1871——ENCHANTRESS—Schooner, 253 tons; Geo. L. Lorillard, owner.
Cowes to Newport, 34 days.

1872——RESOLUTE—Schooner, 13,755 cubical contents; A. S. Hatch, owner.
June 24. TIDAL WAVE—Schooner, 8,880 cubical contents; Wm. Voorhis owner.
MADELEINE—Schooner, 8,544 cubical contents; J. Voorhis, Jr., owner.
FOAM—Schooner, 6,404 cubical contents; S. Homans, owner.
MAGIC—Schooner, 4,519 cubical contents; Franklin Osgood, owner.
PEERLESS—Schooner, 2,732 cubical contents; J. R. Maxwell, owner.
Wallack cup, over an ocean course. Won by Madeleine.

1872——MADELEINE—Schooner, 175 tons; Jacob Voorhis, Jr., owner.
July 25. RAMBLER—Schooner, 240 tons; J. M. Forbes, owner.
Match for Brenton's Reef challenge cup; Sandy Hook Light Vessel to and around Brenton's Reef Light Vessel, off Newport, and return, about 300 miles. Won by Rambler.

1872——RAMBLER—Schooner, 240 tons; J. M. Forbes, owner.
Sept. 19. MADELEINE—Schooner, 175 tons; Jacob Voorhis, Jr., owner.
Match for Brenton's Reef challenge cup. Course, from Brenton's Reef to and around Sandy Hook Light Vessel; about 300 miles. Won by Rambler.

1872——DREADNAUGHT—Schooner, 240 tons; A. B. Stockwell, owner.
Oct. 10. PALMER—Schooner, 194 tons; R. Stuyvesant, owner.
Cape May challenge cup: Sandy Hook Light Vessel to and around Five-Fathom Bank Light Vessel and return, about 212 miles. Won by Dreadnaught.

1872——SAPPHO—Schooner, 310 tons; W. P. Douglas, owner.
New York to Cowes, 18 days.

1872——DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 268 tons; J. G. Bennett, owner.
New York to Cowes, 25 days.

1872——DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 268 tons; J. G. Bennett, owner.
Cowes to New York, 35 days.

1873——ENCHANTRESS—Schooner, 253 tons; J. F. Loubat, owner.
New York to Cowes, 22 days.

1873—ENCHANTRESS—Schooner, 276 tons; J. F. Loubat, owner.
Oct. 9. ALARM—Schooner, 225 tons; A. C. Kingsland, owner.
CLIO—Schooner, 67 tons; T. B. Asten, owner.
EVA—Schooner, 77 tons; E. Bird Grubb, owner.
ATALANTA—Schooner, 145 tons; Wm. Astor, owner.
DREADNAUGHT—Schooner, 240 tons; A. B. Stockwell, owner.
WIDGEON NO. 10—Schooner, 105 tons; N. Y. Pilot.
HOPE NO. 1—Schooner, 132 tons; N. Y. Pilot.
EDMUND BLUNT NO. 2—Schooner, 120 tons; N. Y. Pilot.
C. H. MARSHALL NO. 3—Schooner, 85 tons; N. Y. Pilot.
J. W. ELWELL NO. 7—Schooner, 137 tons; N. J. Pilot.
T. S. NEGUS NO. 1—Schooner, 134 tons; N. J. Pilot.
MARY E. FISH NO. 4—Schooner, 107 tons; N. J. Pilot.
WALLACE BLACKFORD—Schooner smack, 80 tons; E. H. Rogers & Co., owner.
W. H. VAN NAME—Working schooner, 180 tons; W. H. Van Name, owner.
REINDEER—Working schooner, 140 tons; Capt. Howard, owner.
SHARPSHOOTER—Working schooner, 120 tons; C. M. Crossman, owner.
RACER—Working schooner, 130 tons; Eugene Howard, owner.
Ocean regatta with classes for New York pilot boats, working schooners and fishermen, for the Bennett prizes. Owl's Head, N. Y., to and around Cape May Light Vessel and return to Sandy Hook Light Vessel. Won by Enchantress. $1,000 purse to pilot boat T. S. Negus; $250 purse to working schooner Wm. H. Van Name; $250 purse to schooner smack Wallace Blackford.

1873—FAUSTINE—Schooner, 95 tons; G. P. Russell, owner.
New York to Cowes, 18 days.

1873—ENCHANTRESS—Schooner, 276 tons; J. F. Loubat, owner.
Oct. 14. DREADNAUGHT—Schooner, 240 tons; A. B. Stockwell, owner.
Match race, Cape May challenge cup: Sandy Hook to Cape May Light Vessell and return. Sailover for Enchantress.

1874—ENCHANTRESS—Schooner, 200 tons; J. F. Loubat, owner, and three English schooners and cutters; French rules.
International yacht race off Havre; ocean course about 45 miles. Won by Corinne, English schooner.

1874—VIKING—Schooner, 151 tons; Mahlon Sands, owner.
New York to Cowes, 30 days.

1874—EVA—Schooner, 77 tons; E. Bird Grubb, owner.
Winter cruise to West Indies and return.

1874—NETTIE—Schooner, 116 tons; Rev. Geo. Hepworth, owner.
Cruise to Bay St. Lawrence and return.

1874—ENCHANTRESS—Schooner, 320 tons; J. F. Loubat, owner.
July 27. FAUSTINE—Schooner, 120 tons; S. Peabody Russell, owner, and other boats.
Havre to South Sea; race for French prizes. Won by Corinne, English schooner.

1874—ENCHANTRESS—Schooner, 320 tons; J. F. Loubat, owner.
Aug. 8. EGERIA—Schooner, 152 tons; J. Mulholland, owner.
Prince of Wales challenge cup: Around Isle of Wight, 105 miles. Won by Egeria.

1874-5—JOSEPHINE—Schooner, 143 tons; Lloyd Phœnix, owner.
Winter cruise to the Windward Islands.

1874-5—TIDAL WAVE—Schooner, 153 tons; Wm. Voorhis, owner.
Winter. Cruise to Windward Islands and return.

1875—ENCHANTRESS—Schooner, 320 tons; J. F. Loubat, owner.
Cruise from Cowes to Norway and Baltic ports.

1875—VIKING—Schooner, 151 tons; Mahlon Sands, owner.
Cowes to New York.

1875—Fourteen schooners, six sloops and five steam yachts. N. Y. Y. C.
July. Squadron ocean cruise to Cape May.

1875—IDEAL—Steam yacht, 200 tons, Theo. Havemeyer, owner.
July 1. LOOKOUT—Steam yacht, 76 tons; Jacob Lorillard, owner.
Around Long Island. First steam yacht race over ocean course. Won by Ideal.

1875—Nine schooner and four sloops. N. Y. Y. C.
July 13. Cape May regatta, 20 miles to sea and return. Winners: Madeleine, schooner; Vindex, sloop.

1875—RESOLUTE—Schooner, 206 tons; Rufus Hatch, owner.
Oct. DREADNAUGHT—Schooner, 231 tons; C. J. Osborn, owner.
12. VESTA—Schooner, 191 tons; S. M. Mills, owner.
Sweepstakes; Sandy Hook Lightship to and around Cape May Lightship and return, 212 miles. Won by Resolute.

1875—DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 267 tons; J. G. Bennett, owner.
Oct. RESOLUTE—Schooner, 210 tons; Rufus Hatch, owner.
27. Match race, Sandy Hook to and around Cape May Lightship and return, 220 miles. Won by Dauntless.

1876—VESTA—Schooner, 191 tons; S. M. Mills, owner.
New York to Queenstown.

1876—AMERICA—Schooner, 170 tons; B. F. Butler, owner.
June ALARM—Schooner, 225 tons; G. L. Kingsland, owner.
26. GRACIE—Sloop, 71 tons: J. R. Halsey, owner.
ARROW—Sloop, 66 tons; Daniel Edgar, Jr., owner.
VINDEX—Sloop, 54 tons; R. Center, owner.
WINDWARD—Sloop, 27 tons; H. L. Willoughby, owner.
Centennial Regatta, N. Y. Y. C. rules. From Sandy Hook to and around Cape May Light Vessel and return, about 220 miles. Won by America, schooner; Arrow, sloop.

1876—IDLER—Schooner, 191 tons; Samuel Colgate, owner.
July WANDERER—Schooner, 208 tons; James Stillman, owner.
27. TIDAL WAVE—Schooner, 202 tons; Wm. Voorhis, owner.
COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN—Schooner; Chas. Gifford, owner.
Brenton's Reef challenge cup. Sandy Hook Lightship to and around Brenton's Reef Lightship and return. Won by Idler.

1876—ATALANTA—Schooner, 145 tons; Wm. Astor, owner.
Oct. IDLER—Schooner, 191 tons; Samuel Colgate, owner.
12. Ocean race for Loubat cup. From Owl's Head to Sandy Hook Light Vessel; thence to Cape May Light Vessel, and return. Won by Atalanta.

1877—AMBASSADOR—Schooner, 431 tons; Wm. Astor, owner.
Winter cruise to Florida.

1877—WANDERER—Schooner, 208 tons; Vice-Com. J. Stillman, owner.
Winter cruise to Florida.

1877—IDLER—Schooner, 191 tons; Samuel J. Colgate, owner.
Winter cruise to West Indies.

1877—IDLER—Schooner, 191 tons; Samuel Colgate, owner.
Sept. VESTA—Schooner, 225 tons; S. M. Mills, owner.
7. RAMBLER—Schooner, 293 tons; W. H. Thomas owner.
DREADNAUGHT—Schooner, 264 tons; C. J. Osborn, owner.
Ocean race for the Cape May challenge cup. From Sandy Hook Light Vessel to Cape May Light Vessel and return. Won by Idler.

1878—JEANNETTE—Steam yacht (bark), 145ft. l.w.l.; Jas. G. Bennett, owner.
A voyage in search of the North Pole, in command of Lieut. C. W. de Long, U. S. N., and N. Y. Y. C. Lost in the Arctic Ocean.

1879—INTREPID—Schooner, 100 tons; Lloyd Phœnix, owner.
Jan.-May. Winter cruise to West Indies.

1880—RESOLUTE—Schooner, 105 tons; C. G. Francklyn, owner.
Cruise to Labrador and return.

1880-1—INTREPID—Schooner, 100 tons; Lloyd Phœnix, owner.
May-May. Cruise to European waters and return.

1881—DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 116 tons; J. R. Waller, owner.
April. Cruise South.

1882—WANDERER—Schooner, 208 tons; E. D. Morgan, owner.
Cruised to European waters, and arrived at New York July 16.

1882—DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 116 tons; C. H. Colt, owner.
Sept. To Europe; returned Oct. 11, 1883.

1882—GITANA—Schooner, 97 tons; W. F. Weld, owner.
Nov. A cruise to the West Indies.

1882-3—INTREPID—Schooner, 100 tons; Lloyd Phœnix, owner.
Nov.-Apr. To West Indies and return to New York.

1883—FORTUNA—Schooner, 105ft. l.w.l.; H. S. Hovey, owner.
Cruise to Mediterranean and return.

1883—NORSEMAN—Schooner, 113ft. l.w.l.; Ogden Goelet, owner.
Summer. Sailed for a cruise in European waters, returning Oct. 15, to New York.

1884—DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 116ft. l.w.l.; C. H. Colt, owner.
Crossed the ocean, returning from European trip.

1884—NAMOUNA—Steam Yacht, 217ft. l.w.l.; Com. J. G. Bennett, N. Y. Y. C., owner.
Arrived at Newport from Bordeaux, France.

1884—CARMELITA—Schooner, 65ft. l.w.l.; J. Coleman, owner.
New York to Rio Janeiro and return.

1884—FORTUNA—Schooner, 105ft. l.w.l.; H. S. Hovey, owner.
Cruise to West Indies and return.

1884—MAGNOLIA—Steam yacht, 93ft. l.w.l.; Fairman Rogers, owner.
Cruise to West Indies and return.

1884—MONTAUK—Schooner, 94ft.; Rear-Com. Saml. R. Pratt,
Feb.-May. N. Y. Y. C., owner.
Cruise to West Indies and return to New York.

1884—ILEEN—Cutter, 65ft. l.w.l.; A. Padelford, owner.
March. Cruise to Fernandina, Fla., and return.

1884—WANDERER—Schooner, 106ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Weld, owner.
April. Cruise to West Indies and return.

1884—FLEETWING—Schooner, 121ft. racing length; R. S. El-
June 16. liott, owner.
MONTAUK—Schooner, 121ft., racing length; S. R. Pratt, owner.
FORTUNA—Schooner, 112ft. racing length; H. S. Hovey, owner.
RUTH—Schooner, 98ft. racing length; H. Hathaway, owner.
GRAYLING—Schooner, 91ft. racing length; L. A. Fish, owner.
ESTELLE—Schooner, 88ft. racing length; J. D. Smith, owner.
Race around Long Island, about 250 miles. Won by Grayling, schooner.

1884—GRACIE—Sloop, 79ft. racing length; J. P. Earle, owner.
June ILEEN—Cutter, 78ft. racing length; A. Padelford, owner.
16. FANNY—Sloop, 72ft. racing length; Prince & Whitely, owner.
WENONAH—Cutter, 72ft. racing length; J. Stillman, owner.
HILDEGARD—Sloop, 69ft. racing length; H. Oelrichs, owner.
ATHLON—Sloop, 58ft. racing length; J. C. Barron, owner.
VIXEN—Sloop, 51ft. racing length; F. C. Lawrence, Jr., owner.
ORIVA—Cutter, 69ft. racing length; C. Smith Lee, owner.
Won by Fanny, sloop, first class, and Vixen, sloop, in second class.

1885—WANDERER—Schooner, 106ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Weld, owner.
Cruise to West Indies and return.

1885—DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 116ft. l.w.l.; C. H. Colt, owner.
Cruise to Bermuda and return.

1885—GITANA—Schooner, 97ft. l.w.l.; Wm. F. Weld, owner.
Cruise to West Indies and return.

1885—AMY—Steam yacht, 185ft. l.w.l.; E. D. Morgan, owner.
Sailed Nov. 22, 1884, from Southampton, Eng., for the Mediterranean, and eastward through the Suez Canal to Bombay, Singapore and Manila, and return to New York.

1885—MOHEGAN—Schooner, 100ft. l.w.l.; H. D. Burnham,
Spring. owner.
A cruise to the West Indian waters.

1885—BRUNHILDE—Schooner, 102ft. l.w.l.; John J. Phelps,
June 29. owner.
Sailed from New London on a cruise around the world, going eastward. Returned via Cape Horn to New **York May, 1888. Time** of cruise, three years.

1885—DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 116ft. l.w.l.; C. H. Colt, owner.
Sept. GENESTA—Cutter, 81ft. l.w.l.; Sir Richard Sutton, owner.
21. Match for Brenton's Reef challenge cup. Sandy Hook Light Vessel to Brenton's Reef Light Vessel and return, about 300 miles. Won by Genesta.

1885—DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 116ft. l.w.l.; C. H. Colt, owner.
Sept. GENESTA—Cutter, 81ft. l.w.l.; Sir Richard Sutton, owner.
26. Match for Cape May challenge cup. Sandy Hook Light Vessel to Cape May Light Vessel and return, about 220 miles. Won by Genesta.

1886—NORNA—Schooner, 95ft. l.w.l.; Alex. J. Leith, owner.
Cruise to West Indies and return.

1886—CORONET—Schooner, 125ft. l.w.l.; R. T. Bush, owner.
June. Sailed for Cowes, I. W., Eng.

1886—MIRANDA—Schooner, 86ft. l.w.l.; G. H. B. Hill, owner.
Aug. 4. Arrived at New York from Cowes, having left that port June 26.

1886—GITANA—Schooner, 97ft. l.w.l.; Wm. F. Weld, owner.
Winter Cruise to Mediterranean and return.
& Spring.

1886—AMY—Steam yacht, 185ft. l.w.l.; E. D. Morgan, owner.
October. Left New York for Cowes, I. W.

1886—NIRVANA—Schooner, 72ft. l.w.l.; Gen. Perkins, owner.
Winter Cruise to Nassau, Bahamas and return.
& Spring.

1886—AMBASSADRESS—Schooner, 130ft. l.w.l.; Nath. Thayer,
Winter owner.
& Spring. Cruise to West Indies and return.

1886—MONTAUK—Schooner, 95ft. l.w.l.; John E. Brooks,
Winter Cruise to West Indies and return.
& Spring.

1886—CARLOTTA—Schooner, 65ft. l.w.l.; H. Belknap, owner.
Winter. Cruise to West Indies and return.
& Spring.

1887—RUTH—Schooner, 93ft. l.w.l.; Henry Marquand, owner.
Cruise to Newfoundland and return.

1887—JULIA—Schooner, 80ft. l.w.l.; Chester W. Chapin, owner.
January. Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1887—WANDERER—Schooner, 106ft. l.w.l.; Geo. W. Weld,
February. owner.
Sailed for West Indian cruise.

1887—ALVA—Steam yacht, 252ft. l.w.l.; W. K. Vanderbilt, owner.
February. Sailed from New York for cruise to West Indies, returning home March 24.

1887—DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 116ft. l.w.l.; C. H. Colt, owner.
March CORONET—Schooner, 125ft. l.w.l.; R. T. Bush, owner.
12. Ocean match race, N. Y. Y. C., New York to Cork Harbor, Ireland. Won by Coronet.

1887—NIRVANA—Schooner, 72ft. l.w.l.; Gen. Perkins, owner.
Winter Cruise to Nassau, Bahamas.
and Spring.

1887—INTREPID—Schooner, 100ft. l.w.l.; Lloyd Phœnix, owner.
June. Sailed for a cruise in European waters. Returned April, 1888.

1887—FORTUNA—Schooner, 105ft. l.w.l.; H. S. Hovey, owner.
June. Sailed for a cruise in European waters.

1887—ALVA—Steam yacht, 252ft. l.w.l.; W. K. Vanderbilt, owner.
July. Sailed for a cruise in European waters. Alva's eastern point was Alexandria, Egypt.

1887—Nine schooners, five sloops (first class), nine sloops (sec-
August. ond class), N. Y. Y. C.
Ocean squadron run, N. Y. Y. C., Oak Bluffs to Marblehead, 110 miles. Cups presented by J. P. Morgan, Esq. Won by Sachem (schooner), Volunteer (sloop) and Bedouin (sloop).

1887—NIRVANA—Schooner, 72ft. l.w.l.; Gen. H. W. Perkins,
Dec. 10. owner.
Left New York for Nassau, Bahamas.

1888—DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 116ft. l.w.l.; C. H. Colt, owner.
Cowes to New York.

1888—YAMPA—Schooner, 110ft. l.w.l.; Chester W. Chapin,
January. owner.
Sailed from New York for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1888—MONTAUK—Schooner, 95ft. l.w.l.; John E. Brooks,
March. owner.
Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1888—CORONET—Schooner, 125ft. l.w.l.; R. T. Bush, owner.
Mar. 23. Sailed from New York for San Diego, Cal., via Cape Horn. Sailed thence around the world, arriving at New York from Gibraltar, April, 1899.

1888—IROQUOIS—Schooner, 80ft. l.w.l.; T. J. Coolidge, Jr.,
Spring. owner.
Cruise in West Indian waters.

1888—WANDERER—Schooner, 106ft. l.w.l.; Geo. W. Weld,
April. owner.
Cruise to West Indian waters.

1888—BRUNHILDE—Schooner, 102ft. l.w.l.; John J. Phelps,
April. owner.
Left New York for a cruise to West Indian and European waters.

1888—FORTUNA—Schooner, 97ft. l.w.l.; Henry S. Hovey, owner.
Aug. 16. Arrived at Marblehead 32 days from Southampton, Eng.

1889—YAMPA—Schooner, 110ft. l.w.l.; Chester W. Chapin,
owner.
Cruise from New York to European waters.

1889—ALVA—Steam yacht, 252ft. l.w.l.; W. K. Vanderbilt, owner.
Feb. 2. Left Baltimore for a cruise in European waters. Returned to Newport, R. I., July 20.

1889—GITANA—Schooner, 99ft. l.w.l.; Wm. F. Weld, owner.
April. Sailed from Boston for a cruise in European waters.

1889—FREDONIA—Schooner (afterward a fisherman); J. Mal-
Summer. colm Forbes, Jr. (N. Y. Y. C.), owner.
A cruise to the Azore Islands.

1890—STRANGER—Cutter, 65ft. l.w.l.; Geo. H. Warren, owner.
Sailed from Boston to Liverpool, Eng.

1890—IROQUOIS—Schooner, 80ft. l.w.l.; Ralph N. Ellis, owner.
Cruise to Bermuda and return.

1890—SAGAMORE—Steam yacht, 160ft. l.w.l.; John Slater,
April. owner.
Arrived from cruise in West Indian waters.

1890—ALVA—Steam yacht, 252ft. l.w.l.; W. K. Vanderbilt, owner.
Feb. 4. Voyage to Great Britain, France, Portugal, Spain, Italy and return to Newport, R. I., July 8.

1891—ALVA—Steam yacht, 252ft l.w.l.; W. K. Vanderbilt, owner.
Feb. 21. Sailed for cruise in the Mediterranean. Returned to New York April 16.

1891—SULTANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; Trenor L. Park, owner.
May. Sailed for cruise in European waters.

1891—UTOWANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; W. West Durant,
October. owner.
Sailed for cruise in European waters.

1892—SAGAMORE—Steam yacht, 160ft. l.w.l.; W. A. Slater,
owner.
A cruise South and return via Bermuda.

1892—YAMPA—Schooner, 110ft. l.w.l.; C. W. Chapin, owner.
Cruise to European waters.

1892—SULTANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; Trenor L. Park, owner.
June 2. Return to New York from Mediterranean, via Azores.

1892—WADENA—Steamer, 147ft. l.w.l.; J. H. Wade, owner.
Jan.-Oct. Cruise of 30,000 miles, European waters, etc.

1892—Nineteen schooners and 7 sloops; N. Y. Y. C.
Aug. 8. Ocean squadron run, New York Y. C., Vineyard Haven to Marblehead, 110 miles, for cups given by J. P. Morgan, Esq. Won by Constellation (schooner), and Wasp (sloop).

1893—IROQUOIS—Schooner, 80ft. l.w.l.; Ralph N. Ellis, owner.
Cruise to the West Indies.

1893—ALERT—Schooner—90ft. l.w.l.; John N. Luning, owner.
Cruise in European waters.

1893—GITANA—Schooner, 99ft. l.w.l.; Geo. W. Weld, owner.
Cruise in West Indian waters.

1893—NAVAHOE—Sloop, 84ft. l.w.l.; R. P. Carroll, owner.
April. Sailed Newport to Cowes, I. W., Eng.

1893—SAGAMORE—Steam yacht, 160ft. l.w.l.; Edgar Scott,
April. owner.
Left for a cruise around the world to the eastward, arriving in New York again Sept. 13, 1894.

1893—CONQUEROR—Steam yacht, 188ft. l.w.l.; F. W. Vander-
Spring. bilt, owner.
Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1893—COMANCHE—Steam yacht, 165ft. l.w.l.; H. M. Hanna, owner.
Spring. Cruise to Cuba and the West Indies.

1893—ONEIDA—Steam yacht, 121ft. l.w.l.; E. C. Benedict, owner.
Spring. Cruise to Cuba and Nassau.

1893—ATLANTIC—Schooner, 83ft. l.w.l.; Wilson Marshall, owner.
Spring. Cruise to Nassau and West Indian waters.

1893—ITUNA—Steam yacht, 135ft. l.w.l.; Aug. Belmont, owner.
Spring. Cruise in West Indian waters.

1893—SAGAMORE—Steam yacht, 160ft. l.w.l.; Edgar Scott, owner.
Winter & Spring. Cruise in West Indian waters.

1893—FLEUR DE LYS—Schooner, 87ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Trotter, owner.
July 1. Sailed for a cruise in European waters.

1893—ALMY—Steam yacht, 155ft. l.w.l.; Frederick Gallatin, owner.
Aug. 1. Sailed for a cruise to Newfoundland.

1893—BRITANNIA—Cutter, 85ft. l.w.l.; H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, owner.
Sept. NAVAHOE—Sloop, 84ft. l.w.l.; R. P. Carroll (N. Y. Y. C.), owner.
Cape May challenge cup. Ocean course, Isle of Wight to Cherbourg and return. Won by Britannia.

1893—BRITANNIA—Cutter, 85ft. l.w.l.; H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, owner.
Sept. NAVAHOE—Sloop, 84ft. l.w.l.; R. P. Carroll (N. Y. Y. C.), owner.
Brenton's Reef challenge cup. Ocean course, Isle of Wight to Cherbourg and return. Won by Navahoe.

1893—VALIANT—Steam yacht, 293ft. l.w.l.; W. K. Vanderbilt, owner.
Nov. 19. Sailed from New York for a cruise in European waters.

1893—NAVAHOE—Sloop, 84ft. l.w.l.; R. P. Carroll, owner.
Nov. 5. Arrived from Cowes, I. W., Eng., about 46 days out.

1894—INTREPID—Auxiliary, 132ft. l.w.l.; Lloyd Phœnix, owner.
Feb.-May. Cruise in West Indian waters.

1894—LASCA—Schooner, 90ft. l.w.l.; John E. Brooks, owner.
April. Sailed from New York for Glasgow, Scotland.

1894—CORONET—Schooner, 124ft. l.w.l.; A. Curtis James, owner.
Winter & Spring. Cruise in West Indian waters.

1894—SULTANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; J. R. Drexel, owner.
Spring. Southern cruise.

1894—BARRACOUTA—Steam yacht, 114ft. l.w.l.; John R. Fell, owner.
Spring. Cruise in West Indian waters.

1894—MARGARITA—Steam yacht, 206ft. l.w.l.; A. J. Drexel, owner.
May 1. Left Philadelphia for cruise to Bermuda and return.

1894—VIGILANT—Yawl 86ft. l.w.l.; Geo. J. Gould, owner.
May-June. Crossed from New York to Gourock, Scotland.

1894—WADENA—Steam yacht, 157ft. l.w.l.; J. H. Wade, owner.
June 7. Passed out by Sandy Hook bound on a cruise around the world. Arrived home June, 1895.

1894—ATALANTA—Steam yacht, 229ft. l.w.l.; Geo. J. Gould, owner.
June. New York to Cowes.

1894—INTREPID—Auxiliary, 132ft. l.w.l.; Lloyd Phœnix, owner.
Summer. Cruise to Quebec, via ports in western Newfoundland.

1894—ELEANOR—Steam yacht, 208ft. l.w.l.; W. A. Slater, owner.
October. Sailed for a cruise 42,405 miles around the world, arriving New York via Cape Horn, March 10, 1896.

1894-5—ITUNA—Steam yacht, 135ft. l.w.l.; A. V. Armour, owner.
Dec.-Apr. Cruise to Central American waters.

1894—MAY—Steam yacht, 204ft. l.w.l.; Com. E. D. Morgan, N. Y. Y. C., owner.
July 3. Sailed for Cowes, I. W., Eng.

1895—BARRACOUTA—Steam yacht, 114ft. l.w.l.; J. R. Fell, owner.
Cruise to Mediterranean.

1895—SYLVIA—Steam yacht, 130ft. l.w.l.; Vice-Com. E. M. Brown, owner.
January. Queenstown, Ireland, to New York; Capt. Arthur H. Clark, N. Y. Y. C., in command.

1895—YAMPA—Schooner, 110ft. l.w.l.; R. S. Palmer, owner.
Jan. 17. Sailed for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

1895—VIGILANT—Yawl, 86ft. l.w.l.; Geo. J. Gould, owner.
April. Sailed from Southampton for New York.

1895—FLEUR DE LYS—Schooner, 87ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Trotter, owner.
May 2. Arrived at New York after an extended cruise in European waters.

1895—VALIANT—Steam yacht, 293ft. l.w.l.; Wm. K. Vanderbilt, owner.
June. Arrived at New York from Gibraltar.

1895—LASCA—Schooner, 90ft. l.w.l.; John E. Brooks, owner.
June. Arrived at New York after an absence of 15 months in European waters.

1895—ALMY—Steam yacht, 155ft. l.w.l.; Frederick, Gallatin, owner.
July-Aug. Cruise to Maritime Provinces.

1895—ATALANTA—Steam yacht, 229ft. l.w.l.; Geo. J. Gould, owner.
August. Arrived at New York from Europe.

1895—MARGARITA—Steam yacht, 206ft. l.w.l.; A. J. Drexel, owner.
August. Southampton to Philadelphia.

1895—YAMPA—Schooner, 110ft. l.w.l.; R. S. Palmer, owner.
October. Falmouth, Eng., to Boston.

1895—SAPPHIRE—Steam yacht, 119ft. l.w.l.; A. L. Barber, owner.
Dec. Arrived from a cruise in West Indian waters.

1895—CORONET—Schooner, 124ft. l.w.l.; A. C. James, owner.
Dec. Sailed for San Francisco via Cape Horn.

1895—TRITON—Schooner, 62ft. l.w.l.; E. C. Clark, owner.
Dec. 15. Sailed for a cruise to Bahamas and return.

1895—WANDA—Steam yacht, 127ft. l.w.l.; H. S. Henry, owner.
Winter & Spring. Cruise in West Indies.

1895—CORONET—Schooner, 124ft l.w.l.; A. C. James, owner.
Winter & Spring. A West Indian cruise via Bermuda.

1896—VALIANT—Steam yacht, 291ft. l.w.l.; W. K. Vanderbilt, owner.
January. Sailed for Mediterranean ports.

1896—ARCTURUS—Auxiliary, 135ft. l.w.l.; Rutherford Stuyvesant, owner.
January. From Southampton, Eng., for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

1896—AILEEN—Steam yacht, 115ft. l.w.l.; Edwin A. Stevens, owner.
January. Sailed for a cruise to West Indian waters.

1896—BRUNHILDE—Schooner, 102ft. l.w.l.; J. M. Masury, owner.
January. Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1896—FLEUR DE LYS—Schooner, 87ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Lord Day, owner.
January. Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1896—NAVAHOE—Yawl, 84ft. l.w.l.; R. P. Carroll, owner.
February. Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1896—NORNA—Schooner, 84ft. l.w.l.; E. R. Coleman, owner.
February. Cruise to Bermuda and return.

1896—HERMIONE—Steam yacht, 145ft. l.w.l.; H. L. Pierce, owner.
February. Cruise to the Windward Islands.

1896—YAMPA—Schooner, 110ft. l.w.l.; R. S. Palmer, owner.
February. Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1896—COMANCHE—Steam yacht, 165ft. l.w.l.; H. M. Hanna, owner.
Feb.-Apr. Cruise to West Indian waters.

1896—INTREPID—Auxiliary, 132ft. l.w.l.; Lloyd Phœnix, owner.
Mar. 19. Sailed for a cruise in the Mediterrancan.

1896—BLACK PEARL—Steam yacht, 144ft. l.w.l.; E. B. Sheldon, owner.
March. Sailed for a cruise in the West Indian waters.

1896—CORONET—Schooner, 124ft. l.w.l.; A. C. James, owner.
April 25. Sailed from San Francisco for Japan. Carried scientists to observe eclipse of sun.

1896—FLEUR DE LYS—Schooner, 87ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Lord Day, owner.
May 21. Sailed for a cruise in European waters.

1896—MARGARITA—Steam yacht, 239ft. l.w.l.; A. J. Drexel, owner.
Aug. 16. Left Troon, Scotland, for New York, arriving Sept. 13.

1896—ALMY—Steam yacht, 156ft. l.w.l.; Frederic Gallatin, owner.
Summer. 17,000 mile cruise from New York to Baltic ports and return.

1896—INTREPID—Auxiliary, 132ft. l.w.l.; Lloyd Phœnix, owner.
Oct. 31. Arrived from a cruise to Mediterranean and English ports.

1896—LOUNGER—Yawl, 35ft. l.w.l.; Jas. B. Hammond, owner.
Winter. A cruise to the Bahama Islands.

1896—VARUNA—Steam yacht, 240ft. l.w.l.; Eug. Higgins, owner.
Dec. 2. Sailed from New York for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

1896—COLUMBIA—Steam yacht, 189ft. l.w.l.; J. Harvey Ladew, owner.
Dec. 4-May 15. A cruise to the West Indian and Bahama Islands.

1897—NOURMAHAL—Steam yacht, 227ft. l.w.l.; J. J. Astor, owner.
Cruise from New York to West Indian and Central American ports.

1897—SULTANA—Steam yacht, 155ft. l.w.l.; J. R. Drexel, owner.
Made a cruise in West Indian and European waters.

1897—VALIANT—Steam yacht, 291ft. l.w.l.; W. K. Vanderbilt, owner.
A cruise in European waters.

1897—PENELOPE—Steam yacht, 185ft. l.w.l.; E. H. Converse, owner.
April. A cruise to Bermuda, etc.

1897—FLEUR DE LYS—Schooner, 87ft. l.w.l.; Chas. Smithers, owner.
Spring. A cruise in West Indian waters.

1897—FLEUR DE LYS—Schooner, 87ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Lord Day, owner.
Spring From New York to Southampton.

1897—MAY—Steam yacht, 204ft. l.w.l.; Mrs. Drexel Fell, owner.
Spring & Summer. An extended cruise in the Mediterranean.

1897—YAMPA—Schooner, 110ft. l.w.l.; R. S. Palmer, owner.
May 23. Sailed for a cruise in European waters.

1897—ELEANOR—Steam yacht, 208ft. l.w.l.; Oliver H. Payne, owner.
Summer. Cruise from New York to European waters and return.

1897—VARUNA—Steam yacht, 240ft. l.w.l.; Eug. Higgins, owner.
July. Arrived in Newport from a cruise in European waters.

1897—ALCEDO—Steam yacht, 152ft. l.w.l.; G. W. C. Drexel, owner.
July-Dec. A cruise in European waters.

1897—Sixteen schooners, six sloops; N. Y. Y. C.
Aug. 7. Race for cups presented by Com. J. P. Morgan, N. Y. Y. C.; Vineyard Haven to Bakers Island, Mt. Desert, 210 miles at sea. Won by Colonia and Amorita (schooners) and Vigilant and Wasp (sloops).

1897—FLEUR DE LYS—Schooner, 87ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Lord Day, owner.
August. Sailed from Southampton, Eng., for New York.

1897—LASCA—Schooner, 90ft. l.w.l.; J. S. Watson, owner.
Summer-Autumn. Made a cruise from New York to the Mediterranean and the ports of North Europe.

1897—MARGARITA—Steam yacht, 239ft. l.w.l.; A. J. Drexel, owner.
Dec. 23. Arrived in the Clyde from Philadelphia.

1897—CATANIA—Steam yacht, 230ft. l.w.l.; C. Vanderbilt, owner.
Dec. 6. Sailed fro mSouthampton for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

1897—SCYTHIAN—Steam yacht, 130ft. l.w.l.; Susan de F. Day, owner.
Winter. Cruise from New York to West Indian ports and return.

1898—NAHMA—Steam yacht, 275ft. l.w.l.; Robert Goelet, owner.
Cruise from England to Mediterranean.

1898—NARADA—Steam yacht, 194ft. l.w.l.; Henry Walters, owner.
Jan. 30. Sailed from New London for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

1898—ANDRIA—Steam yacht, 161ft. l.w.l.; John E. Brooks, owner.
Winter. A cruise in the Mediterranean.

1898—NAHMA—Steam yacht, 275ft. l.w.l.; Robt. Goelet, owner.
Winter. Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1898—SCYTHIAN—Steam yacht, 130ft. l.w.l.; Miss S. de F. Day, owner.
Feb. 9. Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1898—INTREPID—Schooner, 102ft. l.w.l.; E. F. Hunt, owner.
February. Cruise to West Indian waters.

1898—MARGARITA—Steam yacht, 239ft. l.w.l.; A. J. Drexel, owner.
Feb. 13. Sailed from Southampton for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

1898—FLEUR DE LYS—Schooner, 87ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Lord Day, owner.
Mar. 18. Sailed from New York for Southampton, Eng.

1898—HILDEGARDE—Schooner, 103ft. l.w.l.; Geo. W. Weld, owner.
March 20. Sailed from Newport News for a cruise to West Indian waters.

1898—ENTERPRISE—Auxiliary, 135ft. l.w.l.; A. J. Cassatt, owner.
Mar.-Apr. A cruise to Bermuda and return.

1898—MAY—Steam yacht, 204ft. l.w.l.; A. J. Van Rensselaer, owner.
Spring. Cruise in the West Indies.

1898—UTOWANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; A. V. Armour, owner.
Spring. Cruise to Nassau and return to New York.

1898—BRUNHILDE—Schooner, 102ft. l.w.l.; J. M. Masury, owner.
May 21. Sailed from Rio Janeiro for ——

1898—DUQUESNE—107ft. l.w.l.; Theodore R. Hostetter, owner.
Autumn. Made trips from Key West and Tampa, Fla., to Santiago and other ports in Cuba with hospital supplies and luxuries for the United States forces.

1898—FLEUR DE LYS—Schooner, 87ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Lord Day, owner.
October. Sailed from Southampton for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

1898—BARRACOUTA—Steam yacht, 114ft. l.w.l.; Edw. Kelly, owner.
Oct.-Dec. Cruised in West Indian waters.

1898—VARUNA—Steam yacht, 240ft. l.w.l.; Eug. Higgins, owner.
Nov. 15 Arrived at New York from Southampton, Eng.

1898—CORONET—Schooner, 124ft. l.w.l.; F. S. Pearson, owner.
Dec. Sailed for a cruise to the West Indies.

1898—VARUNA—Steam yacht, 240ft. l.w.l.; Eug. Higgins, owner.
Dec. 14. Sailed for Bermuda, West Indian and Mediterranean waters.

1898—INTREPID—Schooner, 102ft. l.w.l.; E. C. Clark, owner.
Dec. 23. Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1898—UTOWANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; A. V. Armour, owner.
Dec. 24. Sailed for Yucatan, Central America.

YACHTS OF THE N.Y.Y.C. THAT SERVED AS GUN BOATS DURING THE WAR WITH SPAIN, 1898.

SOVEREIGN (Govt. name, Seorpion); M. C. D. Borden, owner.
CORSAIR (Govt. name, Gloucester); J. P. Morgan, owner.
JOSEPHINE (Govt. name, Vixen); P. A. B. Widener, owner.
ALICIA (Govt. name, Hornet); Henry A. Flagler, owner.
ALMY (Govt. name, Eagle); Frederick Gallatin, owner.
COLUMBIA (Govt. name, Wasp); J. Harvey Ladew, owner.
THESBIA (Govt. name, Hist); David Dowes, Jr.
AILEEN; Richard Stevens, owner.
RESTLESS; Hiram W. Sibley, owner.
VIKING; H. A. Hutchins, owner.
ILLAWARRA (Govt. name, Oneida); Eugene Tompkins, owner.
PENELOPE (Govt. name, Yankton); H. E. Converse, owner.
COMANCHE (Govt. name, Frolic); H. Melville Hanna, owner.
STRANGER; Mrs. George Lewis, owner.
EUGENIA; J. Gardner Cassatt, owner.
SYLVIA; Edward M. Brown, owner.
ELFRIDA; W. Seward Webb, owner.
SHEARWATER; Henry R. Wolcott, owner.
KANAWHA; John P. Duncan, owner.

LOANED TO THE GOVERNMENT.

FREELANCE; F. A. Schermerhorn, owner.
BUCCANEER; William R. Hearst, owner.

1899—ALCEDO—Steam yacht, 173ft. l.w.l.; G. W. C. Drexel, owner.
Jan. Sailed from Philadelphia for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1899—NARADA—Steam yacht, 194ft. l.w.l.; Henry Walters, owner.
Jan. A cruise to the Mediterranean.

1899—DUNGENESS—Steam yacht; Mrs. Lucy C. Carnegie, owner.
Jan. 31. Sailed from Fernandina for a cruise south.

1899—NOURMAHAL—Steam yacht, 227ft. l.w.l.; J. J. Astor, owner.
Feb. 2. Sailed for a cruise in the Gulf of Mexico and Central America.

1899—FLEUR DE LYS—Schooner, 89ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Lord Day, owner.
Feb. 10 Arrived in New York from the Mediterranean.

1899—LASCA—Schooner, 90ft. l.w.l.; J. S. Watson, owner.
Feb.-Apr. Cruised in West Indian waters.

1899—INGOMAR—Schooner, 63ft. l.w.l.; M. F. Plant, owner.
March. Cruise to Jamaica and Florida ports.

1899—FLEUR DE LYS—Schooner, 89ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Lord Day, owner.
Mar.-April Cruised in West Indian waters.

1899—BLACK PEARL—Steam yacht, 144ft. l.w.l.; E. B. Sheldon, owner.
Spring. Cruise in West Indian waters.

1899—UTOWANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; A. V. Armour, owner.
April 24. Returned to New York from Yucatan.

1899—CONQUEROR—Steam yacht, 176ft. l.w.l.; F. W. Vanderbilt, owner.
Spring-Summer. Cruise from New York to the Mediterranean, Adriatic and English waters.

1899—NIAGARA—Steam yacht, 247ft. l.w.l.; Howard Gould, owner.
May 7. Sailed for a cruise in the waters of northern Europe.

1899—UTOWANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; A. V. Armour, owner.
July 5. Sailed for a cruise to English and Baltic ports. Returned to New York Nov. 4.

1899—NIAGARA—Steam yacht, 247ft. l.w.l.; Howard Gould, owner.
Summer. Made a cruise from New York to northern European waters.

1899—SCYTHIAN—Steam yacht, 130ft. l.w.l.; Miss S. de F. Day, owner.
Summer. Cruise from New York to Labrador and return.

1899—VARUNA—Steam yacht, 240ft. l.w.l.; Eug. Higgins, owner.
Aug. 31. Arrived in New York from an eight months' cruise in European waters.

1899—ERL KING—Steam yacht, 170ft. l.w.l.; A. J. Moxam, owner.
Sept. 22. Arrived from a cruise in northern European waters.

1899—APHRODITE—Steam yacht, 260ft. l.w.l.; O. H. Payne, owner.
Sept. 28. Arrived at New York after a cruise in European waters.

1899——MAY—Steam yacht, 204ft. l.w.l.; Alex. Van Rensselaer, Winter. owner.
Cruised to the West Indies, taking medicine, surgical appliances and luxuries to the soldiers in Cuba and Porto Rico.

1899——FLYING CLOUD—Yawl, 46ft. l.w.l.; Jas. Laughlin, Jr., Winter. owner.
Cruise to the Bahamas.

1900——NARADA—Steam yacht, 194ft. l.w.l.; Henry Walters, owner.
From New York cruised in European waters, returning to New York.

1900——SAFA-EL-BAHR—Steam yacht, 187ft. l.w.l.; F. L. Leland, owner.
Sailed from Southampton, Eng., for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

1900——ALOHA—Auxiliary, 130ft. l.w.l.; A. C. James, owner.
Cruised in European waters from New York.

1900——ENTERPRISE—Auxiliary, 135ft. l.w.l.; F. L. Perin, owner.
Cruise in European waters.

1900——NAHMA—Steam yacht, 275ft. l.w.l.; Mrs. Robt. Goelet, owner.
Cruise in the Mediterranean and English waters.

1900——SULTANA—Steam yacht, 155ft. l.w.l.; J. R. Drexel, owner.
A cruise to the West Indies.

1900——FLEUR DE LYS—Schooner, 89ft. l.w.l.; Chas. Smithers, Feb.-Apr. owner.
A cruise in West Indian waters.

1900——SCYTHIAN—Steam yacht, 130ft. l.w.l.; Trenor L. Park, Mareh. owner.
Cruise in West Indian waters.

1900——CONSTELLATION—Schooner, 106ft. l.w.l.; F. Skinner, April-May. Jr., owner.
Cruise in West Indian waters.

1900——UTOWANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; A. V. Armour, May 5. owner.
Sailed for a cruise in European waters. Returned to New York in the autumn.

1900——ENDYMION—Schooner, 100ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Lord Day, July. owner.
Sandy Hook to the Needles, I. W., Eng., 13 days 20 hours.

1900——VALIANT—Steam yacht, 292ft. l.w.l.; W. K. Vanderbilt, July-Aug. owner.
Sandy Hook to Plymouth, Eng., 7 days 17 hours, 4 minutes.

1900——JOSEPHINE—Steam yacht, 215ft. l.w.l.; P. A. B. Wid-Summer. ener, owner.
Cruised in the waters of Northern Europe, from New York.

1900——NIAGARA—Steam yacht, 247ft. l.w.l.; Howard Gould, Summer. owner.
A cruise to Norway, etc.

1900——VARUNA—Steam yacht, 240ft. l.w.l.; Eug. Higgins, owner.
Oct. 1. Arrived at New York from Europe.

1900——ENDYMION—Schooner, 100ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Lord Day, Oct. 31. owner.
Southampton, Eng., to New York, 27 days.

1900——VARUNA—Steam yacht, 240ft. l.w.l.; Eug. Higgins, owner.
Nov. Sailed for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

1900——ARCTURUS—Auxiliary, 135ft. l.w.l.; R. Stuyvesant, owner.
Dec. 24. Sailed from Southampton, Eng., for a Mediterranean cruise.

1900——ENDYMION—Schooner, 100ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Lord Day, Winter. owner.
A cruise to the West Indies.

1900——COLUMBIA—Steam yacht, 165ft. l.w.l.; J. Harvey Ladew, Winter. owner.
A cruise in West Indian waters.

1900-01—NAHMA—Steam yacht, 275ft. l.w.l.; Mrs. Ogden Goelet, owner.
Cruise from England to Mediterranean ports.

1901——SHEMARA—Steam yacht, 177ft. l.w.l.; A. L. Barber, Jan.-Feb. owner.
West Indian cruise.

1901——ENTERPRISE—Auxiliary, 135ft. l.w.l.; F. L. Perin, owner.
Jan.-Feb. West Indian cruise.

1901——MERMAID—Sloop, 44ft. l.w.l.; A. P. Stokes, owner.
Jan.-May. Cruise at sea from New York to Bahama Islands and return.

1901——GENESEE—Auxiliary, 110ft. l.w.l.; J. S. Watson, owner.
Feb. Sailed for cruise to the Mediterranean.

1901——CONQUEROR—Steam yacht, 176ft. l.w.l.; F. W. Vander-Feb.-Apr. bilt, owner.
A cruise to the West Indies.

1901——FLEUR DE LYS—Schooner, 89ft. l.w.l.; Dr. L. A. Stim-March son, owner.
Sailed for a cruise in European waters; returned to New York.

1901——NARADA—Steam yacht, 194ft. l.w.l.; Henry Walters, Mar.-Apr. owner.
Cruise to Havana and other West Indian ports.

1901——SULTANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; J. R. Drexel, owner.
April 14. A cruise in European waters lasting a year.

1901——CONSTELLATION—Schooner, 106ft. l.w.l.; F. Skinner, Apr.-May. Jr., owner.
A cruise in West Indian waters.

1901——INTREPID—Auxiliary, 132ft. l.w.l.; Lloyd Phœnix, owner.
Apr.-June. A cruise to the Bahamas and Antilles.

1901——MARGARET—Steam yacht, 145ft. l.w.l.; Isaac E. Emerson, May owner.
Sailed from New York for cruise to Chinese and Japanese waters via the Mediterranean.

1901——NIAGARA—Steam yacht, 247ft. l.w.l.; Howard Gould, July 2. owner.
Sailed for a cruise to English and Irish ports.

1901——UTOWANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; A. V. Armour, owner.
Summer. Sailed from New York for a cruise in European waters, returning in October.

1901——IZTACCIHAUTI—Yawl, 46ft. l.w.l.; H. C. Tinker, owner.
Winter. Cruise to the Bahama Islands.

1902——ONWARD—Schooner, 102ft. l.w.l.; Edward Bell, owner.
A cruise from New York to West Indian waters.

1902——SURF—Steam yacht, 155ft. l.w.l.; C. K. G. Billings, owner.
A cruise in West Indian waters.

1902——Twenty-one schooners and fifteen sloops of the N. Y. Y. C. in a squadron run from Vineyard Haven to Provincetown, 80 knots at sea, N. Y. Y. C. cruise for cups. Won by schooners Constellation and Elmina; sloops Rainbow, Hester and Humma.

1902——TUSCARORA—Steam yacht, 170ft. l.w.l.; Walter Jennings, Jan. owner.
A cruise from New York to West Indian waters.

1902——SEA FOX—Schooner, 89ft. l.w.l.; A. P. Stokes, owner.
Jan.-Mar. A cruise in West Indian waters.

1902——VIRGINIA—Steam yacht, 165ft. l.w.l.; Larz Anderson, Jan.-Apr. owner.
A cruise in West Indian waters.

1902——LADY TORFRIDA—Steam yacht, 160ft. l.w.l.; R. M. Feb. Thompson, owner.
A cruise from England to New York via Azores, Cape de Verde and West Indian ports.

1902——MAY—Steam yacht, 203ft. l.w.l.; Alex. Van Rensselaer, Feb.-Mar. owner.
A cruise in West Indian waters.

1902——ENDYMION—Schooner, 100ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Lauder, Jr., March. owner.
A cruise to the Bahamas.

1902——COLUMBIA—Steam yacht, 165ft. l.w.l.; J. Harvey Ladew, March. owner.
Cleared for a cruise to the Mediterranean.

1902——MARGARITA—Steam yacht, 272ft. l.w.l.; C. B. Alexander, Mar.-Apr. owner.
A Mediterranean cruise.

1902——ONORA—Steam yacht, 148ft. l.w.l.; A. C. Canfield, owner.
Mar.-Apr. A Mediterranean cruise.

1902——GOLDEN EAGLE—Steam yacht, 150ft. l.w.l.; Henry T. Mar.-Apr. Sloane, owner.
A Mediterranean cruise.

1902——KATOOMBA—Steam yacht, 193ft. l.w.l.; Pliny Fisk, owner.
Mar.-Apr. A cruise in West Indian waters.

1902——KANAWHA—Steam yacht, 192ft. l.w.l.; H. H. Rogers, Mar.-Apr. owner.
A cruise in West Indian waters.

1902——WANDERER—Steam yacht, 167ft. l.w.l.; C. L. F. Robin-April 1. son, owner.
Arrived Constantinople.

1902——MARGARET—Steam yacht, 145ft. l.w.l.; I. E. Emerson, April 4. owner.
Arrived Colombo from China.

1902——CORSAIR—Steam yacht, 254ft. l.w.l.; J. P. Morgan, owner.
April 15. Sailed from New York for a cruise to Mediterranean and Baltic waters.

1902——UTOWANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; A. V. Armour, owner.
Apr.-Nov. A cruise in waters of northern Europe. From New York to New York.

1902——GENESEE—Auxiliary, 110ft. l.w.l.; J. S. Watson, owner.
May 2. Sailed from New York for English and Baltic ports.

1902——VIRGINIA—Steam yacht, 165ft. l.w.l.; I. Stern, owner.
May 2. Cleared from New York for Southampton and Kiel.

1902——ALVINA—Steam yacht, 177ft. l.w.l.; C. A. Griscom, owner.
June. Sailed from New York for English and Baltic ports. Returned in August.

1902——AMERICA—Aux. barque, 157ft. l.w.l.; Wm. Ziegler, owner.
Summer. Cruise to the Arctic Ocean.

1902——NAHMA—Steam yacht; Mrs. R. Goelet, owner.
July. VARUNA—Steam yacht; Eugene Higgins, owner.
JOSEPHINE—Steam yacht; P. A. B. Widener, owner.
MARGARITA—Steam yacht; J. Henry Smith, owner.
WANDERER—Steam yacht; Rear-Com. C. L. F. Robinson, owner.
CORSAIR—Steam yacht; J. P. Morgan, owner.
GENESEE—Auxiliary; J. S. Watson, owner.
NIAGARA—Steam yacht; Howard Gould, owner.
VIRGINIA—Steam yacht; I. Stern, owner.
COLUMBIA—Steam yacht; J. H. Ladew, owner.
CALANTHE—Steam yacht; J. H. Hinckley, owner.
UTOWANA—Auxiliary; A. V. Armour, owner.
ALVINA—Steam yacht; C. A. Griscom, owner.
New York Yacht Club yachts at Kiel, Germany, for the racing week, under command of Rear-Com. C. L. F. Robinson, N. Y. Y. C.

1902——FLEUR DE LYS—Schooner, 86ft. l.w.l.; Dr. L. A. Stim-July-Aug. son, owner.
A cruise to Iceland and return.

1902——Eleven schooners and twelve sloops of the N. Y. Y. C. in Aug. 9. a squadron run from Provincetown to Marblehead, 38 miles at sea.

1902——VALHALLA—Auxiliary, 239ft. l.w.l.; Earl of Crawford, Aug. 18-21. owner.
UTOWANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; A. V. Armour, owner.
ROSABELLE—Auxiliary, 136ft. l.w.l.; R. Ramage, owner.
SUNBEAM—Auxiliary, 154ft. l.w.l.; Lord Brassey, owner.
CZARINA—Auxiliary, [illegible] l.w.l.; Albert Brassey, owner.
An ocean auxiliary race under sail alone, Isle of Wight to Cherbourg Breakwater, thence to Eddystone Lighthouse, thence to Cowes, I. W. Won by Utowana, N. Y. Y. C.

1902——MARGARET—Steam yacht, 145ft. l.w.l.; I. E. Emerson, Sept. 15. owner.
Arrived at New York from a cruise to China and Japan, 35,000 miles.

1902——GENESEE—Auxiliary, 110ft. l.w.l.; J. S. Watson, owner.
Sept. 22. Arrived in New York from a cruise in the Baltic Sea.

1902——NIAGARA—Steam yacht, 244ft. l.w.l.; Howard Gould, Dec. 10 owner.
Sailed for a cruise to the Orient. Returned 1903.

1902——HILDEGARDE—Schooner, 106ft. l.w.l.; Edward R. Cole-Winter. man, owner.
A cruise in West Indian waters.

1903——AMERICA—Auxiliary bark, 157ft. l.w.l.; Wm. Ziegler, owner.
Sailed on a North Polar expedition.

1903——COLUMBIA—Steam yacht, 165ft. l.w.l.; J. Harvey Ladew, Jan. 17. owner.
Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters, returning June 4.

1903——SULTANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; A. C. Bostwick, owner.
Jan. 4. Sailed for a cruise to Bermuda and the Windward Islands.

1903——SHENANDOAH—Three-masted schooner, 100ft. l.w.l.; Feb. Gibson Fahnestock, owner.
Cruised to the Bahamas, Porto Rico and St. Thomas.

1903——GENESEE—Auxiliary, 110ft. l.w.l.; J. S. Watson, owner.
Feb. Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1903——HILDEGARDE—Schooner, 103ft. l.w.l.; Edw. R. Coleman, Feb. owner.
Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1903——MURIEL—Schooner, 70ft. l.w.l.; Chas. Smithers, owner.
Feb. 1. Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1903——ENDYMION—Schooner, 100ft. l.w.l.; Geo. Lauder, Jr., Feb. 15. owner.
Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1903——REVIERA—Steam yacht, 193ft. l.w.l.; Pliny Fisk, owner.
Feb. 18. Sailed for Norfolk, Va., for a cruise in the Mediterranean, returning May 26.

1903——SEA FOX—Schooner, 90ft. l.w.l.; A. P. Stokes, owner.
Feb.-Apr. A cruise in West Indian waters.

1903——1813—Steam yacht, 164ft. l.w.l.; W. S. and J. T. Spaulding, Feb.-Apr. owners.
A cruise in West Indian waters.

1903——TUSCARORA—Steam yacht, 170ft. l.w.l.; Walter Jen-March. nings, owner.
Cruise to the Bahamas and West India Islands.

1903——ENTERPRISE—Auxiliary, 135ft. l.w.l.; F. L. Perin, owner.
March. Cruise to the Bahamas and West Indian waters.

1903——NARADA—Steam yacht, 194ft. l.w.l.; Vice-Com. Henry March 1. Walters, N. Y. Y. C., owner.
Cruised South.

1903——MAY—Steam yacht, 203ft. l.w.l.; C. Ledyard Blair, owner.
March 2. Sailed for a cruise in West Indian waters.

1903——LYSISTRATA—Steam yacht, 285ft. l.w.l.; J. G. Bennett, Mar.-May. owner.
A cruise from Nice, France, to the West India Islands and return.

1903——CATANIA—Steam yacht, 193ft. l.w.l.; S. Barton French, Apr. owner.
A cruise from England to Mediterranean ports.

1903——ARCTURUS—Auxiliary, 135ft. l.w.l.; R. Stuyvesant, owner.
April 6-16. Crossed, Southampton to New York.

1903——GUNHILDA—Steam yacht, 166ft. l.w.l.; W. L. Harkness, Apr.-May. owner.
A cruise in West Indian waters.

1903——NORTH STAR—Steam yacht, 219ft. l.w.l.; Rear-Com. C. Apr.-Aug. Vanderbilt, N. Y. Y. C., owner.
A cruise in the Mediterranean and the Baltic, returning to New York.

1903——FAUVETTE—Steam yacht, 160ft. l.w.l.; Robt. Bacon, Spring. owner.
A cruise in the West Indies.

1903——APHRODITE—Steam yacht, 260ft. l.w.l.; Oliver H. Payne, May-Sept. owner.
A cruise to English and Baltic ports.

1903——UTOWANA—Auxiliary, 155ft. l.w.l.; A. V. Armour, owner.
June-Oct. A cruise in European waters, New York to New York.

1903——MARGARITA—Steam yacht, 272ft. l.w.l.; J. Henry Smith, July owner.
A cruise from England to Baltic ports.

1903——MARGARITA—272ft. l.w.l.; J. H. Smith, owner.
July. NORTH STAR—219ft. l.w.l.; Rear-Com. C. Vanderbilt, N. Y. Y. C., owner.
NAHMA—275ft. l.w.l.; Mrs. R. Goelet, owner.
UTOWANA—155ft. l.w.l.; A. V. Armour, owner.
LYGIA—57ft. l.w.l.; Alfred Scheitlin, owner.
N. Y. Y. C. yachts at Kiel, Germany, for the racing week, under command of Rear-Com. Cornelius Vanderbilt, N. Y. Y. C.

1903——VARUNA—Steam yacht, 260ft. l.w.l.; Eugene Higgins, Oct. 25. owner.
Sailed for the Mediterranean, her sixteenth voyage across the Atlantic.

1903——SAFA-EL-BAHR—Steam yacht, 210ft. l.w.l.; F. L. Leland, Nov. 17. owner.
Sailed for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

1903——VERGEMERE—Auxiliary, 120ft. l.w.l.; A. C. Bostwick, Dec. 20. owner.
Sailed for a cruise to the Mediterranean via Bermuda and Madeira.

RACES OVER OCEAN COURSES OFF THE COAST OF THE UNITED STATES BY YACHTS OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

1846——MARIA—Sloop, 154 tons; J. C. Stevens, owner.
COQUETTE—Schooner, 74 tons; J. H. Perkins, owner.
Twenty-five miles to sea from Sandy Hook and return.
A match race. Won by Coquette.

1851——CORNELIA—Schooner, 56 tons; William Edgar, owner.
MARIA—Sloop, 154 tons; J. C. Stevens, owner.
AMERICA—Schooner, 170 tons; J. C. Stevens, et al., owners.
Trial at sea. Twenty miles to sea and return from Sandy Hook.

1865——MAGIC—Schooner, 113 tons; W. H. McVicker, owner.
JOSEPHINE—Schooner, 143 tons; Daniel Devlin, owner.
Race 15 miles to windward and return from Sandy Hook. Won by Magic.

1866——L'HIRONDELLE—Schooner, 262 tons; S. Dexter Bradford, owner.
VESTA—Schooner, 201 tons; Pierre Lorillard, Jr., owner.
Match race, 20 miles from Sandy Hook Lightship and return. Won by L'Hirondelle.

1866——L'HIRONDELLE—Schooner, 262 tons; S. Dexter Bradford, owner.
PALMER—Schooner, 194 tons; R. F. Loper, owner.
Twenty miles to windward and return from Sandy Hook Lightship.

1870——DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 268 tons; J. G. Bennett, Jr., Oct. owner.
CAMBRIA—Schooner, 227 tons; James Ashbury, owner.
Match race, False Hook, 20 miles to sea and return. Won by Dauntless.

1870——SAPPHO—Schooner, 274 tons; W. P. Douglas, owner.
Oct. CAMBRIA—Schooner, 227 tons; James Ashbury, owner.
13. Match race, Sandy Hook L. V., 20 miles to sea and return. Sappho led to finish. Race not made in agreed time of five hours.

1871——LIVONIA—Schooner 2512 area; James Ashbury, owner.
Oct. DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 2899 area; J. G. Bennett, Jr., 24. owner.
Match race from Sandy Hook L. V., 20 miles to sea and return. Won by Dauntless.

1870——SAPPHO—Schooner, 274 tons; W. P. Douglas, owner.
Oct. DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 268 tons; J. G. Bennett, Jr., 25. owner.
Match race from Sandy Hook Lightship, 25 miles to sea and return. Won by Sappho.

1871——DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 7124ft. displacement; J. G. Ben-Oct. nett, Jr., owner.
DREADNAUGHT—Schooner, 6178ft. displacement; S. Samuels, owner.
Match from Sandy Hook Lightship, 20 miles to sea and return. Won by Dauntless.

1871——SAPPHO—Schooner, 7747ft. displacement; Wm. P. Doug-Oct. 28. las, owner.
DREADNAUGHT—Schooner, 6178ft. displacement; S. Samuels, owner.
Match; from Sandy Hook Light Vessel, 20 miles to sea and return. Won by Sappho.

1875——MOHAWK—Schooner, 346 tons; W. T. Garner, owner.
Oct. DAUNTLESS—Schooner, 267 tons; J. G. Bennett, owner.
26. Match race; 20 miles from Sandy Hook Lightship to sea and return. Won by Dauntless.

1878——GRACIE—Sloop, 70ft. l.w.l.; J. R. Waller, owner.
Oct. VISION—Sloop, 66ft. l.w.l.; J. J. Alexander, owner.
15. Match race, 20 miles to sea and return from Sandy Hook Lightship. Won by Gracie.

1883——BEDOUIN—Cutter, 70ft. l.w.l.; A. Rogers, owner.
Oct. GRACIE—Sloop, 70ft. l.w.l.; Flint & Earle, owners.
Match race for the Bennett cup, 20 miles to sea and return from Sandy Hook. Won by Bedouin.

1883——FANNY—Sloop, 66ft. l.w.l.; Prince & Whitney, owners.
Oct. GRACIE—Sloop, 70ft. l.w.l.; Flint & Earle, owners.
9. Match race, 20 miles to sea and return from Sandy Hook. Won by Fanny.

RACES FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP SAILED OVER OCEAN COURSES OFF SANDY HOOK.

1871——COLUMBIA—Schooner; Rear-Com. Franklin Osgood, N.
Oct. 18. Y. Y. C., owner.
LIVONIA—Schooner; James Ashbury, R. H. Y. C., owner.
From Sandy Hook Lightship, 20 miles to windward and return. Won by Columbia.

1871——SAPPHO—Schooner; W. P. Douglas, N. Y. Y. C.,
Oct. 21. owner.
LIVONIA—Schooner; James Ashbury, R. H. Y. C., owner.
From Sandy Hook Lightship, 20 miles to windward and return. Won by Sappho.

1876——MADELINE—Schooner; John S. Dickerson, N. Y. Y. C.,
Aug. 12. owner.
COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN—Schooner; J. Ashbury, N. Y. Y. C., owner.
From buoys off Sandy Hook, 20 miles to sea and return. Won by Madeline.

1881——MISCHIEF—Sloop; J. R. Busk, N. Y. Y. C., owner.
Nov. ATALANTA—Sloop, Alex. Cuthbert, owner.
10. From buoys off Sandy Hook, 16 miles to leeward and return. Won by Mischief.

1885——PURITAN—Sloop; J. M. Forbes, N. Y. Y. C., owner.
Sept. GENESTA—Cutter; Sir R. Sutton, Bart, R. Y. S., owner.
16. From Scotland Lightship, 20 miles to leeward and return. Won by Puritan.

1886——MAYFLOWER—Sloop; Gen. C. J. Paine, N. Y. Y. C.,
Sept. owner.
GALATEA—Cutter, Wm. Henn, R. N. Y. C., owner.
From Scotland Lightship, 20 miles to leeward and return. Won by Mayflower.

1887——VOLUNTEER—Sloop; Gen, C. J. Paine, N. Y. Y. C.,
Sep. owner.
THISTLE—Cutter, Jas. Bell, R. C. Y. C., owner.
From Scotland Lightship, 20 miles to windward and return. Won by Volunteer.

1893——VIGILANT—Sloop; C. Oliver Iselin, N. Y. Y. C.
Oct. VALKYRIE II.—Cutter; The Earl of Dunraven, R. Y. S.
7. From Sandy Hook Light Vessel, 15 miles to leeward and return.

Oct. VIGILANT—Sloop; C. Oliver Iselin, N. Y. Y. C.
9. VALKYRIE II.—Cutter; The Earl of Dunraven, R. Y. S.
From Sandy Hook Light Vessel, a triangle of 10-mile sides.

Oct. VIGILANT—Sloop; C. Oliver Iselin, N. Y. Y. C.
13. VALKYRIE II.—Cutter; The Earl of Dunraven, R. Y. S.
From Sandy Hook Light Vessel, 15 miles to windward and return.
All three races won by Vigilant.

1895——DEFENDER—C. Oliver Iselin, N. Y. Y. C.
Sept. VALKYRIE III.—The Earl of Dunraven, R. Y. S.
7. From a mark near Seabright, N. J., 15 miles to windward and return.

Sept. DEFENDER—C. Oliver Iselin, N. Y. Y. C.
10. VALKYRIE III.—The Earl of Dunraven, R. Y. S.
From Sandy Hook Lightship, a triangle of 10-mile legs.

Sept. DEFENDER—C. Oliver Iselin, N. Y. Y. C.
12. VALKYRIE III.—The Earl of Dunraven, R. Y. S.
From Sandy Hook Light Vessel, 15 miles to windward and return.
All three races won by Defender.

1899——COLUMBIA—C. Oliver Iselin, N. Y. Y. C.
Oct. SHAMROCK I.—Sir Thomas J. Lipton, R. U. Y. C.
16. From Sandy Hook Lightship, 15 miles to windward and return.

Oct. COLUMBIA—C. Oliver Iselin, N. Y. Y. C.
17. SHAMROCK I.—Sir Thomas J. Lipton, R. U. Y. C.
From Sandy Hook Lightship, a triangle of 10-mile legs.

Oct. COLUMBIA—C. Oliver Iselin, N. Y. Y. C.
20. SHAMROCK I.—Sir Thomas J. Lipton, R. U. Y. C.
From Sandy Hook Lightship, 15 miles to leeward and return.
All three races won by Columbia.

1901——COLUMBIA—E. D. Morgan, N. Y. Y. C.
Sept. SHAMROCK II.—Sir Thomas J. Lipton, R. U. Y. C.
28. From Sandy Hook Light Vessel, 15 miles to windward and return.

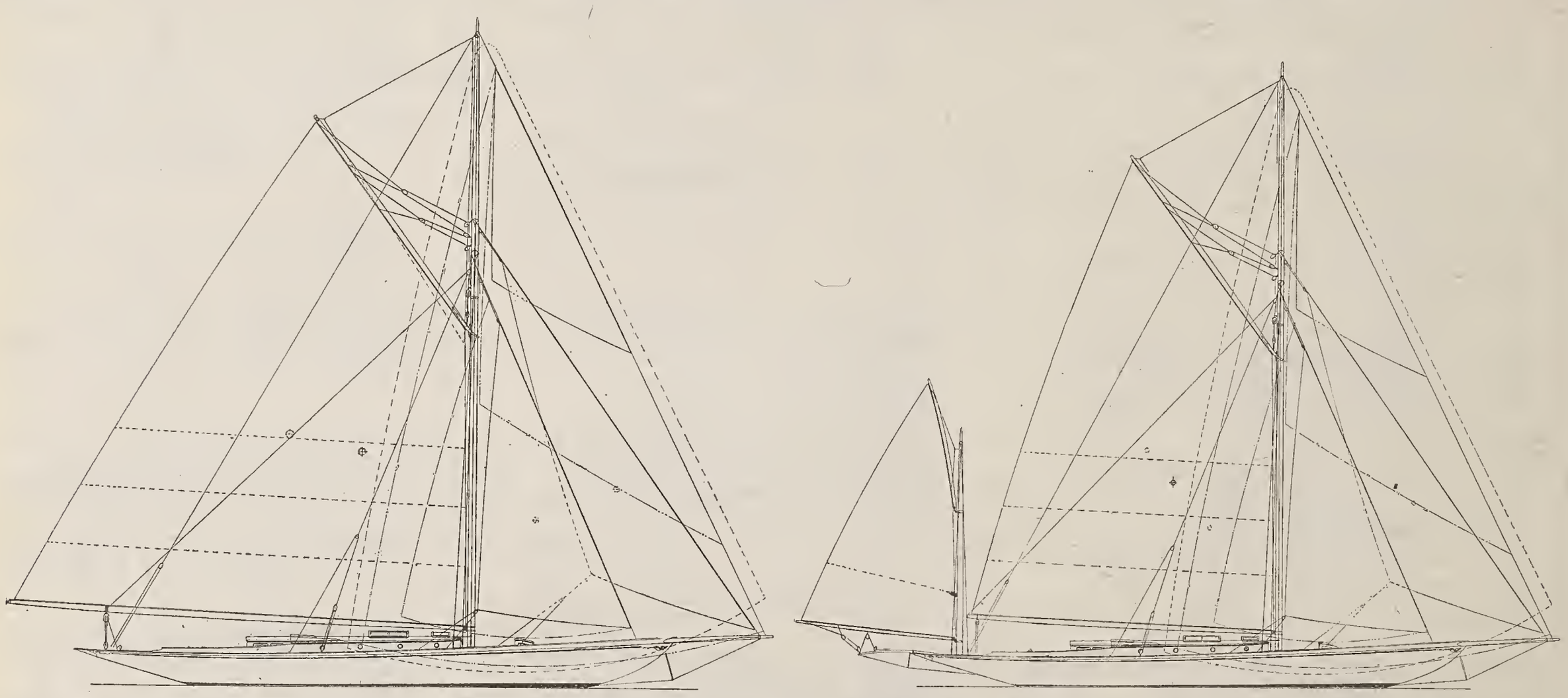
Oct. COLUMBIA—E. D. Morgan, N. Y. Y. C.
3. SHAMROCK II.—Sir Thomas J. Lipton, R. U. Y. C.
From Sandy Hook Light Vessel, a triangle 10-mile legs.

Oct. COLUMBIA—E. D. Morgan, N. Y. Y. C.
4. SHAMROCK II.—Sir Thomas J. Lipton, R. U. Y. C.
From Sandy Hook Light Vessel, 15 miles to leeward and return.
Columbia won all three races.

1903——RELIANCE—C. Oliver Iselin, N. Y. Y. C.
Aug. SHAMROCK III.—Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart, R. U. Y. C.
From a point near Sandy Hook Light Vessel, 15 miles to windward and return.

Aug. RELIANCE—C. Oliver Iselin, N. Y. Y. C.
25. SHAMROCK III.—Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart, R. U. Y. C.
From Sandy Hook Light Vessel, a triangular course, 10-mile legs.

Sept. RELIANCE—C. Oliver Iselin, N. Y. Y. C.
3. SHAMROCK III.—Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart. R. U. Y. C.
From Sandy Hook Light Vessel, 15 miles to windward and return.
Reliance won all three races.



DESIGNING COMPETITION——FIRST PRIZE DESIGN——SUBMITTED BY CHARLES D. MOWER, NEW YORK CITY——PLANS OF SLOOP AND YAWL RIGS.

Designing Competition.

First Prize Design.

WE publish herewith the design which received first prize in our recent competition for a centerboard cruising boat of 40 ft. waterline. The design was submitted by Mr. Charles D. Mower, of New York city. Mr. Mower has turned out many fine boats, but to our mind this design for a 40-footer surpasses any of his previous work. The design is admirable in every respect and a boat built from it would prove as fine an all around cruiser as could be produced.

The cabin arrangement impressed us as being most unique and practical. Mr. Mower did not attempt to crowd too much into the internal space. All the quarters are well arranged and large enough to be most livable. The separate steerage, the large after cabin, the airy saloon and galley running the full width of the boat, are features which immediately recommend themselves.

It was an open question how the yawl and the sloop rigs would work out, as in both cases the mast had to remain in the same position. The ready and practical way Mr. Mower overcame this apparent obstacle demonstrated that it was no great objection. Both his sail plans are handsome and well balanced.

The following descriptive matter accompanied Mr. Mower's design, and as it gives a good idea of what he had in mind when getting out the boat's plans we publish it:

General Description.

Cabin.—In working out this design the chief aim has been to produce a boat on which four men could take an ordinary cruise with every comfort and convenience, but at the same time especial attention has been given to arranging the space below deck so that the owner, with perhaps a friend, could live on board for the entire season in comfortable quarters with plenty of "elbow room."

The arrangement on deck is somewhat novel, and will be spoken of later. The companion stairs, which make passage below much easier than the usual steep ladder, land in a steerage between main cabin and stateroom, and cut off from each by doors, an undeniable advantage for bad weather and general cruising work. The toilet room is on the port side, opening from the steerage, with a sliding door. This has a set wash basin and regular yacht closet. The location of the toilet room makes it accessible from either cabin or stateroom, which is an advantage at night, especially in case the after state room is given up to ladies. Besides, its convenient location as regards the stateroom and cabin, the toilet can be reached from on deck without disturbing those who are sleeping below.

On the starboard side, a large locker opens from the stairway for oilers, rubber boots, etc.

The main cabin is 9ft. 6in. long, and has the usual arrangement of transoms, berths, lockers, sideboards, and also a desk, which is almost necessary where the owner lives on board.

Space is shown for a yacht stove for late fall cruising. The double stateroom aft has full headroom over its floor space, and the cabin trunk is fitted on three sides with large square windows, insuring plenty of air and good ventilation. The stateroom aft has two extra wide berths, large clothes lockers, a bureau with large drawers and two sofas. Under the stairs is a large locker for stowing suit cases, kit bags, etc.

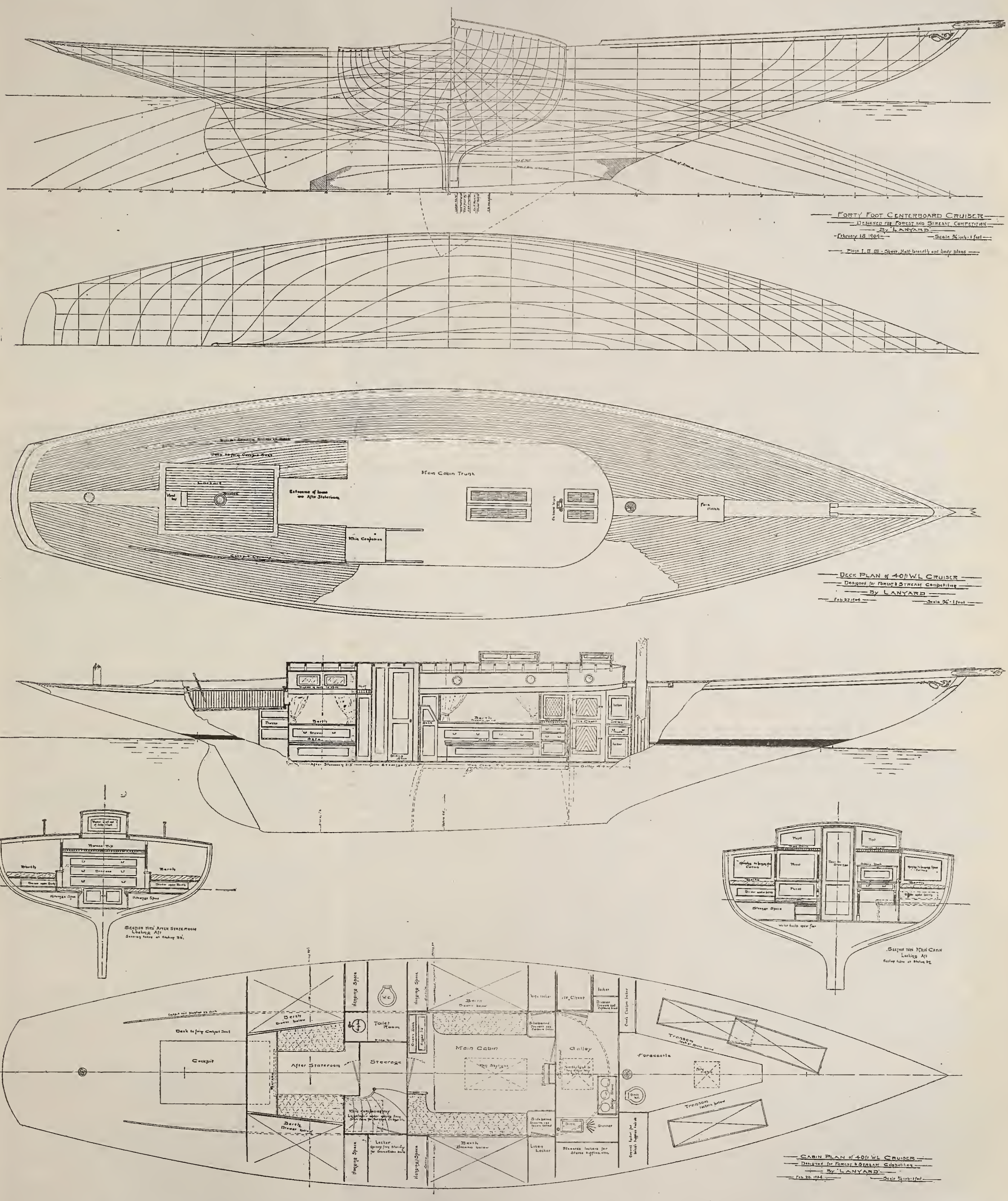
The galley is unusually large, as it is essential that the steward should be able to cook and prepare food without the inconvenience of cramped quarters. The forecastle is entirely apart from the galley, another desirable feature, and has ample room for three hanging pipe berths, for sailing master, steward and one hand. The advantages of the arrangement are the double stateroom aft, companionway landing in steerage, large main cabin, and ample space for working part forward.

Design.—The design is moderate in every feature, the overhangs, while long enough for appearance sake, are fine and sharp in section, and should not prove objectionable; the lateral plane is not cut away, and the long, straight keel makes a boat steady on her helm and facilitates docking. The midship section shows a full bilge, with power enough to make the boat carry sail well at a small angle of heel. The centerboard below the cabin floor gives sufficient draft for good windward work, while the boat will handle well in shallow waters without board.

Rig.—The rig has been purposely kept small, so that the boat may be easily handled by a small crew, the sail being both low and well inboard. The yawl rig shows the same mainmast and head rig, and the same gaff as in sloop rig, the main boom being shortened and the mizzen placed to preserve the same balance.

Dimensions.

Length—	
Over all	60ft. 9 in.
Waterline	40ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	9ft. 1½in.
Aft	11ft. 7½in.
Beam—	
Extreme	14ft. 11 in.
Draft—	
Extreme	5ft. 11½in.
Board down	10oft. 2 in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	4ft. 9 in.
Stern	3ft. 5 in.
Least	3ft.
Displacement	48,883 lbs.
Lead keel	18,109 lbs.
Trimming ballast (inside), about	2,000 lbs.
Area—	
Mainsail, sloop	1,380 sq. ft.
Mainsail, yawl	1,041 sq. ft.
Mizzen	250 sq. ft.
Jib	237 sq. ft.
Fore staysail	233 sq. ft.
Total—	
Sloop rig	1,850 sq. ft.
Yawl rig	1,761 sq. ft.
C.L.R. from fore end L.W.L.	23.3ft.
C.E.S. from fore end L.W.L. (sloop)	22.7ft.
C.B. from fore end L.W.L.	21.4ft.
C.Gravity, lead, from fore end L.W.L.	22.2ft.



DESIGNING COMPETITION——FIRST PRIZE DESIGN——SUBMITTED BY CHARLES D. MOWER, NEW YORK CITY——LINES, DECK AND CABIN PLANS.

Gas Engines and Launches.

BY F. K. GRAIN.

(*Continued from page* 195.)

Lubricators.

LUBRICATOS usually employed are for the shaft bearings, a compression grease cup. By screwing down on these grease cups the grease is forced into the bearing, or should the bearings become overheated the greases will flow naturally to the bearing. The reason that oil cups are not employed on this part of the engine is that there is always more or less and generally sufficient oil force from the crank case of the engine through the bearings resulting from the crank case compression. Again, on the other hand, should the bearings wear after a time sufficiently to allow the gas to escape through them from the crank case, it may be in a great measure stopped by forcing the grease around the bearing.

Up until quite recently the crank pin has been lubricated by putting sufficient oil into the crank case to allow the crank to dip at every revolution. This, however, has always been a very uncertain method, it being very diffcult to gauge the right amount of oil to use. Should an over supply be put into the crank case, the crank will, in revolving, dash the oil up and into the gas inlet port, whence it will pass to the cylinder and cause trouble. There are two methods now in use which have proved very good, and are practically doing away with this trouble. The first method is to bore out the crank shaft from the front end through to an opening in the wrist pin, placing a grease cup on the end of the crank shaft. By this means the grease can be forced directly to the crank pin bearing. Another method is to make the connecting rod hollow, also the wrist pin passing through the piston, this opening comes in alignment with the grease cup running into the cylinder at a point which makes the two openings coincide when the engine is on the lower center.

The engine is then turned to that point before starting, the grease cup being compressed, its contents is then forced through and down into the connecting rod, and if the connecting rod is of sufficient size, one filling will suffice for a week or two.

The last, but most important lubrication, barring, of course, the small moving parts of the igniter and pump, is the cylinder. This is accomplished by means of an ordinary sight feed lubricator, which can be adjusted to feed any number of drops per minute and visible to the operator. The point in the cylinder at which the lubrication should enter is close to the top of the piston when it is on its lower center, and the piston should be of sufficient length so that this opening will always be covered. If the opening is above the top of the piston, it will get the back pressure from the cylinder and will not only be very wasteful of the lubricant but make the feeding uncertain and irregular. It is usual in all lubricators to place a small ball check on the bottom of the lubricator to prevent any back pressure from the cylinder. A small pressure tube leads up and above the oil level in order to bring the pressure, if any, above the oil. Another lubricator much in use has a large, tight fitting plunger, which is forced against the oil by means of a heavy spring; this makes an absolutely positive force feed and is an excellent method for lubricating with heavy oil when the temperature is sufficiently low to thicken the average cylinder oil.

Mufflers.

There was a time when people objected very strongly to the noise made by the exhaust, and in order to deaden this noise a device called a muffler has been in use for a time by all the engine builders. These mufflers on a general principle consist of an enlarged chamber containing perforated disc baffle plates or pipes. The idea being to make the muffler sufficiently large to allow the exhaust gas to expand and then escape at a steady pressure through the various small openings. In the last few years the public have become more accustomed, especially since the advent of the automobile, to these noises, with the consequence that the tendency now is to do away with the muffler as much as possible. While a muffler can be designed which will make the engine perfectly noiseless, with the new design of modern short stroke engine working at high compression and high speed, it is difficult to design a muffler which will be noiseless and yet not be too expensive and so large as to take up valuable room and add weight. Again, on the other hand, we have an objection found in all mufflers, in this that they retain the heat from the exhaust gasses, and in a great many cases their proximity is very objectionable on that account, the tendency being to make all exhaust pipes as short and as large as possible with a minimum amount of muffling and get rid of the exhaust gas as quickly as possible.

Reversing.

The reversing of marine gas engines has probably received more attention than any other part of the engine, and we are still to-day as far from the solution of this problem as we were ten years ago.

On the two-cycle engine there is one, and one method only, and this is reversing by means of the spark. To explain this we will have to take up the subject of ignition. Quite the contrary to the practice in steam engineering, the time of ignition, commonly called the lead, must take place before the engine has reached its upper center. The amount of lead necessary to get the best results of course depending upon the speed of the engine, the weight of the fly wheel and amount of compression. It is safe, however, to assume that the highest point of efficiency on the average small engine is had by igniting at a little over seven-eighths of the up stroke. The idea of igniting the mixture before it reaches the upper center, is that from the time of sparking, until the gas is ignited to its full capacity, the engine has reached its upper center and therefore gets the full benefit of expansion. Now we will suppose that the engine is turned around slowly by hand, the lead of the igniter being set as stated; in this case the engine would kick back or reverse, and gathering force, would overcome the lead in the opposite direction and keep running on the reversed motion. We will now assume that the eccentric working the igniter is set on the dead center, in other words, true to the crank shaft; in this way the action of the sparker would be the same when the engine is turned in either direction, and it will run equally well with the same power in either direction.

Now, supposing that we wish to reverse, we will throw off our switch, cutting out the electric current. This will cause the engine to slow down. When the momentum is reduced to almost the stopping point, we then thrown in the switch, and when the engine ignites against the lead as described, it will reverse and run in the opposite direction. This method of reversing is by no means infallible, and depends to a great extent upon the skill and practice of the operator, and not only this but when a boat is running at high speed, this operation can very seldom be performed, as the momentum of the boat will keep the propeller revolving and of course exerting that much additional power against the engine. This same operation is in some engines performed by means of a link motion with an insulated cut-out. The object of this being to overcome the plan of setting the eccentric off the center, in order to make the ignition directly on the center to avoid any possible back kicks in starting and, of course, under these circumstances a link motion is necessary in order to adjust the lead when the engine is reversed. This plan, although a very good talking point, adds a number of expensive parts to the engine, and really does not accomplish any better results. There are a number of clutches, gear boxes, and other devices in use, by means of which the shaft is reversed. While some of these devices accomplish the object sought for they are not considered a great success on small engines, as they are not only cumbersome but expensive and require considerable care and careful adjustment, and manufacturers in general decline to recommend them. We think we have now given a clear idea of the two-cycle engine with the exception of the sparking mechanisms, and as this part of the engine performs the same functions and is identical on both two and four-cycle, the explanation will answer for both.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Yachting in Newfoundland.

NEWFOUNDLAND, although only about 317 miles in length, has a coast line of over 2,000 miles. This is explained by the fact that its whole shore line is indented with magnificent bays, anywhere from ten to ninety miles deep. For those who love smooth water sailing, and at the same time who enjoy the bracing sea air, and beautiful and ever-varying scenery, a cruise up one of those fiords leaves nothing to be desired. Take, for instance, Notre Dame Bay. It has an archipelago of hundreds of clustering islets, many of them inhabited, and containing fine harbors. The runs and passages are navigable for large steamers, and are used by cargo boats to go to at least one mining town, viz., Pilley's Island, where they load large cargoes of iron pyrites for foreign markets.

These runs between the islands furnish ideal "sailing on the summer seas." The scenery is bold and grand, and ever-changing; the water is like oil; the air in the summer months is balmy and health-giving, and for the yachting party who has a few weeks to dawdle amid pleasant scenes, no place offers greater attractions than these bays. There are over a dozen ports of call, each possessing a different attraction for the stranger. If the traveler wants rest, this is the lotus land. If he wants fishing, he is within easy reach of numbers of salmon and sea trout streams, not to mention ponds and lakes where ordinary spotted trout abound. If he is of an inquiring turn of mind, he can see one of the very best mineral belts in North America. Felt Cove Copper Mine has been working for years, and it is just as profitable to-day as ever. Felt Cove is worth a visit. It is set between cliffs. The town is built all around a small lake, which is at the bottom of the basin.

A ship must be moored at the pier nearly before a glimpse of the town can be had. A narrow tramway between the high hills leads into the foot of the lake, and when you follow that for a few yards from the pier, the pretty little town, nestling at the foot of the hills and surrounding the lake, bursts on your view. The lake looks like a diamond in its setting of highly mineralized hills. Just beyond the tramway rises, and a procession of cars comes and goes, by means of an endless chain; the full ones running down the incline from the mouth of the mine, and the empty ones being drawn to the top of the incline. The pyrites mine, at Pilley's Island is another curiosity, for anyone interested in minerals, and in fact an inspection of the mine would be an attraction for any ordinary traveler looking for experiences. Besides, the passage up through the islands to Pilley's Island is almost worth the voyage. The ship runs through a narrow strait between the islets, with the land on either hand near enough to pitch a pebble on shore. Suddenly the strait is blocked; the ship is in a veritable *cul de sac*. The ordinary observer sees nothing ahead but to dash into the land at her bows; suddenly a turn of the helm and lo! on the port or starboard hand the channel suddenly opens before you. Just ahead, perhaps, you see the top rigging of a schooner. It appears to rise from the middle of a small island; the ship rounds a point and here before him is a miniature harbor with the schooner moored nearly against the front door of a little cottage, making a picture resembling a highly fanciful Christmas card.

Little Bay is another mining settlement. Some of the best copper in America was found here. It was shipped in large quantities for years, but through some mismanagement it was shut down. It is now filled with water, and the work has been discontinued. To add to the miseries of Little Bay it was devastated by fire. It has now only a remnant of its former greatness. Yet those of its inhabitants who profess to know, say that the mine is only waiting for the right man to make it boom better than ever, as the copper is there in sufficient quantities to repay any outlay. Hall's Bay is a very deep inlet, its wooded shores nearly within reach of the deck as the yacht sails up. In the bottom of the bay empties one of the best salmon and trout streams in the island. Then there are the South West Arm, Exploits Bay, Badger Bay and Pander Bay, all deep fiords, going for miles into the land. The Exploits and Pander Rivers are probably the best salmon streams in America, and are navigable for small craft for many miles. There are other little towns and harbors that would well repay a visit. The inhabitants are kindly and hospitable, and as yet are unspoiled by too much traffic with the outer barbarians. The same holds good of several other bays. The beauty and variety of the scenery equal if not surpass, the much vaunted charms of Norway; at least this is the verdict of travelers who have seen both. The advantages for American yachtsmen are altogether in favor of Newfoundland. The distance is not nearly so great, so that in matter of time alone, half the summer holidays might be saved by running up to one of the great Newfoundland bays. It would not take half the time to get there that it would to Norway, and the latter place does not offer a tithe of the attraction to the angler, the sportsmen or the naturalist.

If the yachtsman had a camera along, he'd get many valuable souvenirs. Apart from the scenery, he could get at Snooks' Arm pictures of whales in all stages, from the monster just harpooned to the carcass in the various stages of preparation for oil, bone, and commercial fertilizer. There are waterfalls, large enough to generate electricity sufficient to supply New York with motive power, and there are tiny cascades, just fit for picnicking. In line, if you seek rest or sport; food for the rod, gun, or kodak; if you want health or pleasure or variety, and the same time to enjoy sailing on summer seas, you cannot do better than steer your bark for Newfoundland, and make your headquarters in one of the celebrated bays of the island.

W. J. C.

St. Paul Letter.

ST. PAUL, April 16.—Interest is increasing in the coming contest with Montreal, and the prospect for quite a number of extra boats for the preliminary trial races for this event is very bright. It is hoped that there will be five or six contestants for the White Bear trial, and probably nearly as many more for the trial to be held at Oshkosh. The committee appointed for the choosing, building and management of the challengers has decided to build a fourth boat. This boat is to be a sharp-nosed scow about 38ft. over all and of good breadth. She will be designed by Dr. J. M. Welch, who is an old member of the White Bear Y. C., and will probably be sailed in the preliminary trial races by her designer. She will be built by the Dingle Boat Co., in West St. Paul, under the supervision of Dr. Welch. Mr. Dingle was one of the first men who designed and built boats for White Bear, but for the last five years has given his attention entirely to power boats. The racing committee is seriously considering building a fifth boat from Messrs. Burgess and Packard's plans. This boat will have lots of beam and will not be very long over all.

There is to be a boat from Lake Minnctonka in the Seawanhaka cup trials to be held at White Bear. This boat is designed and built by "Ande" Peterson, of Lake Minnetonka, for the Louden Brothers. Up to the last two or three years Mr. Peterson designed and built some of the fastest small boats in the country. This boat will be a pointed-nose scow, about 38ft. over all, and will have a moderate beam.

For the last four years the Minnetonka men have taken little interest in sailing, and it is pleasing to see that they are beginning to wake up again. There are some fine sailors at Minnetonka, and they should make a good showing in the Seawanhaka cup trials.

The Minnetonka people are buying a number of old boats from White Bear this spring and hope to start racing again as of old.

Gus Amundson built a class "A" boat toward the close of last summer that was not put in the water, and this boat will be entered in the Seawanhaka trials by the Frye Brothers, of St. Paul. It is a blunt-nosed scow, 38ft. long and, like all of Amundson's boats, has easy lines. This boat ought to make a good showing, especially in light weather. Besides the Seawanhaka challenger, Amundson has built a class "A" boat for one of the inland lakes of New York, and one for Long Island. Mr. Lyford, of Fox Lake, has ordered an "A" boat from Amundson, and he will undoubtedly enter her in the Inland Lake races at Oshkosh, which are to be held in the latter part of August. Three "B" boats have been built by Amundson, two of which will go to one of the inland lakes of Wisconsin, and the other will remain on White Bear, the property of the Owens Brothers, of St. Paul.

J. E. Ramaly, of White Bear, has built two class "B" boats, one to be owned by the Read Brothers, of St. Paul, and the other by the Ordway boys.

Perhaps it would be a good idea to give a general history and description of the class "B," which class has grown to be so popular in the West. When, previous to the formation of the Inland Lake Y. A., the Minnetonka and White Bear clubs were having match races, first at one lake and then the other, a class of boats was started with a limited sail area of 350ft. and the racing length of 17.5 feet. The weight allowed for the crew was 450 pounds. When the Inland Lake Yachting Association was started the weight of the crew was raised to 500 pounds. The class at present is very similar to the large class, rules for which were adopted several years ago and are exactly the same as those used in the international races for the Seawanhaka Cup at Montreal. Practically the only restriction is in sail area and there is no time allowance. The designer can build a long beoat or a short boat, with whatever power he sees fit, the scantling rules are the same as in the class "A," sail area of class "B" boats is 350ft. of standing sail, with spinnaker and flying jib in addition.

Then length over all is limited to 32ft, with no limit to the waterline length. This class has grown so in

popularity and is so large on White Bear at the present time that boats have to be divided into two divisions. The first division consists of new boats, built every year, and the second sonsists of the old boats that have been raced the previous seasons. There will be at least twelve new boats this year and about eight last year's boats giving fully as large classes as can satisfactorily be handled. Besides two cups in each class there is a special cup offered each year for the championship; also a cup for points.

These boats are almost entirely sailed by sons of the members of the club, and are in many respects more adapted for pleasure sailing than the large boats. They are almost as fast, not so hard to handle and do not require as large a crew.

In several cases last year "B" class made the eight-knot course in less than one hour and fifteen minutes. In all there are something like thirty-five A and B sailboats being built at White Bear, most of which are almost completed.

A number of new launches, designed and built by J. E. Ramaly for men living at White Bear, will be added to the power fleet this season, and there is some talk of launch racing this summer. JACK ORDWAY.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

COBWEB Y. C. ELECTS OFFICERS.—At a recent meeting of the Cobweb Y. C., held at the club house, foot of West 152d street, North River, New York city, the following officers were elected: Com., Philp Grauer; Vice-Com., John H. W. Fleming; Fleet Captain, Wm. Ridley; Recording Secretary, Donald Manson; Financial Secretary, Charles Broughton; Treasurer, John Homan; Measurer, Fred Gegges; Fleet Surgeon, D. Garrick; Trustees, C. H. Madden, Edw. Fox, A. Feldhus, Chas. Demand, Wm. Houston, H. R. Halsey; Regatta Committee, John H. W. Fleming, Wm. Ridley, D. Manson.

The regatta committee has arranged for the following open races: May 30, Monday, spring regatta; Sept. 5, fall regatta.

SUNBEAM PURCHASED BY EX-MAYOR LOW.—Mr. J. L. Hutchinson, Morristown, N. J., has sold the steam yacht Sunbeam to ex-Mayor Low, through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman, New York. Sunbeam has a recorded speed of 19.2 miles. She is a double-planked mahogany boat, 60ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. beam and 3ft. 6in. draft, built 1903, by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co.

BAY VIEW Y. C. ELECTION.—The Bay View Y. C. held its annaul meeting on April 12 and the following officers were elected: Com., Edward R. Karutz; Vice-Com., J. Fred Borghard, Jr.; Rear Com, George C. Miller; Fleet Capt., Harry Groth; Secretary, Edward Effinger; Financial Secretary, Paul Rosa; Treasurer, John Fraas.

BERGEN POINT Y. C. OFFICERS.—At a recent meeting of the Bergen Point Y. C., the following officers were elected: Com., M. S. Borland; Vice-Com., W. W. Grant; Rear-Com., J. C. Shaller; Secretary and Treasurer, W. R. Wilde; Fleet Capt., W. T. Barnard; Fleet Surgeon, J. G. L. Borgmeyer, M.D.; Measurer, W. E. Wadman.

STEAM YACHT ADMIRAL SOLD.—Mr. George R. Sheldon, N. Y. Y. C., has sold the steam yacht Admiral, through Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, to Mr. J. B. Edson.

The same firm has chartered the steam yacht Seminole, owned by Mr. John N. Robins, to Mr. Walter S. Gurney; the steam yacht Mirage, owned by Rear-Com. Cornelius Vanderbilt, to Mr. E. F. Whitney and the British steam yacht Surf, owned by Mr. F. D. Lambert, to Mr. E. B. Alexander.

POLLYWOG LAUNCHED.—On April 3 the racing sloop Pollywog was launched at Oakland, Cal. The boat was built by her owners, Messrs. George N. Tyler and A. G. Byxby. Pollywog is a scow, 24ft. over all, 14ft. 6in. waterline, 7ft. breadth and 4½in. draft of hull. She will carry 350sq.ft. of sail and is fitted with a balance rudder and a dagger board. If Pollywog is as fast as it is expected she will be, a larger boat of the same general type will be built to race against Corinthian.

NEW BOATS BUILDING AT WICK'S YARD.—Four new boats are nearing completion at Mr. F. E. Wick's yard, at Amityville, L. I. One of the boats is for Dr. Ralph Tacoly, of New York city. She is 22ft. waterline and 36ft. over all. Her rig is of moderate size, and she will be used for cruising. Another boat is for Mr. John Thornton, of Brooklyn. She is a catboat, 32ft. over all. The 25ft catboat ordered by the late Dr. J. M. Polk is also finished. Mr. Wick has built a 32-ft. racing boat for his own use.

AMERICAN POWER BOAT ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the executive committee of the American Power Boat Association was held on April 13. Mr. W. H. Ketcham presided. Thirty-three clubs are now enrolled in the association as the Rhode Island Y. C., of Providence; the Hartford Y. C., of Hartford, and the Audubon Y. C., of New York city, have been elected to membership.

The following racing schedule was adopted: May 30, Association race; June 11, Columbia Y. C.; June 18, New Rochelle Y. C.; June 20, New York Y. C., Glen Cove; June 23-25, Challenge cup race, Hudson River; July 2, American Y. C.; July 4, Indian Harbor Y. C.; July 16, Atlantic Y. C.; Aug. 6, Larchmont Y. C.; Aug. 11, New York Y. C.; Aug. 13, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Aug. 18, New York Y. C.; Aug. 20, Brooklyn Y. C.; Aug. 27, Larchmont Y. C.

A resolution was adopted, stating that races held by clubs holding membership in the American Power Boat Ass'n should, if possible, restrict the entries to boats owned by members of such clubs, except in the case of the New York, Larchmont and Eastern Y. C.'s.

The matter of issuing certificates of speed was disposed of in this way. A course of one nautical mile in length has been surveyed and laid out in Manhasset Bay, L. I. The executive committee of the association will name a member of the association who will, on notice, be at the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club house at Port Washington on the third and fourth Saturdays of May, June, July, August and September, 1904, for the purpose of certifying to the speed of power boats over this course.

Arrangements for timing must be made with the secretary of the association, at least one week's notice being given, and the application must be accompanied by a check for $10 and a certificate of rating of the boat in the form used by the association, to which the association will annex its certificate of speed.

It was announced that the portion of the Grosvenor bill before Congress relating to pilots being required upon motor boats has been stricken out.

COM. LAUDER'S APPOINTMENTS.—Com. George Lauder Jr., of the Indian Harbor Y. C., has made the following appointments: Fleet Capt., L. D. Armstrong; Fleet Surgeon, Leander P. Jones, M.D., and Fleet Chaplain, the Rev. M. George Thompson.

U. S. REVENUE CUTTERS REFITTED.—Among the United States revenue cutters in which Roberts boilers have lately been installed are the Mackinac, Winnisimmet, Hudson, and Calumet.

The new revenue cutter, known as No. 12, now building by the Spedden Shipbuilding Company., at Baltimore, is also to have a Roberts boiler.

These boilers are 11ft. 6in. wide by 9ft. 3in. fore and aft. They have 70 sq.ft. of grate surface and 2,800 sq.ft. of heating surface, and furnish about 700 H.-P. each with natural draft in connection with triple expansion engines.

Several Roberts boilers have also been lately furnished for revenue cutters on the Pacific Coast.

Six Roberts boilers have also recently been shipped to the Cuban Government for installation in Cuban revenue cutters.

OCEAN Y. C.—The Ocean Y. C., of Stapleton, S. I., have elected the following officers: Com., Louis Birkle; Vice-Com., James Clark; Rear-Com., Samuel W. De Beer; Sec'y, John Schrone; Meas., James Dunn; Fleet Surgeon, Arthur Welch, M.D.; Trustees, Thomas J. McKnight, three years, and George Stapleton, one year; Membership Committee, Rudolph Michel, Reuben Mord and Fred Martens.

KAYOSHK TO RACE IN SOUTHERN WATERS.—Another Northern racing yacht has been added to the fleet of the Southern Y. C. Com. Frank H. Libby, of the Oshkosh (Wis.) Y. C., has sold through the agency of Mr. L. D. Sampsell to the J. B. Campbell syndicate the crack Class A boat Kayoshk, one of the champions of the Inland Lake Y. A. Kayoshk is one of the latest and best of the productions of Messrs. Jones & La Borde. She will represent the Southern Y. C. in the races for the championship cup of the Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., for boats of the Seawanhaka cup type. The yacht clubs of the Mexican Gulf are fostering this class in order to participate in the international game next year. There is some talk even now of the club putting up a $1,000 prize for an Interstate race for this class of boats next winter. Kayoshk was only ten points behind Comet II., winner of the championship of the I. L. Y. A. championship contest on Lake Winnebago last summer, the third boat being more than one hundred points behind the leaders. Comet II. would also have been purchased South, but her owners would not sell, as she is entered for the trial races of the White Bear Y. C., challenger for the Seawanhaka cup.

Kayoshk is the second racing scow to go South this spring, the well-known freak Caroline having been purchased by a member of the Southern Y. C. some weeks ago.

NEW BOATS BUILDING AT GREENPORT.—At the yards of the Greenport Basin and Construction Co., Greenport, L. I., several boats are being built. The largest of these is a cruising launch, which boat was designed by Mr. Theodore Brigham. She is 60ft. over all, 51ft. 6in. waterline, 12ft. breadth and 3ft. 3in. draft. The boat is equipped with a 40 horse-power Standard engine, which will drive her at a speed of about 12 miles.

Another launch is being built for a yachtsman who spends his summers at Shelter Island. She is 36ft. over all, 31ft. 2in. water line, 8ft. breadth, and 2ft. draft. This boat will have a Standard engine of 15 horse-power, and it is expected that she will develop a speed of about 10 miles.

The work on the cruising sloop for Mr. Benjamin Atha, of Newark, N. J., is well advanced. She is 41ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth and 6ft. 6in. draft. She will carry 1100 sq.ft. of sail.

NEW BOAT FOR THE REV. LINDSAY PARKER.—There is building at Mr. A. N. Harned's yard, St. Johns, N. B., a 20ft. waterline sloop for the Rev. Lindsay Parker, Ph.D. The boat will be known as Alauna, and she was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow. She is 27ft. 6in. over all, 20ft. waterline, 10ft. 4in. breadth and 1ft. 7in. draft.

WILLIAMSBURG Y. C. SCHEDULE.—The following dates have been decided upon by the Williamsburg Y. C.: May 1, in commission; May 28-30, spring cruise; June 12, spring regatta; July 2-4, summer cruise; July 10, special race; Aug. 7, ladies' day; Sept. 3-5, fall cruise; Sept. 18, open fall regatta; Oct. 30, out of commission.

NEW BOATS BUILDING AT FREEPORT.—Several new boats are being built at the yards at Freeport, L. I. Among them are the following: A 30-footer for Mr. John Slade, New York city; 46ft. launch for Mr. A. B. Cartledge, Philadelphia; 35ft. launch for Mr. Lorimer A. Cushman, New York city; 27ft. steam launch for Mr. Ernest Wrightmeir, New York city, and a 22ft. catboat for Mr. James Dean, Freeport.

CRUISING RACE FOR CHICAGO Y. C.—The Chicago Y. C. has arranged for a long cruising race from Chicago to Mackinac, to be held on Aug. 3, a distance of about 320 miles. The race will be open to all clubs on the Great Lakes. Suitable trophies will be offered for the schooner and sloop classes. A cup for the boat making the best time will also be given.

OISEAU CHANGES HANDS.—Mr. Harry Maxwell has sold his 30-footer Oiseau to a member of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. She may compete in the races for the Manhasset Bay challenge cup.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C. FIXTURES.—The race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. is composed of Messrs. Henry H. Landon, chairman; Clinton H. Crane, Henry M. Crane, Victor I. Cumnock and Howard C. Smith, secretary. This committee has arranged the following schedule:

May 30 (Memorial Day)—Club races for raceabouts and 15-footers; June series races, first race.

June 4, Saturday—Club race for reaceabouts and 15-footers; June series races, second race.

June 11, Saturday—Club races for raceabouts and 15-footers; June series races, third race.

June 18, Saturday—Club races for raceabouts and 15-footers; June series races, fourth race; Leland Cup.

June 25, Saturday—Thirty-fourth annual Corinthian race for all classes; raceabouts; Seawanhaka 15-footers; June series races; fifth race; Corinthian prizes.

July 2, Saturday—Club races for raceabouts and 15-footers; challenge cup series, first race.

July 4, Monday—Cup races for raceabouts and 15-footers; challenge cup series, second race.

July 9, Saturday—Club races for Alfred Roosevelt Cup, yawls; 15-footers; challenge cup series, third race.

July 16, Saturday—Club races for raceabouts and 15-footers; challenge cup series, fourth race.

July 23, Saturday—Club races for raceabouts; ladies' race; 15 footers; Hastings cups.

July 30, Saturday—Club races for 15-footers; challenge cup series, fifth race.

August 6, Saturday—Club races for raceabouts and 15-footers.

August 13, Saturday—Club races for raceabouts and 15-footers.

August 20, Saturday—Club races for raceabouts and 15-footers; challenge cup series, sixth race.

August 27, Saturday—Club races for raceabouts and 15-footers.

September 3, Saturday—Club races for raceabouts and 15-footers.

September 5 (Labor Day)—Robert Center memorial cups; classes to be named later.

September 10, Saturday—Fall regatta, Seawanhaka Club race, all classes.

RECENT SALES OF YACHTS.—Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has made the following sales through his agency:

The auxiliary yawl Vesta, by Mr. John H. Smedley, of Detroit, to Mr. George H. Bourquard, of New York.

The racing yawl Memory, by Mr. T. J. Preston, Jr., to Mr. H. Mason Raborg.

The auxiliary Venessa, which yacht is being fitted out at Morris Heights, for Detroit.

The sloop Pellegrina, sold, in connection with a Boston agent, to Mr. Robert Toland, of Philadelphia.

The power boat Imp, by Mr. John Cairns, to Dr. F. D. Bowne, of Richmond, Va.

The knockabout Trouble, by Mr. W. H. Childs, to Mr. William A. Barstow, of the Atlantic Y. C., and the Seawanhaka knockabout Hawk, by Mr. A. P. Hallett, to Mr. H. Schuyler Howe.

CALYPSO SOLD TO SOUTHERN YACHTSMAN.—The celebrated Hanley 25-ft. cabin yacht Calypso, champion of the Y. R. A. of Mass. for 1901 and 1902, has been sold by Mr. A. W. Chesterton, of Boston, through the agency of L. D. Sampsell, secretary of the Southern Y. C., to Mr. S. F. Heaslip, of New Orleans, La. She will go South on the deck of a steamer of the Morgan line at once.

POWER BOATS BY MESSRS. TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE.—Last week we stated that Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane had gotten out plans for eight power boats. We gave particulars about two of them. The other boats are as follows:

A 50ft. boat is being built by Mr. Robert Jacob, City Island. She is for Mr. J. Insley Blair, and will be equipped with a 75 horse-power Smith & Mabley engine.

A boat, slightly smaller, is building at Morris Heights for Dr. Walter B. James. She is 44ft. long, 9ft. breadth, and her power consists of a 24 horse-power Panhard engine.

The Huntington Mfg. Co., New Rocelle, are building a boat 30ft. long and 5ft. 6in. breadth for Mr. A. C. Newbauer. This boat will have a 24 horse-power Panhard engine.

A 36ft. boat with 5ft. breadth is building for Mr. M. C. Hermann. She will be fitted with a 75 horse-power Smith & Mabley engine.

Two other boats will be built to the order of Messrs. Smith & Mabley. Both are 40ft. over all, one 5ft. breadth, and one 4ft. 6in. One is equipped with a 75 horse-power motor and the other with 150 horse-power.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

Providence Revolver Club.

SCORES of pistol team of the Providence Revolver Club, in return pistol match against the pistol team of the Myles Standish Rifle Club, of Portland, Me.

Shot at Providence, R. I., March 16, Standard American target reduced to 45ft.:

W H Freeman	10	7	10	8	9	10	8	8	10	8—88	
	10	8	10	9	8	10	10	8	7	8—88	
	10	10	7	10	7	10	9	10	6	10—89	
	9	9	9	9	8	9	7	9	9	10—88	
	8	9	8	10	8	9	7	10	10	9—88	—441
Capt R LeB Bowen	7	9	10	10	8	10	8	9	10	9—90	
	8	8	8	8	10	7	9	10	6	10—84	
	10	9	7	6	10	9	7	10	8	8—84	
	10	10	9	10	8	9	6	7	7	8—84	
	9	10	7	6	8	10	9	7	6	8—80	—422
F B Barstow	8	8	7	7	6	10	9	8	7	6—76	
	8	9	6	7	9	7	6	8	8	9—77	
	9	8	8	8	7	6	10	10	9	9—84	
	9	8	8	8	8	6	5	8	10	10—80	
	10	10	10	8	8	10	7	6	10	6—85	—402
Sergt Wm T Bullard	8	10	8	10	9	8	8	9	8	8—86	
	10	9	8	4	7	9	6	5	9	8—75	
	8	8	7	10	5	10	7	7	7	5—74	
	10	8	10	4	10	7	10	8	6	6—79	
	6	8	7	6	7	7	7	10	10	8—76	—390
F M Leonard	5	5	7	8	5	7	10	6	6	10—69	
	10	9	4	10	7	9	8	7	6	9—79	
	8	10	8	10	8	10	8	8	7	7—84	
	10	7	7	6	7	7	7	4	6	9—70	—369
											2024
Myles Standish Rifle Club total											1971
Providence team led by											53

A. C. HURLBURT, Sec'y.

New York City Corps.

THE New York City Corps began its summer practice shoot on the Union Hill range on April 13. The attendance was fairly good. The scores were not high owing to lack of previous practice. Aug. Kronsberg was first on the ring and man targets. John Facklamm was first on the point target.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 200yds.: Aug. Kronsberg 207, J. Facklamm 195, J. Keller 193, R. Busse 190, R. Schwanemann 189, R. Bendler 186, W. Grauetin 185, Ch. Wagner 179, H. C. Radloff 176, O. Schwanemann 174, A. Stolzenberger 170, J. Moje 163.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: Aug. Kronsberg 56, Ch. Wagner 55, R. Busse 53, H. C. Radloff 48, R. Bendler 46, W. Grapentin 45.

Point target: John Facklamm 60, R. Busse 50, R. Schwanemann 35, Aug. Kronsberg 22, O. Schwanemann 21, W. Grapentin 21, R. Bendler 16, Ch. Wagner 14, J. Keller 5, L. Schultz 3, W. Wiltz 2, Ch. Metz 1, Louis Zietzmann 1.

Bullseye target: Aug. Kronsberg 4, J. Facklamm 4, W. Grapentin 4, H. C. Radloff 1, R. Bendler 1, R. Schwaneman 1. J. Keller 1, O. Schwanemann 1.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, April 10.

Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target.

Payne was champion for the day with the good score of 229.

A strong fishtail wind blew all day from 3 to 6 and 9 o'clock quarters:

Payne	229	217	217	216	215
Roberts	221	218	217	217	210
Hasenzahl	221	213	207	203	200
Nestler	219	210	209	208	208
Odell	215	212	202	201	200
Freitag	215	193	190	186	179
Bruns	211	207	184	183	...
Hofer	210	207	206	204	203
Lux	209	208	206	202	199
Hoffman	197	192	185	183	183
Trounstine	197	195	188	178	176
Uckotter	192	189	182	179	179

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE scores of the winter gallery shoot of the Zettler Club have been of a high order. Capt. W. A. Tewes is in the lead and will finish in first place:

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., offhand:

One hundred shots: Wm. A. Tewes 2460, L. C. Buss 2442, L. P. Hansen 2445, G. J. Bernius 2284.

Fifty shots: Aug. Kronsberg 1219, A. Moser 1208, C. G. Zettler, Jr., 1203, H. C. Zettler 1200, W. A. Hicks 1197, B. Zettler 1189, L. Maurer 1188, C. G. Zettler, Sr., 1184, A. Begerow 1175, H. Fenwirth 1174.

Extra scores, 100 shots: Wm. A. Tewes 2440.

Fifty shots: L. P. Hansen 1202, G. J. Bernius 1153.

Rifle About New York.

THE New York Central Corps will hold its first outdoor shoot for the coming season at Union Hill Park, on April 21.

The Harlem Independent Corps will hold its first practice shoot on the Union Hill range on April 25.

The New York Corps, under the leadership of its new captain, John H. Hainhorst, will hold its first practice shoot at Union Hill Park on Friday, April 29.

The New York City Corps will hold its second shoot in the summer practice at Union Hill on April 27.

The Zettler Rifle Club will open its outdoor practice shoot at Union Hill on the first Saturday in May, and the members will practice every Saturday during the month. The club pays the expense of the targets.

Rifle Notes.

The daily press recounts the death of Dr. Sumner Paine. He died at his home in Boston, on Monday of this week. His death was caused by pneumonia. He was one of America's greatest and most famous pistol shots.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

April 20-21.—Rensselaer, Ind., Gun Club amateur tournament. Everette Brown, Mgr., Pleasant Grove, Ind.
April 21.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association first shoot of the season. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.
April 21.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club's Fast Day shoot. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
April 21.—Easton, Pa.—The Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club's first annual target tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Sec'y.
April 23.—Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association's big merchandise shoot. J. R. Taylor, General Manager.
April 23.—Philadelphia.—Team shoot: Trenton University vs. University of Pennsylvania.
April 26.—Greenville, O., Gun Club amateur tournament. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.
*April 26-27.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club tournament. $100 added. Louis Lautenslager, Mgr.
April 26-29.—Kansas City.—Spring target tournament at Blue River Park. R. S. Elliott, Mgr.
April 27-28.—Americus, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club. H. S. McClesky, Sec'y.
April 30.—Princeton, N. J.—Team shoot: Princeton University vs. Crescent Athletic Club, of New York.
May 3-4.—Wabash, Ind., Gun Club tournament. Austin Flynn, Sec'y.
*May 3-4—Derry, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 3-5.—Junction City, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. E. L. Wetzig, Sec'y.
May 4-5.—Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club spring tournament.
May 4-5.—Nashville, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club. Charles Eastman, Sec'y.
May 7.—New Haven, Conn.—Intercollegiate shoot.
May 11-12.—Springfield, O., Gun Club's target tournament. Geo. Morgan, Sec'y.
May 11-13.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. J. Burmister, Sec'y.
May 12-13.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club annual spring tournament. W. W. Foord, Sec'y.
May 16-18.—Southern Trapshooters' Association's thirteenth tournament at targets, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club; $500 added. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y.
May 16-21.—York, Pa.—Tournament of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fifth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Cor. Sec'y.
May 17-19.—Davenport, Ia.—Cumberland Gun Club's annual amateur tournament. W. F. Kroy, Sec'y.
May 18.—Boston, Mass, Gun Club annual team target shoot. H. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 18-19.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Jos. H. Knapp, Mgr.
May 18-20.—Columbus, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament. G. A. Schroeder, Sec'y.
May 19-20.—Oklahoma City.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association fifth annual tournament; $300 added money. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.
May 19-21.—Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club handicap target tournament. Fred E. McKay, Sec'y and Mgr.
May 20.—Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club tournament.
May 21.—Princeton, N. J.—Princeton University vs. University of Pennsylvania.
May 23-25.—Houston, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 24-25.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day target tournament
May 24-25.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Natchitoches, La., Gun Club tournament.
May 24-25.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
*May 25-26.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 25-26.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club Spring shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
May 28-30.—Butte, Mont.—Montana State Sportsmen's Association eleventh annual tournament at targets; $500 added. C. H. Smith, Sec'y.
May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day target tournament; free merchandise prizes. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Secretary, Box 9, Newport, R. I.
May 30.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club fourth annual Decoration Day tournament. T. M. Brodie, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club holiday shoot. A. B. Parker, Sec'y.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Spring tournament of the Enterprise Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club Decoration Day target shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
May 31.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer Island Gun Club spring target tournament. W. E. Kette, Sec'y.
June 1-3.—Watertown, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. F. J. Cory, Sec'y.
*June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State Shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.
June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Mgr.
June 14-15.—Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Hanover Park Shooting Association target tournament. E. L. Klipple, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—Akron, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League target tournament. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—New London, Ia., Gun Club midsummer tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 15-16.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. L. K. Forscythe, Sec'y.
*June 15-16.—Millvale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.— East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.
*July 6-7.—Kane, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen, Sec'y.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handicap tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
*July 13-14.—Scottdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.
July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Aug. 9-12.—West Baden, Ind.—Indian tournament; $1,000 added money.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, informs us that the tournament scheduled for Dallas, Tex., May 17 and 18, has been cancelled.

The Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., has arranged a series of thirteen shoots for a silver cup, presented by Mr. P. H. Powel. The first one of the series was held on April 13.

On Wednesday of last week the New Jersey Legislature, in special session assembled, passed the bill prohibiting pigeon shooting in New Jersey. The bill takes effect on and after July 4.

The captain-manager, Mr. Robert R. Skinner, informs us that the Ashland Gun Club, of Lexington, Ky., holds club shoots on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, and that all visiting sportsmen are welcome to shoot with them for targets only.

Mr. Louis Williams, of Nashville, Tenn., one of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company's ablest representatives, is convalescing from a severe attack of malarial fever, of which he has been the victim during several weeks past. The multitude of friends of Mr. Williams will rejoice over his recovery.

Mr. John W. Dickinson defended his title to the Arkansas State live bird championship and the Peters Cartridge trophy, emblematic of the title. The match took place at Little Rock, Ark., on April 8. The challenger was Mr. Nick Peay. The scores were 23 to 19, Mr. Peay losing four dead out.

The silver loving cup, which has been an object of keen competitive interest to the members of the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club, was won by Mr. Ezra H. Fitch, at the club shoot on Saturday of last week. On Saturday of this week the Montclair Gun Club has arranged to shoot a return team match with the Montclair Golf Club.

Ossining, Schenectady and Poughkeepsie teams are due to collide on April 23, at Poughkeepsie. Capt. C. G. Blandford, elsewhere in our trap columns, mentions a change of the Decoration Day programme, which will please the visitors, namely, the 25-target event will be $2 instead of $2.50 entrance, and a trophy will be presented to the shooter who makes high average.

The programme of the Wawaset Gun Club, presented for their tournament, to be held on May 12 and 1, has twelve handicap events each day, 15 targets, entrance $1.30, $5 added. Shooting will commence at 9 A. M. Dinner will be served in the grounds. Handicaps, 16 to 20yds. The committee members are: L. J. Squier, Edward Melchior, Jr., J. T. Skelly, Stanley Tuchton and William M. Foord.

At the Indiana State League tournament, at Indianapolis, Mr. Ralph Trimble was high man, with a total of 387 out of 420 targets for the two days, April 12 and 13. In the amateur class Mr. Ernest H. Tripp, one of America's most popular and skillful amateurs, won high average with a total of 360. Mr. Edward Faust, of Warren, won the State badge. The team badge was won by Messrs. J. W. Bell and Jos Michaelis.

The Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club, has issued the programme of its amateur tournament, to be held May 17-18. There are twelve target events each day, eight at 15 and four at 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2; $5 added to each event. There are ten average prizes, $5 each. No bang, no bird; but no bang and a fair bird is a lost bird. Targets, 2 cents. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Ship shells and guns to the Dubuque Brewing and Malting Co. Hon. Tom Marshall will be manager, and Mr. Fred C. Whitney will be secretary.

Mr. Hood Waters is at present touring through Kentucky, and in that land of pure spring water, fast horses and beautiful women, his sterling trapshooting skill and gentlemanly qualities have won admiration and friendship. At Lexington, Ky., at the club shoot, he broke 91 straight and 98 out of 100. The total for him in the afternoon was 145 out of 150, including ten pairs. Mr. Woolfolk Henderson made the excellent score of 73 out of 75. Mr. Robert R. Skinner broke 49 out of his first 50, then seemingly grew careless, as he only broke 71 out of 75, something over a 94 per cent. gait.

Dr. C. H. Burr writes us as follows: "The annual meeting of the Montpelier Gun Club, of Montpelier, Vt., was held on April 4 The following officers were elected: President, Frank R. Dowley; Vice-President, Geo. B. Walton; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. Clarence H. Burr; Captain, Geo. B. Walton; Executive Committee, Dr. L. A. Newcomb and J. E. Leland. Several new applications for membership were received. The club voted to install a Leggett trap, and make modern improvements at the club house. Considerable interest was shown at the meeting, and a prosperous year is assured. The club has about thirty-five active members."

The spring tournament of the Enterprise Gun Club, of McKeesport, Pa., May 30, has ten events on the programme, 15, 20 and 25 targets, $1, $1.40 and $2 entrance; totals, 180 targets, $12.60 entrance. Targets 2 cents. Shooters may participate for targets only. In event 6, a Marlin shotgun will be first prize; $5 in gold to each of the next three high guns, and twenty other good prizes. The club has two medals, both gold. Each is a work of art. The first, the Hunter Arms Company medal, is for members only. Competition for it is a series of ten contests, the first of which is April 22, the last Sept. 14. The other, the Daily News medal, is open to sportsmen of the club vicinity. For it there will be three contests, on April 30, and May 7 and 14.

BERNARD WATERS.

Rochester Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 13.—The long struggle between Messrs. Harry M. Stewart and Thomas F. Adkin for the diamond medal emblematic of the county championship, resulted in favor of the latter at the shoot of the Rochester Gun Club to-day. This was their fourth shoot-off of the tie which occurred two weeks ago, when Stewart defended the trophy. Two weeks ago yesterday Adkin and Stewart tied for high gun and again tied in two successive shoot-offs. Last week Wednesday there was another tie between them.

The snow bothered the shooters yesterday. Stewart had retained the diamond medal since it was first offered. The scores in yesterday's shoot-off follow:

Adkin .....23 22 24 24—93 Stewart .....23 23 25 22—92

There were more members in attendance than usual. The diamond medal contest was the attraction. The scores:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.		Broke.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Norton	24	3	27	*Donovan	18	6	24
*Siebold	19	10	29	Siebold	15	8	23
Watson	20	6	26	*Siebold	14	9	23
Shoemaker	20	6	26	Coughlin	17	6	23
Kay	21	5	26	Bonbright	20	2	22
Stewart	24	2	26	Adkin	18	1	19
*Kelly	19	7	26	Clark	16	3	19
Bonbright	23	3	26	Rickman	16	3	19
Donovan	19	7	26	Kelly	14	4	18
*Donovan	19	6	25				

*Back scores.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., April 16.—There were several trophy events shot for to-day at the shoot of the New York Athletic Club. For the Sauer trophy there were fifteen contestants. The conditions were 50 targets, handicap allowance added. The scores: Dr. Knowlton (4) 42, McAlpin (4) 49, Foot (12) 27, Norton (8) 41, King (15) 38, Greiff (4) 40, Kintner (20) 37, Koch (20) 41, Montague (20) 42, Barnes (5) 42, Raincy (6) 38, H. Norton (8) 39, Carr (8) 40, De Long (18), Sidam (12) 29.

Tie, 25 targets: Knowlton (2) 19, Montague (10) 23, Barnes (2) 23.

Second tie: Montague (10) 21, Barnes (2) 19.

April cup; won by W. Norton; fifteen contestants. The scores: Dr. Knowlton (2) 19, McAlpin (2) 21, Foot (6) 12, King (8) 24, Greiff (2) 25, Kintner (10) 23, Koch (10) 23, Montague (10) 23, Barnes (2) 23, Rainey (3) 17, Norton (4) 21, Carr (4) 19, De Long 13, Sidam (6) 15.

Shoot-off: Norton (7) 25, Greiff (2) 24.

Rainey cup: McAlpin (1) 18, Foot (6) 17, W. Norton (7) 25, King (8) 20, Greiff (2) 24, Kintner (10) 22, Koch (10) 18, Montague (10) 21, Barnes (2) 19, H. Norton (4) 25, Carr (5) 25.

Shoot-off: W. Norton (7) 25, H. Norton (4) 24, Carr (5) 21.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., April 16.—Appended you will find the scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made at the regular bi-monthly shoot. We must blame the small attendance to the weather. A full gale blew out of the northwest, directly across the traps, which made the shooting most difficult, as the scores will testify. The team of the Ossining Gun Club will go to Poughkeepsie next Saturday, 23d inst., to shoot against the Poughkeepsie and Schenectady gun clubs, 50 bluerocks per man. A fine shoot is anticipated.

Changing the programme of our Decoration Day, May 30, shoot, as published, last week, the 25 target event will be $2 entrance, instead of $2.50, and a trophy will be presented to the shooter making high percentage of breaks out of the 100 targets. Programmes will be sent on application to C. G. Blandford, captain, Ossining, N. Y.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	10	10	25	25	25	25	25
C Blandford.	5	7	19	21	..	22	18	J Hyland ...	6	4	16	14	12	..	..
A L Harris.	8	8	13	12	16	19	16	W S Smith..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..

C. G. B.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 17.—The annual meeting of the Analostan Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., was held recently, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Burridge Wilson, President; C. S. Wilson, Vice-President; Miles Taylor, Secretary; John Colcman, Treasurer; E. O. Craig, Captain.

Trustees: M. D. Hogan, W. R. Baker and W. H. Hunter.

New grounds have been secured on the Tennallytown car line, overlooking the city, which are much more accessible than the old grounds on Analostan Island. The club, to be up to date, has ordered a Leggett trap, which will be installed this week. A new club house is being built, and when the improvements now under way are completed, the grounds will be the best any club has ever had in the District. New members are being added at each meeting, and the indications are at present that this will be a prosperous year for the club, and a lively one for the trapshooters in this vicinity.

SEC'Y.

Bristol Gun Club.

BRISTOL, Tenn., April 14.—Not many were out to-day. The boys are resting from their labors during the Interstate shoot.

We all had a very pleasant time. Some good scores were made. J. W. Gump has done remarkably well as a new shooter. His record has not been equaled by any new member. Messrs. Gillespie and Davis were visitors. The scores:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	Total.
A M Hatcher	25	25	23	24	25	25	147
R M Crumley	19	22	22	23	22	23	131
J W Gump	23	23	22	16	24	21	129
S W Rhea	21	23	23	23	25	..	115
S G Keller	24	24	23	25	..	..	96
W H Hicks	24	21	..	..	..	..	...
W B Kilgore	18	20	..	..	..	..	...
J T Cecil	19	21	..	..	..	..	...
J S Gillespie	8	14	..	..	..	..	...
T F Davis	4	12	..	..	..	..	...

S. W. RHEA, Sec'y.

Mt. Kisco Gun Club.

MT. KISCO, N. Y., April 13.—The Mt. Kisco Gun Club held their first regular club shoot of the season to-day. Too much strong wind for hight scores prevailed. But the traps worked exceptionally well, and made very pleasant shooting.

In practice and sweeps, 558 targets were thrown, and not one left the trap broken. Pretty good record.

The club will shoot every other Wednesday. Next shoot April 27. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	25	Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	25
Gorham	8	13	7	13	11	19	Betti	8	9	7	12	10	..
Carson	4	9	8	8	13	17	Robbins	2	3	2	2	2	8
Sutton	8	9	..	..	11	..	Van Dusen	2	11	3	5	..	..
Palmer	3	3	..	..	..	..							

R. W. GORHAM, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

New York German Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., April 13.—The shoot of the New York German Gun Club to-day was well attended, nineteen members participating in the main event at 10 birds. Kattengell was the star performer. He killed 10 straight in the main event, and 2 out of 5 in the sweep. The scores:

Kattengell	1111112222—10	Pfender	0210202121— 7
Wellbrock	0002220201— 5	Dannefelser	02010*1221— 6
Schlicht	1222200202— 7	Steffens	0111*10*10— 5
Dr Hudson	11102202*1— 7	Hagenah	2200000000— 2
Hendrickson	0**20220*0— 3	Ludeking	2220220010— 6
Garms	0111110010— 6	Oldner	0000000001— 1
Mesloh	0121002*01— 5	Lempe	1011000201— 5
Belden	2102122220— 8	Zeman	0000000201— 2
Wilson	2202212222— 9	Radel	02200*1000— 3
Exner	0012000020— 3		

Sweep, 5 birds:

Dannefelser	01121—4	Garms	30110—3
Steffens	12012—4	Kattengell	*0011—2
Hendrickson	00211—3	Lempe	12220—4
Wellbrock	*2202—3	Hagenah	20000—1
Mesloh	11101—4	Ludeking	22220—4

Pattenburg Gun Club.

Pattenburg, N. J., April 15.—About twenty contestants took part in the tournament to-day. The scores below show the results. There were numerous prizes, and they were well distributed; yet Harry Gano, of the home team, took all the first prizes, winning a hammerless gun, a Marlin repeating gun, a gold watch, and was in for first money in sweepstakes.

The day was as nice as ever a day could be. Visitors were here from Baltimore, New York, Jersey City, Perth Amboy, Ringoes, Easton, and the surrounding towns. Our boys will soon put in a Leggett and hold a sweepstake shoot for a reopening. Due notice will be given. The trade was represented by J. M. Hawkins and H. Overbaugh. Mr. Hawkins did good work and left a good impression on the people here. Mr. Overbaugh, who has been with us before, has established himself with the boys, and they think things are not going right without him.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot	
Targets:	25	25	25	10	10	10	at.	Broke.
J M Hawkins	25	24	23	8	7	9	105	98
A K Hellman	11	..	..	..	..	..	25	11
A E Holbrook	21	19	..	4	8	8	80	60
R Heaney	18	21	23	..	..	..	75	62
A Barber	16	..	..	..	..	..	25	16
O S Skeds	18	19	19	..	..	..	75	56
J Warford	22	23	24	..	..	..	75	69
Wm Hartman	20	23	20	7	9	7	105	86
J Van Marter	20	13	16	7	8	7	105	71
F. Potter	18	..	..	..	..	..	25	18
Harry Gano	24	25	24	9	10	9	105	101
W S Bowlby	22	18	..	..	8	4	70	52
H P Milburn	15	12	..	7	9	7	80	50
R Stamets	21	23	..	..	..	..	50	44
C W Bonnell	21	18	..	..	6	8	70	53
Lyon	..	23	23	..	..	..	50	46
B Gano	..	..	22	..	..	..	25	22
H L Gano	..	..	..	..	7	5	20	12
*H L Gano	20	..	..	..	..	..	25	20
R Heaney	22	22	22	..	..	..	75	66
J Warford	23	23	..	..	..	..	50	46
A E Holbrook	..	22	..	..	..	..	25	22
C. W Bonnell	..	20	..	..	..	..	25	20

C. W. BONNELL, Sec'y.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., April 17.—The Hudson Gun Club held its second April shoot on April 17, and it was a good one; in fact, the best of the present year. The day was fine for target shooting and some good scores were made, especially the run of 34 by Schorty in the cup event.

Mr. George Piercy kindly donated two fine hand-painted steins as prizes for a 100-target race. Schorty started off as if he intended to make a runaway race of it by breaking 25, while Chas. Dudley broke 20 and F. Schoverling 21. The prizes were won by Chas. Dudley and Schorty. At the close of the 100-target event, it was found that Schorty and Piercy were tied. Pope, Jr., shot a good race for a beginner.

This club holds shoots every two weeks, the next being on May 1. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	25	25	25	25	25	15	25	10
Dudley, 20	12	17	20	21	23	17	..	..	..	..
Piercey, 20	11	19	21	21	20	19	22	14	22	8
Schorty, 20	9	14	25	20	18	17	21	14	22	8
Staples, 19	9	16	16	15	22	17	20	..	..	..
Cottrell, 16	7	10	15	18	14	14	14	..	..	..
F Schoverling, 17	11	11	21	10	15	16	20	10	..	..
Brewer, 16	6	..	11	12	6	10	..	..	..	..
Pape, 17	11	16	19	18	16	12	24	12	..	..
G Hughes, 16	8	10	13	16	12	17	..	..	..	..
Gille, 16	7	13	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Dyne, 17	12	12	18	19	16	16	..	..	..	..
Van Valkenburg, 18	12	12	16	20	15	18	16	8	15	..
Pape, Jr, 16	10	15	18	18	21	18	20	..	..	..
W Pearsall, 18	12	17	18	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Headden, 16	8	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Pearsall, 19	12	17	18	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Craft, 16	..	10	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hennessy, 16	..	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Doran, 16	..	..	13	14	16	..	..	..	..	..
Maj Stag	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Reynolds	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hughes	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Whitley	8	..	14	14	15	15	..	..	..	..
Clifton	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Edwards	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
O'Brien	..	..	..	..	15	21	..	..	..	..

JAS. HUGHES.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., April 16.—There was a very good attendance at the shoot of the Montclair Gun Club to-day, and, notwithstanding the very high winds that were blowing, some very good scores were made.

The first event was the shoot-off of the tie for the Siever loving cup between Messrs. Charles W. Kendall and Ezra N. Fitch, 50 targets each. Mr. Kendall broke 29, which, added to his handicap of 11, gave him a score of 40, while Mr. Fitch broke 36, which, with his handicap of 5, gave him a score of 41, he just winning the cup by one point.

The second event was a match between the teams of the Montclair Golf Club and the Montclair Gun Club, 50 targets per man, six men on a team. The Montclair Gun Club won with a score of 209 to that of the Golf Club's 189, the defeated team having the pleasure of paying for the targets.

Messrs. Babcock, Fitch and T. E. Batten did particularly well, Mr. Batten showing the greatest improvement over past performances.

Messrs. Holzderber, Perley, Fitch and Batten shot with the Golf Club team to-day; they are, however, members of the Gun Club as well, but were needed to fill out the team of the Golf Club.

On April 23 the Gun Club expects to shoot a return match on the grounds of the Golf Club.

The scores are appended herewith:

No. 1, 50 targets, shoot-off of tie for Siever loving cup:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.		Broke.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
C W Kendall	29	11	40	E H Fitch	36	5	41

Event No. 2, match between Montclair Gun Club and Montclair Golf Club, 50 targets:

Montclair Golf Club Team.		Montclair Gun Club Team.	
Allan	31	T E Batten	37
Cross	30	Babcock	38
Fitch	36	Gunther	35
Holzderber	32	Kendall	35
Geo Batten	19	Wheeler	32
Perley	41—189	Cockefair	32—209

Events:	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Events:	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	10	15	25	10	15	10	Targets:	25	10	15	25	10	15	10
Holzderber	13	8	10	16	8	12	9	Matthews	14	..	..	15	..	5	4
Gunther	18	..	9	17	..	11	9	Doremus	14	7	7	..	..	..	..
Perley	18	7	9	..	9	8	..	Howard	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kendall	21	5	9	20	..	13	..	Wheeler	..	9	11	19	6	..	..
T E Batten.	22	..	..	21	..	..	..	Allan	13	..	10	17	8	7	..
E Fitch	21	10	..	..	..	..	..	Cross	20	..	..	17	5	11	..
C Babcock.	..	..	7	10	24	..	..	Cockefair	19	7	9	16	..	13	..
W Soverel	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	Crane	..	10	11	..	6	..	..
G Batten	..	5	9	..	..	..	..								

EDWARD WINSLOW.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., April 17.—Herewith please find scores made at our silver shoot, April 16, entrance, price of targets. The day proved to be a very windy one, and the targets were very hard to land. The new trap worked very fairly; not a hitch all day long.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Hawkins, Overbaugh, Capt. Money, Glover and Vosseler. Mr. Hawkins won high professional average, a silver cup. Mr. Bissett, of South River, N. J., won high amateur average, a silver loving cup. He also made the longest straight run, 24, which was a good many under the conditions. Mr. Lyon, of Raleigh, N. C., won second high amateur average, and the Easter loving cup with 23 out of 25, a very good score under the conditions. Some other winners were Tingley, Jules, Hadkins, Brown and Martin. Mr. Overbaugh did good work in assisting the management.

We shoot the third Saturday of each month.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25
J M Hawkins	13	13	13	12	12	13	14	12	12	12	22
G L Lyon	12	12	9	10	12	10	12	12	12	14	23
Simpson	5	8	7	7	12	8	8	10	9	8	16
Berdam	7	7	9	6	7	8	6	6	6	9	13
Compson	11	10	8	6	7	9	..	..	..	..	..
J H V Bache	10	..	..	..	8	..	9	..	9	10	..
J B Pardoe	10	..	13	..	..	..	9	..	10	..	20
Martin	10	..	8	..	9	..	6	..	8	..	..
Bissett	13	14	15	14	13	13	11	9	10	15	19
Hadkins	11	10	10	9	9	12	9	11	10	13	17
Ellis	6	3	7	..	8	12	8	..	9	9	..
F Stelle	9	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W G Tingley	10	9	11	11	10	13	13	10	11	14	17
Jules	10	9	11	6	11	11	10	13	9	14	8
Capt Money	..	..	9	7	11	13	11	12	12	13	18
Glover	..	..	..	12	13	9	10	12	13	13	21
Smith	..	..	..	..	8	..	6	..	..	..	..
Vosseler	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	5	7	11	..
Staats	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	9	8	..
Dunn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	9	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	12	..
Ackers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	12	..
Mahnken	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	10	..
Du Four	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	..	..
Worley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	..
Sebring	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	..
Gavin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	..
Gaskill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..

Extra events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	5	5	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	5	5
J B Pardoe.	7	7	5	8	7	4	3	Martin	6	6	5	6	..	3	1
Vosseler	7	3	3	3	..	..	..	Gavin	8	8	6	9	3	..	..
Sebring	2	4	2	4	..	..	..	Brampton	4	5	7	3	2	4	3
Worley	4	5	4	4	..	..	..	Smith	2	7	3	5	8	3	3
Staats	2	3	..	..	..	..	..								

J. B. PARDOE.

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., April 16.—The target shoot of the Franklin Gun Club to-day resulted as follows: Shooting at 30, John Williams broke 14, Frank Kishpaugh 17. Alf Wright broke 16 out of 29. Ander Wright broke 9 out of 26. Shooting at 25, Will Stephens broke 12, Charles Redimer 21.

Arkansas Champio ship.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—On April 8 John W. Dickinson, Jr., holder, and Nick Peay, challenger, met to dispute the possession of the Peters Cartridge Company's live bird trophy, emblematic of the State championship, on the grounds of the Little Rock Gun Club. The conditions of the match were 25 live birds per man, Interstate rules, 30yds. rise, challenger to put up $10 against the medal; winner to take money and medal, and loser to pay for the birds.

Dickinson experienced little trouble in defending his title, and won handily by the score of 23 to 19. Peay, however, shot a much better race than the score indicates, and with a little more luck would have made matters more interesting. The birds were a good strong lot, and a fierce gale was blowing, which handicapped him materially and caused him to lose four very hard hit birds dead out of bounds and but two got away entirely. Dickinson also had one dead out of bounds. Litzke acted as referee.

After the match, several 10-bird sweeps were shot. John Pemberton showed to the best advantage in these and scooped all the money.

Little John Dickinson, No. 3, the thirteen-year-old son of J. W. Dickinson, Jr., did some very clever shooting considering the high wind, scoring 8 out of 10 in one event. Following are the scores of the match:

Dickinson .....21212212*1122121011222122—23
Peay .....*1222220122 2*222222**2202—19

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., April 16.—The wind blew a gale, and low scores resulted in consequence. Fifteen events were shot. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	15	*	*	15	10	15	25
J S Wright	8	6	9	7	..	..	..	..	9	7	8	10	7	10	17
J H Frost	7	6	6	8	2	9	8	7	..	..	..	..	6	9	15
E Symon	6	5	5	5	4	7	7	8	..	..	..	..	6	7	12
W Himer	4	4	10	5	4	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	15
Tanty	6	5	6	7	6	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	15
Winter	..	..	..	..	9	..	17	..	10	6	6	10	9	10	18

J. S. WRIGHT, Mgr.

Experiments with Shot.

To determine the striking power of shot for different ranges, the firing portion of the programme was completed some while back; but a good deal of time had necessarily to be spent in subjecting the results obtained to mathematic analysis. The experiments in question involved not only the taking of very complex readings, but additional care was necessary, by reason of the fact that we had set ourselves the task of bringing up to date the results published in these columns some eighteen years ago, as a result of the work which had then been accomplished in the same direction by Mr. R. W. S. Griffith. Where our own results differed from those previously recorded exceptional pains were necessary in order that we might feel justified in adopting revised values.

Mr. Griffith was fortunate in having the then editor of this paper, the late Mr. F. W. Toms, at his back as mathematical expert. His results were accordingly subjected to an exhaustive analysis, and the structure of calculation thus created was reported at length in a series of highly interesting articles. In following up this important piece of research, it became necessary to lay out a programme calculated to give us the greatest possible benefit to be derived from the improved apparatus which is now available. Our preliminary experiments, which were recorded in the issues already quoted, comprised, the firing of 50 shots, and from these most important information was obtained. We were able, by their aid, to lay down a programme of tests enabling us to obtain the striking velocity of every size of shot for every range from 10 to 40yds., inclusive. The total number of shots fired was only 40, and from these, 160 time measurements were obtained. In this way we were able to show a great improvement on the methods of eighteen years ago, the apparatus of to-day giving actually more and better information than was obtainable on the previous occasion by the firing of upward of 2,000 shots.

The method employed by Mr. Griffith was to take a series of different combinations of powder and shot charges and record the results obtained therewith at every range up to 60yds. We were able in our own case to replace these combinations with a single loading of cartridge, representing the standard which has been developed of late years, the cartridge in question giving a velocity of 1,050ft. per second over 20yds., with a shot charge of 1⅛oz. Furthermore, we decided that the velocities up to 40yds. would suffice for all practical purposes, and this again enabled us materially to cut down the number of observations required. Our preliminary experiments first of all gave us the very important information that all sizes of shot and all borings of gun gave practically the same mean velocities over the 20yds. range. That is to say, that, while small shot gave a higher muzzle velocity than the larger sizes, the ballistic advantage so gained was exactly compensated by their reduced ranging power after leaving the muzzle. In a similar manner it was found that, while choke barrels reduced the velocity of the charge in the act of passing through the constriction at the muzzle, the more compact flight of the pellets enabled them to recover this loss during their flight from the muzzle to the 20yds. screen. Thus, the results over 20yds. were similar, whether cylinder or choke bored guns were used. This extraordinary process of compensation, covering as it did the extremes of gun boring and the extremes of shot sizes, enormously cut down the range of work to be carried through. In fact, before the experiments had proceeded very far we were able definitely to ascertain that at or about 7yds. from the muzzle a standard loading of cartridge gave an equal velocity, independently of the size of shot or the degree of choking at the muzzle of the gun.

In the old experiments the striking velocity of the shot at the different ranges was obtained by a somewhat roundabout method. The velocities which were originally published gave the mean values from the muzzle to various distances up the range. Thus the velocity from 0 to 35yds. represented a certain time of flight, and the difference between this and the time obtained from 0 to 40yds. gave the time occupied in covering the odd 5yds. between the distances named. While a comparatively rough time measurement will give a reasonably exact result from 0 to 40yds., the difference between any two such times over adjoining distances must give only a very rough approximation of the true result. However, working from such information as was then available, Mr. Toms built up for shot sizes Nos. 5 and 6 a series of striking velocities at various ranges which he himself described as being as accurate as was humanly posible to obtain.

With the chronograph which we now use it is possible to erect wire screens at every distance along a given range, and to record with great exactitude the points of time at which the charge of shot progressessively cuts the succeeding screens. In this way we were able to obtain from the firing of each cartridge four time-measurements. The range was thus divided into two sections, and a separate cartridge was fired for each of them. It was found that beyond 30yds. the results were so irregular as to render the readings obtained valueless. Hence we decided that the whole of our attention should be concentrated on the more consistent series of readings which were obtainable from 0 to 30yds. The averages so obtained were fairly consistent, and it was evident that the information required lay concealed somewhere amid the mass of figures that resulted from the 40 shots that were fired. Having before us a number of values which in some instances represented greater individual disconformity for one range than could exist between adjoining pairs of screens, it was necessary to bring to work a system of patient examination. By taking the rough averages, and by setting the same out in the form of curves, a general impression was obtained as to the time values that must exist in practice. Following upon this, the Bashforth system of calculating differences of velocity for different distances was brought into play, and we thus had side by side the results obtained from the instruments and those obtained by taking the observed velocity at a given distance as a basis of calculation, and finding therefrom the appropriate velocity for other distances forward or backward.

Having arrived at the conclusion that the differences of velocity to be recorded between the adjoining shot sizes were so small as to represent much less than the errors of the instrument itself, we decided to limit the sizes employed to Nos. 3 and 7. Having exactly defined these limits, we felt sure that the intermediate sizes could, with every justification, be fitted in mathematically in proportion to their relative sectional density. It was fortunate that this policy was adopted at an early stage of the experiments, because otherwise the enormous mass of figures involved would have defied the detailed mathematical treatment that we were able to accord to the handier number that were ultimately taken. By eliminating obviously false readings, and by selecting for mean values those figures which were in closest harmony with the other values obtained at other distances for the same size of shot, a harmoniously proportioned curve was in due course built up from the figures obtained. From this it was apparent that we had not, after all, departed very much from the actual records which had been obtained in the experimental firings. The following tables show the selected values for Nos. 3 and 7 shot, together with details of the instrumental observations from which they were derived:

Velocity Readings for No. 3 Shot in Cylinder Gun.

Position of recording screens:	0—5 yards.	5—10 yards.	10—15 yards.	15—20 yards.	20—25 yards.	25—30 yards.
Velocities recorded (1)	1263	1111	992	938	882	833
(2)	1188	1111	1000	923	888	822
(3)	1188	1091	1025	909	882	800
(4)	1212	1101	992	938	870	800
(5)	1176	1079	992	943	852	811
Arithmetical averages	1205	1099	1000	930	875	813
Characteristic values selected	1205f.s.	1099f.s.	997f.s.	928f.s.	870f.s.	816f.s.

Velocity Readings for No. 7 Shot in Cylinder Gun.

Position of recording screens:	0—5 yards.	5—10 yards.	10—15 yards.	15—20 yards.	20—25 yards.	25—30 yards.
Velocities recorded (1)	1238	1101	974	943	820	774
(2)	1238	1091	968	909	822	728
(3)	1238	1091	962	888	838	759
(4)	1250	1091	962	870	845	711
(5)	1250	1091	974	896	811	750
Arithmetical averages	1243	1093	968 (?)	901	837	744
Characteristic values selected	1243f.s.	1093f.s.	988f.s.	897f.s.	823f.s.	758f.s.

Velocity Readings in Feet per second for Nos. 3 and 7 Shot, in Choke and Cylinder Guns.

No. 3 Shot.

Position of recording screens:	0—5 yards.	5—10 yards.	10—15 yards.	15—20 yards.
Velocities recorded (1)	1176	1132	1025	915
(2)	1176	1101	1025	938
(3)	1154	1101	992	926
(4)	1200	1101	1025	932
(5)	1212	1090	1008	938
Arithmetical averages	1184	1105	1015	929
Characteristic values selected	1185	1099	997	928

No. 7 Shot.

Position of recording screens:	0—5 yards.	5—10 yards.	10—15 yards.	15—20 yards.
Velocities recorded (1)	1176	1101	976	909
(2)	1176	1121	931	915
(3)	1176	1091	938	926
(4)	1188	1091	946	904
(5)	1224	1154	976	943
Arithmetical averages	1188	1112	953	919
Characteristic values selected	1185	1099	988	897

Taking the tabulated figures in the order in which they are given, it will be seen that we have adopted the arithmetical averages of the velocities recorded for the first 10yds., of the flight of the shot. Having made a curve setting out the results obtained up to the limit distance of 30yds., we selected 870ft. per second as the characteristic value for the velocity between 20 and 25yds., and we treated this as the absolute value at the midway point between these two screens. By working on Bashforth's system of calculation, we obtained the velocities for all the other distances recorded. We found that up to 10yds. the calculated values did not apply, this of course being due to the well-known fact that the air resistance encountered by a charge of shot on emerging from the muzzle of the gun is something between that of a solid spherical ball and that of the individual pellets comprising the charge. Between 10 and 30yds. we found that the results obtained from Bashforth were in close agreement with the actual velocity records obtained. We acordingly adopted for the characteristic velocity over each distance the results calculated on the Bashforth basis. The differences between the arithmetical averages and the figures which agree with the Bashforth formula and table are strikingly small. In fact, we believe that this is the first occasion on which a table of shot velocities has been published in which the recorded values agree with figures obtained from Bashforth. The records for No. 3 shot, as fired from a cylinder gun, are thus placed beyond question, and their exact agreement with calculations based on Bashforth laws for the flight of spherical projectiles justifies us in assuming that for distances beyond the range at which records were taken the striking velocities may be worked out by calculation alone, our experiments having shown us that beyond 30yds. the instrumental readings are too irregular to be of value. We accordingly found by calculation that the striking velocity at 40yds. of a No. 3 pellet, traveling in the manner indicated in the table up to 30yds., must be 706ft. per second.

The second table shows a similar series of readings for No. 7 shot. The marked increase in velocity over the first 5yds. may, by reason of the information obtained in our earlier experiments, be attributed to the increased chamber pressure which arises through the presence in the cartridge of a small size of shot, the extra resistance inereasing the strength of the powder to an extent sufficient to impart a considerable amount of extra muzzle velocity. Between the 5 and 10yds. screens the velocity is practically the same as that of No. 3 shot, and thence onward there is a gradually increasing separation between the two sets of records. We thus see that a velocity of 816ft. per second for No. 3 shot between 30 and 35yds. becomes 758 for No. 7 shot. Working forward by calculation, we found that the 40yds. striking velocity of No. 3 shot, viz., 706ft., becomes 629ft. in the case of No. 7. Before leaving the second table, attention may again be called to the remarkable conformity that exists for most distances between the average values obtained by experiment and those selected as characteristic for the size of shot under consideration. The only exception occurs in the case of the 10 to 15yds. record, the value 968 being obviously a false one, due to instrumental errors. For the purpose of our calculated values, 823ft. per second was adopted as the characteristic 20 to 25yds. velocity. This gave 758ft. between 25 and 30yds., as compared with the 744ft. for the experiments. By cutting out the individual record 711, we obtained for the remaining figures an average velocity of 753ft. This correction was fully justified by reason of the facts which were made clear in the course of the systematic examination of the figures which was conducted. Following the practice adopted with No. 3 shot, the values fixed for the first 10yds. were the strict arithmetical averages obtained from the experiments.

The results so far quoted relate exclusively to the shooting of a cylinder gun. In the third table the records obtained with choke boring are duly set forth. The figures obtained up to 20yds. only are recorded, the values beyond that distance being analogous to those adopted for the cylinder records. The choke results with No. 3 shot for the first 5yds. are identical for shot size No. 7, the assumption being that anything that may be gained in velocity by the small sizes of shot is exactly counterbalanced by their extra loss in passing through the choke at the muzzle. Beyond 5yds. the records so nearly agree with those registered from the cylinder barrel that we decided that, in dealing with striking velocities, choke and cylinder barrels might be treated as giving the same results. It will be seen that the choke gun records are not so regular as those obtained in the case of the cylinder. For instance, with No. 7 shot from 10 to 20yds., the 10 to 15yds. value is obviously too low, while that from 15 to 20yds. is nearly as erroneous in the opposite direction. This implies that the time recorder at 15yds. had got out of adjustment, with the result that the intervals for the adjoining distances were measured one too high and the other too low. In the case of the choke gun and No. 3 shot the conformity with the cylinder results was much better maintained, and the agreement for the distances beyond those recorded in the table was still more marked. In fact, the average velocity registered betwen 25 and 30yds. for No. 3 shot in a choke barrel was identically the same as was obtained in the firing of the cylinder. Thus, all things considered, and in the light of the careful checks which we applied to the figures obtained, we have good reason for saying that choke boring does not influence the velocity of shot charges for a greater distance than 10yds. from the muzzle.

This, for the moment, completes the figures and conclusions to be put before the reader. It will be seen that we have obtained a thoroughly consistent series of records for Nos. 3 and 7 shot for all distances up to 30yds. From 10yds. onward the values recorded are in complete harmony with Bashforth's laws relating to the flight of spherical projectiles. This agreement between theory and practice justifies us in continuing the values up to 40yds. by calculation alone, and, so far as that is concerned, we could go even further. The limit arises when the striking velocities go below 500ft. per second, when the rules no longer apply. In order to obtain the absolute striking velocity at all points from 10 to 40yds., we have laid out the records in the form of curves. By so doing, we have been able to read off the velocities at 5yd. intervals along the range, and a table for the two extreme sizes of shot dealt with has been built up accordingly. Curves representing the intermediate sizes of shot were then introduced by calculation between the extremes so defined; the particular position allocated for each curve being determined by the sectional density of the size of shot under consideration.—London Field.

Division of Moneys.

UTICA, N. Y., April 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to say a word about division of moneys at small shoots. I will take the State of Pennsylvania, for I am better known there. There are not more than twenty-five men in the whole State who are fit to shoot high guns or Rose system, that is, who have a chance to keep in the money, while there are over twenty-five hundred who are fit to shoot the Jack Rabbit system; that is, $1 entrance, birds extra. A shooter gets 10 cents for every broken target, and the 10 cents for every unbroken target goes into a pot to be divided as the management sees fit. At Millville, Pa., last fall, a father entered for himself and son for two days, $70; bought 800 shells. They shot about 75 per cent. apiece, and were paid $6—pretty expensive sport. As it is, they very likely will never come again.

Now with the Jack Rabbit system it would have been impossible for them to lose more than 25 per cent. At Johnstown, Pa., Sept. 17, 1903, the Jack Rabbit system was used. Forty-two men shot altogether, and it was optional to shoot for targets only; but every man, mind you, shot for money. The grand average for that shoot was less than 70 per cent. Yet, not a man withdrew, and many never got above 50 per cent. John Dennicker made more money at this shoot than any one he attended last year. At an Interstate or an open, free-for-all, high guns, Rose system or class system is the proper way to divide money, as no one has any business there but a man who is a good shot. But for the one and two days' shoots throughout the country the Jack Rabbit system is the best, for it brings in the rank and file of field shooters and others that run from 40 to 75 per cent. Mr. Good Shot will get all the money at this system, but Mr. Poor Shot will get a run for his money, and get on speaking terms with the cashier and learn a trick or two about the game while he is doing it. This system was invented by Mr. Charles Brelsford, president of the Harrisburg Association, when I had the honor of being a member, fifteen years ago. The Worden brothers were then, as they are now, officers of that club, and it stands out as one of the most progressive gun clubs in the United States. The Jack Rabbit system was largely responsible for holding this club together, and I do not know of another one in the United States that has not missed a meeting. If any one does not understand this division and will write me, I will send him a little booklet explaining it.

E. D. FULFORD.

Remington Gun and Rifle Club.

ILION, N. Y., April 13.—The annual meeting of the Remington Gun and Rifle Club was held at their rooms, in the armory, last evening, and the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, G. E. Humphreys; Vice-President, H. H. Bassett; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Grimshaw; Captain, R. H. Tomlinson; Collector, Charles Jenne; Trustees: L. N. Walker, W. F. Lawrence, J. F. Loy, J. Haltmar, G. S. De Lany, T Corbin, J. D. Pederson, F. A. Russell.

The past season has proved a very successful one for the club, and it is expected that the coming season will be a lively one with the boys. The club has a membership of forty-five, and have ample grounds, with a suitable club house, which is easily reached by trolley. During the past season there has been built a 200yd. rifle range, which is greatly enjoyed by the rifle shooting fraternity. In addition to the magautrap used by the club, there will be set up this season expert traps for practice use. This addition to the trapping facilities will be much appreciated by the members, as it gives them an opportunity to practice over both kinds of traps.

Weekly shoots will be held on the rifle range and at the traps, and the committee of the club are actively engaged in arranging tournaments to take place early in the summer.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—The events at Wednesday's shoot of the Aquidneck Gun Club, inaugurated a new series of thirteen matches for a silver cup, presented by Mr. P. H. Powel under the following conditions: Each match to take place on alternate Wednesdays at 50 targets, unknown angles, the total of ten best scores to win. A distance handicap to govern, as follows: The winners to go back one yard with each successive win up to 20 yards, returning to 16 yards upon another winning a match. Ties to be shot off at 10 targets, expert rules. A superior lot of scores were the result of the first match, as follows:

Targets:	10	15	10	15	T'l.	Targets:	10	15	10	15	T'l.
Hughes	10	10	10	13	—43	Mason	9	11	8	11	—39
Powel	9	9	9	14	—41	Bowles	9	9	8	13	—39
Alexander	7	12	8	13	—40	Dring	8	9	8	12	—37
Peckham	9	14	8	9	—40						



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WESTERN TRAP.

Indiana State League Tournament.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 15.—The State League shoot was held here on April 12 and 13, and proved a grand success in every way, especially in the attendance, as there were seventy-five shooters, all told.

The conditions were somewhat against the shooters, as the scores will show; they are low for the traps and grounds used by the club selected for the 1904 Grand American.

Ralph Trimble was high man first day, though he lost 23; but on the second day he came forth strong, and lost but 10, thus scoring 387 out of 420, and taking high profcssional average with plenty to spare.

The highest amateur score was that of the well-known and much-likcd Ernest H. Tripp, of the English Hotel fame. His score was 360.

Of the State events, the individual State badge was won by Edward Faust, of Warren, while the team badge went to Jos. Michaelis and J. W. Bell, of the Indianapolis Gun Club.

The traveling representatives were fairly plentiful: John Boa, Ralph Trimble and Fred Lord. Jim Head was the head shooter on the list. He was first to the score and last man to stop.

H. W. Vietmeyer was present, and made new friends while expounding in the interest of the powders he exploits.

Jack Fanning was surely there, making little smoke save of the targets, as his load ground out 193 the last day.

Kirby was busy for his company, and shot the whole programme through.

The officers and members have held such good tournaments here that they are accustomed to handling big crowds. With Mr. Allen as secretary and office man, everything moves off smoothly.

No one had any "kick coming" save on his poor shooting, and when the scores are so generally low, the high men loom up finely by comparison.

The Indianapolis and the Indiana shooters are very enthusiastie over the prospects of the G. A. H. being the greatest ever brought off in the shooting world. The scores:

April 12, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	15	15	15	at.	Broke.
Head, 16	13	13	12	14	14	13	21	21	22	13	12	13	210	181
Pluto, 16	13	10	11	12	12	10	18	17	..	..	..	..	140	103
Zea, 16	12	14	14	13	11	13	13	18	19	13	10	9	210	159
Fagot, 16	6	7	12	7	6	..	..	..	17	11	7	..	130	73
Tripp, 17	13	13	13	13	12	10	21	21	21	13	11	14	210	175
Voris, 17	11	11	9	12	12	12	20	19	15	13	12	14	210	160
Faust, 18	14	14	11	12	12	10	23	15	21	13	12	11	210	168
Nicols, 17	12	11	13	12	13	11	22	17	19	10	10	11	210	161
Vietmeycr, 16	13	13	13	15	13	11	18	16	19	12	9	11	210	162
Stetson, 16	12	11	10	12	9	10	19	15	20	13	6	9	210	146
Britton, 17	13	12	14	11	13	12	24	18	18	13	12	9	210	169
Connors, 18	14	12	14	10	13	11	25	16	24	12	12	11	210	174
Parry, 17	12	9	14	13	14	14	21	17	22	12	14	10	210	172
Boa, 16	15	15	11	13	14	12	18	21	20	15	12	13	210	177
Fanning, 16	11	11	14	14	13	14	22	21	21	12	13	14	210	180
Trimble, 16	14	10	12	14	14	11	23	22	25	13	15	14	210	187
Lord, 16	13	15	13	11	12	13	23	12	22	15	11	13	210	173
Kirby, 16	13	11	9	13	12	12	19	17	20	13	10	11	210	160
Farrell, 17	12	9	10	13	8	6	17	20	18	11	10	11	210	145
Spencer, 17	10	11	11	14	11	10	17	19	19	10	13	11	210	156
Clark, 18	12	11	12	8	13	10	18	15	14	8	9	10	210	140
Brown, 17	12	9	11	11	10	11	17	..	21	12	14	12	185	149
Peck, 17	5	6	14	9	13	10	19	21	23	13	12	11	210	156
Losbrough, 18	11	8	13	13	11	12	21	17	20	12	12	12	210	162
Le Compte, 18	12	12	14	11	12	13	25	19	22	12	13	13	210	178
Caldwell, 16	5	8	9	7	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	8	105	53
Illiff, 16	10	11	12	10	9	13	18	..	..	..	..	..	115	83
Michaelis, 17	12	10	12	..	..	21	19	21	13	9	13	..	165	130
Marshall, 16	11	7	13	11	14	13	23	20	19	9	12	10	210	162
Reed, 16	12	11	13	14	15	12	22	19	21	10	14	13	210	176
Moeller, 17	10	14	12	12	11	11	17	17	19	12	13	12	210	160
Dougan, 16	11	9	9	5	10	8	21	18	23	11	11	7	210	143
Moore, 16	11	10	11	11	13	13	19	21	21	11	10	13	210	164
Cook, 16	10	12	8	10	12	8	23	11	16	6	..	..	180	116
Dickman, 17	..	..	12	13	13	13	21	22	18	13	11	13	180	149
Harcourt, 16	..	..	..	11	10	11	20	15	12	18	7	8	165	104
Nash, 17	..	..	..	10	12	13	22	18	18	10	8	9	165	120
Short, 17	..	..	..	10	10	11	21	17	18	7	..	..	135	94
Irwin, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	17	20	13	..	..	90	65
Powell, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	30	14
Ryan, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	..	30	13
Cherry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	30	16

April 13, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	15	15	15	at.	Broke.
Head	14	14	11	14	13	14	21	22	21	14	14	14	210	186
Moeller	10	11	12	13	11	11	21	22	19	10	13	12	210	165
Parry	12	10	14	14	13	13	24	22	18	13	14	15	210	182
Losbrough	11	11	8	13	13	11	21	18	20	13	13	12	210	164
Michaellis	8	11	11	11	13	12	21	23	20	13	11	14	210	168
Rike	12	11	13	13	14	14	20	23	23	15	12	11	210	181
Faust	11	8	11	13	13	11	22	23	23	15	13	12	210	175
Trimble	13	14	14	12	14	15	25	24	25	15	14	15	210	200
Williamson	12	10	14	12	14	10	19	17	23	18	12	11	210	164
Brown	12	11	14	12	9	11	17	20	..	..	..	..	140	86
Le Compte	13	12	11	12	12	11	22	17	23	13	14	13	210	176
Nichols	13	8	10	7	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	90	59
Spencer	12	11	11	12	11	14	21	20	22	12	14	12	210	179

											Shot	
Boa	12	12	15	11	12	13	24	23	21	14	13	11	210	182
Partington	15	13	11	9	10	12	23	16	23	9	11	..	195	152
Vietmeyer	11	9	7	11	13	14	19	20	20	12	13	11	210	170
Peck	13	10	13	14	13	11	22	18	24	12	13	12	210	175
Zea	9	11	12	13	12	12	17	21	22	12	12	15	210	168
Caldwell	12	10	8	11	13	12	..	18	..	..	..	12	55	96
Short	14	12	10	12	14	13	20	23	21	..	..	..	155	142
Ryan	13	8	10	8	11	12	22	20	..	..	..	..	130	104
Fanning	13	15	14	15	14	12	22	25	23	14	13	13	210	193
Sayles	12	12	11	12	10	13	19	13	22	14	12	12	210	162
Farrell	9	5	11	10	9	11	19	21	20	13	15	12	210	155
Dougan	10	7	9	9	10	8	14	13	19	..	..	..	155	99
Marshall	11	13	13	14	14	10	22	21	23	13	12	10	210	178
Lord	13	13	9	13	14	12	21	19	23	11	11	10	210	169
Clark	13	10	13	11	7	12	25	19	23	12	15	14	210	174
Connor	13	11	9	12	14	10	24	22	22	11	14	9	210	171
Tripp	12	13	13	14	14	13	22	22	24	15	11	12	210	185
Kirby	13	13	13	12	10	12	21	24	23	14	12	15	210	182
Stilson	12	14	15	12	14	13	21	24	21	13	13	12	210	184
Page	9	10	12	10	12	12	19	20	..	..	..	..	140	104
Bender	10	11	11	12	12	12	18	17	21	12	11	12	210	159
Nash	9	14	13	10	11	13	22	22	20	11	14	11	210	170
Long	12	14	13	14	14	13	..	22	..	15	14	14	160	146
Smoke	11	12	11	12	14	10	..	21	..	12	9	..	145	112
Strong	10	14	13	9	9	8	..	21	..	12	..	..	130	96
Reed	..	..	..	12	13	13	12	21	..	..	..	..	95	71
Brown	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	..	..	..	..	25	22
Medico	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	21	17	12	12	13	120	92
Richard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	30	9

Witt Gun Club.

Witt, Ill., April 13.—Now that the ducks have gone glimmering, so far as the open season is concerned, there will be something on now and then at the traps.

The opening club shoot was held Tuesday, shooting at 25 targets: Hartline 20, Dean 21, Payne 17, Teeters 18, Redmond 16, Hess 14, Jester 13.

Hazlehurst Gun Club.

Hazlehurst, Miss.—The last meeting of the newly organized gun club brought out some fine scores by J. H. Long, Jr., who shot at 75 targets, scoring 70. Lilly broke 34 out of 50, McKinnell 39 out of 50, Hawkins 12 out of 25, H. Miller 36 out of 50, Graves 36 out of 50, Woods, 60 out of 75, Granberry 35 out of 50, Lord 20 out of 25, Salter 16 out of 25, Granberry 19 out of 25.

Morrisonville Gun Club.

Morrisonville, Ill., April 14.—The club members got out to-day and attempted to wear the rust off the long idle traps. This caused some unpleasant remarks. Then some of the gun barrels were rusty, and the finger triggers were sadly out of practice. The weather was fine, and that assisted all to try to look pleasant.

The boys will from this on keep up weekly shoots during the summer. The scores, shooting at 25 targets: Stout 23, Reasoner 24, Gibson 22, Manning 21, Clower 20, Wychopp 21, Turk 19, J. H. Stout 17.

Missouri League Inaugural Tournament.

Pleasant Hill, Mo., April 8.—The first tournament given by the Missouri League of Trapshooters was held here April 7, under the auspices of the home club. The League officers were present, and each did his share toward making the meeting a success and in building up the League with the addition of new members.

There were some thirty odd of the braves present, and many more would have run down from Kansas City had not the weather been so threatening. The rain fell thick and fast after 11 A. M. up to the time of calling off the shoot, when 150 targets had been shot at.

Joe Leggett was present, and after regulating that new trap the targets were sent out, going good and plenty. Possibly some of the youngsters thought that the "saucers" would not break when they were wet; but that was no fault of Leggett's. Bob Elliott came down from Kansas City, and his shooting as portrayed by the scores herewith, will show that the trap was working well.

J. J. Cornett was there. Though high man by considerable over all (in inches), he was third high for the day, being but one less than the secretary.

W. H. Heer and Frank Riehl were present, and their good looks and good shooting added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. Heer was high man by a good margin, closing with 142 out of the 150, and the last 50 straight, though rain was in his eye. Water was better than Kansas sand in the eye.

Dave Elliott came also, and the smile was there, still, though not so long as usual, on account of the unceasing rain; yet, in the club house, he got off a few speeches as to the Ideal and High Gun shells.

Pleasant Hill shooters were there with their best foot forward, and yet they could not show to their best advantage owing to the dampness underfoot and overhead.

The next shoot will be held at the grounds of the Butler Gun Club. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	at.	Broke.
H Davis	14	12	15	12	11	18	11	12	15	150	120
C B Clapp	15	12	17	13	12	20	13	13	18	150	133

													Shot	
Hamilton	13	12	9	13	11	14	12	10	13				150	107
J W Hardy	14	14	15	11	13	15	14	13	15				150	124
Dr Sevier	11	15	18	13	13	17	10	13	15				150	126
Patterson	11	13	17	11	11	13	14	14	17				150	121
Henery	12	13	15	14	12	11	13	14	14				150	118
Smith	15	15	15	11	12	18	15	10	19				150	130
W H Heer	14	13	19	15	14	17	15	15	20				150	142
Gentry	9	11	18	15	13	12	12	12	11				150	113
C Dixon	12	13	15	13	12	19	13	13	15				150	125
J J Cornett	14	14	18	14	14	18	13	10	17				150	132
H Dixon	11	12	15	11	14	18	13	18	19				150	126
J P Leggett	13	11	9	12	10	14	12	9	14				150	104
Thomas	11	14	17	12	15	..	13	14	18				130	114
H Pearce	12	15	15	12	13	14	12	13	18				150	126
J Graham	11	15	16	14	13	15	13	13	17				150	127
Geo Pearce	10	11	6	..	..	..	..	..	..				50	27
G K Mackic	10	13	13	9	8	3	8	8	6				150	78
W Allen	12	14	13	11	12	15	11	11	..				130	99
Beasley	9	11	11	12	14	14	11	9	..				130	91
J M Hunt	5	7	8	8	5	..	..	..	..				80	33
O F Brown	11	15	11	12	13	17	14	10	..				130	108
D Elliott	8	13	14	13	12	16	11	12	..				130	99
Ammond	..	..	..	..	11	15	..	..	12	..			45	38
Clayton	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	13	12	18			85	75
G M McGee	..	..	..	..	..	12	20	14	10	17			85	76
Dr Planck	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	11	13	14			85	66
R S Elliott	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	11	10	9			85	53
E J Turner	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	11	..	..			30	24

Northville Gun Club.

Northville, Mich., April 9.—Friday the gun club held a tournament which was interfered with by rain and wind. The forenoon was spent in the shelter, and in the afternoon, though the wind was stronger, a remarkable score was made by Charles Hantz, who made the great score of 143 out of 145. George Stanley came strong with 139. Then Mr. Osmun, of Pontiac, showed well and made 24 straight in a miss-and-out.

The two-man team race was won by George and Merrit Stanley with 38 out of 40. The prize was donated by the Peters Cartridge Company.

The scores, shooting at 145 targets, were: C. Hantz 143, G. Stanley 139, M. Stanley 137, P. Woods 126, W. Osmun 131, Jenkins 118, Ingersoll 114; Hawthorn shot at 105, broke 85; Shaw shot at 75, broke 67; Henry shot at 60, broke 58; Kennell shot at 15, broke 12; F. Hantz shot at 70, broke 58; Baldwin shot at 30, broke 28.

Altogether, it may well be claimed that, though the shoot was limited as to members and hindered by rain, the shooting was of the highest amateur order.

Ames Iowa Tournament.

Ames, Ia., April 14.—Tuesday and Wednesday of this week a goodly bunch of Iowa shooters met at Ames, Ia., and passed two pleasant days with Dr. Proctor, at the traps. The weather was cloudy on the first day, while the second day it was fair and windy.

The promoters of the shoot are entitled to much credit for their liberality and the way that they conducted the shoot. The putting up of $100 cash is no small sum for a few enthusiasts to hang up, and the good Iowa shots will not soon forget it.

The trade representatives were C. B. Adams and Chas. Budd, who won first and second average in their class, and one Fred Whitney, who was cashiering when not talking his goods.

John Peterson, Wm. Hoon and Lew Foley were the three high amateurs.

The money was divided on the per cent. plan, four equal moneys, and with the average money made the division popular. The scores:

April 13, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
C B Adams	11	15	20	14	13	20	15	13	20	14	14	20	189
Hoon	14	13	16	15	14	20	13	13	20	12	14	20	184
Proctor	12	14	20	15	14	19	13	15	17	13	13	18	182
Foley	15	14	17	15	15	19	13	12	17	14	11	20	182
McDonald	13	15	18	15	14	18	12	14	19	13	14	16	181
J Peterson	14	13	18	14	12	18	15	12	19	14	13	19	181
Budd	14	11	17	14	14	17	13	13	19	13	15	17	177
Nichols	13	13	13	14	13	20	12	13	19	13	15	16	174
Ford	12	13	13	13	14	18	13	14	17	10	14	18	169
Davis	12	12	20	11	12	16	13	12	17	14	12	17	168
Johnson	13	14	17	11	13	13	14	11	16	13	15	17	167
Snow	12	13	14	11	12	15	13	14	18	13	13	17	165
A Johnson	13	10	17	12	14	14	13	14	17	7	12	17	160
Wallace	12	11	15	13	13	15	13	13	17	12	11	18	163
Adams	9	12	19	12	13	16	11	12	19	15	11	15	164
Peterson	12	13	16	14	14	16	10	9	19	5	13	15	156
Crary	9	13	10	10	8	14	7	10	13	10	..	..	...
Jensen	6	10	16	10	12	13	6	11	13	10	..	..	...
Cundiff	13	10	15	12	12	16	12	10	..	..	..	..	...
Buck	12	13	17	11	11	19	9	13	15	13	..	..	...
Carver	12	12	19	13	11	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Brown	9	12	14	9	11	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	...
Talbott	..	12	11	11	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	14	...
Fornay	..	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	...
No Name	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	12	11	19	...

April 14, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Adams	12	15	20	14	15	20	14	15	17	13	14	18	187
Peterson	14	13	19	15	14	18	12	12	16	13	13	19	178

Nichols	12	13	18	15	13	17	11	13	18	14	13	19	176
Budd	13	14	19	15	13	14	15	11	17	13	10	19	173
Hoon	14	11	18	14	13	17	12	13	17	15	12	18	173
Ford	12	12	18	12	14	20	13	13	16	13	12	17	172
Foley	14	13	15	13	15	18	10	13	16	12	14	16	169
McDonald	12	12	16	15	15	18	13	9	18	10	13	17	168
Johnson	11	12	16	14	11	16	12	10	17	13	11	19	162
Wallace	14	12	17	11	13	18	11	12	14	14	12	17	165
H Adams	10	14	15	14	12	13	12	13	13	11	1b	17	159
Peterson	10	14	16	11	10	15	9	13	13	12	13	12	148
Proctor	13	9	14	9	6	15	14	11	13	10	13	15	142
French	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	9	..	..	...
Talbott	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	..	...
Kelly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	10	..	..	...
Hartman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	11	..	13	...
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	11	..	..	...

Division of $100 added money:

	Shot at.	1st day.	2d day.	Total.	Won.
J Peterson	400	181	178	359	$25.00
Wm Hoon	400	184	173	357	20.00
L Foley	400	182	169	351	15.00
C B Nichols	400	174	176	350	12.00
McDowell	400	181	168	349	10.00
C Ford	400	169	172	341	8.00
Wallace	400	163	165	328	5.00
Proctor	400	182	142	324	5.00

Watson Park Gun Club.

Burnside Crossing, Chicago.—There was a wind blowing cold and strong, which made the targets quarter swiftly to the right and made the shooting difficult. Each event was at 25 targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Lawler	20	21	16	19	20	19	..	..
J B Barto	23	22	18	16	..	..	..	..
E B Shogren	20	21	21	21	18	19	19	19
Engstrom	18	19	22	20	..	..	..	..
L Willard	..	..	..	23	18	20	23	22
Knowles	..	..	..	..	13	15	16	..

SHOTGUN.

Ohio Trap.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—April 16. was unusually cold for this time of year, and this may have had its effect on the attendance, which was not up to the mark. The afternoon was clear and bright, but enough wind was blowing to bother some of the shooters quite a little. In the Parker prize gun contest, Faran was high gun in actual breaks with 89. Pohlar and Randall tied for second on 84. Eleven of those shooting made full scores of 100, including their handicaps.

Ackley is once more able to attend the shoots, and his work at practice was fine, he breaking 40 out of 50 targets shot at.

The following notice was posted on the bulletin board in the club room, and Supt. Gambell prefaces the announcement by asking, "How many entries will I receive for this race? Who will shoot through?"

Amateur championship of the Cincinnati Gun Club at flying targets, ten races of 100 targets each, to be shot in strings of 25, all satnding at 16yds. First contest will be held on May 1, and one each succeeding week during May and June. The final contest on July 4. The championship of the club for 1904 and a handsome emblem will be given to the one making the highest average in the ten contests. Shooting to commence promptly at 3 P. M., and will be postponed only on account of bad weather. In such cases two races will be shot the following week. These contests cannot be shot in connection with any other club shoot. Entrance, price of targets only, with optional sweep of $1 in each race, 60 and 40 per cent.

Parker prize shoot, 100 targets, handicap of added targets: Faran (18) 100, Pohlar (35) 100, Linn (25) 100, Pfeiffer (40) 100, Herman (30) 100, Captain (25) 100, Norris (30) 100, Bullerdick (30) 100, W. Weller (32) 100, Kramer (40) 100, Boeh (40) 100, Randall (15) 99, Block (18) 98, Maynard (18) 96, Jack (30) 95.

Team race, 100 targets, five 20s:

Gambell	17	17	15	15	17—	81	Medico	16	19	17	17	14— 83
Faran	18	16	19	19	17—	89	Don Minto..	15	15	15	15	14— 74
	35	33	34	34	34—	170		31	34	32	32	28—157

The programmes for the tournament at Mason, O., on April 21-22, were distributed at the club to-day. The shoot consists of 180 targets each day, and several of the club members propose to go and try for some of the money. They may get some, but it won't be like finding it, as there are some good shots in the Mason club, such as Randall. A few of the Hamilton boys will likely be there also, and they can shoot a little.

Cleveland Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O.—The club held its badge shoot on April 13, at the grounds on Mayfield Road. The attendance was small, Williams won the badge with a score of 44; Jack a close second with 43.

Club badge shoot, 50 targets; scores: Williams 44, Jack 43, Eadie 41, Martin 38, Hogen 36, Hopkins 29.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O.

DAYTON, O.—The Rohrer's Island Gun Club's regular shoot was held on April 13, under hard weather conditions. A snowstorm with high wind prevented a larger attendance, and kept the scores low. Miller, C. Ballman and Schaerf tied for the medal, the former winning in the shoot-off.

Club medal shoot, 25 targets, handicap extra targets to shoot at. The scores, "shot at" and "broke," follow: C. F. Miller 28, 27; John Schaerf 31, 27; C. Ballman 34, 25; W. Kette 33, 24; H. Oswald 28, 23; J. W. Gerlaugh 27, 23; J. E. Barnes 32, 22; J. Sapp 35, 21; H. Nohr 28, 19.

Shoot-off of tie: Miller 11, 8; J. Schaerf 12, 7; C. Ballman 14, 7.

BONASA.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., April 6.—The regular Wednesday shoot of the Boston Gun Club was attraction enough for just ten shooters, and though the attendance was smaller than expected, the usual good feeling prevailed. The eleven events were replete with the interest that a trapshooter likes to see at any shoot.

High gun average of the day proved to be a battle royal between Allison and Griffiths, the former leading to the tune of one target, and placing to his credit a 90 per cent. average, an unusual event on these grounds. Griffiths' 89 per cent., however, was a good average, and his 22 in the prize match puts him at the top of the list, and is now at the mercy of the handicapper. Other scores:

Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	Av.
Frank, 18	8	12	8	13	14	9	12	6	..	..	..	82.0
Griffiths, 19	8	13	9	14	14	8	14	9	..	..	..	89.0
Howe, 19	7	11	6	11	14	4	9	6	..	..	..	68.0
Allison, 18	9	13	8	14	14	9	13	10	..	..	..	90.0
Bell, 18	7	13	10	11	9	8	10	10	..	..	..	78.0
Blinn, 16	5	11	8	11	13	7	12	8	9	7	..	75.8
Bryant, 16	..	7	1	7	5	4	8	2	3	3	3	39.1
Williams, 16	..	11	8	8	10	5	7	6	..	..	..	61.1
Muldown, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	6	7	6	72.7
Frederick, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	6	73.3

Prize match, 25 unknown; distance handicap:

Frank, 18	1111111110111111111011111—23
Allison, 18	1111111111110111111011111—23
Griffiths, 19	1111111111101111101111011—22
Muldown, 16	1110011111011101111111111—21
Blinn, 16	1110111111111101010111011—20
Bell, 18	1100110111101001111111010—17
Howe, 19	1111111111011110110000110—18
Williams, 16	0110101011110111011010100—15
Bryant, 16	0100000111000101101100000— 9

Team match:

Griffiths	14	9—23	Williams	8	6—14	
Blinn	12	8—20—43	Bryant	8	2—10—24	
Frank	12	6—18	Howe	9	6—15	
Bell	10	10—20—38	Allison	13	10—23—38	

Ashland Gun Club.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 8.—The opening shoot of the season of the Ashland Gun Club was held Tuesday last, April 5, and it was in every way a success. The weather man furnished a bright warm day, and even if there was a stiff little breeze at times, it only tended to give a tilt to the targets and cause a few more "goose eggs" to be added to the scores of the boys, many of whom had not fired a shot before this year.

The management had provided some live pigeons, and they proved to be a most seleet lot; not a sitter in the entire number trapped, while some of them were screamers sure enough.

The Ashland has leased for the coming year the grounds of the old Belt Line ball park, right on the street car line, just outside of the city limits, an ideal place to shoot both live birds and targets, as the field and sky are all that could be wished for.

The membership of the Ashland is limited to twenty-five, and already there is a waiting list, showing the desirability and the marked advantage of a club whose members shoot simply for the love of it.

No one who is a resident of Lexington or Fayette county, and who is not a member of the club, is allowed to participate in any of the shoots; but visiting sportsmen who are introduced by any club member are most welcome guests of this exclusive and popular gun club. The scores of the last shoot are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	15
J Harp	7	8	6	11	9	9	8
R Skinner	8	9	10	15	15	14	13
R H Smith	5	6	8	8	13	8	..
G K Graves	7	4	..	7	..	..	9

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	15
C Clark	6	4	5	..	5	7	..
W Henderson	..	..	..	14	15	15	13
Van Deren	..	..	..	..	10	12	11	12
W Barrow	5	7	8	..	..	..	..	..

Club event, 7 live birds:

R R Skinner, 28	1111112—7	J Harp, 28	0120021—4
W Henderson, 28	0211221—6	R H Smith, 26	1211012—6
F Van Deren, 28	1121200—5	G K Graves, 26	1100201—4
C Clark, 28	0002100—2		

Shooting Notes.

Several of the most prominent men identified with the trapshooting game are using their every effort to effect an organization of the three gun clubs of Lexington with those at Georgetown and Paris, Ky., form a stock company and purchase, or lease for a term of years, suitable grounds located on some one of the interurban railways that connect these three cities, and have the most complete shooting grounds in Kentucky.

Articles of incorporation have already been granted, and several hundred dollars' worth of stock subscribed for.

The shooters of Paris, Ky., are very enthusiastic, and as they are all well-known trapshots, and several of them very wealthy gentlemen, no difficulty has been experienced at that end thus far, the Paris boys only insisting that the new grounds be located easy of access to them.

The club at Georgetown is one of the oldest in the State, and is composed of some of the best shots in the State, and at present they have their own grounds and magautrap located near their city. But it is understood that, as they are only twelve miles distant from Lexington and an equal distance from Paris, with electric cars every hour, they will assist in the consolidation.

At present there are three clubs at Lexington—the old Lexington club, the Fayette, and the Ashland—and it seems likely that the members of each will be glad to unite with the new organization, which will have every convenience necessary for shooters and their friends.

MONK.

Montreal Gun Club.

MONTREAL, Can.—The rainy weather Saturday, April 9, did not keep the members of the Montreal Gun Club from coming out and taking a "whirl" at the traps. The first event was the spoon shoot, and the second event, the president's trophy:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot	
Targets:	20	15	20	20	at.	Broke.
Dr Kearney	19	9	17	19	75	64
N Candlish	18	11	18	..	55	47
Landriault	18	9	14	16	75	57
Cote	18	7	..	..	35	25
McDuff	18	11	15	19	75	63
Edwards	17	11	15	16	75	59
Redmond	17	12	19	15	75	63
Hogan	17	8	..	..	35	25
Cooke	15	11	15	..	55	41
W Candlish	15	11	18	..	55	44

The Westmount Gun Club trophy was also shot off on the Westmount grounds, and was won by Mr. J. F. Hansen, with a score of 20, and Mr. R. Lewis stood second with 18 to his credit.

S.

Holland Gun Club.

BATAVIA, N. Y., April 8.—The weather to-day was raw and cold, with a strong wind and a driving rain. The scores:

Squires	6	8	5	..	Clark	6	9	7
Douglass	4	7	..	..	Williams	5	8	7	8
Ames	8	8	8	7	Farwell	..	..	6	5
Gardner	4	9	1	7				

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Concerning the Interstate tournament at Bristol, Tenn., reported in full in FOREST AND STREAM of April 16, the high average contestants, Messrs. Crosby, Money and Trimble, professionals, and the amateurs, Messrs. Hatcher and Bachman, used Winchester factory loaded shells. At Durham, N. C., April 5, J. J. M. Hawkins broke 99 out of 100, and 147 out of 150. Geo. L. Lyon broke 96 out of 100, and 140 out of 150. April 7, at Raleigh, Mr. Hawkins broke 97 out of 100 and was high man; Mr. Lyon was second. At Wilson, N. C., April 8, Mr. Hawkins broke 100 straight; R. E. Crawford was second; Mr. Walls third. At Frenchtown, N. J., April 7-8, L. J. Squier won professional high average; G. L. Wilson first, and S. W. Grubb second amateur average. All used Winchester factory loaded shells. Messrs. Hawkins and Squier used Winchester repeating shotguns.

We are informed that the Marlin Fire Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., has come into possession of the American Cartridge and Ammunition Company, of Hartford, and on April 12, commenced removing the machinery to their New Haven plant. They purpose to manufacture cartridges on a large scale.

In the recent match for the Arkansas State championship at Little Rock, Ark., April 8, between Messrs. Dickinson and Peay, each contestant used Peters factory loaded shells.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Pennsylvania Railroad's Washington Tours.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad's eighth three-day personally conducted tour to Washington will leave New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Elizabeth, and Trenton, April 28. Round-trip rates—only difference being in the hotel selected in Washington—are $12 and $14.50 from New York, $10.50 or $13 from Trenton, and proportionate rates from other points. Tickets cover railroad transportation for the round trip and hotel accommodations. A special side trip to Mt. Vernon may also be taken. All tickets are good for ten days, with special hotel rates at expiration of hotel coupon. For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; Tourist Agents, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn, or Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

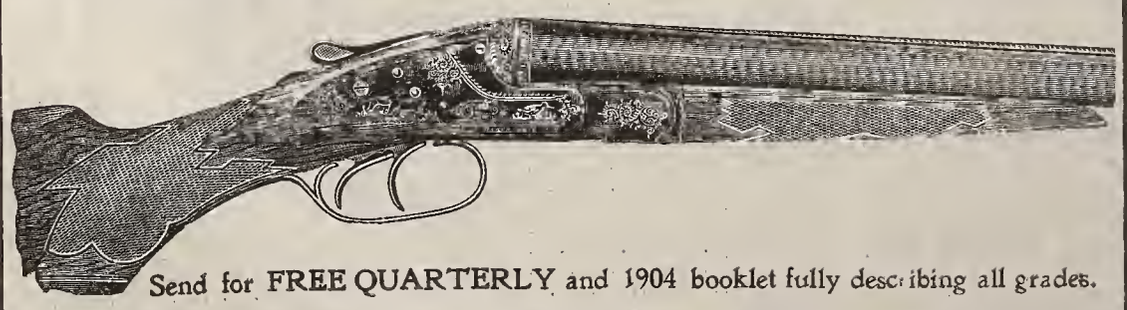
The reels manufactured by the Carlton Manufacturing Company, of Rochester, N. Y., are fully described in the illustrated catalogue which they send free on application. Among these are their automatic reel and their nine-multiple reel, in which a single revolution of the handle makes the spool revolve nine times, giving thus extraordinary speed and power. The subject is one of keen interest to all anglers.

New Advertisements.

The national trolling gang manufactured by Joseph E. Pepper, of Rome, N. Y., appeals strongly to that multitude of anglers who catch their fish by trolling. Two cents in stamps, sent to the manufacturer, will bring a catalogue describing the different sorts of fishing tackle that he manufactures.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE ALDER RUN.

To the dweller in New England or the Middle States the alder run needs no description. It is one of the most familiar features of a pleasing landscape. Seen at a distance, either from level fields through which it passes, or looked down on from high banks which form the sides of the ravine which it has cut out, at this season it seems a mere line of pale gray, which, when approached, separates itself into twigs and branches, and seen near at hand becomes an interlacing tangle of close set, stout, tough stems. Hidden away among these stems, winding among grass tussocks and rippling over stones, trickles the brook, large or small, which has cut out the way for itself through the field's fertile soil, and along whose moist borders grow the alders of the run.

Though the most numerous and the most evident of the vegetation of the run, the alders do not grow here alone. There are soft maples, and at the edge of the higher ground a birch or two, an elm and an ironwood. If in its passage the run curves round the foot of some gravelly knoll, the elevation may support a big oak, some cedars and some chestnuts. The vines of blackberry, grape and ivy, and shrubs like shadblow and viburnum grow in wild profusion among the alders and the larger trees, and often make it a difficult task to push a way through the tangle.

Almost the first spring flowers are seen along the borders of the little stream; skunk cabbage, hepatica, yellow primrose and anemone, and a little later the dog-tooth violet, brave in the yellow plumes which it waves above its green and purple uniform. In these days, when the May flower, or trailing arbutus, has become nearly extinct in so many localities, even these simple and perishable flowers have value as they have beauty.

Long before these spring flowers have started, there is something worth seeing in the alder run. The first woodcock, coming from the south to brave the boisterous blasts and severe cold of February and March, dropped in here and prodding with his long bill in the soft places overrun by the warm waters, found sustenance to keep him strong during the time of mating and of nest building. All through the winter, nuthatches and kinglets and titmice, with the downy woodpecker, have foraged through the alder run, and turning over the curled up dead leaves still clinging about the bases of the trees, gleaning through the crevices of the bark, working over and over again crannies of the old rail fence, have striven hard for a living and have found fuel to fight off the winter's cold and to keep themselves lusty, fat and strong all through the bitter season. Later the tree sparrow and blue junco drifted into the run to feed and sleep, and later still the curious rustlings which sounded from the ground there told that the fox-colored sparrows, and afterward the towhee buntings, were scratching there among the leaves as busily as ever hen scratched in garden bed.

As spring advances, other birds will use the run for a summer home. The oven bird will construct his curious roofed home, thrushes will build, and warblers will have their nests there, and then the alders and all the vegetation will become green and beautiful while summer flowers are budding and blooming. Then, after the young are reared, and the heats of summer have passed, and the fall migration begins, the run will still be a resting and feeding place for a host of birds.

Thither, when autumn frosts have nipped the vegetation and leaves are falling, sportsmen will go, and, sending in the dogs, will walk in the field outside the run, hopeful of starting a woodcock or partridge, which, rising from the narrow line of brush, will be sure to offer a shot to those who are beating it. Later still, if there be a wheat or rye stubble near the run, the brood of quail feeding on the stubble will be likely to make the run a refuge to which they may fly when started by dog or gunner. If a brood takes refuge in such a place, they may easily be killed, and the whole covey may be exterminated in a few days' shooting. Remember, then that in these days birds are not too common, and spare at least the half of those that take refuge in the alder run.

NEW YORK PHEASANT BREEDING.

THE New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission has announced that no more pheasants will be bred for free distribution by the State. The last distribution, Feb. 1, included all the birds in the pens at the Pleasant Valley hatchery. These were sent out to 57 different localities.

Pheasant breeding at the Pleasant Valley hatchery began in 1896. The first lot bred were not released, and the following year the stock amounted to 180 birds. In all, between 1,000 and 1,100 birds were distributed, and the applications received during the year which closed Feb. 1, if they had all been filled, would have required 238 pairs of pheasants.

The experiment has been an unqualified success. Many individuals and a number of fish and game protective clubs throughout the State have undertaken the work of breeding and distributing the birds. In many sections those turned out have done well, standing the severity of our winters quite as well as our native birds, often much better than the quail. The introduction of these birds in New England and the Middle States is still in the experimental stage, but in a mild climate like that of the coast region of the northwest United States and British Columbia, the birds have done admirably, and have added a fine game bird to the sportsman's list. As yet we hardly know just what they will do in the East, but it is probable that they will survive and do well even though their increase may be slow.

FOR A NEW NATIONAL PARK.

The bill introduced in the House by Mr. F. W. Cushman, of Washington, providing for the establishment of a national park in the State of Washington, to be known as the Elk National Park, ought to become a law. It has recently been favorably reported from the Committe on Public lands by Mr. Shiras, has the approval of all the officials of the Interior Department, and appears to be earnestly desired by the residents of northwestern Washington.

The bill provides for the setting aside as a national park of about 615 square miles of territory in the Olympic Forest Reserve for the purpose of preserving the elk, game fish, birds, animals, timber and curiosities therein. The territory is a wilderness of broken mountains, of which only about 4,000 acres out of nearly 400,000 have been surveyed. Claims have been established on only 1,280 acres.

The region is from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea level, is cut by numerous valleys and streams with prairie and timber and bench land, covered with wild grasses, but for the most part the mountains are heavily timbered. It is the natural home of the elk, deer, bear, cougar and other wild animals. The streams abound in trout.

Here is to be found the only considerable band of wild elk in the United States west of the Rocky Mountains. They are the species described as Roosevelt's elk, and are rapidly being slaughtered for their teeth. An authority declares that there are not now more than 500 elk remaining there, whose range is about the headwaters of the Elwha and its tributaries, and the Solduck, Hoh, Queets and the Quinault rivers.

The territory proposed to be set aside in the bill includes the summer and winter home of the elk, and is most of it absolutely unfit for settlement. Being within the forest reserve, the few settlers occupying the 1,280 acres above referred to will probably be very glad to exchange their claims within the national park area for other lands outside of it.

At the rate at which these elk are being slaughtered, it is of the highest importance that a game refuge such as is provided by this bill should be established. It is important, however, that proper provision should be made for the prosecution of offenders, for it must be remembered that owing to the failure to prescribe due form of law for dealing with violators of the regulations of the Secretary of the Interior, game slaughter in the Yellowstone National Park continued for more than twenty years after its establishment. Slackness by Congress resulted in the practical extinction of the Yellowstone Park herd of buffalo, and the memory of that carelessness should insure the utmost care in the final shaping of the Elk National Park measure.

There is probably not time during the present session of Congress for favorable action to be taken on the bill to establish the Elk National Park, but it is believed that during the coming winter there will be no difficulty in securing the passage of the measure, provided the sentiment of sportsmen and nature lovers generally throughout the country shall give it the proper support. The project should receive the enthusiastic backing of all residents of the Pacific Coast, and it can hardly be doubted that throughout the whole country those persons who are familiar with what has been accomplished in the preservation of game and of natural wonders in the Yellowstone Park will be warmly in favor of a similar reservation which shall include a part of the wonderful Olympic Range.

NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU SLAUGHTER.

FOR years we have heard of the movements of the Newfoundland caribou as paralleling—over a small area—the enormous migrations of the barren ground deer. So numerous were they, so well established the time of their journeys, and so well known their routes, that it has been the custom for those desiring to kill them to camp on the roads which they have always followed and to slaughter the animals as they walked or swam within rifle shot. Much of this hunting, so called, was anything but hunting, and could take place only during such a migratory movement. It resembles more the battues held on certain estates on the Continent of Europe, where hundreds of beaters, passing through the forests and the fields, drove out the birds and animals abiding there, and herded them by some stand, where Emperor, or Prince, or Duke fired gun after gun at the game as it moved along. The slaughter of hundreds, or of thousands of head of game in such a case depends merely on the endurance of the men who hold the gun to the shoulder and pull the trigger.

The inhabitants of many parts of the coast of Newfoundland are deplorably poor and often suffer severely for food. Fish constitute their chief food supply, and all the flesh food they obtain is furnished by caribou and seals. It is but reasonable that people so poor should be allowed a certain latitude in the killing of the deer which annually visit them, but such killing, of course, should be regulated by laws properly enforced, which should limit the destruction to somewhat less than the annual increase of the herd. In the case reported, the animals do not appear to have been killed for food but merely for the pleasure of butchering. The destruction was in defiance of law, and the carcasses were left to rot where they fell.

In Newfoundland, as elsewhere, the winter has been a hard one. Near the south coast, the caribou, driven from the woods by stress of weather, have come out in thousands. They feed in the open like cattle in a pasture and may be killed by hundreds or thousands. The reported destruction, if half true, shows to what a pitch of savagery men may be roused by the sight of game. Yet these Newfoundlanders, in this respect, are no worse than other people who have had much better education and training. Thirty years ago, in buffalo days, one might sometimes see an exhibition of similar savagery on the part of well dressed men and women, who from the car window would shoot with pistols at a herd of buffalo, lumbering alongside of the moving train.

The Newfoundland incident has been brought to the notice of Sir Cavendish Boyle, the Governor of the Province, himself a keen sportsman, and also to the notice of the Government, now in session. Stringent measures should be taken to prevent a recurrence of the wholesale slaughter of caribou, not alone on the ground that it is cruel and wasteful, but for the good of the province and its people. It has recently become more or less the fashion for Americans to go to Newfoundland to take salmon and kill caribou, and each one who goes there brings into the country a certain amount of money and trade. Much of this money is distributed among poor people, where it is of very great use. If the caribou disappear a good share of the foreign sportsmen will cease to visit Newfoundland, to the very serious loss of many people whom they now employ.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Floating Down the Mississippi.

XX.—Reelfoot Lake—Part Two.

FEW regions offered such hunting as Reelfoot Lake in old times. The dead stubs of the drowned trees were filled with the nests of various wild fowl and countless swarms of bees. Pigeons flocked to the nearby hills for oak and beech mast. Crockett, in spite of his efforts, had not killed all the bears or deer "using" in the moist brakes. Muskrats, mink, otter and beaver were countless. And the migrant fowls!

Swan Basin got its name, tradition says, because, when the nights were cold, these magnificent birds would fly round and round it, "dragging their feet in the water, and so keeping it from freezing," though the rest of the lake congealed. It's nearly twenty years since the last swans came to Reelfoot, but one looks at the lake and thinks it fitting they should be gone, that the ducks and wild geese should come there in numbers that decrease year by year, that the bees should not be as thick as they used to be, that the swarms of wood ducks should not show the thinning of market hunters' guns, and that men should war in the courts for the privilege of buying the fish and game taken from these remarkable waters and shores.

Living forests are desolate to some people, the sea heaving and rolling "moans" in the ears of many, the wind "wails" through the pines, and the wide Mississippi is said to have "desolate" shores. It is not often, however, that nature displays her dead in gaunt nakedness. Let a tree fall in the forest and soon the leaves bank up against it, sweet green moss veils the crumbling bark, though one knows the worms are boring and the rot disintegrating, the thin covering of life hides the cold horror beneath. Not so at Reelfoot and other lakes of the Sunk Lands. Here nature, in one of her most terrible moods, with fire-quakes from the Isthmus, and water from the skies—by means of her two greatest forces—has laid her dead entirely bare.

The trees drowned, and such ones as oak, beech, pecan, gum and the like, quickly rotted and fell into the water, but the cypress did not rot. The wind broke away its dry branches, and the lightning split its trunks, but they did not often rot. It was only at the water line that nature showed her intention of ever doing away with the standing trunks.

As in most bottom lands of the South, the water in Reelfoot varies its level as much as 25 feet according, more or less, with the Mississippi. At low water, or within two or three feet of it, one can see that these dead stubs are being worn away where the waves, big and little, have lapped-lapped; for in the process of wetting and drying, tiny splinters are loosened, and finally struck away, and in this fashion tree trunks up to four or five feet in diameter are cut through and allowed to fall to



STUBS, REELFOOT LAKE.

the water, where they float till waterlogged and then sink, at least out of sight.

Reelfoot is a lake where one cannot row without getting hung up on the stubs of trees which have already been worn off in the fashion mentioned. But, in spite of these stubs, the wind raises great waves, and there are storms so severe that boats cannot ride them. In this boneyard of a forest boats are swamped by coming down and overturning on the fragments. The man who essays to swim, his feet hitting stubs of one height, his kness those of another, while his breast comes down on the jagged tops—protuberances of only an inch or so long on the stump, and hard enough to bore a hole through wood, if it has a chance to catch a boat swinging—is soon done for. Many and various are Reelfoot's dead.

If its distances were less, or its waters musty, Reelfoot would be merely a gloomy, miasmic mud hole; but, as things are now, it is not so. The American lotus, its blossoms 10 inches in diameter, grows there by the acre. There are numerous other marsh flowers.

One may go around the borders of the lake and almost rid himself of the graveyard feeling, so long as he merely looks at the flowers, or, in the autumn, at the hues and shades of the ripened leaves. I found the autumn colors most beautiful there.

They were not so rich in tone as those of an Adirondack ridge, were less vivid; in fact, the red was a rustier red; the yellow a less pure hue, but still lovely. In the late afternoon the soft level lines of sunset darting through the tree tops, some large leaved, some the cypress haze, made one forget all else. But at the moment of utmost beauty, so it seemed, that piercing chill, which is not wind, but like it, came thrusting along, and in a moment all these beauties, these wonderful colors, become just the ornaments of open sepulchres.

In the '30s a man named Stone established a ferry about ten miles south of Tiptonville, in order to carry the dwellers on the ridge across to the Obion county seat, which was Troy. Harris later succeeded in getting Lake county formed, with Tiptonville the court house.



DEAD FOREST, REELFOOT LAKE.

Where the old ferry ran is now dry most of the time in many places. Stone "was something of a fighter," and when one Mitchell moved into the region and disputed with Stone successfully in a fight, Stone, at night, through a window, avenged himself by shooting Mitchell. It was "the first tragedy, or killing, that occurred west of Reelfoot Lake, in what is now Lake county." Stone was sentenced for life to prison, a notable fact in a region where murderers are these days fined for carrying revolvers, contrary to law. The administrator of Mitchell's estate found, among the papers, his own pocketbook of which he had been robbed while at New Orleans with Mitchell to sell a flat-boat load of hogs.

From this it may be gathered that the early history of the region, as regards its dwellers, was of a watch-dog-and-shotgun character. Just after the war times were particularly so, for guerrillas had not yet settled their differences, and, as Tennessee was divided in sentiment, lawlessness was long in passing. During this period one man left the country, owing to certain indictments in regard to a distillery, it is said. He had a government license to sell whiskey, but the fishermen and others say more whiskey was rolled in barrels into the lake than the license allowed. It cost him thousands of dollars to settle. Hence one great source of traditions. There were also some illicit stills and the revenue officers down to five or ten years ago had plenty to do among the islands which are in Reelfoot Lake. The old timer says he has seen good whiskey sold at ten cents a quart, and rubs his nose reflectively over the chemical compounds which individuals now import for personal use, owing to the law forbidding minor towns to have saloons or to sell whiskey.

Over fifty years ago there was a man named Thompson who lived in a cabin on a raft, making his living somewhat by fishing and more by keeping Thompson's Ferry across the Lake. One day Thompson sent word to the father of the present Lockey Donaldson to come down fishing. Donaldson went. Thompson's raft was about 20 by 40 feet, and under the shack he had a hole cut 2 or 3 feet square. The two men sat by the hole near the fireplace, lighted and warmed by its blaze, and sat and fished. They were over a great school of fish and, in the course of a few hours, had a pile of them nearly 4 feet high. The fish were "croppie," or "speckled perch," and this was their first appearance in Reelfoot waters. They had come in through the canal just then opened between Lake Michigan and the Illinois River. Lake fish are now caught in most varieties, occasionally, throughout the length of the Mississippi.

They have some stories about game as it used to be on the lake. "Many a duck I've shot from one of them old drift piles," the hunter says. Some say more than this, and the curious part of the yarns is, that the notebook maker sometimes hears pretty stiff stories, which, from various corroborative things heard, are true, though told as one of so-and-so's big lies.

For instance, in the Memphis Cotton Gin, at Tiptonville, one night, a hunter told of Old Isaac Newton's telling about shooting a duck so high up in the air that when it hit the water it burst its gizzard out. The hunter thought it was a pretty steep yarn, and yet an old timer, a few hours later, told of the swan shooting on the lake, "The birds were so fat they busted open when they hit the ice," things quite within the experience of many salt-water gunners, I am sure, from stories I've read in the FOREST AND STREAM. Again, Old Isaac caught out in the brakes one right cold night, crawled into a hollow log, after building a fire at each end of it. Quite ridiculous it seemed to some hunters at the gin—and yet men in Tennessee once lived for a couple of years in a hollow stump, according to history.

One time Old Isaac had a visitor who asked if bees were not plenty around the lake.

"Lots of them!" the old man said, "Can line a tree any time I want to!"

"So? I'd like to see it done." The old man took a plate of honey and set it on a log near his shack, and soon a bee was at it, wiggling its hind legs. Loaded, it raised in the air, and after a couple of circles, started out over the lake, above the gray stubs.

"See it!" Newton said, "See it! there it goes! Now watch it; hit's settling—thar! right in that cypress on yon side of the lake—three-quarters of a mile away. Want to go get it now?" the old man asked his visitor, who, somewhat dubious, said "Yes."

They crossed the lake, and in a cypress stub found a swarm. Wonderful eyesight, that old man must have had to see a bee that far; but, as a matter of fact, he had located the tree a couple of days before. The old timers were not above imposing on the visitor's credulity any more than they are now.

Lake county is between Reelfoot Lake and the Mississippi River—one of the extreme western counties of Tennessee, bordered on the north by Kentucky. The people of Lake county used to belong to Obion county, but the wide marsh and lake led to the formation of a new court house, in order that the citizens could get at their lawyers quicker and the sheriff be handier and clerk nearer. In his day James C. Harris was Lake county—the man who impressed his personality on it in a most powerful manner.

One hears of old man Harris on all sides. He was a much-blamed man. He did this, he did that—he looked out for No. 1.

Whatever Harris may have been, he at length became



LIVING TREES, REELFOOT LAKE.

a useful citizen. He got Lake county separated from Obion, and proceeded to agitate such projects as railroads, a levee and a drainage canal. He had grown rich, and his land holdings increased yearly. The time came when he put 5,000 acres of land to cotton in one year, as an experiment, not renting the 100 acre or so plots out as hitherto. In business he was implacable; all that was coming he got. Few men in Lake county escaped him. With his own eyes he guarded all corners of his holdings, and if he had a claim on anything he exhausted all methods to make that claim good—"he would law a man to death." Sometimes the blow fell hard on less able men—one comes inevitably to the conclusion that "mine!" was the word the old man wished most to say; and if being said, he reached further for more. But when he had it he spent freely enough in some directions, in "enterprises." Moreover, he stood by the men with whom

he had been associated during the days when traditions were made. One at least of these he cared for till the man died.

In one respect old man Harris had an advantage over his opponents. Day or night, blow hot or cold, if a thing needed to be done, or could be done, away he went. He led his surveyors into the mud, the top of which was frozen, and to which there was no bottom. He plunged through with his eyes open for the old corners, or making for the new. Over roads in which the wheels of a buggy sank till the axles were out of sight, and water now and then splashing over the sides of the box, old Harris would go to attend his "business engagements." Perhaps the necessity of having to keep such a date with him has left a rankle or two among the associates of the old man.

About five years ago some sportsmen who had enjoyed duck hunting on Reelfoot Lake, and noted that indiscriminate hunting was thinning the countless flocks of wild fowl till they were becoming countable, considered the possibility of making a private preserve of the lake to shut out the crowd which all winter long sought the Reelfoot game. Also, they contemplated reducing the fishing on the lake to less devastating proportions. Chess Smith, of Louisville, Ky., organized the Louisville Outing Club, which began to buy on the lake the claims of the various claimants. They spent about $5,000 in all, and to the various owners of the lake offered stock in the club and money. There were some who refused, and then the club consulted some smart lawyers to see if they couldn't force the lake into privacy from the claims already in their possession. The result was that the club gave up, sold out, to old man Harris, who paid, it is said, $5,100, or $100 more than the club had expended. Thereafter the story of the lake became that of Harris as well. The man who "lawed everybody to death" began with a scheme. "I'm going to drain the lake," he said, "and I'll make good cotton lands of some of my swamps." His opponents claim that he boasted he had only a few poor fishermen to fight, anyhow.

He went to work. He put a gang of men ditching, and then it was up to the fishermen to save their livings. They had to attack, and they did it, pledging 10 per cent. of their incomes to pay the lawyers. It began in the circuit court. A temporary injunction was issued, and the lean gray man came into court, his eyes ominous. It was the old story of the courts—with money a plenty, witnesses by the dozen, old records accumulated and new ones contrived—a hard-fought, long-drawn battle, hinging on whether Harris had the right to make private cotton fields out of what had been always regarded as a public fishing and hunting ground. Harris was enjoined and the Supreme Court of Tennessee made the injunction permanent—Reelfoot Lake cannot be drained.

Harris found his titles defective. He did not have all the riparian rights. Those old surveys which showed certain claims bordered out in the overflow did not allow him to uncover those claims without the consent of the owners. The fishermen had rights to their living, more or less defined. But the fact remains: it was a permanent injunction that stopped the ditching. It is claimed for the Harris estate now that the old man's idea was not to completely drain the lake, but to take away four feet of the height by making a large canal, with a gate in it which, when the floods of spring came, would permit the lake to be drawn down to its summer level, or low water, in time for crops to be put in on the thousands of acres which are now given to cane and cypress brakes, "useless to any one for anything."

"There are about 28,000 acres in the lake," Judge Harris—his name is "Judge"—told me, "and of these 14,000 or 15,000 acres could be drained off in time to put in crops."

The opposition says that to drain off this land would leave a mud hole instead of a lake, and would make a miasmic swamp that would make Lake county chills much more famous than they are at present. The large water at present "purifies itself." Less water would "become stagnant." However, the permanent injunction settled the question of drainage. It didn't prevent some things, however. It did not settle the ownership; in fact, the decision, by reference to the rights of others, seems to have implied an ownership. These rights Harris continued to acquire as fast as possible. It was possible to make claims in the middle of the lake. These claims were made when the Louisville club began to show that such claims might be worth something. It is said these claims lie four or five deep all over the lake—Smith's, Jones', and Brown's on both of them, the corners mixed and without regularity. Apparently an inextricable mess was formed. But under all was Col. Daugherity's claim. Daugherity was a soldier of the Revolutionary War. His claim antedated the New Madrid earthquakes, and what happened after the lake was formed is still to be decided by the courts. Did Daugherity's claim lapse and the land become public once more, or did it continue to be Daugherity's and that of his heirs? The Daugherity claim had no taxes paid on it; it took years to find the heirs, but when they were found, Judge Harris, his father having died, bought their claim.

Things were happening on the lake which promised trouble. Harris, with his pile of claims to back him, demanded that the fishermen acknowledge his right to the lake, as a piece of property.

One of the men who fought Harris in the courts to prevent the drainage of the lake, and was the leader in the opposition, was J. C. Burdick. For thirty years he had bought game and fish taken on Reelfoot Lake by pot-hunters and market fishermen. He saw his business taken away. The Harris claim gave another phase to his business. He had rivals in the trade, some of them the men who had joined in to prevent draining the lake. It was announced one day that Burdick had leased the privilege of buying and selling all the game and fish taken in Reelfoot Lake, paying J. C. Harris $1,500 a year therefor. He had a three-year lease, but it is said Harris wanted him to take a year lease, and continue it from year to year, as Harris saw fit.

The terms of the lease are not understood outside of the interested parties, but it is said that Harris agreed to stand all the expenses of any litigation that might result from the exclusion of buyers other than Burdick from the lake. It shook the opposition up a good deal to have Burdick go over to Harris that way, and such men as Frank Sparks, an active co-worker of Burdick's against the plan to make Reelfoot Lake private, are not delicate in characterizing Burdick's action as traitorous.

However, it was a good business stroke on Burdick's part. The fish and game sold from Reelfoot Lake's 28,000 acres amounts to $70,000 a year, and Burdick got more than half of it in a hurry, for the panic of the opposition drove many out of business. Then the Obion Fish Company was formed. John Shaw, Frank Sparks and a man named Pleasant comprised this company, and they went into business buying Reelfoot fish and game. Down came a temporary injunction on them—"The fish belong to me, and I have the right to delegate a buyer and seller thereof," said Harris. The fish company gave bonds, and Harris in turn had to give bonds in order to cover any loss incurred by them during the interval till the trial of the case. The bonds were for $1,200 each. And then the fishermen were enjoined from selling to any one except Burdick. It was another process in the "lawing to death process", against which so much complaint is made by men who find litigation expensive and not within their means. To make good the loss to Burdick, in case he has the right, under the Harris lease, to exclusive control of Reelfoot's wild booty, some of the fishermen are still under bonds, some are not, the injunctions being dissolved.

Old Man Harris died last spring in St. Louis after an operation. He left his son, Judge, a most faithful young man, in charge of the estate. Of Judge it is said, "Wherever you seen old man Harris you'd see Judge, holding an umbrella over his father's head to keep off the rain or sunshine—and it wa'n't a fancy umbrella either, but like enough torn clear to the top on one side, but they didn't care for that, law, no!"

Judge is a mild-looking, brown-eyed man, very active, with a fine manner and well-shaped head. "He's just the nicest man to meet you ever did see—but, in business, look out!"

Here, again, is a man looking after what he believes is his own. He collects his rents on the day, he keeps his appointments on the minute. He lays out his plans at night and next day sees that they are done. Saw mills, cotton gins, a bank, 12,000 acres of land under cultivation, the business of a great plantation and of a forest—44,000 acres in all—is under his control, and he controls it. Not that alone, but he's head of the Lake County Levee Commission, and knows that the levee will be built because he's there to see about it. That levee is a right interesting feature. It shows a man's readiness with expedients.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

The San Blas Indians.

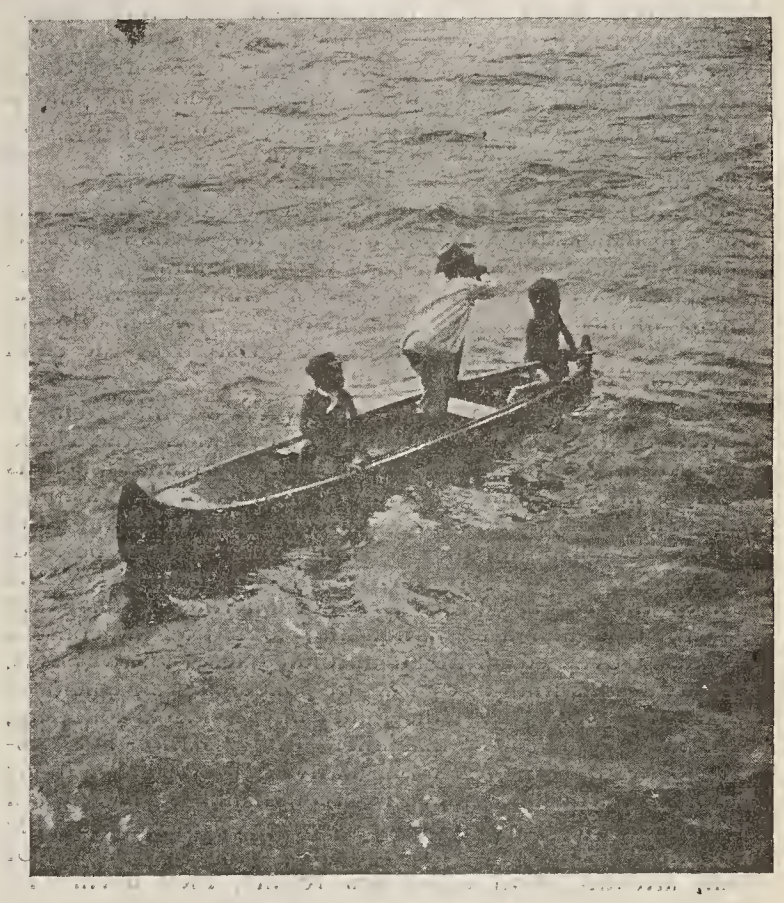
AMONG the hundreds of barbarous or semi-civilized tribes of tropical America it would be hard to find one which is characterized by more unique and distinctive features of interest than the San Blas Indians, sole inhabitants of that portion of the State of Panama commonly known as the San Blas Coast. Scattered over an area of land greater than that of Massachusetts, having a sea coast not less than one hundred and twenty miles in length, intersected by innumerable little rivers, bayous and promontories and fringed by an almost continuous line of keys, big and little, formed, one might almost imagine, to protect the coast from the ravages of the beautiful Caribbean Sea, they number probably not more than five thousand men, women and children all told.

Favored in many ways by a bountiful nature, beyond contiguous parts of the country, it is not to be wondered at that Columbus, cast upon this coast, not fifty miles east from Puerto Bello and scarcely eighty from Colon, the eastern terminus of the Panama Canal, though accustomed to the luxuriance and beauty of the tropics, should have named it "The Garden." Consumed by his vision of discovering the priceless mines from which the gold of Solomon's temple was brought, of which there was no trace here, Columbus stayed but a few days on the coast and has given us but a meagre description of the natives and none of their pursuits and customs. Nor have the later discoverers been more explicit; the old records contain practically nothing but accounts of the presence or absence of gold and treasures.

It cannot be doubted that this lack of plunder was the only reason which caused the old adventurers to allow the people to live in peace, and it is most probable that the same reason has actuated Colombia in her later treatment of them.

Their land, by ancient grant, begins at the Gulf of San Blas and continues almost to New Caledonia, not far from the Gulf of Darien. Its external features to one traveling the coast in a canoe or small vessel, are of a remarkable beauty of which the eye never tires. The peculiar light green tints of the foliage give it a fresh and invigorating appearance, as though newly made and not yet seasoned. Numerous keys jut out from the mainland which in places slopes up gradually to meet the Andes Mountains and again rises heavily wooded from the sea to the height of hundreds of feet. One accustomed to our northern coast scenery is struck by the invisibility of the soil. There are no bare stretches of land, no projecting rocks, or wastes of sand, everything is clothed by nature with a profusion of growth and foliage, of which the most important is the cocoanut palm, the fruit of which is the revenue and coin of the country.

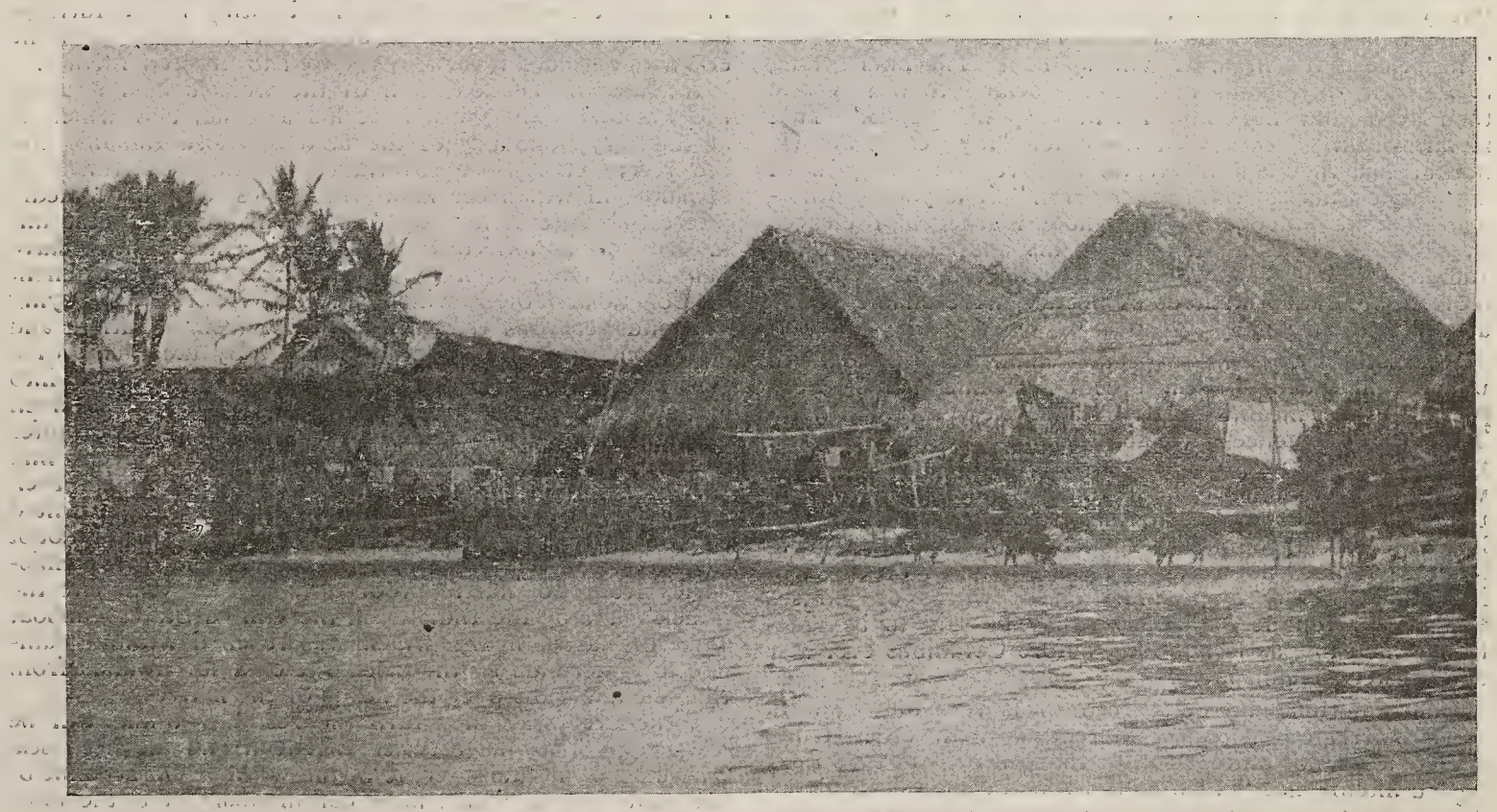
Owing to the distrust with which the natives regard strangers, there is but one way in which an American can



FIRST VISITORS TO THE SHIP.

get close enough to them to make any reliable observations, and that is by shipping aboard a cocoanut trader, the only kind of vessels that ply the coast. Two New York firms, with a score of vessels, sloops and barkentines, do the entire business and ship to this country almost fifteen million nuts per year, over one-quarter of the entire production of the tropics. It was while on one of these vessels that the photographs which accompany this article were taken.

The method of doing business with the Indians is a very simple one. In the employ of each cocoanut firm are some ten or a dozen traders, Colombians or half-breeds. These men, either in small sloops or Indian dugouts, with a crew of two or three Indians traverse the coast, each in an allotted territory, and contract for the nuts, which are collected and stored in certain places easy of access for the larger vessels, and in them loaded and brought to New York. The cost to the trader is a fixed one, twenty dollars a thousand, Columbian silver, about eight dollars American gold, or goods to the same amount, and two dollars export duty, which is the only revenue that the Colombian Government gets from the land. The price in New York varies, of course, with the imports, from twenty to forty dollars a thousand, so that the industry cannot be said to lack profit.



A SAN BLAS VILLAGE.

My acquaintance with the Indians began one afternoon, when, about forty-eight hours out from Carthagena, where we had called for the customs agent, the Rhoda, a barkentine of about two hundred tons, dropped anchor a quarter of a mile off shore, just west of Cape Tiburon, at the eastern boundary of their land. Numerous dugouts, with one, two or three occupants, appeared putting out from shore. A pretty sight they made, as, with paddles flashing in the sunlight, each strove to be the first to reach the vessel. When alongside the occupants showed much reluctance about coming aboard, contenting them-

selves with paddling about and offering bananas, plantain and alligator pears for exchange. These three products of the soil, with the fish which they net and catch, form the chief subsistence of the Indians. On looking closely I found that most of those which had come out to visit us were boys, most of them little fellows not more than eight or nine years old and some of them evidently not more than five, and here they were paddling about in the open sea, in spite of the sharks which infest these waters, with a total disregard of possible mishaps. Curiosity overcame the distrust of one of them and enabled us to get a good photograph while he was trying to decide whether to stay and see what was going on or jump overboard. His name was Sammy, so the trader learned, and he speaks for himself.

Early the next morning we went ashore, taking along a trader to interpret, and saw the chief. He was a short man, not over five feet six inches, with close cut hair, high cheek bones, deep reddish skin and very square shoulders, a characteristic of the tribe. The general contour of his face suggested the Asiatic. His dress consisted of a pair of overalls, a white cotton shirt and a jaunty little yachting cap, made in Germany, the *tout ensemble* being rather original. There was no way of discovering by observation that the responsibility of the government of this particular key rested with him, as he wore no badge of office, his hut was not of unusual size, and there was nothing distinctive about him. The current phrase with them on meeting a stranger is *Ibi nuga,* which means "What's your name?" The interpreter gave ours and on asking the same question of the chief was told, "Henry Clay."

There are between forty and fifty of these chiefs, located on different of the larger keys along the coast, and probably eight or ten have American names, such as Henry Clay, Washington Harvey and George Washington. They receive no salary or remuneration of any kind for the responsibility of governing, and, it must be said, that owing to the ordinarily peaceful natures of the natives the chiefs' duties are not onerous. They are elected by popular acclamation and govern by the consent of those governed, with an absolute lack of safeguards, such as a constitution, or law, or police, and an efficiency of decency and order which puts our civilized countries, with their complicated machinery of legislation and justice, to the blush. When the natives become tired of or dissatisfied with any chief they request him to resign and he henceforth retires into obscurity. A few cases only have there been of a chief refusing to be shelved, all of them attended with disastrous results, they having no scruples about killing a chief or anybody else if he stands in the way of the accustomed order of things. Several have as a badge of office plain polished mahogany sticks about three feet long, but very little significance is attached to them.

The head chief, who lives at Sasardi, a few miles south of the Isle of Pines, which marked the nearest approach of Colombian troops to Colon during the recent imbroglio, is distinguished by a flag pole which flies no flag, and which constitutes the only external difference from the sub-chiefs. He is probably the most intelligent Indian on the coast, having been once to the United States when a young boy and to Bogota several times to treat with the Colombian Government. His sense of justice is well defined by his method of dissolving a cocoanut corner which the Indians, the whole length of the coast, had formed about five years ago. In their haste to get rich they unwisely put the price at $40 a thousand, Colombian silver, an almost prohibitive figure. The traders refused to buy and for two months not a nut changed hands. Finally, the head chief summoned to him the youngest trader on the coast, a New Englander by birth, and as shrewd a man as could be met with, and said to him, "My friend, it has been told to me that while the other traders cursed and threatened my people for not selling our nuts, you, though losing much money every day through having men and vessels idle, said to my people, 'The price is too high. I will not buy. The nuts belong to you and my goods and money belong to me. Good, then keep your nuts and I will keep my goods.' That is fair dealing," continued the chief, "my people are ignorant but they admire truth. I give you the pick of my people's nuts at the former price." The young American bought practically the whole market and cleared over twelve thousand dollars by his appreciation of the Indian character, while the rival concern, believing in more high-handed methods of finance, were unable to buy a nut.

The language is most peculiar and very difficult to understand because of the use of the same words to express different meanings, and because the verb is not used. Thus their sentences are abrupt and disconnected, and the thought obscured, except to one of long acquaintance with their tongue. Without exaggeration, I should say that it is more difficult to master than any of the six languages most commonly spoken throughout the world to-day. It does not seem to have developed or enriched itself in any way by assimilation of words or phrases from other tongues, and may safely be said to be practically the same as it was long before Columbus ever saw the Western Hemisphere.

The same tendency of segregation is very noticeable in their marriage customs. Intercourse with other tribes or peoples is not indulged in or thought of, and thus their native intelligence, which at times betrays itself in astonishing ways, lies dormant for the lack of infusion of outside blood to quicken it to life. On coming to marriageable age the Indian maiden is kept in seclusion for a period of three days, attended by a number of the oldest women of the village, and her hair cropped close, in which fashion she wears it for the rest of her life. Marriage is a mere agreement between the man and woman, there being no attendant ceremony and no obligations except that they live together until death parts them and that the man support his wife's father. The mother-in-law is thus happily ignored, and it can hardly be doubted that in this manner one potent cause for the severance of the conjugal tie is removed. Divorce is, of course, unheard of, and separation most rare, and in cases where it does occur neither party is allowed to remarry before the death of one of them. If immoral intercourse should be perpetrated and discovered the head men in the community take matters into their own hands and the offenders when caught are put to death. And there can be no question that the effect of this custom is morally most salutary and economically most judicious.

The women are a little shorter than the men and probably average in height about five feet two. They wear, for the most part, fancy short kimonas of gaudy yellow, black and red combinations, cut off at the elbows, a breech cloth, and blue jeans to the knees. On their legs from infancy are tightly wrapped above and below the calf bands of fancy native bead work, the result of which is to make the calf very prominent. For adornment they wear thin nose and ear rings about the size of an American half dollar, and about her neck the mistress of the house strings her lord's money, Chinese fashion. The Colombian dollar and half dollar are the only coins used on the coast, and the wealthiest woman we saw was wearing a string of probably two hundred of the latter.

The women are more carefully kept from the near view of strangers than is customary in Turkey, and it was only the greatest good fortune that enabled us to procure one of the photographs here shown. The lady here reproduced had never seen a camera and did not really know what was going on, as the photographer was screened by the overhanging eaves of a hut. They are not all so ignorant, however, as the experience of a trader whom we met attests. Being something of a collector, and hoping to get some pictures of the natives, he one day produced, while trading, a kodak, telling the Indians that it was a machine that made a fine cloth for their women. "No," replied an old chief in his own tongue, "you lie, that is a machine to take our women to New York." They refused to deal with this particular trader from that day on, and, needless to say, the traders attempted to take no more pictures.

Though they distrust the camera they actually fear the phonograph, which they think is the very devil himself, and they made such an impression on an agent who was sent down there by a New York concern that he did not look for any more customers until he had reached Carthagena, 200 miles away.

Their religion is crude; they believe in a God, but they neither specify his attributes nor accord him much power. He is an elusive deity, and is neither gratified by regular devotion or by altars, temples or any sort of sacrifice. Sunday is the same as any other day in San Blas. The deceased were once buried with all their property, but this custom has been dispensed with and they are now interred about ten miles up the rivers, in a sitting posture, and facing the east, with nothing to mark the spot. There is no weeping or period of mourning and the incident is forgotten as soon as possible.

The huts are built very simply, thatched over with palm leaves, so naturally that they appear to be a production of the soil, and so strongly as to weather the fiercest gales that sweep the coast. They consist generally of two rooms, one large, the sleeping apartment, and the other smaller, the kitchen. They use no couches or beds but sleep in single hammocks which the women weave from twine on hand looms, dye in variegated colors, and which are really works of art. A fine hammock will take an expert native six weeks to make and will last a lifetime.

The men are poor bush hunters, but excel in diving, swimming and handling their little canoes. In sailing their dugouts, which carry mainsail and jib, one man handles the sheet rope and rudder and another, standing on the gunwale, holds to a rope attached to the top of the mast and by leaning out from the side when a gust comes manages to preserve the balance of the craft, which are infinitely more cranky than the crankiest Adirondack canoe ever built. Thus they make good sailors, but seldom do they ship aboard any vessel which leaves the coast.

The country inland is almost a closed book, and practically nothing is known of the Indians who inhabit the mountains, a tribe of bushmen descended as the San Blas natives from the ancient Caribs, and of whom the former live in some dread. Fifteen miles up a couple of rivers in search for monkey and jaguar hunting is the furthest our party penetrated, for at about this distance from the ocean our guides invariably refused to proceed further.

In view of the deflection of the world's commerce to the Panama Canal, which seems assured, and which is at the very boundary of the land of those Indians, and the recent change of government of the department of Panama, in which the land wholly lies, it is a decidedly interesting speculation as to what will become of the unknown and unnoticed Indians. For centuries they have held their land, secured in peace, from the Government of Bogota and those which preceded it, always enjoying fair and generous treatment, exempt from taxation, and free from any sort of state burdens. By the events of a few short weeks they have been thrust unwittingly into a position where their friendship or hostility means much to both Panama and Colombia. Their land is the buffer between the two countries. In my opinion, everything tends to cause them to side with Colombia; she has been their friend, while Panama is the friend of the United States, whose people they distrust. There is no doubt that at the present time they are being exploited by emissaries from Bogota, in proof of which I would cite the attack made by the Indians on the United States gunboat Bancroft last January, which was repelled without damage to either side by the discharge of a few rounds from the machine guns over the heads of the natives.

Whichever way they turn the result, I think, will be the same. They lie between the devil and the deep sea. The land is the most fertile in the world. On account of the trade winds, which blow continuously, it is the most healthy in Central America. It has industries which could be pushed profitably, and its very contiguity to the canal places it in the path of civilization, which superimposed would be more destructive to the Indian than war.

The pages of history are filled with instances of like character, and while they may be considered the milestones which mark the advance of civilization to its ultimate triumph, they are none the less the tombstones of many a tribe and race conquered by the unequal contest with advanced conditions of life.

PHILIP LE BOUTILLIER.

NEW YORK CITY.

"This race problem is a dreadful thing." "Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "whenever I see Charley get a pencil and begin to figure on the entries in a race, I know there's going to be trouble."—**Washington Star.**

Natural History.

Short Talks on Taxidermy.

How to Skin and Preserve a Bird or Mammal.

THERE are few things easier to do than to remove and properly preserve the skin of a small bird or mammal, and yet few that to the inexperienced person seem so difficult. Without direction. one knows not how to begin nor how to proceed, and the first efforts of the self-taught taxidermist are sure to prove discouraging failures.

I remember well my first attempt. The bird was a crow that I had shot from a window as it was flying over the house; it was the first bird that I had shot on the wing, and I wished to preserve it. As soon as I returned from school, I began to skin it, kept at the work until night, and after the evening meal, worked till bed time. By this time the skin was turned inside out, and fairly well cleaned, and in this condition I left it over night. After school next day I tried to turn it right side out, but the skin had dried and shrunk. I did not know enough to moisten it, so as to make it slip back, and in endeavoring to force the head back through the neck, to my great disappointment I split the skin, and was obliged to throw it away. Some similar experience has come to many a boy.

To become a good taxidermist, one who can mount birds and mammals in an artistic and life-like manner, requires a deep love for nature, implying close observation and careful study, together with love for art, and much practice. Taxidermy, though considered a mechanical trade, is much more than that. It is a department of art, and is closely akin to sculpture. To attain the highest degree of excellence one must devote his life to it, and by study and work, through discouragements and failures he may at last attain eminence.

On the other hand, a little instruction and a little practice will enable any one to attain a fair degree of skill in preserving skins, which may be useful either for study or to be mounted in a collection. Nothing is more common than for the gunner to shoot some game or other bird with which he is unacquainted, and about which he is curious. He would like to save it, so as to submit it to some expert ornithologist, who can tell him what it is and something of its manners of life. If a rare bird it may have a certain scientific value, or, at least, have sufficient interest to be a desirable addition to some collection. If the gunner understands how to remove and preserve the skin he is in a position at least to satisfy his own curiosity, and possibly to perform a useful service to science. No month passes without the record in some ornithological periodical of the capture of certain birds in localities where, according to the experience of previous ornithological collectors, they have no business to occur. But, no doubt, every year hundreds of birds are killed whose occurrences ought to be recorded, but, through the ignorance of those who shoot them, fail of such record.

To say nothing of the gunners who like to possess a collection of game birds, representing all the species that they have killed, there are many young men and boys interested in natural history who wish to acquaint themselves with the birds and the mammals found in the localities where they reside. Such study of the local fauna is useful and profitable, provided it is intelligently undertaken, and under proper direction. But it is very wrong—hardly less than criminal—to make a collection of birds, or of mammals, from the mere desire to accumulate a great number of specimens. The practice once so common of making large collections of birds' skins solely for purposes of exchange, or from a desire to have a large collection, is frowned on by all good ornithologists and is forbidden by the law, which, in many States, provides that small birds shall not be killed except by some one who possesses a license to kill for scientific purposes only. Usually such a license is granted on the recommendation of one or more competent ornithologists, none of whom in these days is likely to lend his sanction to the granting of a license to a mere collector.

In this, and the succeeding articles, I shall describe very briefly a common method of preparing the skins of birds and small mammals. There are a number of excellent works on this subject, but several of them leave much to be desired in the matter of detail.

Small birds and mammals are commonly obtained either by shooting or trapping. The birds are usually taken with a shotgun, while mammals are more commonly caught in traps of various descriptions, and these traps usually kill the animal at once.

Game birds and larger birds are killed in ways that are familiar to us all. Smaller birds are commonly taken with a shotgun, loaded with very light charges of powder, and of the smallest shot, usually dust shot, or No. 12. Often, however, for collecting the smallest birds, where the shot frequently has to be fired at a distance of only a few yards, the ordinary .12-gauge shotgun is too large, for it cannot be so lightly loaded that it will not cut the bird to pieces badly at very close range. For the collector, then, several devices have been invented, one of which is a shell fitting the chamber of an ordinary gun, and with extremely thick walls, and a small opening through it about the size of a 32-caliber rifle. Into the base of this shell, or auxiliary barrel may be slipped a small cartridge, lightly charged with powder and shot, and exploded by the firing pin of the gun. The length of the useable barrel for this small shell is less than three inches, but this small shell is used only for small birds, at a distance or four or five yards.

Another gun is described by Mr. C. J. Maynard, in his Manual of Taxidermy, as follows: "This gun consists of two brass tubes, a smaller one within the larger, with an air space between them, thus greatly deadening the sound, and both are securely fastened to a finely nickel-plated, five-shot revolver. We make two sizes, a .22-gauge, the report of which is very slight, and a .32-gauge, which makes a little louder noise. The former will kill warblers at fifteen yards, and the latter at twenty yards, while birds like jays, thrushes and robins

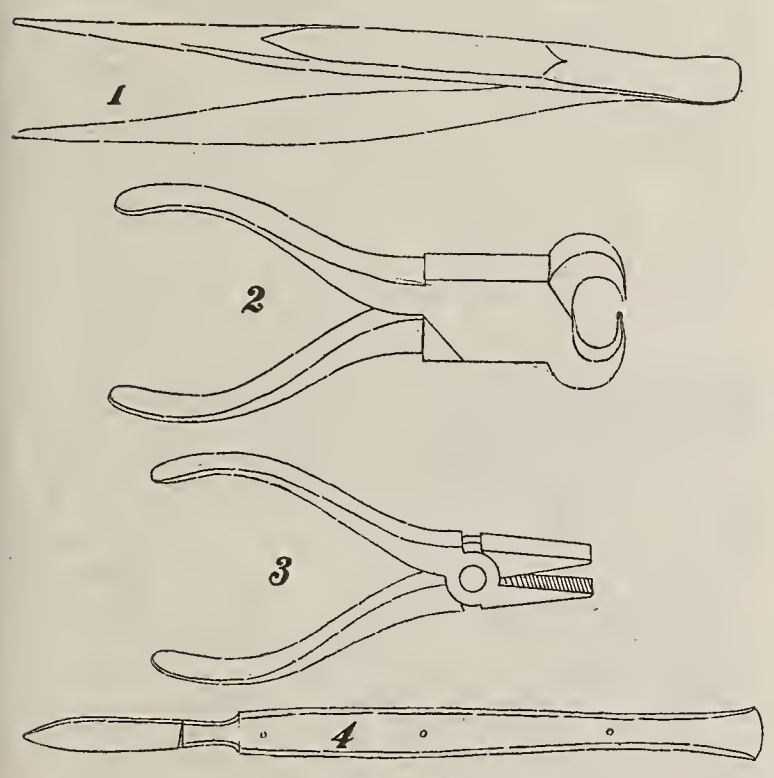
may be brought down with a .32-gauge at a distance of ten yards."

Provided with an arm such as has been indicated, and with a few ordinary shells in his pocket, for larger specimens, or for birds at a considerable distance, the young collector may safely enough start out to secure his specimen. But he must provide himself with a few other things, in order that he may bring in the birds that he kills in satisfying shape. In a fishing basket, which he will carry on his back, he should have an old newspaper or two, a little bunch of cotton, and a tight box, containing a little plaster of paris, to stop the bleeding in a bird that may be badly shot. From a piece of the newspaper he will, when he secures a bird, make a cone, into which the bird should be slipped, head first, and then, turning in the open end of the cone, the feathers will be kept smooth and clean until he returns to the house and put the specimen away. It is often convenient to have in the basket a pair of small forceps, which may be useful in several ways before the day is over.

If the student is a beginner, and desires only a specimen or two for practice, he will do well to try his hand first on a bird the size of a blackbird or a bluejay. Let him kill two such birds, if the opportunity offers, and then return to the house and begin his work.

As soon as the bird has fallen it should be picked up. If, by any chance, it is not yet dead, an instant end should be put to its sufferings, by taking it in the right hand, placing the forefinger in the fork of the breast bone immediately below the neck, the thumb and second finger being against the bird's side, just back of the wings and above the breast, and then compressing the body. This causes instant death by suffocation, and is as painless as possible.

If there is no sign of blood on the plumage, or from the mouth or nostrils, open the bird's mouth, and with a small twig, or a match, push a little wad of cotton into the mouth and a little way down the throat, gathering it up, so that none of it projects from the side of the bill, and close the bill, and see that it remains closed. The wad of cotton should be large enough to comfortably fill the throat, and so to prevent the passage of any blood or juices that otherwise might come from the gullet, or the lungs. If the bird should be bleeding at the nostrils, these should be plugged with cotton, which may easily be thrust into them by the fine point of a twig, or a match whittled down small enough to enter the nostrils. If anywhere on the plumage there should be a clot of blood it must be removed by the blade of a penknife, moved with the grain of the feathers, and the feathers then be lifted up, and the shot-hole dusted with sufficient plaster of paris to



TOOLS USED.

absorb the flowing blood, and, as it hardens, to stop that flow. Some of the books recommend the plugging of these wounds with cotton, and if it is properly done this is very well, but too often the cotton fails to completely fill the orifice, and the blood continues to leak out, and to spread among the feathers. A dab of plaster, on the other hand, is usually quite effectual, and after the skin has been removed can be broken up and removed from the feathers.

If by mischance a pellet or two of shot should have struck the bird in the eye, the moisture from the eye is likely to leak out and wet the feathers of the head and neck. This may well enough cause trouble when the time comes for removing the skin, and I have frequently, in such a case, carefully introduced the points of the forceps between the eyelids, and removed the whole eye, taking up any moisture that might appear by means of plaster of paris, with which the orbit can easily be dried. This is something, however, that is not likely to happen.

When the bird has been so prepared that no blood or other moisture will injure it during the excursion, make your cone of paper, as already advised, and having done up the bird, lay it away in the bottom of the fishing basket, with the paper, cotton and other things, above it.

Before this you will have provided the necessary tools for your work. These should be two or three sharp scalpels, such as are used by doctors in dissecting, a pair of scissors of medium size, two pairs of forceps, one small and the other somewhat longer, and a short pair of flat-pointed carpenter's pliers. For most purposes a really sharp penknife will do about as well as the scalpels, but the latter are somewhat more convenient. One can use either tool, swiftly and satisfactorily, when accustomed to it. Besides this, a tin box, with a tight-fitting cover, should hold a pound or two of arsenic, and in this box should be a brush for dusting the poison on the skin. A wad of cotton, tied about the end of a stick, or, what is still better, the foot of a hare, lashed by half a dozen turns of fine wire to the end of a stick, makes a convenient implement for the purpose. All these articles should be together in the room, and on the table where you are to do your skinning. For this work you should have a special place; the cellar, or some corner in the barn or in an outhouse, where it is warm in cold weather. It is better not to do the skinning in your bedroom, nor at random all about the house, as the fragments of flesh and the bird bodies, which you will have to throw away, are not agreeable objects for the housekeeper—and perhaps not for any one—to see. Moreover, your poison should be kept where no one can get at it. It is better to have all these things under lock and key, if possible.

If you collect bird skins or those of mammals, you will need a case in which to keep them. Such a case, economical in the matter of room, and convenient, because it keeps the skins from pressure, and so from getting out of shape, may be made by having constructed a box, two feet long, eighteen inches wide, and twenty inches high, into which shall fit, one over the other, a series of wooden trays—of the lightest possible stuff, the bottoms even being of pasteboard—the deepest two and one-half inches in depth, and from that running down to an inch in depth. The box opens at the top with a lid, hinged behind, and furnished with a lock. The trays are to hold your skins, those of the smaller birds going into the shallower trays, and the larger ones being placed in the deeper ones. The deepest tray of all may, for a time, at least, serve to hold your stuffing tools and your poison. Such a box should be light, but strongly constructed, with all the joints absolutely tight, and with the lid tight fitting, so as to keep out insects.

AMATEUR.

Bear Ways and Other Things.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Hardy is right about bear retaining their fat all winter. I have killed bear at all times of the year, and always made a post-mortem examination. About a month or so before a bear dens up, the stomach begins to contract, and by the time a bear is ready to den the stomach is contracted until it looks like a chicken gizzard, and it and the intestines are clean and empty, and the bear is a mass of fat, inside and out. After the cubs are born a female gradually loses her fat, and is rather poor by the time she comes out. But the males and barren females seem just as fat when they come out as when they denned, and carry their fat for some time afterward. I have killed very fat bears at least two months after they had come out in the spring. Most bears seem to eat very little, and to carry this fat until vegetation gets a good start and they get green food; after that they lose fat very rapidly. This applies more especially to bear that live in a snow country.

Here in the West the lowland bear den up only during the coldest weather, do not put on much fat in the fall, and lose it early in the spring. In the mountains bear den up with the first heavy snow—generally in November or December—and stay in until March or April. But a warm spell during the winter will always bring out the bear, though they will not go far from their dens. Most of the bear dens I have seen were holes dug out on a north hill in heavy timber where snow would be deep, but I have also found bear in caves and under windfalls. Hollow logs large enough are scarce out here.

As regards bear killing game I do not think that they destroy much. A bear is omnivorous, and if he comes across a young animal asleep takes it in, but he would be just as well satisfied if it were anything else edible.

I have found remains of the young of elk and deer that had been killed by bear, but not many, and never found a large game animal that I was sure had been killed by bear. Still, some bear will kill cattle, and would no doubt kill big game if they had a chance. All the young game animals I know of that were killed by bear were small ones that the mother had left and the bear had stumbled on, and I do not think that bear make a practice of hunting game. But a bear picks up all the eggs of ground-nesting birds that he finds.

Anything in the animal or vegetable line that is edible is bear food, so bruin has no trouble in keeping a full stomach, and does not have to hunt like a wolf or cougar. One of these last will, in a game or stock country, kill every three or four days.

What Mr. Hardy says about what the majority of people believe about bear losing their fat brings to my mind the lack of close observation among those who pose as authorities on natural history, and from whom most people get their ideas.

One writer, in speaking of chasing a bunch of wild horses, speaks of a snow-white mare that was easily seen at night, and made it possible to follow it constantly. It is very evident that this writer had never night wrangled horses, or he would have known that it is almost impossible to see a white horse at night, and that a black or bay can be seen three or four times as far. As a matter of fact, against any background but black or green a white animal is harder to see in daylight than a dark colored one. This same writer works up a harrowing story about being caught by the hand in a wolf trap, when, if he had placed a foot on each spring and pulled upon the trap with both hands he would have been loosed at once. A man caught by the hand in any trap but a No. 6, 42-pound bear trap can get loose, and I have seen men open and set a No. 6 in this way, but of course they were very strong.

By the way, can a grizzly bear cub climb a tree? This writer says that they can, and that as they grow older their wrists get stiff and they cannot climb. Now, I always thought that a grizzly cannot climb because the claws of his fore feet are too straight to get hold on a tree. I never saw a grizzly cub climb. Once we had a grizzly and a cinnamon cub in camp at the same time. They were about four months old and used to have great tussels with the dogs. When the cinnamon got the worst of it he always took to a tree, but the grizzly never treed, but would back up against something and knock out every dog that came near. And though the cinnamon was up a tree half the time, either to get away from the dog or for the fun of climbing, the grizzly never attempted to climb.

I have several times come on a she bear and cubs and could almost always chase a black or cinnamon cub up a tree, but could never make a grizzly cub take a tree under any circumstances.

Many of the writers on outdoor life seem to write a whole lot by guess anyway. One has some of his characters traveling when it is so cold that they can't stop to tie a shoe-lace without beginning to freeze, and in the next breath has them spending hours up trees waiting for stray Indians to pass underneath. Maybe they built a fire among the branches.

This same writer speaks of an Indian sewing the shapeless bag of bark which was afterward to become a canoe and of making deadfall traps at camp out of wood and rawhide. He also speaks of boiling deer brains and using the liquor to remove the hair from deer skins. It is many years since I saw a birch, but when I was a boy the frame of a canoe was made first and the bark put on afterward, piece by piece.

Deadfall traps are made right where they are set, and no rawhide used. And all the Indians I ever saw tanning used the brains to rub into the hide after the hair and grain had been removed. Buckskin can be made with nothing but water and elbow grease.

Take a deer skin and soak it in water until the hair starts, then take off the hair and grain with any kind of a blunt knife. Then wash the skin in water until the glue is all out, work it dry, and you have buckskin. But it will dry hard every time it gets wet. Rubbing in brains, or any fat, for that matter, is simply a filling, like oil in leather.

I note that at a late meeting of the Campfire Club the old, old yarn was sprung about a cougar sucking the blood of its prey.

Now, I have examined hundreds of carcasses of animals killed by cougars and never saw any indication of blood sucking. A cougar nearly always kills by biting the back of the neck, and it mauls its prey just as a cat does a mouse. I never had the luck to see a cougar make a kill, but a friend of mine once saw a cougar catch a doe. He said that the cougar landed on the doe's back, smashing it to the ground, and commenced chewing its neck and shoulders. The doe thrashed around, bawling and making an awful racket, and my friend ran up and shot the cougar. The doe was too badly hurt to live, so he had to kill her also.

It is quite common to find horses that have been attacked by cougar and escaped, and the claw and teeth marks will always be on the sides and back.

If people will set themselves as authority, for heaven's sake let them study their subjects.

WM. WELLS.

WELLS, Wyoming.

What is the Egg?

A friend gave me a bird's egg this morning that was found on the ground in a pasture lot; there was no nest.

In size it is .76x.99 of an inch, about midway between a Wilson and wood thrush egg. The color is the light blue of the bluebird's egg. On emptying it I found it perfectly fresh, and it must have been dropped the day it was found, Monday, April 18, for on Saturday morning there was nearly a foot of snow on the ground, most of which remained until Monday. On Saturday and Sunday mornings the thermometer was at 20 degrees above zero.

We have had no birds breeding here in April whose eggs are of the size and color as the one found; and as yet but a few migratory species have been seen. I can name only the bronze grackle, redwing, bluebird, robin and song sparrow, up to this morning, when I saw the first brown creeper.

I went out two weeks ago to-day to look for snipe and saw no signs of them. Have heard only of two being taken, and they were taken near Buffalo. We had four inches of snow yesterday morning. I saw it being carted off Main street this morning, and there is plenty to be seen from my window as I write this.

J. L. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, April 20.

Crows in Town.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., April 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have always been interested in birds, but until last Friday, the 15th, I never saw crows act like turkey buzzards. On that day I saw, from 9 A. M. until noon, between twenty and thirty crows right in the center of the city, some in trees, some along Cancadea Creek, some in the park, others in lots and back yards.

I suppose they had just come north, were very hungry; finding fields frozen and no grub or grubs, they came into the city for something to eat. A crow is shy, and I think they munst have been very hungry.

That night we had a blizzard, seven inches of snow and good sleighing the 16th. J. OTIS FELLOWS.

Is it a Flicker?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to "F. M.," whose question, "What bird is this," appears in your issue of April 23, I would say that to the best of my knowledge it is a flicker, also called a highhole. The flicker makes a sound such as the one he describes, and is a large bird, showing, as he flies away from you, a large white spot on his back. C. L. A.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., April 20.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What bird is this? Query from F. M. in last issue. Answer: Flicker or highholder. I am afraid F. M. lacks the advantages of having been born in the country. Hope they will become better acquainted. E.

SPRING fashions for Parisian dogs include many novelties, such as colored cambric night shirts, rubber shoes, thick, fluffy dressing gowns to wear after a bath, straw and felt hats, special wicker sofas, cushioned and bedecked with garlands and ribbons; nail files, ear picks, powder boxes and vaporizers.

At the dogs' dressmakers' in the Palais Royal I noticed this week a white, hairy cloth overcoat, bordered with white mohair galons, a red velvet collar and a pocket for the handkerchief.—New York Herald.



GAME BAG AND GUN

Accidental Shooting in the Woods

HON. J. F. SPRAGUE, of Monson, Maine, read the following paper before the North American Fish and Game Protective Association at its recent annual meeting, at Portland, Maine:

The accidental shooting of men by hunters for big game, not only in the Maine woods, but in other forest sections of the country where game is pursued is deplorable alike to sportsmen and all good citizens. Its frequent occurrence is lamentable, and if there is any remedy within the domain of law or otherwise, it should be discovered and applied. The subject is grewsome and each case has been a painful one, yet all of us have been interested in it and studied it for the finding of the cause. The circumstances surrounding each case have varied, yet it would seem that in about every instance the party committing the offense has been in more or less of an abnormal mental condition occasioned by unnatural excitement.

Sometimes the victim himself has unwittingly been at fault in placing himself in a dangerous position, contrary to the arranged plans of the hunting party. My observation and information lead me to the conclusion that generally these accidents have been by novices. Old hunters, woodsmen, guides, and sportsmen of mature experience and long training in forest life have seldom made these disastrous mistakes.

Many have contended that those who have been instrumental in formulating and enacting the laws for the protection of the game have been derelict in this respect, and that more drastic measures should be passed —statutes that would impose severe penalties for shooting human beings by persons in pursuit of game and game birds. Along this line the Legislature of Maine in 1901 passed the following act: "Section 1. Whoever while on a hunting trip or in the pursuit of wild game or game birds, negligently or carelessly shoots or wounds or kills any human being, shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding ten years, or by fine not exceeding one thousand dollars. Section 2. It shall be the duty of the County Attorney and Sheriff in the County in which a violation of the foregoing section occurs, to forthwith investigate and prosecute every person who therein violates the provisions of this act, and for failing to investigate and prosecute, each of said officers shall be liable to a fine of not exceeding one thousand dollars and to be removed from office." I am not aware that any marked change for the better has been the result of this law. It is a principle of the Common Law, that the killing of a human being through negligence, is manslaughter, and the penalty for it in this State has always been the same as provided by this act. Section 2 of this act made it incumbent upon the County Attorneys and Sheriffs to institute immediate investigations whenever such an accident occurred, which they have done so far as I am informed, and yet I do not know that a true bill has been found against any one by any Grand Jury in the State under this act. The killing to constitute manslaughter must be unlawful and malicious, but the malice may be presumed, if, as the Court says in State vs. Knight, "there is nothing in the circumstances, as proved to explain, quality or palliate the act." Then "the law presumes it to have been done maliciously." Without considering, while passing, the complicated questions which might arise as to what would constitute negligence, it will be readily perceived that a prosecution of this kind would be beset with grave difficulties. It is doubtful if it is possible for any one to formulate a law aimed directly against accidental shooting that will reach to the root of the evil.

It is not within the range of possibility to punish a man for the purely accidental killing of a human being. If a legislature should, in a frenzy, pass such a law, it is not likely that it would stand in the Courts or ever be enforced by any Anglo-Saxon community. Then if there is no help for it within the ken of the law, is there any practical way for hunters and sportsmen themselves to substantially work out a solvent? I dare not be positive about any position regarding so intricate a subject, and yet this question may possibly be answered affirmatively. Philosophers, sages and scientists have from the beginning of the race searched for light within the realm of the mind, but have been rewarded with only the most meagre knowledge. We only know that the human mind is a complicated and mysterious piece of mechanism, constantly being insensibly influenced by occult forces, only some of which are discernible. Now we have for a long time had in Maine a heavy penalty for killing the cow moose. The moose hunter goes into the wods in quest of moose, knowing that he must stop and determine, before he fires, whether it is a bull, a cow, a spike horn, or a calf, and he pauses long enough to ascertain, and seldom mistakes a moose for a man. Why is this? I cannot satisfactorily answer the question, neither can you. We know only the fact. His mental processes must have unconsciously led him into a deliberateness in pursuing the moose, which he is a stranger to when hunting the deer. The normal man when he enters upon a chase for either deer or moose is possessed of no idea whatever that he may kill a fellow being. Such a calamity is not consciously or unconsciously any part of the workings of his mind. The excitement of the chase is intense with him, especially if he is a beginner in the sport.

This undue and abnormal excitement subjects him to distorted visions, mental and perhaps optical illusions. In his unnatural vision he sees something. The bushes move, the color of the animal is there, the plan was for his comrade and guide to be on yonder mountain side, far from this spot, and no latent mental forces suggest the possibility of a man being near. He has not that unconscious and mysterious incentive to be deliberate, which he might have were he looking for a moose. In his mental vision he sees a deer. It is real to him, as actual as are the objects in the delirium of a sick brain, yet it is only an illusion. He fires and alas! The one awful thing which he was so positive the other day that he could easily and certainly avoid, when he was indifferently reading of the last accidental shooting, is done. The fatal shot has ruined a home, desolated a fireside, made a widow, made orphans, and embittered and saddened his whole life, and filled his own heart with tears of bitter and eternal remorse. If he had been hunting a moose he would not have stopped and looked before firing because he apprehended that he might see a man. That fragment of thought would be absent from his mind in either event. But yet, although not thinking of a man when hunting the moose, he was sane and thoughtful, because there was something, a grain of thought which passeth our understanding, marvellously lodged somewhere in the recesses of his mind that he might mistake a cow for a bull. While hunting for the deer he had no such mental promptings, for the law has allowed him to kill both doe and buck. There had been no inexplicable mental process unconsciously at work to cause him to ponder with care before firing, and the danger of his killing a man had never operated upon his mind. He had always believed that only the careless killed men in the woods accidentally, and the belief that he never had been and never could be careless at such tims was a part of his being. The popular theory is that these accidents are invariably the result of gross carelessness, and this belief is so universal that, being false, it may of itself be the great cause of them. When hunting for the deer he is equally as certain that he cannot by any chance be careless enough to kill a man, and having had no brakes put on to his senses regarding the deer, he loses his mental equilibrium at the critical moment and the tragedy is athwart his life.

The old weather-beaten hunter will tell you of the "buck fever." He cannot explain it. You laugh at it. A scientist could not make a lucid diagnosis of the disease, and yet it is a part of the actual knowledge of this child of nature.

My conclusions are that you cannot enact a law bearing directly upon the trouble that will meet the requirements. Any attempt to improve upon the principles of the common law by legislative enactment would be futile. They are the fruition of the wisdom and experience of centuries. No more can you regulate a man's nerves or control the unknowable operations of his mind, by statute.

In that direction then many we look with any degree of hope for a remedy? I am loth to suggest. My reasoning along this line has not led me into such a clear light of conviction as I have aspired to. The sportsman of high ideals, the true lover of the woods, the worshipper and devotee in "God's first temples" have long been heart sick at this sad feature of pleasure and recreation in nature's trackless forests.

The fact that during the year 1903, it being the first year of the enforcement of the non-resident license law in Maine, there has ben a falling off in the number of these fatalities, has been hailed by many as indicative of encouragement for the future. It has been urged that the weeding out process which has been occasioned by this new system has given us a more experienced and trained class of hunters, less liable to these accidents than some of those who have formerly come here. Should these anticipations in the end be realized, it would prove the strongest argument in favor of the law that has yet been uttered by any one.

One thing at least in the line of remedy is within the reach of all. Every sportsman, every adherent to the glorious faith in the gospel of rest and recreation which has been preached to the Americans by a Thoreau, a Murray and a host of others, can continually in the press and upon the platform, in private and in public, in the form and by the glow of the camp-fire, iterate and reiterate the dangers which ever attach to the carrying of firearms into the woods and the joys of the chase. They can all at proper times and places work unceasingly to impress upon the mind the dire necessity of practicing self control and moderation, when engaging in the sport.

But to revert for a moment more to the line of suggestions already made. John Fisk in his essay on "Inspiration," says, "the modern student has learned that consciousness has a background as well as a foreground —that the number of mental processes go on within us, of which we cannot always render a full and satisfactory account. Many a link is buried beneath the surface, and the coveted flash of memory, of judgment or fancy, does not always come to our bidding." Is it not possible that the cow-moose law has served to draw from the moose hunter's background of consciousness an impulse, at the right instant, to be deliberate, which is so much needed in all modes of hunting. I do not assert that the moose hunter has always been exempt from these accidents, but I believe it is undisputed that usually they occur among hunters for deer. Cannot you bring to pass some more rational and thoughtful mental conditions in the deer hunter by simply forbidding by law the killing of the doe? This idea has been somewhat exploited in the meetings of the Maine Association and by members privately. The answer has generally been that it might not be practical because there is more of a similarity between the doe and the buck, than between the cow and bull. I am not a hunter myself, being obliged to take my recreation with the rod, rather than with the gun, so I cannot speak of this so authoritatively as I could desire.

But I have discussed the matter with experienced hunters and woodsmen and I find that many of them favor it, believing that it would be entirely practical. But assuming that there is more probability of a hunter killing a doe than a cow moose, would not this very fact prove beneficial? Is not just such a powerful influence upon the deer hunter's mind as this needed to regulate and control it in the moment of emergency? There is already an increasing sentiment in Maine in favor of prohibiting the killing of the doe, of preserving the lives of these forest mothers in the interest of general game protection. That we have arrived at a point where it is necessary to do this for this purpose alone, may be open to debate. But if such a restriction would achieve a double object, if it would not only be a humane act to the deer, but in addition thereto have a tendency to protect human life as well, then every sportsman and every one who has these interests at heart should stand for it and no voice should be heard in protest. As noble, as far reaching and as materially beneficial as are the fundamental principles of game protection to the people of Maine, and as anomalous as it may seem to the stranger, they have unrelenting foes, even here within our own State, who are continually on the alert to attack us where a weak spot may be found in our structure. It is therefore our duty to add strength to this code whenever it can be wisely and judicially done. We are not to necessarily "stand pat" (to borrow a newly coined political phrase), unless such an attitude is absolutely the wisest one. We should be brave and dare to make advance movements whenever these interests appear to demand it. These unfortunate accidents may be at any time seized upon by our enemies and used against us with some effect among the thoughtless and unheedful.

I would not be understood as intending to intimate that there are no cases of accidental shooting in the woods, which are the result of carelessness and negligence and which ought to be punished. There may have been some which would come within this category, and there may be more of them than we are aware of. In any event the investigations provided for by the act before referred to are important; and county officials should be vigilant in this respect, for their official inquiries cannot have any but a salutary effect. The consideartion that I have been able to give to this matter leads me to the unqualified belief that the entire subject in all of its phases demands the most careful attention and the best thought of all friends to game protection.

The Discussion.

Hon. H. R. Virgin—When I came into this meeting, I had little idea of speaking on this paper, or any other, and perhaps I may give you a history of this law, as I have the honor of being the author of it. I had been persuaded to prevent, if possible, these many accidents in our woods. So many of them had occurred, and so much misery had been wrought, that it seemed something must be done more than was provided in the old common law, and one day in the Senate I drafted this bill as it stands to-day, and introduced it, and it was referred to our Judiciary Committee, which has matters of that kind in charge. The matter was discussed in the Judiciary Committee and the objection was brought up that the author of the law had stated that the common law was sufficient to protect matters of that kind, but the more the matter was discussed the more it was conceded that something must be done to arouse interest, and after considerable debate back and forth in the Committee, the bill was favorably reported and went on its passage through the House and through the Senate. We finally concluded that perhaps the best reason or safest ground for adopting the bill would be the moral effect it would have on the community and hunters going into the woods. While in general

they knew the law of manslaughter, and that it was criminal to kill human beings, we were fully convinced that if the law was passed in its present shape, and was published and posted up in and about the camps and summer resorts, that it would set the hunters to thinking, and possibly they would be more careful than they ever were before. There was one more consideration, and that was this, it had been suggested that some of the accidents were not accidents but were intentional, and had passed for accidents, and in that way the man who had committed the shooting escaped the penalty of his misdeed. That was a consideration that had some influence. But whether this law is a wise one or not, I believe it should be allowed to stand, and should be spread abroad for the moral effect, and it seems to me that the effect will be good, and will restrain this promiscuous shooting that has so often resulted in fatal accidents.

The President—I was a member of our Legislature and also of the Judiciary Committee when this law was passed, and gave my sanction to it, and for the reasons that have been so clearly set forth by the President of our Senate, Mr. Virgin, and by virtue of his position, Lieutenant-Governor, although we don't have that title here in form. I was wonderfully interested in the very able paper that Mr. Sprague has read, as I have no doubt you all were. It was very interesting, indeed. It seemed to appeal to me this mental process by which a man makes a bush look like a deer. No one can explain it. You go out into the wods some day, sit down and commence to look at a stump or bush, and pretty soon that will commence to assume the form of a deer. You can't explain how it is. But what I wanted to say was to correct one mistake Mr. Sprague made. There have been prosecutions under this law. There was a party in Aroostook county prosecuted and indicted by the Grand Jury, and convicted of manslaughter under this law. I don't think he has ever been sentenced. There was one in Somerset county sent to jail for thirty days by Judge Powers under this law. For some reason, at least, we have been more fortunate in the State of Maine since the law was passed than before. I hope the law has accomplished it. I hope the non-resident license law has got something to its credit in that respect, because I hope that the time is not far ahead in Maine when we will all unite that it is a good law, or unite that it is not a good law and get rid of it. We all want to be united on these matters.

Newfoundland Notes.

Newfoundland Fisheries and Game.

The annual report of the Newfoundland Department of Fisheries for the year 1903 contains much interesting matter.

It is generally known that the once abandoned whale fishery of Newfoundland has been taken up again within the past few years, and, beginning, with a product in 1897-98 of $1,581, increased to $125,257 in 1901-2. Forty-five applications were filed during the year 1902-3, and 858 whales were captured.

The seal fishery—dealing, of course, with the hair seals only—is the largest business of its kind in the world, and in 1903 yielded nearly 318,000 seals, valued at over $767,000.

The cod fishery is the most extensive and important industry of the colony, and the process of cold storage recently adopted for bait will tend to make the fishery more than ever important and successful.

The salmon streams are also valuable, but over netting, obstructions and pollution by mill refuse have greatly injured the catch, which has declined enormously. This decline has taught the authorities a lesson. The use of nets is now regulated, ladders are being built over obstructions, the hair seals, an important enemy to the salmon, are being fought by shooting, netting, and thus driving them away. The salmon are a great attraction to visitors from America and Britain, and in this way are much more valuable than their apparent market worth.

The license for the killing of three head of caribou stags has been altered from $100 to $50, and it is hoped that this will result in the visits of increased numbers of sportsmen, who, it is thought, were driven away by the increased license fee.

Ptarmigan appear to be growing scarcer each year, and it is thought that possibly the ever increasing number of lynxes may to some extent account for this. It is seriously proposed by sportsmen that the shooting of the grouse be prohibited for one or more years in order that their number may be increased.

Fur-bearing animals are trapped more than ever, and, though the law forbids the hunting or killing of beaver, skins have been discovered which show that unscrupulous people are violating it.

Moose for the Island.

The Newfoundland authorities are making arrangements to stock the island with moose, as will be seen by perusal of the following clipping from a Sydney, C. B., paper. The island is better adapted for the raising of deer than any other country in the world. In fact, it is a vast deer park, as it contains caribou enough at present, if they are properly protected, to supply American sportsmen with good hunting for the next century.

Five of the ten moose contracted for by the Newfoundland Government have been captured and are stabled at Newcastle, N. B. The five in captivity are said to be excellent specimens, and are quite domesticated. A letter written from New Castle to a North Sydney party states that the "big bull moose" is so docile that he can be led with a halter. The moose were captured about a month ago. They were tracked in the New Brunswick woods through the snow and were followed and finally captured in the deep snow where they are able to travel only at a very slow rate. The moose will be taken, the letter states, to North Sydney in a few weeks, or when the remaining five are captured. In Newfoundland there are no moose, caribou being the largest of the wild animals found in the ancient colony. The New Brunswick moose are being brought with hope of stocking the country. The animals will be given their freedom on arriving in Newfoundland. An opportunity will be given North Sydney of seeing real live moose in the course of a few weeks.—North Sydney Herald.

Caribou Butchery.

THE following item from a St. Johns (Newfoundland) paper of April 14 cannot fail to be of great interest to American, as well as to Newfoundland sportsmen:

"Word comes from Inspector O'Reilly, who is now on the West Coast, that an enormous slaughter of deer has taken place. It appears that some parties traveled up country one day and shot a number of these animals, on the following day, when returning for the carcases, they found that an enormous herd of caribou had come within a short distance of the coast. Indiscriminate slaughter followed, and it is estimated that 2,000 head were killed. This is a wanton disregard of the law and the parties guilty of such an act should be punished severely. Many of these carcases will never be brought out of the woods, but will be left to rot where killed. Unless steps are taken at once in this matter, caribou in Newfoundland will soon be a thing of the past."

The migrations of the Newfoundland caribou have been familiar for years, but not less familiar has been the wholesale and wanton destruction which has taken place among this herd. Slaughter such as is here reported cannot long continue without so materially decreasing the number of the caribou as to not make it worth the while for any foreign sportsmen to visit that island for the great game which has always abounded there.

Spring in the National Park.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I got back to this wintry country from Alaska on the coldest, stormiest day I have seen this winter. Not even along the coast of Alaska did I find such cold weather. I told my friends I had "put in" two winters already and found I had run into another. I had left Puget Sound country, with its green grass and flowers, to run into a blizzard before we reached Helena.

At Livingston, Mont., and in the Yellowstone Park the thermometer registered 9 to 13 degrees below zero. They all declare here that this is the first cold weather they have had in the Park this season; that it has been a delightful winter. I can believe it, because the game is looking unusually fine for this season of the year.

I see all the mule deer bucks have shed their horns. I have only been from Gardiner to the Hot Springs, still I have seen hundreds of elk, deer and antelope, and about fifty mountain sheep without getting out of the stage. Yesterday I counted 110 mule deer in front of the quarters at Fort Yellowstone. Deer were coming and going all during the day. In fact, no one notices the animals enough to count them, unless they have a report to make or wish to satisfy themselves that they are not dreaming. The deer are lying around everywhere.

The elk are coming in much closer to the Post than ever before. In another year I expect to see them on the parade ground. In addition to the places where game was fed last year, antelope are found to some extent on the flat in front of the town of Gardiner. If the weather should hold severe they will be given all the hay required to keep them in good condition.

The elk are drifting out of the Park in great numbers and feeding even inside of the pastures of the ranchmen miles down the Yellowstone. One ranchman, R. E. Cutler, has written to the local paper complaining of the depredations committed by a band of elk, which have cleaned the feed out of his pasture, to the detriment of his band of horses. He has found it necessary to feed his horses hay from his stacks, where otherwise they would have wintered better on the wild grass in the pasture. So here is a case where people are complaining of the too great abundance of game and where they are not allowed to kill it for self protection or sustenance. They are talking about the bad game laws of Montana—that do not permit of the domestication of any of the wild animals. That the laws are good only for "sports."

The 28 buffalo in the inclosure here are looking fine, and give promise of an increase before many weeks. The tame bull that was held in a corral in the Pelican Creek country a year ago, with a view of capturing some of the wild herd, is now running with that herd, free as the others. An attempt will be made later to capture as many of the calves as possible, to add to the domestic herd. The three calves caught last year are in fine condition now.

Some few dead elk are found, but no great numbers; not as many as would naturally be expected. Major Pitcher has an inclosure in which he is having the sheep and deer feed in Gardiner cañon, close beside the road. These animals can pass in and out at will under the fence. It keeps out elk or any larger animals. The sheep are as tame as wild animals could possibly be without letting you put your hands on them. They will let you come up to the fence to photograph them without even looking at you, as the pictures will show.

I am sorry so few people can be induced to come up here to see the game. Many who have the time will not take it, even when passing through Livingston. They can stop off, run up on the Park Branch, 54 miles to Gardiner, and inside of 5 miles could see all this game I have been writing about for years. Then "there are others" who would like to come, but are "chained to business," like yourself. For those I am sorry. I won't say what I think about the others.

There is not an unusual amount of snow in the Park. I think there is considerably less than usual, judging from the looks of the mountains. There is a little as low down the river as Livingston and all along up to here. Teams have been running all winter to the Upper Geyser Basin, where the new hotel is being built. This is about complete. I see furniture going out for it daily. I did not see the usual number of ducks along the Gardiner River. I do not know where they are, unless they find plenty of open water in other parts of the Park.

I can hear of no depredation having been committed in the Park. The laws protecting the wild animals are very generally respected all around the National Reserve, even when rather obnoxious and a burden, as in the case mentioned above. Major Pitcher has been very fortunate in getting the good will of all the people of the surrounding country and retaining it, and their cordial support in his administration of the affairs of this reservation.

Between fifteen and twenty mountain lion have been killed during the winter, and a large number of coyotes. I do not hear them singing as much as usual; in fact, they are very quiet—if there are many around.

T. E. H.

An Old-Fashioned Winter and Our Game.

WE have had one of those genuine old-fashioned winters of which we have heard so frequently, and some people have enjoyed it. Not the poor, however. The suffering in our large cities has been intense. As for the feathered inhabitants of our fields and woods, large numbers have died of slow starvation, and the quail crop in many places will be exceedingly short next season. In fact, I venture to say that it will require several good breeding years to make up the losses. The quail, or Virginia partridge, is a hardy bird and can endure extremely cold weather, provided that it can procure sufficient food to keep up the vital heat in its small body, but deep snow for weeks with the temperature below zero, is too much for its powers of endurance. We have received reports of the finding of whole coveys which have died on their roosting grounds, and I fear that but few have survived, except in localities where provision has been made for feeding them through the winter. It is pleasant to know that many farmers, either from kindness of heart or a realizing sense of the value of our little friend Bob White, make a practice of doing this in severe weather. On large preserves the birds are, of course, well taken care of.

A fine stock of breeders was in evidence at the close of the last shooting season, and we must hope that enough will pull through to prevent total extinction. This is quite possible, as I remember, many years ago, that in the Cumberland valley, in southern Pennsylvania, where I then lived for several years, not a quail could be found for a period of about three years. This was after a winter which, if I am not in error, was not to be compared with the present one in severity.

The modern quail is a much smarter bird than the one which was pursued by our fathers in the days of the muzzleloader, and in localities where the cover is good, and particularly where large swamps are found, is in little danger of extermination by fair pursuit with dog and gun. The season closes now before the heavy snow storms can reasonably be expected, and the shooting is confined to a few weeks, instead of several months, as formerly.

There can be no doubt, also, that Bob has become educated to a degree that would fill the old-time gunner with astonishment and surprise. He takes to the most impenetrable cover on the first alarm, frequently to swamps that are absolutely impossible. Even when the covey is seen to alight in second growth timber, where the underbrush is quite thin and a heavy carpet of leaves covers the ground, the birds have a way of baffling the sportsman and his dogs which is astonishing. Unless one has sufficient patience to wait until the birds call and move about—sometimes a period of several hours—the ground may be thoroughly beaten without flushing a feather. One or two quail that have absolutely been touched by the foot of man or dog may be forced to take wing, but nine-tenths of the birds can not be found. Various theories have been advanced to account for this peculiar state of affairs, which so often defies the noses of the best bred dogs. Some men say that the quail has the power of withholding its scent, others that they simply pitch into the leaves, press all their feathers tight to their bodies and lie as quiet as stones. Men who have had no experience with these educated Bob Whites are apt to ridicule the statement that the birds can not be found by thoroughly trained and well-bred dogs, but when the same experience is had by many sportsmen during a series of years, the facts do not admit of doubt. It is now many years since I read Frank Forrester's sporting works and Lewis's American Sportsman, but, unless I am greatly mistaken, both of these writers refer to this matter. One of them, at least, believed that the quail has the power of withholding its scent upon occasion.

Below the Highlands of the Hudson and within thirty miles of New York the winters are usually comparatively mild, and a few of the summer migrants can be found throughout the cold weather. Meadow larks we have always with us, but during the past winter I have seen but one, and he, poor fellow, was weak and tame to a degree. These birds are extremely shy hereabouts and last summer they were very abundant.

The cold has had its influence upon all animal life. Recently a fine gray fox was seen on the prowl, during the day, and remained for some time within a short distance of a number of men who were cutting up an old boiler at a deserted mill.

I have not been able to learn anything in regard to the ruffed grouse. This bird had been protected in this county for three years, ending in 1903, and had evidently increased considerably during that time. A fair number were killed last fall, and enough were known to have survived to insure a good stock next season, provided the breeding period is favorable. Grouse habitually roost in the snow and can find food in the buds high up in the branches of forest and apple trees. We may therefore hope that this noble bird has not suffered to any great extent and that we may find it fairly abundant in our covers next fall.

THEODORE GORDON.

HAVERSTRAW, N. Y.

Points and Flushes.

MR. J. OTIS FELLOWS, of Hornellsville, N. Y., writes us: "We have organized a kennel club, started with forty paid-up members. We will join the American Kennel Club and hold a show in connection with our annual fair in September."

The Owego Rod and Gun Club.

REALIZING that extreme measures must be taken in order to protect the forest, fish, game, song and insectivorous birds of Tioga county from destruction; a number of sportsmen and others interested in the preservation of animal life met recently in the village of Owego, N. Y., and formed the Owego Rod and Gun Club.

The following officers were elected: President. John D. Ringrose; Vice-President, G. Writer Smith; Secretary, Phillip S. Farnham; Treasurer, Eugene F. Barton.

As stated in Article II of the constitution: "The object of this club shall be to foster a public sentiment in favor of better fish, game and forest protection; to stock the waters with fish and the forests with game; to suggest and aid the enactment of laws for the protection of fish and game; for the preservation of the forests; to aid in the enforcement of the laws for the protection of song and insectivorous birds, and to prevent the wanton killing of any harmless bird or mammal; to seek and destroy all illegal devices used for the capture of fish and game, and to prosecute all violators of the law relating to the foregoing that we are able to apprehend in Tioga county."

Although the club is less than a month old it has over 177 members; it has restocked the streams of Tioga county with 25,000 trout; it has placed an order with the State fish hatchery for 2,000,000 pike; it has compelled several saw-mills to cease dumping sawdust into trout streams, and it has made an appeal to the public by causing the following notice to be published in the leading newspapers of Tioga county:

"With a view to protect animal life generally and enforce the laws the club asks the public to assist it in the following ways:

"1st. To report any violations of the game law to its officers.

"2d. To prevent the killing of birds or the destruction of their nests by boys; by forbidding their children to do so, by threats of arrest, by warning suspects not to break the law, and by reporting violations of the law to the club.

"3d. To protect the song and insectivorous birds throughout the county by providing them with nesting boxes, and by fastening small bells about the necks of house cats, which will often alarm birds before the cat approaches them within springing distance. A stream from a garden hose or a few dippers full of water will effectively stop persistent visits by cats to trees and bushes where nests containing young birds are located.

"4th. To help exterminate the English sparrow by shooting into flocks in the fall and by destroying their nests during nesting season.

"The club confidently believes that after it has procured a few convictions much of the wanton destruction of animal life will cease, and the laws regarding fish and game will be better respected."

The club wishes to co-operate with anyone in the matter of animal and forest protection. With a view to keeping up the interest among its members the club will open a reading room, where the leading sportsmen's periodicals will be found. Any literature bearing upon the subject in which the club is interested will be thankfully received.

PHILLIP S. FARNHAM, Sec'y.

OWEGO, Tioga County, N. Y., April 1.

A Report on Quail.

WAYNESBURG, Pa., April 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I clip this item from the Pittsburg Leader:

Cumberland, April 16, 1904.—The body of Captain S. A. Bradley, residing near Sylvan, Pa., was found in the woods near his home, and, from the indications, he had been accidentally killed by his own gun. He had been hunting wild pigeons. What do you think about wild pigeons here?

This has been the longest and the coldest winter I ever knew, and I remember very well the winter of 1855 and 1856. I was about ten years old. The spring of 1856 and for several years after that year we had great flocks of wild pigeons in this part of the country. But not one pigeon has been seen for twenty years in this county.

My father died in April, 1856, and he had possibly the only double-barreled shotgun in our county. A German named William Baker, who served in Mexico, drifted back to our village with the few volunteers who represented our county in the war. Somewhere in the South he became possessed of this double-barreled gun and brought it to Waynesburg, and my father bought from him. The gun was of English make and a good one. That was the beginning of my field shooting, and I have kept it up ever since and hope to put in a few more seasons yet.

As I have said, the present winter—although this is the 16th day of April, snow fell here to-day—has been the longest and hardest in my recollection. Yet I am glad to report that we have some quail left over. For years I have made it a rule to make inquiry of my friends in the country about the birds, especially in the spring. Here is my record:

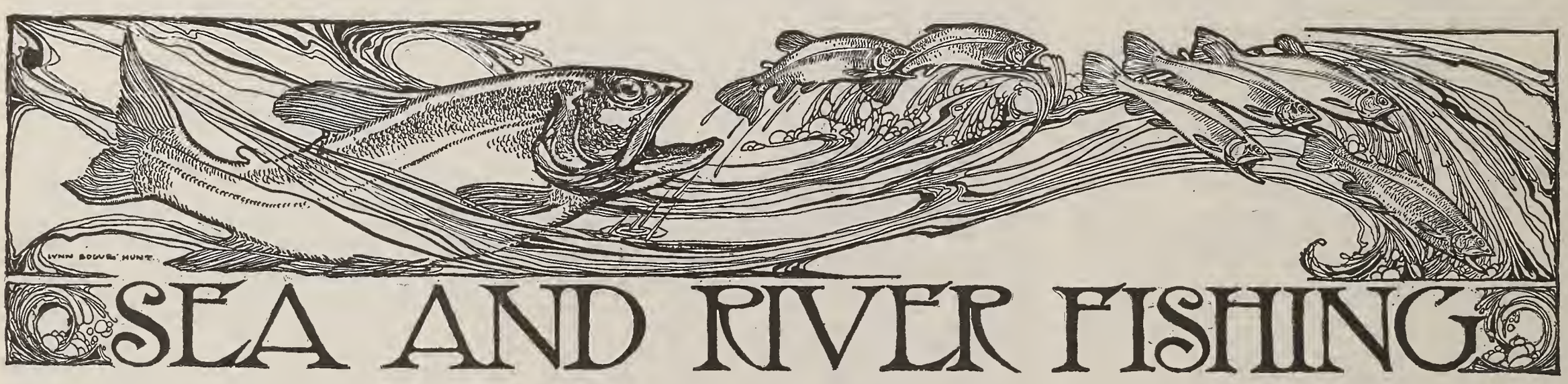
Feb. 24, Joe Patton saw eleven big, strong birds; Feb. 27, Jack Cummins saw seven; Feb. 28, Wendal Scott saw twelve; March 10, A. A. Purman, our Burgess, had a friend report to him that he had seen six on Stewart run; March 10, Will Bork heard two calling, and two days later saw ten in the same neighborhood; Sunday, March 12, myself heard two quail calling late in the evening, but it got dark before I could find them; March 15, David Lapping saw eight or nine quail on his place. These birds had been seen frequently by Mr. Lapping early in the winter, but disappeared for several weeks, but turned up after the severest part of the winter had passed. Sunday, March 20, I found three quail. John Stephens reports that he heard several quail calling one evening during the week ending March 26, and that one of his neighbors had lately seen a covey of ten or twelve the same week. Joe Patton found five quail on his place April 14. John Stephens found seven quail April 16 on his farm. These reports come from widely separated districts, so you see that we are likely to have some quail the coming season.

W. L. A.

The Alcohol Tax Bill.

GALESBURG, N. D., April 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noted with very great interest your editorial on the unjust tax on ammunition because of the stringency of the laws on the taxation of alcohol in the United States and beg to remark that very many other industries are similarly handicapped by this taxation. In the United States Government crop report for February or March, 1903, I saw an article on this subject, where it was stated that the condition of the whole German nation had been benefited some 50 per cent. by the use of alcohol in various ways after it had been rendered unfit for beverage, or denaturized, as it is technically known. They make it over there out of potatoes, and it is used for lighting and heating and motive power in place of kerosene, gasolene and coal to a very large extent. It is sold at about seventeen cents per gallon when denaturized. You can readily see that such a bill as Hon. Mr. Boutell is advocating would interfere with many interests in the United States backed by considerable influence. In fact, I reckon he is up against the fight of his life to get it passed, but if it will benefit this nation as much as it has others, as I am convinced it will, it certainly ought to be made law at once.

J. P. W.



Some Angling Experiences at Long Lake, Michigan.

Indian Stone Implements—Enoch the Hermit—Present Attractions.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter, and rough weather.
—As You Like It.

LONG LAKE is a clear, deep, forest-girdled tarn, with glimpses of meadows and fields; and dear to the writer because some of his first real fishing of boyhood was enjoyed there.

Such small, inland lakes are enshrined in the memories of far more men and women than is supposed. In distant cities, breasting the onrush of heavy business duties, joying in a strenuous life, practical, abrupt, they yet cherish recollections of happy days when they went a-fishin' on some especially loved lake or stream.

"* * * dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot."

Gone, but treasured up, and thought of in what night-watches, child-days when the first sucker was snared in the creek, when they first fished at night beside the fire built on the shore of the pond; and it was so fearsome to get those biting, horned bullheads off the hook without a puncture of the hand that made it ache for an hour! And then followed the years when the boy came home from school, and the vacations of midsummer were spent beside and on that lake, which will always have a place by itself in his heart, no matter what trout and salmon waters he may have visited if he has become a veteran angler. In like measure, the scribe yet joys over his first boat ride and real fishing experience, nearly fifty years ago, at Long Lake.

It is situated about two miles north of Fenton, Mich., a station on the Grand Trunk System—just a blue tarn a mile wide and five miles long. But when I first saw it with the eyes and heart of a child, it was a boundless blue ocean, hauntingly beautiful, dangerous, and full of mystery!

Facts about eastern Michigan's early Indian history are rare, and often lack confirmation. Detroit "antiquarians" mention that history in generalities. Books and manuscripts in the Library of the Historical Society at Lansing have little more than mention of a few early chiefs, and the supposed locations of some of the tribal villages. The remaining void is full of imaginary "legend" and "tradition." No real history of the early redskins of that region exists. Instead, bands of Ojibways or Chippewas, Mohawks, Algonquins, Hurons, Wyandottes, Sioux, Blackfeet, and even of Delawares or Lênapés, are said to have roamed south and west of what is now Detroit. Amusingly shy references are made to their customs and habits—methods of courtship, marriages, birth and death rites, hunting, war and shadow dances, and computation of time by leaf-falls and moons; and to how their medicine men wailed, and had trances and practiced incantations; and what were probably their weapons, costumes, religions, tribal totems and badges of rank, only chiefs being allowed the wearing of eagle's feathers.

In an anonymous manuscript of the Moravian Society's library at Bethlehem, Pa., is a casual statement that a party of Indian dignitaries and warriors, with Father Marquette traveling with them as a guest of honor, once camped "for some days on the east shore of Tobique Pond (now called Long Lake), south of Flint." He even visited the "large island" in the lake, and "found only woods, wild bees, crows and pigeons." This statement lacks proofs. A dozen places claim the honor of Pere Marquette's grave. No real history exists of those years preceding his work in Michigan. A few memories handed down from father to son and changing their facts in passing, a few disjointed, pitifully isolated and uncertain statements jumbled into mostly unread books! Nearly all the real history is lost in oblivion. Recognizing what would be its vital interest if even fragments of it were known, local poets and prose writers around Long Lake the beautiful, have occasionally mentioned in print, the usual self-created "legend" of a fair but dusky maiden, who, at some remote date, was the daughter of a fierce chief named, say, War-Eagle or White Cloud, whose lodge or wigwam was pitched on the island. This young woman was loved by a bold young warrior, who always "laid the fruits of the chase at her feet." Her "sire" always helped eat them, but had ordered her to marry an ugly, cruel aborigine from the North; presumably he lived near Flint. The lover is told to begone, and bides his time; the lady becomes thin and pale. But soon the signal-cry of a seeming whippoorwill in the woods sets her young heart a-flutter. Stolen interviews in the forest, words far sweeter than wild honey, vows under the starlight as winds sigh and water ripples. A great storm at night, stealthy elopement, pursuit, an upset canoe and a double drowning! Two corpses buried in one grave, while the squaws stand about in their blankets and wail! The repentant chief and father lingers, fades, and dies while his daughter's spirit returns from the Happy Hunting Grounds to assure him of forgiveness.

This same legend has worked overtime around many a little Michigan lake, with its incipient Coopers and Longfellows.

A few relics of the actual handiwork of those vanished aborigines are, however, actually left to us—wonderfully interesting messages written in stone by hands long crumbled to dust. Mr. L. B. Shipley, of Fenton, has a fine collection of prehistoric stone tools and weapons found around Long Lake. It contains over 800 arrow and spear heads of flint, jasper, hornblende and agate, and pestles, mortars, knives, drills, battle-axes, tomahawks, and green and plain-band charms; also many pipes of curious design. He has two or three of the hammer-stones used by those workers in fashioning these implements from rock; and the "pits" worn into them as they were grasped between deft thumbs and forefingers are wonderfully eloquent and interesting marks by hands forgotten ages ago. For some of these tools bear the distinguishing features which experts like Mr. Abbott, who wrote "The Stone Age," declare are the marks of the work of the Stone Age people.

Another and most notable collection of stone prehistoric relics found near Long Lake, is owned by Dr. A. R. Ingram, of Fenton, consisting of stone axes, celts, chisels, hammers, corn-crushers, stemmed and barbed arrow and spear heads, drills, perforators, scrapers, knives and pipes.

Near the north end of the lake, as late as 1840, were traces of the flint quarry where the Indians had made stone tools,—piles or "pockets" of bits of rock partially fashioned, and then rejected. There were also two Indian burial places; one about a hundred rods east

of Woodhull's on the east shore, and the other south of Fenton. Such old residents of that town as ex-Senator Crane and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Seaton have many memories of what their fathers and aged neighbors told them of life among those Indians almost a century ago.

The cabins of a few white settlers had been built in the county as early as 1830, and two or three houses were within a rifle shot of Long Lake in 1837, when Michigan became a State. Among these settlers was Enoch Smith, who had come from "York State" with a wife whose maiden name was Dane; and he purchased what was then known as the Barnum farm. But he was crippled, having crooked fingers and a crooked foot, bad handicaps always, and doubly so when that pioneer life called for the hardest work from even burly men of perfect physique. Five or six years were enough, in spite of the kindly aid of his few rough-handed neighbors, to make him reach his first great loss. His farm was another's. He and his wife went to live on the island in Long Lake in 1845. With all too weak hands they built their house, partly a cave dug into the south bank, and partly a bark-roofed shack. Cold, privation, malaria and hopelessness were



LEMAN'S LOG CABIN, LONG LAKE.

borne by his wife for two years, when she died there.

The crippled, desolate old man became locally famous. Enoch's Island was known far and near. And Enoch lived there alone, supported somehow by selling bad whisky and worse cigars to fishermen. But they were the best he could buy. All sportsmen were warmly welcomed. He dressed, fried and served fish that he would help catch; and his kindly attentions were always welcome as his hearty "Come again!" But he was lapsing into a true hermit. No other woman would share the earth-shanty of the grizzled, dirty, cross-eyed, crooked-fingered and club-footed Enoch. He did not have the consolations and promise of religion; his home was a den, his life a slow tragedy. But he loved nature and that home—no place like it, be it ever so humble!

His longing for companionships and love was shown by his strange pets. With him lived a big spotted cat (a rare chipmunker), and two or three water-snakes that would come to be fed with crumbs when he called them by knocking two stones together under water. In the house were four or five doves. Chained in a big wooden cage outside was a badger he had caught there and which he had taken to the mainland and villages and exhibited from house to house at five cents "admission," until interest in the animal had ceased.

That whole-souled, energetic man, Capt. Bennett, of Fenton, pitied Enoch, and built him a house on the island, painting the house red. And anglers did not think a visit to the famous black bass fishing there complete without a call on old Enoch, "monarch of all he surveyed," "lord of the fowl and the brute." He was often styled "the governor," so the isle with its only resident became known as Governor's Island.

In 1858 the writer and another boy spent nearly a whole day with Enoch. Ragged, gaunt, his lean, starved face seamed with sorrowful lines, his rickety table always between the chair he sat in when eating his meals and a better chair on its opposite side which his lost wife had once occupied—what a pitiful tale of want and hardship was disclosed even to the two urchins! They felt and understood something of his mute, stoical submission to his lot, of the hunted look in the sunken black eyes peering from under the dirty straw hat. Yet he tried to be cheery with us even when suffering from "ager," gave us a "ride" in a swing under the trees, and showed us where he had nailed a cigar box with a slit in it to receive the pennies of those who might use the swing in his absence—for he often fished all day for months, and sold his catches for scanty shillings, cast-off garments, boots, and the provisions which kindly neighbors gave in pretended barter and real compassion for the solitude and pathos in the old hermit's life. He was yet selling firewater and cigars to anglers; and even managed to make a lemonade for us.

"Wanter see my childurn?" he quavered. Then he called the spotted cat to purr and rub against his old boot legs. The three doves cooed and ate from his hands. He rapped for the water-snakes, and two came swimming for their meal of breaderumbs. Then he pulled the badger from the cage by a rattling neck chain.

Finally he "give" us a ride in his dingy boat, whose name, Marier Jane, was daubed on the stern with black paint in letters of very bad shape and worse relative size and position. And he seemed overjoyed when we gave him a whole half dollar; and asked us to accept a basswood bowl and ladle made by himself. One of these bowls is yet preserved by Mr. Charles Case, of Fenton, who now owns the island.

Old Enoch lived there eighteen years, sadly repulsive and dirty, almost friendless, and feeble. What he dreaded became inevitable. He died in the county poorhouse. Diligent inquiry fails to locate the grave of either his wife or himself. How few of the summer cottagers there now think of him, and his quaint, primitive, humble life, of the paths that his long-vanished footsteps wore across the island, his love of nature—beauty, and doves, cats, and even water-snakes—the love that Coleridge makes the central theme of his "Ancient Mariner."

Now a dozen cottages are on the island. Flint, Pontiac, Owosso, and smaller towns are within an hour's run by rail or carriage. The primitive craft are replaced with steam launches and jaunty row-boats. There are smooth lawns, and cool porches, and musical instruments are played as the water glistens under moonlight. Cedar Point, The Highlands, The Cove, and the Shallows are visited not only by anglers, but by many summer loiterers. Through woodlands gleam tents, where "wood smoke is smelled at twilight," as camp-fires are started.

And even yet the fishing is very good. Bluegills, sunfish, eels, perch, rock bass, calico bass, pike, pickerel, and a few Oswego bass were to be had there last summer; and we cooked them on the rocks along the east shore, or on the island. And there are numerous small-mouth black bass. A picture is given herewith of a catch of 37 pounds of these royal fish taken before breakfast last summer at Long Lake by four men. Mr. C. A. Doty, of Flint, took twenty bass (1 to 4 pounds each) in three hours by casting with a "yellow-kid" hook. In August Mr. John McCollum, of Fenton, took an 18-pound pickerel, using a small perch for bait. Rev. S. A. Northrup, of Kansas City, landed a 16-pound pickerel. Such veteran and experienced anglers as Charles Begole, of Flint, seek no further than Long Lake for a good fight with the black bass, and an environment of nature beauty. And for the writer, not even the trout and salmon fishing of British Columbia and Newfoundland has robbed Long Lake of its charm. Shrunken to a tarn but five miles long and hardly a mile wide, crossed twice in a single day by swimming, it had its own sylvan appeal and hypnotism. No greener woods, bluer skies or more fair clouds. Memories of the "giant" waves a half-century ago seemed rather absurd as I faced the realities there in 1903; but it was all quite as attractive to the man as it had been to the boy. Such angling waters are of especial interest because they are easily reached by fishermen, campers and cottagers with scant time and money—people who cannot afford to visit the really wild and remote, painfully reached and almost uninhabited regions that, as a rule, seasoned sportsmen of leisure and wealth tell about.



A BIT OF SHORE LINE.

The angler is always sure of a "mess" of at least panfish at Long Lake. Those cool, spring-fed depths (the deepest water is about sixty feet) readily yield these fish, even though the fisherman be inexpert. And when the bells at the farmhouses sound their warning that the noon hour has arrived all too soon and unexpectedly, panfish, freshly caught and dressed, cooked beside the mineral water spring and over the little fire kindled a dozen feet from the shore, are always delicious and welcome. One has but to anchor almost anywhere along the bars, or at the edge of blue water outside of the bulrushes, and the panfish will welcome his bait even when he uses the rudest tackle. But he may grow petulant over their skill in stealing his bait. This is especially true of that pugnacious, sly little rascal, the brightly marked yellow perch, a fish often despised because so common, yet a real fighter, and always ready to play a game of nibble-and-jerk with you. Place him in a warm, unclean pond of discolored water, where a trout would die in a single day, and he will live and accommodate himself to circumstances, and be fairly happy. Give him a home-like, cool, roomy, clear Long Lake, and catch, dress and fry him along shore, and I risk the statement, even in the columns of Forest and Stream, that no fish that swims has a more delicious, appetizing flavor and relish than the despised yellow perch.

Long Lake is not really wild. Yet it is very beautiful. Out beyond the woods, and poised on the topmost twig of some elm or maple left standing in clover meadow or wheat field, bobolinks flutter and trill; larks, robins and thrushes "ring their silver bells." Ducks and even sea-gulls are there. Loons glide, dive, yell and watch at safe distances. No fairer dawns and twilights of evening, no more fragrant smoke from camp-fires, or more ideal free sites for the humble tent or little cottage beside shores where white and gold gravel shows through pellucid water! Nature beauty wanders everywhere, and its home is anywhere that water sparkles clearly, and where green forests are happy as leaves whisper in winds, telling each other of mystic presences.

The fare to the lake from the railroad depot at Fenton is 5 cents on the horse cars. It is surrounded by a fine farming country. Market wagons with fresh meats, butter, eggs, breads and milk come right to the tents and cottages, and the prices for camping supplies seem very low to the city man. Lakeside boarding houses called "hotels" will furnish comfortable rooms and excellent meals for a dollar a day; and boats, with bait and rude poles and lines, will cost 25 cents a day. Or one may rent, buy or build a cottage, and delight his family with a couple of months in those woods on the east side of the lake near its north end, where the rock effects and mosses are so fine. The man who turns his children loose from such a cottage during the heated term will be surprised at the interest they will take in the coming of the next summer.

And the bass! No livelier fish swims in still water than the small-mouthed black bass of Long Lake. The man who uses light, fancy tackle will need a cool head



FISH AND PICTURES TAKEN BEFORE BREAKFAST.

and deft hand when handling one of those burly water brutes. They are not now to be had easily, although many thousands are in the lake. They have been fished for so much that they have grown cautious, and are the most uncertain of biters anyhow. Conditions may seem perfect, the big fellows may even be seen swimming lazily about, sometimes in schools of three to a dozen in the dim depths, working their fins and seeming to laugh from the corners of their great mouths as they refuse to take the most tempting minnow, frog or grasshopper. And on other days, when the wind is in the unlucky northeast, and under a midday sun, you will get a half-dozen fine bass, averaging 2 pounds each, in a couple of hours of either still-fishing or trolling. This uncertainty as to "luck" is one of the chief charms of fishing. Any moment you may get a startling strike, or you may return to the dock and to camp with only what you cannot show—the beneficence and charm of having been right out in a brisk wind that has set the waves to running in mimic wrath and turbulence—out where you have watched the slow flight of crows and herons, and the bullet-like flight down the wind of redheads, mergansers, teals and widgeons.

L. F. Brown.

A Small Boy's First Fishing.

"Uncle Ed, take me?"

Down back of the barn, where the soil was damp and rich, were a man and three boys, in the early evening of a pleasant July day.

The man, evidently but little past his majority, was tall and erect, and as he turned the earth with a fork, the muscles in his bare arms played back and forth, every motion attesting perfect health and strength.

Each forkful, turned and broken, revealed wriggling, squirming earth worms, which were eagerly pounced upon by the boys and carefully deposited in a wooden box.

"Well, I don't know; seems as though you are pretty small to go fishing; but then, the sooner you begin the more fishing you'll get. Yes, if your mother's willing, you may go."

The little red-headed, freckle-faced boy instantly transformed from a baby, who must always stay at home, to a *boy*, who could go fishing, and do other things boys do. Perhaps he might go swimming soon.

"Oh, Uncle Ed," he'll scare all the fish," cried one of the others, perhaps three years the red-headed boy's senior.

"And maybe he'll fall in," chimed in the other.

But the man explained that four poles would catch more fish than three, for the more baits, the more the fish are attracted, and so it was harmoniously decided that the "kid" might go. For, you see, the man was a diplomat, and whatever Uncle Ed said was generally right in the boys' estimation.

In a short time the box was half filled with worms, which were covered with a little earth. Then the party quickly cut around the hog pen, through the cow yard, and so to the wagon shed, where were the fishing poles.

"Say, bub, you run in and ask your ma, while I fix a pole and line," and little red-head scampered in at the back door.

He was gone some minutes, during which time the man deftly attached a heavy linen line to a short, light, cane pole. The line was made long enough to equal the length of the pole, and was firmly tied to the tip, while the longer end was wound spirally around the pole, till it came nearly to the larger end, where it was securely fastened. A stout pout hook, with a long shank, was then tied to the free end and the outfit was completed with a liberal supply of tea lead and cork.

Just then a troubled little face appeared at the door,

followed by the worried face of the mother.

"Say, Uncle Ed, didn't you say I could go?"

"Why yes, Em, let him go; I'll look out for him, and fishing is good for boys."

But the mother could hardly believe that her baby was big enough to go fishing, and it was only after a fall of bitter, but still hopeful tears, that it was arranged that the boy might go, but the mother and an aunt were to follow to see no harm came to the party.

While the boy keenly felt the humiliation of having the mother follow, still the fact of going with the other fellows made him feel quite like a man.

They followed the main road, down through the pretty village, past the blacksmith's shop, where that morning the boy had watched a yoke of oxen shod, till they reached the brook, which, with numberless turns and crooks, winds for nearly a mile down through a long, green meadow, without tree or bush, with many a deep pool, homes of numberless pickerel, perch, pout and sunfish, and an occasional trout.

Just below the bridge is a big deep hole, where the brook broadens out into a miniature pond, just right for boys to fish in. And here, after hooks were baited, four corks serenely floated while as many fishers anxiously awaited "bites."

Soon the boy's cork was jerked under, and with a mighty pull the line and bare hook whizzed through the air.

"Next time let him have it till he has a chance to swallow the bait," admonished the uncle, but in a minute the operation was repeated. Soon, however, when another bite came he waited—waited till the cork went down, down out of sight, and the boy must pull, or be pulled into the brook, it seemed, and then—the boy had caught his first fish, a goodly pout.

Then, perhaps, he wasn't glad to have the mother and the aunt smiling down on him from the bridge, and they must needs come down to the bank and admire it, and "heft" it, which they did after the uncle had strung it on a forked stick.

After the man had shown him how to take a pout off the hook without getting "horned," the boy's hook was rebaited and he again cast in.

During this time the others had been successful and the water pail boiled with captives. After the boy had caught another pout and a kiver, which "horned" him cruelly, bringing the tears which would come in spite of him, his cork was pulled down stream with such a mighty tug that the pole was nearly jerked from his hands.

With a long, strong pull, he threw, flopping, on the bank behind him, the most wonderful fish he had ever seen, with mottled back, white belly, red fins edged with black and white, and the prettiest red and gold spots on its sides, a splendid trout, over a foot long, plump and in the best of condition.

That was twenty-seven years ago, years full of joys and sorrow, during which the boy has fished on every possible opportunity, has learned much in the school of experience, and has taken other boys fishing just as the uncle did on that memorable evening so long ago.

For nearly a decade the uncle has lain in the grave yard on the side hill overlooking that same brook. How often the boy wonders whether his uncle is now where quiet streams run through green meadows, and if the fishing is good, and whether they shall not some time wander again together through meadows and woods as they did so many times in those happy days. W.

WORCESTER, April 11.

Fish and Fishing.

A Backward Spring.

SOME of my correspondents in the United States have been calling me to account for failing to say anything in these columns about the spring prospects for trout fishing in Canada. The fact of the matter is, however, that so far there are no prospects here, either of spring or of trout fishing. We are within a week of the first of May at present writing, and there are still from two to three feet of snow in the northern woods, while all the lakes and smaller streams are still covered with ice, which also extends from shore to shore of the St. Lawrence, within ten miles of the city of Quebec. The weatherwise say that the prospects are for continued cold weather for another week or ten days, and that spring, or rather the summer, will be on with a rush at the expiration of that period. Local anglers are not overmuch disappointed at the lateness of the season, for it is a well-known fact that the best fishing is experienced, in northern Canada, in those seasons which open the latest, and though the law permits trout fishing from the first of May in the Dominion, it is generally long past the middle of the month before the fishing can be called good.

I have not heard yet of any American anglers who intend to be here on their way to their fishing preserves in the Lake St. John country before the last week of May, and the open fishing for the big trout of Lake Edward is scarcely likely to be at its best before the 20th of the month, although the fish commence to take bait beneath the surface of this body of water as soon as the ice has broken up and even before it has altogether disappeared.

It is understood that the management of the Amahalish, the Triton and the Nonamtum clubs expects many of their members for the spring fishing this year, and many inquiries are being made as to the progress of the season.

It will not be safe to count upon good ouananiche fishing in the Grand Discharge before the middle of June, and, in fact, it is unlikely that the hotel there will open before the 10th or 15th of the month. But in the mouths of the rivers flowing into the lake and round about its shores, within a few days of the departure of the ice, there will be, no doubt, good sport, the ouananiche generally rising in these localities from about the 15th or 20th of May.

From correspondents in Michigan and Ontario, I learn that the season there is also extremely backward.

A Chicago friend writes very complainingly of the laws of some of the Northern States which forbid the visiting angler from carrying away his catch, so that my correspondent says that it detracts from the pleasure of netting a two-pound brook trout, to know, when it is landed, that you can't send it to the loved ones at home as proof of your prowess. The Canadian laws are more considerate to the angler, permitting him, as they do, to take away with him the result of a reasonable two days' catch.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

When Do Fish Bite Best?

NEW YORK, April 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read lately in the New York Sun about large game fish not feeding early in the morning, and the writer of the article mentioned the big bass of Keuka Lake as being examples of this alleged fact. I would like to have an expression from your readers on the morning feeding of trout, pike, bass and pike perch. As to bass, I recall that in Schroon Lake the fishermen and their bait had to be on the grounds before sunrise or there was no string to bring home. Up at Port Henry, men who take the great pike perch in the channel between Chimney Point, Vt., and Fort Frederick (Crown Point), hie there with their pail of shiners, or brook chubs, not later than 4 A. M. and never fish after warm sun up. They often make great hauls before breakfast—with the lines, of course.

For three or four years I trolled for pike along the Vermont shores, from Chimney Point to Potash Bay, using a plain kidney spoon (Bull), and used to have splendid success with these huge wolves, just as the sun was rising, and also just as it was sinking behind old Bald Peak on the west shore back of my home. Either time was good; and I confidently expected a strike in certain bays and at well known points at these *points du jour*. There were some days when the pike and pickerel bit all day long and I recall my record catch, seven pike, total 33 pounds, so heavy that I called for the horse and wagon to carry them from the boat house homeward. The largest weighed 9 pounds, and there was not a really small fish in the string. This luck fell to me one holiday afternoon in front of a bunch of bulrushes. I fished for about an hour, all in one place, and had a lot of sport with the largest fish, which was hooked merely by a piece of loose membrane that kept giving as the line was pulled. A lady who watched the fight with a field glass told some nice things about the method of capture which the angler supposed were unobserved.

At Eagle Lake, while pike bite somewhat early, it is almost unwritten law to begin fishing for bass (small mouthed) and perch before about 6 A. M., and people mostly start out for success even one hour later. To begin earlier is considered a waste of time.

I have never found an hour too early to catch brook trout, and they will bite until dark. They are night feeders, for I have caught them in wild mountain streams early in the day when their craws were literally packed with big "June bugs." I have often wondered how bass could be caught after dark. A celebrated New York furrier told me of his success in New Jersey anchoring out and casting in toward shore, using an imitation mouse as a lure. He said he had excellent luck last year.

While trolling with a spoon I have taken at various times a chub, several clams, perch without number, pumpkin seeds, one bullhead, two or three pike perch, one of those white spine-rayed fish that we call "sheepshead," on Champlain, and considerable pickerel weed.

I would like to hear what the brothers have had strike their "spoons." PETER FLINT.

New York Fish and Game Legislation.

ALBANY, April.—The following bills introduced in the Legislature amending the forest, fish and game law have been signed thus far by Governor Odell:

Assemblyman Coutant's (389—979), providing that set-lines and tip-ups may be used in fishing through the ice in Ulster county in waters not inhabited by trout.

Assemblyman Reeve's (376—1587), providing that the possession of wild deer or venison between Aug. 31 and the first Wednesday after the first Tuesday in November, and between the second Friday after the first Tuesday and Nov. 20, shall be conclusive evidence of a violation of this section, unless it appear that the same was lawfully killed within this State, or was killed without the State.

Senate Committee's (611—730), providing for the creation of a State park in the Catskill Mountains, to be located in Ulster, Sullivan and Delaware counties, and giving the public the right to use it at all times.

Assemblyman J. T. Smith's (293—771), relative to the close season for deer in Dutchess county.

Assemblyman G. H. Whitney's (741—876), relative to perch fishing in Saratoga Lake.

Senator Barnes' (410—987), forbidding the sale of trout caught in the waters of Rensselaer and Essex counties.

Assemblyman Simpson's (1140—1527), authorizing the sale of the building on the abandoned Beaver Kill hatchery in Sullivan county.

Senate Committee's (630—800), defining the boundaries of the Adirondack Park.

Assemblyman C. R. Matthews' (687—807), making the close season for lake trout from Oct. 1 to April 15, both inclusive, with certain exceptions.

In addition to the preceding bills amending the forest, fish and game law, signed by the Governor, the following bills passed the Legislature and are before the Governor awaiting his action:

Assemblyman Harvey's (482—848), providing that the close season for black bass in Seneca Lake shall be from Jan. 1 to Sept. 15, both inclusive.

Assemblyman Robinson's (1090—1416), providing that carp shall not be placed in Conesus and Hemlock lakes, Livingston county.

Senate Committee's (783—1013), concurrent resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution authorizing the Legislature to direct the removal of dead timber on burned areas in the forest preserve so far as necessary for the purposes of reforestation.

Senator Elon R. Brown's (472—852), providing for the acquisition of sites for fish hatcheries.

Senate Committee's (611—730), creating the Catskill State Park.

Senate Committee's (630—800), defining the boundaries of the Adirondack Park.

Senate Committee's (818—1126), providing for continuing the acquisition of land in the Adirondack and Catskill parks.

Assemblyman Cocks' (1178—1594), providing that gray squirrels shall not be taken or killed or possessed at any time in Nassau county.

Assemblyman F. C. Wood's (950—1182), increasing the annual compensation of game protectors from $500 to $600, and increasing their yearly allowance for expenses from $450 to $600.

Assemblyman Reeve's (438—477), allowing leases of oyster lands to be renewed for terms of fifteen years.

Assemblyman Cowan's (518—1297), providing that there shall be no open season for Mongolian ring-necked pheasants, and that they shall not be killed or possessed, except in Suffolk county, prior to 1910.

Assemblyman Denisons' (1100—1455), providing that wildfowl shall not be taken in the night in Black River Bay, Jefferson county, from sunset until daylight.

Assemblyman Wolf's (383—886), relative to fishing in Jamaica Bay and adjacent waters.

Assemblyman G. H. Whitney's (552—1794), relative to fish and game in Saratoga county.

Assemblyman Graeff's (1267—1761), providing that no fish shall be caught through the ice in Lake Champlain less than five inches in length.

Assemblyman Dickinson's (160—883), relative to the close seasons for hares, rabbits, foxes, trout, etc., in Cortland county.

Assemblyman F. C. Wood's (1202—2032), providing for restocking the Adirondack region with moose and elk.

Senator Malby's (538—1049), relative to fishing in certain waters in St. Lawrence county.

Assemblyman Cook's (115—1470), relative to the close season for trout in Erie county.

Senator Le Fevre's (326—1041), relative to the close season for grouse, woodcock and quail in Orange and Ulster counties.

Senate Committee's (481—754), amending the game law generally.

Senator Townsend's (266—281), providing that trout caught in the forest preserve shall not be offered for sale or sold.

Senate Committee's (951—1363), to prevent waste of the timber in the forest preserves killed by forest fires.

Senator Townsend's (12—853), providing for the protection of wild black bear.

Senate Committee's (668—1014), relative to the prevention of forest fires.

Senator Malby's (758—980), relative to the proceeds of actions brought by the people for violations of the forest, fish and game law.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Medal Contests—Contest No. 4, held at Stow Lake, April 9. Wind, east; weather, fair.

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3. Acc. %	Event No. 3. Del %	Event No. 3. Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
C. G. Young	89½	90.8	93.8	85.10	89.9	88.1
T. W. Brotherton	..	84	89.4	91.8	90.6	96.3
A. E. Mocker	98½	88.8	94.8	79.2	86.11	..
G. C. Edwards	93	89	93	95	94	83.7
C. G. Kenniff	89	92.8	92	93.4	92.8	98.3
T. C. Kierulff	73	89	88.4	85.10	87.1	96.7
F. J. Lane	..	93.8	94.4	84.2	89.3	96.7
G. W. Lane	..	..	91.4	88.4	89.10	..
F. H. Reed	80	90.4	97	90.10	93.11	83.7
*E. A. Mocker	100	..	..	..	..	..

*Re-entry.

Contest No. 4, held at Stow Lake, April 10. Wind, northeast; weather, clear.

C. G. Young	82	88.12	88.8	87.6	88.1	84 7-10
F. H. Reed	87	91.4	93	95	94	60
J. O. Harron	..	83.4	73.8	77.6	75.7	..
H. B. Sperry	87	84	87.4	90	88.8	..
J. B. Kenniff	112½	91.4	93.8	89.2	91.5	95
C. R. Kenniff	93	91.4	87.8	96.8	92.2	95 6-10
G. W. Lane	..	..	94.4	95	94.8	..
Chas. Huyck	88	93.4	89.8	85.10	87.9	..
Ed. Everett	98½	92.8	92.4	90.10	91.7	..
F. M. Haight	78	91	79.8	79.2	79.5	..
H. C. Golcher	111	91.8	86.8	91.8	89.2	..
A. Sperry	74	84.8	85.4	88.4	86.10	..
G. H. Foulks	83	85	87.8	87.6	87.7	..
T. C. Kierulff	80	92.8	90	88.4	89.2	85.6
*F. H. Reed	82	..	..	..	..	..
Re-entries.						
F. H. Reed	82	..	..	..	..	..
F. M. Haight	70	88.4	89	86.8	87.10	..
J. O. Harron	..	..	77.4	70.10	74.1	..
G. H. Foulks	81	88.8	92.4	85	88.8	..
T. C. Kierulff	74½	90	86	90	88	..
Ed. Everett	..	90	..	..	..	..
H. C. Golcher	..	89.4	..	..	..	..
H. B. Sperry	..	88.8	..	..	..	..
A. S. Sperry	..	83.4	..	..	..	..
C. R. Kenniff	94	..	..	..	..	..

Judges, H. B. Sperry, J. B. Kenniff. Referee, Geo. W. Lane. Clerk, F. M. Haight.

Hints and Wrinkles.

Readers are invited to send for publication under this head hints and wrinkles drawn from practical experience, and pertaining to shooting, fishing, camping and outdoor life.

A Rubber Wrinkle.

Now that cameras of some sort are so often carried into the woods by shooters, anglers and canoeists, anything that will make their use less complicated is generally read with interest; hence I hazard mentioning a wrinkle which, while not original, is very handy, and has saved me no end of trouble during the four or five years I have used it. This is a substitute for a focusing cloth. It consists of a heavy rubber band that will fit snugly around the camera, and a bit of rubber cloth sewed round the band. In form it exactly resembles the elastic cuffs sometimes worn by stenographers of the weaker sex. The rubber band should be a half-inch wide, and long enough so that it will merely fit the back of the camera snugly, yet not so tight as to jar the box while it is being removed for inserting the plate-holder. The rubber cloth should be long enough to encircle the camera easily. The ends are sewed together, leaving the form like that of a bag without a bottom. One end is then turned over enough to take in the band, then hemmed. The other end is trimmed, leaving the bag a foot or fourteen inches in length. Any woman can sew this bag in ten minutes, on a machine or by hand.

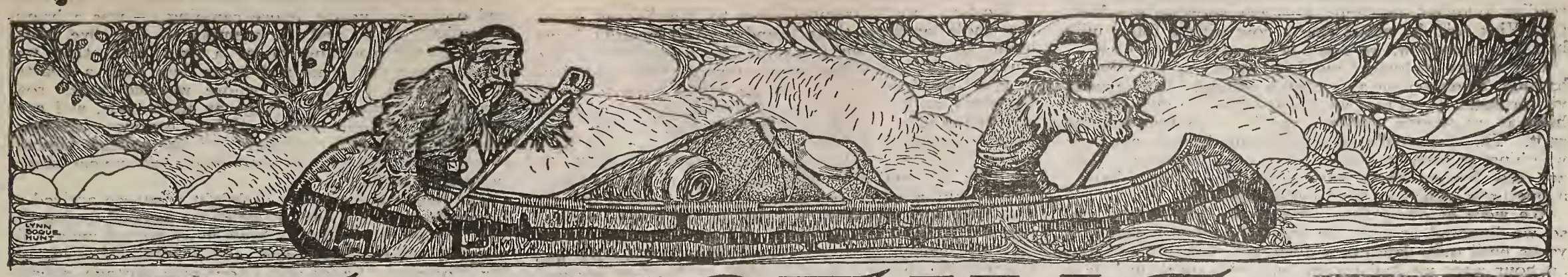
In use this bag is slipped over the back of the camera after the latter has been set up on its tripod, and the rubber band in the forward end will keep it in place, no matter how hard the wind blows, and at the same time exclude the light, which is the object sought in the use of any sort of screen. You poke your head into the rear end, and both hands are free to manipulate the instrument instead of making apparently insane motions every second in order to keep a focusing cloth within reach. With a box camera it will be necessary to remove the hood before inserting the plate-holder, but with the cycle style camera so generally used now the hood can be left in place, which gives it additional value. A hood of this sort is so compact it can be crushed in a wad, or folded, and stowed away in the camera, where it will occupy no more space than a silk handkerchief.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

Mr. Plane (who is fond of dogs)—"Miss Waite, don't you think you ought to have an intelligent animal about the house that would protect you and ——" Miss Waite—"Oh, Mr. Plane! This is so sudden."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Simple Newleywed—"I want you to send around a gallon of midnight oil." Grocer—"Midnight oil? Never heard of it." Mrs. Simple Newleywed—"Why, I'm sure that's the kind my husband's mother said he always burned."—Brooklyn Life.

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CANOEING

A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

Camping and Canoe Cruising in Canada.

BY R. W. ASHCROFT.

(*Continued from page 820.*)

INSTEAD of an old bewhiskered Rip-van-Winkle hermit, we found the island inhabited by as genial a gentleman sportsman as we had ever had the pleasure of meeting, viz.: Dr. Woodruff, ex-surgeon of the steamship Moana, lately plying between San Francisco and Sydney. The doctor bought this island from the Canadian Government for a song (the officials of the Crown's Land Department said there was no such island, as the maps didn't show it), and has built himself thereon a comfortable cabin containing all the comforts of home. The walls are covered with trophies, and the doctor's arsenal and angling cabinets are most complete. That a physician's mind designed the place is evident by its neatness and cleanliness. The doctor has built two landing docks, one for use when the lake is high in the spring, and one when the water is lower in the summer and fall. Indeed, in all its appurtenances, the little kingdom is most complete; and pleasant it was to come across the place, so far away from any other evidence of civilization.

We ascertained here that we could reach Hollow Lake by two routes, both via Raven Lake. The first one was by proceeding to the north end of Lake Senora and then portaging two and a half miles through a swampy country to Wren Lake, with another portage of similar length to Raven Lake. As this meant an actual carry of our boats and stuff, without the aid of a wagon, it was out of the question with the weight we had. So we decided on the longer route, viz.: a five-mile wagon portage by the kind aid of Ward into the Black River and up the river into Raven Lake.

During the course of conversation, the doctor's guide, Nick Harrison, began to discourage about the trout to be found in Black Lake—a lake at the foot of Black River. Of all lakes, he said, that should be our Mecca. As we were keen for sport, we decided to make a side trip, at least, to Black Lake, to test the old man's assertion.

Toward sundown we parted with our good friend the doctor, and journeyed back to Ward's. Passing through the Narrows we observed a pretty little fawn on the shore, and managed to get within thirty feet of her before she took alarm. I shot her—with Gaffer's kodak—but the picture was a failure. We camped near Ward's place for the night.

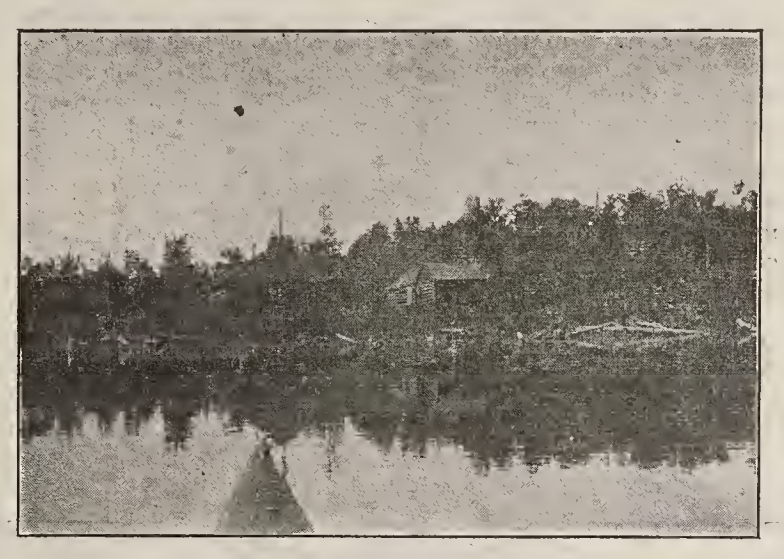
It took us until one o'clock on Friday afternoon to reach Black Lake, and we made our headquarters in an old deserted lumber camp. We had been warned to be on our guard against one Fuller, said to be a jail-bird, and his two sons, who would steal the pennies from a dead man's eyes, and who were reputed capable of any crime if there was any plunder to be gained. Fuller's ostensible occupation is to keep a dam at the foot of Raven Lake. Maybe the government thought this was a good way to keep him out of mischief when he got out of jail. His two boys are said to be chips off the old block. Only a few days before we arrived in the locality the elder one was said to have made off with a colt belonging to a neighboring settler, and we plainly saw the print of the unshod hoofs of the animal alongside those of a boy, for a couple of miles toward and past Black Lake.

We thought we could fairly see the trout jump in Black Lake, and imagined we could hear the murmuring of the trout streams as they poured themselves thereinto. Even Zach caught the infection, and swore by his bottle of snake-bite liniment that he saw a deer drinking on the opposite shore—at two o'clock in the afternoon, mind you! Casker, in his anxiety to locate the best stream for the next morning's fishing, took Zack in a canoe on a tour of exploration. They were away two hours, and returned sadder but wiser men. They reported that Black River was the only stream emptying into the lake, and stated that their opinion was that "there wasn't a trout in the whole damn lake."

Old Nick! Lucky for you that you weren't around just then. Not even the doctor's guardianship and patronage would have saved your scalp at that moment. To send trout-hungry men to a troutless water! What more heinous crime could be committed?

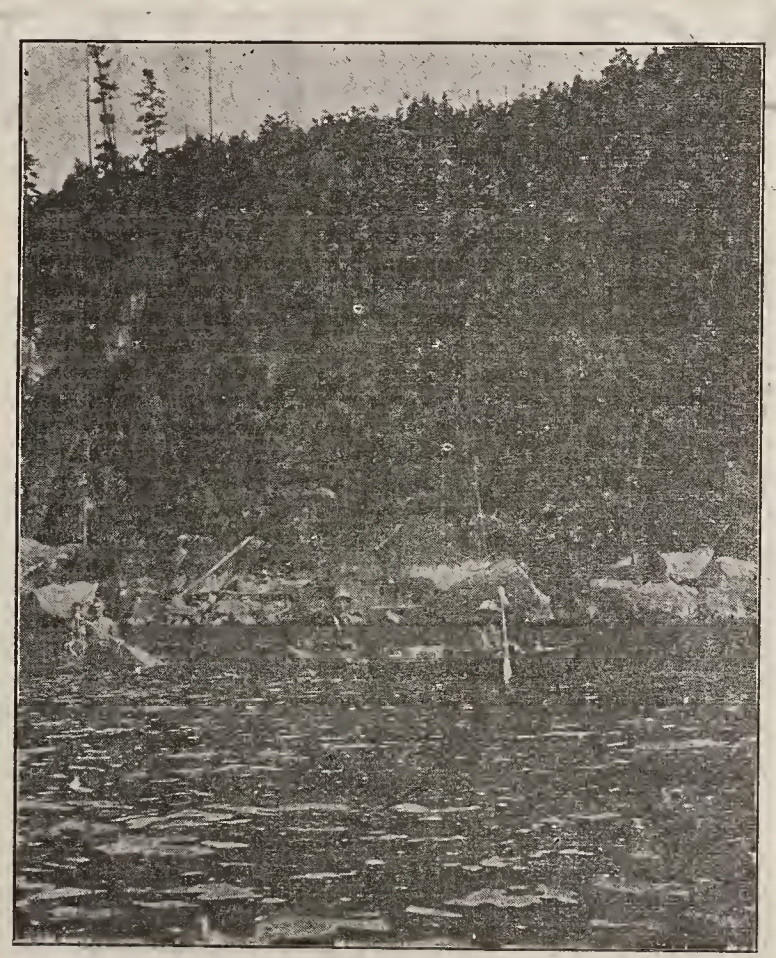
After a hasty supper we commenced to migrate again toward Raven Lake, in order to make up for lost time. Old Nick's ears must have burned for the next two hours. Four of us took the canoes and pulled them and toted them and the light gear up the shallow Black River to the foot of the first slide; and two of us carried the heavy stuff back over the trail to the same point. Then we paddled for a quarter of a mile to the next dam, and found that it meant a carry from there to the third dam. At the third dam was a bridge, and the place was also known—to us, at least—as "Sand Fly Point."

It had been a warm day, and we were dressed lightly. Casker, for instance, had on a pair of duck pants and his woolen shirt. The duck pants were a tight fit, and proved his undoing. He was carrying a heavy load—as became his physique—when, through some unaccountable accident, or, maybe, Baxter street tailoring, the middle seam of his pants gave way and exposed that portion of his anatomy which most needed protection. The sand flies observed his dilemma and made the most of their opportunity, until dispersed with pennyroyal and tar.



Camp Hoodoo.

It was nearly midnight before we came across Fuller's habitation, as it was a dark night, and we fetched up in many a blind bay before we found the proper course. His domicile is a deserted lumber camp, too. We noticed a light in one of the windows, and word passed along to proceed silently. We did so, and expected to pass without being observed, but failed.



Precipitous Heights.

There is a ford across the stream right opposite the camp, and all three canoes grounded on the gravelly bottom at this point. The noise was plainly audible, and the light immediately went out. I guess Fuller thought we were after the colt, so he kept quiet and did not emerge from his den. We managed to get over the ford and into navigable water again, and were soon in Raven Lake.

"But where, oh where, shall we camp?" was the cry. We spent half an hour in searching for a suitable spot, but none was sighted, so we finally went ashore on an island that seemed clear of trees. It was an isle of granite—nothing more and nothing less—so there was nothing for it but a granite bed, "with the starlight in our faces." We laid our waterproofs on top of our blankets to keep off the dew, and in that manner sought slumber. We found sore hips, and "Camp Gibraltar" will forever remain granity in our memory.

'Tis Saturday morning, and we are within hail of Hollow Lake—at least we think we are. So, despite our hard bed and curtailed sleep, we embark with avidity. Zack pointed out what he thought was the right portage, but Casker had a dream on the granite last night wherein he saw a sign reading: "This way to Hollow Lake," at the head of a nearby bay, so up this inlet we paddled until we could paddle no more. Then we paddled back, with Casker apologizing at every stroke. We put Zack ashore at his portage, and in an hour's time he reported that the route was O. K. and that the trail was fairly good. However, he counselled that we cache about half of our edibles, which we did.

Oh, Zach, I do not envy thee the trails that it must have been thy lot to traverse, if this one may be called, with truth, "fairly good." I only know that, in my agony and sore distress, when about half over it, I blurted out to the Gaffer some unprintable execrations.

Casker's blind bay had taken half the ambition out of me, and Zack's "fairly good" trail relieved me of more than I had left, and, for the first time, I felt like a quitter, as did the Guv and Gaffer.

Gun Lake was at the other end of the trail, and Hollow Lake was two more lakes northeast by north. We proceeded to the upper end of Gun Lake and then Zack took two hours to find the trail to Long Lake. We argued: One hour for a "fairly good" trail; two hours for—what sort of a trail?

So, when Zack returned, a council was held over the lunch pail, and it was decided that Zack and Casker should take one canoe and proceed to Hollow Lake, and that the rest of us would wait for them in Gun Lake until Monday.

They left us about two o'clock in the afternoon, taking two days' rations. How they figured out they would need no sugar during these two days, but all the baking powder, was beyond my culinary ken. I tried to make bread as per the recipe I found in the Plasmon cook book that we had with us, but without baking powder, and the result was a hybrid pancake.

Gun Lake was a blueberry paradise. How luscious that fruit was! Wild strawberries, raspberries and blackberries were not quite ripe, but we knew we would have our fill of these before our trip ended. And so we did.

We made camp at the end of the trail leading to Raven Lake, and there proceeded to indulge in two days' loafing. Little we envied Zack and Casker their express trip to Hollow Lake and back, even though it did mean a string of trout for them. Fatigue kills ambition, and our week's hard work demanded recognition.

Towards the close of the afternoon the Guv. decided to make a raid on some of the edible luxuries that had been cached, and went back over the trail to get them. He went alone, and he nearly lost his life, as it proved. He wore a sweater, and the color of it was the worst that could be selected for the woods. It was the shade of fawn. As he neared the end of the trail he heard a noise as of an animal breaking through the bushes. He thought it might be a bear; and, then, again, that it might be Fuller at our storehouse. He stopped, and the noise also stopped. Then he proceeded slowly and cautiously, and, as he rounded a bend in the trail, found himself covered with the ugly muzzle of a Winchester, cocked and ready for business in the hands of a woman fifty feet away.

The Guv. can't recollect whether he said, "Don't shoot!" or "Good morning!" to the lady, but, anyhow, he finally induced her to lower her weapon. As I remarked once before, the Guv. is essentially a lady's man.

A few yards behind the woman stood her husband, with their canoe over his shoulders. Explanations followed, and they parted good friends.

I was alone at the camp when the pair reached there. I thought the Guv. had made a mighty quick trip, over and back, and was flabbergasted to see two strangers approaching me. The sensation was similar to what one would receive if Broadway became absolutely deserted at noon on a week-day.

It turned out that the farmer and his wife were one of the two or three families of settlers living on Hollow Lake; that they had bought a cow in Minden a week before, and that aforesaid cow had apparently started during the preceding night to make tracks for her old home. Anyhow, at four o'clock that morning, there was no cow to milk; so the pair had immediately started in pursuit. They tracked the animal for twenty miles or more, and then had lost the scent and were returning home, feeling sure that she would fetch up in her old stall at Minden, and that they would get her there a few days later on.

That cow was a plucky beast! When we got back to Dr. Woodruff's hospitable cabin the following Tuesday—in time to attend the settlers' picnic, of which more anon—we told him about the cow. He said that on the Sunday afternoon toward dusk the cow had swam across Senora Lake, about half a mile to the west of his island. The distance across the lake at this point was fully a mile and a half. They sighted her with the glass when she was half a mile from shore, flying sig-

nals of distress, and at once set out to help her. She readily followed the canoe, and was soon on dry land. Old Nick said he never saw a cow with a fuller milk bag, but, somehow, we don't believe Old Nick now.

Our trinity of loafers put in a quiet day on Sunday, bathing, blueberrying and salmon fishing. Our farmer-visitor had told us that we could expect to get them as high as 25 pounds with the rod, and pointed out the spot. The Guv. collared a 17-pound beauty, and one weighing 34 pounds made off with my minnow. They are lazy brutes—these land-lock salmon—with hardly a pugilistic ounce in their entire make-up.

We were enjoying fine, clear, moonlight nights, and so we lingered around the friendship fire exchanging yarns until quite late every evening. This night, about an hour after we had turned in, I was awakened by a noise outside, and opened my eyes to see, reflected on our canvas by the moonlight, the figure of a member of the family of bruin. He couldn't quite make us out, and was snuffing around the guy ropes in an interrogatory manner, evidently thinking he had struck the wrong blueberry patch. I woke up the Guv., but the noise we made in getting ready for action scared his royal highness, and he promtply shuffled off into the bush. That was as near as we came to bear-meat, although we saw several of the tribe on various occasions at safe distances.

Promptly at lunch time on Monday appeared Zack and Casker, and we bartered sugar, salmon steak and blueberries with them in exchange for trout and baking powder. According to Casker there is but one place on this hemisphere worthy the reputation as being a rendezvous for trout, and that spot is Hollow Lake, or rather the streams tributary thereto. We intend to test the truth of this assertion next year, but will go in at Dorset then.

"Homeward bound!" was the cry an hour or two later, and it was not unwelcome. All we did on Monday in that direction, however, consisted in making the portage to Raven Lake, and this time we camped on a more arable island in the middle of the lake.

We started out bright and early on Tuesday morning, as we wished to reach the Doctor's island in the afternoon, in order to take part in the picnic. Moreover there was a five-mile tramp from Black River over to Ward's, in order to get his rig to carry our boats, etc., to Lake Kushog.

On the way down Black River we met Fuller and his younger boy, and passed the time o' day to them. The elder boy had evidently not returned from his colt-selling expedition.

The Guv. and I tramped over to Ward's and found the whole family in their "Sunday-go-to-meetin's," just about to embark en route to the picnic. Here the Guv.'s social and domestic attainments again stood us in good stead, as he immediately volunteered to go to the picnic as Ward's proxy. The way he handled those children and the milk bottle, and wrapped up Mrs. Ward's lemon pies, would indicate that he will be a marital treasure to the girl who gets him. While he paddled the family over to the Doctor's habitation I kept Grandfather Ward company, and learned for the first time how the battle of the Boyne Water fulfilled one of the Biblical prophecies—I have forgotten which.

I have neglected to state heretofore that Gaffer was a crack rifle shot. I recall the fact at this time because, toward the close of this Monday afternoon, Grandfather Ward and I heard five rifle shots in quick succession over toward Black River. I concluded they came from our party, and scented big game. The Gaffer—so I learned on his arrival—had shot a partridge at fifty paces. Has a more astounding feat ever been recorded in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM? Gaffer, here's to you!

We reached the picnic in time to enjoy the squarest meal that it has ever been my pleasure to masticate. The settlers' wives had spent all day Monday in preparing their special tid-bits, and no one appreciated their offerings more than our humble quartette. So amiable did we feel toward the entire company that we even didn't tell Old Nick what an execrable advisor he was.

Outside there was circus lemonade and peanuts and shooting contests and canoe races and what not else! Any 'varsity boat race is tame compared to that girls' race at the Doctor's. These girls handle the paddle as deftly as a matinee girl manipulates her fan. The course was once around the island, and it didn't take long to cover it. The competitors all fought gamely for supremacy, and it was nip and tuck until within a short distance of the tape. The entire land force rushed around the island, vociferously cheering one or another of the contestants; and no winner of the Diamond Sculls ever felt prouder than the two girls who came out ahead and got their prize of a quarter-dollar apiece.

All the settlers round about that island have a warm spot in their hearts for the Doctor, and so have we. May he live long and picnic often!

We reluctantly left the island early—about 7 o'clock in the evening—our object being to get to the south end of Lake Kushog before camping. 'Twas a bright moonlight night, and the memory of that five hours of rhythmic paddling down a long lake, that was never more than half and never less than a quarter of a mile in width, and whose wooded banks rose steeply from the water's edge at either side, will ever fade away. Three silently gliding canoes with bows abreast, a fathom's length apart; six paddles concurrently caressing the peaceful water; six voices raised in tuneful melody!

The owls were hooting midnight when we arrived at Camp Portage, the spot at which we camped during the rain on our way north. Next morning we made this portage without assistance, and reached Minden, via the Horseshoe Lakes and a four-mile portage, shortly after noon. Here the Gaffer gave up his unerring weapon, got his golden eagle, less 10 per cent., and made a loving au revoir to the fair Mindenite. It will be a hard job to get the Gaffer to go in at Dorset next year.

Wednesday night we camped at the head of Moore's Falls, and met the hospitable occupant of the house at this spot. Our itinerary for Thursday had Coboconk for its destination, and all day long we had in pleasurable prospect that mile of rapid water leading to the town. On the Norland River the portages at Elliott's Falls, Natural Dam and Norland are not difficult, although one should be careful when launching a canoe below the slide at Norland. The Guv. and I nearly met disaster here.

The log drive had disappeared from the Norland River, but when we reached Coboconk River we found it chock full of logs—"a raw right-angled jam"—and perforce gave up any attempt to navigate it, but portaged into the town instead.

This practically ended our trip, as we wished to reach Lindsay the next day, and it would have meant a hard paddle. So we went aboard the little steamer "Manita" and slept on her deck. This boat leaves Coboconk at about 6 o'clock every morning, and reaches Lindsay about noon.

While the steamer was locking at Rosedale, Casker remembered those bass of his, and couldn't withstand the temptation. So he disembarked with Zack, taking one canoe, for a couple of hours' fishing. The rest of us remained on board. As we were passing the locks at Fenelon Falls, the keeper remarked to our pilot: "Where did you ship them Italians?"

'Twas the unkindest cut of all!



Designing Competition.

Second Prize Design.

IN this issue there appears the design which was awarded second prize and also the Zerega prize, for the best interior arrangement, in our competition for a 40ft. waterline cruising boat. The drawing was submitted by Mr. Harold W. Patterson, of Yonkers, N. Y. Mr. Patterson sent in the following matter with his design:

Description.

IN working out this design the idea has been to produce a boat combining roomy accommodations and seaworthiness with a fair amount of speed and good appearance. The displacement was made rather large to permit of substantial construction and capacity for stores without drawing too much on the stability.

The lateral plane has been left comparatively long, which should make an easy steering boat and one that does not require continued nursing to keep on a course.

The lead also was stretched out, to help make hitching easy.

Judging from the restrictions governing the rigs, it was assumed that they are to be interchangeable, and to simplify the change, not only are the mainmasts and gaffs the same in both sail plans, but the bowsprit and all rigging as well. Topsails, spinnakers and all head sails are also the same, with the exception of the jib, which is t trifle smaller in the sloop rig.

In arranging the cabin plan the idea conveyed by the requirements has been carried out, and ample room aft for three been provided, rather than cramped accommodations for a greater number

The companion stairs lead into a steerage with a chart room on port side and store room opposite. This arrangement enables one to remove oilers, boots, etc., in wet weather and also for the man on watch to refer to charts, etc., at night without disturbing the occupants of the cabin. The chart room is provided with lockers and table, with a place under where charts may be kept flat. The small locker for instruments has a shelf on top, within easy reach of the cockpit, for marine glasses and any small articles which may be wanted handy.

The store room has lockers for boots, oilers, etc., dress suit cases and miscellaneous stores. Sliding doors separate the steerage from the saloon, which keep it warm and dry in stormy weather,

On either side of the short passage are cabinets with glass doors, for guns, fishing tackle, etc. The saloon is fitted with fixed berths, 2 feet 6 inches by 6 feet 6 inches, with springs on each side. These can be made up in the morning, thus avoiding the nuisance of stowing bed clothes during the day and trouble of making them up when ready to turn in. In front of the berths are cushioned seats, 21 inches wide, with drawers under. At the after end are two hanging lockers for clothes, and two smaller ones at the ends of the berths. Forward on the port side is a buffet, fitted with lockers and drawers for table linen, silver, wine, etc. This is conveniently located for the steward when serving the table. A large skylight and four air ports give ample light and ventilation. Forward of the saloon on the starboard side is the owner's state room, with permanent berth, 2 feet 8 inches by 6 feet 6 inches, with drawers under, dresser, lavatory, hanging lockers and seat. Part of the saloon skylight and an air port give light and air.

Close to the bulkhead and in the passage is a part of the centerboard trunk, extending above the water line, for accessibility in case the board becomes jammed. A brass pipe for the pennant extends to the roof. Opposite the stateroom is the toilet, fitted with w. c., lavatory and lockers. It is convenient, especially for the owner, at the same time is not conspicuous. A circulation of air is obtained from an air port and ventilator in the roof.

A door leads from the passage into the galley. This is fitted with stove, sinks and dish racks on port side and lockers, ice box and table on starboard side. The ice box has a capacity of from six to eight hundred pounds. The doors open above and below the table. There is full floor and head room all over, and a skylight and two air ports should keep it well lighted and ventilated.

Forward of the galley is the forecastle. This is larger than usually found in boats of this size, and provides lockers and berths for three men. On the port side is a w. c. A folding wash basin could also be fitted in here, if desired, although it is not shown. There are two air ports on each side of the forecastle, and although they may detract somewhat from the outside appearance of the boat, they ventilate and help keep decent these quarters, which are generally the opposite. There is a maximum head room of five feet. Forward are chain lockers and storage for lamps, oil, etc.

Dimensions.

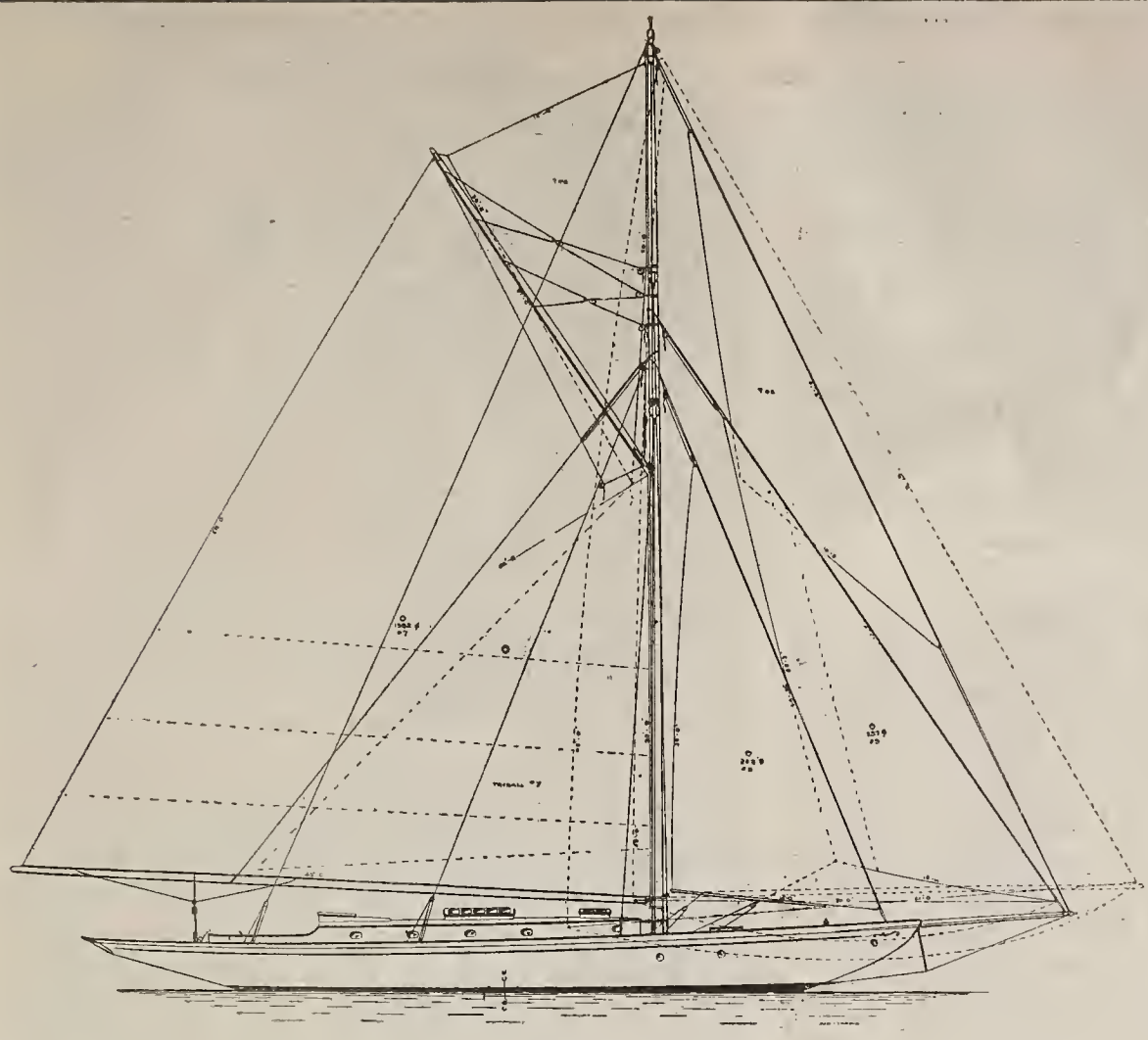
Length—	
O. A.	60 ft. 0 in.
L. W. L.	40 ft. 0 in.
Beam—	
Extreme	15 ft. 0 in.
At L. W. L.	13 ft. 7 in.
Draft—	
Of hull	6 ft. 0 in.
With board	10 ft. 6 in.
Displacement	23¼ tons.
Ballast on keel	8¼ tons.
Sail area, lower sails—	
Yawl	1,829 sq. ft.
Sloop	1,847 sq. ft.
Centre aft of center of L. W. L.—	
C. B.	11 in.
C. L. V. P.	2 ft. 5½ in.
C. E. sloop	11½ in.
C. E. yawl	1 ft. 5½ in.

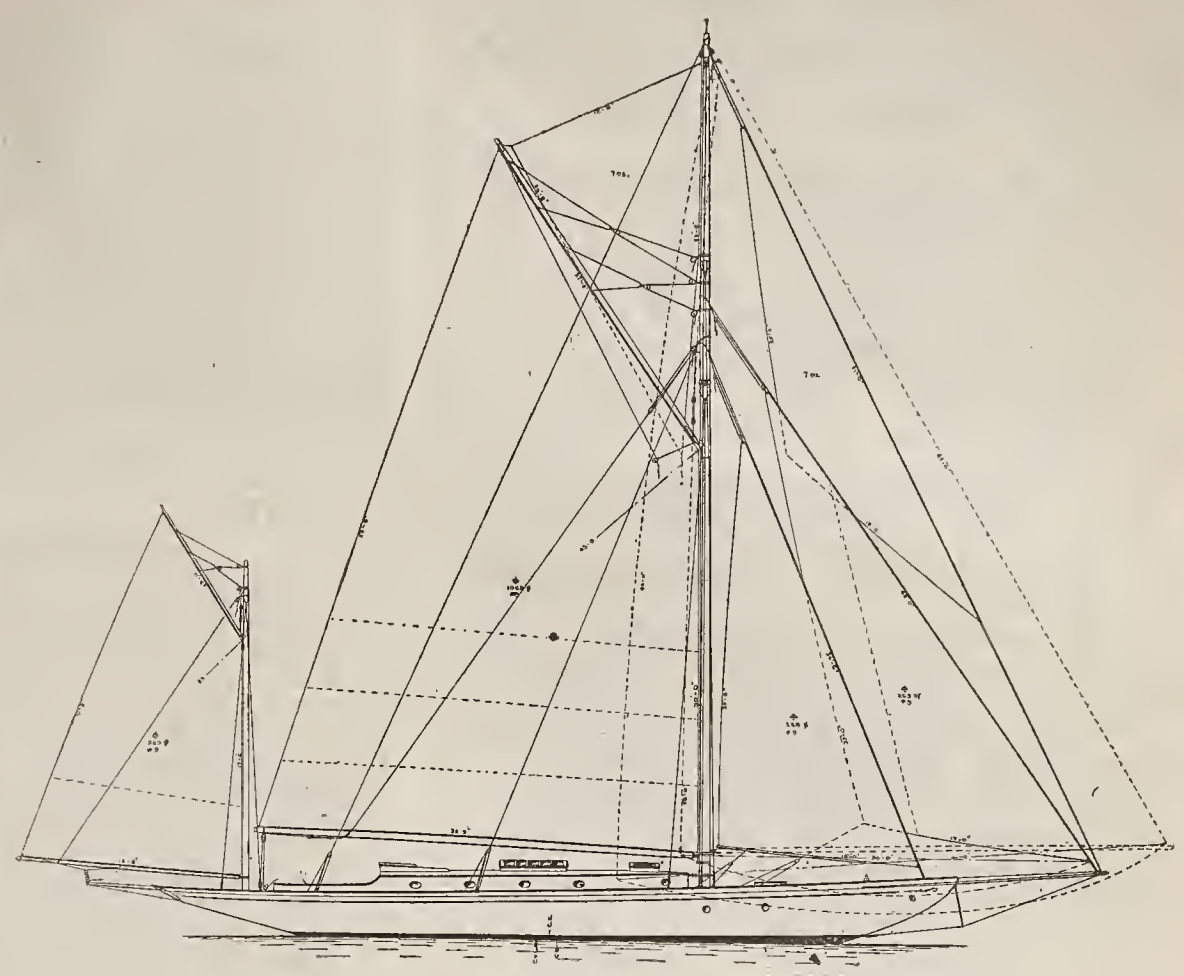
An American Challenger in Foreign Waters.

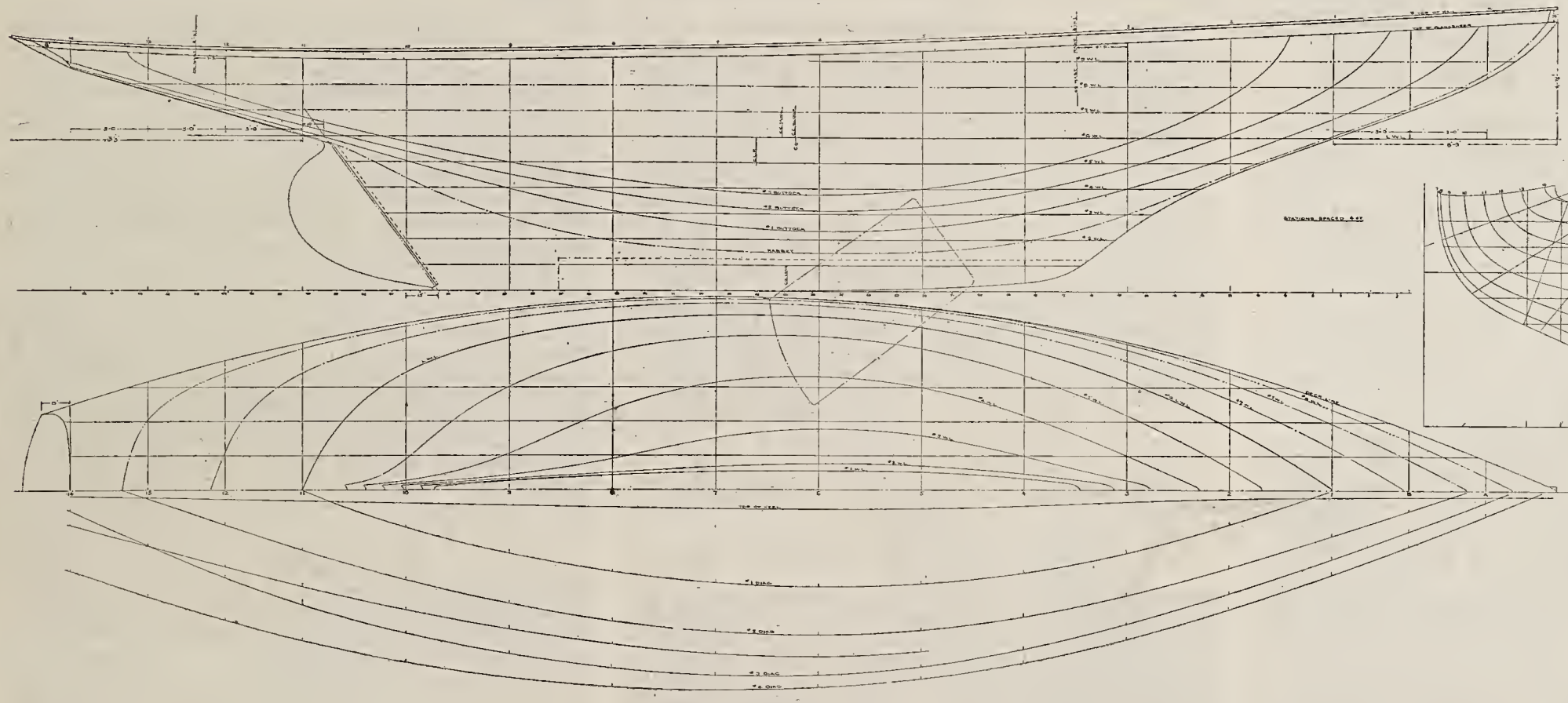
Editorial in the New York Herald.

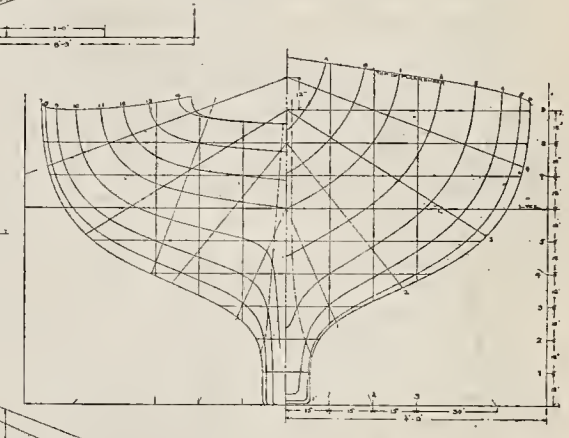
IN a wind that blew half a piping gale the schooner yacht Ingomar left our coast yesterday for a port of arrival in British waters. The run across the western ocean is at this season apt to be boisterous, and we may confidently expect that the stanchness of hull and seamanship of crew and master will be tested to the sharpest edge of their metal. No holiday work awaits her. Fresh honors are to be won and one old defeat awaits a brisk and hopeful challenger, and so the good wishes of the country follow an owner who has for the welfare of the noblest game shown so much sporting interest.

In the forthcoming contests the Ingomar will fly the pennant of our senior yacht club, thus reasserting its ancient tradition for outside races and, let it be hoped, maintaining its old record of blue water successes. How much the New York Y. C. has done for this particularly stirring aspect of the sport is either unknown or forgotten save by a few enthusiasts, and therefore the marvellous account of its sea work, published in the current number of FOREST AND STREAM, is little short of a revelation. The study of these achievements off soundings may well be commended to yachtsmen, both as a publication of our claims as a seagoing people and as an incentive to their support of the outside races promised for this year.







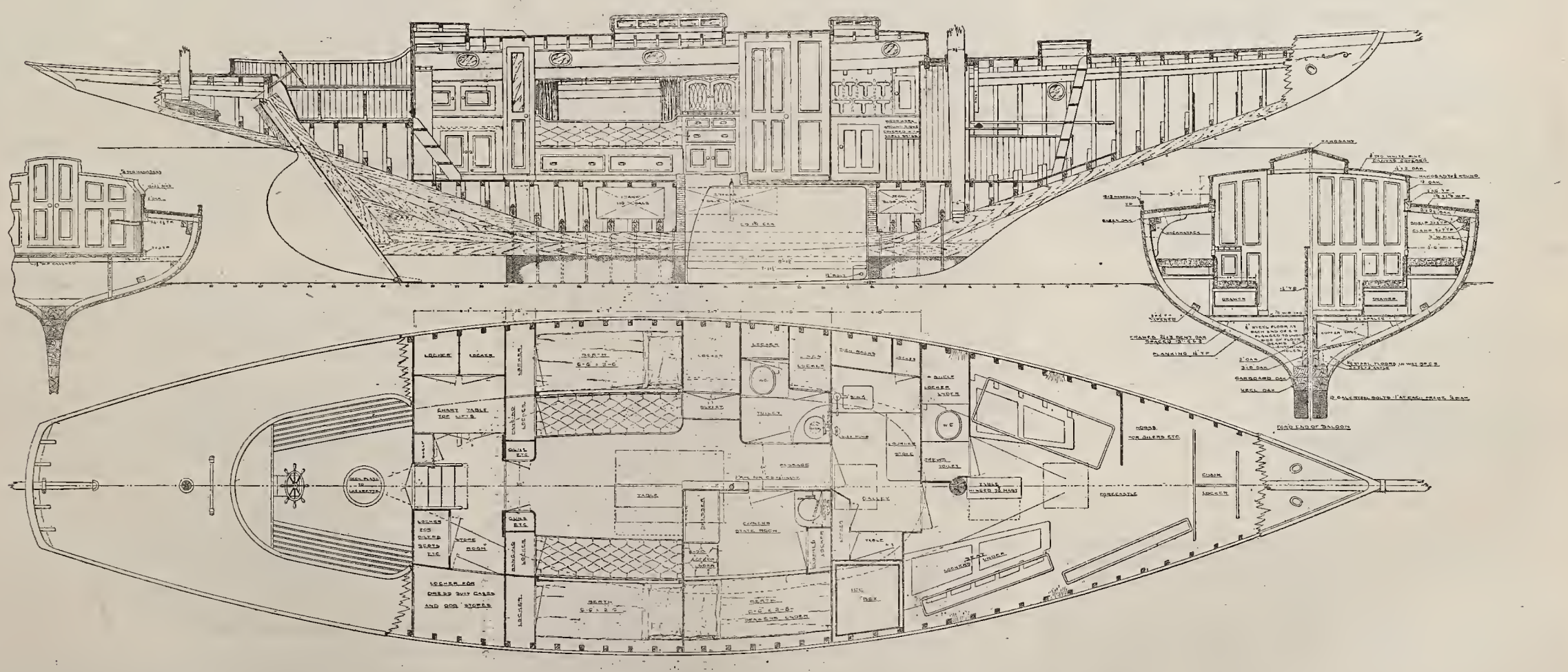


40' L.W.L. CRUISER
FOR
FOREST AND STREAM COMPETITION
DESIGNED BY BUTLER BROWN
FEB 24 1904
SHEER HALF BREADTH AND BODY PLANS.

DIMENSIONS

LENGTH O.A.	60'-0"
" L.W.L.	40'-0"
BEAM AT DECK	15'-0"
" L.W.L.	12'-7"
DRAUGHT KEEL	8'-0"
" BOARD	10'-6"
DISPLACEMENT	208 TONS
BALLAST	84 "
C.B. ABAFT FR. L.W.L.	11'
C.L.P.	2'-3"
C.E. YAWL	1'-3"
C.E. SLOOP	1"

SCALE 3/4" = 1'



DESIGNING COMPETITION—DESIGN WINNING SECOND PRIZE AND ZEREGA PRIZE FOR BEST INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT—LINES, CABIN AND SAIL PLANS.

Submitted by Howard W. Patterson, Yonkers, N. Y.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, April 25.—Com. Laurence Minot, of the Eastern Y. C., has reappointed I. Tucker Burr, Jr., fleet captain, who has issued the commodore's orders for a cruise, as follows:

Friday, July 15—Rendezvous at Marblehead; captains report on board flagship at 8:30.
Saturday, July 16—The fleet will sail at 3 P. M. for Gloucester.
Sunday, July 17—Gloucester to Isles of Shoals.
Monday, July 18—Isles of Shoals to Peaks Island.
Tuesday, July 19—Peaks Island to Boothbay.
Wednesday, July 20—Boothbay to Islesboro.
Thursday, July 21—At Islesboro, or elsewhere, as may be decided at a captains' meeting after the beginning of the cruise.

Friday, July 22—Islesboro to Bass Harbor.
Saturday, July 23—Bass Harbor to Bar Harbor.
Sunday, July 24—At Bar Harbor.
Monday, July 25—Eastern Y. C. regatta at Bar Harbor. Fleet will disband.

Suitable prizes will be awarded to winning yachts in port-to-port runs in classes specified by the regatta committee.

The regatta committee of the Quincy Y. C. has announced the following fixtures for the season:

June 4, Saturday—Club race.
June 16, Thursday—Interclub race at Wollaston.
June 25, Saturday—Interclub race at Squantum.
July 4, Monday—Club race.
July 16, Saturday—Interclub race at Quincy.
July 29, Friday—Y. R. A. open.
July 30, Saturday—Club race.
Aug. 6, Saturday—Club race.
Aug 20, Saturday—Club race.
Sept. 5, Monday—Club race.

It has been announced that the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, will take charge of the race from Marblehead to the Isles of Shoals and return on June 25. Three classes have been provided, as follows:

Class A, handicap—Yachts 30ft. and under 50ft waterline. Cup offered by Mr. Lawrence F. Percival.

Class B, handicap—Yachts under 30ft. waterline. Cup offered by Mr. Henry A. Morss.

Class C, 22-footers. Cup offered by Mr. H. H. Walker.

In addition to the cups offered cash prizes will be given in each class. The race will be started off the Corinthian club house at 8 on the evening of June 25. The boats will proceed to the bell buoy off White Island, passing outside of Thatcher's Island and the Salvages, and return. H. S. Goodwin, Marblehead, is chairman of the committee.

Mr. Lawrence Percival has announced that he will put Sally VII. in commission this season. In this case it is more than likely that Early Dawn III., owned by ex-Com. J. E. Doherty, of the Columbia Y. C., will also be in the racing field. It is quite probable that clubs holding open races will provide a class for these boats.

Wilson & Silsby have received orders for new sails for the following yachts: Thirty-footer designed by Will Fife, of Fairlie, for Finland; 35-footer Ranger, H. P. King; 25-footer Kalama III., David Rice; suits for 10 Bay State dories; 70ft. schooner Seneca, R. A. Rainey; 30-footer Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.; schooner Emerald, W. E. Iselin; 60-rater Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt; 25-footer, Richard Stone; 21-footer for J. M. Zurn, of Philadelphia; 18-footer for C. H. W. Foster; 18-footer for L. B. Goodspeed; 22-footer for C. H. Davis; 18-footer for H. M. Jones; 70-foot schooner Katrina, J. B. Ford; 19 suits for White Bear Lake, for 17 to 20-footers; 4 suits for Seawanhaka cup boats; 22-footer Urchin, John Greenough; 35-footer Umbrina, W. H. Childs; 71ft. schooner building for H. C. Tinker, of New York; schooner Corona (ex Colonia), A. F. Luke; 10 suits for Northaven centerboard class; sloop Petrel, R. H. Derby; yawl Petrel, H. V. R. Kennedy; steam yacht Anona, Paul Rainey; 22-footer Tayac, W. H. Joyce. They have also orders to furnish about 20 suits of sails for export, including Finland, Sweden, Durban, Natal, Sidney, Germany and Italy.

A joint meeting of the Lake Winnepesaukee Y. C. and the Kingswood club, of Lake Winnepesaukee, was held at the New Hampshire Exchange Club last week, at which ways and means for improving Lake Winnepesaukee were discussed. Ex-Gov. Rollins, of New Hampshire, and Dr. C. W. Bray, commodore of the Portland Y. C., were guests.

Announcement of the fixtures of the Wollaston Y. C. for the season of 1904 by the regatta committee, published in pamphlet form, has been made as follows:

May 30, Monday—Club championship.
June 4, Saturday—Hardy cup.
June 17, Friday—Interclub race, at Wollaston.
July 2, Saturday—Interclub race at Squantum.
July 4, Monday—Club championship.
July 9, Saturday—Interclub race at Quincy.
July 27, Wednesday—Moonlight sail.
July 30, Saturday—Hardy cup.
Aug. 6, Saturday—Clambake.
Aug. 13, Saturday—Club championship.
Aug. 20, Saturday—Hardy cup.
Aug. 25, Thursday—Moonlight sail.
Sept. 3, 4 and 5, Saturday, Sunday and Monday—Club cruise.

The Cohasset Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., D. N. Tower; Vice-Com., Alanson Bigelow; Secretary-Treasurer, G. W. Collier; executive committee, L. G. Willcutt, C. H. Cousens, A. A. Barron, C. W. Gammons and F. R. Pegran; house committee H. B. Cousens, F. N. Ridley and D. C. Tower; regatta committee, B. R. Williams, F. J. Moore, W. R. Sears and James Dean; membership committee, J. N. Willcutt, S. C. Bates, F. R. Nichols, Odin Towle and C. H. Tower.

Murray & Tregurtha have finished a 22ft. launch for William Whytal & Son, of Arlington. The 35ft. launch for G. H. Prior, of Winthrop, was launched last Thursday and showed up well on her trial trip. The 30ft. launch Talisman was launched last Monday and had a trial trip to Marblehead and return. The same firm have sold a launch owned by E. W. Burdett to John M. Devine.

T. K. Lothrop Jr.'s 30-footer Sauquoit, designed by Burgess & Packard, the first boat in the class recently adopted by the Y. R. A. of M. to be completed, was launched at Salem last Thursday afternoon. The Sauquoit is 48ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 10ft. 2in. beam and 6ft. draft. She will carry 1,200 feet of sail.

The steam yacht Jule, designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley, and built by the Lawley Co. for Com. B. P. Cheney, of the Boston Y. C., was launched at the yard of her builders last Saturday. The Jule was christened by Mrs. B. P. Cheney as she started down the ways. Com. Cheney will use the Jule as a ferry between the Boston and City Point anchorages of the Boston Y. C. and his summer estate on Brewster Island.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Southern Letter.

IN the hundred-mile stretch between Mobile and New Orleans there are now seven yacht clubs, and the banding of these seven sisters into a yacht racing union three years ago has had a most beneficial effect upon the destinies of the sport, and in the use of uniform classification and racing rules and of an interchange of entries and participation in the events of all there is made possible a regular yacht racing "circuit," a novelty in its way, which extends from one end of the line to the other, starting on the Fourth of July every year and upon succeeding Saturdays, touching at place to place until each club has had its turn, the combined fleet moving from course to course as one. The affairs of the Southern Gulf Coast Yachting Association are in the hands of the right men, yachtsmen who are progressive and aggressive, and it is fair to assume that it will one day make its brightness felt in the yachting world, and there is already that in the combined strength of these seven strong clubs other than a similarity of numbers which presages a veritable pleiads in the yachting firmament.

The first step toward laying a foundation for a substantial organizing of yachting along this arm of old ocean was to adopt a racing rule that, while being entirely satisfactory to all and well adapted to the conditions prevailing, would give, from its very simplicity, no hindrance to the advancement of the sport along healthful lines, and which would permit of the encouraging of certain desirable classes prevailing in other parts of the country. The idea was to place for the cabin classes the needful safeguards against machines and freaks, not in a racing rule of much complication; sail area only is measured; but in the classification and in restrictions on scantlings and on extreme over all lengths. The saving grace of the whole business was in the rule giving to the race committee the power to finally designate a boat's class; "model" or "special," freaks or machines being included in the latter. There was a well defined object in view of not attempting to encourage too many classes, but to try and build up about three divisions of model racing cabin sloops. A class conforming to the size of the 25-footers of the Y. R. A. of Mass., a second class of about the size of 21 and 22-footers of the same association, for the third a one design class of 20ft. centerboard knockabouts; and the fourth class to be left open to freaks and machines of smaller size and 500sq.ft. sail area, there being room here for a class of this kind, the waters being warm and shallow. Recruits for the two larger classes of cabin sloops could be purchased in the big yachting centers which would conform to the restrictions, and the freak class mentioned is on the lines of the Seawanhaka Cup boats and of the "Class A" racers of the Inland Lake Yachting Ass'n. This latter class is growing rapidly. There are half a dozen fast boats here of local production, one designed by Crane and one by Mower, and last year a crack Northern machine was brought down, and now there are two of the fastest boats of the Inland Lake class on their way here. By next year it is hoped that the South will have boats of the class capable of entering the above international and inter-association contests with some reasonable chance of making a good showing. The outlook for the cabin classes is very encouraging, a number of boats being built here, and at least four having already been purchased in the North, all these being well and favorably known as racing-cruisers of the better type, such as Calypso, now enrolled in the Southern Y. C.

The racing rule used here was printed in FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 31, 1903. It was thoroughly tried last year and all the clubs in the association are heartily in favor of it, as it seems to be entirely suited to the conditions and the plans for the future, which is all that is desired of the rule. The annual meetings of the other clubs of the association will all have taken place by the first of next month, when the season can be said to be in full swing, and then for the annual regattas of May and June, the racing circuit of July and part of August, after which the cup races, private matches, and then the closing regattas of early fall, and every Saturday of the long, breezy summer is accounted for. The fall and winter is left for cruising, and later some organization will be attempted for this part of the sport, and it is seen right now that if the South don't have a couple of hundred mile cruising races before the year is over it will still be behind the times. There could not be a better course than along the open Gulf from New Orleans to Mobile and back.

No matter how strong are the efforts being made to foster the sailboat fleet, just as effective measures are being taken to encourage the motor boat arm of the clubs of the Southern Gulf Coast Yachting Ass'n, and it will be a toss up which makes the best showing for the season.

The first of this series of "Southern letters" had to do with the conditions afforded for yachting along this corner of the Mexican Gulf coast, the second with the particulars of the sport at New Orleans and with the Southern Y. C. in particular, and this of current issue contains some of both, with a little on the perennial subject of "Racing Rule" thrown in for lagnyappe. It is to be hoped that the next may deal with the real actualities of a busy season.

L. D. SAMPSELL.

British Letter.

ACCORDING to the latest rumors received over here in connection with Sir Thomas Lipton's contemplated challenge for the America's Cup, the negotiations appear to be at a standstill. One thing is perfectly clear, and that is no British yachtsman will issue another challenge if the boats are to race under the old American rating rule.

Most of the fixtures of the big clubs are now published. The season proper commences, as usual, with the London River matches of the three principal metropolitan clubs—the Royal Thames, Royal London and New Thames—and the regatta of the Royal Harwich Y. C. For a great number of years the London River matches were started from Gravesend, but the increase in the shipping traffic and the general unsuitability of the course up Sea Beach and into Gravesend have caused the clubs to strike out a new line the last two or three years, and a far more suitable course has been mapped out from Southend, which, besides being down below the narrow reaches of the river, has the advantage of being quadrilateral, instead of merely straightaway and back. There was a certain amount of opposition from the older members when the new course was suggested, as it quite upset old time-honored customs, but modern ideas prevailed and the boats have now as fair a course as it is possible to get on tidal waters, whereas in the old days it was quite a frequent occurrence to see a boat which had been hopelessly beaten all day come drifting up Gravesend Beach on the first of the flood and save her time from the leaders, which had been hung up in the narrows near the finishing line on the last of the ebb. This, of course, destroyed much of the interest of the races, but that is now fortunately a thing of the past, and the course from Southend Pier, round the Nore Lightship, West Oaze Buoy and Mouse Lightship has given universal satisfaction. The Royal Thames matches from the Nore to Dover on June 11 take the racing fleet away from the Thames, and after the regatta of the Royal Cinque Ports Y. C., on June 13, there will be a lull until the commencement of the Clyde Fortnight on the last day of the month.

The prospects for the Clyde regattas are not very bright. For some years the German regattas have proved sufficiently attractive to draw many British yachts to Kiel, and as the "Kiel Week" has now developed into a fortnight and takes place during the latter half of June, yacht owners have to make up their minds which function they will attend, Clyde or Kiel, as it is impossible to do both. It cannot be denied that in some respects Kiel has the pull, for the boats which go there can take part in the race from Dover to Heligoland, which starts a week after the Nore to Dover races of the Royal Thames Y. C., and only a few days after the Royal Cinque Ports June regatta, and they are, so to speak, on the spot. For some years, therefore, the German regattas have seriously interfered with Clyde fixtures, for in the absence of first-class racing and the 65-footers the presence of the big handicap boats is much to be desired, though it is very doubtful if many of them will be seen on the Clyde. It seems strange that the once brilliant series of regattas, familiarly known as the Clyde Fortnight, should be dependent upon the 52ft. class for their chief attraction. Such, however, was the case last year, and there is at present no reason to suppose that a better fate awaits them this season unless owners in the handicap class come to the rescue.

Mr. Cecil Quentin's handsome Fife schooner will not fit out this year, so if Ingomar comes over she will not find any British schooner fit to give her a run. If she goes to Kiel she will have good boats to sail against, but, although the Watson designed Hamburg—ex-Rainbow—and the new Fife schooner building for Germany, would possibly be worthy of her caliber if properly handled, they will be no match for her with German skippers and crews, and the German Emperor's Meteor is such a ship that she requires something like half a gale to warm her up. There is once more talk of Mr. Kenneth Clark fitting out Kariad now that he has sold his steam yacht, Katoomba, but nothing definite has transpired, and it seems unlikely on the face of it that Kariad will hoist racing colors unless she goes into the handicap class.

A burning question among small yacht owners on the Clyde is what is to become of the 23-30ft. length class, which has collapsed owing to the formation of the new restricted class. In all probability they will be compelled to join the already overfilled ranks of the four old rating class unless, as Mr. J. A. Leckie, the owner of Cymbeline, suggests, they be formed into a limited handicap class. This idea is well worth following out, as the form of the boats is pretty well known, and much sport should result from a form of handicapping which has been tried in other classes with excellent results.

E. H. KELLY.

Eastern Y. C.'s Proposed Invitation Ocean Race.

NEW YORK TO MARBLEHEAD (ABOUT 325 NAUTICAL MILES), FOR YACHTS 30 FEET AND NOT OVER 50 FEET WATERLINE, DURING THE SECOND WEEK IN JULY, 1904.

Prizes.—Silver cups to be awarded in each class according to the number of starters.

In addition a suitable trophy to be awarded to each yacht completing the course, but not winning a prize.

Classes.—Classes D and E.—All schooners not over 64ft. rating measurement.

Class I.—Sloops and yawls not over 64ft. and over 51ft. rating measurement.

Classes C, J and K.—Sloops and yawls not over 51ft. rating measurement and not less than 30ft. load waterline.

Note.—Other classes may be added in the discretion of the committee.

Course.—Start from some point in New York Bay to be announced later.

Finish to be between Marblehead Rock and Cat Island. As the time of finish is very uncertain, each yacht will be required to take her own time when the monument on Marblehead Rock bears W.S.W.

Course.—Leave Sandy Hook Lightship and South Shoal Lightship on port. Each yacht must pass near enough to the South Shoal Lightship to be identified and reported by wireless. Each yacht to be furnished with

day and night signals showing her number for identification. Yachts to be requested to show their numbers if they pass near enough to Highland Light to be made out.

Measurements and Rules.—All yachts to be rated according to rules of measurement of the Eastern and New York Yacht clubs, and allowances to be figured from the rating according to the table of allowances of the Eastern Y. C. No restrictions on sails or crew, except that club topsails would not be allowed. The race to be sailed under the racing rules of the Eastern Y. C., except as they may be modified especially for this race, such modifications to be noted in printed instructions.

It is believed that this race would be a test of seamanship and the weatherly qualities of yachts rather than of speed, and it is hoped that many men who do not care for ordinary racing, but who own stanch, able cruising yachts, will take an interest in the race, and those owning such yachts are urged to enter their yachts for the race.

In order to make arrangements for the race, the committee must have a definite knowledge of the probable number of starters; therefore all owners interested are requested to send in their names as soon as possible, even if they are not sure at the present time that they could start.

Privileges.—Privileges of the floats and club house of the Eastern Y. C. at Marblehead would be extended to captains and guests of yachts participating in the race.

The annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C. will be held off Marblehead, Friday, July 15, and the club squadron will start on its annual cruise from Marblehead to Bar Harbor on Saturday, July 16. All yachts sailing in the ocean race will be invited to enter the annual regatta, and also to join the squadron on the cruise and compete for the prizes in the runs from port to port.

For further information apply to Henry A. Morss, 110 State street, Boston, Mass., secretary special ocean race committee.

HENRY HOWARD, Chairman,
GEORGE ATKINSON, JR.,
S. W. SLEEPER,
LOUIS M. CLARK, Secretary,
Regatta Committee.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

SOUTHERN ELECTS OFFICERS.—The Southern Y. C., of New Orleans, held its fifty-fifth annual meeting a short time ago and the following officers were elected: Com., Albert Baldwin; Vice-Com., A. M. Cooke; Rear-Com., L. K. Nicholson; Treas., J. J. Hooper; Sec., L. D. Sampsell; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. R. L. Riley; Measurer, Holmes Harrison; Governing Committee: A. H. Clement, P. F. Donnes, Jr., T. D Miller, S. F. Heaslip, D. H. Holmes.

COM. MORTON F. PLANT SELLS SLOOP NELLIE.—Mr. Henry F. Parmelee, New Haven, Conn., has purchased the sloop yacht Nellie from Com. Morton F. Plant, through Mr. Stanley M. Seaman. She was designed by N. G. Herreshoff and built in 1903 by Herreshoff Mfg. Co. She is 52ft. over all, 36ft. waterline, 13ft. beam, 7ft. 6in. draft. The same agency has also sold the cruising catboat Jolly Roger to Dr. Mary H. Cotton, this city, for Mr. J. Wheeler Mallaby, Port Chester, N. Y.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C. FIXTURES.—The regatta committee of the New Rochelle Y. C. has arranged for the following races: May 28, spring regatta; June 18, power boat race; July 2, annual regatta; July 30, club race; Aug. 6, ladies' race; Aug. 27, club race; Sept. 3, 4 and 5, club cruise, and Sept. 10, club race.

UNQUA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—At a recent meeting of the Unqua Corinthian Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., Delancey T. Smith; Vice-Com., Francis Williams; Treas., Marshall Woodman; Sec., George F. Booth. Regatta, R. Bleecker, Charles F. Hart, R. J. Ireland. Entertainment, W. A. Critter, E. S. Wingate and William Tuervy. House Committee, Edward Bleecker, William Bleecker, F. B. Dalzell, E. P. Foster and J. H. Ruwe.

The opening regatta will be held on May 30.

LAURITA CHARTERED.—The steam yacht Laurita, owned by Mr. George J. Smith, has been chartered through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones, of this city, to Com. George G. Tyson, Riverside Y. C.

YACHTS AT ST. LOUIS. The officials in charge of the exposition at St. Louis have arranged matters so that yachts, launches and houseboats have been granted free wharfage space along the river front at St. Louis during the World's Fair. The concession lasts during the seven months of the exposition. The circular reads in part as follows:

"Yachts and steam launches—Yachts, steam launches and all boats propelled by their own power will be assigned wharf space between Chouteau avenue on the south and Biddle street on the north. No charge will be made for wharfage.

"Houseboats—Houseboats will be assigned wharf space north of Biddle street, and also south of Chouteau avenue. No charge will be made for wharfage.

"Application for wharf space—Application for wharf space should be made to Joseph P. Whyte, harbor and wharf commissioner, City Hall, St. Louis.

"Telephone service—Free telephone service will be furnished to visitors at the harbor, office, foot of Market street."

SCAT SINKS AT SAN REMO.—The Seawanhaka one design 15-footer Scat, owned by Col. Francis L. Leland, was capsized at San Remo, Italy, in a squall and sunk. Those on board were rescued by a boat from the Italian battle-ship Lepanto.

COM. LYON BUYS THE STELLAR.—The steam yacht Stellar, formerly owned by Mr. Truman Beckwith, of Providence, R. I., has been sold, through the agency of Henry J. Gielow, to Rear-Com. Whitney Lyon, of the Columbia Y. C.

HARTFORD Y. C.'s OCEAN RACE.—At a meeting of the Hartford Y. C., held at Hartford, Conn, on April 13, it was voted to have an ocean race open to yachts enrolled in the clubs of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound. There will be classes for boats of 36 feet and less in length over all and for boats of from 36 to 50 feet over all.

The competing yachts will sail in cruising trim. The course will be from the Fenwick Station of the club at the mouth of the Connecticut River around Block Island and return. The date and conditions will be announced later. Substantial prizes will be awarded to the winners.

RACING SCHEDULE OF THE Y. R. A. OF GRAVESEND BAY.—A meeting of the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Gravesend Bay was held in Brooklyn on the evening of April 23, and the following dates for special events were decided upon:

June 4—New York C. C.; spring annual.
June 14—Atlantic Y. C.; annual.
June 18—Marine and Field Club; annual.
June 25—Brooklyn Y. C.; first championship.
July 9—Bensonhurst Y. C.; annual club races.
July 16—Bensonhurst Y. C.; second championship.
July 30—Marine and Field Club; third championship.
Aug. 13—Brooklyn Y. C.; club regatta.
Aug. 20—Atlantic Y. C.; fourth championship.
Aug. 27—New York C. C.; fall regatta.
Sept. 5—Atlantic Y. C.; club regatta.
Sept. 10—Bensonhurst Y. C.; open handicap.
Sept. 17—New York C. C.; fifth championship.

STEAM YACHT ROXANA REACHES NEW YORK.—Mr. John W. Gates' steam yacht Roxana reached New York on April 10 from Chicago. She made the trip via the Mississippi River route. Roxana was built in the West last year.

WEST END Y. C.—The West End Y. C. elected the following officers on April 13, and the installation will be held at the club house on April 27, at 9 P. M. Com., John Fleming; Vice-Com., Fred Gegges; Fin. Sec., John Meyers; Cor. Sec., Wm. Ridley; Treas., Andrew Marshall; Steward, Adam Marshall; Meas., L. Ridley; Fleet Capt., Howard Lawson; Fleet Surgeon, David Garrick; Trustees, Philip Grauer, John Dalton, H. Grueling, John Homam.

BRITISH YACHT SYBARITA PURCHASED BY W. GOULD BROKAW.—Mr. W. Gould Brokaw, N. Y. Y. C., has purchased the famous English yawl, Sybarita, from Mr. M. B. Kennedy. Sybarita was designed by G. L. Watson and built by D. & W. Henderson, Glasgow, in 1900. Mr. Brokaw will race Sybarita in the British and German regattas this season.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Subscriber, Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.—Will you inform me whether what is called a king rail is the same species as the bird called a mud hen; if not, will you kindly describe each, male and female, pointing out the differences? The question from the commoner standpoint is that the king rail is the same as the mud hen. Ans. The question is one difficult to answer. In different parts of the country these two English names may be applied to two very different birds. "King rail," as the term is usually understood in books and by ornithologists, is a large long-billed bird belonging to the genus *Rallus*. It is brown above, striped with brownish black, changing to reddish brown on the sides, with the brownish or dusky flanks barred with white. Its length is from 17 to 19 inches, and the bill measures from 2⅛ to 2½ inches. It is usually found in fresh-water marshes. What is commonly called "mud hen" belongs to the genus *Fulica*, the coots. It is uniformly slaty or plumbeous in color, the head and neck darker, nearly black; the bill whitish with a frontal shield, which is dark brown in summer, running from the bill on to the forehead. It may be known as by having the toes lobed; that is to say, with flaps of scaly skin on either side the toe, which form a partial webbing. This is the bird commonly called mud hen. It has many other names, as sea crow, crow-billed duck, flusterer, blue-peter, and so on. It may be known always by the toes and the frontal shield. We have heard the Florida gallinule called king rail, and mud hen is a term that is often applied to rail of various species. Compare Trumbull "Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners."

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

April 26-29.—Kansas City.—Spring target tournament at Blue River Park. R. S. Elliott, Mgr.
April 27-28.—Americus, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club. H. S. McClesky, Sec'y.
April 30.—Princeton, N. J.—Team shoot: Princeton University vs. Crescent Athletic Club, of New York.
May 3-4.—Wabash, Ind., Gun Club tournament. Austin Flynn, Sec'y.
*May 3-4—Derry, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 3-5.—Junction City, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. E. L. Wetzig, Sec'y.
May 4-5.—Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club spring tournament.
May 4-5.—Nashville, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club. Charles Eastman, Sec'y.
May 7.—New Haven, Conn.—Intercollegiate shoot.
May 11-12.—Springfield, O., Gun Club's target tournament. Geo. Morgan, Sec'y.
May 11-13.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. J. Burmister, Sec'y.
May 12-13.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club annual spring tournament. W. W. Foord, Sec'y.
May 16-18.—Southern Trapshooters' Association's thirteenth tournament at targets, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club; $500 added. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y.
May 16-21.—York, Pa.—Tournament of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fifth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Cor. Sec'y.
May 17-19.—Davenport, Ia.—Cumberland Gun Club's annual amateur tournament. W. F. Kroy, Sec'y.
May 18.—Boston, Mass, Gun Club annual team target shoot. H. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 18-19.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Jos. H. Knapp, Mgr.
May 18-20.—Columbus, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament. G. A. Schroeder, Sec'y.
May 19-20.—Oklahoma City.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association fifth annual tournament; $300 added money. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.
May 19-21.—Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club handicap target tournament. Fred E. McKay, Sec'y and Mgr.
May 20.—Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club tournament.
May 21.—Princeton, N. J.—Princeton University vs. University of Pennsylvania.
May 23-25.—Houston, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 24-25.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day target tournament.
May 24-25.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Natchitoches, La., Gun Club tournament.
May 24-25.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
*May 25-26.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 25-26.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club Spring shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
May 28-30.—Butte, Mont.—Montana State Sportsmen's Association eleventh annual tournament at targets; $500 added. C. H. Smith, Sec'y.
May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day target tournament; free merchandise prizes. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Secretary, Box 9, Newport, R. I.
May 30.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club fourth annual Decoration Day tournament. T. M. Brodie, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club holiday shoot. A. B. Parker, Sec'y.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Spring tournament of the Enterprise Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club Decoration Day target shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
May 31.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer Island Gun Club spring target tournament. W. E. Kette, Sec'y.
June 1-3.—Watertown, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. F. J. Cory, Sec'y.
*June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State Shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.
June 9.—Westchester, Pa., Gun Club target shoot. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.
June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Mgr.
June 14-15.—Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Hanover Park Shooting Association target tournament. E. L. Klipple, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—Akron, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League target tournament. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—New London, Ia., Gun Club midsummer tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 15-16.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. L. K. Forscythe, Sec'y.
*June 15-16.—Millvale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.— East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.
*July 6-7.—Kane, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen, Sec'y.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handicap tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
*July 13-14.—Scottdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.
July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Aug. 9-12.—West Baden, Ind.—Indian tournament; $1,000 added money.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; $25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The next shoot of the Brunswick, Me., Gun Club, on the afternoon of May 19, at the Merry Meeting grounds.

June 9 has been fixed upon by the Westchester, Pa., Gun Club as a date for a target tournament. Mr. F. H. Eachus is the secretary.

Schenectady collogated Poughkeepsie and Ossining. In the recent team matches at Poughkeepsie, April 23, Schenectady defeated the Poughkeepsie team by 35 and the Ossining team by 47 points.

There was a large attendance at the shoot of the Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association. About forty shooters participated. Mr. "Jenks" Taylor was high man in the averages, with the excellent total of 157 out of 165. Mr. Lew Emann was second with 155.

At the shoot held by the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., on Saturday of last week, the first of the series for an automobile, there were eighteen entries. Mr. Chas. W. Floyd, one of New York's most expert shooters, won with a score of 91 out of 100.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, one of the most renowned expert shooters, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., tarried a while in New York on Monday of this week. He journeyed in the afternoon toward Pittsburg to attend the tournament of the Herron Hill Gun Club.

The managers, Messrs. Knox and Knapp, write us as follows: "The programme of the Auburn, N. Y., tournament, May 18 and 19, will be very attractive. Two nice hammerless guns will be the prizes in the merchandise events. Entrance $1.50. Targets included at 1½ cent. Liberal added money and a good time for all. Programmes sent out May 1."

Messrs. J. S. Wright, of New York, and T. E. Batten, of Elizabeth, N. J., have signed an agreement to shoot a match at 100 targets, play or pay, on some day before May 1 next. The contest is to take place on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club. The indications at present are that the match really will be shot, but the indications are not immutable.

The programme of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club for their Decoration Day shoot, May 30, provides seven events, three at 15, four at 25 targets, entrance $1.30 and $2; totals, 145 targets, $11.90 entrance. Shooters may enter for targets only. Average moneys, $5 and $3. Competition begins at 11 o'clock rain or shine. A trophy will be given the contestant breaking high in the last 100 targets. Mr. C. G. Blandford is the captain.

The system of handicapping which will obtain at the tournament of the Wawaset Gun Club, May 12-13, is as follows: All known 90 per cent. men will stand at 19yds.; 85 to 89 per cent. men at 18yds.; all others 16yds. Thereafter handicaps are imposed according to place, thus winners of first go to 20yds.; of second, 19yds.; of third, 18yds.; of fourth, 17yds.; all others, 16yds. Targets 2 cents. May 11 will be practice day. Rose system, 5, 3, 2 and 1. Send guns and ammunition prepaid to Mr. E. Melchior, 214 King street, Wilmington, and he will deliver them on the grounds free.

The following, taken from the Shooting Times, clearly shows that one's degree of youthful skill and vigor is not necessarily measured by one's years. It also shows that there are some active old boys, keen of eye and sure of hand, in other lands than the United States: "At a pigeon shoot at the Cross Keys some days ago, Mr. J. Knott, a well-known Bathonian, who is now in his eighty-fifth year, divided two out of four sweepstakes. Previous to Saturday he had not shot for three years, and yet managed to kill 10 out of his first 11 birds, and altogether 11 out of 14. There is evidently life in the old dog yet."

The programme of the Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament, to be held on May 25-26, provides twelve events each day, one at 10, the remainder at 15 targets, 50 cents, 75 cents, $1 and $1.50 entrance. Totals each day, 175 targets, $12 entrance. There also is a professional shoot, 25 targets, entrance $2.50, with $5 added. And a five-man team shoot, 125 targets per team, entrance per team, $2.50. To first high team, $15; to second $10. Guns and ammunition prepaid and sent to S. C. Yocum, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Refreshments and ammunition obtainable on the grounds. Professionals may dally for targets only.

The midwinter tournament given by J. F. Schmelzer & Son's Arms Co., Kansas City, Mo., April 18-22, was a distinct success. Some shooting performances were near the perfect degree of excellence. Mr. Chan Powers was high on the first day, with 192 out of 200. Mr. W. H. Heer on the second day was high with 195 out of 200. On the third day Messrs. Gilbert and Crosby tied on 91 out of 100. Mr. Heer won professional high average with 473 out of 500. Mr. Chan Powers won amateur high average with 466. The Kansas team won the trophy for the team making the best scores during the series of tournaments. Mr. C. Dixon, of Joplin, won the Individual trophy. The Individual Schmelzer trophy was won by Mr. Russell Klein with 48. The individual championship, 25 live birds, thirty-five entries, was won with a straight score by Mr. John Wilmot, of Lexington, Ky.

A correspondent informs us that "a race is contemplated between teams representing the Country Club of Wilmington, Del., and the Wawaset Gun Club of the same city. Among those who will represent the Country Club are Messrs. Eugene duPont, Alexis I. duPont, Victor duPont II., Victor duPont III. and J. T. Skelly. Mr. Eugene duPont is one of the best shots in the club, and at present holds the R. E. championship. For the Wawasets, Mr. W. M. Foord, Luther J. Squier, J. A. McKelvey, Lester German, Edward Banks and others will be found at the score. The first shoot will be held in the near future, and will be in the nature of practice work for the Wawasets' annual tournament, which will be held in Wilmington May 12 and 13 next. By the way, anybody wishing a programme of that tournament can get one by applying to W. M. Foord, 213 West Sixth street, Wilmington, Del."

BERNARD WATERS.

Independent Gun, Rifle and Pistol Club.

EASTON, Pa., April 21.—With a raw wind blowing across the trap and the erratic flight of the bluerocks, twenty-six shooters, professionals and amateurs, faced the northwest and shot "holes in the air."

The three cash amateur prizes given by the club were won, after a hard fight, by O. Skeds with 156 breaks out of 180 targets; J. Pleiss with 151 breaks out of 180 targets, and E. F. Markley with 150 breaks out of 180 targets. The highest professional score was made by J. M. Hawkins with 159 breaks out of 180 targets. The professionals and trade representatives present were as follows: Sim Glover, J. M. Hawkins, Mr. Overbaugh, M. L. Herbein, F. E. Butler, and, last but not least, the always cheerful and "friend maker," T. H. Keller.

T. H., not arriving on the grounds until after the tournament was started, decided to show all the boys that the "has been," as he called himself, could shoot a little, and made one of the three straight scores made in any event by any of the shooters.

Messrs. Glover and Hawkins both claimed to be under the weather, but yet, with the conditions taken into considerations, shot like old veterans.

Messrs. Overbaugh, Herbein and Butler, also with their kindly aid, put the finishing touches on to make the tournament the success that it was. It was pleasing to note that all the representatives present were pleased, as each one's goods were being used, and in the high scores each got a "taste."

Lunch was served on the grounds in the old-fashioned country style, and all the shooters took advantage of its "goodness" and ate heartily. The following scores show how easy it is to "blow holes in the air":

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	20	25	15	20	15	20	15	25	Total.
I Hahn	8	14	12	18	13	15	10	10	10	14	124
C F Hankey	10	13	14	19	11	14	12	19	9	20	141
C H Miller	7	8	16	18	11	14	11	16	10	15	126
Sim Glover	6	11	16	20	12	17	14	15	8	13	132
W H Maurer	5	12	16	20	14	17	15	14	12	20	145
H G Miller	8	10	18	19	13	15	10	15	13	20	141
J H Heil	8	11	12	18	10	13	9	12	14	18	125
J H Maurer	8	13	14	18	13	17	11	17	11	16	138
J Fleiss	6	12	14	23	14	19	13	15	14	20	151
H Snyder	5	12	16	14	13	12	11	16	13	18	130
E F Markley	5	13	20	23	10	16	12	16	13	22	150
O Skeds	8	12	16	20	12	18	12	20	14	24	156
J M Hawkins	9	13	18	23	12	19	14	19	11	21	159
R Roberts	4	9	..	..	10	..	10	..	..	..	33
H Brunner	5	10	13	..	11	14	..	17	..	..	70
W W Howell	..	..	..	19	11	16	10	..	13	..	69
S S Wills	..	..	..	17	12	16	11	..	7	..	63
T H Keller	..	..	..	..	15	15	11	16	11	18	86
Graff	..	..	..	..	12	13	11	12	11	..	59
Croll	..	..	..	..	11	14	12	11	10	23	81
Schlicher	..	..	..	..	8	12	8	..	..	..	28
Somers	..	..	..	..	10	17	12	13	11	21	84
Steward	..	..	..	..	4	9	9	..	5	..	27
H H Hausman	..	..	..	..	11	12	14	16	12	19	84
Reble	..	..	..	..	6	..	8	..	..	..	14
C H Snyder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	13

E. F. MARKLEY, Sec'y.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 23.—At the shoot held on these grounds to-day, in which teams from Schenectady, Ossining and Poughkeepsie gun clubs competed, Schenectady made a clean sweep. In their match with the Poughkeepsie team they won by 35 points. In the match with Ossining they won by 47 points. The scores made in each event were hardly up to the standard of many of the shooters, a strong wind being accountable therefor.

The prize, a pair of cuff buttons, offered by the Poughkeepsie Club for best individual score in the Schenectady-Ossining match, was won by Senator Warnick. Scores follow, 50 targets per man in each contest:

Schenectady—Warnick 43, H. E. Greene 39, Valentine 42, Sanders 40. G. G. Greene 31, Livingston 43; total 241.

Poughkeepsie—Tall 41, Marshall 28, Hans 33, Smith 31, Traver 41, Du Bois 32; total 206.

Schenectady—Warnick 43, H. E. Greene 39, Valentine 42, Sanders 40, G. G. Greene 37, Livingston 40, Borden 36, Adams 39, Wallberg 39, Miller 32; total 387.

Ossining—Brandreth 31, Hubbell 32, Clark 36, Von der Bosch 37, Dykman 32, Hyland 39, Harris 38, Blandford 38, Washburne 40, Kromer 17; total 340.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	25	25	15	15	Targets:	15	15	25	25	15	15
Tallman	11	..	22	19	..	..	Adams	13	..	21	..	..	..
Brandreth	11	..	18	13	..	..	Wallberg	11	..	19	..	..	..
Warnick	11	12	20	23	11	..	Miller	10	..	15	..	..	5
Adriance	9	10	..	..	11	..	Perkins	9	..	..	..	18	10
Hubbell	11	..	17	15	..	..	Winans	8	..	..	..	9	13
H E Green	12	..	18	21	..	..	Snyder	6	..	..	..	14	..
Hans	8	10	18	15	..	..	Johnson	8	..	..	..	13	..
Clark	12	10	17	19	..	..	Strong	7	..	..	..	..	
Valentine	12	13	22	20	..	..	Moore	7	..	..	..	9	7
Smith	8	8	18	13	8	7	Marshall	14	11	14	14	10	10
Von der Bosch.	11	11	18	19	..	..	Cassidy	4	..	..	..	..	..
Sanders	11	..	20	20	..	..	Du Bois	7	18	14	..	..	..
Traver	10	13	19	22	13	13	Van Wyck	8	..	..	..	6	..
Dykman	8	13	16	16	..	..	Hull	..	13	..	..	10	7
A A Greene	13	12	17	20	11	..	Underhill	..	5	..	..	..	..
Hyland	9	9	13	16	..	..	Hasbrouck	..	12	..	..	6	..
Livingston	10	..	19	21	..	..	N K Du Bois.	..	10	..	..	..	..
Harris	11	9	18	20	..	..	Buckley	..	9	..	..	..	9
Borden	14	..	17	19	..	..	Kromer	..	6	9	8	..	3
Blandford	10	9	18	..	..	..	Washburn	..	..	..	18	22	..

Scores made in events 3 and 4 counted in team matches.

SNANIWEH.

Norwich Shooting Club.

NORWICH, Conn.—The weekly shoot of the Norwich Shooting Club was held on Saturday afternoon, April 23, the weather conditions being favorable. The attendance was small and scores below the average. Mr. Aborn was high with a score of 40 out of 50, which was very commendable, this being his second season at the trap. No. 3 was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	5	Targets:	25	25	5
Brown	20	19	5	Saunders	12	..	..
Aborn	18	22	..	Potter	11	..	..
Olcott	21	16	..	Mitchell	15	18	..
Amberg	15	16	2	Noble	21	18	5
Tafft	21	18	6				

I. P. TAFFT, Sec'y.

Brunswick Gun Club.

BRUNSWICK, Me., April 22.—The Brunswick Gun Club held their first shoot of the season yesterday afternoon with a programme of 125 targets.

The attendance of shooters was very light, as the weather conditions were unfavorable in the extreme. Quite a large number of spectators were on hand, as usual.

Four visitors from Portland enabled us to put up two five-men squads. The Portland shooters were Darton, Hinds, Bailey and Foster. L. C. Whitmore, president of the Brunswick Gun Club, was high gun for the afternoon, breaking 108 out of a possible 125, Darton second with 104, and Dunning third with 103. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	25	Total.
L C Whitmore	16	20	16	19	16	21	108
Darton	15	16	15	18	19	21	104
Dunning	16	14	19	17	18	19	103
Hinds	16	16	16	20	16	18	102
Foster	14	16	17	12	17	19	95
Wheeler	15	17	15	15	12	19	93
Webber	10	13	12	16	16	17	84
Fisher	6	15	13	17	15	18	84
Nason	8	13	11	11	9	..	52
Bailey	7	12	8	..	..	..	27
Libby	..	..	..	..	..	14	14
Graves	..	..	..	..	..	11	11

Ashland Gun Club.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 14.—The Ashland Gun Club to-day gave a shoot in honor of Mr. Hood Waters, a distinguished trade representative, who is at present sojourning in Kentucky. He broke 91 straight and finished with 98 out of 100. In the afternoon he shot at 150 targets, which included 10 pairs, and he scored 145. Mr. Woolfolk Henderson scored 73 out of 75. Bob Skinner scored 49 out of his first 50 and lost 3 birds in his last string of 25, a total of 71 out of 75.

Victor Dodge, the veteran shooter, faced the traps for the first time in many months, and scoring 70 out of 75, showed that he has not forgotten how to shoot.

Frank Van Deren broke 42 out of his first 50, but fell down badly on his last 50, losing 17 birds, making his total score read 75 out of 100.

Other shooters shooting very well indeed were Messrs. Woolfolk Barrow and his guest. Mr. A. Mumford; Mr. Clifford Clark and W. B. Tolbert. Altogether the sport yesterday was high class and demonstrated the fact that Lexington has some splendid target shots.

Mr. Waters was in the city, the guest of Mr. Robert Skinner, and April 15 he left for Paris, where a shoot will be held for him to meet the Paris Gun Club.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Montclair.

Montclair, N. J., April 23.—The Montclair Gun Club held no shoot on its own grounds to-day, but paid a visit to the Montclair Golf Club and held a joint shoot on the grounds of the latter.

Event No. 1 was a match between the two clubs, teams of seven men each, 50 targets per man, losers to pay for the birds. The Gun Club was the winner. Scores: 244 to 224.

Event No. 2, 15 targets, prize a silver mug, went to Mr. T. E. Batten, of the Gun Club; score of 15 straight.

Event No. 3, 15 targets—5 doubles and 5 singles—prize a cartridge case, was won by Mr. Gunther, of the Gun Club, with a score of 13.

Event No. 4, 15 targets, prize a silver match safe, was tied twice by Messrs. Fitch and Kendall, but finally was won by Mr. Kendall, also of the Gun Club, by a score of 13 to 11.

Considering the exposed location of the grounds on the top of the Orange Mountain, and the stiff easterly gale blowing directly into the faces of the marksmen, remarkably good scores were made. The Gun Club felt fully repaid for their visit, they leaving nothing behind but some empty cartridges. Scores appended herewith:

Event No. 1, 50 targets each; teams of seven men:

Montclair Golf Club—Fitch 35, Holzderber 28, Allan 30, Green 23, Hyatt 34, Geo. Batten 36, Cross 31; total 222.

Montclair Gun Club—Soverel 30, Gunther 31, Crane 36, Kendall 31, T. E. Batten 36, Babcock 32, Wheeler 38; total 244.

Events:	2	3	4	Events:	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15
Cockefair	10	7	3	Fitch	10	11	13
Matthews	11	8	8	Allan	7	..	10
Kendall	12	11	13	Geo Batten	11	7	7
Crane	11	7	9	T E Batten	15	11	11
Howard	9	10	10	Holzderber	9	8	11
Gunther	8	13	9	Hyatt	10	..	..
Green	11	11	12	Winslow	8	5	..
Cross	14	..	10	Babcock	5	..	..
Wheeler	13	11	11				

E. WINSLOW, Sec'y M. G. C.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., April 16.—The scores made to-day and on April 9 are appended. On the latter date, event No. 6, handicap trophy shoot, was won by Mr. Fred Truax, this making the fourth win for him. He is declared the winner of the trophy. Handicaps apply to that event only. Scores:

Targets:	15	10	15	15	15	25	25	10	10
Eickhoff, 3	8	4	9	11	9	12	16	9	..
Richter, 2	12	8	12	10	10	16	..	..	..
Morrison, 2	13	6	11	12	9	14	22	..	7
Schramm, 5	8	7	9	7	9	11	..	..	..
Truax, 0	..	5	12	13	11	21	..	..	5
Allison, 3	..	..	..	..	..	16	11	7	..

April 16.—The scores made to-day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	25	Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	25
Townsend	5	5	5	..	8	6	19	Slosser	1	1	2	1	..	..	..
Eickhoff	6	6	6	12	8	4	18	Schoverling	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Vosselman	6	4	6	8	3	8	16	Morrison	..	..	..	..	10	6	6
Lcasenfeld	4	2	5	6	8	6	14								

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

April 23.—The scores made at the club shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	15
Eickhoff	7	9	6	9	9	8	7	10	12
Tower	7	6	9	9	..	8	..	..	..
Leasenfeldt	5	9	9	7	..	7	8	10	..
Morrison	..	..	..	8	8	8	5	13	14
Harlands	..	..	..	8	10	8	7	10	9

Event 7, 5 pairs.

Emerald Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., April 19.—The weather was changeable, from clear to squally. The birds were a good lot. The referee was Mr. L. H. Schortemeier. The scorer, Johnnie Jones.

Squad No. 1 shot in ordinary weather, clear; average kills .783. Squad No. 2 shot in rain and squalls; average kills, .783. Squad No. 3 shot in a fifty-mile an hour wind; average kills, .466. Squad No. 4 shot in a wind somewhat less than fifty miles; average kills, .725.

Van Valkenb'g, 28	0222222202— 8	Cracke, 28	1211111112—10
C Henry, 28	2122111010— 8	Capt Dreyer, 28	2222100020— 6
T Short, 28	2201001120— 6	Moore, 30	1200112000— 5
Dr Hudson, 28	1111211202— 9	Cottrell, 30	0020120000— 3
Schoverling, 30	2222222022— 9	Keim, 28	2020120000— 4
Kall, 25	*120112220— 7	Charles, 25	022*012002— 5
Schorty, 32	0212201221— 8	Fischer, 28	01012*1001— 5
Catton, 28	120*001222— 6	May, 28	*1122110*2— 7
Reierson, 28	0110122221— 8	Colquitt, 30	2202102221— 8
Piercy, 30	0200011212— 6	Koegel, 30	2200222222— 8
Whitley, 28	2220221212— 9	Morrison, 28	1100102021— 6

Cottrell was a guest.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 20.—Rumors of a match between Mr. Harry M. Stewart and Ollie Faulkner, the baseball pitcher, may take place after the return of the latter from the Southern trip of his team. Arrangements for the big spring handicap shoot, May 4 and 5, are going on apace. Shooters from western New York and many from abroad have signified their intention of entering the events. Prominent manufacturers' agents will be present.

Spring handicap contest: Shoemaker (5) 24, Cutting (3) 23, Borst (5) 28, Donovan (6) 23, *Cutting (4) 24, Stewart (1) 24, *Cutting (4) 24, *Borst (2) 26, *Donovan (7) 25, *Borst (1) 25, *Cutting (4) 27, *Donovan (7) 23, *Donovan (8) 21, *Donovan (10) 29, *Donovan (6) 26, Donovan (5) 24.

*Back scores.

Trap at Shrewsbury.

SHREWSBURY, Pa., April 16.—The weather was very windy. A regular gale blowing across the field was responsible for small scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	20	15	20	20	20	Total.
Hawkins	7	18	19	15	16	18	13	14	17	18	155
Scitz	11	13	11	6	12	13	12	8	10	11	107
Lupus	10	14	15	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	65
Malone	14	18	15	13	19	14	10	15	12	15	145
Stephens	12	16	13	12	17	15	11	12	14	16	138
Sechrist	12	17	18	14	15	9	10	12	14	13	134
Giesey	7	8	11	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	39
Gerry	7	8	10	7	8	10	7	8	6	8	79
Diehl	3	..	..	..	..	4	3	..	..	..	10
G Bortner	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Robin Hood	..	6	15	7	9	4	6	7	6	6	66
Somers	..	14	18	13	18	17	9	12	10	17	128
Dr Bortner	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	11	13	15	57
Eyster	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	9	9	14	39

WESTERN TRAP.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 18.—Saturday, the regular club day, found a small attendance, as the boys have not quite recovered from the tournament held last week. For the Hunter Arms Co. trophy, with the allowance on handicaps, Sayles, Michaelis, Medico, Moller and Nash made 50 straight. In the Michaelis, Partington contest for the English Hotel cup, Partington was badly off, losing 10 out of one string of 25, and finished with 77 to 85. Mr. Gus Moeller will next try conclusions with Mr. Michaelis, the contest for the cup to take place April 30.

The following practice scores were made: Michaelis shot at 150, broke 128; Head 100, 89; Moeller 125, 84; Medico 100, 70; Sayles 125, 100; Nash 100, 74; Williams 75, 52; Partington 100, 78; Benjamin 75, 56.

Garrett beat Hirschey.

H. C. Hirschey arrived in Colorado Springs, Colo., April 19. He had a box of shells with him. As is the custom, John Garrett set out a case, and with a few of the locals repaired to the shooting park, and then the fun started.

Garrett shot at 200, broke 187; Hirschey 200, 183; Hervey 150, 86; Sanderson 150, 110; Rich 75, 51; Reasoner 125, 64; Genter 125, 76; Meredith 50, 38; and Weimer 25, 24.

At Des Moines, Ia.

The season is now fairly on at Des Moines, Ia., and much interest is being taken in the fine gun offered by Hopkins Bros. The contest held April 19 shows the old-time interest. Shooting at 100 targets in two strings of 50 each, the scores stand: F. Sanders 92, W. E. Kessler 85, Oscar Close 82, H. Patterson 80, H. Nugles 78. French, Holgerson and Budd Hunter are thought to be able to show up among the high ones before the shoots grow much older. The race is young yet.

On April 19 the Lakefield, Minn., Gun Club, known as the duck shooters' club, held a shoot Monday, which resulted in a tie and shoot-off that was a hot one. Shooting at 25 targets, Winters made 22 straight, and then lost the last 3, Post 23, Bisping 23, Morrison 23, Winters 22, Keer 20, Rue 20, Root 19. In the shoot-off Post won with 10 to Morrison and Bisping 9 each. The club here wish to call the attention of all the clubs to the fact that the Peters trophy is still held by it, and a challenge would be accepted promptly.

At Battle Creek.

Battle Creek, Mich., April 18.—The opening shoot at the Sanitarium City was a great success, as it would not be thought possible that fifty-three shooters would turn out to practice and witness the shooting of Mrs. Nellie Bennett, who was in the city on a touring trip. Mrs. Bennett made some good scores, although the wind was strong, she made 9 out of 10 and 21 out of 25. Class A had only four entries. Shooting at 25 targets, O. R. Hensler and McMakin tied on 19, Forsythe and Howes getting 18 each. On the shoot-off McMakin won the prize, a silver cigar and ash receiver. Class B was hotly contested. Mr. Gilkerson won the gun cleaner after a shoot-off with Francisco on a score of 14 out of 15, Mr. Ricketson taking the second prize.

Class C had the largest entry, there being five squads and three prizes. Mr. Snyder won first with 10 out of 15; Mr. Wiseman with 9 won second; Mr. Abbott with 8 took third. The scores:

Robb shot at 35, broke 30; Ricketson 24, 21; Gilkerson 50, 41; Bush 70, 56; Forsythe 60, 48; Carpenter 10, 8; McMakin 35, 28; A. R. Hensler 35, 28; Howes 85, 68; Keef 70, 56; Hyler 25, 19; Wooden 25, 19; Ver West 70, 50; Francisco 50, 35; Essig 50, 33; Mrs. Bennett 110, 71; Gale 20, 13; Smily 25, 16; Snyder 25, 16; Modan 25, 15; Barnard 50, 30; Wiseman 25, 15; Wetsen 10, 6; Green 10, 6; Hames 35, 20; Breigel 25, 14; Washburn 25, 14; Karcher 25, 14; Beek 25, 14; Davidson 25, 13; Bock 10, 5; Abbott 25, 12; Kelsey 25, 11; Willard 25, 10; Grodin 25, 10; Post 25, 10; McKenzie 25, 9; Phillips 25, 9; Murehead 25, 9; Robertson 25, 9; Bartholomew 25, 7; Shine 25, 4; Evans 10, 1; Southern 25, 2; Bancroft 25, 2; Bryant 20, 5.

Congress of Illinois Shooters Tournament.

Litchfield, Ill., April 21.—For some months the combined efforts of the trapshooters of southwestern Illinois has been lent to the building up of a shooting park at Litchfield that would be attractive and worthy of the name of the best place in Illinois. Among other things provided was a stove, and though hardly intended for use, it was the best thing on the ground during the snowstorm which fell the second day.

Those who left their overcoats and mackintoshes at home were surely hugging the stove when not trying to shoot.

The handicapping seemed to work well, and will be continued at the future five tournaments to be held monthly. The professionals were Messrs. Standish, Vietmeyer, Adams, Boa, Bronough. The missionaries did good work assisting the management.

Cadwallader has broken into the game, and is now shooting and traveling in the interests of the Peters Cartridge Co. All his old friends were pleased to meet him. Tuesday, after the regular events, Connors, the Pekin enthusiast, proposed a 100-target race, and there were four entries, and the proposer came out fourth best. H. Spencer made 96, Scott 95, Mermod 92, and Connor 88.

The third day a somewhat similar race was shot, and though scores were much less, Scott won with 85. The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	20	15	15	20	20	15	20	at.	Broke.
Cummings, 17	11	15	18	20	13	14	19	20	12	20	175	162
Scott, 17	14	14	18	20	11	13	16	18	14	20	175	158
Boa, 18	10	12	15	17	9	11	15	16	..	..	140	105
Adams, 18	14	13	19	17	11	13	17	18	15	17	175	154
Connor, 17	13	11	17	16	12	13	18	17	12	18	175	147
Caldwell, 16	9	8	15	17	10	15	15	18	13	16	175	136
Hardy, 16	10	13	16	16	13	11	18	15	11	17	175	140
Davis, 16	11	10	14	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	52
Scheiss, 16	13	10	13	19	12	10	20	18	10	16	175	141
Lewis, 17	14	13	16	16	14	15	16	17	12	17	175	150
Snell, 16	13	10	14	17	13	11	15	18	12	19	175	142
Vietmeyer, 18	10	8	13	18	12	14	18	17	13	15	175	138
Groves, 16	11	14	15	17	10	13	13	14	12	18	175	137
Hall, 17	14	14	17	19	11	10	18	19	15	19	175	155
Keller, 17	9	10	19	18	15	11	16	16	12	19	175	145
Cadwallader, 18	11	10	16	15	15	12	14	17	11	17	175	137
Rupert, 17	12	9	18	9	14	13	16	16	12	14	175	133
Herman, 16	14	11	14	14	11	12	14	16	9	14	175	129
Crawford, 16	9	13	14	14	10	14	16	12	12	18	175	132
Burton, 15	12	12	19	15	14	13	19	18	12	20	175	154
Hawes, 15	10	7	16	14	10	8	12	16	8	14	175	115
W Gilbert, 15	12	12	18	16	13	11	17	18	14	17	175	148
McGill, 15	11	12	18	15	10	11	15	18	..	..	140	110
Englebrecht, 15	8	12	16	16	10	13	13	18	11	15	175	132
Allen, 16	12	15	20	18	12	12	15	18	11	17	175	150
Clay, 16	12	12	17	17	11	14	17	19	12	14	175	145
Mermod, 17	11	13	19	17	14	15	18	19	14	17	175	167
H Spencer, 16	14	13	16	15	15	13	16	20	13	17	175	152
Chase, 16	7	12	12	15	9	13	18	17	10	16	175	129
Baggerman, 16	10	11	13	13	11	9	..	..	..	..	100	67
Manning, 16	12	9	14	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	85	59

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	20	15	15	20	20	15	20	at.	Broke.
Cummings, 18	12	13	14	19	13	13	20	16	13	15	175	150
Scott, 17	12	14	18	20	11	11	18	17	13	18	175	152
Wiggins, 18	11	12	17	15	12	12	18	19	10	15	175	141
Cadwallader, 18	10	13	15	10	12	12	18	15	9	14	175	128
Adams, 18	14	14	18	16	13	8	19	17	11	15	175	145
Connor, 17	10	11	16	16	13	14	13	16	8	12	175	129
Snell, 16	14	14	16	16	12	14	15	17	11	14	175	143
Hall, 17	15	15	14	18	14	11	16	19	12	18	175	152
Lawrence, 16	11	12	14	16	9	11	17	15	9	15	175	129
Groves, 16	10	15	15	15	10	9	10	15	9	10	175	118
Caldwell, 16	12	8	18	18	12	15	13	15	6	17	175	134
Keller, 17	13	14	19	16	12	14	15	15	13	18	175	149
Bryden, 16	6	6	15	14	9	10	9	11	10	11	175	101
Lewis, 17	12	14	18	17	10	13	16	18	13	14	175	145
Wyckoff, 16	13	12	17	18	13	11	20	17	13	15	175	149
Gibson, 15	15	11	13	15	12	13	12	15	11	17	175	134
Hawes, 15	9	12	14	14	14	8	14	9	10	14	175	119
Gilbert, 15	12	12	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Englebrecht, 15	11	10	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...

Averages: Cummings 312, Scott 310, Hall 307, Adams 299, Lewis 295, Keller 294, Snell 285, Connor 278, Caldwell 270, Cadwallader 265, Groves 255, Hawes 234.

Notes.

At the Columbus, Neb., State tournament, the State Association will add $300 cash, two prizes and one trophy; each of the thirty-three events will have $6 added thereto. The 100-target event will be for $100 shotgun. Write Gus Schroder, Columbus, for programmes.

E. L. Wetzig, secretary of the Kansas Association, writes that the live-bird race on May 6 will have the Rose system of dividing the money.

The Ashland Gun Club, of St. Louis, Mo., will open up for the season on May 1, and a fine summer's shooting will be the result.

On May 11 there will be a tournament at Decatur, Ill. There will be six 10-target events, four 15 and four 20 target events. After the programme there will be a 50-target event, open to all, with a handicap. Ninety per cent. men shoot at one extra target for every three misses. The 80 per cent. men one target for each two misses. Nine or more men, money divided 50, 30 and 20. The shoot will be run by the old established promoters, Rupert and Kiester.

At Abilene, Tex., the scores of the April 18 shoot were: Stitch 18, Winnifred 18, Middleton 12, Jackson 18, Douglas 18, Briggs 19. In the 25-target race Winnifred made 22, Craig 23, Holt 21, Lughts 16, Douglas 19, Stitch 16, Middleton 10, Jackson 9, Briggs 16.

The Lakefield, Minn., Duck Gun Club held their shoot April 18, at 25 targets Winters made 22 straight, lost last 3. Then Rost made 23, Morrison 23, Winter 22, Keer 20, Rue 20, J. Rost 19. Rost won with 10 straight in the shoot-off.

Belle Fourche Gun Club.

Belle Fourche, S. D., April 18.—The Northwestern Stock Growers' Association held their convention here on the 15th and 16th, and the gun club took advantage of that circumstance by holding a two days' tournament.

The weather proved the drawback, and kept many away; otherwise the shoot was a success from start to finish. The first day the snow covered the ground two inches deep, the sky was cloudy and the north wind was strong, making conditions anything but pleasant.

Shooters came principally from Hill City and Hot Springs. Capt. A. H. Hardy, of Hyannis, Neb., was present.

The second day the wind was blowing a gale, and the shooting was more handicapped than on the first. The scores, as shown by figures herewith, look low, but in reality were good. The east wind was so strong as to blow the shooters from the score at times.

The high averages are shown in regular order.

The visitors were much pleased at the way they were entertained by the members of the home club, and all will show up at Hot Springs when the Interstate shoot is on. The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	at.	Broke.
Geo Coats	9	11	15	12	8	15	100	70
R N Weiner	14	14	20	12	11	18	100	89
P A McNish	11	10	17	13	11	15	100	77
E M Brackett	11	12	15	9	10	..	80	57
E R Tuckett	12	14	16	11	10	14	100	77
G C Wooster	13	11	17	12	13	17	100	83
F Ackerman	11	14	16	14	13	17	100	85
H G Gayhart	14	14	18	15	14	18	100	93
S Mortimer	13	11	17	10	11	16	100	78
B P Hoyt	12	13	18	13	13	14	100	83
E Fousby	11	17	..	..	..	..	30	18
E V Durkin	..	6	..	8	..	..	30	14

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	at.	Broke.
F Ackerman	12	12	16	13	11	13	16	125	93
Geo Coats	10	14	14	12	10	15	22	125	97
A H Hardy	11	12	16	12	10	14	18	125	93
P A McNish	9	10	13	8	10	7	12	125	69
E M Brackett	8	7	12	6	10	14	20	125	62
G C Wooster	10	11	14	9	9	17	21	125	91
E R Tuckett	10	12	12	9	8	15	17	125	83
H A Gayhart	12	13	19	11	12	19	22	125	108
S Mortimer	11	11	11	10	9	16	15	125	83
R N Minor	10	8	13	10	10	14	14	125	79
W McEachorn	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	...	...
M E Brackett	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	...	...
E Durkin	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	...	...

Averages, shooting at 225: Gayhart 201, F. Ackerman 178, G. C. Wooster 174.

X.

St. Louis Tournament.

St. Louis, Mo., April 18.—Sunday, the opening tournament was held at the Central Gun Club grounds, with Lenharth as manager. The weather was fine, and ten shot the whole programme through. Those present included Miss King, of St. Louis; Mr. Vietmeyer, of Chicago; Mr. Chas. Speer, the well-known powder man; Hugh Snell, of Litchfield, Ia; Fred Scheiss and Wm. Cottrill, of Alton; Thos. Roff, Eugene Delitine, Steve Lopage, of French Village, Ia. Wm. Clay was high man, losing but 9 out of 150; Mr. Scheiss second, Mr. Baggerman and Vietmeyer were third and fourth. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	20	15	at.	Broke.
Delatine	6	3	15	9	12	13	9	14	17	11	150	119
Snell	9	15	14	9	12	17	6	14	14	14	150	124
Cottrell	9	13	16	7	14	17	6	11	15	11	150	119
Vietmeyer	7	15	17	9	13	16	7	12	18	13	150	127
W Baggerman	8	8	13	4	8	12	7	7	15	12	150	97
Clay	10	14	19	10	14	18	9	14	18	15	150	141
Stroh	10	13	17	7	12	15	8	12	19	..	140	113
Scheiss	8	15	15	10	14	15	9	13	19	12	150	130
Miss King	7	8	15	4	9	16	4	..	..	..	100	59
Victor	4	10	10	7	10	14	7	11	17	10	150	100
P Baggerman	7	15	13	9	11	17	9	13	18	12	150	124
Stesberg	8	14	12	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	70	54
Wm Pope	6	10	15	9	10	14	10	14	15	13	150	118
T Ruff	..	10	15	9	10	18	8	14	12	..	125	96
Le Page	..	..	18	8	12	18	10	13	19	14	125	112
T Doggs	..	..	..	8	12	15	10	7	17	12	105	81
Spicer	..	..	..	9	..	..	9	14	17	12	70	61
Fink	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	..	25	18

X.

Derryfield Gun Club.

MANCHESTER, N. H., April 25.—The opening shoot of the Derryfield Gun Club, held on their South Beech street grounds on Fast Day, April 21, attracted exactly thirty shooters. Arrangements made by the president of the club to alternate holiday shoots with the Concord, N. H., Gun Club brought a contingent of nine shooters from that city. The Amesbury, Mass., Club was represented by Mr. Bowen, a former Manchester man, who shot the entire programme, making some very creditable scores. Kirkwood, of the Boston Gun Club, was in excellent form, and easily carried off high average for the day's shoot, with a percentage of 88.6. The real attraction of the day, and one that brought out about 250 spectators, was a match race of 50 birds between trade representatives E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., and Neaf Apgar, of New York city, which was won by the former by a score of 45, as against 44 by Mr. Apgar. Conditions were very much adverse to high scores, there being a strong, cold west wind sweeping across the grounds. Mr. Apgar was unfortunate in his first string of 25, the luck seeming to run all to Mr. Fulford. He, however, made a Garrison finish, breaking 24 out of the last 25. Mr. Fulford shot a steady match, breaking his birds clean. The match was interesting throughout, and the scores very creditable, conditions considered. Both gentlemen made a very favorable impression. Events 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, constituted a cash prize match, professionals barred. Elmer Reed carried off first prize in truly professional style with a score of 45 out of 50. Eugene Reed, second, 41, and Smith, third, with 40.

Members are being added to our club at each meeting, and the indications are that this will be a prosperous year for the club, and a lively one for the trapshooters in this vicinity.

No. 3 was at 5 pairs. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	Av.
E E Reed	7	13	7	11	13	8	14	8	10	10	6	10	9	84.0
Bowen	8	8	7	10	10	7	11	9	5	9	6	9	5	76.0
Eugene Reed	8	11	8	13	8	8	14	9	9	9	8	7	8	80.6
Fulford	10	12	8	14	12	10	14	7	7	9	9	9	9	86.6
Apgar	8	14	8	12	12	8	13	8	8	7	10	10	10	86.0
Kirkwood	9	14	8	15	13	8	13	7	9	7	10	10	10	88.6
Eastman	4	8	4	8	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	73.0
Morris	7	6	5	11	12	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	61.0
Goss	6	10	6	10	12	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	65.5
King	9	11	..	12	8	9	13	6	..	..	..	..	..	75.0
Freeman	2	7	..	10	5	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	33.0
Smith	5	9	6	11	9	7	13	10	5	7	9	10	9	73.0
Sanborn	8	10	5	10	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	65.0
Martin	8	7	4	6	11	8	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	62.0
Keller	9	13	7	11	10	7	11	8	5	6	8	7	..	73.0
Odekirk	6	10	..	9	10	8	8	5	5	..	..	..	..	61.0
Chadwick	3	2	6	8	6	4	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	30.0
Harrington	7	10	..	13	10	10	12	5	10	..	..	..	..	77.0
Cheeney	4	8	..	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	52.0
Byron	4	9	..	7	7	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	50.0
McCabe	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	8	2	3	3	..	..	40.0
Allen	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	9	6	5	6	6	9	63.0
Huskie	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	7	3	3	2	2	5	3	41.0
Welch	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Edgar	..	..	..	..	..	4	2	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	20.0
Greer	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	7	5	8	7	6	6	61.0
Neubert	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	5	7	5	6	6	..	60.0
A J Reed	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	6	3	8	3	7	8	60.0
Fosburg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	3	5	..	..	..	39.0
Eldridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	....

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., April 23.—For the special cup there were eight entries. Conditions, 25 targets. Scores: Knowlton (1) 24, Kintner (10) 15, Elias (5) 23, Kitz (10) 21, Hersey (0) 21, Barnes (3) 18, Bechtel (4) 21, McCall (5) 24.

The shoot-off of the tie was won by Dr. Knowlton.

Special cup: Knowlton (1) 21, Elias (6) 18, Bechtel (6) 25, Barnes (5) 24. Bechtel won.

Sauer trophy, 50 targets, handicap allowance added. Scores: Knowlton (4) 50, Elias (10) 34, Kintner (20) 36, Kitz (14) 31, Hersey (10) 29, Barnes (5) 43, Bechtel (8) 39. Dr. Knowlton won.

April cup, 25 targets, handicap: Knowlton (1) 21, Kintner (10) 23, Elias (5) 17, Kitz (10) 15, Barnes (3) 20, Bechtel (4) 20, McCall (5) 23. McCall won the shoot-off.

Bristol Gun Club.

BRISTOL, Tenn., April 21.—There were not many in attendance at the Bristol Gun Club shoot to-day. Most of those who took part shot enough to make up for the absent members. There has never been a more interesting shooter than Mr. J. W. Gump, who joined the club last month. It is expected that he will be on the top in the scores one of these days.

Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	Total.
Justin King	19	22	23	22	23	19	20	22	..	..	..	170
A M Hatcher	25	24	24	23	24	22	23	23	..	..	..	189
R M Crumley	18	23	24	23	23	23	25	22	22	23	19	245
J W Gump	21	18	23	19	21	19	19	21	22	22	16	221
S G Keller	23	24	24	25	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	96
F B Pond	23	19	17	20	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	100
Victor Payne	16	23	18	18	18	13	..	..	..	..	..	106
W H Hicks	21	18	18	17	24	21	23	25	18	..	..	185
G S McNiel	4	3	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18
Ed Lockett	14	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	32

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The following was received by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., from Mr. John C. Hartman, of Waterloo, Ia.: "Running out of my accustomed load, a bulk powder, I was compelled to use three boxes of shells loaded with Infallible at our club shoot last Wednesday, and was agreeably surprised at the manner in which my score was raised. Have been breaking from 75 to 84 per cent., and out of 75 targets shot at with Infallible loads I broke 71, smashing 49 out of the last 50 shot at."

At Ames, Ia., April 12 and 13, John Peterson won first amateur average. Wm. Hooy, second; Lew Foley third. Scores, 359, 357 and 351 out of 400 respectively. At the Indianapolis State shoot, April 12 and 13, high expert average was won by Mr. R. L. Trimble. Each of the foregoing used Winchester factory loaded shells. Mr. Trimble also used a Winchester repeating shotgun.

Mr. C. O. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky., will on May 1 become a shooting representative of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. Mr. Le Compte has been known as one of the most prominent amateurs in this country, and will unquestionably make hosts of friends in his new capacity.

The Hon. William Heer, representing Concordia, and Kansas generally, did some clever shooting at Kansas City. William smashed his 473 targets out of his 500 and won the big Kansas City shoot. He used U. M. C. shells.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., April 19.—Our Patriots' Day tournament proved a great success; in fact, far beyond all expectation; forty-eight enthusiasts being present. While the sport was not rushed, 5,150 targets were broken. The background being none of the best, and quite a strong wind, the shooting was anything but easy; but a glance at the summary will show some very fine scores.

Horace Kirkwood landed high average for the entire programme, and as a consequence, wears a new stick pin. E. J. George was second.

In the five-man team match there were seven entries. Birch Brook, of Lynn, was an easy winner, and are carrying their matches in silver boxes, while the Boston G. C. were awarded Lefever gun cleaners, in hopes that they would swab out their fusees, and do better next time.

Among our many visitors were Mr. Gus Greiff, of New York, who remained this time until the curtain rung down. Mr. E. B. Thompson, who did not shoot, but was willing to tell us all about his company's guns, shells, etc.; Messrs. Powell and Alexander, of Newport, R. I.; Hallam and Corson, of Dover, N. H. Boston, Lynn and Lawrence were represented by whole crowds.

One of the pleasing features was the number of new-comers in the game, several having never before gunned for the birds, but are now prospective record-breakers. Events 1, 4, 7, 9, regular; 2, 5, 8, 12, unknown; 3, 6, 10, reverse; 11, straightaway. The summary follows:

Five-man team match, 50 targets per man, 15 regular, 15 unknown, 10 reversed, 10 straightaway:

Birch Brook, Lynn.	
Frank	37
Everett	41
Straw	39
Bell	49
Kirkwood	45—211
Powwow, Amesbury	
Lockwood	35
Match	36
Spofford	39
Allen	39
Hebbard	41—190
Boston Gun Club.	
Blinn	38
Owen	37
Muldown	43
Train	41
Williams	36—195
Lawrence Gun Club.	
Hall	34
McDonald	29
Taylor	30
Eastwood	18
Daley	25—139
Independent No. 2.	
Lawler	34
Bryant	33
Corson	37
Hallam	24
Billicker	40—168
Haverhill G. C.	
George	43
Tozor	44
Child	44
Griggs	31
Tuck	22—184
Independent No. 1.	
Miller	36
Rowe	41
Greiff	41
Powell	30
Alexander	42—190

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	10	15	15	15	10	10	15			
Greiff	9	13	7	14	9	8	12	13	10	8	10	..	140	113	.807
Ellis	10	15	9	10	10	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	90	74	.822
Frank	7	14	9	12	10	8	13	10	11	6	10	..	140	110	.785
Everett	10	11	9	14	14	7	13	12	10	9	10	..	140	119	.850
Kirkwood	9	14	9	15	13	9	13	12	14	9	10	13	155	140	.903
Blinn	9	10	6	11	13	8	9	11	12	8	7	..	140	104	.742
Powell	7	11	7	11	11	8	14	9	10	3	8	..	140	99	.707
Williams	10	14	7	10	10	8	10	10	10	8	8	9	155	114	.735
Train	8	9	5	10	11	9	11	11	13	8	9	..	140	104	.742
Corson	10	15	8	14	14	10	14	13	8	8	8	8	155	130	.838
Muldown	7	13	10	13	8	6	11	14	12	8	9	..	140	111	.792
Bryant	4	6	3	6	4	5	8	11	9	6	7	..	140	69	.482
Lawler	2	9	3	13	5	7	8	13	9	6	7	..	140	82	.585
Owen	8	12	9	9	12	9	11	11	12	6	8	..	140	107	.764
Straw	9	12	8	12	10	7	13	11	12	6	10	..	155	125	.806
Alexander	8	13	9	12	13	7	13	15	12	6	9	..	140	117	.835
Spofford	9	9	6	11	11	8	13	14	11	8	6	13	155	119	.767
Lockwood	9	12	6	12	10	8	11	12	10	6	7	12	155	115	.741
Capt Allen	7	12	7	10	10	6	14	13	12	6	8	12	155	117	.755
Hatch	7	8	9	10	13	7	12	9	11	10	6	7	155	109	.703
Hebbard	9	14	7	12	13	9	11	15	11	5	10	..	140	116	.828
George	10	11	10	12	14	7	15	14	11	8	10	15	155	137	.883
Miller	8	11	8	10	9	5	6	11	9	6	8	..	140	91	.650
Childs	8	13	8	9	8	7	11	12	15	8	9	8	155	116	.748
Griggs	7	7	5	11	11	5	9	8	12	7	4	..	140	88	.628
Tozier	7	15	8	12	14	8	15	13	14	9	8	..	140	123	.878
Rowe	8	10	9	13	12	7	11	13	14	5	9	9	155	120	.774
Hall	5	14	5	9	12	9	..	8	11	9	6	..	125	88	.704
Burrage	7	10	6	5	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	40	.533
Bancroft	8	8	5	11	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	46	.613
Eastwood	3	3	1	8	11	2	6	5	8	2	3	..	140	52	.371
Taylor	2	8	6	9	8	8	..	10	11	6	6	..	125	74	.592
Leathers	..	0	2	3	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	..	40	5	.125
Tuck	..	..	5	15	11	7	9	7	6	3	6	..	115	69	.600
Bell	..	..	10	12	14	9	12	15	14	10	10	..	115	106	.921
McDonald	..	..	..	8	10	6	..	9	8	4	8	..	90	53	.588
Hodgdon	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	.666
Hallam	..	..	..	7	8	2	10	7	5	6	6	..	105	51	.485
Webster	..	..	..	9	10	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	55	35	.636
Donahue	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6	.400
Lambert	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	2	.220
Farrington	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	15	6	.666
Massey	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	15	2	.133
Houghton	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	..	3	..	40	18	.440
Daly	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	7	4	..	..	40	18	.440
Griffin	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	.666
Harvey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	15	3	.200

S. G. MILLER, Sec'y.

Springfield Shooting Club Tournament.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—One of the largest gatherings of trapshooters ever held in this city attended the spring tournament of the Springfield Shooting Club on Patriots' Day, April 19. Many old-timers were present, and many new ones. The club felt quite proud of the success of the meet.

Shooters were present from Rochester, N. Y.; New York city; Providence, R. I.; New London, Conn.; Boston; Greenfield, Mass.; Pittsfield, Mass., and many surrounding towns.

Shooting started in at 9:30. Darkness called a halt after the tenth event, leaving two events still unshot. The National Sportsmen's contest took a lot of time to run off, having forty-nine shooters to compete out of ninety-three entered. This event, being handicapped, was very interesting to watch.

The day was perfect in the morning, but at noon it clouded up and a snow squall set in, which made it very uncomfortable for the shooters, who seemed glad to hug the stove in the club house whenever an opportunity presented itself.

The trade was represented by Neaf Apgar, T. H. Keller, Jr., E. D. Fulford and T. E. Doremus.

E. C. Griffith easily captured special high gun prize of a $5 gold piece, shooting an average of 90 per cent.

The National Sportsmen's contest was a handicap event, from 16 to 25yds. Hawes (17yds.), of the local club, and Knowlton (20yds.), of New York City tied on 19 each for first and second prizes. In the shoot-off Hawes won first and Knowlton second. There were four ties of 18 each for third and fourth prizes, Dr. Keith (20yds.), White (20yds.), Clark (22yds.), and Coats (18yds.). In the shoot-off Dr. Keith won third and Coats fourth prize. These prizes were donated by the publishers of National Sportsman, and were as follows: First, a Winchester Brush gun; second, Winchester repeating rifle; third, Stevens hammerless ejector gun; fourth, Waterman fountain pen.

Three of the four prizes were won by club members. Scores in this special merchandise distance handicap event, 25 targets, follow: Keyes (16) 7, E. L. Cady (16) 11, Kimball (16) 9, Fisher (16) 2, Mott (16) 6, Rice (16) 6, Bradford (16) 8, Dr. Hubbel (16) 14, A. Snow (16) 10, Parsons (16) 15, Peck (17) 14, Hawes (17) 19, Gesner (18), 11, Graeff (18) 18, Coats (18) 14, W. H. Snow (18) 11, Hartwell (18) 8, Bridgeman (18) 6, Dickinson (18) 3, Swan (18) 6, Walker (18) 6, Story (18) 10, Oscar Cady (19) 12, Kites (20) 14, Dr. Keith (20) 18, Dr. Newton (20) 16, Sidway (20) 13, White (20) 18, Cooley (20) 15, Knowlton (20) 19, Hackett (20) 7, Ochford (20) 16, Douglass (20) 17, Prest (20) 14, Root (20) 13, Mectalf (20) 12, McMullen (20) 13, Le Noir (21) 15, Dr. Moore (21) 16, Barstow (21) 14, Shaw (21) 12, Smith (22) 14, Manchester (22) 14, Chapin (22) 15, Greenwood (22) 17, Adkin (22) 12, Clark (22) 18, Dennison (23) 8, Griffith (25) 15.

The best shooting of those shooting all day was done by the following:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.
Griffith	175	159	90	Glover	135	112	82
Apgar	175	154	88	Adkin	175	141	80
Barstow	175	151	86	Keller	150	110	73
Fulford	175	146	83	Doremus	150	104	69
Clark	175	144	82				

Scores in regular events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	20	25	15	25	15	10	15	25		
Griffith	10	15	19	24	15	20	14	10	11	21	175	159
Apgar	10	12	18	21	15	23	13	9	10	23	175	154
Keller	8	12	15	19	10	18	13	8	7	..	150	110
Root	8	8	16	17	12	11	..	..	..	..	110	72
Smith	6	13	18	22	11	14	9	7	8	..	150	108
Hollister	10	13	19	19	13	..	8	..	..	..	100	82
Manchester	9	13	16	23	13	..	9	7	12	18	150	120
Douglass	7	14	18	18	10	..	11	4	10	..	125	92
Barstow	9	14	19	21	15	21	11	8	11	22	175	151
Greenwood	8	12	15	18	8	..	11	..	..	..	100	72
Sidway	6	11	13	16	10	..	10	..	..	..	100	66
Dr Hubbell	4	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	14
McFetridge	8	11	8	17	13	..	13	..	..	..	100	70
Glover	10	13	16	22	13	22	7	8	..	..	135	112
Prest	5	10	11	17	9	14	..	8	..	..	120	74
Clark	8	15	19	19	12	20	11	7	13	20	175	144
Adkin	8	11	18	23	13	16	11	8	14	20	175	141
Knowlton	8	9	16	20	14	..	..	..	..	..	85	67
McMullen	6	9	16	17	6	18	..	..	..	..	85	60
Kites	8	12	13	19	10	..	..	..	..	..	85	62
Coats	8	5	15	22	12	..	12	5	14	16	150	109
Dennison	6	13	11	16	11	..	10	..	..	..	100	67
Peck	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5
Cooley	4	11	..	..	11	..	9	..	..	..	55	35
Oscar Cady	6	7	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	40	19
Dr Newton	5	11	11	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	85	51
Doremus	7	11	12	20	12	12	14	8	8	..	150	104
Shaw	5	12	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	51
Fulford	6	15	19	22	13	19	14	8	12	18	175	146
E Cady	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	1
Dickinson	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	7
Keyes	..	6	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	15
Chapin	..	13	19	24	14	..	..	..	..	..	75	70
Mott	..	..	12	13	6	..	..	..	..	..	60	31
Le Noir	..	..	14	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	35	27
Nelson	..	..	5	11	..	..	3	..	4	..	75	23
Dr Moore	..	..	..	20	11	21	8	..	7	18	120	85
Metcalf	..	..	..	20	10	19	..	..	..	..	65	49
White	..	..	..	18	14	14	..	..	..	..	65	46
Dr Keith	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	17
Gesner	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	15	10
Graeff	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	15	3
Hackett	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	15	6
Rice	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	6	..	30	12
Ochford	..	..	..	..	14	17	10	4	12	18	105	75
Parsons	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	15	10
Bradford	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	15	4
Snow	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	5	4	..	55	26
Heck	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	..	..	25	10
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	15	6
Hawes	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	15	5
Ames	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	3	..	..	25	13
Chesman	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	..	..	25	14
Fuller	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	15	6
Blair	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	8	..	30	13
Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	1	..	30	5

MISFIRE.

Ohio Trap.

Springfield Gun Club.

SPRINGFIELD, O.—The attendance on April 22 was small, owing to rain, but those who were on hand did some good work. Young broke 119 out of 125, and Strong 88 out of 100. The Young handicap medal was won by Young on a straight score of 25. Poole won the Wilson trophy with 22; Young, who broke 24 in this event, not competing. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3		Events:	1	2	3	
Targets:	25	25	25	Total.	Targets:	25	25	25	Total.
Young	23	23	24	70	Miller	17	..	..	17
Strong	19	25	22	66	Crist	..	..	16	16
Job	..	22	15	37	Hartman	10	..	..	10
Poole	..	16	20	36					

Event No. 4, Young handicap medal, A Class, 25 targets: Young (20) 25, Strong (18) 22, Job (16) 20, Miller (17) 19, Poole (16) 18, Phillips (18) 18, Hartman (16) 18, Crist (16) 16.

Event No. 5, Wilson trophy, B Class, 25 targets: Young 24, Poole 22, Hartman 18, Miller 17.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O.

Dayton, O.—The wind was very much in evidence on April 20, during the regular medal shoot of the club. Thirteen members took part in the shoot, and the medal was won by Joe Hahn after shooting off a tie with Gerlaugh, Miller and Sapp. His win was a surprise, as he has only just recovered from a three months' attack of typhoid fever, and has not had a gun in his hands this year until to-day.

Six of the best shots of the Springfield Gun Club visited the grounds to-day, and at the conclusion of the medal event shot a match with a team of the home club, being defeated by a score of 242 to 239. The scores:

Club medal shoot, 25 targets, handicap of extra targets to shoot at: Hahn, shot at 33, broke 25; Sapp 34, 29; Gerlaugh 29, 26; Miller 26, 25; Schwind 26, 24; Nohr 29, 24; Ford 33, 24; Oswald 29, 22; Donohue 32, 22; P. Hanauer 28, 20; Schaerf 27, 18; Morey 35, 19, and Kuntz shot at 31 and broke 16.

Shoot-off of tie, 10 targets, extra targets to shoot at: Hahn shot at 13, broke 10; Miller 10, 9; Sapp 10, 6; Gerlaugh 11, 8.

Team match, 50 targets:

Rohrer Island Gun Club—Gerlaugh 46, Oswald 42, Miller 41, Schwind 38, Hanauer 38, Nohr 37; total 242.

Springfield Gun Club—Young 48, Watkins 46, Poole 44, Foley 35, Strong 34, Jobe 32; total 239.

Here He Goes Gun Club.

Cincinnati.—This club was formed several years ago, and has done more or less shooting, but not regularly until this year, when it was reorganized with the following officers: Geo. H. Osterfeld, President; Chas. Bohnert, Secretary and Treasurer. The club's grounds are located near the end of the Elberon avenue car line, where they have a comfortable club house. They have made a number of improvements this spring, among them installing three electric traps, and will hold regular shoots on the second and fourth Sunday of each month through the season. The first shoot was held on April 17, and their next takes place on May 8. The scores follow:

Club shoot, 50 targets: H. Osterfeld 46, Boeh 41, Bullerdick 37, F. Meder 34, F. Osterfeld 34, G. Lohrey 33, Gus Ritzer 31, J. Jamison 29, Fisher 27, Becker 19, Berger 18, Story 18, C. Bohnert 18.

Cleveland Gun Club.

The semi-monthly shoot was held on April 20, only a few members competing. None of the Class A men were present, and only one, Williams, in Class B. He made high score. The scores:

Club shoot, 40 targets: Williams Class D, 39; Eadie, B, 35; Jack, C, 33; Nelson, D, 30; Hopkins, C, 27; Gaylord, C, 19; White, D, 14.

Hamilton Gun Club.

The regular Hamilton, O., Gun Club shoot was held on April 21, ten members taking part. Stickels and Doc tied for the badge on 43. Mrs. Ayres was present, breaking 25 out of 30.

Badge shoot, $3, 50 targets: Stickels 43, Dock 43, Shumaker 40, Ayres 39, B. B. 38, Link 36, Atherton 35, E. D. C. 33, Steinman 33, Will 32.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati.—April 23 was the most spring-like day we have had in this region. As a consequence, the largest number of many weeks were present. Twenty-eight took part in the cash prize shoot. Ahlers and Block tied for high gun on 44. Ackley broke 41 out of the 50. He is feeling much better than for some weeks, and with the advent of warm weather is likely to set a pace that some of the younger boys will find hard to equal. It seemed natural to see Squier at the grounds again, and the only regret is that his stay is to be a short one. Capt. A. W. du Bray, after a too short visit, starts the first of the week on another trip.

The Dayton boys will defend the Phellis trophy in the second week in May, exact date to be announced later. The Cincinnati team, the challengers, will consist of Gambell, Faran, Medico, Don Minto, Barker and Ahlers. A number of the members visited Mason, O., on the 21st to attend the tournament there. The number of shooters was not large, but some good sport was enjoyed. The tournament committee are hard at work, and will soon have something to say which will interest shooters in all sections.

Lutie Gambell, shooting under the name of Hazard, broke 39 out of 50, using his father's gun. In the last 25 he broke 21, a score which many older shooters would be glad to equal.

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets: Ahlers (20) 44, Block (17) 44, Pfeiffer (16) 43, Linn (19) 42, Peters (16) 42, Faran (19) 42, Ackley (16) 41, Herman (16) 41, R. Trimble (22) 40, Medico (18) 40, Harig (13) 40, Bullerdick (17) 40, Gambell (16) 40, Jay Bee (17) 39, Roll (19) 38, Steinman (17) 37, Eaton (17) 36, Roanoke (16) 36, Captain (16) 36, Boeh (17) 35, Maynard (19) 34, Pohlar (18) 33, Norris (16) 33, Williams (17) 31, Don Minto (16) 31, Du Bray (16) 29, Weller (16) 29, Krohn (16) 25.

Buckeye—Cincinnati.

The Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O., challenged the Cincinnati Gun Club to shoot for the Phellis and Shooting and Fishing team trophies, and the matches were shot on April 22.

The day was cloudy and rain fell at intervals. A strong wind betimes blew from the right across the traps.

Distinguished visitors were Messrs. Stanley Rhoads, of Columbus; J. L. Winston, of French Lick, Ind.; A. W. Ryan, of Troy, better known to the shooting fraternity as Paddy Ryan; L. J. Squier, of Wilmington, who dropped in from Parkersburg to see the boys, and John Schaerf, of the Rohrers Island Gun Club, Dayton.

At 2 o'clock the Phellis trophy contest began. Scores:

Cincinnati Gun Club—Ahlers 46, Medico 41, Gambell 43, Don Minto 41, Barker 44, Faran 41; total 256.

Buckeye Gun Club—Pike 46, Lindemuth 46, Miller 45, Garlough 42, Raymond 46, Craig 44; total 269.

Immediately after the conclusion of this match the contest for the Shooting and Fishing trophy was begun. This is for five-man teams, at 50 targets—30 singles and 10 pairs of doubles. The home team seemed to have got warmed up to their work, and shot nearer their usual form. The Dayton shooters won the round at singles by only 1 target, the scores being 131 to 130. In the round at pairs, the Cincinnati team did very fine shooting, Gambell leading with 16, Medico a close second with 15. Rike tied Gambell's score of 16.

Cincinnati Gun Club.				Buckeye Gun Club.			
	30	10			30	10	
	Singles.	Pairs.	Total.		Singles.	Pairs.	Total.
Ahlers	26	14	40	Rike	29	16	45
Don Minto	22	11	33	Gerlaugh	24	14	38
Gambell	27	16	43	Lindemuth	23	8	31
Medico	28	15	43	Miller	27	5	32
Barker	27	11	38	Craig	28	15	43
	130	77	197		131	68	189

A. W. Ryan refereed both matches and Stanley Rhoads acted as official scorer. They performed their duties well, and no kicks were heard.

BONASA.

Trap Nomenclature.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to the terms used to describe target and live-bird events, referred to in one of your late issues, I agree with you that the terms used by the press and others in reporting the doings at the traps have doubtless misled the societies and the public into confounding the two sports.

Aside from any misunderstanding, it appears to me that the more appropriate words to use in target shooting are "targets," not inanimate targets, nor flying targets, but simply targets. When broken, "broke"; when missed, "lost," and when broken by the trap, "no target," instead of mixing the terms with "birds," "killed," "kills," and "no bird"; the latter term in each case is doubtless seldom used by the press, but more particularly at the traps.

I see by the papers that the New Jersey Legislature has passed and the Governor has signed, the bill prohibiting pigeon shooting at the traps in that State, and it looks very much as if other States will follow, and live-bird shooting from traps will, in a few years, be a sport of the past. It will then make little difference what terms are used in describing target shooting, so far as the societies and the public are concerned. Nevertheless, it is better to use correct terms.

SUBSCRIBER.

Dubuque Gun Club.

DUBUQUE, Ia.—At the eleventh weekly trophy shoot of the Dubuque Gun Club, April 23, the following scores were made, each man shooting at 50 targets.

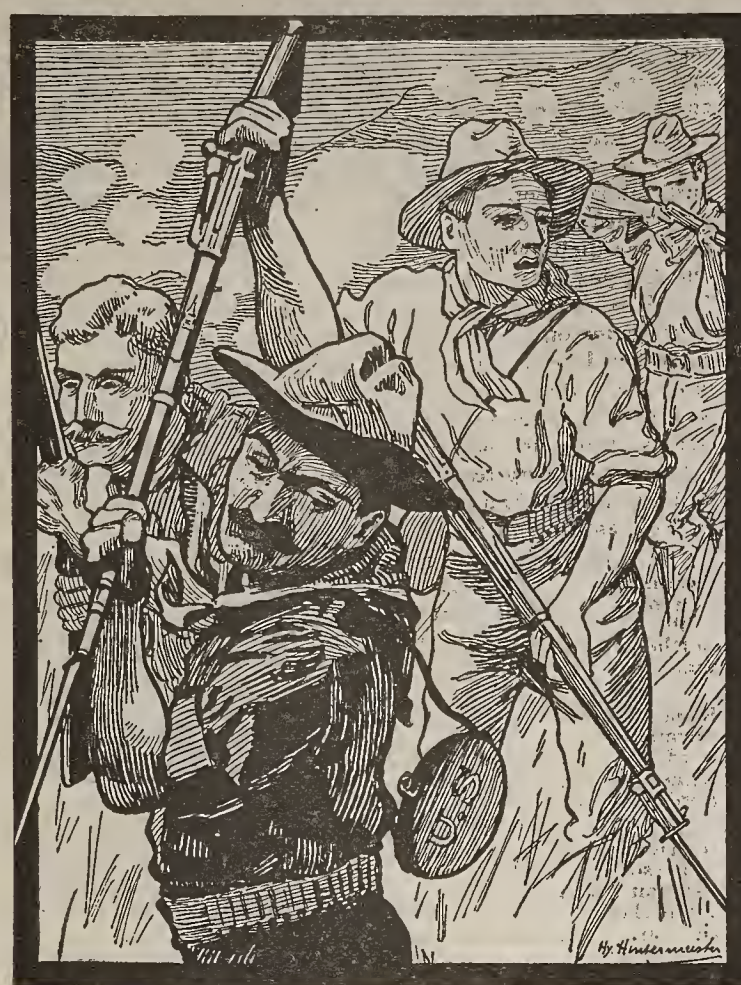
The next Friday shoot will be the final one to apply on the present trophies, and winners will then be declared:

Class A: A. F. Heeb 42, J. O'Brien 41, A. J. Schmid 36.

Class B: F. M. Jaeger 38, N. Glab 32.

Class C: Ed Ryan 41, H. Michel 38, Dr. H. Walker 38, W. Cox 36, J. Murphy 35, A. Hand 35, Dr. Michel 35.

F. M. JAEGER, Sec'y.



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Midwinter Tournament.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 20.—The Western trapshooters met at the new Schmelzer Athletic and Shooting Park, lately fitted up by the Schmelzer Arms Co., of Kansas City, Mo., on Monday morning, April 19, to engage in the fourth Interstate midwinter tournament.

A perusal of the programme was sufficient to show that the tournament would be held on a grand scale, but the new grounds were a surprise to all. Everything new, seven acres of level ground, surrounded by a single snow-white fence, fine spacious club room with lunch room attachments, all complete. The trap pits were sodded and the targets from the Dickey auto-traps came forth as from mother earth. Every one was delighted with the shooting facilities afforded; and from this on, with twin shooting parks, Kansas City will be in the first rank of this great country of ours. Having held the G. A. H. here twice, and having a record-breaking crowd each time, there is an undercurrent now being felt for offering inducements for the 1905 shoot, to be assigned to the great shooting center of the West, where the shooters live.

The name Interstate, as used by this Association, is a little bit confounding with that of Mr. Shaner's Interstate Association, but it should not be so, as it means that the shooters of the Missouri Valley, or properly, including Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, combines the Interstate, and the term midwinter used designates the shoot properly.

That the shoots have been popular and have drawn well, it will only be necessary to look up back numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM and read the reports. The first shoot, at St. Joseph during the last week of 1903, was a revelation for a winter shoot, and much interest was taken, especially in the five-man team target race and the five-man team live-bird race. Then the individual live-bird trophy has since brought out the most wonderful records ever known to the world.

The second shoot at Omaha was a grand one in point of attendance and interest, and the team and the individual race grew more interesting, and some wonderful scores were made. The shoot was held in Iowa, and will be the last shoot that will be held by the Omaha club wherein live birds are used, for it does not seem to be generally known that both Iowa and Nebraska State laws now prevent pigeon shooting. It is thought that Parmalee scented this afar off, and that is why he moved to Texas, where he could at least cast a hook and take in the very festive tarpon.

The third shoot was held in March, at Seneca, Kans., and though not so largely attended, the quality of the live birds furnished there kept the boys guessing, and they were somewhat outwitted by the Kansas corn-fed birds.

Now we come to the fourth and the last one of the season, though a fifth one had been scheduled for Arnold's Park, Iowa. Yet the stopping of live-bird shooting made it necessary to award all trophies at the close of this, the fourth, shoot.

The opening day found a large gathering of the profession, the expert amateur and the amateur, as well as the big-gunner, who is willing to dip in and try the game, present when the opening hour came.

Everything looked so new and clean that there was a haste to don the sweaters and to get their names registered by Fred Whitney, so as to have a try at "them 'are Dickeys." While the traps worked finely and threw a moderate flight, the angles were correctly adjusted, and all things, save the shooters themselves, were in "fine fettle." There was a disposition to visit and get aequainted, and only Chauncey Powers was at his best. He easily led with honors easy with a grand total of 192 out of the 200. Crosby was going steady, and ground out 189, while Ed O'Brien and Wm. Heer, the well-known Kansas boys, tied on 188. Gilbert, after a long rest, had a few bad half hours, and dropped 15, and gave an exhibition when he dropped four in one 15-target event. The scores:

April 18, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Burmister	12	10	17	7	13	13	11	12	16	12	14	17	154
Crosby	15	14	18	14	15	18	15	13	18	15	15	19	189
Kline	14	14	17	12	12	18	14	15	14	15	13	19	177
Powers	14	15	19	14	15	18	15	14	19	15	14	20	192
Gilbert	15	15	15	14	15	19	13	15	19	15	11	19	185
Veach	14	14	19	14	15	17	13	14	18	14	12	20	185
Taylor	14	14	18	14	15	18	14	15	17	13	14	20	186
Spatz	12	12	14	10	14	19	15	13	19	13	14	19	174
Ford	13	14	14	11	15	16	12	13	15	12	15	14	164
Wetzig	13	12	17	13	14	18	15	12	18	15	13	20	180
O'Brien	14	15	19	13	14	19	14	14	18	15	14	19	188
Riehl	15	15	17	15	15	19	15	15	17	12	13	18	186
Cunningham	9	14	18	13	15	20	15	15	17	14	15	18	183
Gottlieb	13	13	19	14	14	18	13	13	19	15	11	18	180
Heer	15	15	19	13	13	20	14	15	17	14	14	19	188
Cornett	14	14	18	13	14	20	13	13	18	11	11	18	177
Johnson	11	13	18	11	11	20	11	15	16	14	14	18	172
T Marshall	14	15	19	11	13	19	14	12	15	13	12	19	176
Anderson	14	10	18	14	9	19	15	13	17	13	13	16	171
Hodges	13	13	17	15	12	17	12	13	17	13	11	16	169
Hardy	15	12	19	14	12	17	14	13	15	14	15	18	178
Eisenhaur	13	14	19	13	12	19	11	14	17	15	10	16	173
C Dixon	13	15	16	9	13	17	14	11	19	14	15	18	174
Rogers	12	12	19	11	14	20	13	12	16	12	15	17	173
H Dixon	15	14	18	15	14	19	14	12	17	15	15	18	186
Reust	8	12	19	11	13	14	13	14	18	14	13	15	164
J Marshall	10	15	18	13	11	16	11	14	17	15	14	13	167
Hamilton	13	9	19	15	9	16	12	11	13	14	5	13	149
Smith	11	15	17	8	11	19	12	13	17	15	12	19	169
Campbell	13	14	15	12	14	18	12	15	18	14	10	16	171
Sevier	11	13	15	9	11	14	13	11	15	14	10	15	151
Hayes	14	12	15	3	15	15	13	14	16	13	14	18	167
Timberlake	14	13	19	14	13	18	13	14	15	13	12	18	176
Clayton	10	13	..	..	14	17	12	11	..	..	..	..	...
Holmes	12	12	..	..	13	19	14	14	19	12	15	18	...
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	...
Howie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	12	14	17	...
Wilmot	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	13	17	...
Wilkey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	9	17	...
Plank	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	14	15	15	19	...
Dougherty	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	..	..	..	..	...
Lugge	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	..	..	..	...
Cundy	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	13	15	...
Batchellor	10	10	17	12	12	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	...
C Mills	13	13	19	12	15	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
E Mills	14	11	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Decker	10	8	10	..	..	15	12	10	..	..	..	..	...
Wickey	13	14	16	11	13	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	...
Peterson	13	8	18	..	..	18	8	12	12	13	..	..	...
Brown	12	9	17	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Wilson	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	...
Beasley	..	..	..	10	12	18	11	13	16	13	11	..	...
Batchellor	..	..	..	..	12	..	10	11	..	..	10	..	...

April 19, Second Day.

The weather was fine, and the scores made show an improvement over the first day. Everybody was in for a good time, and they had it. Interest was centered in W. H. Heer, and he won the high honors. He dropped one in the first event, then ran the next four straight, and then he got "balled up" and dropped four out of the sixth event, this being the half-way mark. He tightened his belt and went the line for 100 straight and a great total of 195. He was shooting in a squad where there were delays and little annoyances that do not occur when a squad of old-timers or experts shoot together.

Gilbert had his rabbit's feet crossed to the extent that after he went the first 100 with a 99 clip his trigger-pull got wrong, and he dropped six out of the last 100, and 193 was his wind-up—"very foine."

Billy Crosby lost but 9 for the day. Russell Kline, shooting a new gun, came well on for fourth place with 189. Tom Marshall, showing a decided improvement over first day, landed 188, with Chauncey Powers just one to the rear, having missed the unlucky number.

The squad that attracted the most attention was composed of O'Brien, Riehl, Cunningham, Gottlieb and Marshall. In one event they came within three of a straight score. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Gilbert	15	15	19	15	15	20	15	14	18	15	13	19	193
Crosby	14	14	19	15	15	18	15	14	20	14	14	19	191
Kline	15	14	19	13	12	20	14	13	19	15	15	20	189
Powers	14	15	19	15	13	20	15	12	20	14	14	17	187
Burmister	8	10	18	12	12	9	9	11	14	11	11	12	137
Veach	13	13	18	13	13	19	14	14	18	12	15	20	182
Taylor	11	13	17	8	13	15	12	10	16	15	12	14	156
Spatz	12	14	18	13	13	17	9	14	17	13	14	15	169
Ford	12	12	18	14	12	14	13	13	16	11	11	17	163
Wetzig	14	14	19	12	14	17	14	9	16	13	12	18	172
O'Brien	14	15	17	14	14	19	14	12	20	13	15	19	187
Riehl	13	15	16	14	14	20	14	14	18	15	13	18	184
Cunningham	13	13	19	14	12	19	15	15	19	15	14	18	186
Gottlieb	13	12	17	12	12	19	15	12	19	15	15	15	176
T Marshall	15	15	18	15	15	18	14	14	20	13	15	16	188
Cornett	13	13	17	13	12	16	12	12	16	11	11	19	165
Johnson	13	12	19	13	15	20	13	13	17	15	13	19	182
Hayes	7	12	11	14	12	18	13	10	15	11	13	15	151
Anderson	14	9	16	13	12	17	13	9	16	11	12	17	159
Arnholt	14	12	18	14	15	19	14	10	19	13	15	17	180
Hardy	11	13	19	14	12	18	14	14	16	12	13	19	175
Eisenhaur	12	10	14	13	10	17	12	13	16	14	9	14	154
C Dixon	14	15	18	15	14	16	14	14	15	13	13	18	179
H Dixon	12	13	18	11	12	16	14	13	15	11	14	18	167
Reust	13	14	19	14	13	17	14	14	19	14	14	17	182
Hamilton	14	12	14	14	10	14	12	13	17	11	10	18	159
Sevier	8	13	16	14	14	13	12	14	18	12	12	15	166
Smith	11	13	15	15	15	16	13	13	17	13	15	14	170
Norton	..	..	16	13	14	18	12	15	16	14	13	17	...
Campbell	13	14	17	12	8	17	14	9	17	12	9	15	157
Holmes	13	10	18	13	13	18	15	14	18	13	13	19	177
Timberlake	12	9	17	10	13	17	13	13	15	11	11	17	158
Heer	14	15	20	15	15	16	15	15	20	15	15	20	195
Clayton	13	14	16	14	13	17	11	11	15	11	14	16	166
H Pierce	13	14	15	15	15	19	13	14	20	14	14	16	182
Townsend	13	14	20	13	15	18	15	12	15	15	12	19	181
McKenzie	9	12	18	14	13	17	12	11	16	13	15	16	166
Plank	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	14	13	...
C Willis	11	13	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Batchellor, Jr	..	13	..	..	..	13	..	..	19	..	..	..	...
Essig	..	..	18	8	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	...
Leggett	..	..	17	13	12	11	12	12	15	10	12	10	...
E Willis	..	..	..	12	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	...
Peterson	..	..	..	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Cundy	..	..	13	13	13	15	..	..	..	10	..	..	...
Thomas	14	10	13	11	14	16	14	13	17	13	13	19	...
Wilmot	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	16	12	13	17	11	12	..	...
J Marshall	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Kleinhaus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	16	14	12	14	...
C Pieree	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	19	12	12	17	...
Taft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	...
Dougherty	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	...
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	15	..	..	...
Howie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	...
Sherman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	10	..	..	..	...
Wickey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	12	17	...

April 20, Third Day.

During the night, while it was snowing hard in other parts of the State, a heavy rain fell, and but for the board walks leading to the park and before the traps, walking would have been very unpleasant. The clouds hung heavy all day, and the wind was strong, hence the scores fell away to-day, and so did the attendance.

The shooting was spirited and interesting, as there was more variety to it. The regular programme was 100 targets, then came a team shoot and an individual trophy.

The interest in the programme events was centered in the win of the high average in both professional and amateur classes. Heer started in the best shape, being in the lead. The conditions can be readily understood, when the wind-up shows Gilbert and Crosby each with 9 missed out of the 100, and Heer 10. Heer only made 16 out of one 20 event, and Crosby 12 out of a 15. Gilbert went wrong again and lost 4 out of his fifth event, and thus his "rabbit's foot" mets its Waterloo. Heer was warmly congratulated by his Kansas friends; in fact, all were eager to express good wishes. Don't for a moment think that Crosby and Gilbert were not in on the congratulations.

In the expert class some of the boys had not reckoned with Powers as a factor, yet he won with 466, and carried away a cup. Ed O'Brien followed close with 459; Cunningham 455, Kline 449.

This being decided, the team race was started, and as was expected, Kansas won, though by a low score, as two of their men fell down. St. Joe was second with 201 out of 250—nothing like the former record. Neither St. Joseph nor any of the other teams were out with regular teams; even Kansas City had a patched up team.

Kansas won the trophy for the team making best scores during the series of tournaments, and the individual trophy that was donated by Combs at the initial St. Joseph shoot was won by C Dixon, of Joplin, after a shoot-off with Ed O'Brien and W. McGee, each having made 46.

The individual Schmelzer trophy brought together the best amateurs, and Russell Kline got busy and made a great score of 48, winning the cup and first money without a tie. McGee again scored 46, and Veach 46, Timberlake and Arnold being in for third place on 43. Scores for third day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Gilbert	14	14	19	15	11	18	91
Crosby	12	14	17	14	15	19	91
Kline	12	12	17	14	12	16	83
Powers	13	13	17	14	13	17	87
Burmister	7	8	15	6	6	15	58
Veach	14	12	17	12	12	16	77
Taylor	12	15	14	14	13	18	85
Spatz	11	8	16	12	12	17	76
Ford	13	11	16	15	11	18	74
Wetzig	9	12	17	14	10	15	77
O'Brien	11	12	19	13	13	16	84
Riehl	12	14	19	13	19	19	86
Cunningham	11	13	16	15	13	18	86
Gottlieb	11	12	14	11	12	19	79
T Marshall	9	12	18	12	10	8	79
Cornett	13	12	18	13	12	16	84
Johnson	11	13	16	14	7	17	78
Hayes	12	14	16	9	12	15	78
Anderson	16	11	11	13	11	17	78
Norton	13	15	17	13	12	18	88
Hardy	11	13	17	11	13	17	82
Eisenhaur	9	14	12	13	12	15	75
C Dixon	14	14	17	12	13	17	87
H Dixon	11	11	16	12	12	14	76
Reust	12	10	14	14	11	18	79
Townsend	15	13	16	13	10	17	84
Libbe	12	12	16	14	11	16	81
Schroeder	10	9	14	15	10	11	69
Wickey	7	11	14	11	5	14	62
McGee	10	9	16	7	13	16	71
Timberlake	9	12	15	12	13	13	74
Heer	14	13	16	14	14	19	90
H Pierce	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kleinhaus	8	12	15	12	12	14	73
G Pearce	11	12	17	13	9	13	75
Clayton	13	10	14	13	10	15	75
Holmes	13	13	18	5	12	12	73
Arnhold	10	15	15	13	12	17	82
Wilson	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Findley	..	..	..	..	7	12	..
Scott	..	..	..	11	8	..	..

Averages, shooting at 500 targets:

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Total.
Burmister	154	137	58	349
Crosby	189	191	91	471

Kline	177	189	83	449
Gilbert	185	193	91	469
Powers	192	187	87	466
Veach	185	182	77	444
Taylor	186	156	85	427
Spatz	174	169	76	419
Ford	164	163	74	419
Wetzig	180	172	77	429
O'Brien	188	187	84	459
Riehl	186	184	86	456
Cunningham	183	186	86	455
Gottlieb	180	176	79	435
Heer	188	195	90	473
Cornett	177	165	84	425
Johnson	172	182	78	432
Marshall	176	188	79	443
Anderson	171	159	78	408
Hardy	178	175	82	435
Eisenhaur	173	154	75	402
C Dixon	174	179	87	440
H Dixon	186	167	76	429
Reust	164	182	79	425
Hayes	167	151	78	396
Timberlake	176	158	74	408

Interstate target team race, five men to a team, 50 targets to the man; a silver cup to the highest individual score:

Experts, targets only—Gilbert 45, Crosby 44, Powers 42, Riehl 43, Heer 42; total 216.

Kansas—O'Brien 46, Wetzig 43, Anderson 36, Johnson 37, Timberlake 41; total 203.

St. Joseph—Arnhold 39, Libby 38, Hardy 41, Eisenhaur 38, Cunningham 45; total 201.

Kansas City—Clayton 26, Holmes 41, McGee 46, Gottlieb 41, C. Dixon 46; total 200.

Nebraska—Veach 36, Townsend 44, Schroder 37, Reed 37, Thorpe 45; total 199.

Iowa—Burmister 23, Ford 29, Kline 44, John B. 25, O. N. F. 30; total 131.

Ed O'Brien, of Florence, Kans.; W. McGee, of Kansas City, and C. Dixon, of Onarga, Mo., tied on 46. Shoot-off, Dixon won; score, Dixon 22, O'Brien 21. McGee 20.

The Schmelzer amateur individual championship target trophy, 50 Dickey birds, open to amateurs: Kline 48, McGee 46, Veach 46, Timberlake 43, Arnhold 43, H. Dixon 41, Libbe 41, O'Brien 40, Reust 40, Dr. Hardy 40, Wetzig 40, C. Dixon 39, C. Pierce 38, Townsend 37, Hays 35, Eisenhaur 33, Schroeder 35, Dr. Plank 41.

Kline wins first and the cup; others in the money as per scores, as there was an optional sweep of $2 on the side.

This cup will be contested for monthly at the Schmelzer Athletic and Shooting Park. All who have won it will contest for final possession.

Winners of special cups offered by Schmelzer: Sunday, Dr. Plank, of Kansas City; Monday, Dr. Hardy, Hole, Mo.; Tuesday, Wm. Veach, Falls, Neb.; Wednesday, H. Pierce, Chicopee, Kans.; also Russell Kline won extra for a wind-up.

These were put up by Schmelzer Arms Co. at the close of each day, and proved to be interesting events, and further evinced the liberality of Schmelzers, the promoters of the tournament.

Those Present.

Shooters were present as follows:

Iowa—John Burmister, Fred Gilbert and Russell Kline, Spirit Lake; O. N. Ford, Central City.

Illinois—W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon; C. M. Powers, Decatur; Tom Marshall, Keithsburg; W. L. Hayes, Dwight; Frank Riehl, Alton.

Nebraska—Wm. Veach, Falls City; Wm. Townsend, Omaha; Reed, Ohiowa.

South Dakota—H. G. Taylor and E. Spatz, Meckling.

Kansas—E. L. Wetzig, Junction City; Ed O'Brien, Florence; Wm. Heer, Concordia; B. Johnson, Le Loup; Henry Anderson, Salina; D. Timberlake, Baileyville; Frank Hodges, Olathe; E. Decker, Pleasanton; Geo. R. Mackie, Scammon; Walter Peterson and O. F. Brae, Pleasanton; H. and G. Pierce, Chicopee; Chas. Kleinhaus, Grantville.

Missouri—F. B. Cunningham, St. Joseph; C. Gottlieb, John Cornett, Wm. Campbell, Joe Batchellor, Jr., Wm. Clayton, A. C. Holmes, Alva Wilson, Dr. Plank, Forest Wickey, Walter Howe, Tom Norton and Harry Sherman, of Kansas City; Dr. Hardy and B. Eisenhaur, Hale; C. Dixon, Joplin; H. Dixon, Oronargo; J. M. Marshall, Dr. R. L. Hamilton, W. A. Smith, and Dr. R. Sevier, Richmond; F. E. Rogers, Bucklin; Joe Batchellor, Sr., St. Joseph; C. Willis and E. Willis, Bean Lake; S. L. Beasley, Pleasant Hill; R. Dougherty, Bean Lake; John Wilmot, Lexington; Geo. Essig, Plattsburg; Joseph Leggett, Carthage; J. S. Thomas, Pleasant Hill.

O. Cundy, Atlanta, Ga.; A. E. McKenzie, Denver, Colo.; C. F. Reust, McLeod, O. T., and C. F. Legg, Chewelah, Wash.

Business Meeting.

On Tuesday evening the officers invited all the shooters to a business meeting in the hotel parlor, Chris. Gottlieb in the chair.

The first business was to decide as to the trophies for the team contests, taking into consideration that the live-bird shooting has been prohibited in Iowa. It was carried that the three best scores should decide the team trophies. A proposition had been received as to taking Denver into the Association. Mr. McKenzie was called upon, and he stated that it had occurred to them and to those in the Missouri Valley that the distance was too great and would not be feasible.

Officers for next year were selected as follows: Chris. Gottlieb, President; Ed. O'Brien, Vice-President; Frank Cunningham, Secretary; W. D. Townsend, Treasurer; John Burmister was added to the list of officers to constitute a board for running the tournament. Three more names were to be selected by the president and added to the tournament committee. It was voted to have five shoots during the winter of 1904 and 1905, and that four best team scores should count on general average.

Mr. Gottlieb called Tom Marshall to the chair and offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolution of Respect.

Whereas, we have learned with profound sorrow of the death of M. J. Elliott, the mother of friends and comrades J. A. R. Elliott, Robert S. Elliott and Dave Elliott; be it

Resolved, by the trapshooters in attendance at the tournament in progress at Kansas City that we extend to our brothers and all members of the family our sincere sympathy in this hour of their great sorrow.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded by our secretary to the members of the family, spread upon the records, and also furnished the several sporting papers. Signed Chas. J. Schmelzer, Chris. Gottlieb, Tom Marshall, W. Fred Quimby, Fred Gilbert, Tom Norton. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.

April 21, Fourth Day.

The day was not of the best, yet it was a good day to make live birds fly, as the strong wind was an assistant that is not always appreciated by the shooters. During the forenoon, the clouds hung heavily, and through the afternoon the sun shone for a couple of hours. The shoot was continued until late into the evening, when dark clouds again made the light bad.

There were thirty-five entries for the individual championship; open to all, with handicap; 25 live birds, $20 entrance, the winner to hold, subject to challenge, the Wyeth trophy that Fred Gilbert won at St. Joseph at the first midwinter tournament and has successfully defended until it was called in and put in open competition here.

Owing to a late start in the morning, the shoot was not ended, yet enough shooters finished to show that the only straight score, which was made by John Wilmot, of Lexington, Ky., could not be tied.

Mr. Wilmot proved a fine shot, though publicly heretofore was rather an unknown shooter. He showed up well with the first barrel, and shot so quick that the most of his birds seemed fairly easy. He used the second shot but eight times. He had luck with him on one occasion, as a bird struck the wire.

Those who had hard luck to lose a dead out or skip one were Russell Kline, Tom Marshall, Ed O'Brien and Gorman. The 23s had many for its division, yet as the Rose system was used, each received $24.45.

Where the topnotchers landed shows you the class of birds furnished. They came from Chicago and were handled by R. C. Cox. Most of the retrieving was done by dogs, and they did well, especially the dog owned by Arthur Gambell. They were handicapped by the fresh cinders, which cut their feet. The scores:

Crosby, 33	1222122011221122222000222—21
Wickey, 27	2022111210202220202 0*22—17
Gilbert, 33	2222122222222222*222222022—23
Taylor, 30	1222111221022222222202122—23
Kline, 31	2221222222212220222222222—24
Burmister, 27	2201221122110 1*0222220102—19
Holmes, 29	2111222101221212112202221—23
Heer, 32	0011121*2120222201*2w
Powers, 32	2202221221222211222210112—23
T Marshall, 32	2*2222222222222222222222—24
Cunningham, 31	22*2222220222*2020221222—20
Gottlieb, 30	2222212212220221220012222—22
O'Brien, 31	211222222*222222222222212—24
Tipton, 30 ...j	2112112022112222022122220—22
Riehl, 31	0212111222022022200*w
Spatz, 29	2212212022222222200212221—22
Wilmot, 30	1111111111212211211 2222—25
Peterson, 29	2102010122122222222221122—22
Ford, 28	21022222*2222222202222222—22
T Norton, 30	1122122102222122220122222—23
Clayton, 30	221122011*1121221211 2222—23
Arnhold, 30	220*202221221222**22w
Johnson, 28	2221222211202222121101122—23
Townsend, 30	2222022222202222022122212—23
Plank, 30	222222*2222122202222222222—23
C Dixon, 28	0222220202212212222020120—20
Schroeder, 30	2212*2022220121110 22*1212—20
Gorman, 30	1111122121 2*2122111212 11—24
Thorpe, 28	0220020222 0*0121220022002—14
Reust, 28	2202222222221222002*2*w
Anderson, 29	12*2011111211200221 22111—21
Veach, 29	1222120220212212212 11212—23
Campbell, 29	221222222*0222122212 20*11—21
Stockwell, 28	2201112220220220212222020—19
Morton, 29	0221022012w
Elliott, 31	2221222121220022222222222—23

April 22, Fifth Day.

The morning opened up bright, with a quartering strong southwest wind, which blew through the day, making left-quartering incomers hard to get down before passing the boundary. The handicap was finished, and then the Interstate five-man team race was shot, which kept the traps busy until after 4 P. M.

There were five teams entered, two from Missouri, and one each from Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa. The shooting was better than on the previous day, as the scores improved. Cunningham and Zim, of the St. Joseph team, each made 25. Kline for Iowa, and O'Brien for Kansas, duplicated. Anderson and Gorman, of Kansas made 24. In their class came the Schroeders, of Nebraska.

The team race was very hotly contester, and was not decided until the last shot. Kansas landed the winner by killing 118 out of 125—landed not only the winner for this meeting, but landed besides the high average for the series of midwinter shoots, beating out St. Joseph by two birds. It was unfortunate for the St. Joseph boys that the committee had so changed the programme as to count only the three highest scores, as, providing the four highest had been counted, then St. Joseph would have won by six birds. For this shoot, Iowa and St. Joseph tied on 116, but this was due to the good shooting of Kline and Ford, who shot two strings—Kline dropped but one, and Ford four out of the 50.

The Kansas City team fell so far behind that it lost the general high average. Kansas City did not have their regular team entered, as three of them were new men. The scores:

St. Joseph Team.

Cunningham	2111111122221222221222222—25
Arnhold	2221222022212122222*22222—23
Libby	2022221222 2*22101212*1220—20
Gottlieb	2212202122122222222202222—23
Zim	2222222122212221221222212—25—116

Iowa Team.

Kline	2121222102222212222221222—24
Burmister	2220212220222122222210120—21
Ford	2222222222221222*22222022—23
Kline	2112221222211222221222222—25
Ford	2222222222222222222202022—23—116

Kansas Team.

O'Brien	2222122222222222222222222—25
Anderson	2120112111221112121211212—24
Johnson	0221122212102221221222222—23
Timberlake	1222111212121221 1222*1010—22
Gorman	22211111221*1221121122222—24—118

Kansas City Team.

Holmes	*1111221112221212222 20110—22
Frankie	2222222022222222202022222—22
Clayton	0222120122 1*1222**2210222—19
Campbell	2220201*2122210221*2020 0—17
Herman	22220222*2202121200222220—19— 99

Nebraska Team.

Veach	2211211222121222222120**02—21
Schroeder	2212121022121112222221212—24
Thorpe	1220011201101222210120222—19
Townsend	1212122021222122221111102—22
Lewis	1212222112*0002222.01122—20—107

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

The Hearthstone Inn, near Livingston Manor, P. O. address De Bruce, Sullivan county, N. Y., offers to anglers good fishing and comfortable quarters within a reasonable distance from New York. Excellent bass and trout fishing are had there, together with many other attractions. Mr. Wm. F. Royce, the proprietor, has an attractive booklet which he is very glad to send to applicants.

Catches of trout at the Spruce Cabin Inn., Canadensis, Pa., have been very good this spring, notwithstanding the extraordinary lateness of the season. The streams are all in good condition, and the trout running large, so that the prospects from now on are good. About forty visitors have registered there already this season.

New Advertisements.

The hunting and fishing along the Detroit & Mackinac Railroad—the Turtle Route—makes it one of the most attractive in the world for people living in big cities who wish to make an inexpensive outing, with some active interest. Of course, the shooting does not come until fall, but the fishing will be on now just as soon as the snow gets out of the woods. The general passenger agent of the Detroit & Mackinac Railroad at Bay City, Mich., will send, on application, a copy of the little booklet describing the resources of the country.

Beginning not so very many years ago, tarpon fishing has taken higher and higher rank in the estimation of anglers, until now many of them regard it as calling for more skill than any other form of the sport. The most accessible tarpon waters are those of Florida, and these are described in the booklet on "Sarasota Bay," which is sent on application by Mr. C. B. Ryan, G. P. A. of the Seaboard Line, Portsmouth, Va.

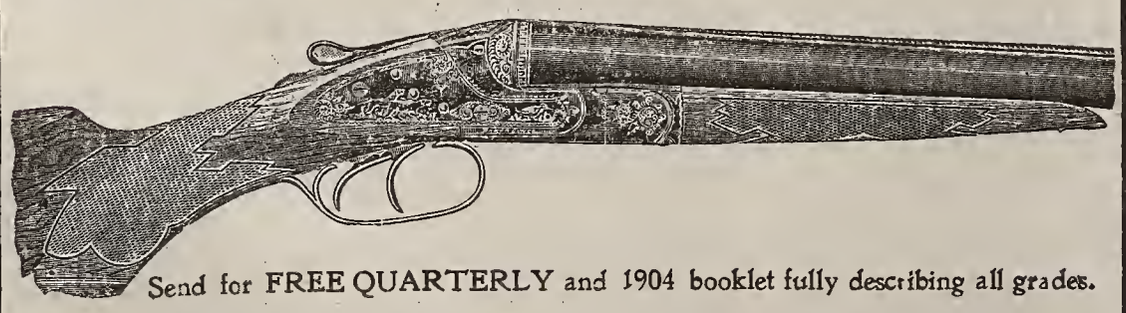
Great as is the black bass, all attempts at his artificial propagation have failed, until within the last year or two. At last, however, the problem has been solved, and Mr. Henry W. Beeman, of New Preston, Conn., having demonstrated that the small-mouthed black bass can be artificially reared, is prepared to furnish fry of different sizes up to fingerlings to those persons who desire to stock their ponds.

While neither the angler nor the gunner is likely to suffer from coughs and colds while he is afield, nevertheless these maladies do sometimes overtake him, and for his own comfort he must cure them as quickly as possible. The cordial known as Schnabel's Rye Whiskey and Rock Candy is said to be strictly a medicinal preparation, and very effective against such troubles. What it will do is told in a pamphlet, to be had of Frederick West's Nephews, 89 Water street, New York.

Lake St. John, we take it, is still snow-bound, and its trout and ouananiche are still under the ice; but this is about to break up, and a few warm days will turn the thoughts of the Northern angler to this well-known resort. It is reached by the Quebec & Lake St. John Railroad, and all information about it may be had by applying to Mr. Alex. Hardy, G. P. A., Quebec, Canada.

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FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 346 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION.

ON Saturday of last week the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, commonly known as the World's Fair, at St. Louis, was formally opened with dignified, appropriate ceremonies whose every detail was majestic and harmonious, as was befitting the launching of an institution so world-wide in its scope, and so honored by the presence of an innumerable host of people. By proclamation of the Governor of Missouri, that day was a holiday in that State in honor of the great centennial event.

The Exposition, while sentimentally commemorative of an important national enlargement which happened one hundred years ago, is practically devoted to the world's best interests and doings. With all possible comprehensiveness it presents the sum total of human progress up to the present time in the arts, the manufactures, and the varied forms of agriculture obtaining in different climes and countries. The diversified products of the earth, the air and the water most serviceable to mankind from the raw to the finished state are quite fully presented for the study of the sightseers.

The elaborate opening exercises were held near the magnificent Louisiana Purchase monument on the great Plaza of St. Louis, commencing soon after 9 o'clock. President D. R. Francis, the chief executive of the Exposition, presided. Grouped about him were members of the National Committee, several Senators and Congressmen, the officers and directors of the Exposition, the Board of Lady Managers, the representatives and commissioners of foreign governments, the orators of the day, important committees, a choir of several hundred singers, while the plaza was occupied by the immense gathering of the people, the power which made the Exposition possible. The chief orator was Hon. W. H. Taft, Secretary of War, who represented President Roosevelt.

A brief address by President Francis opened the formal exercises, after which, by the director of the works, the key of the Exposition was presented to him, which signified that all was ready. This was followed by speeches, the playing of bands, the booming of cannon, the hymnal outbursts of the grand choir, and the applause of the assembled thousands. All was brought to a climax by the unfurling of flags, which followed the starting of the machinery by President Roosevelt, who, at Washington, in the presence of the members of his cabinet, members of Congress, the diplomatic corps, and distinguished ladies and gentlemen, touched the Morse key which formally opened the Exposition, the time being 12 M. at St. Louis and 1 o'clock at Washington.

Thus was brought to gratifying realization the gigantic centennial scheme which was suggested in an editorial of a St. Louis paper in 1898. It took material form at a convention held in January of the following year at St. Louis, and called by the Governor of Missouri for its consideration. The complete work is thus the development of an original idea presented by a journalist.

The Exposition is in commemoration of the acquisition of the vast territory purchased by the United States in 1803, and known as the Louisiana Purchase. It contained 1,000,000 square miles and cost $15,000,000. That territory is now occupied by Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, the two Dakotas, and by parts of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana. It is the centennial celebration of one of the greatest and most beneficent events of American history.

In cost and space occupied it surpasses all prior world's fairs. The Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 had 613 acres and 150 buildings at a total cost of $40,000,000. This was the St. Louis World's Fair's greatest rival. The other great expositions, at Paris in 1900, Glasgow and Buffalo in 1901, Charleston in 1902, were very much smaller. The St. Louis fair has 1,240 acres and 250 buildings, great and small, at a total cost of $50,000,000. Forty-four States and fifty foreign countries are participants.

FOREST AND STREAM has been an exhibitor at all the important world's fairs from the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876 up to the present time. At each of them—the Centennial, the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, the Paris Exposition, besides other minor exhibitions—FOREST AND STREAM has been officially recognized to the highest degree which the awards allowed, by medals and diplomas—the last a grand prize and gold medal from the French Exposition at Paris in 1900. These recognitions of its merit by the many eminent men who were judges at the various fairs have been granted on the ground of the paper's high order of literary merit, for its services in matters pertaining to the preservation of game and fish, to the advancement of fishculture, to the sport of yachting, and for its general interest to those who use the gun, the rod or the sailing vessel.

We have an exhibit at the World's Fair in St. Louis, at which, among other things, is shown a complete set of the sixty-one bound volumes of FOREST AND STREAM, which include a complete history of game protection and fishculture in the United States, besides a vast amount of most interesting reading for the sportsman in any field. At this exhibit—in the Forestry, Fish and Game Building—all readers of FOREST AND STREAM and all who are interested in the sports which it covers will be very welcome.

A NEW GAME BIRD.

TO MANY game dealers and hotel keepers the enactment into law of the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank, forbidding the sale of game, seemed a real hardship. When this plank was first announced it was received with derision by those whom it would most certainly affect, but time has shown that it appealed to the public and that it has come to stay. That some people should be hurt by the non-sale law which prevails in many of the States was inevitable, but it was a case where the greatest good to the greatest number had to be considered.

Meantime, the hotel and restaurant keepers have been looking for a way out of their difficulty; and this is the parable of one of them: This man keeps a large summer hotel in an important town in a State where the sale of grouse and woodcock is forbidden. When the bill forbidding the sale of upland game birds went through, he began to think and to think hard. He did not wish to violate the law, but he must either do that or provide for his guests a satisfactory substitute for the grouse he had been accustomed to serve. A substitute was found, and one so satisfactory to his guests that even after the season opened and grouse might lawfully be purchased, there was no demand for them. His guests preferred the bird that he had been serving, and the hotel keeper believes that this bird is destined to take the place of the ruffed grouse in all leading hotels and restaurants.

This game bird is a young turkey, weighing from one to one and one-quarter pounds. They cost the hotel keeper last summer $1 each and were served at $2.50. Last year, although 2,500 birds were bought and served, the supply was not equal to the demand. For the coming season the hotel keeper has large contracts at $1 per bird, and hopes to have an abundant supply.

For this new game bird he claims the advantages of (1) unlimited supply, as they can lawfully be placed in cold storage and kept until needed; (2) they can be served at any season; (3) there are no shot-torn birds; (4) they are in better condition and give better satisfaction to the guests than game birds.

It is understood that the same hotel keeper has contracted with neighboring farmers for 2,500 young guinea hens, which he may possibly use as a substitute for woodcock. He purchases his trout from a hatchery and keeps them in ponds until they are needed. He uses no wild native trout.

Besides the advantage to hotel keeper and guests, the commercial effect of the course here outlined is worthy of consideration. The purchase of these young fowl benefits the farmers by stimulating one of their industries, raises the price of fowl, and is a real help to the neighborhood from which the birds come. Thus, on every hand, it would seem that the substitution of these domesticated fowl for the wild and untamable native birds is an advantage to the community, and the changed point of view of a man who has been a large consumer of wild game may be commended to the consideration of other persons who are carrying on commercial pursuits similar to his.

From this it may be fairly inferred that where there is a will there is a way, and that hotel and restaurant keeper may obey the law and still suffer no great hardship.

ADIRONDACK FOREST FIRES.

THE extensive fires which took place in the Adirondack region in the spring of 1903 led to much discussion in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM as to the causes of these fires. The timber land burned over amounted to more than 600,000 acres, and about $175,000 was spent in fighting the fires, which were at last extinguished only by heavy rains. The total direct loss has been estimated as between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000, while the indirect loss due to the destruction of young trees, which should form future forests, and the injury of the forest soil caused by the burning out of the vegetable matter required by growing trees cannot be estimated.

The Bureau of Forestry has investigated the burned area and a number of matters connected with the fires, and has just issued a circular, illustrated by a map of the Adirondack region, showing the location and area of the various burned districts. The report is made by Mr. H. M. Suter.

The very severe spring drought of the spring of 1903 left the forests ready for the flames. The snow fall of the winter of 1902-03 was light, and between the 17th day of April and the 7th day of June there was a rainfall of only about 0.2 inch. On June 10, 11 and 12, there were heavy rainfalls, and the fires were thus extinguished.

"As a result of this protracted drought the whole forest was inflammable to an unprecedented degree. On cut-over land, the debris left after lumbering was ready to catch fire like tinder, and to spread it almost like a powder magazine. Throughout the Adirondack region, which is one great forest, broken only by lakes, marshes and clearings, every chance spark left unextinguished by smoker or camper, every glowing cinder from locomotive or brush burner's fire, carried the potentiality of a great conflagration. This was at the season when fishermen were building camp-fires and smudges in every direction. Under such conditions many incipient forest fires were and will always be inevitable. The only hope of preventing wide devastation at such times is through systematic watchfulness to extinguish every little blaze before it has time to gather headway."

Some of the worst fires were near Lake Placid, in Keene Valley, in the Nahasane Preserve, near Catlin Lake, near Horse Shoe Pond, on the DeCamp tract, and on the Rockefeller preserve. The fires were fought by the State administration, as well as by individuals, and this fighting was carried on during six weeks.

Besides the money and indirect forest losses, there was undoubtedly a large loss in fish and game. The breeding and nesting season was at its height, and there must have been a great destruction of young birds and animals. Trout suffered—in shallow streams probably from the heat alone; in deeper streams from the lye leaching from the wood ashes into the water.

By far the greater part of the fires were caused by culpable carelessness; many by deliberate incendiarism, and a few by accident. Fully one-half of the fires due to carelessness are charged to locomotive sparks from railroads passing through the Adirondacks, and an examination of the map shows how the burned areas follow the paths of certain railroads. The burning of brush by farmers caused many fires, and much of this brush burning was done contrary to law. It is believed that the strong feeling of hostility to private preserves existing in some portions of the Adirondacks was responsible for a number of incendiary fires, especially those which started on the preserves; and the fact that $2 a day is paid as wages for fire fighting is thought in some cases to have led to the setting of fires in order to keep the work going.

Of the conclusions drawn from the fires by Mr. Suter, the most important is that should another long drought occur the State would be powerless, under present methods, to prevent a repetition of the calamity of last spring. An improved fire service, based on a careful study on the ground of the whole Adirondack region, can alone combat the terrible fire evil.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Trails of the Pathfinders.

VIII.—Alexander Mackenzie.

II.—Across the Continent.

The next day the forests seemed to be on fire, since clouds of thick smoke rose from the wood with a strong odor of burning resin. On the afternoon of June 19 they saw smoke on the shore, but before they could reach land the natives had deserted their camp. Mackenzie sent his Indians after them, but they were threatening and discharged five arrows, which, however, did no harm. They had left some property behind them, which the men desired to take with them. A few things were taken and some useful implements were left in exchange. The next morning they were off early, in a fog, and saw two "red deer" at the edge of the water. Another was seen and might have been killed but for the dog, which frightened it. These, Mackenzie says, are "not so large as the elk of the Peace River, but are the real red deer, which I never saw in the north, though I have been told that they are to be found in great numbers in the plains." Here the natives had stripped the bark from many of the spruce trees, presumably to roof their cabins. A house was seen thirty feet long and twenty wide, evidently to be occupied by more than one family.

The constant accidents to which their canoe had been subjected and the carrying it from place to place had so racked and broken it that it seemed almost hopeless to go further in it. On Friday, the 22d, Mackenzie, recognizing the possibility that on his return he might have nothing to eat, made a cache of ninety pounds of pemmican in a deep hole, over which a fire was built.

The next day, as they went on, they saw a small canoe drawn up to the edge of the woods and soon after another came out from a small river. The man who was in it called to his friends, who at once appeared on the bank, armed with bows, arrows and spears. Although they were evidently much alarmed they were very threatening in their gestures and let fly a volley of arrows, which did no harm. Mackenzie landed on the other side of the river and stopped there, his interpreters trying to pacify the Indians, but without success. Two men went off in a canoe down the river, apparently to procure assistance. Mackenzie, now having taken the precaution to send one of his Indians with a gun into the woods to keep within easy reach of them and to shoot any one who might attack him, walked along the beach and invited the Indians to come over and see him, while his interpreter declared to them that these people were his friends. At length two natives came over in a canoe, but stopped a hundred yards from the shore. Mackenzie signalled to them to come to land, showing them various articles which might be attractive, such as looking glasses, beads and other things. Very slowly they drew nearer to the shore, but at first would not venture to land. At last they came near enough to get some beads, and were persuaded to come ashore and to sit down. It was found that his interpreters could talk with these people, and though Mackenzie tried to persuade them to come to his canoe they did not wish to, and asked his permission to go back to their own side of the river. This he granted, and their return to their friends was evidently a matter of great rejoicing, while the articles that they took back with them were examined with the greatest curiosity. After a little time the white men were asked to come over to their side, which they did. The Indians were still timid, but the distribution of a few trinkets among them and a little sugar to the children seemed to strengthen their confidence.

These people reported that the river ran to the south and that at its mouth white people were said to be building houses. There were rapids and falls and also very terrible people along the shores; people who lived in underground houses, and who might do them great harm. The night was spent here.

Still traveling in his crazy canoe, Mackenzie kept on. Before long he came to a camp, the Indians of which, as usual, threatened, but the new friends made the day before soon set their fears at rest. Among the Indians here was a Rocky Mountain captive, taken by the Crees, who had carried her across the mountains, but she had escaped from them, and in the effort to return to her own people had been captured by the tribe with whom she was now living. As he saw more and more of these natives he found not a few people from the Rocky Mountains with whom his own hunters could perfectly well converse, and under these circumstances he did everything in his power to learn about the course of the river down which he was passing. There was evidently a considerable trade between the coast and the upper country, for iron, brass, copper and beads were had from the west.

Mackenzie now had remaining about thirty days' provisions and not more than 150 balls, with about thirty pounds of shot, which also might be used for balls, though with considerable waste. He was somewhat doubtful what to do, not only on account of the shortness of his supplies, but because of the great length of time that it would take him to journey to the sea and return. If he went to the coast by this river it would seem impossible to reach Athabaska the same season. He now called a council and asked the advice of his people, saying that he wished to try to reach the ocean over land, because he thought it would be a saving of time, but declared that he would not attempt to do this, but would go by water unless they would agree that if the land journey proved impracticable they would return with him and continue the voyage to the discharge of the waters, whatever the distance might be. The men were most loyal, and all declared that they would follow him wherever he should go. He now set out to go back up the river to that point which should seem nearest to the seashore. Their guide preferred to travel on the shore, and although Mackenzie did not greatly like this, he thought it unwise to oppose him. The next day, as some of the men were walking along the shore with the guide, they met some Indians who threatened them. The guide ran away, and Mackenzie's people kept with him. Finally the guide escaped from them and the people returned to their leader. Every one was now greatly alarmed, no one understanding what had happened, nor why the Indians were frightened, or enraged, whichever it might be. Mackenzie's people were absolutely panic-stricken, and it was all he could do to hold them together. They selected a position calculated for defense and distributed arms and ammunition.

Now followed a time of great anxiety. A young woman came to the camp, but they could secure no information from her. That night an old blind man was captured, returning to the house, having been driven from his hiding place in the woods by hunger. He was fed and well treated and soon regained confidence. Occasionally an Indian was seen on the river in a canoe, but none of them would approach nor reply to any calls. At length Mackenzie decided to leave this place and to continue up the river. The canoe was absolutely unfit for service, and one man was kept bailing all the time, to keep her afloat. On the 27th they stopped at an island where there seemed to be on the mainland trees which would furnish the proper material for a new canoe, and here they stopped and built one. Here, too, their guide, who had deserted them at the time of the panic, returned, claiming great credit for keeping the promise that he had earlier made to them. On the 1st of July, however, he left them again, with his companions, going up the river. The old man they still had with them, but he was anxious to get away. The canoe having been completed and proving serviceable, they started up the river from this island, which they had named Canoe Island. It now seemed necessary to reduce the rations, again cutting the people down to two meals a day, which they did not at all like. Their food now consisted chiefly of the dried roes of fish, boiled with a little flour and grain, so as to make a substantial and not unpleasant dish. At Canoe Island flies had been very troublesome, so that Mackenzie says, "During our stay there we had been most cruelly tormented by flies, particularly by sand flies, which I am disposed to consider as the most tormenting insect of its kind in nature."

The way up the river was difficult, often impracticable for paddles, and it was hard to use a tow line on account of the steepness of the banks. On July 3 they reached a point which answered to the description of the place where they should leave the stream to go overland to the west, and here a river came in, which Mackenzie calls West Road River. Some of the men thought it would be better to keep on up the stream a little further, in the hope of finding an easier crossing, although at this point there was a beaten trail. They proceeded, therefore, and before long met their guide, who apparently had twice deserted. He was accompanied by some other Indians, called Nascud Denee, who were friendly, and who declared that from their village, a little further up the stream, the road to the sea was short.

On reaching the place where they were to leave the river, Mackenzie cached some pemmican, wild rice, Indian corn, powder and trade goods and also took the canoe out of the water, placed it bottom up on a platform and protected it as well as possible. They now started on their foot journey, carrying about 400 pounds of pemmican, the instruments, some goods and their arms and ammunition.

The journey westward was slow and difficult. They met many people, all of whom were friendly, and when their guide left them, as he did in a day or two, they succeeded in procuring other guides, for short distances, from the various villages that they passed and went forward with comparatively little difficulty, although the almost continuous rain was unpleasant enough. The people whom they met as they proceeded showed more and more evidences of intercourse with the whites, having a number of articles obtained by trade. Most of these people seemed to belong to different small tribes of Athabaskan stock. They seemed less and less surprised at the appearance of the white men and, while still more or less astonished at their firearms, did not appear to be frightened by the explosions. Game was so scarce that practically none was killed, their provisions being largely fish, obtained from the natives or caught by themselves. The killing one day of two eagles and three gray partridges is important enough to be mentioned.

Mackenzie describes in considerable detail some of the houses of the Indians which he passed. He notes also, on July 14, that he had reached a place where it is the practice of the Indians to burn the bodies of their dead. On the 15th they fell in with a village of particularly clean and attractive people, who were on their way to the sea with articles for trade with the white people. They said that in view of the fact that the women and children with them could not travel fast it would be three days before they could reach the end of their journey. This was welcome news to the explorer.

Before they had gone very far, however, these people changed their minds, and determined to go to the sea by a different and somewhat longer route, and so the white men separated from them, having procured guides from four new Indians, who had just joined the party and belonged to a tribe Mackenzie had not yet seen.

The way was difficult, full of swamps and fallen timber. Ground hogs were seen, and a number of them captured, and before long a deer was killed. They were now high up in the mountains, and were marching through the snow. The country became very rough and they traveled along precipices, while snow-covered peaks frowned on them from above. On these mountains, according to their guides, were many animals, which, "from their description, must be wild goats." The timber grew very large.

On this day their guide hurried ahead, leaving the laden white people to follow, and when it grew dark the men were anxious to stop for the night, but Mackenzie pushed on, and at last reached a village where he saw fires with people cooking over them. He entered a house and shook hands, and the people directed him to go to a large house, where he was cordially received and fed with roasted salmon. A little later they were regaled on salmon roes, pounded fine, beaten up and flavored with something bitter, which we may conjecture to have been soapollalie. The natives here were capturing salmon with their dip nets and by weirs. They were kindly and hospitable, and had very strong beliefs and feelings with regard to their fish. Mackenzie declared that they never taste flesh, and that one of their dogs having swallowed part of a bone left at the camp-fire was beaten by his master till he disgorged it. A bone having been thrown into the river by one of Mackenzie's people, a young man dived, brought it up and put it in the fire, and then proceeded to wash his polluted hands. The chief of the tribe declined to let the white men have a canoe, because they had with them some deer meat, which, if put in the canoe on their river, would cause the fish to leave the river, so that the people must starve. Mackenzie asked what he should do with the meat, and the Indian told him to give it to a native present who belonged to a tribe of flesh eaters. The canoe was then loaned them.

These people seemed to belong to a different family from the Chipewyans; at least Mackenzie says their language appeared to have no resemblance to that of the Atnahs. Seven natives with two canoes took the explorers and their baggage down the river. They traveled fast, and the skill of the Indians greatly impressed Mackenzie, who says: "I had imagined that the Canadians who accompanied me were the most expert canoe men in the world, but they are very inferior to these people, as they themselves acknowledge, in conducting those vessels."

Just above a village the whole party landed, the Indians preceding the white men to announce their approach. When they reached the village they found it in a turmoil, the natives armed and rushing about apparently in a great state of alarm. There was nothing to do except to face the music, and Mackenzie walked boldly forward into the midst of the village, when most of the people laid aside their arms and came forward to meet them. He shook hands with those nearest to him, when suddenly an elderly man broke through the crowd and embraced him, as did also a younger man, the chief's son. Another son of the old chief approached, and as Mackenzie stepped forward to shake hands with him, the young fellow broke the string of a handsome robe of sea otter skin which he had on and put it over Mackenzie's shoulders. The chief took Mackenzie to his house, and treated him in a most hospitable manner. He was offered a dish made of the dried inner bark of the hemlock tree, soaked in fresh salmon oil. Food was plenty here, for the salmon run was at its height. Fish were drying on lines strung all about the village. These people were also very careful that nothing should be done to alarm their fish. They objected to water being taken from the river in an iron kettle, on the ground that the salmon disliked the smell of iron. Wooden boxes for holding water were given the explorers, however. Here were seen panels made of thick cedar boards, neatly joined and painted with hieroglyphics and figures

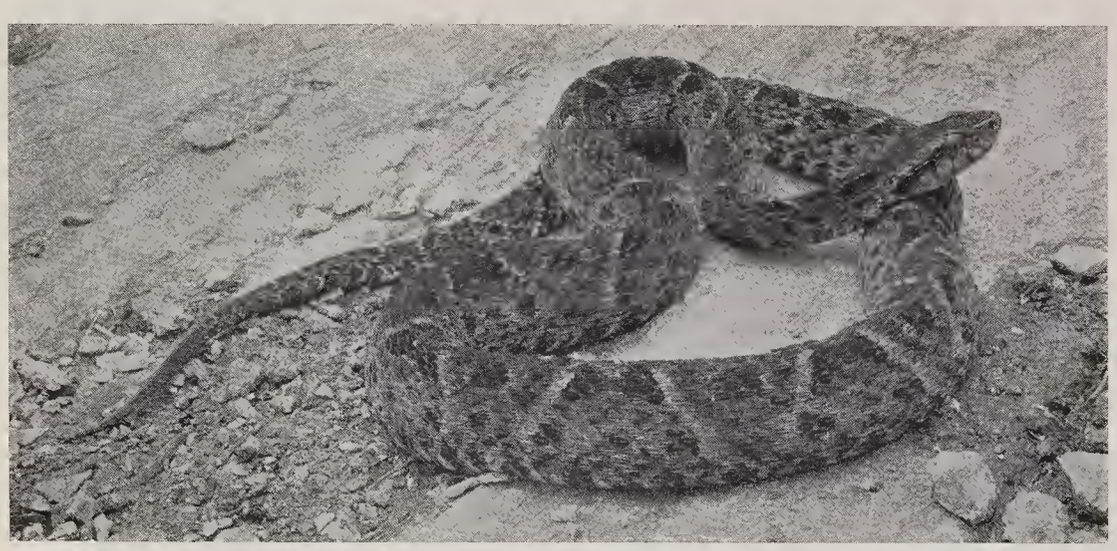


THE HEAD OF ISLAND RAPIDS.



"WESTWARD OVER THE ISLAND-DOTTED EXPANSE."

THAT MISSISSAGA CANOE TRIP.

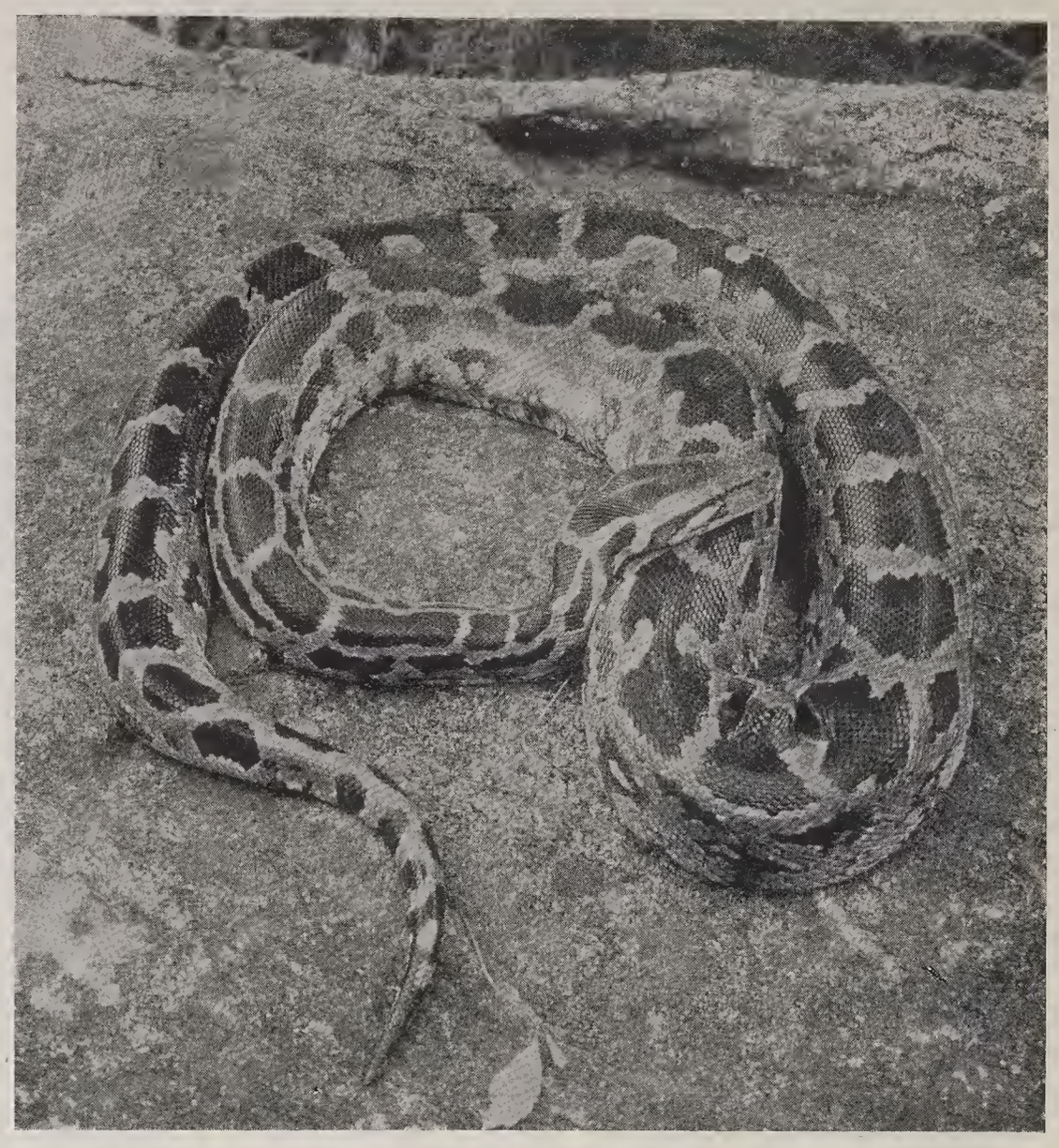


FER DE LANCE.



MEASURING AN ANACONDA.

16 feet 8 inches long.



IMPERIAL PYTHON.



CURATOR DITMARS PERFORMING OPERATION ON PYTHON'S JAW.

SNAKES AT THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

By Permission of the New York Zoological Society.

of different animals, such as are commonly seen on the coast.

Here Mackenzie was obliged to do some doctoring, and he deseribes the methods of the native physicians in treating their patients.

Mackenzie had several times asked the chief for eanoes to take the party to the sea, but his requests had received little attention. When, however, he tried to take an observation the chief objeeted, not apparently because the natives were afraid of the instruments, but because their use might frighten the salmon from that part of the river. Just as they were about to embark in the large canoe, forty-five feet long, four feet wide and three and a half feet in depth, it was discovered that an ax was missing, and there was a short halt. Mackenzie's resolution procured the return of the ax, and they went on. Villages were seen along the river, and once or twice they stopped. The people they passed seemed to have more and more articles of European manufacture, and they treated Maekenzie very well. On the evening of this day, at a village where they stopped, Mackenzie says, "I could perceive, personally, the termination of the river and its discharge into an arm of the sea."

The Indians now seemed unwilling to go further, but two of them were persuaded to keep on, and, taking another canoe, about eight o'clock on Saturday, July 20, they left the river and reached an arm of the sea. The tide was out, and the large mud flats, seaweed covered, were bare. Gulls, eagles and ducks were seen. The weather was boisterous, and before long they put ashore in a eove for the night. One of the young natives here deserted, but, being pursued, was brought back. Sinee they had left the river porpoises and sea otter —or seals—had been continually in sight. Fresh water was had from streams running down the mountains, and just after dark the young chief from up the river came into camp with a large porcupine, which was eagerly devoured by the half-starved men. The next day they came across three canoes with fifteen people, one of whom seemed to have had some trouble with white men not long before. The people now met were somewhat annoying, for they begged, pilfered and seemed to wish to see everything that the white men possessed. They eonstantly spoke of a white man named Macubah, very likely meaning Vancouver, and for the negative, distinctly answered, "No, no."

On the face of a rock at this point Mackenzie inscribed, with vermilion, a brief note, "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the 22d July, 1793." Here also he was able to establish his position with some exactness, and this done he started to return. At a village near the mouth of the river a number of people rushed toward Mackenzie, apparently about to attack him, and it seemed that these were the ones who had been fired on by the white people not long before. Mackenzie stood ready with his gun, and the Indians, seeing his attitude, dropped their knives. There had been something of a scuffle, though Mackenzie was uninjured, and the Indians had made off with his hat and cloak. After a little while, the young chief returning, made an explanation that the men belonging to the canoes, which had met them below in an inlet, had declared that the white people had killed four of their party. An explanation that this statement was false brought about a hollow truce, but relations were still somewhat strained. The Indians brought them food, however, and gave them setting poles, all of which were paid for.

Mackenzie's people were very much frightened, and were determined to leave the canoe and to start on foot over the mountains. So firm was the resolution that they threw everything that they had, except their blankets, into the river. Mackenzie, however, with his usual patience and resolution, set to work to guide them in the right way, and declaring that now he had accomplished his object, he had no other object but the common safety that he wished to return in the easiest and safest way, and that one of their party was sick and could not travel, and that they must stay with him. The result of this was that his people agreed that they would continue to follow him; but a number of them declared that they would not again enter this canoe, of which they were much afraid. Five people, therefore, including Mackenzie and the sick Indian, entered the canoe, and made their slow way up the river. When they came in sight of a house they saw their young Indian, who had left them a day or two before, coming toward them, with six people, in a canoe. This encouraged them, as showing that the natives who had been spreading here reports about them had not been listened to. At this village they were treated well. At the main village above the old chief received them as cordially as before, and fed them on fish and berries.

Further up the river it appeared that a sick man, to whom Mackenzie had given some simple remedy, had died, and it was feared that the death might have been attributed to this remedy. Above this point they took again to the trail. They were very suspicious of the Indians, as the Indians were of them, and were constantly alarmed; and a panic in one party was succeeded by a panic in the other. At other villages they were kindly received, and various presents were given them, and Mackenzie devotes many pages to a description of the habits of these people. When they left the friendly village each man carried about twenty pounds of fish, and they also had a little flour and some pemmican. The sick Indian was slightly better, but could not travel fast, and in crossing rapids or difficult streams Mackenzie carried him on his back.

It was now the last of July, the weather was warmer, the grass green and the wild fruits ripe. High up on the mountains, though, the snow still clung, and the frost was hard. They were now marching fast, and as they went along they recovered, from time to time, the provisions that they had hid on their westward journey. On the 4th of August they reached the place where they had left their canoe, and found all their property in good order. There was not a foot-print near their cache. The Indians whom they met near at hand were frightened at first, but soon became friendly. Notwithstanding the fact that they had left the property of the explorer absolutely untouched, they took away from the camp a variety of small articles which Mackenzie recovered by informing them that the salmon, whieh was their favorite food and necessary to their existence, eame from the sea which belonged to the white men, and that since at the entrance of the river it was possible to prevent those fish from coming up it, the white man possessed the power to starve the Indians and their children. "To avert our anger, therefore, they must return all the articles which had been stolen from us. This finesse succeeded." On a Tuesday, the 6th of August, they embarked in their eanoe on their return journey. The stream was full of salmon, and the work of pushing up the river was slow and difficult, but they were on the march toward home. Rains were frequent, but not long continued. On the 15th they reached the place where the canoe had been wrecked on the 13th of June, and made unsuccessful seareh for the bag of balls then lost. The following day they eame to the Continental Divide, and it was here that Mackenzie had the thought of transferring some living salmon from the head of the Columbia to that of the Peace River. But, like most of his men, he was now in pretty bad condition from privation, excessive labor and cold, and he was unable to carry out the desire. On thc 17th they carried across from the little lake to Peace River, and started down that stream. The passage was swift, and on the 18th they went down in one day what it had taken them seven to come up.

They were now again reduced to a short allowance of food, and Mr. Mackay and the Indians were sent ahead to try and kill something, while the remainder of the party began to repair the eanoe and to carry the baggage around the rapid, which, on their ascent, they had called Rocky Mountain Portage. About sunset Mr. Mackay returned with the flesh of a buffalo, and we may imagine what the sensations of these northmen were when they again put their teeth into this familiar food. The journey down the river continued swift, and they were careful to land at the head of each rapids and inspect it, but the canoe being light they passed over most places without diffieulty. The hunters killed fat meat, and Mackcnzie gives an idea of the appetites by saying that the ten people and a dog, in three meals, ate up an elk.

On the 23d they were passing through a beautiful country full of buffalo, and on this day they killed a buffalo and a bear. On the 24th of August they rounded a point, and came in view of the fort. "We threw out our flag and accompanied it with a general discharge of firearms, while the men were in such spirits, and made such an active use of their paddles, that we arrived before the two men whom we left here in the spring could recover their senses to answer us. Thus we landed at four in the afternoon at the plaee which we felt on the 9th of May. Here my voyages of discovery terminate. Their toils and their dangers, their solicitudes and sufferings have not been exaggerated in my descriptions. * * * I received, however, the reward of my labors, for they were crowned with success."

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

The Woman's View.

My Dear Complete Angler:

It seemed very queer to read your letter of cold and snow and sleighing while we are in the midst of the daily unfolding beauties of the spring. Our lawns are gay in green and gold, as Burroughs says:

"Dandelion's coin of gold is freshly minted on the lawn,"

and the children, little misers, are eagerly clutching at the yellow treasure. I saw a magnolia warbler this morning, and a purple finch yesterday; our fruit trees are lovely in pink and white. Don't these things make you a bit envious?

Don't buy a ranch and stay out there forever. If you do I shall run away and hide myself in some vast wilderness and turn misanthrope; perhaps I shall lose my mind. I'll go to some lone mountain hut and live by myself, and some day I'll jump off a rock and the leaves will eover me, and no one but the bluejays will know what has become of me. Now, will you be good?

Violets have I, adder's tongue, arbutus, early meadow rue, bishop's cap, Jack-in-the-pulpit and columbine in my room to-day. I shall get up before breakfast in a day or two and go to see the columbines dance on the cliffs in the sunshine. The last time I was there (Ah! it was a year ago), I was not alone; I had a long, long tramp over the fields, ate my luncheon from a hill top at sundown, came home in the sweet April twilight and heard at dusk the woodcoek's song, the whistling marmot and the bush sparrow. And everything I saw and heard was enhanced because I was not alone, and the memory of it all is doubly dear because I was not alone.

Now, I must tell you what a beautiful day I had yesterday.

Two enthusiastic fishermen who let Prudence and me accompany them on a fishing expedition a week ago, little thought what would grow out of their indulgence. We had enjoyed our outing and pretended to fish, but it was most tantalizing to be confined to the banks when the men waded the stream, and to be told that further down where they went there were no end of beauties and trout and adventure denied us who calmly meandered on the banks where the walking was good and where the trout disdained even to nibble at our bait. True, these same boastful fishermen came back that first day without a single trout to show for their long absence, but there was that in their faces that spoke of other things caught besides trout, and Prudence and I vowed a vow, and the next few days saw the fulfilment of said vow.

Accordingly, when yesterday, after a drive of twenty miles up in the wilds of Sullivan county to Serrine Brook, we reached that enchanting spot, Prudence and I mysteriously disappeared with sundry bundles from under the wagon seat; after some hesitation and much trepidation we emerged from our hiding place minus encumbering skirts, soberly clad in dark gray blouses and Turkish trousers, with high rubber boots and soft felt hats, armed for the fray with creel and rod. Never till then did I know the meaning of emancipation. To be able to wade that stream, to step boldly over logs, to go and come without the hampering thoughts that always cling to the skirted creature, ah! how we exulted in our new-found freedom. No wonder men are called the lords of creation when they ean stride over barriers insurmountable to the feeble being in skirts. Intoxicated with our freedom, I should have found delight enough in its realization had the day held no other pleasures.

We set out at 5 o'clock in the morning and were in the brook fishing at 9.

All day we fished except when we stopped for dinner. The long drive over the mountain there and back was delightful, and that brook! How you would have enjoyed it. Masses of rhododendrons on the banks gave it a semi-tropical look (like rubber plants and orange leaves), and the running water and the mossy stones and logs—every glance back was a beautiful pieture.

I caught—took, I mean—four trout; two others got away before I could land them. They were all small; my largest one was not much over seven inches. We brought back twenty-six, none of them very big; we had to throw a lot more back that were under size.

Such quantities of arbutus as there were in the woods about us! but we were so consumed with the angler's ardor that we only gathered a little while going back to camp.

What a day it was! Out of sight and hearing of each other nearly all day long, except when we met at dinner, yet none of us thought of being lonely. I found myself singing once or twice in sheer delight with the scene and the solitude, singing while wading knee deep in that hurrying stream.

When I pulled out the first trout it was different from what I had expected. I felt quite calm, but found myself saying aloud, "Honestly?" I could hardly credit it—a real trout on my hook—but I proceeded to take him off as though I had done it all my life. Then the reaction came. By the time I began to rebait my hook I was so hurried and excited that it seemed I could never get that worm on. A worm never squirmed so before, I'm sure. I put my trophy on the bank near a wake robin, and feverishly returned to my fishing as though my very life depended upon it. It wasn't long before I took the second trout, then two little fellows got away from me, then we had dinner, and in the afternoon I got several bites—strikes, I mean—each one a distinct event which made memorable the spots where they occurred, and two more trout, and at 6 o'clock we came away. A bare outline as I look back upon the day. It seems a funny thing to spend all that time contentedly, and only catch four trout, but you know better than I can tell you how much else I caught—how full the beautiful day was. Oh, I caught a little green crab, too, and saw a garter snake, and found a yellow violet and some tiny white ones, and quantities of blue ones, and oh, the strawberry blossoms, and the arbutus—literally carpets of it—I found in a wood road that led back to where we met for dinner.

We built a camp-fire and had a gypsy dinner on the banks of the stream. Our horses standing near, the covered wagon, the blankets spread on the ground—these gave a touch of real gypsy life. And how good our coffee tasted, and the broiled chops! But we were eager to be done with dinner, appetitizing as it was, and get back to the alluring stream.

I wanted to write to you about it all last night while the experience was fresh with me, but my aching eyes and an unwonted prudence stayed my hand. Long after I put out my light, until I fell asleep, I could see the varied pictures of the day—the shad blow's feathery beauty all along the mountains, the blood roots, violets and anemones in clumps as we drove by, the dandelions in the grass, the cowslips in the meadows, the plum and cherry and peach blossoms, and then up on the mountains the rocks and the bare trees, with the dark evergreens in scattered patches, and the frequent gleam of the shad bush in the midst of the brown and naked trees.

What a forlorn stretch of country up there in the mountains where the pole shavers dwell—a shiftless lot of people who live in hovels remotely scattered in the wilds. Such miserable, neglected looking children swarming at the doors and windows, too. They peered at us in curious timidity from eyes half hid by their tumbled, tawny locks. The hollows in the road over which we jolted were filled in with shavings from the poles. These people just manage to eke out the barest kind of subsistence at this work. It was depressing to think how poor and mean their lives are. What makes it so much more deplorable is that dwelling in the midst of this wild beauty they are blind to it all. If they had the compensation of sensing the beauty, one could feel that they were amply repaid for much that they lose—much that we feel so necessary to our existence, but no, they are utterly incapable of seeing and feeling all this which had been such a boon to me the whole livelong day. It was this that made me pity them more than anything else, more than for the poverty and the squalor of their benighted lives.

Of course, all that I experienced yesterday was novel to me, but an old story to you. Just go back in your memory to the first time you tried to manage a pole—rod, I should say—and a perverse fish hook, and the line that shows an aptitude for doing just the thing it ought not to do. Why, I had some of the most tantalizing experiences with my hook and line that are conceivable, yet I suppose every full-fledged angler knows all about similar experiences. It made me think of the title of one of the popular novels—"The Disentanglers." I would get so exasperated, then the perversity of the thing would be so extreme that I was forced to quell my irritation and smile a grim smile as I wondered helplessly to what lengths such perversity would go. Many a time I found myself reflecting on the excellent practice in patience one could get from an attempt to fish for trout.

Of course, it is bad enough to catch your hook in stones or logs or grass so deep in the water that you have to bare your arm to the elbow and poke around till your fingers ache unbearably with the cold, to release your hook; and your frantic efforts to disentangle your line from rhododendron leaves and the tiny twigs and buds of overhanging branches; these are all bad enough, I'll allow, but you haven't encountered the worst thing that comes to you along this line until you have succeeded in hooking yourself in the trousers so far behind you that you are like a dog chasing his tail, as you twist and struggle to liberate that perverse hook. This I did twice

yesterday. It was maddening! How I tugged and tugged at that hook, but the serge of my bloomers is new and strong; it wouldn't give way, and all the time there were the most promising looking pools, while there I was self-caught—a most ludicrous sight, and miles away, for all I knew, from any one to help me. Finally, I bethought myself of my hatpin; with that I managed to tear, one by one, the strong fibres of those new bloomers, and to release myself from my own net. If the truth must be told, the greater part of my time was spent extricating myself from various predicaments. I had many a laugh at my own expense at the comical positions and situations I got in from time to time. The day was warm; my thirst was often extreme. Many a time I threw myself prone on the stones, or on a log, and drank from the stream. I got so I could do it without strangling, and how good it was!

Dear me! how I have reeled off this tale. When will you tire of your ranch life and come back to civilization? Come and go with me to Serrine Brook, and we'll see who is the better angler, the modern Izaak or,

Yours faithfully,

MOLLY COTTON.

Natural History.

Feeding the Snakes in the New York Zoological Gardens.

IN the reptile house in the New York Zoological Gardens, up in the woods of the Bronx, among the huge glass cages, where giant pythons and boa constrictors lie coiled, wherein the lazy diamond-backed rattler glides inquisitively toward the glass which separates him from the visitor, and where myriads of smaller snakes hang entwined in uncanny knots in the limbs of cage trees, there is many an extraordinary happening which a visitor to the house is not allowed to see. Only during certain hours of the day—usually between 9 A. M. and sunset—are admitted to the house the thousands of sightseers who on pleasant days come to look at the marvelous collection of snakes.

Interesting as the sight is during these visiting hours, it is really less so than at other hours when visitors are not admitted. When the snakes are on view to the public they are groomed, as it were, to show off, and are on their good behavior.

But once the doors are closed and the keepers are alone with the uncanny reptiles; when Curator Raymond L. Ditmars opens the glass door of the cabinet that contains his surgical instruments, and prepares for operations that are required for the good of one or another of the inmates; then, unless interest overcomes repulsion, the stranger, who, as a special favor, has gained admittance, longs for the open air.

But it is not only the occasional tooth which must be drawn from the jaw of a boa constrictor, or the occasional growth which must be removed from the mouth of the copperhead, the rattler, or the moccasin, which is gruesome; the very feeding of the animals is an uncanny thing to contemplate, especially when it comes to seeing them fed with their own kind.

Many snakes are snake eaters, as is generally well known. Those used for feeding the big fellows are all raised at the reptile house, except such as are added to the commissary department by men who hunt the reptiles in the woods of the park itself. Over four hundred garter snakes are now being raised by Curator Ditmars for the sole purpose of multiplying and furnishing food for the long, thin gullets of the larger snakes. Of the four hundred snakes intended for breeding food for the big fellows, about two hundred may be counted upon as adding from forty-five to forty-seven snakes to the collection each year. A total of over nine thousand garter snakes is thus secured as food for the big rare snakes, in whom life must be kept at any cost or sacrifice. This total does not include many hundred snakes of other varieties that are brought into the house by the hunters who catch them in the woods of the park.

"You'd think," said Curator Ditmars to the writer, "that a sixteen-foot boa constrictor would gobble up anything which happened to come near its terrible jaws, from a mouse to a young hippopotamus. As a matter of fact, however, the great snakes are choice in their selection of food. They carry their epicureanism so far that they would rather starve than eat anything for which their delicate palates have no liking.

"To correct these suicidal tendencies the persons in charge of the reptile house have to resort to all sorts of expedient, even to violence, to make the snakes eat. Deprived of their natural food which, in the native state, consists of young antelopes, agouti, rabbits and other living animals, snakes in captivity do not take kindly to other sorts of nourishment. Rather than eat they will die.

"For months after they arrive it is impossible for us to get them to eat. As a rule, we let them go a long time before attempting to feed them. Of course, it is better if they will eat of their own accord. At times they take to the food rapidly; but I have had snakes at the reptile house which have not taken food for thirteen months.

"While starving themselves in this way they get thin and the natural gloss of their beautiful coats fades. The debilitated condition of the snake may bring on all sorts of ailments. Some get congestion of the lungs, others a species of diphtheria; some have skin diseases. When we think a snake is getting in bad condition from lack of food we have to stuff it.

"This is not so pleasant or easy as some might think. A twenty-five-foot python is not a gentle creature when handled. The muscles of these snakes are very powerful. The coils of a python could easily crush the life out of a horse. The weight and strength of a man—even of a Jeffries—would not count in a fight with a boa constrictor or a python."

The history of Curator Ditmars' efforts to make snakes eat is very interesting. When a large snake is brought to the zoological gardens it is placed in a cage and allowed to remain undisturbed for a week or two. Usually it lies quiet for this length of time.

When it begins to manifest an interest in its surroundings, food is offered it in the shape of a plucked chicken on which the head and feet are allowed to remain. The chicken has to be absolutely fresh. Snakes are extremely fastidious in the matter of food, and should the meat be the least bit tainted they reject it at once. As every one knows, most snakes are fond of very young birds, and the plucked chicken is offered at first because it resembles a bird just out of the egg.

In a snake's delicate tongue seem to reside all his sensory organs except that of sight. The snake whips out his tongue with lightning rapidity and ascertains whether or not his food is fresh. If his preliminary investigation proves satisfactory, he goes ahead with his meal in a very leisurely fashion.

The chicken is swallowed whole, as snakes do not masticate their food. The powers of accommodation possessed by their jaws, however, is something marvelous. A snake can easily swallow an animal four times its own diameter. In fact, boa constrictors manage to get into their throats even fair sized deer and other large animals.

In killing the prey in their native state they constrict it tightly in their folds until all movement on the part of the doomed animal ceases. The popular idea that they first crush the bones before beginning the swallowing process is erroneous.

Mr. Ditmars has observed some very remarkable phenomena in connection with the digestive powers of the large snakes. It seems that the gastric juices of their stomachs are so powerful that they dissolve even the bones and teeth of the animals they have swallowed. A peculiar fact is that on occasions when the snake has accidentally swallowed one of its own teeth the tooth will be found undigested; whereas the teeth of its prey always disappear in the snake's digestive process.

When a valued snake in the New York Zoo refuses to take kindly to plucked chicken, and lets months roll by without any evident intention to eat, no matter how enticing the food which is offered it, measures have to be taken to prevent it from committing suicide. Usually large snakes are placed in cages with several others of their kind. It is a difficult matter to extract from his cage one of the snakes without exciting the others.

The greatest precautions have to be taken by those conducting the food-compelling operations. Under Curator Ditmars are assistants Charles Snyder, Frederick Dahl and George Stockesdale. It is the province of the first named assistant to enter the python cage and throw blankets over the heads of the snakes which are not to be fed.

This task is not free from danger. Aside from the fact that the snakes might envelop the man in their coils, the man runs great risks from bites. The bite of the python, anaconda, and others of his class, is not poisonous, but it is very painful.

These snakes have well developed teeth and powerful jaws. There are four rows of teeth in the upper jaw and two in the lower. The teeth are very sharp. When a boa constrictor bites he shuts his mouth tightly and pulls back with his strong neck muscles. This tears the flesh and makes a frightful wound.

Watching his opportunity and ready to leap from the cage at the slightest sign of danger, Assistant Snyder throws a small gray blanket over the head of each snake. As soon as the snake's head is covered by the blanket he remains quiet, as a rule. There are times, however, when the snake resents being blanketed in this fashion, and insists on popping his head out as soon as the blanket touches him. At times it takes several hours to get the heads of the snakes covered.

When the snakes have been covered the one to be fed is seized by the body just back of the head. With a remarkably quick movement the head of the snake is then drawn from the cage.

As soon as the snake has been pulled from his cage he begins to resent the treatment. His coils mount up with wonderful rapidity. At this point, Assistants Dahl and Stockdale throw thmselves upon the reptile and prevent him from constricting. The greatest care has to be taken in performing this task in order not to let the snake get the folds of his body about any of the men.

They keep well outside the terrible circles by jumping over the snake's body whenever he gets them in "chancery," as it were. This often requires a nimbleness on the part of the assistants which would be almost laughable were it not so fraught with danger.

When the body of the snake has been drawn entirely out of the cage, from twelve to fifteen other men throw their weight on the folds of the snake and compel it to remain in a straight line.

The snake is then carried out into a large room in the reptile house, where its enforced meal awaits it. Usually a meal for one of the big anacondas or pythons consists of five or six guinea pigs strung together. They have been killed and soaked in water previous to the feeding hour. The guinea pigs are attached to a long pole. The jaws of the snake are forced open, and this pole, with the pig's attached, is thrust down the snake's throat. When the pole has passed down about one-sixth of the snake's length, it is withdrawn minus the guinea pigs.

Up to this time the snake has offered very little resistance, save for the first rebellious paroxysm. Now, however, he begins to assert himself very forcibly. He makes desperate efforts to rid himself of his meal by a series of convulsions which would do credit to any contortionist. It seems to an onlooker as if he were trying to tie himself in knots, from a half hitch to a "granny." The fifteen men are swayed about as if they were mere children. It requires all their combined force to keep the reptile straight. If once he is allowed to draw himself into a knot coil all the feeding has to be done over again.

After about five minutes' of strenuous effort to free himself from the hands of his captor the snake seems finally to reconsider his decision not to swallow his food. One can observe the guinea pigs go down through the body of the reptile in the form of a great lump. When it has reached about half the length it comes to a standstill.

The snake is now taken back to the cage. The door is opened and the head of the snake is thrust in. The rest of his body is forced in after him, and the door is closed with a sharp snap—sometimes just in time to prevent the other snakes from darting out; for, while the absent snake is being fed, they usually emerge from their blankets and are on the *qui vive* for a chance to get out as soon as the door is opened.

When the fed snake finds himself back in his cage he begins to take life easily once more. In one corner of his abode is a tank of water. Into this he crawls, coiling his folds about until he lies in a compact heap, with his head beneath the surface of the water. Here he will remain, occasionally coming to the surface to breathe, for many days. He is digesting his dinner. This is a rather slow process.

Several of the larger snakes in the collection are fed in this way about once every ten days. After two or three compulsory feedings boa constrictors begin to take to their food naturally. They will eat, when they have become used to captivity, rats, mice, chickens, rabbits and small birds and animals.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Short Talks on Taxidermy.

II.—Skinning the Bird.

IT IS not well to begin to skin a specimen immediately after it has been killed. It should lie for an hour or two, in order that it may cool and the blood and other juices of the body somewhat harden. If the bird be skinned too soon, the blood is likely to flow freely, and to make more or less trouble by wetting and soiling the feathers. You will provide against an undue amount of moisture in your specimen by having at hand a saucer or small dish of fine corn meal, which is to be sprinkled over—and will dry up—any moisture that makes its appearance.

A small pine table is good to skin on, and it is well to spread over this an open newspaper, which, at the end of the work, can be rolled up, with all the loose feathers, bits of flesh, scattered poison, etc., in it, and then can be thrust into the kitchen fire. Of course, one can skin a bird on his knee, or on pretty nearly any support when he knows how, but it is just as well to work, at first, at least, in the way which is easiest.

Suppose that you have returned to the house, have spread out your various implements on the table; have your specimen now cool and rigid before you. Look closely at the bird as it lies there. If you are going to make a skin, your ambition should be to so prepare the specimen that it will look as nearly as possible like the dead bird. Note, therefore, the appearance of the bird as it lies on its back. Its bill neither sticks straight up in the air, nor points directly out in the line of the body, but is turned up at an angle of 30 of 40 degrees with the horizontal. The bird is plump and round throughout, but the breast is fuller than the belly. The points of the wings almost meet under the tail, and the feathers of the sides of the neck and breast cover the margin of the wing at its bend and part way back to the tip. If you turn the bird on its side you will see that the back is not flat from side to side, but is rounded, and that when the bird is lying on its back the shoulders do not fall down and rest on the table, but stand up above it. The sides of the head about the eyes are more or less flat, yet the eye itself is full. If your skin is to be a good one it must resemble the dead bird.

After you have considered the specimen and have its form pretty well in your eye, you may as well begin to take off the skin. The stiffest and longest parts of the bird, and those least easy to handle, are the wings. For convenience in handling, it is customary to break the wing bones close to the body, except in cases where it is desired to mount a bird with spread wings; but we are now talking only about making skins. For a small bird you may, with your forceps, or your pliers, crush each wing bone close to the body on either side. Now place the bird on its back on the table, lying so that you can conveniently use your right hand in skinning. Some of the books recommend that the bird's head should be directed to the left; others, that it should point away from you. It really makes no difference, the desirable point being that it should lie so that it is most convenient to your hand. The feathers of the breast and belly must be parted by the fingers of the left hand, if you are right handed, and the naked skin exposed. Take your medium-sized knife, one with the blade not over two inches long, and make a cut from the middle of the breast bone down toward the tail, until you reach the vent. Since you merely wish to separate the skin from the body you should try to cut only through the skin. Over the breast muscles, where the cut begins, it makes very little difference whether you cut deep or not, but when you have passed beyond the breast, and are cutting through the skin over the belly, you must make short strokes, otherwise you are likely to cut not only through the skin, but through tissues covering the belly, and even into the intestines; and if you do this you will set free more or less fluid matter, which will be in your way and will very likely soil the feathers. If an undue amount of moisture appears, scatter a pinch or two of the cornmeal over it, and this will keep the fluid from spreading.

When you have cut down to the vent, take the skin on the left-hand side of the cut in your thumb and finger and lift it up, and then introduce the flat handle of your scalpel, if this is the implement you are using, and work it around, backward and forward, pushing the body of the bird away from the skin. With a little practice you can do this very quickly, and with entire safety to the skin; whereas, if you use the edge of the knife, you may either cut the skin, or cut more or less flesh from the body, which will afterward have to be cleaned off from the skin.

After you have worked the skin away from the body you will see just about opposite the posterior end of the breast bone the knee of the bird sticking up inside the skin. Take hold of this, either with the right-hand fingers, or with the point of the knife and the thumb, and with the forefinger and thumb of the left hand work the skin down toward the foot, always pushing the skin, never pulling it; then cut the leg off at the knee joint, either by pressing with your knife against your thumb, or with the scissors, and cut the flesh through to the skin. Be careful, however, not to cut through the skin. This can be avoided by holding your left forefinger under the skin, while the thumb holds the leg below the knee; then as the knife is pressed down through the flesh toward the

skin you will feel it on your left forefinger, and can avoid cutting too deep.

Now, turn the bird around end for end; that is to say, if, when you began, it lay with its tail toward you, now turn it so that it lies with its head toward you. Or, if when you started the head was to your left, turn it around so that the head points to the right, and perform on the other side of the bird precisely the operations that you did before. When you have completed them, both the legs are cut off. Now, taking the bird in your left hand, place it on the end of its breast, with the back toward you and so that the tail sticks straight up in the air. Bend the tail over toward your body, introduce the point of your knife under the tail bone, that is to say, just in front of what would be the pope's nose in a turkey, and placing your thumb on the bone, cut through it. Do this carefully, and above all, do not put your knife in deep enough to cut the skin on top of the tail, and do not be so violent in cutting through this bone as to permit your sharp knife to cut your thumb. For this cut the scissors may be used, but even with them you must be careful not to cut the skin over the tail.

Now push down the tail and its attached skin, and you will see that it will begin to slip easily from the almost fleshless bones of the back. You should hold the tail bone between thumb and forefinger of right hand and push the skin down the back with the left.

Beware of pulling the skin under any circumstances. In working it down over the back either use your thumb nail or the handle of your scalpel, and do not work in one place only, but push the skin down evenly all around the back and sides. You will find that it will go very easily, and before you know it the tail bone and the thighs will be free from the skin. It is easy to keep working the skin down until the neck near the body and the wings are free. The wing bones having been broken, the wings are attached to the breast only by some strings of muscle, which are to be cut through. Then, holding the bird's body in your left hand, grasp the inside of the skin on both sides of the breast between the right thumb and forefinger, press the two flaps of the skin together, and holding them firmly, move the hand down toward the head, and you will see that the skin will strip smoothly and easily from the breast, and your whole bird skin, turned inside out, will be hanging to the body by the bird's neck.

Still remembering not to pull on the skin in any way, put your right thumb and fingers close around the bird's neck bone, and gently shove the skin down toward the head. It will slip along, and finally turn over the head, just as a glove finger turns inside out, until presently you will see the back of the bird's head, and the skin will hang to the carcass only by certain attachments about the head.

It must be remembered that this cannot be done with all birds; for ducks, woodpeckers, and some other birds, have the head too large—or the neck too small—to be turned inside out in this way. Mention will be made of this later.

The two most obvious attachments of the skin to the skull are now the ear membranes, which run back into the ear cavities on either side of the back of the skull. These must not be cut, but should be seized between the thumb and finger nails, close to the skull, and pulled gently out. They may tear, but if the work is done carefully they will not tear much. When both are loosened, the skin will slip down a very short distance, to catch again at the eyes.

The removal of these is somewhat more difficult, for care must be taken not to cut the eyelids, and not to cut into the eye, which is full of moisture that if broken will run out through the bill and may ruin the skin. Either with your forceps or with your finger nails, lift the skin away from the skull, and cutting close to the skull, directing the edge of your knife forward, you will soon cut through the tissue which unites the eyelid and the eye, and after you have done this it is easy to continue cutting this tissue, and to avoid touching either of the delicate parts. Do the same thing on the other side, and then push the skin down to the bill. Then take the handle of your scalpel and thrust it into the eye socket, just in front of the eye, and scoop the eye out. It will come easily, and no great force need be exerted. The same thing is to be done on the other side. Then, with the blade of your knife, cut the neck off close to the skull; or, if the bird is small, cut away the back and under part of the skull, without, however, interfering with the jaw bones. If properly done enough of the skull will be taken away to permit you to introduce into the brain cavity either the handle of your scalpel, or a flattened stick, with which all the brain must be removed. If there is much flesh about the jaws, or the roof of the mouth, remove it by taking your scissors and cutting out a triangular slice of bone parallel with the jaws. The point of the scissors should be introduced just within the mandible at the back, and a cut made parallel with the mandible, and reaching forward to below the eye. A similar cut on the other side will meet the first one, and the wedge of bone with its adhering flesh can be lifted out. Your skin is now free from the body, and needs only to be cleaned, poisoned and turned back again.

AMATEUR.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A New Dusky Grouse.

IN Vol. XX. of the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, Mr. Frank M. Chapman, Assistant Curator of Birds and Mammals in the Museum, describes a new grouse from California. This is a hitherto unnoticed form of the dusky or blue grouse, to which Mr. Chapman has given the name of *Dendragapus obscurus sierræ*; the blue grouse of the Sierra or high mountains. The new form differs from the sooty grouse in being much paler above, but with heavier cross markings of brown and gray above, in the practical absence of neck tufts, whiter throat and paler under parts. Its range is given as California, in the forested portions of the Transition and Boreal zones, east of the humid coast belt and south from the Sierra to Mt. Pinos, north to Fort Klamath, Ore.

Mr. Chapman has made an extensive comparison of this new form with the older ones, and concludes that although the Sierra grouse more nearly resembles *obscurus* than it does *fuliginosus*, it apparently has been derived from the latter rather than from the former. In other words, it represents the southern extension of the northwest coast form and not a westward extension of the Rocky Mountain form.

What Bird is This?

KALAMAZOO, Mich., April 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice a query in your Natural History columns by F. M., "What Bird is This?"

We have the greater and least bitterns in large numbers in this neighborhood. In the spring—their breeding season—they make the peculiar noise F. M. speaks of. They can be heard a great distance, and the cry sounds like a person throwing rocks in the water very rapidly. Some of my neighbors call them pile drivers. I have never been able to see them when they go through this performance.

A. R.

What is the Egg?

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The egg mentioned by J. L. Davison in this week's issue would seem to be that of the English starling.

No end of these birds have wintered in New York city for several years, and while I was not aware that the starling's range had extended so far as Lockport, it is not improbable that a few birds have wandered that far.

Like its fellow winter resident, the English sparrow, the starling seems to be getting into the habit of breeding early and often.

H. S. A.



GAME BAG AND GUN

Condemned to Death.

MY doctor had just left me. He had been with me for two hours. He had examined me thoroughly and scientifically. He had tried to be kind. He wanted to get away without telling me, but I had cornered him, and demanded to know how I was and what was the matter with me. I had fainted in my office and been carried to my rooms the day before. Finally he told me, in the kindest way possible, that I had not over a month to live. I asked him why, and what was the matter of me. He said, "You have burnt yourself out. You have overworked. You could have saved yourself if you had quit a year or six months ago, or even three months ago, but you are almost gone, and have one kind of consumption." I asked if there was no hope. "None," says he, "the days of miracles are past." We had been close friends, the Doc. and I, and I saw tears in his eyes. He took me by the hand, looked me long in the eye, and then went away silently.

I lay on my couch dazed. Where were my great financial ambitions now? What would my prospective millions be worth to me now, if I had them? Suppose that I had lived on ten, twenty or thirty years more, and piled on to the ample fortune that I already had, and was then facing what I was now? What would it all be worth to me? Nothing. I would then regret that I had not taken some pleasure in life, and that I had not taken time to bring round me a home and more friends. Then my thoughts ran on, and I saw that I had already made just as bad a mistake, although the figures were not quite so large. Here I am, thirty-eight years old, with no family and no relatives to speak of; wealthy, respected, and well known in the business world, and condemned to die. I would give it all to exchange places with a strong, healthy working man, that goes home to his family at night satisfied with his life. Well, I can soon get ready to go. An hour with my lawyer to-morrow, a few papers to sign, a few friends to see, and I will drop out, and a few days later I will be forgotten. Then I drop away and sleep.

I dream, and again I am a boy at play on my father's farm. I am in the forest, silence is around me; even the birds are still. How sweet the air, and how beautiful the colors. This is surely rest, and such satisfying rest. I breathe in the fragrance, and sleep on. Some one speaks and I awake. It is the doctor. His kind heart has called him back to me. He tries to look cheery, and says, "Well, old man, how do you feel now?" "Wait," I reply. Then, as I came out from my sleep and my dream and to myself, it seemed that I could still smell the fresh grass and green leaves. I sighed, "I feel better since I went to the woods." He glanced at me and smiled. "So you have dreamed," said he. "No," I replied, "I really went." We were both silent for some time, then a new resolution took hold of me. "Doc.," I says, "if I have got to die I am going to die in the woods, and the farther back in the woods the better I shall like it, and I want to be buried right where I die." His reply was, "If you had done that three months ago you would have had a chance to live." So it was fixed. My lawyers came. I signed a will, naming some far away cousins and some, no doubt, good charities, of which I knew nothing. Deeds were signed and a telegram sent to a long, gaunt man that I had hunted with in the north, and he came, and he and I started on a long trip. We finally stopped, and high mountains were all around us. A buckboard and team with driver were there, and we drove for several hours through gorges, over hills and in beautiful valleys, where all was green and the sparkling water laughed in the bright sunshine. Then we stopped at a rude but beautiful log house. A big man with a great beard came out, and a gentle, kind-faced lady took me by the hand and said, "Welcome," and I was at home.

Then began my first real life. My long Yankee friend, whom I will call Joe, took me in hand. We walked out early, and Joe would not let me sit down till I told him I was tired. Then more walks. Later on he took along a trout rod, and I fished for trout. And such trout as these were. Joe had a faculty of keeping me interested in something; he never seemed to give me time to think of myself. One week went by, and I had not had time to think much about dying. Another week, and I could feel myself stronger. With my hand I felt the muscles of my legs and shouted, "Joe, I am not going to die." A broad grin spread over his face, and he said, "I've knowed thet fer a week." Could it be true? Joe urged care and going slow, and we went slow, but each day increased our walks, and finally a rifle was added to the trout rod, and then came life in earnest. A deer was shot. As I gained in strength, higher up the mountain we went, and an elk dropped before my rifle; and I realized that I was a well man again, and far stronger than I had ever been before. But what a change had come over me. I had no desire for the old life. In fact, I had a dread of a thought of the city. The forest had saved me, and I belonged to the forest and the mountains. The waterfalls called me, the rocky streams talked with me, and the green earth welcomed me to my proper home.

Out on the plain where two rivers meet there is a ranch. It is mine and Joe's. He has a cottage there, and cares for the cowboys and me. In his home he has a prim New England wife, and two fine boys toddle round his knee. We are happy. There is not a stronger man or better rifle shot for miles around. I weigh 190 pounds.

Last fall I sent for Doc. and he came. I met him at the train on a wild bronco. I tried to shake his arm off, and shook till he plead for mercy. I offered him a bronco to ride home, but he looked the bronco over, and begged so hard that I let him ride in the buckboard, while I rode along and showed him how a "corpse" could ride.

Mrs. Joe is calling us to supper, so I will say

SO LONG.

"LYONS bones have no marrow in them, and are so hard that they will strike fire. Their neck is made of one stiff bone, without any vertebras. They have five claws on the hinder foot, and the balls of their eyes are black. Lyons eat but once in two days, and drink in like manner. Formerly in England a Lyon could tell noble blood from base. There is a variety of Lyon with human faces. As for the rest, the taile of a Lyon is very long, which they shake oftentimes, and by beating their sides therewith they provoke themselves to fight. The nether part of this taile is full of haire and gristles, and some are of opinion that there is therein a little sting wherewithal the Lyon pricketh itselfe."—Four Footed Beastes, 1607.

"THE camel hath a manifold belly, either because he hath a great body, or, because he eats Thorny and Woody substances. God hath provided for the concoction. Puddle water is sweet to him, nor will he drink of river water, till he hath troubled it with his foot. He lives a hundred years, unless the Ayre agree not with him. When they are on a journey they do not whip them forward; but they sing to them, whereby they run so fast that men can hardly follow them."—Four Footed Beastes, 1607.

Origin of N. A. Mammals.

FROM the Eighth Annual Report of the New York Zoological Society is reprinted, and issued separately, a paper of much interest to naturalists and big-game hunters. This is "The Origin and Relationships of the Large Mammals of North America," by Mr. Madison Grant, Secretary of the New York Zoological Society. It is a brief review of the living large mammals of the United States and Canada, and an attempt to trace their past history, the continent of their origin and the time of their reaching the new world.

In many respects there is a close resemblance between the faunas of the new and the old world, but even where the resemblance is most close, American naturalists—differing in this respect from those of Europe—believe that there is never specific identity—except in some circumpolar forms.

It is to the paleontologists that we must turn for information about the ancestry of existing mammals. This science has in many cases given us definite proof of descent, not only in the well-known case of the horse, but also in a number of other groups. Mr. Grant tells us of the radiation of certain groups of primitive mammals in the early tertiary, of the development and specialization of these groups, and the decline of the extraordinary and highly specialized types which has been evolved.

At the very last of the tertiary and beginning of the post-tertiary or pleistocene, the fauna of North America was numerous and varied, including camels, horses, ground sloths, elephants, and many carnivors, among them the sabre-toothed tiger. Most of these were swept away by the glaciers which followed, but Mr. Grant believes that the common deer, the pronghorn, the peccaries and the raccoons—distinctly American types—are survivors of this fauna. During tertiary time, at various intervals, broad land connections are believed to have existed between North America and the continent of Europe and Asia, over the present Bering Sea. Over such a land bridge animals might readily have passed in either direction.

The original home of the wapiti, for example, was probably in Asia, where to-day exist forms so like the American elk that they are called by their describers sub-species of *Cervus canadensis*.

The means by which animals may have reached this continent are migration by possible land bridge over the Atlantic, migration from South America, development in North America and finally—most important and most probable of all—migration from Eurasia by way of the Bering Sea. Mr. Grant believes that the raccoons, the peccaries, the pronghorn, and the typical American deer known as *Odocoileus*, all originated in North America; but the remaining large mammals, the wapiti, bison, muskox, mountain sheep, mountain goats, many cats, including the lynxes, bears, otters, wolverine, fisher, martin, mink and beaver, are all more or less recent immigrants from the northern continent of the old world. These animals are nearly all of them of northern or sub-arctic habit, and from this is drawn the inference that the land connection between the continents lay far to the north. That this land connection persisted until very recent time is inferred from the close relationship of North American mammals with the old world forms.

Mr. Grant takes up the different groups of animals and discusses them at considerable length, and his paper will be found very attractive by all who are interested in our mammals.

His First Partridge.

A FARM lay nestled among the hills bathed in the hazy sunshine of an October day; five happy, joyous boys, brothers, started from the old farmhouse on that lazy autumn day to husk corn in the field. The eldest of the lads, about twelve years of age, carried a small shotgun, two of the youngest carried a tin pail filled with apples to appease the hunger which the arduous labor they were about to begin, of husking corn and killing mice in the cornfield was sure to bring.

As they started, their father asked the eldest what he was going to do with the gun. He answered that he was going to try to shoot a hen-hawk that was in the habit of alighting on an elm tree which stood in the meadow near the cornfield. If that father could have read the boy's mind he would have discovered that his real object was not to shoot but only to try to shoot the hen-hawk, as he well knew that he could not get within gunshot of the hawk while on the tree in the meadow, but that he sought to shoot a partridge that was in the habit of drumming on a log that lay on a wooded hillside near the cornfield. To have admitted that he desired to hunt partridge might have implied that he would neglect his work at husking corn, and in that view his father might have told him to leave the gun at home. Hence the hawk story.

The boys joyously started for the cornfield, gun and all. They had not been many minutes at work before the hawk soared and circled above their heads, and descending alighted upon the elm in the meadow. Now was the opportunity; gun in hand, the boy started toward the hawk, but before he had gotten within forty rods of the tree the hawk again soared, circling high up in the sunshine. The boy at once hurriedly dived into the brush on the hillside.

He well knew where the log lay. Many times he had listened to the drumming of the bird on that log, had sat upon the log, seen stray feathers and the droppings of the bird; had even seen that proud bird strutting back and forth on the log drumming in all his glory, and had heard the whirr of his swift wings as he flew away. He had longed and longed again and again for the time to come when he could have a gun and make that bird his own. He traversed a broad circle and approached the log from the bottom of the hill, worked cautiously up the hill toward the log, his heart full of nervous anticipation wondering if the bird would be there. At length he came within sight of the log. Carefully he raised his head above the twigs and leaves that surrounded him and what a sight met his gaze. There on the log sat the bird, craning his neck first on one side and then on the other to see what caused the noise made by the approaching boy.

Immediately the boy's eyes became twice their natural size, his heart leaped into his throat, he almost ceased to breathe, and although he was within easy gunshot of the bird, he instantly resolved—through fear that he might fail of his mark—to get nearer. He dropped on his knees, crawled behind a large hemlock tree a rod or two nearer the log, again raised his head for another look. There sat the bird still craning his neck.

By this time the boy had ceased to breathe, his eyes fairly bulged out of their sockets, his heart thumped so loudly against his breast that he feared the sound it made would frighten the bird away. Although he had scarcely strength sufficient to do it, he raised the gun to his shoulder, closed his left eye, looked over the barrel of his gun with his right, aimed at the bird, pulled the trigger, and, to his utter astonishment, the bird fell backward off the log.

Then commenced a scramble through the brush to get the bird, and although he was no more than forty feet from it when he fired the gun, he stubbed his toe and fell upon the ground at least three times in making that distance. At last he tumbled over the log from which the bird had fallen, and fell, panting and exhausted, prostrate upon the ground, the expiring bird beating the ground with its wings by his side. Oh, joy! Oh, happiness complete! He had killed his first partridge. His hand was upon the bird. He held it in his arms. It was his—actually his own.

As soon as his heart ceased palpipating and he had recovered his strength sufficiently, he started on a rapid journey to the cornfield to show his trophy. Only a short stop was made in the cornfield, the work of killing mice, roasting apples and potatoes in a bonfire and husking corn instantly ceased, and five boys ran, shouting with glee, back to the dear old farmhouse again.

Reader, if you were born upon a farm and spent your childhood there you know the happiness of such a day. To roam through the woods with dog and gun, to climb the hillsides' gentle slopes, to lie upon the ground in the soft shadow of the trees, dreaming of the wonders that he would some day perform, to be startled from his reverie by the unexpected whirr of a partridge's wings or to be aroused into sudden energy by the point of the dog; these were the joys that came to that boy after that eventful day, the recollection of which still brings to his memory most exquisite charms. Many a bird fell and many a bird escaped at the crack of his gun; but, hit or miss, the love of the pursuit never left him. In after years during the struggle and turmoil of a busy life, surrounded by greed and contention, he looks back to the joys of those innocent peaceful days as something almost heavenly. To have had parents who knew only good, and sisters and brothers whom he loved beyond the power of expression who shared his pleasures—sorrows he had none—was his lot in youth, the memory of which softens his heart and awakens its best impulses. In many of the most bitter struggles that came to him later, when discouragement and despair almost destroyed all hope in his soul, the memory of those days—those happy days of his youth—returned like a sweet dream to restore again his drooping courage.

HENRY F. COUPE.

Deers' Powers of Scent.

LAST summer the question of the power of scent in animals was discussed in FOREST AND STREAM, and I was tempted to join in the fray, but the subject seemed to be in the hands of those of greater experience than mine, so I kept out of harm's way. But now that I have the time to write, as I did not then, and as Jack Frost has probably checked the blood thirst of those who raised their manes and lowered their horns against each other over Kipling's lines, I dare make a report of one instance that five deer showed conclusively that they possessed the power of scent.

In the spring of 1897 I with others was engaged in digging prospect holes in the quartz rocks of the Boar Tusk group of mountains in Polk county, Arkansas, seeking gold and silver, and four of us lived in a 12 x 16 board shanty, from January until July, in the heart of the woods and mountains.

About the last of March we sunk a prospect hole upon a quartz lode, four miles from the cabin, and as the leaves were filled with wood-ticks, and partially hid the snakes, we burned the country over one very damp foggy morning, and following our blazed trail we started to make a path to and from the cabin. On the fourth morning after the burning of the leaves three of us had passed over the trail and had reached the foot of the last mountain we must cross to reach our work, when we sat down upon a log to take a short rest before climbing the mountain side. While resting one of us saw five deer about half a mile further north, on the side of the mountain, slightly below us, to which he called the attention of the others, and then we silently watched them as they came up within an eighth of a mile of where we were, and then turned off at an angle and walked away from us to a distance of a third of a mile, when their course led them to the trail we were making. With loud snorts from some of the herd they all stretched their necks and put their noses to the ground, and then one took the lead and with nose close to the ground took the trail and started toward us, the others following, all seemingly following the scent of the trail like a well-broken dog about to flush a quail, stepping slowly, as if ready to come to a point at any moment. In this manner they came up within thirty yards of where we were sitting, when the trail, turning around the top of a fallen tree, and when they were almost in a line with us on the log, a slight breath of air from the mountain side passed from behind us direct to the deer, then up came every head, and no dogs in the hunting field ever made finer points than those deer made on us, standing like statues for probably one or two minutes, until one of the party said, "I'm going to throw a rock at them," and reached for one. At this the herd broke from their point, and ran off about 100 yards, and then all stopped and faced us again, but on the movements made in throwing the rock they all turned and loped over the hill out of sight. This herd consisted of three old ones and what we judged to be two yearlings, three does and one large and one small buck, and the strangest thing about their actions was that the largest buck was following the smaller one, and the last one upon the trail, while the does were all in front of the bucks, with the largest one in the lead. Why they acted as they did, unless they did not follow the scent will have to be explained by some one who understands deer better than

W. F. R.

A Hunt in Costa Rica.

THE afternoon of an October day, 1902, found me at Las Lomas station, a small village on the railroad line running from Port Limon to San José, the capital of Costa Rica, Central America. This was to be my starting point for a trip into the southeastern part of Costa Rica after peccaries (wild pigs), and any other game found in this locality. The way was to be through the jungle, filled with swamps, poisonous snakes and wild animals, with here and there an Indian village.

Las Lomas boasted of a few huts and a commissary, to the manager of which I had a letter asking him to find me two reliable men to pack my things and act as guides. That night I spent at the commissary listening to stories of adventures with animals and venomous snakes, among them the deadly coral snake, with which, later on, I formed a closer and dreadful acquaintance.

The next morning found me up before daybreak. My two men were ready. They were Jamaica negroes, and both good hunters. I would rather have a good Jamaica negro than a dozen native peons. They are trustworthy, interested in the work, and cheerful companions on a hunting trip. I had with me one 12-bore shotgun, a .30-30 carbine rifle and a pistol, beside the long knife or machete always carried in that country.

The first half day was easy going, as we followed well beaten paths through large rubber plantations. No game was seen, but occasionally a beautiful tucan or some other bright tropical bird flashed across our path, and we heard the call of the wild turkey off in the distance. This is not the turkey of the north, but a much smaller bird of dull plumage with a small head and shrill call.

After leaving the rubber trees, the going became harder. Here a small stream was to be crossed, there a large fallen tree to be clambered over—a tree quite unlike those of the north, being covered and wrapped with creepers and foliage in every direction. When one of these trees falls it carries down this mass in a grand jumble, which continues to live and grow. You may judge how vegetation thrives in the tropics when by actual calculation and measurement a wild bamboo has been known to grow twenty-four feet in nineteen days, and a wild banana tree eight feet in six days. Under such conditions one can see what a dense thicket is formed by the falling of a tree 150 feet high.

In places such as this one man advanced and cut the tangle of creepers even waist high, the others followed, sometimes crouching, other times creeping on hands and knees, but always with eyes wide open to guard against poisonous reptile or spider. This continued till almost dark, and it was then time to look for a camp for the night. At last a place was discovered on a small hill and fairly clear of undergrowth. After leveling with our machetes all the growth over the space needed, the two men cut down some black palms, made a lean-to, and covered it with palm leaves. They then collected enough wood to keep the fire going, and spread down rubber blankets and coverings. The camp being ready for occupancy, some coffee, bread and a can of corned beef brought from the commissary made up our evening bill of fare, and after a pipe full everybody turned in. The day had been a hard one, and we wanted to rise early and start by daylight.

Our troubles now began. I was almost in the arms of Morpheus when the gnats began their work, but by crawling entirely under the blanket and leaving just the merest hole to breathe through I could escape them. I fell fast asleep, but suddenly began to dream that I was tied to a tree and that Indians were amusing themselves by sticking spears into me. They kept coming closer and closer, and at last I awoke to find that part of the dream was true; something was sticking spears into me, but not Indians. In making the lean-to the men had interfered with the road belonging to a city of ants and they had resented it. The rest of the night was spent hunting ants, and to this day I carry the marks of that struggle.

At last the sky showed the approach of day. After a hasty breakfast of coffee and bread we started again, up hill and down, now cutting and now crawling. At noon we stopped for a hunk of bread and a smoke, and now at any moment we expected to come in sight of the Indian village. Once during the morning we had crossed an old pig trail and the track of a tapir, and stopped to listen to the call of a turkey, but so distant that we did not seek it.

At three in the afternoon we had come on a well beaten path that led to the Indian village we were looking for, where we were to make our permanent camp. The head man or chief came to meet us. After I had given him to understand that I desired to stay there and hunt, and wanted a house of some kind, he commenced to bargain. If I would give him my rifle when I left he would give me a fine house, or even the shotgun might do. I explained to him that I would very gladly do so, only I should more than likely use up all the shells, and then what use would be the gun to him? Well, then, would I give him so much money, naming enough to keep him in luxury for a year. No, I would not do that; but I offered to pay for a guide to go with me hunting, giving him and his people all the meat I shot. After much haggling this was agreed upon, with the addition of a few dollars for himself, and I was introduced to my quarters.

The Cherripos were supposed to have among them some of the best hunters in Costa Rica, and they were. But how they lived, or rather how their children lived to grow up and prolong the race, I could never see, for almost every child was a weakling, deformed from the want of proper nourishment and given to eating sand and dirt, which causes them to lose their teeth and hair, and nine times out of ten die. The greater part of the evening was spent by a large fire in front of the hut in interviewing aspirants for the position of guide.

That night I had dinner with my new friends, and when it was brought, in one big earthen dish containing some sort of stew, I did not want to ask just what it was.

for when one is hungry and far away from table appointments they do not stop to question, so with a tortilla for a plate, everybody, including the domestic animals, gathered around this family dish, scooping out their portion. At dusk everyone turned in; the family laid on mats and the writer on his blankets, and what a night! filled as the hut was, and though it was not quite as bad as the night with the ants, it would have been more conducive to a night's good sleep if the family house pig had refrained from snoring.

After donning hunting costume and taking breakfast at daybreak and stuffing a few tortillas in our pocket bag, we were ready to travel. I found the most comfortable costume for hunting in the tropics to consist of a pair of ordinary high rubber soled canvas tennis shoes, canvas leggins, and overalls, with a thin undershirt and kerchief, your ammunition in a good heavy belt thrown over one shoulder and strapped under the armpit on the other side. Matches, tobacco, and food were carried in a small bag hanging from the other shoulder. This leaves one light of foot, so that he can follow a trail all day. The advantage of the canvas shoes is that one may carry a half dozen pairs of such shoes to one pair of heavy hunting boots, and thus one can always start in the morning with dry shoes. This costume is as near a copy as a white man can come to the hunter of the tropics, who goes without shoes, but wraps his legs from the ankle to the knee in an old piece of canvas as a protection from the thorns and snakes, but leaves his feet bare.

We started out for a large swamp where peccaries had been seen a short time before. The Indian led the way, going straight through the trackless forest. After an hour we came to where footmarks were visible and wallows in all directions, but the animals had left the day before. The track where they had started off was well defined, so after them we went, up hill and down, sometimes crawling on hands and knees through a tangle of creepers, but never daring to make any noise for fear they were close at hand. Once in a while the boom of a monkey would come from somewhere away up over one's head. The monkeys are great black fellows called black howlers. Their booming can be heard a long distance. They are perfectly fearless, never moving, even after you have shot in among them.

We followed the tracks of the peccaries till noon, and then stopped to take a little refreshment, as the guide said they were traveling steadily and it might be impossible to come up to them. These animals are of two types, the smaller peccary which run in herds of not more than twenty-five are marked with a light brown stripe or collar across the shoulders, and are of uniform dark gray with heavy bristles. The larger ones are of the same color, but without the stripe or collar and with a white jaw and underpart of throat. These travel in droves of fifty to a hundred. They feed while traveling, sometimes taking a direct path or swinging around in circles so as to keep near some favorite wallow.

After a few minutes' rest we were up and going again, this time leaving the pig track and starting to make a circuit around to the village. We had just crossed a small stream and begun to climb a hill when the guide stopped, saying, "Pigs," for he smelt them; none of us were thus educated. Then, by his instructions, we spread out and began to creep along the way the guide pointed. In a few moments all of us recognized that pigs were close by, the odor was strong, like that noticed in entering the animal house in a zoological garden. Suddenly grunts could be heard, and then we saw them wallowing in the mud. There appeared to me (who had never before seen the wild pigs) to be hundreds, but most likely there were not over fifty. I had singled out my victim and fired at the same moment that one of the negroes fired the shotgun, and the other negro the pistol. In a second the jungle was filled with the grunts and squeals of the pigs and the yells and shots of the men. It was everyone for himself, and after his trophies. The writer rushed along a hillside, hoping to cut off some of them, but failed to encounter another. The negroes could be heard away off somewhere banging away. After a while we all assembled to count the slain. One big old fellow that the good little rifle had brought down; none to the negroes, although the fellow with the shotgun swore he had maimed one so badly that he must be lying somewhere around. In a few minutes the Indian came dragging one in, shot just behind the shoulder, with the arrow almost coming out the other side. Where he got him, or how he could have been close enough to drive the arrow with all that force was a wonder.

After skinning them, leaving the heads on for mounting purposes, we started for the village, the guide leading us in a straight line directly thither. That night we stretched the skins and put the skulls in an ant-hill, that being the quickest way to clean them, and few taxidermists could have accomplished this task as speedily and as well.

The next day we were out again, but found no pigs. We ran into some monkeys called the red howler, and were lucky enough to get two, as they are very shy and travel like lightning through the treetops. That night we had monkey meat for dinner, and found it delicious.

For one month I lived among these Indians, hunting almost every day and finding them, for all their want of civilized ways, a kind and willing people. To tell of the different days and exciting times and animals shot would take up too much valuable space. At the end of the trip I had ten good large pig skins, one jaguar, and thirty-five monkey skins; also bow, arrow and spears presented to me by the people. Two days after saying good-by to the Indians and their village we were back at Las Lomas, and the next night found me in San José.

H. F. A.

A Man with a Gun.

I WAS standing on the railroad station waiting for the train and every one I saw was looking at me. A small boy came up to me, put himself in a spreading attitude, with both hands in his pockets fumbling his marbles, and said: "Say, mister, what are you going to shoot."

"Nothing," I said, but he still stood around and admired the gun with now and then a question, and I stood there twirling one of the buttons on my hunting coat.

The next that came out of the crowd was the village doctor. He, too, was going on the train, but he was more interested than the small boy. He took the gun from my hands, and, with the position of a crack shot, pointed it at the fence posts, insulators on the telegraph poles and other objects. Then he asked me if the gun was loaded.

"No," I said, "I will break it and show you."

"No, no, don't break it; I believe you." But I showed him the workings of the modern fowling piece to his great satisfaction, and he said he was glad that he knew what it was to break without being broken. The doctor told me what a fine shot his brother used to be down in Virginia, but I refrained from telling him that many years ago I was captain of a raft 4x6 on a little pond in western Massachusetts.

The next one that oozed out of the crowd was a professional man from the land of the heather; polite and kind, a fine example from his native land. He started in with "Ah! my boy, out for robins this afternoon? I suppose they are quite plentiful, and it seems a shame to kill them." Then I started in and I read the riot act in a modest way and wound up with asking him if he could tell me why most foreigners thought always of killing our song birds. His answer was evasive and I know as much about it to-day as I did when I asked the question.

I told him I was going out after English snipe and he wanted to know how long since the English bird had been introduced here. Then my answer was evasive and I had to tell him they were also called Wilson's snipe. "Where do you find them, in field or fen?" "In the fields and 'fresh' meadows," I said. Then I had to explain the difference between a fresh and salt meadow.

The next to come along was a member of the National Guard, S. N. Y., from one of the crack regiments in the city. He picked up my gun, "hefted" it and said, "Light's a feather, aint it?"

I remarked it was classed in that weight. Then the train whistled coming to the station, and we all thought the same just then.

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SEA AND RIVER FISHING

A Day's Outing at Greensboro.

IT was on the 21st of May that Bert and I decided to go to Greensboro. "To go to Greensboro" at that season of the year always means to go on a fishing trip to Greensboro Pond, or, to use the more pretentious name, Caspian Lake. We had been talking about going ever since opening day, but the unseasonably cold and rainy weather had not been favorable, and the reports from the lake that reached us had been rather discouraging. So we got our tackle ready and waited until the signs should be more promising.

The day before we decided to go we fell in with a man who came directly from the lake. He said they had started to bite and were biting in dead earnest; that he had caught 40 pounds the previous day in about three hours. He also told us of one Carter who had a camp on the lake for fishermen. He said Carter was the prince of good fellows and anglers; that he knew where each and every fish in the pond was at any time, and if they would not bite he simply made them bite. We listened to this report without a murmur, and concluded that Carter was just the man we had been looking for, and, as the next morning dawned warm and bright, we decided to cast our lines and fortunes with him that day.

We made good time and soon reached Morrisville and from there up the Lamoille valley through Wolcott, Hardwick and East Hardwick. The day continued pleasant and warm, the finest thus far of the spring. The road was good and our spirits were considerably higher than the schoolboys' out on a holiday. At east Hardwick we left the valley and, turning to the north, soon came to the hills we knew we must climb in order to reach the elevation of the lake. In about half an hour we were on the ridge and could look over into the basin of the pond, and presently we saw the water glisten along the eastern shore. Bert quickened the pace of the horses, and soon the whole outline of the lake was visible. The woods on the eastern slope stretched away from us in an unbroken line. At the south we saw a few houses of the little village, and on the north and west sides farms with their meadows sloping down to the broken border of woods along the water's edge. It is a most beautiful sheet of water whose resting place is among the rock-strewn hills high above the valleys below. Its shores are lined with granite boulders and ledges. In fact, the lake itself would seem to rest in a granite basin.

Some thirty years ago, after unusually heavy rains and high water, those who lived about the south end of the lake believed that its outlet was deepening; that the water was breaking through its natural barrier and the pond would "go out." A fast horse and rider were hastened down the valley to warn the people below of the danger, and many left their homes for the high land. But the pond did not "go out," and it never will, for its outlet is over a solid granite ledge, which time itself can barely change. We delayed only a moment to enjoy the lake from its æsthetic side.

On reaching the village we learned that Carter's camp was at the extreme north end of the lake, so we urged our horses two and one-half miles further, or half way around the pond. We found the camp without difficulty, and a good one it appeared to be, nicely situated in a grove of spruces and birches, and commanding a view of nearly the whole lake. We pulled up in front of the wide porch with a loud "whoa," and a rather sanctimonious looking individual, dressed in a pair of overalls, flannel shirt and Van Dyke beard came through the trees on our left. He greeted us in a fatherly way, and on reaching us introduced himself as Mr. Carter and got into the carriage with Bert, to take the team up to a neighboring farm-house. In the meantime I busied myself putting the rods together and "stringing up." Bert soon came back alone, and I asked him what Carter said the prospect was. He answered that Carter said he guessed they were getting a few. But he seemed a little disappointed over something, and finally said Carter did not look just as he expected; that Carter appeared more like a church deacon than a fisherman; and if he wasn't a deacon he knew he must be an ex-Sunday-school superintendent, probably escaped from some picnic given on the shores of the pond. I inferred from this that such mild manners and devout appearance seemed to Bert a little inconsistent with a character which, by sheer force of will, could compel fish to bite, and, although I remembered that the time-renowned Izaak is pictured as having similar characteristics, I was inclined to agree with him. Bert then cautioned me about my choice of adjectives when in Mr. Carter's presence, lest we offend him, and said he should try to restrain himself in case he got hold of a good fish and lost it.

After getting our tackle in readiness we went into the kitchen of the camp to interview the cook. We found him a young man industriously reading a dime novel. On asking him if the fish were biting much lately, he carelessly remarked that he got thirteen the night before after supper, fishing off the rocks just above the camp. As we did not appear to believe in so unlucky a number, he asked us to go out to the ice-house with him to look at them. We did so, and he brought forth from the sawdust a baker's dozen of nice "lakers" weighing about 2 pounds apiece. He selected two for our supper, and while they were cooking we once more arranged our tackle. Carter soon came in with his minnow trap, which had yielded plenty of bait for us, showed us how he put on a small sucker, and gave us general instructions. We hurriedly did justice to those trout as soon as ready, and taking our rods and tackle box started for the pond. Bert took the stern seat in the boat and I the bow, with Mr. Carter at the oars. Just as we were pushing off we noticed some distance out in the lake a fellow rowing by in a blue boat holding a trolling line in his teeth. At the sight of him Carter exclaimed, "There goes the pot-hunter" (market fisherman), and at once his sanctimoniousness seemed to fall from him like snow slides from a roof. Shaking his bailing dipper at the receding boat, he burst forth into a period of strenuous speech concerning "pot-hunters" as violent as it was unexpected. He unfeelingly condemned them to eternal punishment, and pictured their future abiding place more vividly than could have Dante himself. I looked over at Bert, and a relieved expression seemed to be passing over his face. He was already reaching into the bait pail for a minnow. Looking up he said, "Well, I believe we are going to get some fish"—and we did.

The lake abounds in several different kinds of fish. Lake trout, landlocked salmon, the native brook trout, locally called squaretails, and German brown trout are all frequently taken, but the "lakers" more than outnumber all the others together, and, taken from the cold, pure water of this lake, are a most excellent fish.

Mr. Carter sent the boat along with vigorous strokes and we soon threw over the anchor about 40 rods above the camp near the rocks, where the cook had his luck the night before. We sat here some fifteen or twenty minutes without getting a bite. Mr. Carter then suggested that we move up to the inlet, which we did, We had hardly gotten our anchor out here when I had a strike, and pulled into the boat a small laker of about 2 pounds weight. Bert soon had a bite, but he said he did not give the fish quite time enough, and when he got it to the top of the water lost it. I succeeded in landing another laker, the mate to my first one, and Bert had more bad luck, losing two good fish. Strangely enough Mr. Carter did not get a strike. As a lull followed in the biting and it was getting late, we decided to go in for the night. We found the camp well arranged for the night accommodation of guests, with movable partitions and as good and clean beds as one has at home.

At 3:30 the alarm clock sounded, and after a lunch of doughnuts and coffee, eaten around the kitchen stove, we put forth on the pond and through the drifting mist started for the inlet. It could not have seemed colder on a January morning, and sweaters, overcoats and gloves were greatly in demand. A half hour of sitting as still as we could in our shivering condition without result easily persuaded us to take a trip down the pond, so that we might get warm if nothing more. Each one accordingly arranged his live bait as a spinner for trolling, and let out his line. After a number of trips up and down the pond, in which we took turns at the oars, I became convinced that I had something on my line, and began to reel in. As there appeared to be no life on the end, I concluded the hook must be afoul a bunch of weeds, and Bert, who had not yet gotten a fish, said he hoped it was weeds. It proved, however, to be a small laker we had dragged around until completely drowned. As we neared the camp on the way in to breakfast Mr. Carter had a good strike and reeled in a nice laker of about 4 pounds.

As fortune had not thus far smiled on us we discussed at breakfast a change from the places we had already tried, and Mr. Carter suggested that we go out in deeper water near the center of the lake, where he knew there was a deep reef, to which we might anchor. He said he had never fished there, but had always wanted to try the place, for he believed if any fish were taken there they would be large ones. We agreed to this, and after breakfast Mr. Carter rowed us down the pond, and after some maneuvering located us over the reef. The wind was quite strong from the north, but had been blowing the past few days from the south. Bert still held down the stern seat, which was toward the north, and now certainly had his innings. We began to get fish almost at once. They seemed to be working along the reef toward the south with the wind. They would take Bert's hook first, Mr. Carter's next and mine last, and Bert got by far the greater number of strikes.

We had taken half a dozen or more good fish when Bert, after striking hard, exclaimed: "Boys, I've got a big one." He jumped to his feet, and as he started to reel up the tip of the steel rod shot into the water with a snap. For fully a minute the fish sulked on the bottom. Then Bert began slowly to reel up, playing it from time to time. He carefully led it up to the side of the boat, when Mr. Carter, getting his fingers in its gills, for he will not use a gaff, lifted it in. It was a handsome laker, and weighed a little over 6 pounds. Soon after this, while drawing up my line, I saw in the clear water following up the bait a fish which, somehow from its size and movements, reminded me of an approaching freight train. I quickly let out my line again, and was rejoiced to see it move off at a good pace. It went out about 100 feet, when the fish stopped to swallow the bait. I gave it plenty of time and then struck. It made a rush directly toward the boat, and in my haste to keep the line tight it got over the handle of the reel; so I dropped the pole and pulled in hand over hand for dear life. The fish came up close to the side of the boat, popped from the water like a cork from a bottle, and by its own momentum fairly landed itself in the boat. For fear it would continue its flight upward I hurriedly struck it on the head. We could not determine whether this fish intended to put up a hand to hand fight, or whether it was a case of suicide. It was a long-bodied laker and tipped the scales at just 8 pounds.

About 11 o'clock the biting stopped, and we decided to go in for dinner. Just as we were sitting down to the table we heard, out by the pier, a great shouting among some boys who were staying at the camp. Mr. Carter ran out and we followed him. One of the boys appeared to be flat down on his stomach near the end of the floating pier, which was covered with two or three inches of water. Mr. Carter carefully reached under the boy and pulled out a fish of surprising size, a German brown trout which weighed 8½ pounds. The boy said he was casting off the end of the pier in about 2 feet of water, for fun, when this fish seized his bait. He led it into the shallow water which covered the pier, when the hook pulled out. The boy was game, however, and threw himself flat down on the fish and held it until Mr. Carter came to the rescue. Mr. Carter said he was sure he had seen this same fish a number of times about the pier, where probably it came to get the dead minnows thrown out of his bait pail.

We finished our dinner without any more excitement, and as the wind had gone down Bert and Mr. Carter decided to try deep trolling for a time, while I, with a boy to row me, started for the salmon ground, for I was very anxious to get a salmon or two, though it was rather early in the season for them. I put out a Bacon spinner on 100 yards of line, and the first time over felt a vigorous pull. Instantly a succession of leaps from the water showed me that I had the much desired prize. True to its race and traditions, it was a brave little fighter, but it was hooked securely and was soon lifted into the boat. My pocket scales gave its weight as 3 pounds—not much of a salmon, to be sure, but large enough to give the thrill which no other fish can. We turned the boat and went back over our course. As the spinner reached what seemed the very same place there was another strike, followed by the characteristic leaps, and I soon had another salmon in the boat, though a little smaller than the first. After this we trolled over the same ground a number of times, but without success, so decided to join Mr. Carter and Bert. We found they had had no luck with the deep water troll, and were pulling for our old stand over the reef. We followed, and both boats were anchored as near as possible to our position of the forenoon. We waited patiently a couple of hours without a strike, and then, getting uneasy, began to move about. During the afternoon we got three rather small lakers, and at about 5 o'clock decided to "call it quits," as we wished to get an early start on our drive home. The cook was faithful to his instructions, and we found our early supper waiting for us. While we were eating he got our fish from the ice-house, washed them and laid them out on a piece of sacking before doing them up. Though we had no very large ones, to our eyes they were a handsome sight—nineteen lakers and two salmon, which we estimated to weigh at least 50 pounds. About half past six we left the camp, giving Mr. Carter most sincere assurances that we would come again. We felt, as the boys say, that we had been used white, and that we could not recommend Carter's camp too strongly to our friends. We saw enough of him to know that he cannot do enough for his patrons. He furnishes everything—entertainment, boats, bait and even tackle if one needs it at the very low rate of $1.50 per day. He is willing to get up morning after morning at 3 o'clock, and will row the boat from sunrise to sunset. His patience seems never to be exhausted, and he is always as smooth and even as the lake can be on a midsummer eve, unless, as I have intimated, the "pot-hunter" invades his territory. He is, in short, a true son of the old Izaak.

We reached home a little before 11 o'clock, tired, but well pleased with our entire trip. In the morning our fish lay in state for a short time in the hotel office, where they were admired by the fraternity.

I have above described Caspian Lake as a beautiful sheet of water. It is to me an unusually attractive place, and as evidence that it has been always admired and appreciated I find on one of the earliest maps its name given as "Beautiful Lake." The sportsman who goes there for a day's fishing, however small his catch, will not consider his time wasted or his trip a failure, and if he comes as a summer vacationist with his family he will find beside this pearl in the hills a most delightful community, made up of the cottagers and campers. The fishing is always good enough to be interesting, and if one tires of holding the rod or troll line he can swing the golf stick instead. Whatever one may do there his spirits cannot fail to respond to those surroundings and his physical nature to the always cool and health-giving atmosphere. By day the laugh of the loon comes to one from over the water, and at night the old owl will awaken the echoes from the eastern hillside, always to be answered by the scarcely distinguishable hoots of fishermen and boatmen on the lake.

NUNC PRO TUNC.

HYDE PARK, Vt.

Fish and Fishing.

Where to Get the Early Trout.

I AM frequently importuned by letter and interviewed in Quebec by visiting anglers or by those who are on the lookout for a trip to the northern woods, as to the most favorable localities where open spring trout fishing is to be found. The opening of the trout season is fixed by the laws of the Dominion of Canada for the 1st of May, and in some seasons I have had fly-fishing on that day in Lake Beauport and other waters in about the latitude of Quebec, which is the same as that of the northern part of Maine. There is reason to believe, however, that this year the ice will not leave Lake Beauport before the 8th or 10th of May, and it will be some days later before the fishing is good. This fishing is open, as also is that in Lake St. Charles. Both lakes are about fourteen miles from Quebec, and must be reached over country roads, which, though rather hilly, are otherwise in fair condition. The fish are not large, nor yet particularly plentiful, but what the proficient angler will like about them is that they are educated and shy and not to be taken in the crude manner that suffices for the unsophisticated fish of more northern waters. Larger fish are to be taken as early as those of Lakes Beauport and St. Charles, in Lake St. Joseph, which is reached by rail from Quebec at a distance of twenty-four miles from the city. Some of these trout run to two and three pounds weight apiece, though the majority are smaller. The best fishing for trout in this lake is had within the first few days after the disappearance of the ice, though later in the season there is also fair bass fishing to be had in another part of the lake, which is some ten miles in length, and extremely picturesque.

Judging from letters which have passed through my hands, there appears to be an erroneous impression abroad to the effect that almost the entire fishing and hunting territory north of Quebec is in private hands or leased to clubs, and that very little is available to the general public. This is a mistake. In the vicinity of Riviere-a-Pierre, fifty-eight miles from Quebec, on the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, in the neighborhood of Mequick, a few miles further on, and along the upper waters of the Batiscan River which hugs the line of the railway for so many miles, there are many free waters in which excellent trout fishing is to be found.

Nor must Lake Edward be forgotten in this connection. The reputation of this lake and the size of its trout rival those of the far-famed Nepigon, and the fishing is virtually free, being at the disposal of the only hostelry at which visitors can stop there, or which can furnish camps, and leased to it by the government in order that some of the best fishing in the country should be available to the general angling community which has no claim upon any other specially preserved Canadian waters.

Under the same control are a number of other lakes reached by easy portages and canoe routes and also some good river fishing. Present prospects are that this fishing should be good this year by the third week of May. The railway people tell me that many members of different clubs along the line of their road intend going to their preserves about the middle of the month. I doubt if they will find the fiy-fishing good before about the 20th or 24th of May.

Nepigon Trout.

It is gratifying to learn from the report of Overseer McKirdy, now in my hands, that the fishing on the Nepigon River last year was fully up to the average, both in size and quantity. The river was well patrolled, and two new camping places opened to relieve the August congestion. A beneficial result is expected to follow the extensive work which has been done in the way of clearing the river of pike and suckers. Thousands of these pests were destroyed last year, and still more radical measures are suggested. While much may be done toward reducing the number of the spawn destroyers and devourers of young trout in the river itself, I believe it will be found necessary also to undertake the work on a very large scale in Lake Nepigon, whence they constantly descend into the stream.

Mr. McKirdy furnishes a very interesting contribution to the discussion, always to the fore, of the relative merits of fly and bait-fishing. Many of the leading sportsmen who visit the Nepigon have long expressed the very reasonable desire that only fly-fishing should be permitted in so magnificent a river. On the other hand, there are bait fishermen who cry out that the larger fish will not take the fly, and that if they had to depend upon fly-fishing for their catch it would contain only small fish. In order to sustain his contention that an expert fly-fisherman can take just as good fish in the Nepigon as the bait-fisherman, Mr. McKirdy quotes the record for last season in the river of Mr. Henry Bristol, of New York, who caught with the fly one fish of 7 pounds, one of 7¼, one of 6¼, three of 6 pounds each, two of 5½ and two of 5¼.

Surely, as he says, fishing such as this should be good enough to satisfy anybody! E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Bass Casting in Nebraska.

REGARDLESS of what the weather may be just now, the ideal season for outing and angling is coming on apace. By the time another month rolls by many Omaha sportsmen will be wading the mountain streams for trout or specking the blue waters of the Minnesota lakes with their minnows and frogs for bass. Of course, there are many ardent followers of old Izaak who have neither the time nor the money for extended pleasure trips, and this class must content themselves with frequent short trips to nearby waters, down on the Nisthna, up at Ericson, over at Manawa and out at Cut-off, for their excitement with the wary and gamy bass, waiting for the blessed vacation days before venturing up to Lake Washington and the northern lakes.

Just now I wish to chat upon the modern modes of fishing, bait and fly casting for black bass, the king, I think, of all game fish, and certainly the species we oftenest pursue and know the most about out here.

The feeding grounds of the big mouth are commonly found among the moss beds, the splatter-dock and shallow weedy places along the shores of our tule-bordered lakes, while his more symmetrical and graceful cousin, the small-mouth, haunts the deep holes, under shelving rocks, around old stumps and half-whelmed logs, where there is shade and cold water all through the summer days. They are also to be found largely in the Missouri, Niobrara, Birdwood and Loup, where they thrive better than their cavern-mouthed congeners, and always give you a better fight. Well, I will not say that either, for I have always found the Lake Washington big-mouth about as rangtankerous a fellow to handle, when once the barb has stricken deep, as is his slenderer relation. Many authorities, however, give unqualifiedly the preference to the latter, and such men as Myron Learned, George Entreken or Dr. Sherraden would rather hook one small-mouth than a half dozen of the big fellows. In the streams the small-mouths frequent much, the swiftest rapids, or the swirling pools formed invariably below abrupt turns in such streams as the Niobrara, and it is the handling of them in such waters that makes the fight seem the harder and more exciting.

In fishing on the lakes it is almost imperative that you use a boat, as the shores are generally of such a character as to preclude wading. But along the streams it is different, excepting the old Missouri, where, owing to the roily nature of the water, bassing is seldom attempted. But along all the lesser rivulets wading is always practical, and even were it not, the likely spots can almost always be reached by even an indifferent caster. In casting from a boat the one mode at Lake Washington, while the fish are on their feeding grounds, and where they are to be almost wholly found through the early summer days, you must use the utmost caution. Old Micropterus is vigilant, and once frighten him by undue floundering about in your boat, as you make ready for active operations, or loud talking, and you might as well move on to some other likely spot. When once within reach of a seductive looking cove or hole in moss, lily pads, or adjacent to sunken tree-top, you must make your cast as quietly and as delicately as possible, to avoid alarming the wary fish lying in wait for his morning or evening meal.

A black bass is one of the most alert of all our game fishes. He is suspicious, contrary and sullen, always on the qui vive for trouble, and consequently getting his full share of it, but sees more valor in running away from mysterious sounds and sights than he does in remaining to give battle or investigation. Corner him and he will fight like a rat. But he is one of the most difficult of fish to fool.

The late Judge Charlie Ogden was a skillful caster and a most successful angler, and many's the time I

have sat idly in the bow of the boat, with Pat Sheehan at the oars, and contented myself with watching him as the boat backed imperceptibly, almost, to within reach of some bass's lair.

The Judge's skill, which would usually cause the old bass to make the mistake of his life, was something entrancing to behold.

Should the lure alight without tempting the bass from his hiding place and you have not been greeted by that electrifying splash and swirl, you may yet induce him to dart forth from moss or weedy perdu by carefully retrieving your line and slowly trolling through the little pool into which you have made the cast. Thus you cover a larger water surface than by casting and recasting, but you must understand the business, and here is where the Judge's skill was so superior. It mattered not to him whether he was using a Homan weedless or plain Skinner spoon, he easily and gracefully manipulated it through the tangle, almost as the ordinary fisherman would reel in through clear and unobstructed water.

But casting in the shallows is not always the thing, and when you score a failure here you must resort to deep water. Even the big-mouth, especially when a thunder storm is imminent, frequent the depths most of the time, and it is sometimes absolutely impossible to induce them to rise. In such a case you must humor him, another thing I learned from the Judge, and sink your lure to the depth they haunt. This, however, is more frequently the case with the small-mouth, who undoubtedly have a greater fondness for deep water than their clumsier relation.

I recall a personal experience when floating down the Minnesota River, two years ago, with George Scribner. At a point off from St. Peter we came to a deep hole in the river beneath a tangle of fallen timber lodged on a shelving ridge overhanging the water at a sharp bend. Noticing that it was an enticing spot we pulled above it, secured our craft to a protruding snag, stood up and cast our spoons out and under the overhanging mass as far back on the surface of the hole as possible, allowing them to sink several feet, then trolling them back carefully and slowly. The result was that we brought to basket thirty-nine small-mouth black bass in less than sixty minutes, each of us using a seven-ounce casting rod, a forty-five yard quadruple reel and an H size silk line. The average weight of these fish was one and a half pounds.

I might add here that I have caught all kinds of game fish, from maskinongé to trout, but bait-casting for bass is the most exciting and interesting of all. Drifting over Washington or Jefferson's rippling surface these exquisite days and taking these splendid fish with light rod and delicate bait-casting outfits is an experience fit for the gods.

A proficiency in this gentle art makes it easy for the sportsman to improvise many lures. There are scores of devices in the way of spoons and artificial baits on the market to-day that are in every way almost as killing and attractive as the live frog or minnow. This alone is sufficient to make the sport popular over that of any other species of fishing, for in the absence of available live bait you have your flies and leaders and can proceed to enjoy yourself without wasting hours in chasing frogs or hunting for grasshoppers or crawfish. But, so far as I am concerned, individually, this hunting and catching frogs is a very necessary part of the fun, but little behind the real thrill of catching the fish. If you simply have to touch the button the sport is immeasurably decreased, as all good old anglers I know will agree with me. SANDY GRISWOLD.

OMAHA, Neb.

Spring Sea Angling in California.

AVALON, Cal., April 20.—Never in the history of the "oldest inhabitant" has there been such good fishing all winter as during the past season. Yellowtails have been taken in Avalon Bay, Santa Catalina, all winter long. Sea bass were taken a month ago and tourists have been correspondingly delighted. The latter are often disappointed in the fishing here—supposing that tuna can be had at any time—but it should be remembered there are fishing seasons everywhere, and even in southern Florida and at Aransas Pass tarpon are conspicuous by their absence in the "winter months." The seasons of Santa Catalina fishes may be given as follows, always remembering that some years the season is early and in others it is late: Sheepshead, whitefish, albacore, rock bass (four or five kinds), blue perch, groupers, are taken every month in the year. The leaping tuna comes in May and lasts until August; yellowtail comes in March, giving a season of eight months. White sea bass arrive generally in May or April, and are caught off and on all summer. Black sea bass, April to December; sometimes all the year. Swordfish, barracouda, bonito and others, April to December. Then there are a lot of small fishes caught at all times. It is difficult for the average eastern angler to understand why the tuna is only caught at Santa Catalina and confined to about four miles of the coast there.

This is due to the character of the California coast. None of the above-mentioned fishes are taken (with rare exceptions) from the beach of the mainland. The tuna never comes in within ten miles of shore, and all the large fishes that are said to be caught at San Pedro, Long Beach, Santa Catalina, Ocean Park, Redondo and other ports on the main land are taken out to sea from two to five or more miles on sunken banks.

The coast of Southern California is a stretch of sandy beaches upon which the surf piles in before the trade wind and affords no protection to the big game fishes, hence the principal catch of the wharf angler in the mainland is the croaker—five or six pounds—redfin, halibut, surf—five or six pounds—and other small fishes, which can be lifted on to the high docks with stiff bamboo poles. Occasionally a yellowtail is taken, or a sea bass, but as the fish have to be towed up through the surf there is not much satisfaction in it, and the main land sport is confined to the small game described. At all these places professional fishermen are found who take passengers off to the banks from one to five miles out in the Santa Catalina channel, where fishing is to be had in deep water, but to obtain trolling with light rods and smooth water we must go to the islands off there, where, at San Clemente, there is twenty miles of lee, and at Santa Catalina about twenty-two miles of smooth water, often like glass. It is this peculiar condition—smooth bays, twenty miles off shore, protected from wind and sea—that has made the fishing famous from the light rod angler's standpoint. The bays of San Clemente and Santa Catalina are the spawning grounds for all the great game fishes and for the bait fishes, sardines, anchovies, smelt and flying fishes, and as a result splendid fishing is to be had not one hundred feet from the picturesque rocky shores of these islands. Avalon, the town of Santa Catalina, is an interesting example of a growth the direct result of the demands of anglers, who come here at a rate of three hundred a day all winter, and a thousand a day in summer, giving the little town a summer population of eight or ten thousand, many of whom "go a fishing."

In the winter there is one large boat from San Pedro to Avalon daily, making the run in two and a half hours. In the summer there are three steamers a day. There are hotels, cottages, boarding houses, tent cities, and every possible requirement for the angler. He can pay twenty dollars a day and have all the comforts of city life, or he can camp out for almost nothing—and to make camping and tent life popular, there are several stores which make a business of providing ready cooked meals, so that the angler in a tent can live well at the least expense.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this angler's city is the equipment of the boatman or gaffers. It has been estimated that they have a fleet and outfit valued at $150,000. Each boatman has a stand, and is given almost twenty feet of beach room on the south side of Avalon Bay, a stone's throw from the landing. There is the "stand," a seat facing the bay, on which the angler sits when making his arrangements. On the upper portion is the boatman's name, and near by his rods, reels, his line dryers, his scales for weighing fish, and extending out from the island is his string of boats, to which he calls attention with no little pride. There are possibly six or eight rowboats, for the use of anglers who wish to row or fish about the bay; then two or three launches and sailboats. The launches are about eighteen feet in length, having a six or eight horse power engine. In the stern, facing it, are two comfortable chairs without legs, in which the angler sits when trolling. The boatman is engineer and gaffer, and serves his patrons with the best rods, reels and lines that can be bought in the East. The boat is broad of beam, comfortable and safe, and when it is said that there are from seventy-five to one hundred of these tuna boats out every day, and scores of small boats, some idea of the angling that is done in and about Avalon may be imagined. The writer has visited almost every fishing resort in the country and nowhere is there so splendid an equipment for the use of the angler. I refer to salt water angling, and it would be a good plan for some of the boatmen of Florida and Texas and the Louisiana passes to take a run out to Santa Catalina, and take the hint, and give their patrons better equipment.

The boatmen or gaffers of Avalon number perhaps one hundred. They have an organization, the object of which is to give their patrons all the comforts possible. They have a club house, a fund for which was given by Mr. Tutt, of Colorado Springs, as a memorial to his daughter, who died here, and the club is called the Sophia Boatmen's Club. Here the men have a regular club house, billiard table and library.

When Miss Tutt died there was unusual mourning among the boatmen, who were devotedly attached to the young girl. When the steamer left with her body a memorable and a pathetic scene was enacted. Following the steamer came her own boat with flag at half mast, the seat empty and decorated with flowers, and behind came every boatman's launch of Avalon, with flags at half mast, forming a funeral procession over a mile long, that escorted the leaving steamer far out into the channel, a last token of respect to the young girl, and one unique—at least in these waters.

The spring fishing at the islands has been unusually good. This week a school of yellowtails rushed into Avalon Bay, and everyone in town was seized with the fever. The big fishes dashed in upon the beach, sending the small fishes out upon the sands, and over one hundred men, women and children were seen fishing and wildly excited. They averaged from five to seven fishes apiece.

The game fishes of Santa Catalina will be exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition, a specimen of each having been mounted for the purpose. With these will be shown the tackle used in taking them, a series of the non-game fishes and a set of paintings of the same from life by Miss Lauterbach, a local artist.

One of the most interesting angling pieces of news in this section is that the striped bass, introduced into the waters of San Francisco about six years ago, has reached the waters of the Santa Catalina channel, several large specimens having been taken. These fishes swam five hundred miles down the coast, and will prove a welcome addition to the angler's bag.

A new sport here is taking the swordfish with the rod, several eight or nine feet fish having been landed, and it can be said that no better game fish was ever hooked than this long, graceful swordsman of the sea. Besides the splendid play there is always the delightful possibility of the mad creature charging the boat and sinking you, after the fashion of the sloop "Red Hot" of New Bedford, that was sent to the bottom by an ugly swordfish that had been harpooned. The strenuous school of anglers who want an element of danger in their sport will find this sport just to their liking.

SENOR X.

THE giraffe is "a beaste full of spots. He hath two little horns growing on his head the colour of iron, his eies rolling and growing, his mouth but small like a hart's, his tongue is neare three foot long. The pace of this beaste differeth from all other in the world, for he doth not move his right and left foote one after another, but both together, and so likewise the other, whereby his whole body is removed at every step or straine."—Four Footed Beastes, 1607.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Medal contests—Saturday, contest No. 5, held at Stow Lake, April 23. Wind S. W.; weather fair.

	Event No 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3 — Acc. %	Event No. 3 — Del %	Event No. 3 — Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
C. G. Young....	85	90	92	90.10	91.5	86.5
F. H. Reed.....	90	86	84.8	86.8	85.8	85.3
G. W. Lane.....	...	..	91.8	91.8	91.8	..
J. B. Kenniff....	122	91	88.4	92.6	90.5	..
T. C. Kierulff...	80	89.8	88.8	85.10	87.3	79.5
T. W. Brotherton	118	84.4	92.8	93.4	93	95.8
Dr. W. E. Brooks	95	87.8	93.4	90.10	92.1	..
A Wells	101	85.8	87	84.2	85.7	..
Dr. F. J. Lane..	...	88.8	85	90.10	87.11	..
W. D. Mansfield	...	88	89.8	90	89.10	95.7
		Re-entry.				
H. B. Sperry....	104	..	..	..	..	..

Judges, G. W. Lane and T. C. Kierulff; referee, F. H. Reed; clerk, Burning.

Medal Contests—Series 1904. Sunday, Contest No. 5, held at Stow Lake, April 24. Wind N. W.; weather clear.

C. G. Young.....	...	85.8	86.4	85.10	86.1	93.6
F. H. Reed.....	83	84.8	93.8	85	94.7	89.5
Chas. Huyck....	88	90	82.8	76.8	79.8	..
H. B. Sperry....	97	82	90	82.6	86.3	..
Dr. W. E. Brooks	90	87.8	89	98.4	93.8	..
G. H. Foulks....	82	85.4	92.4	76.8	84.6	..
F. M. Haight...	92	66.8	89.4	85	87.2	..
W. J. L. Kierulff...		89.8	81.8	75.10	78.9	..
C R. Kenniff....	103	95	94	91.8	92.10	..
J. O. Harron....	...	..	82.8	74.2	78.5	..
T. W. Brotherton	106	91.4	86.8	84.2	85.5	94
T. C. Kierulff....	84	84.8	89.8	84.2	86.11	92
H. C. Golcher...	119	86.8	88.8	89.2	88.11	..
Geo. Lane	...	..	91.8	91.8	91.8	..
W. D. Mansfield.	...	90.4	94	90	92	96.5
		Re-entry.				
T. W. Brotherton	...	89.4	..	..	..	92.5
W. D. Mansfield.	...	90	..	..	..	..
C G. Young.....	...	..	..	..	..	89.1
F. H. Reed.....	...	..	..	..	..	83.2
T. C. Kierulff....	...	..	..	..	..	83.8

Judges—W. E. Brooks, G. H. Foulks; clerk, F. M. Haight.

A Weekly Dog Story.

I.—A California Dog Painter.

"YES, sir. For instance, there's a mammoth winter storm landscape I've just finished for Mr. Mudd, the Bonanza king. It's called 'A Hailstorm in the Adirondacks,' and a visitor who sat down near it the other day caught a sore throat in less than fifteen minutes. The illusion is so perfect, you understand. Why, I had to put in the finishing touches with my ulster and Arctic overshoes on."

"Don't say?"

"Fact, sir; and then there's a little animal gem I did for Governor Glerkins the other day—portrait of his Scotch terrier Snap. The morning it was done a cat got into the studio, and the minute it saw the picture it went through the window like a ten-inch shell."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes; and the oddest thing about it was that when I next looked at the canvas the dog's hair was standing up all along his back, like a porcupine. Now, how do you account for that?"

"Dunno."

"It just beats me. When the Governor examined the work he insisted on my painting in a post with the dog chained to it. Said he didn't know what might happen."—San Francisco Post.

The Traveler and the Native.

THE traveler stepped out of the car to stretch his legs a bit while the trainmen were doctoring a hot box.

"What town is this?" he said to the solitary native on the station platform.

"Name's on the sign up there," replied the native.

"Oh, yes—Drearyhurst. How far is it to Chicago?"

"You'll find that on the sign, too."

"So it is—fourteen miles. Much business done here?"

"Not much. Keeps us pretty busy, though, mindin' it."

"Had a great deal of rain in this section?"

"Well, we ain't growed webs on our feet yet."

"Any newspaper published in the town?"

"No, sir. Nothin' but the Drearyhurst Democrat."

"Much building going on here?"

"Some. Abe Syfert put up a chicken house last fall."

"You don't have much business to do yourself, do you."

"Yes, sir. They keep me down here at the deepo to answer fool questions."

"So I perceive. Well, my friend, you're rather too many for me. Do you ever take a drink?"

"Sometimes."

"Then suppose you go to the pump there and help yourself. I see the train is moving off. Good-by."—Chicago Tribune.

Increase in Bird Life.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been in the country somewhat this spring, and I think I can see the law prohibiting the sale of game has already borne good fruit. I saw a large number of quail, and the prospects seem fair for a large increase in that game. I also heard of turkeys and deer, but saw none.

I was struck with the great increase in the number of birds in the last three years. Since the women quit wearing them so much the supply has greatly increased in this country. The bluebirds were almost extinct, but now are getting to be fairly plentiful. The redbirds are getting numerous again, as I often saw them in flocks of five or six. The mockingbird is hardly holding his own in spite of the law, as the negroes will rob the nests, to sell the young ones. They always build around a house, and unless the owners protect them they have a bad show.

Still, the increase of bird life is very marked, and a few more years of protection and education will bring them back to their old-time plenty. J. M. R.



A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

That Mississaga Canoe Trip.

BY L. O. ARMSTRONG, MONTREAL, CANADA.

"Too much load," said Alec Langevin, the guide, who had been recommended to us by the Hudson's Bay Co. agent at "Bisco," as we were repacking our outfit for the trip down the Mississaga River.

It was in August of the past summer and the start was made from Biscotasing station. This station is on the height of land from which the waters run both ways; some of the many lakes and rivers emptying in Hudson's Bay and some into the Great Lakes. Biscotasing Lake, upon which we first embarked, is one of the sources of the Spanish River, which empties into Lake Huron, north of Manitoulin Island, and the next lake is Ramsey, connected with Biscotasing by a few hundred yards of rapid water, and rough. We followed these mother lakes until, by a short portage or carry, we reached the head waters of the Mississaga River, one of the largest rivers in Ontario, which we followed to Lake Huron, reaching it at a point about equally distant from Chicago and Detroit, and about sixty miles east of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

The Mississaga has given its name to one of the tribal divisions of the Ojibway nation; it means the river of the big wood.

Our party was experienced in canoe trips. On the maiden trip we would recommend to others that they should pitch their tents, make their beds and cook a meal at the starting point before taking to the canoes, as it is the most effective way of ascertaining whether errors or omissions have been made in outfitting. The Hudson Bay Co.'s store and another, Shannon & Booth's, enable one to correct these faults of omission.

Mr. Shannon, of Shannon & Booth, general merchants at Bisco, arranged to team our duffle to his large gasoline launch in a lumber wagon, and afforded us a ten-mile lift in the launch across the lake. We had our first meal at his floating lumber camp at the southern end of Bisco Lake, and a capital dinner it was.

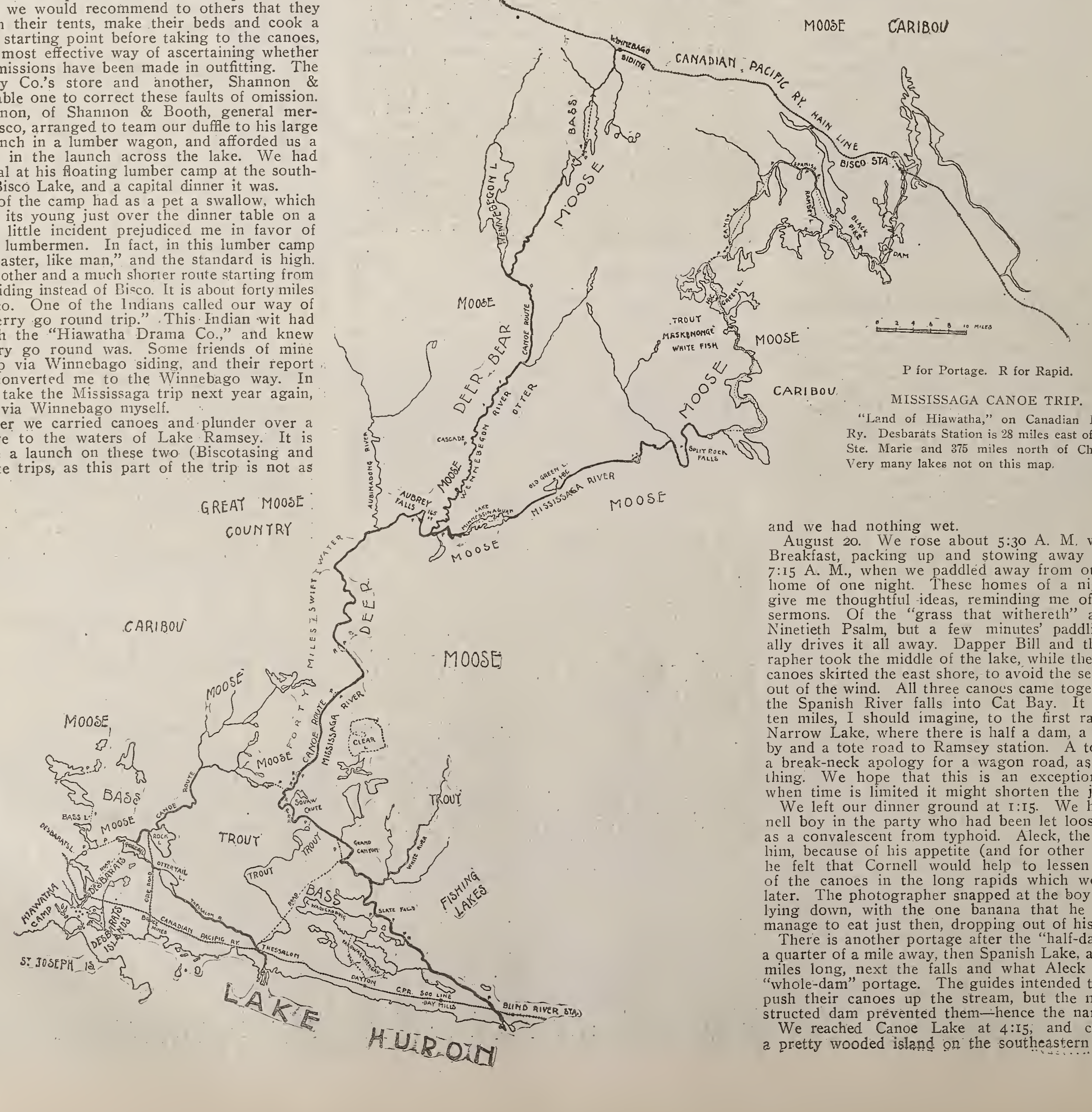
The men of the camp had as a pet a swallow, which had hatched its young just over the dinner table on a beam. This little incident prejudiced me in favor of these gentle lumbermen. In fact, in this lumber camp it is "like master, like man," and the standard is high.

There is another and a much shorter route starting from Winnebago siding instead of Bisco. It is about forty miles west of Bisco. One of the Indians called our way of going a "merry go round trip." This Indian wit had traveled with the "Hiawatha Drama Co.," and knew what a merry go round was. Some friends of mine took the trip via Winnebago siding, and their report has rather converted me to the Winnebago way. In fact, I shall take the Mississaga trip next year again, and will go via Winnebago myself.

After dinner we carried canoes and plunder over a good portage to the waters of Lake Ramsey. It is wise to take a launch on these two (Biscotasing and Ramsey) lake trips, as this part of the trip is not as interesting as the rest. The launch may be arranged for at Biscatasing. We caught only pike (although uncommonly gamy pike and firm of flesh when cooked), and we had seen just as pretty lakes in Maine and elsewhere in Canada. We would have been a little disappointed had not George Linklater told us many interesting things about the Ojibway Indians of these parts, of which some are Christians and some are pagans. As usual, the pagans are the more honest. They will not accept any treaty money or provisions from the Government, and will not live in any village where there are white men, because of danger of contamination. They have left their hunting grounds and are making canoes for tourists and railway and Government surveyors. I like their canoes and moccasins for snowshoeing better than any other. They are gathered and pointed, and this, I am told, has something to do with their tribal name of Ojibway. Aleck Langevin, our half-breed, is a good guide, but a more taciturn, uncommunicative man I have never met. He never complained of being worked hard or of the weight of his canoe (although he was worked hard), but he did let us know unmistakably that he was tired of being asked questions and of being forced to talk to answer them.

We came south about a mile and a half from our dinner camp, and there, turning a point, took a northwesterly course. After paddling about six miles we camped on a long, wooded point. Ramsey Point, near Cat Bay, a capital camping ground. We had a good lot of men, but as all had to paddle and three of us were tender at the work, 5 o'clock saw the tents up, and the writer volunteered to help the cook by cleaning some of the fish that we had caught. Its back was jet black, its flesh was pink and firm and flavor extra good. Our larder was well filled. Our Montreal grocer had made a mistake and had sent us in addition to our order a liberal supply of vegetables and fruit. Aleck, ever sad and sober, was moaning over our too much loaded canoes, but when he saw how much our seven eating machines could consume in one meal he grew a little more reconciled to the situation. Haricot soup, bacon and pike on a plank, with boiled beets, marmalade, green gage plums, biscuits, tea and coffee was a first-class meal, good in all its parts, and it was not the unhappy transition from dining car to camp that it sometimes is to gastronomers. We agree with Aleck, however, and advise other people so to load their canoes that they will on the fourth day out draw no more than six inches of water. We had three good guides; Geo. Linklater, dapper Bill Harris and Aleck Langevin.

We camped betimes, because, about 6:30 P. M. a smart summer shower came up. It came and went,



P for Portage. R for Rapid.

MISSISSAGA CANOE TRIP.

"Land of Hiawatha," on Canadian Pacific Ry. Desbarats Station is 28 miles east of Sault Ste. Marie and 375 miles north of Chicago. Very many lakes not on this map.

and we had nothing wet.

August 20. We rose about 5:30 A. M. well rested. Breakfast, packing up and stowing away took until 7:15 A. M., when we paddled away from our pleasant home of one night. These homes of a night always give me thoughtful ideas, reminding me of texts and sermons. Of the "grass that withereth" and of the Ninetieth Psalm, but a few minutes' paddling generally drives it all away. Dapper Bill and the photographer took the middle of the lake, while the other two canoes skirted the east shore, to avoid the sea and keep out of the wind. All three canoes came together where the Spanish River falls into Cat Bay. It is a good ten miles, I should imagine, to the first rapid across Narrow Lake, where there is half a dam, a camp near by and a tote road to Ramsey station. A tote road is a break-neck apology for a wagon road, as a general thing. We hope that this is an exception, because when time is limited it might shorten the journey.

We left our dinner ground at 1:15. We had a Cornell boy in the party who had been let loose upon us as a convalescent from typhoid. Aleck, the sad, liked him, because of his appetite (and for other reasons)—he felt that Cornell would help to lessen the draft of the canoes in the long rapids which would come later. The photographer snapped at the boy as he was lying down, with the one banana that he could not manage to eat just then, dropping out of his pocket.

There is another portage after the "half-dam," about a quarter of a mile away, then Spanish Lake, about three miles long, next the falls and what Aleck called the "whole-dam" portage. The guides intended to pole and push their canoes up the stream, but the newly constructed dam prevented them—hence the name.

We reached Canoe Lake at 4:15, and camped on a pretty wooded island on the southeastern corner at

5:30 P. M., and we were sorry indeed that we had done so next morning, because a very high wind made us prisoners on the island until 3:30 P. M.

Aug. 21. Aleck, the sober and sad, is developing. We had no regular cook, and made each guide take his day. "The silent, smoky Indian" part of Aleck looked on at the various attempts at cooking for two days without saying a word, until a reward was offered of a kind that both half-breed and Indian find it hard to resist. This he could not resist. "Me try make bread," he said, and he made white bread and corn bread so well that ever after the others awarded him the prize without a contest. On the first attempt I read to him from the admirable little publication supplied by the R. R. Co. gratis, "Hints on Camping," "three parts of corn meal, one pint," etc., but he did not listen long before putting his hands to his ears and saying, "me do it alone, not know that way," and he did it alone. He opened a bag of flour and mixed up in the bag a quantity of flour the size and shape of a large cocoanut, with hot bacon fat as a mixer, then added corn meal. The bag was his only bread pan. A very little sugar and baking powder was added, and then he kneaded the whole for one minute inside the bag. Next he lifted the mass out of the bag and



Abandoned Hudson Bay Post—Upper Green Lake.

kneaded it down flat into the pan. He had washed his hands conscientiously as the initial action. Twenty minutes in a Baxter stove and it was done to a turn. When it had been broken and tasted all the contestants admitted that they were out of the game, and we all began to like silent Aleck very much. The little he does say is well worth listening to; and is it not so in civilized life? The man who speaks much may be entertaining for a little while, but generally it grows upon us that what we took for sparkling burgundy is only a poor lot of *vin ordinaire*.

Noon. Our storm-bound day promises to last from daylight to dark. We tried the lake in a light canoe, but found it such wet work that the most eager of us had to admit that the loaded canoes would not be very safe and that at the best all our duffle would be soaked. We waited, wrote up our journals, sharpened our axes and ate our grub, to reduce our packs to the smallest



"A charming day we have had."

possible size for the many portages ahead of us. The Cornell boy proved to be quite an expert at bridge whist, and was by this time a general favorite. An enthusiastic spirited boy is an indispensable constituent of a successful camping party.

Toward afternoon the wind changed to the west, and we moved on from Round Island, in Canoe Lake, to the eastern shore of Sulphur Lake, making only one portage. The camping ground is not a bad one. There is plenty of pickerel in the lake. It is an ideal moose and red deer country, but one needs to leave the beaten track a half mile or so and to keep quiet. We were not in hunting season, and were careless, and we are here on a very old highway. The Indians were traveling here by the same route in bark canoes, shooting, fishing, and probably long before the Romans landed in Britain.

There are lake trout in nearly all these lakes, and plenty of them.

On Saturday, Aug. 22, we left our comfortable camp about 7:30 A. M., crossed the lake and made a small portage. We realized here our wisdom in taking plenty of tump lines or carrying straps, pack baskets and handy carry-alls generally, so that we had no loose things around us. We had one big spade and a pick-ax that received full, choice and frequent condemnation from those who had to carry them across the portages whenever I happened to be full loaded without them. I had brought them to dig out prehistoric Indian mounds, of whose existence I had been assured by our guides. I hung on to this spade with religious fervor, through the bustle and turmoil of every portage, in spite of jeer and grumbles many and loud. When we discovered that the only Indian mounds that our guides knew about were of comparatively recent date and that



"Comparing them to the Palisades."

the grandchildren of the dead reds were living around, we decided that it was wiser to make no excavations just then or there.

After leaving Sulphur Lake there is a small portage into Kawin-Kago Lake. Kawin-Kago is good Ojibway for no name.

Then came one of the two longest portages on the route. Three-quarters of a mile of hill and dale satisfied our carrying ambition for a few hours, but we had had this portage held out to us as the terror of the route, and we were, after all, agreeably disappointed with the carry, and rather pleased with ourselves at the end of it, although some of us would have sold out cheaper just before we reached the summit of the



"We took one shot at the bluff opposite our camp."

divide. We were all getting hardened to the work. We had eaten our bulkiest foods first, such as fruit, canned goods, etc., and had got down to fish, bacon, and other more enduring edibles. We were too good sportsmen to shoot the ducks out of season. They were there always, and the temptation was great. We carried our packs, which averaged about seventy-five pounds, with ease and not without enjoyment. One feels like being in it whatever may be going on.

Each one of us paddled all day and carried at least half loads over the portages; wind, muscle and appetite were growing fitter every day.

We had an interesting dinner camp to-day at the abandoned Hudson Bay Co. post at Upper Green Lake.



"Sensational recollections of swift water."

One of our guides had been trader in charge of this post for the Hudson Bay Co., and had two children buried here. He spent an hour in arranging their graves. Near them were the graves of many Indians, but all of historic date. We carried the spade, notwithstanding the scoffs, hoping to find prehistoric mounds lower down. The Indian Christian is only half converted, and we found here pipes and tobacco, bottles of medicine, and all kinds of necessary articles lying by the graves of the Indian dead for their use on their journey to the "Happy Hunting Grounds." It was very touching. One could not but admire the affection (while we bemoaned the loss of artistic ideas) of the Indians who went a hundred and fifty miles to the nearest sawmill and carried sawn lumber for palings on their backs over all the portages to inclose the remains of their dead. There is a beautiful sand beach at Upper Green Lake, and a glorious sailing stretch on the lake. Some day it may be a fashionable summer resort. The afternoon journey gave us a pleasant paddle through a chain of lakes with easy portages. We camped at about the fourth portage, near a pretty fall at a small lake enlargement of the Mississippi River. We had a just sufficient amount of honest fatigue to make us enjoy our rest, and that night as I sat watching the halfbreed cook getting the beans ready for tomorrow's breakfast, and heard the shout of approval as our sportsman hauled out three-pound fish of the gamy black and pink flesh variety, and Lanklater told me that he had porcupine for breakfast, and the odor of Aleck's corn bread in the oven reached my nostrils, I realized what were the pleasures of the Indian in the old days. He had all these things as well as wild rice, berries, venison, and many edible roots and grasses to eat. He had artistic skin clothes and furs for

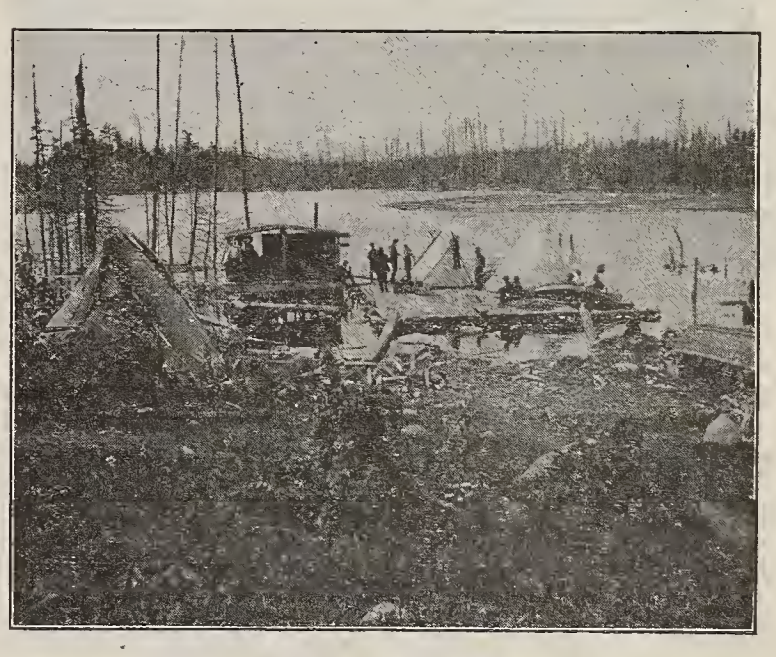


"Aubrey Falls, 165ft. high and broken."

winter. He lived in the most picturesque and hygienic of residences, the wigwam, and never had trouble with the servant question. There were no bald heads and no bought teeth among them.

At 10 P. M. cedar and balsam boughs and fragrant ferns lend delicious odor to the restful springiness which they contribute to my bed; in what better place under the sun could I be? I am fifty-two and a half years old; I have no rheumatism, no indigestion, no fatigue more than the youngest. I feel that I owe it all to my used opportunities for taking fresh air and exercise and plain food, given to all of us by the Great Unknown, who would take care of us all. Why are these opportunities unimproved by so many?

This is Saturday, the 22d of August, our fourth day out, and we find that our larder is well and wisely stocked. I will give the bill of purchases, with Montreal



Shannon's Floating Camp—Bisco Lake.

prices, for our party, which numbered seven, including the three guides:

Beets, 10 cents; peck of apples, 25	$ 35
Two dozen corn, 30 cents; parsnips, 10 cents	40
Tomatoes, 35 cents; melon, 40 cents	75
Two cauliflowers, 20 cents; carrots, 10 cents	30
Eggplant, 10 cents; marrow, 17 cents	27
Half pail of jam, 50 cents; three tins of beans, 25 cents	75
Three tins beans, 30 cents; 6 pkgs Malta Vita, 90 cents	1 20
Twenty-five pounds corn meal, $1; 49lbs. salt pork, $5	6 00
One peck beans, 60 cents, ½ peck onions, 25 cents	85
Twenty-five pounds butter, $5.75; 20lbs. gran. sugar, $1	6 75
One gallon maple syrup, $1.20; bag of salt, 20 cents	1 40
Pepper, 20 cents; 2 tins mustard, 50 cents	70
One quart vinegar	15
Beets, 30 cents; 3 packages baking powder, 75 cents	1 05
Two bottles of pickles, 70 cents; 4 doz. candles, 60 cents	1 30
Six candle lanterns, $2.20; 6 bars soap, 30 cents	2 50
Three pounds coffee, 80 cents; 3lbs. tea, $1.50	2 30
Ten tins of condensed milk	1 50
One and one half dozen assorted soups	2 75
Box of fruit, 60 cents; 30lbs. bacon, $5.40	6 00
Plum puddings, $1.20; marmalade, 75 cents	1 95
Fifty pounds sea biscuits, $3.25; 10lbs. prunes, $1	4 25
	$44 37

The box of fruit—which came to us by a happy error—proved to be a very welcome addition. I would recommend buying fruit in Montreal, Sault Ste Marie, or in the last city in which it can be done. A bag full of whole-wheat bread, each loaf done in oil paper, is a good thing to take. It will last a week or two, and is a great feature. One always gets biscuits enough.

We had fish for supper with bacon and corn meal frit-

ters; peach jam and tobacco for dessert, with songs and stories, and turned in at 9:30 P. M. We had no flies, no mosquitoes or vermin of any kind.

Sunday, August 23. It was quite cold in the night, and we enjoyed our heavy all-wool blankets. We left at 7:30 A. M. The scenery was steadily growing in beauty. We passed a most interesting Indian camp. This savage had left his valuables, including a Hudson Bay gun and an ax and two canoes, where anybody could take them. No one touched them. It would have been a degenerate white who would have taken advantage of this trustfulness of the Indian.

We met only two human beings on our long trip—two Indians paddling up the river. The developments going on on both lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway and on the Grand Trunk Railway give employment to the Indians in summer, and they hunt all winter.

There is a short-cut a couple of miles below this Indian camp which saves a couple of miles, but at very low water it might pay as well to go around the ox-bow in the river.

At the west end of the second small lake on the portage we dined on a very nice camping ground. At the portage at the east end of this lake we lost an ax and have called that the "Lost Ax Portage;" thus do many of these portages receive their names. We had much good scenery and swift water to-day. The Echelon Bluffs, at whose feet we paddled, were particularly inspiring. One could not help comparing them to the palisades of the Hudson, and generally very much to the latter's disadvantage.

Split Rock Portage, where we slept, was a particularly pretty and even more interesting camping ground. There are fissures in the rock which suck the water under ground. It comes up again with a great spurt at the foot of the falls. Some one has hung a beaver in stone—a work of mother nature—on a tree, which makes a striking landmark. We had a good bed here, although jack pine boughs made the springs. They are not as good as balsam. We had long passed the grumbling stage now, everything was good.

Monday, August 24. We selected a high sandy bank for dinner to-day. The shade was deficient and the sun hot, so that we were uncomfortable. Aleck and Linklater had made a bet as to the number of portages between Split Rock Portage and the old Hudson Bay Post on Green Lake. HBC on the map means Hudson Bay Company, or Here Before Christ—"you pays your money and you takes your choice." Aleck, to win his bet (or so the malicious among us said), took us on another merry-go-



Lower Minnesinaqua Lake.

round journey, circumventing unnecessarily an island in the river to save one portage (see the loop below Split Rock Falls), and thus won his bet. There are six portages going that way and seven the direct way. There is nothing made by going around this island when there is no bet up. Aleck's dodge helped to convince me that the Indians are of Asiatic origin, and Japanese at that.

We slept that night on the northern main shore about a mile past the island on fairly good camping ground. It began to rain just as we had finished putting up our tents, and rained pretty hard all night. We never were caught in a bad rain during all this trip, except on the last day, and then we took it from choice.

Tuesday, August 25. We started at 8:30 A. M., so that our outfit of tents, etc., might have a chance to dry. There was a mist and it was clammy, but it is better to travel in a light rain than to stay about a wet camp. We had good waterproof wraps in which to put our blankets, which never got wet.

We went out of our way nearly a mile to dine at the old Hudson Bay Post on lower Green Lake. It proved uninteresting, and we do not advise anyone to go in there.

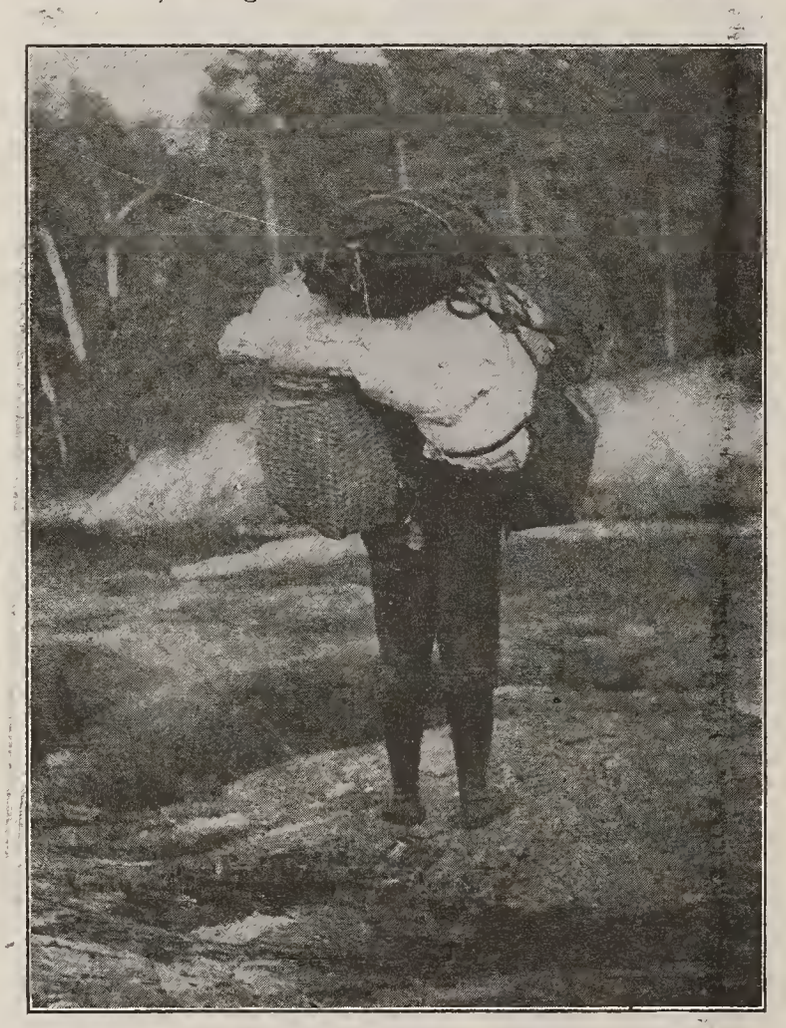
During the afternoon it cleared up and we had a delightful paddle through Minnesinaqua Lake, which is entrancingly beautiful. It has many bits of very fine beach. Its name means the lake of the islands and points, and it well deserves the name. Here I had one of the black-backed jackfish break my greenheart rod. I treated him as I would any other pike, but I made a fatal mistake. Any other pike that I have ever had dealings with would have been thoroughly exhausted after our interview, but when this one saw the landing net he made a dash away so quickly and so powerfully that the reel could not pay out fast enough, and the old Maltby rod that had come out victor in so many contests was worsted. Maltby was the Montreal rod maker who had on his sign the words, "God save the Queen and all good honest fishermen." He is in the happy hunting grounds now, R. I. P.

Wednesday, August 26. About midway through Minnesinaqua Lake at the Narrows we climbed a high bluff and took views eastward and westward over the lovely island-dotted expanse. I have put together a twelve-foot picture (by means of three enlargements) of this spot of which I am proud. Our camp, four hundred feet below us, was most picturesque. We did not take time, however, to photograph thoroughly. We took one shot at the bluff opposite our camp. The trip down the lake until it narrows into a river is most enjoyable. It is rapid, exciting, and yet safe. I have never seen river scenery so free from monotony. There are three portages between Minnesinaqua Lake and the junction of the Wenebegon



"Mississaga Gorge or Tunnel."

River with the Mississaga River. There are fine side trips from Lake Minnesinaqua, notably that running north from about the middle of that portion of the lake which is above or east of the narrows. We had no map of Minnesinaqua, and Aleck made me one. We had begun to think about this time that, present environments considered, our guides were better men than we were.



"Worn out."

The junction of the two rivers, the Wenebegon or Winnebago and Mississaga, is a beautiful spot. That the Wenebegon River route is the most direct and much the shortest from the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Mississaga, one can see by the map. Is it more interesting? I will know next year.

A couple of hours paddling with the help of a good



"Another quiet bit"—Mississaga River.

current brings you to Aubrey Falls, the grandest feature of the trip. Take the first turn to the left (or south) as you go down in your canoe as soon as you hear the roar of the falls. Half way across the stiff portage you turn to the right on the crest of the hills and walk over to these magnificent falls, one hundred and sixty-five feet high and broken into a multitude of fantastic shapes. Weird, fascinating, awe-inspiring, I do not know any cataract that surpasses it in interest. We arrived late and had no sun, and yet our pictures are good. Most of these were taken with a little four by five camera, so that the field is open to the photographer who will take up a good assortment of 8 by 10 plates and lenses to suit and choose his light. I did not wait an hour for good light anywhere. We had had a most enjoyable, if fatiguing, day when we lay down to sleep at Aubrey Falls that night. The roar of the falls had become sweet and distant music to us a few seconds after laying our heads on our pillows.

Thursday, August 27. About twenty-three miles, we think it to be, of fast, exciting water nearly all the way from Aubrey Falls to Three Island Rapids. A charming day we have had, a day to think of in the coming years when we are old and will have to stay in by "our ain fireside." I hope mine will be in the forest primeval—a forest of pines and bearded hemlocks in sight of a river, a waterfall, and a lake. Indeed, I have chosen such a spot, and it is at the end of this trip between Slate Falls on the Mississaga and Lake Waquekobing, half a mile therefrom; but of these places anon.

About this day's quota of our trip I must say that we found the start at Aubrey Falls and the finish at Three Island Rapids, and every mile between, to furnish a little better canoeing, a little more rapid water, a little more excitement, and a little more of the picturesque, than any we had done anywhere before. We arrived rather late at Three Island Rapids to make good pictures, and in the morning the sun was in the wrong quarter. Three Island Camp has beauty, convenience, and piles of good dry wood, no mean item in the make-up of a good camp. We had had some wet rapids during the day and dried our clothes very thankfully at Three Island Rapids before big camp-fires. We left plenty of wood to burn for those who come after us.

Friday, August 28. Rather regretfully did we leave our camp, but we realized that we had to economize time and money. We would have liked to stay here and use our 8 by 10 plates and make some good pictures. As it is, we must be satisfied with what our 4 by 5 camera caught for us in poor light.

It is a short and interesting half day's journey from Three Island Rapids to Squaw Chute. There is plenty of rapid water and good scenery. We recommend broad canoes and short, say fourteen to fifteen feet long and three feet beam, with good stout paddles for the rapids. It is nearly all down current or slow water. Squaw Chute is a fine waterfall. There is a good portage on the



Indian Graves—Upper Green Lake.

right or west side, and a shorter or rougher one close to the fall. We found a garden here with good potatoes, lettuce, cabbage, and other green things. We did a very little pillaging, for which we would have left money if we could have found a place to leave it in. After dinner two hours' paddling brought us to the "Tunnel," as it is locally called. It is a striking feature. It is not a tunnel but a gorge, and the finest we have seen this side of the Rocky Mountains. There are one and three-quarter miles of it. We hired a team here from one of the few but prosperous settlers in this northern border settlement called Wharncliffe, Ont. There is a post-office here. The team took our three canoes while we walked and photographed the Mississaga gorge. There is only one portage between Squaw Chute and Mississaga Gorge. There is a fairly heavy sea in one of the rapids we ran, and canoes should not be overloaded. Better have one man walk around than fill a canoe with water.

Saturday, August 29. We slept at the lower end of the Mississaga Gorge. Two hours of easy paddling brought us down to Slate Falls, the best water-power on the Mississaga. There are valuable copper mines and timber about these falls, and good fishing and shooting as well. Unfortunately for us it rained hard and incessantly here, so that we could neither fish, shoot, nor photograph. It was a keen disappointment to us, as we met fishermen here who told us that both the bass and trout were biting well in the fine lakes that abound all about the falls. We had our first inside of the tent meals during the trip here at Slate Falls. We used up fifteen minutes in shaving, with a tin plate for a glass. Some of us would have liked to have waited at Slate Falls for good weather, but Dapper Bill's house was only three miles away. Our appetites were keen, and he told Cornell and the Sportsman that his wife was a great cook, and there was Algome mutton and jelly and baked potatoes and apple pies, etc., to be had at six o'clock. This won the majority of votes and we started for civilization. After dinner we portaged a half mile, from below Slate Falls into Waquekobing Lake, a beautiful sheet of clear water ten miles long by two to four wide, full of bass and lake trout, as we were told by Cincinnati fishermen who have a permanent camp there. It is only five miles from Waquekobing Lake to the Soo Branch—or Soo Pacific Line—of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Dayton Station. We might have continued down the river fourteen miles to Dean Lake Station, two

miles from the river by a good wagon road, or gone on thirty miles via the mouth of the Mississaga to Blind River Station and a good hotel, but Slate Falls and Day Mills, a small village just south of the lake where Dapper Bill lives, are centrally situated for the sportsman, where he has a dozen good bass and trout lakes within easy reach. In spite of the rain we were delighted with this section and would have liked to make a long stay, but our time had expired, and we had to move on. The delights of the trip were not spoiled by our return to civilization. We had agreed to spend one day at Desbarats, Ont. (an hour west by Canadian Pacific Railway from Dayton, see map), with some friends. We accomplished this; we saw the Indian play of Hiawatha at Desbarats and enjoyed it very much; we had some good bass fishing and a good hotel, where we arrayed ourselves in city clothes and felt very swagger.

Next day we had late dinner in Sault Ste. Marie, near Desbarats and breakfasted the following morning in Chicago.

Thus ended our best canoe trip to date, and we have been canoeing for forty years or more. One secret of success and enjoyment was that we had no kicker and no shirk in the party. Every guide and every sportsman did all he could cheerfully. There is no experience like a canoe trip to show up the inwardness of man. Our party came out of the ordeal well, and I never want to travel with a better lot.

It is a trip that ladies can take, but they would need to give three weeks to it unless they are golf girls and athletic canoeists, when two weeks would be sufficient. Six weeks could be spent most enjoyably. We never had occasion to dry the ground by fire or warm the tents with stoves as we had done in other trips. Dry camping spots are always attainable. We look back with regret to several points at which we arrived too late or too early to enjoy the scenery or make good photos, or where we had rain. We saw countless ducks and many deer we could not shoot, thousands of moose tracks we could not follow because we were too early. We were within easy reach of great fishing we could not stop to enjoy. On the other hand, a feeling of complete physical regeneration, of unlimbered lazy limbs, and of reduced girth is with us continually, and many exquisite mental pictures and sensational recollections of swift water, of quiet bits, and of stirring, glorious scenery will remain with all the party until they reach the eternal happy hunting grounds to which we are all making a swift trip in our frail barks.

STEAM YACHT TROPHY SOLD.—The steam yacht Trophy, owned by Mr. F. M. Smith, has been sold, through the agency of Henry J. Gielow, to Mr. Charles E. Nygren, who will use her principally on the Hudson River between New York and Albany. She is 99ft. over all, 90ft. on the waterline, 13ft. 11in. beam, and 51ft. 4in. draft.

Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association.

A Sketch, by the Purser.

JUST twenty-three years ago a few intimate friends. amateur boatmen, agreed to share pro rata the expense incurred in housing their canoes and rowboats.

Their first "snug harbor" was an old shed built by themselves at the rear of a blacksmith shop near the foot of Fourth street, in the city of Newburgh.

Although their quarters were far from being inviting, our boating friends thoroughly enjoyed the sport and were constantly being appealed to for accommodation in the old shed. The next year they met at the home of one of their number, organized a boat club and called it the Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association.

It "took" from the first, for so thoroughly were the members inoculated with the boating fever that it became contagious and the club grew in membership and in spirit. During the following year the canoeists were compelled to vacate the "shed," which was torn down and the association had to look for another home.

They sought in vain along the busy water front of the city, until the occupant of the newly erected storehouse offered them the unused under part of the building for a club house, or, rather, a place to store their boats.

So inaccessible was the quarters, so suggestive of the haunt of the busy water rodents which infested the docks, that it led the wit of the club to call his associates "Dock Rats." They accepted the sobriquet, adopted it as their token, and from that time this well-known organization has been more familiarly known by its token than by the more dignified title under which they are incorporated. Four years later the club moved into the building which they now occupy, a two story frame building, which was formerly exhibition hall of the Orange County Agricultural Society, which was torn down and rebuilt on a dock adjoining their first home.

The upper part of the building is divided into meeting rooms, locker rooms, etc., while from a large porch across the front of the house the members have an unsurpassed view of the Hudson River and its mountainous scenery.

To the north is Dannskammer Point, to the east, across the river, is North Beacon and the Fishkill mountains, with the twin villages of Matteawan and Fishkill nestling at their base; to the south the towering Storm King and Break Neck mountains, with a vista of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point in the distance; while before you, north and south, lies Newburgh Bay, a beautiful section of the picturesque Hudson, which offers every attraction to the canoeist and boating crank.

The lower floor of the building is devoted entirely to the storage of boats, which are launched from two drop bridges at the side of the building.

From a few canoes and rowboats the boat roster has steadily increased, until the club now has a fleet of thirty-six boats, classified as follows: Three launches, three sloops, three catboats, ten rowboats, fourteen canoes and three shells, and more to follow.

This association, organized in 1884, is therefore one of the oldest boat clubs of its kind in this section of the country; by its kind, I refer to clubs whose members, figuratively speaking, "paddle their own canoe."

During the twenty years of its existence it has seen many vicissitudes, it has had its ups and downs, storms have assailed it, and were it not for skillful seamanship on the part of its promoters it would have been a derelict; but it has weathered the storm and is to-day more staunch, more seaworthy, and the "Dock Rat" crew are more favorably known than ever.

Proof of this assertion is found in the sturdy membership, in the success which attends every function and in the increasing number of cruising boatmen who visit our "retreat."

The Dock Rat boat house has become a mecca for the cruising men, and the hospitality extended the "cruiser" has made the N. C. and B. A. most favorably known from the "Sound" to the St. Lawrence.

The wandering boatman always finds a greeting, and the hand of fellowship is ever extended to greet the coming or speed the parting guest.

Ask any A. C. A. man who attended the "meets" twenty years ago at Plum Point, Croton Point or at Grindstone islands.

Ask them if they know the "Dock Rats." Ask them if they remember "Nate Smith," "Jim" Van Dalfsen or "Bunt" Edgar, and you'll start a flow of talk that would fill the pages of FOREST AND STREAM all summer.

Ask the cruising man of later years where he stops when going up or down the Hudson, ask him if he knows the "Dock Rats" and he'll tell you that the whole crew of sixty-five—from Commodore Cantine down to the "cabin boy"—are the jolliest rodents he ever met.

Another year will probably find the "Dock Rats" in a home of their own. They have so outgrown their present quarters that a committee was appointed at the annual meeting to look for a site on which to build a modern, up to date boat house.

The association is governed by a Board of Directors consisting of the five officers and four lay members. The newly elected Board is: Francis M. Cantine, Com.; Dr. W. J. Oakey, Vice-Com.; Howard A. Schultz, Captain; Wm. H. Smiley, Purser; Geo. F. Chadborn, Treasurer; Jas. T. Van Dalfsen, Clarence B. Moss, Directors, two years; Fred V. Carpenter, Bertram C. Montfort, Directors, one year.



Milwaukee Letter.

MILWAUKEE, May 3.—Lake Michigan yachtsmen are in a fine stir of excitement over the prospects for this season, and the ordering and arrival of new yachts is keeping the skippers on both shores in a fever of anticipation. In the first place, the Columbia Y. C. fears that its hold on the Lipton trophy is precarious, and in order to cement the cinch Dr. F. W. Holmes, of the Columbians, has ordered a 21-footer, a reduced Sallie VII, which is being built at Gloucester. From Detroit comes the report that John H. Smedley, of the Detroit Y. C., has a bidder for the Lipton trophy on the stocks somewhere, and rumors have been current here that R. B. Brown had ordered a cup-winner to represent the Milwaukee Y. C., but Mr. Brown flatly denies that there is any truth in the tale, and affirms that he will devote his energies to Pilot this year. And to make his assertion good he is having Pilot changed, in order to improve her sail-carrying power.

Harry Landauer, of the Milwaukee Y. C., has purchased Thistle II, a Boston creation from the boards of Crowninshield last year, and she is now on her way to this city. The Boston craft formerly belonged to a gentleman named McKinnon, who sailed very little last summer, owing to the death of his father, and it was by the merest chance that Mr. Landauer secured the craft, which is 34ft. 8in. over all, 7ft. 5in. beam, and 21ft. on the water line. Charles Wild and Newell Ellis, in turn, purchased Vagabond from Mr. Landauer.

The Milwaukee fleet will mourn the loss of Illinois this summer, as Joseph Uihlein sold her recently to C. S. Roberts, of the Chicago Y. C.

The Milwaukee Y. C. has prepared a fine programme for its members this year, the regatta committee having provided amply for the real sailors, and the entertainment committee having arranged a series of dinners, concerts, dancing parties, smokers and vaudeville performances, which fairly makes one's mouth water. The opening gun was fired on the evening of April 30, when Commodore Vilas presided over a dinner at the Athletic Club. On the following day, last Sunday, the club house was opened with appropriate ceremonies. The first real race on the programme will be sailed on Memorial Day.

Albert O. Trostel, of Milwaukee, is having a Seawanhaka trophy challenger built at Oshkosh, by Jones & LaBorde, to sail in the preliminary trials on Lake Winnebago, at Oshkosh, next month. Frederick Pabst is also having his Comet III, built late last summer, groomed for the same trials, and Frank Gates and F. H. Libbey, of Oshkosh, are also contenders in the trials, as they have both ordered yachts built for the big event.

The Waukesha county yachtsmen are preparing for a lively season, with the Pewaukee Y. C. showing by far the most ginger. Ten members of that flourishing organization have ordered one-design boats from LaChappelle, of Pewaukee, to race in this season. When the craft are completely rigged and launched the ten skippers will draw for their perpetual ownership and race them all season for appropriate trophies. Pine Lake will be the scene of the annual regatta of the Interlake Regatta Union this summer, and on that historic water the craft representing the Pewaukee, Oconomowoc Lake, Nagawicka and Pine Lake clubs will sail for the Pabst trophy.

There is a possibility that automobile boats may be introduced here this summer by Joseph Uihlein. It is understood that he has been negotiating for a 70-footer with a speed of thirty miles an hour, to run on Lake Michigan. He will buy an auto yacht if he can obtain one which will come up to his requirements, if it can be delivered prior to July 4. A. W. FRIESE.

VIXEN II. LAUNCHED.—On Saturday, April 30, the new high speed steam yacht Vixen II. was launched at Morris Heights. The boat was built for Mr. John D. Archbold. She is 118ft. over all, 114ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth, and draws 4ft. 6in. The yacht is double planked, and is fitted with twin screw triple expansion engines and improved boilers fitted with oil fuel burners. The builders guarantee a speed of 24 miles.

British Letter.

A MOST interesting link with the past generation of yachtsmen was broken at the beginning of April, when the death occurred at Gosport Hants of the famous old Clyde skipper, John Houston, of Largs. Houston was a contemporary of the celebrated designer and yacht builder, the late William Fife, Sr., of Fairlie, and it was while in command of that able designer's masterpiece, the 80-ton cutter Fiona, familiarly known owing to the beauty of her lines as the Fawn o' Fairlie, that Houston achieved his greatest reputation. From 1865 to 1876 Fiona was sailed by him with such skill and judgment that she won sixty-seven prizes, including seven Queen's cups, one of which, however, had to be relinquished on an absurd technicality. The cup referred to was won on the Mersey in 1866, but had to be given up because Fiona was protested against on the ground that her racing flag was not of the size named in the club rules. The total value of prizes won by her during the period named above exceeded £4,500, which was considered a very large sum in those days, and it should be stated that during two seasons—1871 and 1874—she was not fitted out at all. It is safe to say that the nursing hand of the famous skipper was a chief factor in Fiona's phenomenal success, for, though a beautifully proportioned vessel, she was called upon to sail against bigger and newer yachts than herself, and Houston's master hand at the tiller, combined with his alert intelligence, snatched many prizes away from faster boats during the latter years of her racing career. There is no doubt that Houston was in advance of his time as regarded his ideas, and even in those early days he strenuously advocated putting the ballast outside on the keel. It is said that if he had had his way the old Fiona would have been so fitted, in which case she would have been a far greater terror than she was. He was also in favor of steering wheels for big yachts, as he said that handling a tiller in large vessels when racing threw so much strain on the arms as to ruin that delicacy of touch which is such an important factor in enabling one to determine whether a vessel is in thorough trim and doing her best.

Houston came of a well-known Largs family. He commenced his racing career in 1860, but it was not until five years later that he obtained permanent employemnt on Fiona, first with Mr. Lafone, and then with Mr. Boutcher, who bought the famous cutter the year after she was built, and with this latter gentleman he served for twenty years in his three Fionas, the Fawn o' Fairlie, the schooner Fiona, and the steam yacht of that name. Although Houston spent the last years of his life at Gosport, his death is mourned by the people of Largs as sincerely as though he had never left his native place, and it is felt by the yachting world in general that one of the greatest skippers of the last century has passed away.

The question has been continually raised lately as to whether it would not be advisable for yacht clubs to offer prizes for a schooner class. No doubt such a move would be a popular one with owners of schooner yachts, and possibly some good racing might result from it, but two things are to be considered. The first point is whether the clubs have the necessary funds to offer prizes, and the second is, will the owners undertake to go the rounds regularly like the class racers and handicap boats do? One of the greatest difficulties club committees have to contend with in making out prize lists is the uncertainty as to how the classes they cater for will fill, and it is notorious that schooners could long since have had more attention paid them if their owners would only take the trouble to notify the clubs of their intention of racing before the last moment. Nothing is more disappointing than for a sum of money to be set apart for a certain race—in the case of schooners it would necessarily be a large sum—and then for that race to fall through and the money, which might have been devoted to other purposes, to lie idle. It would be a good thing for yacht racing if a good schooner class could be started and kept together as a handicap class, for first-class racing under the present rating rule seems to be in a hopeless way, and with a fleet of schooners sailing matches on handicap time there would be every incentive to build a good wholesome type of modern fast cruiser, which is the best kind of vessel for all-round purposes yet invented.

Messrs. Connell's new 65ft. rater which has been lying so long on the stocks at Fairlie is now practically finished and ready for launching. It is stated that the 65-footer Tutty, which was formerly owned by the Messrs. Connell, has found a purchaser, and that she will be raced at the principal regattas. The old 40-rater Carina is also having an extensive overhaul, so these three vessels will probably fight it out this season as a handicap class. Fitting out is now general on all coasts, and many of the small clubs have already started the season's racing.

E. H. KELLY.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, April 30.—At the spring meeting of the Boston Y. C., held at the town house, Rowe's Wharf, Wednesday, April 27, the Regatta Committee submitted a fine schedule of races, including squadron runs on two cruises. The first of these cruises is arranged upon invitation of Vice-Commodore E. P. Boynton to the club squadron to visit his summer home at Five Islands, Me. The club has extended invitations to the Portland and Bath Y. C's to join the squadron, and on July 20 there will be a race at Sheepscot Bay, open to yachts of these clubs. The second cruise will be at the last of the season, the cruising yachts of the squadron running to Provincetown, where they will join the racing fleet, just completing the South Shore circuit. For the first cruise cups have been offered by Vice-Commodore Boynton, Rear Commodore Walter Burgess and several members of the club.

The regular series of races for the year will consist of five open events and four club races. The yachts enrolled in the club will be rated according to their places in the open events for the club championship. Commodore B. P. Cheney has offered championship cups in the active racing classes, and, in addition, the Regatta Committee will give cash prizes for each event. There will also be a series of special club races for handicap classes and 18ft. knockabouts. These races will not interfere with the schedules of other clubs, as they are intended to provide only for yachts which remain at Hull throughout the season, and do not participate in events elsewhere. Mr. George H. Wightman has offered cups to be awarded the yachts winning the highest averages in the series. The following is a complete schedule of the season's fixtures:

June 4, Saturday—Club race, South Boston.
June 11, Saturday—Special club race, Hull.
June 4, Saturday—Club race, South Boston.
June 11, Saturday—Special club race, Hull.
June 17, Friday—Y. R. A. open, Hull.
June 25, Saturday—Special club race, Hull.
July 9, Saturday—Club race, Marblehead.
July 16, Saturday—Start of cruise; squadron run, Hull to Marblehead.
July 17, Sunday—Squadron run, Marblehead to Portsmouth.
July 18, Monday—Squadron run, Portsmouth to Portland.
July 19, Tuesday—Squadron run, Portland to Five Islands.
July 20, Wednesday—Races in Sheepscot Bay.
July 23, Saturday—Special club race, Hull.
July 27, Wednesday—Midsummer series of Y. R. A. open races, Hull.
July 28, Thursday—Midsummer series of Y. R. A. open races, Hull.
July 30, Saturday—Midsummer series of Y. R. A. open races, Hull.
Aug. 2, Tuesday—Y. R. A open, Marblehead.
Aug. 10, Wednesday—Club race, Marblehead.
Aug. 13, Saturday—Special Club race, Hull.
Aug. 20, Saturday—Club race, Hull.
Aug. 27, Saturday—Special club race, Hull.
Sept. 2 to 4, Friday to Sunday—Cruise to Provincetown and Marblehead.
Sept. 3, Saturday—Races at Provincetown.
Sept. 10, Saturday—Special club race, Hull.

Mr. Louis M. Clark, founder of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, and who recently resigned from the executive committee, has been presented by the committee with the following testimonial in the form of an illuminated tablet in gold frame:

"Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts:

"The executive committee, realizing the loss to this Association by the resignation of Mr. Louis M. Clark, the founder of the Association, three years its president and eight years a member of the executime committee, extend to him this testimonial in appreciation and recognition of his valuable services and untiring efforts on behalf of this Association and yacht racing in general.

(Signed) "C. F. Adams, 2d Pres.,
"C. C. Clapp,
"B. S. Permar,
"Walter Burgess,
"James R. Hodder,
"Sumner H. Foster,
"Harry H. Wiggin,
"A. T. Bliss, Sec.

"Boston, April 11, 1904."

Mr. H. A. Morss, of the special committee of the Eastern Y. C. on ocean race, has received twelve entries so far. Of these there is one each from the Boston, Eastern, Corinthian, Atlantic, Larchmont, Norwalk and Knickerbocker Y. C's and five from the New York Y. C. Mr. Morss has also received communications from the owners of two schooners of the Eastern Y. C. fleet, whose yachts are of greater water line length than 50ft., but who are anxious to take part in the ocean racing. As it is considered that there may be more yacht owners of the same mind, it is quite possible that a class for larger schooners will be provided.

Mr. E. A. Boardman has designed a 50ft. water line auxiliary yawl for D. W. L. Baum, Vice-Commodore of the Chicago Y. C., which is being built by the Crane Shipbuilding Co., of Detroit. She will have the distinction of being the only steel yawl of her size on the Great Lakes, and no expense will be spared on her construction. She will have a white enamel coating on the outside, and the inside finish will be in mahogany. Her lines are similar to those of the New England fishermen, a form calculated to stand the gales of Lake Michigan. Her first trip will be a cruise of 700 miles. This designer also reports the following sales: Eighteen-foot knockabout, owned by Mr. A. D. Irving, to Mr. Henry G. Hall, of Salem; 25ft. speed launch Spark, owned by Mr. G. D. Silsbee, to Mr. George Lee. Spark's name has been changed to Firefly, and she will take part in the races of the Eastern Y. C. She has a speed of twelves miles with an eight-horse power Buffalo motor.

Mr. Walter C. Lewis, chairman of the membership committee of the Boston Y. C., who recently returned from a trip to the Bahamas, brought with him from Nassau the finest specimen of tortoise that ever came from that section. It will be on exhibition at the Rowe's Wharf house of the Boston Y. C. for a few days, together with some very interesting oil paintings of Nassau scenes by Mr. Frank O. Small.

The complete outfit of spars and sails of the 22-footer Peri II, owned by Mr. George Lee, was destroyed by fire at the Fenton yard, Manchester. A new set of spars for her has been completed at Lawley's, and she is to have a new suit of sails by Messrs. Cousens & Pratt. She will be put in commission in a couple of weeks and will be ready for the opening of the season. She will also enter in the open race for 22-footers around the Isle of Shoals. This boat was designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman, and was a likely looking craft when she was launched last season. On account of necessary alterations, however, there was not much of an opportunity to show what she could do. It is expected that she will be raced steadily on the Y. R. A circuits this season.

A catboat is being built by Mr. Howard Linnell, of Savin Hill, for Mr. C. C. Collins, which has more than the usual amount of room in a craft of her size. She is only 22ft. on the water line, but she has 6ft. 3in. head room. She is centerboard with a draft of hull of 3ft. 2in. Mr. Collins, who designed the boat himself, is a devotee of the cat rig, and generally goes single handed in all kinds of weather.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Interlake Yachting Letter.

CLEVELAND, O., April 22.—The yachting outlook on the lakes was never more promising than at present. More boats are building than in previous years, and the sailmakers have their hands full. At Buffalo they have the 15ft. restricted class fever, and five boats have been built. Their owners are Robert Heussler, Ernest Hall, Major Frank E. Wood and Edward B. Green. Geo. Clinton and J. Allen Keeney are the owners of the fifth. The boats were built by Wier Bros., of Hamilton, Ont., and are completed. They make a very trim little fleet and should furnish good sport for their owners. One twenty-one-footer has also been built for H. L. Chamberlain, of the Buffalo Y. C.. She was designed by Hand, and her owner believes she will be a flyer. It is his intention to tune the boat up thoroughly and try her out against the 21ft. class of Detroit boats at Put-In-Bay during the regatta of the Interlake Yachting In Bay during the regatta of the Interlake Yachting Association, and if she proves equal to the test will be shipped to Chicago and entered in the Lipton cup races.

Several large yawls are being built for Buffalo yachtsmen, and Messrs. Maytham & Johnson are considering a design of a 30ft. racing boat turned out by Owen, of Hamilton. It is probable they will have the boat built. The Buffalo Y. C. is having a defender constructed for the Hall cup, and the canoe club is also having one built. There is keen rivalry for possession of this cup, which has been held for two years by the Buffalo Y. C., but the canoe men have hopes of recovering it this summer.

There is little doing at Erie in the way of new boats, and this is about the only town in the circuit where the absence of new boats is noticeable. However, one 21-footer for the restricted class has been built. She is a clean-cut little craft, of moderate proportions. The usual spring repairs are in evidence, and despite the lack of new boats the members of the Erie Y. C. look for a good season. Fully forty boats will attend the meet of the I. L. Y. A. at Put-In-Bay, Ohio. Commodore Morrison is having an eight-horse power engine installed in his cutter. A number of small launches have been purchased by club members, and there seems to be plenty of interest in this branch of the sport. Clevcland is looming up strong, and will capture a goodly number of the prizes offered. The White Ribbon will be the representative in the 30ft. class, with Chloris in the 25. An unnamed boat, recently completed at Maltby's yard for Messrs. Watterson & Hershing, will be a formidable opponent in the 21ft. class, while Suzanne will represent the 18ft. class. Suzanne did not come up to the expectations of her owners last year, but better results are hoped for this season. She was one of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. restricted class, with a limited sail area which was decidedly too small for her powerful body. Mr. Geo. D. Hall, her owner, has decided to have new sails, right up to the limit of the "law" on fresh water, which will be 150ft. in excess of what she formerly carried. Messrs. Whiton & Nash are contemplating the purchase of Rooster II, another of the Massachusetts Bay boats, but to date the deal has not been consummated. If she is purchased she will be entered in the races for the Walker cup at Detroit, and the Lipton races at Chicago. Still another valuable boat has been added to the Lakewood Y. C., which will be the representative of the racing game in Cleveland. This one is of small proportions, but of "mighty" accomplishments. She is Myth, formerly owned by Fred Pritchard, of Toledo, but now the property of B. F. Davies, Jr. Her dimensions are approximately 18ft. 6in. over all, 11ft. 4in. water line, with a beam of 5ft. 2in. She carries 250 sq. ft. of canvas, and in two seasons of constant racing has never been beaten in her class. It was not an uncommon occurrence for her to go above her class and come out victorious. Jag, a boat of the Seawanhaka type, has been sold by Rudolph Malm to C. F. Clemments. Mr. Clemments will have a new suit of sails made for Jag, and she will again be seen among the racing fleet. She was not in commission last year. The Vinco has been sold by Ralph Cobb to a syndicate headed by L. F. Body. Toledo is the scene of activity, and many new boats are building there for local yachtsmen and others. Frank Craig is having a mammoth speed launch built at the Craig yards. She is of steel, and will be 100ft. in length. This craft is expected to develop extreme speed, being of the pronounced speed type, and will be driven by two powerful motors. J. W. Hepburn is building a 21ft. cruising yawl for R. L. Lockwood of Cleveland. She is about completed, and will be shipped in a few weeks. R. W. Harrison is building a speed launch for Lacy Bros. She will be equipped with an eight-horse power Lacy engine. Her dimensions are: Length, 25ft.; beam, 4ft., with a draft forward of 1ft. The same builder is at work on a launch for Henry Sullivan. Her length is 25ft., beam, 6ft. 6in., with a depth of 3ft. and a mean draft of about 18in. She will have a four-horse power Lozier engine. Enright, Oberton and Puritana are being rebuilt, and will again be in the racing game. The Winkle, owned by Fred Pritchard, is to have a new rig, and will be somewhat smaller than the previous one. The object is to squeeze her into the 18ft. class. Commodore E. T. Affleck and crew have gone east for the Hussar, the new flag-ship of the Toledo Y. C. Detroit is the mecca of the fresh water cities, and with her five new 21-footers will be very much in the running. The adoption of the 21ft. restricted class by this club was one of the most advanced steps taken by an Interlake club, and while several of the older yachtsmen shook their heads, the Country Club has profited by the move, and to-day stands pre-eminent. The class has made rapid strides since its adoption last summer, and the Country Club will have seven entries. At the last meeting of the I. L. Y. A. the class was adopted as a special restricted class. Since that time members of other clubs have been skirmishing around in an endeavor to land boats eligible to that class. The inclination seems to drift toward the smaller classes. A 16ft. restricted class was recently adopted by the Detroit Y. C. One boat is being built for Rear-Commodore Lloyd, of that organization. She was designed by Carlton Milby, now of Detroit, and is a good looking boat. She is of the compromise type, and has a good cabin for a boat of this size. Her over all length is 27ft. 6in.; waterline. 16ft.; beam, 7ft. 4in., and 2ft. draft. The Michigan Yacht and Power Co. is building a number of auto boats. One of the best specimens which they are building is to be sent to the St. Louis Exposition as an exhibition of the work done in Detroit. The boat is 28ft. over all, with a draft of 12in., and she will be equipped with a sixteen-horse power engine of the four cylinder type. Her speed is estimated at between fourteen and sixteen miles an hour. Her interior will be elaborately fitted out and she will be planked in mahogany and finished bright. F. A. La Roche, of New York, is having three boats of the same type and dimensions, though they will not be fitted out as elaborately as the other. R. Miller, of Pittsburg, is having a beautiful mahogany auto boat built at Detroit. Mr. Miller is not especially after speed, but it is believed the boat will develop about thirteen miles an hour. She will be the finest craft ever turned out by a Detroit builder. Her dimensions are 33ft. over all, 6ft. beam and 32in. draft. The engine, which is being built by the H. P. King Co., is a four-cycle, four-cylinder type of twenty-horse power. M. A. Manville, of Chicago, is also having an auto boat built at Detroit of practically the same dimensions as the Miller boat, though her beam will be nearly a foot less. The real flyer in small boats is being built for W. K. Jackson, of Buffalo. She will be 40ft. over all, 5ft. beam and 16in. draft. She will be constructed of the lightest material, the engine bed being constructed of aluminum, weighing only twenty pounds and capable of supporting a sixty-horse power automobile engine. Mr. Jackson hopes to get a speed out of her from eighteen to twenty miles an hour.

Schweikhart is building a handsome launch for Dr. Wadsworth Warren, of Detroit. She was designed by Mr. L. C. Steers, also of Detroit. Her over all length

will be 42ft., 9ft. beam, draft, 30in. She will be equipped with a three-cylinder, sixteen-horse power Fay & Bowen engine, and it is thought will have a fair turn of speed. F. Smith, of the Olds Motor Works, is also having a boat built of the auxiliary cruiser type. Length over all, 33ft.; waterline, 25ft.; beam, 9ft. 8in., with a draft of 3ft. She will carry 750 sq. ft. of canvas, and have an engine capable of driving her six miles an hour. Barney Nehls is also building an auxiliary, which is rapidly nearing completion. The Great Lakes Boat Works has an order for 100 16ft. launches for C. H. Bloomstrom, of Detroit. This firm is also building a 28ft. launch for Alderman William Hillger. She will be equipped with a ten-horse power gas engine, and have a speed of twelve miles an hour. Dr. J. W. Mortimer is building a 20ft. launch, to have a speed of thirteen miles an hour. This is a remarkable speed for a craft of this size, but the doctor has confidence that his launch will attain that figure per mile. There are more than 150 launches building at Detroit, lack of space permitting fuller mention at this time. C. W. SCHMIDT, JR.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

W. E. NOXON DROWNS.—Mr. Willis E. Noxon, a lawyer of Minneapolis, Minn., fell overboard on April 24 from his brother's yacht, Ellen, anchored in New Rochelle harbor and was drowned. He was 40 years old.

COCK ROBIN LAUNCHED.—Mr. C. S. Eaton's new sloop Cock Robin was launched from the yard of the builders, the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., on April 23. She is 40ft. waterline and 52ft. over all. Cock Robin is a substantially-built cruising boat of good accommodation and snug rig.

MORRIS Y. C. HOUSE BURNED.—The Morris Y. C. house at Pelham Park was destroyed by fire on the evening of April 24. The fire started in one of the lofts where sails were stowed, and much of the members' property was destroyed.

IMPERIAL Y. C. OF GERMANY'S SCHEDULE.—The following schedule has been arranged for by the Imperial Y. C. of Germany:

June 18—Dover to Heligoland; handicap.
June 21—Open race on the Elbe, near Cuxhaven.
June 22.—Open race in Kiel harbor.
June 24.—Open race in Kiel Creek.
June 25.—Open race in Kiel harbor; the motor boat race of the German Automobile Club takes place in the Baltic the same day.
June 26.—Open race in Kiel Creek.
June 27.—Closed race in Kiel harbor.
June 28—Open race from Kiel to Eckenfohrde.
June 29—Handicap race from Eckenfohrde to Kiel.
June 30—Open race in Kiel harbor.
July 1—Open race from Kiel to Travemunde.
June 23, 25, 27 and 30—Special class races in Kiel harbor. After the Kiel week an open race will be sailed in the Bay of Lubeck, off Travemunde.
July 4—Open race from Travemunde to Warnemunde.
July 6—Open race off Warnemunde.
July 11—Handicap from Heligoland to Dover.

JAMAICA BAY SCHEDULE.—The committee in charge of fixing the dates for open races has made up the following schedule, which has been adopted:

June 5—Bergen Beach Y. C., start 1 P. M.
July 9—Canarsie Y. C., start 3 P. M.
August 7—Old Mill Y. C., start 3 P. M.
August 28—Jamaica Bay Y. C., start 2 P. M.

The Association races will be sailed on July 4 and Labor Day.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C. ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Royal Canadian Y. C. was held on Saturday, April 30, at the club's town house in Toronto. The following officers were elected: Com., Stephen Haas; Vice-Com., George H. Gooderham; Rear-Com., Dr. A. A. Macdonald; Honorary Treasurer, G. E. Macrae; Executive Committee—J. T. Johnson, F. G. Cox, L. S. McMurray, Richard A. Donald, D. M. Harman, J. D. McMurrich, C. A. B. Brown, W. H. Pearson, J. Morgan Jeliett and Dr. B. L. Riordan. Commodore-elect Haas referred to the unavoidable absence of the retiring commodore, Mr. Æmilius Jarvis, but was sure that the members would be glad to know that Mr. Jarvis is improving daily, and that he would be soon back with them again. Several members spoke in favor of building a new island club house. The financial statement showed the club was in a highly satisfactory condition.

COMMODORE BOURNE'S APPOINTMENTS. — Commodore Bourne, of the New York Y. C., has appointed Commodore J. D. J. Kelley Fleet Captain. Dr. J. M. Woodbury has been reappointed Fleet Surgeon.

BAYSIDE Y. C. COMMITTEES.—The commodore of the Bayside Y. C. has made the following appointments of committees for the coming season: Regatta Committee—Charles L. Willard, chairman; Duncan Curry, Herbert Wigan. House Committee—Charles E. Colman, chairman; H. T. Weeks, I. T. McKnight, Frank J. Page. Entertainment Committee—William H. Johns, chairman; Harvey G. Rockwell, Leo Bugg. Library Committee—James H. Lee.

SYBARITA'S SKIPPER.—Captain Gomes, the well-known British skipper, will be in command of Mr. W. Gould Brokaw's yawl Sybarita this season.

BRISTOL Y. C. FIXTURES.—The regatta committee of the Bristol (R. I.) Y. C., composed of Messrs. Edward H. Tingley, chairman; Walter S. Almy and Wallis E. Howe, have arranged for open regattas on the following days:

Saturday, June 25.
Tuesday, August 16.
Saturday, September 10.

The rules for allowance and measurements and sailing will be those of the Bristol Y. C., except on August 16, when they will be those of the Narragansett Bay Yacht Racing Association.

BISCAYNE BAY Y. C. BOOK.—We are indebted to Mr. Kirk Munroe, of the Biscayne Bay Y. C., for a copy of the club book for 1904.

ELSA II. CHARTERED.—Mr. Andrew W. Rose has chartered the steam yacht Elsa II. from Mr. Evans R. Dick through Messrs. Gardner & Cox.

STEAM YACHT CATANIA CHARTERED.—The Duke of Sutherland has chartered his steam yacht Catania to Mr. Larz Anderson.

Dr. G. Montgomery Tuttle has chartered the auxiliary schooner Idler from Mr. Henry T. Sloane through the same agency. They have also sold the knockabout Persimmon to Mr. W. Butler Duncan.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

A Nation of Riflemen.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The greatest danger in the use of firearms arises more from ignorance in their handling than from any other cause. And this ignorance is owing to a lack of practice. To become highly proficient in their use, one should be taught to handle them at an early age, the same as it is necessary to begin young in order to become a polished musician.

Come with me, whoever will, any drill night, and we will look upon a startling example of carclessness in the handling of firearms. The place is a militia armory, and we will see full-grown men snapping rifles point blank at each other. Had they been early trained in the handling of these dangerous tools, they would never think of pointing them at one another. I was once a witness of an act of this kind that might have proved fatal. The rifle was loaded, but, fortunately, with a blank cartridge. This saved the victim's life, but his face and eyes were filled with powder as it was.

Perhaps restrictions in the use of firearms might prove beneficial in the cause of game protection, and in preserving our song and insectivorous birds. And it is highly desirable that our game and birds should be saved. But it can truthfully be said, without affectation of maudlin sentiment, that the welfare of one's country should be considered even before that of its dumb animals. Early education along the lines of game protection could travel hand in hand with early instruction in the handling of firearms. The men—aye, and women, too—of any country who are proficient in the handling of firearms are a strong and natural protection of that country against its foes. Fervid patriotism is early instilled into the breasts of our children as the fundamental principle of their education, and this is as it should be. But, while the mind is fortified by love of country, the defensive education does not keep pace with the mental. It should be taught that it is as patriotic to be familiar with the use of firearms and a good shot as it is to love one's country. In fact, that the two should go together.

Is the whole wide world not witnessing a glaring example to-day of the inability of a people to handle firearms? Where are Russia and Japan fighting, and what are they fighting for? Are they fighting in the country of either? No. They are fighting on ground that belongs to other nations—China and Corea. And in order to control those nations, either with or without their consent. In population the countries which are the "bone of contention" outnumber the countries which are struggling for that "bone" more than two to one, but they are unarmed and unpracticed in the use of modern arms.

We will suppose that the reader owns a valuable piece of property, and two armed men should come along and decide that the property would just about suit them. They each know you are unarmed, so they peremptorily order you to stand passive while they proceed to "shoot each other up," so that the survivor can take possession of your property. You would be exactly in the position of China and Corea, or any other nation whose inhabitants are unarmed, and can't shoot.

Suppose again, that the people of China and Corea were proficient in the use of firearms, and that every home contained one or more up-to-date rifles, how long would it be before invading armies of any nation would melt into oblivion, like an Arctic snow under an Arabian simoon?

Then suppose that we were as unfamiliar with the use of firearms as China and Corea, how long would it be before our lands and waters would swarm with the armies and navies of the robber countries of the earth?

Then, is it wise to weaken ourselves by passing laws which will surely cause more or less ignorance in the use of the rifle? Would it not be far better for our nation to pass laws compelling the teaching of rifle practice in the primary department of the public schools? And, along with the educational instruction in the use of arms, could be instilled a knowledge of the necessity of game and other dumb animal protection. Had the young men who form our militia companies received early instruction in the proper handling of firearms, they would not to-day point and snap rifles at one another. There would be a scarcity of "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" fools in the land.

In these highly cultured days of subtle and treacherous diplomacy, it is difficult to tell what nefarious scheme may be hidden under the "velvet paw" of international "friendship." Judging by what we see and read, the very thing that appears to be for our good to-day may flame into war to-morrow. For illustration: Our interchange of courtesies with Spain, when the Maine was sent to Havana, and a Spanish warship visited New York. The result is history—we shot the best. Who can tell but some crafty diplomat may be at this moment concocting some scheme which may land us in another war within a month? "Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

It is a matter of history that subtle diplomacy moves cautiously where the advantage is on the opposite side. And in war the scales of advantage would balance to the side of a people who were universally familiar with the rifle and skilled in its use. In these days of 23-knot ships, no civilized country is really isolated from the rest of the world. As big as is our country, and as mighty as is its strength, we must not forget that we are bounded on the north and south by foreign countries. Truly, we are the staunchest of friends to-day, but some unforeseen question may arise to-morrow which may precipitate war before we can realize it. And there might be a combination of allies, with a supply base right on our borders.

For the patriotic welfare of our country, we should become a nation of riflemen and women. We should take a personal interest and teach our children the use of the rifle. My own children are all girls, but each of them knows something about firearms. In fact, my eldest daughter is a fairly accurate shot with the rifle. I consider it a duty I owe to my country that my children should have some knowledge of these things.

We should not forget that we are but 80,000,000 in population, while China and Corea are five times as much. That they have but little say in the war which is being carried on in their territory, but in the division of spoils they will be the most affected—what degrading humiliation! And we should take the lesson to heart that if they were proficient in the use of the rifle, no country would arrogantly force an entrance into their land by right of might. And that no single nation or combination will ever dare attempt an invasion of our own land if it is known that every wayside, rock and tree will thunder forth a tornado of fire and leaden death, sped on its mission by marksmen who have been taught that "only the shots that hit count in war!" Such is the only safe argument to insure lasting peace between nations, and to eventually force universal settlements of international disputes at the Hague. WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., April 2, 1904.

New York Central Corps.

The winter gallery shoot of the Central Corps, during the past season, had an attendance above the average. The scores were of a high order. R. Gute was first on the ring target. J. N. F. Seibs was first for the best center shot on the bullseye target.

Best Bullseye by measurement, 4in. carton: J. N. F. Seibs 21½ degrees, W. Schillingman 24, B. Eusner 31½, F. Rolfes 33½, H. D. Muller 34, J. Speckmann, Jr., 36, H. Schiller 40½, C. Gerken 42½, R. Gute 44, H. von der Lieth 46, D. Scharninghaus 73, F. Kost 50, Geo. A. Viemeister 48, J. von der Lieth 54, F. Schroeder 54, A. Rohde 51, F. Engelking 62, W. Wessel, Jr., 63, F. Brodt 64, A. Ritterhoff 67½, W. J. Daniel 70, H. Roffmann 70½, F. Schiller 74, John Hacke 76, J. Feldscher 78, H. A. Ficke 79, J. Winters 99, F. Jergens 100, S. Dettloff 103½, C. F. Tietjen 112.

Most rings: R. Gute 4,363; F. Kost 4,207; D. Scharninghaus 4,208; H. D. Muller 4,217; J. N. F. Siebs 4,204; G. A. Viemeister 4,171; F. Rolfes 4,099; B. Eusner 4,058; J. Feldscher 4,029; F. Brodt 4,013; J. von der Lieth 4,029; C. Gerken 4,006; W. Wessel, Jr., 3,899; H. Schiller, 3,873; F. Engelking 3,838; H. Roffmann 3,805; A. Rohde 3,786; H. von der Lieth 3,657; C. F. Tietjen 3,720; W. Schillingmann 3,568; H. A. Ficke 3,503; J. Speckmann, Jr., 3,103; J. Hack 3,268; A. Ritterhoff 3,045; F. Jaegens 3,007; S. Dettloff 3,005; P. Schiller 2,820; W. J. Daniel 2,693; J. Winters 2,512.

THE Central Corps opened this summer practice shoot at Union Hill Park on April 21. The coming festival of the National Bund in June is creating a deal of interest.

In the competition on April 21 Gus Zimmermann was first on the ring target; R. Busse was first on the man target.

Ring target, three-shot scores, possible 75: Gus Zimmermann 71, R. Busse 69, D. Scharninghaus 67, W. Koch 66, H. D. Muller 66, W. J. Daniels 65, G. A. Viemeister 65, F. Kost 63, E. Berckmann 62, F. Schrader 61, H. Koster 60, H. Bockmann 59, J. Jordan 58, W. Wessel 58, H. A. Ficke 57, A. Ritterhoff 57, J. von der Lieth 56, W. Schillingmann 56, F. Baumann 55, Val. Horn 55, Ch. Gerken 55, E. Richards 54, Hy von der Lieth 51, Capt. C. F. Tietjen 50.

Man target: R. Busse 56, H. D. Muller 55, Gus Zimmermann 55, Jos. Jordon 54, W. J. Daniels 53, F. Schroeder 52, H. Roffmann 52, Wm. Koch 52, D. Scharninghaus 52, D. Meersse 51, H. Bockmann 51, F. Kost 51, J. von der Lieth 50.

Company bullseye: D. Scharninghaus 2, H. D. Muller 2, W. J. Daniels 2, R. Busse 2, Gus Zimmermann 2, H. Bockmann 2, W. Koch 1, Val. Horn 1, E. Richards 1, Jos. Jordon 1, F. Baumann 1, D Meersse 1, C. Gerken 1.

Trophy, bullseye: H. D. Muller 5, J. von der Lieth 3, F. Schroeder 3, R. Busse 2, Richards 1, E. Berckmann 1, D. Scharninghaus 1, H. von der Lieth 1, W. Wessels, Jr., 1, Ch. Gerken 1, Geo. A. Viemeister 1, Gus Zimmermann 1.

Cash bullseye: H. D. Muller 3, E. Berckmann 3, Gus Zimmermann 3, D. Scharninghaus 2, R. Busse 2, W. J. Daniels 2, Jos. Jordan 2, F. Baumann 2, E. Richards 1, H. Roffman 1, J. von der Lieth 1, Ch. Gerken 1, A. Ritterhoff 1, D. Meersse 1, F. Jaeger 1.

Miller Club vs. Hudson Club.

A HOME and home team match was shot between teams from the Miller Rifle and Pistol Club, of Hoboken, and the Hudson Rifle Club, of Jersey City, N. J., on April 17-24. The first match was held on the Hudson Club ranges on the 17th inst., the teams consisting of ten men. The Miller Club won with ease.

The second match was held on the Miller Club ranges with six men to each team. Like the first match, the Millers again won.

First match, April 17, 25 shots, ten men:

Miller Club—Rosenbaum 607, Unbehaum 596, Goldthwaite 598, Gabrial 592, Owen Smith 599, F. Bischoff 592, C. Miller 594, D. Dingman 586, P. J. O'Hare 602, C. Bischoff 606; total 5972.

Hudson Club—Gannon 589, McCartney 598, Kraus 599, Barker 609, Mahlenbrock 573, Barning 591, Rebhan 595, Keefe 566, Norman 571, Thiel 565; total 5856.

Second match, six men teams, 50 shots:

Miller Club—Rosenbaum 1210, Goldthwaite 1192, C. Bischoff 1216, Owen Smith 1177, Unbehaum 1194, P. J. O'Hare 1216; total 7205.

Hudson Club—McCartney 1195, Kraus 1190, Barning 1183, Barker 1200, Gannon 1174, Rebhan 1203; total 7145.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, April 24. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day, with the fine score of 232. The day was stormy and a strong, gusty wind from 3 to 6 o'clock quarters, prevailed all day. The scores:

Payne	232	216	213	211	211	Hoffman	209	204	203	199	196
Nestler	219	216	212	211	210	Trounstine	203	201	199	196	188
Hofer	215	206	201	200	188	Freitag	201	198	194	193	190
Odell	212	206	205	204	200	Lux	195	194	190	189	187
Hasenzahl	211	210	210	209	203	Drube					
Roberts	210	209	205	202	202						

Zettler Rifle Club.

The results of the Zettler Club winter contest are as follows: Wm. A. Tewes wins the first premium for the most points for the season. He is first on the list for the best fifty scores, and also first on the prize list for the most points. Harry Fenwirth wins the first prize on the bullseye target for the best center shot made during the season. Fenwirth also wins the Zimmermann trophy.

Four premiums for the most rings for the season: Wm. A. Tewes, 33,074, $10; L. C. Buss, 32,957, $5; L. P. Hansen, 32,844, $3; A. Kronsberg, 32,708, $2.

Best fifty scores: W. A. Tewes, 12,356, $15; L. C. Buss, 12,322, $12; L. P. Hansen, 12,305, $10; A. Kronsberg, 12,263, $9; Keo. Schlicht, 12,243, $8.

Best thirty-five scores: R. Gute, 8,594, $7; E. H. Van Zandt, 8,575, $6; C. G. Zettler, Jr., 8,573, $5; A. Moser, 8,533, $5; W. A. Hicks, 8,503, $5.

Best twenty-five scores: B. Zettler, 6,087, $4; C. G. Zettler, Sr., 6,090, $4; L. Maurer, 6,053, $4; H. C. Zettler, 6,046, $3; A. Begerow, 6,020, $3.

Zimmermann trophy: Harry Fenwirth.

Prizes for most rings: W. A. Tewes, 33,074, $10; L. C. Buss, 32,957, $9.92; L. P. Hansen, 32,844, $9.86; A. Kronsberg, 32,708, $9.82; C. G. Zettler, Jr., 32,644, $9.82; W. A. Hicks, 32,276, $9.70; B. Zettler, 32,039, $9.63; H. Fenwirth, 31,646, $9.51; C. G. Zettler, Sr., 32,171, $9.68; G. Schlicht, 30,281, $9.15; G. J. Bernius, 24,017, $7.21; R. Gute, 23,059, $6.92; E. H. Van Zandt, 23,017; $6.91; H. C Zettler, 20,246, $6.07; L. Maurer, 19,018, $5.70; A. Moser, 18,121, $5.43; Thos. H. Keller, Sr., 17,214, $5.15.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, the best center shot to count by measurement: Harry Fenwirth, 15 degrees, $6; H. C. Zettler, 19½, $5; B. Zettler, 21, $4; R. Gute, 24, $3; W. A. Tewes, 25, $3; E. H. Van Zandt, 25, $3; G. Schlicht, 26½, $2; L. C. Buss, 27½, $2; A. Kronsberg, 28½, $2; C. G. Zettler, Jr., 29, $2; W. A. Hicks, 30½, $2; C. G. Zettler, Sr., 32½, $2.

THE winter gallery contest of the Zettler Rifle Club was brought to a close at the club's headquarters, New York city, on Tuesday night, April 19.

The contest the past season has been somewhat of a disappointment from the fact that there were hardly enough members who filled out their scores to be eligible for the prizes on the programme. The scores shot at the last shoot will be found appended. The list of winners for the season, with the total of their scores will be published in the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., offhand, 100 shots: Geo. Schlicht 2422, L. P. Hansen 2416, W. A. Hicks 2398, Thos. H. Keller, Sr., 2306.

Fifty shots: W. A. Tewes 1227, Aug. Kronsberg 1222, Louis C. C Buss 1221, A. Moser 1198, Chas. G. Zettler, Jr., 1198, Hy. C. Zettler 1193, Chas. G. Zettler, Sr., 1184, B. Zettler 1179, Louis Maurer 1173, Hy. Fenwirth 1170, Aug. Begerow 1170, Geo. J. Bernius 1167.

Extra scores: L. P. Hansen 2430.

The New York Corps.

OVER ninety members of the New York Corps were at Union Hill Park, April 29, at the opening of the Corps' summer practice. Capt. John H. Hainhorst was in the best of humor, for the conditions presaged a very successful year.

Ring target, 10 shots, possible 250: J. C. Bonn 213, B. Zettler 212, G. Ludwig 209, Gus Zimmermann 204, D. Peper 192, J. Facklamm 191, J. G. Tholke 186, H. D. Meyer 184, H. Lohden 183, F. Facompre 182, J. F. Cordes 182, J. Schmidt 179, Otto Schwanemann 179, H. Mesloh 178, J. H. W. Meyer 173, H. B. Michaelsen 174, H. Nordbruch 173, A. W. Lemcke 171, J. H. Klee 170, C. Roenig 170, N. G. L. Beversten 167, R. Ohms 162, J. H. Kroger 162, Geo. Offermann 161, W. Schultz 161, A. Sibberns 156, M. Tietjen 154, H. Brunning 154, H. Haase 153, G. Thomas 152, H. Buthfer 151, H. Gobber 150, J. H. Hainhorst 149, J. H. Cordes 149, L. O. Hagenah 145, H. Meyn 145, H. Heinecke 143, J. D. Welkins 141, H. Offermann 141, J. H. Doscher 141, C. Brinkmann 140, J. N. Hermann 140.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: G. Ludwig 58, J. G. Tholke 56, Gus Zimmermann 57, J. G. Bonn 53, Otto Schwanemann 55, J. Facklamm 53, F. Facompre 50, G. Thomas 50, C. Schmitz 50, J. Schmidt 42, C. Mann 40.

Bullseye target: Otto Schwanemann 4, Gus Zimmermann 3, J. H. Meyer 2. J. H. Doscher 2, H. Haase 1, H. Quinten 1, J. F. Cordes 1, C. Schmitz 1, C. Boesch 1, H. Winter 1, H. Lohden 1, A. Sibberns 1, H. D. Meyer 1, D. Bohling 1, J. C. Bonn 1, F. H. Ehlen 1, H. Meyn 1, H. Butfer 1, B. Zettler 1, J. G. Tholke 1, A. W. Lemcke 1, J. D. Wilkins 1, J. Facklamm 1, H. B. Michaelsen 1, J. Schmidt 1.

New York City Corps.

THE City Corps held its practice shoot at Union Hill Park, on April 27.

Ring target, 10 shots, possible 250: R. Schwanermann 209, W. Grapentin 206, A. Kronsberg 202, O. Schwanermann 202, J. Facklamm 201, R. Bendler 190, C. G. Zettler 190, H. G. Radloff 164, J. Riedl 164, A. Wiltz 124.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: J. Facklamm 52, A. Kronsberg 52, W. Grapentin 51, R. Bendler 46, C. G. Zettler 45, Otto Schwanermann 39.

Bullseye target: Bendler 7, O. Schwanermann 5, J. Facklamm 4, A. Kronsberg 4, W. Grapentin 2, R. Schwanermann 2, C. G. Zettler 1.

Point target, most points: O. Schwanermann 49, R. Bendler 35, J. Facklamm 29, W. Grapentin 29, R. Schwanermann 21, A. Kronsberg 19, C. G. Zettler 14, H. C. Radloff 9, A. Wiltz 5, M. Loescher 1.

Rifle Notes.

The Independent New York Corps, captain, Gus Zimmermann, will hold a two days' festival and prize shoot at Union Hill Park on May 24 and 25. The shoot will be open to all comers, with a liberal cash programme.

The St. Louis Central Sharpshooters' Association will hold an open tournament at the World's Fair. Two or three days each week will be devoted to prize target shooting. The series of contests will continue through a period of six months.

The programme of the New York State Rifle Association is now ready for distribution, and can be obtained of Dr. W. B. Short, secretary, 242 Lenox avenue, New York. It provides eighteen rifle and revolver matches, some of which are military, some club, others open to all. The competition will take place at Creedmoor, Sept. 12-17.

"Modern Rifle Shooting from the Ameriean Standpoint," by W. G. Hudson, M.D., gives full information on all the essentials of rifle shooting, theoretical and practical. Dr. Hudson is famous as an expert, practical rifleman at all ranges, and also has achieved fame as a ballistic expert. His independent, skillful experiments have resulted in important improvements on rifles and ammunition. In this work he treats of rifles, bullets, triggers and trigger-pulls, equipments, sights and sighting, adjustment of sights, aiming, optics, positions at all ranges, targets, ammunition, reloading, cleaning, etc. Price $1. For sale by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

May 4-5.—Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club spring tournament.
May 4-5.—Nashville, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club. Charles Eastman, Sec'y.
May 7.—New Haven, Conn.—Intercollegiate shoot.
May 11-12.—Springfield, O., Gun Club's target tournament. Geo. Morgan, Sec'y.
May 11-13.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. J. Burmister, Sec'y.
May 12-13.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club annual spring tournament. W. W. Foord, Sec'y.
May 16-18.—Southern Trapshooters' Association's thirteenth tournament at targets, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club; $500 added. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y.
May 16-21.—York, Pa.—Tournament of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fifth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Cor. Sec'y.
May 17-19.—Davenport, Ia.—Cumberland Gun Club's annual amateur tournament. W. F. Kroy, Sec'y.
May 18.—Wellington, Mass.—Fifth annual team shoot and target tournament of the Boston Gun Club.
May 18.—Boston, Mass, Gun Club annual team target shoot. H. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 18-19.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Jos. H. Knapp, Mgr.
May 18-20.—Columbus, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament. G. A. Schroeder, Sec'y.
May 19-20.—Oklahoma City.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association fifth annual tournament; $300 added money. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.
May 19-21.—Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club handicap target tournament. Fred E. McKay, Sec'y and Mgr.
May 20.—Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club tournament.
May 21.—Princeton, N. J.—Princeton University vs. University of Pennsylvania.
May 23-25.—Houston, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 24-25.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day target tournament.
May 24-25.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Natchitoches, La., Gun Club tournament.
May 24-25.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
*May 25-26.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 25-26.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club Spring shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
May 28-30.—Butte, Mont.—Montana State Sportsmen's Association eleventh annual tournament at targets; $500 added. C. H. Smith, Sec'y.
May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day target tournament; free merchandise prizes. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Secretary, Box 9, Newport, R. I.
May 30.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y.
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club fourth annual Decoration Day tournament. T. M. Brodie, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club holiday shoot. A. B. Parker, Sec'y.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Spring tournament of the Enterprise Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club Decoration Day target shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
May 31.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer Island Gun Club spring target tournament. W. E. Kette, Sec'y.
June 1-3.—Watertown, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. F. J. Cory, Sec'y.
*June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State Shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.
June 9.—Westchester, Pa., Gun Club target shoot. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.
June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Mgr.
June 14-15.—Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Hanover Park Shooting Association target tournament. E. L. Klipple, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—Akron, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League target tournament. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—New London, Ia., Gun Club midsummer tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 15-16.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. L. K. Forscythe, Sec'y.
*June 15-16.—Millvale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club. $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.— East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.
*July 6-7.—Kane, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen, Sec'y.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handicap tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
*July 13-14.—Scottdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.
July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Aug. 9-12.—West Baden, Ind.—Indian tournament; $1,000 added money.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; $25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y. Pittsburg.

The Fairview, N. J., Gun Club holds shoots Friday and Saturday of each week. Targets, 1½ cent. Visitors are welcome to participate.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The match between Messrs. Wright and Batten is to be shot on some day before Jan. 1, instead of May 1, as stated in our last issue.

The Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., will hold shoots on Wednesdays and Saturdays of each week. All visitors are welcome to participate.

In the contest for the English Hotel cup, on the grounds of the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club, April 30, between Messrs. Michaelis and Moller, the former won by a score of 88 to 86.

The eight-man team race on April 30 between Princeton University and the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, was won by Princeton; scores 319 to 290. Each man shot at 50 targets. The contest took place at Princeton, N. J.

The Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club will arrange for a new series of trophy shoots in the near future. The club's tournament, May 17 and 18, is an assured success. For programmes address the secretary, Mr. F. M. Jaeger, Twenty-seventh and Jackson streets.

On Saturday of last week at the shoot of the Wawaset Gun Club, Wilmington, Del., Mr. Edward Banks, of that city, but recently of the village of Manhattan, broke 103 targets straight, and a total of 185 out of 192 shot at, an average of over 96 per cent. This is the record run of Delaware and numerous other places.

Mr. H. E. Winans, of the Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club, at the weekly shoot of that club last week, scored the sixth and final win for the Traver cup, a much desired and warmly contested trophy. In the last contest, Messrs. Winans and Smith tied for it, and the tie was shot off four times before the winner could be determined.

In the second contest for the automobile, at Newark, on Saturday of last week, Mr. Louis W. Colquitt, of Orange, N. J., and Mr. C. W. Floyd, of New York, made high score. They tied on 92 out of 100. At the first shoot Mr. Floyd was high with 91. Mr. Sim Glover, at the first shoot made high professional score, 92, for the cup. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, for the same cup, made 95, high score at the last shoot.

The Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, opened its season on April 30, and had thirty shooters in attendance, a number large enough to compare favorably with an average tournament. The famous professional trapshooters, Messrs. H. W. Cadwallader, Jack Fanning, Fred Lord, and Mrs. Bennett were visitors. Dr. J. W. Meek scored first win in Class A with 24. Mr. Ballard won in Class B with 22, and Mr. Birkland, Jr., was first in Class C with 21.

High average at the two-day shoot held on the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club, the first of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League for 1904, was won by Mr. D. A. Upson, of Cleveland, O., with a total of 316. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was as close a second as it was possible to be, scoring only one less. Four teams contested in the team race. The New Castle team won. The members of it were Messrs. Atkinson, Shaner and Hickey.

Mr. Will K. Park, in Sporting Life last week stated that Pennsylvania will be the next State to introduce a bill similar to that recently passed in New Jersey against pigeon shooting, and warns the shooters that the way to meet such action is to organnize and oppose it from the start. That is a perfectly sound warning, but the history of such happenings is that the shooters vehemently and informally think of organization after the deed is done.

At the Interstate Association tournament, held under the auspices of the Americus, Ga., Gun Club, April 27 and 28, Mr. Chas. G. Spencer made high average, 386 out of 400, a 96.5 per cent. record. Mr. H. B. Money was second with 383, better than a 95 per cent. performance. Mr. Walter Huff was third with 377, 92.5 per cent. Of the amateurs, Mr. H. D. Freeman was high with 365 out of 400; Mr. Frank Heidt, second, broke 361, and Mr. J. M. Napier was third with 358.

The Warwick, N. Y., Gun Club has issued the programme of its series of 1904 shoots, the dates of which are May 13, June 10, July 8, Aug. 12, Sept. 9 and Oct. 14. There are eight events, alike for each shoot, alternately 10 and 15 targets, entrance 75 cents and $1. Extra events to suit visitors. Targets, 1½ cent. Rose system governs the division of moneys. Manufacturers' agents from necessity and others from choice may shoot for targets only at 2 cents. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock. Dr. A. W. Edsall is the secretary.

The Boston Gun Club will hold their fifth annual tournament and team shoot on their grounds at Wellington, Mass., on May 18 There are thirteen events on the programme; four at 10, the remainder at 15 targets. Events 11 and 12, 15 targets each, constitute the five-man team match; all shoot from scratch. Shooting commences after the arrival of the 9:25 train. All shooters are invited. Lunch served on the grounds. Special prizes offered by the club: Gold watch charm to the amateur making the best programme average, and leathern gun case to second amateur. Targets 1½ cent. Loaded shells obtainable on the grounds. Guns and cartridges forwarded to Kirkwood Bros., 23 Elm street, before May 18, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

At the close of the season, April 14, at Monte Carlo, the Prix de Cloture handicap, £100 and a gold medal, entrance £2.85, second, 30 per cent; third, 20 per cent., there were twenty-four contestants. A high wind prevailed, and only one contestant, Count de Robiano, remained in the seventh round. Commenting on the series of Monte Carlo contests, the London Field states: "The most successful of the English competitors during the season have been Mr. Roberts, with the triennial championship, worth

£472, and five other prizes of £179, making altogether £651; Mr. Mackintosh, who won eight prizes, worth £400, including the Monte Carlo handicap, and Mr. Walter Blake, who took ten prizes, worth £382; Mr. Woolton won six prizes, worth £230; Mr. Lindsay Scott, three, of £225; Mr. Percy Thellusson, three, of £211; Mr. C. Robinson, four, of £206; Mr. Ker, seven, of £195, and Mr. Asplen, five, of £149."

All indications are that the tournament of the Wawaset Gun Club, at Wilmington, Del., May 12 and 13, will be a success in every particular. A large number of shooters, both professional and amateur, have signified their intention to participate. As it is an amateur tournament, manufacturers' agents will be permitted to shoot for targets only. Targets will not be thrown over 50yds. A sliding handicap, 16 to 20yds., will establish a reasonable equity in the competition. Five per cent. from the net amount of the purse in each event will be deducted, and the total sum will be divided pro rata among the amateurs who shoot through the programme without winning a sum equal to their entrance. Guns and ammunition, prepaid and marked in owner's name, sent care of E. Melchior, Jr., 214 King street, will be delivered on the shooting grounds free of charge. For programmes address the secretary, W. M. Foord, 213 West Sixth street.

The large sportsmen's goods establishment of Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, New York, had a narrow escape from destruction by fire on Tuesday of last week. The fire started in one of the upper floors of the building. It was extinguished by the energetic work of the fire department before the whole building was involved. Engines, water tower and hook and ladder truck, with the congested traffic and crowds, made at that hour the corner of Broadway and Pearl street a scene of extraordinary activity and interest. On the following day an event of still greater interest transpired. Five members of the German nobility, recently arrived and en route westward, visited Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold and purchased some rapid fire shotguns. Three of the distinguished visitors were Durchlaucht Prinz von Ratibor Schillingsfürst, Durchlaucht Prinz Karl von Ratibor, and Durchlaucht Erbprinz von Ratibor. The names of the other two I did not learn. They are said to be famous shots in Germany.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., April 26.—There was a 4 o'clock wind and a good lot of birds, but there was an irritating delay till 2:40 o'clock, waiting for the arrival of the latter. A special meeting of the club was called for Friday of this week. Mr. Dannefelser leads all other club members in the number of points so far this year.

The club contest, 10 birds per man, resulted as follows:

Van Valkenburg	28	7	22*2022222— 8
Dr Davis	26	5½	1001200200— 4
Schorty	30	7	2020*21222— 7
Belden	28	6	1121202020— 7
Schlicht	28	6	0120102222— 7
Garms	28	6½	2101222102— 8
Wilson	28	6½	2222222022— 9
Seibel	26	4	*010001021— 4
C Lange	28	6½	0020100111— 5
Shappert	26	5	0002102001— 4
Voss	30	7	10112112l*— 8
Selg	26	4	11*1110112— 8
Hughes	26	5	2020000222— 5
Meckel	28	7	10**021*12— 5
Woelfel	28	6½	2212120020— 7
Klenk	28	5½	1102000222— 6
Baudendistel	28	5½	1112222112—10
Welibrock	28	7	2022221222— 9
Muench	28	7	2011212110— 8
Dannefelser	28	5½	2112222222—10
Doherty	26	4	2110100001— 5
Albert	28	7	2020122201— 7
Weber	28	6	0110211112— 8
Gardella	26	5½	1200211201— 7
*Hendrickson	..	..	0212222020— 7
*C H Cone	..	..	2121211222—10
*J A Henderson	..	..	0120001020— 5
*A Drescher	..	..	1000010120— 4

*Guests.

Jeannette Gun Club.

Guttenburg, N. J., April 22.—There was a 7 o'clock wind. The birds were a good lot and mostly drivers. In the shoot-off Schortemeier won Class A; Mr. Pape won Class B; Mr. Sanders won Class C for the third and final time, winning all three times with Mr. Schortemeier's gun. Mr. Schortemeier acted as referee and scorer:

Kroeger, 30	2*12122102— 8	Rohlfs, 28	0221210121— 8
Boulken, 25	1000120001— 4	Pottman, 25	2221001121— 8
Schorty, 32	0121222222— 9	Meyerdierck, 28	2001111111— 9
Pape, 28	0*21121221— 8	J Mohrman, 28	2112*12101— 8
Steffens, 30	1121*11211— 9	Gerdes, 25	2220020011— 6
Sanders, 25	2120101112— 8	Interman, 28	1102112022— 8
Kastens, 28	02101*110*— 5	Hainhorst, 28	0*21122102— 7
Brunie, 28	1211211010— 8		

Shoot-off, Class A:

Schorty .....22 Steffens 2*

Challenge medal, Mohrman was challenged by Hainhorst, and retains the medal as per the following score:

Mohrman, 28.....0111122111212l0—13
Hainhorst, 28.....1202011122101l1—12

Princeton University—Crescent A. C.

Princeton, N. J., April 30.—The eight-man team contest to-day between the Princeton University Gun Club and the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, was won by Princeton by the wide margin of 29 targets. Each man shot at 50 targets. For Princeton Mr. O. D. Munn, '06, broke 44 and was high. Remsen broke 48 for the Crescent team and was high man for the shoot. Scores:

Princeton Team—Munn 44, Gaines 43, Archer 42, Pell 42, Pardoe 39. Stutesman 37, Mortan 34; total 319.

Crescent A. C. Team—Remsen 48, Palmer 47, Brigham 42, Stevenson 41, Southworth 41, Stokes 30, Alphenson 29, Van Dever 12; total 290.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., April 30.—Notwithstanding the frequent showers this afternoon, there was a very good attendance at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the Gun Club, some sixteen marksmen being in attendance.

Event 1 was for practice only. Events 2 and 3 apply on the contest for the Parker gun—members' three highest scores of 50 each from now to Sept. 1 to count. Event 4 was handicap match for members, 25 targets, 50 cents entrance, the prize a sole leather gun case, was tied for by Messrs. Benson and Howard. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, it went to Mr. Benson on the ninth round. Event 5, same conditions as No. 4, prize, a cartridge case, was won by Mr. Benson, who broke 22 targets, and with a handicap of 5 made him an easy winner.

Messrs. Schneider and Glaister were the guests of the club.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	25	25	25	25	Targets:	10	25	25	25	25
Babcock	8	15	19	22	..	Matthews, 7	5	19	13	21	19
Gunther	10	23	21	21	21	Glaister	5	13	12	..	..
C Kendall, 3	7	17	18	23	23	Crane, 3	9	9	14	18	16
Schneider	8	21	21	21	20	Doremus, 8	..	8	11	23	..
Cockefair, 1	8	20	16	18	21	Holloway, 7	..	18	16	23	20
G Batten, 6	8	14	15	20	..	Dr Batten, 4	..	17	20	20	..
Winslow, 7	5	9	18	16	..	Holzderber, 4	..	..	20	23	22
Howard, 3	7	17	..	24	..	Benson, 5	..	..	21	24	25

Handicaps apply only to events 4 and 5.

EDWARD WINSLOW.

Pattenburg Gun Club.

Pattenburg, N. J., April 30.—The regular monthly shoot for medals took place April 30, with ten contestants. There were three ties for second medal, resulting in Capt. Holbrook's favor. Harry Gano captured the first medal.

After the match for medals a Jack Rabbit event, 5 targets each, 25 cents up, was shot. H. Gano got 4, A. E. Holbrook 4, C. W. Bonnell 5, N. Stamets 4, W. S. Bowlby 3, R. Stamets 3, H. P. Milbern 4, H. Fleck 4. This sport creates quite some amusement.

Our club has a new trap on its way, and will in a few days have it in use.

The medal contest follows:

N Stamets	11111111101111111110111011—22
H Gano	11011111111111011111111111—23
H P Milburn	11011111111111001111111111—22
R Stamets	11011111011111111101110111—21
C W Bonnell	11001110111111011101110111—19
A K Hellman	10110000100001110100100001—10
E Eckard	10000010111101101111110010—14
A E Holbrook	11111111110110111011111111—22
W E Bowlby	01111100011101111001111111—18
F Fleck	01111101111111011001111111—20

Shoot-off of tie: N. Stamets 0, A. E. Holbrook 1.

C. W. BONNELL, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., April 30.—Event 8 was at five pairs. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	25	10	15
Eickhoff	..	5	2	7	5	7	17	4	12
Dr Richter	9	5	7	7	8	14	19	9	..
Town	6	5	3	7	6	..	..	..	..
Morrison	..	8	5	7	9	14	19	5	12
Vosselman	..	7	9	7	5	7	14	5	..
Leasenfeld	6	7	7	5	8	13	19	5	..

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Norwich Shooting Club.

NORWICH, Conn.—The Saturday afternoon shoot was held on April 30, and to the accompaniment of thunder and lightning. The following are the scores:

Targets:	25	25		Targets:	25	25	
Amberg	16	17	—33	Olcott	17	16	—33
Brown	19	16	—35	Aborn	17	19	—36
Ulmer	12	9	—21	Wright	15	16	—31
Dolbeare	18	17	—35	Gates	19	..	
Tafft	19	22	—41				

I. P. TAFFT, Sec'y.

Paducah Gun Club.

PADUCAH, Ky.—The three days' tournament of the Paducah Gun Club was not the success anticipated, owing to the unseasonable weather. The second day's events were shot in a snowstorm. The club will try it again in August. The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	20	20	20	20	50	at.	Broke.
H Money	15	19	24	15	20	24	18	18	17	19	48	250	237
Spencer	15	18	24	13	18	25	19	20	17	20	48	250	237
M Starr	13	19	21	13	20	23	20	20	19	18	44	250	230
G Ward	12	20	21	14	20	13	17	19	18	18	47	250	229
P C Ward	15	18	24	14	20	20	18	20	16	16	46	250	227
Mercer	14	17	21	12	19	25	17	18	20	17	43	250	223
Kennedy	13	19	23	15	18	22	17	17	17	20	41	250	222
Armstrong	13	18	23	15	16	24	18	15	18	17	45	250	222
Brady	11	18	19	14	18	24	17	19	17	19	45	250	221
Coe	14	17	21	15	19	23	16	17	18	18	40	250	218
Davis	14	20	20	15	17	23	17	17	12	16	44	250	215
Joiner	13	15	23	12	18	23	16	18	16	14	43	250	211
Hillman	13	17	22	11	18	21	17	16	17	16	42	250	210
Anthony	13	15	24	14	19	24	14	14	16	15	42	250	210
Prouse	14	17	18	12	16	21	16	16	16	18	41	250	205
Waters	13	15	18	14	14	20	11	19	18	18	44	250	204
Hansboro	10	18	17	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	95	72
H Beyer	10	..	..	..	..	18	15	15	16	..	..	100	74
Glenn	8	17	15	10	16	17	11	13	15	12	..	210	134
Lloyd	11	14	15	12	8	17	6	13	12	..	..	180	108
George	..	18	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	33
W B Moore	..	..	12	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	25
J H Leech	..	..	..	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	23

Second Day.

Live birds:

Events:	1	2		Events:	1	2	
Birds:	10	10	Total.	Birds:	10	10	Total.
Waters	8	..	..	M Starr	9	..	..
Mercer	9	..	..	P C Ward	9	..	..
Money	9	10	19	G Ward	8	..	..
Davis	9	..	..	Jones	8	..	..
Armstrong	7	8	15	Beyer	8	7	15
Kennedy	10	9	19	Hillman	9	8	17

Third Day.

Event No. 1 was at 15 birds for amateurs. No. 2 was at 25 birds, open to all:

Events:	1	2		Events:	1	2	
Birds:	15	25	Total.	Birds:	15	25	Total.
T Saunders	15	19	34	Mercer	13	..	..
M Starr	13	24	37	P C Ward	14	24	38
Armstrong	13	24	37	G Ward	15	21	36
Weille	13	..	..	Spencer	..	23	..
Bogardus, Jr.	8	..	..	Money	..	24	..
Noxall	12	20	32	Waters	..	22	..
Kennedy	14	21	35	Robertson	..	22	..
Hillman	14	22	36				

Money and Spencer tied for high gun on the first day, and the tie was shot off at 100 targets to-day, Money winning by 97 to 94, and taking the silver cup given by the club.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, April 30.—Appended scores were made on our grounds, to-day on the occasion of our opening shoot for the season. Dr. Meek won Class A trophy, 24; Bullard, won Class B trophy, 22; Birkland, Jr., won Class C, 21.

The day was a fine one for trapshooting, and about thirty shooters took advantage of it for an afternoon's outing.

Mr. Cadwallader, Jack Fanning, Fred Lord and Mrs. Bennett, all traveling shooters, were present, and set a rather fast pace for the boys. We enjoyed their company and hope to see them often.

Class A.

Pollard	11111011100110111111100111—19
Dr Meek	11111111111011111111111111—24
Thomas	10110111101111111111101111—21
Wilson	01011110010101101100001111—14
Lord	11101110111111111111111111—24
Cadwallader	11111111101111111111111110—23
Veitmeyer	11111110111101010111110111—20
Ellis	11111111111111111101111111—24
Richards	00011110011011011111111011—17
Eaton	11101111011111101611111011—20

Class B.

Bullard	10111110111111011111111111—22
F Wolff	00111011001001001101011l0—13
Dr Huff	11011110011010101011111111—18
Tom Jones	11011111111111001111001111—20
Keck	11111111101001111111100101—19
Hathaway	11011101111010010110011l00—15
Snyder	11100101110111101101100ll—17
McDonald	11111011101111101111001l0—20
Stone	00101011110011111111111011—18

Class C.

Birkland, Jr	01111111111011111110111110—21
Gould	00000000001101100000000000— 4
Birkland, Sr	11111100110000011010111l00—14
Dr Spillman	10111101110110111111000101—17
Einfeldt	11111111101111110110101011—21
Fanning	11111111111111111111101111—24
Mrs Bennett	11001101111110011111111011—19
Cooke	01010000011110100101011111—13
Porter	00001100101001111101111101—14
Ostendofe	00001100010110100011111100—11

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	*	15	10	10	10	10
Pollard	8	8	9	6	8	13	7	..	..	..
Dr Meek	9	9	10	9	8	14	8	9	8	..
Thomas	6	6	7	6	9	9	7	9	8	..
Wilson	4	6	7	7	9	9	..	..	..	..
Lord	8	10	10	10	8	15	10	..	..	..
Cadwallader	10	9	7	9	9	13	9	9	10	..
Veitmeyer	9	8	9	9	10	13	10	..	..	..
Ellis	5	8	9	10	8	14	7	..	..	..
Richards	10	8	8	9	4	12	..	..	..	..
Eaton	10	9	10	7	4	10	8	5	..	..
Bullard	8	10	10	9	9	13	..	..	..	..
F Wolff	5	6	4	4	7	12	9	..	..	..
Dr Huff	..	7	9	7	5	..	..	..	..	..
Tom Jones	..	5	6	10	4	12	..	..	..	..
Keck	..	10	6	9	7	12	..	..	..	..
Hathaway	..	..	8	9	7	11	..	..	..	..
Snyder	..	..	5	4	7	..	..	..	..	..
McDonald	..	..	5	9	6	10	7	7	8	..
Stone	..	..	6	9	6	11	6	5	6	9
Birkland, Jr	..	..	6	8	5	10	8	7	6	..
Gould	..	..	0	1	0	0	1	3	..	6
Birkland, Sr	..	..	..	9	5	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Skillman	..	..	..	8	2	7	7	..	..	..
Fanning	..	..	..	..	10	15	10	9	..	..
Cooke	..	..	..	..	4	5	8	5	..	6
Porter	..	..	..	..	3	7	7	4	..	3
Bennett	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	..	..	..

*Five pairs.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., April 27.—Jupiter Pluvius reigned supreme at the Boston Gun Club shoot to-day, never once attempting to stem the tidal wave. However, the nine standbys that did venture out on this disagreeable day were no less enthusiastic, and between drops some six events were shot. Considering the conditions, the shooting was very good, over half the number averaging over the honor mark for these grounds, with the rest of the bunch very close to it. Bell's work in the prize match displaces a previous 19 and now stands second in the total, one target to the rear of Griffiths, whose shooting of late has been an eye-opener for us. Hodsdon was somewhat off form to-day, his match score being just a little hard luck, etc., coming at the same time. Capt. Woodruff's return to the fold, after a few weeks' absence caused by sickness at home, was indeed welcome, and though handicapped by a strange gun, was up with the top-notchers in most of the events. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot		
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	at.	Broke.	Av.
Griffiths, 19	7	11	9	14	11	9	75	61	.814
Frank, 18	9	13	6	13	13	8	75	62	.827
Bell, 18	7	14	10	12	14	10	75	67	.894
Hodsdon, 19	..	..	6	11	14	7	50	38	.760
Kirkwood, 19	10	14	9	13	14	10	75	70	.934
Jason, 16	6	12	8	11	14	4	75	55	.734
Lee, 16	7	12	8	10	9	5	75	51	.680
Cobb, 16	8	9	6	12	8	6	75	49	.654
Woodruff, 17	..	11	8	13	11	9	65	52	.800

Prize match:

Bell, 18	01111111111111111111111111—24
Kirkwood, 19	11111110111111111111111111—24
Frank, 18	11011111111111101111110011—21
Hodsdon, 19	11111111111011111110001111—21
Griffiths, 19	11011011111001111111111101—20
Woodruff, 17	01001111110111111111110111—20
Jason, 16	11111111111111011111000000—18
Cobb, 16	00011110010111000101011l1—14
Lee, 16	01011110100110101010110011—14

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 28.—Although the weather to-day was too wet for much of an attendance, the three high men of the cup series were on deck and the race, which turned out to be the last one for the Traver cup, was a spirited one. Winans and Smith tied, and four strings had to be shot before the tie was broken, which finally fell to Winans' credit. The shooting of these two men was the most even ever seen in any cup race shot here, neither having the advantage of the most number of breaks at the end of the 125 rounds, both breaking exactly the same number—92.

The cup is now the property of Winans, he having won it six times, according to conditions that it was put up under:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Traver	17	22	..	..	..	..	Smith	15	19	21	19	18	15
Winans	19	18	20	18	19	17							

Event 2 was for cup. Winans and Smith, with 7 added breaks, tied on full scores. Balance of programme was to shoot off tie handicap same as No. 2 event.

Pinehurst Gun Club.

PINEHURST, N. C., April 30.—At a recent meeting of the Pinehurst Gun Club these officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. W. Priest, Franconia, N. H.; Vice-President, Henry A. Page, Aberdeen, N. C.; Secretary, Herbert L. Jillson, Worcester, Mas.; Treasurer, Thomas B. Cotter, Winchester, Mass.; Captain, C. A. Lockwood, New York city; Lieutenants, A. E. Lard, Washington, D. C.; M. C. Parshall, Warren, Pa.; M. B. Byrnes, New York city.

The programme for next season's tournaments was referred to a committee, which shall announce the events in the fall.

H. L. JILLSCN, Sec'y.

Wawaset Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., April 30.—The event of the Wawaset Gun Club weekly shoot to-day was the run of 103 straight made by Mr. Edward Banks, the record run of Delaware. The ground record was previously held by Mr. L. J. Squier, who had a run of 66 to his credit. Mr. Edwin G. White broke 105 out of 125, and Mr. McKelvey broke 119 out of 125. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Banks	192	185	McColley	75	62
McKelvey	125	119	David	75	40
White	125	105	Springer	50	45
DuPont	125	90	Martin	50	44
Parker	110	86	Ogden	50	30
Melchior	90	66			

WESTERN TRAP.

Kansas City—St. Louis.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 25.—Yesterday the long-expected St. Louis team arrived in this city, and though the weather was very damp, and, in fact, rain poured down, the boys gathered at the park and the shoot could not well be postponed.

The day was dark, and though the birds were damp, there was no discount on their flying, as the shooters found out. Not a straight was made, though Planck and Tipton for Kansas City each scored 24. Spencer was high for St. Louis with 23.

When Tipton and Mermod had shot their first 10, there were prospects of a straight, but Mermod fell down on both the eleventh and twelfth. Tipton kept it up until the twenty-first round, when an incomer that should have been smothered was lost.

The race was for $100 a side, each shooting at 25 live birds. The score resulted in the World's Fair defeat, 102 to 110.

It will be remembered that last October the Kansas City team paid a visit to St. Louis, and there met defeat by the small margin of one bird—and that one bird owing to a decision by the referee, caused the Kansas City men to feel as though they should have had a tie. But that is all over now.

At the close of the shoot the Kansas City crowd banquetted the defeated shooters at the Baltimore Hotel. The scores, Intercity team shoot:

Kansas City.

Planck	111221222221222221222022—24
Holmes	201221012221021221210-20—19
Clayton	112212102222220222111111—23
Elliott	222012222122202*022202222—20
Tipton	211212111222212211221021112—24—110

St. Louis.

Clark	212222*2*2*22202221222202—20
O'Neil	112201121002202222022*2202—18
Spencer	2022*222222122022222222222—23
Kenyon	020122121210*01121*2212021—19
Mermod	222111122220*122120122211 2—22—102

There were several target sweepstakes shot after the close of the team race.

As the St. Louis team was delayed reaching the park, the Kansas City boys and the visitors engaged in a 15 live-bird preliminary, in which A. Holmes, Chauncey Powers and Dave Elliott went straight. Fred Gilbert, Ed O'Brien and Tom Norton each dropped one. The scores:

Clayton	*112212222022 12—13	Norton	222122212221 22*—14
Tipton	112*111122212*01—12	O'Brien	222211222*222212—14
Planck	1*122110222222 2—13	D Elliott	222212222221222 2—15
Powers	112122211121122—15	Gottlieb	012222222*222111—13
Gilbert	122222202211112—14	Holmes	222122222121112—15

O'Neil—Holmes.

Kansas City, Mo., April 25.—To-day, while the rain was pouring down and the Blue River was rising fast and foreboding evil to the Elliott tournament, which starts to-morrow, little Joe O'Neil won a 50 live-bird race for $50 a side from A. H. Holmes, of this city.

The birds were not in good condition, owing to the prolonged wet weather. O'Neil had rather the best of the draw, yet shot quick and accurate, and did not need the second barrel to any extent. Holmes lost three by the twenty-first round, and O'Neil was then in a shape to keep the lead, which he preserved to the end, losing but one to Holmes's 6.

There were four target events. Crosby and Clayton tied in the first on 15; Mermod won second; Riehl third; Budd and Gilbert went straight in the last.

The park is at the present writing almost entirely surrounded by water, owing to a rise in the Blue; yet the prospects are that the Elliott shoot will not be hindered thereby.

Harlow Spencer, of St. Louis, is still in the city, and will shoot a 100 live-bird match for $100 before the week is over.

Zanesville Gun Club.

Zanesville, O., April 23.—The first shoot of the season was held Thursday. The shooting ground has been improved. One of the most successful enterprises was that of placing a motor to run the magautrap, as now every target falls at 55yds. unless broken by the shooter.

The new grounds will be dedicated on May 4, at which time there will be sweepstake shooting, 16yds., and no handicap, money divided so that the high man can win something. The following scores were made by the big five who could not longer keep their guns within their cases, at 75 targets, viz.: Moore 71, L. A. Moore 70, Brown 68, Dennis 66, Warner 66.

Rensselaer Tournament.

Rensselaer, Ind., April 21.—The shoot held here the past two days was, in point of numbers a surprise to all concerned. The club here is small and the manager was imported, yet the programme was an inviting one, and many large clubs would be proud of a tournament wherein there were twenty-seven who shot the whole programme through.

The traveling representatives were here in plenty. There were Messrs. Kirby, Trimble, Head, Vietmeyer, Fanning and Mrs. Bennett.

Chicago sent a full squad, and others came from all over the northwestern part of the State. Lem Willard certainly made a fine score, as did Manager Brown.

The weather on the whole was good, and in this respect was an improvement over that of Darlington, Paducah, Kansas City and other pointss where shoots were held at the same time.

Uncle John Deitrick had all the boys going some, as at one time he made 51 straight.

Mrs. Bennett's showing was a revelation to the natives, as there are so few women who travel and shoot that they are at all times a curiosity when at the traps. The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	15	20	15	15	15	at.	Broke.
Kirby	14	13	18	13	14	21	14	15	18	13	15	13	200	181
Trimble	15	15	18	14	13	24	14	13	15	13	14	14	200	182
Head	13	13	19	15	13	23	15	12	18	14	11	14	200	180
Burnham	12	12	15	13	12	19	13	15	19	15	11	13	200	169
Deitrick	9	12	15	11	13	..	13	14	20	15	11	14	175	147
Mitchell	7	9	12	8	8	14	6	7	12	10	10	11	200	114
Tripp	14	13	14	14	9	23	12	15	14	13	14	14	200	175
Brown	12	13	18	15	13	25	14	14	17	13	15	15	200	184
Vietmeyer	9	13	17	12	11	20	14	13	15	14	12	12	200	169
Benner	11	13	15	12	12	21	14	12	19	13	11	14	200	167
Spinney	11	11	17	14	12	19	14	14	18	14	12	12	200	168
Darling	14	12	19	12	13	22	11	13	16	12	11	11	200	166
Fanning	15	14	18	15	13	24	15	14	18	13	14	11	200	184
Mrs Bennett	13	13	11	11	11	18	12	13	16	11	12	13	200	158
Peck	10	14	17	14	13	25	15	14	17	15	14	13	200	181
Park	13	13	18	13	15	24	13	15	18	14	12	14	200	182
Zea	11	12	15	11	11	21	14	14	17	13	16	13	200	168
Nichols	12	15	17	10	15	24	13	14	19	15	12	14	200	180
Slow	9	13	19	13	13	23	13	12	13	10	14	14	200	167
Butler	14	15	18	15	15	24	13	12	19	14	13	10	200	182
Link	13	13	18	12	14	22	14	13	17	14	13	13	200	176
Ackerman	14	13	17	13	13	20	14	14	17	14	15	13	200	177
Roll	14	12	19	14	14	23	12	13	17	16	14	15	200	182
Willard	16	15	19	15	13	23	15	13	19	15	14	14	200	190
Barto	13	15	20	14	14	21	13	14	19	13	14	13	200	183
Shrogren	11	13	16	13	11	..	12	12	17	13	14	15	175	143
Engstrom	12	15	18	11	13	..	13	14	16	12	14	14	175	152

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	15	20	15	at.	Broke.
Head	14	13	18	13	14	22	14	13	14	15	170	150
Burnham	9	13	17	11	14	19	13	11	17	12	170	136
Barto	13	15	19	14	13	22	12	14	17	14	170	153
Nichols	13	12	18	14	15	24	14	14	17	14	170	155
Trimble	15	15	17	15	15	24	14	13	17	13	170	158
Vietmeyer	13	14	20	12	11	22	9	13	18	12	170	144
Roll	14	12	19	14	14	24	12	13	18	14	170	154
Spinney	13	13	19	11	14	..	12	11	..	..	110	98
Willard	13	14	20	15	13	24	13	15	18	14	170	159
Benner	13	9	18	14	15	..	13	12	..	..	110	94
Kirby	13	15	18	13	11	23	13	12	15	14	170	147
Butler	13	11	19	14	12	18	13	12	17	..	155	129
Brown	13	14	17	14	13	23	15	13	19	15	170	154
Darling	11	10	15	10	12	..	13	14	18	11	145	115
Peck	14	11	19	15	10	23	11	14	13	14	170	149
Tripp	15	12	18	13	13	20	15	18	14	12	170	145
Deitrick	10	13	16	12	14	..	10	..	..	..	105	75
Park	12	15	19	13	11	21	..	17	..	..	130	108
Fanning	14	15	19	15	15	23	14	15	19	12	170	161
Mrs Bennett	9	11	15	11	8	15	13	9	14	11	170	107
Zea	14	7	13	14	11	..	10	13	14	15	145	111
Mullin	15	14	18	15	14	..	14	15	19	13	145	137

Wisconsin Southern League.

Darlington, Wis., April 21.—What should have been a good shoot was cut down both in attendance and number of targets by the bad weather that prevailed yesterday.

It was a surprise to meet the Dago, and he showed that he has lost none of his old-time "gun craftiness," as he lost but 4 out of the 100 targets shot at. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	10	at.	Broke.
R E Orton	5	14	13	7	13	14	8	9	100	83
W T Campbell	9	13	15	9	12	14	9	10	100	91
L Dodge	9	12	14	9	14	12	7	7	100	84
W S Warren	7	10	12	8	13	13	8	5	100	76
L Canfield	9	13	12	7	11	11	8	10	100	81
E W Voss	9	9	13	6	13	12	5	10	100	77
C W Budd	10	15	13	10	14	14	10	10	100	96
G Bixby	9	9	7	9	11	14	6	7	100	72

League events: Peters cup, two-man teams:

Dago 21, Campbell 20; total 41.

Orton 21, Barto 20; total 41.

Voss 19, Warren 21; total 40.

Gordon 17, Phillipson 8; total 25.

Target cup, handicap: Orton (19) 11, Campbell (19) 17, Dodge (19) 19, Warren (16) 15, Voss (18) 21, Bixby (16) 20, Barlow (16) 18, Gordon (16) 17.

Live bird cup, handicap, 10 birds: Dodge (32) 9, Campbell (30) 8, Orton (30) 7, Barlow (26) 9, Budd (32) 9, Campbell (28) 9.

Barlow won on shoot-off.

Albuquerque Gun Club.

Albuquerque, N. M., April 22.—The gun club of this place was out yesterday, and three of the members shot at 100 each. The score of J. Barnett was especially fine. He is expecting a new gun, and when he gets it broken in, he will challenge Garrett for the handicap trophy. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	10
J Barnett	22	22	24	24	..
A Henry	16	22	20	19	..
H T Johnson	20	17	17	21	..
W Hoberly	22	..	23	..	..
J Obermeyer	15	..	..	..	..
P J Hawley	9	..	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	10
J Logol	12	..	..	..	..
Waddington	..	..	..	..	8
Leed	..	..	..	..	4
Lafferty	..	..	..	20	8
Ortiz	23	..	..	..	..

Elliott's Tournament.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 26.—The big tournament, which is to be only a forerunner of the 1905 shoot, started this morning with some thirty-four shooters going through the programme. The major part of them were the "left over" from the shoot of last week. The weather was not good, and the scores were extremely low, owing to the handicap, which was an extreme one.

The opening was delayed consequent by the trains that were held back by high waters, hence the shoot ran into the dark.

The first six events were divided Rose system, 7, 5, 3, 2; the other six on the per cent. plan, 40, 30, 20 and 10.

With $100 added money and $50 for added average prizes, the shoot was interesting.

The high amateur average went to J. F. Thomas, of Pleasant Hill, Mo., with the low score of 166.

The high professional average was won by Frank Riehl, with 171; Gilbert, 169.

The weather promises good, and the shooting will develop into several individual matches.

While the shoot on targets was being held back, Dave Elliott and Alex Mermod shot a 25 live-bird race. Mermod won easily with 23 to 20.

Mermod was then challenged by Wm. Clayton for the same kind of a race, and Mermod won again easily, 24 to 22. The scores:

First Day, April 26.

Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Bush, 18	13	12	17	11	10	13	14	9	14	10	13	14	150
Anderson, 17	7	10	15	13	9	16	8	10	14	10	14	18	144
Cockrell, 16	6	8	13	13	10	13	12	10	17	11	12	11	136
Lewis, 17	10	11	14	11	12	17	12	10	17	12	14	15	155
Wickey, 16	9	9	18	9	12	15	13	10	10	7	12	15	139
Ford, 18	12	8	14	12	10	13	12	14	17	10	15	19	156
Templeton, 18	11	7	16	14	13	13	14	9	w	..	..	..	...
Gorman, 18	12	5	19	10	12	13	12	11	17	11	14	16	152
Thomas, 18	14	10	17	12	12	18	13	11	18	11	15	15	166
Smith, 18	10	7	14	12	7	6	13	10	17	7	11	13	127
Wetzig, 18	13	13	15	13	11	14	11	11	16	10	13	14	156
Leggett, 18	9	9	19	13	10	16	15	10	14	6	10	15	146
Norton, 18	12	12	13	11	12	17	12	11	12	10	12	10	147
Gottlieb, 18	9	5	16	12	8	15	10	11	15	9	14	18	142
Harris, 18	11	9	17	14	10	14	8	10	16	9	11	16	145
O'Brien, 19	11	12	17	13	15	17	14	8	17	11	13	15	163
Elliott, 19	7	10	15	11	13	14	13	7	16	9	12	14	141
Reust, 19	12	12	17	12	13	18	13	10	20	9	14	14	164
Mermod, 19	11	10	17	14	13	15	13	11	16	11	13	..	...
H Dixon, 19	12	9	15	10	14	17	14	12	16	11	12	14	156
Budd, 20	10	8	15	9	12	12	9	9	16	9	12	10	131
Powers, 21	13	12	15	13	13	16	13	13	17	13	13	13	164
Gilbert, 22	13	13	17	11	13	19	13	11	17	12	14	16	169
Riehl, 20	14	9	17	13	15	18	14	9	19	15	13	15	171
Crosby, 22	13	10	15	10	14	16	12	8	19	10	14	10	151
Boston, 18	14	12	16	9	14	17	12	11	14	14	12	16	160
Taylor, 17	7	10	13	11	8	16	11	7	11	9	11	10	124
C Dixon, 18	14	10	20	10	13	16	13	6	15	13	14	10	154
Hixon, 18	8	9	18	10	11	15	13	8	15	11	10	11	140
Rogers, 19	..	8	15	11	12	14	w	..	..	..	..	..	...
Jenkins, 18	11	7	13	10	11	13	14	11	14	11	13	14	142
Clayton, 19	10	13	18	11	13	15	11	9	16	14	10	17	157
Hodges, 18	11	11	13	11	11	9	12	10	15	11	13	19	146
Mickie, 17	9	..	13	9	11	16	12	9	17	13	11	19	139

Second Day, April 27.

Conditions were somewhat similar to those of the first day. Some of the shooters dropped out, finding the handicap a hard one, while others came in.

Chauncey Powers came to the front for this day and took away Bob's $15 for high average from the far-away 21yd. line. Mr. Morton, of Topeka, took the $10 with 172. Ford, of Iowa, was third and Gorman, of Topeka, fourth.

Budd won the high professional average from the 20yd. line with 172.

The weather was clear and bright, and after the long and heavy rainfall during the first two days of the week, it was much enjoyed.

The management, conceiving that Gilbert would go "smooth and oily," were a bit worried when he "kicked over the traces" and made but 10 out of his first 15.

There were but two 20 straights made during the shoot, and the makers are both Kansas men—Anderson and Morton—and not another straight was made. The scores:

Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Anderson, 17	14	12	20	9	11	18	11	12	15	13	11	17	163
Cockrell, 16	11	10	12	w	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lewis, 18	12	14	19	11	14	12	12	16	13	12	9	6	159
Pepple, 16	10	8	14	9	13	9	10	11	11	13	9	9	124
Morton, 17	11	12	20	10	15	17	14	15	15	14	11	18	172
Ford, 19	12	14	16	11	15	17	13	14	19	10	13	19	170
Gorman, 18	11	13	15	12	13	16	15	13	19	15	10	10	169
Teombs, 19	14	15	14	12	12	16	14	13	18	9	11	16	164
Leggett, 18	13	12	16	13	13	15	13	13	15	9	w	..	...
Ballney, 18	12	12	15	11	8	15	11	10	17	11	13	17	152
Norton, 18	14	12	18	11	11	13	7	13	10	14	11	14	148
Hamilton, 17	11	12	15	12	12	13	9	9	11	11	6	12	133
Harris, 17	15	14	18	14	9	15	14	12	15	11	16	11	164
Gottlieb, 17	13	13	18	10	12	15	11	14	14	12	14	16	162
Seiver, 17	11	12	19	14	9	13	11	18	15	10	12	12	151
O'Brien, 19	12	14	18	12	15	14	9	13	10	11	14	11	153
Elliott, 18	12	14	16	12	13	14	12	13	17	12	12	17	164
McGee, 18	13	10	15	10	9	19	10	9	15	8	13	17	148
Reust, 19	12	14	14	12	11	9	11	13	15	13	11	17	152
Mermod, 19	13	13	12	12	10	11	9	15	16	14	12	15	157
H Dixon, 19	11	13	14	10	11	18	11	15	17	12	10	16	158
Budd, 20	15	14	16	13	12	18	15	13	16	9	15	18	172
Powers, 21	12	12	11	13	15	18	13	14	19	15	12	19	179
Gilbert, 22	10	14	18	14	14	17	14	13	15	12	10	16	167
Riehl, 21	14	13	18	14	12	15	9	9	15	15	13	18	164
Crosby, 21	9	11	16	13	13	19	13	13	17	12	12	19	167
Bouton, 18	14	15	18	10	15	17	10	13	14	14	15	14	169
Taylor, 17	13	11	15	13	15	17	9	13	16	11	8	18	162
C Dixon, 18	13	13	15	11	12	18	13	15	13	12	10	18	163
Jenkins, 17	11	11	10	14	12	15	12	13	18	13	15	14	168

Third Day, April 28.

This was the day for taking away Robert's cups. The conditions were fierce, when 87 won the cup and no one near the winner. He was Ford, the good Iowa shot, who won after a bad start, getting 19 in the first event. He made a home run finish of 23 and 24.

The live-bird team race brought Kansas to the front again, although Jenkins, a new man for the team, came near doing it up with 15; Felt, a strong man on the St. Joseph, followed suit, and that permitted Kansas to win. The scores:

Target handicap:

Harris	22	20	18	18—78	C Dixon	20	23	21	16—80
H Dixon	18	17	21	19—75	Riehl	21	19	19	20—79
Raymond	9	11	17	19—56	O'Brien	21	20	18	22—81
Clare	16	17	20	19—72	Powers	22	20	21	19—82
Boston	23	18	13	w	Gilbert	23	18	21	21—82
Taylor	17	21	20	18—76	Crosby	17	18	20	20—75
Cunningham	18	16	17	15—66	Budd	14	19	19	17—69
Gottleib	17	19	21	18—75	Elliott	16	18	18	15—67
Bahney	17	18	w		Hill	17	16	19	15—67
Jenkins	18	20	19	16—73	Clayton	18	21	18	17—74
Felt	17	21	15	23—76	Holmes	21	17	w	
Anderson	12	20	w		Beach	22	15	20	18—75
Gorman	19	20	16	20—75	Jarrett	20	15	20	20—75
Reust	22	17	15	20—74	Campbell	21	19	18	16—74
Mermod	23	21	10	20—83	Ervingham	15	10	15	14—54
Ford	19	21	23	24—87	Planck	18	22	23	13—76
Essig	16	15	14	11—56					

Team race:

Kansas City Gun Club.

Cockrell, 30	02022220222220222222—16
Vaughn, 30	02222222222022222202—17
Millett, 30	02200110021001122112—13
Smith, 20	21112021020201222112—16
Parker, 30	02222222222222222222—19—81

Washington Park Gun Club.

Beach, 30	00210111202021110222—15
Jarrett, 30	10221022210202221222—16
Campbell, 30	01202211220201221222—16
Holmes, 30	22211212122022202012—17
Clayton, 30	20220212211210202212—16—80

Stock Yards.

Stockwell, 30	10012211120202001220—13
West, 30	00222222222222222220—18
Stoller, 30	10122222222220002022—15
Whittier, 30	02101212202121012122—17
B Elliott, 30	22012012022220112 2—15—78

All-Kansas.

Anderson, 30	20212222222122122222—19
Jenkins, 30	12022221120120102022—15
Gorman, 30	21111211221202110111—18
Williams	22222222222222202022—18
O'Brien	22202222222222222222—19—89

All-Missouri.

Cunningham	22222202222022222222—18
Gottleib	20202222222222222222—18
Wilmot	22221212022101212022—17
Mermod	11211122222121211222—20
Felt	20220200022121222102—15—88

Optional sweepstakes:

Harris, 30	20222222222w
Ford, 30	20222220212222220020w
Norton, 30	21222202102220211220—16
Budd, 31	0200222w
Riehl, 31	11221012212222202222—18
Taylor, 30	22222220220 0w
Balmey, 30	22222212222222212022—19
Black, 30	11221101022202020220—15
Gilbert, 33	22222222222222222222—20
Powers, 30	22212211222122122122—20
Crosby, 32	02222222222222222022—18

Montreal Gun Club.

MONTREAL, Que., April 26.—There was some interesting contests between the "old reliables" of the Montreal Gun Club on their club grounds, Montreal, on April 23. The first event was the spoon event, and the second was a one-man-up contest. The boys are getting into shape for the Westmount shoot, May 24, and the tournament at Champlain, N. Y., May 30 and 31:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot		
Targets:	20	15	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke.	Av.
McDuff	19	12	18	16	19	18	115	102	.888
N Candlish	17	13	18	14	13	13	115	88	.765
Redman	17	10	18	15	19	17	115	96	.834
Parsons	16	9	14	16	..	..	75	55	....
Kearney	15	10	18	18	18	18	115	97	.843
Cote	15	..	11	..	..	..	40	26	....
Rainville	11	10	15	11	16	..	95	63	....
Cooke	11	8	15	..	..	..	55	34	....
Alexander	10	10	12	16	19	19	115	86	.739
J White	8	..	13	12	..	..	60	33	....

S.

The Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y., have issued tickets, each entitling the holder to two shots, which will be presented to visitors at the gallery, "Hunting in the Ozarks," situated on the Pike, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis.

SOME ADVANTAGES IN SHOPPING

OUR Business is both Wholesale and Retail, which enables us at all times to carry a big stock of every requisite for the Angler, and at prices that are the lowest.

RODS.

"OUR SPECIAL." The best we handle, selected stock, waterproof extended ferrules, German silver mountings, all lengths and weights from 8½ ft. to 10½, and 3½ ounce to 8.....Each $25.00

"VICTORY." Made by the same workmen as those who turn out "OUR SPECIAL" rod, made with the same care, but stock not so carefully selected. This rod we guarantee against all imperfections in material and workmanship. All lengths and weights.....Each $15.00

"PERFECTION." A strictly hand-made rod, Calcutta stock, German silver trimmings, closely whipped with silk between rings, mounted on velvet covered form. Length 9 to 10½ft.....Each $10.00

"THE HARRISON." Selected English greenheart, bronze mountings, cedar hand grasp, extra tip in tip case, guaranteed free from all imperfections in material. Length 8½ and 9½ ft.....Each $15.00

"KNOX." Our best medium grade split bamboo, fine quality Tonquin cane, fly rods fitted with snake guides, 9 to 10½ ft.....Each $6.00

"No. 812." Fine quality Lancewood, closely whipped, cork handle grasp, length 9 to 10 ft., on covered wood form.....Each $6.00

"No. 817." The mountain trout rod, good quality Lancewood, with red cedar butt, closely whipped with silk, length 8½ ft., weight 5 ounces...Each $3.50

"No. L2." Good grade Tonquin stock, closely whipped with two colors of silk, cork hand grasp on covered form, either fly or bait.....Each $3.50

"No. M1." Similar to rod L2, not quite as good a selection of stock, same lengths and weight, either fly or bait.....Each $2.50

We can supply any of the above rods in the heavier weight or bass rod with reel plate above the hand. The "Victory," "Perfection" and "Knox" rods are made in the extra short lengths for bait casting, 5½ to 6½ ft.

SPECIAL BAIT CASTING RODS.

"No. 92." Split bamboo, one piece, detachable butts, medium weight, length 5 ft., double hand grasp, with finger pull on reel seat, agate top and large casting guides.....Each $6.00

"No. 91." Same as No. 92, two piece, double hand grasp and finger pull on reel seat, large casting guides, length 5½ ft.....Each $5.00

"BORNEO CASTING." This new cane has become very popular in a medium weight casting rod. This cane is new and resembles Pepper cane very closely. This rod is made up in the casting lengths from 5 to 6½ ft. The butt is made of Borneo cane and the tips of split bamboo, mounted with German silver trumpet guides which are tied on with silver wire, making it impossible for guides to come off.....Each $5.00

"No. 76." Hand made Lancewood castings, two piece, double cord hand grasp, with finger pull and large casting guides.....Each $4.00

"No. 71." Two piece Lancewood casting, similar to No. 76, with extra tip and trumpet guides.....Each $2.50



SALT WATER RODS.

"THE JERSEY SHORE." Hand made Greenheart striped bass rod, fine quality stock, length 6½ ft., double trumpet guides, agate top, 14 inch cord wound hand grasp.....Each $10.00

"THE BORNEO WEAK FISH." Same general description as the Borneo casting two piece, length 6½ ft., medium weight with 14 inch hand grasp.....Each $5.00

REELS.

"No. P3." Fine quality rubber and German silver trout reel, steel pivots, raised pillar, capacity 80 yds.....Each $6.00

"No. 194." Fine quality rubber and German silver trout reel with German silver protected handle and adjustable click, capacity 60 yds.....Each $4.00

"B 53½." Rubber and nickel plated trout reel with protected handle and adjustable click, capacity 60 yds.....Each $2.00

"THE TRIUMPH CASTING REEL." This reel we consider the finest medium price casting reel that has ever been put on the market, both in the workmanship, appearance and running quality. It has a *take-a-part* device by which the reel can be taken apart in a few seconds without the use of a screw driver. Full quadruple multiplying and steel pivots, Kentucky pattern with 1⅝ inch spool, made in two sizes.....60 yds., $5.00; 100 yds., $6.00

"TACONIC CASTING REEL." A light weight, noiseless, quadruple casting reel, Kentucky pattern, 1⅝ inch spool, long steel bearings, capacity, 50 yds. of casting line.....Each $3.50

"VICTORY CASTING JEWELLED BEARINGS." A medium weight, Kentucky pattern casting reel with round disk and jewelled bearing, capacity, 80 yds.....Each $5.00

"ONEKO CASTING REEL." Rubber and nickel plated quadruple casting reel, steel pivots, rubber side plates with metal bands protecting the same, capacity 80 yds.....Each $3.00

LINES.

"No. 321." Our best quality enamel silk casting line, a rather dark mottled color which is practically invisible when in the water. The line is thoroughly waterproof and the enamel will not crack or peel. Put up on 25 yd. cards, four connected.....

E	F	G	H
$1.75	$1.50	$1.25	$1.25

"ONEKO ENAMEL" A green and white mottled waterproof line similar to the No. 321 quality, only with the greenish color instead of the dark, on cards 25 yds. each, four connected....

E	F	G	H
$1.75	$1.50	$1.25	$1.00

"VICTORY ENAMEL." A brown and white cross thread line with a very smooth enamel surface, on 25 yd. cards, four connected.

E	F	G	H
$1.00	75c.	60c.	50c.

"No. 324 CASTING." This line we claim to be the strongest, smoothest bait casting line that angler ever used, round and perfect, dark brown in color, on 50 yd. spools, two connected (can furnish in pure white if desired), tested strength 30 pounds.....$1.50 for 50 yds.

"TROJAN CASTING." A mottled braided silk casting line, very smooth and pliable, brown color with a red coarse thread, on spools 25 yds. each, four connected.....60c. per spool

"ONEKO CUTTYHUNK." A fine quality natural color, hand laid reel line on 300 ft. spools.....

12	15	18	21
60c.	75c.	90c.	$1.00

"TACONIC CUTTYHUNK." Extra quality dark green linen casting line. The factory uses nothing but selected stock in this line and we guarantee every one to be free from all imperfections. Put up in two ways, 50 yd. spools two connected or on 200 yd. spools.

SIZES	9	12	15	18	21	24
50 YARDS.	75c.	75c.	75c.	80c.	80c.	$1.00
200 "	$2.25	$2.50	$2.50	$2.75	$3.00	$3.50

HOOKS TO GUT.

We mention the following three styles of trout, bass and lake trout hooks which are the most popular of the large assortment which we carry in this line. We, of course, have all the regular styles, but the following are special which we have introduced ourselves.

"COSMOPOLITAN TROUT." A light wire hook, bronze color, central draught in shape with a slight Kirby bend, tied on extra heavy single mist colored gut.....Per dozen, 30c

"SILVER STEEL BASS." A bright polished bass hook similar to the New York in shape, specially tempered and polished on heavy double mist colored gut.....Per dozen, 40c.

"PENNELL." Mounted on bronze rust proof twisted wire. This is quite flexible, will not rust and is practically invisible when in the water..Per dozen, 75c.

LEADERS.

"No. 513." Good grade Salmon leader, 3 yds., gauged and tested...Each $1.00

"No. 92." Heavy weight bass leaders, 6 ft., with two extra loops....Each 50c.

"No. 72." Medium weight trout leader, 6 ft., with two extra loops..Each 25c.

"No. 71½." Same as No. 72, length 4 ft.....Each 20c.

"No. 141." Heavy single bass leader, either black or mist color, 3 ft..Each 25c.

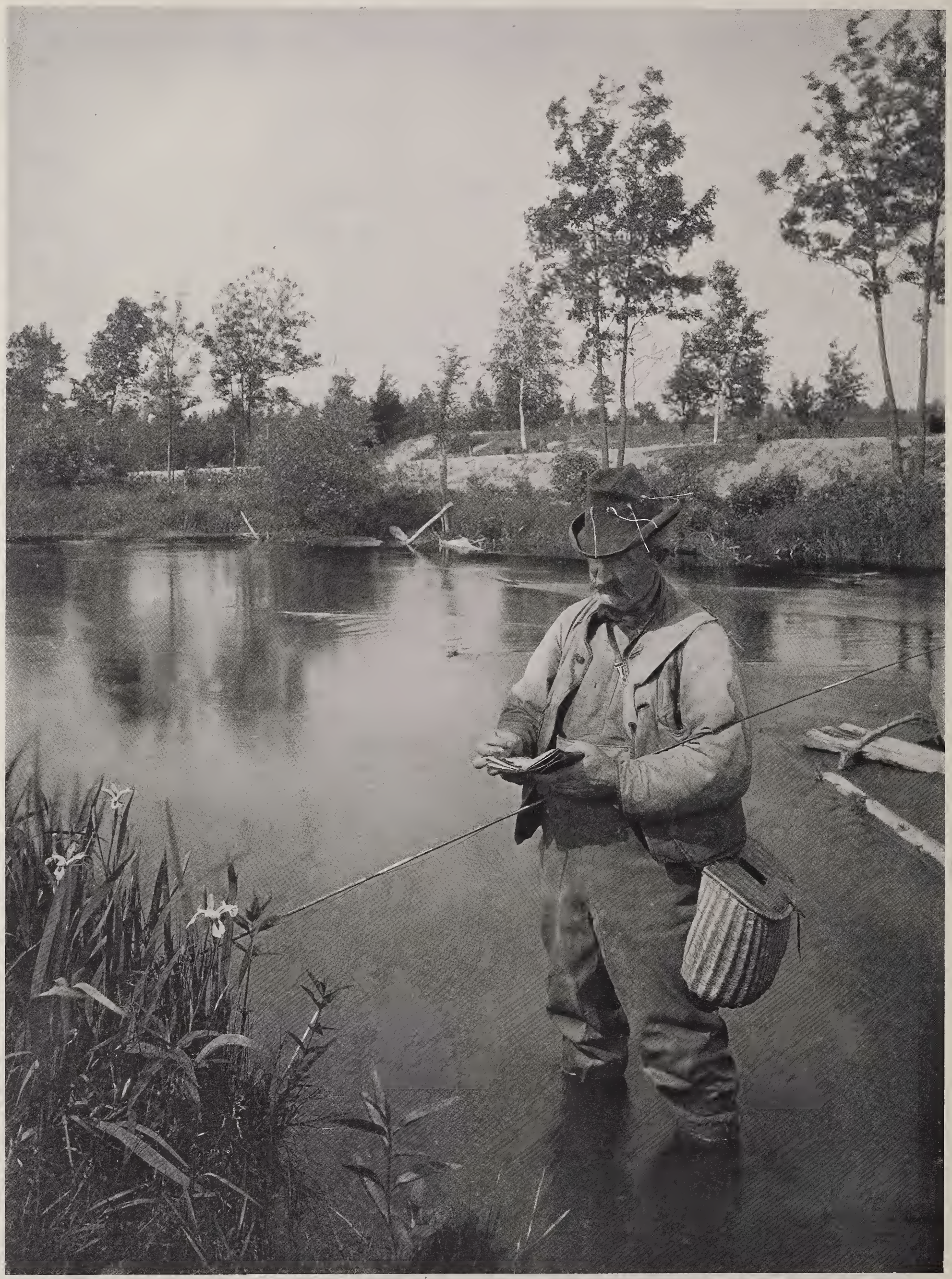
"132 XL." Fine quality drawn gut leader for Midge flies, 6 ft., with two extra loops.....Each 45c.

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302-304 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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114-116 Market Street, San Francisco.

Ohio Trap.

Dayton Gun Club.

DAYTON, O.—The members of the new Dayton Gun Club met at the Phillips House on April 29. The committee on grounds reported that they had secured an option on twelve acres, situated a few miles south of the city, on the east side of the Southern Ohio Traction line.

The club contemplates the erection of a $3,000 club house equipped with all modern conveniences, and a house for the superintendent.

The financial committee will report at a meeting to be held on May 13. One member has contributed $1,000, and others have pledged substantial amounts.

Berea Gun Club.

Berea, O., April 25.—The Berea Gun Club is an old one, having been formed in 1878. It holds its medal shoots on the first and third Mondays in each month, and practice shoots on the alternate Mondays. High gun was won by Inayh with 24. Cliff second with 23.

Club shoot, 25 targets: Inayh 24, Cliff 23, Bailey 20, Knowlton 20, A. J. Brown 19, Fiedler 18, H. T. Smith 17, Neubrand 17, Chamberlin 15, Byrd 8, R. Smith 4.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O.

Dayton, O., April 27.—Rain, mud and lots of wind were the weather conditions which confronted the boys to-day and kept their scores below the usual mark. Joe Hohm, who surprised the members by winning the medal the week before, was again the victor with a score of 25 out of 32 shot at. He holds the championship and medal for another week. M. J. Schwind was second with 23 out of 28. There were no ties at this shoot, Hohm being the only one to break 25. The scores:

Hohm (32) 25, M. J. Schwind (28) 23, W. E. Kette (31) 21, P. Hanauer (29) 20, C. Hanauer (35) 20, H. Oswald (32) 19, J. L. Sapp (29) 17, C. F. Miller (26) 16, W. West (29) 16, J. Schearf (32) 14, C. Ballman (31) 13, J. Ballman (31) 12, A. Mack, Jr. (34) 5.

Akron Gun Club.

Akron O.—The recent shoot between five-man teams of Portage, Stark and Summit counties resulted in a tie between the Akron Gun Club and the Lakeside Gun Club, of Canton. On April 27 the teams met on the Akron's ground and shot the first of a series of three matches to decide the tie. The affair was made the occasion of a very enjoyable afternoon shoot, although the rain and high wind kept down the attendance as well as the scores. Lothamer, of Canton, and C. J. Sehiltz, of New Berlin, were high, with an average of 85 per cent. The Akron team won, with a score of 204 to 195, Lucky and Bradley being high men, with 43 each.

The tie will be shot off at Canton on Memorial Day.

Team shoot, 50 targets per man:

Akron G. C.—Lucky 43, Bradley 43, J. K. W., 38, Wagoner 39, Metzler 41; total 204.

Canton G. C.—C. F. Schiltz 42, Lothamer 41, Haak 40, Young 37, Beecher 35; total 195.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	at.	Broke.
Lothamer	13	14	14	12	13	11	17	110	94
Lucky	12	12	12	14	11	15	17	110	93
Haak	15	12	14	11	15	12	13	110	92
Bradley	11	13	13	11	14	12	17	110	91
Galt	14	13	12	14	10	12	16	110	91
Wagoner	13	13	13	12	13	12	14	110	90
Tracy	15	13	13	10	13	11	15	110	90
C T Schiltz	10	14	11	12	13	12	17	110	89
Metzler	13	8	14	12	11	13	17	110	88
Beecher	12	12	11	9	11	10	14	110	79
J K W	9	12	14	12	10	11	17	110	85
Beck	12	12	13	13	..	12	16	95	78
Young	7	12	10	12	13	9	15	110	78
Kepler	13	7	11	13	..	10	13	95	67
J L Schiltz	9	10	13	12	..	11	..	75	55
W W W	10	9	9	10	..	..	14	80	52
Metz	9	13	7	10	..	..	13	80	52
C J Schiltz	13	13	13	12	..	..	..	60	51
Dasef	9	7	11	10	..	..	12	80	49
C H W	..	..	12	9	10	9	13	80	53
J L Smith	12	9	13	11	..	..	..	60	45
Everard	10	10	12	9	..	..	..	60	41
Pflueger	..	..	5	9	12	..	11	65	37
Tidball	9	9	10	8	..	..	..	60	36
Dunn	10	9	9	3	..	..	..	60	31
Brau	6	7	6	9	..	..	..	60	28
Winn	..	..	10	7	..	..	10	50	27

Trap at Rylands.

Rylands, Ky.—A few members of the Cincinnati Gun Club and friends visited Rylands, Ky., on April 28, and indulged in an enjoyable live-bird shoot. The day was cloudy and rain fell at intervals; but, despite this drawback, all spent a pleasant day. The birds were collected in the vicinity of Cincinnati, and were a good lot of strong fliers.

Dinner was served by Chef McComas, and it is sufficient to say that it closely approached perfection.

Two events were shot. Schuler won first in the 10-bird event with a straight score, and divided first with Rhoads and Boeh in the miss-and-out.

Event 1, 10 live birds, $5 entrance, birds extra; money divided 50, 30 and 20:

Schuler	2212212222—10	Herman	2122012202— 8
Pfieffer	0222222222— 9	Boeh	0022012002— 5
Rhoads	0222021212— 8	Pohlar	0001012010— 4
Gambell	2202220222— 8	Werk	0200020122— 5
Ahlers	2202212022— 8		

Event 2, miss-and-out, $1 entrance, same division:

Schuler	222—3	Werk	20 —1
Rhoads	222—3	Herman	20 —1
Boeh	222—3	Pohlar	0 —0
Gambell	20 —1	Pfieffer	0 —0
Ahlers	20 —1		

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, April 30.—About noon it clouded up, and by the time the shooting was well under way a strong wind was blowing from the left toward the traps. The light was poor. Several of the shooters dropped out, being unable to see the targets quickly enough. However, more straights were made than in any of the club events for some time.

Williams showed to-day in more like the form we expect of him. His 85 in the main event was good shooting, and at practice he did even better, breaking 49 out of 50.

About a dozen members will visit Dayton on May 10, and then will be selected the team which will make a strong effort to bring the Phellis cup back to this city.

Gambell, Randall, Harig, Norris and Barker did good squad work, breaking three 19s, one 20 and a 16, a total of 93 out of 100. The scores, gun contest: Faran (18) 100, Barker (14) 100, Williams (18) 100, Harig (40) 100, Steinman (22) 100, Linn (25) 100, Norris (30) 100, Pohlar (35) 100, Pfieffer (40) 100, Bullerdick (30) 100, Straus (30) 100, H. A. Straus (32) 100, Kramer (40) 100, Block (18) 98, Randall (15) 96, Captain (25) 96, Peters (20) 95, Herman (30) 94, Le Compte 94, Jay Bee (25) 93, R. Trimble 93, Sundy (10) 77.

Springfield Gun Club.

Springfield, O.—At the club shoot on April 30, Watkins was high man for the day with 82 out of 100. Poole second with 78, and Henderson third with 76. In the shoot-off of the tie for the Young handicap medal, Henderson won. The Wilson trophy race was won by Wilson on a score of 20.

The club's tournament will be held on May 11 and 12.

Event No. 3, Young handicap medal, 25 targets, all 16yd. men: Poole 22, Henderson 22, Watkins 22, Wilson 21, Downs 20, Rankins 15.

Event No. 4, Wilson trophy, B medal, 25 targets: Wilson 20, Henderson 19, Poole 18, Rankins 18, Watkins 16. BONASA.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., April 30.—There were five contestants for the gun trophy at the shoot of the New York Athletic Club to-day. Mr. Bechtel was the winner. The score and handicaps added, 50 targets, were as follows: Barnes (8) 44, Elias (14) 40, J. N. Borland (9) 46, M. G. Borland 34, Bechtel (9) 50.

Special cup, 25 targets, handicap allowance added: Barnes (4) 18, Gianinni (6) 18, J. N. Borland (4) 20, Hibbard 11, Bechtel (3) 19, W. G. Borland (4) 22, Elias (7) 25.

April cup, 25 targets: Barnes (4) 19, Bechtel (4) 24, Elias (7) 17, J. N. Borland (4) 20, W. G. Borland 19, Hebbard (4) 11. April cup final had five contestants as above, and was won by Mr. Bechtel.

Special cup, 25 targets: Barnes (4) 21, Bechtel (3) 22, Elias (7) 25, J. N. Borland (4) 11, W. G. Borland (4) 19. Mr. Elias was the winner.

Bristol Gun Club.

BRISTOL, Tenn., April 28.—The rain never let up falling, but the boys kept on shooting. S. G. Keller won medal for the week on his first round. Ninety-three is the lowest record for A. M. Hatcher this season. He shot three kinds of shells. Still he was head man for the evening.

A M Hatcher	22 25 22 24—93	V Payne	20 18 19 20—77
S G Keller	25 22 24 21—92	W H Hicks	20 24 21 18—83
S W Rhea	23 21 22 20—86	F B Hall	8 11 7 15—41
R M Crumley	21 23 21 24—88	*T McNiel.	11 14 12 18—55
J W Gump	20 17 22 22—81	*M Hay	8 9 13 15—45

S. W. RHEA, Sec'y.

*Visitors.

Interstate Association at Americus.

AMERICUS, Ga.—The tournament of the Interstate Association, held under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club, April 27 and 28, was attended by what might be called an ideal crowd. There were some thirty-five gunners lined up the first day, who were eager for the time for the first gun to be fired. These retained their enthusiasm for the two days. The scores made were not as high as expected, on account of a rather brisk wind, which continued for the entire time, and was very puzzling, to the amateurs especially. All things considered, no one who participated has any cause to compain as to his shooting. One thing particularly noticeable was the excellent way the crowd was handled by Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the secretary-manager of the Interstate Association; and he made many friends during his visit here.

The famous Magnolia Dell, where the tournament was held, is one of nature's most inviting spots, and one had but to look around to see hundreds of these large magnolia trees in full bloom, while their fragrance permeated the atmosphere everywhere. The crowd each day partook of a delightful lunch at the noon hour, spread under the shade of these trees, and jolly good cheer prevailed throughout the entire time.

The ladies of the city each day honored the gunners with their presence, and were enthusiastic when good scores were made. Altogether it was one of the most delightful of tournaments, and all were sorry when the programme was finished.

High average among the manufacturers' agents was won by Mr. Chas. G. Spencer, with a score of 386 out of 400 shot at. Mr. H. B. Money was in second place with 383, and Mr. Walter Huff third with 377.

Among the amateurs, Mr. H. D. Freeman was high with a score of 365 out of 400 shot at. Mr. Frank Heidt was in second place, with 361, and Mr. J. M. Napier third with 358.

Mr. Spencer also won the silver loving cup, donated by Mr. H. S. McCleskey, proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, for the highest average made throughout the tournament.

Mr. W. E. Yates won the pair of hunting shoes for the longest run of straight breaks made by an amateur. Mr. Yates had a run of 48 straights.

The scores of both days are as follows:

First Day, April 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot	
Targets:	20	25	20	25	20	25	20	25	20	at.	Broke.
H S McCleskey	17	24	15	22	20	18	15	24	20	200	175
F Heidt	20	22	18	23	20	24	18	24	19	200	188
J W Hightower	18	22	17	23	19	23	18	20	20	200	180
W A Baker	18	22	17	24	19	23	19	22	16	200	180
W Huff	20	24	18	25	20	22	20	22	20	200	191
J B Mills	17	22	18	23	16	23	18	20	18	200	175
H W Smithwick	18	23	18	23	15	20	18	21	19	200	175
S L Sills	16	23	16	20	16	19	15	21	16	200	162
J T Anthony	18	24	15	20	18	23	17	23	17	200	175
C G Spencer	20	23	19	25	20	25	20	23	20	200	195
H B Money	20	23	20	24	19	24	19	25	20	200	194
H N Hall	18	19	15	22	17	18	17	18	19	200	163
H D Freeman	18	24	17	23	18	23	18	22	20	200	183
J T Vincent	18	19	18	22	16	21	19	24	18	200	175
B H Worthen	17	25	15	24	16	20	19	23	20	200	179
J W Osborne	15	20	16	20	15	18	14	19	15	200	152
L T Spinks	20	22	20	19	17	21	19	23	18	200	179
S C Cowan	20	21	17	18	12	18	15	17	15	200	153
H Foster	15	22	18	22	18	20	18	21	16	200	170
C W Jones	16	22	18	23	16	18	17	21	18	200	169
S O Cundy	13	18	17	18	13	22	15	21	19	200	156
T J Aycoek	17	23	17	24	14	21	17	22	18	200	173
J Peterman	16	22	14	21	19	21	18	23	19	200	173
E L Marbury	17	21	19	18	18	24	19	21	18	200	175
B K Farmer	13	15	17	18	14	18	15	23	13	200	146
W E Yates	18	25	19	20	16	22	18	23	17	200	178
C C Weedham	18	22	14	21	16	23	17	21	15	200	167
R E Lee	17	23	19	22	17	23	18	23	15	200	177
G O Loving	20	16	15	21	15	..	..	..	..	110	87
J M Napier	18	24	18	21	19	20	16	24	18	200	178
C C Clay	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	10
E W Strange	..	..	..	..	..	6	14	..	..	45	20
E H Cope	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	..	..	45	34
T B Hanes	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	..	..	45	30
W T Myers	..	..	..	..	..	17	12	..	..	45	19
O E Steward	..	..	..	..	..	14	17	..	..	45	31
E S Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	14	23	14	90	71

Second Day, April 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	25	25	25	25	at.	Broke.
J W Hightower	17	17	18	18	16	22	24	22	22	200	176
H S McCleskey	19	16	19	19	18	23	24	21	23	200	182
F Heidt	18	18	18	16	15	24	22	23	19	200	173
W A Baker	19	16	16	19	17	23	22	20	23	200	175
W Huff	19	19	18	19	18	22	24	25	24	200	186
J B Mills	13	14	12	17	18	20	19	22	19	200	154
H W Southwick	18	17	18	19	16	22	23	23	18	200	174
S L Sills	18	16	14	16	17	22	22	20	22	200	167
J T Anthony	17	18	15	17	14	23	21	23	21	200	169
C G Spencer	19	19	19	19	20	23	24	24	24	200	191
H B Money	18	19	19	18	20	24	22	25	24	200	189
H N Hall	17	17	15	19	19	23	24	24	24	200	182
H D Freeman	17	18	18	18	16	23	24	24	23	200	181
W T S Vincent	16	18	16	17	17	18	19	21	22	200	164
B H Worthen	17	15	16	17	16	22	21	23	20	200	167

J W Osborne	15	16	14	14	12	20	21	18	16	200	146
L T Spinks	17	16	16	16	19	21	23	22	22	200	172
S C Cowan	16	15	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	80	51
H Foster	19	19	17	15	19	19	23	20	20	200	171
T J Aycock	19	15	19	17	18	21	21	24	22	200	176
C W Jones	17	17	8	14	17	21	18	18	19	200	149
E L Marbury	16	17	17	18	18	21	23	22	25	200	177
S O Cundy	16	15	19	17	19	20	21	22	21	200	170
J Peterman	19	17	16	18	18	25	21	21	23	200	178
R E Lee	16	18	17	19	19	21	22	22	23	200	177
W E Yates	15	16	16	16	19	22	23	20	21	200	167
C C Needham	17	20	12	18	15	17	21	17	23	200	160
J M Napier	17	18	19	18	18	23	22	24	21	200	180
E H Cope	12	15	16	15	14	..	..	..	..	100	72
T B Hanes	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	16
G O Loving	..	..	14	..	..	20	..	..	..	45	34
G A McNeill	..	..	..	..	..	22	16	19	19	100	76
C C Clay	..	..	..	..	..	13	22	16	16	100	67
E L Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	20	21	75	62

R. E. LEE.

W. P. T. S. L. at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—The two-day shoot of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, held on the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club, Pittsburg, was the first of the League series for 1904. The programme was alike for each day, alternately 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2; $5 added in each event. The Rose system, 5, 4, 3, and 2, and 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2, governed the division of the moneys.

On the first day high average was made by Mr. D. A. Upson, of Cleveland, O. He scored 160 out of 175. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was second with 158. F. E. Mallory, Parkersburg, W. Va., was third with 157. On the second day Elliott led over Upson by one target, 157 to 156. Mr. E. W. Kelley was third with 154; fourth was a tie between Messrs. F. E. Mallory and Hickey. For the two days Upson was high with 316; Elliott one less, 315; Mallory, third, 310; Fleming, fourth, 304; Hickey, fifth, 301. The scores:

First Day, April 26.

Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Total.
F S Mallory	14	19	15	19	13	18	11	18	12	18	157
S T Mallory	14	13	14	18	12	17	12	18	10	15	143
J F Mallory	14	20	11	19	14	13	14	12	12	15	144
Squier	13	17	13	16	12	17	11	20	13	15	147
Raven	11	16	12	20	11	16	11	19	11	16	143
Deniker	14	20	14	17	14	19	12	15	15	13	153
Kelsey	13	17	13	17	12	17	10	16	12	15	142
Watson	14	18	14	15	13	13	14	15	13	16	145
Fleming	14	17	14	17	14	17	12	16	13	19	153
Pontefract	12	14	12	15	12	19	11	17	13	17	142
Lutz	12	19	12	18	14	17	14	18	14	17	155
Bilsing	13	16	14	12	12	14	15	17	14	14	141
Bessemer	13	14	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Moore	13	16	11	19	11	17	11	13	9	8	128
Atkinson	12	17	12	14	14	17	11	19	14	15	145
Knode	10	15	12	11	13	16	9	14	9	15	125
McGlashen	13	14	12	15	12	18	11	13	9	10	127
A B Kelly	11	15	13	17	13	13	14	12	14	16	138
Calhoun	13	17	13	15	13	19	12	17	12	16	147
Arden	13	14	12	18	10	17	11	17	11	16	139
Clarke	9	14	13	17	14	17	12	..	..	..	...
Hickey	13	19	12	19	14	16	12	16	11	16	148
McClelland	11	17	14	19	10	15	11	14	14	12	137
Upson	12	20	13	20	13	18	15	17	14	18	160
White	14	14	9	20	11	17	13	16	13	16	143
Adkin	13	18	15	16	15	16	12	18	13	15	151
A H King	13	14	13	17	12	19	12	12	13	15	140
Rahm	9	16	11	15	12	14	14	15	9	8	123
Elliott	13	17	13	16	14	20	15	18	15	17	158
Fulford	14	16	12	16	13	17	15	15	15	20	153
Crawford	15	14	11	15	13	18	11	14	12	..	...
C S C	11	17	9	16	12	19	10	15	13	..	...
Daugherty	11	18	11	13	11	15	11	12	10	16	138
Thompson	11	16	10	14	15	11	14	..	..	..	...
P Moore	13	14	9	16	10	11	14	14	10	13	124
Knowlton	14	16	15	18	15	17	13	18	13	16	155
E W Kelly	9	15	13	15	11	17	12	18	14	16	140
Stoops	12	15	14	15	14	17	15	16	7	13	136
Kimppell	10	9	9	17	11	13	12	10	11	16	118
Irwin	14	15	12	15	11	13	11	17	..	..	...
Cochran	12	15	14	15	12	12	..	..	..	..	...
West	..	19	10	19	12	14	..	..	..	..	...
Keefer	..	11	8	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	...
T J C	..	15	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

Second Day, April 27.

There were thirty-four contestants on the second day. Scores:

Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Total.
F E Mallory	9	17	11	17	12	19	15	20	14	19	153
S F Mallory	12	14	13	13	11	18	11	16	13	18	140
J F Mallory	10	19	10	16	13	18	14	14	11	19	144
Squier	15	13	11	17	14	16	13	14	9	17	139
Deniker	10	15	13	15	12	15	13	17	9	14	133
Kelsey	13	16	12	14	14	13	13	13	12	13	133
Adkin	7	14	13	17	13	18	13	16	11	18	140
Fleming	15	18	14	17	14	18	13	16	13	13	151
Pontefract	10	18	14	12	8	15	13	16	9	17	132
Elliott	13	16	15	18	15	17	13	18	14	18	157
Stoops	8	11	13	12	11	17	12	16	12	18	130
E W Kelly	12	16	13	18	15	20	12	18	13	17	154
A B Kelly	12	15	9	16	10	16	13	12	9	16	128
Fulford	13	18	13	16	12	19	14	19	12	16	150
McGlashen	8	13	10	18	11	17	8	14	10	12	121
Arden	13	14	8	18	10	10	..	..	..	..	...
Atkinson	12	14	11	14	12	17	13	16	14	13	136
Moore	5	..	..	11	12	15	13	..	..	..	...
Pop	11	12	14	15	13	18	15	17	9	16	140
A H King	11	15	14	18	9	19	11	17	13	16	143
Rahm	10	14	14	17	14	16	9	16	13	16	139
Hickey	11	15	9	18	15	17	15	10	15	19	144
Upson	12	18	13	18	15	17	14	18	13	18	156
Clarke	11	16	8	15	11	15	11	13	7	14	121
White	11	13	12	20	14	15	13	18	10	15	141
West	..	16	14	16	10	17	10	17	..	..	...
Daugherty	..	15	11	16	9	15	12	18	..	..	...
C Moore	..	16	14	14	9	18	10	14	..	..	...
Knode	..	15	11	14	10	12	..	..	..	..	...
Thompson	9	17	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Crawford	10	14	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
I T C	10	14	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Knippell	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

The team race was shot in events 5, 6 and 7, at 20 and 15 targets. New Castle was the victor.

New Castle.		Herron Hill.	
Shaner	13 18 15—46	Rahm	14 16 9—39
Atkinson	12 17 13—42	Kelsey	14 13 13—40
Hickey	15 17 15—47—135	A H King	9 19 11—39—118
Northside.		**Brownsville.**	
Fleming	14 18 13—45	West	14 16 10—40
Deniker	12 15 13—40	Daugherty	11 16 9—36
Pontefract	8 15 13—36—121	C Moore	14 14 9—37—113

Greenville Gun Club.

GREENVILLE, O., April 28.—Appended are the scores of our shoot of April 26 and 27. While the attendance was not as large as we expected owing to the weather, yet we had a very pleasant time. The different powder companies were represented by Messrs. Trimble, Kirby and Head, who did much to make the shoot a success:

April 26, First Day

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
R Trimble	13	13	20	15	14	20	11	13	18	14	13	19	200	183
E Rike	15	12	20	14	13	19	13	13	19	14	14	17	200	183
J L Head	14	13	19	13	14	18	11	15	15	12	12	17	200	173
W Kirby	12	15	18	13	13	12	11	11	12	11	14	18	200	160
H Kirby	11	15	12	9	13	13	11	11	16	13	13	16	200	153
M Riser	12	10	17	10	11	12	14	10	19	11	8	14	200	148
W Baker	7	10	..	..	7	14	11	15	15	13	..	10	120	102
B Eidson	..	11	6	9	12	14	11	..	..	..	11	16	120	90
J Warner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	5	..	8	70	25
C Miller	13	12	17	14	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	82
H McCaughey	..	..	9	7	7	..	..	..	..	11	11	13	100	58
C Lane	9	13	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	39
W Brooks	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	..	..	8	6	..	65	39
E Baker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	7	..	..	50	28
F Jenkinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	35	16
A Ryan	10	6	9	10	8	12	9	8	14	..	..	..	150	86
W Fahnestock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	..	..	35	24

April 27, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
J L Head	14	12	15	10	12	17	12	12	18	11	10	14	200	157
H Kirby	9	8	13	13	9	13	8	10	10	10	12	14	200	129
R Trimble	13	14	19	14	12	17	13	13	19	15	11	17	200	176
W Kirby	13	11	15	9	11	14	11	9	17	12	13	15	200	150
Lewis	13	9	12	8	8	13	7	12	13	9	9	10	200	119
Baker	9	10	8	11	8	..	5	11	12	9	13	15	180	111
Eidson	12	10	15	..	..	..	10	5	12	11	4	14	150	93
Fouts	..	4	..	6	..	5	..	6	..	9	9	6	110	45
McCaughey	7	..	11	..	7	..	6	..	6	..	5	9	120	51
Westerfield	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	2	35	7

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 27.—The Rochester Rod and Gun Club spring tournament closed to-day. It was a handicap series. The prize, a silver table service, for the best total score, was won by Mr. J. S. Watson. The asterisks denote back scores which were shot up to date:

	Broke.	Hcp.	Tot'l.		Broke.	Hcp.	Tot'l.
*Weller	24	8	32	Kershner	23	0	23
*Watson	23	5	28	*Norton	19	4	23
*Borst	18	9	27	Kay	19	4	23
*Norton	21	5	26	*Weller	19	4	23
Coughlin	19	7	26	Weller	20	3	23
Kelly	19	6	25	*Norton	19	3	22
*Norton	20	5	25	Shoemaker	17	5	22
*Kay	20	5	25	*Borst	14	7	21
*Kay	20	5	25	*Weller	16	5	21
*Kershner	21	4	25	Wride	9	12	21
*Norton	20	5	25	Norton	20	1	21
Watson	19	5	24	Borst	13	7	20
*Norton	19	5	24	*Kay	15	5	20
*Weller	19	5	24	*Kershner	18	1	19
Stewart	23	1	24	*Coughlin	11	6	17
*Kay	16	7	23	*Kelly	13	6	19
*Kay	16	7	23	*Weller	16	1	17
*Weller	16	7	23	Donovan	10	5	15
*Rickman	12	11	23	Rickman	8	6	14

The eight highest scores were: J. S. Watson 269, Norton 266, Shoemaker 265, Kershner 264, Stewart 263, Donovan 261, Coughlin 253, Rickman 249.

Brown and Sharpe Gun Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 23.—There were several contestants of national fame at the opening shoot of the Brown & Sharpe Gun Club to-day. Griffith, of Pascoag, broke 120 out of 125, making a clean run of 64. Fulford and Apgar were close up, with 118 and 117. The shoot was remarkable for an unusual number of ties. An interesting feature was a shoot between Messrs. Reiner and Root for the light and dark complexioned championship. Reiner won.

The visiting crack shots were Fulford, Apgar, J. H. W. Brinley and G. E. Greiff, and of Rhode Island men, McArdle, Bowler, Sorenson and others, and Smith, of Boston. The shoot was conducted in a highly satisfactory manner.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	10	15	20	20	20	20	20	Total.
Griffith	10	15	19	20	18	20	18	120
Fulford	8	15	19	19	19	19	19	118
Apgar	10	15	19	18	18	17	20	117
McArdle	9	13	17	18	18	18	18	111
Reiner	9	14	18	18	18	15	18	110
Manchester	9	14	16	19	17	17	17	109
Mead	10	12	19	16	18	16	18	109
Greiff	9	13	17	15	19	15	20	102
Bain	9	14	18	16	17	16	18	108
Smith	10	13	16	17	18	16	13	105
Adams	6	12	11	17	17	17	14	94
Root	9	12	15	18	17	14	18	103
Bowler	7	13	15	14	15	19	19	102
Johnson	8	14	16	15	14	16	19	102
Alexander	7	11	17	18	19	14	15	101
Powell	8	10	15	12	15	20	17	97
Monteith	8	10	17	17	14	16	14	96
Sorenson	7	10	17	14	15	16	14	93
Lambert	6	13	15	15	16	13	12	84
Stainton	2	9	13	14	11	14	16	79
Richards	7	12	17	17	17	..	..	70

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Some results of using Peters factory loaded shells: Neaf Apgar, at New London, Conn., recently scored 99 out of 100. At Bound Brook, N. J., April 16 Mr. F. C. Bissett, won high amateur average and the special prize for longest straight run. At Pittsfield, Mass., April 16, the North Adams Gun Club won the interclub match. The Zettler Rifle Club's indoor season closed on April 19. Mr. W. A. Tewes' average for the season's programme of 1350 shots was within one point of 245. Also he tied the club record of 2460, held many years by Michael Dorrler. He subsequently scored 2462, establishing a new record. He used Peters .22 short cartridges and King's semi-smokeless powder.

Some recent winnings of the Lefever gun: High amateur average at Seneca, Kans., March 8, 9, and 10, breaking 340 out of 365 targets; high amateur average at live birds in the same shoot. At Ames, Ia., April 14 and 15, high average. At Kansas City, Mo., April 18-22, the Lefever ejector gun in the hands of an amateur won the Schmelzer trophy, the Interstate championship; also the Dickey bird championship trophy. At Lexington, Ky., April 20, Mr. Hood Waters won high average, breaking 98 out of 100 targets.

At the Schmelzer Midwinter tournament, reported in FOREST AND STREAM last week, at Kansas City, Fred Gilbert, on the second day, scored 192 out of 200, winning second place, and on the third day, he tied for first place with 91 out of 100. Mr. Chauncey Powers won the amateur high average. At Springfield, Mass., April 19, Mr. H. L. Hawes, of Springfield, and Dr. J. G. Knowlton, of New York, tied for first place in the National Sportsmen's contest, Mr. Hawes winning the shoot-off.

Messrs. N. R. Davis & Sons, of Assonet, Mass., have issued an artistic catalogue, which is sent free to applicants. It is beautifully illustrated. One of the most interesting features is an excellent portrayal of the factory, which was founded in 1853. The different grades of guns and their parts are finely represented by cuts. This firm uses Damascus, twist and steel barrels specially designed for the use of nitro powders, and specially bored for close, hard shooting.

The U. M. C. Co. call attention to their very complete catalogue of 1904, which will be sent to applicants.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Last of the Season.

Pennsylvania Railroad's Washington Tour.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad's last three-day personally conducted tour to Washington, for the present season, will leave New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Elizabeth, and Trenton, May 12. Round-trip rates—only difference being in the hotel selected in Washington—are $12 and $14.50 from New York, $10.50 or $13.00 from Trenton, and proportionate rates from other points. Tickets cover railroad transportation for the round trip and hotel accommodations. A special side trip to Mt. Vernon may also be taken. All tickets are good for ten days, with special hotel rates at expiration of hotel coupon. For itineraries and full information, apply to Ticket Agents; Tourist Agents, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; or Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

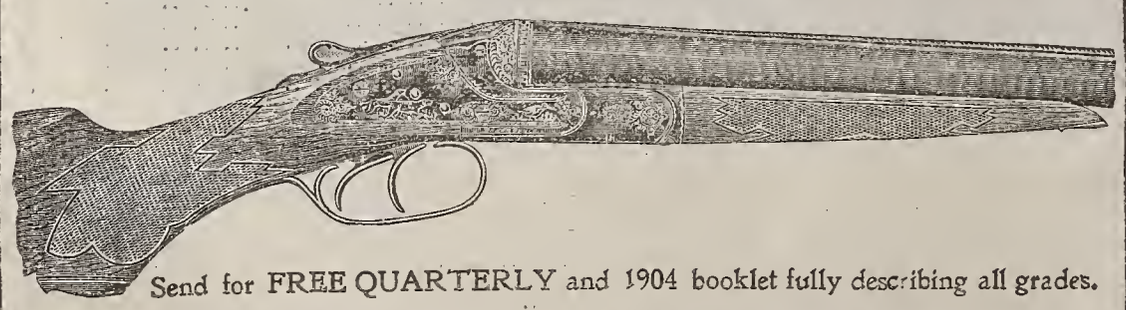
The advancing warm days bring to us thoughts of outdoor life, of scenes far from the rush and hurry of men—we hear the call of the wild. To many this call summons northward, and says "Muskoka." Here, for those who like it, there is wilderness and wild life; while those who prefer luxury may stay at the Royal Muskoka Hotel. Information of the region may be had from G. T. Bell, G. P. and T. A. Grand Trunk R'way System, Montreal, Canada; or Alan F. Campbell, Royal Muskoka Hotel, Gravenhurst, Ont., Can.

The Northern Pacific Railroad have just issued their annual edition of "Wonderland" for 1904. As usual, it is by Mr. Olin D. Wheeler, and is descriptive of the Northwest. It treats, among other things, of the Haunts of Wild Game, the Lignite Coal Area in North Dakota, the Yellowstone Park, Irrigation in the Northwest, and the Travels of Lewis and Clarke. It is beautifully illustrated, and will be sent on receipt of 6 cents postage stamps and the proper address by Chas. S. Fee, St. Paul, Minn.

The little rifle, No. 922, advertised by the Hopkins & Allen Arms Co., is not only highly spoken of as a good shooter, but it is also a very graceful and beautiful arm. Combining these excellent qualities with remarkably low cost, it is worth the while of all who use a rifle to procure from the Hopkins & Allen Arms Co., Norwich, Conn., their catalogue and catalogue supplement, which contains much information as to guns and revolvers.

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FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 346 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

A WILD GARDEN.

NOTHING is more common than for people who have grounds about their homes to endeavor to surround themselves with the wild creatures of nature. The wish to do this is confined to no class, but is common to the rich and the poor, the rude and the cultivated. It may be undertaken by wholesale, or on the very smallest scale. It may be only a gourd hung up in a tree by a negro for the martins or the house wrens to nest in near his cabin in the South; or it may be the deer park, the pheasant runs, or the inclosed ponds where semi-domesticated wildfowl are bred on the great estate owned by some millionaire business man. There is no one but regards with interest the progress of a robin's nest built on the projecting shelf of a column of the piazza, or who is indifferent to the family life of the pair of chippies which have made their home in the vines that clamber up the porch. Men, women and children, from infancy to old age, are interested in and thoughtful for living things, and but little instruction is needed to teach the youngest member of the family that these wild things must not be disturbed or harmed; that he may look as much as he pleases but must never touch.

Many a country home, beautiful in itself, is made still more attractive by the throng of wild creatures about it, which feel themselves a part of the establishment—almost members of the family. Squirrels come to the house to be fed, sparrows, catbirds, scarlet tanagers and many other birds hop about on the piazza rail or floor, picking up food scattered there for them, in absolute fearlessness, provided members of the family only, their well-known friends, are present—a little shy if strangers are near. Meantime, at early morning and toward sunset, rabbits feed on the lawn, and quails scratch in the flower beds.

A love of plants seems to be less instinctive than that for animals; we all of us wish to see things that move. Yet multitudes of people are devoted to flowers and plants, but chiefly to those plants which are cultivated.

Why should not men and women who reside in the country, and within whose easy reach wild flowers bloom in great profusion, variety and beauty, ornament their places with these flowers and make friends of them as well as of the birds?

It is true that plants show themselves less adaptable than animals; that efforts must be made to secure for the transplanted violet or pyrola or orchid just the proper conditions of soil and shade and moisture suited to its continued life and growth. Yet the effort to do this is worth making, for, if the plant can once be established, it needs no further care, and remains a perpetual beauty and a continued encouragement to further efforts in wild flower culture. Those who live on farms, or who own large places where there is variety of soil and shade and moisture, may do much in this direction. A search of the neighborhood for beautiful plants adapted to the special conditions which the land offers is certain to be rewarded, and the heart of man or woman or child will be filled with joy and pride by successfully establishing a wild garden.

Many highly ornamental wild plants at once suggest themselves for such semi-domestication; the water lilies, white and yellow, for the water of ponds, sedges and wild rice for their borders; moccasin flowers for dry, shaded knolls; the wild honeysuckle and the Virginia creeper for climbers about the house and buildings—and a hundred other plants, all different in habit, and so requiring different treatment, but all beautiful, and all worth working over and succeeding with.

Ingenuity, perseverance and observation will be needed to discover the right plants, to transfer them successfully, and to make them grow; but in the work there will be found an ever-increasing interest, and in success an abundant reward.

PORTABLE BOATS.

A LETTER published elsewhere expresses some interesting and valuable views about folding or portable boats which may be of benefit alike to user and manufacturer of these useful little craft.

Although there should be a great demand for a really good portable boat by sportsmen who pursue their bent either on fresh or salt water, comparatively few are in use. There are good reasons for this. The boat has not been brought to a sufficiently high state of perfection to be generally acceptable, and some of those now on the market are so complicated as to be more of a nuisance than a convenience. While it is obviously difficult to produce a portable boat adapted to all uses, still the boats could be modified to meet different requirements.

Of the boats of this character now to be had, all seem to have their weak points. In some the principle of construction appears faulty, but a general criticism is that material and workmanship are often unsatisfactory. These matters might easily be rectified, but the manufacturer, realizing that the masses demand an article cheap in price, too often turns out a product whose most important features are sacrificed for a few dollars.

Most purchasers do want a low priced article, but there are still many men who avoid the cheap and flimsy and desire something substantial and lasting, and who are willing to pay for what they get.

It is difficult to say just what a perfect folding boat should be, but it must combine simplicity—by which is meant ease in putting together and taking apart—with lightness, strength, and seaworthiness, and compactness when packed.

Attention to detail is what makes anything perfect; this applies particularly to the portable boat, for if not correct in every detail, it is almost useless. The boat should be constructed on good sound principles; its parts must be of the very best material, and finally, the most efficient workmanship should enter into its make-up. Considering the wide field there really is for portable boats, it seems remarkable that greater energy and more capital have not been expended in perfecting these craft.

Not only is the folding boat a necessity to the sportsman tourist, but to the cruising yachtsman who does his knocking about in a small craft, it would be indispensable. The average sportsman of to-day contents himself with a canoe—even though it is cumbersome to carry and does not answer his purpose—or builds a raft, rather than bother with a poor folding boat. The yachtsman is compelled to tow a heavy wooden dinghy that greatly retards his boat's speed in any weather and in rough water is a danger, because the folding boat is unreliable and unsatisfactory.

It is not until questions of this sort arise that we realize how little progress we have made in some directions, and how much certain things would add to our comfort, convenience, and safety.

A MARINE MONSTER.

TWENTY or twenty-five years ago, with the recurrence of the heated period of each summer, the newspapers were accustomed to make jokes and to have comic articles about the sea serpent. The crop of jokes on this subject was perennial for many years.

More than twenty years ago FOREST AND STREAM published an illustrated article giving a number of the most authentic accounts of the viewing of certain large unknown marine animals, and pointed out that there was no reason for supposing that all such accounts were inventions or that these creatures were mythical, but that it was altogether probable that, inhabiting the depths of the sea, and perhaps often coming to its surface, were many great animals more or less serpent-like in form, and perhaps resembling some known reptiles of earlier geological times, whose descendants they might possibly be. Such reptiles living in the deep ocean, being destitute of any great amount of fat which should float them, and perhaps having solid and heavy bones, would on death at once, or soon, sink to the bottom, and the probability of their ever being washed upon the shore would be exceedingly remote. It was pointed out that the mythical kraken, so long derided as a creature of fancy, had been shown to have an existence by the discovery of a gigantic cuttlefish on the Newfoundland coast in 1872, and that later many of these animals have been found, so that to-day most large museums possess specimens, or at least models made from the actual individuals. The probability of the existence of these animals—sea serpents, so-called—has thus long been recognized.

Recently some unknown serpentiform animals, described as more than twenty yards long and two or three yards in diameter, were seen by the commander of the French gunboat Avalanche in the Bay of Faitsilong on the coast of Tonkin. They are said to have been gray in color, swimming with an undulatory movement in a vertical plane, and thus possessing a body not rigid like that of the whale, but flexible. The head appeared to be round, somewhat like that of a seal, but of course very much larger.

Lieut. Lagresille, when he first saw these animals from the deck of his vessel, endeavored to shoot them, but without success. Subsequently he pursued, but could not overtake them, and in each case, when alarmed, they disappeared under the water. From the description given by the observer, Prof. E. G. Racovitza, Assistant Director of the Arago Laboratory in Paris, has given this beast a Latin name, calling it *Megophias megophias*.

The describer points out that the securing of further knowledge about these monsters is very desirable, but that it is not likely that they can be captured by ordinary means, such as shooting, since they will probably sink at once. What would be much more useful would be to approach the animal as nearly as possible and make photographs and sketches. If one could be found in a shallow harbor, and killed there, it might be secured.

From what is told by the officers of the Avalanche, it is supposed that these animals are not uncommon, or perhaps are even abundant, on the coast of Tonkin, and if this is true and a knowledge of the best method of acquiring information about them can be spread among vessels of the white men traversing these waters, we may hope some time to learn more about this particular form of marine monster.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

THE death of Henry M. Stanley removes one of the most striking figures of the explorers of the day, and the man who of all others has done the most toward opening up to knowledge, settlement, improvement and civilization that tremendous land which he first named the Dark Continent. From Bruce down to Livingstone and Stanley the list of African explorers is a long one, but none has stood higher, and none has accomplished more, than he who has just died.

Henry M. Stanley was eminently a self-made man, reared in a poorhouse and beginning life as a cabin boy. Later he was adopted by a New Orleans merchant, whose name he took. He served in the Confederate Army, and after the war went into newspaper work. In 1867 he was engaged in reporting two Indian campaigns in Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado, then a part of the far west and almost without inhabitants, for at that time the population of Colorado was 35,000 and Nebraska 122,000, and Kansas 350,000. In 1868 he was working for the New York Herald, and was sent to Abyssinia with the British expedition. In 1869 Mr. Bennett sent him to Africa to find David Livingstone, and it was his success in this enterprise which made him famous. Subsequent years were spent in exploration in Africa, which increased his reputation as an explorer.

He wrote several important books of travel and exploration, and finally returned to England, married, and was elected to Parliament. He was 63 years old when he died.

IN a New York paper, usually entirely reliable, there appeared a couple of weeks ago a dispatch from Phœnicia, New York, declaring that the wild passenger pigeons, formerly so abundant in Sullivan and Ulster counties, had returned there and were nesting in great numbers. It added that about thirty years ago the wild pigeons were abundant there, and then, for some unexplained reason, disappeared, and have just returned from Canada.

The dispatch bore some evidence of being an invention made for sale, but in order to settle the question, a number of reliable persons who reside in Phœnicia, Hardenburg, Denning, and other points in Sullivan and Ulster counties, were communicated with. All replied that there have been no pigeons seen in that region for about thirty years, and that there are none this season.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Floating Down the Mississippi.

V.—Reelfoot Lake, Concluded.

THERE are some pretty little things in the way of law-making which appeal to the lovers of the round-about and the indirect. For instance, who would suspect a game law as a means to perfect one's title to property in dispute? The law of 1901 for Tennessee (Section 1, Chapter 91, Acts 1901) says a man must have the written permission of the owner of the land if he wishes to hunt thereon. Suppose I should claim a sandbar, and all hunters who came along, or even a large proportion of them, came to me and got my written permission to hunt thereon—I take the list of names of persons to whom I've issued permissions and shake them at the judge trying me for ordering a man off a public sandbar, using force, etc., and say: "It's mine; don't everybody say so, admit it, and here are these men—some at present in court—to testify that they admit I own the sandbar!" A mere citizen, liable to be a juryman, sees the force of such an argument. Frank Sparks, at Tiptonville, said that there was something in that written permission business which smelled of an old man Harris notion.

Judge Harris told me that he would give anyone permission to hunt on Reelfoot Lake when they came to him. He also said he owned all the lake, and its shores—that it was his, and he'd fight for it in court. But Sparks says that he owns land cornering in the lake, and that if anyone wants to go on the lake they can do so without anyone's permission. In the drainage case, because of that Stone's Ferry, which, in the old days, was operated to carry folks to the county seat of Obion county, and to the unflooded hills, Judge Swiggart decided that it is navigable, "in a technical sense." Being navigable, it's public, perforce—if the Tennessee Supreme Court says so in the suit which neither side is in a hurry to bring to an issue, but which will be tried some time—perhaps this winter.

Harris owns a lot of claims covering parts of the lake. He owns a good deal of the land around it. He has the deeds to show for it, and the quit claims. Ranged against him are the "always hunted there," some claims or titles he could not purchase—so it is said—the fact of launches and ferries on the lake—a mail route across it during high water, when the road can't be followed with a 10ft. pike pole—some scores of fishermen, a lot of hunters, and public sentiment. Harris claims two objects in getting possession of the lake. He wants to control the output, and eventually to make it a club's preserve. Seventy thousand dollars' worth of fish and the best duck shooting in the Mississippi Valley are worth contending for; any sportsman or commercial mind will admit that. Harris does not shoot or fish, but, as remarked, takes delight in a camera, and some of the best photographs of Reelfoot so far taken he made. Some are shown with these articles.

The people who are opposing Harris are ranked, so to speak, behind one John Shaw, who is buying fish under bond at Sandberg, near Burdick's dock. One hears that these men get about the same amount of fish and game. The rivalry is keen, but the prices paid are about the same by each. The markets are Cairo, St. Louis, Memphis, etc., and the wholesale rates at these markets are about three times as much as the above prices. If $70,000 is the value of the year's catch, at four cents a pound (too much), 1,750,000 pounds is the total catch, or seventy pounds to the acre—25,000 acres. I asked for an estimate by Burdick, but did not get it.

The fishermen claim that they make "lots of money—more than some of those white-collar fellows in town." Storekeepers at Tiptonville said that when fishermen came to town they made good purchases, about like sixty-acre cotton farmers, which indicates between $700 and $2,000 a year. But the farmers are much closer fisted than the fishermen, so it is likely the fishermen do not run much over $2 a day, if they do as much. Their "rag houses," or tents, and their looks do not indicate even this much. Stakes at the card tables go $100 in sight at once sometimes, and only the best brands of whiskey are used, as a general rule "to keep off the chills." A few of them have farms back in the hills, to which they retreat at times, but others live the year around on the borders of the lake, or on one or the other islands, cultivating a little patch of a garden, raising some cane-rooters for pork, keeping a cow or two for milk and butter, and soda biscuit. The stock is put on a raft when high water comes, or else ferried to the hills. The islands were under water so long this summer that the cane was killed.

In summer, a thick green moss, almost impenetrable to boats, covers much of the surface near the shore or in shallows, and is thick enough to prevent skiff navigation in some of the pockets. The water grows so warm that the fish are driven to the deepest waters and even there the nets "burn," as in the big river. In spite of the plentiful use of tar, nets are destroyed, even if used only during the cold months. Pole and hand-lines are used during the summer, and live bait or trolls bring in fine bass, up to seven or more pounds, it is said. "It is said" must be used by the note-book maker in regard to what he hears concerning Reelfoot Lake. I was told that "we make $4 or $5 a day all the year around, and it isn't nothing to have a $25 haul at a running of the nets." Harris warned me not to believe all that I heard about the large number of fishermen on the lake, and their great wages. "There are 500 of us, and we've got $20,000 worth of nets in this lake," they told me. These figures meant $40 per man, of four hoop nets each, at $10 a piece (a liberal value). Some fishermen run forty to eighty nets—$400 to $800 in tackle—so it is said. Ten or twelve nets are considered enough on the river. Figured by the forty nets would make the number of fishermen fifty. Harris said there were not over sixty two or three years ago, when his father counted them up. A hundred receiving $500 to $700 apiece per year would use up the $50,000 to $70,000 worth of fish the lake probably yields.

They use a trammel net on the lake. From a single line at the surface are hung three nets, two of them eight-inch mesh and hanging from three to nine feet deep, and between them an inch and a half mest net a third deeper, but fastened to the bottom line. The fish, scared in by the splashing of the fishermen driving toward the net at night, dart through the eight-inch



JAMES C. HARRIS.

mesh, catch up the little mesh net and pass on out through an eight-inch mesh on the other side. A twist then leaves the fish in a pocket, secure till the drawing. Two places—Blue Basin is one—admit of 600 or 800-yard seines. The seine is run down one side of the long open among the dead stubs and up on the other. Where the ends come opposite is a box of netting. The fish are crowded in toward this box, and when all are in, the front of the box is raised and the fish lifted out. Burdick runs the seines himself, and got $1,000 or thereabout at one haul of spoonbills.

Hoop nets—a long, round bag, kept open with hickory hoops, with "throats" or funnels centering toward the bottom of the pointed bag—are employed. They are used winged in the lake, sometimes with a hoop net at each end of the wing, so that whichever way the fish runs along the fence it will go down the succession of funnels and into the fisherman's pocket at last.

I found a Lake Huron fisherman setting up a "submarine net" on the Reelfoot shore at the end of the road from Tiptonville one day. It was an eight-foot covered net box, led to by two long wings. For a distance out on these wings the top and bottom are netted as the apex of a letter A. Two cross-bars, each broken in two at the middle and sloped toward the box at the apex. A fish came to either leg of the A and ran to the break in the cross-bar into clear water. Going ahead, it came to another section of the leg, and following this, went back into the angle eaused by the broken cross-bar and a leg, or else on into the apex of the A, beyond which is the cubical box, approached by a funnel, opening in the center of the eight-foot cube box. The fisherman said the cross-bars are called hearts. A fence of netting leads to the break in the lower cross-bar on a line bisecting the angle of the A, so a new and more deadly contrivance has appeared in Reelfoot waters. A Reelfoot fisherman said: "I'm going to keep an eye on that net, and if it works I'll have one."

The Huron man said that if the Reelfoot Lake fishermen were any good they'd have the lake fished clean in three months, that the hoop nets were used when he was a boy on the lake, and that two men right there had taken $1.60 worth of fish in two days, of which half went to Burdick for furnishing the twine of which the nets were made, leaving twenty cents a day to the men for their work. It was a bad fall for the fishermen, however, and until cold weather drove the fish out of deep water and started them to moving around, it would not begin to be good fishing, and most fishermen didn't have their nets in. The $1.60 for two days by two men did not tally by many dollars with another man's statement that "of course we're only making a couple of dollars a day now."

"There are no twine men on the lake here," the fisherman from Lake Huron said. "They don't know how to make a net. When they put this one in they'll see a difference in catching fish. But I'm going right back to Huron, that's where I'm going, just as soon as I get this set up for my brother."

Uncle Bug Spain is eighty-two years old, and still sets his hoop nets, after fifty years on the Reelfoot. Old Man Standick is named as the best trotter—trot-line man—and John Fry and Dick Harper had to hire five or six negroes to dress the catch they made trammeling one night. Burdick does the seining himself.

It is unnecessary to tell any of the fish stories, but one who sees black bass swirl out from under the big lily pads every rod or two as he paddles along need not be told how a man could whale them out there in the good old fashions known to fly and live-bait casters. I saw fish rising by the score among the gray stubs, though it was frosty times. For the man who wants real excitement with a light rod, this lake and its mates offer a field for nerve. Poets, however, would better keep away, else they never will cease to shudder at the memory of fishing in a cemetery.

At Tiptonville I met for the first time a professional hunter—a man who makes a living business of supplying game to the markets. There were several of these men—Frank Sparks being one of them. He had killed "feathers" as well as game. He runs a hotel at Tiptonville now, and one need not talk to him long on his favorite subject of hunting to learn that here is a man thoroughly in love with shooting, not only as a business but as a sport as well. "I'm a pot hunter," he said fairly and squarely and convincingly. "I left a good business to become one. I like to hunt. They tell you that a pot hunter bunches his game in the water and then kills them—sneaks through the brush and gathers them in sitting. It isn't so. I won't shoot a duck in that way. It wouldn't pay. I take them as they come in over the decoys, their wings whistling—and so does every other market hunter who makes his living so. I'll tell you one thing—a market hunter knows more about ducks than sportsmen. How many sportsmen can call a duck? I've seen a market shooter who was a poor shot miss a mallard drake six times with his shotgun, and then call the bird back and kill him. I'll tell you what you want to do. If you want to save the game fowl, you abolish the use of the duck call—prohibit its sale—and compel the hunter to sit over their decoys in silence. There isn't a pot-hunter but would rather go back to an old single-barreled muzzleloader than give up his call.

"Another thing. Take our game law as it stands now. All kinds of ducks except woodducks are protected from April 15 to October 1. A man can go out on Reelfoot, however, and kill woodducks after August 1. Think of that! 'Woodduck!' Can you tell what kind of birds are coming down around a hunter half a mile away? It makes an open season on Reelfoot Lake from August 1 till April 15. Here's another thing. Our duck season opens on October 1—nice warm weather, with the lake as smooth as glass and any quantity of cormorants—water turkeys—flying round. About the fifteenth in comes the first flight of mallards, say. They don't reach the water before some one is coming in on them with a sneak-box. Scared, the ducks hurry away south unrested. And so with the next flight—all hurried past by fear. What's the result? When the main flight comes late in October they go right past. Now, let's have the law November 15 as the opening day. For weeks the ducks have been coming in. They've hit the water unshot at. They've had time to preen their feathers. They've had a good feed. They've grown fat. They've grown rested. They are stool for every flock that comes within five miles, and perhaps the whole flight is laying around here when the open season begins. Then you'd have shooting. When ducks get used to laying around a place, they're a lot harder to drive away than if they come in strangers and meet a hail of shot."

Sparks is a convincing talker, and a direct one. He approves the law forbidding night shooting—a most destructive way of getting ducks and geese is fire-hunting. He swings as he walks, and long practice of hunting has given him a seeing eye. But the three market

hunters I saw did not have pleasant eyes, too cold and keen for that. Neither was their gait lovely. Perhaps I imagine, but what I saw was a swing, almost soldier-like, but chillingly precise. Sparks was building a 25ft. gasoline launch and had an eight-horse-power engine for it—an automobile outfit. But two young men—say twenty-five years old—were there to begin hunting. One was caulking up a sneak-boat, putting a little launch—gasoline—into shape for towing this boat up the river, that he might float down, and otherwise preparing for the season. One day he went to Reelfoot and got fifty-three ducks. He was going to hunt the river mostly, however. The other man was from Iowa. He said in my hearing that he didn't have any professional license, that he had a non-resident's license, however, and that he was going to hunt on Reelfoot, and take his ducks right to Burdick. He claimed to have seen Richard D'Ailly, Lake county's warden, and been told he could sell his ducks so.

Here is another phase in the contest for the possession of Reelfoot Lake. D'Ailly is one of the nicest men any one can care for. He knows as much about the nature of Mississippi Valley as years of study can give. He has bird skins, butterflies, mineral specimens, books, notes, and the greatest of interest in natural history—and his wife is equally interested in these subjects. He lives half a mile from Reelfoot, two miles from Tiptonville, on a place where he proposes to raise blue ribbon poultry, study botany and otherwise enjoy the rest he has earned in a life spent as an engineer. Coahoma knows him.

When D'Ailly was appointed warden, Frank Sparks had been suggested for that office. A petition was circulated around for names to endorse his appoint-



THE WILD TIGER LILY OF THE PRAIRIES.
From life, by Oscar D. Turner.

ment. Sparks opposed the Harris claim to Reelfoot Lake. A D'Ailly petition was circulated, and Sparks received a letter from Game Warden Acklen saying that the D'Ailly petition had reached the game warden's office first and had been acted on when the Sparks petition arrived—though it was sent with a special delivery stamp on it, and started the day before the Harris petition did—so one hears.

"If a man violates the law in Obion county he has to look out. The game warden has settled some of the men there—many fined and six or eight cases coming up next court sitting," Sparks remarked. There never was a game warden who gave complete satisfaction to everyone.

It is difficult to come to any conclusion in regard to any stated feature of Reelfoot Lake. The Harris estate is reaching out for control of Reelfoot Lake, and the pot hunters and sportsmen are ranged together against this project. The pot hunter, however, has not been above getting permission to hunt from an estate, if by so doing he can sell his game to a market dealer without a license required by law. A professional hunter, in addition to paying $25, must furnish bond of $200 not to violate the provisions of the Tennessee law. The bond feature drew down the face of the Iowa young man. For many years he had shot on Reelfoot for market, and coming back he found things in a mess—from his point of view—and so it is from almost any other viewpoint.

This much is certain: The sportsman who is a non-resident of Tennessee and does not pay $100 taxes in that State must put up for a license. My State, New York, does not charge a non-resident for hunting therein, unless a New Yorker has to pay in the non-resident's State. The Tennessee law is the same, only one must have a license in Tennesse, so I got mine easy—some swearing to be done before a notary, and some small office fees to pay were necessary. The would-be visiting sportsman can hear from Game Warden Acklen at Nashville in regard to these things.

I passed one night on Reelfoot Lake. I swung my hammock between two cypress trees, where I could reach out and drop a splinter into the water. It was bright, October moonlight, and my cover thrown back so that I could look out on the water—and at those desolate stubs—I watched the placid surface and grew chilled by the things I saw. It was an awful view, and left an impression which cannot be quickly eradicated. A few rods away was Webster's tent; snuffling round were some of his "cane-rooters," now and then one of his dogs would whine, and perhaps a bird swim past in the water or a flock whistle by overhead. But these signs of life but accentuated the feeling the dead trees standing in the water spread all around. After a long look at the scene—during which the moon changed from southeast to southwest, I was glad to turn down the square of canvas which hangs, A-fashion, over my canvas bag hammock, and so close myself in. In the morning, a thin haze was over all—a very thin mist, and just right for pictures, and I took some then.

Fishermen, hunters, note makers, photographers, history gleaners or poets, all find Reelfoot a curious and remarkable place. "You're kind of queer," a man told me when I said: "I couldn't stand a place like that."

Once More Afloat.

I pulled out of Tiptonville on the afternoon of Friday, November 13, a combination to make a ghost laugh. Some other things were in the combination—some disappointment, some homesickness, some dislike of the hardships to come, and a wide river over which a stormy haze threatened. Up in Putney Bend Jack Stevenson and I had stopped over night with a big medicine and stereopticon boat run by James Pool and S. M. Sugg. We were congenial enough, and it was suggested we drop down the river together after I had seen Reelfoot Lake. Postal cards, addressed one to Tiptonville, one to Hickman, were exchanged, and at Tiptonville I heard the boat would pass that place about November 8. I waited till the 13th, and then, not hearing more, went on alone.

After town life in a boarding-house, and new-found friends and indoors, the river causes in me a bit of heart sinking, but there are voices in sandbars and caving banks and wide coiling waters which grow louder and louder—it was well I started on when I did, lest, perhaps, I had been obliged to admit myself, a river man, unable to resist the call of the sirens of the Mississippi. "He can't get off the river!" is said of some men abundantly able to live in town on their savings or their wages. Everywhere along the river, so far as I have seen it, and according to river wanderers, all along it, are people unable to cope with the things that draw them back to the uneasy life upon waters that, to them, are completly enchanting.

The wild birds were on their way south. Some flocks of ducks appeared in the distance on the water, mere black bobbing specks, for the most part, and yet with that little thrill in them which one close to nature feels, though he cannot explain why—the difference between a live thing and a stick of drift which is noted when the object is too far off to see the head or other visible sign of life. Overhead, so high as to be scarcely distinguishable, was that sight dear to men of the gun, wild geese in wide Vs. Now and then a little bunch of ducks in bullet flight came past in their ricochet jumps from the north. As a spectacle to make one catch his breath, nothing that flies is quite so impressive to me as these straight-flying birds shooting past—winged projectiles. Cut down by a charge of shot in mid-air, they tumble end over end, still like bullets. To one who has never hunted ducks in a duck country, but with only wood birds in his record, those hard, swift flyers on whose feathers the shot rattle, were new and thrilling game.

Fresh from town, there is a side of nature on the river which is more impressive than it is a few days later. This is the quiet—a blessed silence, which is interrupted—if at all—chiefly by wild things—geese or ducks or a crippled cotton gin that is shutting down. On the day I left Tiptonville, the water was unruffled by wind. I ran on till dusk—a caving bank on one side and a wide, inhospitable sandbar on the other, suddenly became ominous. Where could I tie up for the night?

It is easy for one lost in contemplating the nature of a river without regard to personal application, to pass the last good landing, and, in the night mist, be lost and without a place to sleep. It was almost dark when, despairing of a better place, I tied in at the head of a bar, where the mud was pretty deep. A couple of chunks of wood made a place to step out; then a hundred yards away I said "How-do" to a shack, and learned that I could camp without being molested. I stretched my canvas hammock in the boat, drew my painted cover over all, and went to sleep. It was a bad place, exposed to the wind, with a mud landing, and not much chance to fix things over if anything happened. I was fortunate, and nothing happened.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Glimpses of the Past.

THE few remaining settlers of northern Iowa who came to this beautiful prairie region far back in the early fifties, recall with the deepest pleasure the days that have gone, although these days were often fraught with hardships and deprivation that to-day but few can realize. Everywhere around them then were the beauties of nature, for the hand of man had not yet defaced the loveliness of the landscape.

The years went swiftly by and brought wondrous changes. Could the old trappers and hunters of this region then have fallen into a "Rip Van Winkle sleep" and awakened again in the same region to-day, no amount of evidence would convince them that it is the same country they knew in the long ago. In no time or country in the world have such wondrous changes taken place in so short a space of time. The old has given place to the new, and change, change, is ever the order of being.

Only occasionally here and there do the few old settlers who still remain see a reminder of the days they love so well to recall. Last summer was exceptionally rainy and wet throughout Iowa, and this condition brought vividly to mind the terrific rain and thunder storms of the times back in the fifties and early sixties.

Along portions of the railroad tracks that were built across the prairies long years ago, and by the sides of the roads which the pioneers laid out across the trackless prairies of the early days, and on the rare patches and tracts of virgin prairie land which at long intervals gladden the eye to-day, was a dense growth of blue-point grass five to six feet in height, and besprinkled everywhere with the beautiful wild flowers that in days gone by grew in such countless millions here. The stately gum weed, or compass plant, with the edges of its coarse serrated leaves ever pointing northward and southward, is still seen in numbers among the old friends of the early days. The red lily is still seen, and most conspicuous in the lower lands may be observed in scattered groups beautiful pendant tiger lilies, which none who have seen them in their wild state will ever forget.

Not long ago a friend named Wilcox, himself an early pioneer of northern Iowa of the days of '51 or '52, while breaking up an old and extensive peat marsh near Thornton, in the northern part of the State, brought to light the skull and other bones of a horse, with the deeply rusted remains of an ancient iron bridle bit in its mouth, and close beside it, and apparently lying partly under the horse, was the skeleton of a man; all these relics owing their preservation to the chemical qualities of the peat in which they lay. One hand of the man lay spread out, and left a singularly distinct impression in the peaty soil.

These may be the remains of an Indian and his wiry pony, or may represent the remains of a white hunter such as roamed the prairies in those early days, and who perhaps met his death here at the hands of the ever-watchful Sioux, who in early times claimed this region as their home and their hunting ground. In any event, this was the last resting place of an early hunter, whether white or red, who faded away with the departing glory of the early days. Here was revealed a chapter in a life's history, which doubtless few, even in that early day, knew of.

Near and around these skeletons were plowed up the remains of perhaps fifty buffalo, the skulls and wrinkled horns being still in a fair state of preservation. Their bones were in fact so abundant as at times seriously to interfere with the running of the breaking plow.

A very early pioneer who settled in this immediate locality somewhere in the later forties or early fifties, told my friend Wilcox at the time that when he first settled here the buffalo were abundant, and during the late fall at evening they would come in droves, bellowing, to drink at this slough, which was then a fair sized lake, and as the ice had formed along the edge, they would crowd each other over and into the water, and some would almost invariably be drowned. This, he stated, accounted for the finding of so many buffalo skeletons to-day in plowing up the old lake bed.

The account recalls sad recollections of the wanton and criminal destruction by the white hunter of untold millions of one of the noblest wild animals the American continent ever knew. CLEMENT L. WEBSTER, M. Sc.

CHARLES CITY, Iowa.



THE BUFFALO OF THE OLDEN DAYS.—Drawn by Oscar D. Turner.

Natural History.

Feeding the Snakes in the New York Zoological Gardens.

(*Continued from page 374.*)

After the snake has learned to eat, his appetite is almost unsatiable. He seems to be hungry all the time, and when he gets food devours it in any quantity that is given him.

"It is not every snake, however," said Curator Ditmars, "that has to be forcibly fed. Very often snakes take easily to food. We first offer them a plucked chicken, and they usually do not refuse the tempting morsel. After that we begin feeding them on rabbits, rats, guinea pigs and the like. The popular idea that all snakes must have living prey is erroneous. Captive snakes take readily to dead food.

"Some persons imagine that our reptile house is a chamber of horrors, and that live birds and other living things are made food for snakes. We don't give live creatures to snakes, for the reason that it would cause great commotion in the cage. As soon as something living—say a chicken or a mouse—is put in a cage full of snakes they all strike at it, and there starts a fight. I have seen at some zoological gardens some very disastrous combats just from this course.

"It is perfectly marvelous how some of those big snakes are capable of swallowing. A good-sized boa can easily accommodate an antelope, deer or kangaroo. The jaws of the snakes are disarticulated after a fashion, and this allows great stretching of the muscular tissue. Snakes, of course, do not chew their food. Everything is eaten whole.

"In swallowing an antelope, the head goes first. The forelegs are folded neatly down to the side. When, with a sort of gentle, rhythmic motion, the animal begins to disappear. I belive the jaws and throat of one of the largest snakes could easily get around a young hippopotamus.

"The snake is provided with a very remarkable arrangement of teeth. The lower jaw is divided in two parts, and these work independently, the teeth pulling the food in like a machine. You have seen how the head of bearded wheat will work itself up one's sleeves? Well, the progress of food down a snake's throat is on the same order.

"The smaller snakes at the reptile house are fed on mice, sparrows, bugs and worms. We have little difficulty in getting these snakes to eat. It is generally with the big fellows that trouble arises."

Foremost among the snakes at the Zoo requiring food of its own kind is the monster king cobra. Once a week a five or six-foot blacksnake is procured, and, after being subjected to a peculiar process, is fed to the cobra. The cobra will eat only large snakes, and the larger they are the better she likes them. No blacksnakes large enough to suit the appetite of her imperial highness has ever been found. If she had her own way about things every snake in the house, including several of the boa constrictors, would long ago have wandered down the throat of this tremendous snake. Already her appetite has made blacksnakes scarce in the park, and when it is impossible to catch one of these "racers" it is necessary to buy one in the open market, unless, as is often the case, some admirer of the cobra, who knows her tastes, presents her with a meal in the shape of a blacksnake.

So fastidious is the appetite of the cobra that if the blacksnake is not to her liking as far as size is concerned, she will not touch it. It is here that the peculiar process referred to takes place. This consists in making the snake think that she is getting more than she really is. After the blacksnake intended for her meal is killed, a dozen or more frogs are killed and stuffed into the dead snake's throat so as to make the body bulge out in all directions and appear large. In this state the blacksnake looks as if it were a huge stuffed stocking, and is of a girth which seems as if it were several times the diameter of the throat of the reptile for which it is intended. The stuffing of the blacksnake is done for two reasons. In the first place, even the largest sized blacksnake is not large enough in its natural state to tempt the cobra to eat, and secondly, by making a frog-pie out of the blacksnake, the frogs, which otherwise the cobra would disdain, are gotten into the reptile to furnish nourisment, whether the cobra likes it or not.

"The snakes, at all times," said Mr. Ditmars, "evince eccentric wants which must be met by equally eccentric attention. Without ingenious and sympathetic keepers, a collection of reptiles would quickly starve, even though the cages were plentifully provided with the necessary foods.

"Unlike the animals which are fed daily, the reptiles receive their food at intervals ranging from a day or two to a month, according to the species or the disposition of the specimen. If a reptile is very active it must be fed frequently.

Turtles and lizards, which are continually moving about, require feeding every other day. The big constricting snakes, which are coiled in the same position for a week at a time, seldom take food more frequently than twice a month. As a rule the smaller snakes are fed every ten days.

"Nearly all the big snakes have the habit of fasting for indefinite periods. After feeding regularly for two or three months a python will steadily decline food for about the same period, after which, as a rule, he again feeds voraciously.

"During these long fasting spells the keepers follows their charges' actions with close attention, for it is at these times that the dreaded canker may form in the serpent's mouth, and unless immediately treated with antiseptic washes it becomes dangerous and often fatal. A three months' fast with a healthy snake never worries the keeper, for the reptile usually begins feeding again without the slightest signs of emaciation.

"The reptile house bill of fare is elaborate in its composition. Rabbits, pigeons and chickens furnish nourishment for the constrictors, while rats, mice and sparrows are provided for the smaller snakes. The lizards demand large quantities of meal worms, which are varied by flies caught in the warm months in a series of fly traps. Large quantities of fish go to the alligators and water snakes, while vegetables of many kinds form the food of the tortoises and herbivorous lizards. With the larger snakes the chickens and rabbits are killed and presented to the reptiles individually. This brings about an even distribution of the food and prevents trouble.

"If a live rabbit or chicken were cast into the cage containing six or eight big snakes trouble would be inevitable. Several of the reptiles would seize the creature at the same time, and in the constriction that followed all would become entangled in such knots that the smaller snakes would fare badly. If, after the prey has been introduced and a large snake begins to swallow it, a smaller snake is persistent in its hold on the prey, the small snake may find a resting place in the elastic interior of its cage mate.

"The feeding of a cage of pythons is an operation which requires skill and time. The first thing done is to separate the big fellows, which lie socially coiled in a great mass.

"The keeper then hands them their chickens and rabbits, one by one, keeping many of the snakes covered with blankets to prevent fighting.

"The most difficult snakes to maintain successfully are the poisonous snakes. So nervous that the slightest movement causes them to spring into a coil of defense, these reptiles in many instances deliberately starve themselves to death.

"In consequence of their nervousness, the poisonous snakes are fed at night, when the reptile house is absolutely quiet. It is the viperine snakes that possess this timid disposition. The cobras and their allies, although on the alert for trouble, feed regularly and freely.

"Obstinate snakes are very often coaxed into eating by specially prepared food. A brace of tender young squabs, fattened for the occasion, may be provided.

"At times large and valuable specimens arrive from foreign climes with digestive dispositions much out of gear. With the characteristic eccentricity of a reptile, such snakes are usually voracious feeders.

"The condition of their internal organs is soon apparent and the utmost care is at once needed. The diet is immediately cut down to far below the normal and the feeding resolves itself into a system which continues for months after.

"Humorous incidents are many and varied in the work of coaxing newly arrived turtles and lizards to take their food. A huge alligator terrapin fasted for many weeks in the reptile house to the worry of the keepers. Being a pugnacious brute, it was induced to eat by strategy. It was tapped vigorously on the nose with a stick and its jaws flew open. Thereupon a fish was inserted in its mouth. Each round of teasing resulted in the creature's taking a substantial bite, which was involuntarily swallowed. The treatment lasted for weeks, when the turtle was finally induced to feed of its own accord. Much the same maneuvering is employed in the case of stubborn crocodiles and alligators.

"When the five alligators which now occupy the saurian tank in the reptile house arrived at the zoological park, it was determined to introduce a novelty in the way of feeding these creatures. In many institutions the food for the 'gators is simply thrown into the tank, and the more vigorous individuals help themselves without regard to their smaller associates. This was prohibited from the start. No 'gator was to receive a morsel of food unless it was taken from the keeper's hand.

"For weeks the reptiles swam about warily and watched with hungry eyes all sorts of tempting food held at the side of the tank. Big Mose was the first to gain courage. Swimming up to keeper Snyder it opened its huge jaws appealingly and a chicken settled between them. There was a crunching of bones, the raising of the broad snout a yard or more above the water, the blinking of a yellow eye and the fowl was gone.

"Mose repeated the operation several times and swam away satisfied. Gradually its timid mates followed the example, and now the 'gators line up at feeding time with gaping jaws, and await the distribution of fowls or fish, as the diet may be."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Short Talks on Taxidermy.

III.—Skinning the Bird.—(Concluded.)

THROW the skin on the table with the head away from you and the cut down. You will see the wings and the legs protruding. These must be cleaned. Pull out first one wing and push the skin as far down toward the wing joint as you conveniently can. Scrape and cut away all the flesh that you can see, and cut off the humerus, or upper arm bone, at the joint where it meets the radius and ulna, the two parallel bones of the middle wing. Some authorities declare that the secondary feathers, which are somewhat firmly attached to one of these bones, should never be disturbed. A more common practice—with small birds at least—is to run the thumb nail along the bone toward the bend of the wing—or wrist—and to free all these feathers, and then to cut away the small strings of muscle which lie between the two bones. This is to be done on either side. The legs are then pulled out, and the skin pressed down to the tibio-tarsal joint, and all the flesh cut away on both.

Now take a bit of cotton and form a pellet large enough to fill the orbit, and place such a pellet in each eye socket. If the bird is larger than a robin, wrap a shred of cotton about each one of the leg bones. Take your skin by the tail and the tips of the wings, hold it over the poison box, and dust the dry arsenic on it with a liberal hand, seeing that the poison touches every part of the flesh side of the skin, including especially the head, wings, legs and tail. Then shake off the loose arsenic into the box.

Throw your skin on the table, as before, and taking the skull in your forceps, push it back through the neck, just reversing what you did when you were skinning the bird. Do it slowly, and see that the head is properly directed, so that the bill will not catch anywhere in the skin. In a moment you will see the skin begin to turn itself right side out. As soon as the bill shows, take hold of this with your left hand, and gently work the skin back over the head. In all cases be careful not to drag or pull the skin. It is easy to stretch it, but very hard to get it back again after it has been stretched. When the skin is right side out take each wing, give it a gentle pull and shake, and each leg the same, and you will see lying before you the bird's skin, which now requires only to be filled with cotton and made up.

Take each wing by the first joint, that is, the bend, which corresponds to the human wrist, lift it up a little, and pass your finger along under it, so as to straighten out the secondaries and wing coverts, that they may lie smoothly and substantially in their natural relation to the bones of the wing.

Some taxidermists, before the skin is turned back again, catch up with a needle and thread the skin of the back, just opposite the wing on each side, and draw these sides together. In the reversed skin, on either side of the back, is seen a line running from the neck to the tail, where the feathers grow, and if these two lines are drawn together, say within half an inch of each other, for a bird the size of a bluebird, it gives a little roundness and fullness to the back, and perhaps renders the skin a little easier to make up; that is to say, the wings at the wrists and shoulders more easily fall into a natural position than if the back is left flat. This, however, is not a very important matter.

Your skin now is ready for filling. Take a thin wad of cotton, a little longer than would reach from the bird's head to the end of the body, and roll it between the hands so as to make it a cylinder. It should not be thicker than the bird's neck. Take this between the forceps, and introduce it by a gentle motion into the hollow of the neck, passing it up through the neck until the points of the forceps are within the skull cavity. Lift the skin by the feathers, on one side and the other, pulling it down, but only enough to have it rest evenly over the cotton, and then carefully and gently withdraw the forceps, leaving the cotton in its place. You must, of course, be careful not to catch the skin anywhere on the forceps, and not to wad up the cotton in a bunch anywhere in the neck. The operation is one readily performed, but perhaps not easily described. As good an illustration of it as any is the introducing of a glove stretcher into the finger of a glove.

If you have performed this operation properly the neck is now practically filled, but it will be well for you to take another very small roll of cotton, not more than an inch long, for a bird the size of a robin, and to introduce this above the cotton which stands for the neck, passing your forceps forward until this small bit of cotton rests in the bird's throat close to the bill. Withdraw the forceps, leaving it there. Some people introduce this throat filling through the bird's mouth, but if this is done the tendency is to make the feathers of the throat stand up, which they should not do. This bit of filling gives the bird's throat a natural fullness which adds much to the appearance of the skin.

Now, take a wad of cotton and form it into an oblong mass, somewhat smaller than the bird's body, and place it within the skin, lifting up the skin on either side, and pulling it over, so that the two edges practically meet. You must be careful not to make the body too large, for the object is to have the skin which you have prepared just about the size of the dead bird. It may be a little larger, because the feathers are likely to stand up more or less, but the danger is that you will at first make your skin too large rather than too small. Now take your needle and thread, and by three or four long stitches draw together the opening in the skin through which you removed the body. The bird is now ready to make up, provided you have pulled the legs out and turned them, so that they lie in the right position. The skin of the legs should not be twisted, but the legs should cross each other naturally over the under surface of the tail, on which they rest.

There is danger that as the skin dries the bill may open. This is to be provided against, either by sticking a pin diagonally backward through the chin, just in front of the fork of the lower mandible, and into the roof of the mouth; or, better still, by thrusting your needle through the chin up through the bird's nostril, and then tying the two mandibles closely together. Before making up the skin, look at the eyes, and open the eyelids, and if the eyes seem to be sunken—showing that the pellets of cotton that you placed in the orbits are not large enough—either take the cotton between the forceps and pull it out a little, or with a pin push the cotton up all around the eyelid, so as to give the side of the head a natural—but not too great—fullness. Try to remember how the bird's head looked before you began to skin it, and model the skin on that line.

My attention has just been called by the editors of FOREST AND STREAM to an inadvertence of which I have been guilty in adopting for these articles the signature Amateur. This signature, I am told, was many years ago adopted by a Pennsylvania correspondent, who has written under it ever since. If I had known of this I should not have used this pseudonym, and I offer him my sincere apologies for having used his "pen name." The remaining chapters of these talks will therefore be signed, instead of Amateur, TAXIDERMIST.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Boy and the Gun.

FORT WRANGEL, Alaska, via Seattle, Wash., April 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The best way to settle the "Boy and the Gun" question is to arrange matters so that our boys now growing up—we might justly include the girls—be given an opportunity to thoroughly familiarize themselves with guns, explosives, ordnance, etc., while they are getting their education in our public schools, say at ages from ten to sixteen or eighteen years of age. If two hours per week were given and devoted to such work, what a grand amount of useful, beneficial, and scientific knowledge would be given the growing generation that are soon to represent our nation. We are at that stage of advancement and evolution when this knowledge should be given at the proper time.

I am anxious to see this most important question thoroughly discussed in the columns of your valuable journal in the near future. C. H. B.

Questions on the Flight of Insects.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM, a few months ago, I ventured the opinion, founded on a little observation which I once made, that a butterfly could not continue long on the wing at one flight. Since then I have thought that perhaps I was wrong in this. This would not be remarkable, for I have been known to be mistaken on many occasions. I expressed the opinion that a butterfly could not fly more than a mile, perhaps, at one effort; but in reading Darwin's Voyage of the Beagle, chapter 8th, he says: "One evening, when we were about ten miles from the Bay of San Blas, vast numbers of butterflies, in bands or flocks of countless myriads, extended as far as the eye could range. Even by the aid of a telescope it was not possible to see the space free from butterflies. The seamen cried out, 'It was snowing butterflies,' and such, in fact, was the appearance."

If these insects had flown to that distance at sea, it is quite a different thing from my guess of one mile as their limit. Yet I am puzzled to know why my butterfly should have fallen into the lake. It evidently fell through sheer exhaustion. Darwin goes on to say that some moths and hymenoptera accompanied the butterflies, and a fine beetle flew on board. Butterflies we know are numerous in South America, but butterflies in such vast numbers as he here describes we imagine must be phenomenal, even there. They could hardly have come together by some prearrangement among themselves, and the presence among them of the other insects mentioned, which are not known to have any special affiliations with the butterflies, suggests the thought that they must have all been swept up together over a great extent of country and carried out to sea in a body. However, a further remark of Darwin's seriously militates against this theory, for he says: "The day had been fine and calm, and the one previous to it equally so, with light and variable airs. Hence," he adds, "we cannot suppose that the insects were blown off the land, but we must conclude that they voluntarily took flight." In connection with the general subject he goes on to say that the most remarkable instance he had known of an insect being caught far from land was that of a large grasshopper, which flew on board the Beagle when the vessel was to windward of the Cape de Verde Islands, and when the nearest point of land, not directly opposite to the trade-wind, was Cape Blanco, on the coast of Africa, 370 miles distant. This was certainly a wonderful flight for a creature so little addicted to long-distance excursions as the grasshopper.

In his "Origin of Species," Darwin adverts to the subject briefly in his chapter on the "Means of Dispersal." He states, on the authority of the Rev. Mr. Lowe, that in November, 1844, swarms of locusts visited the island of Madeira. This island is off the coast of northwestern Africa not less than 400 miles. On the main land locusts abound in vast numbers, where they are sometimes used in great quantities by the inhabitants for food. In Robbins' Journal of his captivity on the Sahara, a book which boys of sixty years ago used to read, the author tells us that on one occasion his master's family gathered about fifteen bushels of locusts in one night.

Mr. Lowe states that on the occasion referred to, the locusts came to the island of Madeira in countless nummers, as thick as the flakes of snow in the heaviest snow storm, and extended upward as far as could be seen with a telescope. During two or three days they slowly careered round and round in an immense ellipse, at least five or six miles in diameter, and at night alighted on the taller trees, which were completely coated with them. They then disappeared over the sea, as suddenly as they had appeared, and did not afterward visit the island. All of which goes to show that these insects at least have immense power of sustaining themselves on the wing. As I lift my eyes from the page and glance through the window at my side, it is a wintry prospect that I behold this afternoon. The flakes are falling thick and fast. The remote view is entirely cut off. Between me and the nearer landscape is an ever waving curtain of flakes that renders all objects indistinct. The gate-posts have assumed tall caps of white. My neighbor's roof has lost its sharp outlines, and they are now softened and rounded by the snow. It is an old-fashioned winter, sure enough. The rabbits are dozing on their forms somewhere in the thickets. The squirrels are safe in their winter quarters. The birds have gone out of business entirely. No life is stirring in all the woods. Yet the season is not altogether forbidding. Thus sings Cowper:

"O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy scepter, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art!"

T. J. CHAPMAN.

INGRAM, Pa.



GAME BAG AND GUN

Female Deer Should be Protected.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The paper read by Hon. J. F. Sprague before the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, as published in FOREST AND STREAM, on page 354, ought to be read with such interest as to bring about some action in the combined protection of deer and hunters.

The almost unconscious actions of a hunter, as a result of the mental conditions which there are so correctly analyzed, would seem to show conclusively that any direct law to punish men for shooting their fellow men in mistake for game does not meet the requirements; and that the remedy must go further back and cause a different working of the mental faculties, so that when game, or what is supposed to be game, is sighted, the first impulse may be not to shoot, but to ascertain whether it is that which may lawfully be killed. The forbidding, by law, of the killing of does would bring about just such a change in the mental condition of the hunter. I have long believed that to forbid the killing of female deer at all seasons would be a long stride in the right direction; but not until reading this philosophical reasoning of Mr. Prague's did I realize how closely associated might be such a law with the preservation of human life; and I would urge any who have passed over this article lightly, or who have not read it, to give it a careful and thoughtful reading. It occurs to me that if such a law were passed, it would eventually and unconsciously bring about some change of sentiment in the sportsman, which would be for the well being of the game. Such a law would mean that in a short time the deer would be greatly on the increase, and that it would become a common thing to see many deer during a hunting trip before securing one. It would become so common, in fact, that to see deer would not be the exception, as it often is now, but would become such a matter of course that the sight would cease to create that abnormal excitement which generally prevails when human lives are sacrificed, and the thought of shooting would not occur until after a pair of antlers had been seen.

An opportunity would thus be afforded to study them, and to get the pleasure which comes from watching wild game in their natural haunts. As it is now, the first and only thing generally thought of is shoot! shoot! and the best part of the woods life is missed. If we were obliged to refrain from shooting, we would, of course, take an interest in watching, and would gradually become so interested in them that the thought of shooting would come only as an after thought, and the danger of shooting a man would thus be minimized.

What true sportsman would not enjoy his hunt more by seeing and closely observing from six to a dozen does, and killing one buck, than by killing two good deer and seeing no more? I have not killed a deer for a good many years, and yet if I had my choice to go into the woods and see a half dozen deer and get none, or get one and see no others, I would certainly get the most real pleasure from the former, and would so choose. Another feature worthy of consideration is that in this way less game would be wounded and left to die in the woods, because a closer observation and a more definite knowledge of the position of the animal fired at would be needed, and the random firing at "spots" and "fleeting glimpses" would be lessened. For a few years less deer would be killed, no doubt, but in the end it must bring about better conditions for the hunters and the hunted.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

Portable Boats.

ON BOARD A GREAT NORTHERN TRAIN, Montana, March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Ever since my last summer's outing in British Columbia I have been intending to write you concerning "Portable Boats," but have not had a good opportunity till to-day, when, as the sole occupant of a sleeping car, I am making a deadly dull trip across the continent with naught in view save vast snow-covered wastes.

The object of my letter is to prompt, if possible, a discussion in your columns on the very important subject of portable boats. The attributes of an ideal portable boat are lightness, strength, rigidity, durability, compactness when folded, simplicity of construction, ease of setting up and taking down, and adaptability for carriage by pack horse.

My experience has been limited entirely to the Eureka canvas folding boat; and my desire to find something better leads me to send you this communication. I have used three of these boats during the last ten years, and have found them in several particulars almost perfect, but greatly deficient in others. They are 11 or 12 feet long, 44 inches wide, and weigh, when packed for transportation, about 80 pounds. For staunchness there is, in my opinion, nothing to beat them, as I have shot rapids in them when standing up, have climbed into them from a muddy lake when wearing heavy rubber boots, have jumped into them in swift waters when wearing waist waders and large hob-nailed shoes; have fired right and left out of them when standing, kneeling and sitting; have bumped them over logs and stones without injury, and have transported them thousands of miles by rail, hundreds of miles by wagon, and numerous long and short distances by both pack horses and men.

When put together in good shape and ready for use, no boat is more serviceable than the Eureka. It will carry three men and a small amount of paraphernalia, or two men and a full camp and fishing outfit; and it is as safe in a stiff wind or a heavy sea as the best of birch bark canoes. To some people this last remark will not appear very forcible; but to a Canadian voyageur, such as in a small way I was when a young man, it is by no means faint praise. In my time I have traveled in bark canoes many hundreds of miles, across large lakes, in rough weather, and up and down swift streams; and never yet have I been capsized, and only twice did I ever ship a dangerous amount of water; hence I swear by the Indian's bark canoe as far as safety is concerned. However, it is an uncomfortable craft in which to stand up and cast either fly or bait, while the Eureka boat is ideal for this purpose.

The bad points of the latter craft are as follows:

First—It is a nuisance to set up, requiring the work of two men for from half an hour to two hours. The work has to be done with patience and caution, in order to avoid breaking something. Again, if one does not look carefully to the markings of the various pieces, he is liable to get some piece misplaced, thus necessitating the undoing of all his work and starting *de novo*.

Second—The details are cheap and flimsy. The boat costs only $20, and it would be much better were the price raised a few dollars and the extra money spent on correcting several faulty details. The most conspicuous of these are clips made of cast iron instead of wrought metal, the flimsy wooden stopper that is held by a single screw to the bow or stern stretcher, and the inefficient bearing of the latter at the upper end where it is inserted beneath the junction of the gunwales.

If I were manufacturing the boat I would make the following improvements:

A—All rib clips to be constructed of either wrought iron or aluminum.

B—The clips at the upper ends of the ribs to be rounded and to engage intimately with metal bearings attached firmly beneath the gunwale, thus locating the exact position of each rib, and avoiding the cutting of the canvas by the clips.

C—Floor plugs for holding the ribs in place to be aluminum instead of wood. The wooden ones swell when wet and shrink when dry, and the heads get broken off.

D—A well fitting end and socket to be provided for the bow and stern stretchers.

E—Attach firmly to each of the latter a substantial metal bearing to engage with the forked end of the middle floor board.

F—Mark each piece plainly, so that there shall be no doubt as to where it belongs, and paint on the inside of the canvas a big B (bow) at one end and a big S (stern) at the other.

These modifications would improve the boat greatly, but would not make it perfect by any means.

Third—The Eureka boat when knocked down and folded makes the meanest pack that was ever placed upon the back of that much abused and vituperated animal, the western broncho.

What I am looking for is a canvas folding boat that is as staunch, strong, rigid, seaworthy and serviceable as the Eureka, but which is well detailed throughout, which is easily and quickly set up, knocked down, and folded for travel, and which makes a convenient pack for placing on a horse. It should be large enough to carry safely and comfortably two men with a full camping outfit such as an experienced sportsman would provide for a long trip by boat, provisions for ten days, and all the fishing and shooting paraphernalia for two persons. The weight should be such that one man can readily carry the empty boat, and the price should be reasonable. The matter of facility of repairs should not be overlooked, and the protection of the boat when being shipped as baggage should receive due attention.

I would consider it a favor if some of your readers who have used portable boats would write you, describing their crafts in detail, giving all main dimensions, weight, etc., and pointing out both their good and their bad features; and I would be pleased to receive from the manufacturers of portable boats their catalogues and all the information necessary for a possible purchaser. My address is New Nelson Building, Kansas City, Mo.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

Birds of Prey do Good.

I WISH I could make a naturalist's plea for the preservation of birds of prey. Must these species, even in our enlightened land, still be the butt of all classes of humanity, after it has become known by the examination of their stomachs that most of them live very largely on the very vermin with which sportsmen and farmers class them?

Every farmer and game-keeper should have a copy of the Biological Survey's report on the stomachs of birds of prey. Beside immense quantities of mice, hawks and owls kill snakes, rats, weasels, skunks and squirrels, all of which species destroy more or less young game birds and the eggs of game birds. Therefore it becomes necessary to know whether the bird of prey himself or all these other enemies kill the most game before judging of his harmfulness. The killing of a hawk or owl is probably almost always the killing of one of your game preservers, whether or no he takes some game in pay. You might as well abolish policemen because they sometimes offend.

Even when the bird of prey gets game birds, it is probable that his victims are most commonly the less vigorous or wounded specimens, so that his influence invigorates the breed by eliminating sickly propagators.

In the meantime we naturalists beg sportsmen not to decimate this, one of our most interesting classes of birds, when they may learn too late that they have killed their own natural game wardens.

There would not have come down to us any race of game birds if the existence of hawks, etc., tended to destroy it.

In the same respect the fish case is remarkably simple. Sportsmen wage war against herons, kingfishers and fish-hawks. Now, since it is well known that the main devourers of trout spawn and fry, for instance, are not any kind of bird, but certain species of fish, you are probably helping thin your trout by removing these birds, since the latter doubtless prey more on the spawn-devourers than on the trout. This is plain, because trout are swifter and hence harder to catch and live commonly in deeper water than other species; so that what the heron and kingfisher get are no doubt generally the enemies of your trout.

Is it not hard that we naturalists must lose our beautiful herons and the wild-voiced kingfishers, and you your trout, because you will not think and understand before you act?

ABBOTT H. THAYER.

MONADNOCK, N. H.

Do Bears Destroy Game?

FT. WRANGEL, Alaska, April 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This question can be answered by simply saying yes. In speaking thus I speak from actual experience.

While hunting in the mountains in the southern part of Humboldt county, Cal., in the spring or early summer of 1892, I saw a large doe come out of the timber into the open prairie country, turn round and round in a strange manner several times, and then travel in the direction of a clump of willows growing around a small spring which was several hundred yards from the timber. Into this she went and disappeared.

It was a beautiful evening. I had watched the sun set out in the grand Pacific Ocean. The moon had risen above the eastern horizon. It was growing dusk, the shades of night were falling. The doe was not of much interest to me. A big old five-point buck that I knew inhabited that section was what I was after, and it was high time that he, too, was coming out of the timber and into the edge of the prairie where he could have the pleasure of dining to his heart's content on a rich assortment of wild pea vine, white and red clover, and many varieties of wild native grasses.

I was in the act of giving up in despair and wending my way to camp, it having become almost too dark to see the sights on my rifle so that I could do good shooting, when I saw a medium sized black bear come out of the timber on the doe's trail and follow in the direction of the clump of willows where she had taken refuge. Naturally I waited developments. He seemed to approach with much caution. No sooner had he entered the cover of the willows than there was a great commotion, the calling death-cry of the doe, mingled with that gurgling sound that told me that her windpipe was being severed or closed by the fangs of the bear. I lost all interest in the beautiful surroundings, and traveled hard in the direction of the scene of the death struggle, hoping to be able to have a hand in it myself; but as I gained the opposite side of a timbered ravine that separated us, I saw the bear shambling off at a lively pace toward the timber, it having got wind of me. I had two shots at it before it reached cover, one of which took effect, but not fatally. I then went to the scene of the killing, where I found the dead doe and her newly born fawn a few minutes old.

This is the bear's strong point in taking advantage of and killing game animals. I have seen them follow the bands of mountain goats and sheep in the mountains of Alaska for weeks at that time of the year when the females were giving birth to their young. The same with the caribou in western and northern Alaska. I helped hunt a Kadiak grizzly in 1895 that killed a full grown domesticated cow in the outskirts of Kadiak, Kadiak Island, Alaska. A cinnamon bear and cubs killed a 1,200 pound five-year-old mare on my brother's stock range in California in 1897. While mining on the south fork of the Trinity River, northern California, in the summer of 1896, my attention was almost daily directed to a large bear—grizzly or cinnamon—and a very large cougar, or California lion, that hunted together. I found the remains of several deer that had been killed and devoured by them. They have been known for years in that section by the stockmen and miners, who count their depredations by the score.

Bears adopt many cunning tactics in getting and killing game and domestic animals. My father has told me in detail of how he has watched several grizzlies surround a band of cattle, circle round and round them until they could get one singled out from the herd, when they all would give chase, run it into the timber or thick brush, where it would invariably be killed and devoured. I have seen cattle and sheep that had been run over cliffs and into miry, swampy ground by bears, a feat that was surely never accomplished by accident on the bear's part, but wholly intentional and in accordance to his best interests.

The bear needs no protection in Alaska beyond the limit of say one black or grizzly and one brown per season per sportsman. Let the Indians kill all they can or care to.

Stop or restrict the head and hide hunting of moose, caribou, deer, goats and sheep in Alaska and all will go well. A $5 bounty for wolves and $50 on eagles would be of very great benefit to the small amount of game left in that country.

There is a concern in Alaska that has taken from 50,000 to 75,000 barrels of herring from those waters per season for the past several years and converted them into oil and fertilizer. These are the finest herring in the world, and a most excellent food fish. Provision should be made to stop this wholesale slaughter of this valuable fish. Apparently all the interest is centered on the protection of salmon. The herring are just as important as the salmon. U. S. Fish Commission take notice.

C. H. B.

Erroneous Assertions.

BY MARTIN HUNTER.

MUCH of what Mr. U. J. Pocock, F. Z. S., advances as natural history in "How Nature Preserves Animals," published in the Pall Mall Magazine for January, is contrary to fact.

He says: "To match the snow of the Arctic winter, foxes, stoats, hares and ptarmigan turn white, but they recover their normal dark coloring to harmonize with that of the soil and vegetation of the following spring."

In the case of stoats, hares and ptarmigan he is quite right, but regarding foxes he is wrong.

The white—or as they are commonly called, Arctic foxes—remain white summer and winter; not quite such a pure white in summer, but still decidedly white. They could not be expected to be as pure in summer as in winter, seeing they come in contact with clay burrows, burnt sticks and decayed leaves.

The writer of these lines trapped two white foxes as far south as the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence in October, and they both were of a soiled white.

Furthermore, a white fox is a distinct fox, just as red, cross, silver and black are of other colors. His statement is still further at variance with the fact and misleading when he says, where I have quoted him "foxes." Now, as there are foxes of all colors inside of the Arctic circle, he will not surely imply that red and black ones change with the seasons. Therefore, seeing that both black and red foxes have to get their living by preying on hares and ptarmigan, they must, as a result of their color, be considerably handicapped in securing food.

With all respect to Mr. Pocock, I beg to be allowed to correct another fallacy—in fact two.

He says: "In the case of many of the Arctic seals the pups are clothed with fluffy snow-white hair so that while still unable to swim and compelled to lie on the snow they may escape the notice of the polar bears."

How does he reconcile this explanation with the fact that seals pupped in the end of May or first week in June on the north shore of Gulf of St. Lawrence are similarly clothed in fluffy white, and this where there are no polar bears to molest them?

And inasmuch as bears can only see a few feet ahead of them, I do not comprehend how the color could be of much protection. Bears have very acute scent and sharp hearing, but no eyesight.

My criticism would be incomplete were I to omit to state that seal pups have not to lie on the ice or land to gain strength before venturing to swim. On the contrary they can and do swim as soon as born, and this I assert from my personal observation of their habits and endowments.

Mr. Pocock goes on further to explain the reason of the stripes of the tiger, the light color of the underside of wild horses and asses, but this is outside of my ken, and therefore, like a prudent man, I stop where my knowledge terminates.

The Building of Birch Canoes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the communication of William Wells, Esq., on page 353 of your issue of April 30, one of our most interesting and accurate writers of to-day is taken to task for his description of the method of building a birch bark canoe.

I have seen bark canoes built frequently in the country where the scene of the book referred to is laid, and in a number of other places, and by various tribes of Indians, and I have yet to see a canoe built as Mr. Wells describes. The process I have always seen is as follows:

Bark is gathered in the spring. Cedar is gathered—long strips for gunwales, long strips split very thin and about four inches wide to go between bark and ribs, and thick strips for ribs. Black spruce roots are gathered and split for sewing.

These things ready, a flat piece of ground is selected, the strip of bark laid on it (if several pieces are to be used they are sewed together at the edges), a form for the bottom of the canoe is made from sticks and laid on the bark, and large stones for weights are put on bark and form. The bark is now bent upward at the sides and held in place by stakes driven into the ground. The inner gunwale frame is suspended inside the "shapeless bag of bark" from stakes at the ends and sides, and the bark fastened to its outer side. The outer gunwale strips are then fastened in place, great care having been taken all along to bring the bark up so it shall not "belly" anywhere. The longitudinal thin strips are next put in (after removing the bottom frame and as many stones as necessary), and the ribs, already shaped by being "nested" into the two middle ribs, are cut to the right length to make them fit tight and put in, the tips being put under the inner gunwale strip and "swayed" down into place and driven home with a hammer, for it is only in this way that the bark can be stretched taut. The ends are then shaped and sewed with boiled spruce roots stripped of their bark, the gunwale sewing done, the seams pitched, and the canoe is finished.

I forbear from quoting the last paragraph in Mr. Wells' letter.

T. J. EASTMAN.

BOSTON, Mass, May 1.

[The question as to methods of construction of birch bark canoes has been raised in these columns before. It is not strange that there should be such a diversity of opinion on the subject, as the process varies in the main or in detail with each tribe. To cover every tribe's ways of building canoes, it would be necessary to give a detailed account of the construction used by each.

The latest correspondence that appeared in these columns on this subject was in 1902. For the benefit of those interested we would refer them to an article entitled, "Birch Bark Canoe Building" in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of January 11, 1902. In the following number (January 18), Mr. Stewart Edward White replies to the criticisms of the correspondent whose views appeared in the previous issue. These two letters treat of the methods used by the Penobscot and Ojibway tribes.]

Trails of the Pathfinders.

PORTLAND, Ore., April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to express to you my great appreciation of, and profound pleasure in, the series of articles now running in FOREST AND STREAM, "Trails of the Pathfinders." To me they are the most entertaining reading that has ever appeared in our beloved magazine, and that is saying a great deal.

Most of us are too much disposed to live in the present, thankful, of course, for our wide and bounteous country, our improved arms, our modern equipments, etc., without pausing to reflect upon the hardships and privations that were endured a century ago by others that made it possible for us to have such a country.

Alexander Mackenzie must have been a wonderful man—the personification of determination, force and good judgment.

S. H. GREENE.

New Publications.

North American Bovines.

MUSK OX, BISON, SHEEP AND GOATS. By Caspar Whitney, George Bird Grinnell and Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company. Cloth. 284 pages. Illustrated.

This is another volume of the American Sportsman's Library edited by Caspar Whitney.

Mr. Whitney describes his experience in musk ox hunting somewhat as he did in his book "On Snow Shoes to the Barren Ground." It is an interesting and vivid story. He describes the method of travel, of life and of hunting, and the seasons at which one must visit the Barren Ground, and tells what he should take with him. The narrative is graphic and the pictures are extremely interesting.

The bison, whose story is told by Mr. Grinnell, has in it much that is interesting and quite a little that is new. One point of especial interest is the local habits of the buffalo as given in Major Stouch's description of the herd of buffalo which furnished the post of old Fort Fletcher in Kansas with beef during the whole winter.

The mountain sheep chapters are interesting accounts of hunting, interspersed with much close observation and many of Mr. Wister's charming reflections.

His goat article is equally good, and throughout both of these accounts are interspersed characteristic and telling bits of the color of the old-time West. Here, for example, is an incident of a night at some little town, let us say in Washington:

"They gave me a room. * * * I was glad to see as little of it as possible. I washed in the public trough and basin which stood in the office between the saloon and the dining room; and I spent my time either in the saloon watching a game of poker that never ceased, or in wandering about in the world outside * * * I went to my room to go to bed, turned down the bed clothes, and saw there not what I feared, but cockroaches to the number of several thousand, I should think. They scampered frantically, jostling each other like any other crowd. Then I lifted one pillow and watched more cockroaches hurry under the neighboring pillow for shelter. Then I saw that the walls, ceiling and floor were all quivering and sparkling with cockroaches. So I told the landlord downstairs. I said that if he had no other room I would throw my camp blankets on the office table and sleep there, if he had no objection. He was sympathetic, and explained that the cockroaches must have come up from the kitchen, which was below my room. This was Saturday night, and every Saturday night the cook put powder in the kitchen; so that must have sent them up. This explanation was given me in a voice full of confidence. And I replied that very likely this was how they came, and that sleeping in bed with so many at a time would be impossible. He entirely agreed with me."

Here is another bit that will appeal to many big-game hunters of the old West.

"I feel confident that those who have done much hunting of big game have sometimes heard such words as these: 'The mountain used to have a bunch of sheep on it all the time; three hundred sheep'; or, 'Just about here last season I ran into a band of twelve hundred elk'; or, 'I passed two thousand antelope on the flat yesterday.' The person who says this to you will have been your own guide, or some visitor to camp who is comparing notes and exchanging anecdotes. I, at any rate, have listened many times to such assertions; and now and then I have been tempted to observe (for instance) in reply: 'Two thousand antelope! When you'd counted nineteen hundred and ninety-nine, I should think you'd have been too tired to go on.' But these are temptations that I have resisted. I think, too, that the men believed what they said—in a general way. But here with the goat was a famous opportunity. We could see them clearly; they were across a cañon from ourselves, a mile or so away; they were lying down or standing, some eating, some slowly moving about a little; they were in crowds, and in smaller groups, and by ones and twos, changing their position very leisurely; and they seemed numberless; they were up and down the hill, everywhere. Getting to them this day was not possible, since most of the day was already gone, and we were high up on the opposite mountain side.

" 'There's a hundred thousand goat!' exclaimed T., and I should have gone home asseverating that I had seen at least hundreds.

" 'Let's count them,' said I. We took the glasses and did so. There were thirty-five."

Following each species is a brief description with the Latin name and its distribution, together with some measurements of horns.

The illustrations of the species are chiefly by Mr. Rungius, though the frontispiece, an artotype, is by Mr. Philip R. Goodwin.

Mr. Rungius' pictures are, most of them, exceedingly good, though of all the bison pictures in the volume it may be said that buffalo very rarely get their heads up as high as they are shown in all these pictures. The very excellent sketches of mountain sheep show different forms known as *O. canadensis, stonei, nelsoni, dalli,* and the so-called *fannini.*

The present volume has an especial interest as treating of two of the three exceedingly odd and unrelated kinds of bovines found in America, and while—except in the case of one species—all those here discussed are looked at only from the big-game hunter's standpoint, there is much that is worth reading in these pages.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac

Blue Ridge Rod and Gun Club.

HARPER'S FERRY, at the confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers, faces the gorge in the Blue Ridge that permits their joint passage to the sea. The mountains here, some twelve hundred feet high, are named Maryland Heights on the one side and Loudon Heights on the other, the thread of the latter range forming the boundary line between Virginia and West Virginia.

A little further down the river splits an outlying range with a like gorge—the half on the Maryland side is South Mountain, the historic, and that in Virginia is called Short Hill Mountain.

Lying between the Maryland Heights and South Mountain, in Frederick county, is an intervale called Pleasant Valley, and its continuation on the opposite side of the river bears the same name. Midway between Loudon Heights and Short Hill, in the center of the valley, a knoll juts out to the river with an elevation of nearly two hundred feet above the broken waters.

On this beautiful site the Blue Ridge Rod and Gun Club built its home ten years ago. The views in all direction are very pleasing; to the north lies Harper's Ferry, rising on its terraces to Bolivar Heights, and at night presents a charming panorama of twinkling lights, while south, beyond the South Mountain, through the gorge may be seen the hazy blue of the Catoctin range.

The architectural and domestic arrangements of the club are creditable and cozy.

The stretch of water in front of the club house and as far down as the Catoctins, at Point of Rocks, was for years one of the best in this great river. Too deep for wading, too strong and broken for boating except with expert handlers, its very difficulty was a protection, and few localities of this great bass stream furnished better strings—as the records of the club will show. For the last two years no catch has been recorded for these waters, though not for lack of trying by many fishermen—and the club numbers some of Washington's best anglers among its members.

The cause is not far too seek. Standing on their lookout point on Saturday for the first time, the churning waters, now clear and green, seemed an ideal preserve for the little-mouth bass. A second glance, however, revealed the fact that the whole surface of the water was dotted with yellow shavings. A closer inspection showed that the rocks and overhanging shrubs held drifts of them, the deeper water had not only the surface covered, but water-soaked shavings were being hurried along six inches to a foot under the surface and tumbling along the bottom. Pools that were once six feet deep are shallows now, where shavings have filled them up and freshets have partially covered these with sand. The curse is cumulative and the shavings are met with as far down as the mouth of the Monocacy. Occasionally a flood will tear out accumulations and carry them further, to be dropped again so that no deep water below is safe from this civilized outrage.

At Harper's Ferry are a couple of pulp mills, one on the Potomac and one on the Shenandoah. These, it is said, use the mechanical process of grinding the pulp, and the fluid wastes are not offensive nor do they discolor the water, and it would seem that but for the mechanical waste of the shavings no great harm would be done to the stream, the fish or the anglers by these enterprises.

The difficulty of effecting a cure by negotiation is that so soon as the subject is broached, those interested can see nothing but hostility to the pulp mill itself, instead of the one feature of the shavings. The proprietors enjoy the reputation of being honorable and high-minded gentlemen, the business gives employment to labor and trade in the locality, and to hint at burning the shavings is interpreted to mean a threat at the institutions and is resented. It is unfortunate, for it would be so easy to avoid this great wrong without in the least disturbing the mills.

The short logs, principally of poplar, are ground to a pulp, but the present method utilizes only the heart, and the sap-wood is first cut away with knives, which make a shaving such as country coopers make from barrel staves, and these are dropped in the stream as the easiest means of getting rid of them.

This waste will be avoided later and the sap-wood will have a value, but just now this makes all the trouble. It is simply a question of destroying this waste, instead of throwing it in the river. It could be easily burned, as is done with the waste of Canadian sawmills and some of our own.

The appliances for this purpose would not be expensive and the fishermen could almost afford by contributions to put up the necessary funds, if no other way is open to relieve them of the pest and restore the fisheries now practically destroyed.

It is said that the defense offered by the owners of the mill is that no harm is done to the fish, that their spawn may even be found upon the shavings.

The first harm is interference with the tackle. With these shavings on the surface, no man could catch fish with a fly, if the river was full of fish, since every cast would engage the floating or catch the submerged shavings, to the destruction of his tackle, the disturbance of the fish and the wasting of his skill, by spoiling his cast. It would be sure to destroy his temper as well, and perhaps even threaten his religion.

Casting bait is equally out of the question, and bottom fishing is not safe from interference by the flood of chips.

The other harm is covering the bottom of the stream—especially deep pools, favorite haunts of the fish—with the shavings. These are long in decaying under water, but they do decay, and one cannot imagine any self-respecting bass keeping house in a marine woodshed. The carpet of chips kills out the natural vegetation along the river bottom; the absence of vegetation interferes with the natural plankton, the minute organizations upon which the newly hatched fish must depend for sustenance, and the young fish are starved to death.

The eggs of the bass stick tightly to whatever they may be dropped on, usually a little bowl of clean gravel. It is possible that spawn may be found fastened to shavings. After establishing the fact that the spawn was bass' spawn, and had not been placed there artificially, it would be time to weep over the desperate condition of the poor abused fish that could find no other place to make its bed. As shavings are certainly the last place a bass would choose to nest, it would clearly establish how absolutely that locality must be covered.

There seems to be much doubt as to the rights and remedies of riparian proprietors on the subject of pollution, and yet there is a long line of decisions under the common law proceedings in equity and the statutes—civil actions for damages and the extraordinary remedy by injunction. The courts have declared: "Riparian rights are founded upon the ancient doctrine of the common law. If the law is a progressive science, courts should keep pace with the progress and advancement of the age, and constantly bear in mind the wants and necessities of the people, and the peculiar conditions and surroundings of the country in which they live. In this connection it has been said to be one of the excellencies of the common law that it admits of perpetual improvement by accommodating itself to the circumstances of every age, and applies to all changes in the moods and habits of society, and that in this respect it will never be outgrown by any refinements, and never out of fashion while the ideality of human nature exists.

"The rights of riparian owners are well understood, and there is a general concurrence of opinion in the courts as to the manner in which they must be exercised. The law on this subject is strictly in accord with the common sense and general convenience of mankind. The owner of the land has a right to the use of a stream of water which flows through it for all useful and reasonable purposes. This use is not an easement, but is an incident to his property in the soil; a necessary inherent and inseparable portion of his ownership. But there is an equality of right in other riparian owners above and below him on the same stream; and from the necessary condition of the case, they must not use the water to the prejudice of each other's rights.

"A riparian proprietor who uses the water of a stream in manufacturing white tissue paper is entitled to an injunction restraining as a nuisance the discoloration of the water preventing the manufacture of such paper."

And just here is a tribute due one of the pulp mills at Harper's Ferry, which did restrain the washing of iron ore in the higher tributaries, on the ground it interfered with their industry. For this the anglers in these waters ought to be grateful. Ore-washing has killed the fish in many West Virginia streams, and the pulp mill did a good turn for us when it arrested the pouring of the loathsome, deadly sulphur waters into the Potomac.

But the same right the pulp mill claims—to have its water uncontaminated by any foreign matter—it ought to grant to those below and render the water as it found it, free of the curse of chips.

Another court has held that "whether knowledge of the effects of such deposits in a stream is necessary to be shown to constitute the defense of nuisance or not, when the pollution of the stream must necessarily be apparent to one engaged in making such deposits, he will be held to have notice of the effect of his acts."

It is said that the mills are under a conditional pledge to abate the nuisance, and it is to be hoped this may be done without recourse to litigation, which is an expensive luxury, and nearly always productive of an undesirable friction.

Some of the local anglers, pessimistically inclined, are not sanguine of any voluntary relief, as they assert that like promises have been made from time to time for several years.

There is no bass stream in the world to equal the Potomac. At this point it is as beautiful as any trout stream of the Adirondacks or Canada. The adopted home of the small-mouth black bass, it has become naturalized here, and, like ourselves, has outstripped all creation.

This stretch of water is now ruined, most of the fish destroyed, they can neither multiply nor live in this daily bombardment of poplar chips—and it would be so easy to keep the shavings out of the stream.

If this were done, a few spring floods would clear out some of the haunts and it would be but a little while before the pools would again swarm with this king of inland waters.

Not only would this justice bring happiness to many an angler, but the neighborhood would profit as well.

When fishing at Harper's Ferry is good, not a week in the season that strangers do not come in, and the revenue they scatter is not to be despised.

The mill is a benefit to the locality, but so are visitors. The hotels and stores, the stables and boatmen, and railroads, all share in the moneys distributed by the angler.

The little State of New Hampshire is said to spend five million dollars in attracting and entertaining summer visitors, and to collect eight millions from these transitory guests. The parallel is a little short, but it is there. Why not have the good of the mill and the anglers, too?

There is every argument why these shavings should not go into the river—not one reason, not one right, not one excuse, why they should. HENRY TALBOTT.

Fish and Fishing.

No Spring in Canada.

FROM Lake Edward I hear that the fishing is likely to open about the 15th or 20th of the present month. There is still a good deal of snow in the woods, so that despite the hot weather already prevailing, the temperature of the water in the northern lakes is likely to be kept down for some time after the disappearance of the ice by the inflow of the snow water from the interior of the country.

During the latter part of May and the first half of June more fish will probably be taken by trolling and bait-fishing than with the fly in the Lake Edward district, especially in the larger lakes. For trolling in Lake Edward I have always found minnows to produce the best results, the artificial killing very well when the small fish themselves cannot be had, though there are generally plenty to be found in the shallows of the many bays of the big lake.

The large trout of this lake are by no means averse to taking quite a big spoon, though it is a barbarous weapon upon which to impale these beautiful game fish. For all kinds of trolling in these waters during the first few days after the disappearance of the ice, the trout will doubtless be found fairly close to the surface. It is under these circumstances that the occasional kinking of the line forms one of the principal drawbacks to the pleasure of trolling. With fairly deep water trolling it is possible so to arrange the sinker as to prevent this annoyance; whereas in trolling near the surface of the water it is customary either to do without a sinker at all or to make use of one altogether too light to afford the necessary *vis inertiæ* to resist the rotary motion of the bait, and to compel the swivels to act. Without this there is an insufficient resisting power in the leads, and the twist, instead of being confined to the trace below them, extends upward to the running line and produces kinking, while the leads cannot be materially increased in weight without rendering the tackle useless. The only satisfactory manner, therefore, of preventing the occurrence of the nuisance, is to hang the lead horizontally underneath the line instead of on it. It will be found that by changing the center of gravity, the resisting power of the lead is for the purpose in question more than quadrupled, without a grain of weight being added to the tackle. The proper action of the swivels is insured, and all approach to kinking prevented.

Opening of the Maine Fishing Season.

Maine, like Quebec, is anticipating a successful angling season, and for the reason given in this column a short time ago, namely, the late disappearance of the ice. Mr. Leroy T. Carleton, chairman of the Inland Fisheries and Game Commission of the State, writing me on the 29th ult., says: "We have had a long spell of winter since the meeting here of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association; consequently the ice is late in leaving the lakes, and but few are as yet clear. Sebago Lake, near Portland, is one where fishing has commenced and many good catches are reported. We are hoping for a good season, however, as it is usually considered a good omen when the ice is exceptionally late in breaking up."

What Mr. Carleton says about anglers looking for and usually finding the best sport in those seasons which open the latest, is undoubtedly true of Canada as well as of

Maine. But why should it be so? Can any of FOREST AND STREAM'S readers give an intelligent reason for it? Are the trout more greedy after a long winter than a short one, just as a man might be expected to be more hungry for his breakfast after a long night and morning spent in bed than if he had risen early and taken his food at the regular hour?

Restigouche Salmon for Newfoundland.

A shipment of 75,000 Restigouche salmon eggs has been sent to Newfoundland, where it is desired to introduce a larger class of fish than now found in the rivers of the island colony. The press dispatches refer to this shipment as the introduction of a different species of salmon to that now found in Newfoundland, which is absurd. The *Salmo salar* of the Restigouche and of the rivers of Newfoundland are identical, though there is undoubtedly a very great difference in the size to which they grow in New Brunswick waters and in those of Newfoundland. But there is just as much difference between the sizes in different rivers in the Provinces of New Brunswick and Quebec. In both Provinces I know of rivers containing fish each more than forty pounds in weight, and of others from which it is a rare occurrence to take a salmon weighing more than eighteen or twenty pounds.

Experience alone will tell whether the introduction of the young salmon hatched from the eggs of Restigouche fish will increase the size of the salmon in the Newfoundland rivers in which they are to be planted, but whether it does or not there is one thing that the authorities of the island colony must do if they wish to let the larger fish run up the rivers at all, and that is to look more closely after the netters who at present successfully bar the progress of all the fish above a certain size.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Fish and Game Increase.

BOSTON.—No more satisfactory report has ever been made by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission than that just out for 1903. With the one exception of partridges, which suffered serious loss by the cold and wet of the summer, there has been marked gain all along the line. Forest and stream, mountain and valley are being repeopled by the fish and game which seemed until recently to be suffering an inevitable decline. Part of the gain is due to the reforesting of abandoned farms and the increasing scarcity of mankind in considerable areas in many parts of the State. Another part is due to the scientific work of the Fish and Game Commission. Another part may be credited to the enforcement of stringent laws for the protection of game. Growing popular interest in outdoor concerns, and in the lives of animals is evident from the attendance at the State house upon the hearings of the Legislative Committee on Fisheries and Game, as well as the increased demand for the reports of the Commission. On the latter point, the report says: "The demand for documents issued by the Commission, especially those containing laws, has reached large proportions. Compliance with it is a matter of public necessity. The Commission has striven to supply this class of literature to the public, and thousands of documents are now sent out, instead of hundreds, as formerly."

The Commission cost the State $27,555 last year. Of this, $18,445 was spent for the enforcement of laws, the propagation and distribution of fish, birds and animals, and the maintenance of fish hatcheries; $5,630 for the compensation of the commissioners; $1,550 for their expenses, and the remainder for minor items. The aggregate output of fish eggs, fry and larger fish, was over 15,000,000 for the year. At the spring planting of brook trout 903,000 fry and 10,000 brown trout were put out. In the fall 59,660 fingerling brook trout were planted in the brooks, 1,500 yearling brook trout, 9,000 brown trout fingerlings, 1,000 rainbow trout fingerlings and 12,000 land-locked salmon fingerlings were liberated in ponds, and 600 adult yearling brook trout were put into ponds and rivers, while 1,000 brook trout and 500 rainbow trout were reserved to increase the brood stock. The commission put 6,000,000 land-locked smelt eggs into ponds where the smelt has not been before.

In return for the investments by the Commission come reports from the deputies in all parts of the State of great improvement in the fishing conditions. One deputy writes: "As a result of stocking the brooks in this town trout fishing is the best it has been in twenty-five years; we got more trout and much larger fish." C. H. Pease, a merchant in Lee, president of the club which has a house at Greenwater Pond, in Becket (in the Berkshire Hills), writes: "Our people very much appreciate your efforts to stock our lakes and streams with game fish."

Work at the fish hatcheries has been prosecuted vigorously during the year. At Sutton, though there were somewhat less fingerlings raised than in 1902, yet the report of the superintendent says that they were "far superior in size and quality." Several thousand fish exceeded four inches in length and hundreds were five and six inches long. But the trout have plenty of enemies, including themselves, for the report says: "The heaviest loss of trout fry was from causes generally termed unknown. This includes the losses from frogs, snakes, predatory birds, animals and insects, cannibalism among the trout and loss from disease and weakness." Fish-eating birds get many, especially kingfishers and herons. Thirty of the former and nine of the latter were taken at the Sutton hatchery. Reports of trout fishing from all over the State show improved conditions. A report from a Berkshire county deputy says: "The trout season in the western section of the State was the best it has been in a number of years; larger trout and bigger strings were taken." One from Franklin county says: "I found the trout fishing excellent, large ones more plentiful than in former years." One from southern Worcester county says: "Trout fishing was never so good. All fishermen say there was more trout caught this year than the entire aggregate of the last four or five years. Some of the brooks make me think of streams I have seen in the British provinces—almost alive with trout." From the north of the county comes a similar report.

The report takes strong ground against the killing of song and insectivorous birds, especially by camps of Italian laborers, who seem to care nothing for preserving the birds or for keeping the laws, and further restrictive legislation is recommended. These birds are pronounced of incalculable value to the farmers.

Most remarkable, perhaps, of the whole report, is the part which shows how deer are increasing all over the State. Years ago the Plymouth woods were the only place where they could be found, and they were regarded as something very peculiar, as a survival of a dim past and as really a part of the wild west. But now, from many towns, from Cape Cod and Cape Ann to Berkshire come reliable accounts of the presence of deer. They have even come very close to Harvard College, which is only three miles from the State House. Plymouth sends word they are more plentiful than usual. New Bedford says: "Deer are very plentiful in this vicinity." Marshfield, Raynham, near Taunton, Sherborn, Milford, in the south part of Worcester county, and many places in the northern suburbs of Boston and others all through Essex county in the northeast, send word of the new and strange presence of deer. A deputy writing from Gloucester says: "Deer are reported seen at Gloucester, West Gloucester, Essex and Manchester, especially at West Gloucester and Essex, where they have been seen nearly every day, three or four being seen together at one time." A writer from Haverhill says: "During the last four months I have seen fourteen deer." From Ayer, in northern Middlesex, comes this word: "Deer are gaining in numbers. Last fall three of four in a bunch was the usual number; this year from six to eight were seen." All through Worcester county they seem to be numerous. One writer from Ware, in Hampshire county, says: "There is a large increase in the number of deer. It is common to see them among cattle and sheep while riding through the country." Another says that deer have been more numerous than ever, and that one farmer reports seeing twelve on his farm. Another says that four stayed on his farm all summer without doing any damage to his crops. A deputy, writing from the town of Florida, which is in Berkshire, on the top of Hoosac Mountain, says: "If this town, Florida, could be fenced in, it would not need any stocking to be a deer park. I am certain that in parts of the town it is not unusual to see as many as eight deer, and fourteen have been seen together by reliable persons in one day." Further reports from the Franklin county hills and the Berkshire county forests are to the effect that deer are increasing.

The report shows that quail are plenty all over the State, and that the Belgian hare is multiplying also. Mongolian pheasants are proving a successful bird for introduction. The State has taken pains to introduce them in many places, and they are multiplying and meeting the expectations of those who brought them here in the first place. There is more interest in fish and game matters than for a great many years. There is more intelligent study of the animals and more care to preserve them from needless and reckless destruction. With the increase of forest growth and the posting of lands, which is possible under the protection of the law, it is evident that Massachusetts is in a prosperous way to become a great game State, and that her food supply will be materially increased by the scientific cultivation of her forest and stream resources.

Kentucky Hunting and Fishing Club.

THE Kentucky Fishing and Hunting Club is a new organization of prominent sportsmen of Cincinnati, O., and Covington, Ky., which was formed at a meeting held in the Stag Café on May 3. The following officers were elected: President, G. F. Ahlers; Vice-President, R. H. West; Secretary, A. B. Heyl; Treasurer, Joe Coyle; Directors—R. McGraw, W. A. Stewart, O. Steinwedel, S. Ullman, H. F. Juergens, and the officers.

At this meeting all arrangements were completed for the purchase of a tract of land and water containing over 100 acres located at Crystal Lake, a few miles from Covington. The club proposes to erect a club house equipped with everything necessary for the comfort of its members, and when their plans are completed will have the best premises of any similar organization of the kind in this section of the country. Following is a list of members in addition to those elected to office: J. P. Rampe, Fred Dreihs, H. D. Hamlin, R. C. Stewart, Jr.; Robert S. Stewart, Jacob Zeigler, Thos. Dunn, F. W. Foulds, C. L. Newton, Chas. Bennett, J. F. Hettich, A. Juergens, M. Messingschlaeger, R. C. Anderson, M. McLean, Frank Rampe, Emil Werk.

Theodore Samuel Thompson.

WE record with sincere sadness the death of our old correspondent, Juniata.

Theodore Samuel Thompson, son of the late William Thompson, Jr., and Charlotte Chambers Patterson Thompson, died April 23 in his seventy-fifth year, at the homestead, Thompsontown, Juniata county, Pa.

He had long been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and under his pen name Juniata had contributed many charming sketches and notes to its columns. He was an enthusiastic sportsman of the old school, devoted to quail shooting, and a lover of good dogs. His keen interest in his favorite recreation continued through life.

New Publications.

Little Rivers. A Book of Essays in Profitable Idleness. By Henry Van Dyke. Illustrated. 348 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The charm of the Rev. Henry Van Dyke's writings is known to many people in many places. Little Rivers is one of the most delightful of his many charming books, dealing with the streams, the fish that live in them, their surroundings, and the taking of those fish. These little rivers are of more lands than one, but the tale of them is told always in a fresh, appreciative and loving style—discoursive withal—but ever charming. The true angler must read of these streams, and will profit by the reading. Price, $1.50.

A River of Norway; Being Notes and Reflections of an Angler. By Chas. Thomas-Sanford, with 10 photogravure plates and a color plan. 168 pages. Longsmans, Green & Co.

This is a very beautiful book, dealing with salmon fishing in Norway, and illustrated, as said, with photogravures of very great beauty. Every angler may well desire to have the book in his library. Price, $3.50.

The Kennel.

Rabies.

From Hill's "The Dog, Its Management and Diseases."

THIS disease may be truly designated the scourge of the canine race; horrible in its nature, alike terribly fatal to man and beast. As such it was recognized centuries ago, and the alarm engendered appears to have been as great then as in the present day. Among the ancient Greeks recipes both for the bite of a rabid dog and the flesh of one affected with rabies, were numerous and singular.

Much, but far from enough, has been written of late years concerning this disease; much that is sensible, and no small proportion that is calculated to do harm. Rewards have been offered for the discovery of a cure, but the probability of their ever being claimed is extremely dubious—especially so long as spurious hydrophobia and various phases of hysteria are indiscriminately mixed up and mistaken for the real malady.

Pasteur's alleged prophylactic still remains a controversial question; many unfortunate calamities have resulted from his system, and the necrological record is anything but encouraging.

Fortunately, however, compared with other canine maladies, rabies is of rare occurrence, and it would almost appear to derive its importance from periodical scares. The year 1887 will be memorable for the intense public excitement on the question, and especially for the extraordinary manner in which morbid minds magnified the complaint, and painted harmless affections in hideous colors. These morbid minds being suffered to run riot, worked an almost irreparable injury to our ordained companions and most devoted friends. An absurd hysterical scare promoted an equally absurd, and, in my opinion, ungrounded hydrophobic alarm. The outcome of this panic, and the arbitrary administration of the police regulations, were the formation of "The Dog Owners' Protection Association," the preliminary meeting for its promotion, over which I had the honor to preside, being held at the Hyde Park Hotel, on the 30th of August, 1887. Subsequently Lord Mount Temple became president. Following this, but holding adverse views, "The Society for the Prevention of Hydrophobia" sprang into existence. Then Lord Mount Temple's Registration Bill was introduced, and referred to a select committee of the House of Lords, at which I was summoned to give evidence.

It is a fact worthy of note that the sudden withdrawal of the police regulations and muzzle in London, which took place the day before my address at the first public meeting of "The Dog Owners' Protection Association" in the Kensington Town Hall, produced no increase of rabies.

Before going into the nature and symptoms of the malady, a few words regarding the terms applied to it are, I think, necessary.

Hydrophobia, signifying fear of water, is in canine pathology a misnomer, and probably has had much to do with the erroneous idea that this symptom is present in dogs. To this I give, as I did many years ago in Land and Water, a most emphatic denial. The rabid dog never in any stage of the disease exhibits a dread of water, neither will the sight or sound of it produce spasms. On the contrary, thirst is present throughout.

The inability to swallow fluids, when it does happen, is dependent entirely on either the inflammatory condition of the throat, or from paralysis of the muscles of the lower jaw and deglutition.

Rabies, signifying madness, is a far more appropriate term, but even this is not sufficiently distinctive as to the particular class of madness it is intended to designate.

The true nature of rabies is still involved in mystery. We know that a specific virus is the active agent in its production, but in what this virus consists, or how it is developed, we know not. That the saliva is the vehicle of the poison is clear, the why or wherefore is equally mysterious. Post-mortem and microscopic examinations afford little clue. The nerve centers in which, from the character of the disease, we should expect to find the greatest lesions, are, in many instances, but slightly affected, while the throat and digestive organs often exhibit the greatest alterations.

Causes.—In almost every instance rabies is due to inoculation; the disease, however, may, and is at times unquestionably spontaneously generated, and if this is so, wherein lies the value of the vexatious and absurd police regulations? I am very much inclined to think that the pernicious system of breeding in-and-in encourages its development, for it undoubtedly predisposes the next generation to weakened intellect, if not absolute lunacy. We know that inter-marriage materially helps to fill our lunatic asylums; and although it may be observed that the madness produced by consanguinity is not hydrophrobic, yet any agency acting deleteriously on the nerve centers, weakening their stamina, and diminishing the intellectual faculties, will render, or may be reasonably supposed to render, the mind susceptible to morbid impressions.

Again, individual idiosyncrasies are present in the canine, as they are in the human race; and this fact should not be lost sight of when investigating the cause of nervous disorders.

It is a well recognized fact that, since the improvement (query) of breeds, the fashion of dog breeding, and the growth of canine exhibitions, rabies—or what has been alleged to be rabies—has correspondingly increased.

It is true, advance in scientific knowledge and research may have made more acute diagnostic talent, but it must not be forgotten that nature abused will result in abnormality of some kind. Of this we have palpable evidence in those specimens of the toy breed, with prominent foreheads, protruding, vacant eyes, and hairless skulls, which creatures, to use a common expression, have been "bred to death."

Probably, as a veterinarian, and having made canine pathology a specialism, I have had as wide an experience in rabies as any member of my profession now living; and I can say, without the least hesitation, that in those dogs proved to have been inbred, rabies and other

nervous disorders have been more prevalent than in natural breeds.

That dogs, especially of the female sex, are subject to hysteria, there is no doubt, while the tendency to such a condition among the female portion of our own species is beyond all question.

And we have it on the authority of one of the greatest physiologists of our time, that "many forms of that protean malady, hysteria, are attended with a similar irritability of the nervous centers" as occurs in hydrophobia; further, that the latter disease "is nearly allied to that of traumatic tetanus."

This evidently is an hysterical age, and persons of highly nervous temperament and excitable dispositions are prone to manifest certain symptoms indicative of hydrophobia, should they have the misfortune to be bitten by one of our long suffering canine friends.

Those who have had much to do with dogs, and have carefully studied their various dispositions, cannot have failed to note those same peculiar hysterical tendencies in highly bred specimens—nervous and violently excited at an angry word or sudden sound. Shrieking at a trivial injury, convulsed with fear at an upraised hand—not rabidly inclined, I don't say that, although it has been positively asserted that the bite of an angry dog is as dangerous as that inflicted by a rabid one, and equally capable of producing hydrophobia; an opinion, however, which I do not at all agree with. But I cannot see why the nervous system of a physically weak and excitable dog should not be acted upon much in the same manner as in a physically weak and nervous human being, and in such a way as to excite symptoms strongly representative of rabies.

I have already spoken of the saliva as the vehicle of the rabid poison, and of the mystery as to its development. It is known that certain conditions of the nervous system exert an influence on the secreting process of the salivary glands, and we know that in canine rabies there is an abundance of such secretion abnormally altered. In fact, it may be said that all the secretions are more or less influenced by the condition of the mind; so much so that in certain instances they become poisonous from chemical change, and lose entirely their individual characters. May not this be so with the canine secretions?

Although I grant that canine rabies is most frequently due to inoculation, I do not lose sight of those causes favorable to spontaneity, of which there is far greater weight of practical evidence than that built up on theoretical bases. Nor do I forget that every disease has had a beginning, and canine rabies (which is now being dealt with as though it were a modern invasion) was well recognized by the ancient Greeks and Romans, and if we are to believe history, the prophylactic value of the hot-bath and accompanying sweat for bitten persons was well understood by Celsus.

Further information on this point may be obtained from the Blue Book containing the evidence of the various witnesses who attended the select committee on rabies in the House of Lords, 1887.

The influence of climate, season, or sex, would appear to have little bearing on the subject.[1] The so-called dog-days no more act in the production of rabies than does cold. In the hottest season of the hottest years, statistics show fewer cases, while in tropical countries—Australia to wit—it has as yet been unrecognized. Heat is more likely to generate brain affections other than rabies.

With regard to sex, male and female are alike disposed to it, and various conditions of system in the latter, as catamenia, pregnancy, or suckling, have no influence on the disease, though they may produce symptoms of other cerebral aberrations.

Anger and pain are alike uninfluential in the origin of rabies.[2]

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[1] "Prof. Guiseppe Canettoli ('Lo Sperimentale,' June, 1875) summaries his studies and researches in hydrophobia in the following propositions:

"1. Hydrophobia is a disease of all climates and seasons.

"2. Extreme climates yield the smallest contingent of cases, and are therefore, it may be said, privileged.

"3. The disease is spontaneous in the dog, and communicable to other animals and to mankind.

"4. Nothing has been discovered of the nature of the malady or autopsies.

"5. The disease may be prevented by having recourse to timely cauterisation—the best means being the galvano-caustic.

"6. Finally, to explain the duration of incubation, Canettoli supposes that the saliva of the rabid dog is not in itself a poison, but that it becomes so through prolonged retention in the living tissues into which it has been inoculated."—Veterinary Journal, October, 1876.

[2] In reply to this theory, advanced by Dr. Verity, in the Manchester Courier, 1875, and his assertion of possessing a cure for the malady, I wrote the following:

"That the bite of a dog or cat is rendered poisonous from anger at the time of its infliction is as absurd as it is false.

"That rabies is a specific disease usually produced by inoculation, but that it may, as I stated in 'Land and Water,' some four years since, and unquestionably does, arise spontaneously. Certain peculiar changes in the system, possibly due to atmospherical influence, or some cause not fully understood, act in producing it. I have always had a strong opinion that breeding in and in tends to do so.

"That if once the virus enters the system through inoculation, no amount of treatment, however, scientific, will in my opinion prevent the awful result that must sooner or later take place.

"That when such result is established, there are as yet no positive means of preventing death.

"That the only means of preventing its introduction into the system are in immediate excision or suction, if possible, of the part, and the application of nitric acid or lunar caustic.

"That many diseases have been mistaken by persons having a smattering of a dog knowledge for hydrophobia (rabies canina), particularly epilepsy.

"That I have no doubt a person whose nervous system is highly sensitive may, from the excitement consequent on the bite of a dog (especially a ferocious one), exhibit symptoms resembling hydrophobia, and that it is probably from such cases as these that Dr. Verity has derived his imagination of a cure.

"That individuals ever have true hydrophobia, from pure fright, I do not for a moment believe.

Pain may produce frenzy, but not rabies. A dog may be driven frantic with torture or furious with rage, but his bite is harmless, so far as production of rabies is concerned. Were it not so, what a fearful result must follow! Where we have one case of the disease, we should have hundreds! Indeed, they would be daily occurring, and no individual who possessed a dog would be secure.

No one distinct breed is more liable to it than another.

Mongrels (particularly homeleess ones) are perhaps more frequently affected than other classes, and this is more likely from the manner of their roving from place to place, coming into contact with strange dogs, and usually those of their own kind; added to which they are reared in filth, and live by scavenging.

How often, after an outbreak of rabies, do we hear that a strange dog has been seen in the neighborhood, belonging to nobody knows who, and generally described as a mongrel?

Dogs are especially inclined to fraternize, or, at all events, to inspect one another; and this, as with human paupers, is particularly the case with mongrels and curs. A stranger is immediately gathered round, sniffed over, followed some distance, and perhaps hustled; the stranger resents it, or even if not thus interfered with, snaps at the one obstructing him, and passes on his way. The same thing happens over and over again in his course; and I need hardly say (presuming him to be rabid) the horrible result is multiplied indefinitely in a like manner by his victims.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"That in all supposed cases of hydrophobia the public may rest assured that either the inoculation was not hydrophobic, or that the saliva was wiped off when the teeth passed through the garments.

"That in all instances where the animal which has inflicted the wound is suspected of rabies, he should be confined, and not slaughtered until a sufficiently long period has elapsed to prove the suspicion correct or otherwise. This, if it were adopted, would soon test the truth of enumerated cures and the value of marvelous specifics."

Points and Flushes.

Volume XX. of the American Kennel Club Stud Book for 1903 contains 1,476 pages. It abounds with valuable information concerning canine matters. The main features are the registrations; a list of bench show winners, bench show judges; the officers, committees, active members and associate members of the A. K. C.; cancellations, champions of record; corrections, foxhound and beagle trials; kennel names, prefixes and affixes; Pacific Advisory Board, etc. The registrations number from 70,973 to 77,567. Copies can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh, 55 Liberty street, New York.



Yachting Fixtures for 1904.

Members of race committees, and secretaries, will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

MAY.

28. New Rochelle, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., special, New Rochelle.
30. South Boston, Mass. Y. R. A., City Point, Boston.
30. Harlem, Long Island Sound Y. R. A., annual, City Island.
30. Bridgeport, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., special, Black Rock.
30. Indian Harbor, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., special, Greenwich.
30. American Power Boat Ass'n, championship, Manhasset Bay.

JUNE.

4. Boston, Mass. Y. R. A., City Point, Boston.
4. Knickerbocker, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, College Point.
11. Corinthian, club race, Marblehead.
11 Manhasset Bay, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Sand's Point.
11 Columbia, power boats, Hudson River.
16. New York, annual regatta, Lower Bay, N. Y.
17. Boston, Mass. Y. R. A., Hull.
18. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont.
18. New York, Lysistrata cup, Sandy Hook Lightship.
18 New Rochelle, power boats, New Rochelle.
18. Squantum, Mass. Y. R. A., open, Squantum.
20. New York, special races, Glen Cove.
20. New York, power boats, Glen Cove.
21. New York, Clen Cove cups, Glen Cove.
23 American Power Boat Ass'n, challenge cup, Hudson River.
24. American Power Boat Ass'n, challenge cup, Hudson River.
25 Corinthian, club race, Marblehead.
25. Seawanhaka, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Oyster Bay.
25. New York Athletic Club, ocean race, Long Island Sound.
25. American Power Boat Ass'n, challenge cup, Hudson River.
27. Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, L. I. Sound.
28. Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, L. I. Sound.
29. Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, L. I. Sound.

JULY.

1. American, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Milton Point.
2 Corinthian, club race, Marblehead.
2. Brooklyn, ocean race, New York to Marblehead.
2. New Rochelle, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, New Rochelle.
2. American, power boats, Milton Point.
2. Eastern, open race, Marblehead.
2. Eastern, squadron run to Gloucester.
4. Corinthian, invitation race, Marblehead.
4. Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
4. Larchmont, annual Larchmont.
4 Hartford, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Fenwick.
4 Indian Harbor, power boats, Greenwich.
4. Eastern, power boats, Marblehead.
6. Eastern, start of ocean race, New York to Marblehead.
7. New York, Glen Cove series, Glen Cove.
8. New York, Glen Cove series, Glen Cove.
9. Boston, club race, Marblehead.
9. Riverside, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Riverside.
9 New York, Glen Cove series, Glen Cove.
9. Manhasset Bay, special club, Manhasset Bay.
9 Eastern, power boats, Marblehead.
9. Bay State, Mass. Dory Association, Revere.
11. Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, Sand's Point.
12. Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, Sand's Point.
13. Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, Sand's Point.
15. Eastern, annual regatta, Marblehead.
15. Eastern, rendezvous for cruise.
16. Larchmont, race week, opening, Larchmont.
16. Atlantic, power boats, Sea Gate.
16. Eastern, cruise to Gloucester.
16. Winthrop, Mass. Y. R. A., Winthrop.
16. Swampscott, Mass. Dory Ass'n, Swampscott.
17. Eastern, cruise to Isles of Shoals.
18. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont.
18. Eastern, cruise to Peak's Island.
19. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont.
19. Eastern, cruise to Booth Bay.
20. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont.
20. Eastern, cruise to Islesboro.
21. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont.
21. Eastern, cruise to Bass Harbor.
22. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont.
22. Eastern, cruise to Bar Habor.
23. Corinthian, club race, Marblehead.
25. Larchmont, race week ends, Larchmont.
23. Hartford, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., special, Fenwick.
23. Manhasset Bay, power boats, Manhasset Bay.
25. Eastern, regatta at Bar Harbor.
27. Boston, Mass. Y. R. A., Hull.
28. Boston, midsummer series, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
29. Quincy, Mass. Y. R. A., Hull.
30. Boston, midsummer series, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
30. Indian Harbor, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Greenwich.
30. Atlantic, power boats, Sea Gate.
30. Eastern, power boats, Marblehead.

AUGUST.

1. Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
2. Boston, Mass. Y. R. A., Marblehead.
3. Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead.
4. Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead.
4. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup match, Lake St. Louis, Canada.
4. Mass. Racing Dory Association, Marblehead.
5. Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead.
5. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup match, Lake St. Louis, Canada.
5. Mass. Dory Racing Association, Marblehead.
6. Corinthian, invitation race, Marblehead.
6. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup match, Lake St. Louis, Canada.
6. Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual Hempstead Harbor.
6. Shelter Island, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Shelter Island.
6. Larchmont, power boats, Larchmont.
6. Mass. Dory Racing Association, Marblehead.
8. Manchester, Mass. Y. R. A., West Manchester.
9 Manchester, Crowhurst cup, West Manchester.
10. Boston, club race, Marblehead.
11. East Gloucester, Mass. Y. R. A., Gloucester.
11. New York, special races, Glen Cove.
11 New York, rendezvous for annual cruise, Glen Cove.
12 Annisquam, Mass. Y. R. A., Annisquam.
12. New York, annual cruise to Morris Cove.
13. Annisquam, Mass. Y. R. A., Annisquam.
13 Horseshoe Harbor, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Larchmont.
13. Bridgeport, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Black Rock.
13. New York, annual cruise to New London.
13. Annisquam, dory races, Annisquam.
14. New York, annual cruise at New London.
15. New York, annual cruise to Block Island.
16. New York, annual cruise to Vineyard Haven.
17 Corinthian, club race, Marblehead.
17. New York, annual cruise to Newport.
18. Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
18. New York, special races, Newport.
19. Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
19. New York, Astor cups, Newport.
20. Boston, club race, Hull.
20. Huguenot, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, New Rochelle.
20. Northport, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Northport.
20. Hartford, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., special, Fenwick.
20. New York, start of ocean race, Newport.
20 New York, steam yacht races, Brenton's Reef.
20. Brooklyn, power boats, Gravesend Bay.
22. New York, Newport series, Newport.
23. New York, Newport series, Newport.
24. New York, Newport series, Newport.
25. Plymouth, Mass. Y. R. A., Plymouth.
26. Duxbury, Mass., Y. R. A., Duxbury.
27. Duxbury, Mass. Y. R. A., Duxbury.
27. Corinthian Stamford, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Stamford.
27. Larchmont, power boats, Larchmont.
29. Wellfleet, Mass. Y. R. A., Wellfleet.
30. Wellfleet, Mass. Y. R. A., Wellfleet.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Cape Cod, Mass. Y. R. A., Provincetown.
2. Cape Cod, Mass. Y. R. A., Provincetown.
3. Indian Harbor, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Greenwich.
3. Hartford, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., special, Fenwick.
3. Manhasset Bay, special club, Manhasset Bay.
3. Larchmont, club race, Larchmont.
3. Cape Cod, Mass. Y. R. A., Provincetown.
5. Lynn, Mass. Y. R. A., Nahant.
5. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont.
5. Norwalk, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Norwalk.
5. Sachem's Head, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Sachem's Head.
5. Indian Harbor, club races, Greenwich.
8. New York, autumn cup, Glen Cove.
10. Seawanhaka, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Oyster Bay.
10. Larchmont, club race, Larchmont.
11. Mass. Y. R. A., rendezvous at Hull.
17. Manhasset Bay, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Sand's Point.
24. Riverside, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Riverside.

The Kingstown Water Wags.

BY THOMAS B. MIDDLETON, PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION.

THIS club claims the honor of having conceived and launched "the one-design class" of racing.

The one-design idea, which has now been so largely adopted for yacht racing purposes, was, on the other hand, the origin of "The Water Wags," and they have ever since devoted all their energies to the promotion of that division of racing.

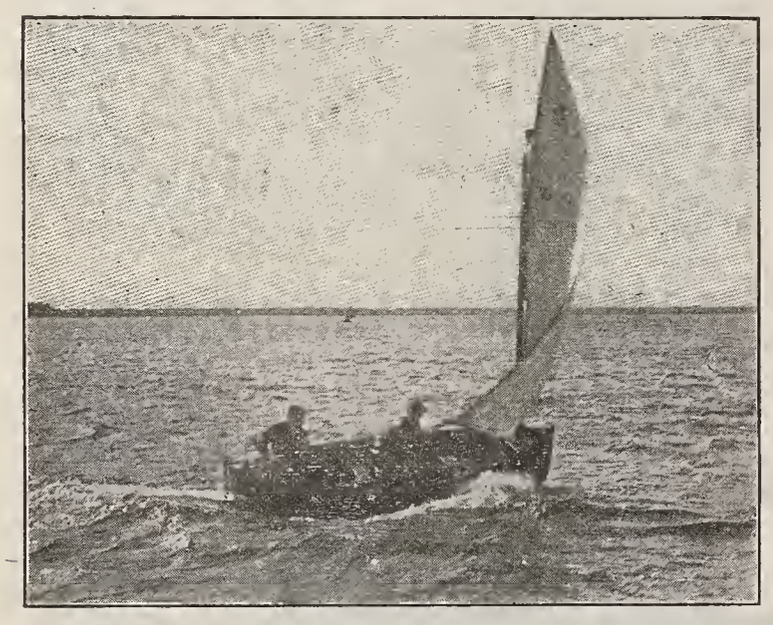
It came about in this way. In the year 1887 "the plank-on-edge type" had well nigh brought yacht racing in the open classes to as low an ebb as it is to-day.

The type had become so pronounced that it was almost as easy to sit astride a five-tonner as a dray horse, the consequence being that as soon as a boat was beaten in a race she fell ninety per cent in value, and, except for her lead keel, was not worth the cost of breaking up. Only very rich men would consequently build, and the racing got very sick.

The Yacht Racing Association then called their experts together to see what was wrong, but they either did not see or would not recognize the real cause of the disease, and they tried to bolster up the patient by a radical change in the measurements. This had the effect of taking the plank off its edge and putting it on its side. It produced a fairly healthy boat for a few years and the sick lady got well enough to be able to get up and let her bed be made and to even make a fair show at the regattas for several seasons, but the ingenuity of the designers soon exaggerated the new boat into a skimming dish with a deep keel and interior taken up with braces and cross girders, carrying an enormous sail area and costing a fortune.

This type of craft was of no use except for racing (there was not head room to stand up in even a twenty-tonner of the ultra type), so that the depreciation of capital upon defeat soon rose to the old rate of eighty-five or ninety per cent. And those costly machines, plus golf plus motor cars, have thrown the poor lady into such a relapse that it looks very like as if she was about to relinquish the briny to her younger sister, who now has her hair up, is a great favorite, and has waltzed right around the globe.

The writer of these lines was confident his diagnosis of the elder sister's complaint in 1887 was correct, and



A Water Wag Under Sail.

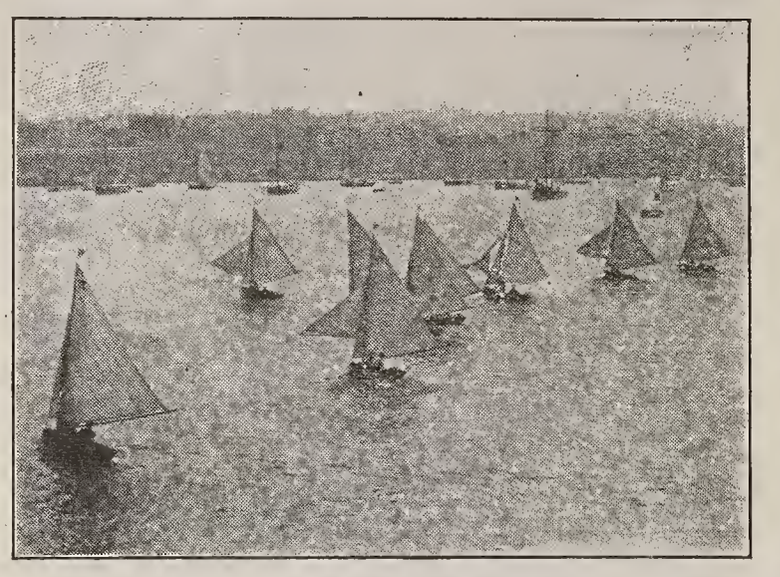
that the Yacht Racing Association was at sea on the point, and to prove it he determined to try his remedy. He accordingly selected the smallest possible sailing boat—a 13ft. dinghy of a useful and pretty double-bowed Scotch model, with a good beam (4ft. 10in.), carrying a well-cut lug by Lapthorn of 75 square feet—and induced six or eight other men to build boats similar in every respect. The original boats were mostly built by McAllister, of Dunbarton, N. B., though subsequently many other yards turned them out. They cost at that time about £14 or £15, being strongly built of yellow pine with teak fittings, and gave capital sport, the contests being very close and entirely one of skill in management, and after three or four seasons racing the owner, if he wished to sell his boat, got his money back. In proof of this, the writer's boat, the Eva—the first water wag ever built—sold last year for more money than she originally cost, after sixteen years' work.

The water wags were a success from the first; there are twenty-four boats on the racing list this year, besides many old ones in commission round the coast. (Fourteen boats came to the line on the 16th inst., the first race of this season, and seventeen on the 23d inst.) They have gone out to Japan, Hong Kong, the Persian Gulf, Buenos Ayres, Africa, and many other foreign stations.

"One-design" classes have also been organized in nearly all British waters. There are many of different sizes in the Solent and along the south coast of England. The Clyde, in Scotland, also possesses many, the largest running up to twenty tons. Belfast Lough, Ireland, also has its classes, and the Dublin waters started no less than seven classes besides the original water wag class—all healthy, good models, that make useful boats when not racing; the 25ft. water-line class being a particularly nice model of a cutter of about six tons, with standing head room in the cabin. They make delightful cruisers for two or three and a hand, will go through any weather, cost between £250 and £300, and do not depreciate ten per cent when sold second hand. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant for Ireland built one last year and raced her through the season. All the races are very keenly contested, the boats being always close together, and every little advantage must be secured to win.

Of course, the one-design idea being so successful, could not expect to escape criticism and hostility from many quarters. First, the designers felt sore that one design should suffice for a class and not be "improved" on, but the one-design classes have become so numerout that they have got almost as many orders from them as they have got for the last few years for boats in the open classes.

Then, again, men with money have their knife in the one design, because it makes the man with moderate means equal to him. They say they would not be



Just after the start.

bothered racing in a class where every detail is tied down and there is no room for "improvement," which means altering a healthy model into a racing machine. What Mr. Crœsus wants is to know that his money has secured for him a ship that, before she leaves her moorings, everyone knows for a certainty that she will get into first place and stay there. That he will head the procession and look back at the poor beggars that cannot afford to out-build him, and that if anyone should, he will build a more advanced machine that will beat the boat that had the audacity to beat him. But is that true sport? Is it as true sport as a race where all the fleet go out like a flock of birds and where



Water Wags Racing in Kingstown Harbor.

only the best seamen will get his boat to the front and where, when he gets it there, will have its opponents hanging on its quarters ready to snatch its place if the smallest error is made in the sailing, and when intense excitement is kept up till the end of the race and no skipper is sure of the prize till the gun goes?

The Water Wags have no abode in the shape of a club house. They meet where and when they list, and all the funds go to prizes. Their affairs are managed by a captain, committee and honorary secretary and treasurer, all elected annually and selected from the keenest racers and most serviceable men to the club. They

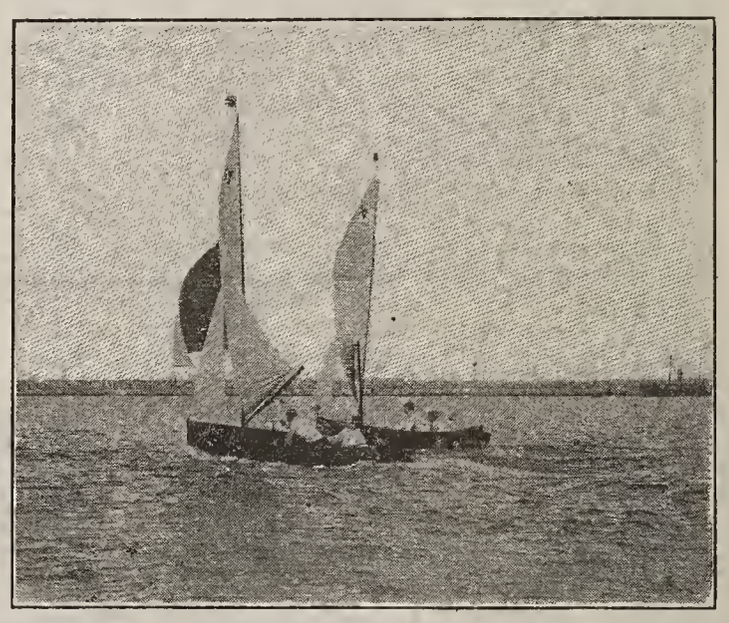


A Water Wag on the Beach.

are republican or democratic in their ideas. Social position, politics or religion are inadmissible considerations. They simply confine themselves to their object: "The promotion of amateur seamanship and racing in safe and useful boats that are similar as regards size, lines and sail area, and where the contest shall be one of skill." (It would be better for Ireland if her public bodies acted on the same lines and confined themselves to the objects for which they were formed.) Good fellowship and honorable sportsmanship are the principal qualifications for membership. The Water Wags do not go in for gilded figure-heads, judging from their president, re-elected for many years. Their burgee is red white red horizontal, with the red ensign. For several years they have held a very successful function in the shape of a smoking concert, at which many good photographs taken during the season are thrown on a screen, and they sometimes have an excursion in fleet for lunch in some bay or on some island.

The water wags have the name among land-lubbers of being dangerous boats. In unskilled hands they will, no doubt, upset in a squall, as any other 13ft. unballasted boat with 75 square feet of sail over will do, but they have the grand quality of not going to the bottom and leaving the crew to swim for it. All the crew has to do is to remain quiet till help comes, and even non-swimmers get out all right. There have been many upsets during the sixteen years' racing. On the first race of 1903, during a fierce squall, four of the boats were over at the same time, but all crews were picked up and the boats righted within twenty minutes. It is not a good thing to boast, but the water wags have never lost a man, and when it is considered that an average of eleven boats starting with two men on board in an average of forty races in the season, giving nearly 15,000 times men have risked their lives racing in these boats since they came into existence, besides a greater number of times when not racing, water wagging compares very favorable with other modes of ending one's existence.

Although this is an account of the club, and not of the members, it would not be complete without some mention of those members who have done most to make the club a success. Foremost among these is the former Honorable Secretary Mr. John B. Stephens, who took over his arduous duties when the club was at a low ebb and worked it up to a spring tide level, inaugurating and working with great success the smoking concerts which bring the members together in the off season. Mr. G. A. Newson, the present honorable secretary, has brought the club to a record pitch of perfection. Mr. J. H. Hargrave, ex-captain, brought untiring skill and energy into the working of the de-



"Neck-and-Neck."

tails of the club, and is the father of the square-sterned boat, introduced some years ago in place of the double-bowed model originally adopted. Mr. J. J. Lynch, captain for 1903, furthered the popularity of the club and arranged a most successful expedition to the Shannon, where the boats at the local regattas there created much interest. Mr. Luis Meldon, one of the most successful, if not the most successful wag racer, while he was at it, is one of those universal geniuses who shine at whatever they take up. He is also a most successful amateur photographer, and most of the photographs of wags illustrating this article are by him.

The Water Wags being inaugurated in the year of the late Queen Victoria's first jubilee (1887) they possess a jubilee cup which is held each year by the most successful boat, and, though the metallic value of it is not much, it is increasing every year in intrinsic value, as it carries the names of the holders from the first year, several of whom have departed to sail in higher latitudes, and it is hoped that eventually it will be included among the nation's trophies.

Perhaps at some future date American and British or Irish amateurs will arrange a national seamanship apart from yacht building, in which event they could not do better than adopt the one-design class of boats for the contest, and in two boats identical in every respect, built side by side, either in America or England, the crews could race the best out of five races, changing boats for each race. As a seamanship championship it would be very interesting. It could be contested in inexpensive and useful boats that would sell well after the race.

As a primer school for amateur yachtsmen there is no better than the water wags, as all the rudiments of fore and aft sailing, rules of racing, and much general nautical knowledge are acquired in those small open boats, which knowledge comes in very useful as the yachtsmen rise up into larger classes, as they invariably do.

KINGSTOWN, Ireland.

HOUSEBOAT ROXANA TO BE LENGTHENED.—The steel houseboat Roxana, owned by Mr. John W. Gates, is now at Morris Heights, where she will undergo extensive alterations. The yacht will be cut in two amidships and 15ft. will be added. The deck house will also be lengthened, and when finished will contain a stateroom and a bath for the owner. The work will be rushed, and the yacht will be in commission on June 1.

Gas Engines and Launches.

BY F. K. GRAIN.

(*Continued from page* 195.)

Igniters.

IGNITING devices now employed are universally the electric ignition, that is to say, the charge of gas in the cylinder after being compressed is ignited by means of an electric spark, the spark being produced either from batteries or a mechanical generator. When electric ignition was first used the method of producing the spark was by having two parts, one of which was insulated, come in contact and separate with a wiping motion. Owing to the wear on the contact points and the difficulty of keeping the time of ignition the same, this plan was abandoned in favor of the popular method now in vogue called the make and break, or sometimes the hammer sparker. This device consists of first an electrode containing the contact point being insulated from the engine, usually by mica, the other part being a rocker shaft with an elbow inside of the cylinder, this elbow being actuated from the outside by various methods, but alike in the result, and the general mechanical movement is brought into contact with the electrode point, closing the circuit; then at the right moment the reverse motion is imparted to the rocker shaft separating the contact point when the spark is produced. This method of ignition is very simple, and as the duration of the contact or closing of the circuit can be made very short, it is probably the most economical on the battery power of any method. We have still another device, and one almost universally employed on automobiles, called the jump spark. In this device we have a firing plug containing two insulated points separated about 1-16 of an inch. On breaking the circuit, a spark jumps between these two points; to produce this result we have, as with the make and break spark, a primary battery from which the current passes through an induction coil thence to the plug. The flow of the current being controlled by what is called the commutator, placed on the main shaft, which, being insulated, does not allow a current to enter the coil until the right moment, and then broken by separation on the commutator by a simple mechanical movement. Of course, with the first named, or hammer brake, we employ a spark coil which is known as a low tension coil, whereas with the jump spark the coil employed is of high tension, and a current is produced of very high voltage. One of the objections to the jump spark is that the plug is liable to become short-circuited from soot or oil, and the current being of high tension, great care must be exercised in insulating all parts, especially the wiring, as the current will jump through quite a space from one conductor to another.

While this method of ignition has a great many features which recommend it, on account of there being no mechanical movements necessary in the cylinder, it has not proved a success in marine work, as the dampness seriously affects the coil and produces short-circuits, and it is absolutely fatal to have the outfit get wet.

We will now go back to the outside mechanical movement of a hammer brake. In the two-cycle engine and also the four-cycle, the rocker shaft and the electrode employed are usually of similar design. And right here let us say that the sleeve or bearing through which the rocker shaft passes should in all cases be of bronze to prevent rust and corrosion. In order to actuate the rocker shaft, it is forced into contact by some kind of a catch or dog which is spring-cushioned from a rod working from either an eccentric or cam movement. When the contact is complete the separation is made by a part being allowed to fall and strike a hammer blow with a spring of some kind to assist it. This gives a quick and positive separation of the points, and of course can be timed exactly, and not influenced by the speed of the engine.

Batteries and Electric Generators.

In mentioning batteries, we would say that the kind now universally used are known as the dry battery, and can be purchased at most any hardware store. Of course, like other goods, they vary in quality. The number employed for ignition purposes is generally from six to eight cells. These cells give from 1 to 1½ volts. Other and more expensive batteries are the wet variety, which, without doubt, will give better results in constant service, but in cases where the ordinary dry battery will not answer, we prefer to use a mechanical generator—that is, either a magneto or dynamo—using the batteries only for starting, and in this way they will last a long time.

Mechanical generators mentioned are of two types—the magneto having an armature with a fixed magnet, the dynamo having an armature and field magnet. The results obtained from either machine being of course alike, in general results, it is more a question of individual fancy as to which is the best to employ. The magneto has the advantage in this, that it can be operated at a greater range of speed than the dynamo, which machine, if over speeded, will burn out the field winding. But, on the other hand, the dynamo, as usually wound, will operate very successfully without a spark coil, which the magneto requires. The magneto also is liable to lose its magnetism, it being a fixed magnet. We are sorry to say that, owing to competition, some makers of the magnetos are not over particular in the quality of their magnetos, which on these machines is one of the most important parts.

While on this subject we would mention the method employed for giving the generators their rotary motion, which is either by a friction wheel directly on the armature shaft or a belt wheel, both being driven from the fly-wheel of the engine. While the friction wheel is a very neat device, we cannot recommend it, as, unless set perfectly true with the fly-wheel, there is a slight friction, which, although imperceptible, rapidly wears the friction wheel, and if any oil or water gets on to the fly-wheel, it allows the friction wheel to slip, of course causing the engine to miss fire.

Both these objections are overcome by using a good belt, preferably a flat one, which in all cases should be endless, having the joint neatly sewed together, otherwise the jolt where the belt is laced passing over the pulley of the generator will not only mark the commutator, but wear the bearing.

Brooklyn Y. C.'s Ocean Race.

THE details that are to govern the Brooklyn Y. C.'s ocean race have been arranged for. The contest will be started on Saturday, July 2, off the Brooklyn Y. C., Gravesend Bay, Long Island, finishing off Marblehead Rock, Marblehead, Mass. The distance is about 330 miles, and there will be no time limit.

The conditions governing the race follow:

The race is open to cruising-sailing boats belonging to any organized yacht club in the world, not measuring more than 40ft. over all. Any rig.

Boat to enter must be a bonafide cruising vessel, having full deck, water-tight cockpit, and of substantial construction and rig. Yachts built to any special racing class, or that are used solely for racing, or yachts having bulb keel or metal fin which is not an integral portion of the hull are barred.

Crew limited to five, all amateurs. One professional may be carried as steward or cook, but must do no work on deck, nor assist in any manner in navigating the vessel.

Boats must carry stores and water sufficient for ten days. Not less than one-half gallon per day per man of water to be carried. This may be carried in tanks or breakers at the captain's option.

Anchors, chain or hawsers, side-lights and complete cruising outfit must be on board, including two compasses, one for use in binnacle, and a small spare one in reserve; also a life-preserver or ring for each member of the crew.

Boats measuring more than 30ft. over all must have a tender or dinghey not less than 10ft. long; boats under 30ft. over all one not less than 8ft. long.

No restrictions as to light sails carried, but the lower canvas must be that used by the yacht when cruising.

Towing by rowing dinghey and rowing with sweeps will be permitted.

The shifting of weight fore and aft to trim the vessel will be allowed, but no weight in the form of ballast or stores must be jettisoned except as a measure of safety.

Before starting the committee will inspect each yacht and decide as to its right to particpate in the race. All entries are accepted conditional to this inspection.

Before starting, the captain of yacht must satisfy the committee that he has on board charts, compasses, leadline, lights and proper sailing directions; also a log-book, which must be kept with hourly entries, and handed in at completion of race.

The committee reserves the right to refuse the entry of any boat that they do not consider a bonafide cruising craft, or that is, in their judgment, unseaworthy or otherwise unfit to make the race.

Measurement for computing allowance will be the length of the boat over all—i. e., the length on deck from the fore-side of the stem to the after-side of the sternboard or transom.

Allowance per foot, 40 minutes. No allowance for difference of rig.

Entries must be made before 12 o'clock noon, June 18.

Entry blanks may be had by applying to D. G. Whitlock, 51 Wall street; Charles A. Kelly, 21 Park Row; Thos. Fleming Day, 9 Murray street, New York city.

Three prizes are offered, which are as follows:

First Prize—A 50-guinea cup presented by Sir Thomas J. Lipton.

Second Prize—If three or more boats start, a $200 marine painting, presented by Warren Sheppard, Esq.

Third Prize—If five or more yachts start, a $75 Chelsea ship's bell clock, presented by The Rudder Publishing Company.

Also a prize to be given under conditions not yet formulated by G. R. Agassiz, Esq.

Corinthian Y. C.

ESSINGTON, DELAWARE RIVER,

Saturday, April 30.

The first race for the new class of one-design dories was held on Saturday, April 30. Seven boats started and all finished. Mr. W. Barklie Henry's boat got the start and was never headed. The course was a triangle formed from the anchorage off Essington to Darby Creek, to the lower end of Tinicum Island and return.

The summary follows, start 3:55:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
No. 2. E. Walter Clark	5 23 00	1 30 00
No. 6, W. Barklie Henry	5 23 00	1 30 00
No. 10, F. R. Hoisington	5 18 00	1 33 10
No. 12, J. Murray Watts	5 28 12	1 38 12
No. 1, Dr. Root G. Le Conte	5 29 30	1 34 30
No. 6, Mayor Weaver	Not timed.	
No. 3, Estey Brothers.	Not timed.	

MOKI SOLD TO A SOUTHERN YACHTSMAN.—The fourth crack racing sloop of the Inland Lake Yachting Association has been sold to Southern yachtsmen, and will go to the Gulf coast at once. The last purchase being the Jones & Laborde production Moki, which represented Nodaway Y. C., of Neenah, Wis., in the assciation championship races last August, she finishing fourth in the percentage list. Moki was sold by Commodore J. C. Kimberly through the agency of L. D. Sampsell, of New Orleans. She will represent the Gulfport (Miss.) Y. C. in the championship races of the Southern Gulf Coast Yachting Association for a clas of Seawanhaka cup type of boats.

* * *

AUXILIARY SCHOONER ARCTURUS CHARTERED.—Mr. Frederic Gallatin has chartered the auxiliary schooner Arcturus from Mr. Rutherfurd Stuyvesant, through Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Arcturus is 169ft. over all, 135ft. waterline, 27ft. 2in. breadth, and 13ft. draft. She was designed by Mr. St. Clare Byrne, and built by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson at Leith, Scotland, in 1896.

* * *

KANAWHA SOLD BY GOVERNMENT.—The steam yacht Kanawha, the first of that name, has been purchased from the United States Government by Mr. H. C. Baxter. She was purchased by the Government at the outbreak of the Spanish war from Mr. John P. Duncan.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, May 9.—At the annual meeting of the Manchester Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., Edward S. Grew; Vice-Com., S. Parker Bremer; Rear-Com., E. A. Boardman; Sec'y and Treas., Horace B. Pearson; Meas., David Fenton. Regatta Committee—R. DeBlois Boardman, chairman; Reginald Boardman, George Lee, Norton Wigglesworth and Horace B. Pearson. It has been announced by the House Committee that the club house will be kept open from 8 A. M. until 10 P. M., and that an expert steward has been secured, so that members and visiting guests may obtain suitable meals on race days and other times. The following is the list of fixtures for the season:

July 5, Tuesday—First championship race.
July 18, Tuesday—Second championship race.
August 8, Monday—Y. R. A. open race.
August 9, Tuesday—Crowhurst cup open race.
August 16, Tuesday—Third championship race.
August 22, Monday—Handicap club race.
September 5, Monday—Handicap club race.

In connection with the club championship races there will be club handicap races, to be announced later. A number of handsome new cups have been presented, and it is proposed to make this season one of the liveliest in the annals of the club.

The steam yacht Wakiva, owned by the estate of the late W. E. Cox, has been chartered to Mr. L. V. Harkness, of New York. She is now fitting out at the Baker Yacht Basin, in charge of Capt. L. A. Spinney, and is to be delivered at New York by June 1. The Wakiva was designed by Messrs. Cox & King, of London, and built last year by Ramage & Ferguson, at Leith. She is 192ft. over all, 159ft. 8in. waterline, 25ft. beam and 11ft. 3in. draft.

Mr. Henry A. Morss, of the Special Ocean Race Committee of the Eastern Y. C., has announced that classes will be provided in the ocean race for schooners of more than 50ft. waterline. The number of these classes will depend upon the number of yacht owners who desire to enter. The total number of entries received by Mr. Morss so far is 19. The House Committee of the Eastern Y. C. has announced that the club house at Marblehead will be opened for the season May 26, under the superintendence of Mr. George W. Crocker. It is proposed to have music Thursday evenings during July and August, provided for by subscription fund. Arrangements have been made for the care of private boats and bicycles, and for yacht supplies, water, laundry, telephone, etc.

The 25ft. power launch, Minnie T., owned by Mrs. John N. Taylor, of Dorchester, was launched at Murray & Tregurtha's last Thursday. This launch will be used on Lake Cobbosseecontee, Me., where Mrs. Taylor has a summer estate, for fishing trips. The launch will sail for Hallowell some time this month, from which point she will be taken overland to the lake.

Messrs. Murray & Tregurtha are building a 38ft. gasolene launch for Mr. R. W. Emmons, 2d, of the Beverly Y. C. She will be fitted with a navy awning and spray hood. She will be used in Buzzard's Bay. This firm has sold the gasolene launch owned by Dr. C. A. Rabethge, of Boston, to Mr. Halsey Chase, of Prudence Island, R. I.

The 21-footer which Messrs. Small Bros. have designed, and which is now building at Lawley's, is for Commodore E. P. Vilas, of the Milwaukee Y. C. She will be called Mendota. Messrs. Small Bros. also have an order for a 21-footer for Mr. John R. Cotter, of Bay City, Mich., which may be raced for the Walker and Lipton cups. They have designed a 36ft. launch for Mr. W. E. C. Eustis, of the Beverly Y. C., which will probably be built at Monument Beach. They have sold the 21-footer, Rooster II., owned by Hon. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, to Mr. William F. Nash, of the Lakewood Y. C., Rocky River, O.

At the yard of Mr. James McIntyre, Neponset, the 22-footer, Clothe, owned by Commodore B. P. Cheney and Mr. C. D. Lanning, of the Boston Y. C., is being changed from centerboard to keel. It is figured that by this change she may be made to measure into the class, which she was unable to do last season. At the same yard the 18-footer, Patrice II., built from Messrs Small Bros'. design, has been finished.

Mr. W. J. Edwards, of South Boston, has designed and will build a 30ft. launch for Mr. T. T. Beers, of New York.

Last Wednesday the steam yacht Anona, built from designs by Mr. Fred D. Lawley for Mr. Paul Rainey, of the New York Y. C., was launched at the Lawley yard. The yacht was christened by Miss Ethel Chapin, of Providence, R. I. Anona is plated with steel on the raised and sunken system. She is 138ft. over all, 110ft. waterline, 17ft. 6in. beam, and 7ft. 6in. draft. Her depth of hold is 10ft. 10in. She has a triple expansion engine of 500 horse-power, with cylinders 10in. by 15in. by 24in., with a 14in. stroke. It is estimated that her speed will be 12½ knots. She has two deck houses, mahogany outside and mahogany in antique effect inside. The forward deck house contains the dining saloon and pantry. There is a separate ice-box in the pantry and a dumb waiter connecting with the galley. The after deck house is used as a social hall, and from this entrance is gained to the owner's quarters below, which consist of four staterooms with two baths. A complete telephone system is installed, and the yacht will be lighted by electricity. There is no ice-making machine, but in lieu of this there is an ice-box below decks with a capacity for three tons. There is sufficient coal capacity in the bunkers for 1,200 miles. The Anona will carry a crew of fourteen, under command of Capt. John Thompson.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

STEAM YACHT KALOLAH SOLD.—Mr. Albert H. Schmidt, of Detroit, Mich., has purchased from Mr. Dumont Clarke the steam yacht Kalolah, through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman, New York. Kalolah is a flush-deck boat, designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., 1893. She is 93ft. over all, 78ft. waterline, 13.9ft. beam, 5ft. draft; double planked, with steel reinforcements, and has triple expansion engine and Almy boiler, giving a speed of 12 miles an hour. The yacht is now in Tebo's Basin, in charge of Capt. J. J. Klintworth, Detroit. She will leave for the West just as soon as the Erie Canal is open for navigation.

Designing Competition.

Third Prize.

THE third prize in our designing competition for a 40-foot water line cruiser was awarded to Mr. Alfred E. Luders, of New York city.

The design shows a very good boat with many commendable features. The cabin plan, however, deserves particular attention, for the interior arrangement could hardly be improved upon. Mr. Luders made the mistake of crowding too much into the forward part of the boat, and in actual practice the quarters would not be comfortable or livable. The forward stateroom opening from the saloon and the captain's room are hardly necessary. If these were removed and the galley run the full width of the boat the interior would be ideal in its arrangement. In order to get well-cooked meals the galley must be roomy and well ventilated, with full head room throughout, and in order to have a contented crew their quarters must not be crowded and dark.

The after part of Mr. Luders' cabin arrangement is quite the best we have ever seen in a boat of this size. The saloon, the staterooms, the steerage and lavatory are all roomy, well arranged and finely ventilated. The arrangement of these quarters is capital, the access in every case is good and they bear proper relation one to the other. If berths were wanted in the saloon the transoms could be drawn toward the center and berths placed behind.

The idea in view in the design was to make comfort a feature of the boat. As the boat was probably to be owned jointly by the party it was deemed advisable to have a separate stateroom for each, using the main saloon for sleeping purposes only in an emergency.

A combined chart room and vestibule was laid out as a handy place to shed wet oilers and stow some toilet arrangements to be equally accessible to deck or saloon. Guns handy to companionway.

Sailing master to have a stateroom and two hands berth in forecastle, comprising the three men to handle boat, as called for. Cook to berth in forecastle—extra berth can be located in forecastle or galley, if wanted.

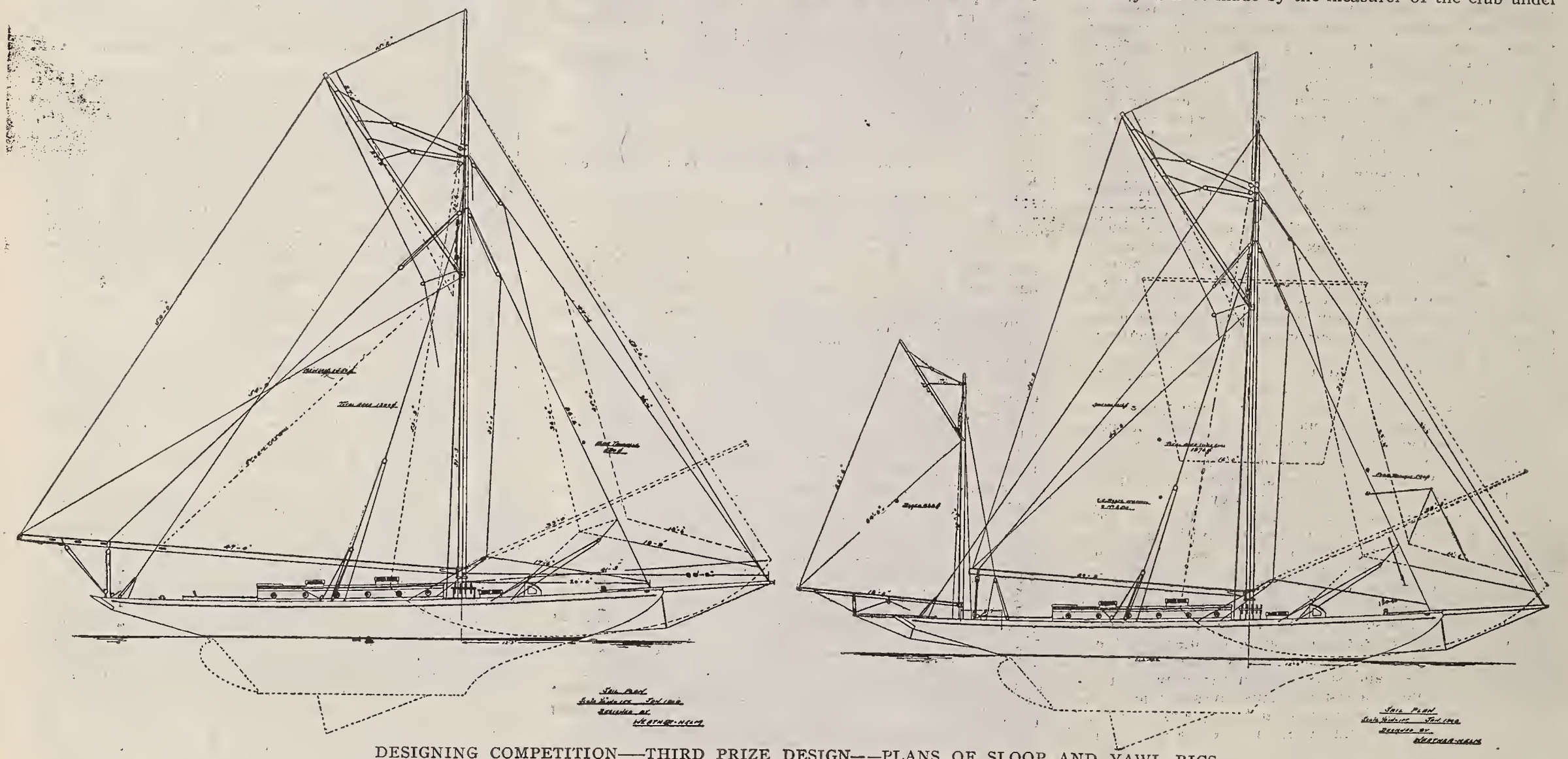
The dimensions are:

Length—		
Over all	61 ft.	10½ in.
L.W.L.	40 ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	9 ft.	9¾ in.
Aft	12 ft.	¾ in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	15 ft.	2½ in.
L. W. L.	14 ft.	
Draft—		
Extreme	6 ft.	
Sail area—		
Sloop rig	1,990 sq. ft.	
Yawl rig	1,876 sq. ft.	
Displacement	21.75 tons.	
Fixed ballast	8.50 tons.	
Trim ballast	1.00 ton.	

The weights of boat are divided approximately, as follows:

Hull	6.37 tons.
Furniture	1.88 tons.
Outfit and equipment	.39 tons.
Sails and spars	.72 tons.
Tanks	.07 tons.
Ballast, total	9.5 tons.
Total	19.43 tons.

The above is boat in light condition; by adding 2.32 tons of stores, crew, passengers and effects we get 21.75 tons, the designed displacement for 40 ft. W. L. Extra stores for deep sea cruise will, of course, sink boat beyond 40ft. W.L.



DESIGNING COMPETITION—THIRD PRIZE DESIGN—PLANS OF SLOOP AND YAWL RIGS.
Submitted by A. E. Luders, New York City.

Southern Letter.

NEW ORLEANS, May 5.—The Associated Press dispatch from Boston the other day giving the news that the celebrated champion cabin sloop Calypso had been purchased by a member of the Southern Y. C. was grand news indeed to the boat lovers hereabouts. It was known that some of the fastest small racing craft in the country had been bought by residents of this city, and that the racing among the little fellows would be all that could be desired, but at the same time it was realized that there would be much wanting if there was not some new life and spirit infused into the large racing-cruising cabin classes. It was considered that if some patriotic yachtsman would bring down from the north one of the better kind of modern cruisers, like Calypso, that a splendid example would be set, and others would be drawn into the game. This hoping, waiting, expectancy state of the local enthusiasts was brought to terminate in a joyful realization when it became known that the Calypso would be added to the fleet of this section, she being known to many southern yachtsmen as the most satisfactory type of fast, able, comfortable sailing yacht that could be produced.

The purchaser of the Calypso was Commodore Sam F. Heaslip, now a member of the governing committee of the Southern Y. C., vice-commodore of the Pass Christian Y. C., and one of the leading promoters of the sport of yachting here for many years.

Commodore Heaslip has had the well deserved reputation of being one of the foremost yacht skippers the South has ever known. He has owned and sailed many interesting boats, the most noteworthy of these being the long-to-be-remembered schooner Viola. Last summer Commodore Heaslip brought South the remarkable little open sloop Gladiola, ex-Galatea, of the Oconomowoc Y. C., more for the purpose of doing a little missionary work than for anything else. Gladiola did as he expected—she opened the eyes of our yachtsmen to the fact that there was a new and better order of yachting ruling elsewhere, for her speed was astonishing, and her build and finish of a quality unapproachable to builders of this part of the country for some time to come. Last summer, after Gladiola had done here what had been intended of her, her owner promised that he would try to do as much for the larger classes of yachts, and would endeavor to add to the fleet an example of what an up-to-date fast cruiser should be. All winter long he has devoted considerable time to selecting the boat which he considered would best advance the interest in yachting here.

Calypso was only beaten by a few seconds by the most extreme freak racing machine that could be devised. The rules of the Southern Y. C. and of the Southern Gulf Coast Y. A. were formulated, as have been the latest rules at Boston and in many other localities, for the express purpose of shutting out the cabin sloop racing machines.

Calypso is 42ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 12½ft. beam, and she draws 2½ft. of water. With centerboard down she has a draft of about 8ft. She is a grand boat to windward, and it is expected that she will be a revelation in this respect here. She is excellently sparred and rigged, and her sails were made by Wilson & Silsby. She carries 1,250 square feet of sail in mainsail and jib. She has a "pole mast rig" without topmost or topsail, the only light sails carried being spinnaker, reaching jib and balloon jib. All her cabin trimmings are mahogany, and the fittings, cleats, blocks, etc., are polished brass. Her cockpit is about 10ft. long. The cabin is over 12ft. in length, and it will sleep four or five persons. There are large lockers, a closet, galley with cooking outfit, stove and ice-box, while the forecastle contains ample room for a paid hand.

Calypso was designed and built by Chas. C. Hanley, of Quincey, Mass., in 1901. Hanley has the reputation of being one of the best modelers and builders of centerboard boats of moderate size in the country. Calypso won the championship of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts in her first year, 1901, and she held it again in 1902. Last year she was not raced much. In 1904, in fulfilling the promise for which she is brought south, this celebrated craft should experience one of the most active seasons in her career, for it is the intention of her new owner to race her in all the events in which she can enter.

L. D. SAMPSELL.

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 7.—At the opening meeting of the Narragansett Bay Yacht Racing Association, held recently, the following schedule was arranged for the annual week of open racing:

Monday, August 15—At Edgewood Y. C.
Tuesday, August 16—Bristol Y. C.
Wednesday, August 17—Fall River Y. C.
Thursday, August 18—Conanicut Y. C. or Association race at Jamestown.
Saturday, August 20—Rhode Island Y. C. at Potter's Cove.

These races are all open to members of any recognized yacht club, and will be sailed under the association rules. Suitable prizes will be offered in each class each day, and a "cock of the walk" pennant will be awarded in each class to the boat scoring the largest percentage in the week's racing.

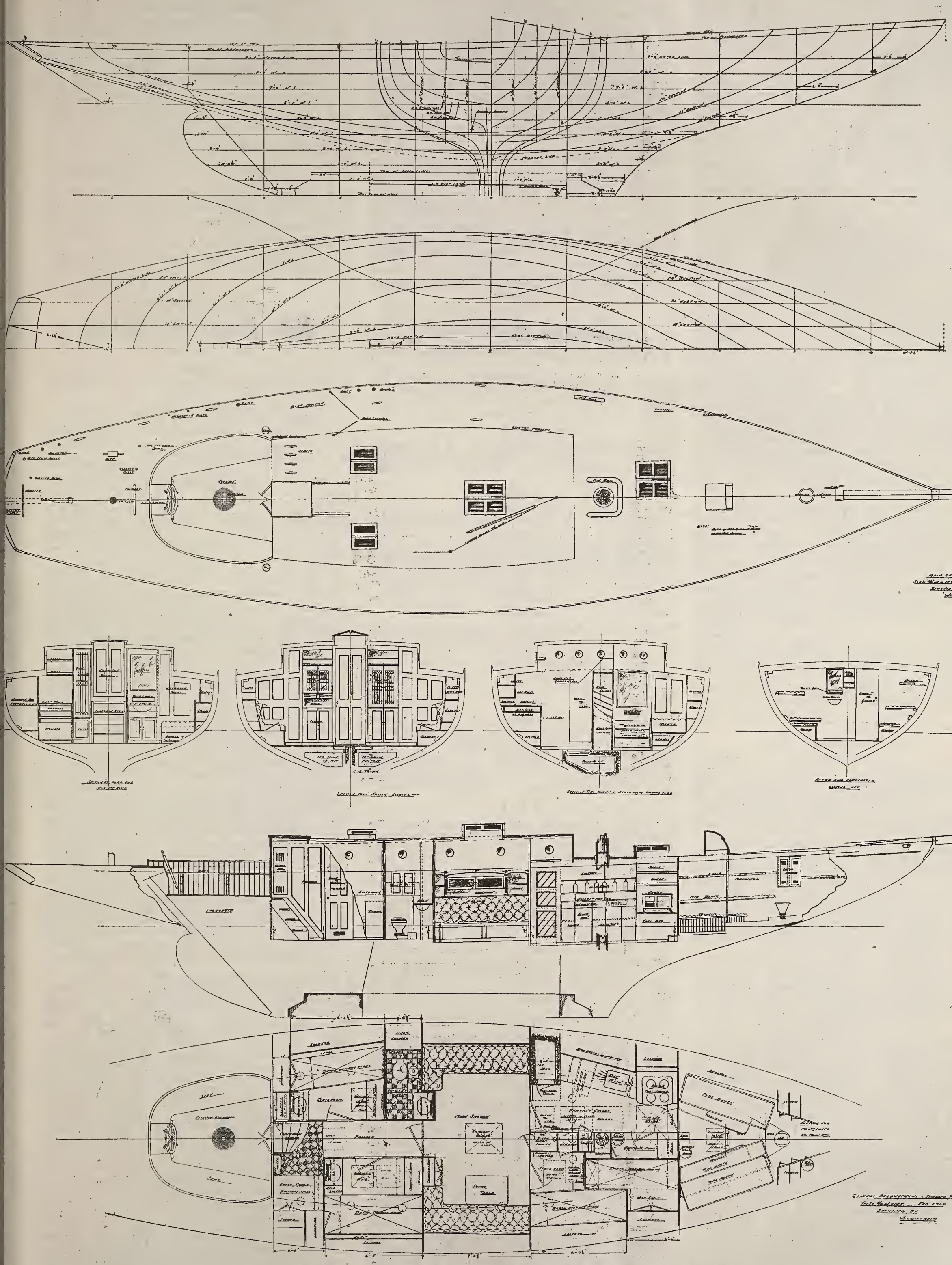
Communications relative to the race week should be addressed to the secretary of the association, Thomas L. Bartlett, P. O. Box 327, Fall River, Mass. Measurements each day will be made by the measurer of the club under whose auspices the race is sailed, but any disputes concerning the same will be referred to the official measurer of the association. The association has adopted a racing pennant to be flown at the main peak of every boat engaged in a race, and no time will be taken of any boat that fails to display the pennant throughout the race as prescribed. The pennant is a dark blue flag 18in. by 24in., with a 9in. square white field in the center bearing a blue star. A representation of the pennant heads a card poster announcing the schedule of race week which has been sent to every yacht club on the New England coast.

Each association race takes the place of one of the regular events of the club under whose auspices it is held. The only other fixtures for the season arranged as yet are the two other open regattas of the Bristol Y. C. scheduled for June 25 and September 10, and the Memorial Day open regatta of the Fall River Y. C.

The Edgewood Y. C. has established "cock of the walk" pennants for the club boats in each class that win the most victories in any regular races during the season. As last year, the greatest racing interest on the upper bay this season is likely to center in the performances of the 30ft. cats. There will be several new ones in this class, principal among them being Messrs. H. J. and D. W. Flint's new Wanderer III. With the series for the Commodores' cups at the Edgewood Club and the Washington Park Boating Association and several other special events, in addition to the various club regattas, the 30-footers will be busy this summer.

The annual cruise of the Rhode Island Y. C. will start July 24. The fleet will rendezvous at Newport, and during the week will visit Stonington, Watch Hill, Shelter Island and Block Island, something special in the way of entertainment being planned at each port. The usual prizes will be offered for each day's run from port to port. The schooner Rusalka will be the flagship of the Rhode Island Y. C. fleet this season, having been purchased by Commodore Rogers from the estate of the late Commodore Frank F. Olney. Rusalka was the flagship two years ago, prior to the reign of the Esperanza, formerly the first Ingomar, owned by Morton F. Plant.

Fleet Captain H. E. Barlow, of the Rhode Island Y. C., has bought the 25ft. cat Lydia C. Mr. Charles G. Easton has bought the 25ft. Gertrude, built by Crosby several years ago, and Mr. H. L. Hammond has acquired a new



DESIGNING COMPETITION—THIRD PRIZE DESIGN—LINES, DECK AND CABIN PLANS.

Submitted by A. E. Luders, New York City.

30ft. auxiliary cat, bought in Newark, N. J. Mr. H. R. Dean, of Providence, has purchased through the agency of F. S. Nock the 30ft. sloop Ghost, built at Mystic, Conn., last year. Through the same agency the 30ft. cat Wanderer has been sold by the Flint boys to Mr. James Streat, of New York city. Commodore Peirce, of the Washington Park Boating Association has a new 33ft. cruising launch, the Isabelle, built by Palmer Bros. at Cos Cob, Conn., and equipped with an eight horse-power four-cycle Palmer engine.

FOR the fast 30ft. cat class of Narragansett Bay, Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has designed for Messrs. Harvey J. and Dutee W. Flint, of Providence, R. I., a new boat, which is now under construction by Messrs. Davis Brothers, at Warren, R. I. The boat will be called Wanderer III., and will replace the old cat Wanderer, which has been sold to a New York man, and will be seen in races at Barnegat Bay this summer.

Her dimensions are: Length over all, 38ft.; waterline, 21ft.; Beam, extreme, 11ft. 7in.; draft, hull, 4ft.; draft, board down, 10ft.; displacement, 12,000 pounds; sail area 960 square feet.

In designing the new Wanderer the idea was to produce a modern cruising and racing boat, high-sided, heavily constructed, and thoroughly strapped and braced.

Nothing that would produce a seaworthy and comfortable cruiser was sacrificed for the sake of gaining speed, and the owners will probably have an opportunity thoroughly to test her stanchness as they expect to enter her in the 330-mile outside race for the Lipton cup.

The boat is on entirely new lines for her class in these waters, but although there are many sloops of her design in Narragansett Bay, her performance under cat rig will be watched with interest by some of the old-timers who look with dubious eyes on long overhangs.

The boat is a combination keel and centerboard, having a heavy outside keel of lead. All the framing and timbers are of best stock oak. The keel is 12 by 12, and the frames are single pieces, extending the full width of the boat, of 1¾in. stock, spaced 5in. on center, forward and aft, and 8in. amidships. The sternpost measures 9in. by 5in., and the stem 4in. by 6in. The planking is of 1¼in. cedar. The three chain plates will extend clear under the hull from rail to rail, and will be of galvanized steel. Inside there will be several diagonal truss straps and braces of galvanized steel and Tobin bronze.

The hollow mast will be 8½in. in diameter at the deck and 43ft. in height. The boom will be 36ft. in length, and the gaff 25ft. The sail is to be a Thompson 10-ounce special cross cut duck, and will have a hoist of 26ft. The blocks will be of lignum vitæ, All the cleats, turnbuckles and miscellaneous deck fittings will be of polished Tobin bronze. The mast is stepped about 8ft. aft of the stem, and by a special device may be shifted some two feet further aft, giving sufficient room to carry head sails if desirable, and enter the contests for sloops. The three chain plates permit the shifting of the two side stays when this change is made. The mast is further secured by a fore truss stay in addition to the regular fore stay.

The cabin is 15ft. in length, with 5ft. 2in. head room. Four permanent berths, each 4ft. wide, will be fitted with spring beds and hair mattresses and in front of them are comfortable cushioned transoms. All the trim in cabin and cockpit, as well as the rails and sheer strakes, is of polished San Domingo mahogany.

F. H. YOUNG.

La Parisienne II.

From The Yachtsman.

ALL British yachting men, we are sure, will cordially unite in congratulating Mr. Lorne Currie on his marvelous escape after the accident to the motor launch Parisienne II., which he was steering, at Monaco; while, at the same time, all will sympathize deeply with the unfortunate men who were more or less burned.

Mr. Lorne Currie has had more than one exciting experience in his yachting career, and not long ago his small racer capsized off Havre, and he was left swimming about for some time till picked up; but then he only had one element to contend with, i. e., water, whereas at Monaco there were two—water and fire.

It was expected that the racing for motor launches would provide some exciting sport, but the results have exceeded anticipation, and there have been a considerable number of breakdowns and minor accidents.

On the Wednesday, the Napier Minor suffered from a slight fire owing to the heat of the exhaust, but this was soon put out. On the Thursday, nothing unusual occurred, except that Parisienne II. lost one of her propellers; but on Friday the large racers were to start for a long race of 250 kilometers at 8:15 A. M. When the starting gun was fired punctually to time, out of the six boats entered, only four crossed the line—i. e., Piouitt IV., Dubonnet, Lutece, and Femina. The other two—Napier and Parisienne II.—were suffering from some trouble in the harbor. Napier, however, soon started, and went in pursuit of the others, and a little later Parisienne II. started, though it was easily seen that something was the matter, as she showed nothing like her usual speed. She had hardly got to the first mark when she was seen to burst into flames. What happened was told by the crew afterwards, and it appears that for the second time one of the three propeller shafts with which she is fitted had broken off—i. e., the starboard one—and steering was found to be rather difficult with only the two remaining ones. As they were reaching the first buoy, without the slightest warning, the forward part of the boat burst into flames, which soon swept aft from end to end; in fact, the main tank, which holds some 800 litres of petroleum, was ablaze. Seeing that the only chance was to jump overboard, Mr. Lorne Currie did so, calling on the others to follow him. As all the lifebuoys except one had been destroyed by the flames, the four men in the water had only this one means of support between them, but luckily there was a punt attached to the mark-buoy, to which they swam, and got on board. This punt was towed in part of the way by the motor launch Mercedes I., which immediately came to their assistance; but as her lowest speed was far too much for the safety of the punt, the latter was let go, and afterward towed in to Monaco by a tug, and the men forward, who had been a good deal burnt by the flames, were sent to a hospital.

The still burning Parisienne II. was then towed ashore by a torpedo boat and a tug, and left burning on the beach.

The actual cause of the accident, from all accounts, appears to have been the breaking of the joint of a petrol pipe on to the main tank forward, and the petrol, being thus liberated, poured aft and became ignited, either by an electric spark or by some portion of the heated exhaust-piping. It appears that there were three separate pipes from the tank forward, leading the petrol to the three 80 horse-power Mors motors with which the launch was engined, and, as stated above, the junction of one of these pipes got broken, probably by the excessive vibration, and it is quite possible that the loss of one of the propellers would accentuate this vibration and cause it to reach a dangerous point. Be this as it may, the effect of continuous vibration on pipes and joints is one that will have to be carefully studied and guarded against in the future.

As the race had been stopped, owing to the accident, it was restarted at 10 A. M., and the five crossed the line—Piouitt IV., Napier, Lutece, Femina, and Dubonnet, the course being shortened to fourteen rounds of the hexagonal course marked out in the bay. After five rounds, Napier's pump gave out, and she had to return to harbor, following Femina and Piouitt IV., who, earlier in the race, had got something wrong and had to return, leaving Lutece and Dubonnet to fight it out to a finish. The race was easily won by Lutece.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

STEAM YACHTS CLAYMORE AND VIKING SOLD.—Mr. Jarvis B. Edson has sold the high speed steam yacht Claymore to Mr. Franklin Haines. Mr. Edson has purchased the steel steam yacht Viking.

SCHOONER ALSACIENNE CHANGED TO AN AUXILIARY.—The schooner Alsacienne, recently purchased by Mr. Archibald McNeill, of Bridgeport, Conn., is to be fitted with auxiliary power.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. ELECTION.—The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. was held on May 2 at its quarters, foot of F street, northwest, Washington, D. C. The following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing year: Com., Ross L. Fryer; Vice-Com., Leslie F. Borland; Sec'y-Treas., Don E. Clark; Treas., J. Edwin Lawton; Board of Directors—David B. Glasco, Virgil C. Miller, Ernest Friess; Signal Officer, Benjamin T. Rollins.

BAY VIEW Y. C. OFFICERS.—At a recent meeting of the Bay View Y. C., the following officers were elected: Com. Edward R. Karutz; Vice-Com., J. Fred Borghard, Jr.; Rear-Com., George C. Miller; Fleet Captain, Harry Groth; Sec'y, Edward Effinger; Finan.-Sec'y, Paul Rosa; Treas., John Fraas.

BAYSIDE Y. C.'S ONE-DESIGN CLASS.—The members of the Bayside Y. C. are to have a class of one-design dories. Fifteen boats have already been ordered, and it is more than likely that twenty-five will be seen on the bay before the season is very far advanced. The boats are 18ft. over all and 5ft. breadth. They are being built by Emmons, of Swampscott, Mass.

AUXILIARY ENCHANTRESS REACHES NEW YORK.—The British-built auxiliary Enchantress that was purchased last year by Mr. N. L. McCready, arrived in New York from Cowes on May 5. She is 140ft. over all, 124ft. waterline, 20ft. breadth, and 11ft. 3in. draft.

DR. WILLIAM BARTON HOPKINS DIES.—Dr. William Barton Hopkins died in Philadelphia on May 4. He owned the British-built yawl Caress, and was a member of the New York Y. C.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. ADOPTS NEW MEASUREMENT RULE.—At a meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, held at the club house at Essington, on April 30, the New York Y. C. measurement rule was unanimously adopted.

CHEEWINK III. PURCHASED BY NEW ORLEANS SYNDICATE.—The well known racing cabin 25-footer, Chewink III., of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, has been sold by Mr. F. C. Macomber, her owner, to a syndicate of New Orleans yachtsmen, with the proviso that she can be shipped to the Crescent City at once. There is some doubt about her being transported South, as she is said to be too wide to be carried by car, and almost too long for a steamer. It is probable that she will beshipped by a Morgan steamer sailing from New York May 25.

INGOMAR REACHES SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. Morton F. Plant's schooner, Ingomar, arrived at Southampton, England, on May 5. She left Bristol, R. I., on April 20, and took 15 days, 9 hours and 25 minutes for the voyage.

EXPLOSION ON TARANTULA.—Three men were badly hurt on May 7 by the explosion of a battery on William K. Vanderbilt's British-built turbine yacht Tarantula, at Jacob's yard, City Island, where the yacht was anchored.

SLOOP AYLWYN SOLD.—Mr. A. H. Hagemeyer, of New York city, has sold the sloop yacht Aylwyn to Mr. Geo. H. Bartlett, of Greenwich, Conn., through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, New York.

Canoeing.

Atlantic Division Camp.

ATLANTIC DIVISION ANNUAL CAMP, under the Palisades, opposite Riverdale-on-Hudson, May 28, 29 and 30.—The following programme of races, subject to change at the discretion of the regatta committee, will be held off the camp on Monday, May 30:

1. One-man, single-blade paddling, ½ mile straightaway.
2. One-man, double-blade paddling, ½ mile straightaway.
3. Tandem, single-blade, paddling, ½ mile straightaway.
4. Tandem, double-blade paddling, ½ mile straightaway.
5. Fours, single-blade paddling, ½ mile straightaway.
6. Tilting tournament.
7. Novice sailing, cruising rig, 1½-mile triangle.
8. Unlimited sailing, open to any canoe, 3-mile triangle.
9. Atlantic Division, Elliott sailing trophy, 16ft. by 30in. class and handicap, 3-mile triangle.
10. Hurry-scurry.

A. C. A. rules will govern all events. Further particulars will be published in FOREST AND STREAM next week.

J. K. HAND,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

Union Hill Park Annual Team Contest.

FOR several years past the Union Hill Schuetzen Park has been opened in the early spring, May, with a team shoot, made up from the societies who hold their festivals in this park.

During the past six months the park management has passed into the hands of John Moje, who, succeeding Emil Lattmann, made extra efforts to have his opening greater and more successful than those of his predecessors. Mr. Moje had ten silver cups made for the occasion, also ten gold medals. The latter to be presented to the individual in each team making the highest score.

Mr. Moje also had a fine gold medal made for the man who made the three best center shots on the bullseye target in the individual contest.

The programme called for teams of fifteen men, ten shots per man, on the 25-ring target

In addition to the team shooting, prizes were put up on the point target, open to all comers. There were premiums for the most points and prizes for the best center shot, 3in. carton.

Ten societies in and about New York city entered teams. They were as follows: New York Central Corps, New York Corps, New York City Corps, Harlem Independent Corps, New York city; Swiss Shooting Society, Hoboken Independent Corps, Hoboken City Corps, Hoboken Corps, Hoboken, N. J.; Union Hill Corps, Union Hill, N. J.; German-American Bund, Hudson county, N. J.

The contest was held on Wednesday, May 4. Fortunately for the success of the affair, the weather was warm and clear.

In addition to the men entered in the team contest, there was a large group of New York and New Jersey riflemen present to enter the contest for prizes on the point target. H. M. Pope was among the visitors, and an active competitor for prize honors.

Of our local experts, there were Michael Dorrler, Gus Zimmermann, L. P. Hansen, C. G. and B. Zettler, H. D. Muller (Bulls-Eye), Geo. Schlicht, J. H. Taylor, Emil Berckmann, D. Scharninghaus, R. Busse, and John Facklamm. In all, there were probably one hundred and seventy-five riflemen in the shooting house during the day who shot on the programme.

In the team contest the team of the New York Central Corps again carried away the honors, and got the first cup. The New York City Corps team was second.

The highest individual score in the team contest was made by Gus Zimmermann, of the New York Central team, 222.

In the individual contest on the point target, H. M. Pope led the group. He was first for the most points, first for the best center shot, and first for the three best bullseyes. It was, in fact, Pope's day, for the man and his gun were in close touch.

The results of the day were highly satisfactory to John Moje, for the attendance was large and there were no unpleasant incidents.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, possible 250, distance 200yds.:

New York Central Corps Team—Gus Zimmermann 222, H. Koster 202, H. Bockmann 199, D. Scharninghaus 194, F. Kost 193, F. Rabbes 187, Val. Horn 185, H. D. Muller 184, J. von der Lieth 183, F. Schroeder 176, Wm. Koch 172, W. J. Daniel 171, Geo. A. Viemeister 169, M. Teschmacher 151, J. Jordan 121; total 2709.

New York City Corps Team—R. Busse 217, Aug. Kronsberg 204, Wm. Grapentin 203, John Wagner 199, John Martz 192, Chas. G. Zettler 185, R. Schwanemann 177, J. Facklamm 175, Ch. Schmidt 169, R. Bendler 167, C. D. Rehm 166, J. Keller 157, Ch. Wagner 153, H. C. Radloff 151, F. Daub 133; total 2648.

Swiss Shooting Society Team—Geo. Schlicht 207, Aug. Dietrich 199, M. Simmen 199, J. Troxler 186, J. Simmer 182, J. J. Gobber 181, Ch. Suhner 176, H. Manthe 172, F. Kaege 163, J. Seefi 171, J. Dietrich 158, A. Steiner 157, G. Bietmann 152, J. Reisch 142, Geo. Lorenz 124; total 2569.

New York Schuetzen Corps 2485.

Hoboken Independent Corps 2300.

German-American Bund, Hudson county, N. J., 2222.

Harlem Independent Corps, New York city, 2134.

Hoboken Schuetzen Corps 1831.

Hoboken City Corps 1786.

Union Hill Corps 1721.

Point target, premiums for the most points: H. M. Pope 311, Gus Zimmermann 241, H. D. Muller 227, R. Busse 214, D. Scharninghaus 207, M. Dorrler 197, Geo. Schlicht 149, L. P. Hansen 133, J. H. Taylor 83, E. Berckmann 55, H. Bahn 54, J. Facklamm 54.

Bullseye, 3in. carton, the best center shot to count by measurement: H. M. Pope 10½ degrees, J. H. Taylor 14, M. Dorrler 18, Gus Zimmermann 21½, L. P. Hansen 23, H. Bahn 25½, H. D. Muller 29, Owen Smith 41, R. Busse 41½, D. Scharninghaus 44, E. Fischer 45½, R. Bendler 48, Chas. G. Zettler 55, H. Koster 56, B. Zettler 58.

Premiums for most red flags: H. M. Pope 45, Gus Zimmermann 26, R. Busse 20.

Special medal for the three best bullseyes: H. M. Pope, Springfield, Mass.

First flag: H. M. Pope; last flag, Geo. Schlicht.

The New York Independent Corps.

THERE was a good attendance of the members of the Independent Corps at Union Hill Park on Friday, May 6. John Facklamm made the good score of 58 points out of a possible 60 on the man target. Aug. Begerow was high on the ring target. Capt. Zimmermann was high on the point target.

Ring target, 5-shot scores, two count, possible 125: A. Begerow 106, 114; G. Zimmermann, 106, 109; L. Schmidt 106, 108; G. Nienaber 109, 104, J. Facklamm 98, 103, E. Gremer 95, 106; H. Koster 97, 103; L. C. Hauenstein 93, 88; H. Koch 88, 93; G. T. Zimmermann 79, 98; Wm. Soll 80, 91; F. Liegbel 94, 60; H. Weber 68, 81; H. Kaberske 70, 74; M. Dusenbery 54, 43; H. Zimmer 32, 39; F. A. Young 43, 23.

Man target, 3-shot scores, possible 60; J. Facklamm 58, L. C. Hauenstein 57, G. Zimmermann 56, L. Schmidt 53, A. Begerow 53, Wm. Soll 51, G. T. Zimmermann 50, E. Greiner 50, H. Koster 47, H. Koch 47.

Point target, most points: Gus Zimmerman.

Best point ticket, possible 20: Gus Zimmermann 19.

Most red flags: Gus Zimmerman. First flag, Gus Zimmermann. Last flag, F. Liegbel.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE Zettler Club held its first practice shoot for the present season at Union Hill Park, on May 7. The attendance was small, but several high scores were made:

Geo. Schlicht had a new barrel in his Ballard action, and shot it for the first time. His shooting was excellent. W. A. Tewes, L. P. Hansen, E. H. Van Zandt, Emil Berckmann and Harry Fenwirth shot in good form. The club will shoot again on May 14.

Ten-shot scores, possible 250: Geo. Schlicht 231, 221, 230; W. A. Tewes 227, 224, 219; L. P. Hansen 223, 222, 214; E. H. Van Zandt 224, 219, 210; E. Berckmann 216, 209, 212; H. Fenwirth 209, 209, 203; Mrs. H. Fenwirth 168.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

May 11-12.—Springfield, O., Gun Club's target tournament. Geo. Morgan, Sec'y.
May 11-13.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. J. Burmister, Sec'y.
May 12-13.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club annual spring tournament. W. W. Foord, Sec'y.
May 16-18.—Southern Trapshooters' Association's thirteenth tournament at targets, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club; $500 added. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y.
May 16-21.—York, Pa.—Tournament of Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fifth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Cor. Sec'y.
May 17-19.—Davenport, Ia.—Cumberland Gun Club's annual amateur tournament. W. F. Kroy, Sec'y.
May 18.—Wellington, Mass.—Fifth annual team shoot and target tournament of the Boston Gun Club.
May 18.—Boston, Mass, Gun Club annual team target shoot. H. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 18-19.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Jos. H. Knapp, Mgr.
May 18-20.—Columbus, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament. G. A. Schroeder, Sec'y.
May 19-20.—Oklahoma City.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association fifth annual tournament; $300 added money. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.
May 19-21.—Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club handicap target tournament. Fred E. McKay, Sec'y and Mgr.
May 20.—Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club tournament.
May 21.—Princeton, N. J.—Princeton University vs. University of Pennsylvania.
May 23-25.—Houston, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 24-25.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day target tournament.
May 24-25.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Natchitoches, La., Gun Club tournament.
May 24-25.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
*May 25-26.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 25-26.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club Spring shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
May 28-30.—Butte, Mont.—Montana State Sportsmen's Association eleventh annual tournament at targets; $500 added. C. H. Smith, Sec'y.
May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day target tournament; free merchandise prizes. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Secretary, Box 9, Newport, R. I.
May 30.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club fourth annual Decoration Day tournament. T. M. Brodie, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club holiday shoot. A. B. Parker, Sec'y.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Spring tournament of the Enterprise Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club Decoration Day target shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
May 31.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer Island Gun Club spring target tournament. W. E. Kette, Sec'y.
June 1-3.—Watertown, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. F. J. Cory, Sec'y.
*June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State Shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.
June 9.—Westchester, Pa., Gun Club target shoot. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.
June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Mgr.
June 14-15.—Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Hanover Park Shooting Association target tournament. E. L. Klipple, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—Akron, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League target tournament. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—New London, Ia., Gun Club midsummer tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 15-16.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. L. K. Forscythe, Sec'y.
*June 15-16.—Millvale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club; strictly amateur; $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.— East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.
*July 6-7.—Kane, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen, Sec'y.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handicap tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
*July 13-14.—Scottdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.
July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Aug. 9-12.—West Baden, Ind.—Indian tournament; $1,000 added money.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; $25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
*Sept. 6-7.—Irwin, Pa., Rod and Gun Club tournament.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Messrs. G. W. Hagedorn and Gus E. Grieff were visitors at the shoot of the Cleveland, O., Gun Club, on Saturday of last week.

At Media, Pa., on May 7, the 15-man team contest, between teams of the Media Gun Club and the North Camden Gun Club, was won by the latter, the score being 294 to 273. Each man shot at 25 targets.

Messrs. Sanford, Geikler, Harrison and Jenkins, May 7, tied on ten live birds, second chance in the Jenkins 10-bird, two-chance handicap, ties shot off mis and out. The result of the shoot-off was: Jenkins, 3; Sanford, 2; Geikler and Harrison, 1.

Mr. Harry Thurman, of trapshooting and shooting jacket fame, Germantown, Pa., was a visitor in New York on Monday of this week. The passing years seem to add more and more to his big-hearted good fellowship.

Mr. William Clayton, of Kansas City, has challenged Mr. J. Wilmot, of Lexington, Mo., to contest for the Wyeth live-bird trophy, 100 live birds per man, May 19. Mr. Wilmot won this trophy at the recent Schmelzer tournament.

Mr. H. M. Brigham, considered the best shot of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, was high man at the third contest for the automobile, Newark, N. J., May 7. He made the excellent score of 93 out of 100. There was no professional present to contest for the professional cup.

The Bergen Beach, L. I., Gun Club holds shoots on every Saturday, and on the second Tuesday of every month. To reach the grounds, take Flatbush avenue care to Bergen Beach, or Nostrand avenue cars, transferring to Flatbush avenue cars. The grounds are at Avenue N and E, 71st Street. Mr. H. W. Dryer is secretary-treasurer.

Harvard won the intercollegiate shoot at New Haven, Conn., on May 7. The scores were as follows: Harvard—Marsallis 47, Bancroft 39, Marshall 36, Foster 45, Rennick 42; total 209. Princeton—Stutesman 43, Archer 35, Gaines 33, Munn 45, Pell 43; total 199. Yale—Hale 27, Thompson 43, Borden 38, Sturges 38, Kineon 40; total 186. Pennsylvania—Adams 27, Williams 40, May 41, Longnecken 38, Koons 33; total 189.

The programme of the Auburn, N. Y., tournament, May 18 and 19, provides twelve events each day, 10, 15 and 20 targets, 75 cents, $1, $1.25 and $1.50 entrance. No. 6, at 20 targets, is a merchandise event each day. The first prizes are a Smith hammerless and an Ithaca hammerless. Targets, 1½ cent. The total programme each day is: 190 targets, $15 entrance; $10 added. Shooting commences at 9:30. Messrs. Knox & Knapp are the managers.

Mr. Ed. G. White, of the DuPont Powder Co., tarried a few hours in New York in the early part of last week. He was en route from Wilmington to Canada, where in the Ontario district he will act as a trade representative of the DuPont Co. Mr. White possesses the happy ability to make friends readily, is an expert in the use of a shotgun, has a long experience in the practical workings of the powder trade, and therefore his distinguished success is a certainty.

The programme of the Aquidneck Gun Club's third annual tournament, Newport, R. I., Memorial Day, May 30, provides nine events, six at 15, and three at 20 targets, $1 and $1.25 entrance. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The club will divide $25 in gold among the four high amateurs shooting through the programme, as follows: To first, $10; second, $7.50; third, $5; fourth, $2.50. Moneys divided Rose system, 4, 3, 2, 1. Targets 1½ cent. Manufacturers' agents for targets only. Lunch and loaded shells obtainable on grounds. Send guns and shells to J. S. Coggeshall, 32 Church street.

The Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club has provided a programme of special interest for their tournament, May 19-21, the club's third anniversary. Each day there are twelve events at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance, and one at 20 targets, $2 entrance. Competition begins at 9 o'clock. Targets, 2 cents. Purses divided, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Handicaps 16 to 22yds. Total sum added to purses and given as averages, $1,000. Forty-four general averages of $5 each. Competition open to all, but professionals who do not care to compete under a handicap may shoot from the 16yd. mark for targets only. Ship shells and guns to Fred E. McKay, 244 First avenue South, and they will be delivered free on the grounds. Dinner will be served on the grounds. May 18 will be practice day.

The Oklahoma Gun Club have issued the programme of the fifth annual tournament of the Territorial Sportsmen's Association, to be held under their auspices at Oklahoma City, May 19 and 20. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Handicaps, 15 to 19 yards. Amateur competition. Event 9, first day, is a merchandise shoot; first prize, Marlin shotgun. Events 6 and 7, second day, are the champion contest, 50 targets. May 18 will be practice day. Annual business meeting will be held on May 19. On the first day the programme provides twelve events, 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2, added $10 and $15. On the second day, eleven events, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2, added money $10 and $15. Low railroad rates will probably be made from all points within 100 miles. Mr. J. C. Clark is the secretary.

At the tournament of the Interstate Association, Nashville, Tenn., May 4 and 5, the high averages for the two days were as follows: First, Mr. C. G. Spencer, 332 out of 350; second, Mr. J. F. Fletcher 329; third, Mr. H. B. Money, 328. Mr. Fletcher won the silver loving cup, presented by the Gray-Dudley Hardware Co., to the amateur making high general average. On the first day, the manufacturers' agents scored as follows: Mr. H. N. Kirby was high with 165 out of 175; Mr. C. G. Spencer was second, with 164; Mr. H. B. Money was third, with 163. Amateurs: First, Mr. J. F. Fletcher, 162; second, Mr. W. G. Harris; third, Mr. Frank Legler. On the second day the high averages of the manufacturers' agents were as follows: First, Mr. C. G. Spencer, 168 out of 175; second, Mr. H. B. Money, 168; third, Mr. F. C. Riehl. Amateurs: First, J. F. Fletcher, 167; second, W. A. Baker, 162; third, "Foxy Quiller," 159.

Mr. C. G. Grubb, secretary W. P. T. S. L., writes us as follows: "The Irwin Rod and Gun Club, Irwin, Pa., have changed the dates of their tournament from May 10-11 to Sept. 6-7. The next tournament under the auspices of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League will be held at Brownsville, Pa., May 25-26. The Brownsville Boys are a bunch of good fellows, and will show all of the shooters a royal time. Mr. Edw. Painter, who shoots under the name of Kelsey, has very kindly placed at the disposal of the League his fast traveling yacht, which will leave the foot of Wood street, May 24, at 2 P. M. All shooters desiring to take this magnificent trip will kindly send their names to the secretary of the League, to be registered. Kelsey's pleasing manner, together with his reputation in the past for supplying proficient reinforcements for the culinary department, and his willing disposition to serve, have made him a general favorite among the trapshooters."

Mr. John M. Lilly, president of the National Gun Club, writes us as follows: "On Monday, June 27, there will be practice shooting all day; Tuesday, ten 20-target races, $10 added to each; Wednesday and Thursday, the same. The tenth race on Tuesday, and the ninth and tenth on both Wednesday and Thursday will go to form a 100-bird race which will decide the target championship of the National Gun Club for the year 1904. As an evidence of the championship there will be presented to the winner a sterling silver cup properly inscribed. On Friday there will be five 20-bird races with $10 added to each. These thirty-five races will be strictly amateur, and contestants will be handicaped according to their skill. On Friday afternoon there will be a 100-bird target handicap, with $50 added, which will be open to all. The contestants in this race will also be handicapped according to their skill. In addition there will be $50 set aside for the high averages for the five guns. These high averages will be divided high guns. The division of money in the 20-bird races will be by the Rose system—points 7, 5, 4, 3. The division of money in the handicap will be high guns, with two places made for each ten entries.

BERNARD WATERS.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, May 7.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the second shoot of the first series. J. D. Pollard captured the jewelry in Class A on 22, while L. Thomas did the trick for Class B on 23. Hathaway was made happy in Class C with a score of 20.

In the cup shoot, which immediately followed, Pollard was again winner in Class A, Thomas in Class C and Hathaway in Class B.

The day was only a fairly good one for target shooting, there being a rather stiff head wind, which caused the targets to soar and dip badly at times. Attendance was good, twenty-six shooters showing up.

Cup, 15 singles and 5 pairs: Pollard 23, Dr. Meek 19, Wilson 6, McGowan 18, Thomas 19, Cummings 17, Birkland, Jr., 19, Eaton 15, Birkland, Sr., 11, Gould 10, Cook 9, Hathaway 20, Kissack 14, Long 11, Porter 12, McDonald 16, Ford 16, Stone 16, McKinnon 18, Bullard 16, Vernon 13, Dr. Stillman 14, Dr. Huff 18, Ostendorf 10, Seymour 15.

Second trophy contest, 25 targets: Pollard 22, Dr. Meek 20, Wilson 17, McGowan 19, Thomas 23, Cummings 17, Birkland, Jr., 18, Eaton 21, Birkland, Sr., 19, Gould 11, Cook 19, Hathaway 20, Kissack 18, Long 14, Porter 15, McDonald 18, Ford 8, Stone 18, McKinnon 18, Bullard 13, Vernon 9, Dr. Spillman 11.

Cleveland Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O., May 7.—The semi-monthly shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club was well attended. Messrs. Gus E. Grieff and Geo. Hagedorn were visitors. The different prizes for the classes were subjects of keen competition. In Class A, first was won by Williams, second by Eadie. Doolittle and Hall were respectively first and second in Class B. In Class C, Battles was first, with Sanford and Franklin tied for second. Class D, the winners were Burns and Sheldon, first and second. The event was at 40 targets. Scores:

Class A: Williams, 40; Eadie, 34; Grieff, 35.

Class B: Jack, 35; Doolittle, 38; Sanford, 34; L. Hull, 37; North, 29; Cannon, 13; Franklin, 34.

Class C: Martin, 33; Mack, 30; Hopkins, 29; Battles, 34; Hull, 25.

Class D: Judd, 31; Sheldon, 30; McKean, 23; Hastings, 24; Burns, 32; Esty, 18; Wallace, 27; Hagedorn, 20; Trojan, 16; Stanley, 21.

Enterprise Gun Club.

MCKEESPORT, Pa.—The shoot of the Enterprise Gun Club on April 30 was the first of the series for the Daily News medal, the competition for which was limited to the territory bounded by Glenwood, Monesset, Scott Haven, Pitcairn and Gill Hall. The conditions were 50 targets, $1 entrance, no handicap. The scores: Calhoun 46, Cochran 45, Hunter 36, H. Hale 29, W. Hale 32, Everett 42, J. Hale 48, Mack 39, Clark 36, Ross 37, Knight 41, Mains 35, Frank 13.

The final shoot for this medal is fixed to take place on May 14, and on this date there also will be a contest for the Hunter Arms Co. medal.

Rochester Tournament.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The spring tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, May 4 and 5, had a good attendance. Forty shooters participated on the first day. Mr. E. D. Fulford was high for the first day with 177 out of 190. In the amateur class, H. B. Whitney was first high average, and E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., was third. The scores:

First Day, May 4.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	20	15	25	20	20	15	20	20
Elliott	13	17	18	12	22	18	18	15	19	18
Clark	14	15	15	12	20	16	19	12	18	19
Glover	11	19	17	9	19	16	20	15	17	17
Griffith	14	18	18	12	22	17	19	14	17	20
McArdle	13	18	19	12	15	12	17	14	17	15
McMurchy	12	16	14	11	19	14	17	12	19	18
Marvin	14	17	18	12	19	15	20	13	15	..
Dalley	12	18	13	11	16	19	19	14	16	..
Wheeler	13	19	15	10	20	13	18	13	15	..
Lewis	13	16	15	13	20	17	17	12	15	..
Fulford	14	19	17	14	22	18	20	15	20	18
Adkin	12	17	17	14	20	16	17	13	17	17
Snow	13	12	13	11	13	..	..	..	..	..
Kelsey	10	14	15	14	20	18	16	14	15	19
Whitney	13	18	18	13	23	19	20	14	19	19
Nobles	14	18	18	14	19	16	17	15	15	16
Brownie	14	17	16	13	20	17	16	12	19	20
Miller	11	16	10	12	19	15	18	11	14	16
Ross	8	8	7	8	15	17	..	..	..	..
Dailey	8	8	12	7	13	7	..	..	..	..
Denny	12	18	12	13	16	17	16	15	13	18
Wadsworth	11	12	10	11	21	15	..	..	..	..
Knapp	13	13	16	11	21	16	14	13	..	..
Greene	15	15	15	12	15	17	16	11	18	..
Fowler	13	12	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harrison	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wride	10	14	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Catchpole	11	10	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Watson	14	17	16	12	20	17	18	..	..	..
Greiff	11	15	13	11	19	16	17	11	..	..
Kershner	12	19	18	13	22	18	16	12	19	16
Cottle	13	14	18	10	19	20	19	14	17	..
Shoemaker	..	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rickman	..	15	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Weller	..	13	12	14	20	15	14	12	17	..
Newton	..	..	16	10	13	17	19	12	..	..
Norton	..	..	..	12	16	..	..	..	17	..
Gavitt	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Chamberlain	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Bonbright	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	18	19

Second Day, May 5.

High average for the two days was made by Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, with a total of 346 out of a possible 380 targets. Fulford was second, McMurchy was third. In the amateur division, Griffth was first; Nobles second, and Brown was third. The latter two were from Olean, N. Y. Mr. J. Greene was high amateur average for the day. In the wheel event, a reentry contest at 15 targets, prize, a gold watch, Curtis won. "Uncle Ben" Catchpole, of Wolcott, was present, and shot well for a man of 80 years. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	20	15	25	20	20	15	20	20
Elliott	14	20	17	12	23	18	20	14	19	18
Clark	14	17	17	11	19	13	19	10	16	18
Griffth	11	18	20	14	17	18	16	15	18	19
McArdle	12	17	16	12	21	15	..	..	..	..
McMurchy	13	14	17	12	21	14	15	14	20	18
Marvin	14	13	19	14	23	15	16	12	20	17
Dalley	13	16	17	12	19	18	19	14	19	15
Wheeler	12	18	18	13	21	18	13	13	17	17
Adkin	13	19	14	12	18	17	18	14	15	18
Fulford	13	18	17	13	22	17	18	13	19	18
Lewis	15	15	18	11	23	18	17	14	..	..
Knapp	15	15	10	14	16	..	..	..	..	..
Kelsey	11	13	13	13	22	17	19	14	17	18
Greene	13	20	17	12	24	19	20	12	19	17
Nobles	11	13	18	13	22	16	18	15	20	19
Browning	11	18	17	12	22	18	10	13	19	18
Miller	13	17	13	9	15	..	..	..	..	..
Ross	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dailey	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Watson	14	18	16	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Newton	..	19	16	13	23	17	19	12	17	14
Cottle	..	13	17	12	24	..	..	..	..	..
Weller	..	..	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Burnett	..	..	..	9	..	18	..	9	..	..
Killick	..	..	..	15	..	15	..	9	..	..
Norton	..	..	..	..	..	11	17	13	..	20
Fraley	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Wride	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Kershner	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	15	17	17
Powers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	16	..
Kay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19
Stoddard	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Targets in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 6.—Flying target shooting, which has been dormant for the past six months, owing to the game shooting season, which has just closed with the departure of the snipe, is now reviving in all sections, and the prospects for an active season are very promising.

Championship Honors.

The first important event was the contest between A. L. Wilson, of Thornton, holder, and J. P. Wright, of Camden, challenger, for the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association diamond trophy, emblematic of the championship. This contest took place at Thornton, April 14, and the conditions were 50 targets per man. Wright experienced little trouble in winning by the fine score of 47 to Wilson's 36. The latter did not get his bearing until after the match, when he shot 94 per cent. for the remainder of the day. Wilson came into possession of the trophy last December by defeating I. J. Vick, of Pine Bluff, who for a long time was beating all comers.

Camden Club.

This is one of the thriving clubs of the State, and numbers among its members some of the very best shots. Shooters of the caliber of Wright, Brown, Morgan, Sevier, Powell and others can hold their own in any amateur company. Much friendly rivalry exists among these, so that after Wright won the championship he was not permitted to remain in undisputed possession long, and Morgan was the man who endeavored to wrest it from him. This argument was brought to an issue at Camden, May 3, and as is usual, the case proved to be quite interesting. The first string of 25 showed Morgan to be one to the good, and in the early stages of the second string he had increased this to three; but shortly after he bunched three unaccountable misses and Wright forged once more to the front, winning by 44 to 42. After the match Morgan discovered that he shot Brown's gun during the last half of the race, and this, in a measure, may have had some bearing on the results.

This was also the regular day for the weekly contest for the Hunter Arms Co. medal. This also was at 50 targets, Brown and Sevier tied with 45 out of 50, but in the shoot-off at 25 targets Sevier scored straight, winning by a good margin.

Capt. G. E. Bartlett, Paul R. Litzke and L. E. Knott, of Arkadelphia, were the visitors present. Capt. Bartlett was high man in the sweeps that followed, scoring 93 out of 100, which was the best performance of the day. Knott also shot well up to the top, scoring 81 out of 90.

The Camden Gun Club tournament, which will be held June 8 and 9, will be the first of the season in the State. The inducements will be $200 in cash added money, and the assurance of a good time. It is a pleasure to shoot over the Camden grounds, as the background is good and there are none where the trapping reaches such high standard of excellence. This club last season threw over 6,500 targets with one set of three expert traps, and its trappers are the most efficient I have ever seen. Those who are interested in the coming tournament should write to J. P. Wright, secretary, for programmes, which are now ready for distribution.

Arkansas Travelers.

This is an organization of traveling salesmen, and one feature of their first annual reunion at Newport, May 5, was a target shoot. The main event was a prize contest, which showed more than twenty entrics. The winners in this were W. R. Duley, Little Rock, first; D. Adams, Batesville, second; Lee Omohundro, Little Rock, third; Henry Patterson, Searcy, and Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, fourth. The amount of interest manifested will hereafter assure this feature at these annual reunions.

During the afternoon Capt. Bartlett, the celebrated expert, added to the entertainment by his customary exhibition of fancy shooting with rifles and shotgun, which was highly appreciated and much enjoyed by all present, as well as a revelation to many.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Ashland Gun Club.

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 5.—Scores of the Ashland Gun Club's last shoot, held Tuesday, May 3, are appended.

Club shoots the first and third Tuesdays of each month, these days being known as "medal days," they being the occasion of the club shoot for the gold medal, donated by the Peters Cartridge Co.

The traps of the club are open for practice every Tuesday afternoon, and visiting sportsmen are welcome to shoot for targets which are trapped for 1½ cent.

The clipping from a Lexington daily, also enclosed, gives notes of the shoot in a correct way, and demonstrates the local interest in the shooting line, as follows:

"The first round of the series was won by Woolfolk Henderson, who will be entitled to wear the medal until the second event takes place. He won by a straight score of 25 points. This is a high complimenet to the young marksman, and he was highly complimented by his brother members. All the shooting was of a high order, the lowest score made being 15 out of a possible 25 points.

"There are ten events in the series, making a possible total of 250 points, and the winner of each series will be entitled to carry and wear the medal until the next event is pulled off. At the end of the series the one getting the highest score will become the owner of the medal. Henderson's scores were made from the 18-yard line.

"Among the visitors present and who participated in the shoot were Messrs. Pinney, Oldham, Kemper and Williams, of the Mt. Sterling Gun Club, and J. Quincy Ward, of Paris, president of the Kentucky Trap Shooters' League. The latter put in a big boost for the State shooting tournament, which takes place at Mt. Sterling, May 24 and 25.

"After the shoot the members of the Ashland Gun Club decided to send representatives to the State tournament at Mt. Sterling and to the Grand American Handicap, which will be held at Indianapolis in June. This event is to the members of the various American gun clubs what the Derby is to race-goers, and thonsands will be attracted to it from all parts of the country."

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	25	15	15	15	25
Howard Curry, 15	5	8	9	5	10	..	..
Jeff Harp, 16	5	5	14	8	10	..	..
L M Lond, 14	3	2	10	..	..	..	..
E P Perry, 14	7	3	14	9	7	..	16
G K Graves, 14	8	6	9	5	..	..	..
W Barrow, 16	6	..	18	7	11	10	..
W VanDeren, 15	7	8	11	8	10	11	..
R H Smith, 16	..	..	17	13	10	11	18
W Strader, 16	..	6	16	9	..	..	..
R R Skinner, 18	..	8	17	..	..	..	..
W Henderson, 18	..	10	25	14	..	..	..
J Q Ward, 16	6	9	23	..	..	..	24
J Kemper, 16	..	..	19	9	12	19	18
J Oldham, 16	..	..	17	11	11	11	..
S S Penney, 16	..	..	22	12	12	13	23

Event No. 3 was the club shoot for the Peters gold medal. The last four men were visitors, and shot for targets only.

ROBERT R. SKINNER, Mgr.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., May 4.—Fifteen shooters devoted two and a half hours toward increasing their trapshooting averages to-day at the Boston Gun Club second last weekly shoot, and while some were quite well satisfied with the results, the majority were on the fence, and would have been better satisfied if there had been just a little more time to shoot a few more "just having found them and would not miss another in a week."

John Bell was easily the star performer for the afternoon, "just for fun" negotiating a straight match score, which is a rare thing on these grounds, and climbing up 5 targets on total score, a lead of 3 targets over Griffiths, who at one time had the lead clinched. John's score of to-day necessitates the judgment of the handicappers, and next series seems two yards tacked on to his distance. He will not be the only one, however, as Frank and Griff are slated for an additional yard each, in hopes that the rest may get within hailing distance of a first at least once in a while. Nothing like the distance handicap, so think all the Boston Gun Club members, and it has done a world of good for all the clubs that have tried it.

Frank's average of to-day was a good one, and was right on edge, as each target was totally blotted out and saved the scorer lots of the worry that quite frequently comes his way. Every one was tickled to see the average go his way, as no more popular shooter ever presents himself at the grounds, and is a great friend of all shooters.

The team match results were, as expected, Frank and Bell now being sure winners.

Other scores, distance handicap:

Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	10	Av.
Frank, 18	8	13	14	7	15	7	..	..	.853
Bell, 18	6	12	15	10	11	9	9	8	.800
Smith, 18	6	10	9	6	11	7	..	9	.682
Blinn, 16	3	12	11	8	12	6	14	6	.720
Owen, 16	7	6	13	9	9	6	10	8	.680
Woodruff, 17	8	9	10	9	12	7	12	6	.730
W M W, 16	7	11	12	6	11	8	..	..	.733
Williams, 16	4	..	..	..	8	4	..	..	.457
Burns, 16	6	11	11	5	11	7	12	7	.700
Hodsdon, 19	..	12	11	6	9	8	..	..	.708
Bryan, 16	..	6	3	3	7	3	7	2	.344
Davis, 16	..	3	3	..	..	..	..	..	.200
Gardiner, 16	..	..	7	7	10	6	..	..	.600
Ford, 16	..	..	14	5	13	6	11	10	.786
Measure, 16	..	..	8	7	10	8	..	..	.660

Team match:

Frank	15	7—22	Blinn	12	6—18
Bell	11	9—20—42	Owen	9	6—15—33
Smith	11	7—18	Ford	13	6—19
W M W	11	8—19—37	Williams	8	4—12—31
Woodruff	12	7—19	Burns	11	7—18
Hodsdon	9	8—17—36	Bryant	7	3—10—28

Prize match, 25, unknown angles:

Bell, 18	1111111111111111111111111—25
Owen, 16	1011111111110111011111111—22
Frank, 18	1011111111111111101111100—21
Blin, 16	0110111011101111101111011—19
Woodruff, 17	1001101111101101111111110—19
Ford, 16	1101111111111111010011010—19
W M W, 16	1111111101100110111111000—18
Hodsdon, 19	1111101010111011110001011—17
Burns, 16	0111011101111010101011100—16
Smith, 16	0011110110101011110110010—15
Measure, 16	0100101010111010111001111—15
Gardiner, 16	0110111001010001100101111—14
Bryant, 16	0000000100101000001011000— 6
Davis, 16	000000000100101w

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., May 7.—The scores made at the shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day are appendcd:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	25	15	25
Tower	6	6	8	2	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Eickhoff	4	4	5	5	10	6	4	7	17	..	18
Morrison	..	8	8	6	5	6	11	9	14	..	12
Vosselman	..	7	7	9	6	9	11	..	19	10	..
Richter	..	5	6	7	6	8	9	7	18	16	..
Schramm	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	4	17	11	..
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	7	11

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Emerald Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., May 3.—There were twenty contestants at the shoot of the Emerald Gun Club at Outwater's, to-day. There were two shoots in one day, respectively for May and June. Messrs. James and Gille were guests. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier was referee; Mr. "Johnnie Jones" was scorer. Each event was at 10 live birds. The scores:

Colquitt, 30	1212211122—10	11*2112112— 9
Koegel, 30	2112212112—10	211212*212— 9
Kall, 25	0110101121— 7	120*201021— 6
Schorty, 32	2220120202— 6	12121122*2— 9
Henry, 28	2012211120— 8	0201012101— 6
Short, 28	2212202110— 8	0221202122— 8
Schoverling, 30	2211120221— 9	2222222222—10
Kracke, 28	0102012011— 6	1210021121— 8
Dr. Hudson, 28	1222122211—10	11*1120122— 8
Piercy, 30	2112020102— 7	22120**112— 7
Van Valkenberg, 28	2222222222—10	2022222122— 9
Keim, 28	0212102111— 8	1012022012— 7
May, 28	2221*02100— 6	111*210222— 8
Fischer, 28	2111200000— 5	1121210211— 9
Charles, 25	021*012012— 6	1*1**20202— 5
Whitley, 28	2211022212— 9	2020010220— 5
Morrison, 28	01111221*0— 7	*1*2021111— 7
James, 28	1120000002— 4	.....
Gille, 25	01012020*0— 4	.....
Catton, 28	1200020212— 6	10120222*2— 7

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., May 7.—The usual crowd was present at the Saturday afternoon shoot to-day. Some sixteen hundred targets were thrown. Quite a strong easterly wind was blowing directly into the faces of the marksmen, causing the targets to take some very peculiar curves at times, and thus rendering the shooting very uneven.

Scores of event No. 1 apply on the contest for the Parker gun.

Event No. 2, a handicap match, 25 targets, prize a pearl opera glass, went to Mr. Kendall.

Event No. 3, a walk-up match, 10 targets, was tied for by Messrs. Bush and Wheeler, and on the toss went to Mr. Bush; prize, a gun cleaning set.

Event No. 4, 10 singles and 5 doubles was won by Mr. Kendall by a scorc of 16.

At the close of the shooting a brief business session was held, at which it was decided to increase the membership limit to 100.

Scores hercwith:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	50	25	10	20
G Batten, 8	26	21	9	..
H F Holloway, 7	22	16	..	..
C W Kendall, 3	39	25	4	16
Gunther	44	..	..	..
Cockefair, 1	28	20	6	14
Babcock	33	..	7	..
Wheeler, 3	35	23	10	12
Doremus, 8	16	23	8	..
T E Batten, 4	36	21	6	19

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	50	25	10	20
Dennis	23	..	..	..
Holzderber, 4	31	21	4	9
Winslow, 8	25	18	..	..
Crane, 5	23	19	6	..
Benson, 2	28	20	5	12
Dr. Latham, 7	40	24	..	..
Bush, 6	..	23	10	..
Dr Chitterling	..	..	..	4

Handicaps apply only in event No. 2.

ED. WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—The semi-monthly contest for the L. C. Smith badge brought out two full squads, all intent upon making the most of the fine weather conditions, good scores being in evidence in spite of balky traps. Powel and Manchester tied on 44, the latter winning the shoot-off, miss-and-out. Ed. Peckham, after a protracted absence from the traps, demonstrated that he had not forgotten how to point his gun, so that the load would do the most good. The scores:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10		Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	
Manchester	8	8	9	9	10	44	Hughes	8	9	8	7	6	38
Powel	8	9	9	9	9	44	Dring	7	8	7	8	6	36
Bowler	8	9	9	8	9	43	H A Peckham	5	9	6	7	5	32
Mason	8	8	9	8	7	40	Alexander	8	6	8	6	4	32
E Peckham	5	10	9	7	8	39	Gosling	7	7	4	8	5	31

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Manchester 4, Powel 3.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., May 7.—For the gun trophy, a 50-target handicap event, there were six contestants. In the shoot-off of the tie, Barnes won. The handicaps and scores follow: Dr. J. G. Knowlton (2) 39, W. J. Elias (10) 43, G. Bechtel (8) 47, V. Wheeler (15) 30, F. L. Barnes (10) 37, C. S. King (17) 35.

Special cup, handicap, 25 targets: F. L. Barnes (5) 25, Dr. J. G. Knowlton (2) 25, W. J. Elias (5) 20, W. Bechtel (4) 21, H. C. Palmer (5) 12.

Special cup No. 2: F. L. Barnes (4) 23, Dr. J. G. Knowlton (1) 22, W. J. Elias (4) 24, G. Bechtel (4) 21, H. C. Palmer (8) 14. Mr. Elias won.

Event, 25 targets: F. L. Barnes (4) 21, Dr. J. G. Knowlton (1) 21, W. J. Elias (4) 25, G. Bechtel (5) 23, H. C. Palmer (12) 20,

Interstate Tournament at Nashville.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 7.—The Interstate Association's tournament given at Nashville, Tenn., May 4 and 5, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club, was a profound success. The attendance, especially from out of the city, was larger than was to be expected, contestants being present from all parts of the country.

An ideal day and a big crowd marked the opening day. A large party of sportsmen boarded the Spruce and Glendale car at the Duncan Hotel and the Maxwell House, and all along the line parties and individuals were picked up until the car was comfortably filled. There were enough local and foreign sportsmen aboard this car alone to guarantee the tournament would be a success, and when the party reached the grounds a number of early risers were found to be already on hand with ammunition and guns ready to begin the day's sport and impatient for the first call of "pull."

The shooting was fair from the start, and the morning's programme was put through with such celerity that six events were completed by noon, and when lunch was announced everyone was in good humor, the high and low score men joking as they gathered around the lunch stand. The afternoon's programme was also finished in good time, many of the contestants desiring to attend the base ball game which marked the opening of the season in Nashville.

Among the manufacturers' agents, Mr. H. N. Kirby was in first place with a score of 165 out of 175 shot at. Mr. C. G. Spencer was second with 164, and Mr. H. B. Money, third, with 163.

Among the amateurs Mr. J. F. Fletcher was first with 162; Mr. W. G. Harris was second, with 155, and Mr. Frank Legler third, with 154.

The second day developed quite as good interest, and almost as large a number of entries as upon the first day. The first squad went to the traps a little earlier than on the opening day, and the programme was again finished in ample time to attend the ball game, which seemed to be quite an attraction for a number of the contestants.

Mr. C. G. Spencer led the manufacturers' agents the second day with a score of 168 out of 175 shot at. Mr. H. B. Money was in second place with 165, and Mr. F. C. Riehl third, with 162.

Mr. J. F. Fletcher was again high amateur with 167 out of the 175. Mr. W. A. Baker was in second place with 162, and Foxy Quiller third, with 159.

First general average was won by Mr. C. G. Spencer with a score of 332 out of 350. Mr. J. F. Fletcher was second with 329, and Mr. H. B. Money third, with 328.

Mr. Fletcher also won the silver loving cup presented by the Gray-Dudley Hardware Company to the amateur making the highest average shooting through the entire programme both days.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Money, Trimble, Skelly, White, Cassity, Anthony, Waters, Riehl, Spencer, Cuddy and Kirby. Mr. Irby Bennett, general agent of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, and President of the Interstate Association, was also present both days.

Two sets of traps were used, and the sportsmen were all loud in their praise of the lay of the grounds, the arrangements of the shooting lodge and the general conducting of the tournament. The scores of both days follow:

First Day, May 4.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	20		
W G Harris	13	13	15	12	13	18	15	17	19	20	175	155
A Meaders	10	14	12	11	13	20	19	17	20	17	175	153
H Watkins	8	12	12	12	12	18	17	17	15	20	175	143
R J Lyle	11	12	11	13	13	15	14	14	14	15	175	132
Frank Legler	12	12	15	13	13	19	17	16	19	18	175	154
H B Money	12	15	12	14	15	20	19	19	19	18	175	163
Justin King	13	12	14	14	14	18	19	15	16	14	175	149
A M Hatcher	15	14	10	14	11	17	18	15	17	17	175	148
R L Trimble	14	14	13	15	13	18	16	18	20	19	175	160
J T Cecil	7	9	8	12	6	15	8	15	11	13	175	106
Lee Moody	10	10	13	14	11	16	18	15	15	17	175	139
H C Abbott	10	11	11	13	13	16	16	17	17	17	175	141
"Foxy Quiller"	12	12	13	13	15	15	19	15	19	20	175	153
J F Fletcher	15	13	15	15	14	18	20	16	17	19	175	162
J T Skelly	9	11	13	14	13	18	12	17	11	12	175	130
J T Anthony	13	11	12	13	12	18	17	17	16	18	175	147
W A Baker	12	14	12	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	75	55
Buck Morton	13	12	13	11	13	17	15	18	16	17	175	145
Hood Waters	13	14	12	11	13	18	18	18	15	18	175	150
John Noel	10	14	12	11	12	17	18	16	18	14	175	142
F C Riehl	12	15	14	15	12	19	17	20	18	18	175	160
J T Armstrong	13	13	11	13	11	20	15	19	19	16	175	150
J B Martin	10	7	11	13	11	17	15	15	16	15	175	130
P C Ward	13	15	13	12	11	19	19	20	16	20	175	148
Mont Ward	11	12	8	10	12	15	12	14	14	16	175	124
W W Watson	11	10	9	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	75	53
W J Polk	12	11	11	14	12	15	16	18	17	16	175	142
Lee Ridley	12	12	8	10	12	16	15	15	17	13	175	130
G P Rose, Jr.	6	11	10	9	11	16	14	16	16	17	175	126
J C Browder	13	10	9	8	13	18	16	15	17	18	175	137
C G Spencer	13	14	14	14	14	19	20	19	18	19	175	164
H S McCleskey	12	13	14	12	10	16	16	18	15	19	175	145
A L O'Connell	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	23
W M Brown	13	11	14	12	12	14	17	16	17	14	175	140
S O Cundy	9	14	11	13	14	16	17	17	14	17	175	142
C O Prouse	14	12	13	10	11	20	19	18	17	17	175	151
J V Hobson	15	9	12	8	13	15	17	15	14	13	175	131
J M Granberry	9	10	8	10	8	15	6	10	..	..	135	76
C A Ingraham	11	12	10	14	14	17	16	17	..	..	135	119
Jim Lewis	9	13	9	15	10	19	17	16	14	17	175	139
H M Kirby	15	14	14	15	14	20	16	19	18	20	175	165
W W Porter	12	12	11	11	10	18	18	17	14	17	175	140
A T McQuigg	9	7	6	6	6	..	15	13	..	17	135	97
A M Hunter	..	..	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	21
H C Moore	..	..	10	9	12	..	16	15	..	13	105	75
Duncan Kenner	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	13	8	16	100	65
C W Pennington	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	9	..	11	69	36
P M Allen	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	16	..	..	40	33
J A Sedberry	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	14	60	38
Wm. Gerst	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	20	8

Second Day, May 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	20		
W G Harris	12	13	14	11	11	17	18	16	16	19	175	147
A Meaders	12	14	13	14	13	19	18	17	17	16	175	153
H Watkins	10	14	11	14	11	18	12	19	15	16	175	145
R J Lyle	15	14	11	11	14	17	17	18	18	11	175	146
Frank Legler	14	15	11	11	11	18	17	16	18	18	175	149
H B Money	13	14	14	15	15	19	18	19	19	19	175	165
Justin King	13	13	10	11	13	19	18	17	15	18	175	147
A M Hatcher	14	13	14	15	12	18	19	16	16	19	175	156
R L Trimble	11	14	10	13	15	19	19	20	19	19	175	159
J T Cecil	10	11	8	13	8	13	15	14	16	18	175	126
"Foxy Quiller"	15	13	12	13	12	18	18	19	20	19	175	159
H C Abott	14	14	12	12	11	17	17	17	18	19	175	149
J F Fletcher	15	15	15	14	13	17	20	19	19	20	175	167
J T Skelly	12	11	13	13	12	18	16	13	11	16	175	135
J T Anthony	13	13	13	14	12	17	16	17	17	17	175	149
H N Kirby	12	10	13	14	13	18	15	18	16	19	175	148
Buck Morton	12	14	13	12	8	16	15	20	18	17	175	145
Hood Waters	14	12	13	11	13	19	15	16	19	19	175	151
John Noel	8	11	13	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	75	53
F C Riehl	15	14	13	13	15	18	19	18	19	18	175	162
Lee Moody	12	11	14	12	12	19	15	18	15	16	175	144
J T Armstrong	12	12	15	13	12	19	16	17	17	18	175	151
H C Moore	6	12	7	8	10	17	13	11	17	17	175	118
P C Ward	13	13	14	12	14	19	19	17	16	17	175	154
J B Martin	14	13	13	10	13	15	16	19	17	17	175	147
Jim Lewis	12	14	15	11	14	19	18	18	13	18	175	152
W J Polk	11	13	13	15	10	18	16	18	20	17	175	151
G P Rose, Jr.	9	11	9	15	13	15	15	17	13	18	175	133
Wm. Armstead	13	12	15	13	13	14	14	17	17	17	175	145
J J Gray	8	11	9	10	7	17	13	14	15	15	175	119
C G Spencer	14	15	15	15	13	19	19	19	19	20	175	168
H S McCleskey	13	12	10	13	12	15	16	18	19	18	175	146
W N Brown	13	7	13	14	13	16	16	19	20	17	175	148
W E Gordon	13	14	13	10	8	19	13	13	..	..	155	103
W A Baker	13	15	13	13	12	20	18	19	20	19	175	162
C O Prouse	12	14	14	14	14	17	16	18	18	19	175	156
W W Porter	11	13	12	12	8	19	13	18	14	14	175	134
E T Wells	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	11
C W Pennington	..	..	8	11	9	13	12	8	..	..	105	61
H N Crockett	..	..	6	9	7	11	..	..	..	..	65	33
J M Granberry	..	..	..	..	9	16	..	..	..	..	35	25
C A Ingraham	..	..	..	..	12	18	..	..	..	..	35	30
S O Cundy	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	12	12	80	53
C L Eastman	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	10	18	80	51

Ohio Trap.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE series of ten shoots for the amateur championship of the club at flying targets was started on May 1, seven members entering. The match is at 100 targets per man, ten shoots, one each week throughout May and June. No match will be postponed except on account of bad weather, in which case two matches will be shot on the next date, and no one can shoot his score in this match in connection with any other club event. The first match was shot on May 1, and Barker led with 95, his nearest competitor being Faran, with 92. The weather was not the best for high scores, and these two certainly did good work to break over 90 per cent. The scores follow:

First match in club amateur championship series, 100 targets per man: Barker 95, Le Compte 94, Faran 92, Gambell 86, Harig 84, Williams 80, Ahlers 80, Maynard 78. Le Compte did not compete.

The following scores were made in the April 30 Parker prize gun series, the first of the following week, by those unable to be present on the regular club day: Gambell (10) 100, Dick (22) 100, Maynard (18) 92, Ryebolt (30) 100, Bleh (35) 100, Sampson (30) 98, H. Sunderbruch (40) 100, Cunningham (50) 100.

May 7 was oppressively warm, but a fair number of shooters were at the grounds, and twenty-two took part in the cash prize shoot. Considerable shooting has been done during the week and a number of interesting matches shot, especially one on May 2 between Gambell and the first secretary of the club, J. A. Penn. In a 100-target race on the 5th Williams broke 92, a score that only a very few of the shooters here make. Gambell's 91 in this match shows he is getting the hang of his new gun. The scores:

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets: Harig (18) 45, Faran (19) 43, Gambell (16) 43, Maynard (18) 41, Ahlers (21) 40, Medico (18) 40, Peters (17) 40, Jay Bee (17) 39, Williams (16) 39, Herman (17) 38, Don Minto (16) 38, Block (18) 36, Eaton (17) 36, Falk (16) 36, Ackley (17) 32, Captain (16) 27, Weller (16) 26, Bullerdick (18) 25, Roll (19) 44, Pohlar (17) 43, Pfieffer (17) 32, Pete (16) 27.

Match at 50 targets:

Gambell 42, Harig 42; total 84.

Medico 40, Faran 44; total 84.

Shoot-off, 25 targets:

Gambell 21, Harig 20; total 41.

Medico 23, Faran 22; total 45.

Match, Penn vs. Gambell, 50 targets, May 2: Gambell 48, Penn 44.

Match, 100 targets, May 5: Williams 92, Gambell 91, Block 89, Don Minto 85, Medico 82.

Berea Gun Club.

At the regular club badge shoot on May 2, Inaugh was high man in actual breaks, and took the badge on a full handicap score:

Club badge shoot, 25 targets, handicap of added targets: Inaugh (5) 25, Fiedler (8) 23, Mohr (12) 23, Bailey 20, Patton (3) 20, North 20, H. Smith (1) 19, Knowlton (5) 19, Chamberlin (3) 18, McCorden (9) 18, Stone 16, Neubrand (6) 16, Clafflin (2) 16, Cliff 15, Copeland 15, Brown 14, Burneson (1) 13, R. Smith 3.

Cleveland Gun Club.

Cleveland, O.—On April 30, thirty-two shooters competed in the main event at 50 targets from known traps, unknown angles. Sanford and Sheldon tied for first on 45. The scores: Sheldon 45, Sanford 45, Williams 44, Mac 43, Doolittle 43, F. W. J. 43, Jock 43, Frank 41, Saffold 42, Hopkins 41, Wilson 40, Bantes 38, L. A. Hall 38, Hogen 36, Payn 36, J. I. C. 36, Head 34, Cliff 34, Hall 34, P. North 34, Scott 32, C. C. Hogen 31, W. G. K. 31, Thorp 30, Stevens 29, Bigelow 29, Wetzel 27, Wood 21, Purcell 18, Davis 18, Poole 16, Truniper 11.

Greenville Gun Club.

The attendance at the club shoot on May 2 was smaller than usual, as several of the members attended the tournament at Franklin. B. G. Eidson and H. A. McCaughey tied for high gun in full scores of 25 each. Westerfield second with 23, and Fullmer third with 22.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O.

Dayton, O.—The club held its regular handicap contest for the medal and championship on May 4, and the attendance was good. Kette, Barr and Ford broke the full score, and in the shoot-off Kette won, breaking 12 out of 14 shot at.

Sandusky Gun Club.

Sandusky, O.—At the regular badge shoot of the club on May 4 John Deist again won the badge with a score of 23 out of 25. The sport of the afternoon was finished with a match between two five-man teams, captained by Mattern and Schnaitter. The teams tied at 10 targets per man, and in the shoot-off at 5 targets the latter's team won by 3 targets.

Hamilton Gun Club.

Hamilton, O.—The fourth trophy shoot of the series was shot on May 5, and resulted in a victory for Parker, with the excellent score of 49, missing but one target. Link was second with 45, a score which ought to be a winning one. A team match was shot, four on each team. Mrs. Ayres shot on the winning team, breaking 20. B. B. on the same team was high gun with 25.

Springfield Gun Club.

Springfield, O.—The regular club shoot was held on May 6. Watkins was high gun for the day with 87 out of 100; Wilson second, 76, and Poole third, 75. In the Young handicap medal race Stofford won with 24, missing but one target. Wilson won the Wilson trophy event with 21.

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin, O.—The attendance at the tournament of the club scheduled for May 2 and 3, was for various reasons so small that no attempt was made to follow the programme, and the second day was cancelled. It seems too bad after all the work which is done in advance to make such an affair a success the shooters did not respond better, and encourage the management by their presence.

C. O. Le Compte was the star of the occasion, breaking 99 out of 100, missing his 93d target. Kirby was also in better form than recently, and accounted for 87. Potter came third with 83. Dial shot in an event at 15 targets kith Wadderstra, breaking 14 to the latter's 15.

BONASA.

Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

THE first day of the second tournament of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, shot on the grounds of the Derry Gun Club, at Derry, Pa., May 3 and 4, opened with fine weather. Forty shooters faced the traps. A strong south wind blew most of the day, but notwithstanding this, some excellent scores were made. Shooters were present from Pittsburg, De Bois, Butler, Wilkinsburg, Ruffsdale, Scottsdale, Irwin, Tyrone, Greensburg, Ligonier, Winburne and Bradenville.

The trade representatives were Messrs. Chas. G. Grubb, Luther J. Squier and H. P. Fessenden.

High average for the day was made by L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, who broke 166 out of 175 targets, and had a continuous run of 80 targets.

Second average for the day was made by R. S. Deniker, of Ruffsdale, who broke 163 out of 175 targets, and had a run of 65 straight.

Third average was made by Burgess Hickey, of Millvale, who broke 160 out of 175, and Kelsey and Armbrust tied for fourth with 158 out of 175.

The Westmoreland County League five-man team race, was won by Ligonier: Denny 38, Heniker 49, Breniser 44, Menoher 44 and Ramsey 40; total, 215 out of 250.

The Derry team was second: Kimmell 47, Meyers 40, Yealy 43, Best 48, and Stewart 32; total, 210.

The Scottsdale team was third: Lint 42, Cope 46, Yahner 42, Hines 34, Armbrust 43; total 207.

Scores for the day follow:

May 3, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	175
Fleming	14	19	13	19	13	19	15	20	15	19	166
Deniker	11	19	15	17	15	19	15	20	15	17	163
Hickey	14	18	14	19	11	20	13	19	14	18	160
Armbrust	14	19	15	19	14	18	11	18	14	16	158
Kelsey	13	19	14	19	11	17	14	20	14	17	158
Best	12	18	12	16	15	18	15	20	13	18	157
Squier	12	19	13	18	14	18	13	19	15	15	156
E W Kelly	12	17	14	18	15	19	13	16	13	19	156
Miller	10	17	13	18	15	17	14	20	12	20	156
Kimmell	12	17	14	15	14	19	14	17	14	15	151
Lint	11	19	13	17	12	17	13	17	13	17	149
Wampler	11	17	15	16	12	18	13	19	12	16	149
Witherol	12	16	14	16	14	19	10	19	11	17	147
Menoher	14	15	12	19	14	19	11	14	12	17	147
Smith	8	16	14	17	12	19	12	17	12	19	146
Ramsey	12	15	13	16	11	17	12	19	14	17	146
Meyers	13	19	11	17	14	13	13	17	13	16	146
Pontefreck	8	17	13	15	14	18	13	19	10	18	145
McGlashcm	13	16	15	15	12	14	14	17	13	15	144
Lowe	11	15	11	15	10	18	18	13	11	13	125
Grego	8	15	11	19	11	19	12	19	13	13	140
Knode	14	11	12	16	15	17	14	14	14	13	140
Hackett	10	12	13	18	11	17	11	17	12	15	136
Wolfe	9	13	12	14	12	17	13	16	14	13	133
Hicks	13	15	11	16	13	15	12	14	10	14	133
Suter	13	19	12	17	13	18	13	17	11	..	133
Benton	11	13	11	12	11	16	12	15	13	15	129
Bremiser	13	12	13	16	11	18	15	17	11	..	126
Denny	8	12	3	17	12	17	9	17	14	17	126
Brown	10	15	13	19	13	15	12	18	9	..	124
Henderson	9	13	8	13	10	17	10	16	9	14	109
Yealy	15	18	10	13	14	15	14	..	..	..	99
Stewart	12	12	11	15	11	13	8	..	..	..	82
Koontz	13	18	..	..	..	18	13	14	..	..	76
Cope	..	..	13	..	14	20	12	..	..	..	59
O'Donnell	..	..	..	..	9	9	13	13	10	..	54
Yahner	..	..	10	..	11	19	12	..	..	..	52
Hines	..	..	12	..	10	14	10	..	..	..	46
Pyle	14	17	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	42
W Kelly	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	4

May 4, Second Day.

The second day of the tournament was an ideal one for good scores, the wind of the first day of the shoot having died down to nearly nothing. Twenty shooters faced the traps and of these Burgess Hickey was high gun, breaking 169 out of 175 targets. R. S. Deniker was second with 166. L. J. Squier was third with 165. L. B. Fleming was fourth with 161. First average for the two days was made by Burgess Hickey, of Millvale, Pa., and R. S. Deniker, of Ruffsdale, Pa., each breaking 329 out of 350. L. B. Fleming was second with 327. L. J. Squier, of Wilmington, Del., third with 321, and J. Best, of Derry, Pa., fourth with 316.

L. J. Squier made a run of 93 straight. The team race to-day resulted as follows:

North Side Gun Club was first. The members and scores were: Fleming 43, Deniker 49, Pontefract 45; total 137.

Irwin Gun Club team was second: Trego 44, Lowe 41, Witherow 46; total 131.

Herron Hill Gun Club was third: King 46, Rahn 42, Louis 41; total 129.

Derry Gun Club team was fourth: Meyers 39, Yealy 40, Best 45; total 124.

The Wawaset team shot along, but not being in the League, their scores did not count; still they made the best showing, as follows: Hickey 48, Squier 50, Calhoun 46; total 144.

Scores of the second day are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	175
Hickey	15	19	14	18	14	19	15	20	15	20	169
Deniker	13	17	15	20	14	20	15	20	13	19	166
Squier	13	18	14	17	15	20	14	20	15	18	165
Fleming	15	18	15	18	14	16	13	18	14	20	161
Trego	13	18	14	19	12	18	14	19	15	18	160
King	13	20	13	18	14	19	13	19	14	17	160
E W Kelly	14	15	14	17	14	19	15	19	14	18	159
Best	14	18	12	18	13	18	14	20	15	17	159
A B Kelly	15	17	14	15	14	18	13	20	13	18	157
Witherow	13	20	13	17	13	19	14	18	12	17	156
Wolfe	13	17	14	18	15	19	14	16	14	16	156
Calhoun	12	20	14	17	14	17	15	18	12	17	156
Hackett	13	18	14	18	12	18	13	18	14	16	154
Lint	13	18	13	17	12	19	11	18	10	18	149
Meyers	15	19	15	18	13	13	13	15	12	15	148
Pontefract	14	17	12	19	13	19	13	14	11	14	146
Rohm	13	16	13	17	14	17	11	15	10	20	146
Stewart	14	19	13	13	12	15	13	18	11	15	143
Lowe	13	16	13	15	13	16	12	17	12	15	142
Hicks	11	18	13	18	12	13	13	15	9	18	140
Benton	13	18	12	18	11	13	11	17	14	13	140
T J	14	14	17	16	14	14	15	15	13	20	140
Yealey	14	19	12	18	12	16	12	..	..	..	103
Pyle	13	20	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	65
E J Kelly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	15	43
Kimmell	12	16	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	41
Louis	..	..	..	..	13	17	11	..	..	..	..	41
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	19		34
Buell	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	15	8	..		28

H. P. F.

WESTERN TRAP.

Texas State Tournament.

HOUSTON, Tex., May 4.—The greatest of interest was centered in the live-bird contest, which was the opening event of the Texas State tournament, started here yesterday. There were so many entries that the shoot was not finished in one day. The birds were fine, and, the day in their favor, many of the good shots fell away badly. All the professionals and some of the best amateurs barely reached third and fourth money.

E. J. Nalle, of Austin was the only Texas man able to land the 20 straight, and he is now Texas' live-bird champion. He shot steady, and was in luck, as was Boisseau, of Shreveport, La., who shot, as did others, for the sweep.

F. K. Sterrett, of Abilene, was the lucky good shoot who alone scored 19 and took away the first money prize.

Mrs. Sterrett showed what a woman can do when put to the test. Together with her husband, they drove thirty-five miles across country, caught train for Houston and began to shoot as soon as they arrived on the ground. Bryan Heard was not shooting up to form of other years, and lost 4.

The visitors were given a trolley ride in the evening, which all enjoyed. The scores:

First Day.

Shoot for $400 State live-bird medal:

Heard	20120012222210222222—16
Moore	22111111122210202012—17
Tucker	20102202222221020012—14
Wade	22122012221212212120—18
Faurote	20020220102022012222—13
Ingraham	22122010221222221222—18
Cleveland	22102200012221221221—16
Nalle	12221222222222222222—20
Jackson	12200022022021221222—15
Parker	12201222102221220220—16
Lewis	20120221202222122222—17
Gallager	22012022100220222122—15
Dyer	11211202022212222212—18
Guessaz	22211220102221222212—18
Chaudett	22211021101221212221—18
Kauffman	22202022222220202222—16
Du Bray	22002222121110222200—15
D Jackson	20012212012220122212—16
Miller	12102222012220222022—16
Hubby	02222222210222222220—17
Lucas	10202222002211020102—13
Gardiner	10222122212221222020—17
Sterrett	12012221222122122222—19
Mrs. Sterrett	11121110100001w
J M Hutchins	02002100221202w
S Hutchins	01102010200012101000— 9
Stith	20000102000002021212— 9
S Kannall	21001020212201212212—15
Boisseau	22222222222222222222—20
Prickett	21020122102220212112—16
Marston	01001220112020222222—14
Bosley	10220102012200122012—13
Moeser	22022211220222222222—18
Fosgard	22200122220022220222—15
Speight	00012200200w
Hughes	20101001012222212212—14
Atchinson	20222222222222222202—18
Turner	11122111212012012012—17
Bryan	00022022010222020212—12
J A Jones	12001220122010221212—15
Avione	00222022222021221212—16
Jones	02002220202022w
Sanders	10202201200111201222—14

Second Day.

It rained out at Highland Park, where the shoot was being continued, as there are more target shooters than live-bird shots even in this great game country. There were fifty-eight shooters out for the various events.

The rain had interfered on Tuesday, and the shooting was fast and furious to-day, as the pieces of the targets rained into the flood that swept down the river in front of the score. This was a handicap shoot, none but the traveling men being put at 19yds. and but two of the State men at 18yds., while there were twelve at the 15yd. and three at the 14yd. mark.

The individual medal was up to-day, and for the second time was won by Faurote. His fine score of 49 was tied by Dr. Hann, but on the shoot-off the Doctor got nervous and missed 9 targets, while the old experienced shot made 24.

In the evening the entire party, with a brass band to lead it, was taken over the city, and a general good time was had, as with singing, shouting and speaking, the citizens could easily discern that a crowd of "crazy" shooters was aboard.

When the crowd had spent some three hours on a tour of the city, then came the attentions that Bryan Heard and others desired should be paid to the inner man, and an elegant luncheon was spread, to which all did justice.

Some of the shooters are disposed to bar the traveling men from shooting in the State events for medals, etc. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Faurote, 19	17	17	19	14	15	19	16	18	15	16
Hubby, 19	17	18	17	17	16	17	15	17	17	18
Miller, 19	15	16	15	10	15	20	15	16	13	15
Wade, 19	16	18	15	17	14	17	16	19	17	17
Sligo, 18	16	18	18	15	16	18	13	18	17	20
Atchison, 18	16	20	17	15	16	20	17	18	17	19
Kauffman, 17	17	17	16	16	17	11	14	15	18	17
Jones, 17	10	18	14	18	13	18	9	17	17	19
Ingraham, 17	18	18	17	13	17	17	15	17	10	16
Heard, 17	14	18	14	18	15	19	11	17	14	16
D Jackson, 17	18	17	14	17	17	18	17	17	15	18
J Jackson, 17	13	18	13	17	16	18	17	19	15	19
V C, 17	17	17	16	17	15	18	12	20	15	17
Sense, 17	16	15	16	18	17	20	16	16	13	17
Bosley, 17	15	17	15	15	16	17	16	19	18	19
Boisseau, 17	13	17	12	18	15	17	16	17	15	17
Moeser, 17	17	19	17	20	16	19	20	16	20	18
Gilstrap, 17	17	18	18	16	16	18	18	20	19	20
Conlisk, 17	17	18	19	17	17	18	..	17	18	14
Chaudet, 16	13	19	17	13	14	19	14	19	14	18
Marston, 16	16	15	13	12	13	13	16	16	12	16
Connerly, 16	17	12	18	15	17	17	17	17	17	20
Nalle, 16	13	13	15	15	18	16	16	18	16	17
Harrell, 16	14	14	20	18	16	18	12	18	13	17
Fulton, 16	12	16	14	15	13	14	18	17	16	18
Forsgard, 16	17	18	15	19	16	20	15	18	16	15
Moore, 16	13	16	13	15	16	14	13	14	14	18
Bryan, 16	11	13	14	15	11	19	14	16	17	16
Booker, 16	17	13	15	19	13	16	17	14	16	17
Pickett, 16	14	16	12	19	17	19	16	18	17	12
Guessaz, 16	15	16	12	9	15	18	18	13	15	15
Sterritt, 16	14	13	13	17	14	17	16	19	15	18
Turner, 16	16	15	15	16	15	16	14	18	14	17
Cleveland, 16	14	14	14	18	12	18	14	19	14	14
Funk, 16	15	19	15	18	12	14	..	..	..	..
Orr, 15	15	16	13	19	9	15	17	15	13	14
Lewis, 15	14	17	17	18	15	16	17	18	18	19
Webb, 15	14	17	8	14	10	12	17	17	9	12
Gallagher, 15	15	11	11	16	15	14	12	9	17	14
Speight, 15	14	19	10	18	16	17	16	15	12	17
Forsgard, 15	..	..	13	18	15	15	19	..	..	..
Tucker, 15	18	18	12	17	15	16	19	18	16	16
Hutchings, 15	..	..	12	14	14	18	..	..	..	..
Amburg, 15	14	16	16	13	13	13	..	..	..	..
Tscheidel, 15	18	18	14	18	11	..	..	..	..	..
Hann, 15	17	18	17	18	18	..	..	..	..	..
Barnes, 15	16	15	17	18	15	14	14	16	17	19
Stith, 14	18	12	14	14	12	13	13	15	15	19
Waxa, 14	13	17	12	16	17	15	18	19	18	19
H Jackson, 14	11	14	12	11	12	15	14	13	14	19
Lering, 17	11	15	14	9	12	17	12	11	12	16
Saunders, 16	14	14	11	12	17	15	..	..	..	..
Sherrill, 16	15	17	15	19	18	14	13	18	18	18
Steves, 16	16	17	15	17	17	14	19	15	17	18
Brady, 14	..	..	18	16	19	16	19	17	15	16
Ford, 16	..	..	16	19	14	19	..	..	..	..
Lockett, 16	..	..	..	..	18	19	15	16	13	16
Mrs Sterritt, 16	11	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

The medal shoot for the individual championship of the State at inanimate targets, 50 targets, resulted as follows: Faurote 49, Dr. Hann 49, Hubby 46, Miller 39, Wade 48, Wilcox 44, Sleigel 42, Atchison 43, Kaufman 44, Jones 45, Ingraham 41, Heard 40, Dick Johnson 44, J. A. Jackson 45, Sens 41, Bosley 43, Boisseau 42, Moeser 45, Chaudet 37, Marston 35, Connelly 41, Nalle 40, E. Forsgard 46, Moore 44, Pickett 42, Turner 39, Sterritt 44, Cleveland 39, Steves 37, Tucker 44, Speight 40, Gardner 34, Currant 38, Dunkerly 43, Thomas 21.

The shoot-off of the tie for first place between Faurote and Dr. Hann resulted: Faurote 24, Dr. Hann 16, out of a maximum of 25.

In the medal contest all shot from the 16yd. mark.

Stray Pick Ups.

Bryan Heard and Otto Sens were the committee for the Highland Gun Club, who bossed the entertainment, and they did their part to perfection.

L. I. Wade came only one behind the champion in the 50-target race.

F. K. Sterrett, the Abilene shooter, made a fine run of 57 straight. He will hold his own in any company.

Louis Moeser was given an additional handicap on second day, and his scores fell away.

Hard to beat Faurote out of that medal, as this is the third time he has won it.

C. F. Gilstrap, of Taylor, made the fine score of 59 out of 60.

Maurice Kaufman can shoot of course, when he is not managing a shoot. He is a good fellow, and all-round sport.

E. L. Hann, of Denton, was the hero of the shoot, when he made that 25 straight; too bad he had so many slips in the shoot-off.

Col. Guessaz's chorus set up a melody in honor of the occasion.

Hilbreth and Guessaz found out that they were not the only shooters who could sing.

The whole shoot stopped to watch their favorites in the 50 championship race, and there were many ladies present who were quite delighted.

Jewell Fourth Annual.

Jewell, Ia., May 6.—The tournament held here yesterday was not well attended, but some fine scores were made by those present.

Chas. Cole and Dr. C. M. Proctor tied with 180, W. S. Hoon 178, L. A. Johnson 171, Peterson 169, J. E. Mayland 162.

Shoot for Hamilton-Story county medal, W. S. Hoon, holder, John Peterson, challenger; score: Hoon 40, Peterson 35.

Dr. Proctor thought Hoon easy, and a second tilt was the result. This time Hoon came on with a straight 50 to Proctor's 44. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	at.	Broke.
C B Adams	15	15	17	14	14	20	12	13	18	14	14	19	200	185
W S Hoon	14	13	20	14	15	19	13	9	19	14	13	15	200	178
J Peterson	14	12	19	12	14	19	12	12	16	12	10	17	200	169
C M Proctor	14	15	18	14	15	17	13	13	17	11	14	19	200	180
Johnson	14	14	17	11	12	18	9	12	20	13	14	17	200	171
C Cole	14	15	17	14	14	17	14	13	17	12	15	18	200	180
G E Mayland	10	12	14	10	13	16	12	12	13	10	12	18	200	162
R F Carver	8	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	12	7	6	10	...	...
L C Coleman	10	10	11	15	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
A P Lee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	9	..	..	...	...
F A Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	10	6	9	8	...	...
R W De Lay	11	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	10	..	..	..	...	...

Utica Gun Club.

Utica, O., May 5.—The spring shooting fever has attacked the home club members, and when out this afternoon several were not satisfied until 100 shots had been fired. Following are the scores: John Taylor shot at 215, broke 187; Lee Bottenfield 215, 186; F. A. Hankinson 210, 174; Fred Hall 210, 172; Hick Hall 205, 145; Dave Parry 190, 143; Henry Hankinson 170, 100; Will Perhan 140, 105; J. Jackson 130, 98; E. Stowe 125, 100; Sam Burrows 65, 46, Fred Burrows 65, 30, Earl Murphy 55, 38, E. Webster 50, 28, G. Hankinson 40, 21.

Twin City Gun Club.

Peoria, Ill., May 3.—A few weeks ago the Twin City Gun Club lost their club house by fire. Then the high water and the most excellent duck shooting prevented the members getting together until last Sunday.

There were over 1,000 targets shot at, and is the largest shoot held by this club in a year. The next shoot will be held May 15 at 2 P. M. Visitors welcome. Shooting at 50 targets, the scores were: Connor 45, Baker 46, Martin 38, Reed 39, Connor 35, Herman 37.

Hampton Gun Club.

Hampton, Neb., May 24.—The monthly shoot of the club was held to-day. The members, it seemed, had business elsewhere, there being but two to contest for the Schmelzer trophy, viz.: H. O. Harvey, 20yds., 23; N. B. Carver, 16yds., 23.

Shoot-off: Harvey, 4, 5, 5. Carver, 4, 5, 4.

Morrisonville Gun Club.

Morrisonville, Ill.—The boys are getting going in an animated fashion. Not content with shooting ordinary 25-target events, two of the nimrods, Stout and Reasoner, on May 5, met and shot a 100-target race. This being the home of Dave Morrison, there should be some comers. The scores, 25 targets each: Stout 24, Wyckoff 23, Manning 22, Reasoner 23, Clower 15.

The 100 target race: Stout 95, Reasoner 92.

Official Challenge.

F. B. Cunningham, St. Joseph, Mo., secretary of the Midwinter Shooting Association, has been duly notified that William Clayton, of Kansas City, has challenged the winner, J. Wilmot, of Lexington, Mo., for the Wyeth live-bird trophy. Same will be shot May 19, with 100 live birds to the man. Mr. Wilmot won this trophy at the late midwinter tournament held by the Schmelzer Arms Co.

Kansas Team Challanged.

Frank B. Cunningham, captain of the All-Missouri team, has challenged the Kansas team through Ed. O'Brien, of Florence, Kans., to shoot a match for the Elliott live-bird trophy, won at the late tournament held at Elliott's park.

This match will prove interesting, as the All-Missouri only lost by one bird at the contest. Mr. Cunningham does not mention if he will shoot all Missouri team, but the supposition is that he will. **He will probably not have the assistance of A. D. Mermod.**

Wabash Tournament.

Wabash, Ind.—If the managers of the gun club tournament had been a little more on the alert the tournament would not have been set for May 3 and 4, as this happened to be city election day throughout the State of Indiana. As many of the shooters are interested in politics, of course, they were not present on the first day.

The attendance was not so good as to amateurs, but the professionals were there in full force, viz.: Hon. Tom Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.; John Boa and W. H. Vietmeyer, of Chicago; Jack Fanning, of New York; Fred Foster, of Lansing, Mich; Mrs. Nellie Bennett, of Denver, Colo., and George Little, who assisted in the office work, for which the management will for all time remain grateful both to him and the company he represents.

It was Austin Flynn who, being at home, was in fine fettle and won the high amateur average. John Boa won high professional, with Fanning a good second.

During the evening of the first day there was an entertainment at the Indian Club. The happy men who did some talking and thus assisted in making the others happy were Col. Tripp, Hugh Clark, Tom Marshall and John Boa. No more shoots will be scheduled on the day on which elections take place. The scores:

First Day, May 3.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	15	15	15	at.	Broke.
Head	10	13	11	16	11	21	15	19	15	9	14	15	200	169
Heutz	9	11	12	15	12	20	14	19	..	..	..	..	140	112
Barto	11	13	8	16	12	23	13	18	14	8	12	13	200	161
Boa	14	9	15	19	15	23	13	19	14	13	12	15	200	181
Clark	11	14	12	17	13	22	13	17	14	9	14	15	200	171
Marshall	13	13	11	16	12	22	15	19	11	11	13	13	200	169
Mrs Bennett	10	11	9	17	11	15	12	18	8	9	14	10	200	144
Fanning	14	13	11	19	15	20	14	19	13	13	14	14	200	179
Keel	13	8	14	16	11	23	12	19	13	9	8	14	200	160
Vietmeyer	9	7	9	14	13	22	11	18	13	8	13	13	200	150
Shepardson	10	11	9	15	14	23	15	18	13	8	14	14	200	164
Flynn	12	12	13	17	15	25	15	20	10	10	15	14	200	178
Rose	11	9	7	19	15	23	15	18	7	12	12	12	200	160
Faust	11	9	12	19	11	24	13	18	11	9	13	13	200	163
Tripp	10	8	11	15	14	20	13	18	12	7	12	12	200	152
Parry	12	11	12	17	13	23	13	18	12	11	14	13	200	169
Moeller	9	9	11	16	11	17	10	19	10	10	8	12	200	142
Aukerman	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	60	44
Milligan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	15	5
Behney	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	7
Lamme	9	11	13	18	10	25	15	18	10	11	13	14	200	166

Second Day, May 4.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	15	15	15	at.	Broke.
Head	13	12	13	19	14	22	15	17	11	13	15	14	200	178
Barto	13	11	13	20	14	25	13	19	13	15	14	14	200	184
Clark	13	13	13	16	14	23	13	19	11	11	11	10	200	167
Boa	15	14	14	20	15	22	14	19	14	13	13	14	200	187
Flynn	9	15	14	19	14	21	14	17	11	12	14	14	200	175
Marshall	13	11	12	20	15	21	12	16	12	12	10	13	200	167
Mrs Bennett	12	11	13	17	9	20	13	16	11	14	10	14	200	160
Keel	9	14	12	17	13	23	14	17	14	13	15	11	200	172
Reid	12	13	11	20	13	22	..	..	..	..	..	....	105	91
Macy	9	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	27
McDaniel	9	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	22
Vietmeyer	14	11	13	16	13	23	14	18	13	11	13	12	200	171
Aukerman	..	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	17
Fanning	15	12	13	19	14	23	13	18	13	12	15	13	200	180
Rose	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	19	12	10	8	..	80	59

HAMPTON, Neb., April 28.—The Gun Club shoot held to-day was rather poorly attended. It was limited to the town members. In the Schmelzer trophy event there were two who shot at 25 and tied, being H. O. Harvey and N. B. Carver, Harvey at 20yds. and Carver at 16. On the shoot-off it took five strings of 5 before Harvey was declared winner.

Litchield, Ill.—The World's Fair started off amid the blast of trumpets, so did the Congress of shooters, on April 19 and 20. As a managing board, controlling a good shooting park, and giving all a run for their money, the secretary claims that they are as much a success as the World's Fair managers. Good grounds are furnished, good hotel, they look for a gathering of amateurs second only to the handicap when the next shoot is pulled off, May 17 and 18. This is just a week ahead of the Missouri shoot, and is a good place to practice.

Lincoln, Ill., April 27.—The last practice day was enlivened by a visit from H. W. Cadwallader, who is a manufacturers' agent traveling in Illinois. Shooting at 100 targets, the scores run thus: Cadwallader 90, Dr. Lawrence 88, A. Lawrence 80, Schueber 84, H. Welles 77, J. Davis 76, J. Park 76, S. Gallager 75, R. Davis 79.

Morrisonville, Ill.—The Pastime Gun Club held its weekly shoot April 28. All went along smoothly. The traps were tightened up to throw about 65yds., and the wind assisted the right flyer. Dr. Wilson and F. Stout have not been able to warm up yet. The boys can't understand how the hard targets did not bother Mr. Allen. The scores, at 25 targets: Allen 22, Stout 20, Gibson 20, Reasoner 19, Turk 16, Monning 17, Clower 10, Allen 8.

Fort Worth Tex., April 29.—The regular weekly shoot of the gun club found only a partial list present. The heavy rain of the forenoon had made the muddy roads uncomfortable. Scores as follows: Mandey shot at 75, broke 40; Childress 50, 47; Rudey 25, 16; Moore 75, 63; B. B., 50, 38; Buchanan 60, 40; Filler 50, 39; Schubey 25, 14; Hart 25, 18.

Des Moines, Ia., April 30.—Saturday was an ideal day for shooting. A good crowd was present. Patterson broke 48 out of 50, thus placing himself up to third in the Hopkins' Bros.' trophy contest. Kessler gained 2 targets. The positions of the five high men at the close of the shoot were: Sanders 135, Kessler 130, H. Patterson 128, O. Close 123, Hoyerson 117.

Dubuque Gun Club.

DUBUQUE, Ia., April 30.—The twelfth and final trophy shoot of the Dubuque Gun Club was held April 29, and following winners declared: Class A, A. F. Heeb; Class B, F. M. Jaeger; Class C, Henry Michel, Ed Ryan and Walter Cox are tied.

This tie will be shot off in a few days. The trophies consist of three elegant punch bowls, and all shoots for them were hotly contested. Despite unfavorable weather conditions, good scores were made.

The club will immediately arrange for a new series of trophy shoots, to be held during the coming summer season, and trap-shooting in this vicinity will be further stimulated thereby.

Following the regular monthly meeting, to be held on Thursday, May 5, a banquet will be served, and the trophies will be presented to winners. Everything is in readiness for our coming tournament, to be held May 17 and 18, and a big attendance is already assured. Herewith scores. Conditions, 50 targets per man:

Class A: A. J. Schmid 44, A. F. Heeb 43, Jas. O'Brien 37.

Class B: F. M. Jaeger 37, Nic Glab 34.

Class C: Walter Cox 41, Dr. H. Walker 40, Dr. Michel 36, H. Michel 35, H. Knoernschild 35, A. Hand 34, J. Monteith 26, J. Murphy 23.

F. M. JAEGER, Sec'y.



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Interstate Association's G. A. H. Programme.

The fifth Grand American Handicap target tournament will be held on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., June 21 to 24, inclusive.

In presenting this programme we would respectfully call the attention of all lovers of the sport of trapshooting to the growing popularity of the Grand American Handicap at targets. From its inception, four years since, it has rapidly grown in favor, until to-day it is justly recognized as the leading inanimate target event in America.

This years' tournament will be conducted on the same equitable lines as has characterized our previous tournaments. Each contestant will be the recipient of every attention and just consideration, consistent with the fairness that has always been a feature of the Interstate Association events.

The programme of this tournament is not materially different from that of its predecessor, held last year. That programme was so happily devised that it won the approval and support of the trapshooting fraternity to an unexpected degree. If the details of the programme are scanned, it will be found that the interests of the amateur have been carefully considered. A majority of the events are open to amateurs only, while in the events which are open to all, a handicap obtains, of scope sufficient to allow the establishing of a true equity between the amateur and the manufacturers' agent.

Much has been written about the shooting grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club in the columns of the sportsmen's journals. It is, therefore, scarcely necessary to say much on that point. The mammoth club house, with its five sets of traps arranged in a straight line, occupies an inclosure of sixteen acres under grass, the whole of the sixteen acres being as level as the conventional billiard table. All five sets of traps are in front of the club house, and easily accessible from the piazza.

With such marked advantage, therefore, in favor of the Indianapolis Gun Club, it is a hard matter to calculate with any degree of accuracy or positiveness as to the probable entry list for the Grand American Handicap of 1904. The programme has accordingly been undertaken with extra care, and is presented in detail later with full assurance that experience will show that the confidence of the trapshooting public has not been misplaced.

If you take part in the tournament you must abide by the rules and conditions as announced in this programme. Ignorance of the rules is no excuse for any error or oversight relating to the competition. All contestants are expected to be on the grounds by 9 A. M. each day. Failing therein, each contestant is responsible for his acts of negligence.

All entries for the Grand American Handicap at targets must be made on application blanks, which can be secured by addressing Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.

A brief inspection of the names of several gentlemen who have kindly consented to act on the Handicap Committee will show that the Interstate Association has been just as careful as ever in selecting its material. To award handicaps is at best but a thankless task, and the Association can never express adequately its gratitude to the seven gentlemen composing the Handicap Committee for their courtesy and self-denial in accepting office on such committee.

Each member of the committee has personal knowledge of the scores and records of the vast majority of the trapshooters of this country, and the Interstate Association feels perfect confidence in the ability of the committee as a whole and in each member of the committee as an integral part of that whole.

The committee is constituted as follows: Messrs. Ed. Voris, Crawfordsville, Ind., Chairman; J. Q. Ward, Paris, Ky.; C. M. Powers, Decatur, Ill.; J. L. D. Morrison, St. Paul, Minn.; Alex. S. Tolsma, Detroit, Mich.; W. D. Townsend, Omaha, Neb.; John A. Flick, Ravenna, O.

With the utmost confidence it is predicted that this committee will not fall below the estimate that has been placed upon it.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, will be secretary to the committee, but will not have a vote in the handicapping of contestants.

The committee will meet at the Denison Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind., at 9:30 A. M., Saturday, June 18, but handicaps will not be announced until the next day.

The system of handicapping which is, perhaps, the most generally used is that of giving extra allowance of targets to the weaker shots. This is, at best, very unsatisfactory, it being difficult to adjust handicaps on an equitable basis under such a system.

Another system of handicapping is that by which an allowance of "misses as breaks" is made to those who are less expert than their opponents. This system is easier to handle in a fairly equitable manner than the one above described, but it is still somewhat unsatisfactory.

The Interstate Association decided four years ago to discard them both, and handicap by distance only. Success proved its wisdom. The distance handicap will be used again this year.

Shooting will commence at 9 A. M. sharp each day. The grounds will be open for practice and sweepstake shooting on the afternoon of Monday, June 20. The Interstate Association trapshooting rules will govern all points not otherwise provided for. Note that Section 1, Rule 11, of the target rules relating to bore of gun, is not in force at this tournament. Note that Section 5, Rule 21, of the target rules (Sergeant system) now reads: "The targets shall be from unknown traps. Five sets of traps, arranged according to the Sergeant system, will be used. No guns larger than 12-gauge allowed. Weight of guns unlimited. Black powder barred. Targets will be thrown about 50yds. Price of targets, 2 cents each, included in all entrances. The Interstate Association reserves the right to refuse any entry. The standard bore of the gun is No. 12, and in the handicap events all contestants will be handicapped on that basis. Contestants using guns of smaller bore must stand on the mark allotted to them. The Interstate Association reserves the right to select two cartridges from each contestant (to test the same for proper loading), the selection to be made at any time, when a contestant is at the firing point. In case entries are so numerous that darkness or other cause prevents the finish of events the same day they are commenced, the management reserves the authority to stop the shooting at any time it may deem it necessary. In this case, weather permitting, the shooting will begin, where left off, at 9 A. M. sharp the next day. "Shooting names" will not be used at this tournament. Shooting "for targets only" is open to manufacturers' agents solely; all other contestants must make entry for the purses. There will be no practice shooting allowed, nor preliminary events shot, prior to the commencing the regular events scheduled for the day.

Entries for the second day's events (the Preliminary Handicap included) and entries for the fourth day's events (the Consolation Handicap included) close at 5 P. M., the day before they are scheduled to be shot. All entries for these events must be made by that time, as penalty entries will not be taken for them.

In case entries are so numerous that events cannot be finished until late any day—thus keeping the compiler of scores back with his work—a branch of both the cashier's and compiler of scores' offices will be opened that night in the Denison Hotel, where winners of money can secure the amounts due them, or they can obtain same at the shooting grounds the next day.

A contestant who takes part in the tournament any day must make entry for all events called for by the programme of that day. Entries will not be taken for less than the total number of events (the handicap events included) scheduled for the day. In case a contestant, after making entry, fails to take part in any event, or events, his entrance will be forfeited for that particular event or events, and the amount so forfeited will be added to the purse the same as if he had contested.

This rule is made necessary by the outlook for an exceptionally large entry list, and it will be impossible to keep this large tournament working smoothly unless the squads are kept intact.

The purses in all events, except the three handicaps, will be divided according to the Rose system, into four moneys at the ratio of 8, 5, 3, 2.

The Interstate Association adds $1000, of which amount $100 will be reserved to purchase a trophy for the winner of first money in the Grand American Handicap at targets.

The Grand American Handicap.

The Interstate Association reserves the authority to postpone the Grand American Handicap at targets on account of bad weather or other important cause if, in the judgment of the management, such postponement is necessary.

The manner of shooting the Grand American handicap at targets (and, in fact, all events scheduled for the tournament) will depend entirely on the number of entries received. However, contestants are assured that a reasonable equity will be maintained under all conditions.

Official Score.

The official score will be kept on a score board in plain view of the contestant. It will be the duty of the contestant to see to it that the right result is recorded. In case of error, it will be the duty of the contestant in whose score the mistake has occurred to have it corrected before he fires at two more targets, otherwise the score must stand as shown on the score board. In case a contestant's view of the score board it interfered with through any cause, he may refuse to shoot until the result of his last shot can be seen.

In the handicap events ties that are shot off will be at 25 targets per man, and the original distance contestants stand at will govern.

Cashier.

Through the courtesy of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Mr. Fred C. Whitney, of Des Moines, Ia., will again have charge of the cashier's office. Mr. Whitney has few equals and no superiors in this position.

Compiler of Scores.

The office of compiler of scores will be filled by Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia. His services the last four seasons in a similar capacity is a sufficient guarantee of excellent results on this occasion.

Special Notices.

It is requested that entries for the Grand American Handicap at targets be made in ample time to permit the sending of receipt and admission ticket, and for same to reach the maker of entry prior to his departure for Indianapolis. All entries must be accompanied by the maker's full name and address.

When making an entry by mail, remittances covering the amount of forfeit ($5) should be made by bank check, draft, post-office money order, express money order or registered letter.

Bank checks, drafts or bills of exchange will not be received at the cashier's office in payment for balance due on entries; nor will any check, draft or bill of exchange be cashed during the tournament. This rule will be strictly enforced.

To reach the shooting grounds from hotels in Indianapolis take the Plainfield Electric Line car at the corner of Washington street and Kentucky avenue direct to the grounds. The fare is ten cents.

First Day, June 21.

Ten events, each at 20 targets, each $2 entrance, $5 added. All events at unknown angles. No handicaps. Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., may shoot in the above events for targets only.

Second Day, June 22.

Event No. 1—Preliminary Handicap.—Open to all; 100 targets, unknown angles, $7 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 22yds.; high guns, not class shooting; $100 added to the purse. The handicaps contestants receive for the Grand American Handicap at targets will govern in this event. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a trophy, $50 of the net purse being reserved to purchase same.

Five events at 20 targets, $2 entrance, $25 added to each. No handicaps in events 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, and all at unknown angles.

Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., may shoot in events 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 for targets only.

If you want to take part in the events scheduled for this day you must make entry at the cashier's office on the shooting grounds before 5 P. M., Tuesday, June 21. Penalty entries will not be taken for these events. An entry is not transferable, and entrance money cannot be withdrawn after entry has been made.

Third Day, June 23.

Grand American Handicap at Targets.—Open to all; 100 targets, unknown angles; $10 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 22yds.; high guns, not class shooting; $200 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a trophy, presented by the Interstate Association.

Regular entries must be made on or before Saturday, June 11, and must be accompanied by $5 forfeit. Penalty entries may be made after June 11 up to 5 P. M. Wednesday, June 22, by paying $15 entrance, targets included. An entry is not transferable, and entrance money cannot be withdrawn after entry has been made.

Fourth Day, June 24.

Five events, 20 targets, $2 entrance, $5 added. All the foregoing events at unknown angles. No handicaps. Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., may shoot in the above events for targets only.

Event No. 6—Consolation Handicap.—Open to all; 100 targets, unknown angles, $7 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 22yds.; high guns, not class shooting; $100 added to the purse. Winners of money in the Grand American Handicap at targets will have 1yd. added to their handicaps, and non-winners of money in the Grand American Handicap at targets will go in 1yd. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. In addition to first money,

the winner will receive a trophy, $50 of the net purse being reserved to purchase same.

If you want to take part in the events scheduled for this day, you must make entry at the cashier's office on the shooting grounds before 5 P. M. Thursday, June 23. Penalty entries will not be taken for these events. An entry is not transferable, and entrance money cannot be withdrawn after entry has been made.

G. A. H. Conditions.

Conditions governing the Grand American Handicap at targets: 100 targets, unknown angles, handicaps 14 to 22yds., high guns, not class shooting; $200 added to the purse by the Interstate Association. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received. Entrance money $10, the price of targets being included. In addition to first money, the winner will reveive a trophy presented by the Interstate Association.

Regular entries must be made on or before June 11, 1904, and must be accompanied by $5 forfeit. The remaining $5 must be paid before 5 P. M. Wednesday, June 22. Entries mailed in envelopes bearing post marks dated June 11 will be accepted as regular entries.

Penalty entries may be made after June 11 up to 5 P. M. Wednesday, June 22, by paying $15 entrance, targets included.

All entries must be made on application blanks, and they will be received by Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.

Division of Moneys.

Division of moneys in the Preliminary Handicap, the Grand American Handicap at targets, and the Consolation Handicap:

High guns win, not class shooting.

1 to 10 entries, 2 moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.

11 to 20 entries, four moneys—40, 30, 20, and 10 per cent.

21 to 30 entries, 6 moneys—30, 20, 15, 13, 12 and 10 per cent.

31 to 40 entries, 8 moneys—25, 20, 15, 12, 10, 8, 5, and 5 per cent.

41 to 50 entries, 10 moneys—22, 18, 14, 11, 10, 8, 5, 5, 4 and 3 per cent.

51 to 60 entries, 12 moneys—20, 16, 13, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3 and 2 per cent.

61 to 70 entries, 14 moneys—18, 15, 12, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

71 to 80 entries, 16 moneys—16, 14, 11, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

81 to 90 entries, 18 moneys—15, 13, 10, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

91 to 100 entries, 20 moneys—14, 12, 9, 8, 7, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

101 to 110 entries, 22 moneys—13, 11, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

111 to 120 entries, 24 moneys—12, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, and 2 per cent.

121 to 130 entries, 26 moneys—11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

131 to 140 entries, 28 moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

141 to 150 entries, 30 moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1 and 1 per cent.

151 to 160 entries, 32 moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

161 to 170 entries, 34 moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, and 1 per cent.

171 to 180 entries, 36 moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

181 to 190 entries, 38 moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, and 1 per cent.

191 to 200 entries, 40 moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

201 to 210 entries, 42 moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1. 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

211 to 220 entries, 44 moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, and 1 per cent.

221 to 230 entries, 46 moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

231 to 240 entries, 48 moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

241 to 250 entries, and over, 50 moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

Briefly summarizing the foregoing, it will be noted that two places are created for each ten entries or fraction thereof up to 250.

Shooting Grounds.

An admission fee will not be charged, but in order to keep out any undesirable element, admittance to the shooting grounds will be by card of admission, which can be obtained free of charge, by applying to any of the subscribers to the Interstate Association, or the Indianapolis Gun Club.

The comfort and convenience of contestants, as well as spectators, has been looked after carefully.

A warm and substantial lunch will be served on the club grounds each day for the sum of 50 cents.

No Lockers.

There will not be any lockers. The club house will contain a sufficient number of gun racks to meet all requirements. The management of the Indianapolis Gun Club will provide a room for guns, shells and clothing, and it will be in charge of a competent watchman; but as contestants will have free access to this room at all times, they must be responsible for their own belongings. The Interstate Association will not be responsible for guns, shells, clothing, etc., under any circumstances.

This announcement is made thus explicit in order that contestants may know just what to expect, and that they may avoid any possible misunderstanding and disappointment. A very little misunderstanding sometimes mars events otherwise successful and pleasant.

Shipping Instructions.

Guns, ammunition, etc., forwarded to the Indianapolis Gun Club, 121 West Washington street, Indianapolis, Ind., will be delivered at the shooting grounds free of charge.

Notes.

No expense will be spared to make the tournament run smoothly. The most expert and competent help will be secured, and the office force will be large and capable.

Special attention is called to the schedule of events arranged for each day. The conditions of the handicap events merit—and will of course receive—more careful study than usual.

We would suggest that all who are in a position to take advantage of the very low rates made by all railroads to the World's Fair at St. Louis, and also to the Republican National Convention at Chicago the same week as the tournament, do so. Application for reduced rates to Indianapolis on the certificate plan will not be made by the Interstate Association, as it is the general opinion that so many will use the much lower rates to St. Louis and Chicago that the necessary guarantee which is part of the certificate plan would not fill, and consequently the return rate would not be granted, which would create more or less dissatisfaction among those who held certificates.

Entries.

Regular entries for the Grand American Handicap at targets must be made on or before June 11. Entries mailed in envelopes bearing post-marks dated June 11 will be accepted as regular entries. All entries must be made on application blanks, and they will be received by Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.

Clearview Gun Club.

DARBY STATION, Pa., April 30.—There was to-day a rallying of shooters from the neighboring clubs to participate in the first of the series of nine shoots arranged by the Clearview Gun Club. The conditions were 50 targets, 16yds., handicap allowance added, two prizes, each shooter's seven best scores of the series to be counted in the competition. The possible was 50.

Edwards made the highest total handicap score of the day, 61. He broke 43, but a handicap of 18 overlapped the maximum. He and Springer, who made a total of 52, were allowed 50 only.

The best shooting of the day was done by Jack Shirey, who broke 48. Downs, the one-arm shot of the Clearview Gun Club, finished second, the second best actual score. The scores:

Al Edwards (18) 61, G. Springer (12) 52, W. N. Elwell (6) 49, Anderson (6) 49, J. Shirey (0) 48, Wherry (10) 48, Louis (4) 48, Forden (6) 48, Downs (0) 46, Bell (4) 46, Dr. Charlton (12) 45, W. Charlton (5) 45, Sibole (12) 44, Litford (10) 44, Oliver (2) 44, Billhartz (12) 43, H. B. Fisher (0) 42, Prate (0) 41, Aimen (18) 40, Nixon (7) 40, Bowen (9) 40, Dr. Cotting (9) 40, Reade (5) 40, George (13) 40, Swick (20) 40, Redman (18) 40, Davison (4) 36, Umholtz (20) 36, Murphy (0) 34.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., April 30.—The main event at 15 live birds was noticeable for high scores, as is to be expected at this season of the year. The conditions were handicap rise, $5 entrance, two moneys:

Coleman ......222222222222222—15		Geikler ....2*22222222222222—14	
Frank ....212212222222222—15		Shew ....211010222022022—11	
Budd ....202211222121212—14		Harrison .....111112102001202—11	
W T Smith...221212211022112—14		Jenkins ....*10102221222110—11	

Ten birds, handicap rise, $4 entrance, two moneys: Budd 10, Smith 10, Geikler 10, Shew 10, Harrison 10, Frank 9, Jenkins 9, Coleman 8, Bangs 7.

Twenty-five targets, 15 singles and 5 pairs: Frank 23, Coleman 22, Harrison 21, Shew 19, Smith 14.

Twenty-five targets, 15 singles and 5 pairs: Coleman 22, Smith 21, Frank 20, Budd 20, Harrison 20, Brown 19, Shew 15.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 30.—Now that the river bridge has been repaired, we expect a large attendance. We shoot every Saturday afternoon, and all visiting shooters are invited to join in the sport. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	at.	Broke.
Medico	18	22	22	19	24	21	..	150	126
Dickman	23	21	23	21	23	22	22	175	155
Dixon	22	22	23	23	18	..	..	125	108
Head	22	23	20	..	..	..	..	75	65
Oscuro	23	21	19	20	..	..	..	100	83
Michaelis	23	24	25	23	23	..	..	125	118
Moller	19	20	20	22	24	18	..	150	123
Moore	18	21	21	23	..	..	..	100	83
Parry	23	25	25	23	25	..	..	125	121
Kirby	24	23	22	..	..	..	..	75	69
Bell	22	19	22	22	..	..	..	100	85
Armstrong	16	14	15	15	15	..	..	125	75
Williams	18	12	18	12	..	..	..	100	60
Gregory	22	19	23	19	25	..	..	125	108
Sayles	23	24	18	19	22	22	..	150	128
Cooper	23	19	22	22	..	..	..	100	86
Nash	21	21	18	18	24	..	..	125	102
Scott	16	20	19	..	..	..	..	75	55
Davis	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	17
Millershoen	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	23

For English Hotel cup:

Michaelis .... 21 24 22 21—88 Moller .... 24 22 18 22—86

Ties for Hunter Arms Co. badge: Medico, Dickman, Dixon, Oscuro, Moore, Parry, Sayles, Williams, Michaelis, Moller, Nash, Scott.

J. W. BELL, Sec'y.

Holland Gun Club.

BATAVIA, N. Y., May 3.—Mr. E. D. Fulford was a visitor and a practice shoot was held for him to-day. In the last event Knickerbocker shot at 20, Williams at 16. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	25	25
Ames	..	..	..	10	14	..	18	12	..
Douglass	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Farwell	..	..	9	9	..	..	21	..	13
Fulford	13	13	9	13	19	22	21	23	25
Gardiner	..	..	..	10	..	16	..	18	..
Johnson	7	8	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Knickerbocker	7	5	..	..	15	..	14	..	12
Robson	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	13	..
Squier	10	10	..	..	15	..	17	..	..
Stull	7	7	8	..	..	8	..	..	15
Wilcox	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	16
Williams	..	..	8	6	..	12	..	..	6

F. M. FARWELL.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Von W., Charlestown, N. H.—Is the European ermine found in this country? I have seen a specimen answering its description caught hereabouts. Ans. The true ermine is a weasel of northern Europe, allied to the European stoat and polecat. It is brown in summer and white in winter, with a black tip to its tail. Some North American members of the family *Mustelidæ* also turn white in winter, and might fitly be called ermine, since apparently the name originally meant merely weasel, though there are others who think that it is an abbreviation for "Armenian rat."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Gettysburg and Washington.

Personally Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The battlefield of Gettysburg, and the National Capital in all the glory of its spring freshness, are attractions so alluring that few would feel like refusing to visit them. It is to place these two attractions within easy reach of every one that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces a tour over the interesting battlefield, through the picturesque valleys of Maryland, and an entertaining stay at Washington.

The tour will leave New York, West Twenty-third street, 7:55 A. M., and Philadelphia 12:20 P. M., Saturday, May 28, in charge of one of the company's tourist agents, and will cover a period of six days. An experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies, will accompany the party throughout. Round-trip tickets, covering transportation, carriage drives, and hotel accommodations, will be sold at the extremely low rate of $22 from New York, $21 from Trenton, $19 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J., or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

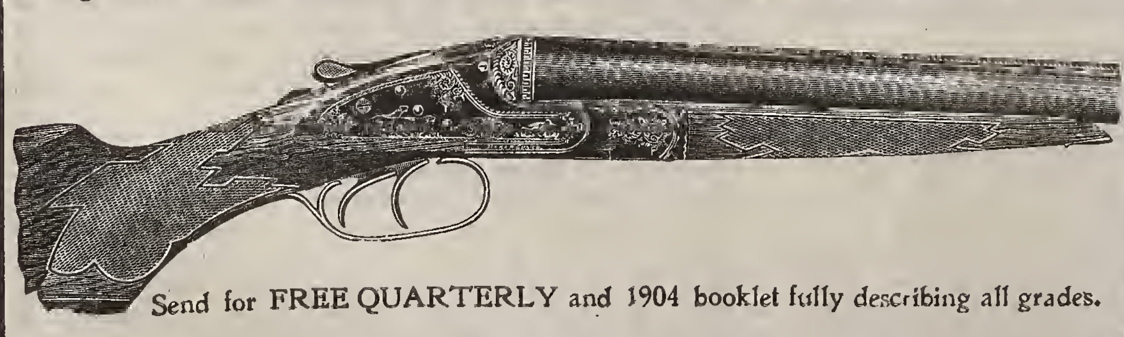
New Advertisements.

Among the many visitors to the St. Louis Exposition this year will be plenty of sportsmen. These, while in St. Louis, will have an opportunity to visit the store of the Rawlings Sporting Goods Co., 620 Locust street, and to see the stock that they have on hand. These goods are all described in the company's 108-page catalogue of fishing tackle, base ball and tennis goods, which will be sent free on application.

This seems to be the age of automobiles and autoboats. People want to go fast, and with little exertion to themselves. The autoboats of the Standard Boat Co., of Long Island City, N. Y., said to be the fastest in the world, look as if they could go with great speed. They are worthy of inspection by persons interested in such matters.

BAKER SPECIAL PARAGONS.

Strictly high grade. Built to order at regular prices. $60, $75, $200 and up. Carefully fitted and highly finished. Baker guns have a long established record for hard shooting and great durability.



Send for FREE QUARTERLY and 1904 booklet fully describing all grades.

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Cor. Liberty & School Sts., BATAVIA, N. Y.

MY TRAP SCORES

A pocket trap score book, containing 50 pages of score sheets and the Interstate Association Rules for target and live bird shooting, and for shooting under the Sergeant System. The cover bears the title "My Trap Scores," and the pages, in number and form, are arranged to make a complete record of the shooter's doings at the traps. The pages are ruled to make a record of the place, date, weather conditions, number of traps, number of shooters, gun and load used, events, etc. The score sheets are ruled for 25 targets. Bound in leather. Price, 50 cents.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 346 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

OUTDOOR TIME.

BY long established usage the summer has come to be regarded as vacation time—the season for living out of doors—and this idea is so firmly established that one would be laughed at, or at least regarded as a freak of nature by his employer, if he suggested taking his vacation at any time other than the summer or the early autumn. Nevertheless, strong as is custom, the world is showing year by year more originality—a greater tendency to break away from habits established by long use.

Nowadays, people who do not have to work for their living commonly leave the big cities in May, and do not return until December; yet it is within the memory of many of our readers when fashionable people left New York about July 1, and returned about September 1.

There are many of the elect who understand very well that any month of the year is good to take a vacation in, and there are some who would like to take thirty days in every month. That would not be wholesome for most people; but we do think that a vacation in summer and another in winter are wonderfully helpful to the man or woman whose pursuits will admit of them. Opposed as the two seasons are, they stimulate to widely different lives. An outing in winter means brisk and hard physical work, with its accompanying improvement in physical condition, and a return to office or avocation far better able, for the rest of the year, to perform the accustomed task. Energy is stimulated and brain is made clear, so that the individual's whole efficiency is vastly increased. The summer vacation is often an idling time, an absolute rest, which, under certain conditions, may be just as wholesome and just as recuperative as a more vigorous life.

In these days of specialization, when a man throughout the greater part of the year does the same things over and over again, the brain and muscle cells get warped and twisted from their natural condition. The chief use of the vacation is to change the work of these cells from that which they have been performing over and over again for weeks and months, and for a time to give these cells the opportunity to take up a fresh and unaccustomed set of operations which shall enable them to regain their normal condition. In addition to this variety of work—which is rest—the benefit to health that comes from natural living and from pure air are large factors in the well being derived from vacation.

For most of us, vacations will still come in the summer, during the period of great heat and when business is slack and we can best be spared from the work that occupies us through most of the year; and for most of us this time—as it comes every year—is coming now. How may it be most profitably employed? The answers to this question would be as various in character and numbers as are the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. There are men who will go to their salmon rivers in Canada and Newfoundland, or on their yachts to Europe, or to their summer homes on fair Canadian lakes, or, a little later, to the Rocky Mountains for the hunting, but most of us find it impracticable to devote so much time to our play spell. What we all should do is to move ourselves as far as possible from the pursuits and the scenes which commonly surround us, and to get as close as may be to that Mother Nature which is so far from the dwellers in towns and in cities. Most of us need, above all things, the change of thought and work which mean rest, and that change should consist of an occupation that interests and amuses. Whether it be sailing or paddling or angling or camping or shooting, it should be the thing that we have thought of and looked forward to all through the winter—the thing that has been a mingling of joyous memories of the past and of happy anticipations for the future.

No prescription can be given as to the form of outing for 1904 for man or woman; but one thing definite may be advised: If possible during your vacation, occupy yourself with that thing that you most wish to do.

PLATFORM PLANK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE constant growth of the non-sale of game idea, enunciated and recommended many years ago by FOREST AND STREAM as its platform plank, is an interesting testimonial to the common sense of the English-speaking people of this continent. The last adhesion to it comes from Victoria, B. C., as recently as April 29 last.

On that evening the Fish and Game Club, which comprises among its members many of the most intelligent, wealthiest, and most influential men in British Columbia, held an extraordinary session in the Driard House. At that meeting there was unanimously passed a resolution requesting the Government to amend the Game Act so as to prohibit absolutely the sale of game at any time in the Province for three years. The club predicts that, unless this is done, British Columbia will shortly witness the extinction of its game birds and mammals. There is much violation of the laws by white men, and the Indians kill unceasingly. There is much hide selling, and still more selling of heads.

A few years ago British Columbia had within its boundaries some of the very best big-game grounds in North America, but many of the settlers, with the fatuousness of men the world over, seemed to think either that the game would last forever, or else that they must hurry to kill all of it they could before anyone else had a chance to get any. So they killed deer to feed their hogs through the winter, and one man killed, cut off, and brought down off the mountains—but did not skin or clean—more than fifty large ram's heads during the winter. He stacked them up, thinking that when he got ready he would clean them and take them in to the man who had offered him $5 apiece for them. But he never got ready. Spring came on, the weather grew warm, and his sheep's heads all spoiled.

This is the way some of British Columbia's big game went.

THE OYSTER OF THE CITIES.

THE talk and the writing about oysters and typhoid germs of which there has lately been so much, while at first it may be harmful to the oyster trade, may, on the other hand, be helpful to those who enjoy good oysters. For years past there has been complaint among people who imagine that they know what oysters should be that the highly esteemed, old-fashioned bivalve of good flavor has disappeared from the land, and its place has been taken by a white, plump simulacrum, fair and lovely to the eye, but flat and tasteless to the palate—a real dead sea apple. From this has arisen the present day practice of drenching the oyster with vinegar, horseradish, and tabasco sauce, in the endeavor to give it some flavor.

Dr. Morris points out in the admirable note on this subject which we print to-day that oysters which have been "floated" at the mouth of streams, or, as in the large cities, have been taken from the salt water, kept in cellars, and drenched constantly with fresh water, become plump, white, and handsome, but also have washed from them all the salt and all the true oyster flavor, and very soon become, in the opinion of many veteran connoisseurs of the oyster, unfit to eat. This practice has long been known, and is apparently not objected to by the public, most of whom do not know what a real oyster is and should be. Oysters so treated are destined for use in cities, or for export to Europe, or for inland consumption.

The possibility of the oyster carrying typhoid bacteria to the eater is a very real one; yet, on the other hand, perhaps more people are killed each year by lightning than die of typhoid fever contracted from eating oysters. Nevertheless, since the danger is real, and since it is one of the most stupid things in the world to take unnecessary risks, it is the part of wisdom for all consumers of oysters to frown on the fattened bivalve.

While this condition does not prevail everywhere, it is almost universal in large cities, and still more so away from the seacoast. Yet if you go to some little New England or New Jersey or Maryland village on the coast, and eat oysters there fresh from the local waters, you will enjoy those that are delicious, and entirely different from those furnished at the most high priced restaurants or in the wealthiest homes of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia.

It is acknowledged that to the eye the fattened oyster is more attractive than the natural darker and more shrunken one just from the salt water; but it may reasonably be urged that people do not eat oysters for the gratification of the æsthetic senses, but for the gratification of the palate.

Dr. Morris' letter performs a real service in pointing out that the fattened oyster is a sick oyster, and in thus warning the public of the truth about this delicious shell fish. The oyster dealer need not fear this truth. If his trade has been injured, he has the remedy in his own hands. Let him abandon his present methods and furnish his customers with the genuine oyster, not the diluted product of modern times. On the other hand, the consumer of oysters has the power to protect himself from the danger of eating sick oysters, and to correct the present practice of the dealers. Let him demand the natural shell fish, which the dealer can furnish just about as cheaply and conveniently as the white and tasteless article that the dwellers in large cities are now content to eat.

ADIRONDACK LANDS.

THE decision rendered by Hon. Arthur L. Andrews as referee in certain actions for the ejectment of occupants of lands claimed by the State, is of very great public interest. It represents a step toward clearing up and settling the question of land titles in the Adirondack region. Many of these titles are more or less doubtful. Originally of no value except for the timber which they bore, the lands have been purchased and lumbered over, and sold for taxes, and bought and sold and squatted on, until, in many cases, the task of tracing back a title is one of great difficulty.

In the present case, however, this appears to have been done, and the decision as to the great tract occupied by Mr. Ladew has been in favor of the State.

No doubt he will appeal from the decision, and the matter will be carried to the highest courts. Whether the ultimate decision be in favor of occupant or claimant, it is highly desirable that the question of the title to these lands, and to all other Adirondack lands, be definitely established, and since these lands now have a value, such questions are quite sure to be determined before long.

The State of New York now possesses nearly 2,000 square miles of forest preserve, of which more than 1,800 square miles are in the Adirondack region; but this land lies more or less scattered about—a little here and a little there—interrupted by private ownership, and therefore much less desirable than if it were compact. It is to be hoped that as time goes on action may be taken to secure for the State more and more of this Adirondack land; and that, if not in our time, at least within the next generation, the State of New York may possess in the Adirondack region a beautiful public park of great extent and lying all in one body.

THE fourth volume of the Book of the Boone and Crockett Club, now making its appearance, is interesting on many accounts. It is much larger than any of the club's previous publications, and much more fully illustrated, having, we believe, no less than forty-six full-page plates between its covers. It is also notable for having a long and extremely interesting article from the pen of President Roosevelt. The frontispiece of the work is an admirable portrait of the President, and there is a sketch of him as the founder of the Boone and Crockett Club.

THE bill providing for the protection of the wild black bear in New York has added somewhat to the gaiety—if not of nations—at least of a certain part of the public press of this State. Now, however, since Governor Odell has signed the bill, it is definitely determined that the wild bear is an innocent and harmless beast, and may be pursued, taken or killed only at certain definite times and seasons. What the result of this legislation will be on the sheep and horse industry of the Adirondacks, and on the peace of mind of the local berry picker, remains to be seen; but we may feel quite sure that the opponents of the bill have not, as yet, said their last word about it.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Trails of the Pathfinders.—VIII.

Lewis and Clark.—I.

MOST famous of all the pathfinders of the United States are Lewis and Clark, explorers of the Missouri River to its headwaters, and of the Columbia, from its headwaters to the Pacific; and thus the spanners of the continent. They were not, it is true, the first to traverse the wilderness which lay between the Atlantic and the Pacific, but of those who bore the name American they were the first.

In 1803 Louisiana was ceded by France to the United States for the sum of about fifteen millions of dollars; but its boundaries were entirely uncertain, and neither the nation which sold nor that which bought knew what this territory included, how far it extended north or south or west, nor who nor what were its inhabitants. There were a few French, a few Spaniards, a few Creoles, together with some Americans, English and Germans, and the slaves which they possessed. Little was known of the country, save for a short distance beyond the Mississippi River; but it was obviously important to the new owners of the land to find out at once what the purchase meant to the United States.

One thing seemed certain: the population of the United States, which had already spread far beyond the Allegheny Mountains, was constantly increasing, and constantly pushing westward. The encroachments of the whites on the territory occupied by various tribes of the Indians were continual, and the Indians, naturally enough, resented, and sometimes resisted, these encroachments. Here, west of the Mississippi River, was a vast territory, unoccupied save by Indian tribes, many of whom were wanderers. The population of this unoccupied territory was so sparse that no doubt it seemed to President Jefferson that here was room for all the Indians east of the Mississippi, and one of his first acts after the cession was concluded, was to attempt to learn what he could with regard to the occupancy of this territory, presumably in the hope that all the Indians east of the Mississippi might be persuaded to move westward beyond that river.

Besides this, Jefferson had already—more than ten years before—endeavored to send out men to cross the continent to the Pacific Coast, but the effort had failed. But in January, 1803, before the completion of the purchase of Louisiana, he attempted this once more, recommending to Congress the dispatching of a party to trace the Missouri River to its source, and to go thence to the Pacific Ocean.

It is impossible for any man now living to conceive what such an expedition must have meant to the men who were to command it. Here was a vast and unknown territory of indefinite width, peopled by unknown inhabitants, uncertain as to its food supply, containing unknown dangers and obstacles, which must be crossed on foot—though the journey could be begun by boat. It is true that the rumors long before brought back from the upper Mississippi Valley by Carver suggested waterways across the continent, but these were no more than rumors, and were mingled with an amount of fable which cast doubt on the whole story. It will be remembered that Carver, speaking of the country west of the St. Pierre (Minnesota) River, says:

"A little to the northwest of the heads of the Missouri and the St. Pierre, the Indians further told me, that there was a nation rather smaller and whiter than the neighboring tribes, who cultivate the ground, and (as far as I could gather from their expressions) in some measure the arts. To this account they added that some of the nations who inhabit those parts that lie to the west of the Shining Mountains have gold so plenty among them that they make their most common utensils of it. These mountains (which I shall describe more particularly hereafter) divide the waters that fall into the South Sea from those that run into the Atlantic.

"The people dwelling near them are supposed to be some of the different tribes that were tributary to the Mexican kings, and who fled from their native country to seek an asylum in these parts about the time of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, more than two centuries ago.

"As some confirmation of this supposition, it is remarked that they have chosen the most interior parts for their retreat, being still prepossessed with a notion that the sea coasts have been infested ever since with monsters vomiting fire, and hurling about thunder and lightning; from whose bowels issued men, who, with unseen instruments, or by the power of magic, killed the harmless Indians at an astonishing distance. From such as these their forefathers (according to a tradition among them that still remains unimpaired) fled to the retired abodes they now inhabit. For, as they found that the floating monsters which had thus terrified them could not approach the land, and that those who had descended from their sides did not care to make excursions to any considerable distance from them, they formed a resolution to betake themselves to some country that lay far from the seacoast, where only they could be secure from such diabolical enemies. They accordingly set out with their families, and, after a long peregrination, settled themselves near these mountains, where they concluded they had found a place of perfect security. * * *

"That range of mountains, of which the Shining Mountains are a part, begin at Mexico, and, continuing northward on the back, or to the east of California, separate the waters of those numerous rivers that fall either into the Gulf of Mexico or the Gulf of California. From thence, continuing their course still northward between the sources of the Mississippi and the rivers that run into the South Sea, they appear to end in about forty-seven or forty-eight degrees of north latitude, where a number of rivers arise and empty themselves either into the South Sea, into Hudson Bay, or into the waters that communicate between these two seas.

"Among these mountains, those that lie to the west of the River St. Pierre are called the Shining Mountains, from an infinite number of crystal stones, of an amazing size, with which they are covered, and which, when the sun shines full upon them, sparkle so as to be seen at a very great distance.

"This extraordinary range of mountains is calculated to be more than three thousand miles in length, without any very considerable intervals, which, I believe, surpasses anything of the kind in the other quarters of the globe. Probably in future ages they may be found to contain more riches in their bowels than those of Indostan and Malabar, or that are produced on the Golden Coast of Guinea; nor will I except even the Peruvian Mines. To the west of these mountains, when explored by future Columbuses or Raleighs, may be found other lakes, rivers and countries, full fraught with all the necessaries or luxuries of life; and where future generations may find an asylum, whether driven from their country by the ravages of lawless tyrants or by religious persecutions, or reluctantly leaving it to remedy the inconveniences arising from a superabundant increase of inhabitants; whether, I say, impelled by these, or allured by hopes of commercial advantages, there is little doubt but their expectations will be fully gratified in these rich and unexhausted climes."

Such was the information concerning the proposed journey which Lewis and Clark possessed. But they were made of the stuff which constituted the old-time Americans; they had the sturdy independence, the unshrinking courage, and the dogged perseverance which gave to America its Daniel Boone, its Davy Crockett, and its Zebulon M. Pike; and they set out with cheerfulness, even with eagerness, to perform their task. The expedition started late in the year 1803, and proceeded up the river by boat. There were about forty-five men at the start, of whom twenty-five were soldiers, the whole company being enlisted as soldiers a little later. The baggage of the outfit consisted chiefly of ammunition, together with goods to be used as presents for the Indians. The transportation consisted of boats, one a keel boat, 55 feet long, drawing 3 feet of water, fitted for 22 oars and a sail; the other two were pirogues, or open boats, one of six, the other of seven oars. There were two horses, which were to be taken along the bank for the purpose of hunting in time of scarcity, or for bringing in game that was killed.

Having wintered at Wood River, the start was made on the 14th of May, 1804. At first their progress was not rapid. Nevertheless, before long they came to the country of the Osages. The story given of the origin of the tribe is worth repeating: "According to universal belief, the founder of the nation was a snail, passing a quiet existence along the banks of the Osage, till a high flood swept him down to the Missouri, and left him exposed on the shore. The heat of the sun at length ripened him into a man; but with the change of his nature he had not forgotten his native seats on the Osage, toward which he immediately bent his way. He was, however, soon overtaken by hunger and fatigue, when, happily, the Great Spirit appeared, and, giving him a bow and arrow, showed him how to kill and cook deer, and cover himself with the skin. He then proceeded to his original residence; but as he approached the river he was met by a beaver, who inquired, haughtily, who he was, and by what authority he came to disturb his possession. The Osage answered that the river was his own, for he had once lived on its borders. As they stood disputing, the daughter of the beaver came, and having, by her entreaties, reconciled her father to this young stranger, it was proposed that the Osage should marry the young beaver, and share with her family the enjoyment of the river. The Osage readily consented, and from this happy union there soon came the village and the nation of the Wasbasha, or Osages, who have ever since preserved a pious reverence for their ancestors, abstaining from the chase of the beaver, because in killing that animal they killed a brother of the Osage."

Struggling on northward, Lewis and Clark passed the Otoes and Missourias, and on June 25 reached the mouth of the Kansas—named from the Indians living on its banks—340 miles from the Mississippi. Game was abundant, and there are allusions to deer, elk, and buffalo. At the mouth of the Platte River they sent out messengers to bring in Indians, since a portion of their duty was to endeavor to make peace among the different tribes they met with. Otoes and Pawnees lived not far off, one of the Pawnee villages being then on the Platte, while another was on the Republican, and a third on the Wolf—now known as the Loup River. Incidental reference is here made to several tribes which wander and hunt on the heads of the Platte River, and thence to the Rock Mountains; one of these is called the Staitan, or Kite Indians, said to have acquired the name of Kite from their flying; that is, from "their being always on horseback." These Indians are, no doubt, the Cheyennes, formerly spelled in a variety of ways, of which Schians was then one of the commonest. If we imagine that the two t's in Staitan are misprints for h's, we have almost the present word. These Indians are said to be extremely ferocious, and the most warlike of all the western Indians; they never yield in battle, nor spare their enemies, and the retaliation of this barbarity has almost extinguished the nation. After these, according to our authors, come the Wetapahato and Kiawa tribes, associated together, and amounting to two hundred men. The first of these names is interesting, for it is obviously a corruption of *Wi ta pat* (pronounced We to pāte), which is the name by which the Cheyennes to-day call the Kiowas. Other tribes are mentioned, hardly now to be identified.

On July 31 a party of Otoe and Missouria Indians came to their camp, and, on the following day, a council was held, at which presents, medals, and other ornaments were given to the Indians. The point where this council was held was given the name Council Bluffs, and it stands to-day across the river from Omaha, Nebraska. A little further up the river they reached an old Omaha village, once consisting of three hundred cabins, but it had been burned about 1799, soon after the smallpox had destroyed four hundred men, and a proportion of the women and children. This dread disease gave the Omahas the worst blow that they had ever received, and, perhaps even as much as their wars with the Pawnees, reduced them to a tributary people. On August 16, two parties were sent out to catch fish on a little stream. "They made a drag with small willows and bark, and swept the creek; the first company brought three hundred and eighteen, and the second upward of eight hundred, consisting of pike, bass, fish resembling salmon, trout, redhorse, buffalo, one rockfish, one flatback, perch, catfish, a small species of perch, called on the Ohio silverfish, and a shrimp of the same size, shape and flavor of those about New Orleans and the lower part of the Mississippi."

A few days before, one of their Frenchmen had deserted, and the commanding officers had sent out men to capture him. This they succeeded in doing, but the man subsequently escaped again. On the 18th they received another party of Indians—Otoes and Missourias. The next day the first death occurred in the expedition, that of Charles Floyd, who was buried on the top of the hill, and his grave marked by a cedar post. Further up the stream, beyond the mouth of the Big Sioux River, they killed their first buffalo. Near the mouth of the Whitestone they found a curious mound, described as a regular parallelogram, the longest side being three hundred yards, and the shorter sixty or seventy. It rises sixty-five or seventy feet above the plain, and shows at the summit a level plain about twelve feet in breadth and ninety in length. This, according to the Sioux, was called the Hill of the Little People, and they believe that it is the abode of little devils, in human form, of about eighteen inches high, and with remarkably large heads; they are armed with sharp arrows, with which they are very skillful, and are always on the watch to kill those who should have the hardihood to approach their residence." Many Indians have been killed by these spirits, and, among others, three Omaha Indians, only a few years before. The Sioux, Omahas and Otoes are so afraid of the place that they never visit it.

The wind blows so strongly over the plain in which this mound stands that insects are obliged to seek shelter on its leeward side, or be driven against it. The little birds which feed on these insects resort there in great numbers to pick them up. There the brown martin was so employed, and the birds were so tame that they would not fly until closely approached.

At Calumet Bluff the party was visited by a number of Yankton Sioux, brought in by Sergeant Pryor and his party, who had gone to the village to induce them to come to the river. A council was held with these Indians, and presents given them; and in the evening the Indians danced for the entertainment of the white men. To the Durions—Frenchmen who were trading with these Indians—presents were given; and they were requested to try to make peace between the Yanktons and their enemies.

Reference is made to the soldier bands of the Sioux and Cheyennes, though without much comprehension of what this organization is. It is spoken of in these terms: "It is an association of the most active and brave young men, who are bound to each other by attachment, secured by a vow never to retreat before any danger or give way to their enemies. In war they go forward without sheltering themselves behind trees, or aiding their natural valor by any artifice. This punctilious determination not to be turned from their course became heroic or ridiculous a short time since, when the Yanktons were crossing

the Missouri on the ice. A hole lay immediately in their course, which might easily have been avoided by going round. This the foremost of the band disdained to do, but went straight forward, and was lost. The others would have followed his example, but were forcibly prevented by the rest of the tribe. The young men sit, and encamp, and dance together, distinct from the rest of the nation; they are generally about thirty or thirty-five years old, and such is the deference paid to courage, that their seats in council are superior to those of the chiefs, and their persons more respected. But, as may be supposed, such indiscreet bravery will soon diminish the numbers of those who practice it, so that the band is now reduced to four warriors, who were among our visitors. These were the remains of twenty-two, who composed the society not long ago; but, in a battle with the Kite Indians of the Black Mountains, eighteen of them were killed, and these four were dragged from the field by their companions."

The list of the Sioux tribes here given includes the Yanktons, the Tetons of the Burned Woods—now called Brulés; the Tetons Okandandas—now known as Ogallalas; the Teton Minnakenozzo—Minneconjous; the Teton Saone—Santees; Yanktons of the Plains—Yanktonnaies; the Mindawarcarton—Minnewakaton; the Wahpatoota—Wahpatones; the Sistasoone—Sissetons.

Not far beyond Calumet Bluffs were found extraordinary earth works, said by the explorers and French interpreters to be common on the Platte, the Kansas, and the James rivers. The Puncas were next passed, above La Rivière qui Court—the Niobrara. These are said to have been largely reduced in numbers by the attacks of their enemies, and to be now associating with the Omahas, and residing on the head of the Loup and the Running Water. Above here the first prairie dogs were seen; and not long after they were rejoined by one of their men who, twelve days before, had been sent off after lost horses, and, having found them, had been wandering along the river for twelve days, seeking his party. Mention is made on September 17 of a great prairie dog town, and it is told that their presence here enticed to this place "wolves of a small kind, hawks, and polecats, all of which animals we saw, and presume that they fed on the squirrels." The whole country here had recently been burned, and was now covered with young grass, on which herds of antelope and buffalo were feeding.

On the 20th, the party had a narrow escape from being buried under a falling bank, undermined by the river. On this day a fort and a large trading house built by Mr. Loizel for the purpose of trading with the Sioux was passed on Cedar Island, and the following day Indians stole one of their horses. They had now come to the country of the Teton Indians, and, holding a council with them, had more or less trouble, which would undoubtedly have resulted in fighting, had it not been for the prudence of Captain Clark. The Indians were insolent, and were disposed to go just as far as permitted in annoying the white people. However, they were not allowed to impose on the party, and a short distance above this the main Teton village was passed, and here Captains Lewis and Clark were met at the river bank by ten young men, who carried them on buffalo robes to the large house where the council was to be held—an evidence of the highest respect. In this shelter were about seventy men, sitting about the chief, before whom were placed a Spanish flag and American flag which Lewis and Clark had given him. Within the circle was the pipe, supported on two forked sticks, about six or eight inches from the ground, and beneath the pipe was scattered the down of a swan. Food was cooking over the fire, and near the kettle a large amount of buffalo meat, intended as a present. The feast consisted of a dog, pemitigon, and pomme blanche, and was ladled into wooden dishes with a horn spoon. After eating and smoking, a number of dances were performed. Concerning these, the very incorrect opinion is expressed: "Nor does the music appear to be anything more than a confusion of noises, distinguished only by hard or gentle blows upon a buffalo skin; the song is perfectly extemporaneous." It is, of course, well known now that these songs and dances are always the same, and never, by any chance, change.

It is noted that these Indians, who appear to have been Ogallalas, had then a fashion of dressing the hair different from anything recently known. The journal says: "The men shaved the hair off their heads, except a small tuft on the top, which they suffered to grow, and wore in plaits over the shoulders. To this they seemed much attached, as the loss of it is the usual sacrifice at the death of near relations." The dress of men and women is described, and it is noted that the fire-bags of these Sioux were made of the dressed skins of skunks. The women's dresses were not very unlike that of recent times.

After four days spent with these Indians, preparations were made to proceed up the river; but the Indians did not seem willing to let them go. They did not show any particular hostility, but were extremely irritating, and put the white men to so much trouble that they were obliged to threaten them with fighting. Even after they had at last succeeded in starting on their journey, these Sioux followed them along the river, and continued to annoy them.

Not very far above the point where they were troubled by the Sioux, they came on a village of Arikaras, with whom some Frenchmen were living, and among them a M. Gravelines. This man brought together the Arikara chiefs for a conference, in which speeches were made to them similar to those already uttered to the Indians down the river. Some presents were given, but the offer of liquor was declined, the Indians saying that they were surprised that their father should present to them a liquor which would make them fools. From the Indians were received presents of corn, beans and squashes. The following day other councils were had at other villages of the Rees; and the explorers finally left them to go up the river. The history of this tribe is given with substantial accuracy, and much is said about their habits and their good disposition.

Further up the river a camp of Sioux was passed, and beyond them a stream called Stone-Idol Creek. This name was given from the discovery that "a few miles back from the Missouri there are two stones resembling human figures, and a third like a dog; all of which are objects of great veneration among the Arikaras."

While nothing is said about the size of these figures, one wonders whether they have any possible relation to that stone figure known as the Standing Rock, concerning which the Yankton Sioux have a tradition. We have not heard of the figure of a man in connection with the Standing Rock, but there was certainly the figure of a woman and of a dog, and the woman, who owned the dog, is said to have been a Ree woman. The Yankton tradition, however, is quite different from that given by Lewis and Clark. Their two stone figures are a lover and a girl whose parents declined to permit the marriage; and these two young persons, the man accompanied by his dog, met on the prairie, and, after wandering about, were at last turned to stone. The Standing Rock, which is now at Standing Rock Agency, in North Dakota, is said to have been a Ree woman, who, after having long been the only wife of her husband, became jealous when he took another wife, and, lagging behind the traveling body of the Rees, was finally turned to stone, and remains to this day, a warning to all jealous women.

A little later during the day's journey they saw great numbers of "goats" (antelope) coming to the banks of the river. No doubt these animals were then migrating toward the mountains, or perhaps to the broken hills of the Little Missouri. On October 18 they passed the Cannon-ball River, referred to as Le Boulet; and here they met two Frenchmen who had been robbed by the Mandans, but who turned about and proceeded north again with the white men, in the hope of recovering their possessions. Game was extremely abundant—buffalo, elk, and deer. An Indian who was with them pointed out to them a number of round hills, in which he declared the calumet birds—probably the thunder bird—had their homes.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Halcyon Days on the South Branch.

BY O. WARREN SMITH.

IT rained, and it had been raining for three weeks; but, nothing daunted, we hitched the horses to the platform wagon and started. We were the deacon, my wife and I and our little girl, and we were in search of a trout brook of which we had often heard but had never fished—the South Branch of the Oconto River, in Wisconsin. The deacon was boss and driver, my wife was cook, I was a hewer of wood and a carrier of water, while the little girl was in every one's way and had the best time of all.

It rained, but with everything and every one covered with canvas, we pulled out of the city of Shawano, to the great amusement of clerks and the omnipresent small boy. But the running fire of remarks which our appearance called forth had no more effect on us than did the patter-patter of the raindrops. Why will people insist upon staying indoors when it rains, just because it rains? Nature, like woman, is never more beautiful than when in tears. The leaves upon the trees seem to hold themselves so that the raindrops may caress them when falling. And how the birds enjoy the downpour! We see them hopping about, chirping contentedly, or sitting on the branch of a tree with ruffled feathers, enjoying a bath without exertion. Then there is no dust, and one almost has the world to himself, so few people get out when it rains. We enjoyed the ride to the utmost, and we started out with the idea of enjoying whatever nature sent us.

Eight miles out of Shawano we came to Keshena, which is a small town upon the edge of the Keshena Indian Reservation. Here are located the Government schools, and the home of the Indian Agent, who kindly gave us a permit to fish upon the Indian lands. From Keshena we drove out to Keshena Falls, and stopped long enough to take a picture. Here the Wolf River tumbles over a granite wall twenty feet high, and after churning itself to foam, flows on calmly until it unites with the Fox River, some fifty odd miles to the south. But above Keshena Falls, rapid follows rapid, and falls follow falls in quick succession. I made a canoe trip down the Wolf some ten years ago, and I know all about it.

From the falls we journeyed northeast. The rain ceased, and the sun came out scorching hot. The sand was deep, and being wet, clung to the wheels; and to ease the horses, we got out and walked. The delight of the little one over every wild flower and wilder rabbit was contagious, and we surprised ourselves by singing some long forgotten hymn, learned in boyhood. Somehow, when we come in close touch with nature, we seem to reach back and get hold of childhood's faith, hope and love. Near to nature's heart the harsh word dies upon the lip unuttered, and the mean thought vanishes away.

At 4 o'clock we reached the river, and I must say I was disappointed. I had looked for a river, and this stream, as it seemed to me, was little better than a creek; but ere twenty-four hours had passed, I was willing to call it a river. Before sundown, the tents were up, the horses quartered in a near-by Indian's barn, and my wife had scraped acquaintance with the Indian's wife, and took her picture as she sat dreaming on the western porch of her little home.

We were up with the sun the next morning, and breakfast disposed of, we jointed our rods and began the battle. The deacon scored the first victory, with my wife a close second. I managed to snarl my line, so the little one won third place, and I was obliged to be content with fourth. So we four fished pool after pool, until the deacon called a halt with, "See, here, we have all we can eat for dinner, and a man is greedy if he takes more than he needs!" All agreeing with the sentiment, we returned to the tent. The day was perfect, so I rigged up the camera on a convenient stone, fastened a string to the release, and took a picture of our camp. To-night the snow is falling and the wind is sighing about the house; but as I sit at the desk writing, I have the picture of our camp before me, and hear only the sighing of the wind in the hemlocks back of the tent, and the rush of the trout creek below.

After dinner, leaving the wife to talk with the Indian woman, who had come to visit her, the deacon and I hit the stream higher up. Entering the stream about three miles above the camp, we proceeded to fish down side by side. This method of fishing has the advantage of companionship, and rivalry. Each seeks to outcast and outcatch the other. Standing at the head of quite a fall, we both cast into the pool below. My line ran out with a rush, and I realized that I had hooked a big one. Instinctively, I knew that I could not reel the fish up through the rapid water, so I proceeded to walk down to net my fish. My eyes were fixed upon the fish leaping and straining in the pool below as I stepped over the little fall, and losing my balance, down, down, down, I went, heels over head, into the pool. Foolish thing to do, I hear you say, and I am willing to agree with you; but I offer as an excuse my eagerness to capture the trout and the fact that I didn't think there could be so deep a pool in the stream. Coming to the surface after what seemed an hour under water, I struck out for shore, still clinging to my rod. Climbing out on the bank, I looked back up at the deacon. You can imagine his mirth, but I could not join him in it. I began to reel in, and to my surprise I found the trout still fast. Standing upon the bank, I fought the battle out. Dripping, but triumphant, I brought the fish to net, and my joy knew no bounds when he pulled the pocket scales down at three pounds six ounces. My camera was wet, so the deacon tried to get a picture of the falls for me, but the woods were so dense that the picture is not altogether satisfactory. Nevertheless, it serves to remind me of a defeat and victory.

We fished down to camp, reaching it just as the sun sank behind the treetops, and an ideal day was ended.

That night it rained hard, and I for one lay awake just to listen to the rain dashing against the canvas. The next morning I found the following lines penciled on a bit of birch bark lying by the fire, showing that the "stilly night" had got in its work upon some one beside myself:

"Far from the haunts of striving man,
With my tent, my gun and my rod;
What care I for society's ban?
I dwell in the Temple of God.

"My thoughts are not of the mart and pelf,
But with nature's god so near,
I commune as self with self,
I have no fear."

The next day was rainy, and we remained in camp, reading some back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, which the deacon had thoughtfully purchased while in town. I for one do not believe in killing myself with work while out for a rest. I had one "pleasure exertion," the time I took the canoe trip up the Wolf River, and that was enough for me. The day following the rain, the river was so high that fishing was out of the question, and we spent the day studying the birds and hunting ladyslippers, finding fifteen of the latter growing in one bunch.

The second day after the rain, the water having cleared, we began fishing, and whipped a mile of the stream before our baskets warned us that it was time to stop if we wished to retain our self respect. Returning to the tent, my wife displayed a two and a half pound trout, taken at a pool just below camp.

So the days came and went; each seemed more enjoyable than the last, and all too soon the deacon said, "To-morrow we will have to pull out for the town. I have been away from business too long already." So the ghost of civilized man entered the woods and interrupted our halcyon days. Instead of complaining, I should be thankful that the ghost had left us alone for two weeks. How dear every moss-grown tree-trunk had become! Then there was that great boulder by the river's edge, upon which I stood to draw water for the camp; standing there, I would fall to dreaming and forget all about the water until my wife's voice would remind me, "If we are to have any tea for dinner, bring that water along." Yes, every tree and stone had become a personal friend, and we were loth to part.

Once more the horses were before the platform wagon, and we pulled out. All too soon we reached Shawano. The team was placed in the barn. We saw the deacon take a north bound train, and soon after a south bound carried us home and to "business."

Passing of the English Sparrow.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent Scientific American Supplement, Harold Bolce, in an interesting article, "The Passing of the English Sparrow," gives the following facts, which may interest all the lovers of native bird life among the grand fraternity of FOREST AND STREAM readers and admirers. Among the most active natural enemies of the English sparrow in North America is the little screech owl (*Megascops asio*), the Canada little saw-whet or Acadian owl (*Nyctala acadica*), and the great northern shrike or butcher bird (*Lanius borealis*). The bluejay also destroys their eggs and nestlings.

All these birds should be protected, and a wide publicity given to their good qualities in this respect, as there exists a prejudice against the owls and shrike among the farmers and country people. These pigmy members of the family are too small to destroy game birds, and will rather feed on sparrows than song birds because there are more of them and they are just as succulent morsels. It appears also that the shrike has learned to imitate the distress call of the sparrow, and so decoys them. A medical scientist with the United States army, conjointly with observations made by English scientists in Australia, etc., has also found that a certain species of mosquito infects the sparrow with the malarial parasite.

All these enemies combined should succeed in reducing the ranks of the pestiferous sparrow army and make our old friends, the wrens, mockingbirds, swallows, martins, chipping sparrows, Baltimore and orchard orioles, phœbe birds, warblers, yellow and bluebirds, and a host of other departed feathered friends, to return to their old haunts and resume their minstrelsy in their native parks and woods. Amen!

JULIAN P. THE FOX HUNTER.

Natural History.

Snakes of the N. Y. Zoological Park

(*Continued from page 396*)

It is not only in the keeping alive of rare and delicate snakes that the reptile house has been particularly fortunate. Success has been met as well in the breeding of the reptiles. Snakes are divided into two classes: those hatched from the egg, and those born alive. Usually those that are hatched from eggs are of the harmless variety. And here nature has made a wise provision. Harmless snakes multiply at the rate of from forty to eighty-five in a year, while the venomous ones seldom arrive with more than six to ten in a brood. A young venomous snake is fully able to care for itself the instant it is in the world. Its poison arrives with it, and it needs no parental care.

The fact that young venomous snakes are as dangerous as their parents was accidentally proved in the reptile house. One of the first brood of snakes to be added to the collection was of cotton-mouth moccasins, seven in number. As is generally known the moccasin is one of the most poisonous of American snakes. Next to the cage where the moccasins were born lived a harmless garter snake. One night the newly arrived moccasins crawled through the fine wire screen that divided the two cages. They made themselves at home in their new quarters, and when during their run about the cage they brushed up against the garter snake, they fell on him, bit him, and in an hour he was dead, poisoned by the tiny fangs of the little ones, who had not been in the world more than two days. One of the interesting things about the brood of moccasins was their color. The mother was of rich olive, but the young ones were rusty red, with tails as yellow as if they had been dipped in sulphur. Like all snakes grown in captivity, these moccasins, when they are full grown, will be especially valuable. Snakes born in captivity are more hardy, are easier to handle, and bring forth young that are even hardier than themselves, being used to the hardships of the cage.

In the case of these moccasins, the mother takes no interest whatever in the brood. To the surprise of visitors who make inquiry of the keepers, they learn that she has not even once swallowed them to get them out of an imaginary danger. And this talk of snakes swallowing their young to protect them is, says Curator Ditmars, a myth, pure and simple. "Snakes—that is, male snakes," said he, "have been known to swallow their young, but less to get them out of a danger, real or imaginary, than to furnish themselves with a good, square meal. This has been proved several times by experiences in the reptile house. Of all the snakes that were ever swallowed there to get them out of harm's way, not one has reappeared up to date."

Not long ago five chicken snakes descended from their cage-tree and began mysterious operations in the sand under the water pan in their cage. The snakes were watched closely, and it was found that they had scooped a nest in the sand. A few days later twenty-seven eggs were found deposited in the moist spot. The eggs were of the size of pigeons' eggs, but were not covered with a hard shell. In a short time they began to grow, becoming bumpy and of the size of hen's eggs. The young inside the eggs are provided with an "egg tooth," a very sharp and tiny tooth, fastened to the lower lip. With this they cut their way to freedom as soon as they are strong enough to appear in public. In the case of the chicken snakes, the difference between the young and the old snakes is most marked. The adult snake is yellow, with long dark brown bands. The young ones are pinkish, but in time will assume the colors of the parents.

A while ago there appeared at the reptile house among the snakes intended for the commissary department a freakish brood of youngsters. Out of one batch of forty-seven young ones, four were perfect albinos, and one was provided with two heads. Seldom has anything like these snakes been seen, and great care was taken to keep them alive, especially the two-headed fellow. He was removed at once from the cage with his fellows and given an especial den of his own. There he rested on moist blotting paper, and the officers of the Zoological Society did everything possible to keep life within the precious one. But he refused to gladden the hearts of the keepers, and one morning was found dead.

The albinos, snow-white with pink eyes, throve fairly well for a long time. In an adjoining cage was a pair of copperheads. One night seven young "red adders" unexpectedly appeared. Even before the little fellows were known to have arrived, they had wriggled through the screen separating the cages, and bitten the albinos; result, death.

After snakes have learned to eat, it has been observed that they take great notice of children who come near their cages. They will often watch a child as long as it is in sight, and on certain occasions have been seen to strike at them through the glass. After thus striking, Mr. Ditmars has observed that a salivary excretion has been left on the glass, indicating, it would seem, that the snake regarded the child as an acceptable article of food. They pay no attention, however, to grown persons. They seem to choose children as being of a more suitable size.

Snakes of the boa constrictor type are caught by the natives of India and South America by means of trap nooses. When a snake has been captured, it is placed in a zinc-lined box and shipped. Usually the ocean voyage occupies from one to four months. Throughout this time the snakes receive neither food nor water. Coiling himself into as tight a package as possible, he take the sea voyage very philosophically. If his box be held very securely to the deck he suffers no inconvenience.

On the arrival of a snake at the New York Zoological Garden, Mr. Ditmars has it taken from the box and placed in a tank of tepid water. After a bath and a long rest, the snake is taken from the water and massaged, in order to bring about a re-establishment of the natural circulation, which has been in abeyance owing to lack of exercise.

The snake is then rubbed all over with vaseline, receiving a vaseline massage regularly for about two weeks. If the snake has been shedding his skin, all the portions of the old skin are removed. It is very essential to the health of a snake that its skin be shed periodically. From improper skin shedding snakes become subject to various skin diseases.

Sometimes it is found that these snakes are suffering from a species of pneumonia, or congestion of the lungs. This is due to change of temperature. Snakes should be kept in an even temperature, ranging from 80 to 90 degrees Fahrenheit; a temperature lower than 70 degrees makes a snake unhealthy. Besides pneumonia and skin diseases, snakes are subject to diphtheria.

Incrustations of a whitish nature form on the back of the throat. If these are not treated, the reptile will die. All the symptoms point to a form of diphtheria. This is a peculiarity which has been observed by few but Mr. Ditmars.

Though every possible precaution is taken at the New York reptile house to prevent the men from being bitten by snakes, it occasionally happens that a man will receive a nasty bite from a reptile. On these occasions the patient is given Dr. Albert Calmette's Anti-Venine. This peculiar medicine is obtained by inoculating a horse with cobra venom until the animal is immune to the poison.

At first the horse receives a hypodermic injection of a fiftieth drop in glycerine. This dose is increased until his system is permeated with cobra venom—about the deadliest poison known. The blood serum of the poison-charged horse then becomes the best known antidote for poisonous snake bites. This antidote is used by the British Government in India as a preventive in cobra poisoning.

As soon as a man has been bitten by a snake a ligature should be bound tightly above the affected part. Then drainage wounds should be made in the vicinity of the bite and below the ligature. This ligature prevents the poison from getting into the general circulation, and the wounds near the bite let out the poisoned blood.

Despite the popular prejudice against reptiles, Mr. Ditmars firmly believes that snakes were created to serve a useful purpose. He points out their great value as destroyers of harmful rodents, bugs and birds, and maintains that, were it not for snakes, many portions of the globe would be unproductive and uninhabitable.

Short Talks on Taxidermy.

IV.—Making up the Skin.

Now take the bird skin in the hollow of your left hand and push back first the right and then the left wing, as nearly as possible into the position of nature. Turn your hand over and place the bird on its breast in your right hand, and look at the back. If the feathers do not lie smoothly lift them up and let them fall again, and pull them a little bit, first toward the bird's head, and then toward the tail, always pushing up the wings to a natural position. At first you may not succeed in doing this very well, but it is a mere matter of practice, and you will find that, after handling a few skins, the feathers will very easily fall into place. If they do not, you may feel very sure that you have filled the skin too full of cotton, and that it is so stretched as to make the feathers stand on end. When you get the skin right, so that the feathers lie as they should, be sure you keep it so, and place it so that it will dry in that position.

There are a variety of ways of placing a skin so that it will dry well. Perhaps the commonest is to make a little semi-cylindrical trough of paper, on which the made-up skin is laid, to remain until it is dry. This is an easy and trouble-saving way, but its tendency is to make the bird's back even and round. If you use such little troughs it will be well for you to supplement them by pushing little wads of cotton down at the side of the neck and at the shoulders, and again under the tips of the wings on both sides, so that the skin will have more nearly the shape of the dead bird than if it dries on a smooth curved surface. Another and better way is to take a thin sheet of cotton, place your made-up skin in that, and gently lap the cotton over it, first on one side and then on the other. If this is properly done the bird can be placed on a flat surface to dry, the wings being supported by the sheet of cotton. You must remember that as you lay the bird away, so it will dry, and as it dries, so it will look when the skin is completed. It is a good plan to look at your skin from time to time while it is drying, and if you see anything going wrong with it, and feathers standing up anywhere, you may be able, by putting a little compress of cotton over them, to hold them down so that they will dry in their proper place.

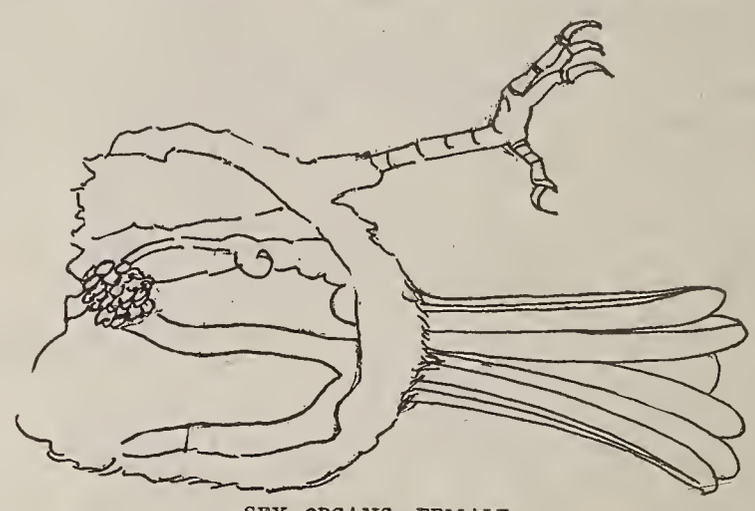
You must be careful to have the tail flat. It must not be allowed to dry in any way askew, but should follow the line of the back straight down. If you please, you can spread the tail a little bit, but it should not be spread too wide, but only enough to show the outer margin of the feathers on both sides.

While in the adult the sex of many species can be determined from the plumage, there are others in which this affords no certain guide, and many specimens will be taken in which it will be absolutely necessary to inspect the organs of generation in order to positively determine the sex. In the spring, for example, their plumage tells with absolute certainty the sex of the male and female bobolink, but in the autumn you must have recourse to dissection to determine the question.

The organs of generation in birds lie close under the back bone, and are seen as white or whitish bodies just in front of the kidneys. The male organs are spherical or oblong, relatively large in the breeding season, but smaller in the autumn and winter, and in the young bird very small. The ovary lies in the same position, but is a single mass in which just before the breeding season the different ovules may be detected as spherical yellowish bodies ranging from the size of a No. 8 shot—in a song sparrow—down to very small granules. In the young bird the individual eggs in the ovary are often so minute that it may be necessary to inspect the mass with a pocket lense to detect its character, while the male organs are also sometimes very inconspicuous. In a bird the size of a song sparrow the male organs in the breeding season are about the size of a pea and quite white.

It is best always to dissect your specimen and determine the sex beyond any question. To do this, cut the body of the specimen with your knife from the thigh bone forward through the ribs close to the back as far forward as to the shoulder, and open the visceral cavity, pushing the intestines to one side with the handle of your scalpel. When the backbone is thus exposed from below, you will see the purplish red kidneys lying close to it, in front of them the whitish organs of generation, and in front of these the lungs, all these organs clinging close to the backbone. If you cannot plainly distinguish the sex of your bird, take your glass and make a close inspection, pushing the organs one way and another with the point of your knife. A little care and a little practice will enable you to determine the sex every time. The sign for male is that of Mars, made thus, ♂; that for female is the sign for Venus, made thus, ♀

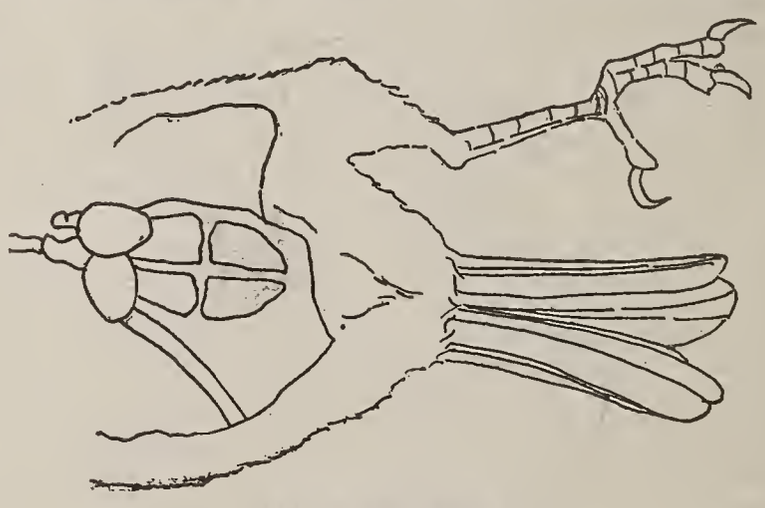
The final operation with your skin is to put on it a label. This should be a slip of cardboard as small as



SEX ORGANS, FEMALE.

possible, provided it is large enough to hold the different things you wish to write on it. These should be the collector's name, the number of the skin, the locality where it was collected, the date, and the sex. There may also be a line for the name, though the name of a bird is far less important than the place, date, the sex, and the collector's name. Anyone can recognize to what species the bird belongs, and can himself supply the name, but the other data are important. You will do well to have a number of these labels, to each of which a thread is attached, and the label should be tied to the crossed legs of the bird, and rest over the tail.

This is the simplest mode that I know of for making a bird's skin. But it will not answer for certain species, such as ducks, woodpeckers, cranes, and a few other



SEX ORGANS, MALE.

birds. In these species the neck is so slender that the large head will not pass through it, and the bird's skin cannot be turned inside out. In some cases, by breaking the back of the jaw, where the lower mandible articulates with the skull, the head can be slipped over, but it is safer not to try experiments of this kind. A better way is to turn the bird as far as possible and then cut off the neck, and perform the different operations of cleaning the skin. Then, with your knife, make an incision on the top of the head, just back of the eye, and cut a median slit down over the back of the head and back of the neck, and skin down the head on either side until the base of the skull appears. Use plenty of cornmeal here, for the short feathers of the head must not be soiled or moistened by blood. When you have skinned down so that the back of the skull appears, pull out the ears and skin the sides of the head down to the eyes. By this time you can probably pull out the fragment of the neck, which may be cut off, the brain removed, and any flesh on the inside of the mouth. Then, after having taken out the eyes, poisoned the skull, and replaced the eyes with cotton, you can sew up the slit you cut, poison the whole bird, and go ahead as before.

In making a skin, the tendency of the beginner is always to stretch it. He is likely to make the necks of the small birds too long, and still more likely to stretch out the necks of his ducks or geese or herons. This is especially to be avoided If you should wish to mount one of your dried skins at a later day, you can easily enough stretch it then, but if you make it too long you may be sure that you can never shrink it. In these long-necked birds it is not uncommon to stiffen the neck by introducing a straight stick wrapped with cotton or tow to just about the size which the neck should be. On the other hand, some taxidermists put no stiffening in the neck of a duck, but turn the neck over, and lay the head on its side on the bird's back. Others provide themselves with wires of various lengths and wrap cotton or tow about them, sometimes—in the case of a heron or other long-necked bird—bending the neck back, so that it lies by the bird's side.

The material used for filling your skin may be almost any vegetable substance. It must not be an animal sub-

stance; that is to say, neither hair nor wool will do as stuffing, because both of these are readily attacked by insects, and insects are the great enemy of the collector. It is to prevent their attacks that he uses his poison, and that he always keeps his skins, if possible, in air or in insect-proof cases. Cotton, tow, excelsior, shavings, may safely be used, and I have on a pinch employed newspaper, but I do not recommend it.

The beginner who sees an old hand skin a bird is often impressed by the rough-and-ready way with which the skin is handled. The skins of small birds seem, to most of us, very tender and delicate, and the texture of the feathers very soft and likely to be easily ruffled if improperly handled; but, as a matter of fact, the practiced bird skinner very seldom tears a skin unless it be one of extreme thinness, for example, like that of the nighthawk, and, understanding how to handle the skin and the feathers, he scarcely ever ruffles the latter.

It is well, as has been said, for the beginner to try his hand on some medium sized bird, like a robin, jay, blackbird, or meadowlark, and when he is so skillful that he can make up one of these skins readily and easily, he may try a larger or a small bird as he pleases. Small birds are much easier to skin than large ones, and the man in practice will skin a warbler in three minutes, and will average more than fifteen an hour. Larger birds are harder to skin, and it takes very much more time to do the work. While the skin of a little bird will strip easily from almost every part of its body, that of the larger one clings close, and successive strokes of the knife are required to separate it from the flesh. Water fowl almost always have a great amount of fat lying between the skin and the flesh, and this must be removed, or else, as the bird stuffers say, it will burn the skin, and after a few years grease will appear on the feathers.

TAXIDERMIST.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Typhoid Oyster Question.

IN a murder trial in the western part of New York a few years ago, the jury became so confused over the expert testimony that they brought in a verdict of arson in the first degree, although, as shown by reference to the stenographer's notes, there had been no reference to the question of arson in the testimony, or in the charge by the court.

So much is being written upon the subject of typhoid fever and oysters at the present time, that a good deal of confusion results, and some people may get to feel that their bunions were caused by eating oysters from knobby shells.

The principal question may perhaps be stated concisely as follows:

1. Oysters feed upon minute organisms, including algæ and bacteria.

2. The bacteria which the oysters obtain from salt water are harmless, so far as we know.

3. Typhoid bacteria belong to fresh or brackish waters.

4. When oysters are placed in fresh or brackish waters for "fattening purposes," they collect quantities of typhoid bacteria along with their other food.

5. It is not a question of the oysters becoming infected with typhoid bacteria, but a question of their carrying a collection of the bacteria to market in their gills.

6. Nevertheless, an oyster that has been "fattened" in fresh or brackish water is a sick oyster. The reason why it is a sick oyster is because the salts in the body of the oyster are intended to maintain an osmotic balance in salty water, and when the oyster is placed in fresh or brackish water, the tissues swell up by endosmosis, and present a whiter appearance, at the same time losing character and flavor.

7. Oysters that are known to have come directly from salt water are delicious and safe, so far as we know, and the matter is entirely in the hands of the customer. If he calls for sick and pretty oysters he can get them; or he can call for salt oysters and get the right thing.

ROBERT T. MORRIS, M.D.

NEW YORK, May 12.

White Pelican in Massachusetts.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass., May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While in Wellfleet, Mass., on Sunday last, I saw a single specimen of the white pelican flying over the upper harbor above the railroad bridge. The bird flew almost overhead, and I noted the wide, pointed wings with black remiges, also the yellowish tinted under feathers with the long flesh-colored bill. The bird apparently came across the Cape from the northeast, sailed around over the mud flats, and disappeared behind a hill, probably continuing its way down to the main harbor and Massachusetts Bay. I have never seen this bird in the East before, and think it a rare occurrence.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

[The white pelican is very rare on the north Atlantic Coast. It has been taken on Long Island, the specimen being now, we believe, in the possession of Mr. Wm. Dutcher, of New York city.]

Hear what is told about the elephant, greatest of beasts:

"They learn things so eagerly that Pliny says that an elephant that was something dull, and was often beat for not learning well, was found acting his part by moonlight, and some say that elephants will learn to write and read. One of them learned to describe the Greek Letters, and did write in the same tongue these words, 'I myself writ this.'"—Four-Footed Beastes, 1607.



GAME BAG AND GUN

A Bear Hunt in Mississippi.

IT was the middle of November. For several days we had been waiting for rain. The dogs had been gathered in from different points for the expected hunt, and were cared for by Holt Colyer at the old Cellers plantation. Charley and I had been out frequently to see them, and Holt pronounced them in fine trim. No one dared gainsay the old darky's opinion, for he knows more about hounds and can make them perform better, and has killed more bears than any other living man.

At last the rain came. From four in the evening until nine the next morning it simply poured. This meant plenty of water in the woods for dogs, and the scent would lie well. Dogs must have water. By daylight Holt was on his way with the dogs, mounted on his large brown horse—an ugly brute, but docile and used to carrying a dead bear over any kind of ground. Charley and I took the train and left it at a little siding called Purnell. We hired a team and loaded our camp outfit and took a stave road some five miles to the bank of the Quiver River, making our camp in some shanties built by stave makers. Two stout darkies soon had a roaring fire in the large chimney, and were busy preparing our supper and baking corn-bread for the dogs. Twenty-two dogs will eat something like a half barrel of corn-meal at a feed, so that it was quite a job.

Holt did not arrive till long after dark. He had ridden about thirty-five miles, and some of the young dogs had jumped a deer and he had had a hard time to head them off. We put the pack in a shanty on a bed of leaves, gave them a good feed and nailed them up securely. The "strike dogs"—Remus, Ball, and Lyde—were destined to room with us—companions for "folks." A "strike" dog is the one that "strikes" the cold trail and follows the quarry by the scent until it is aroused from its lair. These three dogs were wonders in their way. No deer or wildcat would they follow, but this was due to severe training and the fear of Holt's long whip, for in their younger days they had run deer.

We sat by the fire and talked of days gone by. Remus knew me well, and without an invitation came and rested his chops on my knee, closed his eyes and swayed his body to and fro in the warm glow of the fire. As I stroked his fine head, I noticed that the long, delicate ears were fringed at the edges, and his jet black head of former years was speckled with gray and scarred by briers and thorns. "Poor old Remus," I said, "you are nearly done." Ball stood by the side of the chimney, in his stoical way, dreaming of the morrow, perhaps. The great scar on his shoulder recalled the day when a large bear at bay caught him with her claws, and he had to be stitched up and toted to camp. Lyde, the squealer of the pack, curled up close in front of the fire. Many a bear had she cheered on his run. She was the perfect type of the old southern hound or "nigger dog;" black, with tan eye-spots, true and good as dog can be. The fire burned low. We spread our blankets, and were soon asleep.

About midnight I was awakened by a terrible outcry from one of the dogs, and sitting up in my bunk, expecting to see a panther in the cabin, heard Holt say, "Remus, you scoundrel beast, ef you don't want all your hide burned off, keep out dem ashes." It was nearly day when I felt a cold nose on my cheek, which startled me, and turning over I saw Ball standing by the side of my bed. He was shivering, and I was anything but comfortable. Knowing what he wanted, I raised up the blanket and he piled in. I covered him up close to my back. Talk about hot bricks and water bags, a hound is the only warm thing around a camp.

We were out bright and early with the three dogs, and took our way up the river to a great canebrake, which was a famous hiding place for bruin. We had gone perhaps two miles, when Holt called our attention to a muscadine vine which had been torn from a tree and lay in a heap at the root. "See where he has pulled this vine down to get the fruit? None but a big bear could do that, but it was in July or August." We did not go far till we saw him examining a persimmon tree. "See here," he said, "look at the loose bark at the foot of this tree; he has been up shaking down the persimmons, and has scraped the bark off sliding down. Look at the claw marks on the tree, how wide apart; he is a sure enough big fellow." We came to a bayou and followed its course for a couple of hundred yards, and there, in the soft mud, was a large track, but made before the rain.

The dogs were hunting, in their business-like way, in and out of the cane, occasionally stopping to notice a suspected scent. At last Ball whimpered a little, and the other two dogs were soon with him. It proved to be a very old trail, and was soon abandoned. Remus the wise one went into the cane, and presently we heard a joyful cry from the king of all bear dogs. The others soon were with him, and we heard Lyde's clear triple challenge which made the old swamp ring with good tidings. Holt said: "Wait a minute." We did not wait half a minute till a long, clear bay ending with two short notes, told us that Ball had passed his judgment.

"Dat's he," said Holt. "Now, Mr. Charley you go through the bayou. It is only waist deep, and don't stop till you get to Oak Ridge; be quick, now." And to me: "You can run fast enough to get back to Hickory Ridge and stop where the big burned snag stands. I will go through the cane to the river, and try and head him off."

I was in my stand and ready when I heard the dogs open on the hot trail, and was assured that the quarry was roused from his bed. With gun ready I was almost sure of getting the shot, for the chase bore directly toward me, but for some untold reason they broke out of the cane a long way to my left. I had a glimpse of the bear as he came into the open, but it was a long shot, and only for a second, and he was going down that ridge at a gait that would make a greyhound wonder. As I was nearest to the camp, I discharged my Winchester twice in quick succession as a signal to the boys at camp to let the pack loose, then ran as fast as I could to intercept them and see them join the chase. Luckily, I arrived in time, and of all glorious sights! Here they came, scattered in all directions, heads and tails erect, ears cocked forward, listening to their leaders, whimpering with eagerness, and every one trying to reach the trail first.

I yelled at them, "Catch him, you rascals! Whoop him up!" When the trail was reached, what a racket they made as they thundered along the ridge, striking the palmetto leaves in their course. Holt soon joined me, and we called Charley with the horn. Then we sat on a log and listened to the grandest music in the world. Away to the left they went, and then we heard them turn and head for the river. "They are going to Simrod's deadenning," said Holt, "away across the Quiver—a desperate place grown up with young honey locust briers and cane. That is an old bear and he will rip around in that thicket, thinking to shake off the dogs, and when he finds out they won't quit him, he will steal out with a long start and leg it for home, and likely make his stand near to the place he started."

The chase was fast going out of hearing, but Lyde's clear voice could be heard above all the rest. I said to Holt, "Listen at Lyde." He said, "Yes, she is sure doin' about, and there is nothin' livin' that that pack won't put a move on."

We lit our pipes and waited. Scores of squirrels, black and gray, played about the trees and barked at us. The large woodpecker with his scarlet plume was noisy and busy; birds of all kinds—jays, woodlarks, thrushes, joe-ree birds—kept us company.

We waited patiently; no sound from the missing pack. I said that the dogs would bring the bear to bay in the deadening. Charley said they would force him out, and he would go down the river to the heavy cane on the Sunflower. "No, no," said Holt, "I think he will be back." Fully two hours had elapsed and we were getting hungry. I looked at Charley, and his countenance plainly said, "I told you so." When we had almost concluded to follow the chase I saw Holt put his hand to his ear and listen. In a moment I knew what it was, for I heard Lyde's faint cry as it floated through the still air of the swamps. Then plainer it came. Then Ball's long, clear music. Then Remus, then the whole pack burst into hearing; they were crossing the ridge to the river.

Guns were inspected; hearts beat fast. It was not long till we were assured that the game was across on our side of the water. A short run of perhaps ten minutes, and bruin was at bay.

We called the darkies from the camp, and they were soon with us with their cane knives. We worked our way onward, sometimes having to cut down the cane, until we were within fifty yards of the battle. The great brute had made his stand against a large "clay root"—where a tree had been uprooted by the wind—and was keeping the dogs off as best he could. He was very tired; his long tongue protruded, bloody red from raking over briers and thorns, his whole front was covered with red foam, and his breathing was short and difficult. The dogs tried to dislodge him, and he would lay back his ears and charge at them, when they would retreat in a hurry.

A bear at bay is the most difficult shot, so we left it to Holt. If a bear is wounded it is fatal to the dogs, for at the report of the gun every dog will go right in. When defending himself the bear keeps his head constantly in motion, and a bullet in the head is the only place that will kill him instantly. Holt shot him at the base of the brain, and in a second he was covered with dogs, but past fighting. We loaded him on the big brown horse, and took our way to camp. It was a heavy load—five hundred and fifty pounds. I went home that evening satisfied with my short hunt.

E. A. VICKROY.

New York Zoological Society.

We recently called attention to Mr. Madison Grant's interesting paper on the "Origin and Relationships of the Large Mammals of North America," in the Eighth Annual Report of the New York Zoological Society, which bears date April 1, 1904, and has just made its appearance. This is a handsome volume of over 200 pages, and contains a great amount of interesting matter adorned with a wealth of very beautiful illustrations. The report deals with the condition of the society, and this is followed by a number of special papers on new or little known species, and on various scientific subjects. The total membership of all classes is at present 1,333, of whom about 1,100 are annual members paying $10 each.

The report of the executive committee shows for the year 1903 an attendance of 1,164,146, as against 731,515 for the year 1902, an increase of nearly 60 per cent. The largest day's attendance was over 34,000 persons, and the completion of the rapid transit terminal at West Farms will probably see a further increase of this attendance. The total number of animals in the collection is 1,904, divided into 536 mammals, 706 birds, and 662 reptiles. During the year the bear dens were enlarged by four new cages, and the handsome fountain given by Mr. Wm. Rockefeller, as well as the Lydig memorial gates presented by Mrs. Frank K. Sturgis, have been completed.

During the past year many gifts of great importance have been added to the collection, and among these a herd of 26 bison and a herd of elk from the late Wm. C. Whitney; 6 specimens of lama-like animals from Mr. Robert F. Brewster, 1 eland and 2 pairs of gnus from Mr. Geo. F. Baker, 1 pair of African ostriches and 5 African antelope from Mrs. Fred. F. Thompson.

Many additional buildings and improvements are needed in the Zoological Park, for which it is hoped the city will provide money.

During the year the attendance at the Aquarium was considerably over a million and a half. The city has provided funds for painting and generally improving the Aquarium, which now contains about 2,000 living specimens. A fish hatchery installed there has proved of very great interest to the public, and from it more than 2,000,000 fry have been distributed in State waters. The finances of the Zoological Society are in admirable condition.

The report of Mr. Hornaday, the Director, goes somewhat into the detail of the collections, and is very interesting. This is followed by the description of a new species of raccoon dog obtained from Japan, and now almost a year and a half an inhabitant of the garden. This is followed by the report of Mr. Chas. H. Townsend, the Director of the Aquarium, which gives a very interesting account of conditions there. Mr. Townsend gives an interesting account of the ways of the manatee, which lived for nearly five months in the Aquarium. The list of gifts, beside those already mentioned, is a long one.

The Zoological Garden offers the opportunity for study by the veterinarian and the pathologist of many subjects of great importance. The Zoological Society is fortunate in having Dr. Harlow Brooks as pathologist, and Dr. W. Reed Blair as veterinarian of its medical department, and their papers, being a general report, an article on age paralysis by Dr. Brooks, and one on internal parasites by Dr. Blair, are very interesting. Mr. Raymond L. Ditmars, Curator of reptiles, records his "Observations on Lacertilians," and Mr. C. Wm. Beebe tells of the birds which he saw on Cobb's Island.

The admirable photographs which illustrate the volume are most of them taken by E. R. Sanborn, the society's photographer.

The Scarcity of Ruffed Grouse.

I was very much amused one day last fall at a little conversation I overheard. I was in the woods, not far from my house, looking for a tree suitable for a flag-pole, when I noticed two nimrods coming my way. I sat quietly down on a log to see what they were hunting.

When nearly opposite me, but fifty or sixty yards distant, one of them suddenly pulled up and discharged his gun. The other chap called over, "What'd you get, Jim?"

"Rabbit," replied Jim, laconically. Whereupon he walked over to Jim to have a look at the game.

Jim had evidently been in close quarters with bunny, for the other fellow said, "Huh! Call that a rabbit?"

"Sure," said Jim. "What do you call it?"

"Well," said the other, "I suppose it's a rabbit all right, but it looks to me like a hamburg steak with whiskers."

I have been much interested in the reports from various places in New York and New England on the ruffed grouse and woodcock. In Rensselaer county there has been a closed season on grouse for five years, and although there are more grouse in this immediate vicinity than there were when the closed season went into effect, it is an indisputable fact that the grouse do not multiply as rapidly as they should.

In Washington county, in covers where we last year left 15 or 18 birds, only 20 to 25 birds could be found this year. Of course, the ruffed grouse, like all of the feathered tribe, have many natural enemies, and taking these with the "man with the gun," the grouse have rather a hard row to hoe; but even at that, they do not seem to increase as much as they naturally should.

I have always lived on a farm, and have been a shooter of ruffed grouse for twenty years. Fifteen or twenty years ago the grouse (if my memory does not play me pranks) used to have twelve or fifteen young or more in a brood; but to-day six or eight seems to be the usual number.

Although Forest and Stream wants facts concerning the scarcity of grouse, I cannot refrain from advancing the theory that in localities where the ruffed grouse is reduced to a few individuals, they interbreed so closely that they degenerate, and are slowly but surely working to extinction.

While the ruffed grouse of to-day is the same bold, dashing warrior as of yore, I must say that, as Mr. Samuels in a recent number of Forest and Stream notes a decrease in the size of salmon and other game fishes, so I notice that the number of young in the broods of grouse of to-day are not more than 60 or 70 per cent. of what they were eighteen or twenty years ago.

I do not mean to say that the above cause has made the grouse so exceptionally scarce in some localities during the past season, but I want to convey the idea that in the more thickly settled districts the ruffed grouse is becoming so scarce that there is not new blood enough to keep the young birds in a strong and healthy condition.

All through the farming districts of this part of New York State there is plenty of cover, and apparently an abundance of food suitable for grouse, and it is a deplorable fact that they are not more plentiful.

A close season of two or three years is a very good thing, but it is not long enough to give the birds a good, permanent start. As a means of saving the grouse, I would advocate an open season only once in three or four years, and then but for a few days. This, of course, would seem a very harsh measure to some sportsmen, but to preserve this noble game bird for future generations will require a good deal of unselfishness on the part of all true sportsmen, and the time to commence is now at hand.

As to the woodcock, I have not heard of any big bags being made here; but, on the whole, the prince of our game birds has been more in evidence the past season than for three or four years.

I have never seen mention in any of the sporting papers of the cold wave on the South Carolina coast in February, 1899, in which thousands of woodcock perished, as reported by Mr. A. K. Fisher in the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture for 1901.

Harvey C. Campbell.

[The cold wave referred to was noted in Forest and Stream, and has often been commented on as a great cause of woodcock destruction.]

Why Such Bad Shooting.

November 10, 1903, we went into camp. By we, I mean the old "big four"—S., M., W. and myself, and with us came His Honor, the Judge, who had not previously been one of our party. We located at our old camp, near Hornby, Minn., where we had been doing our large game hunting for several years, and never with anything but good success.

The first snow of the season had fallen on the 9th, and the prospecting we did on the eve of our arrival at camp gave us assurance that there were deer enough in the immediate neighborhood to make the quota for each of us. It was therefore with great expectations that we started on our tramp the next day. These expectations were rudely blasted by a streak of pretty hard luck, combined with some of the poorest shooting ever known.

We worked the woods and burned country each day from the start until we left camp on the 18th, and the only things to the credit of the camp were two deer, taken by our friend M. The others of us failed miserably, and for the first time in ten years I left camp with a large goose egg to my credit.

I saw deer each day of the hunt; none of them at any great distance, and none but what even a greenhorn should have been able to have taken. The others of our party were in the same fix, and none of us could bring in the good news of a capture until M. got his, which was on the 14th. Long before this we had come to the conclusion that there was a "hoodoo" of large dimensions in the camp, and as the Judge left for Skibo to spend a couple of days the morning that M. got his deer, we naturally came to the conclusion that he had taken the stranger with him.

Not so, however, as he had no more than landed at Skibo before he put on his "war togs," and before he quit Sunday night he had three deer to tell about, while we had no more than the ice broken, and, so far as myself was concerned, things had gone from bad to worse. My opinion was—and still is—that had I been shut in a barn I couldn't have hit the side of it. This was confirmed on the 15th, when I took a shot at a deer not over a hundred feet away—missing it clear.

What made matters worse, was that there were three of the party with me, and all near enough to see the whole performance. They told His Honor, and between them things were made pretty warm for me during our stay in camp. His Honor, especially, became very sarcastic in his remarks about what good hunters some folks thought themselves, and advised a little practice with a toy gun.

Unable to stand the persecution, I concluded to take a couple of days alone and visit a friend, who was camped about eight miles east, and see if things would clear up some. His Honor suggested that S. go with me, as people who didn't know how to use a rifle should have someone along to look after them in case of accidents. So S. went. With me also went the hoodoo. Neither of us scored while away, although we saw plenty of deer, and the tracks of several moose.

On the morning of the third day we returned to camp, empty-handed, and were subjected to another round of chaffing. Our friend W. came in for his share of it, as he had not yet scored.

We broke camp on the 18th at 6 P. M. His Honor and myself went to Skibo to spend the balance of the season with my brother George. On the 19th His Honor received an urgent call home, and concluding that he had his twenty-five dollars' worth, he left us. I did nothing but rest up for the balance of the week. Friend M. came down on Saturday, and we three—M., George and myself—took the field—I with the intention of getting a deer or breaking a leg.

I got the deer and near broke the leg. That deer will be remembered a long time as being the toughest old buck ever taken in that part of the country. He dressed 275 pounds, and not an ounce of fat on or in him, and was so tough that a meat grinder refused to operate on him. We gave the meat to friends who asked for it, not offering it to anyone until they had asked, and explaining that it was a bit tough.

This was all the hunting I did until the 28th, when I got two deer, both of them quite difficult shots. This raised my stock to par, and made me feel like old times once more.

That day I saw moose signs, and on the morning of the 29th George and I went out to finish the season. Nothing but moose for myself, but anything for George, as he still had one deer and one moose to get to fill his list to the quoto. He got a deer, and the moose not showing up, I got nothing, so we quit. This ended the season for me, as I left for home on the 30th.

Will someone kindly come to the front with an explanation of such poor shooting as I did during the first part of the season. I lay it to the lack of practice, as I did not use my gun during the time from November 30, 1902, until the year following. J. P. B.

Use for Reindeer Hair.

On a number of occasions efforts have been made in Norway to use the hair of the reindeer to manufacture textiles. None of these efforts have succeeded on account of the brittleness of the hair. The only use to which reindeer hair has yet been successfully put is as filling in life-belts, cushions, and mattresses for use on board ship. Each hair, being a wide cylinder, contains a great deal of air, and its buoyancy is said to be greater than that of cork. This same quality, though in greater degree, is possessed by the hair of the antelope of the West, and, to some extent, of the mountain sheep.

Bear Near Town.

Oakmont, Pa., May 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two weeks since there were two bear cubs, about the size—and looks—of ten-week-old collie puppies in a shop window in Morganton, North Carolina, the dam having been killed about twelve miles from the town. They were very much alive at boxing and similar cub amusements.

Morganton is one of the oldest towns in the State, Sevier, the Governor of the transitory State of Franklin (or Frankland) having been put on trial for his life in the quaint old court house still standing there.

Wm. Wade.

Important Adirondack Decision.

Hon. Arthur L. Andrews, Corporation Counsel of the City of Albany, has handed down his decision in fifteen actions brought by the State against occupants of land along the shore of Raquette Lake, in Township 40, Hamilton county. These actions were for the ejectment of the occupants, on the grounds that the lands in question belonged to the State. They were begun under the direction of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission by Lewis and McKay, of Rochester, in the fall of 1901. Originally there were thirty of these actions, but in several of them the defendants suffered judgment to be taken by default. In others the defendants, after having appeared in the actions, entered into a stipulation that the plaintiff should have judgment for the possession of the premises described in the complaint, but without damages and without costs. Fourteen of the actions were vigorously defended by Judge Lyman Jenkins, County Judge of Warren County, with Frank L. Bell, of Glens Falls, as counsel. In the case of the People vs. Joseph H. Ladew, one of the most vigorously defended, because the lands involved were of the greatest value, and the question raised the most important, the defendant appeared by Messrs. Parsons, Sheppard & Ogden, of New York city, who retained George N. Ostrander, of Albany, and Senator J. P. Allds, of Norwich, as counsel to defend the action.

The issues raised in these actions involved the title to upward of 26,000 acres, being the entire township known as Township 40, perhaps the most valuable in the whole Adirondack region, containing Raquette Lake, one of the most beautiful lakes of the Adirondacks, and covered with a virgin spruce forest, no part of which has ever been lumbered. The State held title to this township largely by reason of tax deeds acquired under tax sales made years ago. The defendants attacked the validity of these tax deeds, and in some cases asserted title in themselves, either by deed or by adverse possession.

In the Ladew case, in addition to other defenses, defendant claimed by virtue of a contract of sale, which it was claimed had been entered into by the State through the former Board of Land Commissioners with Ladew's grantor, Charles W. Durant, Jr. The issues in all of these actions were referred to Hon. Arthur L. Andrews to hear, try and determine. More than eighty witnesses were sworn upon the trial of the actions. Testimony was taken at Albany, Raquette Lake, Long Lake, New York city and Guilford, Conn. At Guilford the testimony of Rev. W. H. H. Murray, many years ago famous as "Adirondack Murray," was taken in behalf of the State, the referee and counsel for the respective parties having found it necessary to go there for the purpose of procuring Mr. Murray's testimony on account of his serious illness, from which he soon after died.

Over a thousand pages of testimony were taken in the progress of the trials, and during the progress thereof it was necessary to examine the proceedings of the Boards of Supervisors in Hamilton county as far back as 1859, and hundreds of pages of documentary evidence from these sources were introduced and submitted for the consideration of the referee, in addition to the testimony given by the witnesses. The original source of title was traced back to pre-revolutionary times, and in connection therewith it became necessary to examine statutes and produce maps and surveys, and other evidence in that connection, dating as far back as 1759.

In Referee Andrews' opinion, which is a very elaborate and interesting document, he sustains the State's position on every essential point. The tax deeds are held by Referee Andrews to be good. As to the defendant's claim of adverse possession, the referee holds that there could be no adverse possession as against the State since the passage of the act of 1885, which provided that lands in Hamilton and other counties should not be purchased, leased, or taken by any person for any purpose, but should thereafter remain wild, uncultivated, unoccupied forest lands for the benefit of the people, which provision was incorporated into the Constitution of 1894, and made applicable not only to the counties specified in the act of 1885, but to the whole Adirondack Preserve. In the Ladew case the referee holds that there was not, and never had been, a contract between the State and Ladew or his predecessors, under which the title to the property claimed by him passed from the State.

New York Game Bills Signed.

Governor Odell has signed the following bills amending the forest, fish and game law:

Assemblyman F. C. Wood's bill (792—832), providing for restocking the Adirondack region with wild beaver.

Senator Townsend's bill (12—853), providing for the protection of wild black bear.

Assemblyman Dickinson's bill (160—883), relating to the close season for hares, rabbits, trout, etc., in Cortland and Genesee counties.

New Publications.

Shooting. Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson. Two volumes, each about 325 pages. Illustrated. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Although this is an expensive work, it is one that every gunner should have in his library. It deals fully with sport in England, where they have carried shooting with the shotgun far beyond anything that we Americans know about. The first volume deals with the pheasant, the partridge and the grouse, and all the detail which goes with these different sorts of game, from the rearing of pheasants, partridge and grouse to the management of covers and moors and the shooting and loading of guns.

The second volume is devoted in part to wildfowl shooting, and in part to such less important game as the hare, the rabbit and wild pigeons, with chapters on week-end shoots, planting covers for game, motor cars for sporting purposes, the game laws, and shooting accessories. No one can read these two volumes without acquiring a vast fund of information concerning sport in Britain, and incidentally learning much that may be useful to him on this continent as well. The illustrations are numerous and beautiful. Price, $7.50 net.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

When the Fishes Bite Best.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue, your correspondent, in discussing the question, "When Do Fish Bite Best," asks for the experiences of brother sportsmen.

Probably no question known to angling lore has been argued and reargued more vehemently than this; and it is safe to say that any writer who endeavors to answer it by arbitrarily laying down any universal rule, even for a particular species, would be treated with little ceremony by the contributors to FOREST AND STREAM.

No two anglers ever lived who agreed on everything connected with the craft, and fortunate it is; for if they did, what pleasure would remain in angling? What would happen to the element of chance—the "luck," the caprices of the fish, the personal equation and individual experiences of the fisherman—if the sport were to be confined in its scope by certain inflexible rules which must be obeyed with mathematical precision? Tackle dealers may still continue to invent such barbarous mechanical devices as spring gaffs and triple gangs; they may do their best to reduce the old conservative sport to mere "practical angling," but no such evil inventions can ever affect the theory of angling or the individual whims of the fisherman. There, at least, we are still secure from the growth of industry.

In our knowledge of fishing we are, after all, little more than creatures of circumstances, and often a small thing will rudely shock our faith in some ancient precedent or tradition. Another similar occurrence and we become doubtful, perhaps mildly skeptical; while at a third occurrence we openly repudiate the rule with all its teachings. Then we have made a piscatorial discovery, and a little theory of our own is formulated. Who among us has not his own pet notion, known only to himself; one which will be stoutly maintained by argument as against all others? Be it as to the style of the fly or its size, or the quickness of the snub, or the precise manner of transfixing a worm, or the length of the cast, or the clearness of the sky above, or the water beneath, or be it the times and seasons when fishes bite best, who among us, I ask, does not delight in his own especial crankism? The theories of our friends may fill their creels with trout, they may even become so universally accepted as to establish precedents, but only so far as they prove successful with us does our faith in them continue. We are always searching for a hidden secret—seeking out a better way—and truly, angling might well be termed the mother of investigation.

A few seasons ago an inexperienced friend of mine went bass fishing with a veteran of fifty years' experience in the game fields, and the latter (as small frogs were the bait) cautioned against snubbing too quickly at the strike. The tyro, in the excitement of a nibble, forgot instructions, and jerked valiantly at the very first tug, thereby hooking and landing a lusty 3-pounder, while the veteran lost one probably many pounds larger. A second nibble produced a similar result, and at evening the score stood eight to four in favor of the tyro. That was eight years ago. Since then he has fished many rivers and might well be termed a veteran, but with big-mouth bass he never fails to strike quickly, trusting to a little theory of his own.

Another friend, who spent two weeks last summer in Newfoundland, swears by the infallibility of the dusty-miller for salmon. Why? you ask. Well, we must not judge too hastily, for perhaps he has a right to his opinion. It killed three 10-pounders and several grilse the very first day out. Naturally he repeated the experiment again on the second day, and again on the third and fourth, always with the same result—good luck. And now, if questioned as to the standard fly, he replies, with a knowing look, "Dusty-miller." I have fished that same little river in Newfoundland, but fate decreed that I started with another fly. The fish rose well, and continued to rise; so now I swear by the silver-doctor (or Jock-Scott). But who is right? Did it depend on the caprices of the fish, or were the water conditions the same at different parts of the stream; or was the sky brighter at the falls; or was it merely because we each stuck to the fly that gave us luck at the start? Probably any standard salmon fly would have done the trick just as successfully—who knows? But one thing I do know, is that next July many a salmon will see a silver-doctor skipping innocently over the surface, while my friend's book, I am sure, will be found weighty with dusty-millers.

One fisherman makes his record catch near sundown, and for some time thereafter possesses a sneaking fancy for sunset fishing; another kills his heaviest salmon at 3 P. M., and, despite the scoffs of his companions, may be seen each day for a week industriously whipping the same pool at precisely the same hour; while yet a third seeks his tent in a rain just as his friend pulls on his waders for a try at the "steady." A fourth likes a cloudy day, a fifth prefers it sunny; a sixth unjoints his rod when the wind shifts to the eastward, while his comrade endeavors to duplicate the success of a past experience.

Thus only in angling are such strange anomalies presented. Our faith in the fishes themselves is implicit, but our faith in the advice of a learned treatise or the theories of a friend is certain to vanish before a single occurrence to the contrary in our own experience.

And now, as to the "times when fish bite best." Early in the summer of 1902 I spent the greater part of a month industriously trolling for maskinongé in the waters of the Kawartha Lake system. The fish average rather small in those lakes, rarely exceeding twenty pounds in weight, but they are sufficiently plentiful to insure good sport. About forty were taken altogether, and fully twice that number struck the spoon, only to escape in the thick weeds which make fishing in those waters exceedingly difficult. But of the total 120 odd fish, hardly two dozen bit between the hours of 10 A. M. and 5 P. M., although each day I trolled persistently from early morning until dark. In that locality the same might be said of the black bass (small-mouth), only in a less degree; and, by the way, I have never found bass that averaged larger or hungrier than at Pigeon Lake. Of course, there were exceptional times when schools of them were encountered which bit well right in the scorching midday heat, when no morsel, however tempting, would have budged a maskinongé; but, as a rule, and in common with other localities, the bass fishing was perceptibly better before 10 A. M. and after 5 P. M. I then left the Kawartha lakes and continued on up the St. Lawrence, stopping off for a few days at the Grande Décharge of Lake St. John for a try at the ouananiche. This side trip was but very brief, and consequently my experiences cannot be accepted as criteria for the times when ouananiche bite, but during my short and very pleasurable stay at the Grande Décharge there was no hour of the day which could have been called better than any other. Possibly the bright rays of a hot sun were neutralized by the wild whirl of foam and rapids where the fish lurked, for they rose just as frequently at midday as in the early morning or at sundown. Pushing on to Newfoundland, I stopped off at Terra Nova Lake for a few days while waiting for the caribou to peel their antlers. There are brook trout in Terra Nova Lake, plenty of them, and some monster ouananiche besides. The latter proved very shy of the hook at all times, but with the trout it was different, and great numbers of them could be taken at the outlet, but only very early in the morning or after sundown. The small trout in the streams of the interior, on the other hand, were equally voracious at all hours of the day.

When I went to Newfoundland in June, 1903 (one never goes once to that country without trying it again), it was my intention to rise early and be at the pool each morning regularly at sunrise. After a week of actual experience, however, all such vain notions were dispelled, as the salmon not only proved very late sleepers, but their indifference to the fly was so apparent before 9 A. M. as to amply warrant a nap on the part of the fisherman himself. Once, it is true, my companion did kill a good fish at 5:30 in the morning, but that was an exception—an exception which even the more clearly demonstrated the truth of the rule itself, for it brought me out of a warm tent and into icy water at sunrise for four successive mornings without so much as a swirl from the salmon in response.

During a sojourn of six weeks on the island, I found that casting was usually best during the late morning, then again from 5 in the afternoon until dark, and on one occasion I actually struck a good fish well on toward midnight. It was one of those bright, calm evenings, the stillness broken only by an occasional great splash down in the pool below. The salmon were leaping in the moonlight, and it were truly heartless to allow such a call to remain unanswered. So, accordingly, rolling from the blankets, I slipped on a pair of caribou "shanks," and, taking my stand on a boulder, cast out from shore. It was a hasty act, and I had ample time to repent it at leisure, for I might have known that it is always at such inopportune moments that the big fish strikes. Sure enough, at the third cast I had him going down stream like a runaway locomotive, while he had me, minus boots and waders, waist-deep in the chilly pool. Well, I don't know just how long I stood in that icy water, or how many times I thought of the camp-fire far away, or how often I barked my shins on the jagged rocks, or exactly the place where I wished that cussed salmon, but I would not have missed it for the price of a dozen pairs of waders. But, to make a long story short, after an acquaintance of some twenty minutes, we parted company there in the moonlight, and I clambered back over the stones a sadder, wiser, and much colder fisherman. That was a bitter experience, but not entirely without its lesson, for it adds still a little while to "the times when fishes bite best."

Up in the Province of Ontario there is a group of weedy little lakes, as yet free from the dangers of the summer hotel, and securely hidden from all but a few of us who have searched them out. They are small, those lakes, and, to a casual observer, would seem to possess but few pretensions to scenic charm or picturesque beauty; hardly extensive enough to be dignified by any term other than mere humble ponds. But when viewed through the eyes of a fisherman, and especially of a "big-mouth" fisherman, their scenery would be pronounced unsurpassed by any waters in Canada—such scenery as is dear to the heart of a man with a rod, a kind which is suggestive of fish. Their shores are deeply indented by shallow coves thickly carpeted by a luxuriant growth of lily pads. Here and there tangled tussocks of tall, rank grasses poke their heads above the surface, while far down beneath lie the great weed beds, acres broad, where pike lurk in sunny weather. And there are old stumps, too, along the banks, blackened and decayed by years of service as safe retreats for many a big "Oswego."

Some years ago I fished one of those ponds for four successive seasons, and verily believe it to be the last retreat and happy hunting grounds where all good "Oswegoes" finally assemble—but that is another story. Early in the season, before weeds had filled the coves to any extent, the bass, hungry from a long fast on the spawning grounds, affected the deeper water. Here they were taken by gently drifting up and down with live bait, and, strange as it may seem, our best luck came neither early nor late, but in the morning between the hours of 9 and 1. Fully two-thirds of our total catch was usually made before "boiling the kettle," and at all times the late morning fishing proved so much better than the earlier or even the sundown sport as to provoke comment at the time.

As the season advanced, our bass betook themselves to the shelter of certain well known lily pad coves, shallow weed beds and partially submerged logs along the shore. These latter were always at a high premium as the choicest of all retreats for large fish—strongholds maintained *vi et armis* against all comers; and many a grumpy old 5-pounder must have been heartily envied by the less fortunate youngsters whose only protection from the sun was a humble lily pad or cowslip. Here, trolling being out of the question, a different method was pursued, one which for pleasure and skill ranks only second to fly-fishing itself, and that is bait-casting with frog or minnow. Hardly an hour of the day could have been called better than any other, for success did not seem to depend so much on the caprices or appetites of the fish (so frequently the case with small-mouth) as it did on the probability that a bass was on the watch behind some particular stump or lily pad; and if present he was always ready and willing to contribute his share of the sport. Time and again, a light wind blowing, I have landed half a dozen big fellows during the midday heat with not an additional fish for a whole afternoon of persistent casting. But during those weeks of hot, listless weather in August, when the grasshoppers drone their monotonous midsummer song, and the nearly stagnant water is calm and placid as a mirror, then, and then only, is the sundown fishing best—yes, far the best. but in 1901, after three seasons of futile effort, we hit upon a reasonably successful method for taking bass in such weather—a method which, incongruous as it may seem—improved in direct proportion as the sky became brighter and the water glassier. Quietly anchor your punt within good casting distance of a bunch of pads or weed bed, remove the sinker, tie on a nine-foot single gut leader, attach a lively frog to a small hook, and gently cast him forth, allowing him perfect liberty to swim at pleasure on the surface—then wait patiently. Sometimes it is but five minutes, oftener ten, and should fifteen elapse the boat should be moved a few rods to a more favored spot for another cast; but when he does come, it is with a great splash on the surface—a veritable trout splash. Of course, for such fishing the weather conditions should be perfect to insure the best success; absolute calm, a clear, bright sky, and, above all, reasonably shallow water, for everything depends on the ability of the fish to see the frog from their retreats among the weeds or lily pads.

There are pike in those northern lakes, too; fine, lusty fellows, and hungry betimes as well, but very sluggish in disposition during sunny weather. A pike at midday, snugly hidden far down among the weeds, will rarely investigate a spoon quickly moving some yards above him, but an animated frog, one of those lean, lank, yellow-spotted fellows, drifting slowly within six inches of his snout, is a very different proposition, and even in the sunniest weather a method may be employed with reasonable success by the persistent fisherman who fears not the torrid midday rays and wishes to make every hour of his vacation tell. Old "Swego" Vanderburgh, sage and philosopher of Charleston Outlet, secretly confided it to me one afternoon as, hidden under a protecting rocky ledge, we whiled away the weary minutes of a thunderstorm. It is not a new method to the craft; but anglers are few back there in those Ontario lakes, and old "Swego" reasoned it out and then tried it all by himself. In short, at midday, pike should be sought in their midday haunts far down among the great beds where the water is deep and cool, and where sun never penetrates. Over such a spot you should quietly anchor, just where the ten-foot weeds are visible beneath the surface, and still-fish with frog, or perch, or minnow. It is not, strictly speaking, still-fishing, either; but, more properly speaking, a combination of the latter with casting, as your bait should be kept slowly moving well down over every square yard of the bottom. To safely bring one-third of the pike hooked to the landing net amid such surroundings is difficult, but to land one of those great weeds every minute or two is no trouble whatever, and such fishing should only be attempted by one of gentle disposition and calm serenity of temper. But toward sunset, when the first cool shadows of evening commence to creep out from under the thick foliage on the western shore, then it is

time to replace your hook by a small star or kidney spoon, and to troll silently back and forth over the weed banks; and see to it that the hooks be sharp and your line trusty, for at such a time many a fierce tug will be felt, and many a fierce "water wolf" should feel the sharp prick of your gaff.

It is only after such experiences oft repeated that we at last really come to know a pond—to learn the true significance of "pickerel weeds," and long, rank grasses growing thick about the bottom, of sloping logs and shadowy rocks, and all the fickle twistings of the shore. And then only do we begin to understand a little about the life of those mysterious, elusive creatures that lie hidden somewhere in the water beneath. We could each tell the precise spots where a bass has rushed frantically for our frog, and the identical weed or stump behind which some gaunt pickerel lurked; and we could each point out only too well the exact places where big fish have escaped—those largest long fellows that might even now—who knows?—be lurking there awaiting in silence some perch or foolish frog to cross their paths. One learns a good deal by following the banks around all the points and exploring all the coves; and one can see a lot if he will look steadily into the lake's darker depths along the shore. It is then that he will begin to find out rare truths, and some of those things that are not printed in books—the peculiar sloping of a submerged log; the significant circle of green pads covering a cove; the calm and mystery of a shadow falling black upon a pool. Then only will he understand the charm and fascination of the sudden deft dropping of a frog to one of these.

In such a way only does one really learn to know the meaning of the water and the shore, and the rocky ledges and the deep pools; in fact, all those significant signs which forever stamp some inland pond upon our memory. In such a way only do we think out our own little theories and notions, and discover, each for himself, "the times and seasons when fishes bite best."

WM. ARTHUR BABSON.

The Way of the Fish in Stream and Sea.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The theory advanced in your issue of the 14th ult., that migrating fish are guided to and along their natal streams by some distinctive peculiarity contained therein, and derived from the territory drained, seems to find some support in the behavior of the shad of the Connecticut River. This river, in emptying into Long Island Sound, discharges its current to the westward, or at right angles to its landward course, and in former days, when the run of shad was abundant, nets, in some instances extending a mile into Sound waters, were stretched at intervals for a dozen miles along the track of the westward flowing current. The shad, approaching from the east, proceeded in a direction parallel with the current, entered it at its furthest end, and then retraced their course to the river's mouth. Obviously, if there was not some clue afforded by the current itself, the fish would not burden themselves with a loop of over a score of miles, but would proceed direct to the river's mouth. After the current eludes human perception by its dispersion in salt water, it doubtless escapes through the eastern or nearer and broader entrance to the Sound to then lose itself in the ocean waste; and it is some peculiarity of the attenuated river water that the fish seem to follow up through sea and sound. This fluvial characteristic may be due to distinctive mineral particles, which, retained in solution far out to sea, may be revealed to the delicate perception of the fish, and so guide it from the deep to its bourn.

Fish, by the motion of their gills, are constantly in the most intimate contact with the medium in which they exist, and in the unceasing passage of large quantities of water over delicately perceptive surfaces, it can be assumed that a cognition of certain minute peculiarities may be imparted by a sense akin to, but probably distinct from, taste or smell. A bloodhound that unerringly follows a man's track, after two days' exposure to the wind and sun, cannot with certainty be said to be guided in its quest by what we know as an olfactory sense. Even when the trail leads the animal over the flagstones of a busy street, it may be distinguished from thousands of others; but it is unlikely that, out of a great multitude of odors of varying degrees of strength, one in particular is recognized as such. Just as with increase of shrillness sounds pass beyond our auditory sense, to then become revealed to other and more perceptive creatures, so there may be emanations that, while ceasing to be odors, are nevertheless impressed upon the animal consciousness. The susceptibility of the fish, like that of the bloodhound, may be a recognition of subtle differences in objects by a perception of exhalations too ethereal to be classed as odors or flavors.

An odor or other material impartment to water should be more abiding than its communication to the mobile and inconstant air. The atmosphere is so permeable to the sun's rays, so tolerant of their chemical action, that its purification is more rapid than that of water. A fish, therefore, by reason of the presumptively stronger stimuli thus afforded, should be, and doubtless is, as efficiently served by its perceptions as a mammal, and possibly to even a greater degree.

An inherited memory of an odor or of an emanation akin thereto, such as appears to be the endowment of anadromous fish, is no more extraordinary than that of a sound. A chick from an incubator will fly to a clucking hen, and a turkey chick will exhibit fear upon hearing the cry of a hawk, the action of each infantile creature being instinctive and untaught. Whatever may be the particular perception that guides the wandering fish to their native streams, be it odor, flavor or a subtle cognition unknown to us, there can be little doubt that, in its specific application, it descends as a heritage. The salmon of the Yukon or the Columbia that, after journeying many hundreds of miles, ascends some chosen tributary, to finally conclude its voyage, like the nesting bird, at a particular spot, cannot, it is evident, be guided by the same instinct that directs the aerial wanderer to the cradle of its existence. The latter is enabled to pursue its course in straight lines, and its impressions of direction probably travel to it in like manner. Fish ascending a winding stream may need to turn toward every point of the compass; they cannot therefore readily act upon a monition emanating from one point only. Just as a buzzing fly upon the window pane is attracted by the light and avails itself of no other line of progression, so would migrating fish, blindly following a certain influence, probably become stalled if confronted with an obstacle in the path of their direct advance. A bird is not restricted to any one line of approach, but a fish that seeks its birthplace must penetrate the coast line at a particular point. It therefore needs a guide that will direct it over the sinuosities of its route, and infallibility of guidance can only be afforded by stimuli imparted to it along every portion of its devious trail. It must be assumed that it is an inherited perception of something in the current, and not the current itself, that enlightens the finny voyager. A fish in deep waters may be compared to an aeronaut whose balloon is immersed in a drifting cloud bank; to neither the aerial nor to the fluvial traveler is the direction of the current revealed, or even its existence, save by a glimpse of a stationary object.

Thus, the Potomac River shad, generation after generation, were guided from the ocean through the waters of the Chesapeake Bay to their natal stream. The distinctive quality of the river water that is recognized by the fish is seemingly derived from its source in the Blue Ridge, and when a number of shad fry, natives of the stream, were planted in the Kanawha, a river whose headwaters adjoin those of the Potomac, they voyaged their way to the distant gulf with a probable constant perception of the ancestral clue in the long stretch of virgin waters so venturesomely navigated. Nowhere, except along their journey's track, are their presumptive descendants, the Ohio River shad, found. When the ascending fish, upon their return from the gulf, sought a spawning place, they found their course, by virtue of an inherited instinct, infallibly charted in the river's bosom. Probably so guided and directed, their descendants turned, 1,202 miles from the Mississippi's mouth, into that of the Ohio, and 704 miles further turned into the Kanawha, ignoring the multitude of other streams that they passed on the way, their accomplishment at the point of ultimate attainment, exceeding two thousand miles.

In the open ocean the fish is probably guided by the same impulse of direction that actuates the bird, the insect and the beast, the perception being apparently received along straight lines. This directive impulse may be related to an entirely new class of phenomena that has lately come under scientific observation, viz., that of the so-called radio-active minerals, radium, polonium, uranium, etc. It seems likely that all substances possess radiating power, varying in kind and in degree, the more material manifesting itself as an odor, and in all its manifestations, projected along straight lines like light or sound. We know that fish wander widely, some, like the swordfish, shark, etc., not improbably voyaging from one continent to another. The fish of the under sea must traverse its depths of gloom with certainty of direction, and in the darkness of the night those of the surface pursue ways that are infallible. Nor can it be said that man is devoid of this mysterious power, the endowment of the fish slumbers within him, to guide him, when evoked, over the trackless waters of the deep, a power that, coupled with his vestigial gill slits, affords evidence of a lowly and a far-off link in his chain of ancestry.

In the equatorial Pacific from time immemorial a race of savage seafarers have found their way over immense stretches of the ocean waste, voyaging from island to island without compass or the simplest form of device for ascertaining position. They place, however, a probably imaginary dependence upon a sort of charm, a network of dry twigs, interlaced at random and jumbled together with shells, shark's teeth, beads, bright seeds, etc. Without these so-called charts, they will not go to sea, and no reasonable explanation has been offered by the various naval officers and other witnesses of the remarkable results apparently effected thereby. It may be suggested, however, to use a psychological term, that the mysterious accomplishment is a manifestation of savage subjective consciousness. In fuller explanation, it may be said that when a lowly organism receives an impulse to act, it responds about as automatically as a rubber ball upon impact. With that organism's advance in the scale of being, with its possession of widening spheres of perception and multiplication of sensory impressions it acquires a supervising intelligence that classifies the impressions received and relegates them to their proper source like the automatic switchboard of a telephone exchange. When a man sees, he knows that it is his eye that sees, and his mind dwells understandingly upon the color, form and other attributes of the object. Thus the understanding associates its perception with material objects, and its cognizance of the outward world is dependent upon the operation of familiar senses which long and constant use have rendered the only avenues of knowledge. When the operation of an obscure or dormant sense is sought, the mind seems to need a concentration upon its object, so that an opportunity may be given for the manifestation of the strange through the familiar sense. Perhaps it is thus that the divining rod becomes an exponent of the perception of water, and the savage's collection of trash may enable him to give expression to his dim consciousness of a far-off land.

In use, the contrivances alluded to are merely subsidiary, the pilot directing his entire attention to the sea. When a particular portion of the barren waste is reached, which to all appearances is empty water, all on board will scan it closely; they maintain that it is a critical point, and will even taste the water to insure a suppositious identification, then the chart is referred to, and a course adopted in line with some particular stick. These seeming trifles seem necessary to attach the mind to its subject, to give it a means of expression, and to constitute an invocation to the dormant sense to assert itself. It is a noteworthy fact that these so-called charts are available only to those who have passed over the route before; in other words, to those who have been to the particular island or group of islands, and so absorbed a secret consciousness of its radiation or emanation. So also may it be inferred that the wandering fish, once in contact with a particular land area, becomes familiar with the outward projection of its peculiar characteristics, and is enabled to direct its course thereby.

The third and perhaps most mysterious of the ways of the fish in the water is that which seemingly owes its impulse and direction to the telepathic sense, or the faculty of remote recognition of fellow members of its species. Whether this faculty can be exerted as distantly as that of a perception of land areas we cannot know, but it would seem probable that the fundamental attributes of matter, whether organic or inorganic, are the same, and thus an indefinite outward projection may reasonably be predicated of all its forms. That this property of subtle extension and diffusion exists would seem clear, else the distinctive attributes of various colonies of migratory fish could not be maintained. Every shad or salmon stream has its distinctive fish; it is obvious, therefore, that the fry of each season's hatching must be enabled to search out in the depths of the sea the wandering parent school or particular colony to which they are related. In a watery void there can be no local distinctions, one portion of the waste is as barren of abiding characteristics as another; everywhere the monotony is absolute and unbroken. It cannot, consequently, be argued that the parent fish await their union with their tiny progeny at a recognized spot in empty water, and the roaming bands must, for such reason, form their junction by a far distant perception of each other, a perception that guides them, with unerring certainty, through the pathless obscurity of the deep.

It may thus be seen that the ways of the fish in stream and sea are three, and that each of these ways is deeply and darkly mysterious. Of the three wonderful things of old that passed the comprehension of the biblical sage none survive to confound the modern understanding. So, too, the ever rising sun of knowledge will enlighten the fish's obscure and doubtful pathway; the crooked will be made straight, and the inscrutable be made clear.

A. H. GOURAUD.

Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Early Salmon Fishing.

IT was stated in a Nova Scotia newspaper about the middle of last March that the season for salmon fishing had opened in the Port Medway River, although the ice had not all gone out. If this was the first announcement of the opening of the season, it was made later by two weeks this year than formerly, for in several of the rivers on the eastern coast of that Province salmon have been taken with the fly on or before the beginning of March. Now, that is saying a great deal, for it means that those streams are the earliest salmon rivers in the world.

This condition is probably owing to the fact that the westerly edge of the Gulf Stream, in sweeping up by that coast, has its effect upon the movements of the fish. The water in those rivers is as cold as in any others in the Dominion, the ice along their shores being two or three feet in thickness. Now, in New Brunswick or Quebec rivers salmon do not begin to come in until early in June, and the first run is not a large one at that, and why they ascend the Nova Scotia streams as early as they do, unless their movements are hastened by the warmth of the Gulf Stream, can only be conjectured.

These are bright and fresh run fish—not kelts. For the information of those who do not know what kelts are, I will state, quoting from "With Fly-Rod and Camera," "that black salmon or kelts are those fish that after spawning remain all winter in the river, instead of returning to the sea. They will take any bait in the spring; they are lean and lank, and the flesh is quite unfit for food, as it is soft, brittle, entirely devoid of the pinkish color, and, when cooked, the odor is often repulsive. These fish are as hungry as spring bears, and voracious as vultures; they snap eagerly at anything from a trout fly to a pork rind, and feed freely on the spring smelts that are ascending the river to spawn."

Yes, they are fresh run salmon, and not spent fish; in fact, I never heard of a kelt being taken or seen in any of the Nova Scotia rivers; for, in the first place, the streams are all too short to offer any temptation to fish to linger in them after the spawning season, and besides that, the ice forms on them a foot or two in thickness, and under that "slush ice" often permeates the water, so that the salmon cannot breathe it.

This slush ice is often fatal to young salmon and trout. I have been informed that on one occasion this formed so quickly in the Jacquet River, New Brunswick, that the sea trout—which could not escape from it—came floating down the stream on their backs in such numbers that several bushels of them were dipped out with nets, they being unable to offer any resistance.

Now, the great majority of salmon fishermen pursue their fascinating sport when the summer breezes gently stir the foliage of the trees around them; to them such accessories as the song of forest birds, the flitting across the river of gaudily painted butterflies, the perfume of thousands of wild flowers, and the persistent attentions from black flies and mosquitoes are almost deemed essential to a thorough realization of the pleasures of this their chosen recreation; and to these it would seem strange to clambor over huge blocks of ice or wade through snow two or three feet in depth which often cover the river banks when the early run of salmon comes in.

But there are many anglers—enthusiasts they are, to be sure—who enjoy the early fishing, rough though it be; and after all, if one hooks and plays his salmon, it does not much matter what the season may be, does it? He has the sport anyway.

People from the States have not, to any great extent, availed themselves of this opportunity for early fishing; but officers of the English army and navy, and anglers resident in Halifax, hail with delight the announcement of the first appearance of the fish, and lose no time in getting to their favorite casting places.

Of course, angling in the streams I have named is not limited to early spring, but continues well into June, salmon being taken with the fly in the Port Medway River as late as the 10th, and at the Indian Gardens, so-called, on Lake Rossignol until the 20th or 25th; all these waters are practically free, the fishing on the Indian River being controlled by the Mason brothers, who make no charge for the privilege of angling if either of them is employed as guide.

The Ingram River is free to all, and so are the East, Gold, Severn, Liverpool and Port Medway rivers, the Ponhook Indians, who are located at Greenfield, acting as canoemen and gaffers on the last named streams.

To those who have a desire to obtain a share of the royal sport that is now to be had in the streams I have named, and have the opportunity to gratify that desire, my advice is to stand not upon the order of their going, but go at once; and if either of them obtains more fish than he can otherwise dispose of, let him send one to me with his card and the favor will be fully appreciated; for the salmon that enter those rivers are epicurean delights; they are as fine flavored as the best Penobscot salmon, and far and away ahead of those which are ordinarily taken in New Brunswick and Quebec waters.

The streams on the eastern coast of Nova Scotia are reached by way of the Boston boat to Yarmouth, thence by railroad to Middleton, from which point a connecting line runs east to Lunenburg, where there are stage connections for various localities on the coast. Or at Yarmouth one may take steamer which sails twice every week for Liverpool, from which town stages run to Caledonia, Bridgewater, Mill Village, where there is good salmon fishing, as well as to Port Medway and the South Shore.

Flies.

For early salmon fishing there, one has the best success with large and gaudy flies. Many a time have I killed a salmon in these waters with a fly that would frighten a Restigouche or any other New Brunswick salmon out of its wits. I have thrown out a Prince William of Orange fly so large that when it alighted upon the water it seemed almost the size of a goldfinch, but it did not alarm the Nova Scotia fish, for they seized it with avidity. During the month of May, however, flies of medium size are most desirable; as the mouths of these fish seem to be more tender than are those of salmon ordinarily, flies tied on the double are preferable to those tied on the single hook. As for varieties, I do not know as there is any great choice, for in these waters the fish, fresh run as they are, will come to almost anything that moves. However, if one is to choose a half dozen kinds for an outing there, I think that a wise selection would consist of Prince William of Orange, butcher, silver-doctor, light and dark Montreals, and Jock-Scott, and he will need at least a half dozen of each.

The rivers I have named are so well looked after by the fishing officials of the Province that there is little poaching done on them; in fact, outside of the Port Medway River, there is practically none at all; on that stream, however, the Indians do some spearing, and when they get the chance will draw a seine or set a net, but of late this work has been pretty effectually stopped. They are, however, given by the authorities certain privileges injurious to the fishery interests in a high degree.

For example, they are permitted to catch the parrs or smolts of the salmon in as great numbers as they choose; I have seen them at Greenfield and at Molega peddling large strings of the young salmon which were from 6 to 9 inches in length, and I found on inquiry that it was a common practice for them to do so, and that they sometimes catch several bushels in a season. Now, this is an illustration of the story about the Irishman, who, on being asked if one man is as good as another, replied, "He is, and a dom sight betther," for this wasteful privilege that is given to the Indians would not be vouchsafed to white men.

It seems very strange to the looker-on that the authorities who are spending considerable sums of money in stocking the rivers of the Province with salmon fry, should permit such extraordinary wastefulness to go on.

Habits of Young Salmon.

Apropos of parrs and smolts, it seems to me that their general habits are not very well known. It is a well established fact that the banded parrs increase in size until they become smolts, which are more or less silvery in color before they descend to the sea, and that after passing two or three years there they return to their native streams, grilse; but for a long time I was unable to decide how and where they lived in the period between the fry and the developed smolt stages.

It is true in the Port Medway River they seem to be abundant, and come to the fly as readily as do the sea trout, but with much more dash and activity; but I never saw or heard of one being taken in either of the rivers I have named, with the exception of the Liverpool, and in this stream I made a discovery several years ago that threw a little light on the subject. As I was fishing for trout at Loon Lake Falls, which are situated about two miles below the outlet of Kegemacougie, I captured four or five of the parrs, which were really smolts, the bands having disappeared and the bright coat been taken on. When the landing net encompassed the first one, my guide exclaimed, "Good enough, you have taken one of our graylings." On a brief examination of the fish I assured him that it was not a grayling, but was really a young salmon. It was difficult at first to convince him that he was wrong, for he, with others of the natives, had for a number of years spoken of, and believed it to be, the fish he had named. But on my pointing out structural peculiarities, he admitted that I was right. On the following day I captured several more in the quick water of the so-called Eel-Weir, near the outlet of the lake, and in the succeeding year I caught three or four below the mill dam at Maitland. They were all gamy little fellows, jumping clear of the water in pursuit of the fly, and resisting capture in a way greatly disproportionate to their size and strength. Those which were not badly injured I returned to the river, hoping that some day they might come back as grilse or salmon.

Now, it is a curious fact that neither salmon nor grilse ascend beyond the confines of Lake Rossignol, and, to be accurate, I will say that none have ever been seen further up the lake than the so-called Indian Gardens, in the neighborhood of which are probably their spawning beds. Now, those little parr, in order to reach the dam at Maitland, had a long and perilous journey; they must have traversed Lake Rossignol from six to eight miles, struggled for several miles against the waters of the river which in many places are quite rapid, surmounted the falls I have named, and up through the heavy water to the outlet of Kegemacougie, pushed their way through that lake, which is about five miles in length, up the river two or three miles to another series of high falls, surmounted those and traversed a stretch between one and two miles of still water and some rapids until they reached the dam, which at that time was a structure they could not surmount.

It seems almost incredible that those little fish could have traveled such a great distance, and that they should have successfully run the gauntlet among the rapacious trout which are numerous in almost every portion of the water I have named, is also wonderful.

Now, while this fact may be of no very great importance, it proves conclusively, to my mind, that the young salmon, until they are ready to descend to the sea, ascend to the fountain heads of streams, just as the small trout do, perhaps to evade their numerous enemies, possibly because the water is brighter and purer, but probably because it is an instinct inherent in their natures.

Hearing in Fishes.

From Our Animal Friends.

THERE are few questions connected with the comparative physiology of the special senses more curious and interesting than that of hearing in fishes. It is assumed by some naturalists that because fishes have no vocal organs and produce, of course, no vocal sounds, they should have no hearing, although all fishes have an internal ear. Apparently it is not remembered that Aristotle, more than twenty-two hundred years ago, described several genera of fishes that are capable of producing sounds more or less intense. In the "History of Animals." Aristotle described the sound produced by gurnards (grunting fish), but made the distinction between those produced by rubbing or by internal parts about the stomach, and true vocal sounds. In the middle of the last century, Johann Müller made a list of "vocal fishes," which was extended by Dufossé to the number of fifty-two. It would be out of place here to describe the mechanism of the sounds produced by fishes; and it is sufficient to say that grinding of the teeth, vibrations of parts in the swimming bladder, etc., produce sounds that may be distinctly heard under suitable conditions. The sounds thus produced are well known to fishermen; and among the "vocal fish" are gurnards, some varieties of herring and particularly a kind of fish found in the Mediterranean called umbra. Cuvier and Valenciennes, in their great work on the "History of Fishes," say that they were assured by fishermen that umbras produced sounds that could be heard at a distance of twenty fathoms (120 feet), and that the fish could be called by whistling. It is also related by Milne Edwards that the fish in the Mediterranean, at the time of spawning, often emitted a variety of sounds, some like the droning sound of the double bass, some like the tones of the hautbois and some resembling the sound of the harmonicon or accordeon, "a sort of submarine concert." In whatever manner these sounds may be produced by fishes, that many, like the familiar grunting fish, moonfish and drum-fish, actually produce sounds under water, there can be no doubt. If, indeed, according to the views of some naturalists, fishes are deaf, it is not because there are no sounds under water or because they have no auditory apparatus; for fishes have parts corresponding to structures in the internal ear of mammals, although there is no apparatus adapted to the appreciation of anything more than the intensity of sound.

In the article "Visionary," I wrote: "Possibly, rays, invisible to us and not capable of penetrating the human eye are emitted at night by a multitude of objects and pass into the eyes of nocturnal animals." In like manner, sounds inaudible to us in the air may be distinctly heard by fishes under water.

More than a century ago, Franklin demonstrated that the striking together of two stones under water, even not forcibly, could be distinctly heard by a person with his head immersed, at a distance of a half-mile. The rate of conduction of sound by the atmospheric air is about eleven hundred feet in a second; in water the conduction is more than four times as rapid. Indeed, the rate of sound-conduction in water was determined (Colladon and Sturm, 1827) by listening to the sound of a bell in water through an ear-trumpet also immersed in water. It is not essential to hearing that sound-waves shall be conducted to the labyrinth through the external and the middle ear, parts that are wanting in fishes. Otologists constantly, as a means of diagnosis, test the hearing by placing a tuning-fork against the skull, the sound being conducted by the bones of the head; and with the head under water, it is probable that the external ear does not play an important part in audition.

I am led to discuss the question of hearing in fishes rather fully, for the reason that, on what seems to be good authority, it is assumed that fishes are deaf as well as dumb. It has recently been argued "that as fishes have no *papilla acustica basilaris,* and as, with few exceptions, they are dumb, it is highly probable that they have no sense of hearing." (Lee, quoted in Schäffer's "Text-Book of Physiology," London, 1900, vol. II, p. 1167.) The *papilla acustica,* in air-breathing animals, is a part of the organ of Corti; and its absence in fishes is assumed to be the strongest argument in support of their deafness. It is added, that "actual experiment seems to justify this contention." By such a process of reasoning—directly opposed to the Baconian system—it is attempted to make the experiment agree with the postulate.

The following is an experiment which seems to me to show conclusively that fishes hear: the author (Zenneck, 1903) endeavored to eliminate "mechanical waves," such as would be produced, in addition to sound-waves, by the striking of a bell under water or the dropping in of a stone. Such a precaution would be unnecessary in an experiment on the human subject, who could readily distinguish and describe sound-waves. To remove this possible source of error, the author immersed a clock-work in a vessel of water which was placed near the surface of a stream running under a bridge from which the action of the fishes could be observed. The clock-work could be set in action at will by electric connections. In the mornings, large numbers of fishes collected under the bridge; and by observing their movements when the clock-work was acting, it was found that the fishes promptly responded to the sonorous vibrations, but seemed insensible to mechanical waves.

It seems to me that hearing in fishes no longer admits of doubt, and it remains only to study its mechanism. In fishes there is no vestige of an external or a middle ear; but in all fishes, a vesicle or vesicles exist in the head, connected with nerves which correspond to parts of the internal ear of air-breathing animals. These vesicles are sometimes connected with the swimming-bladder. For hearing in water, there could be little or no need of an external ear, a tympanic membrane or a tympanum. It is probable that sound-waves are received by the general surface, especially the head, and possibly by organs existing in what is known as the "lateral line," being then conducted to the internal ear. As no cochlea exists in fishes, it is not to be supposed that they can recognize the pitch of sounds; but they have parts which enable them to appreciate "mass-movement" in sound-waves, and its different degrees of intensity. The fact that we can hear sounds under water that would be inaudible in the air almost justifies the assumption that fishes are sensitive to sounds that would make no recognizable impression on the auditory apparatus of air-breathing animals under ordinary conditions.

Like the other organs of special sense, the auditory apparatus is always found to be exactly adapted to the requirements and surroundings of different animals. Its highest development, especially as regards discrimination of sounds, is in man; although, probably, hearing is more acute in some of the lower animals. The differences between the ear of man and of lower orders of being are in some instances very great. In oviparous vertebrates, the external ear beyond the drum membrane is wanting, excepting that in some birds—owls—vestiges of this part remain. In birds and in some reptiles and batrachians, the drum-membrane is on a level with the skin of the head and is either uncovered or covered merely with the feathers in this region. In these animals, the ear begins with the tympanum, which has a free open communication with the pharynx. In serpents, the lower batrachians, and in all fishes, there is no tympanic cavity. It is almost unnecessary to say that serpents are not deaf and that the adder is no exception, although the psalmist wrote—"the deaf adder stoppeth her ears, and will not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely." In serpents, the waves of sound are received directly by the membrane which closes the oval window of the internal ear. It is a curious fact—which has some bearing on the question of hearing in fishes—that in the aquatic animals, such as whales, sea-lions and seals, the external ear is either wanting or rudimentary, and there is a very small auditory canal. In the Greenland right whale, this canal will scarcely admit a small probe. In respect to the external ear, there is a close analogy between aquatic mammals and subterranean animals, such as moles. In burrowing animals, and in some rodents, the external ear is imperfectly developed; and it is well known that moles hear much better under ground than on the surface, sound being conducted better by the earth than by the air.

The external ear—confining this term to the part which projects from the head—is more developed in nearly all mammals than in man. It usually is in the form of a trumpet, with its oblique opening directed forward. In man, the quadrumana, elephants and some other mammals, the external ear is flattened and lies close to the sides of the head. Both in timid and in rapacious animals, hearing is very acute, and the appreciation of the direction of sound seems to be exact. Taking the horse as a type of timid animals, it is found that the external ear is capable of a great variety of movements, no less than ten muscles, some of considerable size, being attached to the auricle. In man, there are but three muscles attached to this part. These muscles are rudimentary and, with rare exceptions, do not move the ear. It is well known how difficult it is for us to determine the direction of sound by the unaided ear. The cropping of ears in dogs and horses not only impairs appreciation of direction of sound but sensibly dulls the hearing. It has been observed that in cats, when one external ear has been destroyed or removed, there is very great dullness of hearing on that side. There is, indeed, no possible justification for mutilation of the ears in dogs, horses or other animals, a practice that happily has fallen into disuse. In non-domesticated animals of the genus *canis,* the ears are erect; while in the dog, the ears usually are pendent. This is probably due to the protection which man has extended to his devoted canine friend for untold generations. A curious instance of the adaptation of organs to peculiar requirements of animals exists in bats. These are the only mammals capable of rapid and continuous flight. The parts of the external ear are so arranged that the external auditory canal can be closed by voluntary action, so as to protect the ear against violent currents of air while flying. A similar arrangement exists in the water shrew-mouse.

The internal ear, especially the cochlea, reaches its highest development in mammals. While its analogue exists in birds and reptiles, it is small and comparatively simple in its structure, and the rods of Corti are wanting. These facts in comparative anatomy are favorable to the view—entertained by some physiologists—that the simple sacs of the internal ear are concerned in the appreciation of sound as sound only, including intensity, while structures in the spiral canal (cochlea) admit of the discrimination of musical pitch. Still, it can not be doubted that parrots and other birds are educable in auditory appreciation and recognize different human voices and other peculiar sounds. This certainly is true of all singing and chattering birds. Parrots imitate articulate language; mocking-birds counterfeit the notes and calls of other birds; females are attracted by the songs of their mates, and many birds are monogamus; piping bull-finches, mynas and other species of starlings, and canaries may be taught to whistle simple tunes with perfect intonation. The range, however, of these whistling birds is very restricted. It is to be regretted that no extended observa-

tions have been made into the structure of the cochlea in singing birds.

Many animals certainly are affected by music. Trained horses recognize trumpet calls; seals, wild animals of the genus felis, dogs, cats and other mammals are said to be soothed by plaintive music and agitated by harsh or loud tones; but the literature on this subject is largely anecdotal and wanting in scientific accuracy. The wonderful tales of snake-charmers are sufficiently well-known; and many of them are as credible, perhaps, as the legend of Orpheus.

Darwin, in his "Animals and Plants under Domestication," discussing the relations of the sense of hearing to certain anomalies of color in animals, says that "white cats, if they have blue eyes, are almost always deaf. I formerly thought that the rule was invariable, but I have heard of a few authentic exceptions." In 1895, I saw a white cat that had blue eyes. I was able to test the hearing most satisfactorily and found no defect. In October, 1903, I saw a white cat with one eye blue and the other yellow. This cat had no defect in hearing. According to Darwin, if a white cat has but one blue eye, the other being of the ordinary color, the animal hears. It is not easy to explain why a white cat with blue eyes is deaf, but this seems to be the rule with few exceptions.

AUSTIN FLINT.

Fish and Fishing.

The Canadian Season is Opened.

THE ice has gone from all the lakes of the Quebec and Lake St. John country. Ten days of extremely hot weather worked wonders with it. The last of it disappeared from both Lake Edward and Lake St. John on the 13th inst. At the commencement of the month it had looked as though it might remain until after the middle of the month. At present writing the waters are still very high, consequent upon the rapid thaw of the snow in the woods during the recent very hot spell, which has now given place to more seasonable weather. Just now it is not very easy for the fish to see either bait or fly, in consequence of the heavy condition of the water; but by the time this letter appears in print, both rivers and lakes should be in fair fishable condition. In fact, local anglers are already preparing for their spring visit to their northern club lakes and to Lake Edward, where the bottom fishing is always good within a few days of the departure of the ice. Because of the very large extent of this lake, it is not affected to a very great degree by the spring thaw, situated, as it is, so near to the height of land, and receiving the waters of no very long rivers. Lake St. John, on the other hand, receiving an enormous volume of water, suffers a tremendous rise of level in springtime. For this reason it is nearly always the middle of June before the water in the Grand Discharge is sufficiently low and clear to permit of fly-fishing, though the residents of the neighborhood take the ouananiche in large numbers—chiefly with bait—all along the shores of the big inland seas from the time that the ice breaks up. It is not probable that the steamer will commence its trips across the lake to the Grand Discharge, or that the hotel there for the accommodation of fishermen and guides will open before the middle of next month.

The Salmon Fishing Season.

Present indications are that the opening of the salmon season will not be so much later this year as was expected from the length of the winter. Reports which reach me from both the north and south shores of the Gulf, as well as from the Baie des Chaleurs, indicate that by the 8th or 10th of June the early rivers at least should be in proper condition to receive the first salmon run of the season. The north shore steamers are preparing this season to make more trips than ever before from Quebec for the accommodation of anglers, and the Government authorities who control the Intercolonial Railway of Canada are to run special sleeping cars on stated days as far as Metapedia, for the exclusive use of salmon fishermen.

Another Big Club of Americans in Canada.

Mr. Allan D. Wilson, of Philadelphia, is at the head of a party of prominent people from the same city which has secured very extensive and valuable fishing and hunting rights in eastern Quebec, and proposes to form a club to take them over. These gentlemen have purchased Government leases of the famous Squattick territory, situated in the county of Temiscouata, and lying east of Lake Temiscouata on the Temiscouata Railway. These leases give them the control of 375 square miles of hunting and 150 square miles of fishing privileges. Included in the latter are Lakes Squattick, Eagle, Horbon, and several others, and also some excellent brooks and rivers. The territory is well stocked with moose, caribou, and deer. There is no salmon fishing in the waters acquired, but very large brook and lake trout. The purchase price of the leases is understood to have been about $6,000, and the purchasers will at once proceed to develop their property and to erect both club houses and camps, and probably some family summer residences as well.

Frozen Fish Come to Life.

In connection with the oft-repeated story of the reviving of frozen fish, a correspondent writes from Rapid City, Mich., to say that several instances of this apparent phenomena came under his notice in western Ontario. He describes at length two cases in particular. He says:

"In the winter of '74-'75 I was living in an inland town of Lambton county. The ice for summer use was cut and hauled from the River St. Clair, some eighteen miles distant. One of the hotel keepers of the town, during the winter mentioned, had stored a large quantity. During the first week of June, on passing my office, he called me in to show me a curiosity, as he called it. It was a pike—jackfish they are called up here—imbedded in the center of a block of ice eighteen inches thick and about twenty-two inches square on the surface. Several persons examined it, and the main point in the discussion was: Would that fish come to life if thawed out? It was finally decided to have the proprietor of the house place the ice in a washtub of water. It took about two weeks to thaw the ice, and, when that was accomplished, the fish was as lively as if just taken out of a river. The fish was about twelve inches long, and, in the course of a day or two, would come to the top of the water for crumbs of bread thrown to it. The other instance was that of one of the same kind of fish having been put in a well—a surface one—on a farm in the township of Moore. The water froze clean to the bottom, and yet for three years, during which time I saw it frequently, the fish would resume its normal life in the summer. In talking to some of the Lake Huron fishermen about these matters they told me it was nothing unusual."

It would be instructive to hear from scientists some explanation of the manner in which this animation for months at a time, while frozen into a solid block of ice, is to be accounted for.

American sportsmen will perhaps be interested in learning that no amendments to the existing fish and game laws of the Province of Quebec are to be submitted to the Legislature at its present session. After all, it is a better enforcement of existing laws that is needed, rather than the enacting of new ones.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

A Voracious Sucker.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following incident may be of interest as illustrating what unexpected things some fish will do.

Last summer, with three friends, I spent a couple of weeks fishing in the South Branch of Potomac, stopping at Mr. Johnson's, about six miles above Romney. One day while fishing at the head of what is called Ben's Eddy, and casting from shore with an artificial minnow, the bait was suddenly shot into the air about fifteen feet. The cast was about sixty feet, and not more than five feet of line had been recovered when the bait was hit. I had only a glimpse of the fish, but the light color and flash of red told me it was no bass, and might be a wandering trout.

After unsnarling the line, I made another cast over the same place, and the bait had hardly hit the water when the fish struck hard and I successfully landed—a sucker of about 14 inches. A sucker taking an artificial bait was a new experience to me, and seemed the more strange as the water was quite deep and the bait hardly under the surface. In the hope that he might teach others of his family better things, he was put back.

This may not be the unusual occurrence it seemed to me and to others whom I told about it, and probably some of your readers who are up on sucker lore could venture an explanation.

E. L. W.

Michigan Trout.

BAY CITY, Mich., May 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Wm. Hanson, of Harrisville, Alcona county, Mich., caught, Monday morning, May 2, a genuine speckled trout 28 inches long and weighing 9 pounds 6 ounces. The catch was made in Mill Creek at Harrisville, and the fish is supposed to be the largest trout of its kind ever caught in Michigan. The Detroit & Mackinac Railway Company has secured the fish, have taken photographs of it, and will have same stuffed and mounted.

Trout fishing in Michigan is said already to be very good, and a telegram received May 6 at Bay City stated that streams were in normal condition, and that 3,000 trout had been taken out of creeks and rivers near Rose City. These were captured by several hundred fishermen, the largest individual catch having been 42.

FRANK.

The Angler's Secret.

The Angler's Secret. By Charles Bradford. 206 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Angler's Secret is a series of short essays on a variety of subjects connected with angling, and does not appear to contain anything new, nor indeed anything newly put. It contains twenty-one chapters, in which there is more or less about the equipment of an angler and his ways, and some few hints which should aid him. The frontispiece is a half-tone engraving from the well-known etching by Wm. M. Cary. Price, $1.00.



The Cruise of Minota.

A Cruise on Lake Michigan from Chicago to Charlevoix and Return.

BY REGINALD MACK, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE yacht in which I shipped as a working passenger last August for a cruise up Lake Michigan, was the sloop Minota, built in 1899 as a Canada's cup defender by James M. Andrews, of Oakville, Ontario, and described in the February 10 and 17, 1900, issues of FOREST AND STREAM. For the last three years she has been flying the flag of Fleet Captain Atkin, of the Chicago Y. C.

Her over all length is 40.75ft.; waterline, 31.31ft.; breadth, 9ft., and draft, 6ft. She carries 6,000 pounds of outside lead ballast, which makes her very stable, and enables her to easily carry 1,416 square feet of sail, 375 of which is in the jib.

To withstand the racketings and buffetings of Lake Michigan a boat must be strongly built, with not too much overhang, and the Minota fills these requirements very well. Her cabin has sleeping accommodations for four, with a pipe bunk forward for the professional sailor; and, while the head room is low (owing to the fact that she is a flush-deck boat), we found her very comfortable during the two weeks we lived aboard.

Wednesday night, August 5, 1903, had been decided as the date on which the cruise of the Chicago Y. C., on which the Minota was to sail, should start. The boats were provisioned, the crews selected, and the hour of starting set for 7 P. M., in order that the workers could put in a good day's work before beginning their summer vacation. When the evening edition of the papers was brought to them they were much chagrined to see that the amiable Professor of Weatherology who roosts at the top of the Auditorium had issued a warning to all mariners to be sure to keep in port that evening, as the worst storm of the year was bound to arrive and wipe all sailing vessels from the face of the waters. There was consequently a good deal of telephoning and canceling of engagements, and when the skippers reached the club house for dinner, they found that nine-tenths of their sailing mates had a very bad attack of what is commonly known as "cold feet," and there was a strong disposition to postpone the start (which, by the way, was to be a race from here to Milwaukee) until the expected tornado had passed away. At 9 we called up the weather bureau, and were informed that it had passed over and that no trouble need be anticipated, but only two boats were found willing to start out—the schooner Hawthorne and the sloop Minota—and at 10 o'clock they rounded the Van Buren street light neck and neck, and headed for Milwaukee, with a brisk S.W. wind behind them. The puffs that always accompany a S. W. wind compelled the sloop (which was carrying full sail) to occasionally luff up, but the heavier schooner kept on her course, and off Waukegan, at about 2 o'clock, 35 miles on our journey, she was a quarter of a mile ahead. The wind still kept fair, and by 7 o'clock in the morning both boats were off Wind Point, 20 miles this side of Milwaukee. The wind changed round to the N.W. and began to breeze up. The schooner promptly took in her topsails, and Minota followed suit by putting in two reefs, and from there to Milwaukee harbor it was a beat against a strong wind and a heavy sea.

Hawthorne had to give us an allowance of 20 minutes, and she passed the Milwaukee pier head at 10 minutes past 10, the Minota following her at 10:42, thereby losing the race by 12 minutes, corrected time.

We worked up the Bay and anchored near the Milwaukee Y. C. house, and were almost immediately visited by the affable fleet captain, Mr. Adam Strachan, who extended to us the courtesies of the club during our visit. After calling at the club house, we began to get our boat ready for the regatta which was to open the next morning.

This regatta was a success in every way; the weather was perfect, and the races well contested. We were entered in the 35ft. class, and had as competitors Milwaukee, Illinois, and Prairie. It really seemed a farce to enter a race with as little preparation as we had. The boat was laden down with provisions, etc., for the cruise, and part of the crew had never raced the boat before, consequently the showing we made was not very good, with the exception of the first leg, where we beat the rest of the fleet by about 5 minutes, owing to the wind being very light and fluky—which, I am told, is Minota's best point.

On Saturday the captains met on the flagship Charlotte R., and agreed to get under way for Charlevoix (their next stopping place) as soon as possible after 6 o'clock in the evening, and preparations were made with that end in view. In the meantime, the other yachts of our fleet—

namely, Vanenna, Minstrel, Siren, and Rosamund—had arrived at the Milwaukee anchorage, and we were all anxious to start for the north.

At 6 o'clock, however, a bad thunder squall came up, and we decided to abandon our start until later. At 9:30 P. M. everything looked promising, and the Minota started on her trip, but a few miles out clouds gathered quickly, the northern sky darkened, and, as there was every indication of dirty weather, we deemed it prudent to put back to the safe anchorage of Milwaukee harbor, and arrived there about 11 o'clock. We were jeered at by our fellow yachtsmen, but agreed to start with them as soon as the weather cleared at any time during the night, and at 1 o'clock were aroused from our slumbers by megaphone hails from the other boats. They were about to make sail, and we rapidly followed their example —Mistral, Siren, Vanenna, Charlotte R., and Minota all leaving the harbor between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning. The sky was perfectly clear, the stars were all twinkling, and the moon lightened up the horizon, and everything looked very promising for the northern trip. When we were about 4 miles on our course, and well away from the protecting influence of the land which runs out into the lake north of Milwaukee, and forms the southern arm of Whitefish Bay, the wind shifted around to the N., and in a very short time started up a vigorous head sea. We, fortunately, had in two reefs, but even that amount of sail was too much for comfort, and the prospect of bucking the head sea for 200 miles was not alluring, so we eased off our sheets and again started for Milwaukee, arriving there at about 3 o'clock. Shortly after dropping anchor, we noticed that the Charlotte R. had followed our example, and was coming in, and then the Vanenna followed suit. Mistral (as you will learn further) kept on, and Siren changed her course and ran before the wind to Grand Haven, Michigan, which place she safely reached the next afternoon, but after a wet and tempestuous voyage. After two attempts and disappointments, we determined to have a thoroughly good night's sleep, and wait until the wind was fair and everything more propitious than had so far been our luck.

After brekfast we were visited by Vice-Commodore Burton, and discussed the weather and the prospects for the voyage down the lake. We agreed that we would leave between 10 and 11 that morning. The wind was from the N.E. when we passed the gap in the breakwater at 10:15, and we stood out on the lake for about 4 miles E. by N. with a N. wind, closely following Mr. Wm. T. Starr's auxiliary yawl Rosamund. We came about shortly after she did, when fortunately the wind swung around to the E., which made a close reach for Sheboygan and Manitowoc. Before leaving, the various captains had decided that with a fair wind they would keep on up the coast as far as Manitowoc, 75 miles north of Milwaukee; and if, on arriving there, the wind was still right, would keep on for Charlevoix, cutting across the lake north of Manitowoc, where the distance to Point Betsey is about 85 miles.

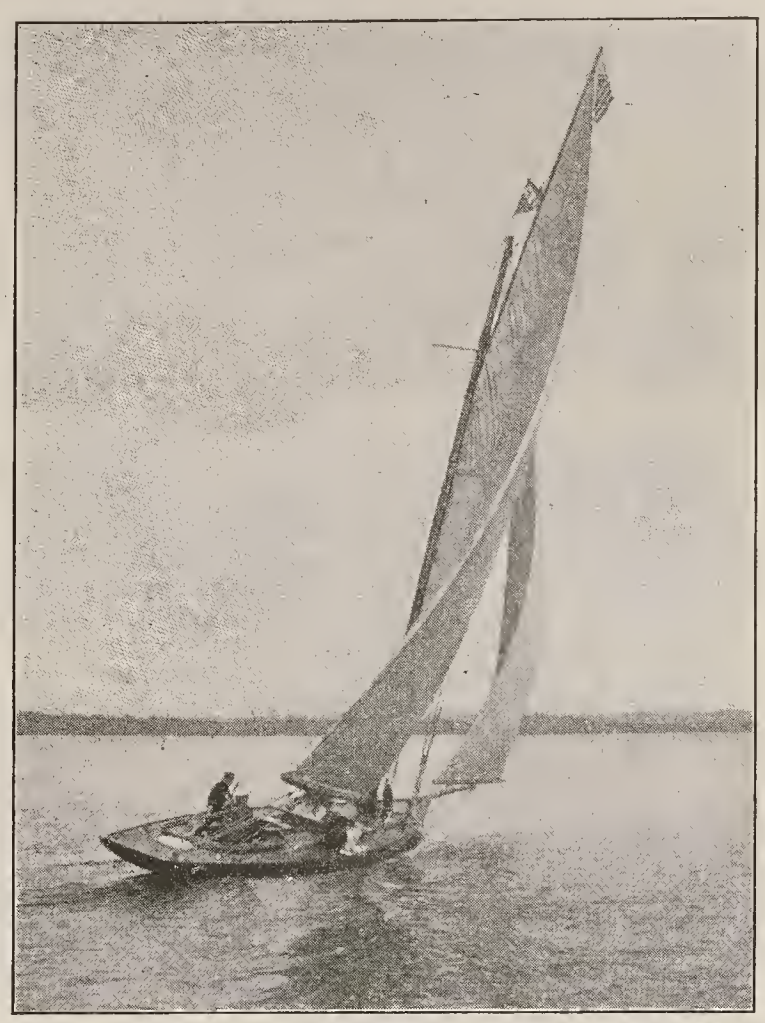
It certainly was a perfect Sunday; there was just enough sea running to give that easy motion that makes sailing so enjoyable, and we had a whole sail breeze. The two reefs in our mainsail and one in our jib which we had put in the night before were still in, and we soon saw that we had little hope of overhauling Rosamund unless we shook them out. Captain Starr evidently had his eye on us, for he very quickly unfurled his topsails and still kept away from us. At 1 o'clock we took the dinghy on board, and made better time, and at 3 in the afternoon were abreast Port Washington, which is 25 miles north of Milwaukee. Away to the southward we could see Vanenna and Charlotte R. coming up. At 6 in the evening we were nearing Sheboygan, still making good time, and after being busy for some time in the cabin with his charts, the Skipper came on deck and announced that the barometer was steady, and that if we had a promising sunset and the weather kept fair, we would change our course after supper and head across the lake for Manistee. This was evidently the determination of those on Vanenna, now well ahead, and to windward of us, as we saw them haul in their sheets and head for the Michigan shore, 75 miles away. The sunset was all that could be expected, the moon rose early, and everything gave promise of fair weather and a fine run throughout the night. I shared the Skipper's watch from 8 until midnight. With sheets just started, the lee rail under, and everything drawing finely, we ripped off 7 and 8 knots every hour. The night was magnificent. Our course was E.N.E., the wind keeping steadily from the S.E. and shortly before we went off watch we were crossing the course the steamers all take from Chicago to Point Betsey, and throughout the night we rarely had less than 4 or 5 steamers and 2 or 3 schooners in constant view. When midnight came and the other watch, consisting of Olaf, our sailorman, and Harris (who, on acount of his enormous appetite and love of sleep, had been promptly nicknamed the Boa Constrictor), came on deck, our log showed that we had reeled off 48 miles since 6 o'clock. The moon made it almost as bright as day, and we lingered on deck for a while for a final pipe and glass of grog before we turned in to have a scant three hours of sleep.

At a quarter to 2 in the morning the lookout sighted the Big Point Sable light bearing due E., as the Skipper had predicted. This is a fixed white light, visible 20 miles. In the daytime this lighthouse is one of the most conspicuous landmarks on the east shore, as it stands 100 feet high, and is painted with three broad bands, the upper and lower being white and the middle black.

When we came on deck at 4 o'clock we were abreast of Manistee and steering N. up the coast. The wind had changed slightly and was now S.S.E., and the morning clouds gave every evidence of a good breeze through the day. We were having more wind than we could comfortably use with full sail, so we shortened it and kept on up the coast under two reefs.

About 8 o'clock, after breakfast, we noticed some distance astern a large sized sloop yacht which we took to be Vanenna, assuming that she had taken a southerly course, and was now coming up the coast. Her hull seemed black like the "Van's" and the cut of her sails also made us feel quite confident that it was she, and we were very much elated at the idea of having steered a more northerly course, and that we had a prospect of reaching Charlevoix the first in the fleet after all—that was, assuming Mistral had been overlooked, and had been one of the "ships that pass in the night." We were close inshore when we passed Point Betsey, and the life-saving crew saluted us as we went by.

"Point Betsey" is the mariners' method of pronouncing Pointe Aux Becs Scies, the name evidently given by some of the early French voyageurs to this point of land, which resembles very much a bird's beak. This light is placed on a yellow tower 34 feet high, and at night is a flashing



Minota.

white light, with an interval of 10 seconds between each flash. It marks the turning point for vessels bound to and from the south end of the lake, when headed for the Manitou passage, and is about 24 miles S. by W. of South Manitou Island.

After passing Point Betsey, the next prominent landmark we sighted was Sleeping Bear Point, which is opposite the Manitou Islands. It is a freak of nature well



Chart of Course Taken by Minota.

named. The sand hills at this point rise to a height of 500 feet, and, seen from the lake, it appears as if an army of engineers had carefully leveled off the sky-line for a distance of two miles and built in the center a huge monument representing a sleeping bear.

By 10 o'clock the wind had blown up some rain, and oilskins for all hands were the order of the day. Away to the W. it began to cloud up and look squally, and we watched with some anxiety a small trading schooner take in her topsails and reef; the rainfall over there was evidently much heavier than we were experiencing. We started through the Manitou passage about 11 o'clock, and at lunch-time the rain had stopped and we could see far astern of us a schooner following in our wake. As the wind was fair and she had no raffeys up, we assumed that she must be a yacht, and as she drew nearer to us we made her out to be Mistral, which left Milwaukee 8 hours before we did. We learned later from Lawrence that he had kept on that night, notwithstanding the dirty weather that drove us back to Milwaukee, and had made an E. course for many miles before heading N. They had experienced some very bad weather, which, fortunately, we had missed by spending the night in the safe anchorage of Milwaukee harbor.

The water is wonderfully clear at this end of the lake, and it is somewhat startling to look down and see yourself passing over great rocks that seem close to your keel, but which a heave of the lead discloses are 4 fathoms below.

The wind was now blowing E.S.E., which meant that when we crossed Grand Traverse Bay we should get the full force of the breeze now tempered by the protecting heights of the shore, and the Skipper prudently decided to stand in under the shelter of Cathead Point and put in two more reefs and a small jib. While we were busily engaged in doing this, I noticed Mistral's people were conning us anxiously through their glasses, wondering what had happened to us, but they evidently divined our reasons, and did some reefing on their own account. By the time we were snugged down under our four reefs and No. 3 jib, and wore away on our course, the Mistral had passed us; as we crossed the wide entrance to Grand Traverse Bay we got all we expected, but bowled along very comfortably with our shortened canvas at a 7-knot clip.

Between Fishermen's Island and Charlevoix we witnessed a grand battle of the elements. The clouds which we had noticed earlier in the day to the W. had now banked up in large numbers, their colors were constantly changing from black to green and red and back to black again, and the lightning flashed throughout the western sky. The wind had been blowing steadily for 24 hours from the E. and S.E., and had now become sufficiently strong to make a very good fight against any W. wind that should attempt to gain the mastery, and as we watched this contest between the E. and the W. we all agreed that the W. wind would finally have to give in, but no sooner had this decision been reached than the E. wind received a knockout blow from somewhere or other, and instantly a fierce squall broke, the wind switched round to the W., and before you could say "knife," down came our jib, the strong iron snap-hook at its head parting as if it had been a piece of stopping twine. It was fortunate that this happened, as it made the bringing up of the boat into the wind a very easy matter, and under a 4-reefed sail Minota rode out the blow, which lasted 10 minutes, as nicely and more comfortably than we should have done if we had doused our mainsail. The rain poured down in torrents, so that it was impossible to see the length of the vessel. As soon as it had passed over, the jib was again hoisted up, and we saw Mistral about a mile to the N. E.; she had dropped every rag of canvas, and was waiting for a tug that was then steaming out to her from the mouth of the Charlevoix harbor. We headed for the piers, and arrived there just as Mistral was towed in. They very kindly threw us a line, so we swung in behind them, and cast off when we got into Round Lake, which is the small lake between the entrance to Charlevoix harbor and Pine Lake. Here, very much to our astonishment, we found Vanenna at anchor, and also the schooner Hawthorne. Normandia (Mr. N. W. Harris's power boat), was anchored in Pine Lake, so we found quite a gathering of Chicago Y. C. craft. Captain Cameron and his crew, of Vanenna, were very much surprised to see us there so soon, as they had arrived themselves only a few minutes before, having been becalmed 5 or 6 hours between Sleeping Bear Point and Traverse Bay. We anchored alongside Vanenna, and, looking up our log, found our actual sailing time from Chicago to Charlevoix had been 44 hours, and the distance covered 333 miles, being an average of 7½ miles an hour. We were elated over this, as we all felt, and still feel, that it will be a record hard to beat for a 40ft. boat cruising on Lake Michigan. The wind had been favorable and kind to us throughout the trip, and the success of the run was in a great measure due to the fact that we started out from Chicago with the determination to carry out the old saying: "Never make a port when your sheets are started."

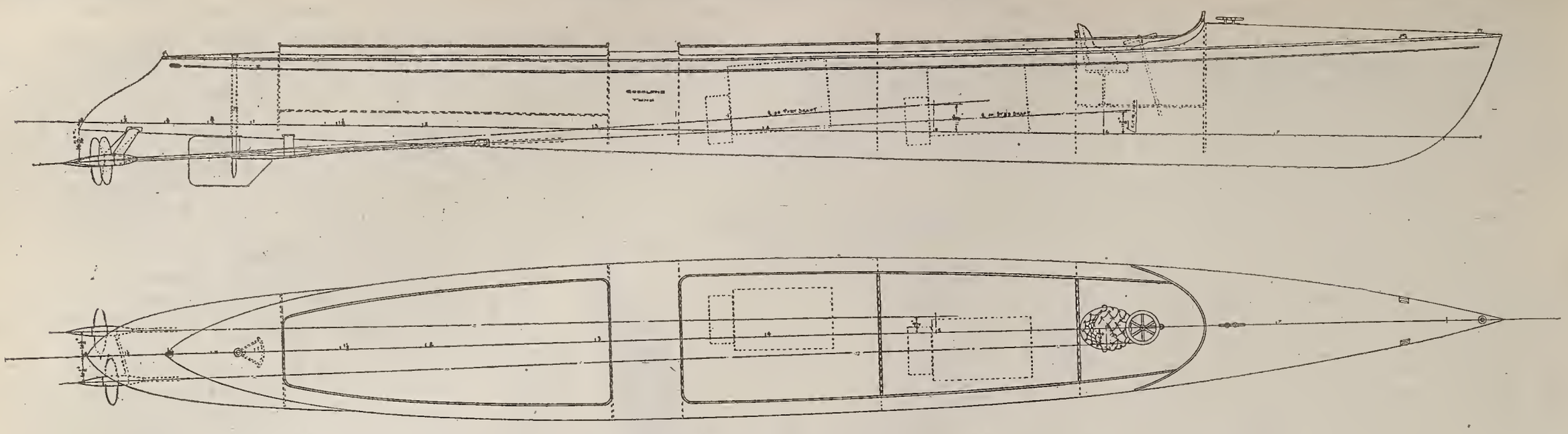
We visited the Vanenna and talked over the run, and then called on Hawthorne.

Mistral was to start the next day for Harbor Springs, and Hawthorne was awaiting her owners, Messrs. McConnell, Fox and Clinch, who were expected to arrive on Thursday and take her up to the North Channel.

Charlevoix is an ideal place for a yacht club fleet to rendezvous. The piers run out into the lake a distance of about 1,000 feet, giving a deep channel about 250 feet wide, crossed at the shore end by a swing bridge for road traffic. With a fair wind it is unnecessary to hire a tug, as the tug men here are like the rest of seafaring people and have the impression that a yacht owner ballasts his boat with silver dollars, and the tariff rate for towing in and towing out is $5. The bridge tender will swing the bridge in response to three blasts from your horn as you go up the channel, and as soon as the bridge is passed the river widens to form Round Lake. Here the anchorage is good throughout, but the best course to pursue is to sail to the further end of the lake and round up on the starboard hand and anchor. You are then within easy reach of the shopping district, and later on you can do as we did—drop down the stream into Pine Lake, which is connected with Round Lake by a short channel crossed by a railroad bridge which is only closed at train time, occasionally during the day. Pine Lake is very beautifully located, and runs up into the country about 20 miles, and is divided into two arms, the E. one being much wider and giving more room for sailing. There is a good depth of water throughout; in fact, steamers with their tows go to the extreme end of the lake for lumber cargoes; but care should be taken not to go too close to the shore points jutting out in the lake where the water is shoal.

We stayed at Charlevoix for the balance of the week, each day having a sail on Pine Lake.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HIGH SPEED LAUNCH—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE, AND BUILDING BY FRANK WOOD.

Design for High Speed Launch.

HIGH speed launches are in great demand this year. None of the new boats are attracting more widespread interest than those turned out by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Through the courtesy of this firm we are able to publish this week the designs of one of their most interesting boats.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
On deck	47ft.	2 in.
L.W.L.	47ft.	7 in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	5ft.	7 in.
Draft of hull—		
Extreme	1ft.	1½in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	3ft.	8 in.
Aft, lowest	2ft.	4 in.

The boat is being built in a most superior manner by Mr. Frank Wood at his City Island plant. She is of very light but strong construction. The planking is double, the inner skin being of cedar and the outer of mahogany.

There are two cockpits. The forward one is 18ft. 6in. long, and divided into three parts; the after one is 11ft. 6in. long and water-tight. There is 2ft. 6in. deck space between the two cockpits, and under this is located a gasolene tank.

In the low compartment of the forward cockpit is a place for the helmsman. The two 90 horse-power Mercedes engines are just aft of the steering gear, each one having a separate compartment. With this power it is expected the boat will do better than 25 miles an hour.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, May 13.—Nearly all of the yachts that have been built during the winter for the racing classes have been put in the water, and have been tried out in impromptu scraps. The number of new 18-footers far exceeds that of any other class, and these boats have had several tryouts off Marblehead. Mirage II., which was one of the first of the new ones to be put in the water, is showing up very well in the preliminary races. On each of the past two Sundays, four of the 18-footers have been in scrub races off Marblehead, and Mirage has won each time. It is said that in a little rub with Mr. T. K. Lothrop's new 30-footer, Sauquoit, the smaller boat gave the larger all she wanted to take care of. Mirage was designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman.

Not only the new boats, but many of the older ones are getting ready for the opening of the racing season, especially among the 18-footers. The first race will be on Memorial Day, given by the South Boston Y. C., and this will make the twenty-eighth consecutive year that this club has opened the racing season in Massachusetts Bay. Classes will be provided for 30, 22, 18, and 15-footers of the Y. R. A. classes, and in addition to these there will be provided handicap classes.

Down in Buzzard's Bay preparations are being made for the racing season by the Beverly Y. C. As the bulk of the membership of this club is composed of summer residents, however, the season does not open as early as in other sections. The 30-footers will be most prominent in the racing. Zingara, one of the 30-footers, has been sold by Mr. E. M. Farnsworth to Mr. Alexander Forbes. She will remain in the club, however, and as Mr. Forbes is one of the new members, he will probably try to make a record with her. Two new yachts will join the 21ft. class. They are owned by Mr. Joshua Crane, Jr., and Mr. C. N. Baker. A new class of 18-footers has been organized which should furnish good racing. This is a one-design class, for which five boats have been turned out by Herreshoff. This class will compete later in the season with a one-design class, built under the restrictions of the Massachusetts Eighteen-foot Knockabout Association, from designs by Mr. E. A. Boardman. The regatta committee of the Beverly Y. C. has arranged the following fixtures for the season:

June 17, Friday—Club race.
June 18, Saturday—Club race.
June 25, Saturday—Club race.
July 2, Saturday—First Corinthian.
July 4, Monday—Open sweepstakes with prizes added by club.
July 9, Saturday—Second Corinthian.
July 16, Saturday—Third Corinthian.
July 23, Saturday—Fourth Corinthian.
July 30, Saturday—Fifth Corinthian.
Aug. 6, Saturday—Sixth Corinthian.
Aug. 13, Saturday—Club race.
Aug. 27, Saturday—Seventh Corinthian.
Sept. 3, Saturday—Open race.
Sept. 5, Monday—Open race.
Sept. 10, Saturday—Club race.

In the above schedule all of the races are to be sailed off the club house, Wings Neck, with the exception of the open race on September 3, which will be sailed at Mattapoisett. Only the Corinthian races count for club championship.

The new club house of the Winthrop Y. C. which is to take the place of the one that was destroyed by fire last fall, is rapidly taking shape, and it is expected that it will be ready for occupancy early in July. Although minus a club house, the members of this club are not lacking in enthusiasm. The floats have been out for some time, and many yachts are at the anchorage. The regatta committee has arranged the following list of fixtures:

June 4, Saturday—Class handicap.
June 18, Saturday—Class handicap.
June 26, Sunday—Club run.
July 2, Saturday—Class handicap.
July 16, Saturday—Class handicap.
July 24, Sunday—Club run.
July 30, Saturday—Class handicap.
Aug. 6, Saturday—Class handicap.
Aug. 20, Saturday—Class handicap.
Aug. 21, Sunday—Club run.
Sept. 3, Saturday—Class handicap.

The following fixtures have been announced by the regatta committee of the Columbia Y. C.:

June 4, Saturday—Club handicap.
June 17, Friday—Cruise to Gloucester.
July 2, Saturday—Cruise to Portsmouth.
July 16, Saturday—Club handicap.
July 17, Sunday—Ladies' day.
Aug. 6, Saturday—Club handicap.
Aug. 14, Sunday—Ladies' day.
Sept 3, Saturday—Squadron run to Salem Willows.
Sept. 4, Sunday—At Salem Willows.
Sept. 5, Monday—Squadron run, Salem Willows to Nahant.

The regatta committee of the South Boston Y. C. has announced the following fixtures:

May 30, Monday—Y. R. A. open.
June 17, Friday—Club cruise.
June 18, Saturday—Club cruise.
June 19, Sunday—Club cruise.
July 9, Saturday—Club handicap.
July 24, Sunday—Ladies' day.
Aug. 6, Saturday—Ladies' day.
Aug. 20, Saturday—Club handicap.
Sept. 10, Saturday—Handicap, City Point to Hull.

Last Tuesday morning the steam yacht Visitor, designed by Swasey, Raymond & Page for Mr. W. Harry Brown, of Pittsburg, Pa., was launched at Lawley's west shop. The yacht was christened by Mrs. Brown. Visitor is a twin-screw, high speed, steel steam yacht. She is 98ft. over all, 93ft. waterline, 14ft. beam and 4ft. 3in. draft. She is of the torpedo boat type, with low cabin trunk and raised deck house forward. It is expected that she will make 24 miles an hour.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 14.—Work has been very active at the Herreshoff shops at Bristol for the past few weeks, both in completing new work on hand and in getting a number of craft out of winter quarters and into shape for the season. Several of the new boats of the 21ft. class for sloops are now nearly ready for launching. They are finely modeled craft, with moderate overhangs, and are expected to prove very speedy. A new steam yacht of about 120ft. waterline, under construction for M. C. D. Borden, of New York, is about half completed, and work on her will be rushed.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's steam yacht Mirage has been repiped, and is nearly ready to leave for New York. Mr. August Belmont's steam yacht Scout has had a number of improvements in the engine room, and is now in the hands of the painters.

Rear-Commodore W. O. Todd, of the Rhode Island Y. C., has a new 58ft. cabin launch, built by the New York Yacht and Launch Engine Company, at Morris Heights, N. Y. She arrived here early this week. She is called Roberta, is 58ft. over all, and 12ft. breadth, and is equipped with a Twentieth Century motor of 12 horse-power. The finish is mahogany throughout. The engine room is at the after end of the cabin house, and forward of this are toilet room, galley accommodations, and a 13ft. main cabin and a large pilot house. She has two pole masts, carries a tender swung on davits, and all in all is one of the handsomest cruising launches in Narragansett Bay.

Mr. Jesse H. Metcalf's steam yacht Endion has been purchased by Mr. Leroy Fales, of Barrington, who is a member of the Rhode Island Y. C., so that the boat will still remain in the club fleet.

C. F. Tillinghast's new 22ft. knockabout, built at the Chase Pulley Company's shop in this city, will go into the water in a day or two. She is called Little Rhody, and was designed by Mr. George Owen, of Toronto, Canada, a former resident of Providence. She has a model of more than ordinary beauty. She is a keel boat, with about 3,000 pounds of outside lead, and is double planked inside with cedar and outside hard pine. The framing is of the best quality of white oak, and there is a double planked water-tight cockpit. The after end of the cabin and the hatch and companionway are of mahogany. She is 34ft. 6in. over all, 21ft. 9in. waterline, 8ft. 6in. beam, and 5ft. 6in. draft. Little Rhody will probably be one of the contestants in the Brooklyn Y. C.'s ocean race in July. Her sail area as yet is uncertain, as she was built for the Narragansett Bay Twenty-two Foot Sailabout Association, organized last winter, and as there are no other boats building for the class, it is not probable that her owner will hold her sail plan down to the 650ft. named in the restrictions.

At the Chase shop there is also a 22-footer, designed by Mr. W. H. Hand, of New Bedford, for Mr. D. D. Allerton, of New York, to race under the rules of the Gravesend Bay Y. R. A. She is combination keel and centerboard, with 2,500 pounds of outside ballast. The model is peculiar, showing a very long forward overhang. At the same shop, a Messrs. Burgess & Packard design, an auxiliary sloop, Keewaydin, has just been finished for Mr. G. F. Holmes, of Plymouth, Mass. She is 35ft. 6in. over all, 22ft. waterline, 10ft. beam, and 2ft. 6in. draft, and is fitted with a 6 horse-power Murray & Tregurtha engine. She has a good sized cabin, and makes a comfortable cruiser.

Mr. David Stranger has sold his 25ft. cat Idler to a Barnegat Bay yachtsman. She was built last year by Mr. A. C. Davis, of this city.

The Edgewood Y. C. took in 27 new members this week, bringing the total enrollment to more than 450, and it is expected that the limit of 600 members will be reached before the end of the season. The annual cruise of the Edgewood fleet this year will be in August, the same week as the racing series of the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A., the fleet following the different racing events, and being at Newport for the Astor cup races.

F. H. YOUNG.

Interlake Yachting Letter.

CLEVELAND, O., May 13.—Yeota, the first of the 21ft. restricted class, is overboard. She was launched at Grassy Island last Thursday. Yeota was designed for Mr. Kenneth Stevenson, of Detroit, by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, and built by Edward C. Bryan, of Wyandotte, Mich. The boat is of the compromise keel and centerboard type. She will carry 1,000 pounds of outside ballast. Her gaff, boom and mast are hollow, and the sails were finished by Messrs. Cousens & Pratt, of Boston. She is designed right up to the top of the class, and her owner looks for Yeota to give a good account of herself in the Lipton races at Chicago and the Waker races at Detroit. It is for these two series of races that she was especially built. She will be sailed by R. D. Potter, of Toledo, assisted by Geo. Wilds, of Detroit, John Barch and Douglass Perkins, Jr., of Cleveland. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 35ft. 11½in.; waterline, 21ft.; beam at waterline, 10ft. 5in.; extreme beam, 10ft. 8in.; draft at post, 2ft. 11in.; sail area, 949 square feet.

Several of the others will be launched next week. Mr. E. L. Ford's boat, designed and built by Joe Pouliott, of Wyandott, has been finished for some time, and will be launched in a day or two. She is a good looking boat, and almost an exact counterpart of Little Shamrock, the craft that won the Walker cup last year. Mr. H. T. Schmidt's boat, built at Marine City, Mich., is just about finished, and will be shipped to Detroit in a few days. John H. Smedley, Jr.'s, announcement that he was having a 21-footer built in the East came as a surprise. The Smedley boat was designed by Mr. Chas. L. Seabury, and is being built at Morris Heights, N. Y. Mr. Chas. L. Seabury also sold the Vesta, Commodore Smedley's yawl, to eastern parties, and the Commodore, in turn, purchased the Vennessa, a 76ft. over all auxiliary yawl, from eastern parties. A letter received from E. T. Affleck, Jr., of Toledo, O., now on his way to the lakes with Hussar II., recently purchased by Commodore E. T. Affleck, states that good time is being made, and the craft will reach Toledo, her new home, about June 1.

Several new boats are building at Toledo, and the yachtsmen of that place are looking forward to a good season. At the Harrison Boat Works a number of launches, including five high speed boats, have been built, the most conspicuous of the lot being one for Lacy Bros., also of Toledo. She is an improved Dolphin, and her owners hope to do better than 12 miles with her. She will be equipped with a 12 horse-power Lacy engine. The Puritana, Commodore W. C. Richardson, Jr.'s schooner, was launched two weeks ago, and left yesterday on a fishing trip to cover a period of several weeks. Commodore W. C. Sterling, Jr., of Monroe, Mich., bought the Æola, of Buffalo. Æola is of the sharpie type. The 21-footer built by Wier, of Hamilton, and designed by Mr. W. H. Hand, Jr., has been finished and delivered to Mr. H. L. Chamberlain, of Buffalo.

The original idea of racing the new 15-footers from Port Colburn to Buffalo on their initial trip has been abandoned, and they will be towed from Hamilton to Buffalo instead. Dr. E. P. Hussey's 30ft. yawl has been completed, and is an excellent looking craft. For a boat of her size, she has a remarkable amount of room. She should also have a fair amount of speed, especially in a breeze. Lucinda, of Sandusky, was sold to a member of the Buffalo Y. C.

Things are doing in the Lakewood Y. C., of Cleveland. Messrs. W. F. Nash, Geo. I. Hall, and H. P. Wheton purchased the Rooster II. from Hon. Chas. Francis Adams 2d, of Boston, and hope with her to wrest some

of the honor from Chloris, a boat of the same type and class, but purchased last season by Commodore Phelps and A. J. Primett. The regatta committee of the L. Y. C. has decided to use the waterline rule and make a special class of these boats, which means that White Ribbon, formerly a 30-footer, will be allowed to compete with the aforementioned two. White Ribbon is decidedly a larger boat, but is only 22ft. on the water, which allows her to make the class handily.

The 21ft. open boat built at Maltby's yard has been finished, and will be launched Monday. She is considerable of a freak, but should be exceptionally fast. Her owners are out with a challenge to race anything in her class on fresh water. Myth, recently purchased by Ben Davis, Jr., from Fred Pritchard, of Toledo, has been delivered and placed in commission. A match race between her and the Nadje, the boat for which she was bought to beat, has been arranged, and will take place July 2, 3 and 4. The yawl built by J. W. Hepburn, of Toledo, for R. L. Lockwood, has been finished, and will be shipped to Cleveland the latter part of next week.

The first big regatta of the season is scheduled for July 2, 3 and 4, and will be held at Monroe Piers, Mich. Entries have been received from Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, and Port Huron. A fine list of prizes has been offered, and it is believed that from 80 to 100 boats will line up with the gun on the opening day. Nearly all of the fresh-water yachting organizations have scheduled races for Decoration Day.

C. W. SCHMIDT, JR.

British Letter.

Two months ago the outlook for the season was particularly gloomy for almost all classes; but with the advent of summer weather a considerable stir has been made in fitting out quarters, with the result that quite a fair number of boats will be found ready to hoist colors in most of the small rater and all the handicap classes, while the recent launches of several new vessels of large size have added much interest to the larger handicap fleet. Perhaps the most important event of last month was the launch of the fine fast cruising yawl White Heather, built by Fay & Co., of Northern Hants. for Mr. Myles B. Kennedy, a flag officer of the Royal Albert Y. C., who has for many seasons successfully raced the famous old Watson 60-rater Yarana under the now equally famous name of Maid Marion. As Maid Marion Mr. Kennedy has sailed the fine old ship with great success in the handicap class, and many a battle royal has she had with another of Watson's successes, the 40-rater Creole, which has also a wonderful record of wins. Both these vessels have been unaltered as to hull since they were first launched, but both have had large additions made to their spars and canvas, and are much faster under most conditions of wind and weather than when they were pure racers. The march of time, however, has found them outclassed by the present-day fast cruiser, with her great beam, small body and modern overhangs, to say nothing of her superiority in comfort and weatherliness, and Mr. Kennedy has at last abandoned his old love for a better type of ship. White Heather took the water on April 16. She is from designs by Fife, of Fairlie, and has all the typical sweetness of that famous designer's lines, as exemplified in his latest creations, while her construction has been made sufficiently strong to enable her to be classed twenty years A1 at Lloyds. Speed and comfort have been combined in an unusual degree in White Heather, and Mr. Kennedy will have no reason to regret his old ship after he has tasted the sweets of victory and discovered the dry and seaworthy qualities of his new one. Everybody wishes him all success with his new venture, which is as pretty a vessel as can be wished for.

Fife has been busy, indeed, this winter, with designs. Another noteworthy vessel is the schooner Susanne, built by Messrs. Inglis for a German yachtsman, Herr Oscar Huldschinsky, of Berlin. Like White Heather, she is about 150 tons. She has more the appearance of a pure racer than any other schooner Fife has turned out, but of course her scantlings are heavy and her internal fittings are of the most comfortable description. Her appearance is said to be of the most taking description, and if she is a handsomer vessel than Cicely, which Fife designed two years ago for Mr. Cecil Quentin, she will indeed be a beauty. Susanne will have an unusually large spread of canvas, and will be skippered by Wringe, who had charge of Shamrock III. With such a good man at the helm and a British crew, Susanne should make a flutter among the fleet of schooners in German waters.

Two other noteworthy vessels, also from the board of the Fairlie, are the 65-footer for the Messrs. Cornell and the 62-ton yawl for Mr. A. K. Stothert. The former vessel was commenced two years ago, but the disappearance of the 65ft. class with the sale of Khama caused her owners to have the work of construction stopped. Now, however, they have determined to fit her out and run her in a handicap class with Netty and Carina.

Mr. Stothert's craft is an up-to-date cruiser-racer for the second handicap class, which goes the usual rounds in British waters, beginning with the Thames fixtures and working westward to Plymouth. For some seasons Mr. Stothert has been racing his 36-ton yawl Nebula in small handicaps, but although a fine, wholesome boat, she wanted half a gale to drive her, and in spite of sticking to it pluckily, he had but indifferent luck. If report be true he has in his new vessel something that he will be proud of. She is slated to be a real beautiy, and will be more of a light-weather craft than his old vessel. Like all modern cruiser-racers, she has good overhangs, a moderate body and a large sail spread. It is hoped that she and White Heather will both be ready for the opening matches on the Thames at the end of this month. Fife has yet another vessel completing for sea, and that is the 52-footer, which is to be in charge of Charles Bevis. This vessel will fill up the gap created by the withdrawal of Viola and the racing in the 52-ft. class will be the keenest and prettiest to be found around the coast. It will be interesting to see whether the new boat is a great improvement upon Moyana or Lucida, and it is certain that in the hands of such a capable skipper as Bevis, the utmost possible speed will be got out of her.

The 36ft. racing class on the Clyde is not to be allowed to fall through after all. Mr. J. A. Leckie has purchased Falcon from Messrs. Connell, consequently Mr. MacIver will fit out Barabel. In all probability Eusay will also be brought into commission, in which case some keen struggles will ensue.

Small yacht racing on the upper reaches of the Thames and in the estuaries is now in full swing. Another three weeks and the season proper will have commenced, and so far there is every reason to hope that yachtsmen will be favored with better weather than that which prevailed in 1902 and 1903. E. H. KELLY.

St. Paul Letter.

ST. PAUL, May 14.—A greater number of new boats are being built at White Bear this season than ever before, many to remain there, but the majority to be sent to different lakes in the West. I was out at the lake a few days ago and the place had the appearance of a veritable shipyard, so full was it with half-built boats of all sizes and models.

It might be interesting to give a brief account of the White Bear Y. C. from the time it started in 1889. The club was organized by a few enthusiastic members, many of whom knew practically nothing about sailing. There were few boats, and those were of the sand-bagger type, about as wide as they were long. They all raced in one class, the larger giving the smaller time allowance. Gradually they began to make the boats narrower, and with overhanging bows and slightly increased waterline when heeled, until about seven years ago the first scow was built. In 1899 the Yankee raced against the double hulled Dominion of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., at Montreal, and, although she made a fine showing, was beaten. The following year the White Bear challenge was again accepted, and they were defeated. Therefore this year they are doing everything in their power to procure the best boat for the third attempt to lift the cup.

Four years ago the White Bear Y. C. bought its present quarters and remodeled the building, making it into a very convenient club house. It has a large porch with sliding windows, where one can get a fine view of the races. White Bear has been very regular about its sailing, not a Saturday having passed from June to September for years that there was not a race if the weather was permissible.

White Bear is a small but pretty lake, and has deep water nearly everywhere. There are few shoals, and none of these in the race course.

The lake has an island and a peninsula which divide it into three divisions, so that it affords several different courses. During the last few years the lake has been gradually receding, and as it has no inlet or outlet or visible springs, it is feared that it will eventually dry up. To prevent this, artificial wells are being constructed, and will probably be completed within the course of the summer. This year, however, it seems as though the wells were scarcely needed, for the lake is higher than it has been for some time. Of course, White Bear has not the high waves common to larger lakes, and for that reason the fastest boats will be tried on Winnebago.

The syndicate has decided to build another boat, on the Crowninshield plan, only larger, so that it will make a better heavy wind boat and be more able to stand the large waves of Lake St. Louis. It will be built by Johnson, of White Bear, who is likewise building the smaller boat on the same lines. The hull of this smaller boat is already nearly completed, as well as the hull of that being built by Amundson. There are in all five boats being constructed for the syndicate, and they will undoubtedly all be completed by Decoration Day, when the regular races of the White Bear Y. C. commence. The syndicate would like to build the boat designed by Burgess and Packard if it did not already have so many on its hands.

The Inland Lake races at Lake Winnebago will, in all probability, be more interesting in class B than ever before, for not only will there be a great many more boats, but there will be three or four on the same model rigged exactly alike from different lakes.

SAM ORDWAY.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

ERIE Y. C.—The yacht club held their first spring meeting on the 11th, and mapped out their season's work. On Decoration Day, May 30, the first race will be sailed by the whole squadron. A handicap race is down for July 4, and in July and August, on alternate Saturdays, four races will be held, the same as last year. Some new members have been taken in, and the club contemplates a number of improvements.

COBWEB Y. C. FIXTURES.—The regatta committee of the Cobweb Y. C. announces that their spring regatta will be held on Decoration Day, Monday, May 30, 1904, and the fall regatta will be held Labor Day, Monday, September 5, 1904. Both are open regattas, and will be sailed over club courses.

WEST END Y. C. FIXTURES.—The regatta committee of the West End Y. C., composed of Wm. Ridley, H. Madden, and H. Lawson, have arranged for the following regattas: June 12 and September 11. Both races will be sailed on the Hudson River, off the club house.

NEW RACEABOUT FOR MR. HARRY MAXWELL.—There is building at Wood's yard at City Island a raceabout for Mr. Harry Maxwell.

THREE CHALLENGES FOR THE MANHASSET BAY CUP.—Three challenges have already been received by the Manhasset Bay Y. C. for the challenge cup. The following is a list of the clubs and boats that will be represented: Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., sloop Nyxe, ex-Oiseau; Atlantic Y. C., sloop Bobtail; Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C., sloop Arrow. It is more than likely that the Shelter Island Y. C. will be represented by the Crowninshield sloop Woglinde. The cup will be defended by Alert, owned by Mr. J. W. Alker.

GLOUCESTER (N. J.) Y. C.—At the meeting of the regatta committee of the Gloucester Y. C., it was decided to hold the annual regatta on Sunday, June 12. The regatta will start from Market street at 11 A. M., and will consist of seven classes, as follows: Second class, double-enders; third class, double-enders; special class of double-enders for Tacony boats, Whitehall boats, open yachts and cabin yachts.

SEAWANHAKA-CORINTHIAN APPOINTMENTS AND GENERAL ORDERS.—General Orders No. 2—Mr. Beverley R. Robinson is hereby appointed signal officer in charge of making colors, and of making and returning salutes and signals from the club house at Center Island. He shall, ex-officio, rank as senior captain in command of the anchorage during the absence of the flag officers, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

General Orders No. 3—(1) The squadron will rendezvous at Seawanhaka Harbor, Oyster Bay, on Saturday, May 28, in order to take part in the opening exercises at the club house. (2) On signal from the flagship at 3 P. M. (Saturday) the club burgee will be mast-headed on the club flagstaff, and all vessels in harboor will dress ship simultaneously. (3) On Sunday, May 29, divine services will be held on board the flagship at 11 A. M., conducted by the fleet chaplain, Rev. George R. Van De Water, D.D. (4) In observance of Decoration Day, Monday, May 30, all ensigns will be half-masted, and the fleet will dress ship at eight bells. (5) At 10 A. M. all yachts will be inspected by the commodore, and the fleet captain's cup (offered for the best commissioned yacht) will be awarded. (6) At 4 P. M. a reception will be held on board Aloha, to which all captains, members and their guests are cordially invited. Captains are earnestly requested to have their yachts in harbor during the ceremonies.

ARTHUR CURTIS JAMES,
Commodore.

Official:
FRANKLIN A. PLUMMER, Fleet Captain.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. GOES IN COMMISSION.—On Saturday, May 14, the Knickerbocker Y. C. went formally into commission. The club's racing programme is as follows:

Annual regatta—June 4.
Ladies' day race—July 16.
Annual cruise—To start August 6.
Power boat race—September 17.

YACHTS CHANGE HANDS.—The following sales have been made through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh: The schooner Varuna by Mr. Fred F. Ames to Mr. H. von Harten. She will be used as a pilot boat off Port Royal; the cabin launch Chic by Mr. Whitney Lyon to Mr. J. Henry Vaile; the auxiliary sloop Gladys, by Mr. J. Griffen to Mr. E. C. Roseman; the launch Ben-Hur to Mr. James L. Lawrence; the knockabout Reverie to Mr. H. C. Southwick; the twin-screw launch Carola to Mr. A. Bleeker Banks; the knockabout Phyllis to Mr. J. N. Steel, Jr.; and the knockabout Heron to Mr. John Le Boutillier.

DEFENDER FOR THE LIPTON CUP.—Mr. Morgan Barney has received an order for a 21-footer that will compete in the races for the Lipton cup. She will, in all probability, defend the trophy. The boat will be put together by Thomas Fearon, of Yonkers. The craft is for Dr. F. W. Holmes, and will be named La Paloma.

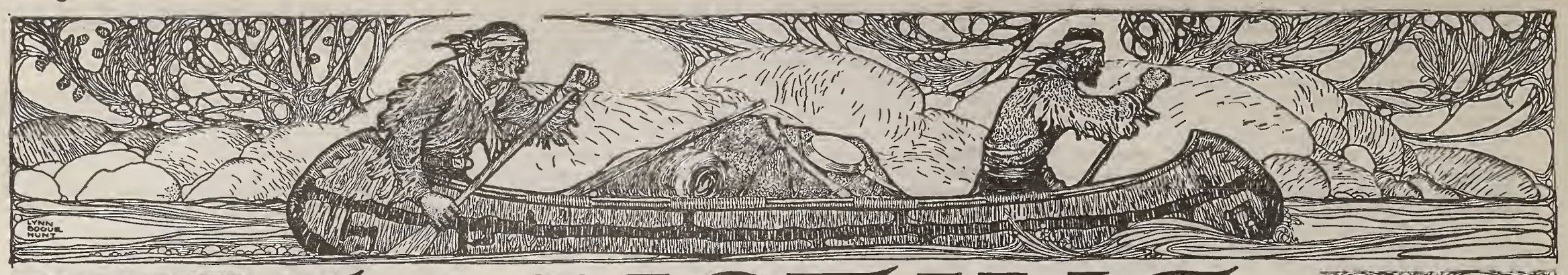
CAPE MAY Y. C.—A special meeting of the Cape May Y. C. was held in Philadelphia on the evening of May 12. The club was formed last July, and the organization has made great progress since that time. They now have 51 members, and 11 more were elected at the meeting. The officers of the club follow: Com., J. Wesley Allison, sloop Irene, flagship; Vice-Com., Chris Gallagher; Rear-Com., J. Clifford Wilson; Sec'y, Adam Suelke; Treas., J. Spicer Leaming; Fleet Captain, Benton S. Bond; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. F. J. Haerer. Trustees—Dr. Emlen Physick, J Spicer Leaming, Alfred L. Belfield, R. R. Miller, and A. C. Thomas, while the Membership Committee consists of R. R. Miller, Valentine Heaton, James F. Lucas, Peter Shields, and Alfred L. Belfield. Race Committee—A. J. Bowman, W. K. Holman, John Monroe, A. C. Thomas, Joseph L. Kelly, and B. J. Gibbons.

A club burgee was adopted, formed of white bunting fringed with blue and containing twelve small white stars and one large blue star as the central figure, symbolic of the thirteen original States.

Plans were presented and adopted for a luxurious club house, and it was planned to issue bonds to the amount of $5,000 in amounts of $50 each. The building is to be constructed on property leased for a term of years, now owned by Dr. Emlen Physick, and will be a typical yachtsman's home.

MANHASSET BAY Y. C.—The Manhasset Bay Y. C. went into commission on Saturday, May 14.—Nearly one hundred members and guests were on hand, and the opening was a great success. Two of the new one-design dories raced in the afternoon, and Mr. C. J. Lincoln's boat beat Mr. Thomas Wilson's craft handily. The latter boat was ahead at the end of the first round, but on the second time around Mr. Wilson had trouble with his centerboard, and could not get his boat out to windward. The regatta committee of the club has arranged the following racing schedule:

May 30—American power boat race under the auspices of the American Power Boat Association.
June 11—Annual regatta.
June 27, 28, 29—Challenge cup series.
July 9—Club handicap for boats of cruising type.
July 23—Power boat race. Open to all clubs.
September 3—Special club races.
September 17—Fall regatta.



CANOEING

A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

A Canoe Cruise.

BY WM. H. L'ESTRANGE, DULUTH, MINN.

THIS is a description of a canoe cruise taken by myself and one companion on the waters of the Canadian boundary directly north of the western end of Lake Superior. We reside in Duluth, Minn., and, except for a two days' trip, neither of us had ever been up in that country before. With a good map, showing the portages, and a compass, any one can find his way about in the lakes of the boundary. There is a continuous waterway from Pigeon River, on Lake Superior, to the Lake of the Woods, which forms the international boundary. This was formerly the highway of the Hudson Bay Company's trappers, westward bound. It is best reached from Duluth by the Duluth & Iron Range Railroad, which runs north about eighty miles. The water in all the lakes we traversed, flows northwest into Rainy Lake. East, over the divide, the water empties into Pigeon River. One can travel by canoe from this region to the Rocky Mountains to Hudson Bay, or to the waters of the Mississippi. This is the country par excellence of the canoeist and voyageur.

The geological formation of the country we explored consists of a series of ridges of up-ended strata, none more than 100ft. high, with a lake between almost every ridge. The ground is all rock, with a thin covering of soil, and is useless for agricultural purposes, though covered in many places with a thick growth of small timber. All the lakes contain pickerel, and some of them bass and wall-eyed pike, and in a few places there are landlocked salmon. Ducks are not very plentiful east of Basswood Lake, though we saw some every day we were out. West of Basswood there is more rice, and consequently more ducks. Further west, in the Bow String country, is the greatest duck shooting in the world. We saw a great many Indians traveling about on the lakes.

We started on our ten days' cruise with a 14ft. Peterboro canoe, but, owing to the failure of the express company to deliver the canoe on time, we were forced to hire one at Ely. We were fortunate in securing a splendid canoe at very reasonable rates. It was a 16ft. canvas covered canoe, made by B. N. Morris, of Veazie, Me. These canoes are made of cedar, with wide splint ribs, after the fashion of a birch, and are covered with canvas, painted and rubbed to a smooth finish on the outside. They are the best all-round canoes I have ever seen, strong and light, and free from the great defect of all basswood canoes, that of soaking water. They are nicely finished, with spruce gunwales and cane seats, and give one an impression of "the best is none too good" style of workmanship that is gratifying in this day of factory made products. They stand rough treatment and pounding on rocks better than any other style of construction, and when the canvas is cut, it is easily repaired. The one we had had an outside keel, which stiffens the canoe, and takes some of the wear off the bottom; it also seems to steady the boat, though it did not interfere with ease in turning. We took three paddles, to be one the safe side.

Our tent was a peaked arrangement, designed by a Duluth man. It was 5 by 8ft. on the ground and came to a peak nearly over the front. There was an 18-in. wall at the back. The tent hangs by the peak between two crossed poles, and there are no guys, except at the back, to distend the wall. It is admirably adapted for a two-man trip, weighing no more than an A tent of the same floor size, and being much more roomy and comfortable. It gives ample standing room in the front, where needed, and can be pitched quickly by one man. It weighed about seven pounds.

We had three light blankets and one tarpaulin made of good duck, treated on one side with linseed oil and beeswax. This makes a fine, pliable waterproof, as comfortable to handle as a rubber blanket, besides being much cheaper and more durable. It insures a dry bed in any kind of weather, and serves to cover the duffle when traveling in the rain. We had two packsacks, of the kind universally used in the Northwest, and they held all our outfit. They weighed 75lbs. a piece on starting. We found that the list of provisions given would have been ample for fifteen days. We carried a folding tin reflection baker, commonly used by the cruisers here, and a set of three oval nesting pails.

The expenses of the trip, outside of the camera and our railroad fares, including hotel bill, was $23.40.

OUTFIT.

1 tent, 5 x 8ft.
1 ax.
3 pairs blankets.
1 oiled duck blanket.
2 pack sacks.
1 haversack for lunches.
1 Marble folding hand ax.
1 sheath knife.
1 set of three nesting pails.
1 folding tin baker.
2 plates, knives and forks.
3 tin cups.
2 teaspoons.
1 large iron spoon.
1 2qt. mixing pan.
1 fry-pan, with socket for wood handle, dish towels, etc.
1 Winchester repeating shotgun.
50 cartridges.
1 Bristol rod, lines, spoons, etc.
1 3¼ x 4¼ folding Kodak, 4doz. films.
1 16ft. Morris canoe, 3 paddles.

PROVISIONS.

10lbs. flour.
12lbs. bacon.
5lbs. bread.
2lbs. coffee.
½lb. tea.
3lbs. loaf sugar.
2lbs. brown sugar.
¼lb. baking powder.
1lb. salt.
1 can pepper.
5lbs. butter.
2lbs. hardtack.
2lbs. dates.
3lbs. brick cheese.
1lb. lima beans.
2 jars extract of beef.
2 packages pancake flour.
1 package Quaker oats.
6 cans evap. cream.
2 packages Uneeda wafers.
1lb. rice.
8lbs. potatoes.
1lb. onions.
½doz. wax candles.
2 boxes matches.

Our Log.

Monday, Oct. 5.—We shipped our canoe to Ely by express the day before starting, to avoid possible contingencies, and left Duluth on the Duluth & Iron Range train at 7:30 this morning, reaching Ely at noon. Our canoe had not arrived. The express company was to blame, to be sure, but that did not help us on our way. After a delay of several hours, telegraphing fruitlessly, we abandoned our canoe and hired one on the spot, a little beauty. We engaged a team to take us and our duffle over to Winton, on Fall Lake, a distance of about four miles. Winton is nothing but a sawmill town, but it has two big mills, and is a pretty busy place. We put our canoe into the water about 4 o'clock and paddled two miles down the lake and camped for the night within sight and sound of the mills, for they run night and day, and the big steam-feeds could be heard plainly at that distance. The weather was ideal, and we congratulated ourselves on an auspicious start. However, we found that we had left our camera at Ely and would be obliged to return for it to-morrow.

Tuesday, Oct. 6.—This morning broke cloudy and threatening, and by the time we had breakfast despatched it was raining quietly. We paddled back to Winton and tramped over to Ely in the mud. We stayed only long enough to get the camera and buy a tin of boot grease and started back. We took the railroad track back, which proved a little the shorter. We got back to camp by 12:30, having eaten our cold lunch as we walked, and immediately struck camp and proceeded down the lake. Our map did not show Fall Lake, as we thought we could find the first portage easily, but when we got there, we could not find the portage. It is in behind several islands, and we circled round the islands several times, and must have been very close to it more than once. When it grew dark we abandoned the search and ran for the railroad at the extreme eastern end of the lake. There was nothing here but a deserted warehouse, in which we decided to camp, for it was still raining and we were pretty wet. The roof leaked badly, but we pitched our tent on the floor, using nails for tent stakes, and slept dry, though, as there were no boughs in the vicinity, we found the planks rather hard. A small package of nails is a useful item in a camp kit, though one would seldom need them to nail up the tent.

Wednesday, Oct. 7.—The train arrived this morning at 8 o'clock from the other end of the road, and we loaded our outfit on a flat car. We waited half an hour before the tug arrived from Winton with a load of supplies going into the woods, and they were promptly transferred to the train. The distance across is four or five miles, and this landed us on Basswood Lake. Here is a log hoist for taking logs out of the water and loading them on cars, then they are hauled over to Fall Lake and dumped into the water again, to be towed to Winton. Here was a considerable depot of supplies and the shops and roundhouses of the "railroad." The road belongs to Swallow & Hopkins, who own one of the mills at Winton. We got on the water at 10 o'clock and paddled four miles around a point into a bay running southerly. The portage here is a little obscure at a distance, and we might have had some delay in finding it, but for some Indians who were going our way. They were going into Moose Lake. We got several snap shots of them, but owing to the dark weather the negatives were no good. It began to rain about this time, and kept up the rest of the day. The portage is about half a mile long. About half way across, it crosses a little creek, and here we put the light canoe in the stream and floated it down, and shipped the packs at the head of Wind Lake. We found our packs very much easier to carry than the canoe, although the canoe weighed little more than one pack. We ate lunch here, and started down the lake. Tried the trolling line here, but did not get anything; we hooked one on Basswood, but lost it.

The portage at the east end of Wind Lake was not marked on our map, but we ran down to the extreme end and fell right on it. It was now raining briskly, and we started to portage. This was a long hard carry and we did not get all our stuff over until 4 o'clock. We made a good camp, but could not get any wood that would burn well. Supper was cooked finally, with much pains and was thoroughly appreciated. We were pretty well soaked by this time, and were glad to get into the tent and tie the flaps tight and roll into the blankets by 8 o'clock. It was comfortable enough there to suit any one, and we swapped lies about previous experiences of a similar nature, and decided that, with a good supper and a snug bed, we had no reason to kick. We prayed devoutly for fine weather before going to sleep, and, as it proved later, our piety was rewarded.

Thursday, Oct. 8.—In the morning we woke early and looked out to find it still raining, so we went back to bed for a couple of hours. By 8 o'clock, however, it ceased raining, and we emerged to get breakfast. While we were eating, the Indians overtook us. After breakfast we embarked on Moose Lake and paddled across the lake to an island on the opposite shore. From here we could see that we had camped within half a mile of a logging camp. The loggers had strung a boom across here between two islands, and we had to unload and lift the canoe over. The opposite shore was straight and bare, and we could see no indication of a portage. We decided to head straight south and approach the shore in a slanting direction; but when we got out from under the island we found so much of a sea running that we swung around and ran almost before it, and by good luck struck the shore right on the portage. The only mark distinguishable at 50yds. distance was the blaze on a big stump, for the shore has been burned, and the trail up the bank cannot be seen at any distance. By this time it had cleared off nicely. We started over the trail with our packs, but it is a stiff pull over to the other side, about a mile, and hard going. This was the hardest portage we made. These trails are all well traveled, but run over rocky ridges and down into swamp holes. When we got back to Moose Lake it was nearly 2 o'clock, and we ate lunch on the shore, before shouldering the canoe. This portage ends on a small lake, and when we got over there, we decided to camp. It was early still, but the sun was out and we wanted to dry out our stuff, which had all got more or less damp in the two days' rain. Here we made soda biscuits, for the first time and for a first attempt they were very successful, though not what an expert would call perfect. However, they were very much better than the remains of the bread, which had dried up and crumbled from rough handling.

Friday, Oct. 9.—This morning we started on the portage to Snowbank, it is about a mile long and nearly as bad as the one of the day before. We got our canoe over the trail by noon, and ate lunch in the sun on Snowbank Lake. We took several good pictures here. Snowbank is a large body of water, and would be a beautiful spot for a summer resort, if easily accessible. It took us until about 4 o'clock to paddle to the other end, the wind was light and we did not paddle very fast. We had no trouble in finding the outlet of the lake, which tapers off into a beautiful little arm, from which a little tumbling stream runs down over the rocks to a small pool about three hundred yards below. The stream runs through a cedar wood, and its waters are as clear and sparkling as champagne—the portage follows the bank of the stream, which is little more than a succession of falls and rapids. This place, the outlet and the portage and the surrounding woods, as we found them, in the evening flush of a splendid October day, made a scene of surpassing loveliness entirely beyond my powers of description. We camped on the little lake at the lower end of the portage on the moss carpet of a dried cedar swamp, and I never hope to find again such a beautiful spot for a camp. We tried fishing around the foot of the stream, but could not get a bite.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.: Hilton H. Slayton, Frank P. Felton, J. H. Preston, Charles D. Dunnington, James Edmund, William L. Fitts, Alfred K. Hobbs, all of Manchester, N. H; John B. Prazier, of Winchester, Mass.; James H. Darrah, of Winchester, N. H.; Charles F. Mighill, of Haverhill, Mass.; T. M. Josselyn, of Boston, Mass.; Alan Patterson, of New York city; Robert P. Nichols, of Ithaca, N. Y.; DeForest Candee, of New York city; Will N. Fox, of Baltimore, Md.

Commissioners of the Palisades Interstate Park

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
31 Nassau street, New York City, May 9, 1904.

Mr. Louis C. Kretzmer, Vice-Commodore Atlantic Division of the American Canoe Association.

DEAR SIR—The members of Yonkers C. C., Hiawatha C. C., Fort Washington C. C., Knickerbocker C. C., Brooklyn and New York C. C.'s, of Gravesend Bay, and also unattached members in good standing of the Atlantic Division of the American Canoe Association, are hereby authorized to camp during the summer of 1904 upon the lands belonging to the Commissioners of the Palisades Interstate Park, at such unoccupied points as they may select.

I desire to request you, in making announcement to the clubs and members of your association of the privilege thus extended, to call particular attention to the responsibilities which the commisisoners consider accompanies it, namely, to preserve all property, especially trees, from destruction or injury, and to leave camp-sites in good order.

The commissioners rely upon the well-known self-respect of the men who will avail themselves of this camping privilege to observe these proper requirements, and also to actively co-operate with the commissioners in preventing depredations by others.

Very truly yours,
J. DU PRATT WHITE,
Sec'y Commissioners Palisades Interstate Park.

To Members of the Atlantic Division, A. C. A.

THE Division Meet will be held at Hermit Point, on the Hudson River, opposite Riverdale station, on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., May 28-30, 1904. The location is at what is known as "the plateau," formerly occupied by a stone crusher—a landmark well known by canoeists of this section. It has the advantage of running water piped from a near-by spring, and affords facilities for a large camp, as well as an unobstructed view up and down the river.

A launch will be in attendance during the meet, for the convenience of the regatta committee, guests, etc.

If arriving by way of N. Y.C. & H. R. R.R., the station agent at Riverdale will arrange to signal for launch.

I would earnestly request that every member of the division attend, if possible, and can promise a most enjoyable time to those who do.

M. OHLMEYER,
Purser Atlantic Division.

Messrs. J. K. Hand, chairman; W. D. Andrews and T. T. Craven will act as regatta committee for the racing events.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 12-20.—National Schuetzenbund Festival, Union Hill, Schuetzen Park, N. J.

New York Central Corps.

THE near approach of the National Bund festival is having its effect upon our local riflemen. At the practice shoot of the New York Central Corps at Union Hill Park, May 12, the members turned out in large numbers for practice. Fine weather conditions were in force. The ring, man, and bullseye targets were well patronized, and many good scores made. H. D. Muller made 73 out of a possible 75 on the ring target. Henry Koster was first on the man target, with 58 out of a possible 60.

Ring target, 3 shots, possible 75: H. D. Muller 73, R. Busse 70, H. Koster 70, Wm. Koch 68, B. Eusner 66, H. Kroger 64, F. Rolfes 63, C. Oltman 63, J. von der Lieth 62, Val Horn 62, H. Bockmann 62, D. Scharninghaus 62, W. J. Daniel 61, C. L. A. Gerken 61, F. Schroeder 59, Wm. Wessel, Jr., 59, Jos. Jordan 57, H. A. Ficke 56, Geo. A. Viemeister 56, D. Meersse 52.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: H. Koster 58, R. Busse 57, F. Schroeder 57, H. D. Muller 56, Wm. J. Daniel 56, Val Horn 55, D. Scharninghaus 54, Geo. A. Viemeister 54, C. Oltman 52, Jos. Jordan 50, H. Bockman 50, F. Rolfes 50.

Company bullseye flags: R. Busse 3, H. D. Muller 2, Wm. Koch 2, H. Koster 1, H. A. Ficke 1, C. Oltman 1, E. Richards 1, J. von der Lieth 1, F. Rolfes 1, D. Scharninghaus 1, H. von der Lieth 1.

Cash bullseye: F. Schroeder 4, H. D. Muller 3, Val Horn 3, Wm. Wessel, Jr., 3, Jas. Jordan 1, J. von der Lieth 1, C. F. Tietjen 1, A. Ritterhoff 1, Wm. J. Daniel 1, D. Scharninghaus 1, D. Meersse 1, F. Jaeger 1, H. Bockman 1.

Trophy bullseye: D. Scharninghaus 3, H. D. Muller 2, Wm. Koch 2, H. Bockmann 1, C. L. A. Gerken 1, F. Rolfes 1, R. Busse 1, F. Jaeger 1, H. Roffmann 1.

Zettler Rifle Club.

A FEW of the members of the Zettler Club were on the Union Hill range on Saturday of last week. Only three members kept their scores for record. Geo. Schlicht's shooting was first-class, and his scores were of a high order.

Geo. Schlicht, 226, 223, 221, 223, 227, 219; W. A. Tewes, 225, 219, 214; Geo. J. Bernius 192, 186, 184.

Rifle Notes.

The New York Independent Corps will hold its annual king and prize shoot at Union Hill Park on May 24 and 25. The ring and bullseye targets will be open to all visiting riflemen. Captain Gus Zimmermann, who was elected captain of the corps in January of the present year, will be in charge of the festival, and with his shooting masters, Lambert, Schmidt, Wm. Soll, and Secretary Henry Behrens, will look after the comfort of all visiting riflemen.

The Zettler Rifle Club will hold its third practice shoot at Union Hill Park on Saturday, May 21.

The many improvements that are going on in the Union Hill Park, West Hoboken, N. J., in preparation for the great festival in June, will be a pleasant surprise to the riflemen who will attend the coming festival. Ten new targets have been added to the range, 200yds., making in all that will be used at the festival thirty-two. This coming festival will be the first Bundesfest that has been held in this park since 1878. Much is expected by the riflemen of the country in this coming festival, for the reason that there seems to be a revival of interest on the part of the people in the rifle.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

May 18.—Wellington, Mass.—Fifth annual team shoot and target tournament of the Boston Gun Club.
May 18.—Boston, Mass, Gun Club annual team target shoot. H. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 18-19.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Jos. H. Knapp, Mgr.
May 18-20.—Columbus, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament. G. A. Schroeder, Sec'y.
May 19-20.—Oklahoma City.—Territorial Sportsmen's Association fifth annual tournament; $300 added money. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.
May 19-21.—Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club handicap target tournament. Fred E. McKay, Sec'y and Mgr.
May 20.—Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club tournament.
May 21.—Princeton, N. J.—Princeton University vs. University of Pennsylvania.
May 23-25.—Houston, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 24-25.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day target tournament.
May 24-25.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Natchitoches, La., Gun Club tournament.
May 24-25.—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
*May 25-26.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 25-26.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club Spring shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
May 27.—Brenham, Tex.—Contest for Houston Chronicle challenge cup between Otto Sens, holder, and Dave Curren, challenger.
May 28-30.—Butte, Mont.—Montana State Sportsmen's Association eleventh annual tournament at targets; $500 added. C. H. Smith, Sec'y.
May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day target tournament; free merchandise prizes. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Secretary, Box 9, Newport, R. I.
May 30.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club fourth annual Decoration Day tournament. T. M. Brodie, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club holiday shoot. A. B. Parker, Sec'y.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Spring tournament of the Enterprise Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club Decoration Day target shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
May 31.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer Island Gun Club spring target tournament. W. E. Kette, Sec'y.
June 1-3.—Watertown, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. F. J. Cory, Sec'y.
*June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State Shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.
June 9.—Westchester, Pa., Gun Club target shoot. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.
June 9-10.—Peru, Ind., Gun Club eighth annual tournament. Wm. Daniels, Sec'y.
June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Mgr.
June 14-15.—Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Hanover Park Shooting Association target tournament. E. L. Klipple, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—Akron, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League target tournament. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—New London, Ia., Gun Club midsummer tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament Chas L. Davis, Mgr.
June 15-16.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. L. K. Forscythe, Sec'y.
*June 15-16.—Millvale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club; strictly amateur; $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Peru, Ind., Gun Club will hold their eighth annual tournament on June 9 and 10. Mr. J. L. Head is the president; Wm. Daniels, secretary.

Mr. John Ingersoll, president of the Eastern Michigan Gun Club, Armada, Mich., informs us that his club will hold a two-day shoot on July 21-22, and that $100 will be added.

Mr. W. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kansas, one of the U. M. C. Co.'s most expert trapshooters, is ill with malaria at his home; but fortunately he is not severely afflicted, and it is expected that he will resume his trapshooting duties in a few days.

Mr. Edward Rike, of Dayton, Ohio, will represent the U. M. C. Company for several months as its shooting representative in place of his friend Mr. R. O. Heikes, who is convalescing from typhoid fever. Mr. Rike will visit gun clubs in Pennsylvania and Ohio in the interest of the U. M. C. Company.

In the contest for the automobile, held by the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, on Saturday of last week, Mr. J. Hendrickson, of Freeport, L. I., was high, with a score of 94 out of a possible 100. In the professional competition for the cup, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was high with a score of 93.

In the third trophy event of the Garfield Club, at Chicago, May 14, Dr. Huff and Mr. Richards tied in Class A on 22. Mr. Bullard was first in Class B with 25, and Mr. Hathaway was first in Class C with 20. In the cup shoot the winners were: Class A, Dr. Huff, 23; Class B, Mr. Thomas, 21; Class C, Mr. Weydell, 15.

The match at 50 trained birds, $500 a side, 21yds. rise, gun below the elbow, use of one barrel; between Messrs. Fred Coleman, of Philadelphia, and Fen Cooper, of Mahanoy City, Pa., was held at the latter place on May 14. Coleman won by a score of 45 to 42. The birds were a trained lot, and a gusty wind helped them. Mr. Frank E. Butler acted as referee.

At the shoot of the New York Athletic Club, held at Travers Island on May 14, the May cup was won by Dr. J. G. Knowlton with a straight score of 25. He also made a straight score of 25 in the shoot for the special cup, but was tied by Mr. W. P. Norton whose handicap of three allowance was needed to make the tie. Mr. Knowlton and Mr. Barnes tied on 50 for the Sauer trophy.

Mr. E. L. Klipple, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., writes us as follows of the target tournament to be held there on June 14 and 15: "The shoot held here last year was a big success, being attended by fifteen experts, one of whom was Annie Oakley. All were more than satisfied with the accommodations and management. This is a good field for the manufacturer, as the tournaments here are attended by large crowds of spectators—1,500 on the last day of the shoot last year." The programme provides ten events each day, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance 70 cents, $1.30, $1.90 and $2. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Targets, 2 cents. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. High amateur average each day, $3. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Guns and ammunition can be shipped, prepaid, to the manager, Mr. Edgar L. Klipple, 71 S. Main street.

We are informed that Capt. H. C. Aspinwall, manager of the Laflin & Rand powder works, at Haskell, N. J., is suffering from a severe illness, the nature of which we do not learn. Capt. Aspinwall has many devoted friends who will deeply sympathize with him in his illness. Besides his admirable social qualities, he, in his profession, is considered one of the highest authorities on ballistics and the manufacture of powder. May good health speedily return to him.

The Chicago Trapshooters' Association provided twelve events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, $1, $1.50 and $2 entrance, for competition at their tournament on May 29 and 30. Added money $60. All shoot from 16yds. The Rose system will govern. In the Watson Park handicap at 100 targets, the handicaps will be from 16 to 19yds. The trophy in this event will be a silver cup. Conditions, 50 targets each day, entrance $5. The secretary-treasurer is Mr. E. B. Shogren, 940 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

The Missouri League of Trapshooters have selected Du Pont Park, St. Louis, as the place, and May 23 as the date of their second tournament. There are twelve events on their programme, at 15, 20 and 25 targets. The former two are $1.50 and $2 entrance. Events 11 and 12, 25 targets, entrance $2.50, are respectively the champion event and the 2-man team event. All shooters will stay at Canvasback Camp, comfortable waterproof tents on the shooting grounds, concerning which address Mr. Alec D. Mermod.

The Decoration Day tournament of the West End Gun Club, of Albany, N. Y., provides twelve events, all at 15 targets save one at 25 targets. Entrance to 15-target events, $1.30. The 25-target events is the Ithaca gun contest, entrance $1.50. Targets, 2 cents. The purses are for amateurs only. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. High averages in events 3 to 12 inclusive, $3, $2 and $1, first, second and third respectively. The secretary is Mr. H. H. Valentine.

There are fourteen events, each at 15 targets, on the tournament programme of the Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club, for each of the two days, May 26 and 27. Entrance, $1.50. Added money, $100. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The competition is restricted to amateurs. Professionals may shoot for targets. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Ship shells to H. E. Weitnauer, prepaid, and they will be delivered on the grounds free. Mr. Fred Whitney will have charge of the office. Mr. E. E. Hageman is the secretary.

Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Antoine, Chicago, was a visitor in New York during the past week. He contemplated returning to Chicago on Tuesday of this week. He participated in the shoot of the South Side Gun Club of Newark on last Saturday. The cares of business, however, leave him less time now for the pleasure of trapshooting than formerly. In the course of ten years, from a modest beginning, his firm has built up a great sporting goods establishment, employing eighteen salesmen. Nevertheless, Mr. Von Lengerke retains his active participation in field shooting, in which specialty he is an expert shot as he is at the traps, whether at live birds or targets.

At the tournament of the Wawaset Gun Club, held at Wilmington, Del., May 12 and 13, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott on the first day made the excellent average of 173 out of 180 from the 18, 19 and 20yds. mark. He made one run of 86 straight. Mr. E. D. Fulford was second with 167; E. C. Griffith, third, 165; Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, fourth, with 164. On the second day the high averages were: J. Mowell Hawkins, first, 169 out of 180; second, a tie on 168, between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and E. C. Griffith; third, Mr. Luther Squier, with 164; fourth was a tie between Messrs. Ed. Banks and F. C. Bissett, on 160. For the two days, shooting at a total of 360 targets, high averages were as follows: Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, 341; Mr. E. C. Griffith, 333; Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins, 329; fourth, Mr. E. D. Fulford, 325.

A letter from Mr. R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., to us conveys the welcome information that he is convalescing from his recent severe attack of typhoid fever which lasted eight weeks, and which reduced his weight about fifty pounds. He expresses gratitude for the many expressions of sympathy and heartfelt wishes for his recovery, and in particular for the beautiful tribute signed by so many of his friends at the recent Indianapolis tournament. All these solicitous remembrances have been very comforting to him and helped to pass hopefully the long hours of anxiety and illness. And yet the expressions which were sent to him were but a small fraction of the kindly words and earnest wishes for his recovery which were uttered at every place where shooters were gathered in any numbers, for "the Daddy of them All" deservedly holds a very high and warm place in their esteem and affection. May his perfect return to health be speedy, and high averages again be his as of old.

The twenty-seventh annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, to be held under the auspices of the St. Louis Shooting Association, at Du Pont Park, St. Louis, May 23 to 28, has a programme of target and live bird competition. On Monday, first day, there will be shot the State Association 4-man team medal shoot, 15 targets per man, entrance $20 per team; the Missouri State individual championship, 25 birds, entrance $12.50, including birds, $20 in cash added; and the Interstate individual championship shoot, 25 birds, entrance $12.50, $20 added. The two latter events are to be shot together. On the second day the main event is the pigeon wing championship, emblematic of the live bird championship of America. It is open to the world. Conditions, 25 birds, entrance $25, handicap. How this and other events can be a handicap, and at the same time have a championship significance, is not explained. Championship contests are never handicaps. There are eight target events on this day, at 15 and 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance, $15 and $20 added. The third day has eight target events, of which three are merchandise. The main event of the fourth day is for the Mermod-Jaccard cup, for the amateur live bird championship. This is a handicap at 25 live birds, $15 entrance. There also are eight target events, 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1 and $1.50. On the fifth day, there is a 10-bird event, entrance $7, handicap, open to the world. Ties on the Mermod-Jaccard cup will be shot off on this day. There also are eight target events, of which three are merchandise. The sixth day will be at "special and novel features at live birds and targets." Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock. Messrs. Hart Bronaugh and Mr. Leslie M. Standish will have charge of the cashier's office. For further information, address Mr. Alec. D. Mermod, 620 Locust street, St. Louis.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAP.

Texas State Tournament.

(*Continued from page* 410.)

The third day of the big shoot, May 5, was started with some of the events delayed, owing to rains, but all went along fast and the traps were tested to their utmost capacity.

The principal event was that of the individual target championship. If ever a man shot and sweat and then sweat some more, it was Faurote. Having held the badge for the past year, he finally won it again with a score of 49 out of 50, though not without a tie. Dr. E. L. Hann, of Denton, came on slow but sure, and made the last 25 straight. The Doctor was so wrought up by the congratulations that he fell down in the shoot-off and made but 16, while Faurote busted 24.

In shooting at 220 targets, Gilstrap, of Taylor, finished with 201; Louis Moeser, of Houston, 198, and M. E. Atchison, of Gidding, third, 195. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	50	20	20	20	Broke.
F M Faurote, 19	20	20	19	17	19	16	20	49	15	18	14	227
T E Hubby, 19	17	13	19	16	17	18	18	46	17	18	14	213
L I Wade, 19	18	17	18	20	20	17	18	48	16	19	17	228
W Miller, 19	18	17	18	15	18	17	16	39	14	17	13	202
A Wilcox, 18	18	16	15	20	20	15	17	44	17	19	17	218
Sligo, 18	17	19	17	17	16	18	18	42	17	20	19	220
M E Atchison, 18	17	19	18	17	19	16	15	43	20	16	16	216
M Kauffman, 17	19	18	18	19	17	18	20	44	16	16	15	219
T A Jones, 16	19	18	18	19	19	16	16	45	17	16	16	219
G C Ingraham, 17	17	17	19	17	19	17	14	44	19	18	15	213
B Heard, 17	15	14	15	17	19	20	18	40	15	19	18	209
Dick Jackson, 17	16	16	19	18	18	16	18	44	14	17	19	215
J A Jackson, 17	16	15	18	19	19	19	18	45	17	16	17	219
V C, 17	15	18	15	16	19	19	19	..	17	16	16	...
O Sens, 17	18	20	19	19	18	17	16	41	17	20	17	222
J H Boisseau, 17	18	14	18	15	19	14	12	43	20	18	17	207
Bosley, 16	17	20	17	16	20	19	19	43	17	18	18	224
L Moeser, 18	16	16	19	18	15	18	15	45	18	14	20	214
C F Gilstrap, 18	17	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
J B Conlisk, 17	17	16	20	20	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Chaudet, 16	16	15	16	15	15	14	14	37	16	16	14	188
Marston, 15	19	16	19	13	16	16	15	35	15	13	8	195
F Connerly, 16	17	17	19	17	17	..	..	44	..	..	..	...
Nalle, 16	20	16	18	15	18	..	..	40	..	..	..	...
D Harrell, 16	14	19	18	14	16	18	15	..	15	17	15	...
Fulton, 16	20	17	15	17	16	15	17	..	16	16	17	...
E Fosgard, 16	20	15	19	16	18	18	18	46	18	20	18	226
Moore, 16	18	18	16	15	16	13	14	44	17	17	14	223
Bryan, 16	16	19	18	15	18	16	17	..	17	16	11	...
J J Booker, 16	17	16	16	17	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Pickett, 16	19	17	18	16	19	15	15	42	15	17	15	208
Guessaz, 16	14	13	15	16	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
W Turner, 16	12	12	20	17	19	14	18	39	16	18	16	207
Sterritt, 16	16	13	19	19	19	16	17	44	18	16	19	216
Cleveland, 16	17	14	18	12	16	18	18	39	17	17	12	198
Orr, 15	18	15	13	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lewis, 15	16	17	16	18	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hann, 15	18	18	20	..	..	..	..	49	..	..	..	...
Iowa, 16	16	15	20	15	15	..	..	37	..	..	..	...
Steves, 16	16	15	20	15	15	..	..	37	..	..	..	...
P M Gallagher, 16	14	14	14	19	17	14	11	..	15	14	15	...
Barnes, 15	15	15	16	15	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Brady, 14	19	15	17	15	19	16	18	..	16	16	16	...
Waxa, 14	17	19	20	18	19	16	19	..	17	20	16	...
Tucker, 15	17	16	18	16	16	17	16	44	19	19	15	213
Lockett, 16	14	11	15	17	17	15	17	..	12	16	17	...
Speight, 14	15	13	19	14	18	14	14	40	12	18	16	218
Amberg, 15	19	18	18	15	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Sherrill, 15	13	13	16	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Tschiedel, 15	..	16	14	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Gardiner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	34	..	..	..	...
Curran, 17	..	..	..	..	..	12	17	38	16	18	16	...
Dunkerly, 14	..	..	..	..	..	18	17	43	18	19	20	...
Rowe, 14	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	..	13	19	16	...
Allison, 14	..	..	..	..	..	18	18	..	16	20	19	...
Sublett, 15	..	..	..	..	..	17	17	..	16	13	15	...
Thomas, 15	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	..	17	12	11	...
Maddox, 15	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	..	13	11	..	...
Mrs. Sterritt, 16	9	16	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

Fourth Day, May 5.

Last night the entire shooting party were conveyed over the principal streets of the city in "trolley party" cars. The band accompanied the party, and when it played "Hot Time" and "Dixie," there was much cheering and singing. Several of the visitors were called on for speeches, but none was equal to the occasion, save that of Mr. Hildreth. He gave some ideas on shooting, and especially urged every one to teach the rising generation how to shoot.

Besides the regular 200 target events for the day, the special event was the two-man team championship of the State. It was won by Hubby and Fosgard, of Waco. It was a nerve-trying race, as the missing by either of a target would have tied the score of Faurote and V. C. Sens and Mather also made 48, as did Skannell and Bosley; but their scores did not count, being from outside the State.

Last year it was won by Heard and Moeser, of Houston, but for some cause Heard is not quite himself at this shoot.

During the evening the annual business meeting was held, and some changes were made that will bar out such good ones as Faurote, Hubby, Miller and Wade. The by-laws were amended so as to bar out professionals from the contests, and made the medals subject only to annual contest, instead of being subject to challenge every thirty days, as heretofore.

The next State meeting will be held in Waco. The officers elected were: President, F. K. Sterritt, of Abilene; Vice-President, J. A. Jackson, Austin; Secretary, George Tucker, of Brenham. Before adjournment a resolution was passed returning thanks to President Bryan Heard and the citizens of Houston for the many courtesies extended during their visit. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	20
Faurote, 19	19	20	18	16	18	18	16	25	18	19	19
Hubby, 19	15	16	17	16	18	17	19	25	13	19	18
Miller, 19	14	14	16	17	18	17	18	23	15	18	19
Wade, 19	17	18	19	16	17	18	19	24	17	19	17
Wilcox, 17	19	18	15	18	16	15	18	..	16	18	17
Sligo, 18	16	20	17	18	17	17	17	24	16	15	16
Atchison, 18	20	16	17	12	16	19	20	..	18	20	19
Kauffman, 17	19	15	17	12	15	18	17	19	14	20	16
Jones, 17	17	18	18	15	18	16	19	..	16	16	18
Ingraham, 17	19	15	16	13	17	15	20	21	15	18	..
Heard, 17	18	17	19	13	16	17	17	18	15	16	15
Dick Jackson, 17	18	17	11	19	15	13	18	..	18	18	15
Texas, 17	17	18	16	14	14	18	15	24	17	17	19
J A Jackson, 17	20	19	20	13	18	17	20	21	18	16	15
Sens, 17	18	15	18	17	20	18	20	24	17	20	15
Pickett, 15	15	17	18	16	15	18	16	22	16	16	17
Lockett, 16	13	17	15	15	15	..	..	22	..	..	..
Turner, 16	13	16	19	14	15	13	17	..	15	17	15
Sterritt, 16	18	16	19	16	16	18	20	24	15	14	17
Cleveland, 16	17	18	18	14	14	15	15	24	16	18	..
Bosley, 17	20	17	16	17	19	19	19	24	14	20	17
Boisseau, 17	18	16	19	18	14	16	20	19	16	19	15
Moeser, 17	16	14	16	14	19	16	19	24	15	19	18
Chaudet, 16	14	12	16	13	13	10	15	14	19	15	19
Marston, 15	15	12	11	15	15	12	14	19	12	16	15
E Fosgard, 16	17	17	15	15	18	17	19	25	15	20	16
Moore, 15	15	14	17	14	18	13	15	..	11	15	..
Bryan, 15	16	15	16	16	17	16	17	23	15	17	14
Gallagher, 15	9	12	17	15	16	11	13	..	..	..	..
Dunkerly, 16	18	15	18	17	20	16	18	23	19	19	14
Waxa, 15	16	14	16	18	18	19	20	..	..	..	..
Tucker, 15	**16**	**14**	**17**	**16**	**15**	**12**	**13**	**20**	**18**	**14**	**15**
Speight, 15	15	12	15	13	17	15	17	..	15	14	15
J H Hutchings, 15	15	18	17	15	18	17	18	..	..	..	..
Sublett, 15	18	17	17	13	17	13	19	22	..	..	..
Clough, 16	14	13	13	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hann, 16	20	19	17	16	15	..	..	..	13	..	..
Thomas, 15	14	9	14	12	17	14	17	19	..	..	..
Curran, 17	19	18	18	14	19	14	19	20	18	18	..
Rowe, 16	16	18	15	13	19	17	13	..	14	16	19
Allison, 15	14	11	16	15	18	..	..	..	13	19	16
Graber, 14	..	..	..	10	16	16	17	16	..	..	..
Mrs. Sterritt, 16	..	..	..	13	19	..	..	19	..	..	..
Gardiner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	..

No. 8 is for team medal, 25 targets per man, teams and scores as below:

Austin—J. A. Jackson, Miller, 44.
Houston—Heard, Cleveland, 42.
Houston—Sens, Moeser, 48.
Nacogdoches—Wade, Ingraham, 45.
Dallas—Faurote, Dorgan, 49.
Brenham—Lockett, Tucker, 42.
Brenham—Graber, Gardiner, 36.
Albany—Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Sterritt, 43.
Waco—Hubby, Fosgard, 50.
Ennis—Currant, Dunkerly, 43.
Shreveport—Skannel, Bosley, 48.
Shreveport—Pickett, Boisseau, 38.
Shreveport—Marsden, Bryan, 42.
New Orleans—Chaudet, Kaufman, 33.
Houston—Sublett, Thomas, 41.
Houston—Parker, Raper, 41.

Fifth Day, May 6.

The shoot came to a close with the going down of the sun on this day, and all have had shooting enough, for a time at least, as some of the contestants have fired over 1,000 shots, while the averages count over 940 targets.

After shooting up the regular ten 20-target events, the Houston Chronicle trophy was put up. This was at 50 targets, open to all, and all stood at 16yds. It fell to the lot of Otto Sens to win on the fine score of 48. He was pressed by Atchison and Bosley and Fosgard, with 47. Being a home man, the crowd present, and especially the ladies, were very outspoken in their appreciation.

The programme provided for a division of $200 in the average prizes, as follows: $40, $35, $30, $25, $20, $15, $10 and the next three $5 each. Shooting at 940 targets, the results were: Atchison 835, Bosley 832, Wade 832, Faurote 825, Fosgard 817, Sens 814, Wilcox 813, J. A. Jackson 813, Hubby 798, Miller 796. Heard and Jones 792. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	50
Faurote, 20	17	18	19	13	19	20	17	16	19	18	45
Hubby, 20	16	18	18	15	18	14	19	18	20	17	43
Miller, 19	17	17	17	19	19	20	20	17	18	12	42
Wade, 20	19	19	19	17	18	18	18	17	19	17	44
Wilcox, 18	19	15	18	18	18	17	18	17	18	18	45
Boisseau, 18	18	17	16	17	14	11	17	16	17	17	38
Atchison, 19	18	19	18	18	20	16	19	18	18	20	47
Jones, 13	20	17	19	15	19	19	18	16	18	20	40
Dunkerly, 17	19	13	18	15	18	19	20	17	19	18	37
E Fosgard, 18	19	16	19	15	19	17	20	15	17	16	47
Heard, 18	20	16	16	18	18	18	17	19	19	19	44
Dick Jackson, 18	15	12	19	16	16	18	15	15	18	18	36
V C, 18	13	15	17	17	13	14	..	..	..	..	..
Sens, 18	17	17	18	18	17	17	13	18	19	17	48
Bosley, 18	19	13	18	19	18	20	20	19	18	19	47
Tucker, 14	19	18	18	17	16	17	18	19	16	19	37
J H Fosgard, 16	18	17	16	17	18	16	16	12	..	..	..
Moeser, 18	20	14	18	10	17	16	15	16	17	10	..
Chaudet, 15	16	17	16	17	18	16	16	16	..	..	..
Sligo, 19	18	15	17	15	14	19	..	..	..	..	..
Rowe, 16	16	16	18	13	17	15	16	19	15	19	..
Allison, 15	19	16	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cleveland, 16	17	14	19	12	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harrel, 17	19	19	18	17	17	..	16	14	..	..	..
Turner, 15	17	18	17	17	19	19	17	18	18	18	..
Sterritt, 17	18	17	16	16	18	15	18	17	15	17	44
Pickett, 15	19	16	16	17	16	19	17	15	16	19	37
Hann, 16	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	39
Thomas, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	6	..
Mrs. Sterritt, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	14	..	..

Kansas Tournament.

Junction City, Kans., May 10.—After all the ups and downs that have come to Kansas during the past twenty-five or thirty years the ups have continually got the best of the downs. There is no better indication of good times than when a large number of people have money to spend at a shooting tournament. The State tournament held here the first week in May was the largest in numbers held since the days of live wild pigeons. One hundred shooters gathered from all parts of the State, and sticking together and shooting the programme through is a record for the Sunflower State.

Though this was the fifteenth annual tournament, it does not signify that the State has held shoots only these latter years. It should be understood that the present organization, which was organized at the neighboring town of Wamego, came to life at a period which the books show to be fifteen years past.

In selecting places to hold State tournaments, it has been proven that to draw a crowd the most central point should be selected, one easy of access for all, with regard to railroad facilities. Some of the shoots have been held on the border lines of the State, and while drawing fairly well from adjoining States were a failure so far as the State patronage was concerned.

Everything connected with a State shoot should be so arranged as to draw and hold the shooters of that State only, and the prizes should be exclusively for State shooters. Each State should hold at least one shoot of this kind each year. Take, for example, that of the State of Arkansas, when their next tournament is held, no one living outside the State can shoot for anything save the price of the targets.

The trade was represented by such well-known men as C. W. Budd, W. H. Heer, W. R. Crosby, Fred Gilbert, Dave Elliott, Fred Whitney and Mr. Sharp.

The weather was not altogether on its good behavior, otherwise better scores would have been made. The first and third days the wind came strong in the shooters' faces, causing targets to fly very unsteady, while the forenoon of the second day was spent under shelter, as rain fell heavy and steady.

The old saying as to the "ill wind," etc., here had its good side, as the opportunity was presented to show off the automatic traps as the regular programme was finished in good time for supper. The exact figure as given out by official records being thus, that in five hours a grand total of 10,800 targets were thrown.

Fred Gilbert made the high average with 515; Powers and Arnold tied on 505; O'Brien and Lewis came next with 498. There were several valuable special prizes that were donated by the manufacturers, and they were won by the good Kansas shots, after very hard contests.

E. W. Arnold walked away with the State badge, though not without a struggle. Lewis tied him on 49 out of 50. Then O'Brien came forward with 49, and thus was awarded the Lefever shotgun. This was followed up by a win of a Marlin gun by the hard-working secretary, E. L. Wetzig.

When the business meeting was held, harmony prevailed, and in order to insure another successful meeting for 1905, the centrally located city of Herrington was selected, and officers from that club were chosen for the furtherance of the next year's business, viz., W. S. Knight, President; Chas. Debus, Vice-President; G. W. Lewis, Secretary and Treasurer.

The last day was all taken up with live birds, there being three events. The first one was a 10-bird affair, with handicaps from 27 to 33yds., open to all. This was one of the kind of matches, in so far as the entrance goes, that we used to shoot out here twenty-five years ago, viz., $7 entrance. When the smoke had cleared away, it was found that the Illinois man, from the 32yd. line, in the person of Chauncey Powers, had the only possible.

The second was strictly a Kansas affair, 20 birds, for the championship. O'Brien, Butler, Paxton and Dowden tied on 19; then came the shoot-off, which was closely watched, and this time it fell to the skill of Paxton.

The wind-up was a warm affair, a 25-bird sweep, open to all, with a 27 to 33yd. handicap. Some fine scores was the result, as these Kansas birds are the toughest proposition that are to be found anywhere. Well, the name of Chauncey Powers will be heralded through the land as the man who shot all through two weeks of tournament without missing a live bird, and he heads the list. But he had company in the little brother of "Jim." When he comes to Kansas he puts on the war paint and goes in to win.

Johnson and the well-known Gottlieb lost but one each, and they were followed with Gilbert, Crosby, O'Brien and Anderson, with 23.

One of the pleasant features of the week was the attendance of Mrs. Butler, who, with her husband, shot most of the programme. Mrs. Butler's name must not be confounded with that of "Annie Oakley," as this lady lives in the southern part of the State.

Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. E. L. Wetzig, who, with the assistance of the citizens of Junction City, engineered and brought to a successful conclusion the largest and most successful target tournament ever held in the State of Kansas. The scores:

First Day, May 3.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Boston	9	13	17	13	18	14	17	13	19	12	20	165
Witley	12	12	16	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Gresham	13	13	17	13	16	15	16	13	17	14	17	164
Meyers	12	12	18	14	15	15	18	13	17	13	17	164
Johnson	13	12	17	13	19	15	17	12	17	12	16	163
Gilbert	15	14	20	14	19	15	19	13	19	12	18	178
Powers	14	13	18	15	19	14	18	15	16	11	19	172
Crosby	14	13	19	14	19	15	18	12	17	12	19	172
Budd	14	12	18	14	15	13	17	15	18	14	18	168
Dixon	14	12	20	14	19	14	17	14	16	14	18	172
O'Brien	14	15	15	14	18	12	18	14	18	13	19	170
Arnhold	13	14	20	15	18	13	16	15	17	14	18	173
Gottlieb	10	13	15	13	17	10	17	13	17	15	20	160
Taylor	12	14	13	14	13	14	17	15	15	15	17	159
Norton	14	11	16	14	13	15	17	13	19	11	17	160
Wetzig	12	12	19	12	14	15	19	15	16	13	16	163
Thiel	10	..	17	9	15	11	16	15	17	10	17	136
Arthur	5	10	7	9	11	7	15	9	15	10	14	112
York	14	13	18	13	14	13	14	15	16	13	19	162
Dencher	10	11	11	13	19	8	12	10	18	11	11	134
H E Wetzig	13	14	17	13	16	11	17	12	16	15	16	160
H H Wetzig	11	10	14	12	13	12	17	12	18	12	15	146
Kleinhaus	10	11	14	12	13	12	18	13	12	13	17	145
Anderson	12	11	15	12	15	13	12	15	17	15	15	152
Mackie	10	13	13	15	15	12	10	9	11	13	10	131
Sock	13	14	15	14	19	12	19	12	16	13	18	165
Rhodes	11	14	14	13	17	11	17	15	19	13	9	153
Kennedy	9	12	14	11	15	9	14	11	13	12	15	135
Reust	11	13	17	15	16	13	15	14	18	13	19	164
Lewis	15	12	19	14	17	15	17	14	16	15	18	172
Rambo	15	14	19	14	18	15	15	14	16	14	17	171
Logan	10	12	16	10	17	9	16	8	10	12	14	139
Ed York	13	13	16	14	14	11	17	9	13	14	17	151
Paxton	10	9	17	13	16	10	19	13	15	14	16	152
J Lewis	10	12	15	11	15	11	17	10	16	15	16	148
Butler	10	10	13	14	15	10	13	14	17	15	15	146
Mrs Butler	10	10	10	12	17	12	15	9	13	..	..	108
McMillan	8	11	13	14	10	4	13	9	9	..	..	91
Huber	10	9	11	8	13	6	7	..	..	..	..	64
Gans	11	14	15	15	17	10	15	12	16	14	19	158
Elliott	11	15	15	14	17	13	16	15	19	15	17	167
Debus	11	6	15	11	13	8	14	13	16	6	16	129
Hugg	13	15	14	15	17	11	16	15	18	11	17	162
Bennett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	10	..	16
Pardee	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	8	..	18
Chadwick	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	9	..	22
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	15	..	..	..	27
Cross	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	9	..	..	..	22
Jenkins	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	13	15	13	14	78
Mikey	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	13	..	10	..	36
Snyder	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	..	..	23
Benham	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	12	..	12	..	36
Hassler	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	15	..	12	..	38
Parelson	..	..	..	..	11	11	13	12	..	..	..	47
Boone	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Kliman	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Kleinhaus	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Burroughs	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Hicks	..	..	14	..	..	15	..	13	..	8	..	50
Davidson	..	..	13	..	..	9	..	13	..	..	..	35
F Boone	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Petlorf	12	..	13	..	..	14	..	14	..	10	..	63

Second Day, May 4.

Events:	1	2	4	5	6	7	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Boston	14	13	18	14	19	14	15	19	14	18	158
Anderson	14	13	16	13	16	14	10	15	15	18	144
H E Wetzig	14	15	20	13	17	11	11	13	12	17	149
Myers	12	13	15	12	17	14	10	16	11	17	137
Johnson	14	14	14	13	18	14	14	15	12	18	146
Gilbert	14	15	19	15	18	15	14	20	15	19	164
Powers	14	15	20	15	20	15	14	19	13	20	165
Crosby	14	15	19	14	17	15	15	19	13	19	160
Budd	11	14	16	13	19	14	15	20	13	19	154
C Dixon	14	13	18	14	17	14	11	17	15	19	152
O'Brien	15	13	19	15	19	13	14	20	14	20	162
Arnhold	15	15	16	14	17	15	15	20	15	19	161
Gottlieb	14	14	17	15	19	14	10	20	9	18	150
Taylor	14	14	19	14	16	14	11	19	13	20	154
Elliott	13	14	19	14	17	15	13	19	14	14	157
E L Wetzig	12	15	19	14	20	15	13	20	14	19	161
Thiele	14	14	16	11	17	13	13	16	14	18	146
Ed York	12	12	14	13	13	8	11	14	12	..	109
F York	12	14	10	13	20	10	13	15	12	15	134
Ducker	9	10	13	11	14	13	12	17	14	..	113
Gresham	11	14	15	14	17	13	11	18	10	18	141
Hugg	14	14	19	10	16	11	14	18	13	18	147
Jenkins	12	15	17	11	15	14	12	13	7	..	116
Kleinhaus	6	13	13	12	19	12	12	18	15	17	137
Mackie	12	15	18	14	15	12	12	18	15	19	150
Rambo	12	14	16	12	19	13	14	20	14	18	152
Reust	15	13	16	11	15	14	15	18	14	18	149
Kennedy	14	14	16	12	14	9	9	17	15	18	138
Rhodes	14	14	16	12	18	12	14	19	12	19	150
G W Lewis	15	14	19	15	19	14	13	19	14	16	158
Logan	14	11	20	11	14	14	12	17	12	..	125
Remiotti	13	13	19	12	14	12	13	13	15	..	124
Paxton	11	14	16	14	13	13	10	19	11	..	121
J N Lewis	10	10	16	11	15	10	8	17	12	..	109
Hoyne	**14**	**11**	**14**	**13**	**17**	**13**	**13**	**16**	**13**	**..**	**124**

Gans	11	13	19	14	16	13	11	16	10	..	123
Butler	11	12	14	12	17	9	12	20	11	..	118
McMullen	12	13	13	11	14	11	..	..	..	..	74
Debus	14	12	13	13	15	11	13	18	13	..	122
Jenkins	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	20	..	..	45
Willard	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	18
Fenell	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	5
Nuxon	..	..	..	11	..	15	..	..	..	..	26
Boone	..	..	..	10	..	10	..	..	..	..	20
Pottlorf	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Penny	..	..	..	10	..	13	..	..	..	..	23
Dalton	..	..	..	6	..	11	..	..	..	..	17
Miekey	..	10	..	13	..	13	..	..	..	..	36
R Boone	..	14	17	11	..	12	..	..	..	..	54
Graves	..	6	..	12	..	11	..	..	..	12	41
Snyder	11	13	..	11	..	12	..	..	..	..	47
Arthur	13	10	17	..	17	10	11	12	10	..	100
Danielson	9	10	..	8	..	12	..	..	..	..	39
H H Wetzig	12	..	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	40
Fleishman	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22
Palmer	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24
Williams	13	9	..	12	..	12	..	..	..	..	46
Ruggles	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Einholtz	11	8	12	..	..	14	..	12	..	..	57
Crane	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23
Reed	13	12	..	13	..	10	..	..	..	..	48
Hassler	9	13	15	14	..	9	10	..	..	..	60
Benham	10	12	..	11	..	12	..	..	..	..	44
Chadwick	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20
Hulme	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	..	..	..	18
Bentz	11	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	17
Hayes	10	..	..	..	10	..	9	..	..	..	29
Einholtz	15	13	16	..	13	12	13	..	..	..	82
Fike	12	..	12	..	10	..	13	..	11	..	48
Fleshmer	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Ruggles	10	12	14	9	..	..	..	..	13	11	69
Cross	10	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24
Crane	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	8
Palmer	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	12

Third Day, May 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Boston	14	15	19	13	15	17	14	17	15	15	19	173
Anderson	15	15	17	14	15	19	12	17	15	11	17	167
H E Wetzig	10	13	19	14	15	20	14	17	14	15	20	171
Myers	14	15	16	14	13	16	11	16	13	13	15	156
Johnson	13	15	16	10	11	17	11	19	14	15	20	161
Gilbert	14	14	18	14	14	18	14	20	15	12	20	173
Powers	11	14	18	14	14	18	15	19	10	15	20	168
Crosby	11	14	16	12	14	19	14	18	14	11	18	161
Budd	12	13	16	12	13	12	12	20	12	14	19	155
Dixon	12	14	15	15	15	19	13	20	13	12	20	169
O'Brien	14	15	16	14	13	17	13	19	12	14	19	166
Arnhold	14	14	17	14	13	18	14	19	14	14	20	171
Gottlieb	10	14	10	13	11	17	15	18	12	13	19	152
Taylor	14	15	15	12	13	19	15	17	15	14	19	168
Norton	13	12	16	13	9	15	12	19	9	12	17	147
E L Wetzig	14	11	17	13	14	18	14	16	11	13	18	158
Dutcher	11	12	14	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	58
Thiele	13	12	16	13	12	17	9	18	12	9	16	147
York	10	14	15	14	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	67
Riomette	14	13	18	12	12	15	11	16	11	15	17	154
Rhodes	14	13	19	13	13	16	15	19	12	15	20	169
Hugg	13	12	17	12	13	15	14	17	12	14	17	156
Reust	12	13	18	15	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	88
Kleinhaus	9	12	18	15	9	13	14	15	13	8	20	144
G M Lewis	14	13	17	15	14	17	14	15	15	14	20	168
F Dutcher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	7	25
Kennedy	11	11	17	..	9	16	11	16	..	..	..	91
Logan	..	..	13	..	..	..	14	20	15	12	15	89
Ed York	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	..	23
Butler	8	15	15	12	15	17	12	16	14	14	19	155
Mrs Butler	12	14	16	13	14	14	12	15	12	13	18	153
Paxton	14	8	18	14	9	19	12	19	13	10	20	156
Elliott	12	14	18	12	11	15	13	13	13	13	20	154

Averages for Three Days.

First day, 190 targets; second day 170; third day 185:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.	Total.
Boston	165	158	173	496
Myers	164	137	156	457
Johnson	163	146	161	470
Gilbert	178	164	173	515
Powers	172	165	168	505
Crosby	172	160	161	493
Budd	168	154	155	477
Dixon	172	152	169	493
O'Brien	170	162	166	498
Arnhold	173	161	171	505
Gottlieb	160	150	152	462
Taylor	159	154	168	481
E L Wetzig	163	161	158	482
Thiele	136	146	147	429
H E Wetzig	160	149	171	480
Kleinhaus	145	137	144	426
Anderson	152	144	167	463
Rhodes	153	150	169	472
Lewis	172	158	168	498
Elliott	167	157	154	478
Hugg	162	147	156	465

Event 1, 10 live birds, $7 entrance:

Powers, 28	1122222212—10	Glade, 28	0222012222— 8
Thiele, 28	1222210212— 9	Kennedy, 28	2201122022— 8
Johnson, 28	2021121222— 9	Anderson, 29	1111021101— 8
Butler, 27	*222212222— 9	O'Brien, 31	222*222*22— 8
Elliott, 31	2221120222— 9	Biscoe, 28	2112112020— 8
Rhodes, 28	1*11112111— 9	Ruggles, 27	120212*222— 8
Myers, 29	1222211120— 9	Gilbert, 33	2201122200— 7
Gottlieb, 30	2222222202— 9	Paxton, 27	2201122200— 7
Arnold, 31	222*122122— 9	Crosby, 33	21022*22*2— 7
Kleinhaus, 28	1210221222— 9	Norton, 29	*0111*2010— 5

Event 2, 20 live birds, State championship:

O'Brien	22222222222221*2121—19
Butler	22202222222222222222—19
Paxton	20112222222222222222—19
Dowden	11211222222022212112—19
Anderson	12111121*0*222221211—17
Thiele	1111*22122121101012—17
E L Wetzig	21121111220112012101—17
Ruggles	02121212 2*1022201222—16
Arnold	111**2212212*1222220—16
Kleinhaus	11210221222212*200*21—15
Biscoe	*2021*220111*1112212—15
H E Wetzig	00111022210011221220—14
Johnson	22*2222122*1222**20*—14
Glade	*2022202 22**2212*222—14
Mrs Butler	0110111*111000001121—12
Myers	21022210011201100202—13

Event 3, 25 live birds, $20 entrance, handicap:

Powers, 37	2222212222121222112221222—25
Elliott, 31	2222212121111112221212122—25
Johnson, 28	22012121222222221122212112—24
Gilbert, 33	12200212121111212212222222—23
Gottlieb, 30	22220111122222221122222222—24
Crosby, 33	122222222*2222222222222*22—23
O'Brien, 31	12222221212212012*222*22—23
Anderson, 29	12222112221221012211012222—23
Thiele, 28	21112201112211111112111002—22
Biscoe, 28	2112*21*21112221211202211—22
E L Wetzig, 27	11110112121120221221211 0*—21
Dutcher, 27	22101*20122220222200222222—20
Butler, 27	22101*20122220222200222222—19
Kleinhaus, 28	220*21112221121011200 11*2—19

Kalamazoo Tournament.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.—The target shoot held here last week was well attended for a three days' shoot. The shooters did not grow weary until late in the evening of the last day.

The weather was bad, and many of the scores suffered in consequence. The race between Boa and Fanning was a hot one, and there was a full delegation of traveling representatives present, including Max Hensler, Fred Lord, W. H. Veitmeyer, Parker and Mrs. Bennett. There were also some of the best amateurs present, such as the well-known Young and Shepardson. Several of the Battle Creek and Grand Rapids men were prominent.

The organization of Michigan trapshooters will be a stimulus to the clubs in this part of the State, and this shoot is an indication as to what will result from the organization of several clubs into one body. The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Shepardson	14	16	13	14	11	19	20	13	16	15	18	169
Young	12	18	13	18	11	16	22	13	19	15	16	173
Scott	11	17	11	19	11	15	20	14	15	12	13	163
Kimble	9	16	11	15	12	16	17	12	17	13	13	150
Streeter	7	15	11	16	6	..	..	..	..	..	13	85
Flinn	12	17	12	18	13	15	18	10	12	13	16	156
Keef	11	18	8	12	5	13	22	7	18	10	15	156
Henderson	12	13	8	16	12	15	18	12	18	13	14	151
Nicols	13	8	12	10	11	19	20	13	14	..	..	120
Renniek	11	16	14	15	9	16	24	13	18	14	17	167
Holsinger	13	17	12	10	12	..	13	..	..	..	13	88
Vietmeyer	14	19	9	16	11	16	20	12	18	13	15	163
Boa	12	17	11	18	13	14	20	15	16	12	16	164
Verberg	9	14	10	..	..	..	18	9	..	9	..	69
Ingersoll	10	15	10	15	10	8	13	..	..	..	..	86
Miller	10	19	13	17	12	17	20	15	16	11	15	164
Lord	13	15	12	18	13	19	22	14	17	11	15	171
M Hensler	12	16	12	18	13	19	20	13	16	14	18	168
Cox	10	15	11	16	12	14	19	13	..	..	..	110
McMakin	8	16	12	15	8	13	16	9	..	10	..	107
Fanning	14	19	15	19	12	19	23	15	17	15	19	185
Mrs Bennett	12	13	7	16	10	18	12	16	12	16	12	150
Howes	13	13	1	13	9	9	14	10	15	10	..	117
F R Snow	9	..	..	..	7	11	22	12	..	..	..	61
Jarvis	13	20	15	14	11	15	14	13	17	12	19	170
Waruf	13	16	12	16	11	17	23	10	18	12	17	165
Greenleaf	11	17	13	16	13	15	19	13	16	13	16	162
Parker	11	13	10	19	11	17	22	11	14	13	19	160
Ver West	8	13	5	8	13	12	14	10	..	..	..	83
A R Hensler	15	15	11	18	11	19	22	13	16	13	18	171
Bush	11	15	8	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	8	63
H J Snow	..	..	8	..	..	10	..	9	7	..	..	44
Wax	..	..	..	..	..	18	20	12	17	14	19	100
Watts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	..	..	24
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	..	..	24

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Shepardson	14	19	12	15	12	23	16	15	17	14	14	173
Young	15	18	8	18	13	24	16	15	17	14	17	177
Kimball	11	16	9	18	12	15	12	9	13	10	15	145
Keef	10	12	9	16	11	22	15	13	18	11	13	160
Flinn	9	18	10	17	13	22	12	12	16	10	19	150
Vietmeyer	13	18	12	13	12	21	17	15	17	15	15	169
M Hensler	15	18	13	18	13	23	17	12	15	13	19	176
Parker	12	15	12	12	11	13	15	12	16	11	14	144
Boa	14	16	13	18	12	20	18	14	20	13	19	177
Lord	14	20	12	17	14	20	15	10	16	13	15	166
Cox	13	16	12	19	15	17	15	14	18	14	18	170
Sayers	11	16	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	46
Scott	12	14	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	51
Miller	12	17	11	10	12	21	16	11	18	12	15	158
Wooden	9	10	9	15	7	19	14	5	11	9	11	119
Fanning	13	18	14	16	13	21	19	13	16	14	19	178
Mrs Bennett	11	18	12	16	11	19	17	12	18	13	19	166
A Hensler	11	17	11	19	13	22	17	14	18	14	19	175
Watts	12	..	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	33
Rennick	13	18	10	14	12	23	17	14	17	11	19	168
Waruf	13	18	13	15	13	22	17	10	17	13	13	164
Nicols	13	14	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	51
Wax	12	16	13	17	12	16	12	13	17	13	15	156
Jarvis	13	17	12	15	14	14	16	11	18	12	20	162
Widdicomb	12	14	12	11	14	18	14	11	..	..	..	106
Ver West	..	12	..	..	6	11	14	..	15	..	..	58
Greenleaf	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	12	..	..	..	23

Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	20	20	Broke.
Shepardson	14	17	14	20	14	24	14	20	13	19	18	187
Young	14	17	14	20	13	23	13	20	15	17	18	184
Flinn	12	17	11	16	12	20	14	16	12	17	18	165
Keef	13	13	12	17	13	21	12	15	13	15	17	165
M Hensler	10	18	13	19	13	23	15	17	14	14	15	171
Lord	11	18	13	19	12	23	14	18	15	18	19	180
Miller	13	16	14	13	13	17	..	..	..	..	..	86
Vietmeyer	13	16	12	19	12	19	10	13	12	14	14	154
Boa	13	19	13	19	12	25	15	19	12	20	17	184
Kimble	10	15	11	11	10	18	12	9	12	18	14	140
Fanning	14	19	14	18	14	23	13	17	15	19	19	185
Mrs Bennett	12	19	14	19	13	22	12	18	14	18	15	176
A R Hensler	13	18	14	20	14	19	13	19	14	19	15	178
Ver West	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Waruf	15	18	15	17	13	20	14	19	15	16	20	180
Forsyth	..	13	13	12	12	18	11	16	13	16	18	139
Middleton	..	11	..	..	5	14	..	..	..	..	..	19
Rhodes	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15	..	..	6	15	44
Showerman	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	17
Bush	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	14
Ames	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	18	16		43

Decatur Tournament.

DECATUR, Ill., May 12.—The one-day tournament held here yesterday was one of the usual pleasant kind that the Decatur Club has become famous for holding.

The weather was of the made-to-order kind, and the attendance large and enthusiastic. The shooting was on the high class order. Mr. Jim Head missed only eight targets for the day, with Van Gundy a good second and Hugh Snell, of Litchfield, a hot third. Targets and traps worked to perfection.

Leslie Standish was present and was busy with the office work, while the squad hustling was well looked after by Hart Bronough.

It looks, at this writing, as though Decatur will keep up the last year's reputation, and will vie with Litchfield as to which will hold the most tournaments.

At the close of the 150 programme a 50-target special was inaugurated, and it being a handicap, brought out a good entry, and the scores were of the high class; three with 48, three 47, two with 46. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	20	15	10	20	15	at.	Broke.
J L Head	9	15	19	14	10	20	14	8	19	14	150	142
E Van Gundy	10	14	20	14	10	18	13	7	20	15	150	141
H Snell	7	14	19	15	9	18	14	9	19	15	150	139
W Burton	9	13	16	14	9	18	14	9	19	14	150	135
Geo Post	7	11	19	14	9	19	14	8	17	14	150	132
Chas Herman	6	13	18	13	6	18	13	8	20	13	150	128
Geo Rupert	8	10	17	15	9	17	13	6	16	11	150	122
J Wood	8	13	19	11	8	16	12	9	13	13	150	122
Wm Hans	7	12	16	10	9	20	12	7	15	12	150	120
T Stoner	6	12	17	12	8	14	9	8	18	13	150	117
Wm Spore	7	14	13	11	8	14	11	5	20	10	150	113
G Peters	5	12	14	..	..	..	..	10	18	15	90	74
L E Rogers	7	10	15	..	..	..	..	8	13	10	90	66
F Keister	9	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	25
J Funk	..	11	16	10	8	17	13	8	..	..	105	83
C Emery	..	..	..	12	10	..	13	10	..	15	65	60
Wm Lyons	..	..	..	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	25	20
Wm Gilbert	..	..	..	14	7	16	8	9	16	12	105	82
Wm Bryden	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	13	13	60	45
P Keister	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	10	35	26

Special event, 50 targets: P. Keister 48, Herman 48, Wm. Spore 48, Geo. Post 47, John Funk 47, E. Van Gundy 47, Wm. Haws 46, G. Peters 46, W. Burton 45, Stoner 43, Bryden 43, Snell 42, G. Rupert 40, Keister 35, J. L. Head 44.

In Other Places.

The new members of the Battle Creek, Mich., Gun Club are very enthusiastic, and they add much to the life of the older ones, so the shooting being classed, each has a show. Class A medal was won by Ed Halladay with 25. Class B by George Barnard and Class C by Essig.

Waukegan, Ill., May 9.—The very first shoot for 1904 was held by the West Side Gun Club. Rush McVey captured the gold medal, and will have the pleasure of holding it for two weeks, when the next shoot will be held. The shooter who wins it the most times during the season to become the owner. The first shoot was interesting, as there were many members present.

Quincy, Ill., May 14.—The first shoot of the season was held Friday at the club grounds. There were present fourteen members, which included the best shots of the city. There were two events at 25 targets, first score for medal and second for trophy. Zimmerman won in each with a score of 20. Shoots will be held weekly, and an annual tournament will be announced later on. The prospects are very bright for a renewed interest during the year.

Logansport, Ind., May 11.—Though the rain fell yesterday, still there was a good attendance at the club shoot of the Bridge City Gun Club. It was the annual election of officers, and the following were elected: President, J. C. Flanegin; Vice-President, J. K. Baird; Secretary and Treasury, Theodore Sample. Whitesell made the highest score and will wear the badge until beaten.

At Missoula, Mont., the shoot held on May 8, at the ball park brought forth Elmer Hirschey, who broke 48 out of 50, as the winner. Butch Woodworth came close with 43.

Sterling, Ill., May 12.—The Magau Gun Club held a regular shoot on Wednesday. The Miller medal was won by Jerome Gilbert.

Omaha, Neb., May 14.—Last Thursday evening the members of the Omaha Gun Club held a meeting, and elected the following officers: George Rogers, President; H. S. McDonald, Vice-President; W. D. Townsend, Secretary and Treasurer; Charles Lewis, George Rogers, Frank Fogg and Charley Siefken, Managers; Joe Driesbach, Captain. The first shoot for the year, which will consist of a series of twenty, was held Saturday. The weather was bad and the attendance limited.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Several of the gun clubs held their shoots Sunday last at the Wisconsin Club. Fredman beat Hartman by 22 to 21. William Decker and J. Horlick made a tie in the Jolly Gun Club. The Remington Club had a practice shoot, in which C. C. Church led. This club will look up a permanent location, as three sites are now under contemplation.

Morrisonville, Ill., May 14.—The boys most interested in trapshooting, composing a full squad, were out to-day, and while they encountered bad wind and towerers, the scores are good. Allen smashed 'em all, and Reasoner and Stout fell away slightly, yet the scores averaged up well.

Great Bend, Kan.—When S. L. Paxton came home from the State shoot, he was met at the depot by the full membership of the club, accompanied by the city band. Besides, a salute was fired as the train pulled in and the victor of the live-bird shoot was escorted uptown. It was a surprise to Mr. Paxton, and yet he seemed to appreciate the reception. This will stimulate trapshooting in the Arkansas Valley, and insures a big turnout for the coming tournament, to be held at this city.

Brenham, Tex., May 11.—Otto Sens, of Houston, Tex., has challenged Dave Curran, of Ennis, holder of the Houston Chronicle challenge cup, emblematic of the amateur championship of the Southern States, for a match, which will be shot at Brenham, Tex., May 27.

The club at Panama, Mo., started in for the season, and shoots each week. May 10 was the regular day.

The officers for the Florence, Wis., Rod and Gun Club for 1904 are: Max Sells, President; Dr. A. J. Hoekins, Vice-President; E. W. Peterson, Secretary and Captain; O. G. Johnson, Lieutenant; F. S. Evans, Treasurer.

The Great Bend, Kans., Gun Club sent up a good delegation to the Kansas State shoot, viz.: S. L. Paxton, B. McMullen, Henry Hugg, John Lewis, Paul Gano, J. Hume and E. E. Logan. Besides shooting for the State prizes, it was their business to advertise a shoot to be held at Great Bend May 24, 25 and 26. The club will offer good purses, and all Kansas shooters will be made welcome. First two days and the last day, live birds. Just at present Great Bend feels boastful as to having more shooters than any other town in the State, while the whole town will assist in entertaining visitors.

Last year the Peters Cartridge Company offered a medal for the various gun clubs of St. Louis to contest for, and the contests were to be held during 1904. The first shoot of the season was booked for the Ashland Gun Club grounds, on May 8. Heavy rain and wind caused a postponement of the shoot.

On May 7 the Hunter Arms Company trophy was won by W. T. Raymond. The weather was not of a kind to draw a crowd. The medal contest consists of 100 targets, shot in strings of 25 targets. The best that was made was 23. Mr. Fred Smith was responsible for the good condition of the traps, and yet they were tightened up a bit too much. Hood Waters came to town, and in the 100 targets beat A. Frank by 8 targets. Hood claimed to moving to Hot Springs to get the typhoid fever boiled out of him, yet he shot well for a sick man. The scores at 155: Frank 120, Waters 131, Posten 107, Gronauer 77, Bond 129, Yohnke 103, Raymond 96, and Mallory 84. McGehee 106 and Schultze 85 out of 140. At 75, Reed 62, Slack 59, Miles 55, Sherman 38.

At Armada, Mich., the Eastern Michigan Gun Club will, on July 20 and 21, hold a tournament, with $100 added money. John Ingersoll is president, and E. W. Sutton, secretary. The tournament will draw from all over eastern Michigan.

May 11 was opening day at the new grounds, to be used in future by the Bluff City Gun Club, of Memphis, Tenn. The new club house was beautifully decorated, but the inclement weather caused many to stay away. The Old Dominick trophy was first up, and with the fine score of 49 out of 50 it was taken by "Foxy Grandpa" Joiner. The club medal was won by Ricks, and the consolation medal went to J. B. McGehee. At the close of the shooting B. C. Crook gave an exhibition of fancy shooting, scores, 5 pairs of doubles, shooting with one hand, gun at the hip, etc. The club will hereafter hold regular shoots every Saturday afternoon.

It has been suggested that the next annual tournament to be held at Memphis shall be open to all. The dates will soon be set, and programmes issued. Those having charge of same are B. C. Crook, 331 Main street, and A. H. Frank, 16 Union street.

Rhinelander, Wis., May 6.—H. W. Cadwallader, traveling for the Peters Cartridge Company, dropped in and a club shoot was organized. Shooting at 50 targets each, the scores were: Cadwallader 46, Reardon 42, Weemer 41, Dr. Ganner 41, Morgan 40, Dume 39, Forbs 39, Gilligan 33, Daux 32.

At Hammond, Ill., May 7, the club members got interested, and as L. S. Carter was finding every one of them and broke 100 straight, it encouraged the others until all shot at 100 targets. Interest is growing and the membership is increasing. The scores, each shooting at 100 targets: Carter 100, Somous 94, E. A. South 93, Smith 93, South 92, Silvers 89, Bryson 82, Ryan 80. The shooting was done over expert traps, and unknown angles. Carter has broken the last 200 straight shot at on these grounds.

July 18, 19 and 20 there will be, at South Platte, Neb., a tournament with $200 added money and two handsome trophies, one of which will be that of the Denver Post. This tournament will be given by the Buffalo Bill Gun Club.

Ohio Trap.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE second match in the series for the amateur championship of the club was shot on May 8, Gambell being high man with 91, Barker second with 90, and Harig third with 87. The conditions were quite favorable, and good shooting was done by all. Williams is getting back into his shooting form, and has been doing good work lately, both at practice and in the regular events.

May 14 was a cold, cloudy day, with strong wind, and the unfavorable weather prevented a large attendance. Seventeen men took part in the Parker prize gun shoot, but only six succeeded in making the full score. Max Hensler and F. Priddy were at the grounds, the former making high score in the main event, breaking 89, but shooting for targets only. Of the contestants, Randall was high in actual breaks with 87; Peters second with 85. For the first time in several weeks Jack was on hand and lacked but one of making the full score.

The club will hold an all-day shoot on Decoration Day, and it is hoped that a crowd will be present, as an interesting programme has been prepared by Supt. Gambell.

The club held its annual meeting on May 13 at the Stag Cafe, when the following directors were elected: E. B. Barker, Joseph Coyle, E. A. Donnelly, R. F. Davies, H. Jergens, Geo. Krehbiel, H. Osterfeld, A. M. Norris and R. West. The board will hold a meeting for organization very soon.

Parker prize gun shoot, 100 targets, handicap of added targets: Randall (15) 100, Peters (20) 100, Boeh (40) 100, Harig (40) 100, Herman (30) 100, Kramer (40) 100, Williams (18) 99, Bullerdick (30) 99, Jack (30) 99, Maynard (18) 97, Captain (25) 94, Steinman (22) 93, Ahlers (10) 91, Roanoke (40) 90, Medico (12) 83, Block (18) 82, Hensler (for targets) 89.

Phellis Trophy Shoot.

The six-man team of the Cincinnati Gun Club visited Dayton on May 10 and shot a match with the Buckeye Gun Club, for the above trophy, which the latter won from them in April. The match was very closely contested, and the result remained in doubt until the last shot was fired, when the totals showed in favor of the home team by 244 to 242.

The Cincinnati boys arrived in Dayton at about 10 o'clock. They were met at the station by Messrs. Craig and Curphey, and after lunch, proceeded to the grounds and indulged in practice shooting for a while.

The conditions of the match were 50 targets per man, 16yds. rise. At the close of the first round the Cincinnati team led by two targets, with 121 to 119. In the second round most of the Buckeye shooters improved on their previous work, though Craig, for some reason made a poor showing. The visiting shooters improved a little, but Barker did not show up as well as he is capable of, and Gambell and Faran fell off a little, giving the round to the home team by 4 targets, 125 to 121.

Barker's falling off from his usual good form is unaccountable, as in the practice events he lost but 8 out of 75, and broke 46 out of the last 50. Faran is also capable of better work, as his scores at home will show.

Gambell tied with Rike on 45 for high gun in the match. Second and third high guns went to Garlough and Raymond, of the home team, with 44 and 43 respectively.

The visitors were entertained at dinner in the evening by the Buckeye boys, who, as usual, treated their guests to the best of everything, and took as much as possible out of the sting of defeat. The Cincinnatis will have another try, and the cup will surely reach their club house once more.

Phellis trophy match, six-man teams, 50 targets per man. Scores:

Buckeye Team.			Cincinnati Team.		
Rike	23	22—45	Medico	20	22—42
Lindemuth	17	22—39	Harig	19	21—40
Miller	18	21—39	Maynard	17	22—39
Garlough	21	23—44	Faran	20	18—38
Raymond	20	23—43	Gambell	24	21—45
Craig	20	14—34	Barker	21	17—38
	119	125—244		121	121—242

Springfield Gun Club.

The tournament of the Springfield, O., Gun Club on May 11 and 12 was a success, thirty-seven shooters taking part on the first day, twenty-one of whom shot the entire programme. There was a good representation of visiting sportsmen from Cincinnati, Dayton and other cities. The tournament was in charge of Capt. Ben Downs, which is assurance that everything was well arranged, and that no hitches occurred. The weather was fine on both days.

The shooting began at 9 o'clock promptly, and proceeded smoothly, so that the last of the eleven events on the first day were finished at 5 P. M.

Among the visitors was A. W. Ryan, of Troy, who did some shooting, and a lot of good work in the interest of the new Dayton Gun Club.

R. Trimble and Taylor tied for high gun on 166; C. O. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky., second with 164; Hensler third with 161.

On the second day the crowd had thinned out somewhat. A few new shooters were present and twenty-two took part in the programme, fourteen shooting in all events.

Le Compte was high gun with 167; Trimble second with 165; Young and Fisher tied for third on 160 each; Gamble fourth with 159.

Eleven events at a total of 180 targets were shot each day; $50 added and all surplus added.

High average was tied for by Le Compte and Trimble on 331; Young second with 324; Taylor third with 320. The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15		
Trimble	15	13	19	14	15	18	14	13	18	14	13	180	166
Taylor	14	15	20	14	14	19	14	12	17	15	12	180	166
Hensler	14	14	19	15	14	16	13	13	17	13	13	180	161
Orr	14	12	16	15	13	19	13	12	18	13	15	180	160
Young	12	13	18	13	13	18	14	12	20	14	12	180	159
Hill	15	12	18	15	15	15	14	11	17	14	12	180	158
W Smith	13	13	19	14	14	18	11	12	15	13	15	180	157
Fisher	12	11	17	12	14	19	13	12	19	14	14	180	157
Gambell	15	15	17	12	13	17	15	12	14	14	12	180	156
Barker	12	12	17	14	15	19	12	15	19	10	10	180	155
H Kirby	13	14	18	13	14	17	11	13	15	11	12	180	151
Harig	14	12	17	13	11	17	11	13	15	15	13	180	150
Le Compte	12	14	17	14	14	20	14	14	18	14	13	180	164
Flinn	10	14	18	12	12	16	8	13	19	13	13	180	148
Watkins	14	13	16	13	13	18	13	10	18	8	11	180	147
Lindemuth	13	14	17	15	13	14	13	11	10	12	13	180	145
A W Kirby	13	11	12	14	12	17	12	15	15	10	12	180	143
Dewire	6	13	11	11	13	18	12	14	18	15	11	180	142
Poole	12	13	15	10	10	14	11	13	16	10	12	180	136
North	14	14	17	13	13	15	8	9	13	10	8	180	134
J South	15	11	17	10	13	14	..	12	17	10	10	165	129
Strong	10	12	16	11	12	12	5	11	10	9	13	180	121
Ryan	..	..	17	13	12	13	12	11	12	13	13	150	116
Lane	7	13	16	12	14	17	9	13	9	..	..	150	110
Johnson	13	14	20	14	13	18	17	..	..	..	..	115	109
Welsh	..	12	17	14	14	17	12	13	..	..	..	115	99
Jacks	12	12	17	12	12	18	12	..	..	..	..	115	95
J S Walters	13	13	17	12	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	100	83
Alkire	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	15	18	10	12	100	74
C Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	19	10	12	80	68
Foley	12	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	12	10	75	56
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	12	9	10	80	54
Schroeder	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	8	13	11	80	52
Neer	14	7	5	7	11	6	..	..	..	..	..	100	50
McBreen	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	..	8	..	45	21
Randall	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	9	..	30	19
C Miller	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15		
Le Compte	14	14	19	14	13	18	15	15	19	14	12	180	167
Trimble	14	13	19	14	13	17	15	15	18	15	12	180	165
Young	15	14	18	13	14	17	13	12	18	14	12	180	160
Fisher	11	15	17	14	14	20	12	14	17	13	13	180	160
Gambell	14	13	18	14	14	16	12	12	19	13	13	180	159
Hensler	14	14	18	13	13	19	12	11	16	13	15	180	158
Hill	10	14	17	14	11	17	15	13	17	14	13	180	155
Orr	13	12	17	13	13	18	13	12	16	14	14	180	155
Taylor	11	15	16	14	12	16	13	13	17	14	13	180	154
Watkins	9	14	19	14	12	17	12	14	16	10	15	180	152
Smith	14	12	11	11	13	17	10	12	19	11	14	180	144
Alkire	12	9	15	14	13	15	12	11	11	13	13	180	137
Stout	9	11	18	14	12	14	12	11	16	6	10	180	133
Poole	10	13	12	13	13	13	11	9	11	12	14	180	131
Bayman	12	12	17	9	11	8	7	10	10	..	..	150	96
Flynn	11	10	16	12	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	100	74
Kirby	12	14	16	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	59
Jacks	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	..	..	..	30	26
Randall	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	..	..	..	30	26
Dorner	..	..	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	24
Yerian	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8
Gunnett	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8

Notes.

The East End Gun Club, of Toledo, O., entertained Mr. Hensler, the well-known crack shot of Michigan, on May 8, and a pleasant afternoon of sport was enjoyed by the twelve men present. No. 23 was high gun with 93 out of 100; No. 44 second with 91 and Hensler third with 87. The next shoot will be held on May 22, and on Decoration Day the club plans to have a big tournament.

Twelve shooters took part in the regular semi-monthly shoot of the Here He Goes Gun Club, of Cincinnati, on May 8. The weather conditions were good, and Geo. Osterfeld headed the list with the good score of 45. H. Osterfeld was second with 40. The club extends a cordial invitation to trapshooters to attend their shoots, and visitors may feel assured of a welcome. The next shoot will take place on May 22.

At the Rohrer's Island Gun Club shoot, fifteen members took part in the regular weekly handicap, for the medal on May 11. Hanauer and Ballman tied on full scores of 25, and in the shoot-off the former won by one target. C. Smyth did excellent work at doubles, beating W. E. Kette by a score of 18 to 14 out of 10 pairs.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 12.—Two new contests were begun in this club to-day that should, before they are completed, become very interesting to those competing, as well as stimulate the shooting.

Mr. H. W. Bissing has donated a medal to be shot for on the sliding handicap system, and to-day being the first shoot, all men were started at 19yds., and the race fell to Capt. Traver. The other prize, 1,000 Peters highest grade shells, donated by H. E. Winans, will be shot for weekly until won five times by some one, when they become his own. The shell contest will be conducted on the added break system, the allowances being determined from the average taken from last five trophy shoots of each competitor. The Bissing medal must be won four times by some one man before the contest will close.

The shell race, although a tie at first between Traver and Perkins, was won by Traver.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	25	25	25	10
Traver (3)	9	11	6	18	22	20	..
J Rhodes (5)	7	9	8	15	17	19	7
Hans (5)	9	6	8	..	17	20	11
*Winans	7	13	..	12	20	..	..
Perkins (5)	9	11	..	13	22	17	..
Frank	2	2	..	..	..	..	..
Marshall (5)	..	..	8	14	21	..	9
Cheney (7)	..	..	..	10	17	..	..

Event No. 4 was for Bissing medal; No. 5 was for Peters shells, and the number in parenthesis shows added breaks.

*Shot along in event No. 5.

SNANIWEH.

Norwich Shooting Club.

NORWICH, Conn.—The Saturday afternoon shoot was held on May 7, under favorable conditions, and the following scores were made:

Targets:	25	25 T'l.	Targets:	25	25 T'l.
Amberge	17	19—36	Nemo	17	15—32
Geo Brown	18	..—18	Dolbcare	15	15—30
Gales	21	18—39	Olcott	16	20—36
Aborn	18	20—38	A S Brown	20	..—20
Tafft	25	20—45			

At the regular weekly shoot held on Saturday afternoon, May 14, very good scores were made, and the members were pleased to have present Mr. Ockford of the New London Gun Club who did some fine shooting. It was the first day of the season for prize shooting, and the scores for the monthly spoon shoot, at 20 birds, were as follows: Amberg 14, Aborn 15, Gates 11, Brown 16, Tafft 15, Olcott 15, Noble 16, Dolbeare 9. For the ammunition case, at 10 birds: Amberg 7, Aborn 6, Gates 7, Brown 6, Tafft 8, Olcott 4, Noble 9, Dolbeare 2. The total scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	50	25	25	25	Targets:	50	25	25	25
Amberg	30	15	15	21	Tafft	39	21	17	..
Aborn	28	18	16	..	Olcott	33	14	..	9
Gates	32	12	..	..	Noble	43	19	..	..
Brown	37	15	..	..	Dolbeare	..	..	9	17
Ockford	43	22	23	..					

I. P. TAFFT, Sec'y.

Enterprise Gun Club.

MCKEESPORT, Pa.—Appended are the scores made on our grounds in the contest for the Daily News medal, which was shot for on April 30, May 7 and 14. The contest was open to all sportsmen living within the territory bounded by Glenwood, Monessen, Gill Hall, Pitcarn and Scott Haven. The medal to be emblematic of the championship of the above district for the year of 1904. Each shoot to be at 50 bluerocks, and all contestants to qualify were to shoot in two of the three contests, and the one winning two out of the three shoots was to be the winner.

On April 30 John Hale, of the Duquesne Gun Club, won the first shoot on a score of 48. On May 7 Wesley Hale, of the Duquesne Gun Club, and Calhoun, of the home club, tied on 47, and they agreed to let the tie go until May 14, the one making the highest score to be awarded the win for May 7. On May 14 it rained hard all the afternoon, but the high men were there to shoot, and we thought it best to pull it off. Everything went off satisfactorily and ended in one of the closest matches ever shot on our grounds. It was undecided up to the very last shot. When 35 birds had been shot, Hale, Everett and Calhoun were all tied, and in the last 15, Everett and Calhoun dropped their 2d bird, and Hale went 15 straight, putting 1 bird to the good, and was awarded the medal. Calhoun made the highest average and did not win once.

	April 30.	May 7.	May 14.	Total.	Av.
Birds:	50	50	50	150	
Calhoun	46	47	44	137	91 1-3
Cochran	45	..	..	45	90
Hunter	36	31	..	67	67
H Hale	29	38	..	67	67
W Hale	32	47	45	124	82 2-3
Everett	42	40	43	125	83 1-3
J Hale	48	44	42	130	86 2-3
Mack	39	40	37	116	77 1-3
Clark	36	..	28	64	64
Ross	37	41	39	119	79 1-3
Knight	41	39	..	80	80
Mains	35	37	..	72	72
Frank	13	..	..	13	26
Hardy	..	42	..	42	84
Watson	..	33	..	33	66
Irwin	..	34	..	34	68
Smithson	..	23	..	23	46
Stranger	..	33	22	55	55
Straub	..	38	..	38	76

GEO. W. MAINS, Sec'y.

Intercollegiate Contest.

CAMBRIDGE, May 15.—This year's Intercollegiate trapshooting tournament was held at Yale's new grounds, New Haven, on May 7. On the day before, Harvard met Yale in a dual match. As in the Intercollegiate, the teams were composed of five men, each man shooting 50 targets trown at unknown angles from expert traps, the Sergeant system being used. It was an ideal day for shooting, but the traps, owing to their newness, broke a good many birds. Harvard showed much the better form and shot consistently throughout. The team broke 220, an average of 88 per cent., which beats the collegiate record by 6. Yale's score was 181. Remick did the best work for Harvard, breaking 47 out of 50, and Captain Kineon let the Yale team with 43. The individual scores follow:

Harvard.		Yale.	
P Bancroft	44	Kineon	43
Capt. T L Marsalis, Jr.	44	Borden	30
J A Remick	47	Thompson	40
R Foster	43	Sturgis	36
H P Marshall	42—220	Hall	32—181

In the Intercollegiate shoot the following day, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Yale were represented, and Harvard won for the third consecutive time. Harvard, 209; Princeton, 199; U. of Penn., 189; Yale 186. A stiff wind bothered the shooters. Capt. Marsalis of Harvard won the individual championship, breaking 47 out of 50, which ties the individual record. Foster, of Harvard, and Munn, of Princeton, also did well, each breaking 45. Scores:

Harvard: Marsalis, Capt., 47, Bancroft 39, Marshall 36, Foster 45, Remick 42; total 209.

Princeton: Stutesman 43, Archer 35, Gaines 33, Munn 45, Pell 43; total, 199.

Pennsylvania: Adams 37, Williams 40, May 41, Longnecker 38, Koons 33; total, 186.

Yale: Hall 27, Thompson 43, Borden 38, Sturgis 38, Kineon 40; total, 186.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 7.—The scores made at the shoot of the Indianapolis Gun Club to-day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		
Dickman	21	18	18	23	19	18	23	19	24	225	183
Medico	18	18	20	20	20	18	18	23	22	225	177
Dixon	22	21	19	19	16	22	23	22	..	200	164
Oscuro	21	18	21	17	..	..	..	..	..	100	77
Gregory	20	13	16	20	24	14	..	..	..	150	107
Michaelis	23	22	23	21	21	24	21	..	..	175	155
Parry	17	23	23	24	22	24	..	..	..	150	104
Armstrong	18	13	17	12	12	15	..	..	..	150	87
Bell	18	21	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	58
Williams	17	18	14	17	13	14	..	..	..	150	93
Steffin	11	20	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	47
Mceller	20	18	22	19	22	23	21	..	..	175	145
Partington	22	21	24	25	21	23	21	..	..	175	157
Scott	20	19	21	17	16	..	..	..	..	125	93
Moore	20	22	18	22	22	..	..	..	..	125	104
Wands	18	22	20	19	..	..	..	..	..	100	79
Tripp	21	22	21	20	20	..	..	..	..	125	104
Head	21	24	23	22	22	..	..	..	..	125	112
Morris	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	22
Konstanzer	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	15

Ties for Hunter Arms Co. trophy: Dickman, Medico, Michaelis, Moller, Moore, Wands.

Team shoot, 25 targets per man:

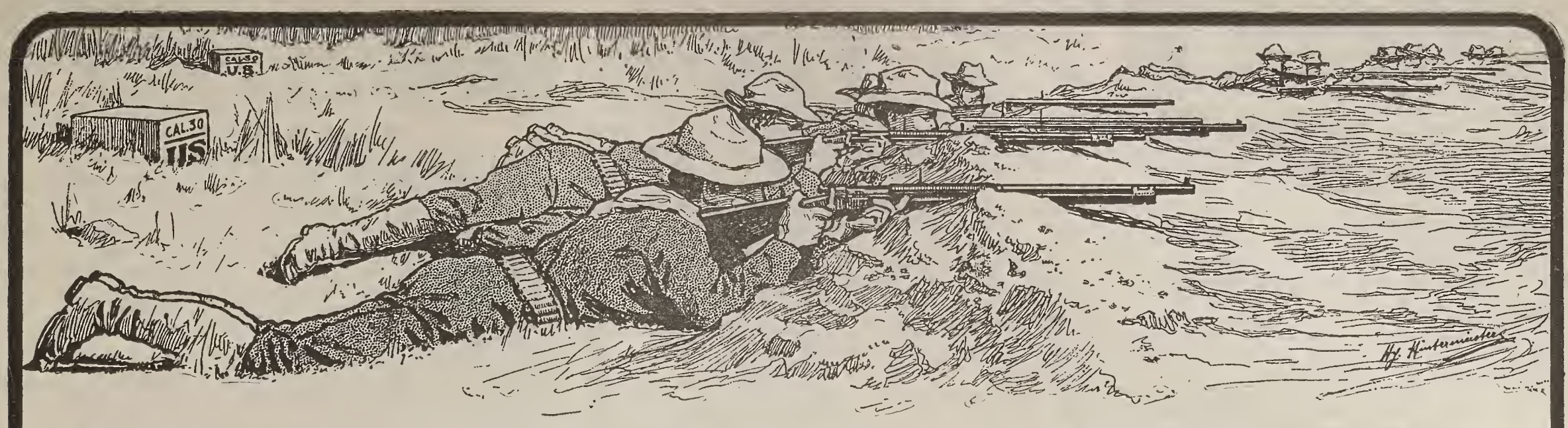
Capt. Williams 13, Parry 22, Michaelis 24, Head 22, Dickman 18, Dixon 22, Moore 22, Konstanzer 5; total 148.

Capt. Morris 11. Partington 25, Tripp 20, Scott 17, Moller 19, Medico 18, Wands 19, Armstrong 12; total 141.

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., May 14.—The shoot of the Franklin Gun Club to-day resulted in the following scores: Shooting at 60, Alf. Wright broke 43; Chas, Redimer broke 13 out of 20; Ander Wright broke 13 out of 21; Milt Morgan broke 46 out of 70; John Williams broke 55 out of 76.

At the tournament of the Du Bois, Pa., Gun Club, May 12 and 13, Mr. J. S. Fanning made high average for the two days, with the excellent score of 350 out of 360. The daily averages were, first day: Mr. J. S. Fanning, 175; second, Mr. L. B. Fleming, 173 out of 180; third, Mr. E. Painter (Kelsey), 169; fourth, Mr. B. J. Burgoon, 165. Second day, first, Mr. L. B. Fleming, 176; second, Mr. J. S. Fanning, 175; third, Mr. A. Sizer, 171; fourth, Mr. Ed. Painter, 168.



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Wilmington Tournament.

THE amateur tournament of the Wawaset Gun Club at Wilmington, Del., on May 12 and 13, was favored with delightfully pleasant weather. Both days were clear, warm and comfortable. They were the best of the spring time. And good fellowship prevailed.

The tournament was a success in every particular. There was an ample attendance of shooters; indeed, the number of contestants was quite sufficient to comfortably tax the capacity of the two sets of traps, one set expert, Sergeant system, the other a Leggett trap.

There was a crowd of spectators, brave gentlemen and fair ladies, who each day watched the competition with unabated interest.

The cashier's and scorer's departments were presided over by Messrs. L. D. Thomas and Luther J. Squier, assisted by Mr. J. T. Skelley. Each of these gentlemen participated in the competition also, and therefore it is unnecessary to mention that they were very busy men indeed. Mr. Squier, having the handicaps and entries to care for, was busy incessantly, and must have experienced a sensation of relief when his tournament labors were ended. Several of the club members acted betimes as squad hustlers, of which the duties were unusually laborious, owing to the heedlessness of many of the contestants. Mr. W. M. Foord was chief hustler, and shot in the conmpetition also.

The manufacturers' agents present were Messrs. T. H. Keller, New York; J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City; J. Mowell Hawkins and E. H. Storr, Baltimore; E. D. Fulford, Utica; Luther J. Squier, Wilmington.

The nearby cities were well represented. From Baltimore there were the famous shots, Messrs. J. R. Malone, J. W. Chew, Dr. Lupus and Lester German. Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Park, of Philadelphia, shot through the programme on the first day, and tied on the total result. Mrs. Park's shooting was watched with much interest by the spectators, and the graceful, quick manner in which she handled the gun and the admirable precision with which she shot it, evoked much praise. Mr. W. Wagner, of Washington, after a practical retirement of two years, was again in the competition, and was warmly welcomed. Mr. E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., famous as a first-class expert, was present, and was among the leaders. Media, Pa., was represented by Messrs. H. Powell, A. Evans, Pennington and Sweeny. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, of New York's experts, was among the leaders in the competition. The local shooters gave the tournament strong support.

Every courtesy and attention was extended to the visitors. On Thursday evening, through the courtesy of the Messrs. duPont, a large party of the shooters witnessed an excellent vaudeville performance in the Garrick theatre. It was an entertainment most thoroughly enjoyed by all the party.

As a whole, the conditions were favorable for high scores. The targets were not thrown hard. The grounds are open and pleasant. A large level, green field extends about 200yds. in front of the traps, and thus the contestants have a reasonably clear view. Yet, aside from the performances of the experts, the scores as a rule were below the average.

A large open tent, well provided with camp-chairs, afforded a pleasant place for rest, lunch and refreshments.

The high averages of the two days were as follows: Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, 341; E. C. Griffith, 333; J. M. Hawkins, 329; E. D. Fulford, 325. These averages were made on a total of 360 targets.

There were twelve events each day, each at 15 targets, $1.30 entrance; $5 added. The totals therefore each day were 180 targts, $60 added; entrance, $15.60. The Rose system, ratios, 5, 3, 2, 1, governed the division of the moneys. The winnings, therefore, were not high, and the losses were correspondingly at a minimum. Event 1 on the first day paid as follows: 15 targets, $3.40; 14 targets, $2.05; 13 targets, $1.35; 12 targets, 65 cents. Some of the events ran more, some less, but the foregoing will convey a fair idea of the average purses. The sliding handicap, 16 to 20yds., maintained a constant equity. Five per cent. of the net amount of the purses was deducted to be divided pro rata among the amateurs who did not win their entrance.

First Day, May 12.

On the first day sixty-six shooters participated. The feature of the competition was the phenomenal shooting done by Mr. J. A. R. Elliott. He broke 173 out of 180, over 96 per cent. Of the events, one was at 18yds., three at 19yds., and eight at 20yds. He made a run of 86. This was an extraordinary performance, and so far as we know, it is unequaled. Mr. E. D. Fulford was second with 167, an excellent performance also. Mr. E. C. Griffith was third with 165, and Mr. L. H. Schortemeier was fourth with 164. The weather was clear and pleasant. A stiff breeze from 12 o'clock blew in the faces of the contestants at the firing points, but it soon died away to a perfect calm. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15		
Elliott	13	15	14	15	15	14	15	15	15	15	15	12	180	173
Hawkins	14	15	13	13	12	13	13	13	13	14	13	14	180	160
Fulford	14	14	15	13	15	13	15	14	14	14	13	14	180	167
Squier	12	15	14	11	12	14	13	15	12	14	14	10	180	156
Storr	12	13	12	15	13	13	11	13	15	14	14	11	180	156
Banks	9	14	15	11	14	14	11	12	11	13	13	14	180	151
Skelly	11	15	8	14	13	12	11	12	14	13	14	13	180	150
Keller	15	10	13	13	9	10	13	10	11	13	14	9	180	140
Griffith	15	12	15	14	14	15	13	14	13	13	14	13	180	165
Schorty	13	12	15	14	14	13	15	14	15	13	13	13	180	164
P A Brown	11	12	11	10	11	12	11	10	12	12	11	9	180	132
Foord	14	14	13	14	11	14	14	13	13	13	13	11	180	167
German	14	14	14	15	14	13	12	14	12	15	10	11	180	158
Burroughs	14	13	15	12	14	14	12	14	11	13	15	12	180	159
Baughman	9	11	13	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	55
Knowlton	14	11	12	11	12	14	9	13	12	11	13	13	180	145
H W McNeal	12	13	15	13	13	14	10	12	10	14	13	12	180	151
J W Chew	9	14	13	14	9	11	11	11	13	12	13	10	180	140
Malone	15	13	10	12	13	14	12	15	12	12	13	14	180	154
Barnard	13	12	13	12	14	11	13	9	12	13	10	13	180	145
P J Gallagher	9	13	10	11	12	13	11	14	13	12	14	11	180	143
L P Coulbourne	12	10	13	11	8	9	12	14	7	12	12	11	180	122
McHugh	12	9	11	12	10	13	13	12	13	14	12	13	180	144
Waters	11	14	10	13	10	11	13	14	6	11	12	..	165	125
Lupus	12	14	12	15	12	13	10	15	13	12	12	14	180	154
Richardson	10	14	14	13	14	13	15	14	14	15	11	12	180	159
W K Park	12	14	11	10	11	13	10	12	12	12	13	15	180	145
Mrs. Park	13	12	11	11	13	15	9	10	11	14	14	12	180	145
J M Miller	8	11	8	11	8	9	11	11	13	11	12	10	180	123
J S Gifford	8	12	11	14	13	12	13	13	9	13	14	11	180	143
Springer	11	13	11	13	9	11	12	13	12	15	12	13	180	145
Harvey	12	13	10	11	9	12	12	10	11	14	13	12	180	139
Pennington	11	13	13	10	12	14	9	14	12	13	11	9	180	141
S E Massey	10	11	9	11	12	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	105	73
Evans	11	7	12	14	12	13	13	15	..	..	..	..	120	107
Hartlove	8	10	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	36
Melchoir	6	9	12	11	11	12	10	10	8	12	13	9	180	123
Wagner	15	11	13	14	12	14	14	12	11	14	11	13	180	154
Chadwick	11	..	..	..	10	..	..	13	5	..	..	..	60	30
Simon	13	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	24
J McKelvey	12	10	13	15	12	13	11	12	13	13	13	13	180	149
F C Bissett	15	15	13	12	15	14	13	12	13	12	13	14	180	161
N CClark	14	12	15	13	11	14	13	13	11	10	13	15	180	154
Seward	13	13	14	12	13	13	13	11	11	..	..	..	135	113
Foster	..	..	7	11	10	11	13	11	..	..	..	..	90	63
Newcomb	..	..	14	13	11	14	14	12	11	14	13	12	150	128
Little	..	..	..	..	9	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	45	30
Dee	..	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	20
Reilly	..	..	..	..	11	..	9	..	11	..	..	..	45	31
Roser	..	..	..	..	14	13	14	14	..	..	..	..	60	55
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	11	14	10	14	11	120	100
Mason	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	10	9	10	9	12	120	83
E duPont	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	15	9	..	..	60	50
R King	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	12	14	..	..	60	52
Edmondson	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	11	..	..	..	45	34
England	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	10	14	8	13	90	72
J Ewing	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	9	12	10	90	60
Sweeney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	10	..	..	..	30	14
Brooke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	..	..	..	30	17
H Ewing	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	9	..	..	45	27
Fay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	13	..	..	45	34
Kendall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	30	18
Beady	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	9	60	39
A duPont	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	45	36
J Roberson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	45	36
McColley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	14	60	42

Second Day, May 13.

The day was soft and balmy, a delightful spring day and favorable for good shooting. A breeze blowing from the shooters toward the traps tended to depress the targets, and consequently the shooting was harder.

In the ninth event the Leggett trap failed to work properly, thereby seriously impairing the scores of the back-mark men. Owing to the rubber of the trap being worn, the targets failed to rotate, and the scores fell off astonishingly. Elliott, who was making a great race for the day's average, suffered most, scoring only 10 out of the 15 targets of that event.

The high averages of the day were: First, Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins; second, Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and E. C. Griffith, tied on 168; third, Mr. Luther J. Squier, 164; fourth, Messrs. Edward Banks and F. C. Bissett, 160. Mr. Hawkins made a run of 57 from the 20yd. mark.

About 17,200 targets were used during the tournament. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15		
Elliott	14	15	14	13	14	15	15	15	10	15	15	13	180	168
Hawkins	14	14	15	15	14	14	15	13	15	14	13	13	180	169
Fulford	11	14	14	13	14	15	12	14	12	15	11	13	180	158
Squier	13	15	13	15	13	14	15	14	12	15	11	14	180	164
Storr	13	14	13	13	14	12	12	15	14	11	13	13	180	157
Banks	13	12	13	14	13	14	13	12	14	14	14	14	180	160
Skelly	13	14	11	14	12	14	11	13	9	14	12	14	180	151
Beady	10	10	13	11	14	12	11	11	10	..	..	9	150	111
Thomas	11	13	8	8	12	12	6	9	10	12	..	..	150	101
Melchoir	8	10	14	6	14	10	13	10	11	11	13	12	180	132
Chew	12	11	12	13	13	10	11	11	9	13	12	5	180	142
Burroughs	13	14	13	14	12	13	12	15	9	14	15	14	180	158
McKelvey	15	11	15	14	9	13	13	13	14	11	13	14	180	155
Griffith	15	14	15	15	13	14	13	15	12	14	15	13	180	168
McHugh	9	12	12	12	11	11	9	12	13	13	11	12	180	147
Richardson	12	13	14	13	14	13	14	12	13	12	14	14	180	158
German	12	14	11	13	13	14	14	12	15	15	11	13	180	157
Foord	15	14	10	11	14	12	13	12	12	14	13	13	180	153
Colbourne	10	12	13	11	13	12	11	9	10	12	8	11	180	132
Lupus	13	14	11	13	14	12	13	13	12	11	13	15	180	154
Malone	10	13	13	11	14	7	10	13	13	12	13	13	180	142
Bissett	14	13	14	12	15	12	14	13	14	14	12	13	180	160
Schorty	11	13	14	13	14	13	14	15	11	15	12	14	180	159
Knowlton	12	11	11	13	15	11	12	13	14	14	11	14	180	150
Clarke	14	11	13	12	15	11	12	12	15	11	12	13	180	151
Wilson	12	14	11	13	12	13	14	12	14	14	13	14	180	156
Godwin	10	12	12	9	11	12	11	8	10	..	..	..	135	95
Seward	12	11	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	47
Worthington	12	13	13	13	15	10	14	12	15	14	13		180	157
Springer	12	12	13	11	12	12	14	7	12	11	14	10	180	140
Kirk	14	13	12	12	11	14	12	15	8	14	8	13	180	146
Miller	14	9	13	11	10	11	9	11	9	12	10	13	180	132
Torpey	..	..	9	15	11	12	9	12	13	10	10	12	150	113
Pennington	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	12	13	14	12	12	105	84
Powell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	6	12	11	12	11	14	105	79
Evans	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	10	..	..	..	..	45	33
Phillips	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	12	10	11	..	..	75	52
Newcomb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	14	13	14	12	90	79
Townsend	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	..	..	..	..	30	14
McCollie	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	6	8	8	75	41
Chadwick	11	12	11	..	12	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	90	75
Waters	..	11	11	13	10	7	10	11	10	12	10	..	150	106
James	..	..	..	11	13	12	7	..	..	..	8	..	75	51
Keller	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	7	11	10	12	12	..	105	73
Hartlove	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	45	29
Simons	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	12	..	45	39
Harvey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	14	11	11	75	58
King	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	13	..	..	45	38
Edmondson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	7	11	60	36
Harrigan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	15	10
Hamlin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	15	9
J E Kirk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	15	5
Reed	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	15	7
duPont	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	..	..		30	28
German	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..		15	12
Fay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..		15	11
Buch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12		15	12
J A P	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10		15	10

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.,—The regular shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club was held at Intercity Park yesterday, and was well attended, despite the inclement weather. The scores suffered some in consequence of the wind, but every one seemed to like it and stayed all the way through. There was an entry of twenty-five shooters, and as many more shooters were on hand to get a little practice at the traps, to be in readiness for the tournament. The club will hold but one more shoot previous to it.

In the first event of 15 targets, for the Hunters Arms Co. medal, Jess won on a straight score. Second event was won on a score of 14 out of 15. Third event, Schlitz medal, Jess won; score 24 out of 25. Paegel medal, O'Brien won; score, 24 out of 25. Club badges: Event 5, 20 targets, Morrison won. Expert: Liden won Class A, Moulton won Class B.

The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Liden, 18	10	10	13	18	18
Bryant, 18	11	8	17	19	16
Dientos, 18	13	10	18	13	13
Hays, 18	12	8	16	19	17
Johnston, 18	11	9	13	17	13
Trench, 18	10	11	19	20	16
Morrison, 20	12	12	22	21	18
Wilk, 18	8	10	21	20	14
McKay, 18	12	9	21	22	17
Biffton, 18	11	9	18	16	..
Jess, 18	15	12	24	21	13
Gilfillan, 18	11	12	19	20	16
Morris, 17	12	11	16	21	11
Mrs Johnston, 16	10	11	17	16	13

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Marshall, 16	12	7	19	..	..
Kennedy, 16	12	14	18	19	15
Parker, 19	8	13	21	16	16
O'Brien, 18	13	13	23	24	..
Moulten, 18	11	10	18	18	17
Campbell, 16	..	8	19	14	..
Smith, 16	..	10	16	..	15
Shellbeith, 16	..	10	16	..	15
Gibson	..	6	8	..	..
Holmes,	..	6	..	..	13
Mullins, 16	..	..	20	..	..
Gray	..	..	..	..	14
Crosby	..	..	..	..	20

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., May 14.—The scores herewith were made at the regular practice shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, May 14.

We shot over expert traps to-day for the first time since they were purchased, over two years ago. From letters of inquiry, we have received regarding our Decoration Day shoot, we are expecting a large attendance. No. 6 from 18yds.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	10
A B C	9	8	8	10	9	17	9
Harris	7	8	9	7	6	17	6
X Y Z	10	4	7	4	6	21	9

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	10
Brandreth	..	..	..	..	7	10	21	..
Stratton	..	..	..	4	5	14	..

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 11.—Mr. Thomas F. Adkin unsuccessfully defended his title to the Monroe County Championship diamond medal to-day. Mr. George Borst was the challenger. Newton was the winner. The scores of the contest follow:

Newton	24	22	24	22	92	Watson	21	19	21	15	76
Adkin	21	21	20	21	83	White	20	17	19	19	75
Borst	20	21	20	21	82						

Du Bois Tournament.

Du Bois, Pa., May 14.—Under very favorable conditions, as regards the weather, and making of good scores, the Du Bois, Pa., Gun Club held their first clay pigeon tournament of this year, on the fair grounds. The attendance was not up to expectations, as only twenty-one shooters faced the traps each day.

The Du Bois Gun Club will also hold another tournament this September, and will have as special attraction, $200 added money.

The trade was represented by Jack Fanning and H. P. Fessenden. High average for the first day went to Jack Fanning, breaking 175 out of 180. Second average went to L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, Pa., with 173. Third, Mr. Ed. Painter (Kelsey), of Pittsburg, Pa., with 169, and fourth, Mr. B. J. Burgoon, 165.

High average second day, L. B. Fleming, 176 out of 180; second average, Jack Fanning, with 175; third, Mr. A. Sizer, 171; fourth, Mr. Ed. Painter, with 168.

High average for the two days was made by Jack Fanning, scoring 350 out of 360; second, L. B. Fleming, 349; third Mr. Painter, 337, and fourth, Mr. A. Sizer, with 331.

Jack Fanning made a run of 60 the first day, and 112 the second day. Mr. L. B. Fleming made a run of 87 the second day.

First Day, May 12.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25	Broke.
J Fanning	14	20	15	20	14	19	14	20	15	24	175
L B Fleming	14	20	13	19	14	20	15	19	14	25	173
Ed Painter	12	19	14	20	15	18	15	20	13	24	169
B J Burgoon	14	19	14	18	14	19	11	18	14	24	165
F Guinsburg	12	18	14	17	12	19	15	19	15	23	164
H Millan	12	18	15	19	14	18	10	19	15	24	164
A Sizer	13	18	15	19	14	18	14	15	13	21	160
E W Kelly	14	19	13	19	13	17	11	17	14	21	158
L S Munch	12	19	14	17	14	18	12	18	12	22	158
Ed Rike	13	18	14	16	12	17	12	18	15	23	158
C T Dechant	13	18	13	16	13	17	14	18	9	23	154
J B Wolf	14	15	13	18	13	18	13	14	12	23	153
L W Quinn	14	17	14	15	13	15	12	20	12	21	153
J D Connelly	13	18	10	17	11	19	7	17	13	22	147
J A Stoops	12	18	10	15	14	17	12	14	12	22	147
B B McCraight	10	18	11	17	14	15	11	16	13	21	146
J B Graham	13	16	9	16	13	15	14	15	12	22	145
H G Hart	12	13	10	17	10	14	10	15	10	6	117
J C Sullivan	..	..	..	..	..	11	17	12	13	13	19	85
A W Burnham	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
J W Pontefract	14	13	13	19	13	17	12	13	14	19	147	

Second Day, May 13.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25	Broke.
L B Fleming	14	20	14	20	15	20	15	19	14	25	176
J Fanning	15	20	15	20	15	19	15	18	15	23	175
A Sizer	14	19	14	18	13	20	15	20	13	25	171
Ed Painter	13	18	15	19	15	19	14	19	13	23	168
B J Burgoon	13	17	12	20	14	18	15	20	15	23	167
Ed Rike	14	18	15	16	15	20	14	15	15	24	165
E W Kelly	14	17	14	18	13	17	13	19	14	23	162
J B Wolf	14	18	14	16	14	17	13	19	14	23	162
L S Munch	13	19	15	18	13	18	13	15	14	24	162
J A Stoops	15	18	12	17	12	20	13	16	13	22	158
J D Connelly	14	20	13	15	14	15	13	17	12	21	154
B B McCraight	10	15	15	15	13	16	14	17	13	21	149
H G Hart	13	18	13	11	14	18	14	17	13	19	150
J W Pontefract	11	17	13	19	10	16	11	18	11	20	146
L W Quinn	12	15	13	16	13	15	10	17	12	20	143
F Guinsburg	13	20	13	20	15	16	13	16	13	..	139
J B Graham	12	19	13	15	10	13	..	..	..	..	82
J C Sullivan	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	12	18	11	22	81
J Coleman	..	..	12	9	16	12	10	9	..	..	..	68
J Plympton	11	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	13	17		62
A W Burnham	12	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..		40

H. P. F.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., May 11.—Shooters of all sorts and sizes at 16yds. to 21, attended in a delegation to-day to end the Boston Gun Club spring prize series in as fitting a manner as possible. Such a day as it was, too, with thermometer up in the 70s and most of the time no wind to speak of, making conditions that every one was satisfied with, and giving a fine chance to make very creditable scores. Some 19 straight scores were made, the largest number that has ever been made on these grounds in an afternoon's shoot.

Frank easily lead on the prize match, and while high percentage on the 70 targets shot at, had to allow the old reliable Tozier to walk away with high average on programme events. Worthing, of Brockton, also suffered in this way, though making high run of breaks for the afternoon. C. P. Blinn's new pigeon gun turned out to be just as good a shooter as a looker, and in C. P.'s hands will bear watching in the future; .838 per cent. is not half bad for a new gun, and a 90 per cent. tune is now on the list and expected at any time, preferably sooner than later. F. H. Owen, the new recruit from the Boston A. A., bids fair to make his side partner, Blinn, hustle in future events. All day next Wednesday and lots of straight scores are promised by these two. Owen came out with a big story and quite took the wind out of every one's sails by stating that he had just broken 269 straight. It did not take long, however, to recover equilibrium, as it turned out to be a pipe dream, and no cause for alarm.

Finals of the series ending to-day found John Bell, the ex-Harvardite, in first position, with a lead of 4 targets over second position, a lead safe enough for any one, though Frank cut it down all he could and moved in ahead of Griffiths on ranking, having attended the larger number of shoots. Fourth and fifth also ended in a tie, Roy and Kirkwood tying up on the last shoot. Capt. Woodruff finished sixth, somewhat lower than usual, but as the summer series starts in, it will be another story, a new gun being on the way, and with loads to match, no such thing as low scores from now on. Burns and Blinn followed seventh and eighth positions, the latter not allowing himself any chance to improve, only shooting the six scores and not throwing out any. Burns was a trifle more fortunate, having the chance to throw out a previous 16, and gaining 5 points with his 21 of to-day.

The team match ended as predicted, Frank and Bell making a runaway match of it the last few shoots.

Targets:	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	Av.
Frank, 18	9	12	8	10	14	10	..	..	..	..	.900
Bell, 18	8	13	8	10	9	8	7	14	9	10	.834
Worthing, 16	8	13	10	10	12	9	9	13	..	..	.884
Burns, 16	7	11	7	8	12	9	8	15	10	8	.826
Kirkwood, 19	8	13	6	9	14	7	7	13	10	9	.834
Blinn, 16	9	11	9	9	11	9	9	13	8	..	.838
Owen, 16	7	13	10	8	12	8	7	9	9	7	.782
Tozier, 16	8	13	8	10	10	10	12	9	10	..	.868
Murdock, 16	4	12	7	9	14	8	9	..	..	..	.787
Woodruff, 17	9	12	6	5	9	6	7	8	7	..	.657
Lee, 16	8	11	6	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	.700
Cobb, 16	7	13	6	10	11	7	6	13	..	..	.768
Muldown, 16	..	..	..	..	8	13	5	10	15	..	..	.850
Roy, 19	..	..	..	..	6	11	9	8	15	..	..	.816
Dickey, 21	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	7	11	10	8	.770
Baker, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	.800
Firth, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	.500

Prize match, distance handicap:

Frank, 18	111111111101111111111111—24
Murdock, 16	111011111111111101111110—22
Worthing, 16	101111111011110111101111—21
Burns, 16	111111111010011111111011—21
Kirkwood, 19	111111101111111100011111—21
Blinn, 16	111111110111100011111111—20
Owen, 16	111101110101111101011111—20
Roy, 19	011011011111101111011111—20
Tozier, 16	100110101111101111111111—20
Dickey, 21	111110111101000111101011—18
Cobb, 16	011111111111101110010110—18
Muldown, 16	110010111111011101001111—18
Bell, 19	111000100011111110111011—17
Woodruff, 17	100110111101001011010110—15

Team match:

Muldown	10 15—25	Roy	8 15—23
Burns	8 12—20—45	Woodruff	7 8—15—38
Tozier	10 12—22	Blinn	9 13—22
Kirkwood	7 13—20—42	Owen	7 9—16—38
Bell	7 14—21		
Dickey	7 11—18—39		

Prize match, best six scores during season; distance handicap:

Bell, 18	25	24	24	22	21	20	136
Frank, 18	24	23	22	21	21	21	132
Griffiths, 19	24	23	22	22	21	20	132
Roy, 19	23	22	21	20	19	19	124
Kirkwood, 19	24	22	21	21	19	17	124
Woodruff, 17	21	20	20	20	19	19	119
Burns, 16	21	20	18	17	16	16	108
Blinn, 16	20	20	19	17	16	13	105

Final score in team match: Frank and Bell, 21 points; Roy and Woodruff, 8; Climax and Rule, 5

IN NEW JERSEY.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., May 14.—The shoot for the automobile was the main event, and was well contested. Hendrickson was high with 94. He was closely pressed by Piercy and Bissett, each with 93. In the professional competition for the cup, J. A. R. Elliott was high with 93. The weather was delightfully pleasant. The scores, entries and reentries, follow:

Piercy	20 w			23 23 21 24—91	22 24 23 24—93	
Bissett	17 w			21 w	24 24 23 22—93	
Jap	25 20 22 23—90			23 w		
Emanns	22 18 w			24 21 22 20—87	22 24 23 22—91	
J E Thropp	12 16 w			14 19 13 12—58		
Grant	22 21 19 19—81			20 19 18 24—81	22 22 22 18—84	
Cole	22 21 24 23—90			21 22 23 21—87	20 21 20 w	
Taylor	19 21 22 17—79			21 16 19 20—76	22 13 18 w	
Herrington	23 17 23 22—85			20 21 17 w	23 20 21 18—82	
Brigham	23 20 w			18 w		
F Stephenson	20 20 w			22 22 20 20—84	23 20 22 23—88	
Hendrickson	22 21 w			20 w	22 22 21 w	
Colquitt	19 19 24 22—84			22 17 20 23—82	23 22 22 22—89	
Jap					22 w	
Brigham				20 w	21 w	
E C Griffith	23 23 w					
J A R Elliott	23 23 23 24—93					
Piercy	23 23 w			24 23 23 w	23 22 20 w	
Morrison	18 15 13 18—64					
Hendrickson	19 w			21 22 w	22 24 24 24—94	
Dukes	23 18 19 20—80					
Glover	23 23 25 18—89					
Jap	24 22 23 w			22 w	23 22 24 23—92	
Brigham	23 24 22 w				23 22 23 w	
Grinnell, Jr.	19 19 13 19—70			8 18 8 13—47		
Garvin	15 13 w			21 w	16 w	
Schneider	19 16 20 21—76					
Hardy	21 16 19 23—79					
Money	19 17 22 21—79			22 22 17 21—82	19 17 21 21—78	
O Von Lengerke	18 21 19 23—81					
C E Eichhoff	16 13 12 19—60			15 17 w		
F W Ehrlich	16 21 19 21—77					
J R Merrill	15 21 16 18—70					
E Lorett	16 21 w			21 w	23 17 w	
Garvin	15 12 w			15 w	16 w	
Emanns				23 24 21 24—92		
F B Stephenson	23 25 22 24—94					
Piercy	24 22 24 22—92			22 22 w		
Brigham				20 w	22 w	
Bissett	21 w			25 23 23 w		
Jap					25 21 23 w	
Colquitt	20 20 21 w					
Brigham	22 w					
Lovett	22 22 16 21—81					
Brigham	20 w					
Hendrickson	23 23 20 w					
Herrington	21 22 17 21—81					
Garvin	15 w			21 w		

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. N., May 14.—Twenty members were present to-day at the regular Saturday shoot. Event No. 1 was for practice only. Event No. 2, 25 targets, unknown traps, unknown angles, was won by Mr. Geo. F. Howard with a straight score of 25; prize, a very handsome field glass. Event No. 3, 10 targets and high and straightaway was tied for by Messrs. Kendall and Gunther, each scoring nine breaks. On the miss and out Kendall fell out at the fifth round. On the sixth round, both Gunther and Wheeler failed to score, but on the ninth round, Gunther fell down. Wheeler scored, thus winning a very handsome pearl-handled pocket knife.

Events 5 and 6 applied on the Parker gun contest, Messrs. Cockefair and Wheeler each breaking 43 out of a possible 50.

Event No. 4 was betweent teams of 8 men each, 15 targets, Mr. Kendall's team winning over Mr. Babcock's by 9 points.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	10	15	25	25	Targets:	25	25	10	15	25	25
C Kendall	19	20	9	9	15	21	Geo. Batten	22	8	8	..	..	
W Soverel	17	24	8	11	..	..	Crane	21	6	10	..	..	
P Allan	16	16	..	..	..	..	Holloway	18	6	8	..	..	
Wheeler	18	..	9	14	22	21	Howard	25	..	..	..	..	
Force	15	21	..	..	..	..	Dr. Latham	17	..	9	..	..	
Babcock	18	24	8	11	..	..	Holzderber	17	17	..	10	21	15
Bush	19	18	7	6	..	..	Benson	..	17	2	11	16	..
Winslow	17	16	3	7	..	..	Dr. Chetterling	..	..	..	11	12	..
Gunther	20	13	9	14	19	..	Dr. Tallson	..	..	..	..	10	..
Cockefair	14	20	5	12	22	21	Dr. Foster	..	..	..	..	14	..

E. Winslow, Sec'y.

Coleman—Cooper.

Mahanoy City, Pa., May 14.—The match between Messrs. Fred Coleman, of Philadelphia, and Fen Cooper, of Mahanoy City, took place to-day. It has been pending during some weeks past. The conditions were 50 trained birds each, 21yds. rise, 60yds. boundary, gun below the elbow, use of one barrel. One thousand people paid 50 cents each to witness the match. The birds were very fast, and a strong wind added to the difficulties of the shooting. Mr. Frank E. Butler, a representative of the U. M. C. Co., acted as referee, and gave perfect satisfaction. Following is the official score:

Fen Cooper	1100111111110101111111111101110111111111111111111010—	42
F. Coleman	1111111011111111111111111111011110111111111101111110—	45

After the match Cooper, in a conversation with Coleman expressed his willingness for a return match, and no doubt another shoot will be arranged in the near future. Coleman and Cooper are also open to meet any two men in the country in the same kind of a live-bird contest.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Reduced Rates to Atlantic City.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Meetings American Medical Association and American Academy of Medicine.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the meeting of the American Medical Association, at Atlantic City, June 7 to 10, and the session of the American Academy of Medicine, at the same place, June 4 and 6, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Atlantic City from all stations on its lines west of Downington and Avondale, north of Parker Ford, south of Newark and Porter, Del., and north and east of Trenton, Windsor and Toms River, N. J., exclusive, at rate of single fare plus $1 for the round trip. Tickets will be sold June 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6, good returning, leaving Atlantic City June 4 to 13, inclusive. Tickets will be good to stop over at Philadelphia on going trip within limit of June 6, and at Philadelphia, and Baltimore, on return trip within the final limit on deposit at stop-over point. All tickets must be deposited immediately on arrival at Morris Guards' Armory, 12 South New York avenue, Atlantic City. Regular excursion tickets at usual rates will be sold from the points named above and from all intermediate points to Atlantic City.

The booklet entitled "Summer Homes Among the Mountains on the New York, Ontario & Western" covers Sullivan and Ulster counties, New York, two of the best trout fishing counties in the State, and so acessible that by a single night's absence from New York one can have a full day's fishing. It contains many pictures and two maps. The booklet will be sent on application by Mr. J. C. Anderson, G. P. A., 56 Beaver street, New York.

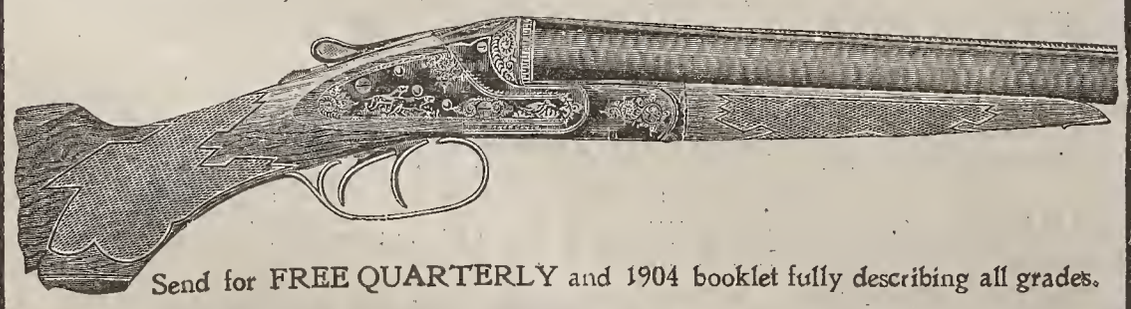
"Fishing On the Picturesque Erie" is the title of a profusely illustrated booklet, issued by the Passenger Department of the Erie Railroad Company, New York. Most New York anglers know of waters reached only by the Erie, yielding fish, whether trout, bass, pike, perch or pickerel, and that these waters are not far from the great hot city we are all so eager to escape from. Send for the booklet to D. W. Cooke, G. P. A., 21 Cortlandt street, New York.

As shown by their advertisement on another page, Messrs. Witchell, Sons & Co., Ltd., Detroit, Mich., have something new in vacation shoes. This firm is famous among the trade for its various footwear specialties. Its goods are high grade only, and commend themselves to the men and women who desire the best in sporting, outing or athletic footwear.

The Bangor & Aroostook Railroad are now running through sleeping cars between Boston, Mass., and Greenville (Moosehead Lake, Maine). This car is attached to train leaving Boston at 7:40 P. M., and to that leaving Greenville at 3:25 P. M.

BAKER SPECIAL PARAGONS.

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COLORADO DEER HIDE DECISION.

THE opinion of Judge Maxwell of the Court of Appeals of the State of Colorado in the famous deer hide case, is one of great importance, and offers much encouragement to all friends of game protection. Owing to the fact that most game law cases are criminal in their nature, as well as to peculiar local conditions, convictions under these laws have been very unusual, and this is the first case of the kind in Colorado that has found its way into an Appellate Court. Here it has been handled with that breadth of view which might have been expected.

Judge Maxwell decides that the plaintiff in this case of replevin was in unlawful possession of 300 deer hides, and that the plaintiff was able to show by the testimony in the case no ownership or right of possession. The statute of Colorado prohibits traffic in the game of the State or any part thereof, no matter when killed, unless such traffic is expressly permitted by law.

Judge Maxwell therefore reverses the decision of the lower court, and remands the case back to that court, with definite instructions to dismiss the action. The effect of this reversal and instruction is to uphold the statute and to make the possession of deer hides in quantity, and so presumably in contravention of law, very dangerous business.

The case for the State was ably handled by Mr. S. G. McMullin, the District Attorney, assisted by Hon. D. C. Beaman, so well known for his efficient and unwearying work for game protection. Both these gentlemen deserve great credit for able work done.

A PERPETUAL BENEFACTION.

IT is but a few weeks since we alluded to the importance of the establishment by the various State governments of reservations set aside for the use of the people, but where the native life occupying these reservations should be protected from harm or molestation. The idea is a natural sequence of the proposed government forest game refuges, first suggested in FOREST AND STREAM some years ago.

No argument is needed to prove the desirability, and the usefulness to the public, from the points of view of pleasure and of health, of such reservations, parks, breathing places—we may call them what we will—where for a season the current of the busy man's thought may be changed, and he may rest and recreate. The idea is grasped by the public mind slowly, but if grasped slowly it is firmly held; more than that, an appreciation of its importance is constantly growing.

It is many years since complaints first began to be made about the private game preserve. Americans had always been free to hunt where they pleased, to fish in any waters that they could reach, and when farsighted people saw that the game and fish must go, and began to purchase fishing rights, or to lease shooting lands for their own private uses and to keep the public off, there was much bitter grumbling. There is complaint still, and we have lately heard much of it about the huge preserves of the Adirondacks; yet this establishment of private preserves is confined to no section of the land. Rivers, lakes, and square miles of territory by the hundred are leased in Canada, while in the South the marshes of the sea coast are taken up from Maryland to Florida; further inland, quail grounds are leased in blocks of 20,000 or 30,000 acres by single associations. What, then, is the American citizen to do, provided circumstances do not admit of his belonging to some club which owns a preserve? Obviously he must turn to free land for his game supply, and this free land must be controlled by State or Federal Government. This precise point was made by the President of the United States a year or two since, when he declared that in this democracy it was the part of the Government to set aside tracts where the game should be absolutely protected in order that it might overflow into unprotected territory, and so might furnish hunting and shooting to the people who otherwise could have none.

Some States have offered fine examples of what might be done in setting aside these refuges, but there are many where the drive and rush of business have been too great for them as yet to give attention to this matter.

An interesting example of how the importance of such reservations is coming to be understood has been recently given by Mr. Jos. Battell, of Middlebury, Vt. Mr. Battell has lately purchased Ellen Mountain, which rises 4,000 feet above the town of Warren, Vt., with the purpose of converting this mountain into a park for the benefit of the citizens of his State. The act is an interesting one, and shows not only originality but foresight. It means far more to the State than any gift that could be made. Library or public building is not to be compared with it, for libraries can be had from many men and in the far future, but the time is coming when wild land and wild creatures to stock that land cannot be had.

In an adjacent State the late Austin Corbin established his famous Blue Mountain Park as a hunting preserve, in which, however, so little hunting was done as hardly to interfere with the rapid increase of the wild animals there. Mount Ellen may become a lesser Blue Mountain Park. Let us hope that in many another State men will be found who will purchase for the benefit of their fellows large tracts of land to be used as parks or game refuges, free—under proper limitations—to the whole public.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

WITH the ceaseless struggle for existence enjoined on all mankind, there are associated many discomforts which evoke innumerable plaints. Many of them refer to real or imaginary physical ills; many more are the results merely of unhappy states of mind.

It is a peculiar phenomenon of the average human intellect that a pet idea—existing in idea only—is likely to be accepted by its possessor as sound knowledge of universal application. Of these, none is more fallacious than the cherished plaint of many elderly or provincial people declaring how much happier and better life was in the past than is life in the sordid present. The past is referred to tenderly and regretfully as "the good old times."

Few men realize that the human nature of to-day is precisely the same human nature which existed in "the good old times;" that manners of living have been constantly and comprehensively progressing toward the betterment of all classes; that the common comforts of to-day were the limited luxuries of "the good old times," and that many comforts at present enjoyed by all classes were unobtainable in "the good old times," for the sufficient reason that they did not then exist.

The deteriorating changes which the elderly individual attributes to the world at large, are changes chiefly within himself. As a man advances in mature years, his ideas of enjoyment become changed from those of his youth. In youth the sham and real, if pleasurable, are alike accepted as being good and true; in mature years, the sham is easily discerned and rejected.

The "good old times" of boyhood were simply the days of juvenile happiness, and did not represent the feelings of a community. People to-day have better homes, better food, better means of travel by land and water, and better standards of living in general than obtained in "the good old times."

In no particular has the American people developed more beneficially than in matters which concern rest and recreation. Statistics show that men are becoming better developed physically, and the world's progress is a testimonial concerning mentality.

The time is not beyond the memory of that ubiquitous individual and highest authority—"the oldest inhabitant"—when the man who went a-fishing or camping, or, in short, who took an outing for pleasure on land or water, was viewed very much askance in a financial way by his business confreres, besides being the subject of much unpleasant gossip socially.

From the viewpoint of "the good old times," such man was negligent in business, and, as a loafer, was a bad example to the youth of the land. And the gospel of ceaseless toil in "the good old times" applied alike to employer and employee impartially. Contrast the customs of to-day with those of "the good old times." It is, indeed, an exceptional business institution which does not give its employes a two-weeks' vacation with salary. It is an exceptional institution which has not on its executive staff men who fish or shoot or canoe or yacht.

Even as recently as ten years ago, while the American people at large indulged in sport, there were no formal indications of national sanction. At the Columbian Exposition at Chicago there was but an insignificant recognition of practical sports. However, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is in gratifying, magnificent contrast in this point. So-called Olympic games will be a feature during the Exposition and in connection therewith, on ample and specially prepared grounds. The Stadium, with its generous allotment of space, has a 220-yard straightaway track, 25 yards wide, jumping paths, a baseball field, etc., for the thorough competition of athletes. A special feature will be intercollegiate competitions. In "the good old times" such competitions in an important way did not exist, and, indeed, such a mammoth exposition could not exist.

The latter-day doctrine of recreation is incomparably superior to the doctrine of ceaseless toil which obtained in "the good old times."

TRAPSHOOTING STANDARDS OF SKILL.

DURING many years past the 16-yard mark, in target tournaments, has been generally accepted as the standard of shooting distance. Coincidentally shotguns have been improved in many practical qualities, ammunition has been perfected to an excellent degree of uniformity and effectiveness, and expert trapshooters have multiplied till they are numbered by hundreds. Every section of the United States has its experts. Yet the 16-yard standard remains unaltered.

From the 16-yard mark straight runs of 100, by different shooters everywhere, are so common and have been so common for many years past, that they excite no more than passing comment. Indeed, some years ago a run of several hundred was made at Interstate Park, L. I., by a professional expert.

It has been demonstrated also that the modern shotgun and ammunition are effective at 30 yards in target shooting. The recent tournament at Wilmington, Del., on May 12 and 13, furnished a demonstration that at 20 yards an almost perfect score can be made by a skillful shooter. Why, then, shoot at 16 yards?

There are so many shooters now who are capable of breaking 100 targets straight, or who have records of 100 targets straight, that there is no special distinctiveness—one expert compared with another—in respect to the matter of superiority.

The standard distance—16 yards—is so well within the skill of the shooters and the capabilities of gun and ammunition, that it is really an unworthy test when compared with the possibilities of trapshooting.

It is true that in some tournaments the distances are from 14 to 20 or 25 yards, but these are special temporary handicap distances which apply only to those tournaments, and they in nowise disturb the established standard.

At least 18 yards should be established as the standard distance at target trapshooting. It is not good argument to maintain that some shooters cannot even now shoot well at 16 yards. There again is a class of shooters which cannot shoot well at 14 or 12 yards.

The real issue is that there is such a multitude who can shoot well at 18, 20, 22 and 24 yards, that the standard of excellence should be raised. The raising from easy to difficult standards has been done extensively in rifle and pistol shooting. In trapshooting at targets, however, the 16-yard standard of its infant days seems to be satisfactory likewise as the standard of its manhood days.

THE suggestion made recently that the States generally should prevent the killing of female deer, while not new, and already acted on by a number of the States, should receive attention by all legislatures. Maine forbids the killing of cow moose, and Ontario the killing of female moose, caribou or elk, while in a number of States the killing of deer without horns, and of antelope without horns, is forbidden.

As Mr. Carney says, anything that makes for greater deliberation on the part of the hunter tends to help the game, to make it safer to travel in the forest, and to prevent the unnecessary wounding of animals.

The best sportsman—as shown by their individual writings and by the constitutions of their clubs—are agreed that only males should be killed. Thus the constitution of the Boone and Crockett Club, Article V., says: "The term 'fair chase' shall not be held to include * * * the killing of the female or young of any ruminant except the female of white goats or muskox." The reason for the exceptions is not because the females of the excepted species ought to be killed, but because it is often impossible in these species to distinguish females from males.

The constantly lessening numbers of big game make it important to use every means to preserve and assist in the propagation of that game. Of these means, one of the most effective is the protection of the females.







THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Floating Down the Mississippi.

VI.—Senor Carlos, Student of Sociology, Political Exile.

Morning comes cold in late autumn on a Mississippi sand bar. Evaporation from the water, cold zephyrs of night and one's warm, moist breath, combined in alternate shivers and clamny discomfort. I drew under my canvas after my little glance at the dawn, and waited for the slanting rays of sunlight, unconsciously imitating the old river man who says if a man keeps out the night air on the water, he'll never get the malaria. The diseases of the river—the horrible, yellow ones like chills and malaria are of summer growth. Cold weather on the Big River is not unhealthy, unless one is caught by pneumonia, or swallows a couple of mated typhoid germs just below some city.

I ate a cold breakfast—biscuits, canned meat, and began it after I pulled out from the shore. It was a foolish thing to do; to start out without something hot, though it be only a cup of coffee. A cup of cocoa goes better still. The result was, I traveled on with an uncomfortable feeling of haste, and going somewhere in a hurry—not commensurate with the hundreds of miles ahead—and the months likely to elapse.

Just above Carruthersville I made some photographs of the dredge Iota, and of the pile-line which the Goverment put in to narrow the channel, and save the bank on which Carruthersville depends for safety in high water. The bar was formed, and the Iota was having a nice time pumping up the sand and putting it somewhere else.

At Carruthersville, I intended to see Jack Stevenson, but, while talking to the watchman living in the eddy at the landing, heard of the Sugg and Poole outfit somewhere not far ahead. I went on looking for them, but failed to overtake them at Kennemore, or just below.

Having hoped to meet friends, I was a bit put out at the thought of going on alone. Below Cottonwood my map showed a long island chute, and I ran down this, seeking a place to tie up. It was quite a long chute—more than a mile, and as I got toward the foot, I saw a boat tied in. It had on a tent over the top, and I thought of the two men who had come down from Cairo to Tiptonville, apparently on the one trail. It being near night and the open river not far beyond, I felt dismayed, but ran down close to take a look. When I got nearer to it the boat was a puzzler. It had two hulls—so it wasn't my fearsome D-liner—and on the bank was a little old man, with a gray mustache, very long hair and a slow smile. "An old-timer!" I thought, having in mind only the river people. But one finds more than these on the river. As I have already said, there are many has-beens on the river. Carlos J. San to Carlos is not only a has-been, but a man who is.

I greeted him. He greeted me. Could I drop in below him for the night? I could, and use his fire and wood if I wished for supper. His boat is a center-wheel catamaran, run by crank shaft, with the wheel box painted with red stripes on one side and blue on the other, like a sunburst, the body and background being white. Where had I seen that boat before? After a time I remembered. On the day I pulled out of St. Louis with Jimmie, in a little eddy just above one of the rip-rap piles, I had seen that curious craft as we bounced along in the tumble of waves. Four hundred miles below, and six weeks later, we had met. After all, the river is not so wide. One can see across it, and even find a man if he sticks to the looking.

One does not know what to make of some people—who or what or why they are. Carlos seems to be somebody; he is a good deal more than anyone else that I have met on the river. I can tell the story he tells me—I would like to know that it is true. I believe it is—and yet this man is on the river. He explains it quite as plausibly as I do my own presence here. Personally, I am not doubting him, but each one who reads what I tell of his sayings must judge for himself. It was entertaining to me, and illustrates one fact about the Mississippi. There is no kind of man who does not get to it sooner or later, from orphan boys to learned men.

The winter of 1902-3, Carlos spent at Toronto. He built seven or eight catamarans there, with a paddle wheel between the hulls, and a deck 14½ feet long by nearly 6 wide. He sold all but one, and this he had to keep because the man who ordered it was unable to pay. On the sixth of last June he left Toronto in this catamaran and went to Montreal, going the length of Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence. He had lost the money he received for his other catamarans, and started with but $42. He had been making certain studies of Americans to find from which locality it would be best to take colonists for Cuba. He now started westward along the Great Lakes, passing through the Welland Canal, among the Islands of Georgian Bay, through the Soo, into Lake Michigan, into Green Bay, up the Fox River, down the Wisconsin and into the Mississippi. He was on his way down the Mississippi when I met him. When he reached Memphis on November 20, he said he had $2 left, and had not earned a cent on the way. Here at Memphis he went to work on a house-boat to get more money with which to continue his journey to Cuba.

"I am 72 years old," he said one day, "I can't get around like I used to when I was young." He meant in physical alertness. "I have grown thin," he said, "See! My waistband." He could lap it almost half way around him a second time.

"My home is in the United States of Colombia, but in the Revolution of 1892, I was obliged to leave. I had shops, a plantation, I had been Senator for many years. I came away in the night. A man brought me silver to a little stream side by appointment and this was about $2,000—all he could carry of silver. I went to Panama."

"For three years I was teacher of manual training—the use of tools—in the State school of Vermont." A bill head that Carlos gave me shows that "C. St. Charles & Co." were manufacturers of Revolutionary flags of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. He talked with so easy a familiarity of South American streams that I could not help suspecting he was a very sophisticated river wanderer, rather than the "educator" he claimed to be. Sometimes he shrugged his shoulders in good Spanish-American style, and his use of the English language showed him to be a native of the South American continent, and the topics he chose to discuss indicated the cultivated gentleman. Where there are so many has-beens as are found on the Mississippi, one need not be surprised at finding anything or anyone, or any kind. It was the violence of the contrast that brought suspicion to one's mind. Had the man's dreams and hopes been all very high, it would have been different. But in connection with his project of colonizing some section of Cuba, he planned to use his catamaran in conveying steamer passengers to and from the boats in Havana Harbor—"might so make four of five dollars a day." However much one may try to associate labor with vast enterprises, a colonizer running a 15-foot ferry boat does not jibe—unless anything is possible on this river where the high and low meet and there is nothing but harmony—as one finds harmony in a sand beach, though some of the grains are black, some white, some yellow and some red.

"I happen to be the man who discovered the preservative qualities of boracic acid," Carlos, or St. Charles, remarked, "It was far up in the Andes Mountains, near the head of the Amazon River, where I found the native Indians making a precipitating solution of the crystal of borax and dipping their meat in the solution. They hung their meat up and it was preserved indefinitely from the germs of decay. This was in 1863. Afterward I introduced the subject to the attention of the learned world and carried on my experiments in Brooklyn, in the presence of such men as old Dr. Bryant, and many others"—he named several, whom the writer has forgotten—"and they offered all kinds of suggestions. They said it did this and that and some other thing to the human system, but we failed to detect any of them. Indeed, I made the offer to take a dram of the precipitating—about 6%—solution daily for any period they might name, and did so for upward of forty days, and not a single ill effect could they determine to have come to me from this wholesale absorption of borax."

One morning after we had been together several days, St. Charles served a cup of milk apiece. I knew he had not been ashore or near a cow, and yet this milk was sweet, rich, uncurdled. It was this sweet milk that brought out the borax talk. I don't know whether borax is harmful or not, save as I've read the newspapers and listened to this man, but I've a solution of borax in my skiff now, and I use it in milk, and shall use it on meat, washed with the solution, should occasion arise. I can't detect the flavor of the stuff in the milk, though I use a liberal amount of it.

Here is my solution—as per the St. Charles directions: I bought a pound box of powdered borax for fifteen cents. I put about an ounce and a quarter in a quart whiskey bottle, and filled the bottle up with water slightly warm. A tablespoonful of this solution in a quart of milk kept the milk Carlos served for six or eight days so well that it seemed to my taste to have been only just cooled from the cow. I shall try it on meat one of these days. A slab of meat is merely thoroughly covered with the solution—6% is about all that will dissolve in water—and then hung up in a shady place covered from the flies.

This little matter of the borax, however, was only a circumstance to what Carlos had done in the medicinal line. His name must be familiar in medical literature, for he says that he verified the use of upward of 160 different kinds of herbs and things used by natives of South America for their curative or preventative properties. I was over my head in mere spelling when he came to tell the names of some of these. Just fancy the experiences of a man who went among the Indians of the mountain and lowland South America, and learned what they chewed up, or stewed or applied for bugs and germs and cuts. He told me some of them, and there were indications that he was in some measure like the learned professor of tradition.

He called a "cabin boat," or "house-boat" a "boat-house" showing a bit of the foreigner's misapplication of words. This was puzzling to the unaccustomed. We came down behind Island 41, looking for what he called "a hole to hide in"—a "pocket" or "eddy" in river nomenclature. We found a toderable place alongside the "boat-house" of a negro couple. St. Charles did not notice the color, but chucked the "chilluns" under the chin and cooked "a stew" on their stove. It was a pretty strong smelling boat, but the stew was good enough to quite make the odor forgetable. After we had eaten at the table, the Señor, as usual, began to explain to the colored people certain things political, economical and liberal to the man, woman, a colored visitor and the "chilluns."

"The temperature of my country, 34 miles north of the Equator and among the Andean Mountains is equable," he said, "By the thermometer the variation is only a couple of degrees—from 60 to 62—what would you think, if I were to describe to you a country almost under the sun where we must have a fire, for the purposes of warmth, and in order that we may be comfortable, all the year around?"

"Well, I declare!" one darky said, "Well, I de-clare!"

"Our institutions are different. Our political manners are dissimilar. In my country we change our government by revolutions—here you exercise the right of franchise."

"Well, I declare!"

Later, when we bunked in on the floor of his catamaran—ought one say deck?—he remarked:

"When I'm in the parlor. I want to be right there, and when I'm somewhere else, I want to be right there, too. When I'm home, I'm pretty particular, and here"—an inimitable shrug. On another occasion, among people scarcely more literate than the darkies, he talked for a long while far away above his listeners, and later said, with a dry little smile: "They do not understand what I'm talking about. They have some native wit, but it is uncultivated."

Sometimes I had the uncomfortable suspicion that the little old man was having a little fun with me, there being a curious twinkle in his eyes, as he drew his brows down and looked me fair in the face—clear, limpid, blue (?) eyes, giving one the impression that their owner lived just a little above those with whom he met up, pleasing himself, by showing others through a sort of intuition, that there were heights to which it would be pleasing and profitable to attain. I wondered, afterwood, what the old man could have done that would have pleased those darkies more, than that discourse on topics, thousands of miles away from their comprehension?

"When I left Toronto there were some of my friends there, and one of them was a cigar store keeper," St. Charles said. "He gave me a lot of pipes, and said that there would be people I'd meet on my way who would appreciate one of those pipes more than money." He gave away a pipe now and then at cabin boats, and also knives for paring vegetables to the women folks. There was no begging on his part, and he paid his way, though coming close to his last dollar. He was under obligations to no one, and pursued his sociological studies in a way that caused him to arrive at some conclusions very uncomplimentary to some of the nation.

"You will hear it said that such and such a place is rich; that they never use anything less than five cents in their financial affairs. They are not rich. It is the poor region that has no small change. You go to a store here and ask for a pound of sugar, or two pounds of beef, and what do they say? They answer, 'Ten cents worth?' 'Twenty-five cents worth?' If you want a penny-worth of shoemakers' wax you must buy four cents worth for which you have no use."

On the Majdelava River, In the United States of Colombia, Carlos built a bridge 54 meters long to stand a strain of the weight of ten pairs of oxen—16 feet clear inside rails—of timber eight feet long, which a tribe of Indians brought on their backs from distances up to sixty miles. The wood is called "Juanprieto," or "Black John" wood—a wood like dark cherry. It sinks in water and was both sawed and hewed for the contract. The hewing was done with hand-adzes, with which the native is expert, making a surface almost like planed wood. When tested the bridge sprung 3¼ inches.

Traveling with a man who could do such things, was more than interesting—it was an education. When a little twister of a hurricane came along, it became even an experience. It is cheering to have along a man who has met emergencies, when one is up against one himself.

Carlos J. San Carlos, as I have said, was in a catamaran, or, in Mississippi parlance, "a double-hull" boat. At St. Louis there is a catamaran ferryboat, with a paddle-wheel in the center of the craft, and at the mouth of the St. Francis River a store boat of the same clumsy design, but the model of the boat used by Carlos was a long, lean one for the hulls, instead of clumsy scows, and

a turtle-back effect for the top. He explained to me how it happened he adopted that model:

"After losing everything I had by reason of canoes upsetting, sometimes with dangerous consequences, on those Amazonian streams, I concluded that this thing must be brought to a termination. So I made me a catamaran. It was in '67 I first used one. It was 32 feet long, 10½ feet wide, with a single wheel in the middle. It was all of wood—cranks, shafts, paddles, and it required all my mechanical ability to construct it. My motive power was Indians. They are more reliable than an engine would be—which must be a wood-burner on those headwaters of the Amazon in any event. It was on the Caqueta River, about the time when I became an educator. I was on a botanical expedition, and my men found my catamaran exceedingly comfortable. We slept on board; we tied to snags in the midstream, far from the mosquitoes, and no more irksome packing and unpacking of canoe life. In later years I made catamarans with two wheels, and handles which two men could grasp on a side, and so there were eight men giving their power. The advantage of the catamaran is that it needs no skill to turn the crank. Boats that I built of this size—14½ feet long and 5½ feet wide—could be intrusted to women and children, and no doubt be had but what they would stay right side up. I was caught in a storm up the river somewhere—I've forgotten just where. I was in a hole safely enough, but the wind, be jabbers, come up and the waves ate the little point away that protected me, and I had to go out in the middle of the river in all that wind and rain.

"Ah, but the waves rolled and the wind it blew! The water came over everything. My trunk was wet through, my clothes all soaked, my provisions damaged, or lost—at least everything that I had in paper. These holes in the deck here were full of water, but I have seven air-tight compartments, and these buoyed me up, and I kept turning the crank and trying to steer, and when the storm was gone I bailed it out, and again I was going on."

The old man would keep his crank going all day long from seven or eight o'clock till along toward night pulling up, saying that so far it was like the stroke of an oar. He claimed 72 years, but his monotonous grind at the wheel indicated more muscle and the needful perseverance than many younger men could show. His boat was so much heavier than mine, however, that a moderate stroke would keep me at his side; even so, it was at times just a bit irritating to be obliged to keep so everlastingly at it. When I stopped or pulled to some sandbar to look for geese tracks or hunted a flock of ducks, a long, steady pull was needed to overtake the man, who said, "My arms have become automatic—they are regular pistons and my hands hooks. I am Old Wind in the Face. Since I left Toronto I have been able to sail on but two days; all the rest of the time I have had to fight the winds."

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Bear Hunt in Norway.

BY WINTER.

SEVERAL years ago I was in charge of the regulation of a system of rivers and lakes in the central part of the Scandinavian Peninsula. The little valley in which the main part of the work was being done, and which was my headquarters for nearly three years, was surrounded on all sides by uninhabited woods, where small game was abundant, and where the big, husky moose and the peace-loving bear roamed nearly undisturbed. The nearest town lay more than one hundred miles away, and the railroad's nearest approach was sixty miles distant from the little community, whose whole population was about four hundred souls. The place was an ideal one for the hunter, and what time I could spare from my work was spent in the woods with dogs and gun. I managed to keep our larder plentifully supplied with birds, hare and moose meat; but my eager desire for an encounter with the lord of the woods—the bear—was still ungratified, when, one day in the middle of November, I got a message from my old hunting companion, John, announcing that the chance had come. John wrote that one of his woodsmen had "ringed" (located) a bear in his den, and had offered to sell the "ring" for twenty-five dollars. Further correspondence resulted in the deal being closed, and the bear belonged to John and myself—if we could shoot him. John came to see me at Christmas, and we decided to have the hunt take place late in the winter, when the snow would be better fit for fast ski running, and our business would permit of some days' absence.

Late in the afternoon of one of the early days in March, I drew rein in the yard of John's house, and was heartily welcomed by him, his wife and five small Johns. I missed my old friends—Finn, the veteran bear dog, who had no less than fifty-two bears to his credit, and his ambitious son, Bamse. In reply to my inquiries, John told me that he had sent the dogs and supplies ahead with Nils, the ringer, to an old lumber camp in the vicinity of the bear's den, and that we would take the shortest route through the woods, thus saving a day's time.

"Now, come into supper, and afterwards you silly woodrunners can talk hunting," was Mrs. John's mandate, and we had but to obey. After supper the pipes were lit, and, seated comfortably before the glowing fire, we recalled past experiences of moose and reindeer hunts, to the great delight of John's sons, who listened with an eagerness that promised a good future in their father's footsteps. As the younger boys finally dropped to sleep and the older ones' heads began to nod, John said:

"To-morrow we will have Ole drive us to the ford over Big River, where we will put on the skis; and as we have nearly forty miles to make from there to the old camp at Lynx Lake, where we will spend the night, we had better get to bed."

Next morning we were up early, and, after a solid breakfast, we started on our fifteen-mile drive. It was a clear, cold morning; the sun rose pale over the mountains, the air was quiet and nipping, and the snow responded crisply to the beat of the horses' hoofs. It was beautiful, bracing weather and typical of the country. The road was well broken, and it took our spirited team less than two hours to carry us to the ford, where we fastened on our skis and shouldered our light packs and our heavy, double-barreled express rifles. After working our way laboriously up the steep sides of Hatten, we had fine rolling country. The snow lay over five feet deep, slightly packed, and was ideal for ski-running, and mile after mile was covered at a good rate of speed. The route led through dense spruce woods, where the snow lay heavy on the boughs, across frozen lakes, and over small hills and valleys. Occasionally we passed the track of a fox, moose or wolf, and, just before noon, we secured a couple of ptarmigans from a large flock that we scared out of a small marsh. At noon we made a short halt, cooked coffee, and had a dinner of dried meat and bread, after which the march was resumed. Shortly after sunset, at Lynx Lake, we reached the deserted cabin that had so often been our headquarters on previous hunting trips. The beds were quickly fixed up with spruce twigs and blankets, and after a good supper, in which the two ptarmigans figured prominently, we took a short smoke and went to bed to a much needed rest after our day's exercise.

Next morning the travel was continued, and about two o'clock in the afternoon we reached our destination—the old lumber camp—where we were welcomed by Nils and the dogs. Nils had been at the camp for a couple of days, and had it fixed up in good shape, so there was nothing to do but get supper; after which, as we faced the blazing logs in the open fire-place, I asked Nils to give me the particulars of his ringing of the bear. Nils filled up his pipe and began:

"One day, early in October, while I was marking trees for the choppers, I ran across the track of a fair sized bear. Somehow I didn't take as much interest in marking trees after that as I had earlier in the day, and I found it hard to get very far from the bear track. I managed to put in the rest of the day, but when I got back to camp that night I hunted up Mr. John here and got permission to lay off a week and track the bear. So next morning, instead of my ax, I took my rifle and some grub and went back to the bear track. This led in a nearly straight line across the ridges and valleys, over streams and through brush, and I soon made up my mind that the bear was headed for his winter den after his summer trip. He had gone up the south side of Spruce Hill, where I found he made his bed the night before. Then he went on to Finnedalen, over Moose Creek, and into the big woods east of Long Lake. It was nearly dark when I got to Long Lake, so I fixed up a bed in the old Finne cabin and staid there all night. Next morning I followed him to High Ridge, where the country was some rougher. He had commenced to make big loops, so I knew he was getting near home, and I was extra careful not to scare him. The track finally led me to a small creek, where I thought I had lost him, but after a while I found where he had come out. Then he went up into the rocky "Owlback." I made a ring around this and thought at first that I had him, but on the other side I found his track. He went down the hill and across a little valley into a small gulch. In the gulch I saw where he had been clawing the trees and gathering moss and leaves for his bed, so I got out of there as quick as I could. Then I made a good sized ring around the spot and found that I had him. I went back to the cabin and staid all night, and in the morning I went back and ringed the place once more, and found that he had gone out and over toward the Fox Hills. I didn't know whether he had stopped on Big Fox or had crossed the valley to Little Fox, so I made a ring around both of them without finding any track out. The next day I ringed them again, and as he was still inside I went home. Five days after I went back and ringed the place once more, and there he is, either on Big or Little Fox," concluded Nils.

The next morning we were up long before the sun. The air was quiet and cold, the thermometer registering 23 degrees below zero. There was a thin crust on the snow, sufficient to carry the skis but not thick enough to hold up the dogs. We entered the woods on Big Fox Hill, I on top of the ridge, John about half-way down the slope, and Nils in the valley between the two Fox Hills. Finn hunted the open woods between us, Bamse making investigations across the little valley on Little Fox. As the snow bothered the dogs, we advanced slowly. At eleven o'clock no trace of the bear had been seen. Suddenly Bamse scented the bear, and, giving a couple of angry barks, rushed to where he was lying, snowed down in some thick brush. Finn immediately rushed across the valley, and a little later we heard the frantic barking of both dogs and the bear's angry growling. There was evidently a lively tussle going on in the thicket, but soon I saw the bear making his way up the steep hillside, hotly pursued by the eager dogs. The heavy snow impeded the dogs' movements, and they dared not approach the bear too closely. Nils, who had advanced too rapidly, now came back at top speed while John hastened down the valley to get around Little Fox and meet Mr. Bruin on the other side.

I was on top of Big Fox, and too far away to take part in the "doins," but in a favorable place to watch the hunt and take advantage of a flank movement on the part of the bear. He was now half way up the hill, where the snow was hardar, and the dogs became more and more annoying. Every time he turned his back to them they tackled his hindquarters, jumping out of his reach when he turned to catch them. He soon reached a step about eight feet high which he tried to jump, but the dogs were so attentive that he couldn't get a chance to make the leap. Several times he chased them to right and left, but when he attempted the jump at least one of them was at his heels. The younger dog, Bamse, behaved with greater bravery than discretion, and it was with considerable uneasiness that I saw him again and again almost within reach of the paws of the furious bear. At last bruin got an opportunity to make the jump, but old Finn was so close to him that he secured a hold on his left hind foot and kept it. The bear reached a small spruce on top of the ledge, and hanging there he tried to shake the dog loose. After a little he succeeded and made his way up the mountain, while the dogs had to make a detour around the step.

The bear now bore off to the south, so I turned my skis in his direction. As the woods were pretty open, I let my speed increase, and I soon fairly flew down the hillside. My attention was fixed too much on the fight between the bear and the dogs and too little on my own business, and my right ski running under a bowed spruce, I turned a complete somersault. It took me sometime to get out of the deep snow, and after getting the snow out of my neck and sleeves, I tried to locate my rifle, while the fighters rapidly made off. The language I used at this stage of the game would not look well in print. It took me nearly ten minutes to find my "iron," get the snow out of it, and resume my way. The bear and dogs were by this time nearly three-quarters of a mile ahead of me; but running fast down the slope, I gained rapidly on them, and in about twenty minutes I was only a few hundred yards behind them, occasionally getting a glimpse of the bear between the trees. I now reached level country, and hurrying along at top speed I would, in a short time, be ahead of the fight. Suddenly I saw John five or six hundred yards ahead of me standing behind a tree in the bear's course, and I stopped where I was to observe the proceedings, not caring to disturb John's chance for a shot.

The bear made a stand in the thick underbrush a couple of hundred yards ahead of me, and, the snow here being a little harder, the dogs attacked him at close quarters. The now enraged bear tried in vain to catch the dogs, but when he chased one of them the other one would secure a hold on his least dangerous end, immediately jumping out of reach as the bear tried to strike him. The snow was flying in all directions, and the fast movements of the fighters made it impossible for me to get in a shot without the risk of hitting the dogs. The bear worked his way toward John, growling, snarling, and fighting the whole way, the brush being so thick that I could no longer see him. Presently he reappeared, about sixty or seventy feet from John, but hidden from the latter by a very large fallen tree, that the bear tried in vain to get over. The scene on the hill was repeated; as soon as the bear tried to jump the tree he had both dogs at his legs. Finding this wouldn't do, he turned, and with his back to the tree he made his last fight. It was a splendid sight to see this big, strong animal cornered by two small, active dogs that eagerly attacked him, but always kept just out of reach of his powerful paws. As John was unable to see the combat, he could only await developments. Seeing this, I made my way toward the hairy fighters; when suddenly the bear, having driven the dogs a little further away, turned and jumped on top of the log. Here he stood for a second, then John's heavy rifle cracked, and bruin slowly sank back and fell between the dogs with a .550 express bullet in his head.

The hunt was over, and, proud as boys, John and I met at the body of the bear, which the dogs were pulling and shaking to their heart's content. Nils soon arrived, and, seeing the bear, he exclaimed, "This is better than last year, when we looked for three days for a bear and then spent two more to get him." We had the bear, but the next proposition was to get him out of the woods. This was done by cutting down and peeling a spruce about six inches in diameter. We cut this off about ten feet long, and splitting it made two runners, bending up one end of each, fastening back the bent ends with a stout cord; the runners with cross-pieces made of spruce limbs, we had a fairly good sled. On to this we loaded the bear, but it took our united efforts to get him over the deep snow to a lumber road, about a mile and a half away. The killing had occurred about one o'clock, and it was nearly dusk when we got our trophy to the road.

Leaving Nils to attend to the bear, John and I started next morning at five o'clock on the back trail. We reached the ford on Big River about eleven o'clock that night, having covered a little over sixty miles. Coming up with a sled going our way, we were glad enough to bundle ourselves into it, and, burrowing into the straw with which the box was filled, we slept as only a tired ski-runner can, the entire distance home. Nils arrived the second day after with the bear, and that evening we enjoyed one of his hams for supper. He weighed a little over four hundred pounds.

Philadelphia Zoological Society.

THE thirty-second annual meeting of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia was held April 28 last, at which was read the report of the Board of Directors for the year ending February 29, 1904. The total membership of the society is 1,859. The admissions for the year were 233,604, to which must be added 125,000 tickets issued to the Board of Education for the admission of pupils of the public schools. The receipts for admissions for 1903-4 were $33,918.55, an increase of $14,042 over the previous year. During the year there were exhibited in the gardens and menageries more than 3,000 animals in all classes, and among these there were 53 species that had never before been exhibited in the collections.

Among the many animals born in the garden may be named tigers, prairie wolves, gray wolves, brown bears, black bears, two hybrids between a grizzly and a black bear, Burchell's zebra, Persian wild ass, buffalo, Indian antelopes, and a number of kangaroos, with some birds and reptiles. The difficulty of rearing bears is well known, but the black bear born January 30 was still alive at the end of April.

Dr. Penrose continues his pathological investigations through the year; studies which cannot fail to be of great use.

American Museum of Natural History.

THE annual report of the president of the American Museum has just come to hand. The Museum is now the greatest in the country, and promises to continue to increase in importance and value. As it grows, however, it is hampered more and more by lack of endowment funds, though receiving many special gifts, which are used to the best advantage. The collection of mammals, birds, of vertebrate paleontology, archeology and ethnology are very large, and all the departments of the museum are in the hands of most able specialists, and in most flourishing condition.

The library is continually growing, and the list of publications of the Museum is continually increasing. The Museum is becoming more and more a place for meeting men interested in science, and scientific bodies and associations constantly use the Museum's lecture rooms and libraries for their meeting places.

On the whole, the Museum is being managed on a broad and liberal scale, which reflects credit not only on the trustees, but on the city as well.

Natural History.

The Birds of Laysan.

(Concluded.)

UNDER the title, "The Albatross at Home," we published in our Christmas Number some delightful observations made by Mr. Walter K. Fisher on the birds of the Leeward Islands of the Hawaiian group. Some further notes and photographs made by Mr. Fisher are given here.

Much less abundant than the white species on Laysan, but in many of its habits closely resembling it, is the blackfooted albatross. The puffins, or shearwaters, in burrowing in the ground, loosen the soil with bill and feet, shoving the loose sand and soil beneath their bodies, and then kicking it in little jets



GANNET AND EGGS.

far behind them. The burrows enter the ground at a slant and then become horizontal. They are usually three feet long and often more. These birds are nocturnal in habits and are especially active on moonlight nights. The Christmas Island shearwater digs a very shallow burrow or none at all, sometimes depositing its eggs on the sand under a bush.

The white-breasted petrel is a nocturnal bird nestling in long burrows, which honeycomb the sandy soil in all directions over the region which they occupy. They are about the size of the domestic pigeon, and occur in great multitudes.

Gannets of three species are found here, the blue-faced, red-footed and the common booby.

The man-o'-war bird proved scarcely less entertaining to the observers than the albatrosses. The birds are extraordinary in appearance, and their antics, especially in the case of the male, are as singular as their appearance. "During the courting period, the gular pouch of the male is enlarged, and before the brooding cares have begun he inflates it to a large size, and at the same time it becomes a bright red color. The bird looks as if there were fastened to his throat a balloon, such as children dangle on a string.

At Laysan these birds built their nests on the tops of low bushes, in colonies, sometimes of few and some-



GANNET AND YOUNG.

times of many members, laying one pure white, glossless egg. The parents take turns in covering the egg, which must always be protected, since, if a nest is left without an occupant, other birds take its material to repair their nests. After the egg has hatched this watchfulness must still be continued, for fear that the young birds should be eaten by some other frigate bird. On Necker Island a few nests of frigate birds were found on the rocks.

The powers of flight of this species have often been described, and Mr. Fisher thinks that there is justification for all the eloquence that can be devoted to such description. He says: "To maintain any continuous sailing, the albatrosses need a fresh breeze, and they always move with considerable rapidity. Not so with the frigate bird, however; on comparatively calm days they are able to rest on motionless wing, or slowly to describe circles high in air. Some wind or motion of air is, of course, always necessary, but they seem to be able to do with a minimum amount. They frequently rise so high that one can scarcely detect them against the shimmering blue of the tropical sky. Suddenly some individual aloft takes a notion to descend, and promptly does so by a series of long leaps or swoops that make one fairly dizzy. It is a pleasant occupation to watch them soaring about the mastheads when the peculiarly short 'arm' and 'forearm' and the disproportionately long quills are seen to advantage; and their deeply forked tails, likewise, which help to keep them balanced and which open and shut occasionally like a pair of shears. Their feet are small and their legs weak, so that, although still totipalmate, they never alight on the water, but pick up floating bits of food as they swoop down on the broad parabolic curve. They can judge distance so accurately that no disturbance is created when the object is seized.

"On Laysan this good judgment was made use of when the birds drank from a small pond. They flew back and forth about twenty feet above the water, then suddenly darted downward a long curve, and, when directly over the surface, like a flash bent the head down, dropped the lower mandible and scooped up a little water."

Curiously enough this little island of Laysan, which is scarcely three miles long, harbors a peculiar species of duck. Of these birds there are not more perhaps than a hundred specimens on the island. They lived about the little fresh water ponds already spoken of, were tame, spent most of their time walking about —for they seldom flew and never flew far—one of them used to come up to the house after nightfall and walk about like a barnyard duck.

Another curious bird is the Laysan rail, which is extremely abundant, and which has lost the power of flight. "The Laysan rail is a wide-awake, inquisitive little creature, with an insatiable thirst for firsthand knowledge. It is one of the most knowing, unsophisticated and wholly unsuspicious birds in the whole avian catalogue. At times it is confiding and familiar in deportment, yet at others holds aloof with some show of reserve. It will occasionally hide behind a bunch of grass as if afraid, and then suddenly come forth with entire change of demeanor, and examine the intruder with a critical eye. One can never tell how he will be received by the next rail. Often they scurry away as if pursued by a *bête noir*, but an insect will stop them in their mad career, and having partaken of the interruption, they seem to forget their former fright and



MAN-O'-WAR BIRD SHOWING DISTENDED POUCH.

walk about stretching their necks in a highly inquisitive manner. It is evident that they are incapable of pursuing the same thought for more than an instant. Their ideas seem to flash by in kaleidoscopic succession, and within a minute they make as many false starts as a healthy monkey. One can scarcely imagine more amusing and foolish little birds than these."

There were four migrants, a tattler, a curlew, a plover and a turnstone, seen on the island. And besides this, three other land birds, a honeyeater, a finch and a warbler.

Wild Animals in Semi-Domestication.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Riverview Park, Allegheny City, Pa., is a magnificent stretch of wild woodland, with deep, rocky, well timbered ravines in their primitive state of nature, magnificent hills overlooking the Ohio River Valley—the "Belle Rivière" of the early French explorers—for miles, on the highest of which the imposing new Allegheny city astronomical observatory is nearly completed.

At the head of Killbuck Hollow, in a large inclosure having preserved nearly all the natural surroundings of the virgin forest, are a cow elk and her half-grown fawn. They have preserved their natural habit of resting in the shade during the heat of the day, feeding toward evening. The cow elk with the bull have been in the park for several years, and pay little attention to the many people who pass them continually. The cow especially has lost completely the habit the species has in the wild state of lifting the head every few moments while feeding, turning the ears in every direction and sniffing the breeze for scent of danger. The fawn, on the other hand, has all the characteristics of the wild deer family; always on the watch, lifting its head and turning the ears in every direction every few moments while feeding, and at the least noise turning the ears forward in the direction of the sound, assuming a magnificent attitude of alertness and readiness for action. It makes also that peculiar motion of pointing the nose upward and turning the head rapidly, which I have observed among wild elk.

I have spent many delightful hours in the cool of the evening watching the beautiful creatures from the lee side from a secluded position. Wonder if the little fellow will gradually lose its instinctive watchfulness when it finds out there is no danger? If it does, it will not be half as pretty and interesting as now.

JULIAN THE FOX HUNTER.

Snake Venom on Snakes.

TOPEKA, Kansas.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is there a belief among zoologists that poisonous snakes are immune to their own venom? If there is such a belief, it is an erroneous one; and while I do not want to set up my opinion as an authority, I will state that I have never yet found a rattlesnake, cotton-mouth or water-moccasin, that did not commit suicide, if caught and teased for awhile, and then given an opportunity to sink its fangs into its own body.

From January to July, 1897, four of us were living in a cabin in the mountain region of Southwestern Arkansas, while prospecting for minerals, and as one of the four stoutly maintained that all poisonous reptiles were immune to their own poison, to settle the question, we began our experiments by making a snake trap of a slim, dry pine pole, about twelve feet long,



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with the top end notched and a strong cord passing over the notched end up through staples on the pole to the hands at the butt end of the pole. By drawing the string down to the small end we could have as long a loop as desired, and this we would drop over a snake's head and then by a quick pull upon the string we would have our victim fast at the end of the pole.

With this trap we captured many copperheads, cotton-mouths, dark timber and diamond-back rattlesnakes —as they are called, on account of coloration by the native Arkansan—and the water-moccasins, and by tests we found that the water-moccasins could and would strike more times, and discharge more venom at a time, than any one of the others of the same size would. We also found that after we had held any one of these snakes by the neck by the string for half an hour or so, if we dropped the snake end of the pole on the ground and loosened the string, so as to allow the snake to draw about one-half its body through the loop, and then draw the string tight enough to hold the body of the snake tight against the end of the pole, it would, after squirming a few times, always strike its fangs into its own body, one or more



PAIR OF GANNETS.

times, and within five minutes by the watch, never longer, the snake would stretch out limp and dead.

We also learned that if we could catch a rattlesnake out in the woods and whip him with a long switch, keeping out of his reach, that after four to six strikes and jumps, he would sink his fangs into his own body and die within five minutes.

A singular result we also noted, that within two days the ants would reduce this self-poisoned snake to a finely polished skeleton; but we never could find any dead ants on the surface of the ground. Whether the effects of confinement would destroy the deadliness of their venom, I know not. I only write of the results of the tests we made. W. H. R.

[The observations of our correspondent are quite opposed to those of scientific observers generally, and we are bound to conclude that the snakes which he believed to have committed "suicide," died from some cause other than their venom. This question has been frequently investigated by scientific men, and in Dr. Stejneger's important paper on the "Poisonous Snakes of North America," published in the Annual Report of the U. S. National Museum for 1893, pp. 345 to 484, the matter is referred to in the following words:

"It has been long known, though occasionally doubted or contradicted, that poisonous snakes are proof against their own venom. Big doses of snake venom have repeatedly been inoculated into the bodies of the producers themselves absolutely without effect. The current stories of 'suicides' of rattlesnakes are easily explained, and in none of the many cases reported is there any conclusive proof that death resulted from a self-inflicted wound. It is also well known that a number of the so-called harmless snakes remain unaffected whether bitten by a venomous snake or inoculated in the laboratory with enormous doses."

We have made recent inquiry of Mr. Raymond L. Ditmars, Curator of Reptiles in the New York Zoological Society's Park, to learn the last work on the subject. Mr. Ditmars very kindly writes:

"A rattlesnake, moccasin or copperhead may bite one or the other named, and, though considerable venom be injected by the fangs, no damage is done, except the wounds inflicted. Any of the poisonous snakes may bite themselves without producing anything but a simple wound. Several species of harmless snakes, which are cannibalistic in habit, are immune to snake poison, and are frequently bitten while subduing venomous prey. The majority of harmless snakes, however, die quickly if injected with snake poison.]

Some Southern California Mammals.

In No. 16 of Vol. III. of the Zoological Series of the publication of the Field Columbian Museum, Dr. D. G. Elliot gives a catalogue of mammals collected by Mr. E. Heller in Southern California. The counties traversed by Mr. Heller are chiefly Kern, Inyo, San Bernardino and Riverside, with excursions over into Tulare and Los Angeles counties. The range of country covered is thus wide, including the Colorado and Mojave deserts, Death Valley, and the neighboring lofty mountain ranges. The large collections made contain a number of new forms. An interesting observation made as to the antelope (*Antilocapra americana*) found in Antelope Valley, near the eastern base of the Tehachapi Mountains appears to show a difference in the time of the rut and of the shedding of the horn sheath between southern antelope and those found further to the north.

In Nebraska, Wyoming, the Dakotas and probably Montana, it is fairly well established that the rutting season begins toward the end of September; the bucks beginning to chase the does from Sept. 10 to 20. In these northern localities the horns are shed in November and December, commonly not earlier, we think, and the young are born about June 1.

Mr. Heller's notes show a different state of things in Southern California: "The rutting season is evidently in midsummer, as the horns are shed in the early part of October or late in September. A male shot in the middle of October had small, soft horns, and a female taken the same date had shed one horn but still retained the other. This specimen contained two embryos about two months old."

Mr. Heller took his two specimens—a male and female—from a herd of thirty antelope, which live on the western border of the Mojave Desert. Protected by law, they have become quite tame and would increase rapidly were it not for the destruction of the young by coyotes, which constantly harass the band. While this herd was being stalked several coyotes were observed following it, and old bucks were seen pursuing a coyote and striking at it with the forefeet. The settlement of the country has obliged this little herd to live in the open desert, usually in a compact bunch, and here they are much exposed to the attacks of the small wolves. A bunch of seven antelope is said to live at the head of the San Joaquin Valley, and one or two very small herds occupy the plains near Buena Vista Lake and the Carisco plains.

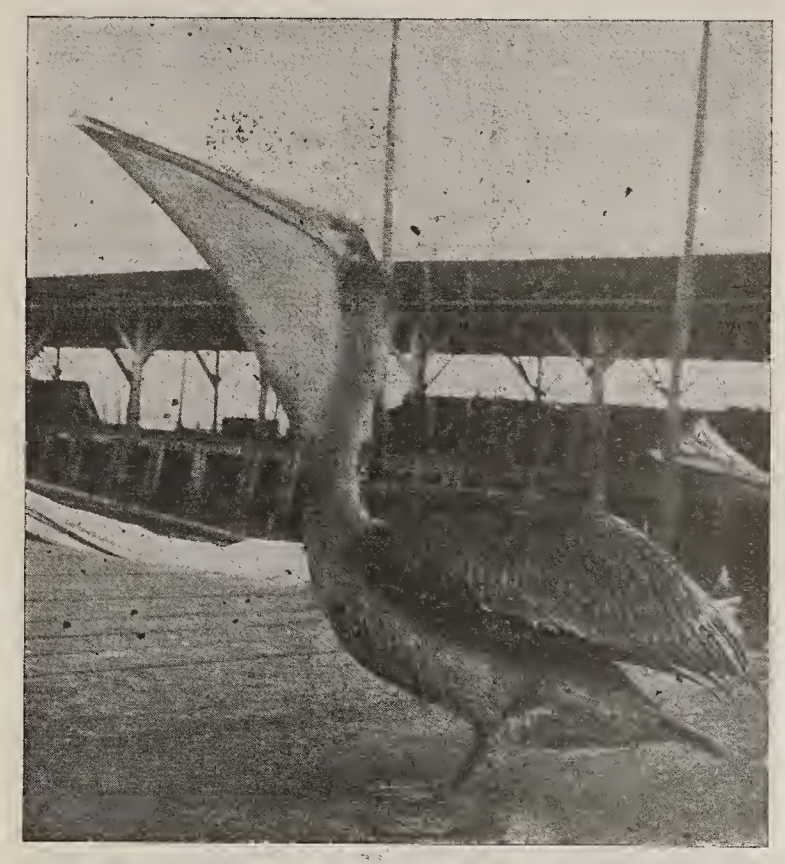
A Florida Pelican.

THE photograph of Little Billee, the government pelican at Key West, was taken by me on the Fish Market wharf, Key West, January, 1904.

It was a snap-shot, the camera being held not two feet away and the bulb pressed just as Billee was in the act of swallowing a snapper thrown him by one of the market men.

Little Billee has quite a history. He was rifled from the parent nest on Woman Key (about seven miles south of Key West) on September 11, 1903, by Engineer James Haskins of the marine service.

"There were four of them," said Engineer Haskins, in telling the story, "and the ugliest little creatures you ever saw, with nothing on but a few pin feathers just pricking through the skin. The nest was little more than a big bundle of sticks in a fork of a mangrove three or four feet above the ground. I took three and started in to bring them up by hand. Two the boys stoned to death, but Billee I brought through all right.



LITTLE BILLEE.
Photo copyright, 1904, by Charles B. Todd.

"He's a fisherman, sure enough, but it isn't necessary for him to work, because the marketmen around at the fish market throw him a snapper every morning and afternoon besides what he gets at home. Billee calls around them for his rations pretty regularly, I guess.

"He's a spoiled bird, all right. He had a battle royal with a couple of Cubans yesterday. They were fishing and had thrown a snapper on to the wharf, which Billee seized and had in his pouch in no time. They rushed on him, but the bird stood them off with his sharp beak and outspread wings. But the fish was still attached to the hook, and they tautened the line and yanked Billee on board, when he disgorged the fish."

Billee is the mascot of the Jackies of the United States Naval Station at Key West.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

City Bred Sparrows.

MANY changes of habits, and some of plumage, have been noticed and commented upon in FOREST AND STREAM in respect to forest birds raised in cities. These have been especially remarked of the sapsuckers bred in the suburbs of St. Louis, many of which build in old shade trees near the houses, and do visible damage by pecking at roofs and telegraph poles. They seem to have abandoned their primitive forest habits as entirely as caged canaries born in captivity forget the woodland environment of the Hartz Mountains.

A notable instance of domiciliation is shown in the imported English sparrows which have become so intrusive and bold in their usurpation of our household belongings as to be a decided nuisance, and very dirty withal. Since their introduction here some forty years ago, their plumage has unquestionably brightened and assumed richer and various hues, especially in the males. Females we know are doomed to wear some positively dingy colors always, whether wild or house-bred. Even these occasionally show a variation from the uniform brown color. But no change whatever has come under the notice of observers to compare with the motley worn by the sparrows of London, as stated in a recent letter of a correspondent of the Boston Globe, who declares that one "will scarcely ever see two birds alike. Some are of a smoky blackness, others a severe gray, others bright with orange brown feathers, others of a delicate green, others have the wing bars so pronounced as to make you think you see a chaffinch, others are streaked like mallards, and others are spotted like thrushes. Quite 1 per cent. of the central London sparrows are blessed with white feathers on parts of the body where they are not expected to appear on sparrows."

We notice here occasional white markings in our sparrows, with combinations of black and rufous with brown and gray and rich mahogany. Some of the males have become really pretty.

But there is something more interesting than coloration involved in these operations of nature, which touch the matters of evolution and reversion, seeming to corroborate the theory that civilization and culture, as a rule, produce varieties of color in birds, animals, and plants; while degeneration through neglect harks back to the dull grays and browns of feral types. At any rate, we see proofs and demonstrations in our graded cattle as contrasted with range cattle; in our thoroughbred horses as compared with the marsh tackies of the coast and prairie mustangs; in our barnyard fowls and barnyard swine as contrasted with the Mexican javalinas and pine root hogs and razor-backs of our Southern States. The testimony of the Sable Island rabbits, off the coast of Nova Scotia, and the "banker" ponies there and elsewhere along the Atlantic Coast, which are known to be degenerates since three hundred years ago, is most interesting to science. As to plants, we know what skillful gardeners and florists can do in multiplying their hues. In chrysanthemums alone there are one hundred and fifty named varieties. It is to be hoped that the changing sparrows will wear their new liveries as modestly as do the lilies of the field their own. CHARLES HALLOCK.

Mountain climbing is taught systematically at Moedling, near Vienna, where the low but abrupt mountains present many of the most difficult Alpine problems.

Horses, Guns and Dogs. By J. Otho Paget, Geo. A. B. Duwar, A. B. Portmand and A. Innes Shand. Illustrated. 254 pages. Longmans, Green & Co.

This is a book for boys, full of instruction and intended to help the youthful sportsman to take his pleasure afield in a sportsmanlike way. It treats of the care of the horse, riding lessons, choice and handling, and gives various hints in riding and driving. It instructs as to how to shoot and handle a gun, and tells of rabbit, partridge and pigeon shooting, and finally of advanced shooting. Dogs are treated by Mr. Shand. There are four full-page plates in colors. Price, $2.00.



GAME BAG AND GUN

Colorado Deer Hide Decision.

Appeal from the District Court of Mesa County.

No. 2921.

E. W. Hornbeke, Appellant, vs. C. M. White, Appellee.
Mr. S. G. McMullin, District Attorney, and Mr. D. C. Beaman for Appellant.
Mr. S. N. Wheeler, and Mr. A. J. Hunt, for Appellee.
Maxwell, J.

This was an action of replevin involving 300 deer hides.

The amended complaint upon which this case was tried averred that, prior to January 28, 1901, plaintiff was the owner and entitled to the possession of, and is now the owner and entitled to the immediate possession of 300 deer hides of the value of $300; that about December 10, 1901, the defendant, representing himself to be a deputy game warden, wrongfully, unlawfully and forcibly, took said deer hides from plaintiff's possession; that on said date "the defendant as such deputy game warden, in consideration of the sum of $30 to him in hand paid by this plaintiff, re-transferred and delivered the said deer hides to this plaintiff, stating to said plaintiff at such time that as such deputy State game warden he had the right to transfer the same to this plaintiff and receive the consideration therefor;" that thereafter, and before the commencement of this suit, the defendant again took possession of said hides, and, upon demand, refused to deliver the same to plaintiff, to his damage in the sum of $300.

An answer and replication presented the issues, upon which the case was tried.

A determination of the questions involved in this case involves a consideration of several sections of Chapter 98 of the Session Laws of 1899, entitled, "An act to protect game and fish," Session Laws of 1899, page 184, as follows:

Sec. 16, Div. A, page 188. "All game and fish now or hereafter within this State not held by private ownership, legally acquired, and which for the purposes of this act shall include all the quadrupeds, birds and fish mentioned in this act, are hereby declared to be the property of the State, and no right, title, interest or property therein can be acquired or transferred or possession thereof had or maintained except as herein expressly provided."

Sec. 18, Div. A, page 189. "As used in this act, unless otherwise specifically restricted or enlarged, the words herein and hereof refer to the whole act; * * * and whenever the possession, use, importation, transportation, storage, taxidermy, sale, offering or exposing for sale of game or fish is prohibited or restricted, the prohibition and restriction shall, where not specifically otherwise provided, extend to and include every part of such game or fish, and a violation as to each individual animal or part thereof shall be a separate offense."

Sec. 19, Div. A, page 189. "The possession at any time of game or fish unaccompanied by a proper and valid license, certificate, permit or invoice, as herein provided, shall be prima facie evidence that such game or fish was unlawfully taken, and is unlawfully held in possession."

Sec. 1, Div. B, page 191. "No person shall at any time of the year, or in any manner, pusue, take, wound or kill any bison, buffalo, elk, deer, antelope * * * or have the same in possession, except as permitted by this act."

Sub. Div. 1, Sec. 7, Div. B. "The open season for deer having horns and antelope having horns, shall begin August 15 and end November 5 next ensuing."

Sub. Div. 7, Div. B., Sec. 7, page 192. "The right given by

this section to take or kill game and fish is limited to food purposes * * * and no person shall take, kill or have in possession in any one season more than one elk, and one deer, and one antelope; or instead of one deer and one antelope, he may have either two deer or two antelope."

Sub. Div. 8, Sec. 7, Div. B, page 193. "No game or fish shall be held in possession by any person for more than five days after the close of the season for killing the same, except as in this act otherwise provided."

Sec. 11, Div. D, page 207. "When any person lawfully in possession of game or fish shall desire to transport the same within this State, the transportation of which is not herein otherwise provided for, or out of this State, the Commissioner may, upon being satisfied that the possession and transportation is not in violation of the spirit of this act, grant a permit therefor and thereafter during the period of ten days after its date, such transportation shall be lawful between the points therein named. Such permit shall be substantially in the following form:

"Form 11.
"State of Colorado.
"Department of Game and Fish.
"Transportation Permit.

"No..... DENVER, ..., 189

"This certifies that Mr. ..... is entitled to transport from ....., Colorado, to ....., the following game and fish, to wit.....This authorizes possession and transportation between the points named herein only, but not sale or storage. Void after ten days from date.

"....."
"Commissioner."

Sec. 13, Div. D, page 209. "Game or fish may be transported out of this State only when accompanied by a permit from the Commissioner authorizing the same, as provided in Section 11 of this division."

Sec. 11, Div. A, page 187. "The Commissioner and every warden throughout the State, and every sheriff and constable in his respective county, is authorized and required to enforce this act and seize any game or fish taken or held in violation of this act."

Sec. 9, Div. D, page 206. "All game and fish seized under this act shall, without unnecessary delay, be sold by the officer seizing the same, or by the Commissioner, except when a sale is impracticable or is likely to incur expenses exceeding the proceeds, in which case the same shall be donated to any needy person not concerned in the unlawful killing or possession thereof. Possession by virtue of such sale or donation shall not be unlawful. The proceeds thereof, after deducting the costs of seizure and sale, shall, if made by the Commissioner or any warden, be paid into the State Treasury, but if made by a sheriff or constable, shall be paid, one-half to the Commissioner and one-half into the treasury of the county where the seizure was made."

Sec. 10, Div. D, page 207. "In case of such seizure and disposition the officer making the same shall sign and give to each purchaser or donee an invoice stating the time and place of disposition, the kind, quantity and weight, as near as may be, of the game or fish disposed of, and the name of the purchaser or donee. Such invoice shall authorize possession, transportation within this State, storage and sale for thirty days after date, and shall be substantially in the following form:

"Form 10.
"State of Colorado.
"Department of Game and Fish.
"Officer's Invoice.
"....., 189

"Disposed of by me this day to....., the following game and fish, to wit: Kind.....; number .....; weight ....., the same having been seized and disposed of by me under the provisions of the game law. This authorizes possession, storage, transportation within this State, and sale. Void after thirty days from date.

"....."
"(Title of Officer.)"

Sec. 16, page 209. "Any person having the lawful possession of game or fish killed within this State, may, upon proof of such fact, have issued to him by the Commissioner, a storage permit which shall authorize storage, possession and use of the same not longer than ninety days next ensuing the open season therefor. Such permit shall be substantially in the following form:

"Form 12.
"State of Colorado.
"Department of Game and Fish.
"Storage Permit.

"No..... DENVER, ...189

"Mr. ....., residing at....., being in the lawful possession of....., killed within this State, is entitled to have the same kept in storage until.....next. This authorizes storage, possession and personal use until the date last mentioned above, but not transportation or sale.

"....."
"Commissioner."

It appears by the admissions of the answer and the evidence, that the first seizure of the hides made by defendant as deputy sheriff, was December 10, 1900; the second seizure, and the one complained of in the complaint, was made by defendant as deputy game warden January 28, 1901.

The case was tried by a jury, resulting in a verdict and judgment against defendant for $350, from which this appeal.

In their final analysis, the errors relied upon for a reversal of the judgment rendered by the court below, present but one question, viz., Was the plaintiff the owner and entitled to possession of the 300 deer hides sued for?

This is the first case under the game and fish laws of this State which has found its way into an Appellate Court, probably due to the fact that most cases of this character are of a criminal nature, and, owing to peculiar local conditions, convictions have been almost, if not quite, impossible, thus leaving the State without remedy to enforce these most salutary laws.

In view of the foregoing statement, and the importance of the subject, the presentation of some of the general principles upon which such laws are based may not be considered untimely.

The leading case on this subject is Geer vs. Connecticut, 161, U. S. 519, in which Mr. Justice White delivered the opinion of the court. Geer was convicted under a statute of Connecticut which made it unlawful to have in possession certain game birds with the intention of transporting them beyond the limits of the State. The main question presented was whether the statute applied to birds which had been killed in the open season. The case found its way to the United States Supreme Court, upon the point that it was in violation of the interstate commerce clause of the Federal Constitution. Mr. Justice White, in the course of his opinion, reviews the origin, growth and development of game laws. He says, *inter alia:*

"From the earliest tradition, the right to reduce animals *feræ naturæ* to possession has been subject to the control of the law-giving power."

He then traces the growth and development of such laws from the earliest times down to the common law of England, and says:

"The common law of England also based property in game upon the principle of common ownership, and therefore treated it as subject to governmental authority.

"Blackstone, while pointing out the distinction between things private and those which are common, rests the right of an individual to reduce a part of this common property to possession, and thus acquire a qualified ownership in it, on no other or different principle from that upon which the civilians based such right. 2 Bl, Comm. 1, 12. * * *

"The practice of the Government of England from the earliest time to the present has put into execution the authority to control and regulate the taking of game. Undoubtedly this attribute of government to control the taking of animals *feræ naturæ*, which was thus recognized and enforced by the common law of England, was vested in the colonial governments, where not denied by their charters, or in conflict with grants of the royal prerogative. It is also certain that the power which the colonies thus possessed passed to the States with the separation from the mother country, and remains in them at the present day, in so far as its exercise may be not incompatible with, or restrained by, the rights conveyed to the Federal Government by the Constitution. Kent, in his 'Commentaries,' states the ownership of animals *feræ naturæ* to be only that of a qualified property (2 Kent Comm., 347.) In most of the States, laws have been passed for the protection and preservation of game. We have been referred to no case where the power to so legislate has been questioned, although the books contain cases involving controversies as to the meaning of some of the statutes. [Citing a large number of authorities.]

"While the fundamental principles upon which the common property in game rest have undergone no change, the development of free institutions has led to the recognition of the facts that the power or control lodged in the State, resulting from this common ownership, is to be exercised, like all other powers of government, as a trust for the benefit of the people, and not as a prerogative for the advantage of the Government as distinct from the people, or for the benefit of private individuals as distinguished from the public good. * * *

"The foregoing analysis of the principles upon which alone rests the right of an individual to acquire a qualified ownership in game, and the power of the State, deduced therefrom, to control such ownership for the common benefit, clearly demonstrates the validity of the statute of the State of Connecticut here in controversy."

The constitutional question involved in the case was then disposed of by declaring that the statute under consideration did not violate the Federal Constitution.

Referring to some cases in Kansas and Idaho holding otherwise on the question of export, Justice White says:

"The reasoning which controlled the decision of these cases is, we think, inconclusive, from the fact that it did not consider the fundamental distinction between the qualified ownership in game and the perfect nature of ownership in other property, and thus overlooked the authority of the State over property in game killed within its confines, and the consequent power of the State to follow such property into whatever hands it might pass with the conditions and restrictions deemed necessary for the public interest."

Thus, it will be seen, the highest judicial authority in the land has laid down the principle that the State, in its sovereign capacity, has power to limit and qualify the ownership which a person may acquire in game with such conditions and restrictions as it may deem necessary for the public interest, and that there is a fundamental distinction between the ownership which one may acquire in game and the perfect nature of ownership in other property.

There is another view of the power of the State to enact such legislation as that under consideration, which is equally conclusive. The right to preserve game flows also from the undoubted existence in the State of a police power to that end.

In State vs. Rodman, 58 Minn., 393, 400, the Supreme Court of Minnesota said:

"The preservation of such animals as are adapted to consumption as food, or to any other useful purpose, is a matter of public interest; and it is within the police power of the State, as the representative of the people in their united sovereignty, to make such laws as will best preserve such game, and secure its beneficial use in the future to the citizens, and to that end it may adopt any reasonable regulations, not only as to time and manner in which such game may be taken and killed, but also imposing limitations upon the right of property in such game after it has been reduced to possession, which limitations deprive no person of his property, because he who takes or kills game had no previous right to property in it, and when he acquires such right by reducing it to possession, he does so subject to such conditions and limitations as the Legislature has seen fit to impose."

In Magner vs. People, 97 Ill., 320, the Supreme Court of Illinois said:

"So far as we are aware, it has never been judicially denied that the Government, under its police powers, may make regulations for the preservation of game and fish, restricting their taking and molestation to certain seasons of the year, although laws to this effect, it is believed, have been in force in many of the older States since the organization of the Federal Government. * * * The ownership being in the people of the State—the repository of the sovereign authority—and no individual having any property rights to be affected, it necessarily results that the Legislature, as the representative of the people of the State, may withhold or grant to individuals the right to hunt and kill game, or qualify or restrict, as in the opinions of its members will best subserve the public welfare."

So also Geer vs. Conn., *supra.*

In ex parte Maier, 103 Cal., 476, after recognizing the doctrine that it is within the police power of the State to enact such legislation as may be deemed necessary to protect the game, it is said, page 483:

"The wild game within a State belongs to the people in their collective sovereign capacity; it is not the subject of private ownership, except in so far as the people may elect to make it so; and they may, if they see fit, absolutely prohibit the taking of it, or any traffic or commerce in it, if deemed necessary for its protection or preservation or the public good."

In State vs. Snowman, 94 Me., 99, 111, the Supreme Court says:

"The fish in the waters of the State and the game in its forests belong to the people of the State in their sovereign capacity, who, through their representatives—the Legislature—have sole control thereof, and may permit or prohibit their taking." [Citing a number of cases.]

In Stevens vs. State, 89 Md., 669, 674, it is said:

"That the total prohibition of having game, from whatever source derived, in possession during the closed season is a reasonable, if not necessary, means of protecting the domestic game of the State making the prohibition, has been held in a number of the cases." [Citing them.]

In addition to the power of the State to enact such legislation, based upon its right to its sovereign capacity, and as an exercise of its police power, the Legislature of this State has vested the ownership of game in the State as a proprietor.

The statutes of Colorado and other States vesting the ownership of game in the State as a "proprietor," take away from the people the right to capture and kill the game, unless *prohibited,* leaving under these statutes no right, except as *permitted.* Otherwise expressed, in the absence of statute vesting the ownership in the State, the game was like the water of the streams, open to the first appropriator, except as *prohibited* by law, while under statutes vesting the ownership in the State the game is like the land and timber of the State, it can be appropriated to use or held in possession only as *permitted* by law.

It therefore follows that under the facts of this case plaintiff's right to the possession of the deer hides could not be established by showing that possession thereof was not *prohibited* by law, but it was incumbent upon him to point out some provisions of law which permitted him to have possession, and that a failure upon his part to allege and prove facts which would entitle him to possession under the law would defeat his recovery.

Viewed in the light most favorable to the plaintiff, the evidence in this case shows that December 10, 1900, plaintiff was in the unlawful possession of 300 deer hides, which were taken from his possession by an officer authorized so to do. On the same date, by some sort of a deal with the officer, the merits of which it is unnecessary to discuss, the hides were re-delivered to plaintiff. There is no pretense that the re-delivery was made pursuant to the terms of the law, relating to the sale of game seized by an officer (Secs. 10 and 11, Div. D, *supra*), as no "officer's invoice" was demanded by plaintiff or issued to him. January 28, 1901, plaintiff was again found in the unlawful possession of 300 hides, which he claims were the same hides; whether they were or not is immaterial, and it is also immaterial whether or not the officer acted within his authority in redelivering the hides to plaintiff December 10, 1900, as even if he did and the "officer's invoice" had been issued to plaintiff, by the terms thereof it expired thirty days after December 10, 1900, or January 9, 1901, so that in any event under the law his possession January 28 was unlawful, for the reason that the "officer's invoice" provided for by Sec. 10, Div. D, above quoted, is essential to the lawful possession of game or any part thereof, acquired by purchase from the officer, and possession of the game or any part thereof became unlawful thirty days after the date of such invoice.

The testimony did not establish plaintiff's ownership or right of possession; the motion for judgment and the request for an instruction to that effect should have been granted.

Every one is presumed to know the law, and persons who acquire such property take it subject to the provisions of the law. They can acquire no title or right to possession of it, unless the same is permitted by the terms of the law, and such title and right of possession is subject to termination under the provisions of the law.

It is said, there being no statute *prohibiting* possession of hides lawfully taken, because Secs. 5 and 6 of the Act of 1891, which provide for the "tagging" of hides, and the possession and shipment of the same when "tagged," had been repealed by the Act of 1899, therefore the State had abandoned its right to the hides.

With this conclusion we do not agree.

By express statutory enactment the provisions of the law with reference to possession, transportation, sale, etc., are made to "extend to and include every part of such game," Sec. 18, Div. A, *supra.*

Appellee has not cited a single authority involving a discussion of the principles which control this case.

A number of authorities, in addition to those above quoted might be cited in support of the principles herein announced, but we forbear, as this opinion is already too extended.

The explicit language of the Act of 1899, and an examination of the various changes which the laws relating to the protection of game and fish have undergone at the hands of the Legislature, from the earliest territorial days, is convincing of the intention upon the part of the Legislature to do just what this act does by its terms, to wit, *entirely prohibit traffic in the game of this State, or any part thereof, no matter when killed,* unless expressly permitted by law, and it need hardly be suggested that such a provision, if enforced, will tend greatly to the attainment of the object sought.

The facility and ease with which laws for the protection,

of game have been evaded in the past is matter of common knowledge. As counsel for appellant well state in their brief:

"With the possible exception of the mountain lion, the coyote and the wolf, the most persistent and heartless enemies of the game, and at the same time the most difficult to detect and punish, are the meat and hide hunters and buyers. If, with the law declaring the limit in possession for one person to be two horned deer (or any part thereof) and that in the *open season* only, a man can successfully get away with 300 hides of all sexes and ages in the *close season,* then game laws are ineffectual, and the game department had as well be abolished."

These and like considerations, no doubt, actuated the Legislature in the premises, and induced the enactment of the statute in its present form to meet just such cases as this record presents.

We know of no reason why the statute should not be held to mean what it says; the language is clear and free of ambiguity; in such case there is no room for construction, and we are not at liberty to place a limitation upon the meaning or intent of the Legislature, which its language will not clearly support.

In the view which we take of the law, it will be impossible for appellee to establish his right to the posession of the property in controversy herein.

The judgment will be reversed and the cause remanded, with instructions to the court below to dismiss the action.

Reversed.

MAY 10, 1904.

Wolves and Forest Reserves.

KENDALL, Wyoming, May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read an article in a recent issue of your valuable paper written by William Wells, of Wells, Wyoming, entitled, "Wolves and Forest Reserves." This article is so misleading, and contains so many erroneous statements, that I think it merits a reply. I am now, and for over one year have been, a forest officer in charge of the Wind River Division of the Yellowstone Forest Reserve, and know that Mr. Wells has made misleading representations in regard to the management of this reserve. Such statements as he has made reflect on me as well as on my superior officers in the management of the affairs of the reserve.

Mr. Wells makes the statement that wherever one goes on the reserve are found abandoned ranches, tumbled down fences, filled-up irrigation ditches, and deserted houses on which appear the notice, "This building has been taken possession of by, and is the property of, the United States. All persons are hereby warned against trespassing thereon." This statement is not true, for the reason that there has not been a single instance where a cultivated and improved ranch on the forest reserve has been abandoned in consequence of the establishment of the reserve. In only two instances on this division of which I have charge, and which embraces over seventy-five townships of the Yellowstone Forest Reserve, have people been ordered to leave the reserve. One of the two is that of a saloon conducted for the sale of liquor and as a rendezvous for immoral characters. The other is that of a hunter, occupying a cabin in the vicinity of Kendall, Wyoming, and on the main traveled road. The occupant was ordered to leave the reserve because it was known that liquor was stored there, and was being peddled and sold to the employes of the Green River Lumber and Tie Company in the vicinity. In neither case did the occupants have any filing on the ground occupied, nor any improvements except the cabins in which their business was conducted; and they were ordered to discontinue their business and vacate the premises for the good of the community, and in compliance with the wishes of the best people owning homes and wishing to live in a respectable settlement and away from evil influences. These statements can be verified by the records of the supervisor's office at any time.

Mr. Wells challenges the superintendent of the reserve to publish the amount of stock actually allowed to graze on the reserve, as against those kept off, and on behalf of the management of the reserve, I accept the challenge, and publish the figures, which will show that Mr. Wells does not know what he is talking about. For the grazing season of 1903 the limit number of horses and cattle allowed to graze on the Teton and Wind River divisions of the Yellowstone Forest Reserve was placed at 45,000 head, and not a single stock owner in the State barred. The limit number was reached, and the full quota of 45,000 head of horses and cattle grazed under permits on these two divisions. When the limit number had been reached and cared for by permits, it was found that there were still in the office of the supervisors applications for 2,617 head of cattle and horses to graze on the reserve that could not be granted permits, the limit number having been reached; nevertheless not a single one of this 2,617 head of stock was kept from grazing on the reserve, for the reason that this small number of stock was found to belong to residents of the State, and adjacent to the reserve; and, considering the owners of this stock entitled to the privilege to graze their stock on their accustomed range, the forest rangers were directed to allow them to do so. Therefore, I say, and can prove by the records, that not a single head of stock was deprived of the privilege of grazing on the reserve, where the owners made application for them to do so.

After a careful examination of the ranges at the close of the grazing season of 1903, the supervisor's reports showed that more horses and cattle could be grazed on the Wind River and Teton divisions without detriment to the reserve, and therefore a limit number of 30,000 head of cattle and horses was asked for by the supervisor of each division in order to allow them to care for all the stock upon and adjacent to the reserve for the season of 1904. The superintendent, Hon. A. A. Anderson, having made a personal tour of the reserve, and formed the acquaintance of the majority of the residents of the reserve, and a great many people living near the reserve, and being desirous of administering the affairs of the reserve in the interest of the people and for the people, granted the request, and this season we are allowed to graze 30,000 head of cattle and horses on the Wind River Division, and an equal amount on the Teton Division. Does this look as if A. A. Anderson were not competent, or did not wish to improve the stock interests of the reserve? Mr. Wells' assertion that "a heavy blow had been struck at the development of Wyoming, and very little good accomplished," is idle talk. It would seem, from his article, that he would like people to believe him to be one of the leading stockmen of Wyoming, when the facts of the case are, Mr. Wells does not own a single head of cattle, but that his wife does own seven head, and a permit has been granted to graze this herd on the reserve. Mr. Wells claims to own fifteen head of Indian ponies, and a permit has been granted him to graze them upon the reserve. Not long after his settlement on Green River at the Big Bend, the Green River Lumber and Tie Company established a tie camp near him. Mr. Wells fought the company very bitterly for a while, and then, finding that he could do nothing, he took a contract to haul ties for them. In the meantime, he located and filed on a homestead and desert claim, and proceeded to reclaim the land and raise native hay, for which the past two seasons he has found a good market with the Green River Lumber and Tie Company, which is located four miles south of his ranch. The past season Mr. Wells put up about seventy-five tons of hay, fifty-two tons being sold to the company and its contractors. Now that this company has about completed its cutting of timber on their lands in this vicinity, and will probably discontinue operations at this camp, Mr. Wells sees that he is going to lose his market for his hay, and makes the statement that on account of mismanagement of the reserve—in not allowing stock to come on the reserve—he expects to burn two hundred tons of hay on the ground this coming fall.

Mr. Wells boasts that he can leave his home in the morning and before night have a hundred dollars' worth of elk tusks in his pocket, and in a month have a thousand dollars' worth of heads cached ready to pack out in the spring, and no one the wiser, and that "he might just as well do it." Now, while it is true there are quite a good many elk in this country, I am sure Mr. Wells has overestimated his ability as a hunter. Two years ago Mr. Wells was out and personally guided one Colonel Berry, of Edinburgh, Scotland, for three weeks, and succeeded in getting only one small head for his man. I rather doubt if he is able to do all these things and no one know about it. Does Mr. Wells remember when he attempted to take his party out the State via the National Park, a year ago last November, with heads of game in his possession that had been legally killed, but without obtaining from a justice the required permits, when he was apprehended by Game Warden Cunningham, and escorted to the justice and required to conform with the State game law? Does this look as if the forest rangers and game wardens were not keeping an eye on Mr. Wells, as well as any other possible violators of the game law? Such remarks from a resident of the State showing a desire to violate the laws of the State in which he resides do not elevate any man as a citizen.

The insinuation that there were pot-hunters in this country hunting for elk tusks and heads illegally is unfounded. Mr. Wells knows that the game wardens are attending fairly well to their business. He surely has not forgotten so soon the pleasant horseback ride he took in a blinding snowstorm last December—at the request of our State game warden—to make his report relative to the number of people guided by him, and the number and kinds of animals killed by his party, as required by the State game law, and which, it seems, Mr. Wells had failed to do. The various wardens and forest rangers have been fairly attentive to business, and are fully able to take care of such would-be violators as Mr. Wells would have the public believe him to be.

Mr. Wells speaks of the superintendent making a royal progress through the reserve during the summer months, attended by a retinue of would-be bad men, loaded down with firearms. It is the duty of every forest ranger to carry arms. This equipment is necessary in the performance of their duties as protectors of the forest reserve, and I wish to say that every ranger employed in the forest reserve service is a person of good repute, and has passed an examination under oath, and vouched for by two reputable witnesses living in the community and personally acquainted with the applicant. We have no would-be bad men on our force, and everyone of them would at least have the good manners to lay aside his firearms when entering a social gathering, which some people bear the reputation of not having the moral courage to do.

This is some of the "plain talk" that Mr. Wells said was needed.

ZEPH JONES.

This is a Bird.

FIGURES of speech ever dear to the heart or chest of the orator are mighty handy to the propagandist in bringing the blind to see the great benefits to come to mankind from a proper acceptance of the policies of conservative forest management and the reclamation of our arid lands. "Perpetuate the Forests by Wise Use;" "Annex Arid America;" "Save the Forests and Store the Floods," and "Make the Desert Bloom Like a Rose," are slogans familiar to all our readers. And the great and beneficent work of "making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before" has been glorified all the way from the United States Senate to the backwoods school house. A new figure was born the other day at Cheyenne, Wyo., at an irrigation meeting. A local orator, expatiating on the glorious work of the Reclamation Service, warming to his subject, exclaimed in rapturous tones, "What a wonderful thing it is to be engaged in such a noble work, making two drops of water flow where only one flew before."—Forestry and Irrigation.

Vespertina.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 19.—How beautiful and calm is the evening! How well we know the road, my horse and I. How many times, winter and summer, in all kinds of weather, at all hours of the day and night have we traveled it. Leisurely and slowly, when time was cheap, admiring its beauties always new, and sometimes, at a killing gallop, when called to save life.

An old Indian trail traverses by the line of least resistance the ridge dividing the water shed of the lower Allegheny and upper Ohio rivers; it winds through a varied and picturesque country, whose wild beauty has charmed me for the last twenty years. Not ten miles from town you travel through an old-fashioned hamlet—Perrysville—for all the world looking like a Flemish village 1,000 years old, houses and natives included.

Pine Creek Valley, with its dark woods full of bird life and wild flowers and the smell of the rich woods mould at this time of the year after a rain; how it discounts all the perfumes ever invented by man!

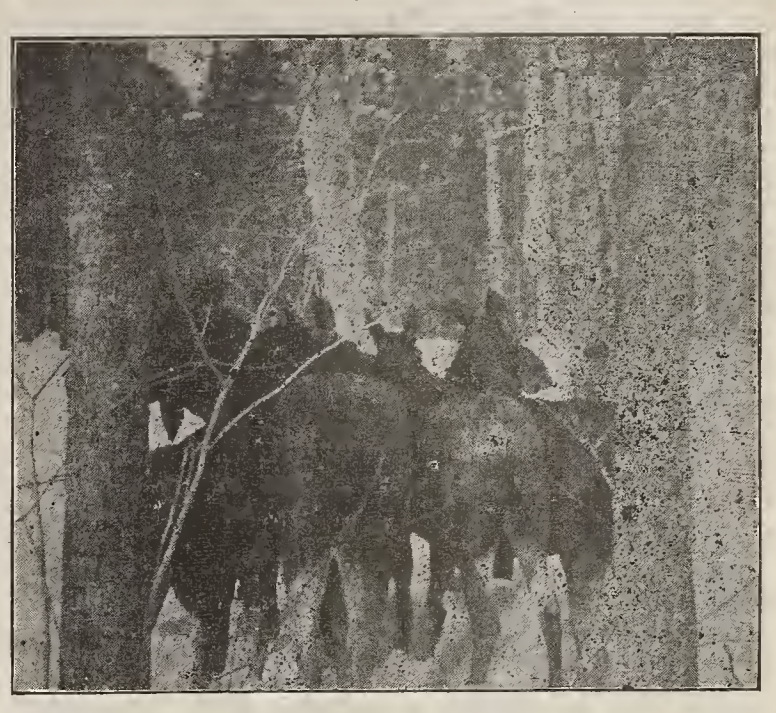
A robin is singing his vesper hymn on a branch overhanging the spring. Wildwood notes come from everywhere, and the air is as calm and balmy as in Italy; there is an indescribable hush and majesty over the whole scene, and unconsciously I uncover myself, thanking the Creator of the Cosmos for this blessing.

But we must hurry up, Jenny: somebody may be suffering below, and we may be needed. Good-night.

JULIUS THE FOX HUNTER.

Spring Bull Moose.

RILEY BROOK, Victoria County, N. B., April 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here is a photo that may be of interest to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM—four bull moose in one group. These moose yarded last winter about half a mile from my home camp. I photographed



them April 15. They had all shed but one spike horn; the one on the left with his head up.

Game of all kinds wintered well, and the coming season promises to be the best for years.

When this photo was taken there was about five feet of snow where they were yarded.

CHAS. L. BARKER.

New Publications.

The Birds of California. An Introduction to More than Three Hundred Common Birds of the State and Adjacent Islands. By Irene Grosvenor Wheelock, with 10 full-page plates and 78 drawings in the text by Bruce Horsfall. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The title to Mrs. Wheelock's book is rather an ambitious one and somewhat misleading. As a matter of fact, the title should have been A Part of the Birds of California. Three hundred of the more important species are described, and something is given about the life history of each. The book makes no pretensions to being scientific, but is an effort to make interesting to the casual reader something about the birds of the State which Mrs. Wheelock has chosen.

She divides her volume arbitrarily into Water Birds and Land Birds; and the Water Birds into Birds of the Open Sea, Birds Near the Shore or in Bays, Birds found along the Beaches, and Birds found in Bayous and Marshes. The Land Birds are divided into Upland Game Birds, Birds of Prey and Common Land Birds in Color Groups. This arrangement may be simple for some people, but to some others we imagine it will be very confusing.

The descriptions are drawn from reliable sources. The bits which deal with the life histories of the birds are often original, but on the other hand, often quoted. A very pleasing bit is that which describes the gray crowned finch.

"Where the range of the Pipilo ends that of the Leucosticte begins. Far above the timber line, amid a wilderness of snow-clad peaks, these Alpine dwellers have their home. Only the severest storms of winter are able to drive them to the shelter of the forest. Flying high over the topmost peak of the range, searching in the snow for beetles and bugs that a kind Providence sends there for their special nourishment, they lead charmed lives. Even bumblebees and butterflies are on their menu, coming as mysteriously as do the birds themselves. When storms swirl over the summit, they crowd together in the shelter of a rock or a snowbank. When the sun comes out again, they are off for a frolic over the chasms and gulches, or a dip in the icy water of the glacial lake. They are constantly in motion, and their clear, low "churr" is the embodiment of gayety. Somewhat shy during the breeding season, as soon as the family cares are over they become as friendly as possible with the few who invade their haunts.

"The nest is snugly hidden in a cleft in the rock underneath a crag, where the fury of the storm will pass it by. It is not an elaborate affair, but composed of weed stalks, and lined with deer moss and occasionally a few feathers. Late in June, incubation begins, and it continues fourteen days. The newly hatched young are only thinly sprinkled with hair-like gray down, and look not unlike baby juncos. They remain in the nest fully three weeks, and by the middle of August are able to fly nearly as well as the adults. In September the broods of the vicinity unite in bands of one or two families, frolicking and chattering about the summit as if it were midsummer, and braving the snowstorms until the cold dark November days drive them to the firs for shelter at night. Even then the adults fly back to the crests during the sunny hours, as if homesick for the bare, bleak crags and the broad vista of snowy peaks. By December they are well within the forest, whirling from place to place in masses like juncos, and sleeping huddled together in the heavy firs, sometimes almost buried in the snow, but always sure of a joyous resurrection in the morning."

The illustrations by Mr. Horsfall are of varying quality; many of them are excellent; others not so good. On the whole, the full-page plates seem more life-like than the pen and ink sketches, and the drawing of Brandt's cormorant and of the water ousel are especially beautiful. Price, $2.50 net.

Stella Fregelius; A Tale of Three Destinies. By H. Ryder Haggard. 8vo. 361 pages. Longmans, Green & Co.

This is a novel, a wild, weird tale, the scene of which is laid in England, the hero of which is an inventor, and the heroine the beautiful witch maiden from the Far North. It abounds in surprises, and has a rather melancholy ending.

Along Four-Footed Trails; or Wild Animals of the Plains as I Knew Them. By Ruth A. Cook. Illustrated. 265 pages. James Potts & Co.

An attractive book, giving many personal experiences with wild animals of a little girl brought up on the prairies of Nebraska. The coyote, the antelope, the prairie dog and many other familiar Western creatures are described with much feeling.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Why Not?—II.

THE experience of one of my friends who a year ago introduced his wife to the pleasures of angling in Florida and other States, led me to write for FOREST AND STREAM an artilcle which I called "Why Not?" This article called forth an editorial on "Women Afield."

The recent experience of another friend, who seems to have simplified the problem of field companions, leads me to another effort to show that many women have the same taste and desire for out-door life that men do, and in time can become just as expert in the art of angling as their stronger brothers. Still further, a more sensitive organization, with more dclieacy of touch, enables the women to enjoy tlie sport much more keenly than some men do.

men. Men think they need recreation and change, and say so; while women know they need it and don't talk so much about it.

It was about thirty days ago that my friend drifted into my den one evening and filled his pipe from my tobacco jar, and after settling himself comfortably in my easy chair, declared with a fine display of cnthusiasm that he was going trout fishing and that he was going to take his wife and her dear friend, Miss Mabel, along. He added that he considered men at best a selfish lot, looking only to their own pleasure, and forgetting that a wild rose bush by a brookside makes a prettier background in the pieture of a woman than of a man. Continuing, he said that, to his mind, there was no reason why Miss Mabel and his wife should not become expert fly-casters, and take advantage of the physical good that one naturally derives from such diverting exercise, and gladden his hours by the camp-fire as well as at home. I liked the thought so well that I begged him to go on, telling him that he was always interesting, but to-nigllt more so than usual.

"Well," said he, "my theory may seem a bit foolish, and I know it to be expensive, but I am going to put it to the test. Men are capital companions at the lunch table, they talk flies and rods, tell fish stories, and entertain one splendidly, but many of them, if given the chance, will crowd you away from the best pools of a brook. Not so with a woman; she is willing to be led."

I have had the pleasure of meeting my friend a good many times since the visit when he said these things, and each time I saw him he seemed more and more anxious to be off on this proposed fishing trip, declaring that he was glad enough on his own account but that by multiplying his own keenness by the number in his party, he was made four times glad.

Since he returned from his trip I have had a delightful evening with my angling friend, and I declare it makes life better worth the living to see a man so stripped of his cares that he becomes a boy again. It was quite late when he left me sitting in an atmosphere blue with smoke but sparkling with the remembrance of the delightful sensations of some glad hearts along the rushing waters of a trout stream.

Late as it was, it occurred to me that while the atmosphere he had created remained unchanged, I ought to tell of his experiences in introducing these dear ones into the somewhat strenuous mysteries of trout fishing.

After he had filled his pipe he declared that he had just had the best fishing trip of his life, and then he went on: "Never was there fairer sky or more perfect infant summer than the day we left New York. Every plant and tree and blade of grass was a graceful flag of shaded green. The cowslips were resplendent in their yellow beauty, and the whole world just looked as though it had put on a new frock as we sped along northward on our errand of fish, feast and fun.

"The weight of years seemed to slip away from the shoulders of Miss Mabel's father just as though the load were in the wrong place; my wife drifted back through the haze of time to the 'jack-straw' period, and I looked at her with the blindness of a boy again. Miss Mabel's eyes assumed the color of the late afternoon heavens, and seemed as peaceful, and thus we journeyed on.

"At 8:15 we reached Livingston Manor, and there found Mr. Royce's team from Debruce waiting for us. It was during that six-mile drive that I personally felt the retrogression of time. As we approached a meadow and heard the chorus of its inhabitants chanting their evening hymns, sweet and solemn in the gloom of night, thirty odd years seemed to disappear, and again I was a barefooted boy on the farm driving home the cows for the evening milking. I seemed to be moved back to that time of youth when the whole world is full of mystery, and when the rough and soiling phases of life that we must learn later are then unknown, to the days that then seemed long and hard—days that I know now were of the halcyon sort.

"Royce's roosters did not have the heart to crow at the time tender voices bade us awake next morning, saying that it was time to go fishing. You ought to have seen those angelic anglers at breakfast; they wore their waders, sweaters, and landing nets. This was their day, indeed; that is, they thought it was, and here is where it was proved that a woman's reasoning power is greater than a man's. I was willing to concede the longest half of the day to them—surely they begun it early enough—but I was sure noon time would mark their finish until another sun. Events proved the folly of my judgment, as you will see.

"The sun had climbed the eastern side of the mountain, and was peeking with glowing eye into the valley of the Willowemoc as we entered the pretty brook near the bridge in the hamlet of Willowemoc and commenced fishing—and laying a lasting and rock bottom foundation under my dear old theory. One of the many causes of my laek of sleep the night before was how to bait, and handle



SAFE FOR THE TIME BEING.

my eharges, and maintain my peace of mind. As I am somewhat the junior of Miss Mabel's father, I naturally wanted to see him fish undisturbed, and being the stronger man of the two, it seemed fitting that I should be the one to be leaned on. Any suggestion to the ladies of angling with worms was certain to be repelled; then, too, the father and I both used flies, why shouldn't they? Why not, pray? And yet the Willowemoc is no ten-acre lot, either. So flies were decided on—the dull hues and woolen body of a Cahill.

"While Miss Mabel's father was arranging his attractions, I led the daughter to the opposite side of the stream and placed the wife in an equally advantageous position, and called time, at the same time filled my waders dodging under the bridge.

"Never before in my life had it been my fortunate lot to commit to the laughing waters so many attractions. Flies went swirling through the air in all directions, oc-



"FROM BROOK TO MAN."

casionally including the right one; my warmth in the way of admiration warmed the brook water in my boots. Those anglers plunged and slipped, struck anxious attitudes wonderful to behold, cried, 'Isn't it lovely?' 'Doesn't the water feel splendid?' 'Isn't the air charming?' 'Did you ever see such a morning?' 'Isn't it glorious?' and—'Oh, dear, my flies are caught!' and, 'Dear me, so are mine!' 'Did you ever see anything so stupid? Now, did you?'

"I tell you, old fellow, it was glorious—sort of a series of joyousness and anxiety, smiles and frowns; mostly flowers, few thorns. Supposing I did have two trees to climb on two sides of a river at the same time, what difference did it make? I was thankful for each climb, and I was getting everything I went after, except trout, and at this time the thought of not getting some fish didn't annoy me. Wasn't I to have the afternoon to myself on the brook while the tired novices slept? Rises there were, sometimes in plenty; mystification set in; theories were advanced; Miss Mabel's father instructed and I preached. In the meantime we had moved down the brook just a hundred yards, mostly in bunches, and we had four miles to do to meet the carriage and lunch basket.

"Now, I remember when I was a boy my father dropped me over the side of a boat to teaeh me to swim, and I swam. It was rough watcr I made, but I got ashore. Why not abandon our charges and let them wade? It seemed a good idea; so with Miss Mabel's father as a rear guard to gather up the fragments, I struck off down stream, and I tell you, my boy, that was where I made a big mistake, and nearly lost my job and popularity at the same time. When I got back an hour and a half later I was sorry I hadn't gone an hour and twenty-nine minutes sooner. I found them within a hundred yards of where I had left them, and Miss Mabel's father was as eompletely blocked as a trolley car would be with a broken down truck on the traek. A smile has saved many a life, but on this oeeasion it would have been fatal. I got busy, instead, and once more the proeession got in motion. I would move Miss Mabel down stream a hundred yards or so and then take the wife a lap further, and then a lap for Miss Mabel. Then it occurred to me that four miles for them meant sixteen miles for me, and at that rate we would get our lunch at midnight exactly; so we all moved together, and wasn't I a proud one, though? I had a clinging woman hanging on eaeh arm depending on me for support and lunch over as slippery a way as was ever trod by a woman. I have often wondered sinee whether it was laughter, fatigue, heat, or hunger, that made Miss Mabel's father take to the woods. We reached our eamping plaee at two o'elock, about as jaded an outfit as ever struek a trail.

"Here was where we all came into contact with the mysterious pleasures of the eamp-fire. Water from a near-by spring was soon boiling, the coffee was made, and the feast to the hungry was spread. Personally I felt in perfeet sympathy with King Richard during his first visit with Friar Tuck.

"When we had finished eating, I selected just the right spot, dragged extra robes from the carriage, made beds, and bade those fair ones rest. This—I thought—was to be the men's half of the day, or rather that portion of it that was left; but not so. Bcfore that camp-fire had died out, those two trout brook explorers were at it again; the repaeking of dishes was left to the driver of the carriage; that carriage we had ordered to take the ladies to the hotel went back empty, while three miles of brook laid between us and dinner.

"On this memorable afternoon I undertook a new rôle. Instead of climbing trees after flies, I only had two small hooks to bait with angleworms. I also became an adept in the way of draping skirts (those skirts have been shortened since). If it hadn't been for the baiting of hooks, Miss Mabel's father and I would have had some great fishing that afternoon. You see, in bait-fishing we could lead the ladies to the edge of the pool and tell them to stay there until they got a bite, and the pools were a nice distance apart; or get them on a rock in the middle of a rapid and tell them to wait there for a bite; but at this stage of fishing one of them couldn't touch an angleworm at all, and the other one couldn't without gloves, and she hadn't brought her gloves along, and thus we journeyed on until night found us with bodies weary but spirits untamed. We dined at eight o'clock in rubber boots, sweaters and landing nets, as at breakfast, and, strange as it may seem, we had plenty of trout for dinner.

"The older chickens had filled their craws and were seratching for the young ones next morning when we reminded our sleepy companions that it was time to go fishing again, and it was wholesome and reassuring to note the alacrity with which they responded to the call. I tell you that a woman in a game she likes is a wonder. I sometimes think a man gets his grit from his mother.

"This morning we entered the brook where we had left it the night before, and all with a greater degree of confidence. The day before both Miss Mabel and my wife knew they would fall down; this morning they only thought they would. You see, they were learning fast. Miss Mabel could take her eye off her unecrtain and uneven path long enough at a time to behold with critical eye the wondrous beauty of her surroundings, while the wife concluded she could stand alone, and give thanks to heaven that she had married a fisherman. They saw every bird that crossed the brook, and every bubble created by a trout. They had got their eyes open, and my, oh, my, weren't they using them, and it was then and there that I came to the conclusion that I didn't care if I never caught another trout if I could only have them along to do it for me.

"They found pretty settings of forest and stream, and used the camera; they each caught some trout; they waded many parts of the brook unassisted, and put away the foolish thought of falling down.

"By a shaded pool we rested; the lunch basket arrived, and I built a fire on the rocks by the margin of water; Miss Mabel's father cleaned the fish, the wife continued fishing, while Miss Mabel photographed the evolution of the trout from brook to man.

"Night again came on us while we were in the brook, but only a short distance from the Hearthstone Inn. We regretted the shortness of the day, yet were grateful, indeed, for the rest known only to those whose ears know the sound of a brook, and whose feet have felt its rocky bottom.

"Another day came—but why talk on? Give your imagination full play, join us on that third day of life and happiness, and the day after, which was one of those days of rest called Sunday. On this day we sat by the big open fire-place and fished the three days all over again, while outside it rained, refreshing mountain and valley alike. Nature took a bath and looked sweetly refreshed as we drove to Livingston Manor Monday morning at an hour so early that the sun could not see us off."

T. E. BATTEN.

In Violation of Law.

A Jacking Experience.

IF THE quantity of game killed is to be any criterion of the amount of pleasure obtained from hunting expeditions, I must say, that our day had been nearly a failure. Since early morning my friend and I had been tramping over bog and meadow; but evening found us at home, hungry, thirsty, and exceedingly tired, with only a paltry half dozen birds between us. But, after a generous meal had banished the gnawing demon inside, and the genial warmth of the open fire-place soothed us, as a loving mother soothes a fretful child, the recollection of the glorious October day, the keen, clear air, bracing, rejuvenizing the very scent of the departing vegetation, almost intangible, yet ever present, and over all the great, round sun shining from the deep blue sky, unobstructed by even a single cloud, soon put us in a frame of mind to appreciate the pleasures which we had enjoyed, and to philosophically moralize that it is possible to obtain sport without necessarily harming a living creature; but, a few more birds would have been wonderfully acceptable.

Under these circumstances it was not strange that ous conversation eventually turned upon the method of extracting the greatest amount of pleasure from the least amount of sport; I maintaining that the pleasure was more in the anticipation than in the realization, while my friend stoutly declared that the things which yielded the most enjoyment were those which were accidental in nature. In defense of his views he told me the following anecdote:

"Some years ago I was in charge of the erection of an electric power station in a small town in Northern New York, and in a more lonely plaee I was never located. I managed to keep fairly busy during the day, but when the long summer evenings came, all I could find to do was to sit and think, and smoke a corncob pipe until I was so pickled with tobacco smoke that if some mosquito, braver than its comrades, dared to bore a hole in my epidermis, after one draw, it would drop over on its back, and, with a few convulsive movements of legs and wings, give up the ghost.

Realizing that I should get desperate before long, I began building a boat to while away the time, although what I should do with it when finished was more than I knew. As I intended it for individual use, it was quite small, perhaps ten feet in length by three feet beam, and of the sharpie build—flat-bottomed, sharp at one end and square at the other.

"By no means did I lack for company while building this boat, as the workmen soon began to gather at the carpenter's shop, as soon as their suppers were bolted, and sat around and smoked and offered advice in solid ehunks—advice generally about as valuable as a pauper's promissory note. Among the workmen was a Canadian Frenehman, one Joe La Fontaine by name, who, while saying very little, watched the completion of the craft with an eager eye. He was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, standing over six feet in height, broad of shoulder, upright in bearing and with that grace of movement whieh only perfect physical health and spirits can bestow. His only blemish was the loss of his left eye, the absence of which he informed me was oceasioned by 'One man Canada hook it out wit' hees thumb, w'en Ah'l have des'pute 'bout some fish w'at she'll ketch, an' bimeby she'll fin' on ma string.'

"The boat finished, it was put overboard on Saturday, and the next day I gave it a thorough trial. I think I can truthfully say that a more cranky boat never floated on the surface of that stream, at least; talk about a canoe being easily capsized. this boat was as bad as any canoe ever thought of being. Why, for the first hour I had to breathe through my mouth; for if I drew my breath through my nose and one nostril chanced to be stopped up, the equilibrium would be destroyed to such an extent that it would dip water on the opposite side. Fact.

"Well, I finally found the hang of the thing, and every pleasant evening and some Sundays were passed in leisurely floating around the pond and up and down the creek. One-man pastime soons palls, however, and I began casting around for something to sandwich in between.

"It being the close season, hunting was out of the question, even had I the time to devote to it, which I had not; so fishing was the only thing I could think of. Now, some imagine that the height of pleasure is reached when they take a coach whip in hand, place a gold plated reel on the butt, load themselves down with a few dozen leaders, four hundred and fifty-six different kinds of flies, the like of which no mortal or piscine eye beheld in nature, put on boots reaching to the waist, and tramp up and down a trout stream two feet wide and occasionally yank a three-inch trout from its erstwhile happy home. Others, not content or financially unable to indulge in what they consider childish pursuits, hie themselves to the nearest coast, get aboard some sort of craft, go out to the dumping place of city refuse, and throwing overboard a half-inch rope with a ten-pound weight attached, and baited with a passé clam, proceed to pull in by sheer muscular effort whatever sculpins, dogfish, and flounders, kind fortune and a voracious appetite may send their way.

"Either of these may be of great pleasure and profit to those engaged, but for my part there is no method of fishing like spearing them at night with a boat and jack. I realize that jacking is somewhat under the ban, and justly so in most cases, but for the coarser varieties of fish, a good boat, a bright light, a spear, a good eye and a strong arm, will furnish more sport than anything else I know of in the way of fishing. This being my opinion, you may realize how glad I was when Joe came to me one scalding hot afternoon, and the following conversation ensued:

"'Mr. G——, Ah'l s'pose you ain' prob'ly wan' let me borry dose boat some night w'en you ain' goin' use him?'

"'Why yes, Joe, of course, you may use it any evening you wish. I would have offered it, had I supposed you eared for rowing.'

"'Oh! Ah'l don' wan' for goin' row, Ah'l wan' him for spear some h'eel. Me an' ma ole h'oman got ten young La Fontaine, an' she's jus' good for feed it on h'eel and sucker, w'at a'n't cos' not'ing as feed him on good salt po'k w'at'll cos' ten cents poun' any way, prob'ly six.'

"'Well, you may have it any time. By the way, have you anyone in view whom you intended taking with you? If not, I would like very much to go along.' Joe's eye twinkled as he replied: 'Say! Ah'l been wan' ask it you for come all de tam, only Ah'l git scare; so if you wan' go to-night, we go soon as she'll git black.'

"'I suppose you have a spear, jack, etc., haven't you?'

"'Ah'l got spear, an' if you wan' fetch couple gallon sker'sene, Ah show you somet'ing will mek you eye bung out.'

"I saw at once why Joe was timid about asking me to go, but as I thought the fun would be worth far more than two gallons of kerosene oil, I poured that amount into a tin pail, and as soon as twilight had fairly departed, set forth for the landing, where I found Joe stretched at full length, softly singing 'Roulant ma boule,' to keep himself company. He pulled himself together as I came up and proceeded to show me something in the way of jacks, which I had never encountered. At the prow of the boat he had secured an old fork stake, on the end of which was fastened a piece of half-inch round iron, in such a manner that it projected over the water about two feet, at a height to be well above a man's head when kneeling in the bottom of the boat. This iron was bent into a hook at the end, and from this hook hung two pieces of ordinary fire brick, such as is used for lining the fire-box of boilers. The brieks were perhaps four inches square by seven or eight long, and were depended from the hook by a few strands of iron wire.

"These bricks Joe placed in the pail of kerosene, and noticing the bubbles which arose, I was well assured in my own mind that they would absorb enough oil to give a brilliant light when they were ready.

"We placed the duffle in the boat and started out, Joe in the bow and I in the stern, using an oar as a paddle or a push pole as occasion required. I do not remember a more perfect night for jacking, or for being on the water either, for that matter. After the severe heat of the day the cool evening air was most refreshing; the surface of the water was almost without a ripple, and reflected back a myriad of stars from its inky depths, while from all sides were heard the voices of the night issuing from hundreds of unseen frogs. These voices were of many tones, like the keys of an organ, ranging from the treble e-eep, e-eep, e-eep, of the wee green fellow, to the alto and tenor e-e-eeper,e-e-eeper, of his larger brother, while from some old log or patch of lily pads rose the basso profundo, ur-urunk! ur-ur-urunk! of some gigantic patriarch of frogdom.

"I took in all these sights and sounds almost unconciously, as I watched Joe get his jack in working order. First he lifted one of the bricks from its bath of oil and hung it on the hook, next he pulled a piece of paper from his pocket, lit it with a match, held the paper under the briek, and as it beeame heated, gas was generated and soon a brilliant light illumined the water, revealing every stick, stone, fish and what not on the bottom better than by any other jack which I ever beheld. It was with considerable difficulty that we kept our balance in such a cranky craft, but by dint of eternal vigilance we managed to keep right side up.

"I paddled slowly along, keeping an eye on Joe, as he knelt in the bow, motionless as though hewn from stone, as he waited with poised spear for the first eel or sucker to come within striking distance. A slight motion of his hand caused me to swing the bow slightly to the right, then with a movement quick as a lightning flash his arm darted down; then I felt that quiver of the boat, which indicates the impaling of a large fish, and soon Joe swung his spear up with a huge eel squirming and twisting between the tines.

"Carefully turning around he opened the mouth of the bran sack which lay beside him, thrust both eel and spear within, gathered it around the eel and stripping it from the tines, dropped it in the bottom of the sack, the mouth of which he tied loosely. Joe turned to his work again with the remark:

"'A'hl t'ink dats mos' one meals for two, t'ree young Peasoup.'

"We proceeded with varying success, capturing now an eel, then a sucker, and occasionally missing a stroke. By this time the light began to grow dim, so Joe took the other brick from the oil, hung it in the place of the first one, and lighted it by holding the old one underneath. I expected to see him dip this one in the water to extinguish it before placing it in the pail to fill with oil once more; but instead, he dropped it into the pail, submerging it so quickly, that the oil had no time to ignite before the flame was put out. To say that I was frightened would be drawing it mildly, as I certainly expected to see the whole pailful set on fire, while Joe grinned with delight at having caused my eye to 'bung out,' as he expressed it.

"All this time we had been skirting the right bank of the pond. Ever ahead of us, and now close at hand, we could hear a two-pound frog pouring forth his tale of the inebriety of a certain Irishman whom he called 'Paddy,' in a voice of muffled thunder.

"Joe looked toward the spot whence rose the sound, saying, 'S'pose you let me look it putty close on dose frawg. Le Doctaire say ma healt' been mos' so bad lak I can't h'eat not'ing on'y frawg hin' leg.' Accordingly, I paddled the boat slowly toward the sound, and soon beheld the old fellow seated on a mossy log, apparently undecided whether to consider the unwonted radiance harmless, or to dive to his safe retreat at the bottom of the stream. While he was 'makin' off hees min',' as Joe said, the flat of the spear struck him on the head and he rolled off his perch into the water, from whence Joe scooped him, saying, as he did so: 'Ah'l guess prob'ly she ain' good for you t'roat, stay so much in de wataire; mek you putty hoarse in you sing.' So saying, he dropped him into the bag with the eels and suckers, then resumed his watch for more.

"Slowly paddling, my mind intent on Joe's spear, I was startled by a blow on the leg, followed by something cold, wet and heavy striking me full in the face, nearly knocking me overboard and frightening me nearly out of my wits. Whatever it was fell back into the boat, and my shout of astonishment causing Joe to turn, we found the mouth of the bag untied and the floor a wriggling mass of suckers and eels, in the midst of which the once stunned, but now decidedly lively frog, rolled, crawled, kicked and occasionally jumped whenever he could secure a foothold to get a start from. I never saw any living creature act so bewildered before or since, he would jump straight up into the air, striking flat on his back when he fell and lie there feebly waving his forelegs and kicking vigorously with his hind ones, until one of the squirming eels would roll him over; just as soon as any two legs came in contact with the floor he would jump, no matter which way he was headed, most likely to strike his nose against the side of the boat and fall back to commence all over again. He seemed more like a bundle of steel springs than a creature of flesh and blood. I have it all figured out in my note book, that if the amount of energy which that frog wasted in his struggles could be utilized, it would take only six such frogs to run a threshing machine; and I think that some day when I have more time I shall draw up a paper to the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, calling attention to this fact.

"Joe made a grab for the frog, and with a 'sac-r-r-ee' as long as your arm, dropped him into the bag, picked up the eels, one by one, and threw them in after him, while I sat and laughed to see him sprawl around in the slime and dirt. After Joe had caged his animals we got under way once more, and by the time our oil was nearly exhausted I had begun to think that if Joe intended all those eels, frogs and suckers for the consumption of his own family, he must have at least twenty children, instead of the ten which he owned up to.

"Our jack was burning low, so I said: 'We will light up once more, and then I think we had better go home.' Joe lit the new brick, and, reaching out, dropped the still blazing old one in the pail, but, sad to relate, so much oil had been used that there was not enough to submerge it and extinguish the flames. Instead, a column of fire rose twenty feet in the air, singing Joe's hair and eyebrows, causing him to jerk his body backward with a shout of terror. As he did so, he lost his balance, sliding over the side of the boat, like a turtle off a log, boring a hole ten feet deep in the water, soaking me to the skin with the splash, and half filling the boat with water, though for some unknown reason not overturning it. Before he reached the surface I had jumped forward, seized the pail and thrown oil, pail, bricks and all overboard. No sooner was it out of the pail than the burning oil spread over the surface of the water, giving it an appearance at though the whole river was afire; although owing to the small quantity of oil and the unlimited room over which it could spread, there was absolutely no danger whatever.

"The absence of actual danger was unknown to Joe, however, as he rose from the depths spouting water and French oaths in about equal quantities, and as he scooped the water from his eyes and saw the whole world apparently on fire, he gave utterance to a yell, compared to which his first one was as the cry of a puling babe is to the roar of the hungry lion, and promptly tried to get under water once more.

"Did you ever come suddenly upon a bullfrog when he had inflated himself and seen him try to dive with his throat still distended with air?

"Well, that was just the way Joe acted. For some reason he seemed to be unable to get more than his head, shoulders and arms under the water, while the seat of his baggy Canuck pants distended with the air confined within, rose from the surface like the top of a balloon, and two sturdy legs kicked and thrashed in such a manner that the boat rolled, and tossed like a fisherman's dory in a ground swell, and the waves dashed on the nearby shore like those on a miniature Nantasket Beach. Paddling as close as possible, I seized an opportunity and the slack of the aforesaid pants at the same time, I placed the end of my oar on the bottom of the stream, which was now rapidly growing shallow, and giving a push, managed to get into water not more than four feet deep. Jumping overboard I stood Joe on his feet, for he was too bewildered to know what he was doing, and held him upright while he coughed, choked and tried to replace with air the space now filled with water.

"Finally he drew a long breath and managed to sputter: 'By Gar! Ah'l t'ink ma ole h'oman been putty close bein' orphans doze time. An't you s'pose so?'

"We drew the boat to shore, emptied the water from it, and reembarking, soon reached the landing, where I earned Joe's everlasting gratitude by refusing to take any share of the 'h'eel, sucker and frawg,' and his invitation to 'come on ma house tomorry, an' ma h'oman he cook it some frawg, some h'eel, some sucker an' many odder good t'ing,' was sincere and heartfelt, although I felt obliged to decline.

"Now, although I had personally secured no trophies of hook or spear, although I was wet to the skin, and with a new suit of clothes completely ruined, I felt that I was more than repaid for my coming."

E. E. DAVIS, M. E.

Angling Notes.

SAYRE, Pa., May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While the trout season was late in developing, it has, during the past two weeks, furnished the angler with some exceptionally good sport. Indeed, reports indicate that for this particular section of country more and larger brook trout are being taken than for several years past.

From Owego Creek have been taken a number of unusually large trout, two or three at least weighing a bit over 1½ pounds each.

The streams about Harford Mills, Richford, Speedsville, Slaterville and Cortland, are all yielding plenty of trout, but it is seldom that large trout are taken from these streams. They are very delightful waters to fish from, however, and traverse a country easy to reach from Auburn, Ithaca, Sayre, Owego, Cortland or Elmira. The angler not physically robust can work that section of out-of-doors without much inconvenience, and at no risk of becoming over fatigued.

In the immediate vicinity of Sayre there are no trout streams worth mentioning. Shrader's Creek, below Towanda, annually yields some good creels of fine trout, and smaller streams traversing the same country as Shrader's, contain trout. In former days, before the lumberman desecrated the country with his ruthless ax, Shrader's Creek was famed for its trout supply, and while its glory has largely departed, it still hath charms.

A line from Ithaca advises that the local trout anglers have apparently forgotten the fascinations of the field and the stream, and are lost amid the excitement of hauling mammoth pickerel and pike from the Cayuga Lake Inlet. Nothing quite like the pickerel and pike fishing now prevailing at that point has been known in years. Nine and 10-pound pike, and pickerel scarcely less heavy, are being taken in large numbers. Game Protector John Vann diplomatically declares that the present unsurpassed fishing, and the exceedingly large fish taken, are due to the rigid enforcement of the law in respect to the use of nets in the local waters.

The pike and pickerel fishing is equally good at the north end of Cayuga Lake, great numbers of the above fish having been taken during the past fortnight below Cayuga village, and from the waters overflowing the Montezuma marsh.

Since writing the above, word reaches me that a 17 pound pike was taken from the Ithaca Inlet one day this week. So far as I am informed, this is a record pike for the local waters. In fact, it is a prodigious pike for any waters.

M. CHILL.

Lake Champlain Bass Fishing.

P. O., LAKE VIEW HOUSE, May 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have not had such good bass fishing in the Great Back Bay of Lake Champlain for years as we are having at the present time. They are running very large this year, and big catches of big bass is the order of the day.

H. L. S.

The Kennel.

Rabies.

From Hill's "The Dog, Its Management and Diseases."

(*Continued from page* 401.)

Incubation.—The incubative period of rabies is extremely uncertain. My experience, with a few exceptions, has been from two to five weeks.

"In the dog, Lafosse states that the shortest authenticated period that occurred in his experience was seven days, and the longest one hundred and fifty-five days. Roll gives, for the same animal, from three to six, and rarely from seven to ten weeks. Blaine asserts that the majority of cases occur between the third and seventh week, though some are protracted to three, four, or even a greater number of months. A week was the shortest period he had noted. Youatt has known instances in which the first symptoms have only become manifest after from five to seven months, and he never knew of a case occurring before seventeen days intervening. Other authorities have related cases in which the disease was developed within from three to ten days after contamination. Of nine cases which Peuch could rely upon, the symptoms appeared after the bite, in each, at an interval of 95, 88, 35, 26, 24, 22, 18, 15, and 10 days, respectively."

"In 1863, Renault reported that of 68 dogs inoculated experimentally or bitten, the malady was developed in:

1	from the	5th	to the	10th day.
4	"	10th	"	15th day.
6	"	15th	"	20th day.
5	"	20th	"	25th day.
9	"	25th	"	30th day.
10	"	30th	"	35th day.
2	"	35th	"	40th day.
8	"	40th	"	45th day.
7	"	45th	"	50th day.
2	"	50th	"	55th day.
2	"	55th	"	60th day.
4	"	60th	"	65th day.
1	"	65th	"	70th day.
4	"	70th	"	75th day.
2	"	80th	"	90th day.
1	"	100th	"	118th day.

"In St. Cyr's 87 cases of confirmed rabies in 1865, there were only 26 the date of whose inoculation could be positively ascertained. In these the latent period was:

Cases.	Days.	Cases.	Days.
1	16	1	18
3	21	2	24
1	30	1	31
2	32	1	33
1	35	1	36
1	38	1	41
2	50	2	60
1	62	1	86
2	55 to 100	2	105 to 115

"Bouley has known instances in which the latent period was twelve days and seven months, though they were rare; it was usually from six to twelve weeks.

"According to Haubner, in 200 cases the appearance of the disease within two months was 83 per cent.; three months, 16 per cent.; four months, 1 per cent. He mentions an instance in which the incubatory period was from seven to eight months, and another in which it was fourteen months. He gives an average of three months."[3]

With such variations in the incubative period, it is little to be wondered at that persons, after being bitten, and under what condition of the animal they know not, should be filled with dread, and exhibit—especially those of nervous temperament—great mental excitement.

What takes place during this incubatory or latent period we know not; but it may be confidently asserted that in no other malady is this interregnum more variable and uncertain; indeed, if we are to credit some reports, the duration of the latent stage is indefinite. The capriciousness of the virus of rabies in this respect is certainly very remarkable and unaccountable. The wounds produced by rabid animals generally heal up readily, and leave but slight trace, and to all appearances those who have been injured appear to be as well as usual. True, in some rare instances in the human subject, pain has been experienced in the region of the wound for a considerable time after the receipt of the injury, and still more rarely a quickened pulse and slight fever have been present from this time until the disease became manifest. In other exceptional cases silent changes seemed to be taking place in the constitution, evidenced by general debility, a quick, weak, and easily excited pulse, sallow looks, and sunken eyes. But, as a rule, the health remains to all appearance the same as before the inoculation; and so subtle is the poison that, according to Van Swieten, persons who afterwards die of hydrophia may, in the incubatory stage, contract diseases of various kinds, even virulent diseases, such as variola, without the course of the rabies being thereby modified in the least, or its evolution retarded.

"What occult influence is at work, what changes may be taking place previous to the manifestation of the first symptoms, is a matter of pure hypothesis. The venom of the cobra, hydrocyanic acid, strychnine, and other poisons, produce effects more or less prompt and decided, according to the amount introduced into the body of any animal, and we can exactly prognosticate not only the result, but the time about which it should occur. The virus of contagious diseases, and more particularly hydrophobia, differs from these, inasmuch as a minute quantity is as potent in inducing its particular malady, in a certain time, as a large quantity; and in the special disease now under consideration it may lie in a latent condition for a long period without affording the slightest indication of its presence."[3]

Duration.—The duration of rabies is rarely long—from one to ten days may be taken as the two extremes. A few cases have been noted over the latter period; but they are very exceptional instances, and attended with some degree of doubt. Those in my own experience have been from four to five days; most of them have died on the fifth.

Fleming observes: "The progress of rabies in the dog is always very rapid, and the termination, it may well be said, invariably fatal."

Its duration in no case appears to have exceeded ten days; and in the majority of instances death takes place about the fourth, fifth, or sixth day after the appearance of the first morbid symptoms. Of course, it also occurs much earlier. Out of several tables we will only refer to those of Professors Saint-Cyr and Peuch, of the Lyons School, as they afford a fair idea of the duration of the disease in a number of cases. In 1864, fifty-four rabid dogs were reported. Death took place at the following periods:

Two days	4	instances.
Three	5	"
Four	10	"
Five	8	"
Six	7	"
Seven	8	"
Eight	2	"
Twelve	1	instance.
Thirteen	1	"

The last case recovered spontaneously. The duration of the remaining eight cases could not be satisfactorily determined.

In the sixty-eight dogs that were rabid at the school in 1865, the duration of the disease was:

Two days	1	instance.
Three	6	instances.
Four	15	"
Five	20	"
Six	12	"
Seven	8	"
Eight	4	"
Nine	2	"

In 1868, in seventeen cases at the same school, it was:

Two days	2	instances.
Four	8	"
Five	4	"
Six	1	instance.
Seven	2	instances.

Symptoms.—Rabies assume two forms—the furious, and the tranquil or dumb.

I shall commence first with furious rabies.

The earliest symptoms usually observed are a change in the dog's natural manner and habits; he becomes all at once sullen, or, as it were, melancholy; retires into obscure corners and dark places; when called, instead of obeying with his usual alacrity, he languidly and apparently with unwillingness approaches, and as suddenly slinks off again. Companionship renders him uneasy; in fact, throughout there is an unmistakable desire for solitude. If the eyes at this period are closely observed, a vacant expression will be seen in them; and immediately they meet the gaze of the observer they are dropped in a weary, sleepy manner.

As the disease proceeds, other and more marked symptoms become developed. A tendency to mischief is suddenly manifested. Boots, slippers, hearth-rug, carpet, chair-legs, and what not, are worried. If the animal is in the kennel, the straw is mangled and scattered about, the brick-work scratched, flooring torn up, and the whole place, more or less, shows signs of destruction.

The eyes assume a still more vacant expression; the gaze appears to be fixed on some distant object. Then a change takes place: the animal proceeds to examine most minutely every crevice and brick round his kennel; this done, he retires again into obscurity, and in a few minutes repeats the operation. Or the eyes are directed with earnest attention to some imaginary moving object, as a beetle or spider, which they appear to be tracing in its course. Suddenly he jumps forward with a snap at the supposed offender; and then, as if ashamed at the hallucination, he crouches down, crawls away and hides himself.

A flow of tenacious saliva is now present. The animal champs his teeth and smacks his lips. As its tenacity becomes greater and its secretion more rapid, he strives to free his mouth of it with his paws, and this latter act has sealed the fate of more than one individual by being mistaken for a bone fixed in the teeth or throat.[4]

[3] Fleming's "Rabies and Hydrophobia."

[4] Last year I was requested to visit a small toy terrier belonging to a lady of title. The messenger informed me the animal was supposed to have a bone in its throat. On my arrival, which was between 9 and 10 P. M., I found the subject, which the keeper's wife was nursing, sitting with mouth slightly open. On removing my hand, after closing the jaws, the lower one again dropped half an inch. External manipulation about the throat produced no indications of pain or irritability. I then—not suspecting anything serious or unusual from the information I had received, proceeded with the aid of a candle light to examine the posterior part of the mouth. This was discovered to be inflamed, but no bone could be detected. I then passed my two forefingers down, with the same result. Thinking it possible the bone had passed on, and probably left some laceration behind, with paralysis from its long retention in a fixed position, I ordered a hot linseed meal or mustard poultice to the throat, and a little warm beef tea or broth to be given, promising to call the following day. This I was prevented from doing, and an assistant was sent instead. I, however, omitted to tell him the nature of the case, but he came back with the idea, probably from being also told the same tale, viz., that the dog had "swallowed a bone." The following day I again visited the patient, when, upon opening the door of the room, the animal, without barking, made a rush at me. Pulling the door to quickly, I waited a minute or so, and then cautiously looked in. He was crouching in a corner with his eyes half closed, and his head nodding in a drowsy manner. He gave a start, or, as it were, awoke suddenly, changed his position, and fell off again in the same drowsy state; the lower jaw still remained dropped. I immediately became impressed with the belief that it was a case of dumb rabies; but, to make the matter more certain, I ordered the animal to be placed in security, and carefully watched. Next morning, unmistakable symptoms of rabies manifested themselves, and the dog was shot. Another animal, a companion, sickened in like manner, and was also destroyed. Fortunately, I had no abrasions on my hands, or I might have shared a similar fate.

I mention this case as illustrative of the great care and suspicion with which such cases and their history should be received.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Homing Instinct.

WYMORE, Neb., May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The pages of your good paper are so full of good reading just now, that I feel a delicacy about butting in; but I have a good dog story, which won't keep, and is right in line with the articles lately published in regard the the back-tracking instinct of animals, so I will give it to you. Horace Scudder and O. J. Collman have run the Paddock Hotel, at Beatrice, for a number of years, and during all that time I have put in lots of my time there while attending court; and am well aquainted with the parties, as well as old Duke, the dog.

A few months ago Horace Scudder moved to Idaho Springs, Colorado, taking old Duke with him. Day before yesterday, the following appeared in the Gage County Democrat, published in Beatrice:

"Some months ago, when Horace Scudder went to Colorado, he took with him his old bird dog, Duke. A couple of weeks ago, O. J. Collman received a letter from Mr. Scudder, in which he said that Duke had disappeared, and to look out for him. Yesterday the old dog came into the Paddock Hotel office, tired and footsore, and showed that he had not had a square meal for a long time, and that he had been on a long tramp.

"This is a wonderful display of animal instinct. This dog had been taken on the cars to Colorado, 600 miles from here, and becoming home-sick, returned on foot and alone to his old home.

"He will be cared for, fed up and given a needed rest. The dog that thinks enough of his old home to walk several hundred miles shows that he is willing to stand up for Nebraska, and is entitled to good treatment."

I was in the hotel office when old Duke came in, and he was just as glad to see me, as though he had found a snake. Yesterday, the following appeared in the Express, a rival paper, published in Beatrice:

"O. J. Collman received a letter several weeks ago from Horace Scudder in Colorado Springs saying he was going to send Duke, his well-known hunting dog, back to Beatrice. Yesterday Duke, who had reached town, and was being kept at the home of Dr. Starr, trotted into the hotel, having broken his leash. Mr. Collman, who enjoys a joke, at once exclaimed that Duke had walked all the way back from Colorado, and called attention to his sore feet as evidence of the truth of his assertion. Now Duke's feet, worn thin by fifteen years of tramping over stubble field in front of would-be hunters, have long been in a condition to elicit the sympathy of observers, but this fact was not known to the office full of traveling men and a few others who are equally gullible, and now a wonderful story of how a dog's instinct and love of home led him to walk 600 miles to his old home where all is sunshine and joy and 'every prospect pleases.' It was a hot story, just the same, and it worked out most beautifully."

The old Paddock seems more homelike, since old Duke got back, and it will seem like old times, to have him come up and nudge me, then go to the door and wait for me to open it for him.

Beatrice is a beautiful little city, on the banks of the Big Blue River, and was the boyhood home of Shelley Philips, the author of the little book, "Just About a Boy," in which boyhood life along the Blue is so picturesquely described. Shelley's school mates tell sad tales of how he used to play hookey there.

A. D. MCCANDLESS.

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The Cruise of Minota.

A Cruise on Lake Michigan from Chicago to Charlevoix and Return.

(*Concluded from page 428.*)

BY REGINALD MACK, CHICAGO, ILL.

ON Wednesday (August 12) we dropped down the river behind a tow of logs and anchored in Pine Lake, Vanenna doing likewise, and late that afternoon Rear-Commodore Wilber, of the Chicago Y. C., arrived on his steam yacht Marcia on his way from Mackinac to Chicago. The next morning at breakfast-time we were visited by Captain Merriman, of Josephine (also belonging to our fleet), who had been towed up from Chicago behind a lumber barge, and was waiting to continue on up to North Channel. We walked down with him to the life-saving station and saw the steamer Illinois, with Messrs. Fox, Clinch and McConnell (owners of Hawthorne) aboard, come in from Chicago; and, very shortly after their arrival, they towed their yacht out into the lake and tied up alongside Josephine, behind the lumber barge. The schooner Alice, flying the Chicago Y. C. burgee, anchored near them, and left later in the afternoon for Harbor Point. On Saturday the Skipper and the Boa Constrictor took the train to Petoskey, and from there went across Little Traverse Bay to Harbor Point, where they found Mistral at anchor, and learned that Spray (both of our fleet) had left two days before in charge of two sailors for Chicago. That morning at colors all the yachts "dressed ship," and later on in the day we met on the flagship Marcia and agreed to start early Sunday morning for Grand Haven. All hands then went up town to lay in ice and supplies for that trip.

On Sunday, August 16, Marcia took a line from Vanenna, we towed behind, and the procession started for Lake Michigan. It was a dead calm. About 9 o'clock a very faint breeze came out of the N.W.; Minota, as usual, responded, and gradually drew away from Vanenna, Marcia having cast off our lines about a mile from the pier head. The steamsihp Manitou, on the way from Chicago to Charlevoix, passed us about 10 o'clock. The wind varied from NW. to N.N.W., and we were able to make a fair course for Cathead Point. At noon the sloop Neva, of Chicago, passed some distance from us, bound for Charlevoix. At 2:50 the cutter Charlotte R., owned by Vice-Commodore Burton, of the Chicago Y. C., passed us, too far away for us to signal her.

Our crew had been augmented by the addition of George Brown, whom the Skipper had invited at Charlevoix to sail with us to Chicago and fill the vacant berth in the cabin. He was put on the watch with Harris and Olaf. Nature had favored him with a rich baritone



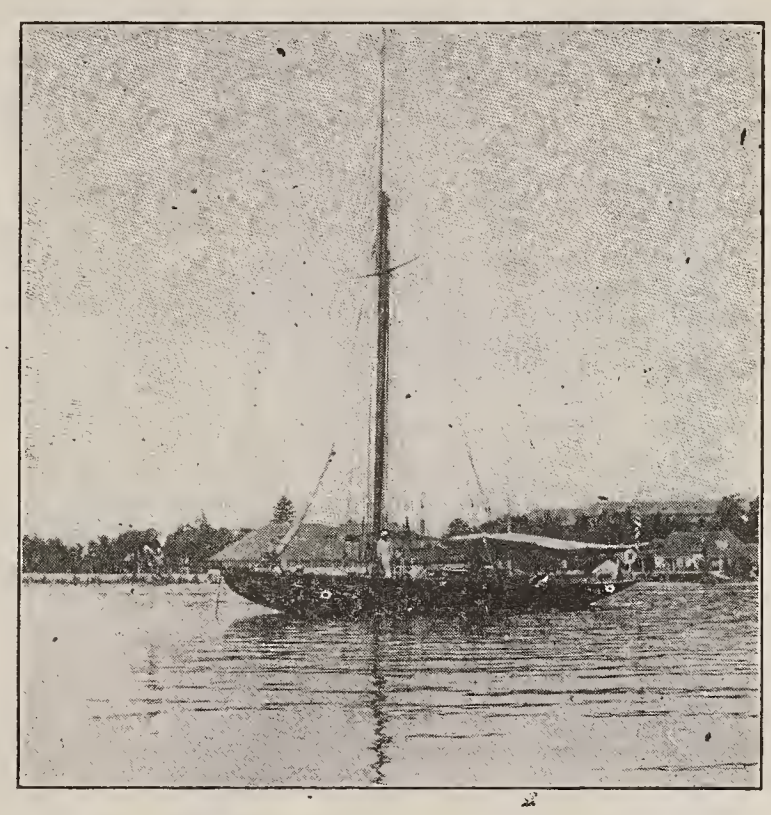
Milwaukee Yacht Club House.

voice, and we had numerous musicales on our homeward trip. Owing to his enormous capacity for food—which even exceeded that of the Boa Constrictor—we christened him the Anaconda.

Although the wind all day had been light, we kept moving on our course, averaging about 3 knots an hour, and at 11 o'clock at night we were well through the Manitou Passage, the fixed white light at South Manitou Island being constantly in sight. South Manitou seems to have been placed there by nature as a safe harbor of refuge in N.N.W. gales; and, in fact, from all winds except E. This splendid harbor is crescent-shaped, the distance between the two arms being approximately two miles, and a safe anchorage can be found close to shore. The island is 7,000 acres in extent, and has a population of 70, mostly engaged in farming. The life-saving station is close to the lighthouse, and near the landing pier, about three-quarters of a mile from the lighthouse is a general store, where ice, milk, and a few staple provisions can always be obtained. There is no connection with the shore except by boat, but I understand a telephone cable is being laid.

As the wind was fair and everything looked promising for a pleasant night, there was no occasion for our making use of South Manitou harbor on this trip, and we kept on, heading for Point Betsey. At midnight the wind was S.E., and our course S.W. by S., with a fresh breeze, but not enough to warrant our reducing sail. Away astern, on our starboard quarter, we could see Vanenna's port light, hour after hour. The wind was now beginning to head us. We trimmed our sheets, and the best course we could make was S.S.W. At 3 in the morning, a steamer was rapidly overhauling us, and, fearing that we might be overlooked, we burned a flare, which quickly made her change her course. Shortly after dawn the wind again dropped, and hauled around to the S.W. At about 5:30 the steamship Manitou passed us, this time on her way back to Chicago. Far astern—almost hull down—we could see our friend Vanenna, close-hauled, on the port tack, heading out into the lake.

Throughout this cruise we had made it a practice to



Anchorage at Charlevoix—Vanenna in Foreground.

take the log every hour, with the wind and the course, and by 10 that morning we had made only 33½ knots since midnight, and were standing inshore. We came about close to the Manistee pier head at ten minutes past 10, and then took a long tack out into the lake, heading W.S.W. The breeze was fresher than it had been in the early morning, and we were able to reel off 5 knots an hour. We kept on this tack for three hours, and then were 6 miles from shore. On the starboard tack we could sail S.E. by S., and run in close to the Big Point Sable light, coming about at 2:15. A careful examination of the chart showed that the shore forms a bay S. of this Big Point Sable, and then projects into the lake again at Little Point Sable, where the coast runs S.E., so that the Skipper calculated that by standing on this tack 15 miles, unless the wind changed, we could then come about, giving Little Point Sable a good clearance, and keep on down the coast to Grand Haven; so we sailed on for 15 miles, heading out into the lake until after supper-time. The Vanenna people afterward told us they saw us make this move and thought we had decided to take advantage of the fair wind and go across to Chicago; but, as a matter of fact, we stood on this tack longer than we intended owing to our having put too much oil in our patent log, which caused the indicating finger on the dial to get loose, and we were over-running the log every hour. We calculated that by coming about at 6:30 and taking our course S.E. by S., we ought to have a nice clearance passing Little Point Sable; but when night fell and the light at that point became visible (a fixed light flashing white every 30 seconds), we found she was away to leeward of us; certainly a good fault, but we might have come about an hour earlier and saved that much time.

We made the resolution when starting on the cruise that we would err on the safe side in the matter of carrying on canvas, and would always put in a couple of reefs before nightfall, no matter what the glass or clouds showed, but here we were, for our third night out, carrying on all sail, and it seems inborn in a sailor—be he professional or Corinthian—to make the best time he can. The crew were all experienced, and, on the occasions when we had to take in reefs, it was done very expeditiously. We therefore continued this night to have our full mainsail and jib, and at 11 o'clock, when the Skipper and myself were thrown from our bunks by the heavy swell, we thought we had been indiscreet to carry on so much sail. The Skipper put his head through the hatch and found that the trouble came from the big sea which is almost always to be found off Little Point Sable, rather than a heavy wind. We decided to make no change in our canvas, but we had little sleep for the rest of our watch. At midnight, when we took charge again, the wind was fair and we were right on our course, and at 1 o'clock had made 7 knots in the hour. The breeze, though, was shortlived, and gradually died down, so that when the other watch came up on deck at 4 o'clock we were barely moving.

The last we had seen of Vanenna—the big, black 45-footer that had kept us company practically all the way from Milwaukee—was when we were standing out in the lake the evening before. She was then, as far as we could make out, about 10 miles astern. Much were our men surprised to pick her up at 4:45 that morning a mile ahead, standing in shore on the starboard tack. They evidently had just seen us, for they were busy shaking out a couple of reefs they had put in the evening before. It was now a question as to whether we could take more advantage of the light airs we were now getting, and reach Grand Haven as soon as they did. We had just had breakfast, and were then about a mile N. of the pier head at Grand Haven, when Marcia came out, spoke to Vanenna, and steamed over to us, offering us a tow, which we agreed to take, and suggested that they pick up the Vanenna first and we would string on behind. By the time Vanenna had come up into the wind and snugged down her sails, we were close to the pier, and, as the wind was fair, we megaphoned Commodore Wilber to tow Vanenna up to Grand Haven, and we would sail up behind, which we did.

The piers at Grand Haven run out a considerable distance into the lake, and are 400 feet apart. The lighthouse consists of a white open framework tower, 25 feet high, located near the end of the south pier. It has a fixed white light, visible 13 miles. Under ordinary conditions this port is easy to make, but in heavy gales from the S. or S.W. a strong current sets down the shore and across the entrance. The same condition is noticeable all along the east short of this lake, and in such cases vessels should be careful to keep well to windward.

The city of Grand Haven is located half a mile from the pier head, and there the river narrows and runs in a northerly direction, through three draw-bridges, for half a mile, and then widens out into Spring Lake, an attractive summer resort where there is an active yacht club located.

By the time we were abreast of the city, Marcia and Vanenna were tied up to the dock, so we dropped our mainsail and kept on up the river under our jib alone. Fortunately, when we neared the bridges (which are all close together) an excursion steamer cut in ahead of us, and we followed her through the draws, but I understand the bridges will open for sailboats giving three blasts of the horn, the same as at Charlevoix.

We reached Spring Lake just as they were starting a



Crew of Minota.

race of their lark type boats. It made a very pretty sight. We dropped anchor alongside Sallie, a handsome schooner designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, and owned by Messrs George and William Savidge, of Spring Lake.

Our log showed 158.75 knots (182.75 statute miles), and we had been 50½ hours out from Charlevoix. The trip had been a very pleasant one, indeed, although we had practically beaten all the way down the Lake from the Manitous; it had been enjoyable sailing, and we had made fairly good time.

As soon as we had everything snugged down, all hands took a swim in the warm waters of Spring Lake. The water is so cold up in the northern part of Lake Michigan that swimming is out of the question, and even the morning plunge over the side is not looked forward to with the keenest pleasure. Then we dressed and went ashore to stretch our legs after the two days' confinement on shipboard, and called on Commodore Savidge, of the Spring Lake Y. C., who gave us his usual cordial welcome. At noon Marcia came up from Grand Haven towing Vanenna, and in the afternoon a party of us made a trip around Spring Lake in an excursion steamer. The lake is irregular in shape, and consists of a number of

bays and inlets, with well wooded shores hiding numerous camps and summer residences. In the evening we took the trolley down to Grand Haven and spent the time engaging in competition as to who could fill the slot machines with the most money, and on our return aboard, before going below, Brown gave us "The Dungeon Deep," followed by a little close harmony which elicited applause from the surrounding yachts, possibly satirical.

The next day (Wednesday, August 19), Commodore Savidge very courteously towed us down the river to Grand Haven with the steam launch Antelope; and, with the wind dead aft, we ran down under full mainsail, balloon jib and spinnaker to the Holland light, 21 miles to the S., arriving there at 2:10, after a three hours' run. There was quite a good sea running, and we took the precaution to top up the boom before jibing to enter between the piers. They are about two hundred yards apart, and the lighthouse is on the south pier. On the same side is the life-saving station. Shortly after passing the life-saving station, the channel widens into Black Lake. Behind the high sand hills which compose the shore line all along this part of the coast, nestles the summer resort known as Macatawa Beach. This is on the south side, opposite Ottawa Beach, another summer resort, consisting principally of a large hotel, and there is a good anchorage between these two places, but care must be taken in entering to pass the spar buoy, which you will find where the channel widens, to starboard. If you pass the buoy to port you will undoubtedly run aground on a sandbar.

The city of Holland is at the extreme end of the lake, five miles from the entrance to Lake Michigan, and good water can be found in midlake all the way up to Holland; most of the yachts, however, generally anchor opposite Macatawa Beach, where there is more festivity going on, and where the Macatawa Bay Y. C. is located.

We found Siren (of the Chicago Y. C. fleet) anchored there. The next day our old friends Marcia and Vanenna again joined us. Just before colors, Spray, belonging to Mr. J. W. Keogh, of the Chicago Y. C., arrived from Harbor Springs, after an eight-day trip. She left at daybreak the next morning. It had been our intention to leave that day for Chicago, which is 95 statute miles S.W., but the wind blew steadily from the S. Thursday, Friday and Saturday, so we decided to leave Minota in charge of Olaf for a week at Macatawa Beach and return the following Sturday morning, and sail her to Chicago.

Two steamers a day run between Chicago and Holland, with good accommodations, and the following Friday night (August 28) found us, with a few changes in the crew, steaming across the lake to Holland. We arrived there bright and early Saturday morning in a pouring rain, and, owing to some mistake in time, instead of getting off at Ottawa Beach, as we intended, we were carried up to Holland, where we had breakfast, and returned by the electric cars to where Minota lay at anchor. The rain still came down in sheets, and it was not until 10 o'clock that we ventured aboard. The rain then stopped and a nice breeze began to come out of the N.W., which made an excellent fair wind for Chicago; so we hoisted the full mainsail and jib and ran down the channel into the Lake at 10:45. There was scarcely a ripple on the lake, but the wind pushed us along at a 5-knot clip, gradually increasing in strength. We ran up the balloon jib as soon as we got clear of the harbor. At 1 o'clock we were making 7 knots an hour, and the wind increased to such an extent as to carry away the bolt rope in our balloon jib. We quickly took it in, ran up our jib, and put in two reefs. The wind blew steadily from the N.W., gradually growing stronger and stronger. To allow for leeway, we kept on the course S.W.½W. Our big jib was pulling her down too much by the head, and we shipped a few big seas over our bows. It seemed prudent, therefore, to reduce the headsail, and we exchanged our large jib for No. 3 at 2:10. Away to the N. clouds kept banking up, and we watched them with much anxiety. The sea was fast getting up, and it looked as if we had an ugly night before us. Fortunately, we were straight on our course for Chicago, and we had our exact location at all times, so that, should the wind veer, we could readily make St. Joe, Mich., or Waukegan.

Before 4 o'clock we found four reefs all she could stagger under, and even under that shortened canvas we made 7 knots between 4 and 5.

The dinghy, which so far throughout the cruise had behaved very well, began now to give some trouble. The waves would curl up and break over her stern, sometimes over her bows, and twice Olaf got into her and bailed her out. We finally concluded that the better plan would be to take her aboard and lash her over the taffrail, which we did, with some trouble. Two of our crew—both good sailors—began to show signs of seasickness, and they suffered at intervals throughout the trip. Before night fell, the Skipper ordered the mainsail taken off entirely and the storm trysail hoisted instead, which was accomplished at the risk of being washed overboard by the waves, which now broke over our bows, and at times completely enveloped the vessel.

In carrying a storm trysail, the best plan is to lash the boom in the crutch amidships and make all snug, but the presence of the dinghy on the quarter prevented our doing this; so we lashed the clew of the trysail to the boom, which, to a certain extent, kept it from working, although not entirely, for we found next morning that one of the jaws had chafed an ugly mark in the mast.

All during the cruise we had been congratulating ourselves on the fair weather we had had and the absence of stormy weather, but now we were making up for lost time with a vengeance. The gale howled through the rigging, the sea was now running high, the waves mounting 11 and 12 feet from crest to hollow. It seemed as if some of the big ones would engulf us, but Minota seemed equal to the emergency, and rode them easily. Occasionally the helmsman, with all his skill, could not dodge two waves that came at us at once, and one would strike the boat on the counter with a bang, and pour a deluge of green water into the cockpit. To have a regular meal was out of the question, and everybody, for some reason or other, seemed to prefer the deck to the cabin. By 10 o'clock we began to look eagerly for the Grosse Pointe light. It stands on a headland 10 miles N. of Chicago, and is a fixed white light, varied by a red flash every three minutes, and visible 19 miles. According to the chart, we ought to pick that light up first, before the Chicago light (which is visible the same distance, and is a red and white flashing light). After looking for a long while, one of our men suddenly cried out, "There is the Grosse Pointe light," and we could see a white light which would be occasionally obscured and then come into sight again. We felt very much elated thereat, but our joy was turned to disappointment when we found it was the light of a steamer, hidden at regular intervals from our eyes by the heavy seas. I was struck at this time with the apparent utter absence of fear evidenced by the entire outfit. They had all had considerable experience of sailing, and I felt personally very thankful that we had not on board with us any tenderfoot, who certainly would have had every reason for feeling decidedly uneasy over the outcome of the trip. Knowing that the boat was strongly built, the only thing that could happen to us was to run into some floating log, and, with a broken plank, I do not think anything could have saved us; another possible menace was the chance of being run down by steamers, which experience we had, as you will see, before we reached our destination.

At 11 o'clck we readily distinguished the "loom" in the sky over Chicago, right on our course, and, at some distance south of this, a smaller "loom," evidently from the steel mills at South Chicago, and presently we could make out the Grosse Pointe light, and very shortly afterward the Chicago light.

By midnight the wind had moderated, but the seas were still as high and troublesome as ever. One of the party went down below and sent up some crackers and a can of cold milk, which we passed around, wishing it could be exchanged for hot coffee.

As we drew nearer to the Chicago light we got in the track of all the steamers going to and from that port, and we had a very festive time to keep from being run down. One large freighter bound north seemed bent on our destruction. She came lumbering along, bucking the head sea, the spray washing clean over her smokestacks, apparently indifferent to our existence or right to be on the lake. We could not imagine why she ignored our port light, and I ran forward to make quite sure it was lit. I found a ready explanation of the steamer's actions. The port light was out!

For such an emergency as this we kept hanging in the cabin, close to the companionway, our regular riding light, which had a six-inch fresnel lens, and the steamer's helsman soon saw this light being waved, and changed his course. We lost no time in relighting our port light, and from that time on sent someone forward at frequent intervals to see that they were both burning.

We kept no regular watches on this trip, one hour being all a man could stand at the stick, as it kept his entire attention dodging the waves and receiving at the right angle those he could not avoid.

The steamers grew thicker as we neared port, and it seemed as if every vessel in sight had suddenly decided to cross our path. One fast passenger steamer coming down from the north was directly in our wake. The Skipper watched her through the tail of his eye for some time, and then waved our useful riding light, but no attention was paid to it. After a short interval it was waved again, still with no result. By this time she was getting dangerously close, and we were about to light the flare when another swing of our brilliant light caught the eye of the wheelsman, and the steamer swerved off her course as if by magic, and instantly a whole broadside of electric lights came into view, as she went past us to starboard, heaving and rolling in the heavy sea, with her propeller "racing" most of the time; and, I imagine, not a single passenger on board escaping *mal de mer*.

About 2 o'clock we took in our storm trysail and hoisted the four-reef mainsail again, which resulted in our making much better time, and we rounded the Van Buren street light at the entrance of the harbor shortly after 3 in the morning. As some other boat was lying at our mooring, we dropped anchor in front of the Chicago Y. C. house, and with a great feeling of relief. The cabin looked like a second-hand clothing store struck by a cyclone, and everything was wet and uncomfortable. We were so tired and worn out with our tempestuous trip that, after a light repast of cheese and crackers and a good stiff horn of whiskey, we dropped asleep in our wet clothes. At 9:30 we awoke, went over to the club house for a hot shower, and then returned to the enjoyment of a tremendous breakfast on board the boat, and a general discussion of our previous day's run: how Jones had been scared to death but didn't show it, and afterward said if he had known the boat was able to stand such a trip he wouldn't have felt worried; how the lookout kept imagining he saw lights and other things that did not exist, and how the Skipper, having changed all his wet clothes for a dry suit, had been caught by a wave as he came up the companionway and instantly drenched from head to foot. All these and many other incidents were discussed as we reflected upon the cruise, which had lasted for nearly three weeks, and, from my point of view, had been the pleasantest time of my life. Minota certainly had behaved magnificently throughout, and I bid good-by to my companions and left her, safely anchored once more in her own port, with inexpressible regret.

ATLANTIC Y. C. SCHEDULE.—The regatta committee of the Atlantic Y. C. has announced the following programme for the season:

Monday, May 30 (Memorial Day)—Classes L and below; short courses.

Saturday, June 4—First Havens' cup race; classes N and below.

Tuesday, June 14—Twenty-eighth annual regatta; all classes; long courses.

Monday, July 4—Water sports; start at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon; illumination of yachts, fireworks, etc., during the evening.

Tuesday, July 5, to Saturday, July 9, inclusive—Annual cruise.

Monday, July 11—Ocean race; Newport to Sea Gate.

Saturday, July 16—Power boats; American Power Boat Association's classification and time allowance.

Saturday, July 30—Power boats; two divisions—(A) between 40ft. and 60ft. load waterline, and (B) all 40ft. load waterline; no time allowance.

Saturday, August 20—Classes L and below; short courses; Gravesend Bay Association pennant.

Monday, September 5 (Labor Day)—Classes L and below; short courses.

Saturday, September 24—Fall regatta; all classes; long courses.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, May 21.—Entries for the ocean race of the Eastern Y. C. are coming in fast. Mr. Henry A. Morse, of the special committee on ocean race, has so far received twenty-three entries. Four of the entries are those of schooners of more than 50ft. waterline, and these entries are likely to lead to more in the larger classes. The four large schooner entries are as follows: Hope Leslie, 66ft., Commodore Laurence Minot, Eastern Y. C.; Undercliffe, 68ft., F. L. Clark, Eastern Y. C.; Chanticleer, 80ft., G. W. Weld, Eastern Y. C.; Sachem, 87ft., ex-Commodore F. T. Adams, Larchmont Y. C.

The entries under 50ft. waterline are as follows: Indra, schooner, 46ft., F. S. Eaton, Eastern Y. C.; Magnolia, schooner, 40ft., Vice-Commodore E. P. Boynton, Boston Y. C.; Nebula, sloop, 35ft., Dr. W. S. Smith, Eastern Y. C.; Cossack, sloop, 35ft., H. A. Morse, Eastern Y. C.; Takitesy, yawl, 35ft., J. E. Appleton, Eastern Y. C.; Nymph, sloop, 41ft., W. C. Towen, Atlantic Y. C.; Effort, sloop, 36ft., F. M. Smith, New York Y. C.; Aspirant, 40ft., Hanan Bros., New York Y. C.; Mira, sloop, 36ft., C. L. Poor, New York Y. C.; Altair, sloop, 46ft., Cord Meyer, New York Y. C.; Surprise, sloop, 31ft., L. D. Martens, New York Y. C.; Sibyl, sloop, 45ft., G. G. Williams, New York Y. C.; Sakana, yawl, 27ft., R. S. McCreery, Larchmont Y. C.; Pajute II., sloop, 33ft., Vice-Commodore Walter Beame, Knickerbocker Y. C.; Redskin II., schooner, 35ft., J. L. and L. H. Sturtevant, Boston Y. C.; Gorilla, sloop, 40ft., Joseph Battles, Corinthian Y. C.; Valhalla II, sloop, J. F. and Arthur Willis, Boston Y. C.; Nerine, yawl, 30ft., S. G. Etherington, New Rochelle Y. C.; Defiance, sloop, 33ft., Dr. C. B. Kellar, Norwalk Y. C.

In these entries there are seven schooners, three yawls and thirteen single-masted yachts.

The regatta committee of the Duxbury Y. C. has arranged for a fine programme of races for the season.

The 18ft. knockabouts hold chief interest in this club. It was by members of the club that the class was started in Massachusetts Bay, and the boats have been raced steadily ever since. There are several new 18-footers for the Duxbury Y. C. fleet this year, and many of the older ones. The schedule of fixtures, arranged by the regatta committee, is as follows:

May 30, Monday—Club race.
June 4, Saturday—Club race.
June 17, Friday—Club race.
June 18, Saturday—Club race.
June 25, Saturday—Moonlight sail.
July 2, Saturday—Club race.
July 4, Monday—Ladies' day.
July 16, Saturday—Club race.
July 23, Saturday—Moonlight sail.
July 30, Saturday—Club race.
August 6, Saturday—Club race.
August 13, Saturday—Ladies' day.
August 20, Saturday—Club race.
August 26, Friday—Y. R. A. open.
August 27, Saturday—Y. R. A. open.
September 3, Saturday—Club race.
September 5, Monday—Club race.
September 10, Saturday—Club race.

In addition to its racing programme, it is the intention of the club to provide shore amusements for its members and their families, most of whom are summer residents. A programme of dates for whist, golf, etc., will be announced by the house committee later.

The regatta committee of the Corinthian Y. C. has issued a pamphlet, in which the general programme for the season is outlined. The committee will give valuable silver cups for the midsummer series, which will be held the first week in August, and will also give cups for the club championships. Cups have been offerred for the ocean race, to be sailed June 25, by Messrs. Henry A. Morse, Lawrence F. Percival and Harry H. Walker. In addition to the cups, cash prizes will be offered for each race. In the midsummer series, a yacht winning two out of three races in her class will be awarded the cup for that class. There will be eight races for the club championships, including two invitation races on July 4 and August 6, in which percentages will be awarded yachts enrolled in the club. The following special classes will be provided for in the championships: 30ft. class, yachts conforming to the limitations of the Massachusetts Thirty-foot Cruising Yacht Association; class A, handicap, yachts 23ft. and less than 30ft. waterline; class B, handicap, yachts 18ft. and less than 23ft. waterline, and class C, handicap, yachts under 18ft. waterline.

The steam yacht Pantooset, owned by Mr. A. S. Bigelow, was in Simpson's drydock at East Boston last week. As soon as the Pantooset comes out of the dock, the steam yacht Isis, owned by Messrs. W. S. and J. T. Spaulding, will be docked. The steam yacht Rambler, ex-Dreamer, owned by ex-Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, will go into drydock on May 28. She is to be in New York June 2.

At the Baker Yacht Basin, the schooner Corona is hauled out on the ways, receiving her last coat of paint before going into commission. The steam yacht Wakiva, under charter to Mr. L. V. Harkness, will leave for New York next week. The steam yacht Idalia, owned by Mr. Eugene Tompkins, is fitting out in the basin.

Messrs. Burgess & Packard, designers of the new 30-footer Sanquoit, are much pleased at her performance last week of beating the Sally VII. The 22-footer, Keewaydin, designed by this firm and built by the Chase Pulley Company of Providence for L. C. Holmes, of Plymouth, came around the cape last week in rough weather. The 26-footer, building for A. Lawrence Lowell, by the same company, is about half completed. Six one-design 15-footers for the Wianno Y. C. have been completed. The keel 15-footer for Dr. Morton Prince has been finished by Hodgdon Bros. of East Boothbay. The automobile boat for H. L. Bowden is partly planked.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Southern Letter.

NEW ORLEANS, May 20.—In a season it is probable that the port of New Orleans sees upon its waters as varied a fleet of pleasure craft of the bird-of-passage sort as any other harbor in the country, with the possible exception of New York, and the fact has been quite marked during the past winter and spring, when we have had the pleasure of seeing yachts of all sizes and types, whether propelled by steam, motor or sail. The sailing craft have been of every rig and nearly all the ruling types, and a catamaran which crossed the Great Lakes and thence down the Mississippi River. Some of the most palatial steam yachts in the world have anchored here, including Alcedo, of the New York Y. C., and the Clementine, of the Royal Manchester (England) Y. C., which was built, by the way, for the King of Belgium, and the fleet of gasolene motor cabin yachts has been large in numbers and interesting to observe during the past several months. The string of power boats coming down or going up this season was larger than ever, and there was hardly a time when there was not a representation of these sort of peregrinating craft here, they coming in by one entrance and out the other, as the case might be.

Just now the procession is headed up river, the St. Louis Fair being the objective point, and the passing launches being from Florida and the other lower Atlantic States. In this wise a number of the Florida colony have passed along on the way to their Northern homes, via the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, there being three boats here in company last week—Clara, F. D. Hughes, New York city; Palmetto, T. B. Snider, of Cincinnati, and Roamer, H. C. Roome, of New York city.

Roamer is making in leisurely fashion that 6,000-mile trip which comprises the circumnavigation of the entire eastern half of the United States by way of the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, Mississippi River, canals and the Great Lakes. She left New York city last September, and her present itinerary is mapped out to end there some time hence. Roamer is 69ft. over all, 12ft. beam and 5ft. draft, with a 45 horse-power Globe engine. Her masts are hinged, and can be folded back to the deck by slacking away forward to pass under bridges. The electric installation of the yacht could hardly be improved upon, including, as it does, a dynamo and a motor, which cannot only be used to start the engine, but also to run the yacht on occasion. This is the second round trip of the kind undertaken by Mr. and Mrs. Roome, they having traveled from New York to New Orleans, and Chicago to New York again seven years ago in a smaller launch called the Waikiki. Roamer is the result of their having traveled thousands of miles in many kinds of boats. Economy of space and comfort is carried to the highest development in this vessel. The crew consists of three men—mate, engineer and steward. Of the two yachts now cruising up the river in company with Roamer, Palmetto is 65ft. long, 13ft. beam, and 3ft. draft; Clara is 40ft. long, with a beam of 10ft. and a draft of 2ft. The owners of these boats and their wives have been living aboard and cruising all winter, and it would seem that this mode of life was far more preferable to lovers of the water to traveling by train and putting up at hotels.

Of other notable yachts that were here lately, there can be mentioned, particularly for their size and fine appearance, Fortuna and Roxana. The former is 125ft. in length, 25ft. beam, and 150 horse-power engines, the owner being Mr. John W. Parmalee, of Chicago. Fortuna came from Lake Michigan, through Sturgeon Bay, Green Bay, the Fox River, Lake Winnebago (Wis.) into the Mississippi. She cruised through all the bays and bayous west of this city for a month or more, and then left for the Atlantic Coast, it being the owner's intention to wind up the 10,000-mile cruise at Chicago. Roxana, John W. Gates, owner, was built and launched last fall at Racine, Wis., and she got to the Gulf via Chicago, the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. She, like Fortuna, is a steel hull, and she is over 150ft. in length. Roxana was used for hunting and fishing along the Louisiana and Texas coasts all winter. She looks more like a house-boat than a regulation steam yacht, and she is now at New York having 15ft. added to her length amidships. She will be used on Long Island Sound this summer, and then away down the Atlantic to the Gulf and New Orleans. During midwinter the schooner Wasp was here, and cruised to the West under command of Mr. Harry Whitney, of New London, Conn., and young Mr. Carnegie, of Pittsburg, Pa. Last fall Robert Galloway, of Memphis, Tenn., purchased at New York the auxiliary yawl Coon from W. H. Langley, and the new owner sailed in her for Rockport, Texas. She cruised leisurely back to this port, where she was in and out on side pleasure trips for some time, when she was purchased by Mr. J. Z. George. Mr. Galloway will add to the fleet of the Southern Y. C. the 85ft. auxiliary yawl Daisy, designed by H. J. Gielow, and just completed by Wm. P. Kirk at Tom's River, N. J., which will be equipped with a 40 horse-power Craig gasolene engine. Daisy will reach the South by way of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, canals and rivers, sailing about the first of June.

The steam yacht Wachusett, Mr. W. A. Jamison, reached here in the height of the hunting and fishing season, and she is now enrolled in the Southern Y. C., having been purchased by Mr. Santo Oteri, one of the club's leading power boat enthusiasts. Another fine yacht to make the Atlantic Coast trip was the 50ft. gasolene launch Skirmisher, of Dorchester, Mass., which was built and owned by J. Scott McLearn. She was purchased and is now being used here by Col. Wm. P. Burk, and the S. Y. C. burgee replacing that of the New England club. Some months ago Capt. W. J. Milner purchased at Philadelphia the large auxiliary schooner yacht Ibis and sailed south in her, enrolling her in this club. The mention of these preceding craft emphasizes to what a great extent the fleet of the Southern Y. C. has been augmented by northern-built vessels during the past winter, there being included in the number representatives of all the divisons of yachts, including steam yachts, motor yachts, launches, schooners, yawls, cabin sloops, and racing sloops. While the importations have been numerous, the home-built additions to the fleet number three times as many more, but these will be written up later.

The annual sailing yacht regatta of the Southern Y. C. takes place Saturday, May 28, and that evening a smoker will be given in honor of boat owners and crews. The annual regatta for power boats—a new institution—takes place Saturday, June 4, and in the late afternoon there will be a review of the entire fleet by the commodore, and that night will be given the annual dance and promenade concert. June 18 will be a cup race day. The racing circuit of the Southern Association opens July 4.

L. D. SAMPSELL.

Designing Competition.

WE are able to publish in this issue Mr. Crane's criticism of the designs that received Honorable Mention in our recent competition for a 40ft. waterline cruising boat. We intend publishing the designs mentioned by Mr. Crane. All the drawings that were submitted will be returned to competitors.

Mr. Crane's letter is as follows:

The designs submitted for the FOREST AND STREAM Designing Competition were of unusual merit, making a choice of the best one extremely difficult. The boats in model, construction and rig were particularly desirable in most cases. There was a disposition on the part of some of the competitors to crowd too much into their boats. The arrangement plan is, however, so much a question of the wishes of the individual owner that it is a hard matter to lay down at best.

A boat of this size should not require a captain's stateroom. For comfortable cruising the galley and storerooms should be commodious and comfortable, and the forecastle fairly large and roomy. The owner's quarters should have two staterooms and a main saloon. Provision should be made on going below for a little steerage or chart room, as I know of nothing more disagreeable than going into a nicely carpeted cabin in dripping oilskins.

Many of the competitors have shown wonderful thought in the planning of provision for stowing all the necessaries.

A rather common fault was the stepping of the mast too far forward for the sake of increasing the size of the cabin. A cruising sloop should be capable of going to windward under staysail alone in case of emergency, and this requires the mast to be stepped a certain distance from the forward end of the waterline. Runners should be so arranged that both can be set up when going to windward. In a cruising boat bridles on the boom should be avoided as much as possible.

In commenting on the individual boats of the first ten, outside of the three prize winners, I have not rated these boats at all, simply referring them all for honorable mention.

F. S. V., 283, ROBERT C. SIMPSON, BOSTON, MASS.—An excellent model, handsome appearance, and particularly well thought out rig, with the mast well placed for cruising. Marred by bad arrangement, particularly as the stove is so placed as to make the galley and forecastle unlivable.

DIRK, NORMAN L. SKENE, BOSTON, MASS.—A very pretty, carefully thought out boat; good model and construction. I should criticise the companion on the port side, and comment on the good provision for crew, and the large galley. The owner, however, should have had another stateroom, and the captain's been omitted. As far as the model is concerned, in a cruiser more deadrise would be advisable.

ELI, CHARLES H. HALL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—A nice cruising model, of good construction. In the rig the runners are set too far aft. In the arrangement the crew's quarters are too cramped. For a boat of this type the arrangement of the centerboard under the floor is a desirable one. The entrance to the boat should not be directly into the main cabin.

M. I. KADO, E. D. PURDY, NEW YORK CITY.—The beam of this boat is too great for her length. The arrangement is excellent; well thought out. Rig is marred by too large a mainsail.

MERLE, MARTIN C. ERISMANN, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.—In this boat again the mainsail is too large, and there is one feature in the construction which is objectionable to most builders, and that is steam-bent frames. In the arrangement, the crew's quarters are rather too cramped.

MAINSAIL, MORGAN BARNEY, NEW YORK CITY.—Excellent construction and model, but again marred by too large a mainsail.

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 21.—The schedule of the season's fixtures for the yacht clubs of upper Narragansett Bay is now decided upon, with the exception of a possible change in the dates of the Edgewood Y. C. It is as follows:

Monday, May 30—Fall River Y. C. open regatta, Washington Park Boating Association club regatta.
Saturday, June 11—Edgewood Y. C. club regatta.
Saturday, June 18—Rhode Island Y. C. club regatta.
Saturday, June 25—Bristol Y. C. open regatta.
Saturday, July 2; Monday, July 4; Saturday, July 9—Edgewood Y. C. special series for 30ft. cats.
Sunday, July 24—Rhode Island Y. C. annual cruise.
Saturday, August 6—Edgewood Y. C. club regatta.
Monday, August 15—Edgewood Y. C. annual cruise.
Monday, August 15—Narragansett Bay Y. R. A. series.
August 15—Edgewood Y. C. open.
August 16—Bristol Y. C. open.
August 17—Fall River Y. C. open.
August 18—Association race at Jamestown, open.
August 20—Rhode Island Y. C. open.
Saturday, Sept. 10—Bristol Y. C. open regatta.

In addition to the three races for the Rossner cup for the 30ft. cats by the Edgewood Y. C. early in July, the same club will probably hold another series for that class in September, the dates now spoken of being the 3d, 5th and 17th. The 30-footers are expected to furnish the most racing interest this season, as they did last year, and the class will also have another trophy to compete for in the cup offered by Commodore Peirce, of the Washington Park Boating Association, this series of races probably to be sailed during July.

The Herreshoff Company, of Bristol, has built for Mr. H. B. Wright, of the Rhode Island Y. C., a handsome 30ft. hunting cabin launch, finished in mahogany in trunk, cockpit and cabin, with comfortable cruising accommodations.

Mr. F. E. Chester, of the Edgewater Y. C., has a new steel launch, Rocket, 18ft. long, 4½ft. beam, and 12in. draft, built by the Michigan Steel Boat Company, of Detroit. The boat weighs 785 pounds, and is equipped with a 2 horse-power Regal automobile engine. It is the first small launch of steel construction seen in these waters.

Mr. E. C. Ostley, of Providence, has sold his sloop yawl, Ragnild, through the agency of F. S. Nock, to Mr. Clinton R. Weeden, of Providence. The yacht will remain in the Rhode Island Y. C. fleet. Rear-Commodore Bliss, of the W. P. Boating Association, has bought the handsome 25ft. cat, Inez L., from Messrs. I. W. Bagley and H. T. Hammond. Mr. G. H. Emerson's 30ft. cat Victor has been changed to a sloop yawl rig at Davis Bros'. shop, and has been put in commission for the season.

For Mr. David Stranger, of Providence, the Davis Bros. have built a 25ft. cat, Mae Hope, constructed on a broad model and comfortably fitted for cruising. The boat is 25ft. over all, 22ft. waterline, 10ft. 10in. beam, and 2ft. 4in. draft without the board.

The 28ft. speed launch, Moya, built by Mr. F. S. Nock for Mr. L. A. Meacham, of Chicago, last year, has arrived at the Nock yard at East Greenwich to have a 15 horse-power Buffalo motor installed in place of the 14 horse-power motor previously used. She will also have a new deck, and the interior will be remodeled. Under her former power the Moya developed a speed of 15 miles an hour.

The Chewink IV., a 30ft. racing sloop built under new rules of measurement, was launched at the Herreshoffs', Bristol, this week. She is a keel boat, with full, handsome stern, and slender bows, and with moderate overhangs. Considerable secrecy was observed at the shop as to her lines, as her underbody was concealed with canvas while she was building, and also when she was hauled out on the railway a day or two after launching. She was designed by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff.

The 46-footer, Altair, owned by Mr. Cord Meyer, of New York, is ready to go into commission at Bristol, and the new 100ft. steam yacht for Mr. M. C. D. Borden, of New York, will be launched early next month.

The election of the Bristol Y. C. is not held until September, but a nominating committee has been chosen, consisting of Messrs. J. Winthrop De Wolf, William Bradford, and Charles K. Wheelwright, and Frank A. Ingraham has been elected to the executive committee.

F. H. YOUNG.

Rules Governing Future America's Cup Races.

THE report of the New York Y. C.'s Committee on Challenge of the Royal Ulster Y. C., has been published. This brochure contains all the data relative to the matches between Reliance and Shamrock III. as well as the correspondence that has taken place between the club and Sir Thomas Lipton in regard to the measurement rules that will govern future contests for the America's Cup.

We publish the letters in full, as they are of considerable interest:

City Road, London E. C., Dec. 12, 1903.

To the Secretary, the New York Yacht Club, New York:

Dear Sir—With reference to the conditions governing the races for the America's Cup, I should feel obliged if you would kindly inform me whether, in respect to future contests, it is the intention of the club to adhere to the original rules as regards measurement, or whether it would be disposed to consider a challenge under the new rule of measurement recently adopted by the club?

My reason for writing you now is that, in my opinion, the decision of the club on this matter must have a very important bearing on future challenges. I am yours faithfully,

(Signed) THOMAS J. LIPTON.

New York Yacht Club, March 14, 1904.

Dear Sir—Upon receiving your letter of Dec. 12, I informed you that it would be laid before the club at its next meeting. This did not take place until February, when a committee was appointed, to whom the matter was referred. As the yacht club has no Board of Governors, this is the usual course in such matters.

On account of the absence of some of the members of this committee, it was unable to meet until the present week, and thus some delay has occurred, which we regret; but it has been unavoidable.

I am now instructed to answer your letter as follows:

You ask to be informed whether "in respect to future contests it is the intention of the New York Yacht Club to adhere to the original rules as regards measurement, or whether it would be disposed to consider a challenge under the new rule of measuremen recently adopted by the club."

In a letter written you by Commodore Ledyard, under date of July 8, 1902, for transmission to the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, the right of a challenging club to sail a match for the America's Cup, without regard to measurement or time allowance, and the inability of the club holding the Cup to do any act or to impose any conditions which might in any respect impair this right, were explained at length. The following is taken from that letter:

"As I had occasion to explain to you when the question of towing arose in connection with the challenge of Shamrock I., the deed of gift prescribes no conditions respecting the kind of vessel which may compete, except (a) that she shall be within certain limits of length; (b) that no dimensions stated in the certificate may be exceeded; (c) that no restrictions shall be placed on centerboards, and, lastly, that she shall proceed under sail, on her own bottom, to the port of contest. This last-named condition imports all that the framers deemed wise to insert by way of limitation upon the type of vessel, viz., her actual and demonstrated ability to make the passage under sail.

As to measurement, the deed makes no provision whatever. That is left to be dealt with under the mutual agreement clause. The two clubs may agree upon any system of measurement they please. If they fail to agree, the terms of the match are prescribed by the deed; best two out of three races on ocean courses as described, 'subject to the rules and sailing regulations' of the challenged club, 'so far as the same do not conflict with the provisions of the deed, but without any time allowance whatever.'

"You will observe that under this provision the New York Yacht Club would have no power to make any change in its measurement rules apply to a challenging yacht without the consent of the club to which she belongs. All that the challenger would have to do would be to appeal to the deed and stand upon its right to sail the race, boat for boat, without any time allowance whatever, and therefore without the application of any rule of measurement. Indeed the New York Yacht Club, as the holder of the Cup, regards it as quite beyond its power to impose any restriction or any hindrance upon the challenging yacht, beyond those enumerated as specified in the deed.

"The enumeration of these qualifications by the deed excludes the idea that the challenged club could in any way vary from or add to them. Any yacht properly challenging through a qualified club of a water line length within the limits specified, complying with the deed as to notice and certificate, and proceeding under sail on her own bottom to the port of contest, is entitled to sail for the Cup, on the courses designated, best two out of three, boat for boat, without time allowance, and without any other or additional restriction being imposed upon her. She must sail, it is true, under the rules and sailing regulations of the chal-

lenged club, but any provisions of these would plainly conflict with the deed, if they operated to impose any other limit, condition or penalty upon the type, model, sail area or other factor going to the qualification of the challenger."

This will make it plain to you that what you refer to in your question as "original rules" in respect to measurement, by which I understand you to mean the rules under which the matches with the three Shamrocks have been sailed, were rules which applied to these contests, not because they happened to be at the time the measurement rules of the New York Yacht Club, but because the mutual agreement between the two clubs provided, in each instance, that the match should be sailed under these particular rules.

The normal match provided for by the deed of gift is one to be sailed without time allowance, and therefore without regard to any rule or system of measurement, for the only purpose of the measurement is to determine the amount of time allowance.

Any other match must be the product of an agreement between the two clubs, and therefore a rule of measurement for purposes of time allowance can become a factor in the match only by virtue of such special agreement.

The question you raise is doubtless an important one, but you will see that it really amounts to asking the club what agreement it would be willing to make if it should happen that some club qualified to challenge should desire to enter into an agreement upon the subject. This would seem to be a matter which can properly come before the club for discussion only in connection with a challenge from some club qualified to challenge for the Cup, for it is with such a club only that an agreement upon the subject can be made.

The New York Yacht Club does not feel that it can be asked to take a position upon such a question when no challenge is pending, or, so far as it is informed, even contemplated. Any view which might be expressed by the club under such circumstances would seem to be academic and of little avail, and it prefers to wait until the subject shall be raised in some manner properly calling for its disposition before expressing any views upon it.

It may be proper for me to add that the present rule of measurement has only been very recently adopted by our club, and that vessels have not yet been built under it, so that it cannot be regarded as having passed the experimental stage. Whether so untried a rule should be made applicable to an international match I think you will agree should not be decided without careful consideration by both the clubs concerned in settling the details of the match. I am very respectfully yours,

(Signed) G. A. CORMACK, Sec'y.

Sir Thomas J. Lipton, City Road, London E. C., England.

City Road, London E. C., March 24, 1904.

G. A. Cormack, Esq., Secretary New York Yacht Club, 37 West 44th St., New York.:

Dear Mr. Cormack—I have received your letter of the 14th inst., for which I am obliged, and the contents I have very carefully noted. I am leaving to-morrow for abroad, and will be away for some little time; but on my return will give the matter under consideration my attention. Yours faithfully,

(Signed) THOMAS J. LIPTON.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

RAMONA AND NORMONA CHANGE HANDS.—Mr. Stephen Peabody, N. Y. Y. C., has sold his schooner yacht Ramona to Mr. W. N. Wilbur, of Philadelphia, Pa., through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman. Ramona—ex-Resolute—is a well known craft, having been built by David Carll, of City Island, New York. She measures 133ft. over all, 110ft. waterline, 25.7ft. breadth, and 12ft. draft. Mr. Seaman has also sold the auxiliary ketch Normona to Mr. Paul G. Thebaud, N. Y. Y. C., by the Selwyn M. Taylor estate, Pittsburg, Pa. She was designed by R. M. Munroe and built 1903 by A. C. Brown & Sons, Tottenville, N. Y. She is 83ft. over all, 71ft. waterline, 22.2ft. breadth, and 3.10ft. draft.

CHALLENGE FOR CAPE MAY CUP.—The regatta committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron received on May 22 a formal challenge from Commodore Morton F. Plant, of the Larchmont Y. C., for the Cape May cup, with his schooner yacht Ingomar.

POWER BOAT FOR H. H. ROGERS, JR.—The Electric Launch Company, of Bayonne, is building a speed launch for Mr. H. H. Rogers, Jr. She is 31ft. long, 4ft. 8in. breadth, and 9in. draft. The boat complete will weigh 1,100 pounds, and will be carried on the davits of the steam yacht Kanawha. With a 35 horse-power engine a speed of 20 miles is expected. The boat is very lightly built, and is double planked.

CALYPSO REACHES NEW ORLEANS.—Calypso, the Hanley Y. R. A., of Massachusetts, 25ft. cabin sloop, arrived at New Orleans, her new home, on the Morgan Line steamer El Alba, on May 19. She was sailed from Boston to New York by Capt. Cromwell, the passage being rather a long one owing to fog and head winds.

Chewink III., another of the 25-footers of the same class as Calypso, will be shipped to New Orleans by rail, leaving Boston about May 25. Chewink III. is 49ft. in length, and Calypso 42½ft. long. Southern yachtsmen are finding a considerable drawback to purchasing large craft in the North, owing to the difficulty in getting transportation. The steamships do not care to handle craft over 45ft. long, as the space at disposal is athwart ship, and this is limited to the width of the ship, the largest of the vessels not having a beam much in excess of 45ft. On the other hand, the railroad cars are limited to a width of about 9ft., and boats of the Chewink III. length have a beam of 12ft. and over. It is presumed that in coming by train that the latter will have to be cradled and carried on her side. Several deals for large northern yachts are hanging fire until it is seen how Chewink fares on her long journey by car.

ROYAL CANADIAN FIXTURES.—The regatta committee of the Royal Canadian Y. C. has arranged for the following regattas:

Tuesday, May 24—Second class, 16ft. ballasted class, 16ft. skiff class, 12ft. and 14ft. dinghy class.

Saturday, June 4—Cruising race; fleet in two divisions, first division 35ft. and over; second, all under 35ft.

Saturday, June 11—Fleet maneuvers, 16ft. skiff class, 12ft. and 14ft. dinghy class.

Saturday, June 18—First class cruising race, Murray cup.

Saturday, June 25—Second class, McGaw cup, 16ft. ballasted class.

Friday, July 1—Queen's cup.

Saturday, July 2—Handicap cruising race, entire fleet.

Saturday, July 9—16ft. skiff class, 12ft. and 14ft. dinghy class.

Saturday, July 16, 23—L. Y. R. A.

Saturday, July 30, and Monday, August 1—Cruising race, fleet in two divisions, Beaver cup to winner in second division, 16ft. skiff class, 12ft. and 14ft. dinghy class.

Saturday, August 6—Second class, 16ft. ballasted class.

Saturday, August 13—First class cruising race, Lorne cup.

Saturday, August 20—16ft. skiff class, 12ft. and 14ft. dinghy class.

Saturday, August 27—First class, 15-mile triangle.

Saturday, September 3, 5—Handicap cruising race, entire fleet.

Saturday, September 10—Prince of Wales cup race, all classes.

Saturday, September 17—16ft. skiff race, 12ft. and 14ft. dinghy class.

Saturday, September 24—Handicap cruising race, entire fleet.

Additional races for 16ft. skiff class will be held on the first and third Wednesday of each month, from June 1 to September 7, inclusive, starting at 5.15 P. M.. There will be a limit of one hour for these races. Also races for 14ft. and 12ft. dinghies every Wednesday afternoon over the short course.

The club cups and challenge flag will be awarded to the yachts making the best average during the season as follows:

R. C. Y. C. challenge flag to the first class; Lansdowne cup to the second class; Cosgrave cup to the 16ft. ballasted class; Gooderham cup to the 16ft. skiff class; Harman cup to the 14ft. dinghy class; Barber cup to the 12ft. dinghy class. A championship flag will also be awarded to yachts making the best average during the season.

Canoeing.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

ATLANTIC DIVISION CAMP, Hermit Point, opposite Riverdale-on-Hudson, May 28-30, 1904. Regatta programme:

1. One-man, single-blade paddling, ½ mile straightaway.
2. One-man, double-blade paddling, ½ mile straightaway.
3. Tandem, single blade paddling, ½ mile straightaway.
4. Tandem, double-blade paddling, ½ mile straightaway.
5. Fours, single-blade paddling, ½ mile straightaway.
6. Novice sailing, cruising rig, 1½-mile triangle.
7. Unlimited sailing—open to any canoe—3-mile triangle.
8. Open canoe sailing, 40ft. limit, 3-mile triangle.
9. Nomad class, 65ft. limit, 3-mile triangle.
10. Atlantic Division Elliott sailing trophy, 16ft. by 30in. class and handicap, 4½-mile triangle.
11. Tilting tournament.
12. Hurry-scurry.

A. C. A. regulations will govern all races, supplemented by necessary restrictions by regatta committee. Prizes will be awarded in all races, and second prizes where more than two contestants finish. While the camp is open to all canoeists, subject to the regulations of the camp-site committee, and specified camp dues, the races will be open only to members of the American Canoe Association, in good standing, or to applicants for membership therein who have filed their applications, with requisite fees with the purser of the division prior to the calling of the first race. Extra events may be called, if warranted in the judgment of the regatta committee.

J. K. HAND, Chairman;
WILBUR D. ANDREWS,
TRUXTON T. T. CRAVEN,
Regatta Committee.

Starter, Charles Eastmond; Referee, H. Lansing Quick; Judges—to be announced at camp; Clerk of Course—to be announced at camp.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 12-29.—Union Hill Schuetzen Park, N. J.—National Schuetzenbund Festival.

June 26.—Zeltner's Morrisania Park.—German-American Shooting Society's shoot.

New York City Corps.

AT the last practice shoot of the City Corps, held at Union Hill Park, May 18, the following scores were made, 200yds., offhand:

Ring target, 10 shots, possible 250, 200yds.: R. Busse 213, Aug. Kronsberg 207, J. Facklamm 207, R. Bendler 205, C. G. Zettler 202, W. Grapentin 198, H. C. Radloff 196, O. Schwanemann 194, Ch. Wagner 193, R. Schwanemann 192, J. Keller 158, H. R. Caplan 156.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: J. Facklamm 59, R. Bendler 56, Aug. Kronsberg 55, R. Busse 54, H. C. Radloff 54, Ch. Wagner 53.

Point target, most points: R. Busse 11, Aug. Kronsberg 11, J Facklamm 10, C. G. Zettler 9, R Schwanemann 5, W. Grapentin 7, R Bendler 7, O. Schwanemann 7, Ch. Wagner 7, A. Wiltz 5, G. Schroeder 4, J. Keller 3, H. C. Radloff 2, H. R. Coplan 1.

Bullseye target, most flags: Aug. Kronsberg 12, J. Facklamm 8, R. Busse 6, R. Schwanemann 4, O. Schwanemann 3, Ch. Wagner 2, C. G. Zettler 2, R. Bendler 2, J. Keller 1, A. Wiltz 1.

Miller Rifle and Pistol Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—The members of the Miller Rifle and Pistol Club, having in mind the near approach of the national festival next month, are busy each week trying to get into the best possible condition for the coming contest.

On May 10 Owen Smith led the group with a total of 249. On May 17 R. Dingman was high with 245.

The scores of May 17 follow, 10 shots, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: R. Dingman 245, R. A. Goldthwaite 242, F. A. Williams 243, H. Bahn 241, Owen Smith 240, C. E. Doyle 239, C. Bischoff 242, R. W. Evans 239, T. Gabriel 239, H. Emmer 238, T. Fitzlaff 237, F. Unbehauen 237, G. J. Badgley 216.

At Union Hill Park.

OVER fifty local riflemen were in the shooting house of the Union Hill range May 2. Fourteen targets were in use. A number of the Zettler Club members were present. Dorrler, Tewes and Schlicht had a 50-shot match. The winner was undecided up to the last two shots. Dorrler's grit and experience helped him out at the end, and he won by a margin of three points over Tewes. Schlicht was only five points behind Dorrler. Begerow and Fenwirth had a 20-shot match, in which Begerow won by a large majority. Tewes and Dorrler had a 10-shot match, in which Tewes buried the veteran. The scores are as follows: M. Dorrler 1122, Wm. A. Tewes 1119, Geo. Schlicht 1117.

Tewes vs. Dorrler, 10 shots: W. A. Tewes 230, M. Dorrler 208.

Begerow vs. Fenwirth, 20 shots: Aug. Begerow 436, H. Fenwirth 386.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

THE scores in total, made by the members of the Lady Zettler Rifle Club, in their winter practice during the season 1904-05, are as follows: Miss Millie Zimmermann 2945, Miss Kate Zimmermann 2922, Miss Anna Koch 2895, Miss Florence Muller 2892, Mrs. Hy. Fenwirth 2886, Mrs. W. H. Turbett 2825, Mrs. Hy. Scheu 2796, Miss Tina Eusner 2720, Mrs. F. Watson 2568, Miss M. Laut 2276, Mrs. Geo. J. Bernius 1849, Miss Nellie Hart 1848, Mrs. B. Zettler 1726, Mrs. C. Knaus 511, Mrs. Aug. Kronsberg 450.

Sharpshooters' Society.

DAYTON, O.—The May cup contest was held at the Sharpshooters' Society's Oakwood range on May 19. John Boehner won with a score of 114. Conditions, muzzle rest, 5 shots, 125 possible: John Boehner 114, J. F. Beaver 112, Chas. W. Sander 111, G. R. Decker 111, M. J. Schwind 110, H. K. Schwind 107, John Rappold 104, A. Schwind 103, Gus Hodap 97.

In the free-for-all, 3 shots, 75 possible, A. Schwind won with 69. M. J. Schwind 68, H. K. Schwind 68. BONASA.

Our Own Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—Fifteen members of the Our Own Club attended the weekly practice shoot, May 18. The scores made were not up to the general average.

Ten-shot scores, 25 ring target, distance 75ft.: J. D. Spinck 240, J. H. Kruse 237, F. Biehler 233, W. F. Dilger 231, H. W. von Holten 229, W. Welz 228, Capt. J. Ortlieb 230, W. Harmsen 225, P. Kraemer 222, G. Cordes 220, Ch. Heyer 218, W. Brandt 218, W. J. Bruder 217, A. Temmler 215, M. Driesen 212.

Rifle Notes.

On the Union Hill range, the Harlem Independent Corps will hold practice shoots, one on May 26, and the New York Corps will hold one on Friday, May 27.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

*May 25-26.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
May 25-26.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club Spring shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
May 27.—Brenham, Tex.—Contest for Houston Chronicle challenge cup between Otto Sens, holder, and Dave Curren, challenger.
May 28-30.—Butte, Mont.—Montana State Sportsmen's Association eleventh annual tournament at targets; $500 added. C. H. Smith, Sec'y.
May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day target tournament; free merchandise prizes. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Secretary, Box 9, Newport, R. I.
May 30.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club fourth annual Decoration Day tournament. T. M. Brodie, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club holiday shoot. A. B. Parker, Sec'y.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Spring tournament of the Enterprise Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club Decoration Day target shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
May 31.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer Island Gun Club spring target tournament. W. E. Kette, Sec'y.
June 1-3.—Watertown, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. F. J. Cory, Sec'y.
*June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State Shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.
June 9.—Westchester, Pa., Gun Club target shoot. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.
June 9-10.—Peru, Ind., Gun Club eighth annual tournament. Wm. Daniels, Sec'y.
June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Mgr.
June 14-15.—Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Hanover Park Shooting Association target tournament. E. L. Klipple, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—Akron, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League target tournament. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—New London, Ia., Gun Club midsummer tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 15-16.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. L. K. Forscythe, Sec'y.
*June 15-16.—Millvale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 25.—East Walpole, Mass.—Second annual tournament of the Neponset Gun Club; $60 in prizes. M. H. Grant, Sec'y.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club; strictly amateur; $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.— East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.
July 6-7.—Homer, Ill.—Homer and Ogden Gun Clubs' tournament.
*July 6-7.—Kane, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen, Sec'y.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handicap tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
*July 13-14.—Scottdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.
July 20-21.—Armada, Mich.—Tournament of the Eastern Michigan Gun Club; $100 added. E. W. Sutton, Sec'y.

July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Aug. 9-12.—West Baden, Ind.—Indian tournament; $1,000 added money.
*Aug. 10-11.—Bradenville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; $25 added. C. L. Kites, See'y.
*Sept. 6-7.—Irwin, Pa., Rod and Gun Club tournament.
*Sept. 14-15.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
*Sept. 27-28.—Monessen, Pa., Gun Club.
*Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The fifteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, 1905, will be held under the auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg.

In an 18-man team contest between the Media, Pa., Gun Club and North Camden Gun Club, the latter won by a score of 359 to 329. The possible was 450. Each man shot at 25 targets.

John M. Lilly, President of the National Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., informs us that the programme of his club's tournament will be ready for distribution on May 30, instead of on May 25.

Mr. M. H. Grant, East Walpole, Mass., informs us that the second annual target tournament of the Neponset Gun Club will be held on June 25. Sixty dollars in prizes will be subject to competition.

At the Dubuque, Ia., tournament, May 17 and 18, Mr. Fred Gilbert was high in the two-days' average with 387 out of 400. He broke 199 out of 200 on the second day. C. M. Powers was second, with 383. L. Foley and Guy Burnside tied on 368.

Mr. C. B. Wiggins, of Homer, Ill., informs us that the Homer and Ogden gun clubs have combined, and will hold a two-day shoot on July 6 and 7. Beautiful grounds have been leased and can be reached in a 20-minute ride by electric car from Danville and Champaign, Ill.

The fifth annual team shoot of the Boston Gun Club, at Wellington, Mass., May 18, was won by the Middlesex Gun Club, with a score of 119. Seven teams entered. There were five men to a team, and each man shot at 30 targets. Mr. H. C. Kirkwood made high score of the 35 team contestants, namely, 27 out of 30.

The Brooklyn Gun Club will hold a holiday shoot on May 30. Prizes will be offered for competition. The programme begins at 2 o'clock. Take Kings County Elevated R. R. to Crescent street station, where hacks should be in readiness to take shooters to the grounds, on Kaiser's farm, Old Mill road. Mr. John S. Wright is the manager.

Earnest effort will be made to evoke action on the part of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, with a purpose to hold a tournament. Secretary Snyder has notified the executive committee that he is unable to act, and his duties will be taken up pro tem. by Mr. W. R. Hobart, the chairman of the executive committee.

The New Haven, Conn., Gun Club announces a grand Memorial Day tournament to be held on May 30. The programme consists of fifteen events at 10, 15 and 20 targets, 65 cents, $1.22 and $2.30 entrance. Totals, 190 targets, entrance $15.33. Class shooting. Competition begins at 9 o'clock. The secretary is Mr. John E. Bassett, 5 Church street.

Mr. Fred Coleman, of Philadelphia, one of America's most skilful trapshooters, was too ill to attend the Pennsylvania State shoot, at York, last week, owing to a severe illness which confines him to his bed. Much regret was expressed by the shooters at that tournament, and they also expressed many kind words of earnest, friendly sympathy and wishes for his speedy recovery.

At the Southern Trap Shooters' thirteenth tournament at targets, held under the auspices of the Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club, May 16 to 18, Messrs. Charles G. Spencer and Harold Money tied for high average with a total of 385 out of 400 shot at. Fletcher won the Pastel trophy, emblematic of the individual target championship of Mississippi. The next contest for this trophy will be held at Woodville, Miss., June 15 and 16.

In the contest for the automobile, at Newark, N. J., last Saturday, Messrs. H. M. Brigham, of Brooklyn, and George H. Piercy, of Jersey City, tied on the excellent score of 96 out of a possible 100. The tie will be shot off at the contest on Saturday of this week. There were two contestants for the professional cup, Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and J. S. Fanning. They scored respectively 94 and 93.

The Rainmakers' camp, which was destroyed by fire last November, and which was really a house comfortably furnished and situated in the backwoods, is to be rebuilt in the near future. The site of the former camp will be used. Elmer E. Shaner, one of the owners, has had possession of the architect's plans during several months past, and has begun active operations in the matter of rebuilding. The new camp will be rebuilt with a view to roomy quarters and comfort. In the Rainmakers' camp, after exhausting tournaments, Mr. Shaner enjoys deserved rest and needed recuperation.

The programme of the Peru, Ind., Gun Club tournament, June 9 and 10, for each day consists of fourteen events, each at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance. The purses will be divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. There will be a sliding handicap, 16 to 19yds. All start at 18yds. Straight scores go back 1yd.; one miss, 18yds.; two misses, 17yds.; all others 16yds. If fifteen stay through the two days, $50 will be divided between those shooting through the programme. If there are not fifteen shooters on the second day, the shoot will close with one day. Shooting commences at 9 o' clock. Targets, 2 cents. Ship guns, shells, etc., to secretary, Wm. Daniels, and they will be delivered free.

The Democrat-News, of Warren, Ark., recounts a humorous incident in relation to the expert exhibition of expert rifle shooting, given in that town by Capt. Geo. E. Bartlett, recently. There was a trial in progress at 4 o'clock, the hour of the shoot. The jury deemed it necessary to adjourn for the purpose of deliberation, and judge and jury were all present at the exhibition, where they witnessed coins, brickbats, pieces of candy, walnuts, marbles thrown in the air and hit with rifle bullets with ease by Capt. Bartlett.

At the Pennsylvania State shoot, on Tuesday, the high averages were as follows: Shooting at 185 targets, J. S. Fanning, 178; J. A. R. Elliott, 176; Fleming, 175; Apgar, 174; Ford, 173; McSherry, 171. May 18, shooting at 150 targets: Elliott, 146; J. Mowell Hawkins, 141; Fleming, Fanning and Hatfield, 140. May 19, 200 targets: Elliott, 198, and also he made a sum of 124 straight. Out of 175, Fanning broke 169. On May 17, the Milt Lindsey trophy was won by the Carlisle team. On May 18, the Harrisburg trophy was won by the Luzerne team of Pittsburg. On May 19, the Reading trophy, four-man team trophy contest, resulted in a tie between the Florist Gun Club, of Philadelphia, and the J. F. Weiler Gun Club, of Allentown.

Mr. E. J. Laughlin, secretary, writes us as follows: "The Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., has completed its new club house on its new shooting grounds at Riverside, three minutes' walk from all depots. The club will hold its dedication tournament on Memorial Day, May 30. From the numerous inquiries for programmes, the attendance promises to eclipse that of any previous tournament we have given. The programme numbers 150 targets; three 10, four 15 and three 20-target events. Entrance $13.70. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Targets, 2 cents each, included. Added money, $10. Trade representatives may shoot for targets only. Programme commences at 11 A. M. Traps open earlier for practice events. Free merchandise to winners. A good lunch will be served gratis."

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., May 21.—The scores made at the North River Gun Club shoot to-day are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	5	25	25
Tower	5	8	7	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Richter	5	7	7	5	5	5	11	5	4	4	..	..
C E Eickhoff	8	7	7	5	8	8	9	3	7	4	19	..
F Vosselman	..	..	..	..	7	7	9	8	4	4	..	..
T Monahan	..	..	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H H Schramm	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9
J R Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Emerald Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., May 17.—The weather was raw and nasty. The birds were a poor lot as a whole. Owing to the light shifting, most members were undershooting their birds. Charles and Whitley did not finish their scores, as there were not enough birds. They will shoot up at the next club meeting. Mr. Al. Schoverling shot in fine form, taking first money in optional sweep; Colquitt and Van Valkenburg divided second money; Cotton third.

Colquitt's two dead out were rappers, and fell just over the line. Kall drew fast ones in his first five. Schorty was far below his usual form. Dr. Hudson, the only charter member of the club, "fudged" a bit in his first 10, but scored his second 10 beautifully. Jake Fisher shot steadily. The scorer was "Johnnie Jones"; trap-puller, F. C. Schneider, both of the American Handicap staff in times past. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier acted efficiently as referee.

Two events are for August and September. The club shoots for two months at each shoot so as to finish the year before July 1, when the New Jersey anti-pigeon shooting law takes effect.

	August Shoot.		September Shoot.	
Schorty, 32	1112*102*2—	7	0012111112—	8
A Schoverling, 30	211112112*—	9	1121111121—10	
M Rierson, 28	1211220221—	9	0211112100—	7
W Keim, 28	2122022210—	8	0221212012—	8
C Van Valkenburg, 28	2222222222—10		2222202022—	8
T Short, 28	1210112101—	8	2012112101—	8
L Colquitt, 30	2211**1222—	8	1121111112—10	
F Kall, 25	00010212*2—	5	101112211*—	8
J Morrison, 28	0102101010—	5	101*121122—	8
Capt Dreyer, 28	120*020110—	5	0101202112—	7
W Kracke, 28	01111100*2—	6	0111001122—	7
W Cotton, 28	1*01111221—	8	1112122*21—	9
C Henry, 28	1012120201—	7	1010111101—	7
Dr Hudson, 28	110*101*22—	6	1212212112—10	
J Fischer, 28	1012111111—	9	1211211220—	9
C Charles, 25	02100001*0—	3	102122220	
J Whitley, 28	110001*122—	6	211111121	

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J.—Twenty marksmen faced the traps at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot to-day. Weather conditions were favorable to good scores.

Event No. 1, 25 targets, handicap, unknown traps and unknown angles, was won by Mr. H. W. Benson, who broke 24. Prize, a fly-rod and reel; the second prize, a box of shells, going to Mr. J. Seymour Crane.

Event No. 2 was a team race, eight men each. Nos. 1 to 8 in team No. 1; Nos. 9 to 16 in team No. 2, losing team to pay for the birds. Mr. Kendall's team won by 11 breaks.

Event No. 3, match at 10 birds straightaway and high, both barrels loaded, a break by first shot to count 2, a break by second barrel to count 1, was won by Mr. Ph. H. Cockefair, he breaking every bird with first barrel, thus scoring 20 points and winning a patent gun cleaning set.

Events 4 and 5 were for practice, and to apply on the Parker gun contest. Mr. C. W. Kendall made the best score of the day, breaking 47 out of 50.

The club has recently doubled the size of its house, putting in new gun racks and shelves to hold over 7,000 targets, and greatly adding to the comfort of its members.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	10	25	25
T E Batten, 3	14	14	10	18	22
Wheeler, 0	17	15	9	..	..
Cockefair, 0	17	17	20	18	21
Howard, 0	16	22	12	..	..
Crane, 4	22	18	18	..	..
S R Soverel, 3	20	20	16	..	21
Geo Batten, 7	21	18	9	..	15
Winslow, 7	17	5	12	..	..
C W Kendall, 0	17	22	14	23	24
Benson, 1	25	19	18	17	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	10	25	25
Babcock, 0	19	22	..	21	19
W I Soverel, 3	17	22	..	..	..
Bush, 5	17	15	11	14	..
Holloway, 6	17	10	..	..	..
Boxall, 0	17	10	..	..	..
Dr Talson	..	9	..	..	..
Dr Batten, 6	15	..	9	..	..
Dr Chitterling	..	..	3	10	..
Gunther	..	..	17	23	21
Chesebro	..	..	..	4	..

Handicaps apply only on event No. 1.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J.—The Bound Brook Gun Club held its regular shoot Saturday afternoon, May 21. The weather was fine for shooting. The trap worked to perfection, and every one had a good time. Dr. Pardoe won first money in event 1. F. K. Smith won first prize in event 2, a pigskin covered flask. Mr. Dunning won second, a hunting knife, after shooting out Wilson, Van Nuis and Prugh. Stelle won third, a picture.

In event 4 Wilson won first, a mounted crane. The second prize went to Mr. Dunning after a shoot-off with Stelle and Prugh.

Wilson won first money in event 3. Mr. Dunning won the three-handled silver cup in the club race. Mr. Wilson won the small silver loving cup in event 5. Dr. Bache in practice broke 21 targets with a 16-gauge from 21yds. We shoot the third Saturday in each month. Shooters are cordially welcomed. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	25	10	15	25	10	10
I L Wilson	7	7	25	8	15	20	..	..
Van Nuis	6	7	..	..	15	10	..	..
Dr Pardoe	9	8	23	8	13	21	9	8
A K Smith	7	8	23	5	..	..	..	..
Rushmore	..	2	..	3	10	..	..	..
F K Stelle	..	5	24	4	12	..	7	7
Dunning	..	7	25	..	15	..	..	6
B Prugh	..	..	14	6	..	..	1	..
Giles	..	..	12	6	..	..	4	7
Vosellers	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
Dr Bache	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9
Dr Sawyer	..	..	..	5	13	..	..	..

Club shoot for silver cup:

Smith, 12yds.	10101100010001100011110001—23
Dunning, 11	11111010000101011100111111—25
Wilson, 4	11010111110111111111111111—25
Dr Pardoe, 2	11110111111111111111100011—23
Stelle, 10	10101100000000101111111111—24
Prugh, 12	0100110000100w
Giles, 10	10111011110010101101010000—24
Du Four, 12	11001101110101001100000000—23

J. R. PARDOE, Sec'y.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., May 21.—The entries and re-entries in the contest for the automobile to-day are appended. The 100 targets were shot in strings of 25. Brigham, after a number of re-entries, made the excellent score of 96. It looked good enough for high for a while, but Mr. Geo. H. Piercy was going quite a steady pace, and succeeded in scoring 96 also, making thereby a tie, which will be shot off on Saturday of this week. In the professional competition for the cup, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was high with 94. Mr. J. S. Fanning was only one target less, 93. Scores:

H M Brigham	23 21	25 23 25 23—96	17
F C Bissett	23 23 22	22 20	
L Emann	23 22	22 23	23 22
Jap	25 25		
F C Bissett		21	22
G H Piercy	24 23 23 23—93	22	
Jap	24 22	23	21
L Emann	24 22 23 23—92	23 18	
H M Brigham	23	24 21 21	
F C Bissett	20		
J H Hendrickson	23 24 19	22 23	25 19
G H Piercy	25 22 24	22 22	
Jap	24 19	22 21	
L W Colquitt	19	21	20 22 24 21—87
C W Feigenspan	23	21	21
G H Piercy	21	22	24
L M Palmer, Jr	19 13 18		
Jap		22	24 24 24 21—93
Hendrickson	23 25 20	22	23 24 21 23—91
Feigenspan		22	
Feigenspan	23	19	
L W Colquitt	23 22 22 24—91		
F B Stephenson	22 22 25 21—90		
G H Piercy	23 23 22	22	24 24 25 23—96
Jap	21		
Brigham	21 20 23 21—85		
Hendrickson	20 21		
H M Brigham	19	23 23 22 24—92	
Jap		23 23	24 23 22
G H Piercy	23 24 23 22—92	24 24 19	25 23 22
F C Bissett	20	24 22 21	
L Emann	21	22 22	22
J H Hendrickson	21	17	22 21 24 23—90
J A R Elliott	25 24 21 23—93	22 24 25 23—94	
L W Colquitt	18 22 21 21—82	20 23	18
F B Stephenson	22 16	19 23 22 23—87	19
Dusty	17 19 19 20—75	19 19 20 16—74	21
L M Palmer, Jr	22 19 19 21—81		19 23 19 16—77
C W Feigenspan	23 25 23 22—93		21
J S Fanning	25 25 21 22—93		

New York German Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., May 18.—In the club event of the New York German Gun Club's shoot to-day Mr. J. Schlicht was the only one of the seventeen contestants who killed straight.

The club has decided to hold two shoots next month, June 3 and 15, at 25 birds for each contestant. The scores follow:

J Schlicht	2111122121—10	P Exner	2020011022— 6
A E Hendrickson	00*1**1*02— 3	J P Dannefelser	2102220001— 6
P Garms	2121210021— 8	R Baudendistel	202221*021— 7
E Kattengell	*2*1222111— 8	G Hagenah	0000000000— 0
E Steffens	2*11221100— 7	H Ludeking	2210020000— 4
J Wellbrock	220220*120— 6	E Radel	1122202210— 8
Dr Hudson	111*101011— 7	W Lampe	0020222222— 7
H Mesloh	0211111210— 8	H Meyn	2022020000— 4
P Albert	220002*220— 5		

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 14.—The scores made at the Indianapolis Gun Club shoot to-day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	at.	Broke.
Dickman	22	21	22	25	23	23	22	20	19	225	197
Medico	17	21	23	22	20	..	..	..	..	125	103
Sayles	16	20	24	22	22	20	21	23	..	200	168
Oscuro	18	18	16	19	17	10	14	..	..	175	112
Dixon	21	23	20	21	20	21	18	21	..	200	165
Parry	23	21	22	22	25	25	..	..	..	150	138
Moore	19	20	17	20	16	..	..	..	..	125	92
Nash	22	20	21	20	20	..	..	..	..	125	103
Habich	15	10	12	12	9	..	..	..	..	125	58
Gregory	19	19	15	18	21	17	..	..	..	150	109
Tripp	20	19	19	21	..	..	..	..	..	100	79
Head	25	21	19	24	17	..	..	..	..	125	106
Vonnegut	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	14
Shearer	15	10	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	100	53
Armstrong	16	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	35
Bell	22	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	42
Douglass	6	11	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	100	42
Leib	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	29
Moller	24	20	24	18	..	..	..	..	..	100	86
Fugate	18	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	35
Davis	16	20	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	54
Moellershoen	15	16	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	41

Team shoot, 25 targets per man:

Armstrong (captain) 11, Parry 25, Tripp 19, Bell 22, Moore 20, Sayles 22, Oscuro 17, Shearer 10, Leib 13, Moellershoen 15; total 174.

Habich (captain) 9, Head 21, Dickman 23, Nash 20, Medico 22, Dixon20, Douglass 1, Vonnegut 4, Gregory 21, Moller 24; total 165.

Ties for Hunter Arms Co. badge were as follows: Medico, Sayles, Oscuro, Parry, Moore, Nash and Moller.

WESTERN TRAP.

Dubuque Tournament.

DUBUQUE, Ia., May 19.—The annual tournament of the Dubuque Gun Club, with Chas. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., and his side partner, Fred Whitney, manager and cashier, respectively, began Tuesday morning and continued for two days.

The Mississippi Valley was on its good behavior. The sun shone grandly. There was a good attendance of experts and amateurs present from Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota. Among the best known were Fred Gilbert, Tom Marshall, C. W. Budd, and the following list will show the remainder of the "gang": C. M. Powers, of Decatur, led at the close of the first day, with a score of 189; E. Cummings, Des Moines, Ia.; M. S. Highland, Chicago; John Willer, Chicago, J. L. D. Morrison, St. Paul; L. E. Parker, Minneapolis; F. H. Lord, La Grange; Joe Barto and N. W. Vietmyer, Chicago; B. O. Seymore, Grand Forks, N. D.; T. A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; O. C. Rogers, Davenport; A. M. Ford, Central City, Ia.; Lou Foley and T. B. Nichols, Nichols, Ia.; A. J. Strauber, Streator, Ill.; W. S. Hoon, Jewell, Ia.; W. H. Sauser, Cascade, Ia.; Guy Burnside, Knoxvill, Ia.; A. C. Connor, Pekin, Ill.; Dad Cleveland, Cincinnati.

It is said of many shooters who come here that they come more to meet the Dubuquers and have a season of good fellowship rather than to win prizes. True, it has always been that these are the princes of all good fellows when it comes to making a shooter feel at home, even if they do build some "castles in the air," like the boot that Gilbert was introduced to at one time.

Everything about the grounds has a fresh and pleasing look; flags everywhere, and traps and all houses painted in red and white.

The shooting was not so good the first day as the second, yet Gilbert made 188 and Powers 189, Smith 186, Marshall 185, followed. Just to show how smoothly everything ran, the second day Gilbert only "slipped a cog" on one target, 199 out of 200, and he was somewhat worried at that, as Chauncey M. Powers made 194, then Burnside, Lord, Barto and Heeb tied on 184. The total scores were: Gilbert 387, out of 400, Powers 383; L. Foley and Guy Burnside were tied with 368. The scores:

First Day, May 17.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	at.	Broke.
Ford	14	13	14	13	14	17	10	20	12	20	14	19	200	181
Foley	13	14	13	14	13	20	15	19	13	19	12	17	200	182
Nichols	13	14	13	14	14	19	8	20	10	17	11	15	200	168
Hoon	14	15	12	11	12	18	10	16	12	19	14	17	200	173
Stauber	13	15	14	13	11	19	13	18	12	20	13	19	200	177
Sauser	13	12	14	13	12	18	10	18	9	17	12	16	200	164
Ryan	10	12	12	12	10	14	13	17	11	17	10	17	200	155
Cole	11	14	13	12	12	13	14	18	10	19	11	12	200	162
Leach	11	14	15	11	9	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Gilbert	14	15	15	14	15	18	13	20	12	20	14	18	200	188
Powers	15	15	15	14	13	19	14	19	14	18	14	19	200	189
Burnside	13	14	12	15	15	19	15	18	12	19	13	19	200	184
Morrison	11	13	11	15	14	18	15	18	14	19	13	20	200	173
Parker	14	15	14	15	13	19	15	17	11	18	11	19	200	181
Lord	13	14	13	14	14	18	14	18	12	14	14	16	200	174
Barto	14	13	14	13	13	19	13	17	12	14	15	18	200	175
Vietmeyer	10	14	11	13	11	17	7	15	11	16	12	18	200	155
Seymour	12	14	12	12	15	20	14	20	12	15	13	20	200	178
Marshall	14	14	14	14	13	20	14	17	12	18	15	20	200	185
Rogers	9	11	13	13	6	15	12	14	11	17	12	16	200	149
Smith	14	14	13	15	12	19	13	20	15	19	14	19	200	186
O'Brien	13	13	12	14	12	19	14	19	14	19	10	20	200	179
Connor	12	12	13	14	10	16	14	19	13	20	11	18	200	172
Heeb	15	13	10	14	14	18	12	19	14	20	12	18	200	179
Lowry	9	9	13	12	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Martin	7	5	8	12	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Richards	5	5	8	12	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
White	11	9	10	14	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Cleveland	..	..	12	15	11	15	14	15	10	18	12	15	...	...
Jaeger	15	14	13	15	12	18	14	17	14	14	11	16	200	173

Second Day, May 18.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	at.	Broke.
Ford	13	13	13	13	13	19	13	18	13	18	11	18	200	176
Nichols	14	13	14	13	15	17	15	13	14	13	15	18	200	174
Hoon	10	12	14	13	14	15	14	14	13	..	14	14	...	...
Stauber	10	14	13	12	15	19	14	17	15	20	14	19	200	182
Jaeger	14	13	15	13	14	19	12	15	13	14	11	16	200	169
Sauser	9	15	13	14	11	15	12	17	11	16	..	..	...	...
Ryan	13	6	10	13	10	13	10	17	13	16	12	16	200	149
Glab	11	9	13	12	10	15	14	18	15	20	16	18	200	180
Cole	13	13	13	15	14	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	200	180
Gilbert	15	15	14	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	200	199
Powers	13	15	15	15	15	19	15	20	13	20	14	20	200	194
Burnside	15	15	12	15	14	20	15	15	14	18	14	18	200	184
Morrison	14	12	12	15	14	19	15	20	15	18	14	19	200	187
Parker	12	10	12	14	15	18	13	17	12	16	13	18	200	170
Lord	14	14	13	14	15	19	14	18	14	18	14	17	200	184
Barto	14	13	14	15	14	17	13	18	15	19	14	17	200	184
Vietmeyer	11	13	11	14	11	16	13	16	12	16	12	17	200	162
Seymour	14	15	15	9	14	17	15	16	14	17	15	20	200	181
Marshall	14	12	11	12	15	15	13	18	14	19	12	19	200	174
Rogers	12	13	12	10	11	17	13	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Schmitt	14	10	14	14	14	19	14	14	13	20	12	19	200	177
O'Brien	14	14	14	13	14	15	14	17	14	19	14	18	200	180
Connor	10	14	14	15	13	19	13	18	12	11	14	20	200	175
Heeb	13	13	15	12	14	20	14	18	13	18	14	20	200	184
Woodring	..	..	..	..	10	13	12	17	13	17	13	14	...	...
Brown	..	..	..	..	11	11	12	17	11	18	..	..	...	...
Schwind	..	..	..	..	11	14	14	15	14	15	11	15	...	...
Hamblan	..	..	..	..	11	18	14	15	14	15	11	15	...	...
Foley	15	12	15	14	13	18	14	20	15	19	13	18	200	186

Abilene Tournament.

Abilene, Tex., May 17.—The much-talked-of northern Texas shoot is now a thing of history, and last Thursday and Friday will for all time remain a red-letter day in the history of this place as a shooting center.

There were over forty shooters who partieipated, and the race for high averages was a hot one. F. M. Faurote beat out T. E. Hubby by just one target. The same thing happened in the amateur class, as Atchinson was one to the good over V. C.

The first day the wind caught the targets and sent them skyward. A fine dinner was served on the grounds, and all were pleased with the treatment received at the home grounds.

Wallace Miller did not shoot up to his usual form, but he was all right in the midst of sociability, and made friends.

A good delegation came all the way from El Paso, and they were the staying kind. It was a pleasure to watch the youngsters, Johnny Worden and Harry Faurote lining up and showing the old hands how the boys from Dallas can shoot.

Some Jack Rabbit events were indulged in on the side. The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	20	25	20	25	20	25	15	15	at.	Broke.
Faurote	12	15	17	20	18	23	19	23	11	13	200	171
Keller	9	9	13	19	13	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
H Faurote	10	16	16	12	12	15	14	12	10	5	200	122
Winniford	11	12	14	18	13	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Boston	12	13	13	17	21	16	23	17	16	14	200	164
Brady	11	15	16	18	15	20	17	11	15	11	200	149
Baxter	12	8	15	20	17	22	18	20	10	13	200	156
Worden, Sr.	12	11	14	11	16	17	14	20	11	11	200	137
Worden, Jr.	12	9	18	20	15	15	15	15	10	10	200	139
Hay	12	9	20	17	16	19	17	20	13	13	200	156
Moore	12	16	15	21	11	18	18	19	19	12	200	161
Childress	10	11	14	17	11	14	12	8	5	..	...	...
Miller	12	15	16	14	14	14	14	16	16	12	10	200	139
Fuller	11	10	5	14	14	..	..	..	9	8	...	...
Hall	12	14	19	21	16	17	18	23	12	13	200	165
V C	14	14	19	19	17	24	19	22	12	13	200	173
Atchison	14	14	17	22	16	23	16	23	13	15	200	173
Hubby	14	17	19	23	18	24	18	25	14	13	200	185
Mortz	11	17	15	11	13	20	14	20	10	13	200	144
Sterrett	15	16	13	20	16	21	18	22	11	10	200	162
Woodward	11	..	..	..	18	19	18	17	13	15	...	...
Stith	10	11	11	..	13	16	12	15	19	10	...	...
D Woodward	13	17	15	23	18	19	16	25	13	11	200	170
Shelton	8	8	13	18	11	2	10	7	6	6	200	89
Rand	12	16	14	18	18	20	13	24	11	12	200	158
Hitt	11	12	19	18	18	18	17	16	9	10	200	150
Day	13	15	16	17	19	19	13	21	12	14	200	153
Douglass	11	14	16	15	12	21	14	19	11	11	200	144
Price	9	10	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Holt	13	12	17	25	15	19	14	20	13	13	200	161
Mrs. Sterrett	7	9	12	..	..	..	..	18	10	10	...	...
Jackson	5	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Joiner	10	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	20	15	15	20	20	15	20	at.	Broke.
Faurote	14	19	25	19	20	21	18	20	17	15	200	188
Holt	13	16	23	18	16	18	17	16	20	12	200	169
Baxter	13	14	20	18	19	21	16	19	15	11	200	166
L Woodward	14	14	23	18	18	21	16	17	16	13	200	170
Boston	10	17	22	20	17	25	13	17	17	15	200	173
Brady	9	19	18	..	19	19	..	..	..	..	...	...
B Woodward	13	16	22	..	16	21	18	17	16	12	...	...
Douglass	12	18	22	14	19	18	16	15	17	12	200	153
Worden	12	16	20	..	16	18	15	15	14	14	...	...
Rand	13	19	18	15	18	23	15	18	16	14	200	169
Miller	13	18	22	20	16	24	18	14	17	12	200	176
Day	14	13	22	..	18	20	19	19	16	13	...	...
Moore	14	12	21	12	18	21	15	15	15	9	200	152
Price	..	11	18	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	...	...
Hall	13	15	23	17	20	22	16	16	16	13	200	175
V C	14	20	20	18	16	22	17	18	16	14	200	175
Atchinson	12	17	22	19	19	20	19	19	16	13	200	176
Hubby	14	17	22	17	18	21	18	15	18	13	200	173
Motz	14	14	20	14	17	13	14	15	17	11	200	149
Sterrett	14	17	18	15	18	20	19	20	17	11	200	169
Hitt	12	13	19	19	13	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Shelton	12	15	19	..	16	21	16	15	16	11	...	...
Tiller	10	16	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	...	...
Hay	11	14	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...

Illinois Shooters' Congress.

Litchfield, Ill., May 19.—After a wait of a month, again the "weather man" was not disposed to aid the Illinois congress of shooters, so in their second attempt to gather all the Southern Illinois shooters together for a grand shoot the sun shone not, and the rain came down so that cover was appropriate. This kept the shoters at home. Though the second day was fair, there were few additions the second day. Those who came and entered were stayers, as not a man dropped out until the programme was finished. Seventeen shot on the second day, making a record for staying qualities.

The high score for both days was made by Wm. Montgomery, the oldest man on the grounds; second went to Ed Scott, who was high first day and was set back a yard the second; third fell to the lot of Cummings, the hard-working secretary.

The trade was represented by Jim Head and Leslie Standish, together with Hart C. Bronough.

All the shooters present will pull for the Illinois State shoot, as Dr. Lawrence was here booming and advertising the June 15, 16 and 17 great Lincoln, Illinois, State tournament. The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	20	15	15	20	20	15	20	at.	Broke.
Cummings, 17	15	14	19	18	15	12	19	16	13	18	175	159
Head, 17	14	12	18	16	13	14	17	19	12	19	175	154
Robbley, 17	13	11	18	19	12	15	17	18	14	16	175	153
Kellar, 17	14	14	18	16	14	13	18	18	14	19	175	158
Allen, 17	13	11	17	15	10	11	15	13	10	16	175	131
Scott, 17	15	12	19	20	12	15	20	19	15	20	175	167
Groves, 17	14	12	16	17	14	14	18	14	15	17	175	141
Craig, 17	13	11	17	17	13	14	18	16	14	18	175	149
Masters, 17	14	11	18	17	14	12	12	15	13	17	175	143
Hall, 17	14	10	20	17	15	13	19	13	13	17	175	151
Lawrence, 16	9	15	18	18	14	12	19	17	13	19	175	152
Burton, 16	13	10	17	16	13	10	17	14	12	17	175	139
Brookman, 16	14	14	19	17	13	12	19	19	15	18	175	160
Ramsey, 16	14	13	19	16	13	15	19	19	14	20	175	162
Snell, 16	12	10	15	15	14	9	17	15	14	14	175	135
Montgomery, 16	15	14	19	19	15	15	19	17	14	19	175	166
Wyckoff, 16	14	13	19	14	11	12	19	19	14	19	175	154
Caldwell, 16	11	11	14	17	12	14	14	12	13	13	175	132
Stoner, 16	9	11	16	18	12	13	16	17	14	19	175	145
Van Gundy, 16	13	12	17	16	15	13	14	17	12	15	175	144
Thompson, 16	11	9	16	14	14	14	14	17	14	12	175	125
Schiess, 16	14	10	18	13	14	10	14	15	13	14	175	135
Hawes, 15	15	11	17	13	11	8	13	11	10	15	175	124
Geo. Crosby, 16	..	..	..	..	9	13	20	17	14	13	105	86

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	20	15	15	20	20	15	20	at.	Broke.
Cummings, 17	13	13	20	17	13	15	17	16	14	18	175	156
Head, 17	14	12	18	17	15	12	19	16	10	17	175	150
Hall, 17	14	14	20	18	14	13	19	17	13	17	175	159
Brookman, 17	14	14	18	18	12	13	17	16	11	19	175	152
Scott, 18	13	12	20	17	11	13	19	19	15	18	175	157
Lawrence, 16	13	13	17	18	11	11	20	16	13	17	175	148
Caldwell, 16	13	13	19	18	10	13	20	16	15	18	175	155
Groves, 16	15	11	19	16	15	14	19	15	13	18	175	155
Craig, 16	14	14	20	19	14	13	20	17	15	17	175	163
Hawes, 15	11	11	17	11	11	13	19	15	12	18	175	138
Snell, 16	12	13	17	15	12	8	16	16	13	17	175	139
Geo. Crosby, 16	15	14	20	14	13	10	19	17	13	17	175	152
Masters, 16	14	13	19	17	15	14	18	14	14	15	175	153
Ramsey, 16	14	14	15	17	13	14	19	16	15	14	175	151
Robley, 17	14	13	18	19	13	14	18	16	14	19	175	158
Montgomery, 17	15	14	18	17	15	14	20	17	14	17	175	161
J L Scott, 16	10	12	16	16	11	12	19	16	15	15	175	142
Stoner, 16	13	8	20	16	14	12	15	15	11	17	175	141
Kiester, 16	15	13	17	15	13	14	16	17	15	20	175	155
Fakenkrog, 16	9	11	13	15	12	11	..	..	..	..	...	...
Ployer, 16	15	10	18	18	14	11	..	..	..	..	...	...

In Other Places.

Mr. R. H. Smith, of Zanesville, O., came to Albuquerque, N. M., recently, and having a shotgun in his grip, got restless for a shoot. He was accommodated readily, as the president of the club, Joe Barnett, is quite willing, and so are the other club members. In the first 25, Smith won out with 24, and for 100 shots tied Barnett with 86. Roy McDonold eame in for the glory, making 46 out of 50.

It puts enthusiasm into a club to have a live shooter drop in now and then. All such as this man Smith are at all times welcome way out in New Mexico.

It is now a sure thing that the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club has new grounds and will shoot regularly and hold tournaments.

Crawfordsville, Ind., May 18.—Although the weather was not at all pleasant, still a nice bunch of neighboring town shooters spent last Tuesday with the Crawfordsville, Ind., club. The rain cut the programme short, and the shooters were well paid for their coming together. Charles Serries, of New Market, and Frank Davis, of this place, were the "top notchers." The prizes were offered by the merchants, and the shooters are under obligations for the same.

At Crookston, Minn., May 17, it was a small start for the opening of a season where there are so many good shooters, when only three were out at the traps; but some one had to get the traps going.

Niles, Mich., May 17.—With the intention of getting up a prize shoot, the club, consisting of twenty-five members, will soon get their guns trained on the festive clay target. The officers are: Fred Zimmerman, President; Eddie Cantrell, Vice-President; Gordon Ullery, Secretary; Eugene Crawford, Captain. These wide awake gentlemen can stir up something.

Jackson, Miss., May 14.—There was a shoot here to-day, being a team match between clubs from Vicksburg and Hazlehurst. Shooting at 400 targets the Vicksburg team made a score of 309, to Hazlehurst's 297. Hazlehurst made a game fight. This club is a new one. Their man Graves made the high score of 19 out of 20. It would seem as though the Jackson people did not fully appreciate the novelty as the attendance was slim.

St. Peter, Minn., May 19.—As this club has won many team shoots and has the material to successfully compete against all farmers, it is proposed to get the members of the old Cleveland Gun Club together, shine up the guns and get busy, meeting all the challenges that may come their way.

The Montgomery, Ala., Gun Club has been reorganized with the following officers: W. T. Robertson, President; N. B. Holt, Vice-President; W. E. Ledyard, Secretary; Directors, H. D. Long, McD. Cain and C. R. Wescott. The grounds are to be laid out anew and greatly improved, so as to be attractive and charming to all. The club will give their thirty-second annual barbecue in June.

During the Schmelzer tournament, at Kansas City, Wm. Clayton was not shooting up to form, but his match, first of the week, killing 49 straight shows that he will now give the best of them a hard race. Besides shooting with J. Wilmot for the Wyeth trophy, he will shoot with Ford, at St. Louis, for the Elliott amateur target trophy, and if time will permit will then go against Harold Spencer for a 100 live-bird race. These gentlemen have been on the banter for a year past, and it will be interesting to see them lock horns.

While the old Peoria, Ill., Club has not been much alive this season owing to the destruction of the club house, it is some satisfaction to know that the North End Club have some enthusiasts.

The Winona, Minn., Gun Club seems prosperous this year. While there will be no Interstate tournament there this year to boost the game, the neighboring town will hold the shoot; so that it will have several new members who are enthusiastic, and they are shooting well.

The Muncie, Ind., programmes are out for the shoot on Decoration Day. The management are making preparations for a banner shoot. Shooters are expected from all parts of the country, and throughout the shooting State of Indiana.

The members of the Mankato, Minn., Gun Club have been little on the target shoot for several years, but is now actively giving club shoots.

Davenport, Ia., May 17.—Yesterday the Cumberland Gun Club members met at the Schuetzen grounds and shot many practice events, which were preparatory to the big shoot of the latter part of the week.

The division of the shooters into classes has shown the wisdom of the Battle Creek, Mich., Gun Club managers. The attendance is excellent. May 16 the Class A medal was won by Nelson with 24 out of 25; Class B by Haines, with 15 straight, and Class C went to Gilbert E. Brown, with 13 out of 15 to his credit. There were twenty-five members present, and some very good scores were made. The State shoot, commencing here June 15, will be the biggest ever held in the State. All the Michigan shooters are waking up.

Hirschy, the G .A. H. winner, arrived in Anaconda, Mont., May 15, and the boys, wishing to see him shoot, took their guns and escorted him to the park. Shooting at 25 targets, Hirschy broke 24, Dumgoole 25, Tuttle 20, Hudson 24. Hirschy shot at 200 targets and missed but five; then his fancy rifle shooting was of a high class order, and the large number of spectators were delighted with his performance.

Monroe, Wis., May 16.—The individual trophy of the Southern Wisconsin Trapshooters' League was won by Jerry Voss, of South Wayne at the last tournament. W. T. Campbell, of this city, attempted to-day to "scalp" him, but by the margin of two targets was not successful. He has been challenged by Chub Warren, of South Wayne.

The Indiana Trapshooters' League has given consent to the Peru Gun Club to hold a league tournament on June 9 and 10. This shoot is being worked and pushed by the well-known trapshot Jim Head, and that means a full-fledged crowd.

Taylor, Tex., May 18.—The Gun Club has decided to hold a tournament July 4, 5 and 6. The attraction will be $200 added money, together with some merchandise prizes. This town is located to draw shooters, being central.

H. L. Fletcher, business manager for the South Dakota State tournament, to be held at Watertown, June 1, 2 and 3, feels confident that the whole Northwestern trapshooting gang will be present. The programme is the best one ever issued by the State Association.

St. Joseph, Mo., May 17.—One of the closest and most exciting pigeon matches ever held at Lake Contrary was that of the team shoot held here Monday. William Clayton and J. Tipton, of Kansas City, defeated Frank Cunningham and Fred Arnhold by the narrow margin of one bird. Shooting at 50 live birds, Clayton did not miss until his last. Tipton lost but three, a total of 96. Cunningham lost three and Arnhold two, and thus with 95 were one to the bad.

Homer, Ill., May 19.—C. B. Wiggins, the popular trapshot, has sent out notices to the sporting press that the gun clubs of Homer and Ogden, Ill., will hold a shoot on July 6 and 7. The grounds are located on the Danville & Champaign Electric Line.

Birmingham, Ala., May 19.—It has been decided by those having the management in charge to hold the Alabama fifth annual shooting tournament at Birmingham, Ala., Aug. 9 and 10. All inquiries for information should be sent to R. H. Baugh, secretary.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, May 21.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fourth shoot of the first series. C. Von Lengerke won the trophy in Class A on 24, Bullard Class B on 22, and Hathaway Class C on 20.

In the cup shoot, which followed, Dr. Meek won in Class A on 22, Thomas Class B on 21, Hathaway Class C on 18.

The targets in the cup shoot were thrown as 15 singles and 5 pairs.

The day was a good one for target shooting and a fairly good attendance resulted. The trap acted badly during the early part

of the afternoon, and it was impossible to do good shooting over it; but it finally settled down to good steady work and the scores at once improved.

Trophy shoot: Pollard 23, Dr. Meek 23, Ford 23, Johnson 22, Bullard 22, Birkland, Jr., 18, Eaton 19, Thomas 18, Elliott 17, Birkland, Sr., 18, Ostandorf 4, Weydell 17, Hathaway 20, McDonald 20, Stone 16, Prinz 4, Von Lengerke 24, Frauenholz 22.

Cup shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs: Pollard 17, Dr. Meek 22, Ford 19, Bullard 20, Birkland, Jr., 19, Eaton 21, Thomas 21, Elliot 13, Birkland, Sr., 11, Ostandorf 14, Weydell 9, Hathaway 18, McDonald 15, Stone 17, Prinz 11, Von Lengerke 16, F. Vernon 12, Goetter 17, Russel 5, Seymour 17, Von Lengerke 21.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, May 18.—The fifth annual team shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held at Wellington, Mass., to-day with weather conditions of the most disagreeable kind that could be imagined. Rain, rain, rain from the first to the last shot; and with the chilly east wind that blew right in the shooters' faces not a squad that shot but what got drenched to the skin. The most enthusiastic shooter was very loath to stand up and shoot in face of these conditions.

Sixty-five shooters in all were present, representing all the various trapshooting organizations within the State. In many cases visitors were on hand from other States. E. C. Griffith, Pascoag, R. I., dropped in for three events. Gil Wheeler, from Brunswick, Me., won third average and made the second averageite hustle a little to keep his position. Hollan and Corson, from Dover, N. H., gave us all the information relative to Dover's tournament on Labor Day.

Dr. C. H. Gerrish, of Exeter, N. H., made his first visit to the grounds after an absence of seventeen years and full of the old times that had occurred on trapshooting grounds years ago. The doctor, however, found one or two of his comrades there in H. H. Francis of the Stoughton Club, who, with the late David Kirkwood, were the pioneers of clay target shooting in this section. Chase, of the Amesburg Club, was also on hand, and with Woodruff, of the home team, these four made a combination from the old school that it would be hard to beat.

Many were the old stories that were retold by this group, and it was most interesting to all, whether of the modern trapshooting or the old. Dr. Gerrish's gun came in also for its share of attention, being the same one that was presented to him upward of twenty-five years ago by the trapshooters, and it seems to be in just as good condition now as it was then. The doctor's second, 15, showed that the gun was just as good as ever, even if thousands of shots had been fired out of it. The modern shooter who claims to have shot the choke out of his gun in five thousands should just watch the way this gun will break them, and there would be no talk of shooting out choke after that.

But with all this gathering of past masters of trapshooting, there were quite a raft of the newer class who were making good the high line in the amateur class, of whom were Hodsdon, of the Watertown Gun Club, winner of high average on 146 out of the 175 on programme, and having a clear lead of 10 targets over Frank, of the Birch Brook, who in turn led Wheeler by 1 target.

High average winner was presented with a neat gold watch charm that Roy thinks will necessitate the purchase of a new chain, naturally the old one not being quite right for a high average watch charm with such shooters as Rule, Tozier, Frank, Everett and others shooting.

In the team events, where the interest lay, were entered seven teams, the Middlesex Gun Club presenting the strongest team they could and winning the match with 5 targets to spare. Adams saved the day for his club, breaking his last 15 straight and making a fine showing after a bad start. Watertown Gun Club finished second with a good lead over the third team, and but for the unfortunate thing that one of their best men failed to appear on time another winner might have resulted. The Stoughton team were just too good for the Birch Brook team, beating them out by 2 targets, who in turn were 1 target in the lead of South Framingham boys, who were somewhat unlucky as their first scores of the day were away up, and it looked as though the other clubs would have to hustle. Middlesex Gun Club, second, and the home club fought it out for last place, the Middlesex club being 3 targets too strong, though the Boston club had the high individual score of the whole race.

Everything passed off in the usual manner, and in view of the weather conditions a more successful shoot could not be held, though the club was prepared to handle the 100 shooters which it expected and which would have been the case if a fine day had been encountered, some sixteen teams having been entered.

The trade was well represented by Climax, T. Haze Keller, Jr., "Jack" Brinley, a tower of strength when it comes to lifting magautraps and barrels of targets; E. B. Thompson, G. G. Hebbard and Robert Smith. The club also was indebted to Messrs. Hodsdon, Wild and Tozier for their ever-willing help, and of course the trappers and scorers who worked like Trojans all through the shoot and proved themselves equal in every way.

Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	15
Climax, 21	9	9	11	15	11	15	10	13	14	14	..	..	..
Bell, 20	9	9	9	11	11	12	7	13	12	14	6	7	10
Frank, 19	9	7	11	14	11	15	10	12	11	14	9	5	8
Everett, 18	8	7	11	13	13	14	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rule, 18	9	9	9	14	10	15	9	10	9	14	..	..	11
Coffin, 18	8	8	12	13	9	13	12	11	12	11	..	..	..
Burbank, 18	9	7	14	15	11	14	12	7	9	..	..	..	..
Johnson, 18	7	8	10	13	15	12	12	9	..	..	..	..	..
Noyes, 18	5	9	11	13	12	12	10	9	..	..	..	..	..
Kirkwood, 19	7	10	13	11	..	..	..	14	13	14	..	..	11
Hodsdon, 19	10	9	11	15	10	13	9	14	13	13	9	8	12
Baker, 19	8	8	11	12	13	12	11	..	10	12	6	..	..
Wheeler, 18	8	10	13	12	10	12	11	9	12	10	9	10	9
Isham, 16	4	7	12	12	7	11	6	5	..	..	..	..	..
Prouty, 16	8	9	7	15	11	15	11	11	7	10	..	..	..
Staples, 16	7	10	12	14	12	15	5	14	10	12	..	..	..
Fuller, 16	6	10	12	13	13	15	10	14	13	9	..	..	..
Lincoln, 16	7	10	11	11	12	12	14	13	8	8	..	..	..
Burns, 16	4	10	12	13	12	13	6	11	7	13	..	..	11
Kellar, 16	5	8	9	12	11	13	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dean, 16	8	6	13	14	12	11	10	10	13	11	..	..	..
Chase, 16	10	6	9	11	10	11	8	9	5	6	..	..	..
Tozier, 16	6	10	10	14	9	14	9	..	10	11	..	..	..
Sweet, 16	8	10	9	13	10	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Murdock, 16	4	8	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rice, 16	6	8	12	10	11	14	11	11	11	14	..	..	..
Hawkins, 16	3	6	5	7	7	7	6	5	..	..	4	..	..
Dix, 16	7	6	9	15	9	11	10	3	7	13	..	..	..
Worthing, 16	..	10	10	15	11	13	8	9	11	12	..	..	..
Blinn, 16	..	..	6	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gokey, 16	..	..	9	10	9	11	10	12	11	12	..	..	..
Bartlett, 16	..	..	9	13	14	12	..	..	13	12	..	..	..
Gerrish, 16	..	..	9	15	13	6	9	9	10	11	..	..	..
Corson, 17	..	..	14	14	12	12	9	10	10	12	..	..	..
Woodruff, 17	..	..	11	13	10	9	9	9	7	8	..	..	..
Hallem, 16	..	..	8	10	7	9	10	8	7	..	..	..	..
Wild, 16	..	..	9	9	6	5	7	9	8	6	..	..	10
Hamblin, 18	..	..	..	14	11	15	10	12	..	..	..	..	..
Griffiths, 20	..	..	..	15	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Currier, 16	..	..	..	..	11	12	12	11	10	11	..	..	..
Wellington, 16	..	..	..	..	7	10	13	10	9	10	..	..	..
Hebbard, 16	8	8	11	9	11	9	10	13	11	9	7	8	13
Straw, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	8	12	7	..	11
Lee, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	6	10	..	..	11
Barrett, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	4	7	..	..	..
Wales, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	13	8	..	..	..	..
Lehan, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	11	9	..	..	..
Rowe, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	10	11	7	..	8
Muldown, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	10	10	..	..	..
McPhee, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	10	11	..	..	7
Philbrook, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	10	7	7	..	..
Wright, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	8	9	..	..	11
Fairbanks, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	9	11	..	5	..
Gifford, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	12	9	9	10
Smith, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	11	..	9	10
Adams, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	15	8	..	10
Windle, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Sadler, 16	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	6	7	10
Linfield, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	..	..
Morse, 16	10	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	13	12	7	7	9
Gleason, 16	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	12	10	14	9	10	9
Marks, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	..	..
Faye, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	5	5	..
Tremont, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	7
Barry, 16	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	9	..	..	10

Middlesex Gun Club.

Faye .....1111111101011001111111110101110—23
Gleason .....1110010011111011111011111111111—24
Adams .....1011110101110111111111111111111—26
Rule .....1110101101100011111111111111110—23
Gifford .....1111001100111111111111110101101—23—119

Watertown Gun Club.

Hodsdon .....1111110110111111111111001111111—26
Bartlett .....1111111101110111111101111001111—25
Hebbard .....1011011101011111101111110011000—20
Gokey .....1110011011101111101110101111111—23
Burns .....0110011101001001111101111111101—20—114

Stoughton Gun Club.

Lehan .....1101101011101110111111100011100—20
Worthing .....0111110010111111111111111010101—23
Baker .....1011110010111100111001111111111—22
Wales .....1000110111001101001101111110ll—19
Lindfield .....1111100110111000101111111110110—21—105

Birch Brook Gun Club.

Bell .....1101101111111011101111111111111—26
Rowe .....1101101010111101010101111111101—21
Frank .....1111110101111001111111101111111—25
Chase .....0100001010001010010001100ll010—11
Straw .....0100110101101100111110101111111—20—103

South Framingham Gun Club.

Rice .....1011101111011100111111111111111—25
Staples .....1111011001100111111101101101ll—22
Prouty .....1011010010110000101110101101ll—17
Lincoln .....1001001100110111011001101010O—16
Fuller .....0111111110111111011100011101101—22—102

Middlesex Gun Club No. 2.

Morse .....1111011111011111011111111ll001—25
Smith .....1110001111110100011111110111011—21
Sadler .....1000100011001011001111111111101—18
Marks .....0010111011010100001011100011O0—14
McPhee .....0111100111011101101111101101101—21— 99

Boston Gun Club.

Muldown .....1101101001111101011111O100011—20
Woodruff .....1101000011010010100001011111O1—15
Wild .....0000111010111010100000011001l0—13
Tozier .....1111010010101111110111111O1001—21
Kirkwood .....1111111100111111011111111111111—27— 96

Ohio Trap.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

MAY 21 was an elegant day for shooting, and a large number of Cincinnati Gun Club members took advantage of it. Twenty-four took part in the cash prize shoot. Three members shot their scores in the Parker prize gun series on May 15, scoring as follows, handicap in parentheses: Gambell (10) 93, 100; Dick (22) 87, 100; Sampson (30) 69, 99.

Gambell and Max Hensler then shot a match at 25 targets from 20yds., the former winning by a score of 18 to 16.

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets, distance handicap: Sunderbruch (20) 43, Faran (20) 43, Gambell (16) 43, Randall (16) 41, Harig (19) 39, Peters (18) 39, Maynard (18) 39, Jay Bee (17) 39, Herman (17) 39, Ahlers (21) 38, Pfieffer (17) 38, Pohlar (18) 37, Falk (16) 37, Captain (16) 37, Jack (16) 37, Williams (17) 36, Roll (20) 35, Ackley (17) 34, Block (18) 33, Boeh (17) 32, McBreen (16) 32, Bullerdick (18) 31, Fatty (16) 22, Merkel (16) 17.

Match, 25 targets, two low men pay: Gambell 24, Faran 24, Peters 24, Harig 23.

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Gambell 3, Faran 2, Peters 2.

Shoot-off No. 2: Faran 6, Peters 5.

The Decoration Day programme provides eight 25-target events, total 200. For the club championship, entrance $7, targets included; divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. on the total scores in the 200. All stand at 16yds. Entries received "for targets only" from those who will take part in all the events; entrance $2, which entitles them to compete for the championship. Race starts at 1 P. M. sharp. No entries received after the second event is finished. No. 3 set of traps open for practice. Lunch served at 11:30.

The directors met at the Stag Cafe on May 20, and elected the following officers: Col. R. M. West, President; Joe Coyle, Vice-President; R. F. Davies, Secretary; E. A. Donnally, Treasurer; E. B. Barker, Captain.

Joe H., one of Cincinnati's old-time shooters, and at one time considered one of the most expert trapshots in this locality, was a visitor at the grounds on May 15. It was his first visit for many months, and he received a most cordial welcome from those present.

Springfield Gun Club.

The weather on May 20 was rainy, and the attendance at the Springfield, O., Gun Club shoot was small. Smith and Poole tied in the Wilson trophy shoot, the former winning in the shoot-off. The scores:

Event No. 2, Wilson trophy, 25 targets: Young 25, Smith 20, Poole 20, Stafford 18, Downs 17.

Event No. 3, Young handicap medal, 25 targets: Young 24, Stafford 22, Poole 16, Downs 15.

Young shot for targets only.

Notes.

As the result of the recent team shoot at Barberton, O., between the Columbia Gun Club, of that place, and the Akron Gun Club, the members of the former club will be entertained at a dinner to be held at Turkey Foot Lake on May 28, the Akron Club being the host. The occasion will also be celebrated by a short merchandise shoot. The Akron Club has made arrangements to handle the big crowd which is expected on the occasion of the State shoot in June, the indications being that the eighteenth annual tournament will be a record-breaker in the history of the League. Four sets of traps will be used, all in a straight line, facing north, thus making the conditions the same at each set. The added money is liberal, and high and low guns for each day and for the three days will receive substantial rewards.

Thirteen shooters took part in the Berea, O., Gun Club's regular badge handicap shoot on May 16. McCroden and Neubrand tied for the badge on a full score of 25, and in the shoot-off the latter won possession and will hold it until the next shoot.

The fifth trophy shoot of the season was held on May 19, nine members participating. The badge was won by Steinman with 45. The weather conditions were poor, a drizzling rain falling all the afternoon.

At the regular medal shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O., on May 18, thirteen members shot in the event. C. Miller and W. Kette tied for first, and after shooting off two ties the former won. The day was not a pleasant one for out-door sport, and the scores made were good under the conditions.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

A GOOD attendance and good scores were in order at the semi-monthly shoot for the Hunter Arms Co. badge on Wednesday last. It remained for Herman Manchester to shoot so far up in the 90s, that he broke the record for the present series, and also the record for a club shoot at 50 targets. He went straight in the first three strings of 10 and smashed 5 more in the next, making a run of 35, and bettering Bowler's 47 of last week one target. Mason's total of 41, including a 10 straight, was also creditable, considering that he was getting acquainted with a new gun. An odd coincidence appears in the case of Powel and Dring, their scores in each event being the same, also totals, tying on 40. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Broke.
Manchester	10	10	10	9	9	48
Mason	8	7	10	8	8	41
Dring	7	7	9	8	9	40
Powel	7	7	9	8	9	40
H Peckham	8	8	9	7	7	39
Coggeshall	8	8	7	9	6	38
Bowler	9	6	5	7	10	37
Alexander	8	6	8	6	7	35
E Peckham	9	6	7	6	5	33

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 19.—At the regular weekly shoot of this club to-day eight men faced the score, and the shooting generally was of a rather low order. In the contest for the Bissing medal, Captain Traver, from the 19yds mark, made good, and in the contest for the Peters shells the Captain made good also. DuBois and Haus, both of whom were bothered with defective eye sight, shot well when the light was good. Marshall had a bad habit of inching, while Winans was handicapped by a load wholly unadapted to the work.

A number of the boys will attend the West End shoot at Albany on Decoration Day. Among the number will be Tallman and Traver.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Haus (6)	13	20	..	19	17	19	13
T Rhodes (5)	19	18	15	19	15	..	..
DuBois (4)	22	19	10	20	..	..	..
Traver (3)	20	19	18	24	20	18	17
Marshall (6)	16	12	15	23	17	16	19
Winans	16	16	15	16	..	17	14
Cheney (7)	..	..	11	16	..	..	..
Tripp	..	..	..	..	..	16	14

Event No. 3 was for Bissing medal. All men, except Marshall, Winans and Cheney, shot from 19yds.

Event No. 4 was for shells; number in parentheses shows added breaks. In this event Winans shot along.

Norwich Shooting Club.

NORWICH, Conn.—At the regular meeting of the club, held on Saturday afternoon, May 21, about 1,500 targets were thrown. Visitors present were: Messrs. Ames, Prest, Calkins, Roch, Watrous and Ockford, of New London, Conn. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	at	Broke	Av.
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Shot		
Ockford	22	20	23	21	20	125	106	.85
Prest	20	21	19	22	21	125	103	.82
Mitchell	18	19	15	..	..	75	52	.69
Calkins	17	17	16	13	..	100	69	.69
Olcott	14	16	21	..	..	75	51	.68
Brown	16	17	..	..	..	50	33	.66
Tafft	18	15	16	..	..	75	49	.65
Ames	16	..	..	..	..	25	16	.64
Dolbear	17	10	17	17	..	100	61	.61
Aborn	14	17	14	15	15	125	75	.60
Roch	14	17	16	13	..	100	60	.60
Amberg	10	10	13	17	20	125	70	.56
McCord	14	14	..	..	..	50	28	.56
Gates	12	16	14	..	..	75	42	.56
Watrous	15	13	10	14	..	100	52	.52
Grimes	14	11	..	..	..	50	25	.50
Saunders	12	..	..	..	..	25	12	.48
Ulmer	8	13	..	..	..	50	21	.42
Potter	7	4	..	..	..	50	11	.22

I. P. TAFFT, Sec'y.

Montreal—Westmount Clubs.

MONTREAL, Can., May 21.—During the summer months the nearby trout lakes and streams take many of the trapshooters away on Saturdays, so that there is usually a small attendance at the gun club grounds. This afternoon the stay-in-town members of the Montreal Gun Club visited the Westmount grounds. Mr. Leach was also present, who, though two years out of practice, managed to keep up among the boys. These grounds are hard grounds to shoot over, which prevent clean scores being made.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	20	20	25	25	at	Broke.
Leach	7	9	9	9	..	..	..	..	30	25
Lyne	7	9	9	9	19	15	..	..	80	68
Aubin	9	9	8	6	16	17	..	..	80	65
Landerault	5	9	7	8	14	15	..	..	80	58
Strangman	6	7	6	6	13	9	..	..	80	47
Hamilton	6	4	3	8	17	16	..	..	80	54
Galbraith	9	8	5	5	15	16	..	..	80	58
N Candlish	6	8	7	7	12	16	19	..	100	75
Kearney	8	7	7	10	14	15	..	22	100	83
Bowden	..	..	..	8	13	12	..	..	50	33
Hansen	7	8	..	6	16	17	..	..	70	54
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	18	19	..	45	37
Ithaca, Jr.	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	21	45	37

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New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., May 21.—Seven contestants entered for the May cup at the New York Athletic Club shoot to-day. The event was at 25 targets. The scores were as follows: George Bechtel (5) 25, Dr. J. G. Knowlton 23, W. P. Norton (3) 25, F. L. Barnes (4) 20, M. McAlpin 20, W. J. Elias (5) 25, J. S. Woodhouse (10) 23. In the shoot-off of tie, Mr. Bechtel won.

A special cup, 25 targets, seven contestants, was won by J. S. Woodhouse.

A special cup, eleven entries, 25 targets, was won by Mr. W. J. Elias.

The Sauer gun event, 50 targets, handicap, was won by Mr. Geo. Bechtel, after shooting off a tie. The scores of this event follow: Dr. J. G. Knowlton 43, W. P. Norton (6) 39, F. L. Barnes (8) 45, M. McAlpin 46, G. Bechtel (10) 45, W. J. Elias (10) 45, J. S. Woodhouse (20) 45.

Pennsylvania State Tournament.

THE fourteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association was held at York, Pa., May 16-21, under the auspices of the York City Gun Club. The grounds of the York County Agricultural Society, situated on the outskirts of the city, was the place of competition. Good trolley car service afforded quick and comfortable transportation from the hotels to the grounds. On the beautiful, level, green field, bounded by the race track, the five sets of traps were installed, and under the vigilant and expert management of Mr. Charles North, they gave unqualified satisfaction in their practical workings. Supplemented with expert workers in all the departments, the competition progressed smoothly and expeditiously. Mr. D. S. Daudt, of Philadelphia, was manager. He has had much practical experience in the management of tournaments, besides being also a renowned expert trapshooter. Under his able management the programme was run off without a skip, though bad weather caused an important loss of time on Wednesday. He had the tournament fully organized and equipped in respect to referees, scorers, squad hustlers, trappers, messengers, etc. He was ably assisted by the other members of the general committee, Messrs. Elias, Spangler and N. McSherry, of York, Pa., and Mr. Allen M. Seitz, of Glen Rock, Pa. The programme announced $240 added money, $125 average moneys, and $600 in merchandise prizes and individual trophies.

There was a successful support given to the tournament by the shooters. The competition, in its expert features, was of a high order. Some remarkably high averages were made.

There was a number of trade representatives in attendance, among whom were Messrs. Harvey McMurchy, San Francisco; T. H. Keller, Neaf Apgar and G. R. Benjamin, New York; E. D. Fulford, Utica; J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City; Luther J. Squier and J. T. Skelly, Wilmington; J. R. Hull, Meriden, Conn.; C. G. Grubb, Pittsburg; Frank E. Butler, Nutley, N. J.; Ed. Rike, Dayton, O.; J. Mowell Hawkins and E. H. Storr, Baltimore; J. S. Fanning, A. C. Barrell, Sim Glover, and H. P. Fessenden, New York, and M. L. Herbein.

The annual meeting of the Association was held on Wednesday evening. The officers elected were as follows: President, H. M. Worden, of Harrisburg; Vice-President, Allen M. Seitz, of Glen Rock; Secretary-Treasurer, J. M. Runk, of Chambersburg. Directors: J. H. Worden, Harrisburg; F. Kramlich, Allentown; Dr. Geo. Goebel, Philadelphia; J. F. O'Neil, Wilkesbarre; Geo. Crane, Mountville; R. R. Bennett, Pittsburg; Dr. Joseph Kalbfus earnestly addressed the meeting on the contemplated changes in the shooting laws of the State. Williamsport made an earnest bid for the next State shoot, but it went to the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, by a large majority.

Owing to a misunderstanding between officers of the York Gun Club and officers of the State Association, concerning the final winning of the State trophies at this shoot, the trophies were, in the programme, announced as being in open competition for the last time, and to become the property of the contestants who won them at this shoot. At the State meeting it was decided to continue them in competition.

First Day, May 16.

The programme had eight preliminary practice events for the afternoon. Each open sweep was at 15 targets, $1.30 entrance, four moneys, class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. To each of the two high guns, $5. The totals were 140 targets, $10.40 entrance. A strong wind made difficult shooting conditions. Jack Fanning was high for the day with 114; J. Mowell Hawkins and P. B. Pflieger, of Amber, tied for second on 113. Messrs. Elliott, Fulford and Hull were close up with 112. Of the York county shooters, Mr. N. McSherry was high with 106.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
McSherry	12	13	14	14	14	12	14	13	106
Hawkins	14	14	15	15	14	14	13	14	113
Squier	14	14	11	13	14	14	14	15	109
Apgar	13	13	13	12	14	14	15	15	109
Fleming	15	13	12	14	15	12	13	13	107
Seitz	8	11	5	12	10	7	13	8	74
Grove	8	13	9	13	14	11	13	11	92
Miller	9	13	12	14	12	14	11	13	98
Deardorff	12	10	11	10	11	9	14	10	87
Stroh	13	14	13	12	13	14	11	15	105
Somers	10	14	13	14	13	15	15	13	107
Rike	12	13	15	14	15	11	15	14	109
Shisler	6	13	7	11	12	11	9	14	83
Pyle	14	14	14	14	14	12	14	15	111
Humer	10	13	12	13	13	13	14	11	99
Stephens	13	11	12	8	15	13	12	14	98
Martin	10	9	10	15	14	9	12	11	90
Morris	12	13	9	10	13	11	11	10	89
Stanley	9	12	11	13	12	13	12	11	93
Stumm	11	12	12	12	12	12	13	15	99
Kable	8	11	11	14	13	7	13	11	88
Rutledge	10	10	13	13	15	13	11	14	99
Derk	10	11	14	13	14	12	13	12	99
Clark	13	10	12	13	13	12	14	11	98
Henderson	13	12	15	15	14	15	13	14	111
Keef	10	7	12	13	11	11	10	13	87
Fulford	14	14	14	15	13	14	14	14	112
Blair	11	12	15	12	15	11	11	10	100
Trego	14	10	13	13	9	9	13	15	96
Burgoon	14	12	12	13	11	12	12	14	100
Kelley	15	12	14	14	11	10	13	12	101
Munch	10	12	15	14	12	11	12	12	98
Storr	14	14	15	13	12	11	14	15	108
Parker	11	8	13	15	11	10	11	13	92
Young	9	11	11	14	..	..	..	..	45
Gingerich	11	10	10	12	12	..	..	..	55
M Lauber	9	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	35
S Lauber	3	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	17
Bob White	10	9	11	12	9	11	12	13	87
Elliott	15	14	15	12	13	13	15	15	112
Watson	15	14	13	14	14	14	13	13	110
Pontefract	10	13	10	13	15	11	10	13	95
Atkinson	14	14	14	14	13	11	15	14	109
Fanning	15	14	15	14	15	14	13	14	114
Elder	12	13	14	14	11	12	12	12	100
Dover	15	14	13	12	13	12	14	14	107
Dimmick	10	11	12	11	13	13	14	14	98
Everett	12	14	14	14	8	15	11	14	102
Hull	11	13	14	14	14	15	14	15	112
Jebb	10	13	13	13	15	12	12	12	100
Williams	11	13	15	14	11	13	12	11	100
Wilson	12	9	14	8	13	12	11	10	89
Pflieger	12	14	14	15	15	15	14	14	113
Benner	13	15	11	11	13	13	13	11	100
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	13	30
Spahr	..	..	..	..	..	11	6	11	28
Fox	..	..	..	15	8	14	11	15	63
Kline	..	..	..	..	..	1	5	4	10

Second Day, May 17.

The real competition of the tournament commenced to-day, and there consequently was a large influx of shooters on Monday evening, and this morning. Of the eleven programme events, ten were at 15 targets, respectively $1.40 entrance, $8 added.

Event 11 was at 25 singles and 5 pairs, $2 entrance; it was also the two-man team race for the Milt Lindsey trophy. Conditions: Entrance per team $4, not included in the regular entrance. Divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; teams composed of residents of the State only; no man to shoot on more than one team, and all must be members of the same club. Each member of the winning team to receive a trophy. Nine clubs contested for this famous trophy, and the struggle was close and prolonged for it. The Carlisle proved to be the victor with the admirable score of 63 out of a possible 70; the York team No. 1 pressing it closely with a score of 62, only one target less. Four clubs had more than one team, namely, York, Du Bois, North Side and Philadelphia.

The high averages of the day, total 185 targets, were as follows: First, J. S. Fanning, 178. He missed only four in the first ten events. Second, J. A. R. Elliott, 176. He made a run of 69. Fleming 175, Neaf Apgar 174, Ford 173, McSherry 171. Stroh and Trafford each scored 10 in the doubles, and Apgar, Squier, Fleming, Grove, Harris, Fanning, Watson, Smith and Glover each made four doubles.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	35	Broke.
McSherry	15	14	15	13	15	12	15	13	14	15	30	171
Hawkins	14	14	15	13	15	14	12	14	14	14	32	171
Squier	12	11	11	10	14	12	12	14	15	14	31	146
Apgar	12	15	14	15	14	15	13	14	15	15	32	174
Fleming	15	15	14	15	14	15	14	15	14	12	32	175
Rike	15	15	12	15	12	11	15	14	15	15	29	155
Grove	12	14	13	10	14	12	11	13	15	15	32	159
Jackson	12	14	12	14	11	10	10	13	11	11	26	143
Miller	11	12	12	13	14	13	14	13	13	13	28	154
Deardorff	11	14	9	15	12	13	12	14	11	11	25	149
Elliott	15	15	15	15	14	14	15	14	15	15	29	176
Watson	14	12	14	15	15	9	12	14	13	14	29	161
Pontefract	10	9	11	12	12	12	15	12	12	12	26	143
Atkinson	13	12	13	15	15	13	13	14	15	15	30	167
Fanning	15	15	14	15	15	15	15	12	15	15	32	178
Stroh	13	14	13	14	14	12	13	13	15	13	32	166
Booth	12	14	13	15	14	13	12	13	11	15	28	160
Haines	13	12	13	13	12	12	12	13	14	11	31	156
Clipper	10	12	7	10	7	10	6	9	11	13	27	124
Trafford	13	13	12	14	12	14	12	13	15	15	32	165
Hummer	14	13	14	11	8	14	13	12	13	11	28	151
Stevens	13	11	12	14	14	11	15	13	9	14	25	151
L C Smith	13	13	14	15	15	13	15	13	14	14	32	171
Glover	13	13	14	14	13	12	14	14	13	14	30	164
Somers	12	14	14	14	14	14	12	14	15	14	27	164
Parker	11	14	11	15	14	10	14	13	15	13	31	161
Slicker	13	14	11	14	13	12	13	14	13	11	26	154
I C E	13	13	14	15	13	12	11	13	11	12	..	128
Shaub	11	10	10	15	10	11	13	11	14	12	..	117
Dimick	12	15	15	13	13	13	12	14	10	15	22	154
Pyle	13	15	12	15	14	12	15	15	13	15	29	168
P J Trego	14	14	12	11	14	13	12	15	14	15	28	162
Blair	13	10	12	14	12	12	12	12	12	11	21	141
Holdenbaum	9	12	14	12	11	13	9	14	14	12	28	148
Burgoon	11	13	15	11	15	15	14	12	14	14	27	161
Kelly	11	15	13	11	15	10	10	13	14	10	33	155
Munch	10	14	13	15	10	13	13	13	12	13	29	155
Guincy	9	12	15	14	14	9	13	14	13	13	18	144
Derk	12	13	14	13	13	13	14	14	15	14	30	165
Miller	7	14	7	12	11	12	13	9	11	12	..	108
I J C	11	14	14	14	13	9	12	11	11	14	..	123
Brey	10	13	14	13	12	12	14	13	14	15	..	130
Houseman	11	11	12	12	12	11	14	12	14	14	..	123
Spinner	9	10	10	7	10	7	9	9	8	8	..	87
May	7	11	11	9	10	9	4	9	11	9	..	91
Dover	13	11	15	13	11	15	14	14	15	12	33	166
Stanley	9	12	14	12	9	9	11	13	11	11	26	137
Martin	14	12	12	12	10	12	12	15	14	12	31	156
Morris	9	14	9	10	11	10	10	11	10	11	..	105
Hahn	10	12	13	13	11	9	12	12	12	10	..	91
Stumm	10	13	15	13	12	12	13	10	12	11	24	145
Keef	14	12	11	14	13	14	13	13	11	15	31	166
Englert	12	15	14	13	13	13	14	15	11	10	32	162
Heiser	9	10	12	11	11	11	9	10	8	10	..	105
Runk	12	13	14	15	14	13	12	13	9	15	29	159
Heil	12	15	14	15	7	13	12	14	13	14	24	157
Derch	11	13	15	13	12	11	10	13	15	12	24	149
Clark	11	13	12	11	14	10	11	11	13	13	28	147
Knauss	14	14	15	14	12	10	13	13	14	13	26	158
Dennich	13	12	14	14	11	11	12	13	13	13	..	96
Everett	13	13	12	15	11	13	11	14	11	14	..	123
Shisler	11	10	9	10	13	12	9	10	14	11	..	129
Pop	12	12	14	12	11	12	14	12	12	12	28	151
Rutledge	12	10	10	12	15	13	11	13	13	12	29	150
Ben Bolt	10	10	9	7	9	10	11	8	10	12	19	115
M Lauber	10	12	14	14	11	14	11	13	12	12	24	147
H E Kline	11	13	14	10	15	11	14	14	14	14	28	157
Carlisle	13	12	11	10	10	11	12	9	9	12	19	109
Woodcock	12	11	10	13	7	12	14	13	10	7	..	109
Storr	13	14	12	14	15	10	13	14	14	12	30	161
Henderson	12	14	9	14	15	13	11	11	14	14	27	154
Chew	11	12	10	14	12	9	13	9	7	13	17	127
Malone	10	14	13	15	14	13	14	14	15	14	31	167
Lupus	14	13	13	10	12	11	14	13	12	13	27	152
Fulford	14	14	14	15	14	13	12	14	12	15	31	168
Ehrhorn	8	6	13	10	11	10	10	9	10	12	22	121
Jessup	11	13	14	12	12	10	14	13	14	12	28	153
Pflieger	15	11	13	15	14	15	11	15	14	13	30	166
Denny	10	11	10	7	9	7	10	13	7	12	17	118
Ford	13	14	14	15	13	15	14	15	11	15	34	173
Richardson	14	14	14	15	14	11	15	15	13	15	29	169
Jackson	12	15	12	13	13	12	10	14	14	10	..	125
Adams	9	12	12	10	8	13	14	13	15	12	26	144
Baskerville	10	8	8	11	9	7	10	7	5	7	17	99
Jebb	12	12	12	12	12	14	13	14	15	13	..	120
Williams	10	13	13	14	14	9	13	14	11	14	30	155
Wilson	13	12	13	15	9	12	8	10	10	9	28	139
Benner	10	15	11	11	13	11	12	11	10	12	..	116
Blessing	6	10	11	12	11	9	10	9	7	10	..	95
R Rahn	13	11	10	13	12	13	10	12	13	10	25	142
Hull	11	13	14	13	13	12	10	12	14	12	27	151
Dissinger	8	11	10	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	49
Beamsderfer	9	9	11	10	13	9	12	11	11	12	..	107
Kable	12	10	10	13	12	9	11	14	12	13	23	139
Frank	14	12	10	14	11	13	13	11	14	10	29	151
Huttenloch	13	14	12	13	12	8	13	15	12	13	30	154
Bell	12	12	13	14	14	6	13	13	14	12	29	153
Fox	14	14	13	14	13	13	14	14	14	14	30	168
McMurchy	15	14	14	12	13	13	13	14	13	15	26	162

The scores in the two-man team contest, 25 singles and 10 pairs, follow:

Carlisle—Parker 24, 7; L. C. Smith 23, 9; total 63.

York No. 1—McSherry 22, 8; Grove 23, 9; total 62.

York No. 2—Deardorff 22, 3; Miller 22, 6; total 53.

York No. 3—Jackson 20, 6; Somers, 20, 7; total 53.

Du Bois No. 1—Bergoon 23, 4; Kelly 24, 9; total 60.

Du Bois No. 2—Munch 22, 7; Guiney 15, 3; total 48.

North Side No. 1—Fleming 23, 9; Dennick 17, 5; total 54.

North Side No. 2—Wilson 20, 9; Atkinson 22, 8; total 59.

North Side No. 3—Pop 22, 6; Pyle 22, 7; total 57.

North Side No. 4—Pontefract 19, 7; Jessup 22, 6; total 54.

Philadelphia, Independent Gun Club—Mrs. W. K. Park 17, 9; W. K. Park 18, 8; total 52.

Philadelphia No. 1—Bell 19, 10; Frank 20, 9; total 58.

Philadelphia No. 2—Fox 21, 9; Hutterloch 21, 9; total 60.

Herron Hill, Pittsburg—R. Rahm 19, 6; Denny 11, 6; total 42.

Allentown Rod and Gun Club—Heil 18, 6; Englert 24, 8; total 56.

Ambler—Pfleiger 21, 9; Daudt 21, 4; total 55.

Pittston—Stroh 22, 10; Booth 21, 7; total 60.

Third Day, May 18.

The programme for the third day provided ten 15-target events, entrance $1.40; $8 added, and No. 11, at 25 targets, $2 entrance.

Event 11 was the three-man team race for the Harrisburg trophy. Conditions: Entrance per team $6, not included in the regular entrance. Divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Class shooting. Teams to consist of bona fide members of any club or association in the State. Each member of the winning team will be presented with a valuable individual trophy, donated by the State Association and the York City Gun Club.

The heavy rains of the morning delayed the start of the competition till the afternoon. The feature of the competition was the phenomenal shooting displayed by Mr. Elliott, who scored 146 out of 150, and made one run of 75 straight. Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins was second with 141. Fleming, Fanning and Hatfield tied on 140.

On account of the heavy rain and the consequent delay, event 11 was postponed till the following day. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.
McSherry	12	12	14	13	10	12	15	14	11	13	126
Hawkins	15	12	14	13	14	14	15	15	15	14	141
Squier	12	13	11	15	12	13	13	11	13	11	124
Apgar	14	14	13	13	14	15	15	14	12	13	137
Fleming	15	13	13	14	13	15	15	13	14	15	140
Rike	12	12	13	11	12	15	12	14	12	13	126
Grove	13	13	13	11	15	13	7	13	12	12	122
Jackson	13	12	9	14	12	10	13	11	12	13	119
Miller	12	14	14	12	11	13	12	12	9	10	119
Somers	11	14	13	13	15	15	11	14	12	13	131
Elliott	13	15	15	14	15	15	15	15	14	15	146
Watson	12	12	14	13	15	15	14	13	15	15	137
Pontefract	13	12	11	14	11	9	13	14	11	12	120
Atkinson	15	14	15	13	13	14	14	14	14	11	137
Fanning	13	14	14	14	14	14	15	14	13	15	140
Stroh	12	13	9	13	13	15	13	13	9	12	122
Booth	9	13	13	11	10	14	13	12	14	13	122
Harris	13	11	12	13	14	13	13	12	13	11	125
Ben Bolt	5	11	11	11	10	8	9	6	9	6	86
Trafford	15	13	12	12	15	15	12	14	11	13	132
Humer	9	12	13	12	11	13	12	10	13	12	119
Stevens	13	13	13	13	14	13	11	13	13	12	118
L C Smith	12	14	14	11	15	15	11	14	11	10	127
Storr	14	14	15	12	12	15	14	13	12	15	136
Rutledge	11	11	12	13	13	11	15	12	9	8	113
Fulford	11	11	13	13	14	12	12	13	13	11	123
Parker	15	14	14	11	13	15	12	12	12	12	130
Denny	8	7	13	9	12	10	12	10	10	7	98
I C E	15	13	11	13	12	13	11	13	11	11	123
Stewart	14	14	14	13	15	14	12	12	13	14	135
Denicker	9	13	11	9	12	12	12	13	12	4	107
Trego	12	14	14	13	10	14	13	12	14	11	127
Holderbaum	12	12	13	13	9	14	14	12	14	12	125
M Lauber	13	12	10	13	11	12	12	14	9	14	120
Burnham	12	13	10	11	11	10	12	9	10	11	109
Richardson	15	13	14	13	12	15	15	10	14	13	134
Ford	14	13	14	10	13	15	14	..	..	..	93
Keef	10	12	12	11	13	13	13	13	14	13	124
Rahm	10	13	9	14	14	11	9	13	9	12	114
Adams	10	11	13	13	14	15	11	11	10	12	120
May	11	9	13	6	7	12	5	11	9	5	88
Dover	13	13	15	14	14	15	15	14	14	13	140
Wagner	13	13	13	12	10	11	9	11	10	14	116
Martin	15	11	13	11	12	13	9	..	..	..	84
Stanley	7	12	12	11	8	15	12	13	10	12	112
Burgoon	9	13	9	13	13	14	13	12	13	12	121
Kelly	13	14	14	10	13	13	13	12	15	12	129
Munch	14	15	13	9	14	15	11	7	9	8	115
Jessup	15	11	11	14	12	13	15	13	9	9	122
Stoops	12	13	10	11	12	13	12	8	11	9	111
Savidge	12	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	29
Tovey	12	14	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	33
Gass	13	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	33
Diffenbaugh	9	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	31
Cooper	14	14	13	13	12	14	12	14	12	14	132
Pyle	14	14	11	12	15	14	14	11	12	10	127
Kruger	13	12	13	11	13	13	14	14	12	12	127
Pennsy	11	12	11	12	12	13	13	9	6	11	110
Frank	10	12	13	10	10	13	9	12	10	10	109
Derk	11	15	12	12	15	12	13	12	11	11	124
Huttenlock	13	13	10	13	10	12	9	10	13	6	109
Fox	14	15	12	13	15	14	12	13	13	10	131
Pfleiger	13	14	13	13	15	13	10	12	11	11	125
Mordecai	12	11	9	10	10	12	13	..	..	..	79
Wise	10	11	6	8	13	11	8	11	11	9	89
Williams	15	13	12	12	14	14	13	13	11	15	133
Flurie	7	13	7	8	10	11	9	..	..	..	65
Clark	11	13	11	12	10	13	11	10	11	13	115
Jebb	13	12	10	11	13	13	15	11	12	..	119
Allen	9	14	11	13	14	13	13	..	..	..	87
Klipple	9	14	11	13	14	13	13	..	..	..	87
Porter	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23
Diffenbaugh	..	..	10	10	10	9	..	..	..	..	39
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	..	20
Benner	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	..	..	..	27
Newcomb	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	13	10	13	61
Skelly	..	..	..	11	11	15	12	12	8	13	82

The Harrisburg trophy event, three-man team race, shot on Thursday, had scores as follows:

North Side, Pittsburg—Fleming 21, Atkinson 22, Watson 24; total 66.

Herron Hill, Pittsburg—Jessup 24, Rahm 19, Pontefract 23; total 66.

Carlisle—Parker 21, L. C. Smith 21, Porter 21; total 63.

York—McSherry 21, Grove 24, Miller 20; total 65.

Du Bois—Burgoon 23, Kelly 21, Munch 18; total 62.

Reading—Weidner 20, Hanner 14, Lutz 18; total 52.

Luzerne, Pittston, Pa.—Stroh 24, Booth 23, Harris 21; total 68.

Independence, Philadelphia—Pfleiger 23, Frank 20, Park 20; total 63.

Harrisburg—Kruger 22, Wood 21, Harris 20; total 63.

Forest, Philadelphia—Fox 21, Huttenloch 21, Bell 15; total 57.

The Luzerne Gun Club, of Pittston, was thus the winner.

The sweepstake feature of event 11 above, shot on Thursday, resulted as follows: McSherry 21, Hawkins 25, Squier 22, Apgar 23, Fleming 21, Rike 22, Grove 24, Jackson 17, Miller 20, Deardorff 19, Elliott 25, Watson 24, Pontefract 23, Atkinson 22, Fanning 25, Stroh 24, Booth 23, Harris 21, Ben Bolt 15, Trafford 25, Kruger 22, Smith 21, Stevens 21, Woods 21, Homer 20, Parker 21, I. C. E. 22, Schlicher 22, Denicker 24, Pyle 22, Trego 21, Skelly 22, Holderbaum 20, Burgoon 23, Kelly 21, Munch 18, Guiney 19, Stoop 19, Fox 21, Huttenloch 21, Pfleiger 23, Bell 15, Frank 20, Parks 20, Fulford 25, Denny 19, Hull 21, Pennsy 15, M. Lauber 22, Jessup 24, Somers 24, Keef 20, Rahm 19, Richardson 22, Dover 23, Rutledge 23, Derk 23, Clark 23, Stanley 17, Williams 24, Cooper 23, Kramlich 20, Heil 24, Storr 24, Burnham 22, Englert 20, Porter 21, Weidner 20, Harner 14, Lutz 18, Adams 18.

Fourth Day, May 19.

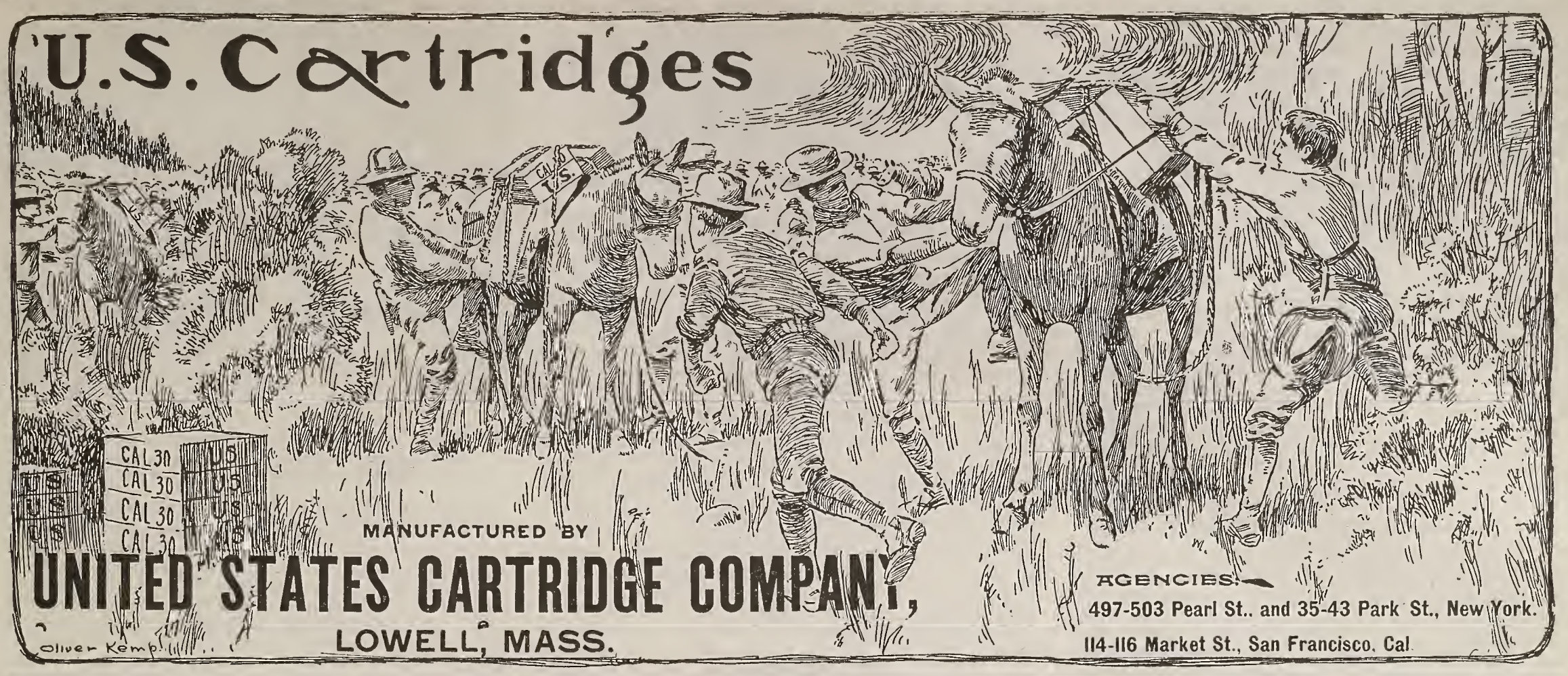
The first ten events were similar to those of the two preceding days.

No. 11, at 25 targets, $2 entrance, was also the four-man team race for the Reading trophy. Conditions: Entrance per team $8, not included in the regular entrance. Divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Class shooting. Teams to be bona fide members of any club or association in the State; no man to shoot on more than one team. Each member of the winning team will be presented with a valuable individual trophy, donated by the State Association and the York City Gun Club.

The unfinished event of the preceding day was shot first.

The event of the day was the phenomenal shooting exhibited by Mr. Elliott, who broke 25 straight in the left-over event, missed his thirty-second target, then made a run of 124. In the total of the day, 175 of the day's programme and the 25 targets of the left-over event, he scored 198 out of the total, 200. Mr. Fanning broke 169 out of 175 of the day's programme.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	Broke.
McSherry	11	13	14	12	15	12	13	13	15	14	24	156
Hawkins	15	14	15	14	15	15	15	13	14	15	21	165
Squier	15	14	15	15	13	14	13	13	15	14	25	166
Apgar	15	13	14	14	13	13	13	14	15	13	22	159
Fleming	13	14	13	14	11	11	12	13	15	14	24	154
Rike	14	13	14	14	14	12	13	14	11	12	23	154
Grove	14	15	14	14	13	14	12	12	12	15	21	156
Jackson	12	14	13	13	11	11	13	12	13	14	18	144
Miller	13	13	11	12	9	12	11	12	15	14	22	144



Deardorff	13	11	13	7	10	12	13	12	11	11	20	138
Elliott	15	15	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	24	173
Watson	15	13	13	14	13	15	12	13	15	14	22	159
Pontefract	13	14	12	13	13	15	13	10	12	13	22	150
Atkinson	13	15	15	15	14	15	10	15	12	15	22	161
Fanning	15	15	12	15	14	14	14	15	15	14	25	169
Stroh	13	13	15	13	13	14	11	13	15	13	23	156
Booth	15	9	15	14	13	11	11	12	13	13	24	150
Harris	12	14	12	10	13	12	13	14	13	12	19	144
Ben Bolt	11	9	10	11	10	11	11	9	12	9	15	118
Trafford	14	10	15	11	14	15	11	13	10	12	20	145
Kruger	14	11	11	14	15	14	13	13	13	12	23	153
L C Smith	14	13	14	14	14	10	13	14	13	13	23	156
Stevens	14	13	13	15	13	13	11	12	12	13	20	149
Woods	11	13	15	13	14	14	14	13	13	12	20	152
Humer	11	13	11	13	13	13	9	11	14	14	23	145
Parker	13	14	12	10	12	14	11	13	14	11	21	145
I C E	13	11	15	11	11	9	10	14	13	13	19	139
Miller	12	9	11	12	11	13	9	14	10	11	..	112
Hahn	12	13	14	14	14	13	11	15	12	12	..	130
Schlicher	14	14	13	15	15	14	11	13	14	13	24	160
Denicker	12	12	14	14	13	13	14	15	13	14	21	155
Pyle	11	14	13	15	14	13	14	15	14	14	16	153
Trego	13	10	10	12	13	10	11	13	14	13	20	139
Skelly	9	11	14	15	15	13	13	15	13	13	22	153
Holderbaum	12	13	11	11	10	14	13	12	11	14	19	140
Burgoon	13	13	13	15	14	12	12	13	13	13	24	155
Kelly	13	12	13	13	14	11	11	12	14	13	19	145
Munch	14	15	12	11	14	15	12	12	11	12	21	149
Guiney	10	11	14	12	14	12	14	12	13	13	18	143
Stoops	9	11	10	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	50
Fox	12	13	14	11	13	14	14	13	12	10	24	150
Huttenloch	..	10	15	13	10	13	13	12	13	13	12	124
Pfleiger	15	15	12	15	14	14	13	14	14	15	24	165
G O Bell	15	12	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	46
Frank	14	12	14	12	14	12	11	12	15	13	20	151
Mrs Park	14	12	14	15	10	13	11	11	13	13	18	144
Park	13	11	12	15	14	13	12	14	12	11	22	151
Newcomb	..	13	14	14	13	15	13	14	14	12	24	160
Fulford	15	14	15	14	13	13	15	15	13	14	23	164
Denny	10	7	14	12	13	14	11	10	11	6	..	108
Hull	12	12	14	14	12	14	10	15	14	13	21	151
Pennsy	9	12	12	10	11	11	10	10	14	9	20	128
M Lauber	9	11	9	13	13	10	10	11	14	13	22	135
Jessup	13	14	14	14	12	13	13	11	14	14	23	155
Sprout	9	12	12	12	14	10	11	12	11	12	18	133
Heiser	13	9	10	11	13	9	12	10	11	..	..	98
Somers	14	14	13	15	15	15	12	15	15	12	21	161
Keef	12	11	10	11	13	15	12	13	13	11	22	143
Rahm	11	10	11	10	9	11	11	9	11	9	19	121
Richardson	14	13	15	14	15	15	14	13	13	14	24	164
Wise	14	10	11	11	..	12	13	13	13	13	21	131
Rutledge	10	13	12	11	13	10	12	15	9	7	20	132
Sechrist	10	12	13	14	15	12	9	12	14	11	23	145
Sparks	7	12	11	11	11	14	12	12	11	11	24	136
Bob White	13	9	10	12	11	12	13	11	12	9	24	136
Deninch	12	12	12	11	14	13	14	12	11	12	21	144
Everett	11	12	15	14	13	12	12	15	12	13	21	150
Flock	12	12	10	14	13	13	11	13	13	10	23	144
Derk	13	14	12	14	15	12	12	12	13	13	24	154
Clark	13	14	14	14	12	14	11	13	9	11	15	140
Dover	14	13	14	13	14	11	14	13	14	13	22	155
May	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Stanley	10	10	11	14	15	11	12	9	14	8	17	131
Bray	13	15	14	13	15	15	11	15	14	14	25	164
Glover	13	15	12	14	14	13	10	13	14	13	20	151
Jebb	10	14	14	14	12	13	13	12	14	12	..	128
Williams	14	14	10	13	14	14	15	13	12	14	22	155
Benner	10	9	12	13	12	13	13	11	12	12	..	116
Lewis	8	10	14	13	11	11	8	8	12	10	..	105
G K Lutz	13	11	9	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	58
Cooper	13	13	13	14	14	14	14	13	14	13	22	157
Gass	10	10	13	8	10	13	9	11	11	12	20	127
Runk	14	13	10	11	13	14	13	13	11	14	20	146
Kramlich	13	11	12	10	15	10	14	13	13	14	25	149
Straub	10	14	13	14	8	7	8	10	8	14	18	110
England	14	11	12	10	10	10	5	6	8	11	..	97
Worthington	13	12	14	13	13	13	13	15	15	15	..	136
Zellers	10	3	9	11	10	11	10	12	12	14	..	102
Bleckers	11	11	14	12	9	12	3	9	13	9	..	103
Knowlton	14	12	14	13	13	15	12	15	14	13	20	155
Harlow	11	13	13	14	11	14	13	11	12	11	18	141
Carlisle	14	14	12	13	13	11	8	13	10	8	21	137
Knaub	11	9	10	10	9	11	9	10	10	10	15	114
Englert	11	11	14	13	13	13	15	12	10	13	19	144
Heil	14	11	12	15	12	12	14	11	13	13	18	145
Highland	8	11	11	12	14	13	12	15	13	13	19	141
Desch	..	..	13	11	15	11	14	11	13	12	..	97
Storr	13	14	15	15	14	14	12	13	15	13	21	154
S J C	9	11	13	11	10	13	12	14	14	10	20	145
Hoseman	13	13	12	14	13	13	12	11	14	10	..	125
Burnham	10	8	13	10	11	13	12	12	11	13	16	129
Adams	11	9	12	13	13	13	12	12	12	9	22	138
McMurchy	13	14	11	13	13	15	15	14	15	12	22	157
Tom Keller	11	10	10	12	12	11	9	14	10	11	20	130
Flurie	6	8	11	8	11	14	11	10	8	7	14	107
Dr Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	12	9	..	..	51
Tritt	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	9	8	..	20	69
Porter	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	11	7	..	19	64
Krout	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	10	9	..	..	49
Shirk	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	11	14	..	..	54
Curtis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	20
Karl	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13
C F Willis	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	9	8	6	9	..	42
Mack	..	..	..	..	..	5	10	6	11	9	9	..	39
Red Bird	..	..	..	..	..	3	8	3	10	6	10	..	32
Underwood	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	11	7	..	..	..	22
Ruth	..	..	..	..	..	5	11	7	7	5	2	..	26
Senft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	..	17

The Reading trophy, four-man team contest, resulted as follows:

Reading—Harner 19, Weidner 23, G. K. Lutz 19, D. Lutz 20; total 81.

North Side No. 1—Denicker 21, Fleming 24, Watson 22, Atkinson 22; total 89.

Herron Hill, Pittsburg—Jessup 23, Heil 16, Rahm 19, Pontefract 22; total 80.

J. F. Weiler Gun Club—Kramlich 25, Schlicher 24, Bray 25, Straub 18; total 92.

Florists', of Philadelphia—Frank 22, Fox 24, Pfleiger 24, Park 22; total 92.

York—McSherry 24, Grove 21, Miller 22, Somers 21; total 88.

Carlisle—Parker 21, Sproul 18, Porter 19, L. C. Smith 23; total 81.

Independence—Newcomb 24, Mrs. Park 18, G. O. Bell 19, Daudt 20; total 81.

The J. F. Weiler Gun Club and the Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia tied on 92, dividing the moneys thereby, and agreeing to shoot the tie off for the trophy at a later date.

Fifth Day, May 20.

The programme of Friday had four amateur events. No. 1 was the Wolstencroft trophy, emblematic of the target championship of Pennsylvania; 50 targets, entrance $1, optional sweep, $2; moneys divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.; class shooting. Only residents of the State who are bona fida members of any club or association in the State are permitted to shoot for the trophy. All other amateurs may shoot for the purse.

No. 2 was a merchandise event, 25 targets, entrance $2, optional sweep $1; moneys divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.; class shooting. High guns take the merchandise prizes.

No. 3 was the gold badge and silver cups event; 50 targets, entrance $1; optional sweep $2; moneys divided 25, 20, 18, 15, 12 and 10 per cent.; class shooting. The first high gun in this event received a gold badge. The second high gun a silver cup presented by the York City Gun Club. The third high gun a silver loving cup.

No. 4 was a merchandise event, 25 targets, entrance $2; optional sweep $1; moneys divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.; class shooting. High guns take the merchandise prizes.

The total of the day was 150 targets. Mr. E. D. Fulford made the highest average for the day. He broke 145 out of 150.

The Wolstencroft trophy was won by Mr. Fenimore Cooper, of Mahanoy City, after a close contest with Capt. Elias Spangler, of the York City Gun Club. Each made the exceptionally good score of 49 out of 50. In the shoot-off at 25 targets they tied again. In the second shoot-off Mr. Cooper broke 24 to Mr. Spangler's 22 and won.

In event 3, there was a keen contest between Messrs. N. McSherry and James Atkinson for the gold badge. There were two shoot-offs for this badge. In the final, McSherry broke 25 straight to Atkinson's 23 and won. The silver cup presented by the York City Gun Club for this event, thus went to Atkinson.

The Parker gun was won by Mr. L. B. Fleming. The four events of the programme follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	
Targets:	50	25	50	25	Broke.
McSherry	47	21	48	24	140
Hawkins	45	23	47	24	139
Squier	44	24	47	24	139
Apgar	46	21	42	23	132
Fleming	46	25	44	25	140
Rike	45	21	47	23	136
Grove	46	20	38	21	125
Jackson	49	18	40	18	125
Miller	43	19	40	20	122
Deardorff	41	22	39	16	120
Fulford	48	25	48	24	145
Watson	48	23	45	23	139
Pontefract	43	23	41	19	126
Atchison	45	25	48	24	142
Denny	36	22	32	22	112
Stroh	47	24	45	21	137
Booth	45	25	43	24	137
Harris	44	22	43	17	126
Dover	47	21	44	..	112
Trafford	44	23	47	24	138
Kruger	40	23	45	21	129
Somers	48	24	45	21	138
Stevens	40	20	44	24	128
Woods	43	23	43	23	131
Hummer	42	22	35	18	107
Seachrist	45	22	..	24	91
I C E	44	24	43	22	133
Denicker	44	24	46	..	114
Pyle	44	18	45	22	129
Knowlton	47	20	44	24	135
Rahm	40	20	40	20	120
Pfleiger	45	24	41	24	135
Frank	46	19	42	21	128
R E Walker	26	14	21	20	81
Stewart	34	21	36	24	115
Curtis	46	23	43	20	132
Keef	43	17	40	17	117
Derk	46	23	43	24	126
Flock	37	17	47	25	124
Everett	47	..	..	..	47

Events:	1	2	3	4	
Targets:	50	25	50	25	Broke.
Brey	48	22	46	22	138
Mink	44	24	46	25	139
Ehrhorn	38	19	35	22	114
Fuller	40	23	37	18	118
Stanley	44	19	39	22	124
Jessup	45	22	45	20	132
Fox	45	21	42	17	125
Burnham	42	17	38	23	120
Courtwright	32	22	33	20	107
Nevin	18	7	12	..	37
Krout	38	24	..	22	84
Staley	..	17	34	15	66
Seitz	..	11	..	15	26
Russel	..	20	42	..	62
Jebb	..	19	..	23	42
Benner	..	21	..	20	47
Stoll	..	19	..	20	39
Zellers	..	17	..	..	17
Kable	32	18	39	19	108
S J C	43	..	..	..	43
Englert	40	..	..	21	61
Heil	43	..	..	..	43
Pennsy	35	16	30	16	97
Runk	40	..	..	..	40
Bush	..	18	..	22	40
Bashore	28	..	..	..	28
Frantz	27	..	..	..	27
A B L	..	17	..	22	39
Shirk	..	18	..	..	18
Miss Riker	..	..	..	16	16
Bob White	36	22	41	20	119
Demick	45	20	43	21	129
Bortner	37	12	34	..	83
Hyland	36	19	46	21	122
M Lauber	41	21	36	22	120
Cooper	49	24	46	23	142
Wise	41	19	38	20	118
James	24	7	22	15	68
Williams	44	19	46	22	131
Eyster	32	17	30	..	79

The latter part of the afternoon was devoted to a partial shooting of the first live-bird event on Saturday's programme. This was an event at 15 live birds, $10 entrance. This event was also the three-man team contest for the L. C. Smith trophy:

Grove 12, Stroh 12, Flock 11, Lauber 11, Jebb 11, Williams 11, Seitz 10, Jackson 10, Mink 10, Derk 10, Bird 9, Frank 9, Dimick 9, Miller 9, Pfleiger 8, Bob White 7, Rike 6, Deardorff 6.

May 21, Sixth Day.

The weather was delightfully clear and pleasant. The live-bird competition commenced shortly before 9 o'clock. Two sets of traps were used. Mr. Frank E. Butler refereed at one set; Capt. William Fraley at the other.

A light wind blowing toward the shooters from the traps helped the birds materially. The birds were a mixed lot, sitters, good birds, and first-class flyers. Some of them were exceedingly strong and struggled on wing long enough to fly out of bounds, even when hard hit. The traps, being loosely set, when pulled, threw the birds two or three feet in the air sometimes, something after the manner of a plunge trap.

The average moneys were as follows:

In open amateur sweeps, daily average was for State Association members only, as follows: $10 to the four high guns, and $5 to the two low guns, $2.50 each.

In open amateur sweeps general average for May 17, 18 and 19 was for State Association members only, as follows: $15 to the high gun; $10 to the second high gun, and $5 to the third high gun.

In open amateur sweeps lowest general average for May 17, 18 and 19 was for State Association members only, as follows: $5 to the lowest, $3 to the second lowest, and $2 to the third lowest. General average means total for three days, or 535 shots.

Five dollars as daily average to the experts shooting the programme, $3 to the high gun and $2 to the second high gun; and $15 for general average to the experts shooting the programme of May 17, 18 and 19; $10 to the high gun, and $5 to the second high gun.

Paid experts and manufacturers' agents were permitted to shoot for targets only.

Ten cents was deducted from each entry in the first ten events in the open amateur sweeps of May 17, 18 and 19. This purse was divided among all amateurs, who shot through the three days' events of May 17, 18 and 19 and failed to win back their entrance. The added money in open amateur sweeps was divided as follows: $5 to the fifth place and $3 to the sixth place.

Warwick N. Y. Gun Club.

THE Warwick Gun Club held its first shoot for the season of 1904 on Friday, May 13. The weather was perfect and the shoot was a big success. Several out-of-town shooters were present. The next shoot will be held June 10, when all shooters are welcomed to take part. The following are the scores made during the day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	25	15	15	25	25
Woodward	9	13	7	15	6	11	8	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stever	7	11	8	11	7	13	9	12	12	21	..	8	20	21
Lowell	6	8	7	9	10	13	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ogden	6	11	8	10	9	11	8	11	8	21	..	10	21	17
Morford	7	10	7	11	8	9	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tuthill	6	10	7	8	9	12	6	9	11	20	..	14	18	17
Hayes	7	7	5	7	6	9	6	8	..	..	7	..	12	12
Hills	5	7	6	7	8	10	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	5	7	5	..	5	..	..	9	..	..	6	..	..	14
Mapes	4	8	5	6	5	..	5	..	9	..	8	..	16	..
Hines	8	11	10	12	8	9	..	..	14	17	..	..	..	..
Benedict	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hyatt	..	..	8	8	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
MacLaury	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gunning	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	..	12	13	..	..
Edsall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	9	.. 16
Sanford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3	.. ..
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..

JOHN B. ROGERS, Captain.

Watson Cup Handicap.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 21.—Owing to the two days' shoot at Auburn, and the inclement weather, the attendance at the Watson cup handicap contest was very small.

The following are the scores made on Wednesday, May 18: Borst (7) 24, 31; Gardner (5) 21, 26; Watson (3) 19, 22.

The following rules govern the Watson cup handicap. Rules as heretofore governed club contests to govern, except as to handicap, which is as follows: Each shooter will have a fixed handicap for his first contest, and this will be his allowance during the entire series. This handicap to be added to his actual score.

First shoot to be held on Wednesday, May 18, and continuing on each and every Wednesday to Monday, July 4, on which date the final will be held.

Contestants may shoot up three back scores on any regular shooting day. Aggregate scores to count for cup.

Ties, if any, will be shot off on July 6, at 50 targets and handicap added. George Borst, handicapper.

Vicksburg, Miss., Tournament.

The thirteenth annual tournament given by the Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club closed May 18 with another fine day's shooting, which brought to a close one of the best tournaments ever held in the South. The dates were May 17 and 18. Spencer and Money tied for high professional average, breaking 385 out of 400 targets. Brady, of Memphis, is high amateur, breaking 380 out of 400 targets.

Bradfield led our local team, breaking 364 out of 400 shot at, closely followed by Miller with 360; Hayes, third, with 352. As scores below will show, excellent shooting was done, as out of forty entries shooting at 400 targets per man, only three men shot less than 80 per cent. No. 1 squad of the Vicksburg Gun Club, composed of Miller, Bradfield, Fletcher, Hayes and Pinkston, broke in one race 96 targets out of 100 shot at.

The great event of the first day was the contest for the Postel elegant trophy, the massive silver loving cup donated by the Ph. H. Postel Milling Company, of Mascoutah, Ill., emblematic of the individual championship of Mississippi at inanimate targets, 60 targets to the man, open to any amateur in the State.

As good fortune and good luck would have it, while Bradfield, one of our locals fell down one bird, Fletcher, another Vicksburg local, won the cup. The following scores were made in the cup race: Fletcher 57, Wilson 57, North 57, Bradfield 56, Miller 54, McCutchen 54, Redhead 54, Catchings 54, Pinkston 53, Shanahan 53, Henshaw 52, Hayes 49, Dinkins 49, Collier 49, Hossley 48, Baggett 48, Porterfield 45, Birdsong 45, Wheeless 44, Wells 44, Mellon 42, Peebles 40, Williams 36.

Fletcher can well feel proud of his victory. It was well earned, as in the shoot-off of the ties between himself, Wilson and North, he had to break 49 out of the 50 shot at to land the trophy; but Fletcher was equal to the task, and the Postel elegant trophy remains in our Hill City, where it rightfully belongs, and we shall try and keep it here, as it is without doubt, and so acknowledged by all shots in attendance, the handsomest trophy ever contested for at any tournament in the South.

The next contest for this trophy will take place at Woodville, Miss., during their tournament, to be held at Woodville, June 15 and 16. Total scores on two days' shoot, May 17 and 18, follow:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Money	400	385	Canale	400	361
Kaufman	400	364	Bond	200	156
Redhead	400	350	Wheeless	200	161
Du Bray	400	297	Baggett	320	275
Catchings	400	361	Johnson	320	237
Shanahan	400	359	J Wells	360	314
Saucier	400	375	Lecombe	400	376
Sligo	400	379	Myles	400	328
Hayes	400	352	Cocke	400	351
Fletcher	400	351	O'Trigger	400	324
Bradfield	400	364	Hossley	400	277
Miller	400	360	Robertson	80	64
Henshaw	400	345	Erwin	80	59
McCutchen	400	351	Finlay	80	39
Frank	400	354	Chisholm	80	39
Joyner	400	363	Riley	80	58
Livingston	400	374	Foote	120	94
Wilson	400	353	Mellon	200	119
Dupont	400	358	Birdsong	200	133
North	400	365	Peebles	200	164
Spencer	400	385	J H Williams	200	153
Pinkston	400	349	W Wells	200	156
Collier	400	300	Stratton	100	75
Porterfield	400	306	Bernard	20	15
Dinkins	400	322	J Williams	20	9
Vaughan	400	350	Oates	40	36
Hill	400	347	Clemens	40	35
Coe	400	358	Brady	400	380
Anthony	400	344	Casey	40	33
Hubby	400	373	Walton	40	35
Poston	400	362	Lanier	40	32

Notes Picked Up Here and There.

Harold Money's and Spencer's scores will show they are excellent running mates. T. A. Devine and G. H. Hillman were also on hand. Spencer, being a new shooter in our midst, made many friends, and we don't think Harold, George or Uncle Tommy lost any, and certainly they added friends to their already long list made in this section. Hubby and Anthony represented their company to suit the most exacting. Hubby also is a new comer among us, and judging from appearances he was well pleased with his first trip to the Hill City. Col. Anthony of course belongs to us, and he numbers many warm friends in our city.

Genial Maurice Kaufman is always welcome, and really a shoot without him could not be held.

Col. A. W. du Bray stayed right along with us, and when not at the traps was shaking the hands of his many friends.

On all sides could be heard compliments being handed to Hillman and Hornthal, who handled the cashier's desk. It was never done better or more quickly.

North, of East Mississippi, came near walking home from a couple of tournaments, and we believe that if he could have carried the elegant trophy home that he would have been willing to count ties from Vicksburg; and there are others.

Sorry, Livingston, that we could not secure that badger for you; but the supply ran out. We know you would have made an excellent referee. Next year we promise to have ample stock.

It was reported that Frank sprained his wrist in a friendly bout with Wilson on the preliminary day, which handicapped him in the target line.

Little Jack Elegant, the handsome son of Secretary Bradfield, proved a good mascot for the Vicksburg team.

Wilson, of Natchez, was heard to remark that he would beat Fletcher for the cup at Woodville. Don't be too sure. Ed. Fletcher is hard to down, and we will have Miller, Hayes, Bradfield, Dinkins and Pinkston at Woodville, and we think they have a look in, and don't you forget Dr. Catchings and the others.

The last seen of Uncle Tommy, he was wearing a golf cap three inches too small. It seems he wanted a sieve to sift out his gold dust, and some kind friend perforated his derby for him to use.

McCutchen traveled all the way from Greenville. He was heard to remark that if it was any other place but Vicksburg he would not have come. All right, Proc; sorry Mermod and Heard were not here.

Shanahan was with us and welcome always; but, Danny, you had better wake up in Greenville. We have a fairly good team here now, and can give you a race for trophies.

All in attendance seemed well pleased with their visit, and we hape to have them one and all again next season. SPECTATOR.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, N. Y.—The two days' tournament of the Auburn Gun Club was a decided success, with forty shooters present from Rochester, Avon, Phelps, Cohocton, Lyons, Owego, Wolcott, Seneca Falls, Hannibal, Baldwinsville, Watervale, Utica, Fulton, Elbridge, Skaneateles Junction and Towanda, Pa.

C. J. Dalley, of Baldwinsville, won the Smith hammerless in event 6 the first day, with 20 straight. R. G. Wheeler, of Watervale, won the Ithaca gun on second day, same score. Henry Whitney, of Phelps, was high average for the two days.

The management are indebted to Geo. Ginn and J. G. Heath for their efficient aid. High winds prevented high scores the first day.

First Day, May 18.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15
Stewart	9	12	15	13	15	14	12	15	18	13	..
Condley	8	13	11	11	10	14	8	13	10	8	..
Clark	8	12	15	15	13	19	15	12	18	11	..
Newton	7	12	17	10	13	17	8	11	..	..	..
Whitney	10	14	19	15	15	17	14	13	16	13	..
Adkin	9	13	17	11	13	18	14	15	18	12	..
Cottle	6	12	16	12	13	17	12	12	17	12	..
Lewis	9	12	17	11	10	17	13	15	19	13	..
Chapman	9	13	18	11	13	18	14	12	19	..	..
Mayhew	8	13	17	12	15	15	14	14	20	14	..
Wheeler	9	13	16	13	14	9	12	14	18	13	..
Dalley	6	12	15	12	10	20	12	10	20	12	..
Connors	7	11	10	..	11	10	..	3	..	..	..
Hunter	7	11	11	..	9	13	11	..	..	..	..
Tuttle	7	11	17	13	9	11	..	..	..	..	..
McFarland	7	8	15	..	..	13	11	..	..	..	..
Bills	3	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Titus	4	10	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Wadsworth	3	4	7	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	..	..	16	10	13	15	11	11	17	10	..
Montanye	..	..	16	10	11	15	12	12	17	11	..
Ripley	..	..	14	11	9	14	..	..	..	..	..
McCabe	..	..	11	14	13	12	14	13	15	12	..
Doman	..	..	..	10	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Fowler	..	..	..	11	8	15	9	..	..	..	..
Green	..	..	16	14	12	13	12	12	13	12	..
Burnett	..	..	15	11	13	17	14	11	..	..	..
E Wadsworth	..	..	11	12	10	13	9	10	14	3	..
Whyte	..	..	..	8	13	17	11	..	..	..	..
Carr	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Mobbs	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Garrett	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..

Second Day, May 19.

Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15
Adkin	8	14	20	13	12	18	11	15	20	13	13
Cottle	9	12	18	13	15	18	12	12	18	11	14
Stewart	9	12	16	12	11	18	14	15	20	14	12
Clark	5	14	13	14	13	19	12	14	18	14	13
Whitney	7	14	18	15	14	18	15	15	20	13	15
Wheeler	9	11	16	8	14	20	14	14	18	11	..
Dalley	9	11	17	13	13	19	12	13	17	15	..
Mayhew	8	13	18	12	14	17	11	12	15	7	..
Green	7	13	18	15	15	19	14	14	18	11	13
Chapman	10	14	17	14	13	17	15	14	18	12	11
McCabe	9	13	18	11	13	16	13	13	17	11	11
Montanye	7	9	15	10	11	15	10	10	17	13	12
Wadsworth	6	8	11	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fowler	5	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	13	17	10	12	..	..	14	13	..	13	14
Tuttle	..	..	16	13	15	16	15	14	18	13	12
Dr Tripp	..	..	..	..	14	..	10	..	..	..	..
Goodrich	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	11	12
McFarland	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Whyte	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	13	13

KNOX & KNAPP, Mgrs.

Brantford Gun Club.

ONTARIO, May 10.—The Brantford Gun Club have recently aequired new grounds, situated just outside the city limits, on the line of the Grand Valley Railroad. The grounds, comprising nine acres, have a clear sky background, are perfectly level and covered with sod.

The club and trap houses are being erected, and the members are getting ready to practice this week. The Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's annual tournament will be held on these grounds on Aug. 10 to 12. The programme for same is being prepared, and advance notices are now ready for mailing. The tournament this year will be larger and better than ever.

A. B. CUTCLIFFE.

Springfield Shooting Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—Though the weather conditions for shooting were very unfavorable, eight club members on May 18, turned out to compete for the Hunter Arms Co. gold badge. Coats was the lucky one to win and may wear it until his score of 19 out of 25 is beaten or tied at some future shoot. Considering the strong east wind, his score was remarkably good.

Below are scores in badge contest, 25 targets, giving handicap of each shooter: Coats (16) 19, Chapin (16) 12, Parsons (16) 11, Hawes (17) 10, Janser (16) 8, Kites (16) 13, Lathrop (19) 12, Snow (19) 10.

Scores in regular events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	at.	Broke.
Lathrop	6	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	20	10
Kites	6	6	..	5	5	5	6	18	85	51
Snow	5	5	..	7	..	4	8	21	75	50
Coats	5	7	7	8	7	6	6	19	95	65
Janser	1	4	..	4	..	..	3	..	40	12
Fuller	..	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	20	13
Chapin	..	2	4	5	5	..	..	..	40	16
Shattuck	..	..	3	2	3	..	..	..	30	8
Parsons	..	..	..	..	5	6	8	16	55	35
Talmadge	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	..	20	4
Hawes	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	10	5
									MISFIRE.	

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, New York, have issued a new fishing tackle catalogue, which they will be pleased to send gratis to applicants. It is illustrated, and shows in detail a full line of hexagonal split bamboo rods for fly, or bait, in size from trout to tarpon, and in price from $1.50 up to $40. Also lancewood rods, hand-made wood rods, steel rods, reels of all kinds, sizes, mechanism and price; lines, leaders, flies, flybooks, hooks, baits, spoons, baskets, tackle cases, minnow buckets, landing nets, gaffs, leather rod cases, rubber and waterproof goods, fish knives, compasses, and a multitude of other implements too numerous to mention. They also will send to applicants their catalogue of shotguns, rifles, pistols, hunting clothing, cameras and photographic supplies, etc.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Philadelphia Horse Show at Wissahickon Heights.

Special Excursion Tickets via Pennsylvania Railroad.

THE thirteenth annual open air exhibition of the Philadelphia Horse Show will be held on St. Martin's Green, Wissahickon Heights Station, Philadelphia, May 30 to June 4, inclusive.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets, including coupon of admission, from New York, Philadelphia, Belvidere, Lancaster, Wilmington, West Chester, Phœnixville, and principal intermediate stations (as well as stations on the Chestnut Hill Branch) to Wissahickon Heights Station, May 30 to June 4, good to return until June 6, 1904, inclusive.

The grounds of the Philadelphia Horse Show Association are located immediately on the Germantown and Chestnut Hill Branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, eleven miles from Broad Street Station.

New Advertisements.

In the country, where most of us camp, and where rainstorms and thunder showers are of frequent occurrence all through the camping season, nothing is more important than a good tent. The United States Standard Wall Tents offered for sale by Mr. Chas. J. Godfrey, of 4 Warren street, New York, are made from the best grade of duck, and are strong and durable. Of course the name Godfrey is well known to all sportsmen, who know that tents are not the only thing he sells. His catalogue tells the story.

Anglers in search of the indomitable black bass or that old water wolf, the pike, will welcome the appearance of a hook which does not foul with weeds. This appears to have been devised by the West Weedless Hook Co., of Council Bluffs, Ia. The hook is furnished with guards, which keep the weeds from catching in the bend, and so save the angler much vexation of spirit and a great deal of time. The company will send descriptive circulars on application.

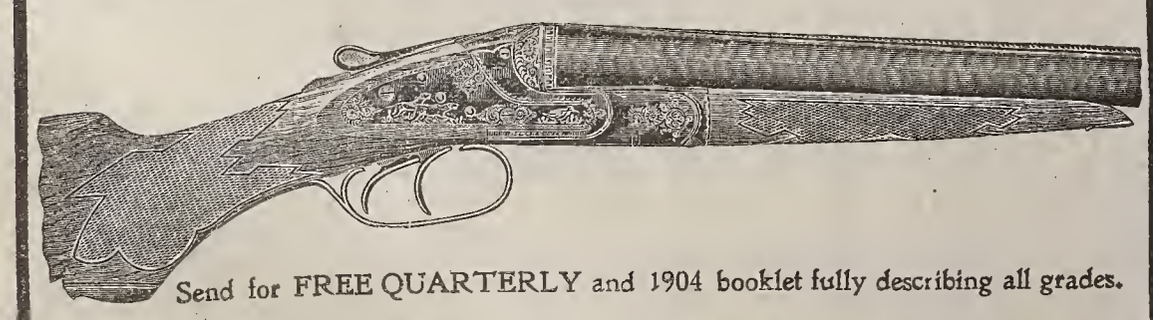
The multitude of anglers now beginning to turn their faces northward for the trout, salmon and other fishing in Canada, will do well to communicate with or call on Messrs. T. Costen & Co., 1696 Notre Dame street, Montreal, Canada. This firm carries a large line of fishing tackle, including English and Scotch salmon and trout flies, casts, rods and reels, manufactured by some of the best British makers. Messrs. Costen & Co. will be glad to see all visitors from the United States.

The old camper will tell you that nothing is more important to a hunter than proper rest at night. To rest well you must be comfortable, and the best bed in the world is a sleeping bag. Mr. T. C. Phelps, of 11 Central street, Boston, Mass., declares that the extreme of comfort and convenience are found in his tents and sleeping bags, descriptions of which are furnished in his catalogue No. 1, which will be sent on receipt of stamp.

All anglers in and about New York will welcome the reappearance of "The Fisherman's Friend," the 1904 edition of which has just been issued. It is a most handy directory for fresh and salt water anglers alike, and gives a great deal of extremely useful information. Mr. W. I. Snyder, 130 Nassau street, New York, will send it, and the price is 10 cents.

BAKER SPECIAL PARAGONS.

Strictly high grade. Built to order at regular prices. $60, $75, $200 and up. Carefully fitted and highly finished. Baker guns have a long established record for hard shooting and great durability.



Send for FREE QUARTERLY and 1904 booklet fully describing all grades.

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MY TRAP SCORES

A pocket trap score book, containing 50 pages of score sheets and the Interstate Association Rules for target and live bird shooting, and for shooting under the Sergeant System. The cover bears the title "My Trap Scores," and the pages, in number and form, are arranged to make a complete record of the shooter's doings at the traps. The pages are ruled to make a record of the place, date, weather conditions, number of traps, number of shooters, gun and load used, events, etc. The score sheets are ruled for 25 targets. Bound in leather. Price, 50 cents. -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- -:-

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 346 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

PICTURE SERMONS.

THE pictures of the Supplement printed this week possess a special interest, as showing two widely different phases of American scenery.

On the one hand are the rough, bare mountains of New England, where the civilization is old, where towns and hamlets have flourished for hundreds of years, where the game has all been killed off, or in the few places where any is to be found, it comes from restocking or from rigid protection extending over many years, and where, notwithstanding this old civilization, there are close to populous towns and cities, many wild spots to which the nature lover may retreat, feeling sure that he will not be disturbed.

On the other hand, we have the mountains west, which are new in the public estimation—though to the old-timer in the West they seem old enough—a country where thirty years ago railroads were unknown; a country where, owing to wise action by Congress, beginning in 1872, and continued later, and by the faithful and hearty co-operation of half a dozen army officers and a very few others, nature remains to-day somewhat as she used to be. Game has been protected, and is so tame that, as told by the President in his recently published article in "American Big Game in Its Haunts," the animals are no wilder than so many Alderney cows.

To readers all over the land these two series of mountain scenes will bring many memories, and will arouse many aspirations. Those of us who live in the East would all like to go to the West and see her mountains and her big game; while those who live in the West, but who originally came from the East, may well enough wish to revisit the scenes of their youth, or to show these scenes to those whom they love.

From the illustrations of The Mountains East may be seen how, by the expenditure of very little money and considerable energy, a mountain—or wilderness—home may be erected, full of comforts, amid that solitude which from time to time we all wish to enjoy, and possessing also—what is of better worth than any other of its qualities—a wealth of association that will endure through the builder's life, and will be a constant joy to him.

The lesson taught by the pictures entitled The Mountains West is not less impressive, though it has less of a practical bearing on the life of the individual man. In these pictures, and in others taken by Major John Pitcher, now the Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park, we are shown in singularly effective fashion what the results of his work have been.

It is no new thing to see near the Yellowstone Park deer and sheep that are very tame, but it is a new thing to have the Hot Spring and Fort Yellowstone and the Gardiner Cañon regarded by the game as a permanent abiding place and winter feeding ground, and it is a new thing to see big game come galloping down from the hills to eat its meals when a wagonload of hay starts out to be distributed at the customary feeding places.

Since the Park was placed in charge of a military officer as superintendent, there has been a very high standard of excellence among the men detailed to that command. Major Pitcher has well maintained that high standard, and has besides enlisted the sympathies and secured the support of practically the whole of the population of Montana and Wyoming, adjacent to the Park.

If Mr. Brown and his companion could build for themselves on a rocky ridge of the Vermont hills a camp as charming as the one here described and figured, why may not almost any of us prepare for our own occupancy some similar retreat, which, while it may by no means equal that described here in situation, comfort and massiveness, may yet—because it is our own—be for our purposes just as good or even a little better than L'Habitat. The money cost will not be great. There are few of us who do not know of some place where permission, or a lease, or the fee of an acre of ground might be had at a cost absolutely nominal, on which one might spend his vacation days with a joy and an interest that would increase as each vacation came around. It matters little whether such a retreat be on the mountain, in the forest, by the streamside or the seashore, if it is one's own—the work of one's own hands—it will have a value that can never be measured by dollars and cents.

And if Major Pitcher can teach the deer, the antelope, the elk, and the mountain sheep to live peaceful and undisturbed lives under his very hand, why may not those of us who live in the country—if we will but take the pains to do so—establish like friendly relations with the wild creatures that live about us? Almost by instinct these wild creatures know whether men are their friends or their enemies, and they early and easily learn to trust those whom they know to be their friends.

PACKS AND PIECES.

THE letter on "Inland Packs," published elsewhere, comes to us like a breath of the old fur trading times, now gone forever. In these days of luxury and convenience—of steamboats and railways and telegraphs and telephones—we cannot realize what journeying into the wilderness meant when traders left the salt water in birch bark canoes and pushed their way further and further westward and northward through a thousand unknown ways, until they came again to the salt water—the waters of other seas. Then every day's journey was long, hard work with the paddle, interrupted only by arduous and back-breaking foot work when canoe and baggage were carried on men's backs over steep ascents, through difficult marshes or along sidehill trails, where a misstep might throw the bearer and his burden down into the torrent which rushed along far below.

In the adventures of the old fur traders and explorers, which, as the "Trails of the Pathfinders," are now being told of in FOREST AND STREAM, frequent mention is made of the "packs" and "pieces" which made up the lading of the canoes. In a general way we know what these packs and pieces were, but the details given by the veteran fur trader who tells of them this week are of very great interest in connection with the series of articles now being published.

The writings of the early fur traders—the Henrys, McKenzie, Ross, Franchere, Cox, and half a hundred others—all tell of this method of travel, and often with much detail; but these works are quite without the reach of the general reader, and it is good to have these things told of to-day by one who saw and was a part of them.

A FAR REACHING DECISION.

THE more we study the recent decision in the Colorado deer hide case, the more important it appears. This importance rests not only on the fact that it settles a vital question of law for the State in which the opinion was rendered, but that it gives to all legislators a model on which may be drawn hereafter game laws which shall be effective.

For years Judge D. C. Beaman has been striving to impress on game protectors and game law makers a point, very clear to his own mind, but apparently not so clear to the minds of most lawyers. The highest court of the State has finally ruled on this precise point, and decided that the game law of Colorado stands on solid ground, and hence that a law drawn as this one is drawn will stand, and can be enforced.

This game law vests the ownership of the game in the State as "proprietor," and then declares that "no right, title, interest or property therein can be acquired or transferred, or possession thereof had or maintained except as herein expressly provided." The law then goes on to specify the time and manner in which game may be killed, held in possession, transferred, and so on.

A law such as this obliges the man in the possession of the game to point out the precise provision in the law expressly permitting the possession contended for. If he cannot do this, his contention of legal possession or ownership fails.

Most game laws leave the interest of the State as at common law, which simply makes the game or fish public property, to be taken and held in possession, unless there is some statute forbidding it, and then proceed to make certain prohibitions. This throws the onus on the game protector, and obliges him to point out the precise words in the law which prohibit the act in question. This gives many opportunities for the violator of the law to escape. The difference is so obvious that it needs only to be pointed out to be clearly recognized.

A very few States have in part followed the suggestions originally made by Judge Beaman, but over by far the greater part of the country the game laws are still in many respects in a chaotic condition. In some respects the game laws of Colorado are not as they were originally drawn by Judge Beaman, but notwithstanding some interference with his draft by the Legislature, they still remain—in the opinion of many lawyers—by far the most perfect model of game laws in existence.

The decision of the Court of Appeals is final in this matter. The case cannot be carried higher, and the law will stand.

A SNAKE STORY.

THE papers on the treatment of snakes at the New York Zoological Society Park in the Bronx, have interested many readers and have brought us many comments and inquiries. Right on the heels of those articles comes a happening in the New York Central Park Menagerie, in which one keeper was badly bitten by a python and another one badly squeezed.

It appears that a number of the pythons in the Central Park menagerie have recently died, and that it was thought necessary to administer to the survivors medicine by the mouth. Three keepers entered a cage to perform this operation. The duty of one man was to hold the snake's head and open its mouth, of another to administer the medicine, while the third was a guard for the snake's tail, to keep him from coiling about and squeezing either of the keepers. Matters went well enough until one of the snakes, becoming excited, grasped the keeper's hand as he tried to catch its head and tried to coil itself about the man. The struggle of the three keepers with this snake excited the other snakes in the cage, and one of them took a part in the fight. For a while it seemed as if the two snakes would get the better of the three men, and one of them—a 12-footer—did coil itself about the leg of the keeper, and gave him so severe a squeeze that his leg was badly bruised. After an active and more or less dangerous struggle, the two other men freed the one that was in the coils, and the 12-foot python was thrust into a sack, where he was powerless.

The moral of this is that in dealing with wild animals of any sort, eternal vigilance, together with extreme caution and deliberation of movements are most important. A ten or twelve-foot python is capable of inflicting severe injuries on a man—perhaps of even killing him—but it may be imagined that if these pythons had been as large as some of the great snakes in the Bronx, one of the three men would have been killed before the struggle was over.

THE time for shifting to summer homes has come, and many subscribers to FOREST AND STREAM naturally desire to have the addresses of the copy of the paper which goes to them changed from winter to summer residences. This is a matter that it is well to attend to in time, so that no issues of the paper may be lost to the reader.

Readers who are not subscribers, but purchase the paper from week to week at the news stands, or have it furnished them by their local dealer, may, by taking short time subscriptions, have the paper sent to them for any period from one to three months. The charge for sending the FOREST AND STREAM is 40 cents for one month, 75 cents for two months, or $1 for three months' subscription. This may be convenient for those who are spending the summer within reach of a post-office, yet at a distance from news stands.







THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

L'Habitat.

ON the highest ridge of one of the rock-ribbed hills of old Vermont, against a dark background of thick green spruces, stands a small log cabin. Over the slab-covered door is nailed a piece of hemlock bark, on the inner surface of which, by means of a heated poker, has been rudely burned the one word "L'Habitat."

It is a delightful spot, commanding an extended view full of the quiet charm found only among the green hills of this old State. Beyond a rough foreground of glacier-marked ledges, with here and there a few old trees whose tordant branches bear mute witness to the years of wrestling with boisterous winds, lies mile upon mile of wooded hills and fertile valleys, covered with green meadows, ripening grain fields and straggling orchards. Far away to the westward the forest-clad peaks of the Green Mountains climb skyward till lost in the haze of the distant horizon.

Back from the cabin a forest of hardwood and spruces stretches away over the ridge, gray beeches and silvery birches stand out in sharp relief against the dark fir trees. From the depths of this wood, the branches of whose advance guard touch the cabin roof, comes the muffled roll of the drumming grouse by day and the sharp bark of the red fox by night.

The cabin itself is a gem worthy the setting. The walls are of spruce logs; its broad, gently sloping roof is covered with great slabs of hemlock bark held against the attacks of winter winds by rows of flat stones, like the roof of a Swiss chalet. A chimney of rough gray stone stands against the eastern end. Around its broad base and along the sides of the cabin hardy ferns and grasses crowd each other for a footing. The kindly hand of time has gracefully curled the rough bark of the roof over the projecting eaves and painted the whole in soft tints of gray and brown, making a picture which appeals alike to artist and sportsman.

Within, the walls are hung with trophies of the hunt—skins of the deer, wildcat, fox, raccoon, and smaller game. The comfortable bunks are covered with blankets in rich, warm colors. Beautiful and curious tree growths, collected in many woodland wanderings, have been worked into artistic and serviceable camp furniture. At one end a fire-place of generous proportions warms the cabin and serves as a shrine before which the disciples of Zoroaster may worship during the long winter evenings. And lastly, but by no means of less importance, there is a snug little kitchen, whose perfect equipment would make any thrifty housewife green with envy, and where things are made to satisfy the most ambitious camp appetites.

Of how it was built and furnished, and something of the many delightful days spent there, this is the simple story.

And if there be somewhere someone who shall read this little sketch to the very end and go away and on the slope of some grim old mountain, or by the shore of some quiet lake, or deep in the woods by the side of a murmuring brook, shall build for himself a house of logs, and there, heart to heart with nature, find rest and health and pleasure, then shall the writer be content.

In the single-barreled shotgun days of his youth, a wise man presented the boy with a copy of Don Gordon's "Shooting Box," a delightfully fresh, healthy boy's story of life in the woods.

It left the boy with a longing for a camp of his own; he carefully nurtured the idea in secret, and built many castles—or rather log cabins—in the air. Several years spent in pursuit of an education and a few more in pursuit of coin of the realm, prevented an early realization of his dream.

But the time came, as it has a way of doing; and being a gregarious animal, the boy—now a man—cast about for some one to share with him the joys and sorrows of camp life. Nothing in the world—with the possible exception of matrimony—so severely tests the qualities of a man as life in camp, and a partner in such an enterprise must be a man who will not shy at the wood-pile or exhibit signs of heart failure at the mere mention of washing dishes.

Being blessed with a friend of the right sort, who fell in with the scheme with an enthusiasm as great as the writer's, we two, on November 1, 1899, chose a location for our camp on the sumit of a high, rocky ridge. The face of this ridge is bare, and commands one of the most beautiful views imaginable. Back of the cabin is an extended wood, a favorite retreat for small game.

For a small annual rental we leased a site for our cabin, "with all the rights necessary for a reasonable enjoyment of the same."

A few days later the axes began to ring among the spruces back in the woods. Straight trees ten inches at the butt were cut and hauled to the proposed site. Five of these, twenty-four feet long, were first laid five feet apart for sills. On these were raised the cabin walls. The end logs were cut fourteen feet long, and those for the sides twenty-four feet, and laid up in the regular cob-house fashion to a height of eight feet. The space thus inclosed measured ten feet by twenty feet. Openings for doors and windows were sawed out of the solid walls; pieces of two-inch by four-inch hemlock spiked to the sawed ends of the logs served as casings and prevented the solidity of the walls being impaired.

For rafters we cut ten small spruces five inches in diameter; they meet at the ridge-pole eighteen inches higher than the side walls, beyond which they extend seven feet on either side, their ends resting on a log running the length of the cabin, which is in turn supported by four upright piazza posts.

A roof of rough hemlock slopes gently from the ridge-pole to the outer edge. Over these boards was laid heavy builders' paper well lapped and fastened with wooden strips. Two coats of paint made our roof ready to receive its covering of hemlock bark. This was not put on until the following June, at which time the great trees peel readily. Nearly a cord of this bark, in the largest slabs we could get, was shingled on and flat stones as large as a man could handle were laid over the bark to keep it from huffing up or being carried away by the wind.

A double floor of hemlock boards with an interlining of heavy builders' paper was nailed to the five log sills. Low base-boards, tightly fitted around all sides, made a solid, warm floor. A trap-door at one end gives access to the hole we call a cellar. The windows are hinged at the sides, swing inward, and are fastened with oak buttons and equipped with natural curved wood handles.

The doors were hung with heavy, old-fashioned hand-wrought hinges, with "the loving marks of the hammer still upon them." The outside of these doors we covered with straight-edge hemlock slabs nailed on at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the cracks between them chinked with gray moss. Handles of natural curved wood were cut in the forest, and sliding bars of white oak fasten these doors securely.

The laying of the two piazza floors, and the making of heavy wooden shutters to protect the windows during our absence, completed the heavy woodwork.

The important work of chinking the cracks between the logs now occupied our attention. For inside we used a hundred pounds of coarse burlap cut into strips and tightly driven into the crevices. For the outside we used the long, damp swamp moss. When it was finished, the effect was beautiful. But alas! the following summer the logs dried and shrunk, the moss dried and fell out or blew away, and we saw, much to our chagrin, that we had all our work to do over again.

It had been a tremendous task, this chinking, and we determined to make it permanent this time. We made a mixture of mortar and cement, to which was added enough lamp-black to give it the color of blue clay, and tearing out the remaining moss and burlap, we re-chinked the whole, inside and out. The result was entirely satisfactory; it looked well and the cabin was warmer than ever before.

If one is in no hurry it would be a good plan to cut the logs during the winter, build the walls and put on the roof, and let the whole thing stand through the following summer. The sun and wind would pretty thoroughly dry the logs, and the chinking could be done in the late autumn with a fair chance of the work being permanent. Or the top and bottom of the logs could be hewn flat and laid in mortar.

In July of the first summer, on visiting the cabin after a ten days' absence, we found a species of small "borers" were working the logs. A hole the size of the lead of a pencil on the lower side of the logs would have below it a pile of fine "sawdust" from one to two inches high. Hundreds of these were all over the logs, inside and out, and the floor along the sides of the room was literally covered with the result of their borings.

They must have had day and night shifts, for they were never idle. Any loud noise would cause an immediate cessation of work, but at night, or during the day when all was quiet, the sound of these insect miners could be plainly heard. According to the log book, their operations extended over a period of four months.

We began to fear that the logs would be honeycombed, and that some day the whole thing would crumble to dust at our touch. Our fears were allayed by several old woodsmen, who informed us that during the first summer, when logs are drying, the sap turns sour, and it is then that these borers work the wood immediately beneath the bark.

Of the looks of our unwelcome guests we remain entirely ignorant, for although we searched all we could without disfiguring the logs, we never found one.

Peeling the logs would evade the attack of these borers, but the rustic beauty of the cabin would be lost.

To return to our building. On each side of the room at one end we built double bunks. An old coil spring bed cut in two in the middle and excelsior-stuffed mattresses made really comfortable beds. It would have been more in keeping with the spirit of the place to have stuffed these mattresses with the scorned but withal most excellent corn husk—the curled hair of our forefathers.

The two top bunks did not prove to be popular; it required all the agility of a Rocky Mountain bighorn to get into one of the things, so we removed them, much improving the appearance of the room. Cot beds which fold and slide under the lower bunks proved a most satisfactory substitute.

We bought a small kitchen range, a supply of tinware and cooking utensils, and moved in. The range was set up at the end of the room opposite the bunks, and the tinware was hung in solemn rows upon the wall.

Our entire attention was now devoted to the making of camp furniture. Straight young birches were cut and hauled to camp and fashioned into a couch. It was a work of art when finished, and although it required several strong men to move it, has since dried out and is not so heavy. Provided with a mattress and covered with plenty of blankets, this couch serves as an extra bunk upon occasion.

A round table was our next essay. The top we made of oak burned black with a piece of round iron patiently heated and reheated in the fire. The base was found growing in the woods, after much search. It is a yellow birch whose gnarled and twisted roots spread out to form a firm support. When it was finished we sat down, filled our pipes, and admired our handiwork. It was very "Roycroftie." A hammock chair of deer skin with natural wood frame, a stool made from odd growths, and two ancient, curved-backed chairs bought at a country auction, completed the furniture.

Our energies were next bent toward the less important but still more interesting work of decoration. As in the building of the cabin, and the construction of the furniture, the materials at hand were made to serve as far as possible. A strangely twisted lever-wood root from the swamp made a suitable mount for the thermometer. A beautiful moss-covered pine knot with base flattened and rotted center removed made a gem of a match safe. Gun racks of deer's feet, pipe racks made with the talons of the red-tailed hawk—all kinds of useful and beautiful things appeared as the result of the long winter evenings.

The broad, shelf-like mushrooms collected from decaying stumps and logs began to form a frieze around the walls.

Skins and horns, fur and feathers, all told of luck or prowess with the rifle.

The inside of the two doors we covered with birch bark. The brush, the pen and the camera have contributed choice things for the adornment of the interior. The platinum point has also been brought into service, and the soft brown tones of the burnt wood are in perfect harmony with the place. The woodwork of the bunks offered an especially attractive field for the work, and are covered with bits of woodland scenes, and birds and beasts from field and wood.

The roof inside presented a painfully new appearance, and although we smoked enough to enable the Tobacco Trust to declare an extra dividend, it failed to have any appreciable effect on the rough boards. We determined to hasten the natural course of things, and put on a coat of lamp-black and turpentine, which gave a sufficiently smoky effect to suit our taste.

Spring saw us at work on an addition. On the back side of the cabin, as on the front, we had a wide piazza. A part of this twelve feet long was inclosed, and the outside covered with hemlock slabs, whose reddish-brown matches the rough bark of the logs. Here we set up our stove, built a sink, shelves, and a generous cupboard. The appointments of this little kitchen are complete, and it is with pardonable pride that we show it to occasional petticoated visitors. The remaining eight feet of the back piazza makes a dry shed for our season's supply of fire-wood.

We now turned with enthusiasm to the building of our chimney. It was easy to find the stones—this is a Vermont crop that never fails—and although her hardy sons have been digging them out of the soil for years, I could never see that the supply materially diminished.

For the fire-place we sawed an opening through the logs at the end of the room opposite our bunks, five feet wide and four feet high. The chimney is of native gray stone laid in cement, and stands wholly outside. The base, six feet wide and three feet thick, rises to a height of five feet, tapers to three feet, and ends in a low, round top above the ridge. The back and sides of the fire-place and the flue we lined with common brick. The hearth-stones are of flat slate rock laid in cement. On each side of the opening are columns of white quartz from a vein in the ledges. The broad mantel is of blackened oak, supported by rustic brackets. A pair of andirons, marvelously wrought—the gift of the maker—completed the work.

And of all things we love this fire-place best. The hunter, returning at the close of the long winter day, may be cold and hungry and empty-handed, but under the influence of the cheerful blaze his heart melts with the snow on his moccasins, fatigue and disappointment are forgotten, and an ineffable sense of bodily comfort steals over him.

There had been some doubt as to whether this fire-place would warm the cabin in the coldest weather, but it works like a charm. Indeed, by building a rousing fire and closing all tight, we can put a Turkish bath to shame.

We have tried a variety of coverings for the beds, including sleeping bags of different kinds, but find nothing so comfortable and hygienic as the best grade of heavy woolen blankets. We bought them in bright colors and spread over the bunks, and they give a warm and cheerful appearance to the room.

Each spring and fall we have devoted some time to the surroundings—filling, leveling, and sodding over hollows, planting fern roots along the sides of the cabin, and clearing away dead branches and decaying logs, but being careful not to mar the natural beauties of the place.

The elevated location of our camp made serious the



"THE CABIN ITSELF IS A GEM WORTHY OF THE SETTING."



THE WIZARD SPRING.



THE KITCHEN DOOR.



"WITHIN, THE WALLS ARE HUNG WITH TROPHIES OF THE HUNT."



THE OUTLOOK.



A WATER CARRIER.

The Habitat

ON THE HIGHEST RIDGE
OF ONE OF THE ROCKY RIDGE HILLS
OF OLD VERMONT
STANDS A SMALL LOG CABIN.

THE MOUNTAINS, EAST.

"THE HABITAT."



THE NEW BUFFALO HERD.
Photo by Major John Pitcher, U. S. A.



A GROUP OF SHEEP.
Photo by Major John Pitcher, U. S. A.



MAGPIES.



SHEEP CROSSING SNOW.



YELLOWSTONE PARK BEARS FEEDING NEAR HOTELS.

THE MOUNTAINS, WEST.

FROM "AMERICAN BIG GAME IN ITS HAUNTS."

The Book of The Boone and Crockett Club.

question of a water supply. The streams were all far below. Water in these hills we knew there was. Much we dug and much we pondered. In the village lived a man whose hair was white with many winters, and it was said that in his hands a hazel wand had magic power; if he but walked over a vein of living water the wand bent downward toward the earth. And many believed, but some there were who scoffed.

At our request the "Wizard of the Wand" came to the camp, and with him brought a freshly-cut forked hazel stick. As Cromwell told his soldiers to trust in God, but keep their powder dry, so the wizard, while trusting to the wand to show him where lay the hidden spring, searched always in the most likely places.

There were visitors at camp that day, and we all followed the old man with much the same curiosity and amusement as urchins follow an organ grinder.

About one hundred feet from the cabin a clump of spruces grew close to a shelf of rock. Toward this spot the searcher led, with arms extended straight in front holding the wand. As he passed close to one of the spruces, down went the hazel, drawn by some invisible force, until at a certain point in front of the rock ledge the crotched part that had pointed skyward pointed directly toward the earth; as he passed over the place, the wand resumed its upright position. Back came the wizard, and as he recrossed, that strange, unseen force again pulled down the wand, and when the old man tried to stay the downward pull the very bark was split and twisted in his hands.

"Dig there," said the wizard.

A doubting Thomas went up to the cabin and came back armed with the spade. We dug; one, two, three feet—nothing; four feet—a stream of clear, cold water leaped from a crevice in the rock. It was a very tiny stream, but in the dryest month of a dry summer we knew it meant a never-failing spring. The doubting Thomas said nothing, neither did the wizard, but the faintest glimmer of a smile played around his thin lips; and those who came to scoff remained—not to pray—but to marvel. And thus was found the Wizard Spring. Later we walled up the sides, cemented the bottom, and put on a wooden cover, so that no disappointed woodchuck would drown himself there.

From the start we have faithfully kept what we call our "log book," in which are recorded the dates of our visits, with notes on the weather, temperature, names of visitors, records of successful hunts, and, in fact, anything of special interest. Our guests have herein paid their tribute to The Habitat; there is off-hand verse by the Professor, fables by the Reverend, sketches by the Artist, and one lover of these hills (one of the handful of brave men composing the Ziegler Polar expedition, and at this moment enduring the rigors of the long Arctic night), after a particularly good dinner, expressed his contentment in the following outburst:

"We came up to the Habitat,
We had one meal and bitters;
We all around the fire sat
A-sitting on our sitters."

Reader, perhaps you cannot appreciate this; perhaps it is necessary to have been there; I don't know; but for us it needs only a retrospective glance through the pages of this old book to live over again in memory the many days so delightfully passed.

The cabin is now complete, yet there is always something to do to add to its beauty or utility.

And what do we do there? Ah, yes! In the spring we fish the streams below and eat many an appetizing supper of the small but succulent brook trout.

In the summer we tramp through the woods, and at evening we light our pipes and lounge on the front piazza, watching the changing glories of the sunset till the crimsons change to purple, and the purple fades into darkness, and the stars come out and the twinkling lights appear in the valley far below.

It is at this season of the year that "The Habitat" is most visited, and many a jolly party climbs Mount Merritt to eat those picnic lunches which only New England housewives know how to prepare, and to feast their eyes on these glorious hills while "Old Sol" goes down in all his splendor. But the summer goes, and the leaves turn red and gold, and the air is like a tonic, and your cheeks are as red as the apples the farmers are gathering—the fall has come. Of this season of the year FOREST AND STREAM once published an old French-Canadian couplet which I have never forgotten, and which leaves nothing more to be said:

"I would not die in autumn,
When the ma'sh es full of game,
When poisson blanc and duck get fat,
And mus'rat do de same.
Den es de Frenchman's harves' time,
When game he sell so high,
'Tis den he makes de l'argent blanc;
I would not wanter die."

"'Tis den" we follow the wily ruffed grouse through the young growth, or beat up the alder swamps for the twisting woodcock, or stand of a frosty morning on the top of the close-cropped pasture ridge while the mellow tonguing of the hounds come up from the valley below as they rouse Reynard from his morning nap on some sunny knoll.

And whether the gods of the hunter smile upon us or whether the grouse be wild and the woodcock few, and Reynard leads away for the next county, what matters it—"these are golden days, these are the best days of our lives."

But of all seasons it is the winter which sees us most at our snug little cabin. Snowshoeing is a pleasure known to too few. Suitably dressed, on good shoeing, there is no finer winter sport. And for the man who has no particular regard for his cuticle, tobogganing on the crust is both exciting and invigorating.

Few appreciate the beauty of nature in her winter dress—the dark spruces with snow-laden bows, the gnarled old hemlocks, the birches in their tattered dress of silver and gold, the soft gray beeches reaching out with many knotted limbs; and all so still, with not a sound save the occasional creaking of the rheumatic joint of some old grandsire of the forest. And then the snow—the broad, white pages of nature's ledger, on which every guest tells how he came and why and where he went, and what his business was.

In summer one may make his camp where night finds him, but in winter such a camp as ours is appreciated at its full value, and inside these snug walls we laugh at old Boreas as he howls outside or hurls the drifting snow with seething hiss against the window pane.

Ah! and then the evenings in camp. Who can describe the contentment as, after the hearty supper, for which the mountain air gives such keen appetites, we sit gazing into the open fire, while from our pipes the smoke houris rise and clasp the rough old rafters in their warm embrace. But such pleasures cannot last forever—bedtime comes like other evils; we crawl into our blankets, the fire and mercury both go down, and then—sleep.

W. W. BROWN.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—IX.

Lewis and Clark (Continued).

As they proceeded they passed a number of ruined villages of the Mandans, the low mounds of earth showing where the sod houses had fallen in; but on Oct. 24 they came to a large Mandan village, where they were received with friendship, and where the chief of the Arikaras smoked with the grand chief of the Mandans.

On the 26th, at a large Mandan camp, they met a Mr. McCracken, a trader in the employ of the Northwest Fur Company, who was much on the Missouri River in those early days. The younger Henry frequently mentions him in his journal, but as a slightly later day. The Mandans were not only most friendly, but most interested in the strange people who had arrived in boats; and men, women and children crowded to the river bank to see them. "The object which seemed to surprise them most was a corn mill fixed to the boat, which we had occasion to use, and which delighted them by the ease with which it reduced grain to powder," for the Mandans, like other Indians, pulverized their corn by pounding it in a mortar.

On the following day their boat reached the principal Mandan village, and here was found a Frenchman named Jessaume, who was living among the Mandans with an Indian wife. Not far from the Mandan village was one of the Annahways, a tribe, according to Dr. Matthews, closely related to the Hidatsa, or Minnetari, a part of whose warriors were then absent on an expedition against the Shoshoni. In speeches of the usual form, Captains Lewis and Clark expressed the good will of the Great Father at Washington, and his desire that all the tribes should be at peace; and presents and medals were distributed among the chiefs. In the course of the next few days these presents were returned by gifts of corn and dried meat; and the Arikara chief set out for his home with one Mandan chief and several Minnetari and Mandan warriors. Captain Clark, after much investigation, found a good situation for a winter post, and the work of felling timber and erecting buildings began. Besides the Mandan interpreter, Jessaume, they met here a Canadian Frenchman, who had been with the Cheyenne Indians "on the Black Mountains," and the previous summer had come by way of the Little Missouri to the Great River. The Little Missouri was always a great range for the Cheyennes.

The weather, which for some time had been cold, now grew much colder, and ice formed on the edges of the rivers. Water fowl were passing south, and it was evident that soon the river would close up. A large camp of Assinaboines, with some Crees, had come to the Mandan village and encamped there. A couple of Frenchmen made their appearance from further down the river. It seems extraordinary how many Canadian Frenchmen there were at this time in this distant country.

Near Fort Mandan, just established, there were five Indian villages, the residence of three distinct nations, the Mandans, the Annahways, and the Minnetari. The journal gives the history of these nations as follows: "Within the recollection of living witnesses the Mandans were settled forty years ago in nine villages (the ruins of which we passed about eighty miles below), situated seven on the west and two on the east side of the Missouri. The two finding themselves wasting away before the smallpox and the Sioux, united into one village and moved up the river opposite to the Ricaras. The same causes reduced the remaining seven to five villages, till at length they emigrated in a body to the Ricara nation, where they formed themselves into two villages and joined those of their countrymen who had gone before them. In their new residence they were still insecure, and at length the three villages ascended the Missouri to their present position. The two who had emigrated together settled in the two villages on the northwest side of the Missouri, while the single village took a position on the southeast side. In this situation they were found by those who visited them in 1796, since which the two villages have united into one. They are now in two villages, one on the southeast of the Missouri, the other on the opposite side, and at the distance of three miles across. The first, in an open plain, contains about forty or fifty lodges, built in the same way as those of the Ricaras; the second, the same number, and both may raise about three hundred and fifty men.

"On the same side of the river, and at the distance of four miles from the lower Mandan village, is another, called Mahaha. It is situated on a high plain at the mouth of the Knife River, and is the residence of the Ahnahaways. This nation, whose name indicates that they were 'people whose village is on a hill,' formerly resided on the Missouri, about thirty miles below where they now live. The Assiniboines and Sioux forced them to a spot five miles higher, where the greatest part of them were put to death, and the rest emigrated to their present situation, in order to obtain an asylum near the Minnetarees. They are called by the French, Soulier Noir, or Black Shoe Indians; by the Mandans, Wattasoons; and their whole force is about fifty men."

Toward the end of November seven traders belonging to the Northwest Company reached the Mandans, coming from the Assinaboine River. Before long some of them began to circulate unfavorable reports among the Indians; and Captains Lewis and Clark found it necessary to take immediate steps to stop this. They told Mr. Laroche, the chief of the seven traders, that they should not permit him to give medals and flags to the Indians, who were under the protection of the American nation, and would receive consideration from them alone.

On the last day of November, word was brought that the Sioux had attacked the Mandans, and killed one and wounding two others; and that a number of Indians were missing. Captain Clark therefore, in order to fix the loyalty of the Indians, summoned his whole force, and arming them, set out for the Mandan village. He told the chiefs who came out to meet him that he had come to assist them in their war, and would lead them against the Sioux, their enemies, and avenge the blood of their countrymen. This action made a great impression on the Mandans, and a Cheyenne captive, who had been brought up in the tribe, and attained a position of considerable importance, made a speech thanking the white men for their assistance, and expressing the confidence of the Indians in them. There was a long talk, after which Captain Clark left the village. The next day six Sharha (Cheyenne) Indians came to the village, bringing the pipe of peace, and saying that their nation was three days' march behind them. With the Cheyennes were three Pawnees. The Cheyennes were at peace with the Sioux, and the Mandans feared them, and wished to put them to death, but knowing that this would be against the wishes of their white friends, they did nothing. Lewis and Clark note the common practice of calling the Arikaras, Pawnees, a practice which still exists.

A little later something is said about the chief of the Mandans, and following this comes the story of the tribe's origin, as given by the Mandans themselves: "Their belief in a future state is connected with this tradition of their origin: The whole nation resided in one large village under ground, near a subterraneous lake. A grapevine extended its roots down to their habitation, and gave them a view of the light. Some of the most adventurous climbed up the vine, and were delighted with the sight of the earth, which they found covered with buffalo, and rich with every kind of fruits. Returning with the grapes they had gathered, their countrymen were so pleased with the taste of them that the whole nation resolved to leave their dull residence for the charms of the upper region. Men, women and children ascended by means of the vine; but when about half the nation had reached the surface of the earth a corpulent woman, who was clambering up the vine, broke it with her weight and closed upon herself and the rest of the nation the light of the sun. Those who were left on the earth made a village below, where we saw the nine villages; and when the Mandans die they expect to return to the original seats of their forefathers, the good reaching the ancient village by means of the lake, which the burden of the sins of the wicked will not enable them to cross."

Although the weather was cold, buffalo were near, and there was much hunting by means of the surround, and the bow and arrows. Captain Clark hunted with the Indians, and killed ten buffalo, of which five only were brought into the fort, the remainder being taken by the Indians; since, as buffalo were killed by guns, they bore no mark of identification, such as an arrow would have furnished. The next day Captain Lewis took fifteen men and went out to hunt buffalo. They killed eight and one deer; but, being obliged to travel on foot through deep snow, it took them a long time to approach the buffalo, and some of the men were frost-bitten.

It was now mid-December, and very cold; and the white men suffered a good deal and hunted but little. About this time a Mr. Haney arrived from the British post on the Assinaboine, bearing a letter from Mr. Chabouillez, a well known trader of the North, with offers of service. In the Mandan village the Indians were playing at sticks, apparently in the method practiced at the present day among the Blackfeet. Thin circular stones are rolled along the ground, and followed by running men, who slide their sticks along the ground, trying to have the disk fall on them. On Dec. 22 the explorers seem to have first seen the horns of the animal called by the French the Rocky Mountain sheep. It is described as "about the size of a small elk or large deer, the horns winding like those of a ram, which they resemble also in texture, though larger and thicker."

The year 1804 opened with a New Year's day festivities, and "in the morning we permitted sixteen men with their music, to go up to the first village, where they delighted the whole tribe with their dances, particularly with the movements of one of the Frenchmen, who danced on his head." Frequent mention is made of the pleasure with which the Indians witnessed the dancing of the Americans, and this amusement was much indulged in by the men, many of whom, as already said, were Frenchmen.

Although the cold was intense, and the white men suffered severely from it, the Indians seemed to regard it very little. They were coming and going constantly, very slightly clad, and sometimes were obliged to sleep out in the snow, with no protection save a buffalo robe; and yet they were seldom frozen.

During these months of inaction, Lewis and Clark were frequently occupied in settling individual quarrels among the various Indians near them, making peace between husbands and wives and persuading the Indians to abandon war journeys planned for the following spring.

Traders from the North were frequent visitors to these villages. All through the winter the blacksmith kept at work with his forge, manufacturing various

articles of iron, and the Indians seemed never to weary of watching him and admiring the magic by which he turned a straight piece of iron into a useful implement.

During all this time hunting was of course going on, for though the explorers had abundant provisions, yet they were supporting themselves as far as possible from the country. Besides the corn which they purchased from the Indians, in exchange for trade goods and bits of iron, they killed buffalo, deer and elk; and on one hunt, in February, Captain Clark and his party killed forty deer, three buffalo and sixteen elk. Most of the game was too lean for use, and was left for the wolves. A part, however, was brought to a point on the river, and there protected in pens built of logs, which should keep off the wolves, ravens and magpies. The next day four men were sent with sleds and three horses, to bring in the meat. They returned that night stating that a party of one hundred men had rushed upon them, cut the traces of the sleds and carried off two of the horses, the third being left them through the influence of one of the Indians. The Indians had also taken some of the men's arms. An effort was made to pursue these enemies, who were believed to be Sioux, and Captain Lewis, with a few Mandans, set out on their trail. This was followed for two or three days, until at last it turned off into the prairie. The supposition that these robbers were Sioux was confirmed by finding some moccasins that had been thrown away, though the Sioux had dropped some corn in one place, apparently with the hope of making it appear that they were Arikaras. Before returning, Captain Clark visited the place where the meat had been cached, and did some more hunting; and, having killed thirty-six deer, fourteen elk and one wolf, he returned to the fort with about three thousand pounds of meat.

The weather was now growing milder, and preparations began to be made for continuing the journey. Men were sent out to look for trees suitable for canoes. White men began to arrive from the Northwest Company's post, and also Mr. Gravelines, with Frenchmen from the Arikara village down the river. These brought word that the Rees were willing to make peace with the Mandans and Minnetari, and asked the Mandans whether they would be willing to have them settle near them, and form with them a league against the Sioux. Word was also brought that the Sioux who had stolen the explorers' horses had afterward gone to the Arikara village and told what they had done, and that the Rees were so angry at this that they had declined to give them anything to eat; in other words, had treated them as enemies.

Shortly after this, they were visited by the head chief of the Minnetari, known as Le Borgne, whom they had not seen before. He was greatly astonished at the appearance of the negro servant, whom he believed to be a painted white man; but when he could not rub off the paint, and when the negro showed his curly hair, the Indian acknowledged that he had seen a new sort of man. This is the Le Borgne mentioned by Henry, during his visit to the Mandans, and concerning whose violent adoption of the son of a Cheyenne chief he tells so amusing a story.

The method employed by the Mandans and Arikaras in making their own glass beads is described in much detail. These beads of course have long passed out of use, but at rare intervals some of them are still unearthed from the remains of the old Mandan or Arikara villages.

The river broke up late in March, and, as happened every spring, many buffalo were brought down on the floating ice. An interesting description is given of how the Indians killed the buffalo floating down on the cakes of ice, which they dared not leave. The men ran lightly over the loose ice in the river until they had reached the large cake on which the buffalo stood, and, killing it there, then paddled the cake of ice to the shore.

A thunder storm, accompanied by hail, came on April 1—the breaking up of the winter. And now for several days the explorers were engaged in packing specimens to be sent back to Washington; skins and skeletons of some of the animals of the country, together with a number of articles of Indian dress, arms, implements, tobacco, seed, and corn, with specimens of some plants. Arrangements were made also for some of the chiefs of the Rees to visit the President; and a delegation from the Rees made a peace with the Mandans.

They were now ready to continue their westward journey, and left the fort the afternoon of April 7. The party consisted of thirty-two persons, including the interpreters, one of whom was accompanied by his wife. At the same time their large boat, manned by seven soldiers and two Frenchmen, set out down the river for the distant United States.

The journey up the river was slow, and it would be too long to tell of all they saw—things then new to all, but many of them now common enough. The prairie and the river bottom swarmed with game; herds of buffalo, elk, antelope, with some deer and wolves. As they went along they saw a nest of geese built "in the tops of lofty cottonwood trees," an interesting fact in natural history, rediscovered more than fifty years later by an enterprising ornithologist. From time to time, as they passed up the river, they passed small abandoned encampments of Indians, at one of which, "from the hoops of small kegs found in them, we judged could belong to Assinaboines only, as they are the only Missouri Indians who use spirituous liquors. Of these they are so passionately fond that it forms their chief inducement to visit the British on the Assinaboine, to whom they barter for kegs of rum their dried and pounded meat, their grease, and the skins of large and small wolves, and small foxes; the dangerous exchange is transported to their camps, with their friends and relations, and soon exhausted in brutal intoxication. So far from considering drunkenness as disgraceful, the women and children are permitted and invited to share in these excesses with their husbands and fathers, who boast how often their skill and industry as hunters have supplied them with the means of intoxication; in this, as in other habits and customs, they resemble the Sioux, from whom they are descended."

The recent presence of the Assinaboines on the river had made the game scarce and shy, and it was so early in the season that the animals killed were very thin in flesh, and almost useless for food. Beaver, however, were numerous, and seemed larger and fatter, and with darker and better fur, than any seen hitherto. They were now in the country of abundant buffalo, and the calves had already begun to make their appearance. On April 26 they reached the mouth of the Yellowstone River, "known to the French as La Roche Jaune." Game was so plenty that it was scarcely necessary to hunt, and they killed only what was needed for food. The river banks were lined with dead buffalo; some partly devoured by wolves. The buffalo had evidently been drowned in crossing, either by breaking through the ice or being unable to clamber from the water when landing under some high bluff.

On April 29 Captain Lewis met his first grizzly bear, which the explorers call white bears. "Of the strength and ferocity of this animal the Indians had given us dreadful accounts; they never attack him but in parties of six or eight persons, and even then are often defeated, with the loss of one or more of the party. Having no weapons but bows and arrows, and the bad guns with which the traders supply them, they are obliged to approach very near to the bear; and as no wound except through the head or heart is mortal, they frequently fall a sacrifice if they miss their aim. He rather attacks than avoids man; and such is the terror he has inspired that the Indians who go in quest of him paint themselves, and perform all the superstitious rites customary when they make war on a neighboring nation. Hitherto those we had seen did not appear desirous of encountering us, but, although to a skillful rifleman the danger is very much diminished, the white bear is still a terrible animal. On approaching these two, both Captain Lewis and the hunter fired, and each wounded a bear. One of them made his escape; the other turned upon Captain Lewis and pursued him for seventy or eighty yards; but, being badly wounded, he could not run so fast as to prevent him from reloading his piece, which he again aimed at him, and a third shot from the hunter brought him to the ground."

The curiosity of the antelope is spoken of as being often the occasion of its easy destruction. "When they first see the hunters they run with great velocity; if he lies down on the ground and lifts up his arm, his hat or his foot they return with a light trot to look at the object, and sometimes go and return two or three times, till they approach within reach of the rifle. So, too, they sometimes leave their flock to go and look at the wolves, which crouch down, and, if the antelope is frightened at first, repeat the same maneuver, and sometimes relieve each other till they decoy it from the party, when they seize it. But generally the wolves take them as they are crossing the rivers; for, although swift on foot, they are not good swimmers."

As the party struggled on up the Missouri they passed the mouth of the Porcupine River, so-called from the unusual number of porcupines seen near it. They continued to see vast quantities of buffalo, elk and deer—principally of the long-tailed kind, with antelope, beaver, geese, ducks and swans. As they went on, the game became much tamer. The male buffalo would scarcely give way to them, and as the white men drew near, looked at them for a moment and then quietly began to graze again.

On May 4 they passed some old Indian hunting camps, "one of which consisted of two large lodges fortified with a circular fence twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and made of timber laid horizontally, the beams overlaying each other to the height of five feet, and covered with the trunks and limbs of trees that have drifted down the river. The lodges themselves are formed by three or more strong sticks, about the size of a man's leg or arm, and twelve feet long, which are attached at the top by a withe of small willows, and spread out so as to form at the base a circle of from ten to fourteen feet in diameter; against these are placed pieces of driftwood and fallen timber, usually in three ranges, one on the other, and the interstices are covered with leaves, bark, and straw, so as to form a conical figure about ten feet high, with a small aperture in one side for the door." These lodges, of course, were war lodges of the Assinaboines, Gros Ventres, or Blackfeet, though the travelers evidently took them for ordinary habitations.

The explorers were greatly interested in the animals they saw—especially the bears—and gave good descriptions of those seen, and of their habits.

The tenacity of life in the bears made them especially interesting, and their encounters with them were often marked by danger. However, the people usually hunted in couples or in small parties, and as yet no one had been hurt.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Rabbits from Mexico.

IN a recent issue of the "Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington," Mr. E. W. Nelson, of the Biological Survey, describes seven new rabbits from Mexico. The discoveries were made on examination of the material, consisting of several hundred specimens of rabbits, in the collection of the Biological Survey. This material was turned over to Mr. Nelson for study by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, the Chief of the Survey. Of the seven rabbits, five belong to the cottontail and two to the jack rabbit type.

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Natural History.

Short Talks on Taxidermy.

V.—Mounting a Bird.

IT WILL be well for the beginner to learn how to make bird skins before he attempts to mount a bird. In other words, let him master one branch of the art before he attempts the second. The mounting a bird is not difficult, but it requires more skill, and so, much more practice than to make a skin.

To the simple equipment required for skin making, he who wishes to mount his specimens must add a few other tools. These are, a pair of sharp wire cutters—shown in the cut of tools, printed with the first of these talks—a number of lengths of annealed wire of different thickness, a file, some spools of thread, and plenty of pins. He will also need glass eyes, which are to give the bird its lifelike appearance. The wire must be annealed, so that it will bend readily, and if mounting is to be done on any considerable scale, this wire should be of different sizes and cut to different lengths, suited to birds of various sizes, running from very fine, for a warbler, up to that much stouter, large enough for a duck or a red-tailed hawk. For eagles and great blue herons, still heavier wires will be required. Fine wire is readily straightened by attaching one end of a coil to some firm object, as a nail in a wall, and pulling on the other end, so as to stretch it. After it is straight it can be cut into needed lengths, say, six inches for a robin, eight inches for a quail or woodcock, and so on, up to the larger birds. In each case the wire must be small enough to pass, without breaking it, through the bird's tarsus—which is the sheath of scales inclosing the bone of the foot just above the toes and up to the leg feathers—and yet thick enough to support the bird's weight, and to hold it firmly in position. Taxidermists commonly have at the back of the work table, and so within easy reach of the hand, half a dozen little deep and narrrow cups to hold the various lengths of wire that they most commonly use. Pasteboard cylinders an inch and a half in diameter, and the end of each fastened to the table, make good cups for this purpose.

After the skin has been turned, cleaned and poisoned, take a wire of the proper length—for a robin, say, two inches longer than the distance from the point of the bird's bill to the root of the tail—and file each end to a sharp point. Wind about this wire enough cotton, or tow, to make a neck for the bird, beginning about one inch from the end. Introduce the point of the wire, near which the artificial neck begins, into the skull cavity, thrust it through the top of the skull, and then, with forceps or pliers, turn it over, introduce it into the skull, just back of the eyes, and clinch it there, so that the wire is even with the top of the skull.

Now, holding the skull by the wire, turn your skin right side out. Place a little filling in the throat, as you did in making the skin. Take some tow, or excelsior—cotton will not do for this, because you cannot thrust the wire through cotton—and make it up into a solid oval body, just about the size and shape of the bird's body. Closely wind this body with thread all around, so as to hold the material firmly in shape, and thrust the sharpened end of the wire lengthwise through the mass, pushing the body up close to the end of the false neck. The false body should be shaped as nearly as possible like the natural body it is to replace. The artificial neck and body should be no longer, and very little, if at all, larger than the natural neck and body. Turn the sharpened end of the wire which is passed through the body up and over and clinch it into the body. You now have for your bird a firm body and neck, which will hold it properly in position.

Take two straight wires, sharpen each at one end, and holding the middle toes of the bird's foot in your left hand, pierce the sole with the point of a wire, and work the wire up back of the tarsal bone, to the tibiotarsal joint, which is really the bird's heel. Hold the tibia straight, allowing no bend at the bird's heel, and push the wire up until it is within the bird's skin, and then on until it projects an inch or more beyond the end of the tibia. Wrap a little cotton or tow about the tibia and the wire, binding the two together, and to some extent replacing the muscles of the leg which have been removed. Having done the same thing on the other side, thrust these wires through the artificial body, at right angles to it, about one-third the way from its tail to its front, and turn the end of each wire over, and clinch it firmly in the body. When this has been done on both sides, the legs will be sticking out pretty nearly at right angles with the body, and must then be bent back so that they are parallel with the axis of the body. Now, sew up your bird and lift it from the table, give it a shake, pull the skin of the head and neck well forward, pull the wings forward, and generally see that all the feathers are in place. Loosen and pull out a little the cotton within the orbits, and see that the sides of the head look right. Then place your bird on the table on its back, raise the right leg up, so that it points straight up in the air; place your fore finger behind the leg wire, close to the bird's body, and holding the wire there, bend the leg backward again to its former position. The result of this will be that you have made a right angled bend in the wire, which now represents the actual knee of the bird, or the place where the femur and the tibia met. Do the same on the other side; and pull up the skin around on each side, so that each artificial knee will be within the skin, as the living bird's knee is within the skin. Now take your partly stuffed bird in the right hand, holding it under the wings, take the head in your left hand, bend the head and neck down, and placing your right forefinger on what would be the back of the bird's neck, just where it joins the body, raise the head up again above the level of the back, thus bending down the neck wire where it joins the body. You have thus made a natural crook in the bird's neck, which will add much to the naturalness of

its appearance when it is mounted. Now bend the neek and head to the position you desire it to assume, and pull up and loosen all the feathers around the neek. Be especially careful not to have the neek too long or too stiff. The position of head, neck and legs is something that you will have to decide on for yourself, and your success in giving your bird a lifelike attitude will ten something of how much attention you have paid to birds in nature.

Your small birds you will probably mount on what is called a T stand; that is to say, an upright piece of wood fastened to a base, and with a cross-bar of wood at the top. This cross-bar should be pierced by a brad-awl with two holes, the wires from the feet passed through them, and wound around the cross-bar. See that these holes are placed at proper distance apart. Your bird must not straddle; nor must his feet be too close together.

For a bird that is to appear standing on the ground, as a sandpiper, quail or duck, the stand is a flat board, either with cleats nailed across either end, or a circular disc, more or less hollowed out beneath. The holes for the wires are pierced in this board. The purpose of the cleats or the hollowing of the circular disc is to lift the stand above the surface on which it rests, and to give the bottom an even bearing on the supporting surface. If the wires touched the table or surface on which the stand rested, they would tip the board and the bird out of true. After the bird has been placed on its stand, although the feet, head and neck, and body of the bird may be well arranged, it still looks more or less dilapidated; all the feathers are rough, and the wings and tail hang down limp. You must go over the specimen with your forceps, your fingers, and perhaps a pin, moving the skin about until the feathers lie smoothly. You must remember that it is the skin beneath that makes the feathers look smooth or rough, as the case may be; that if you get the skin to lie properly, the feathers will be quite sure to lie smoothly; but that if you have got the skin twisted or stretched, or bunched up in any way, the feathers cannot appear well.



THREAD-WOUND BIRD.

After you have done the best you can, get ready to wire the tail. This usually seems very difficult to the beginner, and it is not always easy, but it is much the best means of holding the tail in place. Some people, without the requisite skill or knowledge, put a piece of pasteboard over, and one under the tail, and pinning these together, support them by a wire thrust beneath the tail into the body; but it is better to wire the tail. To do this a sharpened slender wire must be passed from side to side, through each one of the quills of the tail feathers—close to the body and so under the tail coverts, where it will not show—and the feathers must be evenly arranged on the wire. If for any reason they do not lie just as they should, the wire can be bent. After the quills of the tail feathers have been wired, to support the wire and hold it in the proper place, another, somewhat stouter sharpened wire should be passed under it and thrust forward into the body.

Only the wings now remain to be arranged. These must be lifted up and laid in position, pulled backward and forward until they lie smoothly and are properly covered by the feathers of the hind-neck, of the shoulders, and of the breast. The tendency is to set the wings too low; see that they lie well up on the body and well forward. When the position is right, thrust either a pin or a sharpened wire through the bend of the wing, and into the artificial body; and down just back of the leg, and under the wing, thrust another pin or sharpened wire into the body. Do this on both sides. These pins will support the wings and hold them in position. The pins must be in the right place, which you must discover for yourself.

wound with thread. Make a loop in the end of the thread, and pass it over one of the wing wires, and then lightly over the back to another, and, with the stand on which the bird rests in your right hand, and your left hand holding the thread, so that it shall not press on the feathers, pass the thread backward and forward, over and under and around the specimen, catching on the different wing wires, until you have the whole body and lower neck of the bird enmeshed in thread. These threads must nowhere press heavily on the feathers, must yet everywhere lie close to them and hold them in place and prevent any standing up or roughness which might follow on the drying and, perhaps, uneven shrinking of the skin. The purpose of the threads is to keep the feathers as they are, not to change their position.

Now, when you have tied your label—which should never be omitted from any bird—to the stand, you may put the specimen up somewhere on a high shelf, where no one is likely to knock against it. It is customary to postpone putting the eyes in a mounted bird until it has dried. After it is dry it can be taken down, a little wad of moist cotton placed within each eye, and, when the eyelids have become damp and flexible, as they will in a very short time, they can be stretched a little, the eyes inserted, and the eyelids delicately pulled over them with a pin. Some taxidermists put a drop of glue or mucilage on the cotton where the eye is to rest, and there is certainly no harm in doing this. After the eyes are in place, and the eyelids have dried about them, see that there is no dust or tarnish on the glass of the eye, lightly rubbing it off, if necessary, with a cloth.

If you wish to have your bird in more natural surroundings than when he is on the T stand, you can easily secure a twig with a little fork, and when you have made a base for that, transfer the bird to it. There are books which tell of different methods for making rock work, and grass, and bushes, and snow work, and if you desire stands of this kind, such books should be purchased and studied. Hornaday's "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting" is one of these, and Batty's "Taxidermy and Home Decoration" is another, less expensive, but by no means so thorough.

The instructions already given are those for mounting a small bird, but the principal is the same whether the bird be large or small, and it is really only a difference in the size of the wires, and of the stand. To mount an eagle, or great blue heron, is hard work, and the bending of the large wires require some strength. But the mounting of a smaller bird, such as a quail or partridge, or a wild duck, is little more difficult than the mounting of a robin, though the greater size of the bird makes it slightly more laborious.

TAXIDERMIST.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Spook or Rats—Which?

THE Blackthorn, when I knew it, was a farmhouse. Formerly it had been a roadside tavern. It stood on what had once been an important thoroughfare across the Alleghenies; but the construction of a railroad running parallel with it but a few miles distant had superseded the old highway, and it was now but a common country road, and little traveled. The Blackthorn stood well up on the side of the range, in a very lonely, and especially in winter, a very dreary spot. No other house was in sight. There the winds seemed to moan across the waste fields and through the leafless trees all night, with a weird, mysterious, suggestive sound. What added to the general sombreness of the place, the house was said to be haunted. A peddler had been murdered there one night, and the tree was pointed out to me under which he was said to be buried. A census of the different peddlers that tradition reports to have been murdered in lonely houses in our back country in early times would be an interesting, if not a cheerful, compilation.

My friend, John Cryder, lived in the old Blackthorn at the time I write of. He was a stalwart, middle-aged man, a German, or of German descent. I had sometimes occasion to go into that neighborhood, and Cryder often pressed me to stop at his house. The family consisted of only himself, his wife and a half-grown adopted boy. I knew of the unsavory reputation of the house, and never having any hankering for ghostly acquaintances, I had so far always managed to give the house a wide berth. But one winter afternoon found me in the neighborhood. Cryder knew I was there. I could not get down to the railroad station, two or three miles away, without passing his door. To go by, after all his kind invitations, without stopping, would have been an unpardonable offense. I thought I would stop and get my supper, and then go on down to the railroad. But supper was a little late, and the darkness had set in early. The ground was covered with snow, it was cold and dark, there seemed no pressing need to go, and so it was plain that I was elected to stay all night.

After supper, we sat and talked of various things. I had very skillfully, as I thought, succeeded in steering the conversation clear of the dreaded subject; no reference to it had been made; and so, along about 9 o'clock or so, an early hour anywhere else, but late enough in a lonely country house in midwinter, Cryder remarked, "Well, I guess it's about bed time."

"All right, John," said I, though I would much rather have sat up an hour longer, "any time will suit me."

Thereupon he got a candle. As he was lighting it, he said, in a careless way enough, "Some people say the house is haunted, but I have lived here eleven years, and I have never seen anything worse than myself in it yet."

This, I suppose, was meant to be reassuring; but it was far from reassuring me. I can argue very logically against the physical possibility of ghostly manifestations; but the earlier teachings of my mother's hired woman in my childhood, were stronger just then than all my later philosophy, and I felt nervous and demoralized. I wished Cryder hadn't mentioned the miserable thing. To his remark I made no reply, for I didn't wish to pursue the subject. So we went upstairs.

Now, that upstairs was itself not a cheerful or inviting place. It consisted of only two rooms. There was no carpet on the floor. There were no blinds to the windows. No pictures hung against the wall. There was almost no furniture except beds. A board partition separated the two rooms; in it was a doorway, but no door. The stairs were boxed in below, but led directly up into the outer room, as through a trap door. At the head of this open stairway was a large heap of corn in the ear lying on the floor. In this room was a bed. In the inner room, where I was to sleep, were two beds, in corners diagonally across from each other. If there is anything in the world that will make a bedroom seem more utterly lonesome than everything else it is to have an unoccupied bed in it. It was in this room that the murder was said to have been committed. The blood stain, not to be obliterated by soap and water, was said to be on the floor. I did not look for it.

John Cryder set the candle on the table, said good-night, and went away. I resorted to every expedient I had ever heard of to get to sleep—counting the sheep in a flock as they jumped over a wall, separating the black ones from the white and carrying the two totals together in my mind—this and other devices I tried—but it was long before I fell asleep. Some time during the night I was wakened by a slight noise, a series of low, dull knocks on the stairs in the adjoining room; but it ceased shortly, when it seemed to have reached the bottom of the stairs; and after a little I fell asleep again. I wondered what had made the noise; but when I went down in the morning I found an ear of corn against the door at the foot of the stairs, and I supposed I had discovered the mystery. Rats had evidently rolled it there, and thus caused the noise.

Down in the railroad village that forenoon I called at the house of a friend of mine. His wife was a bright young woman who had been brought up in the neighborhood. When I mentioned where I had stayed over night, she became interested. Had I heard or seen anything unusual there? The house was said to be haunted!

"No," I replied.

"People who had stayed there over night," she said, "reported that they had heard a mysterious noise on the stairs, as of something dropping from one step to the next."

I was interested now.

"Why," said I, "I did hear such a noise, but I found an ear of corn at the foot of the stairs, and I concluded that rats had rolled it there."

"It may have been," she replied, "but people say that it is the head of the murdered man striking on the steps as they dragged him down stairs."

I had been quite satisfied with my solution of the mystery; but this gave me food for thought. "People" had heard this same noise! Was there always a pile of unshelled corn on the floor? Did the rats roll an ear down the stairs every night in the year, or did they give this performance only when strangers were staying in the house? In short, was it a Spook or was it Rats?

T. J. CHAPMAN.

The Resourceful Skunk.

IT used to be said by the old farmers of New England, men who had, presumably, cultivated well their powers of observation, that a healthy young pig would drink double its own bulk of milk at one "sitting." I have never proved the truth, or otherwise, of this statement, which, on its face, seems irreconcilable with mathematical verities; but I have demonstrated—to my own satisfaction, at least—that nature has made a certain other animal that can divest itself of more fluid than could be contained in a cubical space equal to that of the animal itself.

When a youngster in my "teens," I set a trap one day on an Ohio hillside, near a trickling stream, at the mouth of what I believed to be a mink tunnel. My theory was dispelled on the following morning when I found a bushy-tailed animal with a calico coat tugging vainly at the trap chain.

The appearance of the snow round about the trap indicated that the animal had been indulging quite extensively in both offensive and defensive tactics prior to my arrival. In fact, it was this discovery that suggested my course of action. No sooner was my presence known to the prisoner, than he unlimbered for immediate operations. Stiffening his brush into vertical rigidity, he trained his batteries full upon me, followed by a "swish" not unlike that of a rocket at the outset of its heavenward flight. His actual missile range did not exceed twelve or thirteen feet, but the odoriferous range seemed restricted only to atmospheric limits. The animal's battery was on the rapid-fire principle, the volleys reiterating in such close succession as to suggest a continuous performance.

After a campaign of several minutes, the animal seemed to realize the futility of its onslaught, and gave the order to cease firing. By this time I had gotten interested, and determined to probe the capacity of the enemy's magazine. Hence I procured a slender white ash sprout, some twenty feet in length, acquired a position well to windward, and gave the animal a poke. The response was instantaneous and oft repeated. As I continued poking the pied shooter in limbo waxed mad and madder. With his anger increased the vigor of his broadsides, until the air between the opposing forces was constantly saturated with a greenish vapor, which discolored the snow for a radius of fifteen feet from the spouting nucleus. I would poke until my arms ached, and it was only when I desisted for a momentary rest that the fragrant fountain ceased to play. It was always ready to resume when I did; in fact, it would anticipate me, and the slightest movement on my part would be greeted by a pungent volley.

I did not time the duration of our skirmish, but it must have approximated an hour. I became fully convinced of the wholly inexhaustible nature of the animal's resources. I was well assured in my own mind that the bulk of ammunition squirted in my direction must have exceeded that of its projector by some milliliters long ere we quit; and the brute responded to my final poke quite as vigorously and copiously as to the initial jab. Is it a fact that this species of animal possesses powers of recuperation adequate to enable it to fully recoup simultaneous with an outlay?

SAMUEL MANSFIELD STONE.



GAME BAG AND GUN

Inland Packs.

PRIOR to 1865, furs at inland posts were made up in packs of ninety pounds for transport to the frontier, but some of the young canoe men were not sufficiently strong to handle such a weight in debarking or loading them into the canoes, and a pack slipping from their grasp into the water and becoming wet inside caused delay to the whole brigade. A stop had to be made and the damaged pack unlaced, dried and repaired, before the journey could be resumed.

About the year mentioned, a top pack slipped off a man's back while being carried over a side portage, and before the man could save it had bounded down the hillside into the rapid, and was lost.

This happened to be a very valuable package, and its loss being reported called forth the next year, from headquarters, a general order to reduce the weight from ninety to eighty pounds per pack, and to make each package of pure skins—i. e., skins of only one kind.

This order to discontinue the mixing of skins was not pleasing to post managers, inasmuch as a smaller and better pack can be constructed of mixed skins than of only one kind.

For the information of trappers of to-day, I will give a summary of how many of each kind of skins made up, as nearly as possible, the prescribed weight of eighty pounds, thus:

40 large beavers and 20 small beavers made 80 pounds.
8 large bears and 4 small bears made 80 pounds.
500 spring rats, 80 pounds.
720 large and small rats, fall, 80 pounds.
2 beavers, large, for top and bottom covers, and 60 lynx skins made 80 pounds.
2 beavers for covers and 30 otters made 80 pounds.
2 beavers for covers and 50 fox skins made 80 pounds.

We had orders to gather such furs as fisher, ermine, wolf, wolverines, skunk, and any broken or damaged skins, and make up into a separate pack.

The fine and delicate skins, as marten, mink, silver and cross foxes, were to be packed in boxes thirty inches long by twenty inches square, and into this small compass the martens and mink, after being tied in bundles of ten skins each, were packed to the number of four hundred skins.

This made a very valuable package, and the greatest care was taken of it the whole journey. Valuing them at only $5 each, one of these boxes represented the sum of $2,000.

We all saw that this mode of packing would not last; as, taking the best of care, accidents will happen, and they began the very year after the order came in force. Leaving a disagreeable job to the last, the men at each carrying place avoided these boxes, and there was a struggle to see who would not carry them. The sharp corners abraded the men's backs, and when carried on top of a pack they hurt the back of the head; so, as a rule, they were generally left till the last load, and then taken with bitter comments, and a fervent wish that the promulgator of the order for such packages were himself present to portage them over the carry.

Two of these marten boxes were left by one of our crews in the middle of a brûlé. In making the former trip some careless fellow must have thrown down a half-burnt match; in a few moments dense clouds of smoke arose in their rear. The country was as dry as tinder, and in the space of a very few minutes the flames swept to the other end of the portage, licking up in passing those valuable boxes and contents.

We, figuratively, locked the door for the balance of that trip after the horse had been stolen, for the remaining boxes were stored each night in the officers' tent, and during the day a responsible person was on guard over them.

It was a severe loss out of the returns of one post. No one, perhaps, could be blamed for it, but it had the desired effect of repealing the order, and we were told to pack as in the good "old corn-meal days," and mix our furs.

To arrive at an average of each kind of skins through each and every pack, we counted the whole returns and estimated the gross weight, and then divided so many of each kind of furs through the several packs, something like this: 10 beavers, 2 bears, 40 marten, 10 mink, 100 rats, 4 foxes, 4 otters, 4 lynx—80 pounds, or as the average might count out.

Previous to packing, the skins were neatly folded, placed in a pile and weighted down for a week. They were then built in the desired pack shape and underwent a severe wedge press hammering to reduce the bulk, then tied with three strong cross lashings, either of raw cowhide or twenty-four-thread cod line, and when all was secure, the wedges being released, the pack tumbled out complete, less the lateral tyings, which were two in number, of eighteen-thread cod line.

The size of one of these packs, ready for transportation, was 24 inches long, 17 inches broad, and 10 inches thick. The expansion of the compressed skins would, after a few days, give it a rounded shape in the middle, but when first out of the press it was almost perfectly square, and it was the pride of each post manager to outdo the others in the beauty and solidity of his packs.

A well made pack would withstand the ill usage and the hundreds of handlings in making a journey of four or five hundred miles from an interior post, and would reach the first steamer or train of cars without a tying giving way. In my young days I have seen a pile of 296 of these packs on the beach at one portage.

An anecdote relating to the care of such a valuable cargo may be here appended. An old factor who had not left the interior for twenty-seven years, applied for and received leave to visit civilization with the understanding that he would take care of the furs in transit. This he did during a journey of days and weeks coming down the great river, standing at each portage till every pack was over, and checking them off by numbers and the aggregate.

At last he reached steamboat navigation, shipped his packs, and had the bill of lading in his pocket. Having shipped the furs he took passage on the same boat. During the midnight hours the captain, in making his rounds, was surprised to find a man sitting among the cargo. Who was this but Mr. S., still keeping his faithful watch. The captain asked why he was not abed in his stateroom.

"Well," he replied, "I saw rough deck hands going about the packs, and thought it better to keep an eye on them."

The captain laughed. "Why, man," he said, "we have signed bills of lading for those goods, and we are responsible for their safe delivery. Go to bed, Mr. S.," he continued, "and rest in peace, for even you have no right to touch one of those packs, now they are aboard this vessel."

That was in 1873, and I believe that old gentleman is alive yet. He retired many years ago and settled in Ontario.

MARTIN HUNTER.

A Michigan Quail Hunt.

NOVEMBER 27, 1903, was the day selected for the start of what was to be my last quail hunt of the season.

I drove from Vermontville six miles south to a small village. It was about noon when we arrived, and after donning my shooting togs I started out. Crossing a field I entered some woods, where birds are usually seen, and soon the dog found some. On the rise I managed to hit one, but as they flushed at long range, he was not hit hard enough to bring him down. One of the quail separated from the rest and pitched down alongside a rail fence. The remainder I could not mark down on account of the brush. I went after the one that pitched along the fence, and in a few minutes saw the dog stop and make a beautiful point. What a picture he made! Rigid, fore foot uplifted, eyes bulging—in fact, the very picture of excitement. Looking about, something caught my eye which made my heart beat faster. It was the tell-tale tracks. Following them up with my eye, I saw where they ended, under a little bunch of grass covered with snow. Upon approaching, out went a fine quail. In the fraction of a second it was over the fence, speeding for the woods from whence it came, but the shot overtook him, and he wilted. At the word, the dog leaped the fence and brought me a full grown cock. I admired him for a minute, and then, smoothing his feathers, placed him in my pocket and turned my attention to the remainder of the flock, and had not gone far when Bob became a statue beside a log. Approaching carefully, my eye caught sight of a quail under the end of the log, and as I saw it, it ran out and took wing. It did not go very far. I then turned around and started back to where I had just come from. Two quail flew out of a fallen treetop, but they were too far off. Near a small brush pile the dog pointed, and while I was getting ready, a quail rose behind me, but swinging round I was in time to give him one barrel. Enough feathers fell out to make a feather bed, but the bird kept on. Just as he was almost out of sight, I saw him sail off to one side into a cornfield. When I fired, the bird in the brush pile went out and I never saw him.

The next thing to do was to find the wounded bird in the field. When the dog had gone about twenty-five yards out into the field, he stopped, and on mounting the fence the bird was seen lying in the snow right under the dog's nose. Pushing the safety forward I approached and picked up the quail, too weak to fly. It must have flown at least three hundred yards after being shot. Soon two more birds joined their companions in my pocket, and as it was nearly sundown, I went home with five quail to show for my afternoon's hunt.

The Second Day.

The next morning in half an hour I got five birds without missing a shot. The rest of the bevy could not be found.

Leaving these woods and traveling quite a distance, I saw as I came to the top of a small hill a single quail track made the day before. I followed it. The trail led me over the hill, down the side into some low land between two hills. Here the track ended. I knew he had flown to join the bevy. Looking about I discovered a small field of corn that had not been cut, and said to myself, "They are there."

Sure enough, when Bob came to this field he pointed and up went a small bevy of five birds. Bang! bang! Two birds fell, and the dog brought me one. The next bird was not so easy to find. He had fallen right where the bevy had been feeding, and the scent was scattered all around. The dog was down flat on his belly, exploring through some bunches of grass (he knew the bird was near-by), when he found him. Bob stiffened out just as he was, flat on his belly, his tail as straight as an arrow. I touched him, but not a muscle would he move. The quail I caught in my hand under a small bunch of grass. The remaining three had flown on, and pitched in a deep washout on the side hill. Down into the dug out went the dog, and up flew the birds. One fell to the first barrel, but the second didn't. My gun went off prematurely, so he kept on going. Then we started home.

When we reached the town, I met my host's brother-in-law, who told me he had just seen a covey in the corn field adjoining the school yard. Just then Doctor Jones came along and drove me up there. When we reached there, he pulled up his horse, after looking a moment, and said: "There they are, right there," pointing along a furrow in the field. I jumped out, and as they rose shot twice, getting two nice quail. Entering a thick swamp, one arose, and when I shot his feet hung down. An old bird hunter once told me that this is a sure sign the bird is mortally wounded. A man out in the woods was watching me, and the bird flew toward him and pitched not fifteen yards from him. He marked him down as nearly as he could, and the dog found him stone dead. Another rose, and as the bird reached the top of the trees he swung around and came right toward me. I shot him, and he fell at my feet. Bob could not find another bird. This made a total of seventeen quail. This—the last shoot I enjoyed—was the best of the season.

ESPY HANSON.

Our Camping Trip.

WE had decided, George and I, to take a canoe trip of three weeks, if time, weather and good health permitted. We purchased our supplies at Sanico, a small lumbering town thirty-five miles distant from the first sheet of water. Our grub we intended to "tote" on our backs, together with rifles, blankets, ax and camera.

On the morning of the 15th we started. The "trail in" was very bad owing to heavy rains, and all the morning we "sloshed" along as best we could. At noon we stopped for a bite, and then tramped steadily till dark, stopping long enough to catch a mess of trout for supper. We camped that night in a tent and slept as only two men can who have tramped and carried a 65-pound load all day over rotten corduroy roads, blow-downs and swamp trails.

Morning found us up and ready for an early start after a hot breakfast. Game we saw in plenty in the form of partridges, rabbits and two deer which we jumped, a buck and a doe. The pleasure which we enjoyed from walking through a country which has never been logged and rarely frequented can only be realized by those who have enjoyed the same privilege. Great masses of green mold and gray lichen hung from old, massive trees, and the trail was carpeted with green moss and gold and brown leaves. A little after noon we reached Little Rock Pond, where our canoe was hidden, and where we intended to make our permanent camp.

The afternoon was spent in getting out the canoe, white-leading and soaking it. After a hot supper and a pipe we turned in.

At sunrise we were up, and found the day raw and cold, with a high wind and heavy sea. In a couple of hours the wind went down and we started. I sat in the bow, our knapsacks, rifles and grub were amidships, and George held down the stern. It was glorious! The sun rose and burned off the fog, which had chilled us through and through, and as it mounted steadily higher, the day came out as fine and clear as a bell. Two fish-hawks flew over us in wide circles, and on the further shore a heron walked with stately tread—like a Boston Alderman. The bow cut through the little waves like a knife, and we hurried along at a good pace.

After a few hours' work with the paddle, during which we drank in the crisp air and beautiful scenery, we saw ahead what I took to be a small stick of wood floating on the water. On coming up with it, however, we discovered that the stick was a red squirrel, vainly attempting to swim the lake and still a quarter of a mile from shore. I pushed my paddle slowly toward him, and he came quickly up into the canoe and shook himself. We paddled along, and he sat on my rod and watched us, without apparent fear. After staying with us about five minutes, he jumped into the water with a little splash, and struck

ut bravely for the shore, and as long as we could ee him he kept the right direction.

About an hour before sunset we reached the head f the lake, and struck into the headwaters of the loshnukée. We landed, "shingled down" a bed, got upper and "left this weary world." The next day as as fine as the preceding one, and we glided down ream with no more work than to keep the bow eaded into the strong current.

So a week and a half passed as in a dream; trout e had in plenty, together with a stray pickerel or ass. Partridges in abundance fell to George's rifle, o our larder was well filled. Ducks we had not seen ntil one evening, as we were quietly drifting down ream, under the lengthening shadows, we came upon flock of about fifteen mallards. For some time we atched them gamboling, playing and splashing along he shore without being discovered; and before they ould get away, we had three.

On the last day of the second week out we heard the ound of chopping one morning, and upon investiation discovered a crew of about forty men. They ere getting out birch and "popple," and had been at ork about two weeks. After taking dinner with em, we struck a bargain with the cook for flour and bacco and started on again. In the afternoon we ruck a long series of "rips" and landed to begin eparations for a mile carry. Two trips were necesry to get all our stuff over, and while on my secd trip I discovered the tracks of "fresh venison" ading down the carry in the same direction in which was going. Hastily filling the magazine of my -30, I stole quickly forward, hoping against hope at something would keep George from returning r his second load. Suddenly I heard his lusty voice nging his favorite song,

"His father was chasing his boy round the room,"

d to my surprise, a buck and two does came up the rry directly toward me. When within a short disnce, I drew a bead and fired at the buck. I fired a cond time. He stumbled a few feet toward me and fell th a crash. One bullet had passed through his neck d out the shoulder; the other had broken his fore-

The sound of the shots brought George "on the hot ot," and together we dressed the deer and took the ad off. Although the head itself was not a pretty e, still it had eleven points. We cut up the deer quickly as possible, made our last trip across the rry, and pushed on. All that day we traveled ough rips and rapids, where the water rushed down ough gorges, with perpendicular walls of smooth cks. Great masses of boulders lay in the stream, ound which the water boiled and roared. Whenever was possible we avoided the roughest water by rting the rocks, though at times the waves broke er the canoe both in the bow and stern at once, ile we swayed and tipped from side to side. We ot along at a frightful pace, and finally neared a int where the river narrowed till one could almost ow a stone from bank to bank. The trees were rred and scraped where ice and logs had rushed wn in the spring, and some marks were twelve or een feet high on the trees. It now began to grow k, and we had hoped to be well out of the rapid ore night settled down. On we went, faster and ter, until we suddenly shot out into clear, still ter.

We landed, two thankful, tired men. Now, we were ting toward civilization again. We came upon the mains of a camp-fire and "lean-to" which were rdly a week old, and the next day we met a couple Canucks, who informed us that our destination s not ten miles distant. That was our last night in woods.

How I disliked to go back to a spring bed, plates d a table, to meet the razor, boot brush and city thes. Why is it that a man cannot live as nature ended that he should, without formalities and contionalities? No matter, our trip was over. Next we arrived at our final point, and after shipping canoe and deer head, George and I had a "bang-up d," and shook hands long and hard to keep us over the following year.

CHARLES B. FLOYD.

Foreign Game Birds and Eggs.

A VERY important Bulletin, soon to be issued by the ited States Department of Agriculture, treats of the ortation of game birds and eggs for propagation, by T. S. Palmer and Henry Oldys. The object of this letin is to furinsh information respecting the game ls brought into the United States since the passage the Lacey act of 1900, and the eggs of game birds orted and of the egg act of 1902.

will be recalled that following the exploitation of great American duck egg fake, exposed in FOREST AND EAM nearly ten years ago, Congress passed a law proting the importation to the United States of wild birds' . The intentions of Congress were of course excel-, but its knowledge of the subject was extremely lim-. Instead of protecting the wildfowl of Alaska and ish America, the act of 1894 merely made it impossible anyone wishing to bring in the eggs of game birds n European countries for the purpose of propagating asants, partridges, or what not, lawfully to get the s to hatch. This law was modified in 1902, and eggs now be imported for propagation under regulations cribed by the Secretary of Agriculture. The Lacey has been in effect for nearly four years, and as the retary of Agriculture has charge of importations, and er that act, as well as under the egg act, the data that accumulated are considerable.

ne older generation of sportsmen will remember the rest felt in the importation of the migratory quail of ope during the late seventies, and the utter failure of ttempts then made. Not very long after that, Asiatic sants were imported into Oregon, and did so well e that importers of birds were much encouraged. Until the passage of the act of 1900, there were no means of ascertaining the number or kinds of birds brought to the United States, but under present conditions a reasonably close knowledge is had of the birds that come in, the officials of the customs service checking the importations, and giving figures which enable the Agricultural Department to approximate to the numbers of the birds.

Within the last four years more than 23,000 game birds have been brought into the United States, divided as follows: In the fiscal year 1901, 6,584; in 1902, 5,281; in 1903, 9,126, and in the first six months of the fiscal year 1904, 2,187. Of these, 3,866 were pheasants, 16,609 quail, 753 partridges, 1,473 ducks and geese, and 477 miscellaneous.

It must be remembered that this includes all the birds imported, and not merely those brought in for purposes of sport. Ornamental pheasants for the lawns of country places, like ornamental foreign wildfowl, or birds intended for menageries or zoological parks, are all included. Pheasants constitute about 17 per cent. of the total import, but these are in addition to those now bred in considerable numbers in the United States. The total number brought to this country during the last four years is very small, when compared with the numbers raised each year in some places in Europe; for Newton states in his "Dictionary of Birds" that in 1893 there were sold from one estate in Suffolk, England, 101,000 pheasants' eggs, while 9,700 pheasants were killed there.

Most of the imported birds come from Canada, Belgium, England, Germany, China and Japan. Canada and Belgium each send in from 300 to 600 birds a year, almost all pheasants, the two countries furnishing about three-fourths of the pheasants imported. Most of the partridges come from Germany, and are the common gray partridge of Europe. China sends practically all the quail and about 500 pheasants. The quail are mostly eaten in San Francisco, and there is no way of determining whether the pheasants come from China or Japan. Japan furnishes mandarin ducks, and has sent a number of pheasants to Honolulu from Yokohama. The other birds come from many countries, and are of many kinds. One of the most important importations was that of capercailzie from Sweden.

Of the 3,000 pheasants imported, more than 2,000 went to the six States, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, while about 500 were consigned to points west of the Mississippi or in the South.

Pheasants intended for liberation are of two sorts, the English pheasant of Europe (*Phasianus colchicus*), and (*P. torquatus*), the so-called Mongolian pheasant, more properly termed the ringnecked pheasant. About twenty ornamental species have been imported for aviary or exhibition purposes.

The importation of partridges has been undertaken only on a very small scale, and the bird has not as yet established itself at all. Of 300 imported for Oregon, only 97 lived to be liberated, most of the others having died in transit. When turned out they seem to do well, but not having been protected, they are reported to have been nearly exterminated by gunners. A lot turned out in March, 1901, near Corinth, Miss., have suffered the usual fate of exotic birds without protection.

The ducks and geese imported are chiefly ornamental, though a few wild birds have been brought in; and it is curious that of these wild birds a number are our own wood duck, which apparently have been bred in domestication in Europe.

An especially interesting importation is that of ten black game and 65 capercailzie. Of these capercailzie, 57 were imported by the Ontario Game Commission, and 8 for a private club. Most of the 57 were liberated in November, 1903, in the Algonquin National Park in southern Canada, and since then have occasionally been seen. Just how well they are doing appears not to be known.

Nothing of any moment has been done as yet in regard to the importation of eggs. The total consignment amounts to only about 2,000 eggs of pheasants and 100 eggs of partridges. It is true that the act permitting the importation of eggs has been in force for two years only, but we should have supposed that more eggs would have been imported. There can be little doubt that after a time eggs will be brought over in large quantities and many birds hatched here, and that this will be a successful means of introducing exotic birds.

It will be recalled that the so-called English pheasant and various other pheasants, the jungle fowl and the guinea hen, have done well in many places to which they were not native. The red grouse was introduced into the Shetland Islands and into southern Sweden, and the capercailzie has been re-established in Scotland. Instances of this sort are many, and there is no reason why foreign birds should not be successfully introduced here, so soon as we are disposed to take sufficient care of the birds and give them protection at the proper time.

On the other hand, certain States which to some extent have been engaged in the work of raising and distributing pheasants, have given up this work. Such States are New Jersey, Ohio, New York, and Massachusetts, the last named being the only one that continues it. New York gave up the work only a short time ago.

Pheasants are protected in most States, and this is essential if they are to become established there. The difficulty with almost all the States is that they protect for a few years and then remove the protection until the birds have almost been killed off. On the other hand, California, Colorado, Indiana, Minnesota, Montana, and Nebraska and Utah protect the birds permanently, as they should. The law in most of the Canadian Provinces is much better than in most of the States, giving also permanent protection.

The Bulletin in question is full of interesting information, and its authors have performed a good service to sportsmen.

Rocky Glen Park.

The Rocky Glen Park Company, of Scranton, Pa., are constructing near that city an extensive park in which is a large and beautiful lake. When completed the park will be a great addition to the beauties of Scranton.

In Central American Mountains.

PERHAPS in no other part of America is hunting attended with more excitement or exhilaration than in the picturesque Cordilleras of Central America. In these high tropical plateaus two conditions are found highly favorable to the enjoyment of the Nimrodian sport: abundance of game and an agreeable climate. The first is due to the naturally wild state of the country, not yet invaded by the pioneers of the ax or seekers of the yellow god; the second to the high altitude and resulting low temperature.

There, in the glory of undisturbed nature, among the giant oaks and crystal streams of virgin forests, can be found the fleet deer and the tapir, the wild boar and the agouti, the iron-clad armadillo and white-fleshed pac. The abundance of wild turkeys, golden-plumed pheasants, partridges, grouse and other innumerable specimens of the gallinacean tribes known only to these mountains, may well delight the heart of the most exacting sportsman. If he has a liking for a touch of danger mixed with the sport he need not go further, for felines of every kind and description, from the small wildcat to the treacherous jaguar, lurk on every side, and at any time are ready to drop on the shoulders of the unwary hunter. Or, if he is a lover of beautiful scenery, an admirer of artistic nature, the volcanoes of Guatemala, the lakes and islands of Nicaragua, and the mountains of Costa Rica, will afford him spectacles well worthy of description, and once seen are not forgotten.

It has been the privilege of the writer to witness the rising of the sun from the summit of the highest volcano in Costa Rica, 12,000 feet above sea level, and incidentally to behold that rare and remarkable spectacle, the sight of both oceans, Atlantic and Pacific, from the same spot and at the same time. To the north and to the south, as far as the eye could reach, the evergreen forests extended over hills and valleys like an enormous velvet mantle, broken here and there by glistening, snake-like water streams.

In these thick, wild forests, where the traveler may wander for days without ever seeing the sky above him, thousands of animals, small and large, pretty and hideous, inoffensive and destructive, fly, jump, climb, and dig, enjoying the liberty that was given to them ever since the beginning of things. Early in the morning and at the approach of night the woods seem fairly alive with their noisy occupants. From 5 to 6 o'clock in the morning an incessant racket is kept up. Small birds, with large yellow beaks, emit guttural and grotesque sounds, which, to the inexperienced woodsman, may seem to proceed from some huge carnivorous monster. Redheaded parrots, clad in bright green and gold, scream and screech from among the treetops. Monkeys of every kind, description and size call to each other from hill to hill in discordant tones, while grouse and partridge sing happily to the beginning of a new day. At night the noises are of a different nature, and not so pleasant; it is then that wildcats, pumas and jaguars proclaim their presence by an infernal roaring far into the night.

Countless species of frutal plants for the wild boars; high liana-entangled treetops for the monkeys, sloths, parrots and pheasants; soft, damp soil and roots for the cavies and other rodents to burrow; cavies and other rodents for the jaguars to devour; and broad tracks of thickly wooded, well watered land for all, contribute to make the Central American forests a paradise for its animated inhabitants, and an Eldorado for the hunter.—G. L. Michaud, Jr., in Springfield Republican.

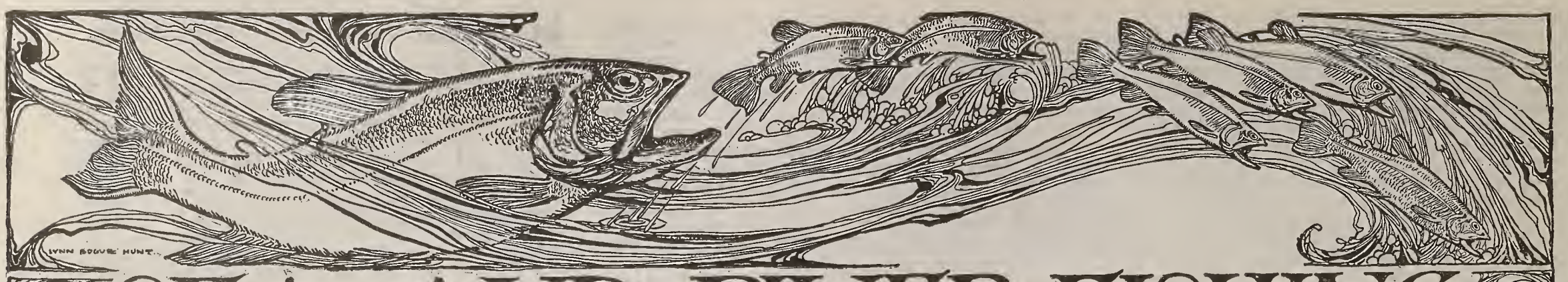
Experiments with Wild Birds.

PROF. W. E. D. SCOTT, of Princeton College, who has devoted much time to experimenting with the domestication of wild birds, and has raised large numbers of young ones, has within the last two or three years induced canary birds to incubate the eggs and rear the young of wild birds of the finch family. The eggs put under these canaries—which in all cases appear to have been excellent foster parents—were those of the song sparrow, field sparrow, cow bunting, chipping sparrow, savannah sparrow, and bobolink. In all he placed 41 different eggs of wild birds under the canaries, all of which were hatched; but of these 41 young, all except one died within a very short time, although at the time of hatching the young seemed strong and vigorous. Usually the bird died in from three days to a week. One or two which lived long enough to leave the nest seemed feeble, and unable to use their legs. The parent birds were devoted to the young, but all their attention was in vain. Mr. Scott calls attention to the remarkable fertility of the eggs with which he experimented, all of them hatching, something that does not happen with eggs laid by ordinary cage birds, or wild birds semi-domesticated. It seems altogether probable that the food given the young by these canaries was not suited to their well being, and Mr. Scott believes also that the character of the nest lining had something to do with the early death of the young.

Nebraska Chicken Season.

OMAHA, Neb., May 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is to be regretted that the next Legislature will surely advance the open prairie chicken season from October 1 to September. There has been a loud call for the change from the residents of the chicken country, and yet no change should be made. October 1 is plenty early enough to begin the killing of this royal bird. But the faction that wants September chicken shooting have the votes, and that settles it. The change will be made. Game legislation, like tariff legislation, is too often based on the selfish ends of the party in power. Sportsmen should have as little to do with it as possible. If they all thought alike, it would be different. What A. considers needful for his section, B. declares would not do at all for his. The growing scarcity of game and improvement in sportsmen's weapons have developed an alarming state of selfishness in lovers of field sports that is rapidly eliminating all semblance of the old-time camaraderie that existed in those good old days before a network of grotesque laws made shooting possible only to the few, and made poachers out of honest men.

SANDY GRISWOLD.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

The Pollution of the Potomac.

REPORT OF SECRETARY OREGON MILTON DENNIS.

THE dumping into the Potomac River of refuse from two pulp mills at Harper's Ferry, as told of in Mr. Henry Talbott's letter on this subject, published in FOREST AND STREAM May 14, appears to have ruined the bass fishing in that river. The matter is one of keen interest to all anglers, and especially to those in the States touching on the Potomac. We print below the report of Mr. Oregon Milton Dennis, secretary of the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association, made to the executive committee of that association at the Eutaw House, Baltimore, May 20, 1904:

I beg to report that by reason of the pollution of the Potomac River, which has entirely driven out the bass in that river, a conference was held at Harper's Ferry, at which Major R. Sylvester, game warden of the District of Columbia; Mr. Frank Lively, game warden of West Virginia; Dr. Walter A. Harban, and Dr. William P. Young, president and secretary of the District of Columbia Association; Dr. T. S. Palmer, Chief of the Biological Survey at Washington; Mr. John A. Avirett, game warden of the State of Maryland; Mr. Henry Talbott, and Oregon Milton Dennis, were present.

We found the condition of the Potomac River appalling, in that the shavings from two pulp mills at Harper's Ferry had been so long in the Potomac River that the places where the fish used to be found are now filled up with these shavings, and rocks in the river almost entirely covered.

As a result of this meeting, some decided action will now be taken.

At the conference, it developed that the Potomac was polluted from Harper's Ferry to the Great Falls; that part being entirely in Maryland, and consequently within the province of State Game Warden Avirett to take such steps as may be necessary to prevent its further pollution.

So far as West Virginia is concerned, Game Warden Lively, of that State, will have the entire backing of Maryland and the District of Columbia.

Half-hearted measures have been attempted during the past years to stop this pollution, and I now want this association to ratify the following resolution, which was passed at the conference at Harper's Ferry, to wit:

"At a meeting held at Harper's Ferry between the representatives of West Virginia, District of Columbia and Maryland, for the purpose of bringing about united action to prevent the further pollution of the Potomac River, which has resulted in the entire destruction of fish life therein, and the final driving out of said river of fish, it was

"Resolved by the representatives of the District of Columbia and Maryland, in the presence of the game wardens and officers of the District of Columbia and Maryland State Fish and Game Protective Associations, that we view with concern the interest displayed by the game warden of West Virginia in the protection of the fish life in the Potomac River, and to the end that we may be of material assistance to him in the prevention of the further pollution of the Potomac River by mills, etc., we hereby tender him our earnest support, both moral and legal, in the enforcement of the laws passed for the protection of the fish life in the said Potomac River and its tributaries."

I am informed by Warden Avirett that he will take immediate steps to stop the throwing of shavings by these pulp mills into the Potomac River.

So far as Maryland is concerned, we have ample laws to prevent this sort of thing, and I ask that this association will immediately inaugurate such steps to assist the game warden as will be necessary to effectually prevent these pulp mills from further damaging fish life in the Potomac.

This being the first meeting since the Legislature, I also want to say that a large number of bills were passed at that session, which will greatly aid us in the protection of fish and birds. Taking it altogether, a great stride was made toward the end we all so earnestly desire—the unification of the laws for the protection of fish and birds, and I think the time is not far distant when Maryland will not only have a uniform game law, but one of the best laws of all the States.

I also suggest that the association take immediate steps to inaugurate, through the public school system throughout the State, the education of the young for the protection of song birds, as suggested by Governor Warfield in his Arbor Day Proclamation, thus instilling in them that love for bird life which, as they grow older, will produce a class of men and women who will become natural protectors of the song birds, without the aid of laws and legislative enactment.

BRUNSWICK, Md., May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A friend has just handed me a copy of FOREST AND STREAM of May 14, and requested that I read the article entitled, "Fishing Up and Down the Potomac," by Henry Talbott.

Living, as I do, seven miles below the mills referred to, and spending more or less time on the river, I have an opportunity to know something of its condition.

Mr. Talbott is right. The river is filled with shavings, especially on the Virginia side, and no bass would deposit eggs in such places.

I wonder how many people ever had the opportunity or took time to note how bass build their nests?

They form the nest of a quantity of small, clean gravel, and placed in a pile. Then they deposit their eggs and stay near-by to protect them, and will strike at anything that happens to fall near.

Now, what I want to protest against is people who know this and make a practice of catching bass at this time with spoon. Once the nest is located, the rest is easy. They simply cast around it until they worry the bass into striking.

Report comes from Winerton that certain parties there have been catching bass for some time. The same thing goes on here, and there are dozens of outlines and set nets along the river. Yet no one says a word.

I don't care to defend the mill people, but if private citizens take no steps to protect the fish, I do not see that the mill people should be put to extra expense and inconvenience to do so. J. A. VAN PELT.

Nebraska Fish Notes.

OMAHA, Neb., May 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Large numbers of handsome rainbow trout were taken last season from the waters of the White River out in Sioux county, and the prospects for grand sport there the coming month are abundant and flattering. The cold depths of the White River are said to be swarming with trout, the outgrowth of the State Fish Commission's work in 1892, when the first batch of rainbow trout were planted in a small tributary of this stream on Russell's ranch near a small station called Glen. The deposit has thriven, the stream being well adapted for their growth and improvement. It is bountifully supplied with watercress, fresh water shrimp, and the aquatic insects on which the trout feed. That this particular stream teems with these matchless fish this year is a big feather in the hat of the ex-State Fish Commission. It reflects credit on their wisdom and judgment in selecting this isolated section for the propagation of these game fishes. Both this and last year the Commission planted a carload of yearling rainbow along the Elkhorn from Long Pine Creek to the headwaters of the White River. These 20,000 fish were donated to Nebraska by the National Fish Commission. Ex-Chairman Lew May is much elated over the success of the industry in northwestern Nebraska, and predicts the best results in the near future.

In these days of going fishing and planning for summer campaigns with the rod, substantial assistance may be found in the weekly fund of information given in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. Not a week goes by in the season that there are not accounts of successful excursions to waters abounding in bass or trout or other fish, until the grand old journal has become a sort of anglers' directory. To make this feature more valuable is certainly its editor's constant aim, and the accomplishment rests largely with its angling readers. While no one is called upon to abandon to the public his jealously guarded secret of good fishing in waters likely to suffer from publicity, every member of the fraternity owes it to his brethren to tell of lake and streams and bays where the fishing may be of scope and quality so generous as not to suffer even if others do know it. Send in your contribution to the common fund. No one has a right to keep a good thing to himself when it may be unharmfully shared with others. If this is not true doctrine for a true fisherman, where is the fallacy?

L. H. Woods and John J. Hardin returned home Monday, after spending two days pulling the untutored members of the finny tribe from the waters of Big Lake at Bigelow, Mo. They report the lake as an ideal fishing resort this season, filled to the brim with bass, croppy, perch and catfish, all ready to bite with the proper encouragement. The bass season opened there about two weeks ago, and several fine catches, ranging up to 12 pounds in weight, had already been recorded this season. The lake is ninety miles down from Council Bluffs on the Burlington's St. Joe line, and is four miles out from the station of Bigelow, from which a 50-cent 'bus line is run. The lake itself is a deep, clean body of water, crescent-shaped, about a half-mile wide, and five miles long, and has not suffered from the depredations of seiners since the last crop of fish came in from the last overflow of the Missouri and Tarkio rivers. Two fishermen's hotels, each with a farmhouse bill of fare, are situated on the banks, and each is plentifully supplied with boats and common fishing tackle, while one has a small steamer that is often used to tow the small boats against the breeze on windy days. This place possesses the advantage over Phelps and Langdon that turtles and gars are not present to provoke profanity. So far, the resort has been mostly patronized by Kansas City and St. Joseph lovers of the sport, though the finest catch of the season was made Sunday by Mr. Hardin, a 6¾-pound big-mouth.

Peter Matza, of this city, has invented and patented a fishing and hunting bonnet, as well as for general practical usage, for protection against flies, gnats, mosquitoes and bugs, that is certain to bring him fame among the ramblers of the woods and waters. The bonnet, Shaker-shaped, is constructed of fine wire, which in no way interferes with the vision or respiration, with the base or back of the hood of silk, and with a silk collaret dropping over the shoulders. It is a good thing without a doubt, and will become popular when once known.

While fishing for ring perch Sunday with W. A. Pixley up in Big Blue Lake, many unusual little bits presented themselves for the camera. Pixley is one of the best amateur photographers in the country, but on this occasion, much to his regret, he had left his instrument in Omaha. Pixley says that after a man once begins to make nature pictures that he becomes more a lover of the camera than he does of the rod and gun. He avers that the game he secures with his camera is far more satisfactory than the game secured with the hammerless and the hook, and he is a crack shot, and an ardent angler at that. He advises all young hunters to include a camera in their outing outfit—that it cannot be complete without it.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Fish and Fishing.

The Value of the Sturgeon.

CANADIANS are at last waking up to the value of the sturgeon fisheries, which they have for so long permitted to be ruthlessly despoiled. For many years any implement of capture could be employed. The result has been that, while a few years ago the fish were so plentiful as to be practically of no market value, they have now decreased so rapidly that they have become the highest priced of our commercial fishes. The average wholesale price obtained for the flesh of the sturgeon shipped to New York is now about 15 cents, while the roe of the fish brings, in the same market, from 80 cents to $1 per pound. The finest caviar in Canada comes from the Lake of the Woods, in Ontario, the roe of the sturgeon in those waters being, as a rule, larger than that of the sturgeon of the Great Lakes.

The largest specimen reported to have been caught in Canada during the last year was that taken by a Lake Erie fisherman, which turned the scale at 190 pounds. It yielded 40 pounds of roe, and for the meat and roe, the fisherman received the sum of $50, which, as he said, was the price of a good cow. But the value of the sturgeon does not end with the meat and the roe, for there is another and a very valuable product manufactured from the bladder, namely, isinglass, used by brewers for clarifying purposes. In Canada, it is simply the custom to save and dry the bladders, for which 40 cents per pound are realized. They are then exported to the United States, manufactured and resold in this country at from $1 to $1.25 per pound.

The Destructiveness of Carp.

Evidence of the destruction wrought by carp is rapidly accumulating. Apparently, too, it is badly needed, for the fish has its advocates, because of the profit made out of it by some of the commercial fishermen, who have recently disposed of large quantities of it at 6 cents per pound, which is said to leave a handsome profit. Its friends now claim that its edible qualities have been very much underrated, and say that, if salted for a few hours before being made ready for eating, it will lose much of its muddy flavor, and be found to be a palatable fish. As Mr. S. T. Bastedo, Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries for Ontario, declares, it would be nothing short of a calamity if these fish should be introduced into our beautiful inland lakes. Some time ago reference was made in this column to the fact that carp are supposed to destroy the plantations of wild rice which are so essential to the maintenance of good feeding grounds for wild ducks, by disturbing the roots of the plant. It has now been ascertained, however, by the Ontario fishery authorities that the damage to the wild rice fields is not only due to this cause, but that these fish, being granivorous as well as herbivorous in their habits, pick up and eat the ripened grain in the water, thus causing the loss of the seed. When the stomach of one caught upon the St. Clair Flats was opened last autumn, it was found to contain at least a double handful of rice, while as an illustration of their destructiveness upon the spawn of other fish it may be mentioned that a gallon of spawn which had been devoured was taken from an 18-pounder—a weight which the carp frequently attains.

Distribution of Salmon and Grayling.

A number of reports have been current within the last year or two, to the effect that salmon have been taken in the nets of commercial fishermen in the waters of the Upper St. Lawrence. There is, of course, no reason why this should not be so, seeing that in former years this fish ascended in large numbers as far as Lake Ontario, to spawn in some of its tributary waters; but unfortunately none of the supposed specimens of salmon so caught were seen by or forwarded to people familiar with *Salmo salar*. Blunders may have been made by those responsible for the reports, in consequence of the great confusion arising from the local misapplication of the vernacular names of fishes. To this cause may perhaps be attributed the stories of the recent discovery of the grayling in certain waters in northern Ontario. At all events, they have not yet been verified, and Sir John Richardson, in "Fauna Boreali Americana," states that it abounds in the rocky streams that flow through the primitive country lying north of the 62d parallel of latitude, and does not record that he found it further south. Further west, however, it certainly is found very much further south.

Returning Fish to the Water.

It is often urged by fishermen who insist upon keeping all the fish they catch, that many varieties, and particularly the black bass, will not survive being caught by hook and line and returned to water. This contention is satisfactorily disposed of by Mr. Bastedo, Deputy Fish Commissioner of Ontario, who shows that the bass is a very hardy fish, and that in 99 cases out of 100 will live, if returned to the water immediately after having been taken on a fly. In proof of this, he recalls the fact that the first bass deposited by the Province some years ago, were caught by hook and line, and with but little mortality as a result. Last year, too, one of the State Commissions purchased 500 bass, all caught by angling, and not a single fish, it is said, died. The danger is in the handling of the fish when it is taken from the hook, or when severely wounded in the throat or gills. The Ontario authorities are face to face with the necessity of taking some action to preserve many of their fishing waters from depletion. The increase of visiting anglers has been so great during the last few years that a marked decrease in the fish supply is noticeable, and though the planting of bass is being carried on upon a limited scale, it is feared that, unless anglers agree to return to the water such fish as are undersized or unrequired for consumption, it may be deemed necessary to close certain waters to the public for a time.

Change in the Salmon Law.

While no change is to be made this year by the Legislature of Quebec in the fishery laws, the Federal Government has just made a new regulation concerning salmon fishing, which affects the rivers of the Province. By the new provision it is lawful to fish with rod and line for salmon until Aug. 31, in the rivers of the north shore east of the Natashquan. In all the other salmon waters of the Province the fly-fishing closes, as before, on Aug. 15. The change has been made in the case of the far eastern rivers of the north shore because of the general lateness of the season there. It is gratifying to note that no netting of salmon is to be allowed after Aug. 1.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

About the Carp.

COSPERVILLE, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What can we do immediately to stop the rapidly approaching total destruction of our small and game fish of the lakes in Indiana caused by the greatly increasing number of carp and dogfish?

About twelve or fifteen years ago the private fish-pond idea swept over us, and unfortunately the Government advised the stocking of these ponds with German carp, and even furnished the fish to do it. At first the people were pleased with the fish, and a large carp was considered a prize. As time rolled on, the people seemed to lose their great appetite for carp, until at present they rank but little, if any, above the dogfish. When the truth was learned, people opened the floodgates of their ponds and drained them either into the main waters or into tributaries leading thereto. The result of these careless, unthoughtful acts was to completely stock our lakes with carp. I personally know of seven such cases in my own vicinity.

I venture to declare that at present there are more pounds of carp in our lakes than all other fish combined. I have grown up by the side of our lakes, and have observed with regret the change that is surely and rapidly being wrought by this worthless destroyer. In some of our lakes carp beds exist which are many square rods in extent, and poor luck, indeed, awaits the fisherman who drops anchor here. All the people are talking about the matter, and all foresee the end, but none are active.

Our waters furnish fair bass fishing in sections, but bass absolutely will not stay where carp have taken possession, therefore they have naturally crowded together in these sections and furnish fair fishing; but on the whole the bass are certainly decreasing in number.

As carp will seldom take a bait, all fish that are caught are small and game fish, thus leaving the carp to increase indefinitely. They are even protected by law, as they cannot be successfully taken except by spear or net, and the use of these is strictly forbidden. In the last season less than one dozen carp were taken from our waters by bait and hook.

I understood a year ago that the authorities were considering seining our lakes, but nothing was done. I learn through FOREST AND STREAM that considerable seining was done in Illinois last year, to good advantage. Of course honest men, who have the true interest at heart, should do the work, else fine specimens of game fish which are caught in the seines may never find their way back to the water. I am not posted on our laws as to seining in such cases, but where there is a will there is a way. I see an account where in one of our Western States the fish commissioner simply took the matter into his own hands and licensed individuals to use the spear, and also hired men to use the seine, and by so doing it was said of him that "the right man had been found for fish commissioner."

Turn the spear loose on the carp and dogfish, and, for that matter, on the sucker also, as the almost total extermination of the noble pike is laid at the door of the bony sucker. Of course, occassionally a game fish may suffer by being mistaken for a carp, but this should not occur often, and in case it does occur, they should be thrown back, even though they are sure to die. This will take away all incentive toward making such mistakes "accidentally-a-purpose." But we had better sacrifice a few mature fish to get rid of the spawn destroyer. Further, employ men to seine the lakes and allow them to market the carp, if they can find a market for them. If there is no fund to carry on the work, a small appropriation should be made, but at least do not protect the carp by law. An overseer should be appointed to look after the spearing.

I should like to engage in correspondence with you regarding this matter, as I am aware of the great necessity of taking active steps in this matter, and I sincerely hope that some arrangements will be made soon to do something about it. I am willing and anxious to assist in any way possible, and would even be willing to go out and help with the work myself.

JOHN W. ZIMMERMAN.

Erie Fish Hatchery.

THE largest fish hatchery in the State, and, to gauge by results, one of the best in any State, is the one located here in Erie. Its total output for this year will be at least one hundred millions, a good part of which goes into Lake Erie. They are needed there, as the spring fishing by seiners is the worst for a number of years; in fact, most of the commercial fishermen have pulled up their nets and quit for a month or two.

The superintendent of this hatchery of ours, Mr. A. G. Buller, has been kept very busy all spring, but is nearly through now. It must be said to his credit, though, that he is never too busy to answer all the questions he is asked. In that respect, he differs from some of our officials. He is winding up the season now with yellow pike, "wall-eye," we call them, about half a million of them will go into the Allegheny River, where they will find themselves at home. Lake Erie will get the most of them, though, and Conneaut Lake gets some. Yellow perch is another fish he is hatching out in large numbers, several millions. He has hatched out a lot of blue pike, but hopes to get more of them yet.

A smaller hatchery down at Corry, Erie county, takes care of the trout fry. Buller has none of these.

Superintendent Buller advances the idea that the cisco of the lake here is a cross between the herring and whitefish. There may be something in that; the cisco looks as if it was. How is it?

In addition to all the fish that he has hatched out, he has ten millions of frogs in process of hatching. Frogs are protected in this State now. It is time that they were. They are getting to be very scarce here.

CABIA BLANCO.

[There are a variety of ciscos (*Coregonus*), but the true whitefish occurs with you.]

The Kennel.

Rabies.

From Hill's "The Dog, Its Management and Diseases."

(*Continued from page* 442.)

The voice at this time becomes strangely altered. It is hardly possible to describe it, though when once heard it can never be forgotten. It is a kind of blending between a bark and a howl, having a croupy sound, and most frequently is heard at night.

A thoroughly savage and morose disposition becomes at this period firmly established. Any article presented will be seized and ferociously mangled. The poor creature, in its paroxysms, is regardless of pain; the lips are wounded, and even the teeth broken, in its frantic efforts to avenge some imagined injury or offense.[5]

During and immediately after the paroxysm, the breathing is short and painful, and the animal looks an exhausted object, as if suffering from the effects of a hard-fought sanguinary battle.

As the malady proceeds toward its last stage, the head frequently becomes swollen, particularly about the eyes, which assume a brilliant lustrous appearance, and the conjunctival membrane is deeply injected. An anxious, haggard countenance is present throughout.

The animal may gradually sink into a state of stupor, or die in a paroxysm of rage. Paralysis is sometimes associated with the disease from its commencement, and is rarely absent toward its termination. Emaciation is rapid under all circumstances.

One marked symptom in rabies, as opposed to all other nervous affections, is the magical influence of voices the animal is accustomed to. Even in moments of frenzy the call of one the poor sufferer knows is instantly recognized, and for a brief period produces an appearance of sanity.

It has been stated by a professed authority—Grantley F. Berkeley—that "Dogs become utterly insane through distemper, and are for a time mad to all intents and purposes." "If you prevent distemper in dogs 'by vaccination' (?) well performed, you decrease the madness in dogs, which in numberless cases arises from the effects of the 'common distemper,' but which is often vulgarly termed 'hydrophobia.'"[6] (I presume *rabies canina* is meant.)

[5] These fits of fury are not always attendant on rabies, if the animal be left to itself; but nervous excitability appears to be predominant more or less throughout the disease.

[6] From letter in the Morning Post, dated Sept. 11, 1887.

Any such marked insanity in distemper it has never yet been the lot of the author to observe, nor, as far as he can gather, has it been noted by any other veterinarian. Rabies and distemper are, in fact, as widely different in character and pathology as it is possible for two canine maladies to be. Those nervous symptoms which are frequently present in the subacute stages of distemper do not bear the slightest analogy to "rabid insanity," and only those inexperienced in the latter disease could mistake them.

An unusual affection has been described as another symptom, and whether the unfortunate creature being aware of its hopeless condition accounts for it, is only surmise. Certain it is such a manifestation is—especially in the earlier stages—very frequent.

Another symptom worthy of note and exceedingly characteristic, is the appetite. This invariably assumes a morbid character. Portions of wood, stones, earth, hair, excrement, and other filth are devoured, while the ordinary meal remains untouched.[7]

The vomiting of blood in the early stage of the malady, described by some authors, is not by any means an invariable symptom of rabies. The sanguinary tinge of the vomit more frequently proceeds from wounds of the tongue or mouth than from any morbid condition of the stomach.

Lastly, when a dog unconfined becomes rabid, there is much that is characteristic in his mode of traveling. His gait may be termed as rambling, or jog-trot. The head is carried low, the tongue protrudes from the side of the mouth, or hangs pendent in front, swollen and covered with dirt. It is rare he turns from his path to attack anything (unless it be an animal of the same species, to which they invariably show the greatest animosity), but woe betide anyone who attempts to stay his onward course. This pace is continued with little intermission until exhaustion overtakes him, or it may be a fit, when he creeps into an obscure place, and lies in a fatigued or comatose state for hours.

Such, then, as I have endeavored clearly to describe them, are the leading symptoms of this horrible malady.

Tranquil or Dumb Madness.—The general symptoms in this form of rabies are much the same as in the preceding, with the exception of absence of voice, modification of nervous excitability, and paralysis of the muscles of the lower jaw. The latter is a curious and characteristic feature in this type of the malady. As I observed in Land and Water with regard to the Albrighton hounds, "No particular period can be given at which this symptom is observed. One at feeding time had refused its food, and in three hours after its jaw had dropped; another apparently well at night was found similarly affected the following morning, and, in fact, in many of them this paralysis was noticed before any other symptom."

Frequently in packs of hounds the two forms of rabies exhibit themselves simultaneously, and as inoculation from glanders produces farcy, and vice versa, so ferocious madness may give rise to the dumb or furious form.

Maternal affection is not interfered with.[8]

Post-mortem Appearances.—These differ considerably: two in all particulars scarcely ever being alike. Indeed, the pathological anatomy of rabies appears to be as varied as it is obscure. The following may be taken as some of the chief conditions usually seen, but rarely combined:

Congestion of the brain, occasionally extending to the spinal cord.

Serous effusion within the membranes of both.

Hæmorrhage into the substance of the brain.

Inflammation of the fauces, glottis, upper portion of the trachea and glands of the throat, with enlargement of the latter. These structures are more particularly implicated in dumb madness.

Lungs frequently gorged with blood, especially if the animal has died from asphyxia.

Foreign matters in the posterior part of the mouth, in the stomach and intestines, as hair, straw, wood, earth, etc.

Or the absence of either, and the presence of blood, mucus or brown, coffee-colored fluid in the stomach.

Patches of inflammation in the lining membrane of the stomach and bowels.

Enlargement and inflammation of the mesenteric glands.

Enlargement and engorgement of the spleen and liver.

The appearances in the brain, throat, and digestive organs form the most confirmatory evidence of rabies.

From the excellent and valuable annual report of the cases brought for observation on treatment to the Vienna Imperial Veterinary Institute, and published in the Œsterreichische Vierteljahresschrift für Wissenschaftliche Veterinarkunde, for 1875,[9] we observe that in the session of 1873-4 there were no fewer than 125 dogs admitted as rabid, or suspected of being affected with rabies. Though some of the pathological alterations were so frequent that they could be accurately grouped, yet others were so inconstant that there could not be said to be any certain indication of the presence of the disease. In some were found alterations in the brain; in others, changes in the blood, lymphatic glands, and kid-

[7] Devouring the excrement has wrongly been described as an infallible sign of rabies. I say wrongly, because dogs in robust health will occasionally contract this disgusting habit, puppies in particular. Therefore, it is only to be taken cognizance of in connection with the other symptoms. Again, morbid appetites are often associated with some perculiar condition of the sympathetic nervous system, independent of rabies. This is especially to be observed in pregnacy. Strange and impossible gratification of fancies and desires fill the human mind, and the same idiosyncrasy exists in the lower animals. In-calf cows often devour leather, linen and other strange substances. Looking at it from another point of view, rabies coming under the class of nervous diseases, we should not be surprised at similar morbid appetites being present.

[8] "The maternal affection for its young remains as strong in the rabid as it is in the healthy dog. M. Defays, a professor at the Brussels Veterinary School, gives an instance of a bitch that had three puppies, and two days afterward suddenly exhibited all the symptoms of rabies. Notwithstanding the severe attacks of the malady, the poor creature continued to suckle its young, and ran anxiously to them when they emitted the slightest cry; not being able to swallow any fluid, however, the secretion of milk was suspended, and the puppies died.

"But this event did not alter its desire to be near, and to fondle them, and to cover them over with straw, as if to hide them; it was only when complete paralysis had supervened that the unfortunate animal ceased to occupy itself with its dead offspring" —"Annales de Méd. Vétérinaire," Brussels, October, 1871. (Fleming.)

[9] From the Veterinary Journal, October, 1876.

neys; and in others, morbid manifestations in the digestive organs were met with. The malady prevailed as an epizooty, and animals of both sexes, various ages and breeds, when or whether bitten often unknown, were at different times brought to the Institute. Frequently little could be learned with regard to the animals which were brought dead, and even their condition previous to death could rarely be ascertained. With regard to the value of some pathological alterations in forming a judgment as to the presence of the disease, the following epitome is given of the result of the necroscopical examinations made of these animals:

a. Alterations in the brain. 1. Hæmorrhage into the subcutaneous tissue of the cranium of a suspected dog. 2. Hæmorrhage into the *durat mater* of two rabid and one suspected animals. 3. Injection of the *pia mater* and *plexus chorides* in 28 rabid and 2 suspected. 4. Hyperæmia of the brain in 2 rabid. 5. Softening of the brain in various degrees—from mere shining softness (*glazend und weicher sein*) to complete pulpy liquefaction—in 35 rabid and 2 suspected animals. Of these the whole brain was generally involved in 3 rabid cases; the cerebellum in 3 rabid, and 2 suspected; the upper surface and base of the brain in 1 rabid animal. 6. Distension of the lateral ventricles, through a collection of serum therein, in 10 rabid animals, 1 of which had the right ventricle unusually dilated, while the left was normal.

b. Alterations in the circulatory apparatus and the blood. 1. Pericarditis in 1 suspected dog. 2. Capillary hæmorrhage into the pericardium in 2 rabid cases. 3. Hæmorrhage beneath the endocardium in 1 rabid case. 4. Alterations in the blood alone in 83 rabid, and 28 suspected animals. The blood was of a light-red color in 13 rabid and 1 suspected; fluid in the heart in 2 rabid, slightly coagulated in 5 rabid, and with a dense whitish fibrinous clot in 6 rabid and 1 suspected dogs. The blood was dark red to black red (*schwarzroth*) in 70 rabid and 27 suspected. (*a*) In the heart it was quite fluid in 11 rabid and 4 suspected. (*b*) Slightly coagulated in 21 rabid and 11 suspected. (*c*) With a soft fibrinous clot in 9 rabid; and (*d*) it had a dense gray clot in 29 rabid and 7 suspected animals. Bacteria (*Stäbchen*) in the blood were in some cases numerous, in others few; in none were they very abundant. Anæmia was present in 4 rabid animals.

c. Alterations in the spleen and mesenteric glands were noted in 68 rabid and 11 suspected animals. 1. Lymphatic nodules in the spleen alone in 1 rabid creature. 2. Enlargement of the spleen alone in 25 rabid and 3 suspected. 3. Tumefaction of the mesenteric glands alone in 21 rabid and 6 suspected. 4. Enlargement of the spleen and mesenteric glands in 21 rabid and 2 suspected dogs.

d. Alterations in the respiratory apparatus in 86 rabid and 16 suspected animals. 1. Marked pallor of the mucous membrane of the larynx and trachea in 2 rabid and 1 suspected animals. 2. Intense injection of the same in 51 rabid and 8 suspected creatures. 3. General dark discoloration of the pharyngeal, laryngeal, and partially of the respiratory mucous membrane in 2 rabid and 1 suspected animals. 4. Capillary hæmorrhage at the entrance to the larynx in 1 rabid. 5. Capillary hæmorrhage in the laryngeal mucous membrane in 1 rabid. 6. Capillary hæmorrhage in the *pleura pulmonalis* in 1 suspected. 7. Bronchial catarrh in 3 rabid. 8. Pulmonary œdema in 11 rabid and 4 suspected. 9. Pneumonia at the border of some lobules—seldom involving entire lobes; and 10. Hæmorrhage into the thoracic cavity from gunshot wounds in 2 suspected cases.

e. Alterations in the digestive organs. 1. Injuries to the tongue in 1 rabid dog. 2. Foreign bodies in the mouth and throat of 1 rabid and one suspected. 3. Stomach empty in 19 rabid and 1 suspected. 4. Foreign matter in the stomach—hair, wood, straw, grass, leaves, soil, cherry-stones (and in one case a living horse-fly attached to the mucous membrane)—in 56 rabid and 21 suspected. 5. Foreign matter besides hair in intestines in 6 rabid and 3 suspected. 6. Blood in the stomach in 2 rabid. 7. Injection of the serous membrane of the stomach only in 43 rabid and 2 suspected. 8. Injection of serous membrane of the stomach and intestines in 3 rabid and 3 suspected. 9. Pallor of the gastric mucous membrane in 1 rabid. 10. General redness of the same in 6 rabid. 11. Patchy redness of the same in 2 rabid. 12. Hæmorrhagic crosions and ulcers in the same in 40 rabid. 13. Marked yellowness of the intestinal mucous membrane and contents of same in 4 rabid. 14. General redness, with tumefaction of the intestinal mucous membrane and tape-worm, in 58 rabid and 17 suspected. 15. Patchy redness of the mucous membrane of the small intestines, particularly involving Peyer's patches, in 27 rabid and 9 suspected. 16. Diverticular formations in 1 rabid animal.

f. Alterations in the urinary and generative organs. 1. Nephritis in one rabid and 1 suspected; 2. Cystitis and nephritis in 1 rabid; 3. Pregnancy, about three weeks, in a rabid bitch.

g. Alterations in the locomotory apparatus probably due to injury to the head, were discovered in 3 rabid and 13 suspected dogs.

In the Bericht über das Veterinärwesen in Sachsen, for 1874, Professor Siedamgrotzky has a paper on the pathological anatomy of rabies.[10] He remarks that the peculiar expression of the rabid dog's physiognomy has long been recognized as an essential part of the diagnosis, and that this characteristic indication is largely due to the dull, heavy eyes, which are so commonly partially covered by the membrana nictitans in rabies. Besides, the malady has a tendency to be accompanied by catarrh of the conjunctivæ, indicated by a collection of mucus in the inner canthus of the eye. Beyond this, there sometimes suddenly appear circumscribed opacities of the cornea, with breaking up of the texture in the center of these, and so leading to the formation of ulcers. This ulceration progresses so rapidly that in some cases the substance of the cornea is perforated within two days. These corneal ulcerations are not, however, very common; Siedamgrotzky had only observed them in six cases, in which two or three ulcers appeared in both eyes. They are not an accompaniment of only one form of rabies, but appear in both—dumb as well as furious. On a post-mortem examination, it is found that the ulcer has penetrated the cornea, in a conical manner, and that nothing but a thin layer of fibrin, or a blood coagulum in the anterior chamber, has prevented the escape of the entire contents of the organ. Examined microscopically, the corneal ulcer offers no essential difference from that witnessed in distemper: moderate cell-heaping in the vicinity of the ulcer, fatty degeneration of the corneal elements, and opening out of the interstitial substance; but nothing otherwise characteristic.

Siedamgrotzky at first believed that the alteration was produced by mechanical causes, but from close observation he is satisfied that it may appear in the quietest animals whose eyes have not been exposed to external injury. It is therefore not unlikely that an interruption in the nutrition is the cause; though not a general alteration in the nutritive function, but perhaps rather due originally to an alteration in the trophic nerves of the eye.

This explanation, of course, cannot be experimentally proved; but that it has some foundation in fact may be deduced by reference to the extensive derangement in the other nerve regions, particularly in the branch of the fifth pair supplying the lower jaw.

Alterations in the ophthalmic branch are likewise few when those of the maxillary are so—proving, apparently, that the lesion is central.

According to Professor Benedikt (Wiener Med. Presse, No. 74),[11] the disease is a special acute exudative inflammation of the brain, resulting in various forms of hyaloid degeneration, which is particularly observed in the neighborhood of the lenticular nucleus of the anterior lobe—often in this alone. Siedamgrotzky states that he has, in his examinations, been particularly careful to inquire into the correctness of this; and in some cases of "dumb madness" there was certainly a marked inflammatory condition of a portion of the brain about the fissure of Sylvius.

In the "Giornale di Anatomia," etc., edited by the veterinary professors at the University of Pisa, Rivolta gives the description of a careful examination he made of the brains of seven dogs which had perished from furious rabies transmitted to them by inoculation. The result goes to show that the pathological alterations in that organ consist mainly in more or less marked hyperæmia of the pia mater in the cerebral fissures, but especially at the base of the brain, and this hyperæmia is never absent from the cerebral plexus choroides; that softening of the cerebral substance is not frequent, though, on the contrary, the gray substance is constantly higher colored; and that perivascular infiltration of a fatty nature cannot be recognized as characteristic of this disease, as Rivolta has noticed it in other maladies.

In the "Centralblatt für die Medicin-Wissenschaften," Kolesemkoff reports the results of the examination of ten mad dogs made in Rudneff's pathological laboratory at St. Petersburg. The parts examined were the cerebral hemispheres, the corpora striata, thalami optici, cornua ammonis, cerebellum, medulla oblongata, medulla spinalis, and the sympathetic and spinal ganglia. The changes were always most marked in the ganglia, and were as follows: 1. The vessels were much distended and filled with red corpuscles. Here and there along their course were seen groups of red corpuscles, and round indifferent elements (probably emigrated white corpuscles) scattered in the perivascular spaces. The walls of the vessels were spotted with hyaloid masses of various forms, sometimes extending and obstructing the lumen of the vessel-like thrombi. Not far from these were collections of white and red corpuscles. 2. There was found to be a collection of round, indifferent elements in general around the nerve cells, sometimes penetrating into the protoplasm of the cells to the number of five or eight; sometimes in such number as quite to displace the cell protoplasm. The number of migrated cells produced various changes in the form of the nerve elements. The nuclei of the cells were sometimes pushed forward towards the periphery by the intrusive elements. In other cases the nerve cells seemed entirely replaced by masses of round, indifferent corpuscles. These changes were seen even in isolated nerve cells. The author points out the analogy of these changes to those described by Popoff in enteric fever and injuries.

With regard to the innocuousness of the milk derived from rabid animals, there is a conflict of opinion. Cases, however, are on record both of human beings and the offspring of animals becoming affected through partaking of milk secreted by hydrophobic and rabid subjects; but many of these cases, it must be confessed, are involved in doubt.

Mr. Fleming, in his work on "Rabies and Hydrophobia," observes: "The influence of the milk obtained from animals supposed to be infected with rabies has received much attention, and, as in the case of the flesh, the facts relating to its virulence are negative and positive. Among the negative facts, however, those must be distinguished which have reference to the milk derived from animals only bitten by mad dogs, and those really affected with the disease.

"Andray reports that peasants affected have used, for more than a month, the milk of a cow which was wounded by a mad dog, without experiencing any inconvenience.[12]

"An infant fed on the milk of a goat until the day the animal became mad, remained in perfect health. And, what is more striking, another child drank the warm milk drawn from a rabid cow, and no ill effects followed. The veterinarian, Gellé, has stated that he was commissioned by the Préfet of the Haute-Garonne to inquire into an occurrence reported from the commune of Gagnac, near Toulouse, in which several persons had drunk the milk of a rabid cow every day from the commencement until the fatal termination of the disease. Though some of them were plunged into the greatest terror, none were affected with the disease.

"The experiments made by Baumgarten and Valentin concord with the observations made by Gillé; they are also confirmed by the researches instituted by Baudot, who, a great number of times, noted that neither the milk nor butter obtained from rabid cows produced unpleasant effects on whole families who had consumed these articles of food.[13]

"At the Alfort Veterinary School, a ewe which had been wounded by a rabid dog was soon after delivered of twin lambs, which of course it suckled. Twenty-one days after the infliction of the bite the ewe became rabid, and died, but the lambs did not manifest any signs of the disease.

"The only positive statement I can meet with as to the milk of a mad dog producing rabies, are the following: Scranus of Ephesus, the most distinguished disciple of the Methodic School of Medicine, averred that infants at the breast are sometimes attacked with hydrophobia.[14] Balthazar Timæus speaks of a peasant, with his wife and children, as well as several other persons, becoming rabid through drinking the milk of an affected cow. Eleven of these died; but the peasant and his eldest child were restored by medical treatment—a circumstance which might tend to throw some doubt on the occurrence. Faber mentions instances in which the milk has proved injurious. An observation made by M. Dussort, and quoted by Roucher, offers a very probable instance of transmission by the milk of a hydrophobic patient. This was the case of a negress in Algeria, whose child died presenting symptoms similar to those of the mother before she perished. In the same country, however, M. Hugo relates the case of a rabid bitch, whose puppies were suckled by her and remained in good health. But, again, an instance is given in Cassell's Magazine for July, 1871, in which the puppies suckled by a mad bitch also became rabid."[15]

Treatment.—After what I have already said, it is almost needless to add that I believe treatment, according to past and so far as present experiments have gone, to be of no earthly use: and no man having any regard for his life, however valuable that of his dogs may be, would, I imagine, risk it in administering all the talked-of remedies that have from time to time cropped up.

Prevention is at all times better than cure, and when rabies makes its appearance in a kennel, isolation of the apparently healthy or unbitten ones I strongly recommend, until a sufficient period has elapsed to prove they have escaped inoculation. With regard to ourselves, all dog bites, as a precautionary measure, should be treated as if they were inflicted by a rabid animal—i. e., by immediate suction, followed by the application of the actual cautery nitric acid, or pure carbolic acid. When rabies is suspected, the suction should be directly followed by complete excision of the wound, performed as quickly as possible; after which, without loss of time, the cautery or acid should be freely used. Compression above the wound, especially in the first instance, is also valuable.

Failing the adoption of these measures or even accompanying them, the Russian or Turkish bath should, if possible, be immediately had recourse to, and in the absence of such measure, free and intense perspiration should be promoted by other means, such being the most efficacious treatment at present known. Whatever contrary opinions may be expressed, the remedy, if considered useless, is harmless, i. e., the bath cannot produce hydrophobia or rabbit paralysis; whereas Pasteur's system of inoculation can, and, unfortunately, has done.

I also advise a powerful stimulant before taking the bath, and subsequently full doses of chlorate of potash and iron.

The same measures, excepting the baths and the suction, which might be done with a cupping glass, will apply to a dog bitten under suspicious circumstances.

An antiquated idea, which, unfortunately, still prevails, is that the danger arising from the bite of a dog supposed to be mad can only be averted by the death of the animal. This is an egregious mistake. A dog must be infected with rabies before it can produce "hydrophobia." Again, if a dog, after biting a person, is at once destroyed before being examined by a qualified canine veterinary surgeon, the mind of the wounded individual may be in a state of continual disquietude, from the oft-recurring thought that the dog may have been mad, and this painful and haunting uncertainty acting upon a highly nervous temperament is not unfrequently productive of a fatal issue from hysteria and nervous exhaustion, so often wrongly reported as "hydrophobia." My advice has always been to let a dog which has been guilty of biting be fully secured until the maximum period of incubation has passed; then, if he is in perfect health, or free from rabid symptoms, the mind of the injured person will be relieved, and the animal, if still desired, can then be destroyed—not with the policeman's truncheon, but with chloroform. In a few instances when I have appeared in court to plead this arrangement, and even volunteered to take personal charge of the dog, I have met with opposition, and unnecessary terror and anxiety to the bitten individual has been the consequence, but a sensible magistrate will always see the wisdom and humanity of granting such an application, and even advocating it to the injured person.

There is no such disorder as "epileptic rabies," which was alleged, during the recent London scare, to exist. Such an allegation is not only misleading, but purely imaginary on the part of the originator. Canine rabies is a specific disease and has no concomitant malady.

[10] From the Veterinary Journal, October, 1876.

[11] From the Veterinary Journal, October, 1876.

[12] "Recherches sur la Rage," Paris, 1781.

[13] "Mémoires de la Soc. Royale de Médecine," Vol. II., p. 911.

[14] Cæl. Aurelianus, Op. cit., lib. iii., cap. 2.

[15] "A friend of mine once owned a favorite terrier, which had recently littered five puppies, and as she was kept constantly in his garden, she could not possibly have been bitten for some considerable time. But she suddenly displayed unmistakable symptoms of madness, and ran up and down the garden, with the saliva flying from her jaws, and her head twitching from side to side, as the heads of all mad dogs do. * * * But, even in her frenzy, her maternal instinct was too strong, and she ran back to her kennel, and began suckling her puppies. * * * Here is the strangest part of the story, and to me it seems very pathetic; all her little puppies were raving mad., too, and the foam hung in flakes about their mouths, and their poor little heads twitched, just as the mother's had done. They had sucked in madness with the milk, for she had not bitten any of them. This was, in my experience at least, a new feature in the history of hydrophobia."

Points and Flushes.

Entries to the Manitoba Field Trials Club Derby are announced to close on July 1. This stake is for setters and pointers whelped on or after January 1, 1903. Forfeit, $5; $10 to start. Purse, $400; 1st, $175; 2d, $100; 3d, $75; 4th, $50. Entries of the All-Age Stake close August 1. Forfeit, $5; $1,000 for starters. Nominations for the Champion Stake must be on or before August 1. The Honorable Secretary is Mr. Eric Hamber, Winnipeg, Manitoba.



Yachting Fixtures for 1904.

Members of race committees, and secretaries, will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and of changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

Boston, Mass. Y. R. A., City Point, Boston.
Knickerbocker, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, College Point.
Corinthian, club race, Marblehead.
Manhasset Bay, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Sand's Point.
Columbia, power boats, Hudson River.
New York, annual regatta, Lower Bay, N. Y.
Boston, Mass. Y. R. A., Hull.
Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont.
New York, Lysistrata cup, Sandy Hook Lightship.
New Rochelle, power boats, New Rochelle.
Squantum, Mass. Y. R. A., open, Squantum.
New York, special races, Glen Cove.
New York, power boats, Glen Cove.
New York, Clen Cove cups, Glen Cove.
American Power Boat Ass'n, challenge cup, Hudson River.
American Power Boat Ass'n, challenge cup, Hudson River.
Corinthian, club race, Marblehead.
Seawanhaka, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Oyster Bay.
New York Athletic Club, ocean race, Long Island Sound.
American Power Boat Ass'n, challenge cup, Hudson River.
Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, L. I. Sound.
Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, L. I. Sound.
Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, L. I. Sound.

JULY.

American, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Milton Point.
Corinthian, club race, Marblehead.
Brooklyn, ocean race, New York to Marblehead.
New Rochelle, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, New Rochelle.
American, power boats, Milton Point.
Eastern, open race, Marblehead.
Eastern, squadron run to Gloucester.
Corinthian, invitation race, Marblehead.
Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
Larchmont, annual Larchmont.
Hartford, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Fenwick.
Indian Harbor, power boats, Greenwich.
Eastern, power boats, Marblehead.
Eastern, start of ocean race, New York to Marblehead.
New York, Glen Cove series, Glen Cove.
New York, Glen Cove series, Glen Cove.
Boston, club race, Marblehead.
Riverside, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Riverside.
New York, Glen Cove series, Glen Cove.
Manhasset Bay, special club, Manhasset Bay.
Eastern, power boats, Marblehead.
Bay State, Mass. Dory Association, Revere.
Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, Sand's Point.
Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, Sand's Point.
Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, Sand's Point.
Eastern, annual regatta, Marblehead.
Eastern, rendezvous for cruise.
Larchmont, race week, opening, Larchmont.
Atlantic, power boats, Sea Gate.
Eastern, cruise to Gloucester.
Winthrop, Mass. Y. R. A., Winthrop.
Swampscott, Mass. Dory Ass'n, Swampscott.
Eastern, cruise to Isles of Shoals.
Larchmont, race week, Larchmont.
Eastern, cruise to Peak's Island.
Larchmont, race week, Larchmont.
Eastern, cruise to Booth Bay.
Larchmont, race week, Larchmont.
Eastern, cruise to Islesboro.
Larchmont, race week, Larchmont.
Eastern, cruise to Bass Harbor.
Larchmont, race week, Larchmont.
Eastern, cruise to Bar Habor.
Corinthian, club race, Marblehead.
Larchmont, race week ends, Larchmont.
Hartford, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., special, Fenwick.
Manhasset Bay, power boats, Manhasset Bay.
Eastern, regatta at Bar Harbor.
Boston, Mass. Y. R. A., Hull.
Boston, midsummer series, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
Quincy, Mass. Y. R. A., Hull.
Boston, midsummer series. M. Y. R. A., Hull.
Indian Harbor, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Greenwich.
Atlantic, power boats, Sea Gate.
Eastern, power boats, Marblehead.

AUGUST.

Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
Boston, Mass. Y. R. A., Marblehead.
Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead.
Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead.
Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup match, Lake St. Louis, Canada.
Mass. Racing Dory Association, Marblehead.
Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead.
Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup match, Lake St. Louis, Canada.
Mass. Dory Racing Association, Marblehead.
Corinthian, invitation race, Marblehead.
Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup match, Lake St. Louis, Canada.
Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual Hempstead Harbor.
Shelter Island, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Shelter Island.
Larchmont, power boats, Larchmont.
Mass. Dory Racing Association, Marblehead.
Manchester, Mass Y. R. A., West Manchester.
Manchester, Crowhurst cup, West Manchester.
Boston, club race, Marblehead.
East Gloucester, Mass. Y. R. A., Gloucester.
New York, special races, Glen Cove.
New York, rendezvous for annual cruise, Glen Cove.
Annisquam, Mass. Y. R. A., Annisquam.
New York, annual cruise to Morris Cove.
Annisquam, Mass. Y. R. A., Annisquam.
Horseshoe Harbor, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Larchmont.
Bridgeport, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Black Rock.
New York, annual cruise to New London.
Annisquam, dory races, Annisquam.
New York, annual cruise at New London.
New York, annual cruise to Block Island.
New York, annual cruise to Vineyard Haven.
Corinthian, club race, Marblehead.
New York, annual cruise to Newport.
Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
New York, special races, Newport.
Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
New York, Astor cups, Newport.
Boston, club race, Hull.
Huguenot, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, New Rochelle.
Northport, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Northport.
Hartford, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., special, Fenwick.
20. New York, start of ocean race, Newport.
20 New York, steam yacht races, Brenton's Reef.
20. Brooklyn, power boats, Gravesend Bay.
22. New York, Newport series, Newport.
23. New York, Newport series, Newport.
24. New York, Newport series, Newport.
25. Plymouth, Mass. Y. R. A., Plymouth.
26. Duxbury, Mass., Y. R. A., Duxbury.
27. Duxbury, Mass. Y. R. A., Duxbury.
27. Corinthian Stamford, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Stamford.
27. Larchmont, power boats, Larchmont.
29. Wellfleet, Mass. Y. R. A., Wellfleet.
30. Wellfleet, Mass. Y. R. A., Wellfleet.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Cape Cod, Mass. Y. R. A., Provincetown.
2. Cape Cod, Mass. Y. R. A., Provincetown.
3. Indian Harbor, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Greenwich.
3. Hartford, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., special, Fenwick.
3. Manhasset Bay, special club, Manhasset Bay.
3. Larchmont, club race, Larchmont.
3. Cape Cod, Mass. Y. R. A., Provincetown.
5. Lynn, Mass. Y. R. A., Nahant.
5. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont.
5. Norwalk, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Norwalk.
5. Sachem's Head, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Sachem's Head.
5. Indian Harbor, club races, Greenwich.
8. New York, autumn cup, Glen Cove.
10. Seawanhaka, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Oyster Bay.
10. Larchmont, club race, Larchmont.
11. Mass. Y. R. A., rendezvous at Hull.
17. Manhasset Bay, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Sand's Point.
24. Riverside, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Riverside.

Gloriana and her Rivals.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When gross exaggerations, calculated to greatly injure the reputation of famous boats and their designers and skippers, happen to get into print and receive a wide circulation, unless contradicted and corrected in time by some one well acquainted with the facts, they are pretty apt to be accepted everywhere eventually as true and reliable.

A couple of years since, in a lecture before the "Yachtsman's Club" of New York, a well-known yachtsman made the claim for Gloriana that in her very first race she beat her rivals by the immense margin of thirty minutes! To make matters still worse, he told his hearers that no less than eight of her new rivals had been designed by that great designer.

The hearers of this speaker were allowed to infer that in the first race Gloriana met all of these eight Burgess rivals and all of her other rivals and beat every one of them by at least thirty minutes, and of course, that this wonderful victory at the very beginning of her career was but as nothing compared with some of her later achievements.

But what are the facts?

1. Burgess designed but five, not eight, boats to meet the Gloriana. One of these—the Ilderim—did not meet the Gloriana at all in 1891. The two fastest met her but once or twice, at the close of the season, and only one of the least successful of them met her in the earliest races.

2. But if Gloriana did not meet eight Burgess boats in her first race, neither did she meet eight new boats all told in that race, nor the half of eight, but only one or two of what proved to be her least successful rivals.

3. But these one or two slow rivals—such as they were—did Gloriana in her first race beat either or both of them by thirty minutes? By no means. She did not beat both of them, and she did not beat either of them by thirty minutes. Nor did she in any race that season—her first and most successful season—beat a single one of even her most unlucky or most unsuccessful competitors by thirty minutes.

4. And, if she was not thirty minutes faster than her slowest rivals, neither was she twenty, nor, as a rule, fifteen minutes faster. Nor was she anything like even ten minutes faster than boats built on either side of the water the same year or earlier.

Fife's Jessica was a year older than Gloriana—had about 1,300 feet less sail—was built strongly, for crossing the ocean on her own bottom—probably was handled a little less superbly than Gloriana—and yet, in four races out of seven in 1891, Gloriana's corrected margins only ranged from five to nine minutes, and only averaged about seven minutes and a half.

Fife's Uvira was a year older than Gloriana, of much heavier construction, much smaller in racing measurement, and had about 1,400 feet less sail. But neither in 1891 nor in their only subsequent race did Gloriana succeed in beating Uvira by a corrected margin of even five minutes.

When Uvira met Gloriana in 1891, the little Fife wonder had as yet done no serious racing, was almost wholly unknown to her owner, had been in the water all summer, without being hauled out for cleaning, and was probably ten minutes slower than when at her best in 1895. Nevertheless, had the time allowance then been as large as the present allowance of the N. Y. Y. C., then, without any change in the measurements, Uvira would have beaten Gloriana in their very first race.

Had Gloriana met Uvira in 1895 it is almost certain that she would have been beaten by the older Fife boat in every race, for Gloriana never began to make so good a showing against Wasp, over regular courses, as Uvira did in 1895.

In Uvira's first race in 1895 (June 11) FOREST AND STREAM credits her with having beaten Wasp and the whole fleet on actual time.

But it was not till June 24 that Uvira for the first time, and only time when owned by Mr. F. P. Sands, was actually pitted against Wasp for a race over a regular course. Wasp covered the thirty-mile course inside the limit for an American cup race, but Uvira won by a margin of nearly five minutes, and that, too, by the regular sixty per cent. time allowance.

Compare this with Wasp's beating Gloriana fourteen minutes in a short race of twenty miles in 1894, twenty-four minutes in a twenty-five mile race the same year, and thirteen minutes in a good twenty-five mile race in 1892.

In no year has Wasp failed to beat Gloriana over regular courses twice as badly as ever she beat Uvira when owned by Mr. Sands, and racing over the same regular course in the same or a different class!

As for Fife's Barbara, built the same year as Gloriana, but with considerably less sail, she was not at her best in 1891, but in 1892 broke down when far ahead of Gloriana in their first race, and allowing for a handicap at the start in their second race, Barbara beat Gloriana on corrected time by ten seconds. It was a good, fair race.

In 1897 Gloriana and Barbara met for the last time. The race was over a thirty-two-mile course—sixteen miles of windward work, in a strong wind. Barbara beat Gloriana about twenty-one minutes! Of course, Gloriana was not at her best, but had she been she would have found Barbara a hard boat to beat.

Wasp has repeatedly beaten Gloriana, much worse than ever she beat Barbara. On the other hand, Barbara has beaten larger boats of her own class, much worse than Gloriana has beaten such boats.

Quite recently the statement was published in a New York paper that Gloriana was a fast as English sixty-footers built seven years later. How absurd! Fife's Kestrel is only six years newer than Gloriana—is much smaller than Gloriana—and is only a racing cruiser, with too little draft for an out and out racer. But in her last three races over the same course as Gloriana the little Fire cruiser beat the big Herreshoff racer on actual time! Both over a regular course and in squadron runs Kestrel beat Gloriana on actual time.

Queen Mab is an English sixty-footer, not seven, but only one year newer than Gloriana.

In June, 1894, they raced over a twenty-mile course. Queen Mab beat Gloriana about fourteen minutes actual time and seven minutes corrected time!

In the Goelet cup race the same year Queen Mab beat Wasp fifteen and Gloriana twenty minutes actual time.

In the fastest thirty-seven mile squadron run in which both Queen Mab and Gloriana figured, the famous Watson sixty-footer beat the famous Herreshoff forty-six footer by a margin of thirty-three minutes actual time, and of about eighteen minutes corrected time—or in distance about five miles!

Gloriana was "a wonder," but there have been others!

JOSEPH J. PARKER.

BOSTON, Mass.

JAMAICA BAY Y. C. SCHEDULE.—The regatta committee of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. has arranged for the following races:

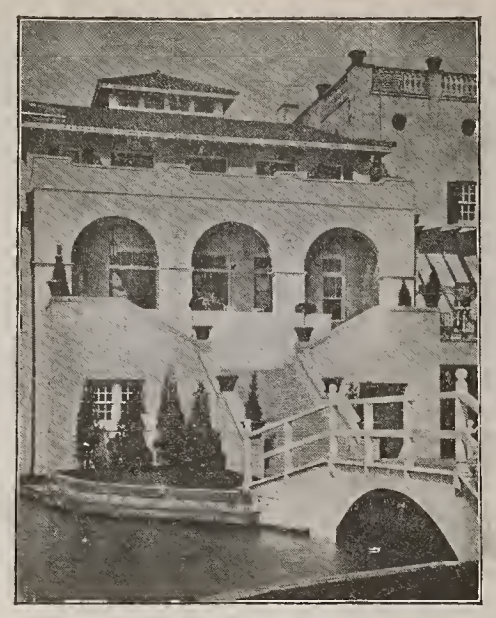
June 12—Race for power boats.
June 26—Race for all classes.
July 10—Race for all classes.
July 24—Special race for power boats.
July 31—Race for cabin and open catboats.
August 14—Race for cabin cats and launches.
August 21—Race for all classes.

ENGRAVING OF RELIANCE.—Messrs. John A. Lowell & Co., the well-known engravers of Boston, have recently produced a very fine engraving of the Cup defender Reliance. The plate was made from a picture painted by Mr. Marshall Johnson, of Boston. It represents Reliance close-hauled on the port tack. The artist's painting has been followed closely, and the result in black and white is most satisfactory.

LAUNCH COMMODORE NEARLY COMPLETED.—Commodore is the name chosen for a new power boat building at the works of the New York Kerosene Oil Engine Company for A. A. Low, of Brooklyn. The craft is 50ft. over all, 7ft. beam, with a draft of 3ft.

ST. CLAIRE LAUNCHED.—The 21-footer that was built at Wood's yard, City Island, for Mr. C. H. Walker, of Chicago, has been launched. The boat was designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. She was named St. Claire, and will be a competitor in the races for the Lipton cup. St. Claire is a very likely looking boat, and we expect her to do well in the races for the Lipton cup. She has been shipped to Chicago by rail.







Detroit Boat Club Yachtsmen.

ABOUT three miles above Detroit, on the banks of the river of that name, is situated the home of the Detroit Boat Club Yachtsmen. No better site could have been selected for the home of a yacht club. The conditions for all branches of aquatic sports are almost perfect, and the natural scenery is very beautiful. The river at this point is more than a mile wide, with a depth sufficient to float yachts of large size. The river has great possibilities for the power boat man, especially those inclined toward speed.

The Detroit Boat Club Yachtsmen were organized June 28, 1899. The object was to bring together those members of the Detroit Boat Club who were interested in yachting in such a way as to promote the welfare of the sport and increase its popularity in and about Detroit. Shortly after the club's organization, application was made for membership in the Interlake Yachting Association, and after a reasonable time it was admitted.

The first commodore was Mr. John C. Shaw, one of the most prominent fresh-water yachtsmen; and under his able guidance, the organization began to flourish. Commodore Shaw served the club for two years and part of a third. He was untiring in his efforts to push the club to the front and make it a factor among yachting organizations. In this, he was successful, and much of the credit for the strong financial foundation upon which it was constructed belongs to him. Commodore Shaw was succeeded by Mr. John H. Smedley, who served the club for two years. Commodore Smedley, like Commodore Shaw, was a hard and persistent worker, and during his regime the club continued to grow.

At the annual meeting of the Interlake Yachting Association this year Commodore Smedley was elected to the high office of that Association, and he therefore resigned from the office he held in the club. When the club held its annual election, Mr. John L. Dexter was unanimously chosen to succeed Commodore Smedley. Commodore Dexter is popular not only with the members of his own club, but with the other clubs as well, and has done much to bring the four Detroit organizations in closer and more friendly relationship. During the first year of its career the club had two catboats built for the use of its members. These little boats were thoroughly enjoyed, until they were burned in a conflagration which completely destroyed the beautiful home of the club. This fire occurred in the fall of 1901.

Although the assets of the Detroit Boat Club Yachtsmen were entirely wiped out by this disaster, the members set to work with a will, and by the ensuing spring had their magnificent home ready for occupancy, and three new catboats constructed. These catboats were built from a design furnished by Mr. Wm. E. Dyer, a club member, and were much of an improvement over their predecessors. In 1903 three more boats were constructed, but two, however, had to be rejected on account of inferior workmanship and material. The contract was recently let for two more of these boats, so that by the opening of the season there will be a fleet of six one-design boats. Regular club races for these little fellows are scheduled during the season. The course laid out is a small one, and is only sailed around once. This constitutes a heat, and a certain number of percentage points, according to the position in which the boat finished is credited, not to the boat, but to the man who sailed her. Instead of entering the boats in a race, those desiring to enter the contests, have to enter their own names. The courses being short, as many as six heats have been sailed in a day, and in each event a new skipper officiates. At the end of the season prizes are awarded the best sailors, according to their rating or percentage. The prizes given the successful competitors are rather unique, but useful, and consist of oilskins, sweaters, sou'westers, boots, etc., for the individual races, and for the season's honors, silver cups and other trophies of value.

One of the achievements of the club was the formation of the syndicate of fifteen in the spring of 1900 to build a yacht to contest for the Canada's cup. The boat was built by the Hanley Construction Co., of Quincy, Mass., and delivered to the Yachtsmen early the following summer. She was named Cadallac, and as she is so well known, little need be said of her career as a racing craft.

In order to encourage the building of a seaworthy class of boats, adapted for afternoon sailing on the Detroit River, and at the same time useful for short cruises, the Yachtsmen have just adopted restrictions for a 16ft. knockabout. These restrictions are practically the same as those in use by the Lake Skiff Sailing Association of Lake Ontario. The Yachtsmen are now making an effort to induce as many as possible of the other clubs in their vicinity to adopt the same rules, so as to secure some amount of uniformity in the classes below 21ft., and their efforts promise to be successful.

The present membership of the Yachtsmen numbers more than one hundred and is increasing rapidly from year to year. All members of the Detroit Boat Club are eligible to membership. While a great many of the trophies, along with the boat club proper, were destroyed in the fire of 1901, a number of handsome cups and flags have been acquired since that time. The Yachtsmen are now getting out a very handsome souvenir booklet, containing a short history of the club, its constitution and by-laws, a list of the members, the restrictions governing the new 16ft. cabin class, a description of the catboats, and rules governing catboat racing, and an announcement of the principal regattas for the season of 1904.

The home of the Detroit Boat Club was designed by Mr. Alpheus Williams Chittenden, a well-known architect of Detroit. The club house is a most practical and handsome structure and compares most favorably with any of the large yacht or country clubs in the East.

British Letter.

THE news that the Watson yawl Sybarita has been sold to an American owner, Mr. W. Gould Brokaw, brings up the much debated question as to her powers of speed, which have been variously described by different writers. Perhaps no large racing yacht of recent years has been so little tried under favorable conditions as Sybarita, and her career as a first-class racer has been so patchy and meteoric that it is very difficult to get a true idea as to how she would rank in all weathers with the German Emperor's famous old yawl, Meteor, or Mr. Kenneth Clark's cutter Kariad.

Sybarita, it may be remembered, was built in 1900 for the late Mr. Whittaker Wright, and she first hoisted fighting colors in Kiel Harbor in June of that year, when she sailed a series of six or seven races, in which her chief opponent was Meteor. As the writer was present at the Kiel regattas of that year, and as he sailed on board Sybarita on more than one occasion, perhaps his opinion of the relative merits of the two vessels may be considered interesting. Sybarita carried away her topmast at the commencement of the first race, and of course gave up; in the remainder of the matches she led Meteor home every time, but in the last one, off Travemünde, she was only about half a minute ahead at the finish. The weather was for the most part light, and in very soft airs Sybarita showed a distinct superiority. In moderate breezes there was little difference between the two, but at times Meteor appeared decidedly faster, especially to windward. The two boats never met in a blow, and the only time Sybarita was highly tried by wind and sea was in a private race round Ailsa Craig against Kariad. Both vessels started with two reefs down and Kariad, in spite of her inferiority in size (and rig for such hard weather), hung on to Sybarita in a wonderful way over two-thirds of the course. The yawl, however, shook out a reef in the free reach home, and just managed to beat her gallant little rival by a narrow margin. Sybarita won, but by so little that it may be considered a moral defeat, in view of the disparity in size of the boats and the conditions of weather, and there can be little question that had Meteor been there she would have been many minutes ahead of both. Sybarita subsequently became the property of Mr. Myles B. Kennedy, and sailed a score or more of races against Kariad in the Mediterranean in the spring of 1901. However, the vessel was badly sailed, and lost nearly every race. She had not the advantage of a first-class skipper or crew, and cut a very different figure at the Riviera regattas, and subsequently in a few home races, to what she did in her first season in the able hands of Charles Bevis and a strong crew, and Mr. Kennedy threw up racing with her long before the season was out. The probability is that Sybarita is the fastest light weather vessel Watson ever turned out, Kariad perhaps excepted, but we think that the stronger the wind the less marked will be her superiority among vessels of her own class. However, if the news is true that her new owner intends to race her at all the principal British handicap races during the season, and that Robert Gomer is to have charge of her, we shall be able to get a very good line as to her qualities before the season is out. It may be said that Sybarita is a handsome vessel, and is very comfortably fitted below.

In giving a list of noteworthy new vessels in our last letter, omission was made of an important addition to the handicap fleet in the shape of the new Nicholson cutter, Merrymaid. This vessel was launched at the end of April, and should be an acquisition to the fleet. She is 98ft. over all, 68ft. 10in. on the waterline, breadth 18ft., and draft of water just over 12ft. She is very strongly built, with wooden frames, strengthened where necessary with steel, planked with teak, and has been built with a view to comfort as well as speed, for she is very well fitted up below. Her tonnage is 106 tons. Merrymaid will probably make her *debut* in the London River matches.

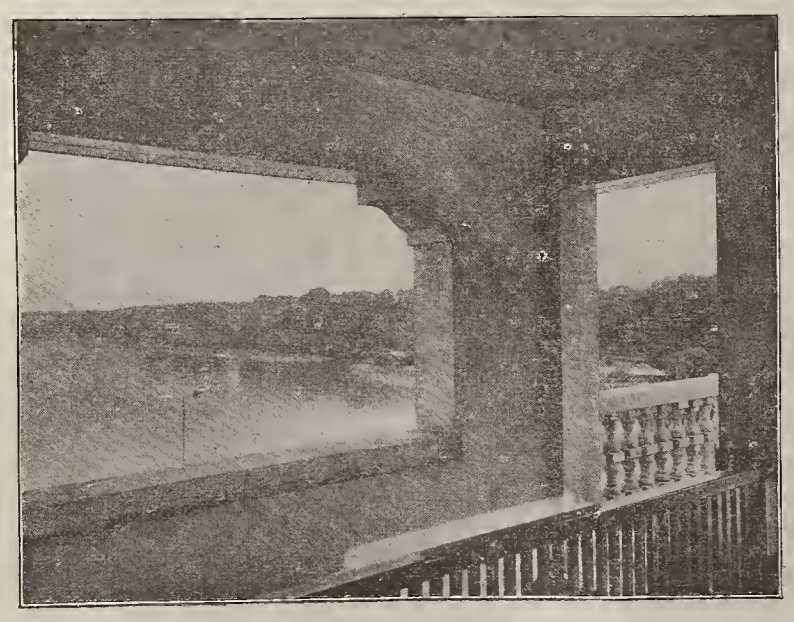
It seems practically certain that the German and Ostend regattas will cut pretty badly into the Clyde Fortnightly again this season. Of course, it cannot be denied that the foreign regattas offer different attractions than the home races, and make a very pleasant form of holiday for the busy man if he is able to spare the time to attend them, but it does seem a thousand pities that the ancient glory of the Scotch races should be dimmed by the defection of British owners, for the absence of a good fleet from the Clyde means a good deal more than a mere reduction in spectacular effect; it means loss of prestige to the fine old sporting clubs of the North, and a great loss of trade to the shopkeepers of the vicinity, which is in itself a serious thing. It seems probable that neither Borea nor Oaldora will this year be present on the Clyde, and as they made the backbone of the racing in the big class last season, it is difficult to see how a collapse of the class can be averted. Perhaps something may yet be done to avert such a disaster, but so far it does not look likely.

E. H. KELLY.

SECRETARY ATLANTIC Y. C. RESIGNS.—Owing to ill health, Mr. T. Alfred Vernon, secretary of the Atlantic Y. C., has resigned from office.

* * *

DEATH OF WILLIAM A. HAMILTON.—Vice-Commodore William A. Hamilton, of the Riverside Y. C., died at his residence in New York city on Tuesday, May 24.







DETROIT BOAT CLUB—EXTERIOR VIEWS.









DETROIT BOAT CLUB—INTERIOR VIEWS.

Gas Engines and Launches.

BY F. K. GRAIN.

(*Continued from page 403.*)

Four-Cycle Engines.

Four-cycle engines, as we explained before, have an impulse of the piston at every other complete revolution of the crank. In order to accomplish this the sparking and valve movements are actuated by what is termed the time shaft, which, by the simple system of gearing, is actuated once for every second turn of the engine, producing these results. The engine being on the upper center, the charge is ignited and the piston descends. Before reaching its lower center, the inlet valve is opened from a movement of the time shaft, allowing the burnt gases to escape. It is then held opened while the piston is making the entire up stroke, expelling all the burnt gases and thoroughly scavaging the cylinder. It then admits the new charge of gas on the down stroke. When the piston returns, this charge is compressed and ignited. This operation, where the engine is working full load, gives an impulse of the piston at every other revolution. Where a governor is employed, if the full power of the engine is not consumed, the governing is accomplished by the governing device holding the exhaust valve open, when no charge is required, and of course under these conditions, the cylinder will form no vacuum, and consequently take no charge.

Valves—Proportions.

In the four-cycle engine it is necessary to have valves which are under control, and the Poppet valve is now universally used. In all cases the exhaust valve is mechanically operated, but in the majority of marine engines the inlet valve is operated entirely by the suction of the piston, and while this method is very simple and dispenses with the necessary device to operate it mechanically, from an economical standpoint it is bad practice, as of course the spring which seats the valve will govern to a great extent the quantity of mixture admitted, whereas with a positive opening valve, the exact amount is taken in every time. The four-cycle engine, taking an impulse at every other revolution, requires, in order to develop the same power as the two-cycle engine, an increase about one-third in the area of the cylinder, and also necessitates a heavier fly wheel in order to maintain its efficiency while passing the idle stroke and to overcome the compression of the larger area of the cylinder.

Reversing Mechanisms.

Unlike the two-cycle engine, the four-cycle, on account of its valve mechanism, cannot successfully be designed to operate in either direction; therefore, we have to depend entirely on a mechanical reverse gear, and as it is also more difficult to bring it to its full power in starting, the method usually employed is a combination clutch and reversing mechanism, allowing the engine to be started independent of the propeller shaft. These mechanisms are generally built on to and as a part of the after end of the engine frame. Of course, this mechanism being not only heavy but bulky, makes the engine unsuitable for installation in the extreme stern of the boat. All the leading reversing gears contain a number of gears, and are therefore not only noisy, but liable to wear rapidly and require careful handling. Very few of these devices can be reversed at full speed, it being necessary to slow down the engine preparatory to reversing.

Compression.

It is usual, in order to add to the power, to operate the four-cycle engine from 10 to 20 pounds higher compression than the two-cycle. Of course, in the four-cycle engine, there being no necessity for an air-tight base, it allows of the crank shaft being more accessible; and as this is one of the vital parts on any engine, it gives this type a decided advantage.

Comparative Efficiency.

The advantages and disadvantages and efficiency of these two types of engines have almost been argued threadbare, both having their stanch supporters. Modern practice, however, has shown us that there is practically no difference between the two engines, either in economy of fuel or in the quality of the product of combustion upon which they operate. It has universally been conceded until quite recently that on the high powers the four-cycle gave the best efficiency. This, however, has not been found to be the case, as we find that, particularly in Europe, the builders are adapting the two-cycle principle almost entirely for units of 100 horse-power and over. At the present time, in marine practice, we are inclined to lean to the four-cycle engine for all powers over 15 horse-power, until such time as a two-cycle engine is produced which will dispense with the airtight base, which will of course necessitate an auxiliary compress, or which is employed in large engines mentioned.

For engines under 15 horse-power there is no question but what the two-cycle is the most popular engine. It being much lighter, much more simple, and sold at about one-half the price of the four-cycle, it necessarily is bound to win out on the work for which it is adapted. The principal argument of the advocates of the four-cycle engine is that they know of so many two-cycle engines that have given trouble and disappointment. We will grant that there are a number of this type of engine on the market that are not what they ought to be, but the principal reason is that, particularly in small marine engines, we find in use about ten two-cycle engines to one of the four-cycle; it is therefore fair to assume that we would hear of ten times as much trouble from the former. On account of the idle or scavaging stroke, the four-cycle engine is supposed to thoroughly expel all the burnt gases, therefore allowing the new charge only to be contaminated. Whereas in the two-cycle engine the new gas in entering as the old gas is escaping, and it is claimed that the two-cycle not only loses [illegible] entering charge by its following the burnt gases, but also mixes with the burnt gases, and therefore produces a mixture of poor quality.

While this may to a certain extent be true, it is more than offset by the rapidity of the explosion so obtained in the two-cycle, and also that the cylinder of the two-cycle, being of less area, requires less gas, and the fly wheel and moving parts, being lighter, the power necessary to maintain a momentum is not as great.

In the four-cycle engine there is much more vibration than in the two-cycle, and part of the additional weight in the fly wheels of this type is necessary to obviate this difficulty. In the four-cycle engine the mufflers are of the same construction as the two-cycle engine; but they do not have to be as large, as of course they have only half the work to perform. Not only this, but they are not subject to the excessive heating of exhaust gases, as in the other type, where of course we have an almost continuous flow of hot gas.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with great interest the articles on gas engines and launches on pages 195 and 403 in your paper, especially the latter, on igniters, by Mr. Grain.

I have made something of a study of these devices, scores of which have been manufactured and "found wanting" in actual practice (however attractive theoretically), to the disappointment of both the inventor and the investor. I have been an investigator "on my own hook," and for personal reasons, I want an igniter for a gasolene engine, and I want one that will ignite and not do any monkeying with my honest purpose.

I suppose there are others like-minded, and this subject cannot be talked over any too often to secure some good results to the interested.

The last igniter that has been investigated seems to me, both in theory and practice, to pretty nearly fill the bill, and is certainly freer from objections than any that I have previously seen.

For the general weal, I will tell you my impressions, not technically, because I am a little shy on technical terms, but just from the point of view of a common, every-day power boat chap, who also uses some stationary engines in his business.

In the first place, it does away entirely with the necessity for using any kind of a battery or hot tube for starting the engine, which are abominations. In this igniter that I am writing about, the starting is done by the impelling device, in the following manner: The armature of the generator revolves once for each spark required; the first half of the revolution is effected by the driving sprocket, and on the latter half of the rotation a compressed spring impelling device kicks the armature ahead of this first-mentioned driving arrangement, and causes the second half of the rotation to be made at a very high speed. No matter how slow the speed of the engine, the same speed is imparted to the second half of the revolution of the armature; thus, you will see, the spark is generated at a very slow motion, and consequently no battery is required on the start, as in other methods, where the magneto is used.

Another thing is, that the trouble usually arising from carbon collecting on points of sparker is eliminated, since the current produced from this generator is of such a high tension that the carbon usually gathering on the points is, in this case, more beneficial than objectionable. Again, no spark coil or switch is required, the current generated being of a voltage high enough to make the spark.

No renewals are ever necessary at this place or in any other part of the system, because ordinary steel points are used in the sparker. When this system is used, all the mechanical parts usually required for getting a spark in engine are removed.

A mighty convenient feature is this: Any position of spark can be secured without even stopping the engine, by simply tilting the field of the generator forward or back to get an early or late spark, thus making the device safe in starting any engine.

I have found that this igniter can be applied to any gas or gasolene engine, vertical, or horizontal, single or multiplied cylinders, marine, automobile or stationary, 2 or 4 cycle.

A friend of mine had occasion to use one of these igniters on a Fairbanks Company's gas engine. He simply gave the number of engine and had supplied to him the spark plug, driving chain and sprocket, to fit the side shaft of the engine on which it is used, as well as a bracket for fastening the generator to cylinder head of engine.

In case of any kind of electric system, now being used, it is necessary to remove all the igniter arrangements, as at present supplied by the old electric systems.

I cannot go into any more detailed description of this igniter, but I suggest that any one interested could probably get a lot of information if he should call on my friend Harvey E. Miller, at the corner of Broome and Elm streets, New York (the northeast corner), Fairbanks Company's office, or write him, only if you go to see him he can doubtless show you the device in use somewhere near. All I can say is that it is far the simplest and best one I know of.

J. M. BULKLEY.

DETROIT, May 18

HAMPTON ROADS Y. C. PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL RACE.—The Hampton Roads Y. C., of Old Point, Va., is taking steps towards having a series of international yacht races at Hampton Roads in 1907. Each club of this and other nations will be invited to send the best boat to a national regatta of its own country. The races at each national regatta will determine what boat shall represent that country at Hampton Roads. Coming in conjunction with the review of the marine power of the world, which will be one of the principal features of the Jamestown Exposition, the international regatta, it is believed, will be largely attended. The racing grounds are said to be as good as any in the country.

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 28.—The schedule of the club's fixtures for the season has been issued by the directors of the Edgewood Y. C. The club house will be formally opened with a dance May 30, and, following the plan of last year, socials will be held every Wednesday evening thereafter until the end of September, regular hops and whist parties alternating. A large addition, with a handsome arched portico entrance, has just been built on the street side of the building, and the club now has one of the most attractive club houses to be found in this section. The Edgewood racing events have been definitely scheduled as follows:

Saturday, June 11—Club regatta.

July 2, 4 and 9—Special for the Possner cup for 30-footers.

Saturday, August 6—Club regatta.

Monday, August 15—Opening race of N. B. Y. R. A. and beginning of annual cruise.

September 3, 5 and 17—Fall races.

Although the Washington Park Boating Association was organized more than a year ago, this is really its first active season, as the large new club house erected by the members was not completed until near the close of last summer. With its first regatta on Memorial Day the association begins a season that is expected to prove of great interest, both in social and racing events. As with its neighbor, the Edgewood Y. C., weekly entertainments will be held on Friday evenings throughout the summer, dances and whist parties alternating. The club fleet has about 100 boats enrolled, including several handsome new power craft and all the 30ft. racing cats of the upper bay. For the latter there will be a special series of three races in July for the Commodore's cup. The Edgewood Y. C. started only a few years ago as a "boat club," and is now a highly prosperous organization. With its auspicious beginning, and the enthusiastic interest taken by its members, it is likely that the W. P. B. A. will follow the same course within a year or two, dropping the modest title of "boating association," and becoming a full-fledged yacht club. The present officers are: President, Robert L. Ward; Secretary, W. K. Potter, Jr.; Treasurer, Arthur D. Bliss; Commodore, William C. Peirce; Vice-Commodore, D. M. Pott; Rear Commodore, W. B. Bliss.

The dates of the club days at Potter's Cove, which mean Rhode Island clam-bakes and a general good time, have been fixed by the Rhode Island Y. C. for the Sundays of July 3, 17 and 31, and August 21.

Both the Rhode Island and Edgewood fleets have been augmented by two large cruising launches which arrived this week. The first, a torpedo stern, full cabin launch called Nautilus, was purchased by A. J. Scattergood, of Providence, from C. H. Cutter, of Boston. She is a Murray & Tregurtha boat, with a 16 horse-power four-cycle engine, 47ft. over all, 9ft. 6in. beam, and about 3ft. draft, finished in mahogany throughout. The other is also a Murray & Tregurtha boat, the Gypsy, 37ft. over all, 32ft. waterline, 8ft. 9in. beam, and 3ft. draft, and was bought by George R. Babbitt, of this city. She has just been rebuilt by E. H. Brown, of Taunton, Mass., a large cabin house of mahogany having been put on, fitted with extension berths and all cruising equipment. Gypsy has a 10 horse-power engine, located in the cockpit and leaving the cabin clear.

The 30ft. hunting cabin launch Zeta, recently built by Mr. F. S. Nock at East Greenwich, for Mr. W. P. Otis, of Providence, was launched this week, and on her trial trip developed a speed of a little better than 10 miles an hour.

Several of the smaller cruising and racing craft at Herreshoff's Walker's Cove yard at Bristol, are not to be placed in commission this season, their owners having taken to automobiling, and lost their interest in yachting for the time being. Several steam yachts are also to remain laid up there during the summer. The yawl Fanchon, owned by Judge Bliss, of East Providence, has been fitted with auxiliary power. The 45ft. sloop, Lady Mary, owned by Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, was put in commission this week.

The construction of another 35ft. sloop, on much the same lines as Cock Robin, has been begun by the Herreshoffs. Like Cock Robin and Chewink IV., the new boat is destined for the racing at Marblehead, Mass. The new steam yacht for Mr. M. C. D. Borden, of New York, is to be launched in about ten days. She is to be named Little Sovereign, and is expected to show a speed of 24 miles an hour. Mr. Borden was the owner of the Sovereign, a large steam yacht which he sold to the Government at the beginning of the Spanish-American war, when her name was changed to Scorpion. The steam yacht Mirage, owned by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, has left the Herreshoff yard for Rye, N. Y. She has been chartered for the season by Mr. A. E. Whitney, of New York, who has a summer residence at Rye, and will use her in his trips to and from the city. The yawl Spalpeen is soon to be fitted out for the season for her owner, Mr. Robert M. Riddell, of Philadelphia.

Brownell Brothers, of Bristol, have a new 30ft. launch, with large trunk cabin forward and cockpit aft. The steering wheel is at the forward end of the cabin, a large deadlight in the trunk giving the helmsman protection and a clear view ahead.

Designer N. G. Herreshoff has been confined to his home in Bristol with rheumatism for the past week, but is now improving.

F. H. YOUNG.

MANHASSET BAY Y. C. EXTENDS PRIVILEGES.—The Manhasset Bay Y. C. have extended the privileges of their place at Port Washington, L. I., to the members of the Automobile Club of America.

PENATAQUIT-CORINTHIAN Y. C. FIXTURES.—The following fixtures have been arranged for by the regatta committee of the Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C.:

July 9—Spring open regatta.

July 26-27—Annual cruise.

July 30—Summer open regatta.

Sept. 3—Fall open regatta.

The lighthouse cup, sailed for by sloops of class N, and the Queen of the Bay cup will be included in the prizes on the above dates.

New Rochelle Y. C.

NEW ROCHELLE, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Saturday, May 28.

The New Rochelle Y. C. opened the racing on Long Island Sound by holding a regatta on Saturday, May 28. There were eighteen starters, and in some of the classes the racing was very close.

A fresh westerly breeze gave life to the contests. The boats sailed over a 4½-mile triangular course, the start being made off Echo Bay. The first mark was the black spot buoy off Execution, the second the red spar on Hen and Chickens, and back to the starting line.

Chewink II. had no competitor in the 30ft. class, but she took a walk over and covered the course three times.

In the 25ft. class the racing was not interesting, for although there were three starters, Kenosha had matters all her own way, and beat her two competitors easily.

Grasshopper, the Huntington-designed raceabout that did not show up very well last year, came to the line in improved form, and beat Rogue, the second boat, by the close margin of three seconds.

Four of the new Indian Harbor Y. C. one-design boats started. These boats were built last winter from designs by Mr. Morgan Barney. This is the first time these boats have met, and Wa Wa finished a winner by one second. Owatanna was second.

There were four starters in the Larchmont Y. C. one-design class. Dorothy lost her bowsprit at the end of the first round and retired to the harbor, where repairs were made.

In the Manhasset Bay one-design class there were only two starters. Arizona beat Wister with ease. Mr. Dunstan Farnum is a newcomer in this class, and he will show up better when he gets more accustomed to his boat.

Ace beat Agawam II. by over six minutes in the New Rochelle one-design class. Agawam II. broke the jaws of her gaff, which accounts for her indifferent showing.

The regatta committee was made up of Messrs. G. P. Granberry, R. N. Bavier, D. W. Thomas, M. S. Katerborn, and E. B. Wright.

The summary follows:

Class N—30ft. Sloops—Start, 2:05—Course, 13½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Chewink II., Evans R. Dick	4 17 40	2 12 40
Class P—25ft. Sloops—Start, 2:10—Course, 9 Miles.		
Kenosha, C. W. Voltz	3 49 16	1 39 10
Skip, C. M. Pinckney	3 58 00	1 48 00
Shella, J. C. Connolly	3 58 30	1 48 30
Raceabouts—Start, 2:15—Course, 9 Miles.		
Grasshopper, H. C. Pryer	3 40 20	1 25 20
Rogue, A. B. Alley	3 40 23	1 25 23
Tartan, A. H. Pirie	3 42 14	1 27 14
Indian Harbor Knockabouts—Start, 2:20—Course, 9 Miles.		
Wa Wa, J. E. Martells	4 02 35	1 42 35
Owatanna, George Lauder, Jr.	4 02 36	1 42 36
Kenoshi, C. B. Mallory	4 03 00	1 43 00
Anawanda, E. C. Ray	4 05 23	1 45 23
Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 2:20—Course, 9 Miles.		
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	3 49 00	1 29 00
Vaquero, J. M. Marble	3 49 11	1 29 11
Houri, J. H. Esser	3 51 03	1 31 03
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	Disabled.	
Manhasset Bay—One-Design Class—Start, 2:25—Course, 9 Miles.		
Arizona, G. A. Corry	4 17 45	1 52 45
Wister, Dustan Farnum	4 23 20	1 58 20
New Rochelle One Design Class—Start, 2.25—Course, 9 Miles.		
Ace, R. N. Bavier	4 07 04	1 42 04
Agawam II., W. L. Diaz	4 14 00	1 49 00



ASPIRANT.

Designed by Gardner & Cox. Owned by Addison G. and Wilmer H. Hanan. Photo by James Burton.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

ALMANAC OF SOLENT CLASSES FOR 1904.—We are indebted to Thalassa for a copy of his useful and interesting little pamphlet, "Almanac of the Yacht Racing in the Solent Classes for 1904."

RECENT CHARTERS.—Messrs. Gardner & Cox have made the following charters: Steam yacht Calypso, by Mr. R. C. Veit to Mr. Roswell Eldredge; steam yacht Scud, by Mr. Samuel Untermyer to Mr. W. C. Allison, of Philadelphia, and the schooner yacht Vesta, by Col. J. Fred Ackerman to Mr. Stewart Shillito.

ALBERT PHELPS THAYER DIES.—On Monday, May 25, Albert Phelps Thayer, a well-known Corinthian yachtsman, died at his country place at Port Washington, L. I. He was forty-nine years of age. Mr. Thayer had been seriously ill for some years past, and while his death was not unexpected by his many friends, they will feel the loss none the less keenly. Mr. Thayer was at one time Commodore of the Huguenot Y. C., and was serving on the house committee of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. at the time of his death.

MOHICAN AND THETIS CHARTERED.—Messrs Tams, Lemoine & Crane have made the following charters: Steam yacht Mohican, Mr. Tracy Dows to Mr. Charles T. Barney, and the steam house-boat Thetis, Mr. Hiram Sibley to a member of the New York Y. C.

YVETTE SOLD.—The cutter Yvette has been sold by Mr. T. Langdon Erving to Mr. E. S. Pendleton.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C. CRUISING RACE.—Mr. Lawrence Dunham, a member of the New Rochelle Y. C., has offered a cup for a cruising race from New Rochelle to Stratford Shoal and return, the start to be made on July 30, at 5 P. M.

ENTRIES FOR BROOKLYN Y. C. OCEAN RACE.—The following entries for the Brooklyn Y. C.'s ocean race have been recived by Secretary Charles A. Kelly:

Sea Bird, yawl, 25ft. 6in., Springfield Y. C.; T. F. Day, New York, Owner.

Holy Smoke, raceabout, 40ft.; R. M. Lewis, Philadelphia, owner.

Ray II., sloop, 37ft. Brooklyn and Columbia Y. C.; G. R. Hawes, New York, owner.

Little Rhody, sloop, 34ft. 6in., Bristol and Rhode Island Y. C.; C. F. Tillinghast, Providence, owner.

Ulula, sloop, 37ft. 8in., Beverly Y. C.; W. H. Winship, Boston, owner.

Fanshawe, yawl, 35ft. 6in., New Rochelle Y. C.; Frank Maier, New York, owner.

Rough Rider, sloop, Brooklyn Y. C.; W. A. Maxwell, New York, owner.

Bonita, sloop, Brooklyn Y. C.; Haviland Bros., Brooklyn, owners.

Squaw, sloop, Brooklyn Y. C.; H. J. Heath, Brooklyn, owner.

The Brooklyn Y. C. will also hold an ocean race for auxiliaries of 45ft. and under over all measurement. Handsome prizes will be given to the winners of this race, which will start on the same day as the Lipton cup race.

MACHIGONNE LAUNCHED.—There was launched at Morris Heights on Saturday, May 28, the steel steam yacht Machigonne. She was built for Mr. Cyrus Curtis. She is a flush deck, schooner rigged vessel, 115ft. over all, 95ft. on the waterline, 16ft. 6in. beam, and 7ft. 6in. draft. Her deck house, companion ways and deck fittings are of mahogany. The engines are of the triple expansion type, with cylinders 8½in., 14in., and 23in. in diameter by 12in. stroke, and the water tube boiler is of the latest type. A speed of 16 miles is guaranteed.

BLOSSOM SOLD.—The 18ft. cabin knockabout, Blossom, has been sold by Mr. J. A. Goldsborough, of Washington, D. C., through the agency of Messrs. B. B. Crowninshield and L. D. Sampsell, to Mr. J. R. Norman, of New Orleans, La. Blossom was designed by Mr. Wm. H. Hand, and she has a fine reputation as a fast and able little vessel on Chesapeake Bay, where she has raced and cruised extensively. She is now on her way to her new home by railroad. This type of boat is just being introduced on the Gulf Coast.

The Boston 25-footer, Chewink III., will not be taken to New Orleans by rail, as before reported, but arrangements have been perfected whereby the Morgan Steamship Company, of New York, will take her south by water, the date of departure probably being June 3. This boat is undergoing considerable alteration at Boston, so that she can measure in under the bow and cabin rule of the Southern Y. C.

Regatta Committee for A. C. A. Camp.

RECORD RACES AS PRESCRIBED BY RACING REGULATIONS.

Event No. 1—Combined paddling and record sailing race, 3 miles, limit 1½ hours, start to be made under paddle, ½ mile alternately paddling and sailing.

Event No. 2—Paddling record race, ½ mile straightaway.

Event No. 3—Sailing record race, 4½ miles, limit 2½ hours.

Note—The record races are governed by Rule VI. of the racing regulations.

SAILING RACES AS PRESCRIBED BY RACING REGULATIONS.

Event No. 4—Trophy sailing race, 9 miles, limit 3½ hours.

Event No. 5—Dolphin trophy sailing race, 7½ miles, limit 3 hours.

Note—By deed-of-gift the winner of the sailing trophy race is debarred from entry in the Dolphin trophy race.

Event No. 6—Sailing race, 6 miles, limit 2½ hours.

PADDLING RACES AS PRESCRIBED BY RACING REGULATIONS.

Event No. 7—Trophy paddling race, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 8—One-man paddling race, single-blade, ½ mile.

Event No. 9—One-man paddling race, double-blade, ½ mile.

Event No. 10—Tandem paddling race, single-blade, ½ mile.

Event No. 11—Tandem paddling race, double-blade, ½ mile.

Event No. 12—Fours paddling race, single-blade, ½ mile.

Event No. 13—Fours paddling race, double-blade, ½ mile.

SAILING RACES NOT PRESCRIBED BY RACING REGULATIONS.

Event No. 14—Novice sailing race, 3 miles, limit 1½ hours, open to men who have not sailed canoes prior to September 1, 1903.

Event No. 15—Club sailing race around Sugar Island; this race shall be won by club that shall have first three canoes finish.

Event No. 16—Open canoe sailing race, 1½ miles.

PADDLING RACES NOT PRESCRIBED BY RACING REGULATIONS.

Event No. 17—Special class sailing race.

Event No. 18—Novice paddling race, single-blade, ½ mile, open to men who have never raced at any division or general camp of the A. C. A.

Event No. 19—War canoe paddling race, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 20—War canoe paddling race, ½ mile straightaway.

SUNDRY RACES NOT PRESCRIBED BY RACING REGULATIONS.

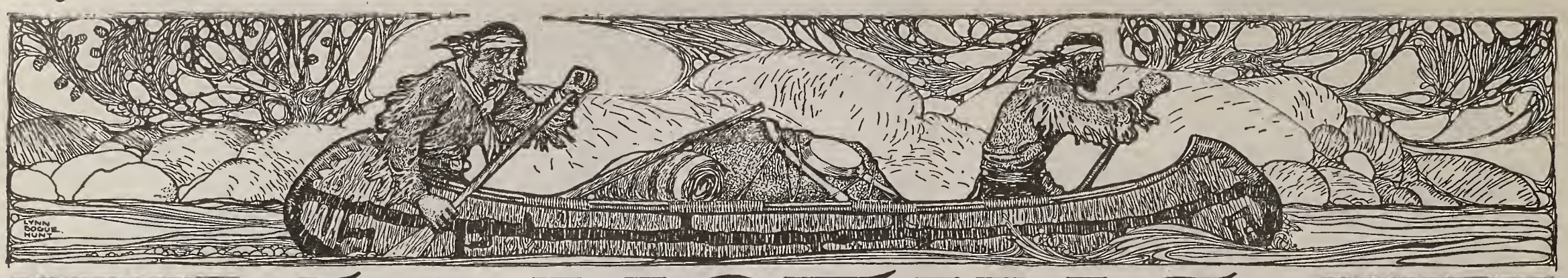
Event No. 21—Mixed tandem, single-blade, ¼ mile.

Event No. 22—Tilting tournament.

Note—All paddling races straightaway.

The committee reserve the right to change this programme at the camp by duly posted notices.

J. R. ROBERTSON,
F. C. HOYT,
HERB. BEGG,
H. M. STEWART, Chairman.



CANOEING

A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

A Canoe Cruise.

BY WM. H. L'ESTRANGE, DULUTH, MINN.

(*Concluded from page 426*)

SATURDAY, October 10.—This morning we made a short portage down stream and then put the canoe in and ran down about half a mile. Here we came to some rapids, which we ran a short distance. Then we came to a ravine, where we had to land and portage. The ravine is about fifty feet deep and the portage climbs one bank. Here, in a little open spot, we found where some party had camped during the summer. It was a beautiful place to camp, as it overlooked the water, and gave a charming little vista up the gorge. We ate lunch before starting for Iron Moluntain Lake, which was about three-quarters of a mile further down stream. The river winds around prettily and the mouth opens gradually. This was the most easterly point of our trip, and we turned and paddled west to the outlet of the lake. There used to be a natural dam at the mouth of this lake, formed by driftwood, with live trees growing over it. The lumbermen, however, had cut away the dam, and by a dam at the outlet of the small lake below had raised its level so as to form a wide channel. As we paddled through here, we passed a scow loaded with hay, propelled by long sweeps, going to some camp up the lake. We found loggers at work all around the small lake felling trees and skidding them down into the water. There was a strong southerly wind blowing, and the floating logs had gathered in the north corner of the lake, obstructing the portage, and forming a (very much "right-angled") jam, through which we were unable to force the canoe. The shores here are precipitous, so we abandoned the portage and paddled around into Newfound Lake as the easiest way through. The north portage is short, but runs over a steep ridge, and is not easy. At the mouth of this little lake we came to the dam, and found a lumber camp just below. We had about four hundred yards to carry, and just as we took the canoe out of the water a teamster with a dray (what, in England, they would call a "sledge") came along and offered to haul our stuff over. We gladly accepted his kindness, and tried to repay him with tobacco, but—*Mirabile dictu*!—here was a lumberjack that did not use tobacco. Leaving the dam, we looked for the outlet of Newfound Lake, but missed it, and camped on the shore on the other side of the mouth. The shores here were so steep that we had some trouble to find a place level enough to set up the tent. The timber had all been logged recently, and we camped in the open of a skidway. An incident of the evening was caused by setting our birch bark candle-stick too close to the side of the tent, and, the wind bellying the tent, it caught fire, but as we noticed it at once, only a very small hole was burned.

Sunday, October 11.—The task after getting under way this morning was to find the outlet, but this took very little time; indeed, it was hard to see how we came to miss it in the first place. We paddled around the narrows into Birch Lake, and caught a pickerel while going through. Going across the lake we met a small steam launch towing a scow load of hay and other supplies for our friends, the loggers. We reached the dam at the mouth of the lake a little before noon. There is a large dam here, and a comfortable fall below. We found the road that had been cut around the rapids to bring the steam launch over, and a kind of cradle on runners, by which, evidently, the feat had been accomplished. We also found the old portage trail, and it proved to be the shortest and best route for our purpose. Here we ate lunch within sight of a large lumber camp. We were now in Basswood Lake once more, and had a long paddle ahead of us. However, after we got around the point and headed westerly, we met enough of a head wind to make our progress rather slow. We hugged the south shore for shelter, and got as far as Canadian Point before stopping for the night. We camped on the extremity of the point, in a beautiful little place under the cedars, and prepared an excellent supper of fried fish and hot biscuit. This was put away where it would do the most good, although from the amount consumed, one might have expected dire results. We went to bed, however, and slept the sleep of the just man who has traveled rather more than a Sabbath day's journey. This was our only camp on Canadian soil. The shore on this side is easily distinguishable from the American side, as it has not been logged, whereas the American shore has been stripped bare.

Monday, October 12.—We got under way about 9:30, and paddled for the portage into the westerly arm of Basswood. The portage was just where our map showed it, but we had some trouble reaching it, as the end of the arm was filled with a cranberry swamp through which we had much ado to haul the canoe. It is hard to locate the portage trails from a distance in the country that has been recently logged, for the shore is lined with skidways and dray roads, where the logs have been snaked down to the water. After the trail is once picked up there is no trouble in following it, but there are so many paths that look alike until followed up a little way. As soon as we got ashore, we found a logging road ran back over the old portage, and the carry was but a short one. We ate lunch here, and found the black flies out in sufficient numbers to be uncomfortable. The weather was unusually warm for the time of year, and the hot sun brought the flies out in quantities. A short paddle took us across the arm, and we picked up the portage without much delay, though there were several little bays here that all looked alike to us. There was a logging road over this trail also, and as we went over with the canoe, we scared up a number of partridges. We found an abandoned logging camp at the other end of the portage. These camps are not made of logs nowadays, as lumber is cheaper and easier to run up. They do not make nearly as warm a camp, but the trouble in a camp is more to keep cool than to keep warm. We paddled across the lake and picked out a camping place on a high ledge of rock covered with a thick carpet of moss, with a few big scattering pines above. This made a splendid camping ground. The evening was still, and we sat late around the camp-fire. The sunset was greasy and yellow, and we looked for rain the next day. We intended to camp out the next night, but, as it turned out, this was our last night under canvas. We rolled in for the night on a bed that kings might have envied.

Tuesday, October 13.—This morning was overcast and threatening, but the weather held, to our delight. There was no wind whatever, and we secured several good reflection pictures. About three hours brought us to the foot of Pipestone Falls, where we caught a couple of pickerel in the broken water below the falls. The fall is only about four feet, but about forty yards wide. The portage is very short, only a lift around the falls. The river is about four hundred yards wide, and has no appreciable current, even quite close to the falls. We were now going up stream for the first time. We reached the portage into Fall Lake by noon, and ate our lunch beside the rapids. The rapids are wide and picturesque—a miniature of the Sault Ste. Marie. The portage runs out of a little bay on the right hand side of the rapids, going down stream. It is about a quarter of a mile long and a good, wide, well-traveled trail. When we launched out into Fall Lake we could see where we had poked around looking for the portage on our first day out. We paddled out into the open lake, and, by good luck, just struck the tug returning to Winton. The captain slowed up on our hail and took us on board and landed us in Winton about three o'clock. We were glad to be saved the long paddle up the lake, as the wind was dead ahead, and paddling against a head wind, even when slight, is tedious work. The tug crew told us we would find the river up to Ely navigable, with, perhaps, a few short carries; so we decided to spend the rest of the afternoon in traveling by that route, instead of hiring a team. We thought that if we got to Ely in good season we would camp on the lake shore instead of going to the hotel for the night. However, we found our information regarding the river to be sadly at fault. After the first mile we struck a succession of rapids and shallows that kept us busy portaging, and as the river is never traveled now, there were no trails around the bad places. The further we went the worse it became, till finally we were reduced to wading the stream, waist-deep, or worse, dragging the canoe. We reached Long Lake at 5:30 and had still two or three miles to paddle. We were pretty wet, and by this time the sun was well down and it was getting cold. The beauty of the sunset into which we paddled almost repaid us for the toils of the river. The lake is open to the westward and studded with islands, and paddling into the sunset we could imagine ourselves Hiawatha seeking for the Pearl Feather. The town lay to our left, and draped with smoke from the mine shafts, it presented a study in gray, as a contrast to the blazing crimson in front. It was six when we reached the dock at Ely, and the sun had set, and we remembered that it was the middle of October. By that time we were glad enough to go to the hotel. After supper the town band came out in front of the hotel, perhaps only for practice, but it seemed to us they were parading in honor of our return. We did not find a good bed any too comfortably comfortable, even after the delightful couches we had enjoyed in the woods.

Wednesday, October 15.—We boarded the train at 7:20 this morning for Duluth, homeward bound, regretting that our trip was so soon ended, but rich in the recollection of a glorious holiday. Of course, we had traveled neither as far or as fast as we could have done; still, as we were far from being experts at the art of camping out, we were well satisfied with the results. We had covered most of the ground mapped out, and returned safe and sound on the day appointed, and had enjoyed every moment of the time, even when it rained. I do not know where one could find a more desirable country in which to cruise. It is true, we saw little game, but that was just our luck, for the game is certainly there.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

The Canoe a Life Saver.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At this season of the year, when the weather becomes warm and many, both young and old, go out on the water in small boats, and especially in canoes, the reports of accidents from drowning will probably begin; in fact, they have already begun, two cases having been cited recently. In one of them a young man and a young woman were out paddling in a canoe, which was capsized, and after the young man had held the young woman until he was exhausted, he had to let go of her, and she was drowned; and in the other, two young men were in a boat which capsized, and one of them, believing he could swim to the shore, left the boat, which had been supporting him, and tried to swim ashore, but on the way became exhausted and sank.

The cause of most accidents is ignorance and carelessness. If a person is acquainted with the tools he uses, or the conditions surrounding him, in many cases no serious result would come from a temporary disarrangement of the plans. For instance, persons go out in small boats and canoes without knowing the stability, or perhaps the lack of stability, of the boat, and sitting too high, or standing up or jumping about quickly, causes the boat to capsize, and then the more serious accident is apt to happen.

It is unpleasant and quite serious to be capsized from a small boat, but under ordinary conditions and circumstances there is no reason why a fatal result should follow. From an experience of over twenty years with canoes, I can say, without any fear of contradiction, because it is frequently proven at our club house, that one of the lightest canoes that can be built is amply able—even when filled with water—to support a large sized, heavy man. Nay, more than this, I have seen one of the very lightest canoes, when filled with water, support three adults, and at the Brooklyn Canoe Club, on Gravesend Bay, it is one of the usual exercises to capsize a canoe, and then have as many as possible get inside of it and see how many it will float before sinking, and the remarkable thing is that the space in the boat is the only thing that prevents its supporting more than three persons.

It must be distinctly understood, however, that to gain this result, one must have sufficient knowledge of how to make the boat support you before attempting to put it to the test; but it is really a simple matter, like many other wonderful things, and after all, not so wonderful.

Large vessels, heavily loaded, start out upon journeys across the ocean; during their voyage they become leaky and waterlogged and sink to the water's edge. The crew leaves the vessel, and then the old hulk floats about the seas, standing all the storms that come to it, drifting many hundreds and thousands of miles over the ocean, and for several years, before the vessel sinks. The vessel is not seaworthy, nor is a canoe filled with water seaworthy; but when did you see a rowboat that is filled with water, or a canoe in the same condition, sink to the bottom? The secret of it is that the wood has flotation in it to support itself and more, too, and if a human being will place himself in a boat, reducing as far as possible the weight of his person by submerging his body, he will find that the canoe will support him for an almost unlimited time.

The way to do this is, as soon as the canoe capsizes, and without getting excited, to right her. Of course she will be full of water. Do not attempt to get any of the water out of her, because this is generally impossible, but climb over either the side or the end, and when you do this, the chances are that she will sink under the water, but as she feels the weight of your body lightening she will rise to the surface, and it is then for you to lie down in the boat, resting your head on the thwart or the cross-piece toward the end, where you can remain until picked up. The fact that your arm or arms may be out of the water, so that you can wave to persons on the shore or in passing boats, will not materially affect the flotation of your boat.

Not only one person can do this, but two. Two years ago, when I was on the St. Lawrence River, I proved to an old canoe friend of mine and his wife what I had seen so many, many times shown before. This gentleman and his wife and myself were bathing, and his canoe lay up on the shore, and I pulled it into the water. I suggested that he permit me to show his wife and himself how good a life-preserver a canoe filled with water was. The lady and myself got into the canoe and paddled to where the water was about to her waist, or perhaps a trifle deeper. I said to her, "Now, we will capsize the canoe, and when we do I want you, without touching your feet to the bottom (because she was a good swimmer) to hold on to the boat till I turn it over in the right position again." This we did, and I said to her: "Get into the boat," I assisting her by pulling the bow down completely under water. When she did, the boat began to rise at once, and then I, in the same way, got into the boat. The boat then supported both of us. They thought it was wonderful, and, as a further test, I suggested to the gentleman to come out to us and also get into the boat in the

same manner. He did so, and the boat then again rose to the surface, supporting the three of us.

If anyone has a canoe, and doubts this statement, let him try it the next time he goes in bathing, because I have never yet seen a boat, not even a canvas-covered Oldtown canoe, which are so very lightly built, that would not do this. If our canoe friends and others who use canoes would only try this experiment, and when it was proven to them, explain it to their friends; and also if those pepole who rent small boats would explain it to those who hire boats from them, I think a few lives might be saved. Never have I heard of a person being drowned from a canoe where they have attempted to follow any such suggestion as the above, and on many occasions a fatal result has come from attempting to reach the shore by leaving the boat and swimming.

ROBERT J. WILKIN,
President Board of Governors A. C. A.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

CANOE CLUB OF PARIS.—The Canoe Club of Paris is organizing an original competition to last from June 15 to September 15, for canoes holding two persons. They must make a month's cruise in any part of the world. A prize is given for the most interesting cruise, the record of which is to be kept in a log-book.—New York Herald.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 12-20.—Union Hill Schuetzen Park, N. J.—National Schuetzenbund Festival.
June 26.—Zeltner's Morrisania Park.—German-American Shooting Society's shoot.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, May 22. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target.

Roberts was declared champion for the day with the good record of 224. He also received his record to-day, his former being 223.

A gusty 3 to 6 o'clock wind prevailed throughout the day. Nestler was high on the honor target, with 69 points.

Roberts	224	208	205	200	196	Freitag	211	208	207	195	192
Hasenzahl	223	222	217	213	212	Hoffman	213	205	200	197	193
Payne	222	221	219	216	215	Odell	206	200	199	182	...
Bruns	222	203	195	194	193	Trounstine	205	195	192	188	183
Gindele	219	218	211	208	206	Lux	200	193	193	180	170
Nestler	219	215	209	207	205	Drube	199	174	...	...	...
Hofer	219	204	203	188	188						

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

June 1-3.—Watertown, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. F. J. Cory, Sec'y.
*June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament; added money. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Huntington, W. Va.—West Virginia State Shoot. F. H. Merrick, Sec'y.
June 9.—Westchester, Pa., Gun Club target shoot. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.
June 9-10.—Peru, Ind., Gun Club eighth annual tournament. Wm. Daniels, Sec'y.
June 11.—Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club target tournament. I. P. Tafft, Sec'y.
June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Mgr.
June 14-15.—Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Hanover Park Shooting Association target tournament. E. L. Klipple, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—Akron, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League target tournament. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—New London, Ia., Gun Club midsummer tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 15-16.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. L. K. Forscythe, Sec'y.
*June 15-16.—Millvale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 25.—East Walpole, Mass.—Second annual tournament of the Neponset Gun Club; $60 in prizes. M. H. Grant, Sec'y.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club; strictly amateur; $500 added money. John M. Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.— East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.
July 6-7.—Homer, Ill.—Homer and Ogden Gun Clubs' tournament.
July 6-7.—Kane, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen, Sec'y.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handicap tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
*July 13-14.—Scottdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap.
July 20-21.—Armada, Mich.—Tournament of the Eastern Michigan Gun Club; $100 added. E. W. Sutton, Sec'y.
July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Aug. 9-12.—West Baden, Ind.—Indian tournament; $1,000 added money.
*Aug. 10-11.—Bradenville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; $25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
*Sept. 6-7.—Irwin, Pa., Rod and Gun Club tournament.
*Sept. 14-15.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
*Sept. 27-28.—Monessen, Pa., Gun Club.
*Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Col. James T. Anthony and Mr. Frank C. Riehl are ill. The former in Memphis, Tenn., the latter at his home in Alton, Ill. We sincerely hope that good health has returned to them.

For the two days of the W. P. T. S., at Brownsville, Pa., May 25 and 26, Mr. Ed Painter was first with 327 out of 350. Messrs. Tryon, Fleming and West were 325, 322 and 316, second, third and fourth respectively.

The Westchester Gun Club defeated the Meadow Springs Gun Club, on the grounds of the latter, at Philadelphia, last Saturday, in a twelve-man team race. Each man shot at 25 targets. The scores were 194 and 184.

Mr. W. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kan., has sufficiently recovered from his severe illness to again resume his position as a shooter. He participated in the competition of the Missouri Trap Shooters' League, at St. Louis, last week.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was high on both days of the Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club shoot, on May 25 and 26, with 172 each day out of a possible 175, a total of 344 out of 350. Mr. L. J. Squier was second, with 339. Mr. Ed Rike was third, with 331.

Mr. Frank Muldoon, of Freehold, N. J., has challenged Mr. T. W. Morfey, of Dover, N. J., to contest for the New Jersey State championship, and the challenge has been accepted. The contest is fixed to take place at Lake Denmark, N. J., on Thursday, June 9. Each contestant will shoot at 25 live birds.

Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, of Kynoch Limited, Birmingham, England, departed from New York for his home on Saturday of last week. Mr. Chamberlain is a nephew of Sir Joseph Chamberlain. He had been in the United States about a month when he departed. His visit in the United States combined both business and pleasure.

The programme of the Consolidated Gun Club, of Connecticut, first tournament, to be held at New Haven, June 9, provides fifteen events at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance 65 cents, $1.22 and $2.30. Total, 190 targets, $15.33 entrance. Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1, will govern. Targets 1½ cent. All shooters are invited. Mr. D. C. Y. Moore, South Manchester, Conn., is secretary. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock.

The Soo Gun Club has issued the programme of their tenth annual tournament, to be held at Sioux City, Iowa, June 7-9. Merchandise and $400 cash are added. Handicaps 16 to 22yds. There are twelve events each day, eight at 15, and four at 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2, $10 added to each. On the second day, the interstate championship contest, prize, a silver cup, will be shot. There are five prizes for the five high and five low guns. The secretary is Mr. W. F. Duncan.

The Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club has issued the programme of its target tournament to be held on June 11. The programme presents fourteen events, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance 65 cents, 90 cents and $1.10. Totals, 180 targets, $10.80 entrance. Event 9 is a four-man team shoot, 20 targets per man, $3.20 per team. In event 13, the entire purse goes to high man. Rose system, 4, 3, 2, 1, will govern the division of moneys. Lunch free. Targets 1½ cent. For further information apply to the secretary, Mr. I. P. Tafft, 10 West Main street, to whom guns and shells may be sent.

The Fitchburg, Mass., Rifle and Gun Club have issued the programme of their shoot, to be held on June 17. Eleven events are provided, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets. Shooting begins at 9:45. All shooters are invited. No sweepstakes. Five events are distance handicaps. Events 9 and 10 are the annual five-man team match. Targets 1½ cent. Special prizes, a leather dress suit case and a leather gun case, to the amateurs making respectively first and second averages. Guns and cartridges forwarded to Mr. I. O. Converse, care of Fitchburg Hardware Co., will be delivered on grounds free.

BERNARD WATERS.

W. P. T. S. L. at Brownsville.

BROWNSVILLE, Pa., May 27.—The third shoot of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League took place on the ground of the Brownsville Gun Club at Brownsville, Pa., May 25 and 26.

The shooters were favored with very fine weather; still the first day was quite warm, but it did not interfere in any way with the boys enjoying themselves.

The Pittsburg party was in great luck, being invited by Mr. Painter to make the trip in his fast steam yacht, Wauneta. It is needless to say that they enjoyed themselves.

On Wednesday, the first day, forty shooters faced the traps, most of them shooting through the programme of 175 targets. Shooters were present from Pittsburg, Irvin, McKeesport, Monessen, Greensburg, Charleroi, Masontown, Belle Vernon, Pa., also Cleveland, O.

The trade was represented by Chas. G. Grubb and H. P. Fessenden.

High guns, first day: Mr. Painter, of Pittsburg, Pa., first, breaking 165 out of 175; second, Mr. Tryon, with 162 out of 175; third, Mr. Fleming, 161 out of 175, and fourth, Mr. E. J. West, 160 out of 175.

High guns second day: Mr. Tryon, first, 163 out of 175; second Mr. Painter, with 162 out of 175; third, Mr. L. B. Fleming, 161 out of 175; fourth, Mr. R. J. West, 156 out of 175.

High average for two days went to Mr. Painter, with 327 out of 350; second, Mr. Tryon, with 325 out of 350; third, Mr. Fleming, with 322 out of 350, and fourth, Mr. R. J. West, with 316 out of 350.

On the second day the regular team race took place, and resulted as follows: Herron Hill Gun Club, first, with 142 out of 150; North Side Gun Club, second, with 130 out of 150; Brownsville Gun Club, third, with 129 out of 150; Irwin Gun Club, fourth, with 111 out of 150.

First Day, May 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Painter	15	19	15	17	13	18	15	20	14	19	165
Tryon	15	18	12	20	14	17	11	20	15	20	162
Fleming	15	18	14	18	13	18	12	20	15	18	161
West	14	17	15	15	14	29	14	19	14	18	160
Matthews	12	18	13	17	14	18	13	20	13	18	156
Irwin	14	17	13	18	13	18	13	17	13	20	156
Swearer	12	19	15	18	15	18	14	19	11	17	158
Rube	13	18	13	18	11	18	13	16	12	17	149
King	12	15	15	17	14	19	12	17	15	18	154
C S C	15	17	12	14	13	18	15	13	15	19	151
Crawford	11	17	14	16	9	17	12	18	12	15	141
Rahn	13	18	12	14	10	18	11	16	11	15	138
Andrews	10	12	15	17	12	19	13	17	11	17	143
Pontefract	13	13	12	19	10	16	12	16	9	17	137
Low	10	18	13	17	12	16	13	15	14	18	146
Johnson	12	12	12	18	14	18	13	16	13	15	143
Henry	12	15	12	18	13	12	16	10	16		137
Sargeant	9	19	14	15	9	17	9	15	12	16	135
Thompson	11	14	13	13	11	17	11	15	..	13	118
Wampler	12	13	12	14	12	15	10	15	10	11	124
North	10	10	9	10	9	14	12	17	12	14	117
Hallineau	8	11	10	13	12	12	10	16	11	15	118
Brown	9	11	10	13	13	15	13	13	11	11	119
Calhoun	14	17	11	18	12	19	14	..	..	..	105
Cochran	14	16	12	13	14	19	15	..	..	..	103
Daily	9	14	10	15	12	17	7	15	9	..	108
Rathmell	..	..	..	16	13	18	12	14	12	14	99
Nelson	11	12	6	16	12	13	12	16	..	..	98
Wolf	8	9	11	14	10	7	8	11	9	11	98
Moore	..	..	..	15	11	15	10	17	9	17	94
G Thompson	10	12	4	11	11	..	7	13	9	15	92
Daugherty	10	14	10	17	11	11	8	..	..	..	81
Armbrust	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	13	12	16	66
Herbertson	..	..	..	..	14	14	11	13	8	..	60
Withrow	9	11	13	15	10	..	..	..	..	..	58
Lumsden	7	..	..	16	9	12	9	3	..	..	56
Hill	8	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16
Hough	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	16
Underwood	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	16
Tobin	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	14

Second Day, May 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Tryon	15	17	15	20	15	19	12	16	15	19	163
Painter	13	19	13	18	15	19	15	18	13	19	162
Fleming	14	19	14	17	13	20	15	18	13	18	161
West	13	16	13	19	14	20	14	16	14	17	156
King	11	18	11	18	13	18	15	17	15	18	154
Henry	10	17	13	15	14	18	15	18	13	17	150
Pontefract	11	19	12	16	12	16	13	17	13	19	148
Rube	12	16	13	17	15	17	15	14	14	18	151
Irwin	14	19	13	16	14	13	14	15	12	17	147
G Thompson	13	15	13	14	13	19	12	17	13	15	144
Rahn	15	16	12	17	13	17	11	14	13	15	143
Low	13	16	11	16	13	15	12	16	12	15	139
C S C	11	17	15	16	12	14	11	15	10	15	136
Crawford	13	15	12	13	13	17	10	12	14	16	135
Rathmell	7	12	12	12	15	16	14	17	15	14	134
Daugherty	12	12	13	16	9	15	15	15	9	14	130
Wampler	13	15	11	12	12	14	10	14	12	15	128
McDowell	..	15	12	15	11	16	12	13	10	15	119
J T C	14	14	7	16	8	18	13	15	13	11	129
Sargeant	..	11	..	16	10	13	12	13	11	16	102
Andrews	8	15	13	14	11	14	12	16	..	..	103
Brown	12	15	12	13	11	14	10	..	..	..	87
J A W	10	13	12	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	58
Moore	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	15	52
North	10	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	34
Herbertson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	13	38
Provance	..	2	7	10	4	11	..	..	..	..	34
Ward	13	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24
T H Thompson	..	..	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	19
Krepps	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	15
Wolf	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

Team race, Thursday, May 26, events 5, 6 and 7:

Herron Hill Gun Club.		Brownsville Gun Club.	
Painter	15 19 15—49	West	14 20 14—48
King	13 18 15—46	C S C	12 14 11—37
Henry	14 18 15—47—142	G Thompson	13 19 12—44—129
North Side Gun Club.		**Irwin Gun Club.**	
Fleming	13 20 15—48	Brown	11 14 10—35
Pontefract	12 16 13—41	Wampler	12 14 10—36
Irwin	14 13 14—41—130	Low	13 15 12—40—111

H. P. F.

The entry list at third tournament of the season held by the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League at this place was not as large as was expected, and the local club was very much disappointed. It is thought that a great many shooters didn't attend because we added an extra point to the division of moneys, making five moneys in 15, and six in the 20-target events. Perhaps the winners didn't pull down as much as they would with a less number of points, but those that were here were here for the gentlemanly sport, and not for the coin. Mr. Frank Orr compiled the scores, and acted as cashier to the entire satisfaction of all.

W. T. DAUGHERTY.

Springfield Shooting Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The annual meeting of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club was held in H. L. Hawes' store, on May 25, at 8 o'clock P. M. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Harry L. Hawes; Vice-President, Edward O. Bagg; Secretary-Treasurer, C. L. Kites; Executive Committee, H. L. Hawes, D. N. Coats, Edward A. Nelson.

The following were elected to membership in the club: T. H. Baldwin, Abraham Snow, E. L. Mott, Emil K. Janser, W. H. Snow, E. J. Lyman, Frank Eaton, E. H. Lathrop, E. S. Bradford, Jr., and W. E. Parsons. Resignation of Arthur C. Merritt was accepted.

It was voted to change the conditions regulating the badge contest, which the club is running, so as to have the high gun at each shoot wear the badge until the next shoot, rather than having the one making the highest scores wear it until his score was beaten, or tied. In this way the badge will change from one member to another oftener. The final disposition of the badge to be, as before—i. e., the one making the highest average during the season for the 250 targets shot at in badge contests, has the badge for his own personal property. The interest in this badge contest is very marked, many competing for it who have not done any trapshooting for years.

MISFIRE.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Following are the scores of the last shoot, Thursday, May 19, of the Analostan Gun Club, of Washington, D. C.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	at	Broke.
Craig	8	10	9	10	5	8	8	9	10	9	7	110	92
Wagner	6	9	9	8	10	10	9	8	7	8	..	100	82
Garrison	7	7	6	7	3	4	9	7	7	..	..	90	57
Coleman	8	10	8	10	9	9	9	10	..	..	..	80	73
Haven	3	1	4	5	5	5	4	6	..	..	..	80	33
C S Wilson	9	7	7	8	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	60	50
Utz	8	10	8	7	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	60	49
Petrola	10	8	8	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	43
McKelden	9	9	9	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	43
Heintz	10	10	6	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	39
Koons	9	4	6	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	33
Shoemaker	8	8	5	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	31
Aukward	5	6	6	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	26
Homiller	6	8	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	29
Hogan	7	6	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	29
Lainhart	3	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	21
Hall	..	5	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	20
L A Hazel	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	17
W Brown	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	16
Beckham	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7
Targets thrown												1070	790

MILES TAYLOR, Sec'y.

Pennsylvania State Tournament.

(*Continued from page 450.*)

THE fifth day, May 21, was devoted to live-bird competition. There were two events on the programme. Both were amateur events.

No. 1 was at 15 birds, entrance $10, birds extra; divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., class shooting. This event was also the three-man team race for the L. C. Smith trophy. Entrance per team $25, not included in the regular entrance. Divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Class shooting. Teams to be composed of bona fide members of any club or association in the State, and residents of the county in which the club is located. No man to shoot on more than one team. Each member of the winning team will be presented with a valuable individual trophy, donated by the State Association and the York City Gun Club.

No. 2 was at 15 birds, entrance $10, birds extra; divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; class shooting. This event was also for the Williamsport diamond badge trophy, emblematic of the live-bird championship of Pennsylvania. Only residents of the State and members of the State Association competed for the trophy, but all amateurs could shoot for the purse.

Mr. John Morris, of Philadelphia, won first in No. 1 event, with 15, the only full score made in that event, and his good work brought in return a win of $150.

The scores in their individual and team significance in No. 1 event, follow:

Morris	222222122212222—15	Woods	222222122222020—12
Williams	122222022222222—14	Seitz	221222121100011—12
Grove	222222222211022—14	Battman	210221220221022—12
Stanley	210211222122122—14	Felix	220022120222222—12
Stevens	122221102212222—14	Oliver	222222202202022—12
Stroh	222222222222202—14	Pyle	102222011220220—12
Humer	222221102222121—14	Miller	120222012220012—11
Lauber	111210111212012—13	Demick	020222120222200—10
Jebb	222222222222002—13	Pfleiger	222001212002100— 9
Flock	022222221222022—13	Daniels	001212100110022— 9
Wellington	222222222202022—13	Jeromc	201022002110210— 9
Kruger	121102112121210—13	Patrick	012100111200110— 9
Cannon	021221212221110—13	Rike	022220002020022— 9
Bird	122200211201221—12	McSherry	000202002212202— 8
Derck	020222120122200—12	Bob White	111220002010002— 8
Mink	222222202202022—12	Deardorff	000010021212012— 8
Jackson	212120011211022—12	Byers	200022000022120— 7
Frank	022020222222222—12	Kable	001110101100000— 6
Harrison	020212112202122—12		

Scores for L. C. Smith team trophy, 15 birds:

Independence Gun Club—Frank 12, Pfleiger 9, Mink 12; total 33.

York No. 1—Seitz 12, Jackson 12, Grove 14; total 38.

York No. 2—Lauber 13, Deardorff 8, Miller 11; total 32.

Keystone, Philadelphia—Morris 15, Harrison 12, Felix 12; total 39.

Harrisburg—Willington 13, Oliver 12, Woods 12; total 38.

In the Williamsport diamond badge event, Messrs. Wellington, of Harrisburg, Stroh, of Pittston, and Pyle, of Harrisburg, killed 15 straight. The scores of No. 2 event follow:

Wellington	222222221222222—15	Stevens	121012210122102—12
Stroh	222222222222222—15	Flock	220222222021120—12
Davis	122111111122122—15	Seitz	220021110112211—12
Pyle	211211122222222—15	Grove	102111202222202—12
Jackson	111112121112102—14	Patrick	102222200012122—11
Williams	202222222222222—14	Deardorff	021211011110102—11
Kruger	112111022112122—14	Storr	020112202122102—11
Demick	211222221201122—14	Lauber	020100101211111—10
Stanley	022211222222221—14	Ramsey	020021112022200—10
Humer	222122221201221—14	Jerome	220212202010201—10
Morris	222022222022222—13	Cannon	100021010122102—10
Frank	222020222222221—13	Felix	022202002002222— 9
Oliver	222222022222202—13	Battman	222201000020022— 9
Derk	212021212222202—13	McSherry	011021002002110— 8
Mink	202122220222222—13	Bob White	200212210100200— 8
Curtis	222022212021200—12	Woods	202120022200000— 8
Jebb	002222022222222—12		

Ohio Trap.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—The weather on May 28 was all that could be desired, and the attendance was almost a record one. Sixteen shooters made straight scores in the Parker prize gun contest, including their handicaps. Harig and Ahlers tied for high gun in actual breaks with 89 each. Then came Randall and Faran with 84 each.

Not quite as much practice shooting was done to-day as usual. Several matches were shot, in which good scores were made. During the afternoon 3,500 targets were trapped, which speaks well for the way in which Supt. Gambell keeps things running. The club has lost F. Waddell, of the DuPont Powder Co., as he has removed to Wilmington, Del.

The following additional scores were made in the cash prize contest of May 21, handicaps of yards in parentheses: Bleh (18) 41, Deck (20)40, H. Sunderbruch (16) 37, Sampson (16) 36, Rybolt (17) 32.

A 100-target race was shot on May 22, C. O. Le Compte winning with 91. Gambell and Williams tied for second on 89, the former making a run of 51. The scores: Le Compte 91, Gambell 89, Williams 89, Ahlers 87, A. Sunderbruch 81.

Parker prize gun shoot, 100 targets, handicap of added targets:

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.	Total.
Harig, 40	18	19	18	17	17	89	100
Jay Bee, 25	18	13	14	17	18	80	100
Block, 13	13	17	18	17	18	83	100
Peters, 20	16	16	17	16	18	83	100
Williams, 18	16	18	14	16	18	82	100
Willie, 25	13	19	15	17	17	81	100
Pfeiffer, 40	15	17	17	15	18	82	100
Captain, 25	17	15	17	16	13	78	100
Faran, 18	18	17	18	16	15	84	100
Bullerdick, 30	16	18	15	15	15	79	100
Roanoke, 40	14	14	12	13	14	67	100
Merkel, 40	11	11	9	10	11	62	100
Ackley, 35	12	12	15	14	12	65	100
Boch, 40	14	11	16	16	16	73	100
Pohlar, 35	14	16	18	16	18	82	100
Kramer, 40	12	17	13	15	13	70	100
Ahlers, 10	19	18	19	17	16	89	99
Randall, 15	14	18	18	15	19	84	99
Maynard, 18	17	14	15	17	18	81	99
Steinman, 22	16	18	15	13	17	79	99
Osterfelt, 20	17	12	16	15	18	78	98
Herman, 30	13	16	13	11	11	64	94
Norris, 30	10	14	15	15	10	64	94
*Du Bray	12	15	12	12	13	64	64

*Did not compete.

Team match, 100 targets, May 27:

Gambell 83, Peters 88; total 171.

Kirby 89, Faran 88; total 177.

Team mateh, 25 targets, May 27:

Gambell 23, Peters, 23; total 46.

Kirby 21, Faran 21; total 42.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club.

Dayton, O.—Seventeen shooters took part in the club's handicap medal event on May 25. P. Hanauer, Miller and Lockwood tied on scores of 25 or better, and after two shoot-offs the former won. The club has had its grounds put in first-class order. The scores:

Club shoot, 25 targets, handicap extra targets to shoot at: P. Hanauer shot at 28, broke 27; C. Miller 29, 26; Lockwood 35, 25; Morris, 35, 24; J. Donohue 34, 23; J. Schaerf 30, 22; Brake 29, 22; C. Ballman 35, 22; G. Rohrer 30, 22; J. Hohm 30, 21; W. McCullough 35, 19; C. Smyth 29, 19; D. Rogge 35, 19; A. Mohr 29, 17; W. Kette 29, 12; Saints 35, 6; J. Ballman 35, 16.

Shoot-off of tie: P. Hanauer shot at 10, broke 10; Lockwood 14, 10; Miller 10, 9.

Shoot-off No. 2: Hanauer shot at 5, broke 5; Lockwood 7, 4.

BONASA.

Missouri League of Trapshooters.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 23.—Early in the week, it being Monday, there was a gathering of trapshooters from Missouri and the west at Dupont Park, which is situated where the towers of the World's Fair buildings can be plainly seen, the occasion being that of the second tournament of the Missouri League of Trapshooters.

The weather was good and the attendance fair, though not so large as it would have been, providing there had been more time for advertising the shoot, as a change had been made from Butler to this place. In all there were 33 participants.

The trade was represented by Harold Money, W. H. Heer, H. W. Vietmeyer, Chas. Spencer, Tom Norton, Mr. Thoms, Hart Bronaugh, Leslie Standish, Mr. Sharp and Mr. Williams, and they were a busy lot of gentlemen.

The best score of the day was made by Harold Money, his run of 99 out of 100 was extra, considering the conditions, which were of a very trying order as the scores will show.

The background at this park is bad and the traps face the sun. A Leggett trap and a magautrap were used and both were throwing the targets good and plenty. The high amateur score was made by Harlow Spencer, of St. Louis, and in doing so he missed 30. Mermod was next with 32.

The individual championship was won by young Guy Ward, of Walnut Log, Tenn. Both he and his father did not shoot the load that they were used to, and fell as many others did below their usual average.

The Canvasback Camp donations for high averages was won by the home boys, Spencer and Mermod. The secretary, Dr. Clapp, of Moberly, left his pill bag behind and shot the programme through and came off winner of third prize.

It was decided that the next meeting of this league should be held at Butler on June 14 and 15. As this town is situated in the southwest part of the State where the shooters are plentiful, there should be a good turnout.

During the afternoon Wm. Clayton, of Kansas City, won the Elliott target trophy from O. N. Ford, of Central City, Iowa; scores, 81 to 80. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	25	25	at	Broke
Money	13	14	18	15	15	19	15	15	20	12	..	21	190	177
P C Ward	15	15	14	13	13	15	13	10	19	12	14	18	215	170
O'Niel	10	12	13	10	10	13	10	13	17	7	16	19	215	149
G Ward	11	12	12	12	10	18	13	12	17	10	22	15	215	164
Mermod	13	14	17	14	13	18	14	13	19	12	18	18	215	183
Ford	12	12	19	11	15	14	11	13	16	12	..	21	190	156
Clapp	14	11	19	14	11	18	15	13	19	11	15	20	215	180
Morrison	11	13	14	10	12	16	10	11	13	10	19	19	215	158
Henry	7	8	14	11	11	18	14	11	16	6	16	..	190	132
Patterson	10	14	14	12	12	16	11	12	16	11	15	19	215	162
Brookman	10	8	13	15	12	17	12	10	18	8	8	23	215	154
Heer	13	14	19	14	15	16	13	14	17	14	..	20	190	169
Vietmeyer	8	12	16	11	10	16	12	11	16	13	17	19	215	161
Lewis	13	14	14	13	14	15	14	10	18	13	20	21	215	179
H Spencer	12	13	19	14	14	17	14	13	18	11	17	23	215	185
Mackie	7	10	17	11	11	17	12	9	13	9	21	19	215	146
Thomas	11	10	16	14	14	14	11	13	13	12	17	22	215	167
Norton	..	..	14	10	9	14	12	10	13	11	..	..	...	...
McDowell	13	14	18	..	15	15	12	11	18	11	..	..	...	...
Clayton	..	..	..	14	15	15	14	12	16	10	19	..	...	...
C Spencer	15	12	16	16	14	18	11	14	19	13	..	23	190	171
Layne	..	..	..	..	11	15	13	10	9	10	..	..	...	...
Wickie	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	10	15	11	..	..	...	...
Love	..	..	..	..	13	12	..	8	12	..	..	..	...	...
Mercer	..	..	..	..	13	18	13	12	18	..	..	..	...	...
Jackson	..	..	..	..	6	14	8	9	13	..	..	..	...	...
Cabanne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	18	...	...
Winscott	9	11	13	10	9	13	12	9	..	..	..	..	...	...
Hickerson	13	13	17	12	14	15	12	8	10	..	..	..	...	...
Holmes	..	..	..	13	13	15	10	9	..	..	..	..	...	...
Finley	..	..	..	12	..	13	..	..	10	..	..	..	...	...
Medlin	..	..	..	..	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	20	...	...
Elson	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	11	14	14	11	..	...	...

The last event was a two-man team championship, and was won by Ford and Brookman, of Iowa, on the shoot off.

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 24.—Inclosed find scores made at our regular club shoots, Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning.

Despite the fact that most of the best shots were at the Minneapolis Gun Club tournament, held at Inter-City Park, we had a fair attendance. Messrs. Figge and Bazille each made 15 straight. We have taken in forty new members, and our score sheets do not look as well now as they will later, after more experience.

Our new park is now completed, and we have no hesitancy in saying it is the best in the Northwest.

Scores of May 21:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Dave	100	34	Mike	75	18
Bokeman	90	62	Frankel	75	35
Perry	75	61	Bentz	60	25
Arthur	135	96	Kelly	30	23
Bazille	150	119	Muller	60	36
Charles	75	57	Schilbach	80	48
Mack	75	10	Bowen	60	24
Hildred	60	40	Figge	75	64
McLaren	75	49			

Scores of May 22:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Novotny	115	88	Rice	45	25
Costello	75	39	Bakeman	45	41
Nielsen	60	26	Kelly	30	18
Schulstad	140	75	Drewry	75	49
Allgauer	115	87	Hall	30	22
Schmitz	75	41	Flesch	15	8
Perry	55	47	Kittson	45	25
Pleiss	100	91			

SEC'Y.

Grand American Handicap Target Tournament.

THE manner of shooting all events scheduled for the Grand American Handicap target tournament is as follows:

Five sets of traps will be used, and five different events will be commenced at the same time, one respectively at each set of traps. The total number of qualified contestants will be divided into five sections, as nearly equal in number as possible, and a section will be started at the same time at each set of traps. After all members of a section have finished competing at their set of traps, they will pass on to the next set of traps and compete there, and so on until they have competed at each of the five sets of traps.

For example: Say that we have 200 entries—40 squads of five men each. Divide the 40 squads into five sections and it would make 8 squads to each section. Squads 1 to 8 would compose the first section. Squads 9 to 16 would compose the second section. Squads 17 to 24 would compose the third section. Squads 25 to 32 would compose the fourth section, and squads 35 to 40 would compose the fifth section. These sections simultaneously would be started at Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 sets of traps respectively. After all squads of a section finished competing at a particular set of traps, their entire section would pass on to the next set of traps and compete there, and so on until they have completed at the entire sets of traps.

The foregoing arrangement will do away with a squad shooting 100 targets "off the reel," right down the line of five sets of traps. Yet a true equity will be maintained, as each contestant will compete alike in each particular event.

This arrangement is made possible through there being a rule in force at the Grand American Handicap target tournament whereby a contestant who takes part in the tournament any day must positively make entry for all events called for by the programme of that day.

The three handicap events will be conducted in the same manner, as they will be shot in strings of 20 targets at each of the five sets of traps, which is practically the same as five different events.

THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., May 27.—These Hell Gate scores were shot in one day, May 24. The weather was warm, with a southwest wind to help the birds out. The birds were both fair and slow, depending on age of birds. John Schlicht, to whom fell the honor of the day, had about as fast a lot as fell to any shooter of the club, and he killed them all clean. Hughes, a Class C man, shot in good form. Mr. Belden was unfortunate in dropping them over the line. The same with Wilson and Lange. Mr. Meckel was taken ill, and the last three birds on his score of June shoot were shot by his friend, a visitor, Mr. Sanders, of the Jeannette Gun Club, by courtesy of the Hell Gate Gun Club. Mr. Schneider was trap-puller; Mr. Johnny Jones, scorer; Mr. L. H. Schertemeier was referee:

Ten live birds per man, club handicap rise, and point handicap:

	May Shoot.	June Shoot.
C Van Valkenburg, 28	22222222*2— 9	2200222222 —
Dr Davis, 26	0011220*11— 6	0102121222—
Schorty, 30	2202222222— 9	2222210202—
J A Belden, 28	00*021**10— 3	0210102222—
N G Wilson, 28	1022221121— 9	*222*11121—
F Trostel, 28	2111121211—10	1021010111—
J Schlicht, 28	2211111212—10	1211211112—1
C Lang, 28	22*220012*— 6	0210212201—
E Forster, 30	2200220021— 6	0102120201—
F Guy, 26	10102*2221— 7	0201122000—
J Shappert, 26	1200000211— 5	0011102010—
J Kreeb, 28	0120121011— 7	1021101011—
P Albert, 28	1121020201— 7	20112111*1—
P Woelfel, 28	12021*0010— 5	1111022221—
J Hughes, 26	0121211002— 7	2011111220—
E Meckel, 28	210*001222— 6	2110100211—
R Baudendistel, 28	1211002221— 8	0211110100—
J H Voss, 30	1211102111— 9	0012201110—
P Brecnan, 26	*100100011— 4	0110101200—
J Wellbrock, 28	1221111222—10	22022011*1—

Side match, 3 birds, then miss-and-out; won by Wellbrock:

Wellbrock, 28.....122 0212 Schlicht, 28.....111 022

Minneapolis Tournament.

THE tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club was well attended. The shoot was held on May 19, 20 and 21. The scores of the three days of those who shot the entire programme were as follows:

	May 19.	May 20.	May 21.	Shot at.	Broke
T A Marshall	184	185	192	600	561
B Seymour	181	188	185	600	554
G Roll	184	187	178	600	549
R P Guptill	188	182	176	600	546
L Willard	181	174	189	600	544
F J Storey	179	175	187	600	541
J L D Morrison	177	187	175	600	539
W H Dewey	189	174	173	600	536
T E McKay	177	174	183	600	534
T E Berry	181	178	173	600	532
L E Parker	186	176	168	600	530
C H Parker	187	168	173	600	528
H G Taylor	189	183	156	600	528
W C Rowe	179	171	176	600	526
E H Moulton, Jr	174	178	174	600	526
H A Crosby	178	170	176	600	524
S S Johnston	179	180	161	600	520
D C Rand	185	175	160	600	520
J W Nelson	181	166	173	600	520
W J Bifton	180	174	165	600	519
E W Hicks	172	183	163	600	518
Dr. W. F. Lyon	165	180	169	600	514
C L Quinlan	181	161	172	600	514
O J Davidson	176	171	165	600	512
F H Sprague	175	170	166	600	511
C R Wilkinson	173	168	167	600	508
F L Norton	165	169	170	600	504
J W Devery	186	150	168	600	504
A E Mayer	171	163	169	600	503
J C Jess	160	169	173	600	502
R L Slimmer	168	163	171	600	502
F C Schwartz	171	173	157	600	501
J Fridette	163	179	158	600	500
L R Fulton	169	156	165	600	490
M J Morris	161	166	162	600	489
L F Kennedy	170	159	156	600	485
C A Hale	170	156	154	600	480
Mrs S S Johnston	167	161	147	600	475

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 28.—The appended scores were made to-day on the occasion of the fifth trophy shoot of the first series. Dr. Meek won Class A trophy on 23, Thomas and Marshall tied for Class B also on 23, while Hathaway captured Class C on 21.

In the cup shoot, which followed, Dr. Meek and Johnson tied for cup in Class A on 21, Marshall won Class B on 23. No Class C shooters.

The day was a fine one for trapshooting, and thirty-one shooters took advantage of it for an afternoon's sport at the traps. Everybody got all the shooting they wanted, and all went home happy.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	25	25	10	10	10	10	10
Dr Meek	23	21	9	9	7	9	8	Burke	19	18	6	7	7	..	..
Pollard	21	19	8	8	9	9	9	Wakeman	18	..	7	8	7	..	..
Johnson	18	21	8	10	5	7	7	Gould	20	15	..	8	6	4	8
Thomas	23	19	8	9	10	7	7	McDonald	21	16	..	..	8	9	10
Stone	21	22	8	6	9	7	9	McKennon	17	21	..	..	6	..	..
Cook	19	16	..	3	3	..	..	Hathaway	21	22	..	..	10	4	10
Dr Shaw	16	19	9	8	8	..	..	Wilson	11	19	..	..	..	..	..
Birkland, Sr.	16	18	8	7	7	..	..	Marshall	23	23	..	..	7	9	..
Mueller	3	..	2	2	0	2	..	Kissack	21	16	..	..	7	8	7
A McGowan	14	17	6	8	6	6	..	Kirshaw	17	..	..	..	4	..	..
Eaton	20	19	10	9	9	8	6	Bergmair	5	..	..	..	2	5	4
Porter	16	16	3	5	8	..	..	Snyder	19	19	..	..	..	..	..
Bullard	22	22	6	10	9	..	..	Ostendorf	14	16	..	..	..	6	..
Birkland, Jr.	16	18	6	8	4	9	6	Russel	8	10	..	..	..	4	..
Kehl	18	7	9	4	5	..	..	Geotter	19	16	..	..	..	9	..

No. 1 was trophy event.

No. 2 was cup shoot, 15 targets and 5 pairs.

DR. MEEK, Sec'y.

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ALL YOU NEED IS A MATCH.

Compact, Portable, Delicious, and with the aid of a match ready for use anywhere at a minute's notice.

WHILE the business in conserved foods of all descriptions has grown to enormous proportions in America as well as Europe, and millions of people are more or less dependent upon them, it has been necessary heretofore to either use a kitchen outfit for heating or cooking canned foods, or confine oneself to such as can be eaten cold.

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All You Need is a Match

to serve a hot meal of Delmonico quality in a few minutes, no matter where you are.

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¼ can a portion for 1 person
½ " " " 2 persons
1 " " " 4 persons

SOUPS.

Pea Soup, with salt beef	¼	can	$0.40
" " "	½	"	.65
" " "	1	"	1.10
Bean Soup with boiled beef	¼	"	.40
" " "	½	"	.65
Oxtail Soup	¼	"	.55
"	½	"	.85
Chicken Soup, with boulettes	¼	"	.55
" "	½	"	.85

ENTREES.

Boiled Beef, with beans	¼	can	$0.40
" "	½	"	.65
Boiled Mutton, with cabbage	¼	"	.40
" "	½	"	.55
Boiled Beef, with broth and potatoes	¼	"	.40
" " "	½	"	.60
" " "	1	"	1.00
Irish Stew	¼	"	.50
"	½	"	.75
Frankfurter, with sauerkraut	¼	"	.50
" "	½	"	.75
Beefsteak, with potatoes	¼	"	.75
" "	½	"	1.10
Chicken, with rice	¼	can	$0.85
" "	½	"	1.35
Goulash	¼	"	.60
"	½	"	1.00
"	1	"	1.70
Beefsteak	¼	"	.80
"	½	"	1.35

ROASTS.

Roast Beef	¼	can	$0.80
"	½	"	1.40
Roast Mutton	¼	"	.80
"	½	"	1.40

Every can has a stove attached which contains condensed fuel enough to bring the contents to a boiling point. A square and delicious meal can be carried ready for use in any coat pocket. ALL YOU NEED IS A MATCH. Ask your dealers to order for you, or we will send goods by express to any address upon receipt of amount.

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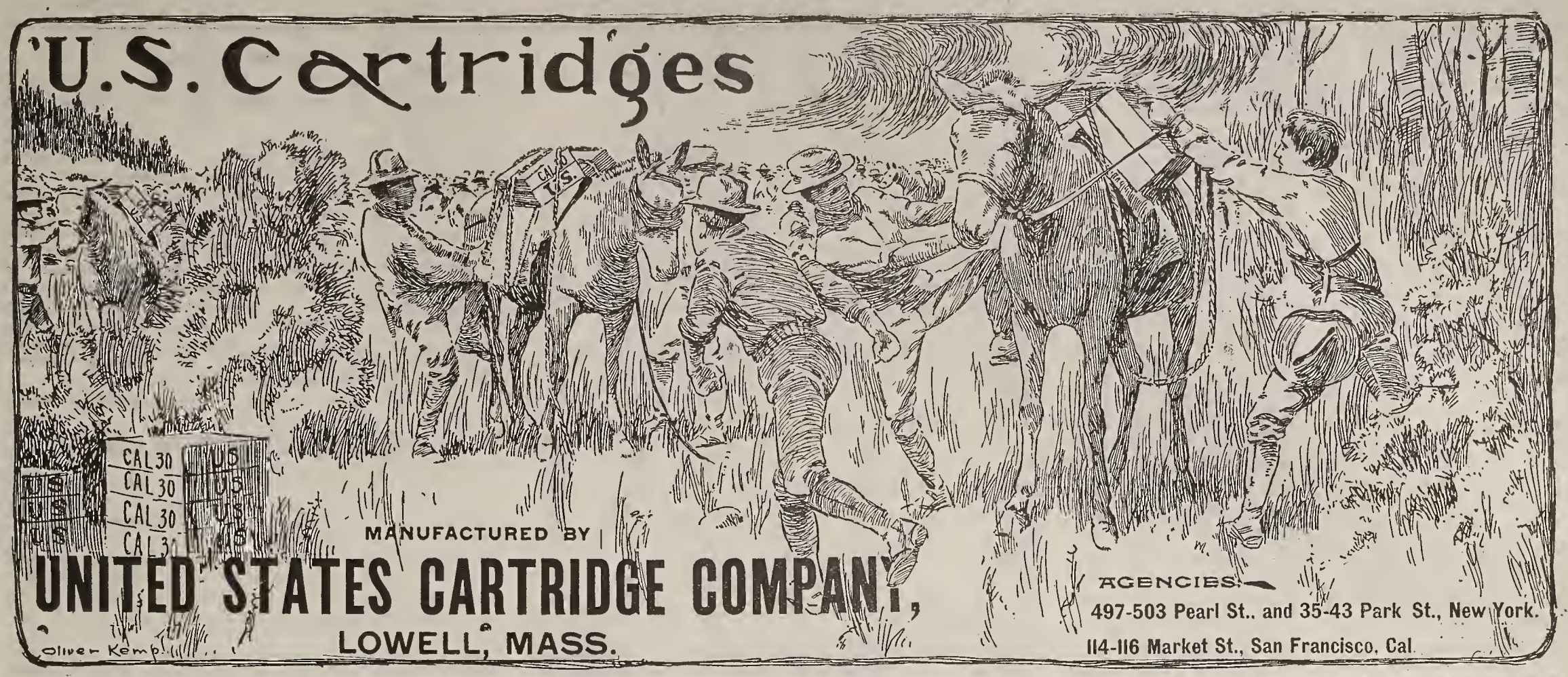
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Missouri State Tournament.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Starting in Monday morning, May 23, and running through the week until Friday night, the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association was in session at Dupont Shooting Park under the St. Louis Shooting Association auspices. Heavy rain fell Sunday night, and more was promised by the weather man; yet, with the exception of some strong quartering wind and cloudy weather, the week's sport was not interfered with by rain.

The attendance, while fair, was not as large as anticipated, when it is considered that the world's greatest fair is in progress, and that excursions are on. There were present shooters from many of the States both from far and from near, and though but few shot the entire programme through, there averaged some 50 who took part each day.

Dupont Park, while well fitted up on this occasion with ample tents for sleeping and eating quarters, having a Legget and a magautrap, and a permanent club house, as it has been used many years for shooting purposes, still it never had a reputation for being a fast ground or a place where good scores could be made. The background is poor, having a hill and trees. Then on this occasion the management, it would seem, set about the carrying out of a plan whereby the scores would be as low as possible, or at least give the best shots a chance to win most everything in sight, as the targets were thrown extremely hard and high. This caused some good men to fail to get within hailing distance of the cashier, save at the time the entrance was made, and so they were compelled to find amusement and recreation elsewhere.

The first day was taken up with live birds, there being two races, namely, the State five-man team race, four men shooting at 15 birds each, and the individual championship, which was a combination affair, including an individual championship open to all residents west of the Mississippi River, each 25 birds.

The team race brought out that what few live-bird teams yet remain in the State are very even in their relative shooting strength, as only one bird decided the positions of the winners in a total of 60 shot at.

The Students, of St. Louis, were the leaders, and if Kenyon, the boss of the camp, had not fallen down, there would have been a different story to record, as the other three lost but one between them. Butler and Kansas City tied on third place. The old Kansas City team came last, and it was not the oldest man on the team who made the lowest score. This man, Smith, that not unfamiliar name, has long since become famous as the only man in this country who has never missed a meeting of the organization since it started. Frank is well known to most of the shooters, especially those who have ever been west, and they will all be pleased to learn that he can still travel, and as his scores will show, can shoot. May he live to shoot at a score more of the old Missouri State shoots.

In the individual race, only Chas. Spencer was the lucky man, and he captured the Interstate trophy, while Harlow Spencer was the winner of the State trophy after shooting out Mermod and Findly. In this event it was unfortunate that the shoot was not finished the first day, as in shooting at three birds the next morning, Mermod and Heer lost out by getting lively birds. As it turned out, it was an injustive to permit Spencer to shoot out ahead of his turn, as he finished the night before, when the birds were not nearly so lively as those used in the morning. The scores:

State Association team medal, teams of four men from one club:

The Students, St. Louis.		Wash't'n Park, Kansas City.	
Money	1222**222121222—13	Clayton	222021212212122—14
Mermod	222221222121222—15	Campbell	122212102202122—13
Cabanne	222102220121222—13	Leavel	221212121212022—14
H Spencer	222122222122222—15—56	Holmes	221212220021222—13—54
Canvasback Camp, St. Louis.		**Medico, St. Louis.**	
J O'Niel	122222202112112—14	Craig	221212221121200—13
C Spencer	222222222222222—15	Scudder	221212211121222—15
Chase	121222112122222—15	Johnson	100220110102202— 9
Kenyon	120202112010222—11—55	Bond	221212212212122—15—52
Butler Gun Club.		**Kansas City Gun Club.**	
Clapp	122212112012212—14	Roberts	122121022122221—14
Morrison	212102220110212—12	Wickie	221012220210222—12
Henry	221221022121212—14	Smith	221210221102222—13
Patterson	221221210121222—14—54	Elliott	102102210121012—11—50

First Day.

State and Interstate live-bird trophy, 25 birds, entrance $12.50:

J Cabanne	1222120222022122002222221—21
Wm Clayton	1212121220122120211221122—23
Holmes	1011212221221120100122220—20
Layne	2122211222002222020221021—20
Wickey	1221221220021221220121022—21
Mermod	1212121212111112122111202—24
H B Spencer	2222222022222222222222222—24
S Thompson	2222222222222222020000222—20
W Heer	1212121121212112222221011—24
Chase	1222220122212021202221211—22
C Spencer	2222221222212122122121222—25
J O'Niel	2222120220120222122121122—22
Jackson	2101122012212112010212212—21
Findlay	2221221222212102222212222—24
Dr Brown	00111220w
Roberts	2212212221222220000110002—18
Smith	11100201w
Norton	2021202102212222122122122—22
R Elliott	1202200221002202022122122—18
Clapp	1020121201122122121221222—22
Money	2022202222222222222222222—23

Second Day.

The target programme was started first, and as it was short, including only 140 shots, it was finished before the live-bird event was started. The scores presented herewith will show that everybody was not in the best of form, but, be that as it may, it was the hardest kind of work to make anything like a decent score. The best of the lot was Mercer, of Shreveport, La., and Lewis, of Herrington, Kans., as they tied on 126. Brady, of Memphis, Thomas, of Pleasant Hill, Mo., and Powers, of Decatur, were second, with 125; then Charles Spencer, Alex. Mermod and Harlow Spencer, the three St. Louis cracks, were only one behind. Heer, by breaking the last 20 straight, came next, which brings forward the old saying of a poor beginning, etc., as in the start off he actually only broke 9 out of his first event. But as to the others, there were some of the best shots in the country falling out of the money almost constantly. The seores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	20	20		
Money	11	12	16	14	14	19	17	18	140	121
H Spencer	14	14	19	13	11	18	17	18	140	124
O'Niel	6	14	13	12	11	16	13	17	140	102
Flynn	11	11	18	11	10	16	11	15	140	103
Mermod	13	12	17	13	13	18	19	19	140	124
Ford	12	14	19	15	13	19	15	14	140	121
Brookman	15	11	17	14	14	19	15	16	140	121
Heer	9	14	18	13	14	18	17	20	140	123
Barto	10	11	17	13	7	20	14	17	140	109
McDowell	9	13	14	14	14	18	16	20	140	118
Powers	15	14	17	14	13	18	17	17	140	125
Post	8	13	15	12	9	13	13	17	140	100
Clark	8	12	16	12	14	16	15	15	140	108
Snell	7	12	14	14	9	11	13	17	140	97
C Spencer	12	14	19	13	13	18	16	19	140	124
Clayton	12	14	15	13	12	14	..	..	100	80
Holmes	11	13	18	5	12	17	18	..	120	94
Wickey	8	11	10	13	5	15	..	..	100	62
Jackson	9	13	11	13	10	15	13	15	140	99
Clapp	11	10	15	15	12	17	14	17	140	111
Markie	8	8	17	13	11	15	13	14	140	99
Elson	9	13	20	13	11	16	16	17	140	115
Norton	10	14	15	12	10	19	13	14	140	107
Miss King	11	9	13	11	10	17	12	7	140	90
Baggerman	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	18	...	...
Bastian	10	11	6	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Midlin	10	13	14	9	10	15	12	..	120	83
Coe	9	10	14	15	13	18	15	14	140	108
Brady	13	10	19	15	13	19	18	18	140	125
Lewis	14	15	18	13	15	17	17	17	140	126
Mackie	10	10	12	11	9	14	10	13	140	89
Thomas	12	14	17	14	14	18	19	17	140	125
Miller	11	12	18	14	10	18	12	15	140	110
P C Ward	12	15	17	14	12	17	16	15	140	118
G Ward	11	12	17	10	10	18	14	19	140	111
Gilbert	8	11	10	13	9	18	15	16	140	99
Ellett	12	13	19	13	11	17	17	17	140	119
Kauffman	13	13	15	11	11	13	18	18	140	112
Delerline	14	13	18	14	8	16	17	17	140	116
Tripp	14	14	14	13	10	19	18	15	140	117
Vietmeyer	11	12	17	13	9	11	17	14	140	104
Mercer	14	13	19	13	14	16	19	18	140	126
Rasch	7	12	14	7	8	13	13	17	140	126
Zahn	10	7	15	12	11	15	11	15	140	96
Logan	12	9	15	11	8	15	13	17	140	100
Oberding	..	..	..	10	8	12	9	11	...	...
Clay	..	..	..	15	12	19	12	18	...	...
Crosby	..	..	..	..	..	17	10	16	...	...
Rodman	..	..	..	7	4	10	4	10	...	...
P Bagerman	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	14	...	...
Oberding	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	...	...

The pigeon wing trophy is designed to take the place of the old cast iron medal. This new trophy is a handsome bronze medal, suitably engraved, of a new shape and design. The specific conditions governing the inaugural handicap are as follows: 25 live birds, $25 entrance, including the birds; open to the world. The contestant is free to use anything he may desire in the shape of a 12-gauge gun, and any powder or ammunition he may see fit, so long as he conforms to the Interstate Association rules.

The winner shall be subject of challenge, issued through any of the sporting papers in the United States, or the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, or St. Louis Republic, the holder to name the place and date of shoot; the date to be within thirty days of the publication of challenge; the holder to give the challenger not less than ten days' notice, and deliver the trophy, in good condition, at such place of contest. The number of birds shall be not less than 50, nor more than 100 birds, as must be mutually agreed upon by the two, the loser to pay for the birds.

On the front surface of this trophy there are eight spaces for as many different names, which are to be engraved, the fac simile of the shooter's signature, giving the date and place of match. When these eight spaces are filled with as many different names, the shoot for the final contest will take place at St. Louis at 50 live birds, with an optional sweep.

There were twenty-three entries, the birds were good for the time of year, and, assisted by the wind, were strong enough to keep all guessing from start to finish. As is almost invariably the rule, the unexpected happened, this time it fell to the lot of Ducky Holmes to win, and he was warmly congratulated by all, escpecially by Alex. Mermod, who challenged him for the medal before he got away from the score. Mermod, Powers and Ellett, of Keithsburg, Ill., had only one bad half hour. There were six good shooters in the 20-hole. The scores:

Pigeon wing trophy, 25 live birds, handicaps 27 to 33yds.:

Thompson, 28	2222222222222222022002200—20
H Money, 33	2220222222222222202222221—23
Mermod, 31	2222222212222222222202222—24
H Spencer, 31	2222222022222222222222002—22
J O'Niel, 30	2222222202212222221221022—23
Kenyon, 29	1221111220202211220102202—21
Robinson, 30	2021202222002222111122122—21
C Spencer, 33	2022222202222022202222222—21
Wickey, 27	222012220022220000w
Clark, 31	0222222220222022021211111—21
Page, 28	2002222212222112112212222—23
Clayton, 31	0121121211121111121221022—23
Powers, 33	2222221222112122201111111—24
P C Ward, 30	0212011112111000111w
G Ward, 28	0121012212122210120w
Thomas, 30	2121202220102110221020222—19
Heer, 32	1112111211012222121120112—23
Barto, 31	2201222222222222222220022—22
Chase, 30	2122212211102021122222222—23
Jackson, 29	0122100012w
Holmes, 30	2122212121122212111222212—25
Deterline, 30	0211221022202202212222202—20
Ellett, 30	2211121112111101211222122—24

Elliott live-bird trophy, challenge, 50 live birds, Powers, holder:

Powers	1112111221201121210112222—23
	2212112212211012222222222—24—47
Clayton	2111111221001212212112211—23
	1120210222221112012202211—21—44

Shot under Elliott handicap, both start at 30yds. Powers 5 at 30, 15 at 31, 5 at 32, 25 at 33. Clayton 5 at 30, 5 at 31, 5 at 32, last 25 at 33. Powers retains the trophy.

Third Day.

The third day found some new faces, while some had dropped out and gone home willing to admit that conditions were against them. There were 150 targets, and the surroundings remained about the same, as Powers was high with 139, Heer second with 137 and Spencer third with 136, Money was close up with 135. A feature was the merchandise that was donated by various manufacturers. In these Barto, the Chicago shot, won a Stevens single barrel target shot gun; Clay, a Rawlins shell box; Coe, a Marble cleaning rod. The Parker shotgun was won by Clay, of East St. Louis; Ford, the Mexican serape; Brookman, cigars, and Miss King, a Marble cleaning rod; Powers, the Marlin take-down shotgun; Flynn a $10 hat. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	25	Broke.
Money	13	15	14	19	16	15	20	22	135
H Spencer	14	13	14	14	16	13	19	20	123
Mermod	15	12	10	14	19	17	15	20	122
Flynn	13	13	13	17	17	19	17	20	129
Clark	8	10	10	15	12	18	15	21	109
Ford	12	12	10	18	14	15	17	13	116
Brookman	11	12	13	17	15	11	16	20	115
McDowell	10	14	15	18	18	18	15	24	132
Barto	13	15	13	17	14	14	16	18	120
Heer	15	14	14	20	16	16	18	24	137
Coe	10	13	12	14	14	16	16	18	113
Brady	11	11	10	11	14	16	15	21	109
P C Ward	11	13	13	17	14	17	17	19	121
G Ward	11	10	15	17	12	19	19	21	124
Kaufman	9	13	10	16	17	17	11	21	114
Powers	13	15	13	18	18	20	18	24	139
Post	12	13	10	18	14	14	13	21	115
C Spencer	15	15	14	18	16	17	16	25	136
Ellett	10	12	7	14	12	20	14	21	110
Mercer	14	11	15	18	19	17	15	18	127
Norton	12	11	12	12	13	17	15	16	108
Lewis	13	12	13	16	16	18	16	21	125
Jackson	14	13	12	16	15	13	15	21	119
Miller	11	13	13	15	13	17	17	14	113
Tripp	11	12	8	18	11	15	16	19	110
Vietmeyer	13	12	8	13	9	..	..	..	...
Elson	15	9	12	13	13	..	13	19	...
Clay	13	14	13	19	16	17	18	20	130
Miss King	11	8	11	15	..	..	..	..	...
Deterline	10	12	9	13	17	15	16	18	110
Robinson	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
M Gilbert	12	..	14	..	15	..	..	..	...
B Heard	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Selzer	12	8	10	13	13	15	16	15	102
O'Niel	..	..	12	18	14	15	10	19	...
Pattison	..	..	13	14	14	..	..	..	...
Henry	..	..	10	17	19	14	16	19	...
Clayton	..	..	11	17	15	16	20	..	...
Findlay	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
Kenyon	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	...
Hall	..	..	..	..	17	14	18	17	...

Fourth Day.

This day was on the dark, windy day order, and brought out that Billy Heer and Harold money are hard shooters under hard conditions, as they made 129 and 128. Cummings, the Bunker

Hill man, furnished a little spice of life for his first and only day by getting 126, Spencer and Powers each having 124. The World's Fair weather did not fully agree with most of the others. It is to be noted how poorly some of the members of local clubs shoot who invariably shoot well when on their own ground. It is a fact that all the other grounds about the city have better background than that used by this shooting association. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	20	20	Broke.
Money	11	14	20	13	14	16	20	20	128
H Spencer	13	11	18	15	11	15	13	18	114
Mermod	12	12	20	13	15	18	16	17	123
O'Niel	7	14	15	12	9	16	17	17	107
Hall	13	10	19	14	14	17	19	17	123
Ford	14	14	17	13	15	18	18	19	128
McDowell	11	10	15	12	10	18	16	18	110
Barto	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	14	...
Brockman	14	13	16	12	11	14	15	17	112
Heer	12	15	20	13	14	18	18	19	129
Coe	7	11	12	6	12	18	15	17	98
Brady	9	11	16	14	14	18	18	14	114
Kauffman	12	13	14	12	13	11	17	15	107
P C Ward	11	14	17	14	13	12	18	18	117
G Ward	12	12	17	10	12	14	12	16	106
Cummings	13	14	17	15	14	16	18	19	126
Snell	11	11	17	14	12	16	12	16	109
Clark	8	11	14	10	14	17	13	12	99
C Spencer	11	15	19	12	13	20	18	16	124
Powers	13	15	16	11	13	20	17	19	124
Flynn	13	12	16	11	15	16	14	15	112
Miss King	8	11	16	4	11	14	8	..	...
Clay	13	14	18	11	14	19	12	15	116
Lenhart	10	12	12	11	12	9	16	15	97
Gibson	11	6	12	10	7	7	..	..	...
Lewis	13	14	18	10	14	16	18	14	117
Norton	10	14	17	13	14	15	14	16	113
Miller	11	11	9	8	..	..	..	..	...
Elson	12	14	11	8	11	19	13	15	103
Jackson	13	15	18	15	10	16	12	15	114
Stout	11	10	15	9	..	..	..	..	...
Manning	13	14	17	12	14	15	13	14	112
Wykoff	12	13	13	13	10	18	18	12	109
Shoenberg	9	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	...
Chase	12	12	18	12	13	13	16	16	112
Ellett	15	15	17	12	13	18	20	13	125
Deterline	13	11	14	12	14	14	15	15	108
Masters	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Logan	..	..	..	..	11	16	12	..	...
Lamb	..	..	..	10	16	12	11	..	...
P Baggerman	..	..	..	..	11	16	15	14	...
W Baggerman	..	..	..	..	..	17	20	15	...
Jonah	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	13	...

The Mermod-Jaccard cup, representing the amateur championship at live birds, was a handicap event from 26 to 31yds., at 25 live birds. Entrance $15, including birds. Division of money, high guns; Interstate Association rules to govern contest. Any amateur in good standing is eligible to compete. The holder shall be subject to challenge, issued through the FOREST AND STREAM, the Sportsman, American Field, or the Sportsmen's Review, who will immediately notify the holder. The holder to name the place and date of the shoot, the date to be within thirty days of the publication of challenge, the holder to give the challenger not less than ten days' notice and deliver the trophy in good condition at such place of contest. The holder to name the number of birds, which shall not be less than 25 nor more than 50 birds. Loser to pay for birds. The cup will be open to challenge contests till the next State shoot, then all who have won it, either in open or challenge contest, including 1905 State shoot, will compete for absolute possession.

This was won by Tom Hall, the good shooter from Springfield, Ill. The handicaps were not well placed, as with the 31 limit many of the others should have been at the 28 instead of 30. scores:

H Spencer, 30	1220221220222121201221222—22
Mermod, 31	2022222200w
Hall, 30	2122222112222222222212222—25
Page, 30	2212222222212220221022012—22
Ford, 30	22222020211120w
Coe, 30	0222222020 w
Brady, 28	1221222111121210220200 w
P Ward, 28	2121112211101021 0w
G Ward, 28	22020111122102 w
Cumming, 29	2222202202211022221110212—21
Brookman, 29	2212120111222102 0w
Snell, 28	2002101101221212222101100—18
Clark, 30	2212212222222212222220222 2—24
Powers, 21	2222222022222221221111122—24
Wykoff, 28	0201201112111211011221010—19
Shoenberg, 28	0010221010201112002202212—16
Deterline, 28	2221211212222221011201111—23
Chase, 30	2120212221022221201222022—21
Ellett, 30	2221201111111221121211212—24
Robinson, 29	2222222222220221221121021—23
Kenyon, 29	2211122012202222111112212—23
Flynn, 28	220021122222102w
Brooks, 29	1222211112210201010210 1112—20
Barto, 30	0200222222122122222202112—21
McDowell, 29	0222111212111212122012112 1—23

Fifth Day.

This wound up the State programme, as there were only nineteen men shooting targets. Powers and Chas. Spencer were at their best. Heer had the hard-luck story, as running short of target loads, he shot regular 3½dr. pigeon loads, and in the first event after the change made four misses, which, with a loss of eight for the day, made him a tie with Spencer for the four days, as Spencer gained during the day five targets, just the number that Heer was ahead when the day's shoot was started.

In the merchandise and target events, Powers came near to the firsts, as he either won or divided all the firsts. The stein set, which Powers captured, was handsome. The Winchester shotgun went to him and he was tied for the tent. Zahn won the hunting boots. H. B. Spencer, the disinfectant; Kauffman, the beaded vest; Hall, the suit case; H. B. Spencer, the rocking chair; Hall, the disinfectant. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	20	20	20	Broke.
Money	14	15	13	19	12	18	16	19	126
H Spencer	10	13	15	16	13	19	17	9	112
Mermod	13	14	12	17	14	17	17	19	123
O'Niel	7	11	12	13	7	14	18	10	92
Hall	13	11	14	18	12	18	17	14	117
Ford	12	14	12	17	12	17	18	12	114
Lewis	11	12	11	16	12	..	17	18	...
Clay	14	13	12	17	9	17	18	17	117
Jackson	13	15	10	17	10	20	20	19	124
Heer	14	15	14	20	14	16	19	20	132
Powers	14	15	14	20	15	20	18	20	136
C Spencer	15	15	15	18	15	20	20	19	137
Coe	14	14	10	17	13	13	13	18	112
Brady	14	15	13	20	13	19	18	17	129
Kauffman	14	15	11	19	12	17	16	16	120
Wykoff	12	14	13	14	12	16	19	17	117
Markle	9	11	10	13	8	14	17	11	93
Vietmeyer	13	11	13	14	12	14	17	13	107
Johns	9	14	12	18	14	12	13	16	108
Masters	..	..	..	..	11	13	16	16	...

High averages for four days:

	May 24.	May 25.	May 26.	May 27.	Total.
Powers	139	125	124	136	524
Heer	137	123	129	132	521
C Spencer	136	124	124	137	521
H Money	135	121	128	126	510
Mermod	124	122	123	123	492
Ford	121	116	128	114	479
Brady	125	109	114	129	477
H Spencer	124	123	114	112	473
Jackson	99	119	114	124	456
Kauffman	112	114	107	120	453
Coe	108	113	98	112	431

Ten live birds, handicap, $7 entrance, high guns, four moneys; 10s only won:

Mermod, 31	1222221221—10	Johns, 27	1122202212— 9
H Spencer, 30	0221022122— 8	Thomas, 29	1012021222— 8
ONiel, 29	2222012202— 8	Markle, 28	1101111111— 9
Powers, 33	1111121222—10	Alexander, 27	1212002202— 7
Heer, 32	1122221211—10	Money, 33	2222212200— 8
Hall, 32	2122122212—10	Clark, 31	1220012022— 7
Kenyon, 29	1110121111— 9	Brown, 26	0222220111— 8

Westmount Gun Club.

MONTREAL, Can., May 24.—The Victoria tournament, held today, had eleven events on the programme, alternately at 15 and 20 targets, a total of 190, with a total entrance of $17.

Event 6 was a three-man team race, and was won by the Montreal Gun Club. The members of the Montreal team and their scores were: McDuff 20, Redman 18, Eaton 17; total 55.

The merchandise event at 12 targets, two traps, 18yds. rise, unknown angles, ties shot off miss-and-out, Mr. T. M. Craig, of Sherbrooke, won first prize, a $10 gold piece. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
McDuff	13	19	15	19	14	20	14	17	13	17
Redman	15	18	10	18	12	18	9	18	14	15
Landrault	14	18	14	14	11	16	10	15	13	18
Eaton	15	14	12	17	11	17	12	14	12	16
Thompson	14	20	12	18	14	16	13	18	10	19
Goodhue	12	16	10	16	13	..	11	15	13	16
Craig	11	19	12	18	11	15	12	14	10	15
Outhet	11	..	13	..	11	14	..	..	..	..
Grindstone	11	19	15	17	13	17	13	18	14	18
Dumont	12	19	13	18	10	..	14	15	15	18
Halcombe	13	17	12	14	12	15	..	..	..	..
Larke	14	16	13	14	13	17	11	..	..	..
Canalish	11	14	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..
Hutchison	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fraser	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bray	13	17	14	16	14	18	12	15	14	18
Hamilton	5	12	11	..	..	..	11	12	10	18
Lewis	15	18	12	19	15	19	14	17	15	18
Whitc	14	18	12	17	15	13	12	15	12	18
Westover	12	16	13	16	12	..	13	16	..	..
Van Vleit	..	14	12	..	..	..	14	18	..	..
Fraser	..	15	13	15	10	..	..	..	..	..
Hutchison	..	18	13	19	14	17	14	11	..	..
Hauser	..	..	..	14	10	16	..	..	..	13
Stangman	..	..	..	15	..	..	10	..	..	..
Bowan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Galbraith	..	..	..	..	13	12	..	13	..	..
Wootton	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	14	..
Cate	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—The third race for the Powel cup was pulled off on Wednesday, with a good attendance and with splendid weather favoring the shooters. Herman, the wizard of last week, was again high, not very high, but far enough up to win with 44. Bowler, the last winner performed from 17yds., scoring 39.

The traps worked finely, and a bunch of extras were shot, the boys being anxious for all the practice possible for the third annual on Monday next, when with good weather, a large entry is hoped and looked for. The scores:

Targets:	10	15	10	15	Total.	Targets:	10	15	10	15	Total.
Manchester..	9	12	10	13	44	Cozzens	5	10	6	14	35
Powel	7	12	8	13	40	Alexander....	8	9	4	12	33
Mason	9	10	8	13	40	H Peckham.	6	12	6	8	32
Bowler, 17...	7	10	9	13	39	Graham	6	10	6	10	32
Dring	7	10	10	9	36	Coggeshall...	7	10	4	7	28

Father (to boy): "Nice dog that you've just brought home. I'll pay half the license if you give me half the dog." Boy: "Thanks, dad. My word, you are a brick." Father (a week later): "Say, my son, I don't know what you are going to do with your half of that dog; but I'm going to poison mine."—Shooting Times.

Nebraska S. S. A.

OMAHA, Neb., May 23.—The Nebraska State Sportsman's Association closed its twenty-eighth annual target tournament at Columbus yesterday. It was one of the most successful meets ever held by this grand old body, which is saying much to the credit of G. A. Schroeder, Dan Bray and Gus Sievers, of the Columbus Gun Club, the trio who so ably conducted the affair. Seiverson made the highest score, with Blivins a close second, while Sack took the high average. The total figures of those who shot the full card out show the following results: Seiverson 579 out of 620; Blivins 577, Sievers 560, Ilian 541, Bernhardt 493, Campell 567, Terryberry 493, Sach 576, Roberts 519, Schroeder 439, Linderman 565, Dworak 465, Anderson 485, Reed 659, Allen 474, Goodrich 491, McDonald 516, Townsend 573, Thorpe 455, Miller 565, Williams 523, H. Dixon 544, C. Dixon 543, Bray 533. There were ninety-eight shooters participated, and they were unanimous that the tournament was one of the best ever held under the auspices of this time-honored Association.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Parker gun wins: At Vicksburg Gun Club shoot, concluded on May 18, Mr. Ed. Brady, of Memphis, won highest amateur average for the entire shoot, and Mr. Paul Chaudet, of New Orleans was third. For amateurs, we think this a remarkable showing. On May 17, Mr. Fletcher, of Vicksburg, won the championship cup with a score of 49 out of 50. Frank J. Morse, of Boston, Mass., an amateur shooter, at the Watertown Gun Club grounds on May 14, made a score of 50 straight. John A. Flick, of Ravine, O., a one-armed shooter, on May 19 broke 23 out of 25 in a gale of wind. No other score was over 18. This was really a wonderful performance for Mr. Flick. At the Columbus, Neb., shoot, W. D. Townsend scored 96 out of 100, tying for second place in competition for the $100 hammerless gun. W. D. Townsend won the gold medal event with a score of 49 out of 50. Mr. G. A. Schroeder tied with him on the first 25 straight, Mr. Townsend winning in the shoot-off. All the above-mentioned gentlemen shot the Parker Gun.

Spirit Lake, Ia., May 11-13, Fred Gilbert, first general average, 616 out of 650, shooting DuPont Smokeless. First amateur average, C. M. Powers, 581 out of 650, shooting E. C. Second amateur average, Ed O'Brien, of Florence, Kans., 570 out of 650, using Schultze powder. Vicksburg, Miss., May 17-18, Harold Money and Chas. G. Spencer, first general average, 385 out of 400, shooting New E. C. First amateur average, E. Brady, of Memphis, Tenn., 380 out of 400, shooting DuPont Smokeless. Second average, J. A. Skannall, of Shreveport, La., 379 out of 400, shooting DuPont Smokeless. Toledo, O., May 18 and 19, George Volk, of Toledo, first general average and first amateur average, 295 out of 320 targets, shooting Hazard Smokeless. Second general average, R. L. Trimble, 290 out of 320 targets, shooting DuPont Smokeless. Third general average, Max Hensler, of Battle Creek, Mich., 285 out of 320, shooting DuPont. Second amateur average, Kenton Johnson, 281 out of 320, shooting Hazard.

Recent victories of the Lefever Gun: Iowa State trophy, at targets, at Spirit Lake, Ia., May 11-13; Championship at targets, Junction City, Kans., May 5; high professional average at Houston, Tex., May 2-6; Kansas City, Mo., April 18-21: Interstate championship at Targets, Dickey Bird amateur championship trophy, the Schmelzer trophy. Send for their 1904 illustrated catalogue.

Peters shells won six out of nine Interstate team races between the States of Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska; the State event at live birds; first and second amateur averages at Junction City, Kans., May 3 to 6; high average at Utica, O., May 5; first and second amateur averages at Americus, Ga., April 27 and 28.

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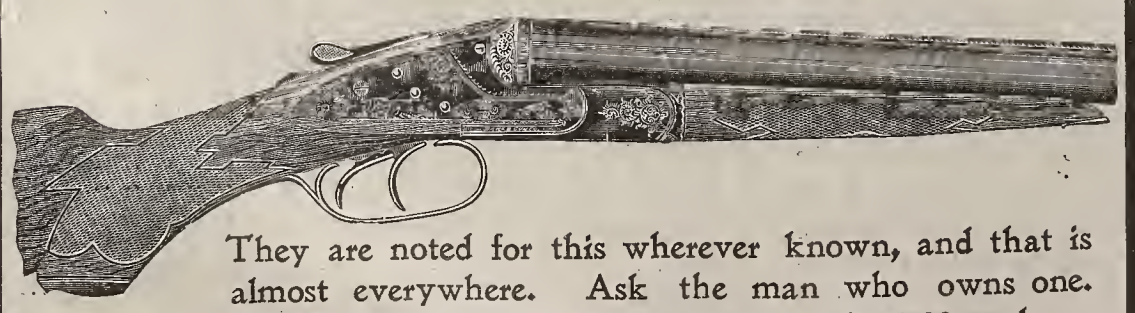
The Pennsylvania Railroad 1904 Summer Excursion Route Book.

ON June 1 the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will publish the 1904 edition of the Summer Excursion Route Book. This work is designed to provide the public with descriptive notes of the principal summer resorts of Eastern America, with the best routes for reaching them and the rates of fare. It contains all the principal seashore and mountain resorts of the East, and over seventeen hundred different routes or combinations of routes. The book has been compiled with the greatest care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of Summer travel ever offered to the public.

The cover is handsome and striking, printed in colors, and the book contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold. The book is profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery at the various resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

On and after June 1 this very interesting book may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of 10 cents, or, upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa., by mail for 20 cents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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PURIFYING WATER SUPPLIES.

NOTHING is more important than the purity of the water which we drink, yet it is within the experience of most men to have drunk bad water. In fact, it is not unusual, in large towns, for the water at certain seasons of the year to have a bad taste and perhaps a bad odor, and so to be very disagreeable to use. Possibly the unusual taste, smell and color may not be unhealthy, but being disagreeable they are supposed to be so, and a remedy for these conditions is constantly sought. This often takes the form of cleaning out the reservoirs, under the impression that the bad odor and taste come from dead fish in the water. Sometimes the water becomes so bad that it is refused not only by men but by domestic animals as well. In very many—if not in all—cases this trouble is caused by the presence of low forms of vegetation, as algæ, in the water.

A bulletin recently issued by the Department of Agriculture offers a method of destroying or preventing the growth of algæ and certain pathogenic bacteria in water supplies. The bulletin gives the results of extended investigation and experiment by Dr. Geo. T. Moore and Karl F. Kellerman. Dr. Moore is the physiologist in charge of the laboratory of plant physiology, and Mr. Kellerman is his assistant.

These investigators have shown that it is practicable cheaply and quickly to destroy objectionable algæ in small lakes and ponds and storage reservoirs by the use of extremely dilute solutions of sulphate of copper, or of metallic copper. They have shown also that an extremely dilute solution will destroy typhoid and cholera bacteria at ordinary temperatures in three hours, a fact of possibly enormous importance.

It is shown that—contrary to the general belief—copper in small quantities is not injurious to man or to mammals. Metallic copper and its oxides have been eaten by dogs with no noticeable effect, even though the quantities were considerable, and a sheep to which copper was daily administered lived for 128 days. On the other hand, plant life is very susceptible to copper. An enormously dilute solution will affect the growth of seedlings when applied to their roots, and will destroy and prevent the growth of algæ.

It thus appears that animal life is less susceptible to injury by copper than is plant life, and that among animals the higher the life the more resistant it is to the copper. The critical concentration for game fish is higher than for others. Black bass in good condition have endured concentrations of 1 to 50,000 for many weeks without apparent discomfort, while 1 to 100,000 was sufficient to kill German and mirror carp in a few hours, and 1 to 500,000 killed the most susceptible in a few days.

In the case of algæ, a dilution of 1 to 1,000,000 would be sufficient to prevent the growth of any algæ which would tend to pollute the water. Such a dilution is absolutely harmless to man or to mammals. In order to absorb an amount of the copper sulphate sufficiently great to be possibly unpleasant or dangerous, it would be necessary to drink 50 quarts of this water in a day. Moreover, as the copper in the solution speedily combines with the algæ, and is precipitated in other ways, the amount remaining in solution after the first few hours would be practically nothing.

The method of treating water is a very simple one. The required number of pounds of copper sulphate should be placed in a coarse bag—as, for example, a gunny-sack—attached to the stern of a rowboat near the surface of the water, and rowed slowly back and forth over the reservoir, making each path of the boat about 15 or 20 feet from the last one. This has always proved effective. Against the lower forms of plant life it is a certain remedy, and it seems quite possible that it may be destructive also of certain insect larvæ, like the mosquito. Experiments with the typhoid, cholera, and some other baccilli, have already been alluded to. The great value of this copper disinfectant is its efficiency, its harmlessness to man, its cheapness, and the ease with which it can be applied.

On the other hand the investigators warn the public against a general and wholesale use of this remedy. They declare that the microscopic investigation of waters is necessary before it can be known how to treat them, and that each body of water must be considered as a special case requiring a particular prescription.

The matter is one of such universal interest that we may imagine that a vast number of experiments will be made on the subject, to the very great benefit of the public.

NEW JERSEY AND PIGEON SHOOTING.

THE status of trapshooting in New Jersey, as it concerns pigeon shooting, is not approved by the shooters at large. Several times since the New Jersey Legislature at its recent extra session passed a comprehensive law prohibiting the shooting of any kind of bird from the traps, the daily papers of Philadelphia have recounted that the Riverton Gun Club, through one or more of its members, purposed to test the constitutionality of that law.

The club's plan of procedure, according to rumor, is simple and direct. After the law goes into effect on July 4 next, a club member or members will publicly shoot a pigeon or pigeons at the traps on the club grounds at Riverton, N. J., thereby inviting prosecution, and instituting the test case.

The case, in the event of adverse decisions, will be carried up from court to court till the highest court of the State makes final adjudication on the constitutionality of the law.

Whether these rumors truly present the position and purposes of the Riverton Gun Club in respect to this matter, we do not know; but we do know that there is a broad undercurrent of opinion among New Jersey trapshooters favoring the institution of such test case.

This law, hostile to live bird shooting at the traps, imposes special loss and hardship on the Riverton, Carteret and Westminster clubs; for, apart from the personal deprivation concerning pigeon shooting as a sport, the new law renders useless an elaborate and costly trapshooting equipment, which, after July 4, will be of little, if any, more value than old junk.

The Riverton Gun Club's grounds, club house, stables, traps, etc., are said to represent a cash outlay of $75,000. It is quite to be expected that this club would object to a law which so radically affects all its interests.

However, from the viewpoint of trapshooting sentiment or investments, or both, a test case, if it ever should reach the judicial stage, affords no ground for a reasonable hope that any judicial decision would be rendered favorable to the contentions of the trapshooters.

Opposed to pigeon shooting are too much adverse precedent, too much contemporaneous law in other States which effectively prohibits pigeon shooting, and too much watchful, forceful public opinion everywhere which views the practice with uncompromising hostility. Other States than New Jersey this year entirely prohibited it within their borders.

If we examine briefly the law of the State of New York, which is considered sufficient law to suppress pigeon shooting, we find that it is a general law prohibiting cruelty to animals. It, nevertheless, is considered as being quite sufficient to suppress pigeon shooting, on the ground of cruelty alone. In 1874 Mr. Henry Bergh officially interfered with the shoot of the New York State Association, held at Coney Island. As a consequence, he was sued for damages in the city court. Judge MacAdam, before whom the case was tried, dismissed it on the ground that the general statute prohibitive of cruelty to animals applied to pigeon shooting.

As a result of the earnest efforts of New York trapshooters, pigeon shooting by members of sportsmen's clubs or incorporated societies, was legalized by statute, as per Section 1, Chapter 107, New York Laws of 1875. The repeal of this statute by the New York Legislature not long since, left in force the general law as to cruelty to animals, which, under Judge MacAdam's ruling, prohibits pigeon shooting. No one has judicially questioned the efficiency or constitutionality of this law. It has entirely suppressed all overt pigeon shooting in the State of New York.

The general law concerning cruelty to animals is also invoked against pigeon shooting elsewhere. Under it, in Chicago, on May 13, 1902, in a pigeon shooting case prosecuted by the Humane Society of the State of Illinois, the defendants were convicted, and the appeal, at first contemplated, was abandoned. That decision has since been accepted as good law in Chicago.

On the other hand, there are precedents under similar general laws quite opposed to the foregoing. In the case of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania vs. Denny, et al., in 1892, the judge decided that the defendants had not been guilty of any cruelty in shooting pigeons at the traps.

Again, in an appealed case of a Pennsylvania court in 1887, in which Mr. A. Nelson Lewis was tried for pigeon shooting on the ground of cruelty, Judge Paxton, as Chief Justice, reversed the decision of the lower court. He held that the facts, as presented to the jury, did not bring the case within the general law on cruelty to animals. These cases, as precedents in later years, seem to be ignored. They have a restricted significance since they, in the main, represent an issue between the Humane Society and the trapshooters. The public at that time was passive, and manifested no particular interest in the matter. Pigeon shooting then was practiced by only a few, and had not attained the importance of a national sport.

Since then, a general public opinion has been aroused in relation to this subject. Under the general laws concerning cruelty to animals, the humane societies seem to be fully equipped with all needed legal support to prosecute successfully any overt act of pigeon shooting at the traps.

The general laws in a number of States having many times proved to be amply sufficient to suppress pigeon shooting, how much more forceful, then, is the specific statute of the State of New Jersey, which sharply and unqualifiedly prohibits every kind of live bird shooting at the traps? The mere assertion that it is unconstitutional, in social discussion, conveys a certain sentimental feeling of gratification to a majority of trapshooters, but the setting forth of the specifications of the pigeon law unconstitutionality before a New Jersey court is quite another matter. The rights of the people in the abstract, and the statute law in the concrete, do not always concur.

Weighing the matter on its merits, without prejudice, we cannot perceive that there is even a remote chance for a test case to result in favor of pigeon shooting. And if a test case should result in favor of the shooters, what then? With the generally hostile public opinion against pigeon shooting in New Jersey, the next Legislature of that State to a certainty would amend any defects in the pigeon shooting law, and the test case would be in that large realm known as labor in vain.

MR. JOHN W. TITCOMB, Chief of the Bureau of Fish-culture of the National Fisheries Bureau, has returned from Argentina, in which country he has spent nine months in the investigation of the waters and the introduction of food fish there from the United States. The enterprise has been successful in a most gratifying degree. A hatchery was established at Lake Nehnel Huapi, the headwaters of the rivers Limay and Rio Nigro, a point 325 miles from the last station on the Southern Railroad, whither the eggs shipped by the United States Government were conveyed. These comprised 1,000,000 whitefish eggs, 1,000,000 lake trout, 50,000 brook trout and land-locked salmon. In addition to these, there have just been shipped 1,000,000 rainbow trout eggs and 50,000 steelhead eggs from California and Washington.

THAT story of Wymore's park system, as projected by a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and achieved by a growing public sentiment, might well be used as a tract for distribution over the broad land to every village and city which is now without a pleasure spot the citizens may call their own. What Wymore has done, New York and other great cities are doing. Congested tenement districts have been converted into breathing places with shade trees and greensward and music, and the beneficent results are told in the decreased criminal calendar and the lessened death rate.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Labrador Expedition.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In describing the case of the Hubbard party as that of children in a woodlot, I cannot think that you have duly considered the actual history of the expedition, or have been well informed as to the resources of the region concerned. As a friend of Mr. Hubbard, I may perhaps be pardoned for feeling that the criticism which has thus far appeared in your paper is unnecessarily disparaging. To condemn the party outright for not taking large supplies and almost at the same time to support the theory that the country could be traveled safely without provisions, is confusing, and the explanation that the party was totally ignorant of the woodsman's craft is not warranted by what we know of its doings.

It may be premised, as regards the party's knowledge of woodcraft, that George Elson, the Indian, while not especially experienced as his people go, came to Mr. Hubbard as a native of the Labrador, and withal extremely well recommended for the trip by officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. His life had been spent in the very atmosphere of northern life and travel, and there is, I believe, no obvious reason for regarding him as deficient in the ordinary technique of wilderness life.

Be this as it may, once cold weather has set in, there is not enough woodcraft in all North America to insure one's subsistence throughout a long cross-country trip in the northeastern inland. Native Indians, settled in well known and chosen spots in advance of cold weather, have an excellent chance of getting along; yet even with them, in the very country where Hubbard and Wallace turned back, a starving time occurs every few years, and perhaps half the people are dead in their lodges by spring. On George River this seems in no way due to unusual destruction of the game, but is an old condition which appears to have been not substantially different generations ago.

Accordingly John McLean's account of his journeys between Ungava and Hamilton Inlet, sixty years ago, is largely a succession of references to narrow escapes and death from starvation. The circumstances of his return to Chimo are singularly like those of Mr. Hubbard. He would surely have died but for an Indian who left him fifty miles out and fortunately had strength to reach the post and send back relief. Yet McLean had followed this life as a profession for many years, had local guides, and due equipment. A storm comparing with the one which windbound the Hubbard party would have sealed his fate also, as well as that of all his party, and his "Twenty-five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Company's Territory" would never have been written. It may be added that if he had perished his name as a traveler would by no means have suffered the disparagement brought down in the present instance.

Still further back, Samuel Hearne writes feelingly of the hazard and mortality from want attending the longer journeys of the inland Indians to Fort Churchill (then Fort Prince of Wales) with their furs, and during the hundred and thirty years since Hearne's time the risks of such trips have been always recognized by those familiar with northern life.

To the southwestward of the region we are concerned with, lies the basin of the great East Main River, many hundred miles long, which discharges into Hudson's Bay. On this river, for a long term of years, the deaths from starvation were more than from all other causes combined. The whole region was finally abandoned by the survivors, and was uninhabited for years, if it is not at the present time. The caribou had diminished to near extinction, and in the end the people came to save every scrap of refuse and offal, every bone, tag of skin and entrail, whether of bird, beast or fish, drying and storing all in time of sufficiency to save life in expected straits. At Mistassini Post, although thirty-five thousand pounds of freight were brought up each year from the Bay, Mr. Miller took evident pride in telling us that the post had never had a starving time since he had been in charge, though often before; and A. P. Low states in his formal report to the Geological Survey that the Indians about Mistassini could not subsist without help from the Hudson's Bay Company. Now, are the doings of a party who have subsisted themselves almost three months in such a country to be regarded with contempt? Let him of us who has done anything like it cast the first stone.

Unquestionably the party's initial equipment was deficient. They should have had a larger canoe—or better, a second canoe—more provisions, a shotgun, and, above all, a net. With the latter requisite there should have been practically no risk of starvation. But be it observed, even after freezing weather set in and they were unable to get fish with the hook, they still supported themselves on the country as long as John McLean did in going from Northwest River to Ungava over the same route. McLean traveled further, but had important advantages, one being that he had traveled the same route a few weeks before. Moreover, he started strong and well, while the later party were already weak and thin when they began their last month of travel. The exact parallelism of the final exhaustion of the two leaders, the forced march for life of an Indian in each case, and the return of a rescue party—too late, alas! for one brave soul—may serve to emphasize the vicissitudes of northeastern inland travel. As a matter of fact, for such a party as the present one to subsist themselves so long on that particular piece of country with only rod and rifle, is an incredible feat of woodcraft, such as the hardiest natives would shrink from. Noting what Mr. Hallock says about the Hudson's Bay Company's putting the party right as to outfit, the supposition is quite natural; yet, very curiously, it happened that the one fatal deficiency in outfit, and which almost surely cost Mr. Hubbard his life, was occasioned by his relying on getting a suitable net from one of the posts. There was none to be had at Rigolette, and it seems clear that the party traveled without one. And as to October not being a month to starve in on the plateau of the northern interior, the very contrary may well prove true. October there means early winter, and often zero weather.

Concerning local guides, it is safe to say that for the more remote regions north and east they are hardly to be had. So far are the inland Indians from being disposed to assist one, that in a recent instance a Hudson's Bay Company's officer was turned upon with threats, and found it expedient to get back to the shore forthwith. Moreover, their ways are not always those of the ideal guide, as may be inferred from the attempt of a party of them not long since to rush an H. B. C. post in the face of active resistance. Very sensibly, they prefer not to have outsiders on their hunting grounds, and do not often care to serve as guides. As to Hamilton Inlet, no Indians are regularly tributary there of late years. The shore people hunt far up the Grand River, traveling in skiffs, and might do well as guides for parts of that large basin. From Rigolette Mr. Hubbard wrote me in July that he could find no one there who had knowledge of the N. W. river route.

As to maps, if the average visitor tries to travel the further country by any other maps than Low's, he is not likely to get far enough to be in any personal danger whatever; and Low's routes really cover but little of the country. Even Low himself, with all assistance from the Hudson's Bay Company, was unable to get effective help at Hamilton Inlet, and did his important Grand River work with his Lake St. John men. Among the Labrador natives I have some friends, and in the course of something over two thousand miles of interior travel have had the fortune to potluck, winter or summer, with Indians from George River, Northwest River, Seven Islands, Bersimis, Mistassini and Pte. Bleue. These Indian hunters (and no one else) are really "absolutely acquainted" with the country. Yet I have to regret that to me the matter of getting any of these men for work in the north and east is not simple, if possible.

So far as white men are concerned, the peninsula, while truly "not unexplored," as your editorial has it, has large areas on which no eye is known to have rested, and some of its greater rivers and lakes have been mapped only by hearsay from Indians, or mere conjecture. From its barrenness the country is likely to remain longer unknown in detail than any other large area on the continent.

To return to subsistence and the starvation question. The eating of moss, barks, buds and the like is practiced under stress by the human race generally, and doubtless occurred to Elson. This browse-food does good service, but even when one is inactive will not maintain life long under north Labrador conditions, else the long list of cannibalistic horrors of the fur countries need never have been told. How far a man already weak could travel under the onset of winter upon such food may be readily surmised. Even the ruminants get weak and thin upon a course of winter browse. The rodents do better, and chemistry may yet enable us to do as well; but although these things are not wanting in nutriment, and a porcupine can do well on a barky tree, the time has not yet come when one can send home a load of hay for family provision with satisfactory results. Finally, the intimation that berries might have saved the party if they had been intelligent enough to pick them, is hard to take seriously.

The best resource in the barrens is probably the rock-tripe (wakwanapsk), which became important in Franklin's land expedition. Of this, on observing some, a Cree remarked to me with appreciation: "It has saved many an Indian family." It grows only on certain kinds of rocks, and may not be found on Northwest River.

Broadly speaking, when it comes to the question of doing serious traveling in the peninsula without provisions to start with, it is safe to say that those best qualified to do so would be the least willing to undertake it, and the firmest in their demand for a sightly pile of pork and flour before starting. The Nascaupee I have seen, when journeying to the coast, carried supplies—men dressed in skins, living in skin tents, subsisting as wholly by the chase as their remotest ancestors, and growing sometimes to manhood without having seen a white face.

It is not to be denied that Mr. Hubbard was willing to take chances which most persons would not care to accept. Rash he was, and with more experience would doubtless have estimated the undertaking more correctly. Yet the getting windbound at a critical time might well have happened to an older voyager than he, with as sad a result. The rivers more or less fail of fish in cold weather, and at times the Indians themselves perish even at their lakes, in spite of net and tackle.

Mr. Hallock's citation of the disaster to Nordenskiold's party in the Lena Delta doubtless refers instead to De-Long's party. They surely should have tried fishing, but it is by no means certain from the printed accounts that the result would have been different. The fact that the natives were able to catch fish with nets a long way up stream from the party by no means proves that their own efforts in another place with hook and line would have been successful.

Without knowing the source of Mr. Hallock's account of Factor McLean's great journey, I am inclined to think that it is based merely upon John McLean's trips already alluded to between Hamilton Inlet and Ungava. No such event as the former is found in A. P. Low's long list of Labrador travels, nor is any tradition of the journey known to Mr. Peter McKenzie, the present manager of the Hudson's Bay Company, notwithstanding his long service in the peninsula.

It is not too much to say, finally, that if as unfriendly criticism were applied to other northern expeditions as has been bestowed upon the present one, not many would escape a bad showing. Not a few of the expeditions in such countries as northern Labrador have lost men or escaped by a mere chance. The region where Franklin and his hundred and five men left their bones had more game resources than did the country Hubbard traversed, for Schwatka subsisted a large party there during something like a year's time. Consider the ships and parties that passed up the Baffin's Bay route, yet none until Peary who ever thought to look over into the inland valleys and find the muskox feeding. Consider the precautions that Warburton Pike, with all his experience, neglected on his Peace River failure. And what one of us who have traveled in wild countries at all has not chanced upon the day when a turn of fortune less decided than that which bore against Hubbard when he turned back, would have cost a life or lives?

W. B. CABOT.

BOSTON, Mass.

Wymore's Park System.

WYMORE, Nebraska.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for many years, and I feel to-night like testifying to the good influence the paper has exerted over me, and to point out, in my feeble way, how good results have been attained by reason of that good influence.

This little city was laid out twenty-three years ago by a land company connected with the Burlington Railway Company. Six hundred and forty acres were platted into lots, and placed upon the market. The eastern boundary of the city was the Big Blue River; the southern boundary is the beautiful Indian Creek; the northern boundary is Bill's Creek, and the western boundary is the Rocky Mountains. No prettier location for a city can be found anywhere. But the company which laid out the town neglected one very important thing, and that was parks. Not a lot, not a foot of ground, was left unplatted to be dedicated for city parks. It is true that we have some pretty drives along the river and the creeks, and some nice picnic grounds in the woods along these streams, but they are liable to overflow and do not belong to the city, and but few of these nice places can be utilized for the pleasure and comfort of our citizens, and do not in any sense take the place of nor obviate the necessity of having some nice parks in the city.

Two years ago the City Council called upon me for an opinion as to the best way to collect delinquent taxes upon certain pieces of real estate in the city, and after due investigation and consideration, I recommended that the property be condemned for city parks, and accompanied my report with the proper ordinances to carry it into effect. The Mayor and Council seemed to enjoy the joke, and adopted my report, and passed the ordinances without a dissenting vote. Appraisers were appointed and the lands appraised.

One of the pieces of land was a twenty-six acre tract on the north side of town, lying very high and sightly, overlooking Bill's Creek, and one corner of it taking in the creek, with about two acres of fine timber and shade trees. It had been a fair ground many years before, but the society had failed, and the title to the land had passed into the hands of a non-resident, who owed the city $600 sidewalk taxes. The land was appraised at $50 an acre, or a total of $1,300, from which the appraisers deducted the taxes. There was an appeal from this appraisement to the District Court, and an injunction suit was commenced against the city in the same court. The city was successful in both suits. It was no longer a joke. The Mayor and Council and most of the people had become interested in the fight, and a settlement was effected under which we paid the owner $1,000, and the land was deeded to the city for park purposes forever. The city then fenced the land at an expense of over $900, and otherwise improved it, and named it "City Park." A driving association has been formed, which now has a fine regulation half-mile track in this park. The Wymore Gun Club has a nice building there, and the finest shooting grounds in the State.

The second piece of ground was a single block, three

hundred feet square, situated in the west part of town, which the city acquired at an expense of $100 and the loss of $392 taxes. The only objection that was made to the taking of this block was that it would increase the value of my property, as it was just across the street in front of my residence, but I waived this objection, and the Mayor and Council appointed me Park Commissioner. A year ago I planted nearly three hundred trees and some evergreens in this park, seeded it down in grass, and already it is a beautiful little park.

The third tract was two half blocks in the east part of town, which was deeded to the city free from taxes for $250. The street between the two half blocks has been vacated, and added to the park, which has been well set in trees and fenced. The city water has been put into each of the three parks. I had almost forgotten to mention that the "City Park" (the twenty-six acre tract) has two nice little lakes upon it, which are being improved, and will be stocked with fish. Each little lake will have fresh water running into it from the city's pipes, and overflow pipes will allow the water to escape, thus keeping the water in the lakes always fresh.

The present City Council, not to be outdone by their predecessors, are negotiating for another park, and no doubt will get it during the summer at a cost of about $500, part of which will be donated.

The city's total outlay for the three parks is less than $2,500, including fencing, which is less than half of the actual market value of the properties at the time they were taken; and the best part of it is that a splendid and enthusiastic public sentiment in support of these expenditures has sprung up in our little city, and a man who would oppose the expenditure of money for the care and improvement of these parks could not get himself elected Dog Pelter in Wymore. And I may truthfully add that property owners are paying up their delinquent taxes and getting in out of the wet. A. D. MCCANDLESS.

With the Shoal-Water Ships.

THE fog which had shrouded the harbor had lightened and the rain had ceased. The surface of the water was glassy. The wind, which had hung in the east for a couple of days, had died away, and the damp, cool air was motionless.

We climbed down the ladder aboard the tug, passed down grip and camera and numerous bundles, and went into the pilot house with the mate. The little tug started down the harbor, and we looked ahead to where the Kaplan ought to be. The Stella B. Kaplan, an old friend of mine, and as seaworthy and comfortable a craft as there was on the coast, had cleared for Savannah, Ga., under Capt. Merritt, who had sailed her as mate or master for six or seven years, and it was my good fortune to be numbered among the after guard.

The prospect of a cruise is always exhilarating, and I was not sorry to think that I could shake free from the land and city with its humdrum and enter the world of sea and sky, with its rough, rude life and its ever-changing scenes.

"What sort of a gang have they got off there for me?" Capt. Merritt asked of the mate of the tug. "Were they very drunk?" That they were "drunk" was an accepted fact; the degree of intoxication only seemed in doubt.

"Well, they h'isted 'em over the side in a bowline," replied the mate, with a judiciously aimed discharge of chocolate colored fluid through the open window of the pilot house; "they may not have been 'drunk,' but somehow they couldn't seem to stand alone very well."

"And the mate—how was he?"

"I guess he had a little down, but he seemed to know what he was about."

The captain said nothing, but probably his thoughts ran to the life he led, with its toils and dangers, long nights of watchfulness in winter's cold and summer's heat, and to gales and wrecks and collisions and lee-shores and fogs and snow; and its petty trials, its drunk and mutinous crews, long delays in port without demurrage, and the lonely, homeless life the sailor enjoys.

But we were soon alongside, and, climbing over the rail, took a look at our home for the next few days.

The Stella B. Kaplan is a stout four-masted schooner of 1,024 tons, and was a big schooner in her day. But twelve years have wrought such changes in the size of our coasting vessels, that she would look small alongside the recent products of the Maine yards.

The decks were dripping from the efforts of the mate to remove some of the coal dust which had covered everything; a new mainsail lay on the main deck, rolled up as it came from the sailmakers; fenders still hung over the side, and the decks had that appearance of general confusion which exists where things are not coiled up. The sailors stood around half dazed, and tried to interpret the orders of the mate with but little success; their haggard faces, shuffling gaits, and generally dragged-out appearance confirmed the statements of the mate of the tug.

We went below, and the mate soon came down. "They won't work no more, Captain," said he. "They said they had done enough, and have gone into the forecastle. I wanted 'em to wash her down and haul in the fenders, but they said they were tired and wan't going to do no more."

The Captain rose from his chair. "—— 'em. I wish things were the way they were twenty years ago, when I first went to sea. You could go down into the foc'stle then if a man didn't obey orders and kick his head off: but now you can't lay a finger on one of 'em without making a lot of trouble for yourself. I wish some of those —— fools that make these foolish laws could have charge of a vessel one trip and have to handle a lot of sailors; they wouldn't be so free with their laws to protect the poor sailor. What do they know about it, anyway?"

The Captain went forward and looked into the forecastle door. I could not hear what was said, but he soon returned, and the sailors stayed in their hole.

"I'll dock 'em three days' pay for this. They think they can do as they like. It don't make no difference whether they refuse duty for five minutes or a whole day; you can dock 'em just the same. They will find that out when we get back to New York. Now I am going below to write some letters for the tug to take in the morning. He said he would be alongside at six o'clock," and the Captain disappeared below and left me on deck.

Darkness had come on, and the city lights glistened in the distance. The long row of electrics which marked the South Boston pier was reflected in the still water; two or three vessels at anchor near us lent companionship by the gleam of their riding-lights. The decks of our craft were deserted. In the forward deck-house the cook was busy in his galley on the port side; on the starboard the open door of the forecastle showed the dim forms of the men moving in the uncertain light. Their words could not be distinguished, but one or two generally had the floor and emphasized each word by violent gestures. It seemed more like a page from Clark Russell's endless descriptions than a night in the month of September in a coal schooner at anchor on the South Boston flats.

About six o'clock a smart squall of wind and rain came out of the west, shifted to north and blew all night, and the morning was glorious. At daybreak all hands were turned out and we got under way. Sail covers came off, were folded up and piled on the hatches; stops taken off the sails, sheets rove fore and aft, fenders hauled in and stowed away, and steam having been made by this time, the spanker halliards were taken to the winch and the heavy sail rose slowly in the air. All signs of sulkiness had disappeared, and the men jumped around like lambs. The Captain was watching for the boat which was to be alongside at six sharp and tow us out if need be; but six and seven came and no boat. He glanced at the pier, up town, and at the weather. "Suppose you and the mate take the boat and pull ashore at the point and mail these letters. I would send one of the men, only I am afraid he would never come back."

I jumped at the chance, and we lowered the little boat and pulled the mile and a half in quick time. Just to breathe such air is sufficient reward for the three-mile pull. We were half way back when the "old man" started up the foresail and jibs, and as we pulled under the stern and hooked on again the cable was up and down, and in a moment she was away. I went to the wheel, hove it over, and she began to travel. The sharp hiss of foam came up from the wake under the boat on the davits; the glistening white froth raced along to leeward, and we had begun our little voyage. Out of Broad Sound with the fresh northerly wind we made quick time, and squaring away off the Graves laid the course for Cape Cod, and one of the men coming aft to the wheel, we went below for breakfast.

The wind held about N.E., and fresh, and with topsails set to the usual chorus of "O ho" and "Now down," we ran down to Highland Light. The crew had differentiated from the drunken conglomerate of the night before into Bill and Harry and Tom and Pete. Harry was a dark, rather slender, soft-spoken fellow, with a remarkably musical voice of a warm southern vibratory quality, had been second mate, and seemed a little above the level of the average schooner sailor. Bill was a stout, handsome Irish lad of twenty-five, with powerful arms and neck, white where unexposed to wind and sun, which bespoke a strength of body not yet broken by overwork and lack of sleep. Tom was a little fair-haired Dutchman of solid build and expressionless face, whose wide blue eyes seemed innocent as a boy's. He had been the most persistent in his demands the night before to be put ashore: twenty years ago he would have had his "head kicked off." Pete was the oldest of the lot, and a poor specimen; whiskey and dissipation had done its work and left its mark in the weak face and undersized frame. The engineer looked his part, and was not much on deck. The steward and cook was a colored man who had been on deep water all his life, and had so firmly acquired the habit of making a little go a long way that we nearly starved. His leisurely journey aft from the galley with his basket about seven bells was a signal for a subdued groan from the old man, who would recall numerous predecessors of the innocent offender with a gusto that was ludicrous. The mate was a vagabond who had been all over the world afloat and ashore, and who delighted in narrating his experiences in a broken lingo that required the closest attention to interpret. Their names may or may not have been their own; one name is enough for a sailor; "Here, you" is enough for the Captain.

Capt. Merritt did not love sailors. I never saw a captain who did. "If they would only build a vessel you could handle without sailors," he used to say, "wouldn't it be great? I don't know as I would mind going to sea if it wasn't for sailors, or if I could get home a few days every month and not have to look at a sailor."

At first thought, coasting trips would hardly seem to require prolonged absence from home, but on one occasion it was two years before the Captain saw the home he had left for a short trip.

"It's a lonely life," he said, with a down East drawl. "In port I have the agents and what captains may be in, but that isn't very gay; I generally stop aboard the vessel most of the time, and it gets to be terrible lonesome." The mate soon gets talked out, and the captain would as soon jump overboard as speak to a sailor outside of the ordinary routine. And with so few to handle so large a vessel, watch and watch is observed at sea, and thus the mates are below when the captain is on deck, except during the short dog watch. The old customs of the sea die hard; they are still in force to a great extent. Discipline is just as necessary in a coasting schooner to-day as it was in one of the famous liners of the '50s, and the "sir" at the end of an answer to mate or captain, the lee side for a man coming aft to the wheel, the hurried shift into fairly presentable garments for his trick, and many more of the details of marine etiquette are followed about as closely as ever. To be sure, the man at the wheel doesn't get a clip under the ear that lands him in the scuppers for letting the ship fall off of her course a point, but he would get a word in the ear if he didn't attend to his steering; and the same rule, "obey orders," holds good in a coal schooner to-day as in the famous clippers.

No man can follow the sea for a score of years and attain the command of a vessel unless gifted with physical powers and grit of a high order; and the story of any of the masters of the coasting fleet would be good reading. Capt. Merritt had been to sea all his life, and was a shrewd, hard-headed business man, with a mind of his own and the ability to express it, and was afraid of nothing. Naturally his thoughts ran to the opposite extreme of the life he followed; and many a time when we were rolling along under a blue, cloudless sky, and I would say, "What do you want better than this?" the answer would come in slow, drawling tones: "You give me my gun and a few days in the *woods*," with emphasis on the woods, "and I wouldn't think of this old hooker for a while now, I tell you. I stayed ashore one fall for a couple of months while Captain M. had this vessel, and every morning I would take my gun and would go into the woods," and then would follow an enthusiastic hunting story. I wish I could transcribe tone and accent.

"What do the people do down your way—fish?"

"Wall, yes. Those along shore fish a little when they think they can make a little out of it. They are all poor, just make a bare living; never see no money. Down Addison way they are all poor except those back in the woods and they are poorer yet. You can live cheap down there; you have a cow, and there's your milk and butter; and a pig, and there's your pork; and a garden, and there's your vegetables; and you can raise your corn and stuff; but they don't see no money. They have to go to sea to make any money. Most every one down there has lost some one at sea."

He gave a look around—we were off Hatteras. "I spent five days on a wreck off here when I was a boy; but it was summer, so we didn't mind. She was a bark loaded with lumber. We were bound to the West Indies. The thirst was the worst; the last two days my tongue was swollen so that I couldn't speak." This was in answer to my question as to whether he had ever been wrecked; I had known him ten years or more, and he had never mentioned it before.

On deck things had assumed a normal aspect; gear had been coiled up, fenders stowed away, coal dust washed off, the regular watches set, and the usual life of the coaster at sea had begun. One of the crew—the whiskey-soaked one—when the mate was not looking, asked me whether we were going out of the South Channel or over the shoals. "South Channel," I said, and a momentary gleam of satisfaction lighted up his face. To be clear of handling chains and anchors and canvas in a passage over the shoals was a point of considerable importance to them.

Night came on, and about nine o'clock the lightship hove in sight on the starboard bow. The wind was steady, and the moon, nearly full, spread her pathway on the sea, and the schooner, rolling gently in the regular swell, swept along in the moonlight, transformed from the disorderly, untrim hulk of the coal dock into a sentient, living thing, mindful of a turn of a spoke of the wheel, and reaching, reaching under the swelling sails as though eager to cover the course ahead in the shortest time.

The hardships of a sailor's life were not in evidence on this trip. Surely no more ideal conditions could be desired; fair winds, a cloudless sky by day, a bright moon by night, a temperature constantly rising, changing the brisk, bracing air of Massachusetts Bay for the softer, warmer breath of the Gulf Stream, all combined to banish thought of danger and exposure.

On the third morning, off Hatteras, the change in temperature was sudden and agreeable; the dew-covered deck glistened with the rays of the morning sun; the wind had dropped to a light air which barely gave us steerageway; the damp, moist air, saturated with the salt of the sea, fanned out of the sails. The joy of living came with increased power. To be, to breathe, to drink the tonic of the ocean, to feel that soft wind on face and arms, to tread the cool, wet deck in bare feet, to lay aloft and from the crosstrees look on an ocean just awakening from a night's rest is a privilege which few can appreciate. The old shellbacks don't care for that sort of thing; they are washing the dew from off the decks and cursing the luck that they are there at all. It is $30 a month to them. The look of amusement which came over the face of the man at the wheel when of an evening I took my little journey into the lazarette by way of the after hatch, loaded with camera and red lantern and boxes of plates, seemed to shout aloud, "What is a big feller like you fooling with them things for? What do you want to take pictures of an old coal schooner for, anyway?"

I could reply in kind: "My friend, put in fifty weeks a year housed up in town and you will prize the two or three weeks of ocean breeze and tarry hands and the glorious pull and haul as the best part of your life; and you will look back on it a hundred times as distance softens the view with ever-increasing love; and the snap shot of you at the wheel that I took to-day will have to last me many months when I feel the itching for a good, hearty drag on something heavy which no gymnasium can fully satisfy. You to-night are dreaming of some bum show and of the glorious booze you could have were you ashore. Look around on that ocean of molten fire, that sky of deepest blue, and brilliant stars, feel that life-giving wind, and thank fortune you are a deck-hand."

To one right from the city it is refreshing to cast the eyes around and see nothing but ocean; to have the broad decks and towering masts to one's self. There is freedom and unconventionality to the limit. The passenger by steam is bound by rules and regulations and social restrictions; he must dress for dinner and for walking the deck and for evening. Here the sleeveless jersey is worn the day through in the summer sun, and the whole ship is mine.

The wide, sloping canvas cover of the boat at the davits is a favorite lounging place. With the sun in one's face, to lie back there at a supremely comfortable angle under the strongback and take in the whole sweep of decks, gently heaving in the following sea; to listen to the soft hiss of foam twenty feet below; to feel the powerful upward lift, intensified by the extended position aft, as the vessel's stern rises to a sea, and to watch the regular swing of the topmasts as she rolls along in the afternoon sunshine, is to enjoy a side of sea life which might not appeal to the busy hustler; but a busy, disagreeable, modern hustler has no place here. *Dolce far niente* is the rule under sail, at least for the vacation end of the outfit, and a delightfully lazy drift in a summer sun is more to me than any record breaking passage under steam with poor devils below in a temperature of 120. Here all is above board; good, honest canvas and manila, and air

for everybody; the everlasting winds are the stokers and firemen, and they work without sweating, and never strike—but they strike hard.

One day in particular I remember with a thrill of something that cannot be put into words. The wind was quartering and moderate; the hot sun from a blue sky shot down his burning rays, bathing the schooner in a flood of light; the decks were deserted, save the man at the wheel, who silently steered his course; the old man was below making up lost sleep; the mate had all hands in the hold all day washing her out, and all that long afternoon we sailed on with no sail in sight. Porpoises leaped in schools around the bows; flying fish rose in flocks from out of the sea, winged their rapid flight of a hundred yards, and dove with a splash into the foam; bunches of dark weed, which the sailors say comes from the bottom of the Gulf Stream, floated by in procession, and all the charm of the tropic seas was ours. The warm wind blew through the rigging, the deep blue of the water (we were off soundings) contrasted with the foam that broke under the bows; the regular roll of the vessel added her rhythmic enchantment to the onward sweep; and from my perch in the fore crosstrees I seemed to be alone and in absolute control of the fabric under me, as though it were a bicycle instead of a thousand-ton schooner. No dirty engines gave that ship life; the smoke, oil, heat and toil that they entail had no place there; but the sweet blowing wind, free and clear, did for us all we could ask, and at what speed was shown the next day when we held one of the southern coasting steamers, a twelve-knot boat, as the mate said, who had worked on her engines, from dawn till dark, when the wind lightened and she slowly drew ahead.

This is the charm of seagoing—to cut loose conventional lines and rove at the will of the winds.

One day at breakfast the mate said: "Mister, can I ask a favor of you? I want to get the hold finished up to-day, and if you will steer and let me have all hands down below I can do it all and have it over with."

I was glad to assent, and that day, which was like all the others as to weather, I steered the schooner over the summer sea. S.W. by W. was the course, and I guess I made it good; nobobdy knew whether I did or not; one spoke either way would keep her straight and the sense of absolute control was fascinating.

But night, made brilliant by the full moon, was bewitching; deck and spars, softened by the mild light, seemed almost unreal; the shadows lay deep where the light failed to strike, and over the whole there was an air of romance which transformed that coal schooner into a stately galleon with a deckload of silver and gold sweeping on to the Fortunate Isles. The silent man at the wheel, the seething foam under the big spanker boom wide off over the quarter, the horizon, limited, save where the sparkling wake of the moon turned the water into molten silver ahead; the warm air without a chill blowing damp and heavy from the Gulf, all conspired to arouse whatever of vagabond spirit one possessed. Such nights tempt one to roam the world around.

Six days of this glorious weather sufficed for our passage. At noon on the last day we got a little change in the programme in the shape of a squall of wind and rain from the N.W., and clewed up topsails and staysails in a brisk shower and put two reefs in the spanker.

"On this coast," said Capt. Merritt, "you never can tell what's coming at this time of year. This is the hurricane season, and if we got ketched out in this light vessel on a lee shore, the only thing to do would be to wait for high water, pick out a good soft spot on the beach, and run her up there."

But all signs failed; the wind canted back to N.E., where it had held all the week, and we passed Martin's Industry at dark, picked up a pilot off the river, and with the moon lighting up the shores as bright as day, sailed up the blood red stream, and shortly after midnight anchored off the Savannah wharves, five and one-half days from Boston.

F. L. ENO.

A Craftsman's Lakeside Cottage.

From *The Artsman.*

IF anyone can point to a rarer sport than building one's own house in the heart of an evergreen mountain region, and out of material hewed by ax or sawed by water-power at one's very door, I should like to know of it. How invigorating the tussle with fate (unforeseen circumstance) and human inertia—the learning how few things are needed, ingenuity in devising substitutes, learning self-reliance, how many things can be made by yourself, stripping the burdened nature of the superfluities of city life, coming down in hot solitary chopping days in the woods to four articles of clothing (hat, shirt, trousers and shoes) and the like! In the dry, bracing, resinous air how sharp the appetite; coarse food relished and city sops and slops and sweets unwished for and even scorned!

If you are only built so you can coolly and cautiously restrain yourself at first, well for you. I can't. I lose my head. I go to work with such unreasonable fury that I invariably overdo. It seems so contemptible and puny not to do as much as those big natives with corded muscle on their arms. Yet your cit, try as he may to play the man in muscular work, at his best can do no more than a boy. In building my cottage (with its ice-house and shop and verandas) I had to boat or raft every pound of material and furniture, from framework to teapot, for a distance of half a mile; for six weeks I chopped and hammered and sawed, rafted and rowed and waded; feet never dry once in all that time, except at night; hands stiff and calloused and hot; face begrimed and black as an Indian's; clothes ragged; hair long; back aching; muscles overstrained. Yet, withal, I never was happier in my life, bating inability to sleep well. The fun and fascination of shingling, making doors and doorsteps, washstands, rustic trelliswork, dining table for porch, rustic stairway, kitchen table, spruce bark divan, and bed-lounge of spruce and rock maple sawed to order at the water-power mill; and picking up driftwood flotsam and jetsam; bass, salmon and trout fishing—oh, there's nothing like it! Then the difficulties of getting seasoned lumber; the long twenty-mile useless drive for a chimney builder; laying the chimney's foundation yourself; liberating your strangled pines; your mountain knapsack trips; the wild sweet bugles of the loons off on the lake; the plunge of the osprey for the fish; the uncanny laugh of the two bald eagles passing up and down every day; the deer in your very dooryard; the red fox you meet in the woods; the night hawks pulling their guitar strings in the gloaming (at the upturn of their headlong plunge through the air); the divine chanting of the hermit-thrushes; the clear flutings of the white-throated sparrows in the bosky pastures; and the unrivaled trill of the winter wren in latter June on the mountain sides; the very roadsides sweet with endless trailing arbutus, and the quiet woodland roads filled suddenly in the spring, as if by magic, with the red moccasin flower—all this set in a framework of color such as alone the mountain atmosphere can show; the whole thirty-mile sweep of the distant violet range now drifted over by veils of white mist, and now (if in April or May) showing the long stripes of its snow gullies, and now stereoscopically near and distinct. There is something in this exhilarating piny mountain air that makes a man sing or whistle when in the open. But he and the birds make all the noise there is. The nearest steam whistle to my cottage is sixteen miles, though electric launches and noisy new cottages are getting too frequent and already profane the profound and restful silence of my peninsula. (Yet one can outwit the vacationists by going out of season.)

I have spoken of the winter wren. It's of little avail to describe a bird's song by words; but if I can convince any who read this that it is sinning their mercies, as the Scots say, not to try to hear the song of this matchless little peri of the mountain sides, that will be something. This is not a bird for Mr. Whackbrair and his tail of pupil-imps. It would disappoint them. It is a bird for the devout lover of the primeval wildwood. Only the soul of the pious pagan, the lone mountain camper, will thrill to the high, plaintive-sweet, rapturous trill that closes the brief and simple warble of this bird—a creature rarely seen and difficult to see, a bodyless Ariel voice (apparently), filling the mountain silences with pure aspiration, with a song like a prayer and that induces the religious feeling—haunts one for days. In the technical execution it is the ecstatic upward-spiraling canary-trill at the close of the carol that so takes the hearer with awe and wonder. I thought of the highest notes, the climax, of some fairy prima donna, and of the feeling I had as I listened to the passionate trill of the nightingales amid the splashing antique fountains, the roses, and the cypresses of the unique old mouldering Villa d'Este in Tivoli.

Anyone can build a house in the woods. I know (by experience of prices) that I could put up with my own hands a ten by eight cabin, shingled on sides and roof, for twenty dollars. Portable houses can be bought at camping outfit shops in New York for eighty-two dollars, and corrugated iron somewhere in Connecticut for much less. Desirable land about me can be bought for two dollars to three hundred dollars an acre. Carpenter's labor here is one dollar and fifty cents a day; good spruce lumber ten dollars a thousand; fir and hemlock cheaper; spruce shingles two dollars a thousand; eggs twelve to fifteen cents, butter eighteen cents; table-board, with room, three dollars, four dollars, and five dollars, etc. Building material is of course very high now, and cottages that cost one thousand dollars six years ago would now cost fifteen hundred dollars. But the point for an artsman or craftsman is to save money by doing his own work and simplifying in everything. If you choose you can live in a tent till you get part of your house done—say what will be a detached kitchen or woodshed eventually—and then live in that until you finish the rest. Brick are high priced. A good brick fire-place and chimney running up through a story and a half house will cost you about thirty or thirty-five dollars. A native boat can be made to order for less than ten dollars in my neighborhood, which is in Maine, twenty-five miles east of Mount Washington. I merely mention these prices as samples of prices everywhere in northern New England, away from fashionable resorts. I must not forget to add that on the shores of this "most beautiful lake in Maine" a local Arts and Crafts Society has for some years been established by a New York artist. Its chief work is the weaving of art rugs on the big native looms of the farmhouses. This neighborhood guild holds annual exhibitions.

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY.

Natural History.

Short Talks on Taxidermy.

VI.—Mammal Skins.

THE man who travels in lands that are new to him is certain to see in nature a vast number of beautiful objects of which he knows neither the names, the habits, nor the uses. The mammals, the birds and the plants will, many of them, be strange to him, and about many of them he is filled with more or less wonder, and, if he has a companion who was familiar with them, asks many questions about them. There is no inquiry more often put by him who is going through a new land than the query, "What is that?" "Where does it live?" "What is it good for?" and this is likely to be followed by a comparison with some other natural objects that the speaker is more or less familiar with.

Birds and flowers are much more obvious to the traveler than are the mammals. Many of these are nocturnal in habit, and though he may see their holes and their runways, and may sometimes have a glimpse of the creatures themselves, he does not often have the opportunity to view them deliberately, as he may the birds often and the flowers always. It is within a few years only that American naturalists have given close attention to any except the larger and more striking forms of mammalian life. The buffalo, and many of the various deers and bears and other large animals, were long ago described, but until within twenty-five or thirty years ago there were a vast number of species of smaller mammals, especially those belonging to the great order *Rodentia,* that were quite unknown. Of recent years, however, a number of men have taken up the study of mammals, and great numbers of new species have been described, so that our mammalian fauna is now very well known. Not only is this true of the mammals of the United States, but hardy explorers have penetrated into the far south, and overrun Mexico, and others have gone to the extreme north, and have studied, and are studying, the mammals, great and small, of the Arctic region.

Big game is almost always shot with rifle, and most of the different forms are now well known, but the smaller mammals cannot be shot with a rifle, and the shotgun so mutilates their small bodies, and cuts up their delicate fur, that this weapon can hardly be used against them. Collectors of small mammals, therefore, commonly use traps. For creatures the size of the marten and the mink, the familiar deadfall, or the steel trap, may be used, but for the smaller ones, as rats, mice, voles, moles and shrews, traps such as are commonly used for domestic rats and mice are employed. These are sometimes baited with vegetable substances, such as meal ground from corn and oats, but they are likely to be quite as efficient when set in the animals' runways, or near the mouths of their burrows.

These traps take up but little room, and are easily transported, and a dozen of them carried by anyone interested in the study of mammals will give him much pleasure, and may be of very great use to science in the capture of some species of mammal which has hitherto been unknown or rare.

The implements used in collecting small mammals are precisely those required in making bird skins, except that wires are needed, and of course wire cutters and a file. If you are traveling in the field these things can be carried in a box similar to that already described for carrying your bird skins, but it must be remembered that as such a box is traveling on the railway or jouncing about in a wagon, or being carried on the back of a pack animal, it will be necessary for you to pack the tray in which your skinning tools, poison, etc., are to be carried, so full that the different articles cannot move. Your paper and your cotton or tow will serve for this packing material.

Unless you are really interested in this matter it is hardly worth while for you to carry with you on your journey this box and your skinning tools. Often you will get in at night, feeling too tired to make up your specimens, and yet, since you intend to start off early in the morning, the specimens must be made up or be thrown away. You should make up your mind that this work is worth doing, and worth doing well, and that it shall not be neglected. Better cut off an hour or two each day from your hunting than allow your specimens to go to waste.

Even if you do not travel to out-of-the-way parts of the world, where strange and new forms of life are to be seen, you will find much of interest immediately about your home. Even the woods and swamps close to you contain a number of creatures which you have never seen, and which you never will see unless you make an effort to do so, and to capture and preserve them. They are all worth becoming acquainted with.

Many collectors advise as a poison for small mammals a mixture of arsenic and alum, two parts of arsenic and one of alum. The arsenic poisons the skin, and keeps the insects from it, the alum shrinks it and makes the epidermis grasp each hair so firmly that it cannot escape.

Two things are always to be remembered in collecting small mammals: one is to take the measurements in the flesh, the other is to invariably preserve unbroken the skull of each specimen, and so to label it that it can always be known as belonging to the skin from which it came. Some collectors even place the partly cleaned skull within the skin, surrounded by the stuffing, so that it cannot possibly get away. The measurements that you should take are few; these are the length from nose to root of tail; the specimen should be stretched out and pulled perfectly straight on a flat surface—a board, table, or the cover of your skin box—then insert a pin in the board at its nose, and another at the root of the tail under the tail, and close to the body; another pin should be stuck in the board at the point where the vertebra of the tail ends. These three pins give you the two most important measurements—the length of body and length of tail. Another is the length of the hind foot from the end of the longest toe on the foot to the heel. The color of the eyes and of the nose and of the feet, if naked, should be noted, or any other parts of the body naked or likely to change in drying.

In opening the skin of a small mammal, the cut should be made from the lower breast or upper part of the belly down to the vent. The skin is taken off in the usual manner, the hind legs unjointed at the pelvis, and the forelegs at the shoulder blade. The skin of the tail is stripped off by closing the finger nails of thumb and forefinger close around the bone of the tail and pulling backward. After the skin is removed from the body it is pulled forward, the neck skinned, the ears cut off close to the skull, the eyes carefully cut around so that the eyelids shall not be injured, and finally the lips are cut away close to the teeth, and the skin cut off at the nose. The feet must be skinned down well to the toe, and quite below any flesh, and if the animal is as large as a gray rat or a squirrel, it is well to make an incision in the soles of the feet, and to rub a little poison in them. All the flesh on the skin must be removed, the lips split, and after all this is done the skin must be thoroughly poisoned. Now, from the skull remove all the flesh that is possible, taking care, however, not to break or cut any of the bones. Having thoroughly cleansed the skull and removed the brain, which must be done with water and a stick, put it to one side to dry. The skin should be now turned back, the bones of the legs lightly wrapped in cotton or tow, the lips sewed up. Now take a fine wire, put about it a very little cotton, rub the cotton in the poison, and introduce this into the cavity from which the tail bone was removed. It should be pushed down slowly and carefully until it reaches the end of the tail, and there will be no trouble about doing this if you have wrapped the wire as it should have been wrapped. Do not stretch the tail.

Be as careful as you were in the case of the bird about not stretching the skin of the mammal. Under the most favorable circumstances you will be pretty sure to stretch it somewhat, and so you must be careful not to fill it too full, and to give it an opportunity in the drying to shrink down to its natural size. The made-up skin should be wrapped in cotton, the tail—unless it is a very long one—stretching out straight behind, and the front paws stretching forward on either side of the head, while the hind

paws stretch out behind, the skin lying on its belly. Try so to make your skin that when it has dried it will resemble the dead animal.

Just as you labeled your birds, with locality, date, sex, and name of collector, so you must label your mammals. A specimen without a label is absolutely valueless, and no man, under such circumstances, can afford to trust anything to his memory. In the case of both birds and mammals, you will do well to carry a note-book, and to take as full field memoranda as possible of the observations which you have made with regard to a particular specimen when it comes into your hands. You will wish to say whether a certain mammal was secured on a mountain top or in a damp valley; where its burrow was, if you know, and generally to give all the information connected with its life history and habits that you can possibly acquire. At the same time you must not make any guesses about these matters, and if you are only drawing conclusions you must say so.

The best paper ever prepared on the preparation of skins of small mammals for use in study, was written by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey, and published some years ago by the Government at Washington. It is as follows:

Directions for Measurement.

The tools necessary for measuring mammals are a pair of compasses or dividers, a steel rule graduated in millimeters, and two large pins. Dividers with round points are better than those with triangular points.

All measurements should give the distance in a straight line between the points indicated. They should be taken by means of dividers, or by driving pins into a board to mark the points between which the measurement is desired. They should never be made with a tape-line over the convexities or inequalities of the surface.

The three most important measurements, and those which should always be taken in the flesh, are: (1) total length; (2) length of tail; (3) length of hind foot.

(1) The total length is the distance between the tip of the nose and the end of the tail vertebræ. It is taken by laying the animal on a board, with its nose against a pin or upright post, and by straightening the back and tail by extending the hind legs with one hand while holding the head with the other; a pin is then driven into the board at the end of the vertebræ. (See Fig. 2.)

(2) The length of tail is the length of the caudal vertebræ. It is taken by erecting the tail at right angle to the back, and placing one point of the dividers on the backbone at the very root of the tail, the other at the tip end of the vertebræ. (See Fig. 3.)

(3) The hind foot is measured by placing one point of the dividers against the end of the heel (*calcaneum*), the other at the tip of the longest claw, the foot being flattened for this purpose. (See Fig. 4.)

Directions for the Preparation of Skins.

Skin all mammals as soon as possible after death.

Lay the animal on its back and make an incision along the middle of the belly from just behind the fore legs nearly to the vent. Be careful not to stretch the skin while removing it, and exercise great caution in skinning around the eyes and lips, which parts are easily cut. Skin as far down on the feet as possible, but leave in the bones of the legs. Remove the bone from the tail by pulling it between the fingers (in the larger species a split stick answers well). Take out the skull, being careful not to cut or injure it in any way, and wash out the brains by means of a syringe or jet of water. Remove the tongue, and cut off the thick flesh from the sides and base of the skull. Tie a tag to the skull bearing the same number that is attached to the skin, and dry in the shade. In damp weather it is sometimes necessary to use powdered borax to prevent the remaining flesh from decomposing. Never put arsenic or salt on a skull.

Remove all fat and tags of flesh that adhere to the skin. In cleaning off blood or dirt that may have soiled the hair, an old tooth-brush and a liberal supply of corn-meal will be found serviceable.

Poison all parts of the skin with dry arsenic (or, better still, with a mixture of powdered arsenic and alum in the proportion of four parts arsenic to one part alum), being particular to put an extra supply in the feet and tail. Put a wire in the body, letting it extend to the extreme tip of the tail, but be careful not to stretch the tail. Use annealed iron wire of as large size as will fit easily into the tip end of the tail. In rabbits, foxes, and wildcats put wires in the legs also.

Stuff the skin to nearly its natural size with cotton or tow (never use wool, feathers, or other animal substances); sew it up along the belly, and place it flat on a board to dry (belly down), with the fore legs extended in front and parallel to the body (i. e., not projecting out sideways), and the hind legs and tail directed backward. The accompanying cut (Fig. 1) shows the appearance of a well made skin.

Attach to each skin a label bearing the same number that is given the skull. On this label should be stated the sex, locality, date of capture (name of month should always be written in full), and name of collector.

All skins should be thoroughly dry before they are packed for shipment. They should be carefully wrapped in cotton and packed in small wooden boxes. Cigar boxes do very well for the smaller species.

TAXIDERMIST.



FIG. 1.

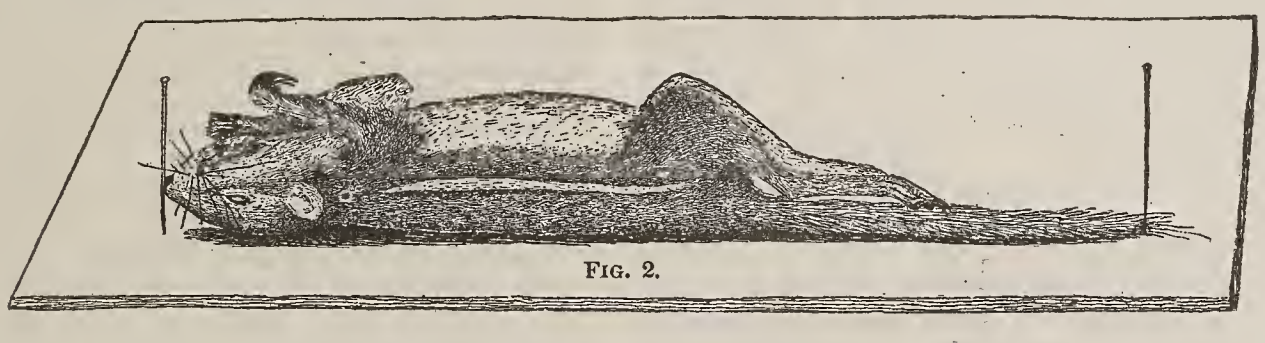


FIG. 2.

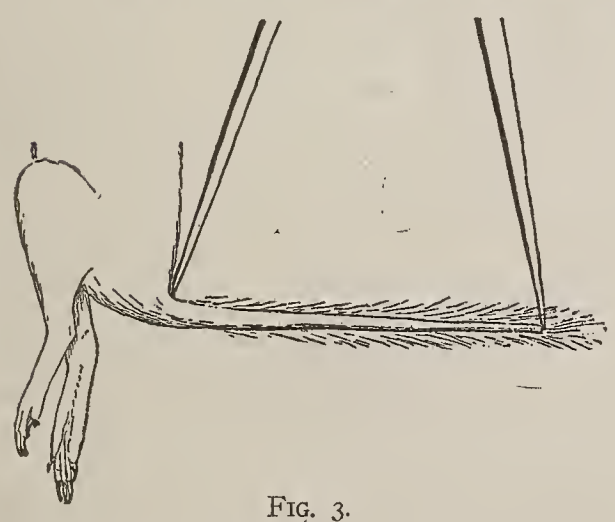


FIG. 3.

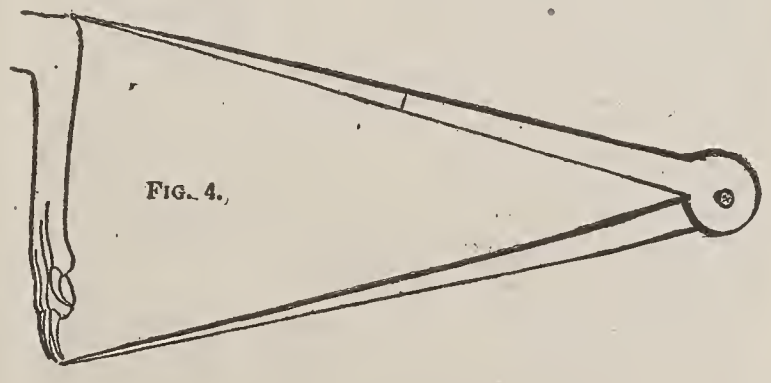


FIG. 4.

A Forest Tragedy.

ON Friday two lads who live near Cornwall saw two fine deer in the woods, and while they watched the animals with no little interest they saw the life of one end in a tragedy. The animals were does, and one was much larger than the other. It was the larger one which came to an untimely end by accident. Years ago some wealthy people inclosed a section of mountain land with an iron fence. This fence is about seven feet high, and is surmounted with spikes. The presence of deer is not common in Orange county, and the two lads watched them eagerly. Finally the pair started off and when they came to the high iron fence both attempted to jump it. The smaller deer was successful, and cleared the obstruction like a bird. The heavier deer failed. The unfortunate animal's hind legs caught on the spikes. She struggled hard and cried out in her agony as she hung on the fence. The lads who had been a witness of this unexpected mishap in the forest ran and told some men about it. Thomas and Elmer Kent, who live on the mountain road near the landing, hurried to the scene. They found the deer had been cruelly torn by the spikes and could not live. To end the animal's suffering, Elmer Kent killed it. The carcass was taken to the home of one of the men on a sleigh. Mr. Kent then notified Game Protector Kidd, who went to Cornwall and investigated the matter. Dr. Kidd said the doe was one of the finest and largest he had ever seen. Few people around Newburgh are aware, perhaps, that wild deer roam the woods so near-by. They are occasionally seen, however, in the mountains around Cornwall, and a small doe was seen several times last summer near Roseton.—Newburgh (N. Y.) Journal.

New York Zoological Park.

IN the Zoological Society's Park, in the Borough of the Bronx, New York already has the largest zoological park in the world, and it is believed that a year or two hence it may justly be fairly called the finest and most completely equipped. During this season and the coming one more than half a million of dollars will be spent for improvements on the park, and the Board of Aldermen has recently appropriated $270,000 for immediate use. Before very long the city's rapid transit system will be completed to the southern boundaries of the park, and this will give the public direct access for a single fare of five cents. This convenience of approach is certain to increase very greatly the attendance which has grown during the last year in an astonishing degree. Within a comparatively short time the Lion house and the Antelope house have been completed, and the Bird house is fairly under way. It now becomes necessary to improve Baird Court, on which the Lion, Primate and Bird houses stand, and when this work has been completed, Baird Court will be the practical center of the park.

Other improvements now in contemplation are a building for large African quadrupeds, to cost $200,000; another restaurant to cost more than $50,000; aviaries costing $25,000; the completion of Baird Court with its approaches, $120,000; a Deer house, $25,000, and other improvements perhaps $100,000. The completion of all these buildings is a year or two distant, but we have seen how energetically the management of the park moves, and we may feel sure that if the money is available there will be no delay.

But while the city authorities are altogether disposed to provide the funds for the necessary improvement of the park, it is the society itself which must furnish the collections which make the park attractive. This it has done, and is doing, yet often opportunities occur to secure rare animals which must be foregone for lack of money. The society has a goodly membership, but it ought to have twice as many members, since in this city and its neighborhood there are a great multitude of people interested in the subjects to which the society is devoted, and perfectly well able to pay the annual membership fee of $10. The privileges of members in the way of free admissions, certain comforts within the park, the receipt of the publications of the society, and in other ways, are considerable. We shall be very glad to put any of our readers in the way of securing membership in this society.

Oysters which "Bite" at Knife Blades.

CHATHAM, Miramichi, N. B., Canada, May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have nothing to say in opposition to Dr. Morris' objection to the oyster which is "stall-fed" in fresh and brackish waters, which, he truly says, are "pretty but no good" as to flavor. But there are other white-meated, plumped and delicious oysters of full, natural, and even improved flavor, which are taken on the Miramichi by fishing for them with a jacknife blade, although those who know how and where to get them to the best advantage go among them armed with a regular oyster-knife.

When we tell visitors to the Miramichi that our oysters in a certain locality bite at the knife blade, are taken upon it by the basket full, and that they are the most plump, white-fleshed and best flavored in this Province, they are at least skeptical, until they are induced to join an oyster party on one of our steam or other yachts on a trip to the lower bay of this beautiful river.

Landing say at the southwest end of Bay du Vin (Baie des Vents) Island, where there is a Sandy Hook on a small scale, the visitor finds hundreds of barrels of large oysters which have been spread out in the shallow water inside of the "Hook," where they are dry for a few minutes at low tide, but water-covered at other times. In this pure salt water they lie with open shells as soon as the tide covers them, and the seeker after the fattest, best flavored, and most shapely oyster obtainable in New Brunswick may walk out among them with a pair of rubber boots on to keep his feet dry, and placing his knife-blade on the inside of one shell find the other closed quickly and tightly upon it, enabling him to lift the bivalve from its artificial bed. He has his choice of eating it raw on the spot, or collecting as many as he may desire for more leisurely consumption. There is no danger of bacteria of any harmful kind, the fat which the oysters take on is genuine, natural, and flavor-improving.

If Dr. Morris would come to Miramichi and "fish" for oysters with a knife-blade at Bay du Vin, he would, probably, be as enthusiastic as we are over the artificially fattened oyster of the Miramichi, and know that the New York and other fresh-water processes were suggested by the conditions and practice at the Hook of Bay du Vin Island, with the substitution of fresh for salt water.

D. G. SMITH,
Fishery Commissioner of New Brunswick.

Variation in Habits of the English Sparrow.

NOT only has the English sparrow changed his plumage here, as noted by Mr. Charles Hallock in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM, but he has changed his character to a certain extent. He hops quicker, chirps oftener, and flies faster. And he is vastly more aggressive. All the result of climatic influence, of course. Another thing to be noted about the pervasive importation is this: He has taken to building in trees. This is easily explained. Since the metamorphosis of New York began, there have been practically no places left for nests, the architects being wise in their generation. But if they thought to interrupt the propagation of *P. domesticus*, they reckoned without their host. It will be a cold day when that astute bird cannot adapt himself to circumstances. And as it has been in regard to nest building, so it will be in regard to food. The inevitable disappearance of the horse from our streets will not mean starvation for our feathered English friend. Food he will get somewhere, depend upon it. Lately I happened to be at a remote seaside resort, and saw him flying about. What does he live upon here? I asked myself a little wonderingly. Presently the question was answered when I saw him eating fish on the shore.

F. M.

NEW YORK, June 4.

Relics of the Seneca Indians.

A FARMER'S plow recently uncovered in Mt. Morris, Livingston county, N. Y., the grave of a Seneca Indian. It consisted of a stone box, the sides of which were flat slabs set on end, and was covered with another large flagstone. Human bones in a very much decayed condition were found in the kist, and one of the most perfect implements was a highly polished white ivory-like tusk of unknown use.

Near Squawkie Hill, where these relics were found, was the place where the Senecas used to hold their annual festivals and religious ceremonies, of which the green corn dance and the offering of the white dog were important. It is said to be about 100 years since the last of these celebrations was held.

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GAME BAG AND GUN

A Woman's First Moose Hunt.

WHEN cruising in the Temagami Lake region in the summer of 1902, we were chased by a bull moose, and signs of moose were so abundant, we began to discuss a moose hunt. When our guides said they could take us to a region where moose were quite numerous and easy to get, we engaged them then and there to take us on a moose hunt the next fall. I was determined to kill my own moose, and not have the guide kill it for me, and on our return home began to practice diligently. A 15-yard range was made in the cellar, and there, with a Winchester .22 short, model 1890, I took my first lessons in traget practice. I knew absolutely nothing about a gun, and after a few lessons decided to do my shooting when alone. I took the gun and cartridges, and in fear and trembling started to the cellar. On several occasions the gun surprised me, but fortunately with no more serious result than to shoot a hole in the jacket of my china kiln. After many trials and more vexation of spirit, I could hit the bullseye occasionally, and feel reasonably sure the other bullets had hit the stone wall. But, best of all, I had learned the mechanism of the gun, could load and clean it, and was not being surprised any more. My greatest difficulty now was in sighting. I could sight with both eyes open, but my left eye was the range finder, and shooting right-handed was awkward; still, I was afraid to try to shoot left-handed for fear I would never learn, as I could do so little with my left hand. About this time it was considered advisable to buy a target rifle nearer the weight of the one I would use when hunting, and a Stevens single shot, weighing 7½ pounds, was purchased from Mr. Webber, of the Great Western Gun Works. When we were making a selection, Mr. Webber noticed the trouble I had in sighting, and insisted on me shooting left-handed. I went home determined to learn it all over again, if necessary, but learning to shoot left-handed was not difficult, and I could do much more accurate work.

We felt the need of a longer range, and when the weather got warm, found one we could reach by driving several miles into the country. There was a 100-yard range in a pasture field where cattle were grazing. When taking up the rifle to shoot I felt a good deal of curiosity as to what would get hit, for the cows and horses scattered over the hillside made our target at the foot of the hill look Oh, so small! Fortunately the cattle did not suffer, and the targets were almost as good as new. My enthusiasm was somewhat checked one day when a young man who was plowing corn in a field just over the brow of the hill, came down to inquire what we were shooting at. He said that two bullets had whizzed by so close to the horses that they jumped to one side. I thought I had aimed for the foot of the hill and not the top, and could not account for the vagaries of the bullet. After a great deal of heart-ache and wounded vanity, I could occasionally hit the bullseye at 100 yards.

As it was now time for me to learn to handle the new hunting rifles, they were taken along to the range. They were the .35 Winchester, model 95, weighing 8½ pounds. When I heard the report and saw the recoil, I was afraid of them, and it was some time before I had the courage to fire one. With the recoil pad the gun did not hurt me, but I knew that when I pulled the trigger I would get a bump on the shoulder, and my attention was divided between the target and the bump; and, as might have been expected, I almost always flinched. The disgrace (?) of not hitting the bullseye and the fear of the recoil grew to be a kind of nightmare, which seemed to increase with each day's practice. When reading Dr. Hudson's work on "Modern Rifle Practice," I had been profoundly impressed by this advice: "Keep everlastingly at it." I therefore kept on, using up more than my share of the cartridges, and felt that I had entered the ranks of those who led "The Strenuous Life." But I would be rewarded for all this when I looked at my moose head hanging on the wall. I had no doubt about getting the moose, and had decided to shoot the first bull moose I saw, without regard to the size of the horns. Then I could spend the remainder of my vacation in a more leisurely way.

I was able, eventually, to do fair shooting, but I believe the gun is too heavy for me, for I never became accustomed to the recoil, and on my next moose hunt I shall carry a lighter gun.

The target practice was over at last, and we were on our way to the North Woods.

The forests between North Bay and Temiscaming were a splendid blaze of color. The red of the maples and the yellows of the birch and poplar, mingling with the dark green spires of the tall pine trees, covered all the hills, between which could occasionally be seen the blue water of some lake or river. The forests had donned their gay robes for the last fete before the white mantle covered them.

At Temiscaming we went to the Belleview Hotel for dinner. The tables were decorated with autumn leaves, and the effect was so striking we unconsciously paused a moment in admiration on the threshold of the dining-room. The walls of the room were white, the woodwork a dull yellow, and the floor a walnut brown. The three long tables were laid with linen fresh from the laundry, and in the center of each were branches of the most beautiful autumn leaves. The leaves on one table were yellow, on another red, and on the other one red and green, while on the sideboard were branches combining all the colors. From the three windows on the side could be seen a grove of maple trees in their gorgeous colors, bathed in sunlight and filling the room with a soft glow.

It was raining when we reached Haileybury Sunday morning, and was cold and disagreeable all day. We went to the hotel and were shown to a cold, cheerless room. Haileybury was changed. Its beauty and charm were gone. A railroad was being built from North Bay through the Temagami region north through Haileybury, and the streets were full of Italian and French laborers. This road will be completed as far as Haileybury by next fall. The afternoon and evening would have been exceedingly dull and cheerless but for the kind thoughtfulness of a lady in the town, who invited us to her home for tea. We had sent our provision list to Mr. Cobbold, that he might have them packed with a complete camp outfit. He had everything in readiness, and we afterwards found them very satisfactory.

Monday morning, September 28, found us, with two guides and provisions to last three weeks, on the dock at Haileybury waiting for the Geisha, a little steamer that runs to Tom's Town, a new town located about thirty-five miles up the White River. It was a miserable morning. A cold wind was blowing, with an occasional shower of rain, followed by a snowstorm. The little steamer was full of passengers, principally settlers in the new farming district.

The trip up the White River was full of interest. The country is level and wonderfully fertile. Along the river, where the clearing had been done several years ago, were beautiful fields of clover, and the more hardy vegetables were growing luxuriantly, while the oats were just being harvested. Some timothy pulled up by the roots measured over six feet in height. There are miles and miles of this level country with its wonderful soil, but it is covered with a dense growth of small pine, birch and poplar that must be cleared off. To start in to clear 160 acres, or a lot, as it is called, seems an endless task; but to me the utter hopelessness was appalling, when the trees had been felled in windrows and burned, and I looked on those acres and acres of stumps. Nothing can be done until these innumerable little stumps have one by one been taken out.

The pioneers who go into this country—or any other, for that matter—must be men and women of grit and courage, as we found the majority of these to be. Their lives are a continual round of hardship, privation, and often of danger. We saw many of their houses, and were in a few of them. Their little log homes were neat and clean, but they contained few of the comforts and none of the luxuries of life. The settlers were of all ages, from old men and women, whose hair was already turning white, to the boy of seventeen. They had come from the towns and the cities; from the rented farm, the work shop, the mill and the desk, to hew out a home in this new country. They were intelligent, and many of them well educated, and on the steamer were discussing some of the latest books and magazines. We almost invariably found them the kind of men and women who make good citizens, as indeed a man almost always does who owns his own home—or at least a piece of the face of the earth.

To take up and clear a lot is a tremendous undertaking; many of the settlers start out with little idea of what it means, and finding the hardship too great, are compelled to give up. This is especially true of the man who takes his family in before he has done any clearing, and has little or no money to see him through. There is but little opportunity here to earn money, and provisions are very expensive. Cows, horses, pigs, and even chickens cannot be taken in until some land has been cleared and broken, as there is not even a blade of grass for them to live on. If cutting down the timber does away with the summer frosts this will be a wheat country rivaling that of the Northwest, and the pioneer or his descendants will reap the reward.

A good, well cooked dinner was served on the boat, and we reached Tom's Town, which is the head of navigation, about two o'clock.

A number of years ago a man past middle life came up the White River in his canoe, and landing here built himself a log cabin, where he lived alone, hunting and trapping in the winters, little dreaming that in a few short years steamers would be coming up the river to stop at his dock, from which a Government road would extend for miles back into the country, and his little clearing be turned into a town site, with talk of a railroad in the near future. "Uncle Tom," as everyone calls him, still lives alone by the river bank in his two-roomed log cabin, and a board over the door bears this inscription, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He is an old man now, with a soft, quiet voice and courteous manner, who does not want to live in town, but is too old to move on. A beautiful bed of pansies grew at his door, and when I admired them, he gathered a bunch for me. Besides "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the town consists of a boarding-house or hotel, a store and post-office combined, a blacksmith shop, and three or four houses.

As it was late in the afternoon, besides being cold and wet, we made arrangements to spend the night at the hotel. There was fire in but one of the sitting rooms, and it being full of men, I was taken to the kitchen to get warm. While sitting there I was struck with the beauty of some rugs on the floor. They had been made from scraps of cloth and pieces of worn-out garments, but with what infinite pains these pieces had been selected, cut, and worked into rugs. The color schemes were quite artistic, and the simple geometric designs were very accurate. There was one rug, not quite finished, which was really beautiful. It was a bunch of red roses with their green leaves worked on a white ground with a scroll border. I could but wonder at the tireless energy of the woman, when I learned that the day before, with what little assistance her husband, who kept the store, could render, she had cooked and served dinner for forty-three men.

Three boys, the youngest about seventeen, whom we had noticed on the Geisha, stopped at the hotel for the night. They had each taken up a lot and were going in to do some clearing before cold weather. We had quite a talk with the boys, and found them very gentlemanly.

The next morning we crossed the river, took the shotgun and started over the eight-mile portage, leaving the guides to load the duffle in the wagon. We could have gone up the river in the canoes, but by taking this route we not only avoided a long, hard pull in heavily-loaded canoes against a swift current, with one three-mile and several shorter portages, but saved almost a day.

It was a beautiful morning, and we had not gone more than half the distance when the wagon overtook us. We were getting warm and tired, but threw our coats on the wagon, gave Sam the guns, and tried to keep up. We soon found that impossible, and Bob fell back with us while Sam kept on. I kept pace with Bob and the Doctor for a mile or two, but was compelled to fall behind, and would find them sitting on a log where the trail was obscure. At the end of the portage we found the canoes in the water, and Sam had his loaded ready to push off. Before dinner we had tried our new shotgun on a duck at about forty yards, and were much pleased with the result. From that time until we came out of the bush we were not a day without either birds or fish.

Near the head of the narrows in Wendigo, or Ghost Lake, the shores are very rugged, the bluffs rising in many places 100 feet or more above the surface of the water. At the head of Wendigo we crossed a portage to another lake, and reached the guides' hunting camp late in the afternoon, where we found a kitchen table and a raised platform for provisions near the fire-place, and a dining table with seats, over which we stretched a tarpaulin. Our camp was made in a grove of birch and poplars, averaging from thirty to fifty feet in height, growing straight and tall, with no branches except at the top. The trees grew close together, and their tops were covered with bright yellow autumn leaves, which formed an almost unbroken canopy of sunlight over our heads, for the branches met and interlaced so closely that only in places could we see the sky. The yellow leaves threw a warm glow as of sunshine over us, that, even on cloudy days, had the effect of sunlight. The water in the lake in front of our camp was clear and sparkling, while that in the lake across the portage to the east was muddy. Standing on the shore and looking out over this lake, a line of blue hills could be seen along the horizon, and we knew if we crossed those hills we would stand where the water flows north. This lake lay on the border of the "Enchanted Land," and I loved to cross the portage to its shore, where I could sit and look out over its waters to that line of blue hills and dream of the time when I should cross them and see some of the wonderful things that lay beyond the Height of Land. I was building air castles in dreamland.

When our tent was up, two sticks from four to five inches in diameter were cut the width of the bed; then small saplings were cut and laid on these, making a platform on which the pine boughs were laid, and raising our bed off the ground. That evening our larder contained three grouse and a duck. The next morning was spent getting camp in good shape, cutting wood and hunting birds.

Taking our rifles and a lantern we went on our first moose hunt in the afternoon. Sam took one canoe and started ahead, while Bob, Doctor and I followed in the other. We paddled across the lake, drew the canoe up on the rocks, and I was told that this was a portage. There was no sign of a path; indeed, I did not see how one could be made, for the hill appeared to rise straight up, and its surface was covered with broken rocks that twisted and turned and slid when we stepped on them, making the climb anything but pleasant. Bob took my rifle and the lantern and started up the hill, and we followed as best we could. I expected to sit down and rest when we reached the top, for I was about out of breath, but there was Bob just going out of sight, so we hurried on as fast as we could. I wish I could describe that portage. It was a revelation to me. I knew when I left camp that we were going to hunt moose, and that was about all I did know; but as we proceeded on our way, I got Bob to say this was a portage to another lake where we were going to hunt. On that mile-portage—the guides said it was a mile, but it might have been twenty; I was

too busy trying to get over it to know—I found more different kinds of walking to the inch than I ever before knew existed, and I had been quite proud of not being a tenderfoot. It seems to me I have read that "Pride goeth before a fall;" but no matter.

We climbed over loose rocks and boulders—I mean I climbed over, the others walked—and came to jumping off places; when I could not jump off I slid, and when I could not slide I crept around. We crossed high ridges of rock that were perfectly bare; went through the bush where the trees grew so close together we had to pick our way through; crossed marshes where I hopped from one hump to another, and when I missed a hump and came down in the water I was thankful that, like the Irishman, I was "foremost in the rear," and there was no audience.

Before we had gone far, coats, sweaters, and all extras were discarded, and I believe if anyone had worn a necktie he would have shed that, too. On a portage like this all extra clothing might be called the "white man's burden," for no Indian would start with them on. To break up a chill or cure cold hands and feet—unless permanently cold—I would certainly recommend this portage, for after one or two applications of the remedy the patient would either be cured or quit complaining.

When we reached the lake, there sat Sam beside the canoe, serenely smoking. He had carried the canoe over that portage, while I had felt glad to escape with my life and carry nothing. Verily that portage was capable of great possibilities.

After one look at the lake we put on our coats and sweaters and forgot we had ever seen a portage. It was a beautiful lake, lying up among the hill tops, a turquois in a setting of green and gold. We crossed to a point near the upper end of the lake which commanded a view of almost the entire shore, and sat down in the bushes to watch for moose. There were signs of moose everywhere. The marshes were cut with trails, the beds of lilies were torn up, and broken pieces of roots were lying all along the shore. Just back of the bushes where we sat was a moose trail as wide as a wagon road. My confidence in being able to take home a moose head had received something of a shock at Haileybury; but when I saw the evidence of moose on this lake it fully recovered.

We sat on the shore watching and hoping. I almost held my breath. The ducks came in flocks and settled in the marshes. The air grew cold; the sun sank low in the west, and still we watched. The air grew colder and so did we. The ducks were coming now in numbers, but we dared not shoot. We could not even talk—rather hard on a woman—and we hardly dared to move. We were growing very cold; the sun had gone behind the hills, and we had neither heard nor seen a moose. There was nothing to lean against; I was tired and stiff, the ground woefully damp, and Oh, the ducks! While we watched,

> "Day had put on his jacket, and around
> His burning bosom buttoned it with stars."
>
> "The moon, in her chariot of silver,
> Was climbing the eastern hill."

The sky was perfectly clear, thickly dotted with stars, while the west was a glow of warm, rich color that lasted long after we had left the lake. The paddles made no sound, the surface of the lake was unbroken, and, with its setting of hill tops, seemed suspended in air, and we were floating in space, with one sky above and another one below us. So real was this impression, I would grow dizzy, as though looking down from some great height. The light in the western sky, toward which we were drifting, and the moon following in our wake made the vastness of space appalling.

From a hunter's point of view, the evening had not been a success, but it is not all of hunting to kill a moose.

Reaching the end of the lake, the canoe was carried back from the shore, the lantern lit, and we started over the trail. I cannot do justice to that trail by daylight, and will only say it is more than weird by lantern light. The blazes on the trees indicated the direction of the trail, but on the ridges of rock we would often have to retrace our steps before we could make connections on the other side.

We were wearing two pairs of ordinary woolen stockings, one pair of heavy lumberman's stockings and shoe packs of oil-tanned leather. The Doctor's shoe packs had a low heel and thin sole, but mine were orthodox shoe packs, and I never had anything on my feet before that was quite so comfortable. Around the camp-fire they are a kind of nightmare. You are standing or sitting by the fire, close enough to feel its genial warmth, and someone says, "You're burning your shoe packs." You change your position, and are beginning to feel comfortable again, when you are startled by, "Look at your shoe packs." Again you move, only to hear, "Mind your shoe packs." Thus they become a peace disturber, until, as you throw them aside, when you snuggle in among the blankets, you wish something would steal them before morning. In the morning you are glad to find them, for you realize that in civilized shoes you would be in danger of breaking your neck before night.

A. W. C.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The time for shifting to summer homes has come, and many subscribers to FOREST AND STREAM *naturally desire to have the addresses of the copy of the paper which goes to them changed from winter to summer residences. This is a matter that it is well to attend to in time, so that no issues of the paper may be lost to the reader.*

Readers who are not subscribers, but purchase the paper from week to week at the news stands, or have it furnished them by their local dealer, may, by taking short time subscriptions, have the paper sent to them for any period from one to three months. The charge for sending the FOREST AND STREAM *is 40 cents for one month, 75 cents for two months, or $1 for three months' subscription. This may be convenient for those who are spending the summer within reach of a post-office, yet at a distance from news stands.*

Life in the Woods.—IX.

Back-Breaking Business.

(Continued from page 833.)

AFTER we had been hunting with varying success, as the time of our sojourn was drawing to a close, we decided to begin carrying in the heavy deer we had hanging around the woods, most of which still hung near where they were shot, and so we made our preparations accordingly. Those that were hanging near a road, easily accessible by team and not too far for a trip in the morning before camp truck was loaded on the wagon, were of course left where they were, or were dragged to some favorable spot adjacent to the roads, and there carefully concealed from the keen eyes of dishonest teamsters, who sometimes figure that they cannot make money any easier than by stealing a deer from hunters and selling it on their trip to the station.

Oftentimes shooting a deer is the easiest and quickest part of a hunt, as well as at all times the most pleasurable. But more often the most vexatious question is what to do with it after you have got one. Alone, and three or four miles from camp in a hilly country densely timbered, and where there are no roads or trails, a man feels as if he had taken a pretty big job on his hands when he stands over a 200-pound buck and begins to figure how he will get him out without cutting him up. This reflection, though, of course never comes until after the first heat of exultation has passed away. We have had a variety of methods of getting out our deer, depending on the size and weight of the game and the locality in which it fell. One common method where there is not too much weight to handle, is to slit each of the four legs just above the hoof and between the tendons, and then tie all four firmly to the lower jaw by means of a withe or small leather thong passed through the jaw and up through the mouth. This brings the deer together in a compact mass, and, if not too heavy, it can be carried quite easily, swung over one shoulder or both. If the latter plan, however, is followed, the feet and head must not be too closely tied, otherwise on first starting off with your burden you will either have to stop very shortly, or run the risk of being badly choked. A deer tied in this way can be swung on a pole and carried by two, but not very comfortably, for any distance or over rough ground, for the reason that it will always swing too much. A man single-handed, if he hasn't too many hills to climb, can handle a medium sized deer pretty well by tying the front legs to the lower jaw and dragging it over the ground. The one objection to this is that constant rubbing over logs, sticks, and the ground, wears the hair off and makes the game look bad. In the case of a very heavy deer or a buck with large horns, this way will be found to be quite trying. However, if there is a light fall of snow or a frozen stream or lake to traverse for any distance, this plan will be found to work tolerably well. A good powerful man, hardened to the work, will oftentimes despise such "monkey work," as he may term it, and will walk off with a deer on his back alone and unaided, as if it were a pastime. When this is done, a heavy deer, if frozen, or if it has been allowed to hang long enough to stiffen pretty well, will handle much easier than when taken soft, for then it will not slip and slide so much, nor will the weight seem to settle so much in one spot. With a light deer this objection does not hold good, for if soft it will fit itself to the back, and can be carried across both shoulders quite comfortably. An aid to dragging a deer, and oftentimes quite an aid, especially if there be a little snow, is to make a small travoy of brush; if nothing more, an old alder with a crooked root turned up in front and the branches left on for the deer to rest on, will often make it slide along a good deal easier, and it will also protect the skin from injury. If a very long distance is to be covered, and help is scarce, old hunters oftentimes cut off the head, neck and legs, and such other parts of the deer as they do not want, and tie the remainder of it up in the hide and carry it into camp by making a pack of it which can be carried on the back. Such experience as I have had has taught me that the easiest way is to pack out with a pony, but where you have none, the next easiest way is none too easy, and the more help there is on hand the better. If the deer be of moderate size, our favorite plan is to cut a large dry stick, one strong enough to bear from 100 to 150 pounds of weight, and so large that it will not spring or bend easily, and dry enough so that it will be as light as possible. With such a pole, smoothed off at the ends, a deer can be stretched out on the ground and lashed so securely to the stick that it cannot slip or sag much, nor swing but little either way. Such a burden will, of course, cut the shoulders some, and for the first time or two make them very sore; but by taking frequent rests, and changing from one shoulder to the other quite often, about as good headway can be made by this method as by any other where man-power exclusively is used. If a very heavy deer is to be handled, our way is to make a sort of stretcher by taking two poles and nailing them just far enough apart so that a man can walk between the ends. Then rough pieces are nailed on at intervals, so that the deer cannot fall through, and the additional precaution is taken to lash it securely to the sides, so that it cannot slip or slide in any direction or fall off. The ends of the poles are hewed and whittled round and smooth so as to fit the hands, and to them are fastened broad straps, which are arranged to pass up over the shoulders, and which assist greatly in distributing the weight. With this kind of a rig, two moderately strong men, who have a little sand and who will take it cool and not try and overdo, can carry a heavy deer a distance that is surprising. Of course, in a brushy country, they will be bothered, but in such places "go slow" is the word, and a little patience in going around bad spots and frequent rests will result in more progress than any attempt to hurry or to force a way through by main strength.

When hunting near waters that can be navigated, a boat or a raft is a back-saving institution, and still better a horse that is used to the woods and will allow a dead deer on his back, beats them all. But the genuine hunter likes to be independent. He likes to be able to do most of his work for himself, for that is one of the charms of his hunt, and after it is all over, though his back may ache, and every motion cause a sore muscle to respond with a twinge of pain, yet if he has been careful, he is better for it physically and mentally. He will glory in it and in the freedom of the hunters' circle he will delight in exploiting his efforts. He does not want to hunt if someone has to do about everything for him but shoot the game, and he is right about it, too.

On the morning in question we got our ropes, straps, hatchets and nails ready and prepared for a hard day's work. It made me think of the first big deer I ever helped to carry out, and it happened on my nineteenth birthday. I had been hunting all day with little or no luck, and with a companion was on the way back to camp. At about a quarter of a mile out we came within speaking distance, and as I stood on a log, out jumped a big rabbit and sat looking at me. "Shall I shoot him?" says I. "Might as well," was the answer. "We haven't much meat in camp and they are pretty fair eating now." "All right," I responded, and slipping out a buckshot cartridge I substituted some small shot and took aim. I don't know what influenced me, but something seemed to be urging me not to shoot, and after hesitating a few seconds I said, "I guess I won't," and dropping the gun took out the fine shot and put the buckshot back. I hadn't gone fifteen rods from there when up jumped a monster of a deer, not over eight rods away. He ran in front of me, and as I caught a good sight on the shoulder, I let go with the rifle barrel. The old fellow ran right up a very steep hillside, and getting up a little way stopped and looked back. Then I gave him the buckshot, and down he came, rolling over and over. My companion coming over, we secured the assistance of some men, who were on the hill top prospecting for iron ore, and we hung him up. In a few days we started to carry him out, and built a stretcher for the purpose, but he came awfully hard. It was our first lug, and we had a hard time of it. Finally, when we were near the road, Henry, who was ahead, stepped upon a log. The top was rather rotten, but the sides were still sound, and he broke through; I stumbled at the same time, and pitching forward came so near to breaking both of his legs that it made me feel faint all over. That taught us a lesson, and forever after we were more careful.

After getting our traps together we started after the buck which the Colonel shot, and for which we had such a chase. The Pembine was then frozen over, and we thought we could slide him down the creek quite easily. We found him hanging undisturbed and frozen solid as a rock, so we fixed up a little travoy and hauled him down to the creek and on the ice, starting at once toward camp. All went not swimmingly but slippery, so that we made good progress at first, with one ahead pulling and one behind pushing with a long pole. Now and then a little anchor ice would bother us, and in a few places where the current was swift and the water not very deep, the ice was thin, but we managed to get around all such places in safety. At about a mile or a mile and a half from where we started, the creek took a wide bend and went off at almost right angles to the course we ought to pursue, turning again and gradually bearing straight toward camp. On reaching this point we debated some as to whether to carry the buck across land to the other end of the big bend or to follow along the ice. It was a long way across and still longer around, but the deer slid much easier than he carried, so we decided to stick to the ice. All went well until we reached the middle of the big bend, when suddenly, without any warning, as he stood resting, the Old Trapper went through the ice, and stood up to his waist in the cold water. The Colonel laughed, but the echo had hardly died away before he went through, first with one leg and then with the other, and in hustling to get out of danger, I suffered the same fate. There we were up to our waists, the thermometer way below freezing, the ice impassable ahead, and nearly two miles from camp. It will not do to tell what we said. What we did was to rig up a stretcher and carry Mr. Buck the rest of the way. We were worse off than if we had not tried the ice, for getting wet was the least of our troubles. The land inside this big bend was all swampy, and the banks of the opposite side of the creek were high, rocky and inaccessible. The ice was weakening, and we could not go back, so that nothing was left but to carry that buck about half a mile through alder brush and swamp to hard land. I won't say how many times we fell down, or how many times we went into the mud and water over our knees. I won't say how many times our faces and hands were scratched by the brush and our arms and legs bruised. I won't say how long it took us to get through, and least of all will I ever reveal the language that was used, for fear the reputation of the party might be destroyed forever and forever. I will say, however, that late in the afternoon four weary, sore, cold, bedraggled men reached camp with one fine dead buck, and as each one of those men stepped into camp, if he didn't say whiskey, he thought it, and got it, too. Once, and once only, have we had as hard a pull, and that was on a previous hunt, when by chance we caught and shot an old doe as she was swimming across the pond above an old logging dam. This was four miles from camp, and after wading around in the mud and water to get her out, two of us carried her into camp so as to have some venison the next day. It was a back-breaking job, for I can remember the last time we rested we had about all we wanted to do to get upon our feet, and once up, our legs were none too steady. We call it hard work, but after all, who is the worse for it after the job is done? No one. On the contrary, every one is better for it. Sore muscles, aching joints and back, and bruised shins give way soon to a healthful feeling. The muscles become hard and strong, the eye clear, the complexion good, and the appetite after such a trip—well, the appetite becomes a devouring monster almost insatiable in its demands. Sweet, dreamless, refreshing sleep waits on such trips, and after they are all over a man feels that they have done him good and fitted him for some of the hard work and knocks of every day life. The Old Trapper says it makes his back squeak and his joints complain every time he sees a big buck now. But the Old Trapper at sixty is like a war-horse—the sound of the gun puts new life in him, and he becomes only twenty once more.

We didn't attempt to carry in any more deer that day.

CAROLUS.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Salmon Culture in America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since my good friends, Livingston Stone, of New York; Commissioner Babcock, of British Columbia, and C. H. Barkdull, of Seattle, Washington, assured the editor of the London Fishing Gazette that salmon culture on the Pacific Coast of America had, so far, been a great success, and would, in the near future, without any further protection than the laws now give, enable the canners and fishermen and local consumers to "eat their cake and have it, too," the writer has been collecting reliable information on the whole question as it now exists in the United States and Canada. This he intended placing in your hands at an early day; but as the official report for 1903 of Mr. Babcock, Fisheries Commissioner for British Columbia, has been sent him by an obliging friend in Victoria, he has concluded to make some extracts and offer some remarks on the subject now, in order to show from Mr. B. himself, the results of the wasteful and destructive fishing that has hitherto been pursued in two salmon rivers on the Pacific Coast—the Columbia and the Fraser.

The second paragraph of the report says: "It is well known that the run of salmon in the Fraser River during the past year was the poorest that was ever known. The scarcity was largely confined to the sockeye variety, though all varieties showed a marked decline. As the sockeye is the great commercial salmon of the Fraser, its failure to run as abundantly as usual entailed great loss upon both the fishermen and canners. But what is of far greater importance to the Government, the fishers, and the canners, than the remarkable decrease in the catch, is the fact that the number of the sockeye which reached the spawning grounds of the Fraser this year was so small as to severely threaten the destruction of this great industry. * * * This statement, which may reasonably alarm those interested, is made after a most careful inspection of the spawning grounds during the past summer. I believe that the decrease in the run and the absence of fish upon the spawning grounds this year is attributable to excessive fishing. An investigation of the conditions existing on the fishing grounds for the past five years amply demonstrates that to be the case."

Mr. B. goes on to state that in his report of the previous year he had pointed out "that there was urgent need of giving greater protection to the fish." In that report he had stated "that the greatest movement of the sockeye seeking entrance to the Fraser passed through the American channels of Puget Sound, and called attention to the fact that there were no limitations, either of time or method, placed upon the capture of sockeyes in these waters, and that in consequence all, or mostly all, the fish which attempted to pass through these channels were captured by trap, purse or drag nets." The same report also showed that, in Canadian waters, though the fishing was confined to the use of gill nets, there was an excessive number of these in use.

In addition to this wholesale destruction of the parent fish at the approaches and mouths of the rivers which the fish enter only for the purpose of procreation, Commissioner Babcock tells us, at page 9, that on the upper waters the young salmon are destroyed in the same ruthless manner. After describing the destruction of fry and yearling by loons, ospreys, and other water birds; by trout, char, and burbot, which cannot be prevented, he writes: "Another source of destruction, more pernicious in its effects on the young fish, was found to exist which can, and should, be prevented. On the 2d of May last, at the head of Portage Creek, I found a brush and rock dam which prevented the passage of the young salmon from the lake, which was constructed and used by Indians for the purpose of enabling them to take immature fish for food. It was an ingenious and most destructive contrivance, built in the form of a great funnel; its wings were made of logs, green boughs, willow brush and rocks. At its lower end was a basket-trap, into which the fish were swept by the swift waters, and removed by the Indians. At every Indian house on Portage Creek were found young salmon taken from these traps. The Indians eat the yearlings in a fresh state, and smoke and dry many more. * * * As there is an abundance of game in all these sections, and the Indians have no trouble in getting all the food they need, no possible excuse can be made for destroying these young salmon, and I strongly urge that steps be taken to prevent their doing so." It seems not to have occurred to Commissioner B. that there is far more excuse for these ignorant Indians than there is for presumably intelligent fishermen and canners at the mouths of the rivers.

In the report before me, Commissioner Babcock says: "We are told by some Washington officials that this decrease in the run of salmon is occasioned by the failure to provide adequate hatcheries; that only by their establishment can the run be maintained." The innocence or *naïveté* of these officials is refreshing! In former letters to FOREST AND STREAM, the writer showed by copious extracts from the writings of Sir George Simpson, Capt. Butler, Lieut. Swatka, Matthew Macfie, Charles Hallock, Livingston Stone, A. C. Anderson, Samuel Wilmot, and Thomas Mowat, that before this excessive fishing was carried on, salmon in the Sacramento, the Columbia, the Fraser and the Skeena rivers were so overcrowded that they were killed in vast numbers in their ascent to their spawning grounds. Is it not plain to any man not blinded by cupidity and self-interest, that as natural propagation produced these overwhelming numbers before greed and selfishness led to the excessive fishing Commissioner B. describes, protective legislation and curtailed destruction, not hatching houses, are the readiest and cheapest means of restoring the rivers to their former productiveness?

In former issues of FOREST AND STREAM we were told much about the obtuseness of English and Canadian pisciculturists, and of the greater shrewdness and business ability of the canners of the Pacific Coast. In quite a gushing paragraph, Mr. C. H. Barkdull, of Seattle, wrote: "Out here we have the prettiest girls, the richest gold mines, the best battleships, the biggest trees, and the most salmon of any country in the world; and, with the assistance of Uncle Sam, we intend to show England and the world that we can keep up the supply of our increasing (?) products if we have to do it artificially." If, in the face of Commissioner Babcock's reports and the teachings of thirty years' fish hatching in Great Britain, the United States and Canada, these sharp business men of the West expect, by any number of hatching houses, to keep up the excessive fishing described by Commissioner B., the writer must entertain grave doubts, not only of their unusual "shrewdness," but of their business capacity.

In your issue of May 2, 1903, Commissioner Babcock told us that the combined Fraser River and Puget Sound pack in 1901 was 2,400,606 cases of 48 pounds each, making 115,229,088 pounds, which, he said, is nearly half the annual pack of the world. The consequence of this excessive fishing is shown in his report before me, from which I have given the foregoing extracts. That he and Mr. Barkdull (who both seem to be ignorant of the history of salmon culture in Europe, the United States and Eastern Canada), should hope to keep up this supply by hatching houses is not surprising. But that Prof. Prince, the Dominion Superintendent of Fishculture, should encourage this hope, is, to the writer, wholly inexplicable. He must, or at least he ought to, be familiar with the results of salmon culture in his native country, if not on the Continent, and he must surely know what is recorded in the blue books of his department. These show that fishculture has been a Government work for thirty-one years, and that there are now in active operation 20 hatcheries, which have planted the "grand total" of 3,705,616,700 young fish, and that the last year's catch of every species manipulated is less than the catch of the year in which the hatching houses were started. Where we naturally look for some visible and tangible returns for the large sums spent in building, managing and maintaining the hatcheries and in procuring the parent fish from which the ova were obtained, we find a steady annual decrease in the catch. The fisheries reports, carefully compiled from the annual returns of fishing overseers in the several Provinces, give us a means of comparison. Commissioner Babcock has told us the result on the Pacific Coast in the extracts above given, and he urges the building of many more hatching houses and managers' cottages.

Prof. Prince's report for 1903 gives us the catch of salmon in Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, where the bulk of the young salmon have been planted. The report for 1874, the year the hatching houses were started, gives the catch of salmon in New Brunswick as 3,214,182 pounds. The catch in 1902, with the help of three hatcheries for twenty-eight years, was about half, amounting to only 1,658,007 pounds. In 1874 the Nova Scotia catch was 1,758,818 pounds; in 1902, with the help of three hatcheries ever since 1874, the catch was 556,386 pounds, a decrease of more than 75 per cent. In Quebec the returns for 1874 were incomplete; but the salmon catch was carefully estimated at 1,500,000 pounds; in 1902, with the help of three hatching houses, the catch was 935,883 pounds. In Ontario, salmon culture has long been abandoned as a useless expenditure of money. In P. E. Island, after running the hatchery for eight years, and planting 6,185,000 fry in a single river without any visible result, except the loss of all the money expended, the house has been abandoned to decay.

As it was the lack of proper protection and the destructive effects of over-fishing in Europe and America that led to artificial hatching in the hope that it would restore the loss and keep up the supply, and as thirty years' experience everywhere has shown the futility of that hope, does it not behoove governments, officials, fishermen and canners to give up the vain dream of eating their cake and still having it, and do what has been too long neglected—restrict fishing within reasonable bounds, and give the fish a chance to reproduce in the way that was sufficient to overcrowd all their haunts before man's greed and stupidity led to such destruction as the reports of Commissioners Prince and Babcock disclose?

So far as the writer has been able to learn from the best available sources in England, Scotland, and Ireland, not a single river in which salmon or trout were not indigenous has been stocked with either salmon or trout. In the Atlantic States, taking the reports of their commissioners as evidence, the same story is told. Not a single river or stream has, by artificial culture alone, been stocked with either salmon or trout; not a single adult Pacific salmon of any variety has been taken from the waters in which were planted all the fry hatched out by Livingston Stone, one of the oldest and most experienced pisciculturists in the United States. An American gentleman who for many years has taken a great interest in fishculture, informs me that he estimates the cost of every pound of salmon or trout caught by anglers in "stocked waters" at not less than five dollars.

Some of us are old enough to remember when buffalo darkened the prairies of the West; when wild pigeons in enormous flocks darkened the sun; when pinnated grouse were as plentiful on the prairies as fowls in a hennery; when wild geese and ducks were found on every river, lake and stream; when quail and partridges were found in every field and copse that yielded them food and shelter; when our rivers were alive with salmon, and our lakes and streams with trout. In a single lifetime the buffalo has all but disappeared; the wild pigeon is now a curiosity in all the Northern States and Eastern Canada; prairie chickens are now found in but a few favored localities in the Western States; wild geese and ducks are annually becoming scarcer, while some varieties, like the canvasback and redhead, are luxuries for millionaires; quail and ruffed grouse are almost unknown in localities where they were once plentiful; angling for salmon and trout can now be indulged in only by those with means enough to own or lease the waters in which they are found.

So far as the salmon fisheries of North America are concerned, their existence as a profitable industry now depends on a greatly reduced open season, and strict protection on their spawning grounds during the close season. One-half the money now spent on useless hatching houses, if spent in protecting the fish from senseless destruction, will produce better results. One plain deduction from the facts stated in Commissioner Babcock's report for 1903, is this: If the state of things therein described is allowed to continue ten years longer, enough ova to stock the hatcheries he recommends to be built could not be obtained in any of the rivers his report deals with.

When the writer has completed his inquiries, he will place the results in your hands for the benefit of those who are now chasing rainbows.

THE OLD ANGLER.

SUSSEX, N. B.

Yellowtail a Dollar a Pound.

My boy Harold, aged thirteen, and his mother are in California. They took a run over to Catalina Island, and the boy had not stepped upon the wharf before he became filled with yellowtail microbes. In fact, the skipper of the boat filled him full of them on the way over from Pasadena. So everything in the way of engagement of rooms at the hotel, etc., would have been secondary and inconsequential matters had the boy had his way. But in due course a launch was chartered at $5 per half day, and off they went after yellowtails.

The boy got a strike. The fish took out the reel like mad; in fact, the boy's mother was not so much alarmed for the fish as she was for the boy. The flexure of the rod and the struggles of the little fellow to brace his feet against the gunwale of the boat were realistic in the extreme, and it seemed to his mother that it was a fight for supremacy as to whether the yellowtail would force the boy to swim the pathless sea with him or the boy would bring him to gaff. It was a great fight, the boy in his excitement endeavoring to follow the boatman's instructions as to giving him the reel, taking in slack, etc. It was a 25-pound fish, so the boatman said, and would no doubt have weighed that had the boy landed him, but the fish wrapped his tail around the leader, bit it off—not his tail, but the leader—and the fight was over. It was once more the case of the biggest fish getting away. The boy was disconsolate as the time came to point the nose of the launch toward shore. He fought the battle all over again in his dreams that night, and no doubt this time caught his fish.

His mother thought the yellowtail microbe had been exterminated, and—but mothers are sometimes mistaken. The microbes instead of being exterminated were multiplying at the rate of many thousands per minute, and another trip was arranged for, and off they went. Everything turned out wrong, it appears; tide, wind and weather were unpropitious, and again did the party return empty-handed. Instead of the yellowtail fever now subsiding in the boy, it took an acute turn, and he vowed he would not leave the island if he had to stay there a month until he had caught a yellowtail.

His mother began to do some figuring. Ten dollars expended and nothing to show for it, and the boy more dissatisfied than ever. So there was nothing to do but again arrange with the launchman and go out once more. And this time the boy got a strike. The boatman coached him, and he implicitly followed instructions, making no mistakes, and giving Mr. Yellowtail no opportunity to wrap his caudal extremity around the leader and then bife himself loose.

It was a glorious victory, made sure by the gaff of the boatman, and when it was all over the boy all but collapsed. The nervous and physical strain as well was great, but victory perched upon his banner.

The fish was weighed and pulled the indicator down to the 15-pound notch. The boy was happy now. The microbes had done their worst and the fever had subsided. He was prepared now to return to Pasadena any time. He had won his spurs. And his mother, asking the weight of the fish, was told that it weighed 15 pounds. It took but little mental arithmetic to ascertain that the cost was just $1 per pound. And instead of scolding the boy for his extravagance she quietly remarked that she had known of fishing trips taken by a certain life partner of hers where trout had cost $5 per pound, and there were not many pounds in evidence even at that price, so she could not have the heart to criticise the son of the father for investing in yellowtail at $1 per pound.

Now when that boy comes home and I take him on a trout stream and he strikes a pound trout, everything will be compared with that yellowtail, to the disadvantage of the trout. And in self-defense I must arrange for a trip to the maskinongé lakes and pit him against a 35-pound fresh-water wolf, and then, and only till then, will I cease to hear about that 15-pound yellowtail. It may cost me more than $15 to kill the yellowtail microbe, but other microbes will take its place, and as long as they are the kind that you pick up in rippling lakes along moss-grown brooks, and amid the woods and swales and stubble, we'll have to diagnose the disease as one that must run its course, and not at all dangerous; in fact, highly beneficial in the long run for the boy, and let it go at that.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Fish and Fishing.

American Anglers in Canada.

THE annual invasion of Canada by American anglers is now on. The first fishermen of the season from the United States were parties of New Englanders, chiefly from Bridgeport, Conn.; Springfield, Mass., and surrounding points, on their way to the Metabetchouan and other fish and game clubs alongside the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, which on Saturday last had to put extra sleeping cars on the trains for the accommodation of the visiting anglers. From the St. Maurice district of Canada I hear that several members of the Laurentian Fish and Game Club are now on their limits. The Triton Club management expects several of its members this week to go into camp at various points along the line of the Batascan and connecting lakes, and a number of the members of the Nonantum Fish and Game Club have made arrangements to visit their club headquarters at Commissioners' Lake next week. I am under the impression that these late spring arrivals will enjoy their outing better than those now in the woods at present writing, for constant cold rains have made it rather disagreeable both for camping and fishing for the last week or ten days. This weather is in striking contrast with that of the same season last year, when, for want of spring rains, everything was parched, and disastrous bush fires were the order of the day.

Up to the last few days the trout fishing in the northern lakes has been exceptionally good. Several large catches were made in Lake Edward on the 23d and 24th of May, and Lake St. Joseph is also yielding good results to the fishermen. The fly-fishing season is still, however, undoubtedly backward, and it will take a few days' subsidence of the present high water due to the prevailing rains to make it good. From the 20th to the 25th of May it was excellent.

North of the Laurentians there has been less rain, and as a consequence the water in Lake St. John is rapidly getting down to its normal early summer level. That means to say that the fly-fishing for ouananiche in the Grande Discharge ought to be good from about the 15th of June as usual, and I am just in receipt of a message, in answer to my inquiries on the subject, saying that the steamer from Roberval will commence her regular trips to the Discharge for the accommodation of fishermen on or about the 12th of the month.

Salmon Fishermen in Canada.

DR. JOHNSON, of New York, has reached Quebec, and is on his way to his salmon river on the distant north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He leaves by the present trip of the steamship King Edward, expecting to have some days on the river before the first run of salmon is well in. The first of the fish have already, however, reached the estuaries of the north shore streams, for the King Edward brought up to Quebec several boxes of fresh salmon on the second of the month, which had been taken in the fishermen's nets, and the fish were retailed the next day at thirty cents per pound. Most of the American anglers who fish in Canada for salmon will only leave on the next trip of the steamer for the north shore, and some of them will go a fortnight later, though those who fish south shore rivers, including the members of the Restigouche Club, will find it necessary to be in camp by the 12th, or at least by the 20th, in order to get the best of the sport with the first run of fish of the season.

I hear that many salmon fishermen who have been coming here for the last few years have sent word that they will not be able to spare the time for the sport this year. This very often proves to be the case in Presidential year, and it is supposed in Canada that the condition of Wall street may have something to do with keeping many men chained to business who would much prefer a vacation in the woods.

In the Lake St. John district, however, there are evidences of considerable activity. Many private camps are being placed in readiness for summer occupation, and many of the club houses expect at least as many fishermen this year as usual. Mr. Dodd and other members of the Metabetchouan Club have just returned from their club house at Kiskisink, where, although they found the weather extremely cold and the water high, the fishing was excellent. By this time, with the lowering of the water, the sport ought to be still better. Many Quebecers have returned from fishing excursions in the Stadacona and Laurentides districts, and bring glowing reports of the fly-fishing, and some pretty heavy trout in support of their statements. Very large takes of smaller fish are reported from various points along the Batiscan River, where larger fish may be had as soon as the water lowers a little more.

Lake Edward is more than sustaining its enviable record for big fish, Mr. H. B. Jackson having killed one fish of 5¾ pounds on his first cast of the season a few days ago, immediately in front of his summer camp on this lake. He was using very light tackle, and was over twenty minutes in killing the fish.

There are many applications for accommodation at the Grand Discharge, most of the intended visitors proposing to come later in the season than usual, however. This is doubtless due to the late opening of the spring all over the country. As a matter of fact, nevertheless, the waters on the north of the Laurentian divide have run down so much faster than those further south that Lake St. John is now very near to its summer level, and ouananiche fishing ought to be good in the Grand Discharge by the time that these lines appear in print, or at all events in the course of the following week.

Because, too, of this rapid subsidence of northern waters, I would warn those who fish the salmon rivers of the north shore of the Gulf that their season is likely to be a short one this year, unless there should be a fair amount of summer rain in the interior of the Labrador Peninsula to maintain the water supply. Hence the desirability of getting to the rivers in time to enjoy the early fishing.

Night Fishing by Artificial Light

The North American aborigines well and early understood and artfully applied the knowledge that light attracts fish as well as insects. Hence their "burning of the waters" and spearing of salmon and other fish by torchlight. A French entomologist has taken advantage of the same knowledge in fishing for specimens in a pond. With a portable battery and a small incandescent electric lamp attached to a net, he was able to secure a large number of fish, larvæ, tadpoles, etc., at one operation. The net, measuring about one yard across, was slowly lowered into the water, and when it reached the bottom of the pond the little lamp above it was connected with the battery. All the living creatures within reach of the apparatus rushed toward the light, and were immediately secured in the net. It is obvious that the method is applicable on a far larger scale, and may prove to be in some way useful to commercial fishermen, though it almost gives one the shivers to think of the opportunities which may thus be opened up to poachers in the vicinity of the spawning grounds of salmon and trout.

Gut for Casting Lines.

A tourist friend who has recently returned from a trip through the south of Europe was telling me the other day of the large proportions assumed by the production of silk-worm gut for fishing lines in Spain since the decline of silk culture there. The grub is fed on mulberry leaves as usual in silk culture, but before it begins to spin—that is in May and June—it is killed by immersion in vinegar. The substance which would have formed the cocoon is then drawn out from its body in the form of a thick silken thread, which is treated with chemicals and afterwards dried. These threads are made up in bundles of a hundred each, and the Spanish peasants travel with them along the shores of the Mediterranean as far as France. The best quality of the gut, as every fisherman knows, or ought for his own protection, when shopping, to know, is round. The flat shaped article is always inferior, and is due, not, as often supposed, to careless drawing of it, but to unhealthiness in the worm which furnished it. The chief seat of this industry is Murcia. I know many American fishermen who procure these strands of gut as sold by the Spanish peasantry, either importing them for themselves or selecting them personally from tackle manufacturers in the United States, which is, perhaps, after all, the most satisfactory method, and who then tie their own casting lines of the selected material.

The Ling or Burbot.

It is gratifying to note that the attention of the Ontario Government has been drawn by some of its fishery officers to the destrutiveness of the burbot or ling, and to the desirability of means being adopted for its destruction. Recent investigations show that the loss caused by this gluttonous feeder to the best fish life of northern waters is very great. Its flesh is of very little use for food, and then only in winter, and it is credited with swallowing fish half the size of itself, besides being a notorious spawn eater. It is the more dangerous that its feeding is generally done at night. In Lake St. John specimens of this fish have been taken over two feet in length, and it is difficult to estimate the number of ouananiche which one of these night hawks of the water will destroy in the course of the year. It is really too bad that nothing has yet has been done toward the destruction of these ling in the best fishing waters of northern Quebec.

Sunday Fishing.

When I hear or read any discussion of the subject of Sunday fishing, there always comes into my mind that delightful chapter of Dr. Prime's in his "I Go A-fishing," entitled, "What Flies to Cast on a Sunday." To me the advice contained in that charming chapter is convincing enough; but it is not my province to deal with the ethical side of the subject, which is for each one to settle for himself. The legal aspect of the case has been referred to in one of the reports of Mr. S. T. Bastedo, Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries for Ontario, and it may be interesting to anglers to point out the difference on this subject between the laws of Ontario and Quebec. In Quebec the fishing for salmon either by rod or line or by net is prohibited from six o'clock on Saturday night until the same hour on Monday morning, as it is, for the matter of that, in all parts of the Dominion. But, with this exception, there is no provincial law in Quebec against Sunday fishing. The contrary is the case, however, in Ontario, though because of the lax enforcement of the enactment known as the Lord's Day Act, which contains the prohibition in question, the fact is not generally known. The fishery overseers of Ontario are frequently requested to interfere with persons who "go fishing" on Sunday, under the supposition that it is an offense against the fishery law. This, however, is an error. Sunday fishing is an offense against the Lord's Day Act, the provisions of which it is not a part of the duty of fishery officials in Ontario to enforce, as Mr. Bastedo points out. And in support of his own interpretation of this act, he cites a decision rendered under the authority of the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, in an exactly similar case, by which it was held that fishing on Sunday being a violation of a section of the act entitled, "An Act for the Better Observance of the Lord's Day," the enforcement of that provision of the act was no more one of the duties of the fishery overseers than the enforcement of any other provision of the same act.

Live Perch as Food.

A SINGULAR complaint comes from Lake Memphremagog. It is charged that the perch which have been introduced into the lake are killing off the big gray lake trout, or rather that the trout are killing themselves off by attempting to feed upon the perch, the dorsal fins of which stick in the gullet of the feeder and produce death. It would be interesting to know whether any similar experience to this has fallen under the observation of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. That pike can swallow small perch without much inconvenience there is abundant proof. In the absence of other bait, perch make good live bait for pike. I have known anglers to cut off the dorsal fin before using the fish for bait, but if the perch is small, this does not appear to be at all necessary, for the pike always swallows his prey head foremost, while the spines of the perch are capable only of projecting backward—shutting down like the props of an umbrella upon pressure from the front—so that they would not appear to impede the operation of swallowing. It sometimes, however, causes considerable inconvenience to a pike to attempt to swallow too large a perch, and Gosse, in his "Natural History," illustrates this by a circumstance of not infrequent occurrence in Sweden. Large perch swallow the baited hooks of stationary night-lines, and then enormous pike gorge the hooked perch in their turn. Though the pike is seldom or never actually hooked, yet on the fisherman's drawing in his line the perch sticks so fast in his throat that he is unable to get rid of it, and both are taken.

The Perch is a Cannibal.

The perch is just as much a cannibal as the pike or the trout. Mr. Francis Francis is authority for the statement that it is not at all deterred by the spines from feeding upon its own species, and that in a vivarium he has often observed them take with avidity smaller members both of their own and of the ruffe species. The extent to which this fish will gorge himself with his favorite food may be illustrated by a fact within the knowledge of most anglers. When he has filled his stomach with minnows so that he can positively swallow no more, he will still endeavor to bite, and, if possible, masticate others; and it is by no means uncommon under these circumstances to hook and capture a perch with the tails of the minnows which he has already partially swallowed and been unable to pouch, protruding from his gullet, and when thus gorged he often ejects a portion of his prey on being landed. From this it may be inferred, says a well-known angler-naturalist, "that fish, like many other animals—including man himself, in some instances—find a gratification in the exercise of their predatory instincts, even when the natural appetite has been fully satiated."

A rather remarkable instance of the voracity of the perch is related by Mr. H. Cholmondeley Pennell. In removing the hook from the jaws of a fish which he had caught in Windermere, one eye was accidentally displaced, and remained adhering to it. Knowing the recuperative capabilities of piscine organization, he returned the maimed perch, which was too small for the basket, to the lake, and, being somewhat scant of minnows, threw the line in again with the eye attached as a bait—there being no other of any description on the hook. The float disappeared almost instantly, and on landing the newcomer, it turned out to be the fish he had thrown in a moment before, and which had thus been actually caught by its own eye. "This incident," says Mr. Pennell, "proves, I think, conclusively that the structure of cold-blooded animals enables them to endure very severe injuries and wounds without experiencing material inconvenience; a fact which may tend to remove any qualms of conscience felt by anglers on the score of the sufferings supposed to be inflicted by their capture."

Perhaps a less striking illustration of the same fact came under my own observation in the Lake St. John country some time ago. A fingerling trout had taken one of my flies, and though the hook had torn one of the gill rakers, I was anxious that if possible the little fish should live. I gently placed it in the shallow water at my feet to see if it could revive and swim away. In a very short time it had recovered from its dazzlement, when, to my utter astonishment, it rushed directly to the fly upon which it had just been caught, and which had carelessly been allowed to drop into the shallow water, and once more impaled itself!

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Big Catfish.

ERIE, Pa., May 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A young correspondent of mine living in Elizabeth, a small town on the Monongahela River above Pittsburg, sends me the following fish story, that I can vouch for as being true or he would not have given it to me.

About two weeks ago the stern-wheel steamer Diamond was passing up the river one afternoon, when some men who were at work on a coal tipple on shore noticed an object floating in the wake of the boat that seemed to be alive. Thinking that it might be a deck hand that had fallen overboard, they took a skiff and rowed out to it, and found it to be a big mud catfish that had been struck by one of the wheel buckets and had only been stunned. They caught it after some trouble, and towed it ashore. It measured five feet in length, but only weighed 54 pounds.

This is the largest fish that has ever been taken in that river, and probably came up from the lower Mississippi. I thought its weight was rather small for its size, though. I have taken them out of the Colorado River in Texas that were as long as this one was, but mine would weigh nearer 100 pounds.

CABLA BLANCO.

Is Fly-Fishing Social or Solitary?

I WRITE of dry fly-fishing on rivers and streams only. That "two men in a boat," chucking and chancing for sea trout or brownies on a lake, are happier than they would be if each were alone with a gillie, goes without saying. Nor do I deny the pleasure of companionship when walking or driving to and from the water, be it lake, river, or stream; the charm of a chat at lunch, the comparison of fly patterns, and last, but not least, the after-dinner gossip on the day's doings, and the hopes and fears for the morrow.

All these delights I admit. But they are consistent with either mode of fishing. To solve the question suggested by the title to these notes some other incidents of the day's outing must be considered. For instance, if, instead of dividing the water into separate beats, and each fishing alone, you and your friend walk together up the water, and take it in turn to fish over rising trout. Say you have risen one short, and, without actually putting it down, have awakened suspicion. Do you feel comfortable in waiting quite so long before you cast again as you would do if you were alone? Again, several trout have looked at your fly and refused. Do you think it fair to your companion to lose half an hour in trying to catch a fly out of a hatch-hole or carrier in order to compare it with the pattern you have been fishing with?

In both cases the extra time might have been well spent. At any rate, you think so. In like manner, did you ever lose a fish while trying to extricate it from a weed bed, according to an infallible method then and there authoritatively prescribed by your friend, without an inward conviction that if you had been alone you would have saved the fish? Or did you find comments such as "Half a yard more to the left," or, "That would have been just over his nose if the line had only gone straight," assist you materially when struggling to cast lightly and correctly over a distant fish against a tricky head wind? Did you ever find consolation in the remark, "What a splendid cast! What a pity that wasn't the first chuck!" when at last, after ineffectual trials, you have cheated the wind and successfully covered your fish —or, rather, the fish that is not to be yours?

No; let me be alone when the fish are on the feed, though I dearly like company when on the feed myself. I do not mean to say I have not received hints from the late G. S. Marryat, my good friend F. M. Halford, and other past masters of the craft, for which I shall be ever grateful; but, then, they sacrificed their own sport in order to teach me, and acted at once as gillies and mentors.

In the same way, to compare great with small, I am never better pleased than when able to help those who have less experience than I have; but, "save and except as hereinbefore reserved and excepted," I love to fish alone. I use the word "fish" deliberatively, for though one may fish alone, one cannot be alone. Creep down to the water meadows unseen by all. Wade in, and hide among tall reeds and rushes. In solitude you may be, but not in silence nor alone.

For the friendly twitter of the swallow, the plash of water rat, the moor hen's "cluck," the "murmur of innumerable bees," or later in the day the shrill and less soothing pipe of a myriad gnats, now playfully dancing in a harmless cloud, but soon—at "shut of evening flowers"—to settle on neck, wrist, and forehead, on serious mischief bent; these and a thousand other sounds, faint though they be, and rather felt than heard, witness that Nature, even in her most lonely by-ways, is teeming with life, and that in so-called solitude you are yet not alone.—Basil Field in London Field.

An Original Way to Fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is a low bottom, a part of the Soldiers' Home grounds here, that borders on the bay and is only a foot or two above the surface of the water; when a windstorm is on, it is generally under water. This place a few years ago was full of green frogs, but the boys have them all killed off now.

I was passing the place to-day, when I saw two Polanders busy wading through the puddles that have been left after the last few days' rain.

"You need not waste your time hunting frogs there," I told them, "there are none there now. At least fifty boys have hunted that place all over lately. If they could not find them you cannot."

They were fishing, one of them told me, and going to a bunch of grass on the bank he dragged out a German carp 17 inches long which he had caught. The fish was still alive, very much so. They kept on "fishing," and soon brought out another carp as large as the first one was. The fish had been carried in there a week before when the bottom was last flooded. They continued to fish for the next hour or more, and must have got several more carp.

CABIA BLANCO.

Appetite of Cats.

TOPEKA, Kansas.—The reports of the fondness for some forms of vegetable food of house cats, leads me to add a few lines to the subject. At my home here we have a black cat of uncertain age, which made her appearance about the barn about one year ago, and at that time very wild, finlly making friends first with the writer, then one of his sons, and, with the exception of one son, with all the other members of the family. One Sunday morning in the latter part of last July I had been to the garden for a basket of green corn, which I was then husking at the barn, when I noticed Tabby was acting very strangely, and begging as I had never seen her beg before. While not thinking she would make any use of the green corn, to stop her funny actions I broke off the end of an ear and dropped it down. To my surprise she at once began eating the corn, and during the entire green corn season no one of the family, except the son she would not make friends with, could go to the barn with unhusked green corn but the cat would come and beg for her share, which she always got, but if any corn was left from the table and thrown out to the chickens, she would not touch it, saying by her actions that she wanted her corn straight with no water in it.

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

The Salmon on Time.

NEW YORK, May 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The predictions have been almost uniform that this would be a late "salmon season," and conditions have been such as to tend to confirm that view.

Yet, with clock-like regularity (to-day being the uniform day for their appearance), I am notified by telegram from the North Shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence that yesterday, May 24, "Il y a trois saumons de pris aujourd'hui" (pray pardon the Habitant French) in the nets at the mouth of the Moisie.

CHAS. STEWART DAVISON.

BY reason of postal delays, Mr. W. B. Cabot's letter on the Hubbard party in Labrador comes as a far echo of the discussion in these columns; but we cheerfully give it place as presenting the views of one who knew Mr. Hubbard and who feels that these things should be said on the other side.



American Power Boat Association.

Manhasset Bay, Long Island Sound, Monday, May 30.

The first event of the American Power Boat Association was scheduled for Decoration Day. A large list of starters was looked for, but even though the day was most satisfactory for motor boat racing, only twelve of the boats entered started in the contest. No event has been more thoroughly advertised than this one, and just why more boats did not come to time no one seems able to explain.

It seems likely that the guaranteed speeds of the many boats built during the winter were greatly exaggerated, for the twenty-five mile boats were conspicuous by their absence.

The "dark horse" of the day was Japansky, a 40ft. Seabury boat. The boat was built at Morris Heights, and little or nothing had been given out about her. She was the cleanest looking boat in the race, and she was put together in a splendid manner. Had she not run out of lubricating oil near the end of the race, making it necessary for her to slow down, she would have made still better time over the course.

While the day was ideal for power boat racing, as the water was quite smooth, it was muggy and uncomfortable. Manhasset Bay never presented a more lively and spirited picture; boats of all sizes and types were on hand.

A bad accident was narrowly averted just before the start, and it gave every one an idea of what may be expected in other events where many boats are present and some are handled by incompetent or careless men.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's launch was built by Jacob, at City Island, and she is called Hard Boiled Egg (because, as Mr. Vanderbilt says, "she can't be beat"). The boat is equipped with a 60 horse-power motor, which was previously used in a racing car. This motor figures out only about 40 horse-power under the association rule. Mr. Vanderbilt's boat was moving along at a fast clip when the Panhard boat crossed her bows. Mr. Vanderbilt put his boat's helm hard down and just missed what would have been a nasty collision. In doging Panhard, Mr. Vanderbilt's boat narrowly missed hitting another launch filled with women and children. The quick handling of Hard Boiled Egg had bent the bronze rudder so badly that the boat was unable to start in the race.

The Panhard boat was in charge of a Frenchman, who was absolutely at sea, as he did not understand English or any of the racing requirements or rules of the road. He was so helpless that Mr. Paul Johnson, a member of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., was put aboard the boat to assist him. As Mr. Johnson did not speak French, in order to be of assistance, tied pieces of light line to each of the Frenchman's arms, and by exerting a pressure on one arm or the other, the helmsman would steer the boat accordingly. It was primitive and ridiculous, and the race committees in charge of such events should not permit any boat to start that is not in charge of a competent man, familiar with the English language.

Boats in Classes R, S, A, H, I and C covered the following course: From the starting line to Gangway Buoy, thence to red spar bouy off Scotch Caps, thence to black spar buoy off Matinicock Point, thence to black spar buoy off Old Hen, thence to Gangway Bouy (black spar), to the finish line in Manhasset Bay. All Government buoys were left on the channel side, except turning buoys off Scotch Caps and Matinicock Point. Distance, nineteen and one-half miles.

The course for Class K was: From the starting line to Gangway Buoy (black spar), thence to red spar buoy lying northeast of Execution Light, thence to red and black spar buoy lying north of Execution Light, thence around the north and west side of Execution Light to Gangway Buoy (black spar), to the finish line in Manhasset Bay. All Government buoys were left on the channel side. Distance, nine and one-half miles.

Japansky was alone in Class R, and she was sent away at 2:40. She made the American record for the distance, covered the 19½ knot course in 1 hour 6 minutes and 29 seconds, or at the rate of 17.60 knots, or 20.22 statute miles per hour.

In Class S there were three starters, F. I. A. T., Panhard and Shooting Star. Panhard is the smallest boat of the trio, but as she had no competitor in her own class was pitted against F. I. A. T. and Shooting Star.

The starters in Class R seemed to have no idea when they were to start, and in consequence got away in ragged shape, losing minutes by their apparent unfamiliarity with the starting signals. Panhard nearly ran down Shooting Star by careless handling. F. I. A. T. was first away, but was soon overhauled by Shooting Star. This boat was showing a nice burst of speed when something went wrong with her motor and she withdrew.

Allure, Miss Swift and Queen Bess had no competitors so went over the course taking walkovers.

In Class I, Ardis beat Flash and Javelin handily, and in Class K, Nada left 999 fast astern.

The owner of F. I. A. T. protested Japansky's measurement. The summary:

Class R—Start 2:40—Course 19½ Miles.

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Japansky, F. H. Waldorf, 40.99..	70.65	3 46 29	1 06 29	1 06 29

Class S—Start 2:40—Course 19½ Miles.

F. I. A. T., C. Tangerman, 35.17	65.05	3 53 23	1 13 23	1 13 23
Shooting Star, H. Lozier, 24.30.	62.06	Did not finish.		
Panhard, A. Massanet, 18.71....	54.52	4 02 49	1 22 49	1 16 43

Class A—Start 2:50—Course 19½ Miles.

Allure, A. Stein, 58.90.....	50.97	4 32 06	1 42 06	1 42 06

Class H—Start 2:50—Course 19½ Miles.

Miss Swift, R. Jacobs, 26.09....	56.97	4 19 57	1 29 57	1 29 57

Class I—Start 2:50—Course 19½ Miles.

Ardis, R. Haddock, 10.81.....	45.54	4 41 16	1 51 16	.....
Flash, A. Stein, 16.22.....	44.74	4 55 10	2 05 10	.....
Javelin, C. W. Lee, 16.36.....	41.50	4 56 35	2 06 35	.....

Class C—Start 2:55—Course 19½ Miles.

Queen Bess, R. H. Stern, 27.14.	34.65	5 11 29	2 16 29	2 16 29

Class K—Start 2:55—Course 9½ Miles.

Nada, C. Godshalk, 3.03.....	30.15	3 57 35	1 02 35	.....
999. J. Schoonmaker, 4.26.....	31.05	4 16 02	1 21 02	.....

The winners were: Japansky, F. I. A. T., Allure, Miss Swift, Ardis, Queen Bess and Nada.

Duxbury Y. C.

Duxbury, Mass., Saturday, June 4.

A race between 18-footers of the Duxbury Y. C. was held Saturday, June 4, in a light E. breeze. Osprey got the start, but Again took the lead on the second leg of the course, and held it to the finish. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Again, Goodspeed	1 12 00
Domino, Clapp	1 13 50
Kittawake, V. Jones	1 14 30
Osprey, Train	1 18 13

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, New York Bay, Monday, May 30.

The first race given by the Atlantic Y. C., on Monday, May 30, was marked by a small list of starters. Only three classes filled, and but eleven boats came to the line.

The 30-footers sailed over a triangular course. The start was off Sea Gate, thence to Craven Shoal buoy, thence to a mark off Fort Hamilton, and back to the starting line. The first two legs were reaches and the third was a beat. Boats in Classes P. and N. covered one of the association courses twice. The breeze was very moderate and not true, as it veered from S.W. to S.E. during the race.

The craft that did not get caught in a calm belt off Fort Hamilton, got a big jump on their competitors and won easily. The favored ones were Bobtail, Ogeemah and Trouble. This streak of luck gave Bobtail a big lead in her class, and Redwing and Bagheera were left minutes behind. It was Redwing's first race in these waters, and some were disappointed at the showing she made. It will be recalled that Bobtail is a smart boat in light airs, and in moderate weather not an easy boat to beat.

The yawl Kate that started in Class P. did not finish, and Ogeemah beat Smoke, her only competitor, about 2 minutes.

Mary had a long lead in Class I. until she got into the flat spot where she was hung up until Trouble got too far ahead to be overhauled. Cicada was second..

The boats sailed under their old classification, as few had been measured under the new rating rule. The summary:

Sloops—Class N.—Start 2:30—Course 9 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	4 10 30	1 40 30
Redwing, J. P. O'Donohue	4 17 00	1 47 00
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb	4 18 30	1 48 30

Sloops—Class P.—Start 2:35—Course, 7 Miles.

Ogeemah, A. McKay	4 33 07	1 58 07
Smoke, L. H. Dyer	4 35 20	2 00 20
Kate, John S. Negus	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class Q.—Start 2:35—Course 7 Miles.

Mary, Max Grunder	4 38 56	2 03 56
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	Did not finish.	
Careless, F. J. Havens	4 39 52	2 04 52
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	4 36 07	2 01 07
Cicada	4 37 17	2 02 17

The winners, subject to measurement, are Bobtail, Ogeemah and Trouble.

Bridgeport Y. C.

Black Rock, Long Island Sound, Monday, May 30.

Five 18-footers started in the annual spring regatta of the Bridgeport Y. C., held on Decoration Day. The breeze was light and fluky from the S.W. Question broke her peak halliards and withdrew. Answer won and Fiji was second.

A dozen dories, belonging to members of the Yale Corinthian Y. C., also started but did not finish, withdrawing from the race before covering the course and sailed back to Morris Cove. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.
Answer, D. Warner	2 30 00	4 09 34
Fiji, Lucien T. Warner	2 30 00	4 10 11
Miss Modesty, C. Barnum Seely	2 30 00	4 10 36
Mirage, J. Percy Bartram	2 30 00	4 12 20
Question, N. Bishop	2 30 00	Withdrew

Harlem Y. C.

City Island, Long Island Sound, Monday, May 30.

The twenty-one boats that started in the regatta of the Harlem Y. C., on Decoration Day, did not have very satisfactory racing, owing to the light breeze. It was the club's twenty-second annual regatta.

The start was made off Belden's Point. The first mark was a stakeboat anchored off Prospect Point, thence to the second mark off Delancey Point, and back to the starting line. This makes a course of about fifteen miles, and was covered by the boats in the 30-foot class. The second mark for the starters in the 25fe. class was Old Hen buoy, which shortened the course for these craft to about twelve miles. As the wind was S.W., it made the first leg a run, the second a reach and the third a beat. At the start the wind was very light, but it strengthened materially toward the end, and the boats had a lively beat against an ebb tide on the last leg.

Alert had matters her own way in the 30ft. class, and her competitiors were not timed.

Firefly took another first prize in the 25ft. cabin class, keeping up her reputation of last year. The other three starters in this class did not finish.

There were three starters in the 25ft. special class, and Grasshopper took another winning flag. This boat has made a good start this season, having won both the races in which she entered. Rogue did not finish.

Two of the 25ft. catboats started, but neither finished.

The best racing was seen in the 21ft. special class. Four boats started and three finished. Jeebi won, with Skip 10 seconds behind, and Wave crossed 10 seconds later.

Plover and Tartan were the only contestants in the raceabout class. The former was badly beaten, Tartan winning with nearly eighteen minutes to sparc.

Houri beat Adelaide by a small margin in the class for the Larchmont 21ft. one-design boats; Vaquero did not finish.

The thunderstorm that had been making during the afternoon, broke before some of the boats finished, and a number took in sail and were towed in to the anchorage. The Regatta Committee were on board the 40ft. launch Osprey. The summary:

30ft. Class—Sloops—Start 1:20—Course 15 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Anna, W. Strauss	.....	.....
Alert, J. H. Alker	4 36 40	3 16 40
Mopsa, F. Sullivan	.....	.....

25ft. Cabin Class—Start 1:25—Course 12 Miles.

Firefly, C. P. Granbery	5 33 30	4 13 30
Naiad, Palmer	Did not finish.	
Tammany, F. Muchlfeld	Did not finish.	
Innocent, W. Linderman	Did not finish.	

25ft. Special Class—Start 1:30—Course 12 Miles.

Rogue, A. B. Alley	Did not finish.	
Gazabo, C. T. Vulte	4 12 00	2 42 00
Grasshopper, H. C. Pryer	4 01 45	2 31 45

25ft. Cabin Catboats—Start 1:30—Course 12 Miles.

Golden Rod, W. Towner	Did not finish.
Lauretta, W. Shearer	Did not finish.

21ft. Special Class—Start 1:35—Course 9 Miles.

Wave, A. Johnson	4 14 20	2 39 20
Jeebi, A. F. Brown	4 14 00	2 39 00
Skip, C. M. Pinckney	4 14 10	2 39 10
Elf, W. Valentine	Did not finish.	

Raceabout—21ft. Class—Start 1:35—Course 9 Miles.

Plover, H. Place	4 15 50	2 40 50
Tartan, A. H. Price	4 01 00	2 22 00

Larchmont 21ft. One-Design Class—Start 1:35—Course 9 Miles.

Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	4 03 00	2 28 00
Houri, J. H. Esser	4 02 40	2 27 40
Vaquero, J. M. Marble	Did not finish.	

The winners were Alert, Firefly, Grasshopper, Jeebi, Tartan and Houri.

Boston Y. C.

City Point, Mass. Saturday, June 4.

The first club race of the Boston Y. C. was held off the City Point station of the club on Saturday, June 4, in a light E. breeze. In the 30ft. class Sauquoit evened up things with Chewink IV., beating her by 1 minute and 31 seconds. Sauquoit got the start, and led all over the course, closely pressed by Chewink IV. Medric got the start in the 22-footers and led Opitsah V. all over the course. Cuyamel got the start in the 18-footers, with the whole fleet of ten starters bunched. On the beat to windward Bat opened up a lead, which she held to the finish. A tow got in the way down the bay, which Bat cleared, thereby helping her chances of victory. The 15-footer Tabasco, Jr., took a sailover. In the first handicap class, Idella won on time allowance. In the second handicap class, Scapegoat led all over the course. The summary:

Class C—30-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 42 56
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 44 27

Class E—22-Footers.

Medric, H. H. White	1 49 37
Opitsah V., S. H. and H. I. Foster	1 50 36

Class I—18-Footers.

Bat, C. F. Adams, 2d	1 59 26
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	2 04 39
Napier, B. S. Permar	2 05 17
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden	2 05 24
Privateer II., Alden and Carlton	2 05 37
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	2 05 55
Alladin, Keith Bros.	2 06 32
Bonito, G. W. Wightman	2 06 47
Cuyabel, H. S. Bowden	2 07 26
Nicnack, E. B. Holmes	2 11 10

Class T—15-Footers.

Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 29 22

First Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Idella, B. D. Amsden	1 16 57	1 11 47
Clotho, Cheney and Lanning	1 14 15	1 12 02
Jingo, G. B. Doane	1 13 46	1 12 17
Kiuna, A. W. Learned	1 20 10	1 15 44
Opah, W. C. Lewis	1 18 57	1 16 00
Helen, F. R. Neal	1 20 08	1 17 55

Second Handicap.

Scapegoat, W. P. Keyes	1 19 06	1 19 06
Clarita	1 22 41	1 21 54
Minerva, Walter Shaw	1 30 27	1 26 30
Gadfly, C. W. Chapin	1 27 15	1 27 15
Clarice, J. F. Harvey	1 35 17	1 27 22
Sue, T. W. Powers	1 47 48	1 31 59

South Boston Y. C.

City Point, Mass., Monday, May 30.

The season in Massachusetts Bay was opened at City Point on Memorial Day, with a Y. R. A. of M. open regatta, given by the South Boston Y. C. Many new yachts made their appearance, especially in the 18ft. class. The appearance of the 30-footers was looked forward to with intcrest. Two of these boats were at the starting line, Chewink IV., designed and built by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, for Mr T. K. Lothrop, Jr. The opinion was generally expressed that, for a modern cruising class, for which wholesome types of yachts should be built, neither of these 30-footers was much to look at. Sauquoit is particularly tender, it being found necessary to reef her in the fresh breeze, not strong enough, however, for one to think of reefing a cruising yacht of 30ft. waterline. Chewink IV. was much the stiffer of the two, and, for that day at least, seemed to be easily the faster.

Sauquoit got the start, but was jammed on the wind, while Chewink IV. sailed wide through Sauquoit's lee. When Chewink IV. tacked, she crossed Sauquoit's bow, and from then to the finish she kept increasing her lead. In the 22ft. class, Warrior, a new boat designed and built by Lawley, for Mr. S. C. Winsor, competed with last year's Medric. Medric went over the line first, with Warrior on her weather quarter. After passing the first mark, Warrior took the lead and held it to the finish. In the 18ft. class, Bat, designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman, and built by Lawley, for Hon. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, tacked clear of the bunch as soon as the starting line was crossed and soon took the lead, which she kept bettering to the finish. She won by 5 minutes and 11 seconds, an unusual margin in this class. In the new 15ft. class, Little Misery got the start and led until thew were returning to the finish line, when an accident gave Tabasco, Jr., the lead, which she held to the finish. In the handicap class the Yawl Emma C. took the lead soon after the start, and had no difficulty in holding it all over the course. The summary:

Class—30-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 40 00
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 40 00

Class E—22-Footers.

Warrior, S. C. Winsor	1 52 57
Medric, H. H. White	1 53 16

Class I—18-Footers.

Bat, C. F. Adams, 2d	1 37 59
Hayseed, John F. Small	1 43 10
Kittiwake V., H. M. Jones	1 43 51
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	1 44 01
Bonito, A. H. Wightman	1 44 08
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden	1 44 50
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	1 44 50
Humbug, C. W. Cole	1 45 35
Yankee, F. W. Atwood	1 46 11
Privateer II., Alden and Carlton	1 47 15
Cuyamel, H. S. Bowden	1 47 45
Menace, J. H. Hunt	1 48 05
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	1 48 42
Alladin, Keith Bros	1 49 10
Napier, B. S. Permar	1 50 50
Nickmack, E. B. Holmes	1 54 55

Class T—15-Footers.

Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 50 49
Little Misery, A. P. Loring, Jr.	1 51 50

Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emma C., F. D. Perkins	2 12 25	2 02 25
Eclipse, A. F. Leary	2 15 56	2 06 48
Vexer, J. F. Cashin	2 27 25	2 18 22
Louise, V. B. Johnson	2 46 56	2 38 51
Clarada, Walter Gowie	3 00 32	2 52 27
Owaissa	2 22 15	Not meas.
Nymphia	3 04 28	Not meas.

Lynn Y. C.

Lynn, Mass., Monday, May 30.

The first club race of the Lynn Y. C. for the season was sailed in inner Lynn Bay on Memorial Day. In the handicap class Problem was disabled and Helen took the lead, holding it to the finish, but losing to Trump on corrected time. In the one-design class of 15-footers, designed by Mr. Charles D. Mower, Winneardin was the winner by a big margin. The summary:

Handicap Class.

	H'cap.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Trump, Russel Bros.	10	1 19 20	1 09 20
Helen, Twombly Bros.	05	1 19 20	1 09 20
Gladys, Com. Porter	18	1 30 20	1 12 20
Bazoo, M. Randall	18	1 30 33	1 12 33
Lillian, H. Bissant	15	1 28 35	1 13 35
Reliance, Charles Curry	18	1 35 02	1 17 02

One-Design Class.

	Elapsed.
Winneardin, Spratt and Watson	1 14 04
San Toy, W. H. Ridon	1 20 40
Haymaker, W. S. Johnson	1 20 45
Miss Flipp, C. E. Hodgdon	1 21 58

Saturday, June 4.

The second club and invitation race of the Lynn Y. C. was held in Lynn Harbor, on Saturday, June 4, in a moderate E. breeze. Problem, the scratch boat in the handicap class, won easily. In the one-design class of 15-footers, Winneardin scored her second victory. The summary:

Handicap Class.

	H'cap.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Problem, C. J. Blethen	Scratch	1 19 10	1 19 10
Gladys, Com. Porter, West Lynn.	0 17 00	1 41 55	1 24 55
Bazoo, Mell Randall	0 16 30	1 43 00	1 26 30
Sniff	0 18 00	1 46 05	1 28 05
Reliance, Chas. Curry	0 16 30	1 46 25	1 29 53
Trump, Russell Bros.	0 09 15	1 43 05	1 33 50
Lillian, H. Bessant	0 15 00	1 55 10	1 40 10

One-Design Class.

Winneardin, Spratt and Watson	1 21 15
Haymaker, W. S. Johnson	1 23 10
Miss Flipp, C. E. Hodgdon	1 25 40
San Toy, W. H. Ridlon	1 30 30

Riverton Y. C.

Riverton, Delaware River, Monday, May 30.

The Riverton Y. C. opened its fortieth season on Decoration Day, by holding a regatta. The event was a success, and a good breeze enabled the boats to make fast time over the course.

The new one-design boats sailed their maiden race. No. 6 won by 50 seconds. The catboats got away in a bunch, with Carolyn II. holding a slight advantage and the Sea Gull a close second. Carolyn II. drew away from her competitiors on the run up the river before the wind, but was passed by Gertrude on the way back. She, however, regained her position on the second time over the course and finished 55 seconds ahead.

From a fleet of fifteen, the mosquito boats have dwindled down until there were only three entries. The summary:

Catboats—Start 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolyn II., C. Rianhard	5 05 00	2 00 00
Gertrude, G. W. Holloway	5 05 55	2 00 55
Sea Gull, Lee C. Cook	5 09 00	2 04 00
Fiona, John Perkins	5 10 30	2 05 30

One-Design Boats—Start 3:10.

7. E. W. Crittenden	5 22 49	2 12 40
1. Albert G. Cook	5 22 50	2 12 50
6. J. H. Reese	5 29 20	2 19 20
3. H. McI. Biddle	5 29 43	2 19 43
2. Dr. C. S. Mills	5 34 23	5 24 23
8. C. M. Biddle	5 34 40	5 24 40

Mosquito Boats—Start 3:16.

10. Harry H. Cooke	5 14 50	1 58 40
14. T. Harry Walnut	5 17 30	2 01 30
15. E. B. Showell	5 24 30	2 08 30

Wollaston Y. C.

Quincy, Mass., Monday, May 30.

The first championship race of the Wollaston Y. C. was sailed in Quincy Bay Memorial Day, in a whole sail S.W. breeze. In Class A, Neptune got the start, with the yawl Harolde about 2 minutes behind. Harolde soon caught and passed Neptune, leading to the finish, but losing to Neptune on corrected time. Class B was bunched at the start, and, soon after, Sheila broke the jaws of her gaff and was obliged to retire. Goblin took the lead and held it to the finish. The summary:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Neptune, E. L. Hallett	1 19 23	0 56 56
Harolde, A. B. Robbins	1 19 00	0 57 07

Class B.

Goblin, R. M. Lothrop	1 26 12	1 00 42
Dentza, Lowell Baker	1 26 05	1 02 59
Memento, Dr. Dawes	1 27 20	1 04 14
Premier, J. L. Smith	1 29 48	1 05 52
Idler, W. F. Nichols	1 37 20	Not meas.
Sheila, L. F. Hewitson	Disabled.	

Saturday, June 4.

In the first of the series of three races, given by the Wollaston Y. C., on Saturday, June 4, for a cup presented by Mr. Eben Hardy, Pocahontas finished first by some minutes, but lost to Sheila on corrected time. The wind was easterly and light. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sheila, L. F. Hewitson	1 13 00	0 49 30
Pocahontas, F. C. Merrill	1 07 43	0 50 34
Goblin, Roy Lothrop	1 18 22	0 52 42
Premier, J. L. Smith	1 20 28	0 56 32
Idler, W. F. Nichols	1 23 19	0 58 03
Harolde, A. B. Robbins	1 21 40	0 59 47

Knickerbocker Y. C.

College Point, Long Island Sound, Saturday, June 4.

The annual regatta of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, June 4. Eighteen boats started, and all but one finished. The wind was light and variable, varying from N.E. to S.W. In the 43ft. class, Paiute II. was the only starter, and she sailed over the course alone. Paiute II. was designed and built last winter by "Gil" Smith, at Patchogue. She is a good looking boat on the whole, but her appearance is rather marred by a very high cabin house. She did not show any great burst of speed, and both Leda and Alert were nearly a match for her. Gurnard and Nautilus, two old-timers, were the only starters in the 43ft. class (cruising trim). Gurnard won by nearly 4 minutes.

Irene won in the class of the Knickerbocker Y. C. yawls. Cruiser, her only competitor, was not timed. Alert, sailed by Mr. C. D. Mower, had no trouble beating Little Peter in the 30ft. class. Tartan sailed a good race in the raceabout class, and beat Hobo, the second boat, by over a minute. Firefly beat Naiad handily and finished a winner with over 2 minutes to spare. Jeebi and Shovonnc won in their respective classes. Leda won the Mildi cup for making the fastest corrected time over the course. The cup was won last year by Little Peter, but in order to become the property of an owner, the trophy must be captured two years in succession.

The summary follows:

Sloops—43ft. Class—Start 12:10—Course 14½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Paiute I., W. Beam	3 24 42	3 14 42

Sloops—43ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start 12:10—Course 14½ Miles.

Scimaid, L. H. Zocher	3 29 45	3 19 45
Nautilus, John J. McCue	3 34 40	3 24 40

Sloops—36ft. Class—Start 12:15—Course 14½ Miles.

Leda, S. H. Mason	3 10 00	2 55 00

Knickerbocker Y. C. One-Design Yawls— Start 12:15—Course 14½ Miles

Cruiser, W. P. Goddard, Jr.	Not timed.
Irene, Daniels and Allen	3 57 08 — 3 42 08

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start 12:25—Course 14½ Miles.

Alert, James W. Alker	3 13 00	2 48 00
Little Peter, F. M. Weeks	3 38 50	3 13 50

Raceabout Class—Start 12:30—Course 14½ Miles.

Hobo, T. L. Park	3 34 58	3 04 58
Rogue, A. B. Alley	3 36 40	3 06 40
Tartan, A. H. Pirie	3 33 40	3 03 40

Sloops—25ft. Class—Start 12:35—Course 14½ Miles.

Firefly, S. P. Granbery	3 50 08	3 15 08
Naiad, J. B. Palmer	3 52 24	3 17 24

Mixed Class—Sloops and Catboats—Start 12:40—Course 10½ Miles.

Arline (cat), A. E. Rendle	Not timed.	
Jeebi, A. D. R. Brown	3 28 16	2 48 16
Plover, Howard Place	3 32 52	2 52 52

Catboats—18ft. Class— Start 12:40—Course 10½ Miles.

Shovonne, George J. Stelz	3 51 15	3 11 15
Dorothy, L. Englert	3 54 32	3 14 32

The winners were: Paiute II., Gurnard, Leda, Irene, Alert, Tartan, Firefly, Jeebi and Shovonne.

Fall River Y. C.

Fall River, Mount Hope Bay, Monday, May 30.

The first Narragansett Bay racing of the season was held by by the Fall River Y. C. with its regular Memorial Day open regatta. There were thirteen starters, and at times some very pretty racing was afforded.

The wind was stiff from the S.W., and the boats crossed the line under single reefs. The start was made at 1:15 P. M. There were four classes that filled, the course for sloops being from the club house to Mount Hope buoy and return, and that for cats being to Common Fence buoy and return, each a distance of about twelve nautical miles.

Priscilla was the winner in the 25ft. sloop class, but a protest was entered by Mr. C. F. Tillinghast, owner of Little Rhody, the new sloop built for the 22ft. restricted class, on account of a misunderstanding as to the starting signal, which gave his boat a handicap of about 6 minutes.

The 30ft. cats made a pretty race on the first leg, but Mblem got fouled with a buoy in some close work near the outer mark, and lost too much time to recover, and Elizabeth had a breakdown, so Scott had no trouble in taking first place. With the 21ft. cats, Ina finished first; but the latter fouled Jane E. during the race, and first place was awarded to Mae Hope, the new boat built by Davis Bros., of Providence, which finished a close second. The summary follows:

First Class—25ft. Sloops.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Priscilla, Wood Bros., Fall River	1 31 00	1 30 29
Opitsah II., C. F. Tillinghast, Providence	1 38 50	1 38 50
Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast, Providence	1 39 40	1 39 40
Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast, Providence	1 51 30	1 50 23

Second Class—30ft. Cats.

Scott, H. B. Scattergood, Providence	1 48 40	1 48 40
Mblem, G. E. Darling, Providence	1 57 30	1 57 30
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood, Providence	Disabled.	

Third Class—21ft. Cats.

Ina, N. C. Arnold, Providence	1 56 00	1 56 00
Mae Hope, D. C. Stranger, Providence	1 57 55	1 56 49
Jane E., John Isaac, Fall River	2 00 10	1 58 28
Lookout	2 13 50	2 11 58

Fourth Class—18ft. Cats.

Ingomar, J. D. Whitehead, Fall River	2 02 55	2 00 21
Orme, A. Deveau, Fall River	2 13 20	2 13 20

American Model Y. C. vs. Brooklyn Model Y. C.

South Brooklyn—Monday, May 30.

THE race for the challenge cup presented by the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, was sailed off foot of Thirty-second street, South Brooklyn, to-day in a very good breeze. The contestants were the American Model Y. C., holder, and Brooklyn Model Y. C., challenger, and was won very handily by the holder. The challenging boat was at no time dangerous, owing to her carrying much less ballast and more sail, which made her fall off so much in the beat to windward that it could not be compensated for by the run home before the wind. At the start the race was interesting, and was witnessed by a good-sized crowd, both from shore and out in boats. The boats sailed were the sloop Elizabeth, defender, sailed by H. Steuder, and sloop Julia E., sailed by J. Pelly. The race was to be started at 10:30 A. M., but owing to lack of wind was not started until the afternoon. Summary:

First Heat.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Penalty, Touches.	Corrected.
Elizabeth	3 16 35	3 32 17	0 15 32	0 00 50	0 16 22
Julia E.	3 16 20	3 34 24	0 18 04	0 02 12	0 20 16

Second Heat.

Elizabeth.	3 44 15	3 59 00	0 14 45	0 01 19	0 15 55
Julia E.	3 43 37	4 02 58	0 19 21	0 03 12	0 22 33

These are yachts of the third class, which must be under 42in. l.w.l. They measured 40.60in. and 41.50in. respectively. It is probable that another race will be sailed at same place on Labor Day.

Columbia Y. C.

City Point, Mass., Saturday, June 4.

The first club race of the Columbia Y. C. was held off the club house at City Point, June 4, in a light E. breeze. The summary:

First Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nelka, Capt. Coy	1 47 35	1 36 35
Julia, Com. M. Roach	1 40 30	1 40 30
Unome, Wm. Lothrop	2 02 19	1 52 19
Rival, C. E. Nickerson	2 03 05	1 53 05

Second Class.

Walrus, Com. F. E. Grainger	1 38 30	1 38 30
Acme, H. Patterson	1 40 59	1 40 50
Poor Boy, James Perry	1 41 18	1 41 18

Third Class.

Osceola, E. F. Garron	1 15 10	1 15 10
T. A. G., T. E. Shepard	1 25 25	1 22 25

Southern Y. C.

New Orleans, La., Saturday, June 28.

The annual regatta of the Southern Y. C. was sailed Saturday, May 28. There were eleven classes of sail boats, each of which was well contested, and the amount of the prizes aggregated $425. The prizes ranged downward from a purse of $80, or a cup of the same value, in the largest class of cabin sloops down to a prize of $20 for the smallest catboats. There were over thirty starters, and there was a large attendance to witness the races, and more general enthusiasm evinced than was ever before known. The only manner in which the club's fifty-fifth annual regatta was not a success was in the matter of wind, there being nothing better at any time than a light and shifting eight knot breeze.

As is usual with the first event of the season throughout the yachting world, the races were nothing conclusive as to the matter of real relative speeds. What with the nervousness of some of the helmsmen, the lack of tuning up and unpreparedness of several new, as well as old craft.

The imported Boston cabin sloop Calypso led the fleet, but she lost her first race in the South to the time-honored champion, the Susie B. The latter, with Vice-Commodore A. M. Cooke at the tiller, sailcd one of the best races of her life, was in fine fettle, while Calypso was not in her true form. The new southern-built production, from a design by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, of Boston, Invader, made a good showing in this class, considering it was her first time under sail. This boat, which is on the highly developed scow order, should also make an excellent showing during the summer.

The only other class that might as yet be of more than purely local interest is that of the racing machines of the Seawanahaka cup type, several of which had come South from the Inland Lake Y. A. ranks. Three of these boats met for the first of the season's events—Gladiola, ex-Galatea, Virgin, ex-Caroline, and Kayoshk, the former from Lake Oconomowoc, and the last two from Oshkosh, Lake Winnebago. The first is of the vintage of 1899, the second of 1900 and the last named of 1903. The Virgin won the race, but it was little better than no contest at all for these scows, there being barely enough wind to get them over to an interesting sailing heel. Virgin made the best time by a couple of minutes, and she was well handled throughout the race.

L. D. SAMPSELL.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound, Monday, May 30.

Four raceabouts and three 15-footers sailed a race at Oyster Bay, on Monday, May 30. The contest was sailed over outside courses, and the breeze was from the S.W. The raceabouts were sent away at 11 A. M., and Mystery beat Natalie nearly 3 minutes. In the 15ft. class, Wee Weam won easily; Sabrina was second. The summary:

Raceabouts—Start 11:00.

	Corrected.
Mystery, J. De Forest	2 07 59
Natalie, F. G. Stewart	2 10 57
Merry Ring, H. M. Crane	2 11 43
Galatea, A. F. Stokes	2 50 00

15-Footers—Start 11:05.

Wee Weam, R. L. Cuthbert	1 22 12
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt, Jr	1 36 50
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore	1 28 21

Saturday, June 4.

Three raceabouts and three 15-footers sailed a race over the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.'s inside course on Saturday, June 4. The wind was from the E. and was light and variable.

Mystery won in the raceabout class, beating Nathalie by less than a minute. Sabrura won in the 15ft. class. The summary:

Raceabouts—Start 3:20:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nathalie, F. G. Stewart	5 47 20	2 27 10
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	5 48 35	2 28 25
Mystery, J. de Forest	5 46 52	2 26 42

15ft. Class—Start 3:15:10.

Sabrira, C. W. Wetmore	5 11 05	1 55 55
Wee Weam, R. L. Cuthbert	5 14 35	1 59 25
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyte, Jr	5 19 28	2 04 18

Indian Harbor Y. C.

Greenwich, Long Island Sound, Monday, May 30.

The annual spring regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was sailed on Monday afternoon, May 30. The club went formally into commission in the morning.

At the time of the start there was little wind, but a squall broke as the boats finished. Virgette won easily in the handicap class, and Kenosha was the first to finish in the new one-design class. The summary:

Handicap Class.

	Start.	Finish.
Virgette, A. G. and W. H. Hanan	3 15 00	6 04 07
Robin Hood, George Gartland	3 15 00	6 10 15
Nellie, J. R. Buske	3 21 00	Withdrew.

Indian Harbor One-Design Raceabout Class.

Kenosho, Clifford Mallory	3 05 00	6 14 50
Owatauna, George Lauder, Jr	3 05 00	6 18 06
Wawa, J. E. Montells	3 05 00	6 24 37
Anananda, E. C. Ray	3 05 00	6 28 40

Saturday, June 4.

Four of the Indian Harbor one-design class sailed once over a five-mile triangular course on Saturday, June 4. The breeze was very light from the S.E. Anawanda, sailed by Mr. Addison Hanan, won. The summary:

	Start.	Finish
Anawanda, E. C. Ray	3 05 00	5 46 37
Wawa, J. E. Montells	3 05 00	5 46 55
Kenosha, Clifford Mallory	3 05 00	5 47 05
Owatauna, George Lander, Jr	3 05 00	5 52 37

Washington Park B. A.

The Washington Park Boating Association also held a small regatta Memorial Day, two classes, for 16ft. knockabouts and for sailing skiffs, taking part. The course was four and one-half nautical miles, and there were eleven entries. The summary:

Knockabouts—Start 2:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Grace, E. Baker	3 49 00	1 19 00
Martha, W. S. Baxter	3 52 00	1 22 00
Scout, F. Browning	4 06 00	1 36 00
Spray, J. Peirce	Did not finish.	
Ready Bits, Jackson and Gladding	Disabled.	

Sailing Skiffs—Start 2:34.

Idono, C. Guy	4 11 00	1 37 00
Hesperus, A. Potter	4 13 00	1 39 00
Skunk, C. Williams	4 16 00	1 42 00
Kid, H. U. Shaw	4 38 00	2 04 00
Chub, A. D. Bliss	4 44 00	2 10 00
Zeta, J. C. Ardern	Withdrew.	

Winthrop Y. C.

Winthrop, Mass., Saturday, June 4.

The first handicap club race of the Winthrop Y. C. was held Saturday, June 4, in a moderate E. breeze. The summary:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Helen, C. A. Young	1 04 03	0 51 03

21ft. Class.

Scamper, Tewksbury and Byram	1 02 12	0 57 12
Cleopatra, J. R. Hodder	0 59 50	0 59 50

18ft. Clas.

Sioux, G. J. Buchanan	1 07 54	0 55 54
Fannie N., G. A. Nash	1 03 00	0 59 00
Guide, J. W. Etherington	1 05 02	0 59 02
Marion, C. A. Newmarch	1 07 56	1 01 56

Red Bank Y. C.

Red Bank, Shrewsbury River, Monday, May 30.

The opening regatta of the Red Bank Y. C. was held on Monday, May 30. In the morning the knockabouts had a race and five boats started. The wind was light and westerly. Annie, owned by Mr. C. R. James, won with Papoose, owned by Mr. John G. Gillig, second. In the afternoon the one-design class of raceabouts sailed over the regular ten-mile course. Soon after the start a thunderstorm caused Caprice, Tut Tut and Whim to reef, but Eagle and Scandal carried full sail. Scandal won, with Eagle second. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.
Scandal, Jacob Siegel	2 40 00	5 05 00
Eagle, George J. Gallig	2 40 00	5 05 05
Caprice, Otto Wagener	2 40 00	5 05 32
Tut Tut, John Haskins	2 40 00	not timed
Whim, Adolph Hupfel	2 40 00	not timed

Quincy Y. C.

Quincy, Mass., Saturday, June 4.

The first club race of the Quincy Y. C. was held off the club house at Hough's Neck, Saturday, June 4, in a moderate E. breeze, with the following summary:

Class I.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marvel, I. N. Wittemore	2 27 00	1 46 23
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	2 31 30	1 49 54
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw	Withdrew.	
Canacum, J. C. Morse	Withdrew.	

Class II.

Zhelma, F. O. Chanery	4 55 30	Not meas.
Wiji, M. M. Cannon	5 00 00	Not meas.

Special 21ft. Class.

Azona, A. L. Lincoln	2 32 00	2 22 00
Enigma, S. W. Sargent	Withdrawn	

Marine and Field Club.

Bath Beach, Gravesend Bay, Monday, May 30.

The new one-design 15-footers met for the first time in a race, sailed on Monday, May 30. There were four starters, and Beta finished 2 seconds ahead of Delta, the second boat. A nice southerly breeze held throughout the race. The start was made off the club house, thence to a mark off Fort Hamilton, thence to a mark off the Atlantic Y. C., and back to the starting line. These boats will compete in Class R. R. in all open races. The summary. Start 3:22:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Beta, Snedeker and Camp	4 06 04	0 44 04
Delta, J. J. Mahoney	4 06 06	0 44 06
Gamma, E. C. Platt	4 06 40	0 44 40
Alpha, C. Halcombe	4 07 25	0 45 25

Southern Letter.

NEW ORLEANS, June 3.—With the great boom now noticeable in local yachting there has been a plethora of yachting news here, nearly every week chronicling the purchase by a New Orleans yachtsman of a noted craft of the North, there being so much of this kind of news that the boats building in this vicinity have been to some extent neglected by the press of the city. As about all the fine Northern racers have been cornered and are either here or on the road, an effort will now be made to describe some of the home productions.

Among the finest yachts ever built in the South, the four boats of the Southern Gulf Coast Y. A. one-design



SINNER.
Southern Y. C. One-Design Knockabout.

cabin knockabout class deservedly take front rank. The originators of the one-design class idea here was the coterie of young yachtsmen known all along this coast as the "Scamp Crew," they having built and raced very successfully the crack sloop of that name year before last. Last year they built and raced the open sloop Trouble, and for this season they wanted to go up a peg or two higher, and have a genuine cruising vessel. For the one-design scheme they selected the best Northern design they could get for a small cabin yacht that would be fast, safe and comfortable, and one that could be easily built by amateurs and handled under sail in bad weather by two men, but which would safely carry four to six persons for a cruise of several weeks. The design selected was made by Mr. Charles D. Mower. The yachtsmen who decided to build up this nice class of handy little cruisers were Messrs. H. P. Johnson, D. S. Wuescher, J. W. Luther and M. D. Wuescher. They started their boat, building it themselves, and invited their brother yachtsmen to watch the method of construction, desiring that others follow their example. Their boat was named Sinner.

Juanita was built by the Johnson Iron Works Company, of Algiers, La., for Messrs. Carroll, Prochaska and W. H. Gottman. This boat was the first to be tried. She made a most favorable impression, combining staunchness, ease of handling, and good appearance to a marked degree.

The third boat is now nearing completion here in the yard of one of her amateur builders and owners, her name being Rascal, and the syndicate being composed of Messrs. E. G. Jordy, Adloe Orr, H. E. Wheeler, and M. M. Orr.

The fourth boat of the one-design class is called Siren, and she has just been finished at the Johnson Shipyard at Biloxi, Miss., the owners being Messrs. J. M. Gore, Jr.; H. B. Emmett, T. L. Pollock, and Stewart Maunsell.

These one-design yachts are 32ft. over all, 20ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth, and 1ft. 9in. draft. The cabin has 4ft. 6in. headroom, and it is 10 ft. long. The sail area is 615 sq. ft. There is 1,000 pounds of ballast inside. The cockpit is self-bailing. The keel of the fifth boat of the class is laid, and several others are in contemplation. With four boats to start with, the class should put up some very interesting racing during the summer.

There is probably no place in the country that is making so much of a spurt for the upbuilding of yachting as New Orleans, the number of fine Northern yachts which have been here recorded as being purchased by Southern Y. C. members being conclusive evidence that the Southerners are waking up.

Four of the finest Northern cabin sloops have lately been enrolled in the club, and negotiations have been reopened for several others. As mentioned in this paper recently, the bringing of Northern boats here had received quite a setback owing to the difficulty to get transportation by either steamer or railroad. Yachtsmen here were made happy a day or so since to learn that the New York steamship companies had changed their minds, and would bid for freighting boats up to 50ft. over all length. This relieves the situation, and it is probable that the Boston 25-footers, Calypso and Chewink III., will soon have other formidable rivals from the North. It is rumored that a number of light draft boats like Monsoon, Alert, Bobtail and Marion, have attracted the attention of New Orleans yachtsmen, and it is the intention to try to build up a class of yachts of from 25ft. to 30ft. waterline and under 50ft. deck measurement. The Southerners must be content to buy the most of their yachts second-hand for some time, as there are few up-to-date designers and builders in the section. With the general boom in yachting this and other evils will soon be remedied.

L. D. SAMPSELL.

Rhode Island Notes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 4.—The steam yacht Little Sovereign, built by the Herreshoffs for Mr. M. C. D. Borden, of New York, was launched at Bristol this week. Her design is similar to that of Mr. August Belmont's Scout, but she is much faster than that boat. She is a little more than 100ft. in length, and has a breadth of about 10ft., and her estimated speed is 28 miles. It is believed that she will beat Mr. H. H. Rogers' Kanawha, the first winner of the Lysistrata cup. Little Sovereign will have her trial spin over the measured mile course in lower Narragansett Bay.

Mr. William Schedley, of the Rhode Island Y. C. and Edgewood Y. C., has a new 42ft. Murray & Tregurtha launch. She is called Tuscora, and is a full cabin cruising boat, 42ft. over all, 9½ft. breadth, and 3½ft. draft, with a 13 horse-power, four-cycle engine, capable of about 10 miles an hour. She has a canoe stern, and has a mahogany house, with interior finish throughout in the same wood. The main cabin is about 15ft. in length, with sleeping accommodations for four, and has complete cruising facilities. On her trip around the Cape from Boston, Tuscora made the run from Provincetown to Newport in 15 hours.

Mr. Jesse Brown has bought the 40ft. cabin launch Nellie B. from Boston parties, and the boat is enrolled in the Edgewood Y. C. She has 16 horse-power Globe engines, and is handsomely finished in mahogany throughout. The Edgewood fleet also has a new sloop yawl of handsome design, owned and built by Messrs. Frank B. and O. H. Hathaway, Jr., of Central Falls. She is named Eufaula, and is 32ft. over all, 26ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth, and 2ft. 9in. draft. She has a pole mast rising 45ft. above deck, and carries a club topsail. There is full headroom in the cabin, which is finished in oak and cypress, and she has sleeping room for eight.

Vice-Commodore Pott's new launch, of the Washington Park B. A., has been launched from the shop of Davis Bros., South Providence. She is 35ft. over all, 29ft. waterline, 9ft. 4in. breadth, and 2ft. 8in. draft. The motive equipment is a 15 horse-power four-cycle Jaeger engine. She has a commodious cabin with wide transoms and folding berths.

F. H. YOUNG.

The schooner yacht Ingomar will not have an opportunity to race for the Cape May cup in British waters this season. The conditions governing the Cape May cup state that should the yacht holding the trophy change ownership, the cup must be returned to the New York Y. C., unless "the cup will become the bonafide property of any yacht holding it successfully through three consecutive contests," as is stated in the donor's letter.

After winning the cup the British cutter Britannia, owned by King Edward, then Prince of Wales, defended it successfully against Navahoe. When Britannia was sold the cup should have been returned to the New York Y. C., as she had not held it "through three consecutive contests."

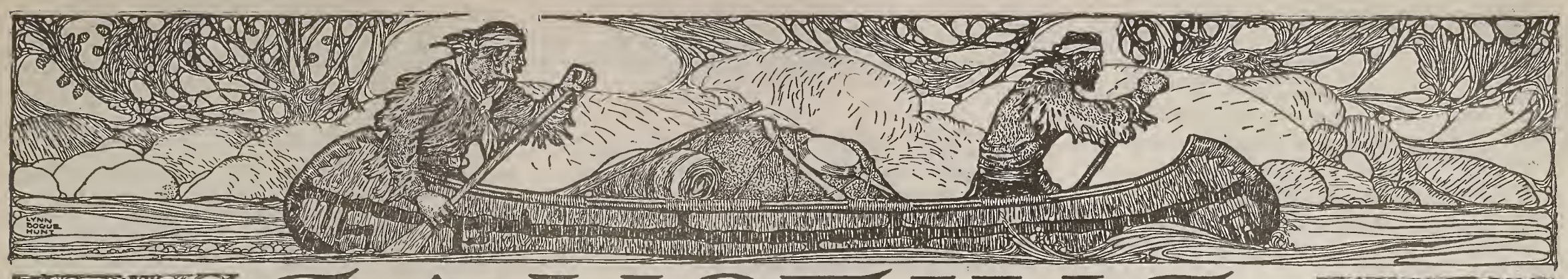
Through an oversight on the part of those in authority in the Royal Yacht Squadron, the cup was not returned, and when that organization was approached in regard to a challenge for the cup, it was evident the trophy was no longer its property, and must be returned to the original custodian. It is understood that steps are being taken to secure the cup from King Edward, in whose safe keeping it now is, and that it will be forwarded to the American club promptly.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

MARGARET CHARTERED.—The auxiliary Margaret, owned by Isaac E. Emerson, has been chartered through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones to Mr. William Ross Proctor for the season.

SAMUEL H. PINE DIES.—Samuel H. Pine, the well-known yacht and shipbuilder, died in Brooklyn on June 3. He was seventy-seven years of age. The best known yacht turned out of Mr. Pine's yard was the old schooner Enchantress.



CANOEING

A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

Atlantic Division Annual Camp.

THE annual camp of the Atlantic Division, held at Hermit Point on the Palisades, opposite Riverdale-on-Hudson, May 28, 29, 30, after three days of splendid weather, wound up in a rainstorm that would have dampened the ardor of anyone but a canoesit; the crowd in camp, however, voted the meet an entire success, and many are looking forward to a three days' camp at the same spot over Labor Day.

The camp site was excellent; a broad, grassy plateau some 35 feet above the river, with two springs of fine water, a good landing for launches and small boats, and probably the best beach along the west bank of the Hudson. Camp was opened Saturday noon, May 28, by Vice-Commodore Kretzmer, with the A. C. A. burgee flung to the breeze, flanked by the American and English flags on either side, and the Knickerbocker and New York C. C. flags at the centers of their respective camps.

The roster of the camp showed 89 registered, a goodly number of applicants for membership in the A. C. A., some 40 visitors, 42 tents, and a fleet of 52 canoes, and yachts and launches in addition.

Vice-Commodore Louis C. Kretzmer was assisted by Purser Mat Ohlmeyer, while Rear-Commodore Furman came from Trenton to participate in the camp, as did Secretary-Treasurer Wright from Rochester. Among the older and more prominent members in camp were W. S. Elliott, giver of the Atlantic Division sailing trophy; Geo. P. Douglass, twice winner of the "Record" in '90 and '93, and secretary-treasurer in '94; Leopold Schepp, an old-time Knickerbocker; John Ely, from Rochester, chairman of the '99 regatta committee; ex-Commodore Thorn, of '99, and a host of others.

Saturday afternoon was spent in putting up tents, and rigging the canoes, which were tried in many spins on Sunday, while the racing began at 10 A. M. on Monday morning, a complete report of which is appended.

It is interesting here to review for a moment the various camps that have been held on the Hudson and other waters in the Atlantic Division. The writer recalls the first "local camp," held at Plum Point on the Hudson, between Cornwall and Newburg, in May, '84; the following year the camp was held in the same place; in '86 at Coddington's Dock, near Rondout; in '87 at Croton Point, under the ægis of the Shattemuc C. C., while in '88, upon the organization of the Atlantic Division, the first division camp was held on Newark Bay, and this was the genesis of the activity of the canoeists in New Jersey, which continued unabated until the Passaic River became too rich for them—or for anyone else. In '89 the camp was on Raritan Bay at Cheesequake; in '91 at the same place, the Atlantic Division having merged in the general camp at Jessup's Neck on Peconic Bay the previous year. The camp was omitted in '92 in respect to the memory of Charles P. Weekes, of the B. C. C., who was drowned in the Delaware that spring. In '93 Chimon's Island, off South Norwalk, was chosen for a ten-day camp under Vice-Commodore Lake, and in '94 the camp again merged with the main camp at Croton Point. In '95 the camp was abandoned in the hope of getting more men to the main camp at Lake Champlain. In '96 Lake Hopatcong was chosen, while in '97 was the first of the cruising camps on the Delaware, with a wind-up at Park Island. '98 saw the division merge with the main camp at Stave Island; '99 and 1900 were repetitions of '97 on the Delaware, with Vice-Commodore Allen in charge, and most successful they were. In 1901 the camp was held on the Hudson opposite Yonkers; in 1902 at Delanco on the Delaware, between Burlington and Philadelphia, with a preliminary cruise down the river, and in 1903 the division again merged, according to rule, with the main camp at Sugar Island on the St. Lawrence. This is a resumé of the Atlantic Division camps and their predecessors, apart from which were the Passaic River meets and many joint-club camps on the Hudson, the Shrewsbury, and elsewhere.

To the men of the present day the regatta programme of '84 sounds formidable with a mile course for all paddling races and two turns. Think of it, ye paddlers! The sailing races were for the two classes, A and B; the former, Stella Maris, Rob Roy, and other types, 14½ft. by 28in.; the latter, including the Shadow, Pearl, Nautilus, and other types. The great race of that camp was between Vaux, of New York, and Gibson, of Albany, the former sailing Dot, a Shadow, and the latter Snake, an Ellard model, built, if the writer's memory serves, by Rushton. The course was around Polipel's Island, but the squalls off Storm King and Beacon Hill were too much for the contestants, and the race was finally called off.

The camp of '84 brought out men from the N. Y. C. C. and Knickerbocker C. C., the "Dock Rats" of Newburg, the Mohicans, headed by Commodore Robert Shaw Oliver, of the A. C. A., now Assistant Secretary of War, the Rondouts from up river, and men from as far away as Amsterdam, for the Mohawk was lively in those days. The Brooklyns, organized in 1885, made their debut that year, as did the Shattemucs from Sing Sing; the Yonkers Dolphins appeared first in '87, while many of the New Jersey clubs were not active till '89 and '90. In '84, as in 1904, we had the A. C. A. secretary-treasurer with us; Dr. C. A. Neide, No. 14, in the first instance; "Jack" Wright, No. 2,779 in the latter. In '84 we had Bob Wilkin, from the Knickerbockers, with Harry Keyser, Arthur Brentano, Edwin Gould, and a host of others; L. W. Seavey—"Big Foot"—beloved and mourned by the A. C. A., made his appearance that year with "Hiawatha." Then there were "Vauxy" and Will Stephens, and "Tramp" Stevens and Burchard from the N. Y. C. C.; the Wackerhagen boys from Albany, Grant Edgar and Nate Smith from Newburg, Jansen Hasbrouck, Grant Van Duzen and Harry Crispell from Rondout, and many others, some still active in the A. C. A., some retired or lured away by yachts, automobiles or golf, and some gone to their last rest. The writer, the only one present at both camps in 1884 and 1904, after twenty years, is all ready for Sugar Island this summer, and for all succeeding camps, under as good officers as Wolters and Wright, in 1914 and 1924, and (D. V.) in 1934 as well. The American Canoe Association, with its many attractions for all lovers of good, wholesome sport and pastime, is indeed a fountain of youth. "464."

Report of regatta at Atlantic Division Camp, Hermit Point, May 30, 1904:

I. One-man, single-blade paddling, ½ mile straightaway:

George H. King, Knickerbocker C. C.	1
George Morfissey, New York C. C.	2
Hattenbrun, Undercliff C. C.	3

Start, 10:19 A. M.; finish, 10:25:15 A. M. Winner's time, 6m. 15s. High water; south wind, light; course, up-river.

II. Novice sailing race, and "Nomad" type sailing race, 65ft. area, 3 miles, triangular course:

Foggy Dew, R. H. Kretzmer, Knickerbocker C. C.	1
Mudjikeewis, Carl Moore, Knickerbocker C. C.	2
Canuck, W. G. Harrison, Knickerbocker C. C.	3
Dolphin, H. C. Thompson, Knickerbocker C. C.	4
Tenny, Cort, Knickerbocker C. C.	5

Start, 10:35; finish, 11:37. Winner's time, 1h. 2m. Second, 1h. 4m. 20s. The above were all in the novice class alone, as two canoes of Nomad type failed to finish. All rigs carried by above canoes were of cruising area, the largest being 80sq.ft. High water; south wind, light to puffy; hazy.

III. Tandem, single-blade paddling, ½ mile straightaway:

King and Boell, Knickerbocker C. C.	1
Hattenbrun and Danburg, Undercliff C. C.	2
Keller and Cromwell, Knickerbocker C. C.	3
Bain and Allen, Undercliff C. C.	4
Kraus and Flynn	5

Start, 11:34:10; finish, 11:39. Winner's time, 4m. 50s. Second, 5m. 5s. High water; south wind; course, up-river.

IV. One-man double-blade paddling, ½ mile straightaway:

W. G. Harrison, Knickerbocker C. C.	1
Van Dohlan, Ft. Washington C. C.	2
Zdankiewicz, Ft. Washington C. C.	3
Hattenbrun, Undercliff C. C.	4
Wm. H. Allen, Undercliff C. C.	5
B. F. Cromwell, Jr., Knickerbocker C. C.	Did not finish
R. H. Kretzmer, Knickerbocker C. C.	Did not finish

Start, 12:09:10; finish, 12:17. Winner's time, 7m. 50s. Beginning of the ebb; wind south; hazy; course, up-river.

V. Tandem double-blade paddling, ½ mile straightaway:

Hattenbrun and Danburg, Undercliff C. C.	1
King and Harrison, Knickerbocker C. C.	2
T. Hale and M. Ohlmeyer, Yonkers and Knickerbocker	3

Start, 2:38:30; finish, 2:46. Winner's time, 7m. 30s. Second, finish, 2:46:45. Third, finish, 2:47:50. Strong ebb tide; wind south and puffy; very hazy; course, up-river.

VI. Atlantic Division sailing (Elliott) trophy, 4½ miles, triangular course:

Roc, Frank C. Moore, New York C. C.	1
Buzzard II., Daniel B. Goodsell, New York C. C.	2

New type boat, 17ft. by 42in.; 140ft. sail area.

Start, 3:01; finish, 4:04. Winner's time, 1h. 3m. Second, finish, 4:04:45.

Canuck, W. G. Harrison, Knickerbocker C. C.	1
Pappoose, L. C. Kretzmer, Knickerbocker C. C.	2
Tot, W. D. Andrews, Knickerbocker C. C.	3
Foggy Dew, R. H. Kretzmer, Knickerbocker C. C.	4
Chiquita, M. Ohlmeyer	Did not finish
Mudjikeewis, Carl Moore	Did not finish
Tenny, Cort	Did not finish

Cruising type canoe, 16ft. by 30in. No rig over 112sq.ft.

Start, 3:01; finish, 4:12:15. Second, 4:14. Third and fourth, time not taken. Strong ebb tide; wind puffy to light; and foggy.

The Elliott trophy was awarded to F. C. Moore, and mug to D. B. Goodsell for second place. The trophy carries with a flag as a following prize. The regatta committee awarded a loving cup to Harrison, winner in the cruising class, and a mug to L. C. Kretzmer, second in the same class. This was the first test of the new type boats against the regulation model canoes. It was not a fair comparison, as none of the latter carried the extreme limit of 112 sq.ft., and were accordingly very much out-classed. The new type carried mainsail and jib, as against main and dandy on the old type.

VII. Fours, paddling, single blade, ½ mile straightaway:

King, Boell, Dempewolfe, Andrews, Knickerbocker C. C.	1
Cromwell, De Camp, Stockwell, Harrison, Knickerbocker	2

Four crews, two did not finish. Winners' time, 5m. 17s. Strong ebb tide; foggy; course, up-river.

VIII. Tilting: First Bout—Danburg and Hattenbrun, Undercliffe C. C., won from King and Harrison, Knickerbocker C. C. Keller and Cromwell, Knickerbocker C. C., bye. Second bout—Danburg and Hattenbrun, Undercliff C. C., won from Keller and Cromwell, Knickerbocker C. C.

First prize was awarded Messrs. Danburg and Hattenbrun. Second prize was not contested for by losing teams. Judge, John Ely, Rochester C. C.; Chairman regatta committee, A. C. A. in 1899.

At the conclusion of the races the prizes were awarded at headquarters by Secretary-Treasurer Wright, who made a neat little speech and said a good word for the camp at Sugar Island in August.

The thanks of the regatta committee are due to several of the old members of the A. C. A. who contributed so substantially to the regatta fund; also to the Yonkers and Knickerbocker Clubs for the use of buoys and tilting poles, and to "Pop" Moore for the use of camp cannon and starter's gun.

J. K. Hand, chairman; W. D. Andrews, E. M. Underhill, C. Eastmond, regatta committee. H. Lansing Quick, referee; W. S. Elliott, Woolsey Carmalt, judges; C. Eastmond, starter; W. P. Schulz, time-keeper; J. K. Hand, clerk of the course.

Eastern Division in Camp.

A depressing rainstorm rather spoiled the several events of the Eastern Division of the A. C. A. on the Merrimac River at Manchester, N. H., on Monday, May 30. The war canoe race, distance one mile, was won by the Quinnobequin Club's team, in 4m. 6s. The single canoe race was won by D. S. Pratt, Wawbewawa Club, in 4m. 25s.

The tandem double went to the Medford C. C. in 4m. 2s.; the tandem single to the Wawbewawa C. C. in 4m. 6s.; the single double to Medford, in 4m. 2s., and the club four single was taken by the Wawbewawa, in 3m. 44s. The fours, double blade, went to Medford, with Wawbewawa second and Quinnobequin third. Time, 3m. 31s.

The Decoration Day regatta was for a club cup offered by Vice-Commodore Henry Schaefer. The Wawbewawa's won, with 13 points; Medford was second, 12 points, and Quinnobequin third, 1 point.

Officers of A. C. A., 1904.

Commodore,—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. E., Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer—John Sears Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York.
Rear-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N.J.
Purser—M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., 201 Palisade Ave., West Hoboken, N. J.
Executive Committee—H. L. Pollard, 138 Front St., New York; N. S. Hyatt, Ossining, N. Y.; H. C. Allen, 54 Prospect St., Trenton, N. J.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 164 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Rear-Commodore—Frank D. Wood, Buffalo, N. Y.
Purser—Frank C. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Executive Committee—Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.; H. C. Hoyt, 26 S. Goodman St., Rochester, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, 164 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Henri Schaeffer, Manchester, N. H.
Rear-Commodore—H. M. S. Aiken, 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
Purser, Edw. B. Stearns, Manchester, N. H.
Executive Committee—B. F. Jacobs, Jr., West Medford, Mass.; D. S. Pratt, Jr., Wellesley Hills, Mass.; Marcus Butler, Lawrence, Mass.; William W. Crosby, Woburn, Mass.
Board of Governors—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minet, 125 Vitre St., Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, O.
Rear-Commodore—Chas. J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, O.
Purser—Geo. A. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thos. P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section 1, of the by-laws of the A. C. A.:

"Application for membership shall be made to the Division Pursers, and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 12-20.—Union Hill Schuetzen Park, N. J.—National Schuetzenbund Festival.
June 26.—Zeltner's Morrisania Park.—German-American Shooting Society's shoot.

The Palma Trophy.

The Evening Post, of June 2, contains the following:

Referring to the cables to the press from London in relation to the Palma trophy match, shot last year at Bisley, England, and won by America. Gen. Bird W. Spencer, president of the National Rifle Association of America, said to-day to a reporter of the Evening Post:

"Gen. Spencer was not the captain of the American team, Col. Leslie C. Bruce, of New York, having filled that position. Gen. Spencer did not accompany the American team to England. A rifleman by the name of Milton Farrow, Washington, D. C., sent an article to the Washington Evening Star, which was published on July 29, 1903, in which it was stated that the American riflemen used non-regulation arms, and that foul play was charged against the American team.

"After the publication of this article, the secretary of the National Rifle Assoeiation of Great Britain, Col. C. R. Crosse, addressed a communication to the National Rifle Association of America. asking for an explanation as to the article and for categorical answers to certain questions, giving description of the rifle used in the contest. and partieularly stating: 'In asking you to lay this letter before the National Rifle Association of America for their consideration and reply, I have to say that my council have no other object in view than to dispel the doubts which have arisen in connection with this match.'

"The letter from the National Rifle Association of Great Britain was submitted to the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association of America at a meeting held in Washington, D. C., January 19, 1904, and the president (Gen. Spencer) was instructed to reply thereto, which he did.

"In the first place, by authority of Major James E. Bell, who was quoted in the article referred to in the Star, he denies that Major Bell had made any such statement. The statement attributed to Major Bell, being that he took the view that the rifles in question could not properly be used.

"Gen. Spencer's communication further stated that the team was equipped with two rifles, both of Government standard, model of 1892, but that to one of the rifles was attached a barrel, which barrel conformed in rifling, this being the only difference between it and the 1892 model, to the new army rifle which was not yet obtainable. Instructions were given to Col. Bruce, the captain of the team, at the last moment before sailing that if there was the slighest objection to the use of the rifles to which were attached the special barrels, his team was to immediately diseard them and shoot with the old-model rifles taken with them.

"At a meeting of the directors of the National Rifle Association of America, January 19, 1904, Col. Bruce distinctly stated that the character of the rifles which were used was thoroughly understood by every team captain, and no objection whatever was raised; further, that it was known by everybody that these rifles were to be used by the American team; also, that the rifles referred to were freely passed over to officers and members of other teams, to the offieers of the competition, and others for examination and trial if desired; he also stated that the rifles with the special barrels attached were fully and publicly sanctioned by the National Rifle Association of America. He then proceeded to give a description of the rifles as requested, which agreed with the pitch of the spiral and the grooving of the new army rifle.

"In the article published by Mr. Farrow in the Star the statement was made that an enlarged barrel was used, caliber .303. This Gen. Spencer distinctly denied and stated that the barrels were the regulation 30 caliber rifle. Gen. Spencer further quoted from articles published in the Shooting Times, of London, and the Volunteer Service Gazette, which articles gave description of the rifles used by the American team and stated that the whole matter had been carefully gone into by a selected committee of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, and that the rifles were unanimously permitted to be used."

Dr. W. B. Short, a corporal in the Seventh Regiment of the State militia, and one of the members of the American team which won the Palma trophy at Bisley in 1903, said to-day that the conditions under which the match was shot had been the same for the English as for the Americans. He said also that the Englishmen were thoroughly aware of the fact that the American team was using rifles with special barrels and specially made ammunition. He said:

"Fully two weeks before the shoot, Mr. Crosse, secretary of the National Rifle Association, asked me if our rifles and ammunition were the same as we would receive were we sent out on service. I told him that our rifle barrels had been made by the Stevens Arms Company after the specifications governing the rifle which had been adopted by the War Department for use in our army. Also I told him that our ammunition, while being specially made for the match, had been made by the company furnishing ammunition to the Government and identical with it.

"In turn I asked him the question he had asked me, and his reply was that the rifle barrels of the English team had been made by a private firm and afterward sent to the Government arsenal for inspection, approval, and stamping with the Government mark. Mr. Crosse told me that the ammunition also had been especially made, so it is clear from his answer that while the rifles and ammunition used by the British team were not literally of service character, they were practically so; and this may also be said, with equal veracity, of the pieces and cartridges used by the American team.

"The advantage we derived from having the barrels made in private works was a more careful workmanship, but in every way these barrels were constructed to conform to the Government pattern. The reason we had them made was that we knew that the English team would do the selfsame thing. To sum matters up, it is a fact that not a man who shot on the English team used a rifle made in the Government works.

"Further than my talk with Mr. Crosse, let me say that the captain of the two teams had a conference a week before the day of the match and this matter of rifle barrels was taken up and thoroughly discussed, and there was never the vaguest thought of a protest on the part of the Englishmen."

At the office of the Winchester Arms Company it was said today that on July 11, 1903, the date of the Palma trophy shoot, there were two rifles in service used in the United States army, the Krag-Jorgensen and the Springfield model.

The new rifle of the army, which has supplanted the Krag piece, is made at Springfield, and the members of the American team claim that the special barrels they used at Bisley were manufactured in entire accordance with the specifications governing the construction of the new Springfield piece.

The Evening Post, of June 3, adds the following information on this subject:

It was stated to-day by H. M. Pope, designer of the rifle barrel which was used by the victorious American team which won the Palma trophy at Bisley, England, last July, that there was "somewhat of a difference" between the interior dimensions of the Stevens-Pope barrel and that of the Krag-Jorgensen rifle, the service arm of the United States army. The Evening Post telegraphed to Mr. Pope for information upon the now much-mooted question of the correct winning of the Palma trophy by the American team, in view of its use of special rifle barrels, and Mr. Pope replied:

"Chicopee Falls, Mass., June 3.—Stevens-Pope barrels were used by the American team in the Palma match. In outside dimensions, sights, caliber, and ammunition they conformed to the Government barrel, but inside were of superior shape and finish. The writer was not present at the match, but, from conversation with members of the American team, feels perfectly confident that all concerned knew exactly what rifles were to be used before a shot was fired. He also understands that the British team used rifles with barrels constructed by private makers, these, however, with Government view marks, a system which our Government does not possess. Still, these barrels were not made by the British Government.

"At Ottawa, in 1902, the American team used two experimental rifles previously known to all as not standard, to which no objection was made whatever, possibly because the British team won. "H. M. Pope."

It should be stated here, regarding the last part of Mr. Pope's telegram, that the present objection of the British riflemen against what they pronounce as a contravention by the American team of the rules governing the match is generally understood to have come first from the Canadian team.

In order to supplement Mr. Pope's telegram, the Evening Post telephoned to him this afternoon and received from him these additional facts:

"The rifle used by the American team at Bisley was of special character. There was somewhat of a difference as to inside dimensions, between it and the United States army service rifle. This difference rested upon three points, as follows: There were eight grooves of rifling instead of four, the depth of the groove was two and three-quarter thousandths of an inch, against four one-thousandths of an inch in the Krag; and, thirdly, the twist of the rifling was such as to give it one complete turn in eight inches, instead of in ten inches, in the service arm.

"There was another feature in the Stevens-Pope rifling which must be taken into consideration, and this was the rounding of the corners of the grooves instead of making them angular. In the Krag piece these corners are somewhat rounded, but this is due mainly to the dulling of the cutting tools.

"As to the advantage resulting from the use of a barrel of this character, it afforded a velocity thirty feet per second greater than the actual service piece, and consequently, a slightly flatter trajectory. The reason for this is that with the shallower rifling in the Stevens-Pope barrel the jacket of the bullet much more readily reaches all parts of the grooves, fills them better, and, therefore, makes a gas-tight contact.

"The rounded edges of the grooves also keep the barrel from fouling.

"The rifle used by the American team was not, therefore, strictly the service rifle, although it differed from it very slightly. But neither were the British guns service pieces. They had barrels made by private makers and taken to the proving house and stamped with Government marks. The caliber of the Stevens-Pope was that of the service rifle, .30. This is the caliber of the new Springfield rifle for the army. I believe it has four grooves.

"In the Canadian match in 1902, two of the rifles used by the American team were of special pattern, one with two grooves, one with four. The pitch was one turn in eight inches. They were not protested."

London, June 3.—With reference to the statement made yesterday by Gen. Bird W. Spencer, president of the National Rifle Association of America, that the Committee of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain had carefully considered the matter of the American special rifles, and had agreed to their use, it is pointed out here that the reply of Col. C. R. Crosse, secretary of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, April 13, to Gen. Spencer's letter containing similar statements, absolutely denied that the question of the American barrels was ever brought before the council or committee of his association at or before the Bisley meeting.

This cablegram from London to-day, claiming that in his reply to Col. Crosse, Gen. Spencer had stated that the American special rifles used at Bisley had been approved by the committee of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, and adding that such a statement was not based on fact, was referred to-day to Gen. Spencer for reply. He said:

"The statement in the cablegram from London is erroneous. I never made such a statement. I have no knowledge whatever that the special rifle barrels were referred to the committee of the British association. So far as statements are concerned, what I did was to quote from certain London sporting papers, the Shooting Times and the Volunteer Service Gazette, which stated very clearly that the entire matter of the American barrels had been gone into by a select committee of the British organization, and that by unanimous consent the American team had been permitted to use them.

"The members of the British team knew before the Bisley match that the Americans had these rifles, and, furthermore, the character of the rifles. There is not the slightest doubt about that. But I want to reiterate that I have never made a statement that the American rifles had been inspected and approved by a committee of the British association; I merely quoted two English periodicals which stated this to be a fact."

Union Hill Park.

THE shooting house of the Union Hill range on Saturday of last week was well filled with riflemen who have expectations of honor and prizes at the Bundesfest next week.

Only a few scores were kept for record. They are as follows: W. A. Tewes 1107, L. P. Hansen 1190, R. A. Goldthwaite 214, 211, 208, H. Fenwirth 207, 205, 202, Geo. J. Bernius 205, 196, 184, Aug. Begerow 211, 204.

The New York Corps.

NINETY-TWO members of the New York Corps turned out to attend the last practice shoot at Union Hill Park, May 27.

Ring target, 10 shots, 200yds: O. Schwanemann 211, B.. Zettler 189, J. H. Klee 188, G. Ludwig 186, P. Heidelberger 186, F. Busch 182, J. Schmidt 174, H. Winter 174, H. Mesloh 172, A. W. Lemcke 171, J. H. Hainhorst 170, H. Gobber 167, A. F. Stolzenberger 165, G. Offermann 165, H. B. Michaelsen 164, J. G. Tholke 163, Ch. Plump 163, N. C. L. Beversten 158, J. D. Wilkens 158, H. Haase 158, Ch. Quadt 157, H. Beckmann 156, J. H. Kroger 153, W. H. Kuhlken 153, F. Von Deesten 150, H. Lohden 148, J. N. Hermann 147, G. W. Meyer 146, J. Facklamm 145, G. Hans 145, H. Bruning 145, J. Paradies 144, Dr. Ch. Grosch 144, J. C. Brinckmann 142, J. Moje 142, A. Sibberns 141, W. Wessels, Sr., 141, H. D. Meyer 140.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: O. Schwanemann 55, J. H. Hainhorst 54, G. Ludwig 53, J. Schmidt 53, H. Lohden 52, J. Paradies 51, D. H. Brinckmann 49, J. Facklamm 48, P. Heidelbergcr 48, A. W. Lemcke 48, H. Decker 46, H. Mesloh 44.

Bullseye target: F. Busch 2, D. von der Lieth 2, A. Brunke 2, Ch. Wahmann 2, M. Detjen 1, G. Ludwig 1, F. Feldhasen 1, J. Paradies 1, B. Zettler 1, H. Hainhorst 1, J. Moje 1, H. Heinecke 1, C. Mann 1, J. W. Tonjers 1, G. W. Meyer 1, Ch. Degenhardt 1, H. Quadt 1, H. Lohden 1, H. D. Meyer 1, H. Beckmann 1, C. S. Schmitz 1, J. C. Brinckmann 1, H. Mesloh 1, Ch. Plump 1, J. Schmidt 1, P. Heidelberger 1.

Col. John Bodine.

COL. JOHN BODINE, whose fame as an expert rifleman was international, died on Monday evening of last week at the home of his sister-in-law, in New Paltz, N. Y. He had been suffering from ill health for more than a year. He participated in many national and international matches. He was captain of some American teams which competed abroad. One of the most famous matches in which he participated was as a member of the American team against an Irish team near Dublin, in 1875. The Irish team was defeated. His steady shooting and iron nerve in competition were the admiration of his friends, and gained for him the soubriquet of "Old Reliable," which was bestowed on him after a great match at Creedmoor, in which the last shot was fired by him, and on its result his team won or lost. It was a particularly trying situation, but he won. When a young man, he was employed in the office of the Ramsdell Transportation Co., and afterward accepted a position in the National Bank of Newburg. Afterward he engaged in freighting business between Highland and New York city. He was tall and straight physically. He was a charter member of Hudson River Lodge F. and A. M. After his team returned from a victorious trip abroad in 1875, his lodge presented him with a magnificent Maltese cross studded with diamonds.

Moulton Jr.—Guptil.

S. PAUL, Minn., May 22.—At Inter-City Shooting Park to-day there was a very interesting match at 100 targets. The conditions were $100 and 22yds. rise. Mr. Moulton is a beginner. His scores improved steadily as the match progressed. The scores:

E H Moulton, Jr.	1111110111010111100101010—17	
	1111101111001110101101101—18	
	1011010111111111011101111—20	
	1111011111111111111111101—23—78	
R T Guptil	1111011101100111111101101—19	
	1111011111111111111101111—23	
	1111111111111010111111110—22	
	1111111010110110111111111—21—85	

Swiss Shooting Society.

THE annual festival of the Swiss Society, of Hudson county, N. J., was held at Union Hill Park on May 30.

Three-shot scores, 25-ring target, three best to count, possible 225: M. Dorrler 213, L. P. Hansen 210, Geo. Schlicht 208, W. A. Tewes 206, O. Smith 201, Ch. Bischoff 197, N. Steiner 196, L. Vogel 194, J. Reich 191, R. Goldthwaite 190, Ch. Colomb 190, M. Boehm 185, C. Muhlecstein 184, C. L. Gerken 184, E. Keller 184.

New York Central Corps.

The New York Central Corps will hold a practice shoot June 9. From Thursday to Sunday, the 12th, the range will be closed against all shooting.

National Bund Notes.

There will be a meeting of the executive board of officers of the Bund at the Union Hill Park on Saturday afternoon, June 11.

Rifle Notes.

At the spring meeting of the National Rifle Association, held in London, Sngland, on May 31, the correspondence concerning the rifles used by the American team when they won the Palma trophy was read. The president, Lord Cheylesmore presided, and he reiterated that there was no desire to change the result of the Palma contest or to evoke any bitterness concerning it. The correspondence concerned informal objections to the American rifles on the ground that they were not service rifles. It was made clear that the American riflemen acted in good faith, and therefore no formal protest was made. The discussion was for the purpose of clearing up the question, as it had been publicly raised. General B. W. Spencer, of the American Rifle Association, held that it was well known to everybody that the special rifles were to be used, and no secret was made as to the character of those rifles.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

June 9.—Westchester, Pa., Gun Club target shoot. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.
June 9-10.—Peru, Ind., Gun Club eighth annual tournament. Wm. Daniels, Sec'y.
June 11.—Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club target tournament. I. P. Tafft, Sec'y.
June 13.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff. Mgr.
June 14-15.—Minot, N. D.—North Dakota State tournament.
June 14-15.—Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Hanover Park Shooting Association target tournament. E. L. Klipple, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—Akron, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League target tournament. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—New London, Ia., Gun Club midsummer tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

June 14-17.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Target and live-bird tournament. Chas. L. Davis, Mgr.
June 15-16.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. L. K. Forscythe, Sec'y.
*June 15-16.—Millvale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis. See'y.
June 16.—London, Conn.—Second annual tournament of the Springwood Gun Club. B. W. Glover, Sec'y.
June 17.—Fitchburg, Mass., Rifle and Gun Club third annual invitation prize team shoot. I. O. Converse, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 25.—East Walpole, Mass.—Second annual tournament of the Neponset Gun Club; $60 in prizes. M. H. Grant, Sec'y.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club; strictly amateur; $500 added money. John M Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 1-2.—Brownwood, Tex.—West Texas Gun Club League tournament.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.— East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4.—Lexington, Ky.—Ashland Gun Club tournament and Blue Grass championship. Robert R. Skinner, Mgr.
July 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club tournament; $600 added money and trophies. A. H. Frank, Mgr.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht. See'y.
July 6-7.—Homer, Ill.—Homer and Ogden Gun Clubs' tournament.
*July 6-7.—Kane, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament H G. McCrossen Sec'y.
July 12-13.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
July 12-14.—Denver, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap tournament.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handicap tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
*July 13-14.—Scottdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum. Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap; $2,200 added money and guaranteed purses. A. B. Heyl, Sec'y.
July 20-21.—Armada, Mich.—Tournament of the Eastern Michigan Gun Club; $100 added. E. W. Sutton. Sec'y
July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Aug. 9-10.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
Aug. 9-10.—Raleigh, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association tournament.
Aug. 9-10.—Birmingham, Ala.—Alabama tournament.
Aug. 9-12.—West Baden, Ind.—Indian tournament; $1,000 added money.
*Aug. 10-11.—Bradenville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; $25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
*Sept. 6-7.—Irwin, Pa., Rod and Gun Club tournament.
*Sept. 14-15.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
*Sept. 27-28.—Monessen, Pa., Gun Club.
*Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb. Sec'y. Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

A return match between Messrs. John Hendrickson, of Freeport, L. I., and S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, is arranged to be shot in the near future.

At the Memorial Day shoot of the Aquidneck Gun Club, Newport, R. I., Mr. E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, made high average with 146 out of 150, a percentage of 97.3.

The Sauer gun, which has been the subject of keen competition at the shoots of the New York Athletic Club each week. was won by Mr. F. L. Barnes on May 28.

The programme of the Westchester, Pa., Gun Club's all-day shoot, June 9, provides ten events, a total of 135 targets, $6.75 total entrance. Mr. F. H. Eachus is the secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Head, of Peru, Ind., tarried in New York a few hours of Friday, last week, being en route for the great and glorious West, after a short stay in the Lake Champlain region where the black bass fishing is good.

The Berea, O., Gun Club announces an amateur target tournament, to be held on June 18. There are ten events on the programme, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1, $1.50 and $2. Added money, $15. The secretary is Mr. J. F. Beswick.

Mr. A .H. Frank, secretary, informs us that the Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club will hold a big shoot on July 4, 5 and 6, and that not less than $200 will be added each day; also, there will be four or five valuable trophies, worth about $400, for competition.

The third contest of the series given by the Clearview Gun Club, at Darby, Pa., on Saturday of last week, was won by George Anderson, with a score of 48 out of 50. There were seventeen contestants in the event. Six more contests are required to complete the series.

A correspondent writes us that the Grand Valley Gun Club was recently organized at Grand Junction, Colorado, with thirty-eight charter members. It is expected that a number of others will soon joint the club, and as the membership already contains several good shots, lively times are expected for the coming summer.

The programme of the Interstate Association trapshooting tournament, given for the Winona, Minn., Sportsmen's Club, has like events for each day, July 4, 5 and 6. Of these, seven are at 15, three at 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2, and $10 added to each event. Targets, 2 cents. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Rose system, 4, 3, 2, 1. On July 2, the grounds will be open for practice. Guns and ammunition, prepaid and marked in owner's name, care R. D. Cone Co., will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, will manage this tournament.

The Springwood Gun Club, of London, Canada, have issued the programme of their tournament to be held on June 16 and 17. On the first day, competition commences at 1 o'clock. There are six programme events, at 15 and 20 targets; 100 targets and $11 entrance being the totals. On the second day, shooting begins at 9 o'clock, and there are twelve programme events, each at 15 targets, excepting the 7th, which is for the Labatt trophy, emblematic of the championship of Western Ontario. Targets, 2 cents. Sliding handicap, 16 to 22yds. Average prizes, $7, $5 and $3. The secretary is Mr. B. W. Glover.

Six contestants engaged in the John H. Morris handicap, at the shoot of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia, June 4. It was a very close contest. C. Jones and I. W. Budd tied on 24 out of 25, and Frank, Morris, Coleman and Parker tied on 23. Jones won in the shoot-off, miss and out.

Mr. Carl Von Lengerke was a visitor in the gun-colony reservation of Broadway, New York, on Monday of this week, much to the rejoicing of his many friends. He uses a cane for the time being, as his injured leg is not quite strong enough yet to bear much pulling and hauling, but it is now a matter of a few days only till it is as good as new.

Mr. Robert R. Skinner, manager, writes us "that a tournament will be held at Lexington, Ky., July 4, on the occasion of the shoot for the Blue Grass championship. All events open to all amateurs, except the championship event at 50 targets, the entries to which are confined to shooters from the twenty counties composing the Blue Grass Section. Take advantage of reduced rates on railroads for Fourth of July, and have a day's sport. Programmes issued later and mailed on application."

The Fitchburg, Mass., Rifle and Gun Club have issued the programme of their third annual invitation prize team shoot, to be held June 17. There are eleven events on the programme, of which Nos. 9 and 10, each at 25 targets, constitute the annual team match. All shooters are invited. Shooting commences at 9:45. No sweepstakes. Dinner served near grounds. Guns and ammunition forwarded to I. O. Converse, care Fitchburg Hardware Co., will be delivered on the grounds free of charge, Targets, 1½ cent.

The Cincinnati, O., Gun Club has issued a prospectus of their third annual handicap target tournament, to be held July 19-22. Handicaps will be from 14 to 23yds. In added money and guaranteed purses, $2,200 is offered, and all surplus added. Targets, 2 cents. Competition open to the world. On the first day, event 6 is at 25 targets, for a guaranteed purse of $400; on the second day, events 6 and 7, at 50 targets, are for a guaranteed purse of $600; on the third day, events 6-10, at 100 targets, are for a guaranteed purse of $1,000. For prospectus, which is in the form of a legal summons, address Mr. A. B. Heyl, 1870 Madison road, Cincinnati. The official programme will be issued on June 15.

BERNARD WATERS.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., May 30.—The chief event of interest was the contest for a silver cup offered by the board of governors for holiday competition only. The conditions were 50 targets, club handicaps.

Dr. J. G. Knowlton and Capt. J. N. Borland each had won the cup once. Mr. F. W. Perkins, although having won it twice, was not looked upon as having a chance this time, as he had not shot on the club grounds since February. He won nevertheless, and is the present owner of the cup. Only one more regular match will be shot at Travers Island this season, at the annual spring games on June 11, when a special cup will be offered by the club.

Holiday cup:

	Broke.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Broke.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
F W Perkins	40	12	50	W J Elias	37	8	45
J G Knowlton	39	2	41	J S Woodhouse	35	12	47
J N Borland	34	8	42				

Won by F. W. Perkins.

Special cup No. 1, 25 targets:

J G Knowlton	24	2	25	J S Woodhouse	14	6	20
F W Perkins	18	4	22	J N Borland	13	4	17
W J Elias	18	4	22				

Won by Dr. J. G. Knowlton.

Special cup No. 2, 25 targets:

J G Knowlton	21	1	22	J N Borland	18	4	22
F W Perkins	18	4	22	J S Woodhouse	18	6	24
W J Elias	18	4	22				

Won by J. S. Woodhouse.

Special cup No. 3, 25 targets:

F W Perkins	21	4	25	J S Woodhouse	17	6	23
W J Elias	21	4	25	J N Borland	16	4	20
J G Knowlton	23	1	24				

Tie: F. W. Perkins and W. J. Elias, shoot-off at 15 targets, scratch: F. W. Perkins 13, W. J. Elias 12. Won by F. W. Perkins.

May 28.—Mr. F. L. Barnes won the shoot and easily captured the shoot-off, defeating George Bechtel and Dr. J. G. Knowlton for the Sauer gun, presented to the New York Athletic Club by Messrs. J. P. Sauer & Son, of Germany, which has been shot for weekly during April and May. The attendance was the largest of the season:

Sauer gun, 50 targets:

	Broke.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Broke.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
J G Knowlton	43	0	43	W J Elias	40	8	48
J N Borland	30	12	42	G Bechtel	37	8	45
L G Schroeder	25	15	40	F L Barnes	41	8	49

Tie, two legs each: Messrs. Knowlton, Bechtel and Barnes shot off at 25 birds:

J G Knowlton	21	0	21	F L Barnes	21	4	25
G Bechtel	19	4	23				

Won by F. L. Barnes.

May cup, 25 targets, handicap:

J G Knowlton	22	0	22	G Bechtel	23	4	25
J N Borland	11	6	17	F L Barnes	21	4	25
W J Elias	23	4	25				

Tie: Elias, Bechtel and Barnes shot off at 25 targets:

W J Elias	16	4	20	F L Barnes	21	4	25
G Bechtel	20	4	24				

Day's shoot won by Barnes.

May cup, final competition:

J G Knowlton	22	0	22	F L Barnes	24	4	25
W J Elias	20	4	24	J N Borland	17	6	23
G Bechtel	20	4	24				

Won by Barnes.

Special cup No. 1, 25 targets:

J G Knowlton	20	1	21	G Bechtel	18	4	22
F L Barnes	18	2	20	J N Borland	20	7	25
W J Elias	20	4	24				

Won by Capt. Borland.

Special cup No. 2, 25 targets:

J G Knowlton	20	1	21	W J Elias	17	4	21
F L Barnes	19	2	21	J N Borland	20	4	24
G Bechtel	20	4	24				

Tie shot off miss-and-out. Won by Capt. Borland.

Special cup No. 3, 25 targets:

J G Knowlton	19	2	21	W J Elias	16	5	21
F L Barnes	19	3	22	J N Borland	19	4	23
G Bechtel	17	5	22				

Won by Capt. Borland.

Special cup No. 4, 25 targets:

J G Knowlton	17	2	19	W J Elias	18	5	23
F L Barnes	19	3	22	J N Borland	18	4	22
G Bechtel	20	5	25				

Won by Bechtel.

Special cup No. 5, 25 targets:

J G Knowlton	23	3	25	J N Borland	20	4	24
F L Barnes	13	4	17	W J Elias	19	6	25
G Bechtel	21	5	25				

Tie shot off and won by W. J. Elias.

Shamokin Gun Club.

SHAMOKIN, Pa.—The two-day tournament of the Shamokin Gun Club was favored with pleasant weather. The trade representatives present were Messrs. Elliott, Squier, Hill, Butler, Rike and Apgar. Elliot was 172 out of 175 each day and made high average of the tournament.

May 25:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Rike	175	167	Yocum	45	31
Squier	175	171	L Goss	90	68
Apgar	175	164	H Goss	60	45
Hull	175	153	S Adams	105	82
Elliott	175	172	Rohrer	75	57
Keiser	175	143	Tovey	120	96
Priehard	175	152	Faust	45	32
Richie	175	142	Budd	75	53
Sober	175	140	Shipman	60	44
Curtis	175	160	Williams	45	41
Stroh	175	155	Brindoe	45	27
Christ	130	44	Walter	15	6
Master	130	120	Longshore	45	38
Tracey	160	146	Oram	15	7

May 26:

Elliott	175	172	Malick	55	41
Squier	175	168	Hull	50	45
Rike	175	167	J P R	45	38
Curtis	175	161	Yeager	40	35
Stroh	175	159	Dewire	40	33
Keiser	175	136	J Mowry	40	26
Tovey	90	64	Schleif	40	19
Longshore	75	63	Richie	30	25
Courtright	75	55	Rogers	15	7
Klinger	10	9	C Mowry	15	7
Goss	60	43	Fleming	10	9
Kaseman	60	42			

Professional average, two days, 175 targets:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Total.
Elliott	172	172	344
Squier	171	168	339
Rike	167	165	331

Amateur average, two days:

Curtis	160	161	321
Stroh	155	159	314
Keiser	143	136	279

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, June 4.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the sixth shoot of the first series. Class A trophy was won by W. A. Jones on 24; Tom Jones, Class B, on 22, and Hathaway Class C on 23.

In the cup shoot, which followed, Richards won in Class A on 22; Hathaway won in Class B on 22. No Class C shooters entered. The day was not a pleasant one for trapshooting, as it rained every few minutes, and a strong and at times gusty head wind made the flight of the targets very erratic and consequently the shooting very difficult. Attendance was good, thirty shooters showing up for the ocasion:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	*	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	*	10	10
Dr Meek	9	8	8	7	20	7	7	W A Jones	10	9	10	15	6	8	
Pollard	9	8	8	8	20			Eaton	10	8	15	8			
Bullard	8	5	8	2	19			Smedes	8	6	15				
Thomas	7	9	10	7	20			McKinnon	6	20	9	9			
Richards	9	10	9	8	22			Dr Huff	8	19	9	6			
Birkland, Sr.	5	7	6	6	13			Tom Jones	6	21					
Birkland, Jr.	6	5	7	2	7			Hibbard	7	14					
Gould	4	1	4	7	17	4	3	Ellis	8						
Wilson					13			W Jones			5		5		
Weydell	5	4	4		11			W Jones				5			4
Johnson		10	9	10	14	8	5	Ford				17	5	8	7
McDonald		8	7	10	17	9	8	Curtis					20		
Stone		6	7	4	16	8	7	Einfelds					16		
Prinz		1	1	5	9			Ostendorf					15		
Kehl		6	8	6	11			Keck					17	7	8

*Club shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs.

Sixth trophy event, 25 targets: Keck 15, Dr. Meek 22, Pollard 22, Bullard 21, Thomas 20, Richards 21, Birkland, Sr., 14; Birkland, Jr., 18, Gould 18, Wilson 10, Weydell 11, Johnson 14, McDonald 18, Stone 20, Prinz 11, Kehl 20, W. A. Jones 24, Eaton 22, Smedes 15, Ford 16, McKennon 18, Hathaway 23, Dr. Huff 18, Tom Jones 22, Ellis 25, Hubbard 17, Curtis 20, Einfeldt 10, Ostendorf 13.

DR. J. W. MEEK.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 2.—At the regular monthly shoot of this club to-day there were but seven men out, notwithstanding that there were three prize events to be shot off, namely: club cup, 1,000 Peters shells, and the Bissing medal. Hans and Perkins tied for the cup, and after shooting for the shells were still a tie. They finally decided the matter by toss of coin, Hans taking shells and Perkins medal. Hans and Perkins both broke 23 in the cup event, and Hans broke 23 again in the shell contest—he had his eye: and the way he centered those targets reminded one of a Crosby or Gilbert. Traver, too, as usual, did good work, missing but one target in event 6.

This club has just leased new grounds, and when completed will have one of the finest in the country—only a minute's walk from Main street trolley. There is some talk of opening up with a midsummer tournament.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	25	25	25	25	24
Traver, 1	6	8	24	22	18	24	20
Perkins, 6	6	6	25	25	19	20	..
Hans, 6	6	8	25	25	20	..	..
Marshall, 6	4	5	23	20	15	16	16
Winans, 5	9	..	20	19	18	14	..
Du Bois, 6	..	9	22	23	..	..	..
Cheney, 7	..	..	21	19	16	15	..

Event 3 was for cup. No. 4 was for Peters shells. No. 5 was for Bissing medal. Figures after the names show allowance each man was entitled to. For medal Traver shot from 19yds., while all others shot from 16. Event 7 was at 12 pairs.

SNANIWEH.

South Framingham Gun Club.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, Mass.—Seventeen members took part in the afternoon shoot of the South Framingham Club on May 30, and in spite of the rain 1,700 targets were thrown.

Event No. 3 was for three silver cups, to become the property of the club members scoring the most wins in the six shoots of the season.

Event No. 5 was for three useful merchandise prizes, open to all.

This club will hold a shoot on July 4, the further announcement of which will appear, with a generous list of prizes, in the different events; also high average prizes for the entire programme.

The club will endeavor to provide for the comfort of all visitors.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	25	10	15	10	10	15	5p	10	10	10
Staples	10	10	24	9	15	10	5	14	8	9	9	..
Hewins	7	6	20	8	6	7	6	6	..	..	..	..
Shilliber	7	6	17	8	12	10	8	11	5	..	..	..
Underhill	9	8	23	9	14	9	6	..	..	..	..	..
French	6	7	18	5	10	6	5	8	..	..	9	..
Fuller	6	8	23	8	14	8	8	13	5	10	8	8
Raymond	7	6	20	6	..	7	8	11	..	..	..	..
L A Isham	4	6	22	5	14	9	7	..	..	..	..	..
L E Isham	8	7	19	8	13	9	8	..	8	..	..	.
Lincoln	10	8	23	8	12	10	10	..	..	..	..	.
Rice	4	8	21	8	9	7	6	12	..	..	..	.
L French	5	4	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W L Bowen	7	7	21	9	11	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Clark	4	8	22	4	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hill	..	4	..	..	..	8	5	9	..	..	..	..
Prowty	..	7	22	4	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
R S Bowen	..	3	..	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

THEO. F. RICE, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., May 28.—Six events were run off this afternoon on the grounds of the Montclair Gun Club. There were twenty-seven shooters participants.

Event No. 1, a ten-men team match, 25 targets, with the Mountainside Gun Club of Orange, was won by the latter; score, 174 to 206.

Event No. 2, 25 targets, unknown traps and angles, went to Mr. E. Sickley; prize, a pedometer.

Event No. 3, 25 targets, was won by Dr. Gardiner with a perfect score of 25 breaks; prize, a drinking cup.

Event No. 5, five doubles, was won by Mr. Wheeler, with 9 breaks; prize, a pocket knife.

The Montclair Gun Club expect to shoot a return match in the near future, when they hope to acquit themselves in a much better manner.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	10
Howlett	15	20	20	18	..	8
Dr. Gardiner	25	19	25	20	..	..
Colquitt	22	18	24	22	..	..
Youmans	25	23	..	23	..	..
Knevals	19	24	..	18	..	..
A Sickley	19	..	..	..	..	..
Wethling	23	22	..	..	..	8
E Sickley	24	24	..	..	..	..
Mosler	23	23	24	21	..	..
Canfield	11	19	..	..	..	..
Milliken	..	14	24	16	..	..
Beigle	..	15	18	..	..	..
McDonough	..	19	20	17	..	..
Wakeley	..	17	..	17	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	10
Howard	24	12	22	..	..	..
C W Kendall	20	19	20	18	21	6
Babcock	22	22	21	19	..	..
Soverel, Jr.	20	17	..	..	..	..
Holzderber	19	19	22	21	21	7
Holloway	15	17	..	..	..	..
Wheeler	12	..	20	16	19	9
Cockefair	23	21	20	20	20	..
Geo. Batten	11	..	20	..	..	..
Winslow	8	12	..	..	..	..
Ziegler	..	21	20	..	..	..
Moffett	..	21	..	18	..	..
Baldwin	..	19	18	..	..	..

May 30.—The Montclair Gun Club held an all-day shoot to-day. Probably owing to the fact that many of the members had gone out of town for the holiday, only fourteen men faced the traps.

Events Nos. 1 and 2 were for practice only.

Event No. 3, a handicap match, 25 targets, for a prize of a Roger's pearl-handled pocket knife, went to Mr. Holzderber.

Events Nos. 7, 8 and 9 were a series of handicap matches. No. 7 was won by Mr. Geo. Batten, who put up the prize again, a pocket electric lamp, with handicap of unbroken targets of event No. 7, to count in event No. 8.

Event No. 8 went to Mr. Cockefair, and he in turn put up the prize again for event No. 9.

Event No. 9 was tied for by Messrs. Cockefair, Crane and Winslow with scores of 25; on the shoot-off it going to Mr. Winslow.

The prize for the greatest number of targets broken during the day was awarded to Mr. Wheeler.

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Matthews, 5	18	20	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bush, 6	16	21	20	..	14	14	..	..	..
Kendall	20	20	22	..	..	..	..	..	..
Doremus, 6	16	20	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wheeler	17	20	17	19	18	..	20	19	21
Moffett	..	19	21	..	19	..	24	24	15
Holzderber, 4	..	..	23	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cockefair, 2	..	..	..	19	20	20	19	25	25
Babcock	..	..	..	..	21	21	..	..	..
Winslow, 6	..	..	..	..	9	10	23	23	25
Holloway, 6	..	..	..	13	14	20	..	..	..
Geo Batten, 7	..	..	..	..	..	12	25	..	..
R M Batten, 7	..	..	..	..	..	13	22	19	..
Crane, 3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	25

Handicaps apply only on Events 3, 7, 8 and 9.

June 4.—Thirteen members were present to-day and took part in the regular Saturday shoot. Event No. 5, a walking match, 10 birds, resulted in a tie for Messrs. Kendall and Moffett, both scoring 7 breaks. In the shoot-off Kendall won out with 21 against Moffett's 18, receiving a pedometer. Event No. 7, a handicap match, 25 birds, went to Holzderber, prize a field glass.

The other events were for practice, best scores to apply on the Parker Gun or Winchester rifle. Eleven hundred targets were thrown. Handicaps apply only in event No. 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	10
Targets:	25	25	25	25	10	25	25	15	
Winslow	12	11	11	10	4	..	..	..	..
C W Kendall, 0	18	16	19	21	7	21	19	13	22
Holloway, 6	..	..	11	..	..	..	20	..	..
Holzderber, 4	..	..	..	19	4	23	25	10	15
Geo Batten, 7	..	..	..	15	4	..	18	..	..
Batten, Jr.	..	..	..	16	4	18	..	..	..
Moffett, 0	..	..	..	..	7	18	19	8	22
Benson, 0	..	..	..	..	..	19	18	..	18
Wheeler, 0	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..
Howard, 0	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	23
Dr Chitterling	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	13
Bush, 6	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..
Crane	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	21

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J.—The scores of three shoots are appended. Those of May 30 were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	25	25	25	25	25	25	15
Piercy	10	24	23	24	25	24	24	15
Richter	5	17	20	20	18	21	..	11
Truax	8	24	22	25	23	25	23	15
Eickhoff	8	21	20	21	18	22	18	7
Morrison	4	21	22	19	22	22	22	13
Harland	5	16	13	20	14	17	..	13
Menahan	7	11	14	16	13	18	..	13
Vosselman	7	17	17	18	19	20	..	13

Those of May 27, ten events, were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	10
Eickhoff	5	7	6	5	6	9	10	11	12	8
Richter	7	10	9	..	6	4	7	9	10	6
Truax	6	9	9	8	..	10	10	9	..	..
Leasenfeldt	6	8	6	6	8	7	4	7	..	5
Town	6	3	..	9	..	8	9	..	..	..
Morrison	..	..	7	8	7	8	8	9	10	8
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	11	5

Those of June 5 were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	10	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	15	15	15	15
Eickhoff	10	6	6	7	9	8	19	11	..	14	13	13	11
Richter	12	8	7	..	10	13	21	13	..	12	..	13	13
Glover	13	9	12	..	12	12	20	13	..	10	..	..	..
Schoverling	13	5	8	9	10	9	15	13	..	15	..	14	12
Truax	..	10	..	..	12	11	24	13	..	14	..	12	15
Merrill	..	..	11	..	11	11	15	10	..	10	..	..	..
Morrison	..	..	..	..	13	10	18	9	..	10	..	13	10
Burns	..	..	..	..	12	14	20	11	13	13	..	..	..
Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	13	14	14	15
Waters	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	7	..	12	8
Schneider	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	11	14	14	11

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Fairview Gun Club.

Fairview, N. J.—Herewith find scores of a very successful shoot held by the Fairview Gun Club on Memorial Day. Fairview is eight miles from New York on the N. R. R. of N. J., a branch of the Erie, and one-half hour's ride by trolley from all ferries. Shoots every Friday and Saturday. Good people. Always glad to meet out-of-town gunners.

Trophy event, silver loving cup, handicap, 25 targets: H. G. Brink (8) 25, H. Pape (5) 25, Untereiner (8) 25, Lawrence (10) 25, C. Thourout (10) 24, G. Sauer (8) 24, C. Sedore (5) 23, J. P. Cuenin (2) 22, J. Pape (7) 22, Frank Hall (1) 21, C. Williamson (11) 21, C. H. Sedore (0) 20, R. MacLuse (5) 18, D. Emmons (7) 15.

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Untereiner 2, Lawrence 2, H. Pape 3, H. G. Brink 4.

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25
H Pape	24	19	22
Lawrence	18	14	..
H G Brink	17	18	..
A Brehm	18	18	..
C Collins	24	20	..
J Pape	21	20	..
Con Sedore	15	14	21

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25
F Hall	24	25	18
G Sauer	17	18	18
Untereiner	18	18	..
H Thourout	15	14	..
R MacLsese	..	14	..
C H Sedore	..	16	..
C. Williamson	..	..	23

June 4.—The scores made at the shoot of the Fairview Gun Club to-day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
MacLeese	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
Hoessrich	8	..	12	16	..	10	..
Thourot	11	11	..	8	..	6	..
Brinkerhoff	18	..	..	..	..	15	..
Untereiner	11	..	..	7	..	15	7
Krugg	18	..	..	19	..	17	19
Sauer	17	..	..	13	14	17	17
C Sedore	12	..	16	17	16	13	15

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Collins	13	24	21	20	..	23	..
H G Brink	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
C H Sedore	18	..	..	9	..	..	..
E B Smith	..	19	20	19	..	16	19
Williamson	..	..	..	11	12	..	..
Dods	..	..	..	..	18	..	..
Brehm	..	..	..	..	9	6	..

R. J. HOPKINS, Sec'y.

New York German Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., June 3.—The club shoot of the New York German Gun Club to-day resulted as follows:

Wellbrock, 29	212222221112220212211211—24
J Schlicht, 28	110200220221210201020212—17
Hagenah, 25	020000000000100000000200— 3
L Acking, 28	202222000210020200102020—12
Kattengell, 30	211212111012212220202200—19
Garms, 28	*1*21*222000*121021122201—16
Hendricksen, 28	212220212200001022020211 2—17
Dr Hudson, 29	122*111101*22210111110101—19
E Steffens, 29	211200112112222212112110 1—22
Mesloh, 28	112101112111111111110111—23
Exner, 28	200211112210020101201112 2—18
P Alberts, 28	112212212200121 1*212111*1—21
Baudendistel, 28	0*101122121010111212211 21—20
C Lenone, 28	111111221111112111120*122—23
E Radle, 28	121000021110110102 1*11202—16
J Doss	111111111112001
H Meyn, 28	211110000111120111022110 1—18
C Jacob, 28	102101021002020100010010 1—12

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., May 28.—Shooting at 30 targets, Mr. Frank Kishpaugh broke 19; Ander Wright broke 32 out of 33; John Williams broke 30 out of 40; Willie Stevens broke 8 out of 10.

June 4.—John Williams and Ander Wright broke 22 and 21 respectively out of 27; Milt Morgan broke 23 out of 32; Alf Wright broke 22 out of 33; Frank Kishpaugh broke 34 out of 35.

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., June 5.—The scores made at the shoot of the Fulton Gun Club to-day are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	10
E W Reynolds	11	6	6	4	7	6	15	8
E A Staples	13	13	11	13	11	12	20	8
A A Schoverling	9	13	13	11	15	..	19	..
Jap	8	6	9	8	..	..	..	..
Charles	8	10	7	6	..	..	..	..
L H Schortemeier	11	12	12	12	10	12	24	9

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Sec'y.

Ohio Trap.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

JUNE 4 was a warm sunny day, and the attendance at the grounds was large, twenty-two shooters taking part in the cash prize event of the Cincinnati Gun Club. The shooting conditions were rather hard, as a strong wind made the flight of the targets very erratic.

Gambell was high gun with 45. Faran, shooting in excellent form, broke 44 and was second. Medico and Peters tied for third on 42 each. Captain got up among the leaders to-day, breaking 40.

A number of practice events and a team match were shot, in which some good scores were made. Gambell was high man in the team matches, with 44, but Harig, his partner, did not show his usual form, and only accounted for 36. Williams did good work for his team, breaking 42, Medico scoring 39, and tying for first with Faran and Peters on 81. In the shoot-off Peters shot a better gait, and his team came out ahead.

A team will go to Dayton on June 7 and shoot the Buckeye team for the Phellis trophy. The members will be Gambell, Faran, Ahlers, Barker, Medico, Harig and Williams. Following are the scores:

Gambell (16) 45, Faran (20) 44, Medico (18) 42, Peters (17) 42, Captain (16) 41, Maynard (18) 40, Sundy (20) 39, Block (18) 39, Harig (19) 38, Jay Bee (17) 38, Ahlers (21) 36, Williams (17) 36, McBreen (17) 35, Falk (16) 35, Boeh (16) 35, Lindsley (16) 35, Herman (17) 34, Pfeiffer (17) 34, Eaton (17) 31, Merkel (16) 29, Du Bray (16) 25, Blue (17) 19.

Team match, 50 targets, high team out:

Gambell	23 21—44	Medico	18 21—39
Harig	19 17—36	Williams	22 20—42
	42 38—80		40 41—81
Peters	18 21—39		
Faran	18 24—42		
	36 45—81		

Shoot-off of tie for high team, 25 targets:

Medico	21	Peters	23
Williams	22—43	Faran	23—46

Springfield Gun Club.

Only six shooters took part in the shoot of the Springfield, O., Gun Club on May 28. Henderson was high gun for the day with 86 out of 100; Young second with 84; he also made the only straight score of the shoot.

The Wilson trophy Class B medal was won by Poole on a score of 23, and the Young handicap medal was captured by Young on a score of 24.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club.

Dayton, O.—The club had made preparations to entertain a big crowd at their annual spring tournament on May 31, such an one as attended their tournament last fall; but showers fell all the morning, and threatening weather kept many at home. However, twenty-five shooters took part, a number coming from other cities. There was not a hitch in any of the arrangements. The officers and committeemen did everything in their power to keep things running, and all present agreed that they were entirely successful in their efforts.

The programme called for ten events at a total of 160 targets. Shooting began at 9 o'clock, and by 4:30 the last event was finished. Two sets of traps were kept running during the day for sweepstake shooting. Money was divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Young, Le Compte, Trimble, H. N. Kirby and A. W. Kirby formed a squad hard to beat.

Le Compte was high gun, with 151 out of 160; Young and Trimble tied for second on 149 each; A. W. Kirby third with 140. In events 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, at 85 targets, Young missed but 4, making a run of 69 straight, the best shooting of the day.

But 7 targets were missed in the first 100 shot at, and only 21 in the entire first event. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	15	20		
C O Le Compte	10	15	19	13	15	17	15	15	14	18	160	151
C A Young	10	12	20	15	15	19	12	11	15	20	160	149
R Trimble	9	14	18	13	13	20	13	15	14	19	160	149
A W Kirby	9	14	18	14	14	16	10	15	15	15	160	140
H N Kirby	10	14	15	13	11	17	11	15	13	19	160	138
W Poole	9	12	16	13	12	19	11	12	13	17	160	134
C F Miller	9	12	18	14	13	11	8	13	11	19	160	128
E Werts	7	12	19	13	12	16	8	14	13	19	160	126
P Hanauer	9	10	15	13	14	14	10	15	13	12	160	125
J Davis	8	14	16	15	11	14	8	11	10	16	160	123
Z Craig	..	..	..	..	13	17	14	15	14	19	100	92
J Schaerf	4	10	13	8	9	10	6	7	7	13	160	87
W Watkins	9	14	16	11	9	13	10	..	..	..	110	82
J Anderson	10	9	17	14	9	..	15	..	..	..	90	74
Oswald	..	..	..	..	12	12	10	11	..	..	65	45
Barr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	14	50	39
Lockwood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	..	30	28
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	15	35	27
Sirram	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	20	19
J Kershner	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	18
Ebson	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	12	..	30	17
Segrist	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	15	13
McCaughey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	15	13
Stoeck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	15	9
Angel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	15	8

The Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O., has been challenged by the Urbana Gun Club to shoot a match for the Phellis trophy on the former's grounds. The Springfield Gun Club also wishes to enter a team.

The Dayton, O., Gun Club has bought a tract of land containing nine acres of Mr. John Ely, at $300 per acre. The grounds are on the traction line, one mile south of Carrmont. A club house will be erected at once, and traps placed in position for use.

The attendance at the regular shoot of the Greenville, O., Gun Club on May 30, was small, owing to the rain, which fell nearly all day. McCaughey, Eidson and Kirby tied for first on full scores of 25. The club will hold a reunion on June 6. As some of the old members, now living in California, are visiting here, all the old charter members of the club, together with the new members, will meet on the grounds, accompanied by their wives, and after enjoying some shooting, the party will go to the hotel for a banquet, and a very pleasant time is anticipated.

BONASA.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 6.—The Buffalo Audubon Club held an all-day shoot on their new ground on May 30. The weather conditions were very unfavorable, as a steady rain fell all day; but in spite of this fact, thirty-five shooters were present, and declared themselves greatly pleased with the new grounds, upon which the State shoot will be held in August. The new trap was used and over 3,000 targets were thrown.

Kelsey, of East Aurora, and Nobles, of Olean, tied for first average. In the team shoot between the Audubons and Infallibles the Audubons won by 16 birds, Kelsey making 25 straight in the shoot. The trade was represented by J. J. Heath, George Ginn, Sim Glover. The club also held their regular semi-monthly shoot on June 4. Class A trophy was won by C. S. Burkhardt with 22; Class B by Mr. Sidway with 20, and Class C by Mr. Ohmig with 18. So far eleven of the twenty-four semi-monthly shoots for the year have been held. In Class A C. S. Burkhardt, Henry Burgwalt and E. P. Reynolds are ahead with two wins each. In Class B Dr. J. M. Burke is high man with three wins. In Class C, W. S. Kener and Dan Emerling are high with three wins each. The club has been doing quite a little work on the State shoot, and programmes will soon be out. The scores of May 30 shoot follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Kelsey	9	10	8	12	7	12	9	13
Nobles	8	12	7	12	9	11	10	10
Wilson	7	10	5	7	7	13	8	10
Burkhardt	8	9	8	9	8	11	6	13
Glover	8	9	5	9	8	9	7	13
Sidway	8	9	7	7	9	12	5	12
Burke	4	11	2	3	5	9	5	6
McLeod	7	11	4	6	7	13	7	11
Carroll	4	8	5	6	5	8	4	10
Kener	3	6	7	11	6	8	7	6
Hart	8	11	7	10	7	12	9	13
Northrup	8	10	5	8	5	10	..	..
Wasson	6	11	8	8	5	11	6	12
Coot	6	9	4	10	7	13	7	11
James	5	6	4	6	8	10	8	11
Burgwalt	8	9	5	9	7	13	7	13
Appenheimer	7	6	5	13	7	11	8	10
Morgan	3	4	2	4	..	..	..	..
Fredricks	7	6	6	11	7	9	5	9
Maloney	4	9	6	9	6	6	..	..
Carroll	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Teal	5	7	2	5	4	10	9	12
J J Reid	8	10	3	6	8	6	4	7
Reynolds	..	..	..	..	6	11	7	..
Tolsma	7	..	..	..	7	..	..	13
Eaton	7	..	..	..	4	..	..	4
Bauman	..	..	9	..	8	10	7	13
Seymour	..	..	..	..	4	10	7	..
Lodge	..	12	6	..	..	11	..	11
Bargar	..	..	6	13	6	..	..	..
Sucow	..	..	6	..	5	7	..	..
Heinold	..	10	6	10	9	13	10	13
Dietzer	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Wootton	..	..	..	10	5	12	8	10
R H Reid	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10

Team race:

Audubon Gun Club—Kelsey 25, Heinold 16, Tolsma 21, Burkhardt 20, Burgwalt 19; total 101.

Infallible Gun Club—Parsons 22, Maloney 15, Wasson 13, Oppenheimer 17, Dietzer 18; total 85.

E. P. REYNOLDS, Field Capt.

Norwich Shooting Club.

NORWICH, Conn.—The regular shoot of the club was held on Saturday afternoon, June 4, at 3 o'clock.

The scores in the silver spoon contest, with handicaps added, were as follows: Moran 17, Ockford 17, Noble 16, Tafft 15, Brown 15, Aborn 15, Sallgren 9, Amberg 8.

For the ammunition case: Brown 9, Aborn 9, Tafft 8, Noble 8, Ockford 8, Amberg 5, Sallgren 4.

The scores in the events, each at 25 targets, were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Ockford	21	23	24	23	..	..	100	91	.91
Noble	20	21	22	22	22	21	150	128	85
Tafft	19	22	22	20	19	..	125	102	82
Brown	20	21	..	..	..	..	50	41	82
Moran	19	..	..	..	..	..	25	19	76
Aborn	17	18	15	17	..	..	100	67	67
Amberg	7	6	18	17	..	..	100	48	48
Sallgren	8	6	..	..	..	..	50	14	28

The regular shoot on Saturday next, June 11, will be an attractive one, as a regular programme has been prepared and invitations sent to all the gun clubs in the vicinity.

I. P. TAFFT, Sec'y.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The fifth annual merchandise tournament of the Analostan Gun Club was held on their new grounds on May 30. There were only two out-of-town marksmen that honored us by attending: Mr. E. H. Storr, a trade representative, and Dr. E. F. Wayman, of Staunton, Va. Mr. Storr broke his gun and was using a borrowed one, and his score suffered in consequence. Dr. Wayman has just recovered from a long and severe illness, and was not in his usual form, but hopes to regain his old-time vigor before very long. Several years ago the Doctor won the championship of Virginia, and wears a handsome gold medal, emblematic of his success. The home shooters turned out very well, and about half of the membership of the club was represented. The officers labored very hard to make the meeting a success, and arrangements were made to handle a large crowd. A Leggett trap was used for the programme and a set of experts for practice shooting. About 4,000 targets were thrown.

Event No. 4 was a merchandise event at 30 targets, shot under the sliding handicap system. Ten prizes were offered, which went to the high guns. Taylor carried off first on 28 out of a possible 30; Brown second with a score of 26; James and Wilhite tied on 25 and tossed up for choice; Wilson, Petrola and George Wise tied on 23 for fourth and followed the same plan in choosing their plunder. Coleman, Wayman, Nutting and Lainhart scored 22, and as all the prizes had been exhausted but three, the four men drew straws for the three remaining prizes. Lainhart lost out, but Nutting generously turned over his chance to him and Coleman gave his chance to Nutting.

Event No. 7 was also a merchandise affair for club members only. Petrola won first in this with a clean score, and enough prizes were on the table for all members who contested, and were distributed according to the high guns. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	—4—		5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	10	10	10	15	15	25	at.	Broke.
Coleman	15	15	13	7	8	7	13	15	22	130	115
Craig	11	15	14	8	8	5	12	15	21	130	109
Taylor	7	11	13	9	10	9	13	13	21	130	106
Petrola	12	11	10	10	7	6	12	13	25	130	106
Wilhite	14	14	12	10	6	9	10	12	19	130	106
C S Wilson	10	9	15	8	6	7	14	12	19	130	100
Shoemaker	12	13	13	7	4	9	7	12	18	130	95
Heintz	12	8	11	5	6	8	12	10	15	130	87
Hunter	8	12	9	6	7	8	9	12	20	130	91
Nalley	11	9	7	6	7	8	11	11	16	130	86
Storr	13	12	14	9	7	9	13	15	..	105	92
G Wise	..	11	12	7	9	7	14	13	18	115	81
Hogan	15	14	11	6	9	6	8	6	..	105	75
Brown	13	13	..	10	8	8	12	..	20	100	84
McKelden	9	9	10	4	4	7	..	..	16	100	59
Hall	..	9	..	8	2	5	6	..	10	85	40
Wayman	12	11	9	9	5	8	..	..	..	75	54
Potts	10	12	11	7	6	8	..	..	..	75	54
Lainhart	..	10	..	8	8	6	..	..	13	70	45
Utz	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	4	15	70	38
Balser	13	..	11	7	6	6	..	..	..	60	45
Burrows	9	14	9	5	4	w	..	..	..	65	41
James	..	..	12	9	8	8	10	..	..	60	47
Hughes	..	..	..	8	3	8	..	..	12	55	37
Monroe	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	14	55	25
Nutting	..	..	..	5	10	7	..	..	..	30	22
Ellinger	6	11	..	2	w	..	..	..	..	40	19
Baker	7	8	..	..	..	..	7	..	18	70	40
Koons	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	13	40	22
Parsons	..	..	14	..	..	..	13	..	..	30	27
Wagner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	25	20
Aukward	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	25	17
B L Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	25	8
Duvall	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10
Krusen	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6
Shierier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	15	10
Hunter, Sr.	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10
Rhodes	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	0

M. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

Rtverside Gun Club.

UTICA, N. Y.—The Memorial Day tournament of the Riverside Gun Club was one of the most successful they ever held. This despite the worst possible weather conditions for a tournament. There were thirty-two contestants, besides a large number of spectators. Sportsmen of Ilion, Sherburne, Sidney, Waterville, Earlville, Norwich and Syracuse were present.

Mr. H. H. Green was compiler of scores; Mr. B. Wickham was cashier. The committee in charge of the shoot was Messrs. D. Loughlin, G. L. Waters and E. J. Loughlin.

The prize winners in the merchandise event were as follows: Messrs. E. Loughlin, John Deck, E. B. Fleck, Fred Brown and John Watts. The club will hold a semi-monthly shoot on June 10.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Wheeler	9	12	15	13	13	12	14	..
Palmiter	10	12	10	13	14	11	..	..
Infallible	7	14	10	15	9	14	13	11
Newton	8	14	15	14	13	13	10	15
Smith	6	13	15	14	13	14	10	15
Gangloff	7	9	15	15	11	11	13	15
Emery	5	10	9	12	12	10	13	12
D Loughlin	7	12	14	10	15	10	11	..
De Bee	8	13	13	11	10	13	..	..
Stanton	10	12	10	11	13	..	..	..
Hall	8	13	13	14	10	..	..	..
E Loughlin	10	12	13	14	10	9	11	10
Brown	9	..	..	14	15	12	10	13
Clarke	8	14	15	12	12	13	9	12
Straub	..	11	14	13	10	11	9	..
Lawrence	..	14	15	15	11	12	13	..
Finster	..	..	14	15	12	10	..	..
Deck	..	..	15	15	14	10	..	..
C Sabine	..	..	15	15	14	14	13	..
Watts	..	..	14	13	11	14	15	10
Deechie	..	..	..	14	15	9	11	..
C Teller	..	..	..	10	12	9	12	11
Biddlecome	..	..	..	14	11	10	10	11
Wickham	..	..	..	13	9	12	11	13
Fleck	..	..	..	11	15	15	12	13
Bacon	..	..	..	..	13	14	12	12
Cook	..	..	..	..	9	13	12	11
Kratzenberg	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	..
M Teller	..	..	..	..	12	14	13	..
B Sabine	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	..
Patterson	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	..
Schultze	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	..

West End Gun Club.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 30.—The West End Gun Club shoot held here to-day was very poorly attended. A more unfavorable day could not have been selected. It began to rain early in the morning, and it continued throughout the day. By 10 o'clock a squad of veterans had put in an appearance and decided to shoot the programme through, rain or shine. Unfortunately, there was no cover at the firing point. It was a remarkable sight to see men who have passed the three-score mark going out to face the trap in a steady downpour of rain, until 180 shots had been fired. I doubt if there is another class of sportsmen who would take such chances to enjoy their favorite sport.

There were twelve shooters who took part during the day, and this is just twelve more than could have been expected under th conditions.

The trade was represented by Fanning and Doremus. Fanning's score, under the conditions, was nothing short of a marvelous performance. The shooting of Capt. Traver and Tallman was a fine exhibition of amateur work. This was Mr. Snyder's first tournament. He will bear watching in the future. The programme consisted of twelve 15-target events. The club offered $6 average money to those who shot through the events from 3 to 12, inclusive, divided $3, $2 and $1. This was won by Traver and Tallman and Valentine. Fanning's longest straight run was 65. Traver broke 43 straight, and Valentine 39. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	at.	Broke.
Fanning	14	15	15	14	15	14	15	15	15	14	15	15	180	176
Traver	13	14	14	15	13	15	13	14	15	14	15	15	180	170
Tallman	13	15	14	14	14	15	14	15	14	14	14	14	180	170
Valentine	13	14	13	15	15	14	13	15	14	14	14	11	180	165
Snyder	14	14	13	13	13	13	13	14	13	14	13	12	180	159
Wallburg	10	10	11	15	14	13	10	12	13	13	14	13	180	148
Huyck	10	12	12	14	12	13	11	12	9	12	10	14	180	147
Paul	10	11	15	15	11	12	11	12	13	13	12	12	180	147
Karl	11	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	22
Greer	14	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	38
Doremus	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	11	12	9	15	9	105	79
Potter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	13	..	..	45	35

H. H. VALENTINE, Sec'y.

Scranton Rod and Gun Club Annual Shoot.

SCRANTON, Pa.—A circus, excursions, a rainy day, and numerous other shoots were a pretty heavy handicap on the Scranton Rod and Gun Club on May 30. Still, it shot through the entire programme and made a pretty good score; and, if it din't make much money, it didn't much care, for the part of it that came out had a mighty good time. After the regular events were shot out, the boys tried the new handicap, "shoot at 25 and then at all you miss," and they think it's the proper thing; better than any other handicap they have tried at least.

The caterer, Mr. C. Bunn, served lunch under a large canvas tent, and did it to the entire satisfaction of both the shooters and visitors.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	*
Targets:	15	15	20	25	10	15	25	15	10	15	15	20	25
J Dayton	11	12	14	20	6	10	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
T J Snowdon	11	5	14	9	3	9	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
E S Hardenburgh	12	11	10	16	6	11	18	13	6	11	6	15	..
A Shumaker	12	12	18	24	8	13	23	12	..	9	8	14	22
B Griffin	12	14	16	23	6	13	23	..	5	11	..	..	23
H Cullen	12	11	20	22	6	11	20	13	..	9	14	..	21
W H Langdon	..	..	16	22	9	14	24	14	9	10	15	20	..
S Davis	13	11	14	9	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Jackson	8	10	11	17	6	9	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
J Perry	10	10	14	16	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G W Oswald	8	8	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R Griffin	12	8	12	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	8	..	..
H Seward	11	13	15	..	9	13	..	13	..	10	..	..	..
Jos Shotto	10	12	13	..	7	..	16	..	7	12	12	..	15
J E Swingle	10	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Shotto	..	..	17	20	8	11	19	14	..	..	..	..	..
Thos Murray	..	..	16	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C H Von Storch	..	..	..	19	..	11	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
J D Mason	..	..	..	25	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W E Bittenbender	..	..	..	..	9	8	18	..	6	10	..	..	..
Wm Baker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
J Van Bergen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	..
C M Price	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..

*Denotes extra event.

In addition to the above shoot, a handicap match was shot at 25 targets, each contestant to shoot at the same number missed in the first 25 shot at:

	Brk.	Extra.	Brk.		Brk.	Extra.	Brk.
J Shotto	16	9	22	C Von Storch	15	10	21
H Cullen	19	6	22	D. Shumaker	8	17	20
J D Mason	20	5	25	W Bittenbender	15	10	23
J Van Bergen	16	9	21				

J. D. MASON, Sec.-Treas.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—Herewith are the scores of the Decoration Day shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. While the attendance was not up to expectation, the scores made were first class. The feature of the day was the shooting of Mr. J. A. R. Elliott. He is without a peer in the shooting world.

First amateur high average was won by C. G. Blandford, of Ossining, who also won the special prize, a silver dish, for best percentage in the total of the last four events, 94 per cent. Jap (Mr. Chas. Floyd) won second high average money.

The trap worked fine, and everything passed off without a hitch, the programme being finished by 4 o'clock. Events 1 and 2 were specials, prize in No. 2 being a telescope, which was won on the shoot-off by Jap.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	25	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	25	Broke.
J A R Elliott	25	..	14	15	15	24	25	25	24	98
Jap	22	14	14	15	14	19	20	25	20	87
C G Blandford	24	..	12	15	14	23	23	23	25	94
A L Burns	22	13	14	12	14	19	17	22	23	81
A Bedell	..	12	12	13	12	23	24	21	24	92
G B Hubbell	17	..	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
G E Sutton	..	..	11	14	14	19	19	16	10	64
I T Washburn	..	12	13	12	11	22	21	23	23	90
C S Green	..	4	8	4	8	..	11	..	..	..
J C Barlow	..	..	12	14	12	22	16	13	12	63
T Hasbrouck	..	5	12	13	15	22	16	23	25	86
A Harris	..	13	..	12	10	22	20	22	23	87
M Dyckman	..	12	..	9	14	21	20	22	19	82
O Von der Bosch	..	13	..	13	14	21	17	22	20	80
W Coleman	..	13	..	11	15	20	19	24	22	85
W S Smith	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
H W Bissing	..	14	..	..	..	..	18	23	21	83
W Fisher	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

C. G. B.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—At the Decoration Day shoot, May 30, the rain which fell the greater part of the day made it necessary to abandon the forenoon's programme, and made the attendance very small. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	20
Osmun	11	11	12	12	16	..	14	Hitchcock	10	12	12	14	15	12	14
Giddings	13	12	10	12	16	14	15	Windiate	10	11	..	..	..	..	..
Forsyth	12	10	11	13	14	..	15	Whitmore	7	8	9	11	16	10	..
Guthard	13	12	11	10	13	..	18	Johnson	13	4	..	..	..	..	..
Tolsma	..	13	15	12	17	11	16	Tristens	13	9	10	..	..	..	..
Renick	13	12	14	12	18	13	17	Ingersoll	11	8	8	..	..	..	..
Brodis	9	12	13	11	17	11	17	Vermilye	12	10	10	10	20	15	..

No. 6 was at 10 pairs.

No. 7 was a two-man team contest, as follows: Osmun and Giddings 29, Forsyth and Guthard 33, Tolsma and Renick 33, Brodis and Hitchcock 31.

Richmond Gun Club.

CONCORD, Staten Island, May 30.—Event 7 was the club shoot, handicap. Mr. A. A. Schoverling broke 25 straight from scratch. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	25	25	10	10	25	25	15	25	15	25
Jos Keppler	9	9	7	8	20	20	18	..	..	..	..	10	22	9	..
J Schoen	8	9	5	5	11	14	11	..	..	8	..	4	..	9	18
G Bechtel	5	9	6	9	24	20	19	7	7	17	16	7	21	9	20
J Schenck	2	1	5	5	9	20	9	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
A A Schoverling	7	8	6	..	20	23	25	..	..	23	23	14	21	12	18
O Albrecht	5	5	..	..	10	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F J Crystal	3	8	..	..	18	19	19	..	..	18	..	6	..	..	..
W Ferguson	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..

A. A. SCHOVERLING.

Enterprise Gun Club.

MCKEESPORT, Pa., May 30.—The holiday shoot of the Enterprise Gun Club, of this city, was well attended, shooters being present from East Liverpool, O.,, and from Pittsburg, Duquesne, Homestead, Brownsville, Winbur, Charleroi. and Rodfield.

No. 6 was the merchandise event at 25 targets, first prize of which was a Marlin 16-gauge shotgun, and $5 to each of the next three high guns, and twenty other good prizes.

This event was at 25 targets, $2 entrance. Messrs. Cochran and Calhoun tied on a full score of 25, and divided. Mr. L. B. Fleming made a run of 56 straight, the longest run of the tournament. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	20
Irwin	14	18	12	17	12	23	14	19	12	18
Crawford	14	16	15	13	11	24	14	17	12	18
Moore	12	17	12	17	10	18	12	13	7	16
West	13	19	14	13	14	23	11	18	13	18
Thompson	14	16	12	15	14	17	9	15	10	17
Rube	11	14	13	14	15	17	10	18	15	18
Dr Jackson	9	10	10	11	10	18	..	..	..	..
Hendrickson	10	16	9	14	12	19	8	14	..	..
Cochran	14	17	15	19	14	25	10	18	11	14
Johnston	15	19	13	19	15	21	12	18	13	18
J Hale	11	15	15	18	12	23	14	19	14	11
McGlashen	12	16	12	17	8	20	10	18	13	17
Everett	13	18	13	18	10	18	13	16	12	14
W Hale	13	17	14	19	14	22	9	13	14	19
T F Davis	13	14	9	19	12	19	11	11	..	..
Calhoun	15	20	14	20	14	25	13	19	14	20
Roach	11	12	10	16	9	16	9	18	11	12
Hamilton	9	14	11	11	11	19	10	..	..	..
Fleming	15	19	13	17	14	23	15	20	13	19
Knight	13	18	15	18	13	21	14	19	13	17
Snyder	14	13	11	16	12	22	11	..	..	..
McFarland	12	17	13	18	13	21	12	17	11	14
L D Davis	10	17	12	16	12	21	12	16	12	15
Rose	13	11	8	17	10	20	12	15	14	16
Frederick	11	15	14	16	14	22	8	..	..	..
Duff	..	13	10	12	12	19	..	..	..	..
Dick	..	18	15	15	14	16	..	..	..	..
McClelland	..	17	12	19	8	18	13	16	11	16
Fulford	15	20	13	17	14	20	14	18	13	17
Fraley	..	..	6	..	10	16	..	..	..	..
Mack	..	..	..	14	11	22	12	13	..	..
Grosse	..	..	..	..	8	16	..	..	..	..
Hoffman	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
Hunter	..	..	..	..	13	20	9	..	..	..
Watson	..	..	..	..	11	19	9	..	..	..
Cannon	..	..	..	..	14	23	14	18	12	20
Stern	..	..	..	..	11	19	10	..	..	..
Weldon	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..
Noel	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..
Coleman	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..

H. P.

Lawrence Gun Club.

LAWRENCE, Mass., May 30.—The initial shoot of the Lawrence Gun Club was held May 30, under rather adverse conditions, drizzling mist increasing to rainy rain, attended the shoot all afternoon.

The working of the new trap proved entirely satisfactory to all concerned, and it was generally acceded that the grounds were exceptionally perfect, the targets looming up well even in the mist, rain and wind.

The hustle for first prize kept both shooters and spectators guessing until the last shot was fired. President Hall secured the honored position of high man, and a new silk umbrella, Mr. Tozier, of the Haverhill Gun Club, coming in a close second to him, was allotted a cigar case. Our genial field captain Mr. Piper was awarded a gun cleaner, with the assurance that if he used it on his gas pipes, he would do better next time. To fourth high man Mr. Burridge, was presented a watch charm.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	at.	Broke.
Tozier	7	13	9	15	10	8	13	7	100	82
Russell	4	8	7	6	8	6	6	8	100	53
Bancroft	7	12	6	14	12	6	13	6	100	76
Hall	8	15	10	12	7	9	13	9	100	83
McDonald	7	11	7	9	3	3	8	6	100	54
Eastwood	5	8	6	13	8	4	10	6	100	60
Parkhurst	5	11	7	11	7	6	9	6	100	62
Miller	7	10	2	5	..	..	..	..	50	24
Hatch	7	3	4	6	..	..	..	..	50	20
Burridge	8	9	8	14	9	9	10	10	100	77
Piper	9	13	8	12	11	7	13	8	100	81
Thom	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	13
Sutcliffe	6	11	8	7	10	8	7	5	100	62
Bancroft 2d	1	9	5	7	..	..	..	..	50	22
Reynolds	4	8	3	9	..	..	..	..	50	24
Guenette	7	10	8	6	10	8	9	6	100	64
Hoghton	..	7	3	8	10	..	..	..	55	27
Daley	..	11	6	7	4	..	..	..	55	28
French	..	2	1	..	..	..	..	..	25	3
Hamel	..	10	4	8	11	7	10	4	90	54
McGrady	..	..	..	8	8	3	..	2	50	21
Massey	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	0	25	0

R. PARKHURST, Sec'y.

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., May 30.—With a thunderstorm in progress this afternoon the members of the Independent Gun Club, of this city, held their holiday shoot on their club grounds. The storm had no terrors, and the rain did not dampen the ardor of the shooters, as the shooting did not cease during the storm. The feature of the shoot was the high scores made by Messrs. J. H. Maurer, J. Pleiss and E. F. Markley, and with the conditions taken into consideration, the shooting of all was above the average.

The above-mentioned shooters shot a very close race, there being only a difference of six targets between the three men. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Elliott	125	97	Somers	50	42
H Brunner	125	102	Genther	50	33
W H Maurer	125	100	Transue	50	41
Ivey	125	82	Sutter	50	30
J Pleiss	100	90	L & R	40	24
E F Markley	100	88	Kemmerer	25	16
J H Maurer	100	92	Verla	25	14
G Richards	100	72	Heil	25	20
Weiss	75	47	J Brunner	25	11

The club now has out two challenges to two different clubs in this section and both have been accepted. These challenges are for ten team races, 25 targets per man. The Independent has won three out of the last four races shot, and think they are about as good as any ten-man team in this section of the State.

E. F. MARKLEY, Sec'y.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., May 28.—Good birds were a pleasing feature of the Keystone Shooting League competition to-day. There was a special prize of $50 for club members, and an optional sweepstake, open to all, with three moneys, divided class shooting. The scores:

Coleman	2222222*22222222222222222222222222222202222222222—48
Morris	2222222*22222222222222220121220222222222222222212—47
Frank	222*1202222222222*2222*2*22222222222222222222222—45
Sanford	222*2012221222201111 1*2202121221222221222032222222—44
Jones	211222212112202222122222212212222222222*2020*20—44
Budd	12222222222022202222022222222222222222*22222*20—44
Geikler	22222222222*22222222222220222222222*22222222202*20—44
Jenkins	2222222222*222*22222002222202222*22222222*2220222—42
Felix	22222*12212211112212222220022*02222222*2220222222022—42
Darby	22002222202022222222222222202202202222022*2220222—41

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., June 1.—The second serial prize shoot of the summer series was held at Wellington to-day, and while not a large attendance, it turned out to be an enthusiastic one, and kept the trap on the move from start to finish.

Honor marks of to-day were taken care of by the long-distance shooters, the 16-yarders not seeming to find them with the poor conditions to battle with, a heavy easterly breeze being in evidence during the entire afternoon, and the last events were accompanied by a penetrating drizzle.

Kirkwood was high in the match with 23, two targets to the good of Frank, who is shooting like a streak at present. Capt. Woodruff, third with 20, and incidentally showing old-time form on his last four events. Dickey, at 21yds., tied for fourth, and while not up to usual good form, gave Frank a hustle in the impromptu individual matches on the 21yd. line. John Bell's experience with the pump gun was disastrous, and John vows that a like occurrence will not come about. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	25	20	Av.
Frank, 19	7	11	7	11	8	13	6	8	..	..	.710
Bell, 20	9	11	8	13	4	13	..	8	19	..	.629
Gokey, 16	7	10	4	10	6	11	..	..	..	..	.640
Willard, 16	3	11	5	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	.580
Kirkwood, 19	10	11	8	14	10	13	..	..	18	..	.840
Woodruff, 17	6	9	6	7	9	11	8	..	..	18	.704
Lee, 16	6	9	5	10	6	11	6	..	15	..	.618
Coonan, 16	3	8	4	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	.489
Dickey, 21	7	13	5	13	6	11	7	10	..	..	.720
Baker, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	16	.766
Firth, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	.500

Merchandise match, 25 unknown, distance handicap:

Kirkwood, 19 ......1111111111111111111110101—23
Frank, 19 ......1111111101110101111111111—21
Woodruff, 17 ......1101111111101101011110111—20
Dickey, 21 ......0100101111011011011101111—17
Bell, 20 ......1100000001111011111111101—17
Lee, 16 ......0011111010111100111110011—17
Gokey, 16 ......1110100110110111111011010—17

May 25.—Nine shooters inaugurated the summer series to-day, and while no very high scores resulted, the usual interest was found present in all the events. High average for the afternoon brought out Bell and Frank as the real aspirants, and after a nip-and-tuck race, Frank secured the honor, though it could not have been closer, and Bell all but did it.

Frank and the scorer have been at it for a long while, and to-day proved to be the chance to shoot it off, which was done, and Baker has the satisfaction of coming very close to doing it, though not as close as desired. Another chance is waiting, and there may be things doing. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	10	10	20	25	15	Av.
Frank, 19	5	15	12	12	13	8	8	13	21	12	.793
Bell, 20	8	11	12	13	13	8	7	16	..	11	.792
Bryant, 16	4	13	8	7	10	6	4	..	16	10	.600
Woodruff, 17	9	11	9	9	11	9	9	..	..	12	.702
Willard, 16	8	11	12	12	5	8	..	..	..	..	.700
Williams, 16	8	11	13	9	5	4	5	..	..	..	.611
Baker, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	20	..	.771
Firth, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	.700
Muldown, 16	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	..	11	.828

Merchandise match, 25 unknown, distance handicap:

Bell, 20 ......1110111111101111111011110—21
Frank, 19 ......1011111110111110011111111—21
Woodruff, 17 ......1101100111101111110111111—20
Muldown, 16 ......0110111011101110110111111—19
Bryant, 16 ......1101011110011101111101000—16
Williams, 16 ......1000000001011011011000100— 9

Waterloo Gun Club.

Waterloo. Ia.—The two-day tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club, May 26-27, was attended by distinguished visitors, as follows: C. W. Budd, Des Moines; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake; C. B. Adams, Rockwell City; H. G. Taylor, Mecklin, S. D.; E. Russell, Union; W. Lambert, Avoca; F. C. Whitney, Des Moines; Dad Cleveland, Manchester; R. L. Slimmer, Clarksville; F. C. Walker, Jesup; D. J. Sweeny, of St. Louis; P. Densel, L. C. Abbott and F. L. Williams, of Marshalltown.

Mr. Fred C. Whitney officiated as cashier. The total number of targets was 210. Each event was at 15 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Broke.
Hageman	12	13	13	12	14	11	14	14	11	9	12	12	15	11	173
Hartman	13	11	13	10	11	12	13	12	12	13	10	9	11	12	162
Slimmer	9	7	13	10	13	9	12	10	11	10	10	10	13	8	145
Frees	14	11	14	14	11	9	12	13	12	12	12	14	12	8	168
White	10	8	11	7	11	7	8	6	9	11	13	11	8	5	125
E Storm	14	14	9	12	13	12	10	10	11	14	11	13	10	7	160
Budd	11	12	14	14	15	12	11	14	12	14	13	13	13	14	185
R Storm	12	14	15	13	14	13	14	14	15	14	13	13	15	12	190
Adams	15	11	14	13	12	12	14	15	14	15	14	13	14	14	189
Gilbert	14	13	15	14	13	12	15	14	14	14	14	15	15	14	196
Taylor	12	12	15	11	13	15	14	14	12	12	14	13	12	15	184
Russell	12	1$	13	12	13	15	12	11	12	11	13	12	11	14	171
Lambert	15	12	12	14	14	13	12	14	14	14	14	13	14	13	188
Steege	11	13	13	13	12	10	10	12	14	14	13	15	13	13	176
Schiel	..	10	12	9	13	13	10	11	11	10	11	9	13	13	155
Cleveland	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	10	13	13	11	12	10	...
Walker	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	11	11	13	13	13	12	...
Henning	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	10	..	..	...
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	11	12	10	...
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	15	13	...
Place	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	13	...
Weber	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	6	..	...
Witry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	...

May 27.

Eight of the Waterloo shooters stayed through the entire programme. Twenty-seven shooters participated in to-day's programme, and nineteen shot all the events of it.

Mr. Fred C. Whitney, the expert cashier, gave entire satisfaction.

The average money was as follows: First, $12, Lambert; second, 11, R. Storm; third, $10, Taylor; fourth, $9, Russell; fifth, $8, Hartman; sixth, $7, Steege; seventh, $6, Hageman; eighth, $5, E. Storm; ninth, $5, Frees; tenth, $5, Schiel; eleventh, $5, Slimmer; twelfth, $10, Carl White.

Each event was at 15 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Broke.
Gilbert	14	14	15	14	15	15	14	14	14	15	15	14	15	14	202
Budd	14	15	15	14	15	15	14	15	13	14	14	12	14	14	198
Adams	14	15	13	14	14	14	15	15	13	15	12	14	15	14	197
Lambert	14	14	13	14	13	13	13	14	14	15	13	14	15	15	194
Jackson	12	15	12	15	15	12	13	15	14	15	12	15	14	15	194
Abbott	15	14	12	15	12	11	14	13	15	14	14	15	15	14	193
Taylor	13	14	14	14	13	14	15	14	13	14	13	12	14	14	191
R Storm	14	15	11	15	14	13	15	14	14	14	12	15	12	13	191
Hartman	12	12	14	15	15	14	14	13	14	15	13	13	12	14	190
Russell	14	13	15	13	14	15	13	13	10	14	14	13	14	14	189
Weitnauer	13	14	13	14	15	14	14	12	13	14	10	15	12	12	185
E Storm	12	8	11	14	14	14	12	14	15	11	14	14	14	12	179
Cleveland	12	11	15	12	10	15	12	12	11	11	12	13	15	15	176
Steege	13	10	13	12	12	7	15	13	12	13	15	13	13	14	175
Hageman	13	11	13	11	11	13	15	12	13	13	12	13	13	12	175
Slimmer	14	12	11	13	12	14	13	10	12	12	9	12	15	13	152
Frees	10	12	10	11	12	10	13	9	8	12	9	10	10	12	148
Schiel	12	9	6	9	10	11	8	12	14	11	8	14	10	13	147
Whitt	10	8	10	11	10	10	8	9	9	6	3	7	6	6	113
Place	14	15	10	13	14	13	9	12	13	10	..	..	..	..	...
Brokaw	7	9	9	12	9	7	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Densel	11	13	9	11	14	11	14	13	10	12	..	..	..	..	...
Walker	..	..	..	12	9	11	12	13	11	11	..	..	..	..	...
C Storm	14	12	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
W White	8	12	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Williams	11	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Tippey	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

The averages of the two days were as follows: Gilbert 398, Budd 383, Adams 386, Lambert 382, Taylor 375, R. Storm 381, Hartman 352, Russell 360, E. Storm 339, Steege 351, Hageman 348, Slimmer 297, Frees 316, Schiel 202, White 232.

Chatham Tournament.

London, Ont., June 3.—A heavy rain of several days' duration kept down the attendance at the trapshooting tournament held in Chatham, Ont., June 1 and 2. At least fifty entries were expected, and as it was, only about twenty gun men lined up for business—and many of these shooters came from a distance; some from Detroit, Mich.; others from the surrounding towns in southwestern Ontario, and one, Mr. N. P. Leach, from Vermont.

The trade was represented by F. H. Conover, a popular agent for western Ontario, and N. P. Leach. One of the pleasing features of the meeting was the shooting of the old-time expert Mr. Thos. Nichols, whose seventy-six years do not prevent him being still good at the game.

The tournament was run under the excellent management of Mr. F. H. Conover. Mr. N. P. Leach was umpire, and Mr. A. F. Falls gave perfect satisfaction as cashier. Detroit take notice, as Mr. Falls is opening an office as accountant in that city.

First Day, June 1.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	10	15	20	20	25	15	20	15	20	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Tristem	6	13	17	16	..	13	..	..	..	14	...	...	....
Conover	8	15	16	18	20	13	20	14	14	11	175	149	.851
Moore	8	13	16	17	21	12	18	10	15	14	175	136	.777
Agnew	9	11	18	16	20	11	16	14	16	14	175	145	.822
Oldershaw	10	9	15	17	16	12	19	13	15	12	175	138	.788
Paulucie	6	12	17	17	22	15	16	9	13	..	...	...	....
Scane	9	11	14	18	19	15	18	15	16	15	175	150	.857
Hollingshead	9	11	15	18	23	14	18	11	16	11	175	146	.823
McMackon	10	13	18	17	21	13	17	14	18	12	175	153	.876
Conway	8	9	19	17	19	14	18	15	16	11	175	146	.823
Canvasback	10	15	19	19	24	14	18	12	20	13	175	164	.937
Dewar	7	10	16	14	21	9	17	13	..	12	...	...	....
Renick	10	14	18	17	22	14	19	15	..	..	...	...	....
H D Bates	10	15	18	19	23	15	20	13	19	15	175	167	.954
Bluebill	9	14	15	16	19	14	15	..	..	..	...	...	....
McLaren	..	13	15	16	20	12	17	14	..	..	...	...	....
Mahler	..	..	..	15	..	14	17	..	..	..	...	...	....
Buck	..	..	..	16	22	13	19	..	..	..	...	...	....

Second Day, June 2.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot		
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	25	15	20	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Conover	7	10	18	12	13	22	14	20	10	150	124	.826
Tristem	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Moore	7	13	17	15	19	21	13	18	12	150	135	.900
Agnew	9	13	17	14	13	..	11	..	..	...	...	....
Oldershaw	10	10	17	9	11	22	12	17	12	150	130	.866
Paulucie	..	..	..	12	10	18	14	16	14	...	...	....
Scane	9	13	17	15	14	21	13	17	15	150	134	.893
Hollingshead	9	9	16	14	11	19	14	16	14	150	122	.813
McMackon	9	11	16	14	10	21	12	17	13	150	123	.820
Conway	8	12	17	12	12	20	..	..	..	...	...	....
Canvasback	9	10	14	14	14	21	15	18	15	150	130	.866
Dewar	4	9	7	14	12	15	..	..	..	...	...	....
Bates	9	15	18	12	13	23	15	17	15	150	137	.913
Mahler	..	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Burke	..	..	..	11	13	22	12	..	..	...	...	....
Taylor	..	..	..	12	14	14	11	..	..	...	...	....
Buck	..	..	..	15	7	24	11	14	11	...	...	....
Watkins	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	11	..	...	...	....

Stanstead.

Brantford Gun Club.

Brantford, Canada, May 30.—There is in this country an old saying that when Brantford, Ont., starts out to do a thing, she does it, and does it well. We felt the truth of this when we saw the new grounds of the Brantford Gun Club this afternoon. These grounds cover some nine acres of meadow land on an elevated plateau, quite near the town, alongside the trolley line. The background is simply perfect, being a sky background. These grounds are being put into condition so as to be perfect for the big meet of the Canadian Trapshooters' Association, Aug. 10, 11 and 12. It is expected that twenty gun clubs will be represented, together with a large number of individual shooters. This large gathering will be accommodated in a large row of tents stretched along the front of the grounds next to the trolley line. Some little distance to the right is a large white brick farmhouse and a large fruit orchard, which at the time of the tournament will be suggestive of buxom rosy-cheeked lassies. Early August apples and sweet cider combined will be tempting and inspiring to the trapshooter.

At the back, the grounds drop away over a bluff, down to the clear limpid waters of the Grant River. Just the place for a refreshing bath. At the left-hand corner over the board fence, is a wood of oak and hickory, the place for black squirrels and Bob White, which, however, in August, can only be shot with a camera.

Visiting sportsmen will find the members of the Brantford Gun Club to be genial gentlemen. This we can personally vouch for.

This afternoon several members of the club escorted us out to the grounds to inspect their location and incidentally to have a shy at the traps. They now have their traps arranged Sergeant system, and they set them this afternoon so as to throw a blue-streak target. It was a hard proposition for the "old man" to buck up against, but he kept well up among the local cracks, as the following scores will show, and they are not a thousand miles out of the way from being correct.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Stanstead	6	6	6	9	7	9	8	..	8
Mitchell	6	9	..	..	8	7	8	..	..
Spital	3	..	4	3	2	..	..	2	5
McLean	4	2	8	8	..	8	..	..	..
Wallace	..	6	..	7	8	..	8	7	8
Cutliffe	..	10	8	8	..	..	8	..	7

S.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Rochester, N. Y., June 1.—Scores and back scores for the Watson cup handicap, made to-day, at the shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, follow. Mr. Sim Glover, a former resident of Rochester, shot with the club members.

	Score.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Score.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Glover	24	0	24	Norton	17	4	21
Norton	18	4	22	Kay	20	3	23
Borst	18	7	25	Fraley	19	3	22
Gardner	15	5	20	Stewart	24	0	24
Rickman	11	5	16	Rickman	13	5	18
Kay	19	3	22	Watson	23	3	26
Fraley	23	3	26	Bonbright	21	2	23
Stewart	23	0	23	Watson	19	3	22
Norton	21	4	25	Bonbright	15	2	17
Rickman	12	5	17	Stewart	24	0	24
Glover	22	0	22	Clark	17	3	20
Kay	16	3	19	Adkin	22	2	24
Gardner	20	5	25	Adkin	21	2	23
Borst	16	7	23	Adkin	22	2	24

Aquidneck Gun Club.

Newport, R. I.—The third annual tournament of the club on May 30, while not equalling that of last year in point of attendance, was a most satisfactory and enjoyable affair. The crowd was fairly representative of Rhode Island and southern Massachusetts, and included Messrs. Griffith, of Pascoag; Root, Arnold, Bain, Johnson, Richards and Getchell, of Providence; Serenson and McArdle, of Narragansett Pier. Horace Kirkwood and Bell did the honors for the Boston Gun Club, while from Walpole came Fenton, of the Neponsets.

The weather conditions of last Memorial Day were duplicated—an overcast sky and a fresh southwest wind, while the air had an agreeable mildness.

Griffith apparently struck his gait, for he dropped but four targets in the programme, and made a run of over 60, capturing first average with 97.3 per cent. Second place went to F. C. Sorenson; third to H. L. Manchester, of the local club, and Kirkwood annexed fourth.

The trade was ably represented by Messrs. J. H. W. Brinley and T. Haze Keller, Jr. During the day another shoot was announced to take place on June 18, beginning at 11:30 A. M. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	at.	Broke.	Av.
Griffith	15	14	20	13	15	20	15	14	20	150	146	.973
Sorenson	13	15	19	12	14	18	13	13	20	150	137	.913
Manchester	13	14	18	14	12	19	13	14	16	150	134	.893
Kirkwood	14	11	19	14	12	19	13	13	18	150	133	.886
Bowler	13	12	19	14	11	16	15	12	20	150	132	.880
Bell	13	10	18	14	13	17	14	14	17	150	130	.866
Getchel	13	14	19	14	15	14	11	13	17	150	130	.866
Hughes	11	13	14	13	14	19	11	14	17	150	126	.840
E S Peckham	10	13	15	15	12	18	12	13	17	150	125	.833
Root	12	13	17	14	11	17	13	12	16	150	125	.833
Griffin	13	15	15	13	10	15	13	11	19	150	124	.826
Richards	11	14	15	12	13	18	11	12	16	150	123	.820
Johnson	12	13	16	14	13	15	12	11	15	150	121	.806
McArdle	12	13	18	12	10	14	13	13	17	150	120	.800
Mason	10	14	15	9	12	15	15	12	15	150	119	.793
Bain	14	9	14	15	9	14	13	14	17	150	119	.793
Alexander	12	10	16	9	12	16	13	14	16	150	118	.786
Fenton	13	11	17	13	11	13	11	15	14	150	118	.786
Keller	7	12	13	14	14	13	15	11	15	150	114	.760
H Peckham	11	9	13	11	11	17	12	10	15	150	110	.733
Powel	13	15	13	11	13	12	12	9	14	150	110	.733
Dring	11	8	10	11	13	13	10	12	19	150	107	.713
Coggeshall	9	11	15	9	10	15	13	11	13	150	106	.706
Arnold	10	8	13	9	8	16	10	9	18	150	101	.673
Hammett	11	11	15	8	8	12	12	11	11	150	99	.660
Cozzens	11	10	12	8	10	12	11	9	12	150	95	.633
Coaling	15	10	13	12	12	17	..	..	..	100	79	.790
Hamilton	..	4	2	4	3	1	4	..	..	100	18	.180
Smith	..	14	17	12	13	17	..	..	..	85	73	.858

The regular semi-monthly L. C. Smith badge contest was run off on Wednesday with a light attendance, Powel getting another win with 40, thereby again tying Manchester on wins. The scores:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10		Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	
Powel	7	9	9	8	7	—40	Manchester	7	6	9	7	10	—39
Hughes	7	4	9	8	9	—37	Coggeshall	6	8	6	6	8	—34
Bowler	7	8	6	7	9	—37	Dring	5	5	5	10	6	—31

Indianapolis Gun Club.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 28.—Each event was at 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	at.	Broke.
Sayles	20	16	20	19	19	24	22	19	20	18	21	22	300	240
Medico	23	14	13	21	18	20	11	..	..	..	..	..	175	120
Dickman	21	20	20	23	21	25	22	22	25	23	21	23	300	266
Parry	22	18	18	22	21	21	22	..	..	..	..	..	175	144
Michaelis	24	18	18	21	22	23	23	20	18	22	..	..	250	209
Armstrong	15	15	18	18	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	125	83
Anderson	16	18	17	24	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	75
Gregory	20	18	19	23	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	125	98
Trout	19	19	21	22	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	125	98
Vonnegut	8	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	18
Stillwell	15	15	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	52
Wildback	22	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	44
Dennison	20	23	20	23	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	125	109
Hill	11	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	41
Manchester	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	15
Heaton	21	18	20	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	77
Dixon	21	20	22	22	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	125	102
Moore	19	14	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	54
Nash	19	21	23	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	79
Bush	19	21	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	60
Bell	13	14	23	24	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	74
Roberts	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	16
Greenleaf	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	20
Smiley	15	19	12	13	15	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	150	82
Rucker	6	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	29
Moellerschock	13	14	20	19	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	150	100
Fugate	16	17	23	9	22	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	150	108
Shearer	13	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	40
Jones	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	16
Scott	19	19	16	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	74

In the shoot-off for the Hunter Arms Co. trophy Mr. Gus Moeller won.

Springfield Shooting Club.

Springfield, Mass.—The interest among the members of the Springfield Shooting Club ran high on June 1, when ten competed for the gold badge. Douglas was the lucky one to win, his second score of 19 out of 25 being high for the shoot. Having been absent from the last shoot, he was obliged to shoot two strings of 25 targets each.

Some good scores were made, considering the strong east wind blowing, which caused the targets to fly high and erratically.

Scores, in badge contest, distance handicap, 25 targets, follow: Douglass (16) 19, Douglass (21) 11, Downing (20) 16, Dr. Keith (21) 16, Coats (23) 16, Kites (17) 15, Chapin (16) 13, Snow (16) 13, Hawes (16) 11, Fuller (22) 11, Janser (16) 9.

Scores in regular events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	25	25	25	at.	Broke.
Downing	8	5	5	6	10	17	18	..	105	69
Coats	7	4	7	4	13	..	17	18	105	70
Kites	..	6	3	6	13	17	18	..	95	63
Douglass	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	25	15
Warfield	7	1	3	7	6	..	..	..	55	24
Dr Keith	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	10	3
Snow	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	10	4
Hawes	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	25	16
Janser	..	..	4	2	..	..	..	..	20	6
Chapin	..	3	3	..	..	..	..	..	20	6

Misfire.

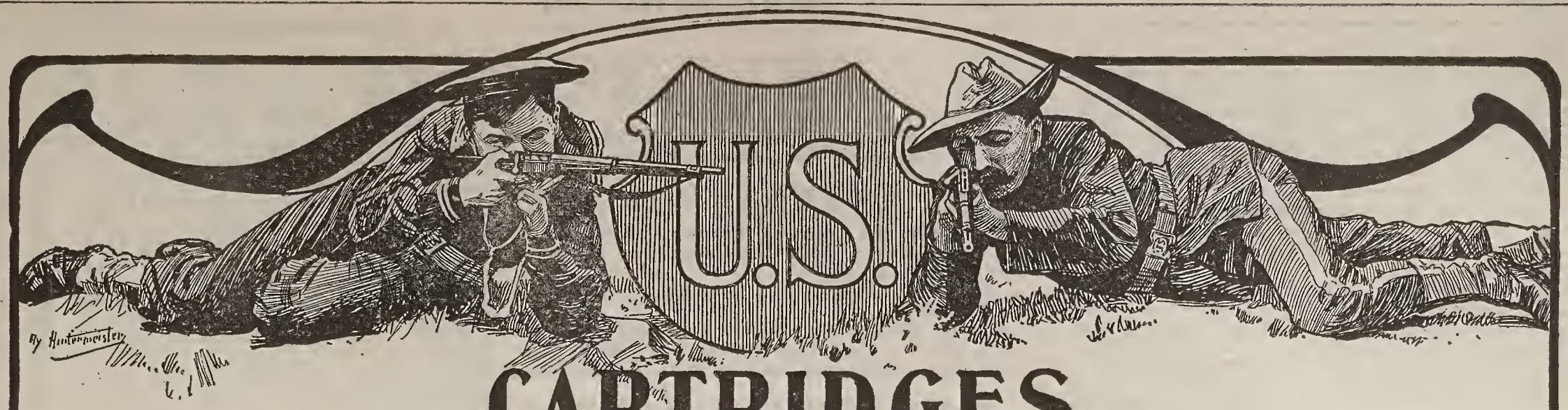
St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

St. Paul, Minn., May 31.—Herewith find scores made at our regular club shoots, Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning. The weather was very threatening. A strong wind, together with the opening of the fishing season, gave a reasonable excuse for small attendance.

Scores of May 28: Bazille shot at 135, broke 101; Charles 90, 62; Macke 120, 82; Reichenbach 75, 45; Schroeder 90, 45; Perry 90, 73; Pleist 60, 46; Kirschbaum 90, 52; Bakeman 45, 30; Frankel 75, 35; O'Neill 90, 44.

Scores of May 29: Pleiss shot at 100, broke 77; Schulsted 115, 80; Allegauer 100, 77; Costello 100, 79; Bakeman 60, 52; Irle 50, 40; Cat 50, 44.

Sec'y.



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WESTERN TRAP.

Marshalltown Tournament.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., May 25.—This town came into prominence as a shooting city the second time, when the tournament was held last year, being the result of a reorganization of the famous old gun club. So this year the same old members were present and formed a prominent and happy good-looking squad in their suits of white.

The grounds are of the finest, though requiring both street cars and hack to reach.

The weather was good the first day, and some good scores were made, Fred Gilbert being high professional, with Budd and Adams following. Two sets of expert traps were used, and they worked to a fine system of pulls.

The second day was not a perfect one, as clouds, accompanied by rain, kept some shooters from being present. Taylor, of Dakota, was high man with 195, a wonderful score, and he was pleased to wind up a target ahead of Gilbert; but as Fritz won the average by 11 he did not care.

It was a fine race, as between H. C. Taylor, of Mecklin, S. D., with 377; W. Hoon, Jewell, Ia., 373; G. G. Wallace, Marshalltown, 370, and E. Russell, Union, 259.

A feature was the 50-target special, with handicaps, for a watch. In this Gilbert outdid his previous records by "cracking" 50 straight from the 22-yd. line. Others made viz.: Wallace 45, Lane 42, Cook 40, Densel 42, Abbott 46, Taylor 42, Russell 39, Remington 43, Lambert 45, Hoon 44, Peterson 43, Carstens 43, Nichols 43, C. B. Adams 48, B. Wing 45, Bell 40, Gilbert 50, Budd 48, Forney 41, Friend 43.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
E G Wallace	14	13	20	16	14	18	15	15	18	15	14	20	188
J Lane	11	13	18	12	12	16	13	12	17	12	10	17	163
C Cook	10	11	16	11	11	17	14	14	13	12	12	16	157
P Densel	11	13	14	11	11	17	12	13	18	12	13	19	164
L C Abbott	10	13	18	12	12	18	13	13	17	12	11	19	168
H Taylor	12	12	18	14	15	20	12	13	19	13	15	19	182
E M Russell	14	14	19	13	12	15	12	12	20	14	13	19	177
J M Remington	11	11	17	9	11	15	15	14	19	13	12	20	167
W Lambert	12	11	15	11	13	18	14	15	19	14	14	18	174
W S Hoon	14	14	19	13	15	18	14	12	20	15	14	19	187
J Peterson	13	10	15	11	10	18	15	15	19	12	14	18	170
H A Carstens	12	14	13	11	12	19	11	13	14	11	12	16	158
T B Nichols	11	13	20	12	14	19	15	12	17	13	13	15	174
C B Adams	14	15	17	12	14	19	14	11	19	12	12	20	178
B Wing	9	14	15	6	11	16	9	9	16	12	12	18	147
H Bell	9	13	15	13	13	16	15	10	18	14	14	11	161
F Gilbert	15	14	20	15	14	20	15	15	20	15	13	18	194
C W Budd	11	14	19	13	14	20	13	14	17	15	15	18	183
D M Forney	13	10	15	12	13	18	12	12	17	12	10	13	157
H Friend	12	11	15	11	12	15	14	14	18	14	11	16	163
Seaman	7	12	13	9	14	16	12	10	14	10	8	..	125

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Wallace	14	14	20	15	15	18	15	15	13	14	12	17	182
Lane	13	11	17	14	14	19	12	15	18	13	15	16	177
Densel	13	10	16	11	15	16	11	13	18	13	13	13	162
Nichols	14	14	18	13	14	19	14	13	16	10	13	18	176
Friend	15	12	17	15	14	16	14	14	18	15	13	19	182
Taylor	15	15	19	14	15	20	14	15	20	15	15	18	195
Russell	12	14	17	14	13	18	13	15	18	15	14	19	182
Remington	14	14	18	15	13	20	14	13	17	14	12	15	179
Lambert	13	15	20	13	11	19	15	13	19	13	13	16	180
Cook	13	11	18	13	15	19	14	14	17	13	14	18	179
Hoon	15	13	20	15	13	16	14	12	18	15	14	20	185
Peterson	13	13	18	15	14	19	12	11	18	11	13	14	171
Carstens	10	10	15	14	13	17	12	11	14	12	12	16	156
C B Adams	14	11	19	14	15	19	15	14	17	13	14	18	183
Wing	12	11	16	11	10	19	14	13	15	11	13	20	165
Abbott	14	12	18	14	12	18	14	10	15	11	14	16	168
Gilbert	14	15	20	14	14	19	14	15	19	15	15	20	194
Budd	14	15	19	13	14	17	13	13	19	14	14	19	184
Dr Kibbey	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	15	..	..	..	...

Other Places.

The Bluff City Gun Club, of Memphis, Tenn., at their last meeting, had a fine contest for the three medals that are up for club membership. The first one was won by B. F. Ricks, after shooting out two others. In the 50-bird race for the old Domineck medal, Mr. Ricks was again victorious, as, with a score of 41, he was high. Several new members have been added, and soon some others will have the honors. The scores: R. B. Snowden shot at 100, broke 73; J. B. Snowden 125, 93; W. E. Love 150, 119; McGee, 150, 111; H. Mallory 175, 133; B. S. Ricks 150, 117; H. P. Jordon 125, 77.

The Mattoon, Wis., Gun Club members are getting in action. A new organization has been perfected, and a set of expert traps has been added to the paraphernalia. Some of the merchants have been interested, and on Decoration Day, the shoot will be for merchandise. Both live birds and targets will be used.

The North Dakota State shoot will be held at Minot, June 14 and 15. C. H. Parker, president.

The Woodville, Miss., Gun Club, propose issuing a handsome programme for their tournament on June 15 and 16.

Alex. Mermod, of St. Louis, has challenged Alex. Holmes for the pigeon wing trophy, which Holmes won on a straight 25 at the Missouri State tournament held last week.

W. Fred Quimby, one of the best known traveling men in the powder and sporting goods trade, was a visitor in St. Louis part of last week. He was dividing his time between the trade and Dupont Park, where the State shoot was in progress.

Panama, Mo., reports shoots regularly the May days.

The Carrollton, Mo., Gun Club has been reorganized, all owing to a stop-over having been made in that town by Mrs. Nellie Bennett. In a space of two days, there were twenty signatures obtained.

The shooters of Albuquerque, N. M., were out May 22, and Joe Barnett proposed that all should shoot fast, so that style was adopted, with fairly good success. So fast did the guns crack that some of them were dipped in cold water so that the solder would not melt. Scores: Joe Barnett broke 22, 17, 20, 20, 20, 19; C. E. Quin 18, 19; Roy McDonald 17, 18; Harvey Johnson 17, 18; Tony Ortis 20, 14.

Trapshooting is advancing out in Nebraska. Last week the club at Wayne paid a visit to the town of Carroll with a team of ten men, and there shot a friendly team race. Shooting at 25 targets each, Wayne scored 155 to Carroll's 130. Some of the scores were good; others low.

The Owatana, Minn., Gun Club has made a start for the 1904 season, and last Tuesday held a shoot. The scores reported are low, but target shooting comes with practice, and the enthusiasm will bring results that other clubs may envy before the season is over.

Another first-of-the-season was held by the Marshfield, Wis., Gun Club, on their grounds last Sunday. The scores are said to have been good.

Recently nineteen members of the Terre Haute, Ind., Gun Club held the first of a series of four shoots, which will settle the ownership of the Bennett cup. The shooters are handicapped by allowance of added targets. This enabled the following to have a perfect 50, viz.: Meisel, Watson, Barbazette, Tetzel, Beggs, W. N. Cox, Fady, Crawford, McPeak, Winters; Thon, Smith and Mitchell 48; Stimpson, Brown and Kevitts 47; Tully and Beggs 44; Cassaday and Pierson 40.

Out at Oaks, N. D., recently Wilson, Porter and Marshall each broke 19 out of 25. Hereafter shoots will be held Saturday evening at 6:45.

Recently the gun club from Canton, Mo., paid a visit to Quincy, Ill., and there meeting others from Lima, Warsaw, Palmyra, Mexico, Lewiston and Boneparte, carried off the four-man team shoot, with Quincy second and Lima third. Martin Goetz was high man, with Ed Grimmer, of Quincy, second.

A new shooting park is to be established on the Interurban street car line, between Janesville and Beloit, Wis. This will accommodate both gun clubs and furnish a suitable place for indulging in the favorite pastime of target shooting.

The tenth annual shoot of the Washington State Association was held at Hornington last week. The weather and all conditions were good, and high averages were made. E. E. Ellis, of Seattle, won the medal after defeating a strong field. Same was formerly held by Dell Cooper. With the medal goes 40 per cent. of the purse. The score made by Ellis was 38 out of 40.

The Meriden, Ala., Gun Club was organized last week, with the following officers: W. Perry, President; W. W. Cracke, Vice-President; B. M. Fiebleman, Secretary; A. J. Teter, A. G. McCants, D. C. Paythless and W. Jennings were elected directors. The intention is to join the Mississippi-Louisiana Trapshooters' League.

At the second shoot of the Quincy, Ill., Gun Club nine members were present. Draper and Zimmermann tied for first place with 17 out of 20, while Walker was high with 17 in the trophy.

The new club house at Watertown, S. D., where the State shoot will be held, is about finished, according to latest reports. The club members are pushing the work. The first shoot will be the club event, that of the Hunter medal.

From Sterling, Ill., comes the information that the shoot at Sanborn Park held Friday was well attended. The live-bird races were especially attractive. Capt. Ben Eich made the very good score of 95 out of 100 targets. Many shooters came from the surrounding towns, and the tournament proved successful.

De Kalb, Ill., Gun Club, held a shoot at Electric Park last Thursday.

The La Crosse, Wis., Sharpshooters will shoot on Sunday. Many teams from other towns will be in attendance, but Winona will not have a team, as their club has not had a meeting of late.

Notice has been received that the Winona, Minn., Gun Club will not hold their accustomed shoot on May 30, but will attend the shoot at Sparta, Wis., on that day, and will put in all the "best licks" toward the big event, the Interstate shoot, to be held there, July 4, when Elmer Shaner will be the ruling genius. There will be a big shoot at Sparta. Teams of five men from Lacrosse, Winona, Viroqua, Tomah and Sparta will shoot for the trophy cup put up by Lacrosse last year.

There is a strong probability that a shooters' league will be organized in North Alabama, and as an inducement for such an organization, the Peters Cartridge Co. has offered a silver cup for club contests. Huntsville, Madison, Decatur, Courtland, Tuscumbia, Town Creek and Sheffield, will likely be in the organization.

At the last shoot of the Remington Gun Club, of Milwaukee, the leading shots were C. C. Church, Joe Weber and Alfred Weber. Steve Mumer was high at the Jolly Gun Club, with 44 out of 50.

Notices come to us of a strange coincidence that happened at Minneapolis. It appears that one Guptil, formerly from Illinois, dropped into a shooting crowd at the park, and after asking for the loan of a gun, being dressed like unto a veritable hayseed, was challenged by a city chap, E. H. Moulton, Jr., for a 100-target race; $50 was soon up, and when the match was shot—and it is claimed it was from the 22yd. mark—the farmer had the coin by a score of 85 to 78.

To be the son of a prophet it is not necessary to live in Prophetstown, but the citizens therein sport a gun club, and some of the members are prophets in their own country, and meantime shoot targets well. C. W. Fenn came out ahead in the last shoot, with 24; others made 20, 21 and 23. It is so unlikely a thing to beat Fenn that a disposition to set him back a few yards is growing in favor.

At Nappanee, Ind., the old gun club has been reorganized, and with fifteen enthusiasts there bids fair to be a good club and some fine sport at the traps. The officers are: Dr. M. D. Price, President; B. B. Maust, Secretary, and Ed. Martin, Treasurer. The club will meet twice a month, which should be followed by other clubs, as shooting every week often causes an abandonment of the sport altogether, owing to the expense.

The Decoration Day shoot at Streator, Ill., held by the Rutland Gun Club was well attended, there being twenty-one participants. The $50 cup was won by Dreuer, of Granville, while Stouber and Grube tied in second place.

In the Victoria, Wash., tournament it was almost a clean sweep for the Seattle team. Ellis, McLaughlin, Steele and Stewart not only won the team, but most of the individual, as well as the high average prizes. The team shoot was won on 85, with the Victoria team 10 behind. Ellis, first average; Steele, second; Stewart and McLaughlin third.

The Northport, Wash., Gun Club was organized Sunday last with T. B. Robinson, President and R. Asinms, Secretary. The shooting grounds are situated just outside the city limits on the farm of T. A. Perrott.

The trio of cities that are closely allied in the eastern part of Wisconsin—Neenah, Menasha and Appleton—will soon open the shooting season at the traps. There are now forty members, and a shoot will be held Thursdays. The clubs at Oshkosh and other towns will soon hear of a challenge.

The gun clubs at Battle Creek and Kalamazoo, Mich., are holding a contest for supremacy.

Returns from the Harrington, Wash., State shoot show that McBroom, of Seattle, won high average, as shooting at 600 targets he scored 92 per cent. C. D. Ellis, of Harrington, won the Hunter Arms Co. trophy. Ellis, of Seattle, the L. C. Smith trophy. Spokane won the team shoot with 55 broke to Seattle's 53. In all there were some sixty shooters present from Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

C. B. Wiggins announces his July 6 and 7 tournament to be for amateurs, and yet those known to be 90 per cent. men will be required to shoot at targets thrown a distance of 70yds., and those under that at 40yds. Thus two sets of traps will be necessary.

W. J. Rand and Stafford Campbell, of El Paso, Tex., are willing to put up their cash for a match at 25 targets. Each feels confident and boasts of ability, yet both got rattled since the advent of the new traps. Results later.

The Parker Gun Club, of Milwaukee, will hold a shoot Sunday. A new trap, set in concrete and steel construction, will furnish the target propelling force.

It is reported that Wm. Clayton has the prior right to the match with A. C. Holmes, of Kansas City, for the pigeon wing trophy, as his challenge was published in the St. Louis Globe Sunday, May 29, and the Mermod challenge, though made verbally at the close of the shoot, and the St. Louis Sportsman representative being present, was authorized to publish same, and he understands that Holmes accepted same at that time.

Messrs. Raymond and Bartosh, of Jackson, Minn., report having a good time at the Minneapolis tournament. Raymond shot two days, scoring 168 to 171.

The Natchitoehcs, La., tournament resulted as follows: At 200 targets Wade made 183, Hubby 176, Bosley 175, Bryan 178, Faurote 170, Sligo 169, Breazeale 168, Fulton, Venturn and Picket same, Marston 162. In the 100-target race, Wade made 98, Faurote 93, Ventura 91, Sligo 91, Beasley 90; others ran as low as 70.

Bad weather interfered with the Memorial shoot at Muncie, Ind. W. H. McFadden won on 41 out of 50; Paro 36, Frank 32, Dewitt 27, Bailey 15, Menard 30.

The shooters of Madison, Rockford, Beloit and Janesville, Wis., united in a shoot at the park on the electric line, on last Saturday, and the shooting interests are now looming up in the southern part of this State.

Considerable trapshooting is being indulged in at the Golden State. On Decoration Day the Pasadena boys shot for an accumulated collection of merchandise. The Pacific Coast Trapshooters' Association started at Ingleside May 29. The sliding handicap was to be used, and no doubt there was dropping for fear of being held at the far away mark.

The St. Cloud, Minn., Gun Club, has taken up the making of scores. There are good men there who have much fun with the bursting of targets.

Members of the Menominee, Mich., Gun Club, who are enthusiastic are taking steps to organize an Upper Peninsula Association of Gun Clubs that will take in the towns of Escanaba, Green Bay, Iron River, Marquette, Kenton, Houghton, Calumet, Iron Mountain and other cities. As soon as the circuit is organized there will be dates set for a tournament for each town.

The Middleton, Wis., Gun Club have flooded the West with a poster announcing their amateur shoot, June 13. On this occasion a new trap will be used. The feature will be that of the Seifken handicap. Shooters must bring their shells, as there will be none for sale on the grounds.

A Decoration Day shoot at Aurora, Ill., brought out fourteen entrics, and a good crowd were present as onlookers. Harry Turner won a silver spoon. Bruncmeyer, the veteran, won the second event. Then the best prize of the day went to the old reliable, Henry Tanner. Weekly shoots will be held at Downer Place.

The La Crosse and Sparta, Wis., teams failed to capture the Chronicle trophy from the Viroqua Club in their Memorial Day shoot, held at Sparta. If the Viroqua men win once more it will be their property. The La Crosse boys shot poorly, as did the winners, hence their regrets at not being able to make a better showing.

The renowned club house of the New Orleans Pecan Gun Club on the banks of Lake Borgne, where many records were made with the rod and gun, has been sold and passed to other hands, being for the present used as a boarding house.

With a score of 47 out of 50, Mr. Tilly won the medal for June at the meets of the Boon, Ia., Gun Club. There was a large attendance on Decoration Day.

The Terre Haute, Ind., Gun Club held a shoot on Memorial Day, and the system of handicapping, target allowance, brought together the full membership, and a jolly time they had.

The Winnebago Gun Club, of Oshkosh, Wis., though a little late in the season, held their first weekly shoot for this year on the last day of May. The scores were not large, though John Steiner made 17 out of 20. Those who took part were Sawyer, Chase, Clark, Rice, Athern, Steier, Heisinger, Gillan, Jackish, Dunham and Brown. New members proposed were J. R. Chapman, Rice and Ackerman.

There has been an unusual amount of heavy wind in Texas this year. So it was not unusual, though it much interfered with the seores made by the Midland Gun Club when it met last Friday and contested for merchandise prizes. Shooting at 50 targets, Day made 46, Elliott 38, Flanigan 36, Baker 37, Pegues 35, Holt 32, Rankin 33, Reid 23, Homan 26, Pemberton 17.

The Great Bend, Kan., tournament brought out some good seores, especially the last day, when the wind went down. The best shooting was done by C. F. Rankin, of Dorrance; E. W. Arnold, Larned, and Chris. Gottlieb, of Kansas City. Pawnee county won the three-man team race; out of 75 targets, they seored 64. The high averages for the two days were: E. W. Arnold, Larned, Kan., 489; Joe Reminette, Salina, Kan., 480; Chris. Gottlieb, Kansas City, 478; Paul Gano, Pawnee Rock, Kan., 477; Ed. O'Brien, Florence, Kan., 473.

At the Meriden, Miss., tournament one of the members asked the other to be present at the Friday shoot, as he would open something. A local wag said, "It may be only the box that contains the shells."

It is reported that "Ducky" Holmes has set June 18 for the shoot with Clayton for the pigeon wing trophy.

William Clayton, of Kansas City, is walking around with "a chip on his shoulder" and desires some amateur to go after the Elliott trophy, which he won from O. N. Ford. He will have the defense of the Wyeth trophy on his hands, as Holmes will take him on. It is reported that two matches will occur on the same day, both 50 or 100 live birds. If Clayton can duplicate his St. Joseph score, he will be the "talk of the town."

The All Kansas team of pigeon shooters met the All Missouri at the Blue River Park, Kansas City, on Memorial day and retained the big Bob Elliott silver cup. Scores: Kansas—O'Brien 18, Arnold 20, Paxton 18, Anderson 18, Johnson 16. Missouri—Cunningham 20, Tipton 16, Gottlieb 17, Wilmot 16, Clayton 17.

The Kansas City live-bird shooters will next take on the Kansas team. Harry Tipton, Paul Franke, A. C. Holmes, Dr. Planke and W. M. Clayton will be the team, and the contest will be a close one if Ed O'Brien can get his best team together.

The Saginaw, Mich., West Side Gun Club has started in for the season's shooting. Several of the members will be at the Owasso shoot on June 14.

H. G. Kragman and Geo. Bell long for a try at live birds, and will soon shoot at 25 a side for a purse.

Assurances come that the Illinois State tournament will be one of the best shoots in the West. Full report in June 25 issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

The new shooters of the El Paso, Tex., Gun Club are coming to the front rapidly.

The Marion, S. D., Gun Club met last week and elected the following officers: Chas. Clark, President; F. Bentz, Vice-President; O. G. Kuchenbecker, Secretary; H. Van Kuschen, Treasurer.

The Omaha, Neb., Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot Saturday. The scores were poor. Driesbaugh shot out Townsend and Rood, and won a fine umbrella. Then at 25 targets Townsend scored 23 and Wilkins pushed him with 22. The Dickey Bird Club will open the season this week with a full programme.

The shoot held last Thursday by the Plainview, Minn., Gun Club was a good one.

A new gun club has been organized by the shooters at York, N. D.

When July 4 shall have come around there will be inaugurated a shoot at Taylor, Tex., as Capt. C. F. Gilstrap, of that vity, has prepared a programme for team shoots that will be a success, as team shoots always draw. Shooters from all parts of the State will be present.

When the shoot at Brenham, Tex., closed last Friday it was found that at 205 targets, Atchison broke 182, Miller 170, Sens 175, Tucker 160, Curran 178, Waters 167, Hutchins 147, Barnes 145.

Mr. Curran, of Ennis, Tex., now holds both the cups given by the Houston Chronicle, the amateur championship and the expert State championship. Mr. Curran is a fine shot and a clever young gentleman, deservedly popular throughout the Lone Star State.

A tournament was held the last of the week at Marseilles, Ill., at which shooters were present from Ottawa, La Salle, Granville and Harding. The attraction was a Schmelzer loving cup, which was won by Drenen, of Granville.

Omaha, Neb., trapshots will be in evidence at the shoots to be held at Sioux City, Ia., June 7, 8 and 9; at New London, Ia., June 14, 15 and 16, and then at the G. A. H., June 21.

The Fairmount, Minn., Gun Club held a practice shoot May 29. They were so well pleased with their showing that a challenge was issued to the Lakefield boys for a try for the Peters trophy.

Panama, Mo., shooters are shooting their shoots very regularly.

The Clarksville, Ia., Gun Club has challenged clubs at Hampton, Waverly, Green, Shell Rock, or Nassau, for a five-man team race.

Chicago Trap Shooters' League.

CHICAGO, Ill.—The scores made at the shoot of the Chicago Trapshooters' Association, May 29 and 30, at Watson's Park, Burnside, follow:

May 29, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	20	10	15	20	15	15	20		
T Burnham	9	13	17	11	13	18	10	12	17	9	13	18	190	160
E Brown	10	12	15	14	12	16	8	13	17	11	9	14	190	151
J Surprise	10	11	18	13	13	16	8	13	17	8	13	16	190	156
M Anderson	7	12	19	15	13	18	9	13	19	10	14	13	190	163
Gragg	10	13	18	12	14	15	9	12	17	12	15	17	190	164
L Willard	9	12	20	14	11	16	10	12	17	14	15	20	190	170
Hanagan	9	13	18	10	13	13	9	12	12	13	15	13	190	150
Geo Roll	9	14	19	14	14	19	9	12	14	15	13	18	190	170
Stannard	7	14	16	13	12	15	10	13	18	13	13	18	190	162
Burnside	9	13	20	13	13	17	8	14	20	13	14	17	190	171
Shogren	9	11	17	11	11	14	7	..	..	..	..	..	105	80
N O Burnham	7	12	19	13	13	19	9	11	17	14	14	16	190	164
A Vance	9	13	17	13	11	19	9	13	18	9	12	16	190	151
C Johnson	6	11	14	9	9	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	105	68
G Engstrom	9	13	19	14	13	17	7	11	19	5	13	18	190	158
Winesberg	8	10	16	15	11	15	9	10	13	7	13	20	190	147
Vietmeyer	7	11	19	12	12	17	6	11	18	14	11	18	190	156
Forbes	7	..	18	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	37
Rambo	8	13	17	11	9	14	6	10	14	..	..	..	140	102
Barto	7	12	18	13	15	16	9	15	18	14	15	17	190	169
Rutledge	7	10	19	12	8	17	8	12	..	12	11	16	170	132
Cooley	6	12	18	12	11	..	9	13	..	..	..	..	100	81
Lord	9	11	18	14	11	12	6	10	..	13	12	..	150	116
Bowers	..	..	12	12	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	46
Deal	..	..	16	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	38
Nichols	10	14	15	13	13	15	9	11	16	14	14	19	190	163
M Weber	9	14	17	11	13	16	8	12	18	11	14	16	190	159
M O Smith	4	10	13	12	11	12	5	11	..	..	..	..	120	78
J R Graham	8	8	20	13	12	17	9	15	17	14	11	19	190	163
C Binyon	8	12	18	11	14	14	10	12	19	13	12	15	190	158
Reeves	..	..	13	..	..	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	50	34
Nelson	..	..	13	..	9	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	45	28
Carskaden	9	15	14	13	10	17	8	11	13	..	..	..	140	110
Burton	..	..	16	10	13	15	8	12	18	13	13	14	165	132
Humpfer	..	..	..	..	13	..	7	10	..	11	14	15	90	70
Fowler	..	..	..	..	12	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	25	18
Butcher	..	..	..	..	11	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	25	18
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	17	9	12	19	14	13	16	115	100
Lund	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	10	7
Myrick	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	18	9	11	20	95	79
Stenberg	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	10	6
Elias	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	17	35	27
Kellogg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	17	35	22
Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	20	10
Flewelling	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	20	19

May 30, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	20	10	15	20	15	15	20		
Willard	8	12	16	15	14	15	8	11	17	11	11	14	190	152
Hanagan	8	11	10	9	8	13	3	11	18	13	12	12	190	128
Roll	9	10	19	12	14	12	9	13	16	12	14	16	190	156
Stannard	7	13	20	12	12	19	8	12	12	10	14	15	190	154
Burnside	7	9	19	10	12	14	9	9	13	8	11	11	190	132
Graham	7	13	13	12	10	15	7	11	11	8	13	15	190	135
Barto	9	12	17	15	13	16	9	10	16	10	14	13	190	154
Heber	6	11	12	10	13	16	6	11	11	..	..	..	140	96
Smoke Linbaugh	6	10	16	9	11	16	7	9	18	10	10	15	190	137
Ock	5	12	9	9	13	11	2	7	16	8	12	11	190	115
Vietmeyer	7	7	11	8	12	15	6	13	13	10	11	11	190	124
Nichols	8	14	12	10	10	15	5	11	18	11	14	12	190	140
Johnson	7	7	12	7	8	10	4	8	12	9	8	6	190	101
Price	7	11	15	12	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	95	67
Shogren	8	10	15	10	10	11	7	8	..	..	..	..	120	79
Curtiss	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	6	12	..	7	..	75	46
Tom Marshall	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	10	8	15	10	10	11	130	89
Myrick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	17	7	12	..	75	54
Kellogg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	14	8	10	12	95	57
Flewelling	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	10	3	9	13	95	52
Stillson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	..	..	..	25	15
J Boa	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	16	11	13	..	75	60
Kurtz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	6	6	..	45	16
Stafford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	6	..	7	50	22
Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	6	10	50	18
McKinnon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	13	50	35

Watson Park handicap, 50 targets each day, was won by Stannard, with a total score of 91. The totals of those who shot on both days for this cup follow: Willard 88, Hanagan 83, Roll 89, Stannard 91, Graham 73, Barto 83, Heber 77, Vietmeyer 70, Shogren 81, Myrick 74, Kellogg 75. SHOTGUN.

Watertown Tournament.

WATERTOWN, S. D.—The weather was unfavorable to high scores at the two-day shoot of the Watertown Gun Club, May 31 and June 1.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	25
Gilbert	14	15	20	15	15	20	14	14	20	15	15	24
Burmeister	11	14	19	13	13	19	14	13	14	14	14	19
Klein	13	13	20	15	14	20	15	15	19	13	15	22
Taylor	15	15	20	15	14	19	15	12	20	13	14	23
Marshall	14	15	18	15	13	19	13	14	20	13	11	23
E Troeh	14	12	18	14	13	17	13	12	16	12	11	23
Shaw	14	13	19	15	14	20	14	14	20	14	15	23
Crosby	14	15	18	12	12	20	13	13	19	13	10	23
Johnson	13	15	18	15	15	19	14	15	15	14	14	24
Kreger	10	14	14	15	12	19	14	15	19	14	13	21
Lord	13	13	19	15	13	18	13	14	18	13	13	21
Yager	12	11	12	13	11	12	11	11	16	7	10	..
Goodwin	13	14	17	15	14	20	11	14	19	15	12	22
Seymour	14	13	19	14	14	18	12	15	15	12	15	19
Pettit	11	10	8	11	7	9	4	11	13	13	6	8
Greiff	15	15	19	15	12	19	15	13	16	14	11	20
Doner	15	13	17	..	15	..	..	11	..	..	..	21
L French	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schoenberger	11	13	15	12	..	14	..	12	..	9	..	..
Glass	12	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Anderson	11	15	11	10	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Towne	15	13	19	15	12	13	14	13	17	14	12	20
A French	..	..	..	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sundy	..	..	..	13	10	15	13	10	14	12	10	..
Schaller	..	..	..	9	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hanken	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	5	3	..	..	..
Fuller	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Fletcher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	..	..	20
Peterman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Emmalens	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
J H Troeh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	13	..
Cory	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

June 1:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	25
Gilbert	14	12	14	15	15	15	23
Burmeister	14	11	14	12	14	13	15
Klein	12	14	12	13	12	12	25
Taylor	14	11	14	13	14	13	22
Marshall	12	11	12	12	12	15	23
Shaw	11	6	11	11	9	11	21
Troeh	13	15	13	14	13	13	20
Pettit	6	4	6	3	6	4	..
Johnson	12	6	12	11	12	15	19
Kreger	10	10	10	12	11	11	18
Lord	13	13	13	12	12	15	21
Crosby	13	13	13	13	14	14	..
Greiff	10	12	10	10	11	10	16
Seymour	13	11	13	13	13	13	20

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	25
Sundy	7	7	7	11	9	10	14
Yager	6	6	6	4	6	..	..
Goodwin	9	14	9	13	13	11	..
Towne	13	12	13	14	8	15	17
French	7	6	7	..	..	..	..
Doner	11	14	11	..	9	..	21
Anderson	6	..	6	9	6	..	..
Schaller	4	..	4	10	8	..	..
Schoenberg	11	..	11	12	5	..	..
Schoenb'ger	11	..	11	12	5	..	..
Ransom	4	..	4	5	..	..	..
Mowray	..	..	..	..	7	13	..
Leavitt	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Emmleins	..	..	..	..	..	12	..

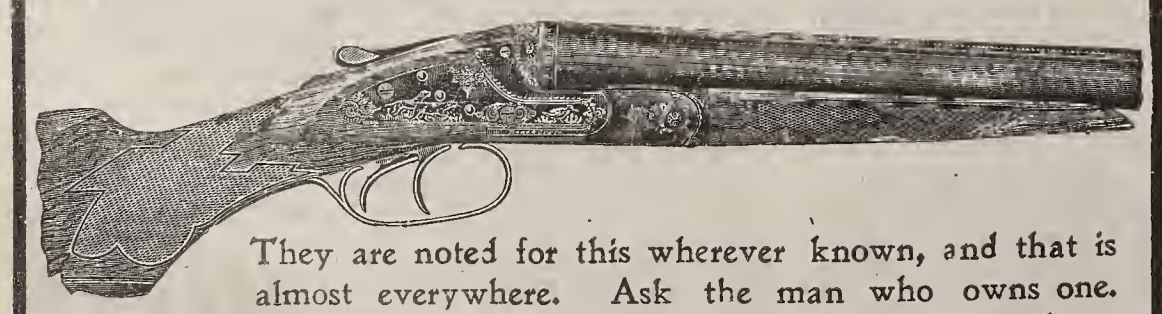
New Advertisements.

The opportunity to join the Baum-Hillers expedition through the Arizona ruins, for the purpose of locating, mapping and photographing many of them, is one that many readers will gladly avail themselves of. This is part of the good work undertaken by certain archæologists to preserve these ancient ruins from destruction by persons who wish to carry away and sell them.

Of the most important boat building works of the country situated inland, one is the American Boat and Machine Co., who build launches, sail boats, canoes and pleasure boats, as well as rowboats and knockdown crafts of any description. Visitors to St. Louis this summer will have an opportunity to inspect the works of this concern.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

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THE PALMA TROPHY.

THE status of the Palma Trophy, as it concerns the victory of the American riflemen last year at Bisley, is now in a fair way to be officially settled. The National Rifle Association of America, at a meeting in Washington, D. C., last Saturday, decided to return the Trophy to the National Rifle Association of Great Britain.

Owing to a justifiable belief that the N. R. A. of America would consider, and wisely decide on its merits, the unpleasant controversy concerning the legality of the special service rifles used by the American team of riflemen, FOREST AND STREAM has refrained from any prejudgment. We expected that the final decision would be rendered fully and vigorously after a fair, full, and fearless consideration of the case. As it is now officially passed upon, it is freely open to public discussion.

The N. R. A. of America presents its case in the form of a preamble and resolution formulated according to the report of its committee.

The resolution to return the Trophy is a most illogical consequence to the four "Whereases" which precede it. The first recites that the committee has given the matter careful consideration. The second is in the nature of a censure of Col. L. C. Bruce, the captain of the American team of riflemen. After regretting the differences which have been made public, this "Whereas" continues as follows:

"And, while we find the captain of the American team made no secret whatever of the exact character of the rifles, believing their use perfectly proper, which differences of opinion would never have existed had he officially submitted the rifles for approval, in accordance with the explicit instructions given him by the president of this Association."

The foregoing as censure is undeserved, and as a defense it is fallacious and absurd. Furthermore, it has many superficial signs of an attempt to divert attention from the true issue. In our opinion, the real, pertinent mistake was the sending of the American team abroad with two sets of radically unlike rifle barrels, the special set to be used if no one objected, the regular service set to be used in the event that objection was made to the special set. Thus the two sets of service barrels, differing radically, had inherent disturbing elements which worked a stultifying complication for the American team at the outset of the match. At that time there was, and since then has been, a standard U. S. service rifle, and it is not to be assumed that the N. R. A. of America did not have a full, minute knowledge of its specifications. The American team, equipped with two sets of unlike service barrels, perforce must have had one set of barrels which were not allowable. If one set was right, the other set, being materially different, must consequently have been wrong, as they concerned the competition for the Palma Trophy. Both sets could not be so radically different and still be the U. S. service rifle. This leads us up to Col. Bruce's connection with the matter, as set forth in the Association's censure of him. If the special rifles were correct U. S. service rifles, there was no occasion whatever for him to submit them for the approval or disapproval of his fellow captains, or for the ruling of the British authorities on them. He, under such circumstances, could not have been guilty of mistake, because mistake then was impossible. The special service rifle was either a service rifle or it was not. If it was a service rifle, Col. Bruce's instructions to submit it were unnecessary, and if it was not a service rifle, it should never have been used at all. But further, following Col. Bruce's instructions as given him by the president of the N. R. A. of America, if objection should be made to the special service rifles before the match was shot, he was to retire them forthwith, without demur, and was then to use the other set of rifles. Therein is an admission either of irregularity or of inefficiency of management which excuse or evasion cannot obscure. If an objection before the match was conceded to be amply sufficient for the peremptory disqualification of the special service rifle on the ground of ineligibility, then, *pari passu,* an objection after the match was shot, dealing with the same matter of fact, should have precisely the same force and relevance. In other words, if the special rifles were confessedly ineligible in the face of an objection before the match, the mere use of them in the match did not change their status in the least. Furthermore, if the special service rifles were made according to service specifications, it would be clearly improper to retire them because of any objection, if such should be made. The declaration concerning the readiness to accept an objection as sound necessarily carried with it a confession that the Americans recognized the irregularity of the situation. But why did the president of the American Association consider it necessary to submit the special set of barrels, and why, at the same juncture, did he consider it unnecessary to submit the other set? If they were service rifles alike they were equally entitled to recognition without favor. It is noteworthy that none of the other team captains submitted their rifles for approval or disapproval, nor did they in any way suggest a necessity for so doing.

The chief official plea, offered to justify the use of the special rifles, is that no one objected to them, and therefore the team used them. That plea under the same conditions, if accepted as sound, would have permitted the use of any kind of rifle. The true test was not whether there was an objection or not, but whether the rifle was a bana fide U. S. service rifle.

The third "Whereas" states that "prolongation of the arguments as to what is or is not conformity with regulation patterns of rifles might be continued indefinitely, with no prospective good resulting therefrom." As a matter of fact, the arguments should be continued till the issue is definitely settled on its merits. The length of time required to accomplish it is immaterial. Indeed, to settle such matters would seem to be a valid reason for the Association's existence. But the plea is evasive. The British Association did not raise the question of what constituted regulation patterns, but it did raise the very pertinent question whether the special set of rifles conformed to regulation patterns. In view of the fact that the American team was equipped with two unlike sets of rifles, one of which they voluntarily offered to retire on objection, the question was both proper and pertinent. The question is easily answered by yes or no. No U. S. Army officer would dare to confess that he does not know what constitutes a service rifle, and if he knows, he assuredly could pass on the special service rifle without any controversy.

The resolution presents the following:

Resolved, That we hereby ratify all statements made in the letter of the president of this Association to the secretary of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, dated March 7, 1904, and instruct the president to withdraw the Palma competition from the programme for the current year, and to cause the Palma trophy to be immediately returned to the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, to be held by that organization for future competition.

The statements referred to in the resolution as being made in a letter of the president to the secretary of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, dated March 7, alleged that the special service rifle contained one turn in eight inches, the same as the present service arm of the United States, and that the barrel containing such turn was approved for service adoption by the Secretary of War on June 19, 1903. The National Rifle Association of Great Britain held that an arm approved June 19 could not satisfy the rule of the match which required that the rifles used therein were to be "in all respects of the pattern adopted and issued to the troops for service." They furthermore contend that neither at that time nor since were rifles issued by the U. S. Government with a twist of one in eight inches. These are allegations which should be met squarely and fully. The issue is not confined to the narrow lines of the British Association vs. the American Association. The real issue is between the British people and the American people. If the rifles were regular, the American people have a right to know it fully, definitely, and conclusively. If the rifles were irregular, the American people have an equal right to know it. As the matter now stands, there is an evasiveness which by the world at large will be construed as guilt.

The resolution concludes with a direction to the president to return the Trophy. If the Association had no right to its possession, it should have been returned months ago. If the Association has a right to it, it should not be returned now. It is regrettable that official action concerning it did not take place sooner. Direct accusation and universal gossip at the outset afforded ample ground for it. The official action of the British Association was of itself a necessary cause for action by the American Association. From the first there was a reasonable certainty that only official action could definitely settle the issue either for or against the American team. The accusation of unfairness, publicly made, appeared in the public press both in England and the United States soon after the Bisley contest.

As for the American status: In a Washington, D. C., daily paper, an American rifleman of note in July, 1903, soon after the Bisley meet, more directly alleged that the special rifles used at Bisley by the American team were not service rifles. The issue in the United States was met in various ways—by the scream of the American eagle, by personal denunciation of the aforementioned rifleman, and by peevishly accusing the British of being bad losers; or that if the American team violated the conditions governing the Palma Trophy competition the British did likewise. The *tu quoque* fails, because, while the British did have some special barrels, the British Government had officially approved them as regular, therefore they are out of the controversy. Even if the British had been wrong, it is a weak plea to justify wrongdoing by others. But opposed to mere sentiment and spiteful verbiage were serious specifications which were not fairly met. While it was shown that the American team were open and above board in every particular concerning their rifles, that the different captains offered no objections to the use of them, and that therefore the American team deemed themselves justified in using them, all those circumstances were beside the real issue, were unofficial in any event, and are hence irrelevant. The conditions of the match were mandatory. The captains, singly or jointly, had no power to abrogate or add to the conditions governing it.

The gossip, newspaper discussion, accusation, etc., had so much vitality that as a consequence the National Rifle Association of Great Britain was forced to take reluctant official action. In October, 1903, over three months after the Bisley contest, the Association sent a letter of inquiry to the National Rifle Association of America. In it were questions asking for specific data concerning whether the rules of the Palma contest had or had not been violated by the American team. The reply was not vouchsafed till March, over four months after the inquiry. The reply admitted that special barrels had been used, a fact which had been fully admitted theretofore.

The reply of the British Association, sent promptly, in April was sharp and pertinent. It pointed out the differences between the rifles used in the match and the U. S. service rifle. All this was presented as a matter of fact concerning the match in question, and not in any way as consequent to official protest. Indeed, no protest was necessary, for the fact once determined that the rules governing the Palma Trophy were violated by the American team, disqualification of that team followed as a necessary matter of course.

All this data leads up to the long-delayed action of the National Rifle Association of America at its meeting in Washington last Saturday. The decision to return the Palma Trophy is not a result of having squarely and fairly met the issue. The American people are still in the dark as to whether the American team used a legitimate service rifle or not. The whole controversy on the American side rests on strong assertion and indignant denial.

It furthermore has been over-freely alleged in the American press that the British were bad losers. Such assertion is the weakest rant. There is not a single circumstance to sustain it in connection with the issue. When the American team won, the British team and the British people were lavish in their congratulations, and in the honors and hospitality bestowed on the Americans. Under the conditions then existing, the British took defeat manfully and pleasantly. Subsequent developments on matters of fact concerning the service rifles, both in America and England, and questions as to the eligibility of those rifles, were the causes of the trouble. The English had a perfect right to know the facts fully and freely. In all this there is nothing to show a bad loser. In all this there is much to show that the Americans have not met the issue fairly. The return of the Palma Trophy by the National American Rifle Association for reasons other than those set forth in the issue, will tend to convince the public that the contention of the Britishers is sound. However their action may be cloaked by indirection, it seems to be tantamount to a confession that the use of the special rifles under the circumstances was a mistake, and that the win of the American team is null and void.







THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Duck Hunting Among the Moros.

IT had been raining like the mischief for three weeks, which had brought us, besides a great deal of discomfort, an actual shortage of food. "Government straight"—namely, hardtack, coffee, and bacon—had been the bill of fare daily for I don't know how long, and none too much of that even.

We were camped—a battalion of infantry, two troops of cavalry, and a "mule battery"—way up on a bluff overlooking Lake Lanao, the so-called sacred lake of the Moros, in the mountains of Mindanao, which is, next to Luzon, the largest island in the Philippine group. It was twenty-three miles, by the meanest kind of a trail, to the coast, and we had been there for about three months, fighting with and making speeches to the natives in about equal parts.

It had, as I say, been pouring, as it only can pour in the tropics, for almost three weeks, and the day before had introduced a cyclone feature to the performance which had blown down every tent in camp, and would have carried our few household effects over into the next county had there been such a thing in that part of the world.

Taking advantage of a temporary cessation of hostilities on the part of the elements, a dozen or so of us were sitting in front of the commanding officer's tent getting a breath of fresh air and recounting our experiences in the late hurricane, when from nowhere apparently there appeared on the scene a Moro, naked as the day he was born, except for a breech clout and turban, in whom we recognized one of Datto Grande's men. Datto Grande, be it known, so called from his immense size, which distinguished him from the rest of the Moros, who, as a rule, are "pony built," was one of the most powerful and influential chieftains about the lake, and a staunch friend of the Americans. So we welcomed his messenger with many expressions of "Mopear," which is Moro for "Howdy," and asked him, in our best Castilian, how they had come through the tornado of the day before. The messenger only smiled and shook his head to signify that he did not understand our Spanish, for which small blame to him, and taking a piece of paper from the folds of his turban, handed it to the Major. Upon being translated the note, for such it proved to be, we found was from Grande, asking that a doctor be sent down to his house, about six miles below camp, to treat his little son, who was very ill. Of course his request was granted, and presently the doctor and an escort of half a dozen cavalrymen were trotting along the trail, cursing the fate which sent them out in such weather, but at the same time rather glad of a break in the monotony of being cooped up in camp as they had been for the past fortnight.

The next morning I met the doctor, who had returned some time in the night, and asked him how the boy was, and learned, much to my regret, that the little fellow had died just before they arrived. "But," said the doctor, "good Lord, Cap, you ought to see the ducks down near Grande's place. There is a slough there with ten million in it if there's one."

"What kind of ducks?" said I, for it had never before occurred to me to connect the festive Moro with anything half so peaceful as duck farming.

"Lord," said he, "I don't know what kind they are, 'cause I couldn't get near enough to them to find out."

"No," said I, "I mean are they wild or tame."

"Oh, they're wild, all right," answered Doc, "and I wish I had had a shotgun; I surely would have had a change of chaw from this eternal bacon and hardtack, hardtack and bacon we've been up against for the last month. I'm getting homesick for a piece of real meat."

Now, years ago I formed the habit of never going anywhere, if it was only to stay over night, without sneaking my good old 12-gauge Parker along in the bottom of my trunk. Furthermore, due partly to this habit, and partly to the fact that there is nothing in the world quite so handy in a "halo rush" as a shotgun and some buckshot, it was right there at that minute. Not in the bottom of my trunk, it is true, for we had no trunks with us, but wrapped up in the canvas of my bedding roll, together with about a hundred No. 6's I had brought along on the off chance of finding something on which to use them. I told the doctor I had a shotgun with me, and suggested that we make up a party and go down there the next day to see what we could do toward relieving the stringency for fresh meat that existed in the community.

Upon inquiry we found there were two other shotguns in camp, and about two hundred more shells suitable to the occasion; so the next afternoon Kirk, the Doctor, the Lieutenant and myself, with an escort of fifteen men from Kirk's troop, started off in high spirits to try our first chance at game since we had been on the island. Up to this time we had been too busy hunting men to bother with anything else; and, just between ourselves, once in while having the tables turned, and being hunted.

e trail forked a little way beyond camp, and Doc, ad gone along to show us the way, took the wrong t discovered his mistake before we had gone very least became uncertain whether we were on the or not; so I sent a man back to camp to ask ho had come in that morning to get some anything else he could talk the commanding officer out of, for his son's funeral ceremonies, to send us one of his people to act as guide. Our messenger had hardly gotten well started, before he met Grande himself, with his retinue, coming along on his way home, and as we saw them about the same time, we rode cross lots and joined them.

About a quarter of a mile from where we joined Grande and his followers, we flushed a pair of doves in the edge of a rice stubble. Kirk, not being able to withstand the temptation, jumped off his horse and started for them. Just as he flushed them, Grande, who was riding, jumped off his pony and shouting something in a very excited manner to his men, drew his kris and went charging toward an old Moro fort which stood near the trail, a little beyond us, and into which the doves had flown. Of course we promptly dismounted and formed a skirmish line, for in this country you never can tell what's going to happen, and it's always best to be prepared for the worst. Nothing occurred, however, and in a few minutes Grande and his men came back. He told us this fort belonged to a Moro named Ahmi Gra, who was, he said, "muy malo," and very hostile to the Americans. It seemed Ahmi Gra's people had some rice fields near this place, and Grande had noticed them working there that morning when he had passed on his way to our camp. He was afraid some of them had seen us coming, and might be lying in ambush in the fort. As Kirk was going directly toward it, Grande feared, if such was the case, they would kill him before we could get to him. Hence his action. We made a careful search, not only of the fort itself, but of all the cover in the vicinity that could conceal a Moro. Not finding anything, we mounted once more and started for the ducks. We proceeded much more carefully, however, and as Grande insisted that this particular part of the trail was dangerous, I sent out a small advance party and flankers, until we should reach his land, where I knew there would be no danger. As we rode along we could look way over the valley of the Mataling River and see Ahmi Gra's people standing in bunches on the tops of the many little hills, or running excitedly from one group to another, and the flash of the sun on the blades of their krises and campilans as they waved them at us, and gave their yells of defiance. Some of the men begged for permission to try a shot at about 1,200 yards, but orders were strict not to fire unless fired upon, so I had to refuse. It was certainly a beautiful view which unfolded itself to us as we trotted along, and one I shall always remember. The country was rolling and cut up by heavily wooded ravines, with the exception of which it was, for the most part, open and covered with "cogon," a tall grass which often grows higher than a man on horseback. It was dotted here and there by groves of cocoanut and other palms, and by clumps of bamboo, nearly every one of the latter hiding in its heart a fort, or cotta, as the Moros call them. In this country every Moro of position is his own master, his hand against every man, and every man's against him. It is a land where "to the victor belong the spoils," just so long as he can prevent anyone taking them from him. All the Moros of this class then build unto themselves good, strong forts of earth and stone, plant bamboo shoots close together on the slopes, and live therein, surrounded by their warriors, in true feudal style. We had some lovely times taking these forts, but they have nothing to do with this duck hunt.

After about half an hour's sharp trot, Grande stuck his kris back in his sash and said we were all right, that we were on his land, that no one would molest us, and that everything we saw was ours. A little further on he said adios, and, leaving us three or four of his men to guide us the rest of the way, disappeared up a side trail, which was a short cut to his house. A little after he left us the trail made a sharp turn to the right, skirting a rice field, and before I knew it I was right in the middle of a bunch of Moro women, who, much to my surprise and embarrassment, as soon as they saw me, pulled up their sarongs, which answer all the purposes of a skirt, and covered their faces with them, it apparently making no difference how much of the rest of their persons they exposed so long as their faces were covered. Of course I politely turned my head the other way, and cautioned the men to pay no atention to them, and we were soon past. The experience was interesting, for these were the first wild Moro women I had seen. I was rather surprised to see them cover their faces, as the Moro women on the coast, except those of the very highest rank, do not do it.

Just after passing these women we descended a very steep bank and forded the river, which here is only about fifty feet wide, although further down it opens out into a very large stream. In climbing up the other side through the woods, a snag caught in the pocket of my blouse and tore it off, thereby causing me to lose half my cartridges, for I didn't notice what had happened until later, when we dismounted. I sent a man back on the trail to look, but he couldn't find them. Probably some Moro had come along behind us and picked them up. The Moros will sell their souls for a gun, and anything else they have for cartridges, so I suppose the one who found my shells is still thanking Allah for his great goodness in sending him such a piece of luck.

It strikes me it is taking a very long while to get to this duck pond, but as I write so many incidents connected with that day pop into my mind, I get off the track.

Well, "anyway," as the Irishman says, we got there at last, and dismounting took a survey of the situation. The place in which the ducks were supposed to be was a slough, partly just plain swamp, and partly overflown rice fields. It was about 1,000 yards long and maybe 300 or a little more wide, crescent-shaped, and entirely surrounded by low, grass-covered hills. With the exception of small patches of open water here and there, the entire surface was grown up in grass and lily-pads, making the finest kind of cover for both hunter and hunted. The water was anywhere from one to three feet deep, but was warm, and as we had already been wet so much that we had almost become web-footed, anyway, we didn't mind another wetting, so waded in. The Doctor and three or four of the escort went to one end of the pond, and the Lieutenant, taking some men, started for the other. Kirk and I, keeping about 100 yards apart, started in at the center of the convex side of the crescent. When we arrived at the pond there wasn't a duck in sight, except two or three playing about in some open water out in the middle of the slough, but while we were putting our guns together and getting ready to start, we saw several flocks fly up from the grass, and after circling around a while, go down again; so we knew there were some ducks in there, anyway, which cheered us up considerably. I know I could already taste the broiled breast of one in anticipation.

And then the sport that followed. Since that day whenever anyone talks to me about fine duck shooting, I simply shake my head and think to myself, "Well, you've got to show me." The only trouble with it was that it was almost too easy. There were simply thousands of ducks in there, and the chances are not one of them had ever been shot at before. They just kept flying back and forth, now a single, then a flock of six or eight, then a pair, and although each and every one of them seemed to know just exactly where he wanted to go, and was apparently in a big hurry to get there, they came past so close to us that, as I say, it was almost too easy to be good sport. Kirk and I hadn't waded in twenty feet before the ducks began to jump out of the grass all around us, and inside of three minutes after getting my feet wet I had eight down with about twenty Moros floundering around in the grass after them. We waded out some forty or fifty yards from shore, and took our stands, and from then on the fun became fast and furious. It was bang! bang! bang! until our gun barrels got so hot we had to dip them in the water so we could hold them, and then do it all over again. We were both in exceptionally good form, and while neither of us killed straight by any means, we came pretty nearly doing so. Our consciences didn't trouble us any, for, as we thought of our hungry comrades back in camp, we felt no scruples in killing all we could, knowing that not only would there not be an ounce wasted, but that at best, with our limited supply of shells, we could do no more than give every one a taste. I wish you could have seen the Moros, who, attracted by the sound of firing, had gathered from all the houses round the neighborhood, and stood there on the bank watching us, with their mouths open in astonishment, and their eyes sticking out so you could have knocked them off with a stick. Every time Kirk or I cut down a duck, they'd raise a shout that scared up everything in the slough. They still tell tales about it round the lake, and whenever a strange Moro came into camp the friendlies would bring him around to my tent to see the old Parker, and tell him what a marvelous shot I was. Then, to convince him they were telling the truth, they would get me to go out and shoot a crow or a white-headed hawk as it flew over the camp, so he could see for himself. They had never seen a shotgun before, and thought we were using a single ball. You may be sure we said nothing to undeceive them, for if there is one thing a Moro admires, it is the skillful handling of any weapon, especially a rifle. They themselves are miserable shots, not having discovered the use of the rear sight, and, as a rule, as soon as they get a gun knock it off. They say it is of no use, and only catches in the brush.

The ducks we killed were of two kinds—a large variety and a smaller one. The former was about the size of our black or dusky duck, as we used to find them on the Stockport marshes in the old days on the Hudson River, and almost identical with it in every way. The latter was about as large as a blue-winged teal, but marked like a green-wing. I had accurate descriptions of both, but have lost the note-book containing them. Both varieties had a peculiar whistling note resembling the call of a yellow-leg plover, and, as I have said, I never saw so many ducks in such a small space in my life.

After about an hour, the birds evidently having come to the conclusion that it was decidedly unhealthy in that particular slough, ceased to fly. It was then about half-past four, and, as I wanted to go through that strip of hostile country while it was still daylight, I had recall sounded. Upon taking account of stock, we found we had bagged sixty-five ducks, two doves, and three or four jacksnipe; this to four guns in about an hour's shooting. Kirk and I killed most of the ducks, as the Doctor was using a rifle, and the Lieutenant had preferred to potter around after snipe. We reached camp in about an hour,

trotting where the trail would permit, without being molested, although the groups of Moros were still on the hills as we passed through Ahmi Gra's country, and no doubt would have jumped us had they dared.

This trip was the first of many we had afterwards, until the dry season came on, when the ducks all left for other parts, though why I never could figure out. There certainly remained water enough for them, as in that country the only difference between the rainy and dry season is that during the former it rains all the time, and during the latter it lets up once in a while and only rains most of it. However, they all left for some reason, but we didn't miss them much, for by that time we had learned our way around, and found plenty of other game. There were jacksnipe, plover of several kinds, and deer and wild pigs, world without end. There was also a pretty little black quail about the size of an English sparrow, that was very abundant, but too small to shoot, and along the edge of the jungle were wild chickens, which afforded good sport early in the morning and in the late afternoon. During the middle of the day they remained in the forest where it was cool, and didn't move about. The Moros, being Mohammedans, are forbidden by their religion to touch pork in any form, and therefore never kill a pig, with the result that the country was simply overrun with pigs. We found them delicious eating, as they feed mostly on grain and wild fruits, their flesh resembling venison more than pork. The deer were the ordinary barking variety common to the Philippines, and were very plentiful also. They made an always welcome addition to our not too varied bill of fare. The wild pigs and the deer cause great damage to the crops, and during the time when the rice and sweet potatoes are ripening the Moros keep men in the fields night and day to scare them away. They attain this end by shouting, and after our arrival by pounding on the empty hardtack cans they picked up about camp, which not only scared the deer and pigs, but made it almost impossible to sleep if you were anywhere in the vicinity of a rice or "camote" field.

After we started in going after the ducks, we were rather forced into doing more or less hunting. The other Dattos and Sultans living in the neighborhood of camp became jealous. They went to the commanding officer and said that they were just as good friends to the Americans as was Datto Grande, and they couldn't see why we should go down to his place to shoot all the time and never come to see them. So to keep them from feeling hurt, we visited their places, and finding game plentiful and a warm welcome, we went again and again.

I was at Camp Yicars about a year, having been with the first American column that entered the Lake Lanao country, which, up to that time, the Moros had kept inviolate, and while there met with many experiences, pleasant and otherwise. The Moros of that section are a highly interesting people, with many strange and curious manners and customs. They are superstitious to a degree, believe in all kinds of witchcraft and magic, and for the most part are unspoiled by contact with the whites. They are great warriors, and successfully kept the Spaniards out of their country for over 300 years, and though the Spaniards tried time and again to obtain a foothold, they never succeeded in so doing. They gave us a hard fight before we established ourselves, and even today there are about the lake Sultans and Dattos who would resist to the death the passage of troops or any Americans through their territory. I hope one day to be sent back to help complete the work of civilizing, or rather modernizing, them, so ably begun by Captain John J. Pershing, 15th Cavalry, now on the general staff of the army, for during my stay among them I found many things to admire and respect, and became very much attached to them.

AHMI COMMISSARIO.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—X.

Lewis and Clark (Continued).

They had now passed Milk River, and the Dry Fork, and the journal says: "The game is now in great quantities, particularly the elk and buffalo, which last are so gentle that the men are obliged to drive them out of the way with sticks and stones." Bears were abundant, and almost every day one was killed. About the middle of May they came near losing one of the canoes containing papers, instruments and medicines, for careless work by the steersman caused it to be overturned. She was righted and brought safely to shore, with only a trifling loss.

They were now approaching the mountains, and the spring storms, which here last until the middle of July, troubled them somewhat with abundant rains and by obscuring the view. On the 20th they reached the mouth of the Musselshell, and pushing on, in a short time found themselves among the bad lands of the Upper Missouri. They were now obliged to "cordell," a number of the men walking on the shore with a tow-line, while others kept the boat off the shore. This was slow and difficult work, and was made more dangerous by the fact that their elk skin ropes were getting old and rotten, and were likely to break at a critical time. On May 29 some buffalo ran through the camp, and caused much confusion and alarm, no one knowing exactly what had happened until after it was all over. When they passed the mouth of the Judith River they found traces of a large camp of Indians, a hundred and twenty-six fires, made, as they conjectured, by "The Minnetari of Fort de Prairie." Here, too, they passed precipices about 120 feet high, below which lay scattered the remains of at least a hundred carcasses of buffalo. The method by which the buffalo are driven over the cliffs by the Upper Missouri tribes is described; and at this place we are told that the wolves which had been feasting on these carcasses were very fat, and so gentle that one of them was killed with a spontoon or halberd. They were now among some of the most impressive bad lands of the Missouri River, and the extraordinary effects of erosion by air and water made the explorers wonder. The journal says:

"These hills and river cliffs exhibit a most extraordinary and romantic appearance. They rise in most places nearly perpendicular from the river, to the height of between two and three hundred feet, and are formed of very white sandstone, so soft as to yield readily to the action of water, but in the upper part of which lie imbedded two or three thin horizontal strata of white freestone unaffected by the rain, and on the top is a dark, rich loam, which forms a gradually ascending plain, from a mile to a mile and a half in extent, when the hills again rise abruptly to the height of about three hundred feet more. In trickling down the cliffs water has worn the soft sandstone into a thousand grotesque figures, among which, with a little fancy, may be discerned elegant ranges of freestone buildings, with columns variously sculptured, and supporting long and elegant galleries, while the parapets are adorned with statuary. On a nearer approach, they represent every form of elegant ruins; columns, some with pedestals and capitals entire; others mutilated and prostrate, and some rising pyramidally over each other till they terminate in a sharp point. These are varied by niches, alcoves and the customary appearence of desolated magnificence. The delusion is increased by the number of martins which have built their globular nests in the niches and hover over these columns as in our country they are accustomed to frequent large stone structures.

"As we advance there seems no end to the visionary enchantment which surrounds us. In the midst of this fantastic scenery are vast ranges of walls, which seem the productions of art, so regular is the workmanship. They rise perpendicularly from the river, sometimes to the height of one hundred feet, varying in thickness from one to twelve feet, being equally broad at the top as below. The stones, of which they are formed are black, thick and durable, and composed of a large portion of earth, intermixed and cemented with a small quantity of sand and a considerable proportion of talc or quartz. These stones are almost invariably regular parallelopipeds of unusual sizes in the wall, but equally deep, and laid regularly in ranges over each other like bricks, each breaking and covering the interstices of the two on which it rests. But, though the perpendicular interstices be destroyed, the horizontal one extends entirely through the whole work. The stones, too, are proportioned to the thickness of the wall in which they are employed, being largest in the thickest walls. The thinner walls are composed of a single depth of the parallelopiped, while the thicker ones consist of two or more depths. These walls pass the river at several places, rising from the water's edge much above the sandstone bluffs, which they seem to penetrate; thence they cross in a straight line, on either side of the river, the plains over which they tower to the height of from ten to seventy feet, until they lose themselves in the second range of hills. Sometimes they run parallel in several ranges near to each other; sometimes intersect each other at right angles, and have the appearance of walls of ancient houses or gardens."

Captains Lewis and Clark were much puzzled at this point to know which of the rivers before them was the main Missouri. The Minnetari had told them that the main Missouri headed close to the Columbia River, and it was this main stream that they wished to follow up, in order that they might strike Columbia waters, and thus continue their way toward the west. The choice of the wrong branch might take them a very long distance out of their way, and they would be forced to return to this point, losing a season for traveling, and also, perhaps, disheartening the men so much as to take away much or all of their enthusiasm. Accordingly, two land parties set out, one under Captain Lewis and one under Captain Clark. Captain Lewis followed up the Missouri River, and himself became convinced that it was not the main stream, and that it would not be wise to follow it up. The remainder of his party, however, believed it to be the true Missouri. Captain Clark, who had followed up the stream, had seen nothing to give him much notion as to whether it was or was not the principal river. After long consideration, and getting from the interpreters and Frenchmen all that they knew on the subject, they determined to make a cache at this point, and that a party should ascend the southern branch by land until they should reach either the falls of the Missouri or the mountains. This plan was carried out. The heavy baggage, together with some provisions, salt, powder and tools, were cached; one of the boats was hidden; and Captain Lewis, with four men, started June 11 to follow up the southern stream.

On the 13th they came to a beautiful plain, where the buffalo were in greater numbers than they had ever been seen, and a little later Captain Lewis came upon the great falls of the Missouri. This most cheering discovery gave them the information that they desired, and the next day an effort was made to find a place where the canoes might be portaged beyond the falls. This was not found; and a considerable journey up and down the river showed to the explorers the great number of falls found at this place. Game was very numerous, and buffalo were killed, and the meat prepared; and a messenger was sent back to the main party to tell what had been discovered. On one of the days in this neighborhood Captain Lewis, having carelessly left his rifle unloaded, was chased for a considerable distance by a bear, and finally took refuge in the river. The next day he was threatened by three buffalo bulls, which came up to within a hundred yards of him on the full charge, and then stopped; and the next day, in the morning, he found a rattlesnake coiled up on a tree trunk close to where he had been sleeping. There seems to have been excitement enough in the neighborhood of the Great Falls. It was found necessary here to leave behind their boats, and the travelers made an effort to supply their place by a homely cart, the wheels of which were made from the trunk of a large cottonwood tree.

For a good while now the party had been traveling most of the time on foot, over rough country, covered with prickly pears, and the ground rough with hard points of earth, where the buffalo had trodden during the recent rains. Their foot-gear was worn out, and the feet of many of the men were sore. All were becoming weak from exertion and the fatigues they were constantly undergoing. However, the enormous abundance of game kept them from suffering from hunger. Two or three weeks were spent in the neighborhood of the Great Falls, preparing for their onward journey. Provisions had to be secured by killing buffalo and drying their meat. They had to prepare a skin boat for going up the river, and for various explorations and measurements in the neighborhood, but the attempt was unsuccessful. The iron frame had been brought from the East, but wood for flooring and gunwales was hardly to be had. They were obliged to give up the boat, strip the covering from it, and cache the pieces.

While they were in this neighborhood, they were much annoyed by the white bears, which constantly visited their camp during the night. Their dog kept them advised of the approach of the animals, but it was annoying to be obliged to sleep with their arms by their sides and to expect to be wakened up at any moment. The daring of the bears was great; once some of the hunters, seeing a place where they thought it likely that a bear might be found, climbed into a tree, shouted, and a bear instantly rushed toward them. It came to the tree and stopped and looked at them, when one of the men shot it. It proved to be the largest bear they had seen.

Captain Clark, journeying with Chaboneau, the interpreter, his wife and child, and the negro servant, York, took shelter one day under a steep rock in a deep ravine, to be out of the rain and wind. A heavy shower came up, and before they knew it, a tremendous torrent came rolling down the ravine, so that they narrowly escaped losing their lives. Captain Clark pulled the Indian woman up out of the water, which, before he could climb the bank, was up to his waist. The guns and some instruments were lost in the flood.

The question of transportation was finally solved by their making two small canoes from cottonwood trees, and they pushed on up the Missouri. A small party went ahead on foot, examining the country. Game was fairly numerous, and near the Dearborn River they saw a "large herd of the big horned animals." Indian camps were occasionally seen, and it was noted that in some places pine trees had been stripped of their bark, which, the Indian woman told them, was done by the Snakes in the spring, in order to obtain the soft parts of the wood and the bark for their food.

The river here was deep, and with only a moderate current, and they were obliged to employ the tow rope, cordelling their vessel along the shore. Geese and cranes were breeding along the river; the young geese perfectly feathered and as large as the old ones, while the cranes were as large as turkeys. The land party followed for much of the distance an Indian trail, which led in the general direction they wished to go.

They had now reached the Three Forks of the Missouri, which were duly named, as we know them to-day, Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin. They were in the country of the Snake Indians, whom they were in daily hope of meeting, feeling sure that through the medium of Chaboneau's wife they would be able to establish satisfactory relations with them. Captain Clark still kept ahead of the party, on foot, to learn the courses and practicability of the different streams for the canoes, and left notes at different points, with instructions for the boats. One of these notes, left on a green pole stuck up in the mud, failed to be received because a beaver cut down the pole after it had been planted, and the consequence was that the canoes proceeded for a considerable distance up the wrong fork, and were obliged to return. Reaching the Beaverhead, the Snake woman pointed out the place where she had been captured five years before. On August 9, Captain Lewis, with three men, set out, determined to find some Indians before returning to the party, and the rest of the expedition kept on up the main fork of the Jefferson, as best they could. On August 11, Captain Lewis had the pleasure of seeing a man on horseback approaching him. The man's appearance was different from that of any Indian seen before, and Captain Lewis was convinced that he was a Shoshoni. When the two men were about a mile apart the Indian stopped, and Captain Lewis signalled to him with his blanket, making the sign of friendship, and attempted to approach him. The Indian was suspicious, and unfortunately the two men who were following Captain Lewis did not observe the latter's sign to wait, and so, though the Indian permitted the white man to come to within a hundred yards of him, he finally turned his horse and rode off into the willows. They followed the track of the Indian as well as they could until night, and the next morning continued the search. By this time their food was nearly gone. They kept on up the stream until it had grown to be a rivulet so small that Captain Lewis could stand over it with one foot on either bank.

Keeping on to the west, they reached the divide between the Atlantic and Pacific waters, and the next day came upon a woman, a man, and some dogs, but they, although they watched him carefully, declined to await his near approach, but disappeared. A little bit later they came on three Indians, an old and a young woman and a little girl. The young woman escaped by running, but the other two, being too near to get away, sat down on the ground and seemed to be awaiting death. Captain Lewis made them presents, and after a little conversation by signs, they all set out for the camp. Before they had gone far they met a troop of about sixty warriors, rushing down upon them at full speed. Captain Lewis put down his gun and went forward with a flag. The leading Indians spoke to the women, who explained that the party were white men, and showed, with the utmost pride, the presents that they had received. The warriors received them with the greatest friendliness, and they all smoked together on the best of terms, and subsequently proceeded to the camp, where they were received with the utmost hospitality. The Indians had abundant fresh meat and salmon. Most of them were armed with bows, but a few had guns, which they had obtained from the Northwest Company. They had many horses, and hunted antelope on horseback, surrounding the antelope and driving them from point to point, until the antelope were worn out and the horses were foaming with sweat. Many of the antelope broke through and got away, so that, as the journal says, "forty or fifty hunters will sometimes be engaged for half a day

without obtaining more than two or three antelope."

Captain Lewis tried to arrange with the chief to return with him to the Jefferson, meet the party, and bring them over the mountains, and then trade for some horses. The chief readily consented, but it subsequently appeared that he was more or less suspicious, and he repeated to Captain Lewis the suggestions made by some of the Indians that the white men were perhaps allies of their enemies, and were trying to draw them into an ambuscade. The chief, with six or eight warriors, started back with Captain Lewis, and it was evident that the people in the village thought that they were going into great danger, for the women were crying and praying for good fortune for those about to go into danger, while the men who feared to go were sullen and unhappy. Nevertheless, before the party had gone far from the camp, they were joined by others, and a little later all the men, and many of the women, overtook them, and traveled along cheerfully with them. Two or three days later Captain Lewis sent out two of his men to hunt, and this seemed to revive the suspicions of the Indians; and when, a little later, one of the Indians who had followed the hunters was seen riding back as hard as he could, the whole company of Indians who were with Captain Lewis whirled about and ran away as fast as they could. It was not until they had raced along for a mile or two that the Indian who returned made his communication understood that one of the white men had killed a deer, and instantly the whole company whirled around, each man eager to get first to the deer that he might make sure of a piece to eat.

Meantime the main party had struggled on up the river, and on August 17 were met by a messenger from Captain Lewis, Drewyer, together with two or three of his Indian friends. The two parties met, and, through the medium of Chaboneau's wife, all suspicions were allayed, and the friendliest relations established. The usual councils were held and presents given. Efforts were now made to learn something about the country to the westward, and the best method of passing through it. The Indians said the way was difficult, the river swift, full of rapids, and flowing through deep cañons, which passed through mountains impassable for men or horses. The route to the southward of the river was said to pass through dry, parched desert of sands, uninhabited by game, and was now impossible for the horses, as the grass was dead, and the water dried up by the heat of summer. The route to the northward, though bad, appeared to present the best road.

Obviously, if it was practicable, the river presented the easiest passage through the country, and in the hope that its difficulties had been exaggerated, Captain Clark set out to inspect its channel. On the way they met Indians, all of whom were friendly, but passing as far down the river as he could, the leader convinced himself that it was useless to attempt its passage. Game seemed to be quite scarce and for food the party depended almost entirely on the salmon which they could purchase from the Indians, and which in some cases was freely given them. The Shoshoni Indians led a miserable life, depending chiefly on salmon and roots. They ventured out on the buffalo plain to kill and dry the meat, though continually in fear of the Pahkees, "or the roving Indians of the Sascatchawan," who sometimes followed them even into the mountains. These Pahkees were undoubtedly the Piegan tribe of Blackfeet, known for many years as bitter enemies of the Snakes.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Santa Fe.

Editor Forest and Stream:

How many of the thousands of tourists who visit the Pacific Coast and go thence by the southern route on the A. T. & S. F. R. R. every year, stop over while en route long enough to pay a visit to Sante Fe, and examine one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, cities on the continent? That it is off the main line is no doubt one reason why it is passed by, but it will well repay a visit, and an hour or two of a ride from Lamy Junction carries one up to it. Here are buildings that are centuries old side by side with those that have been built only yesterday.

How old this city really is, no one knows. There was an Indian town here, not a camp, but a permanent town, when Juan Coronado, the Spanish explorer, first visited it, about the year 1541. He named the city he afterwards built here Santa Fe de San Francisco (Holy Faith of St. Francis), and the present metropolis of California was given the same name by the Spanish; we cut it down to San Francisco. Coronado and his wanderings are seldom heard of now. When riding across the country that he explored three centuries ago, I have often thought of him. His chaplain, who followed him in all his wanderings, has given us an interesting account of them. He seems to have been part soldier and part priest; he could use the sword or the cross, and did use each in turn, if he could not make good Catholics of his Indians, he could make good Indians—dead ones—of them.

When New Mexico becomes a State, if it ever does, I would be glad to see it given his name. It would be just as appropriate as is Colorado; in fact, far more appropriate; he first found this country and told us about it.

The greatest curiosity here is the old church of San Miguel. To a tourist from the East it looks like a ruin; the only wonder is that it is not one; but while it does not appeal to the eye of an artist from the outside, the inside of it will well repay a visit, and the visitor will never regret the dime or quarter he has paid to the brother who admits him. There is always one who can speak English (some of them cannot), and who points out the different things he thinks will interest a visitor.

The church itself is a square, ugly looking structure of sun-dried brick or adobes; the walls are from five to seven feet thick; these are the walls that were first erected, about the year 1600. The roof has been destroyed by fire a number of times when one of the many wars that swept over this country took place, but the old walls always endured, ready for a new roof.

These whitewashed walls are hung with paintings that a collector would give a fortune for. Two that hang above the altar, both pictures of the Annunciation, were painted in the thirteenth century by some Italian painter. The pictures look strangely out of place hanging on the whitewashed walls above the plain wooden benches.

Standing on the floor is an old bell, about whose age there need be no dispute; it is older than the church even, for it was cast in 1356, and on its rim is engraved in Spanish a prayer to St. Joseph. It formerly hung in the church, but seems now to be regarded with as much veneration as are the pictures.

CABIA BLANCO.

"L'Habitat."

NEW YORK, June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The story, "L'Habitat," which appeared in your last week's number, is one of the best that I have ever read in your publication. The writer of the story possesses the happy faculty of so picturing the surroundings of his camp that one could almost inhale the fragrance of the mountain air and actually see the beauties of nature from the porch of the cabin. There are probably very few of your readers who, after having read this enticing story, do not feel like hieing away to the wonderful green hills of Vermont. I want to thank you for the great pleasure this story has given to me, and to express the hope that more of such material may appear in your paper from time to time. The splendid illustrations are a most interesting part of this article, which, as I have already said, is one of the best that has appeared in any magazine within the past year.

W. L. TAYLOR.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., June 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to express my great pleasure and appreciation of the delightful story "L'Habitat," which appeared in your issue of June 4. Nothing that I have read in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM for many years can be compared with it. It would seem as if the author, Mr. W. W. Brown (I was so glad to see his name in full), had found the true secret of happiness, and as I read the story a second time I envied him as I never envied the richest of men. Through your columns I wish to thank the writer for the valuable information he has given me on the subject about which he has so charmingly written, and to assure him that I am one who has read his delightful tale to the very end, and shall go and do likewise.

LELAND M. BURR.

NEW YORK, June 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Allow me to compliment Mr. W. W. Brown upon his article entitled, "L'Habitat," which appeared in your edition of June 4.

It makes the true sportsman long to shake the dust of Broadway from his feet and dig for the woods as fast as his legs can carry him.

Comparatively few persons realize the enjoyment to be gotten from this sort of life, and it is my desire to some day spend the greater part of my time in just such a place.

Although it is impossible for me to enjoy it myself, I take great pleasure in reading about it, and sincerely hope you will publish more such articles.

ANDREW LE MASSENA.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping, with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core. —Yeats.

Nordenskjold as an Explorer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of April 9, Mr. Charles Hallock, commenting upon the untimely end of Mr. Leoniadas Hubbard in Labrador, says:

"Even the Nordenskjold Arctic exploring party perished of starvation in their tents on the Lena River in Siberia because they did not think to try for the fish beneath them, or know how to catch them, if they did."

This is a gross mistake regarding Nordenskjold. He did not starve to death in the Arctic regions, nor did any of his party, during his long career as an Arctic explorer. Nordenskjold died of ripe old age some years ago at his home in Stockholm, Sweden. In connection with this statement it may be well worth mentioning that Nordenskjold had a well established reputation among Scandinavian Arctic travelers for the great care he took in outfitting and provisioning his many expeditions above the Arctic Circle. The attempt to reach the North Pole in 1872 with reindeer instead of dogs, may serve as an example that he surely did not risk to starve to death through inability to live on the "fat of the land." When the two ships—one steamer and one sailing vessel—that brought his expedition to Mosselbay, Spitzbergen, arrived there they were suddenly and unexpectedly "bottled up" in that bay by drift ice, and compelled to remain there until the next summer. Under these unfortunate circumstances he succeeded in sustaining the crews of the above mentioned vessels and his own men, and furthermore managed to save from starving two other crews belonging to two small sailing vessels, who also were prevented by the same cause from returning home as they had intended. Of course he had to abandon the planned northward journey in order to save the lives of all these people.

That fishing in the Arctic regions during the winter is a rather uncertain thing to depend upon for a grubstake is verified by too many to be doubted. When Nordenskjold got ice-bound at Pittekaj in Siberia, only a few hundred miles away from East Cape, during his northeast passage around Asia, he met at that place a small party of Tschuktshers (Esquimaux) who had settled there solely for fishing purposes. During that winter, on the night of September 28, 1878, heavy drift ice set in on that coast and remained unbroken until July, 1879. This ice prevented, with a few exceptions, the people from catching any fish worth while speaking of; fortunately there were plenty of provisions to spare on board the Vega, so the Tschuktshers did not starve that winter.

The writer has had some experience in fishing through the ice in central Sweden, from 62 degrees north and above the Arctic Circle. The climate there may be about the same as in that part of Labrador where Mr. Hubbard died, and in spite of a very intimate knowledge of the lakes and rivers, teeming with fish, he has had many a "blank day," although amply provided with suitable bait and tackle. The chances for a starved man, like Mr. Hubbard and his partners, to sustain life by fishing in unknown waters, with probably unsuitable bait and tackle, and through ice of considerable thickness, and in all kinds of Arctic weather, anybody can understand to be extremely small.

D. T. A.

Natural History.

Good Work by Bob White.

IN the year book of the Department of Agriculture for 1903, Dr. Sylvester D. Judd, Assistant Ornithologist of the Biological Survey, has an exceedingly interesting article on the "Economic Value of the Bob White." Writing from the scientific standpoint, and carefully exact in all his statements, Dr. Judd nevertheless shows for Bob White the sportsman's enthusiasm, and has given a charming sketch of the bird. A beautiful colored plate by Mr. Louis Agassiz Fuertes adorns the article. We quote from Dr. Judd's article the paragraphs bearing directly on the economic value of the bird.

The Bob White as a Weed and Insect Destroyer.

A study of the Bob White was undertaken by means of field observations, experiments with captive birds, and examination of the contents of crops and stomachs in the laboratory. The results obtained may be thus summed up: The Bob White is probably the most useful abundant species on the farm. It is one of the most nearly omnivorous birds, consuming large quantities of weed seeds, and destroying many of the worst insect pests with which the farmer has to contend. It does not injure grain, fruit, or any other crop.

Food of the Bob White.

In the investigation 801 stomachs were examined, collected in every month of the year, though mostly during the hunting season, and obtained from twenty-one different States, and from Canada and the District of Columbia, but chiefly from New York, Maryland, Virginia, Florida, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Texas. As indicated by this material, the Bob White is notable for the great variety of its food. It lives mainly on seeds, fruits, leaves, buds, insects, and spiders, though myriapods, crustaceans, mollusks, and even batrachians have been found in its stomach. The character of the diet varies with the season. The greatest proportion of animal matter is taken in late spring and early summer. The food for the year as a whole, estimated from the analysis of the contents of stomachs, and calculated by volume, is divided thus: Animal matter, 14.93 per cent.; vegetable matter, 85.07 per cent. The elements of the animal food are distributed as follows: Beetles, 6.38 per cent. of the total food; grasshoppers, 2.56 per cent.; bugs, 2.83 per cent.; caterpillars, 0.87 per cent.; miscellaneous insects, 0.48 per cent.; other invertebrates, largely spiders, 1.81 per cent. The vegetable food consists of grain, 23.64 per cent. of the total food; various seeds, chiefly those of weeds, 50.78 per cent.; fruit, 8.53 per cent.; miscellaneous vegetable matter, 2.12 per cent.

Seeds.

The Bob White is pre-eminently a seed eater. Of its food for the year as a whole, seeds form 50.78 per cent., and include those of many different plants.

The bulk of this seed diet consists of the seeds of weeds. Fully sixty different weeds are represented in the food, and constitute more than a third of the food for the year as a whole. Some idea of the value of the bird as a weed destroyer may be gained from the number of seeds taken at a meal. Thirty buttonwood seeds, 200 to 300 smartweed seeds, often 500 seeds of sheep sorrel, and 700 of three-sided mercury have been taken at one feeding. Crops and stomachs are frequently crammed with nothing but ragweed. One bird, taken at Marsh Hall, Md., November 6, 1902, had eaten a thousand ragweed akenes; another killed the previous November in the same place, had eaten an equal number of the seeds of the crabgrass, a troublesome weed in truck land. Birds have been shot in Mecklenburg county, Va., whose stomachs contained 3,000 leguminous seeds, mostly of tick trefoil and various species of bush clover. Pigeon grass, which is extremely common and mischievous in truck land, is a favorite food. No less than 5,000 seeds of this troublesome plant were found in the stomach of a bird shot in October, 1902, at Pinebrook, N. J. Finally, a Bob White taken on Christmas Day, 1901, at Kinsale, Va., was discovered to have eaten 10,000 seeds of that abundant and obnoxious pest of the garden, the pigweed.

A careful computation of the total amount of weed seed the Bob White is capable of destroying is surprising in the magnitude of its result. In the State of Virginia it is safe to assume that from September 1 to April 30—the season when the largest proportion of weed seed is consumed by birds—there are four Bob Whites to the square mile, or 169,800 in the entire State. The crop of each of these birds would hold half an ounce of seed, and as at each of the two daily meals weed seed constitutes at least half the contents of the crop, or a quarter of an ounce, a half ounce daily is certainly consumed by each bird. On this very conservative basis the total consumption of the weed seed by Bob Whites from September 1 to April 30, in Virginia, amounts to 573 tons.

Animal Food.

The Bob White is insectivorous as well as granivorous. Insects are eaten during every month of the year, and amount to 14.93 per cent. of the food for the year as a whole. From May to August, inclusive, when insects are most numerous, the percentage for the period rises to 31.5 per cent. The variety of insect food is large. In the

present investigation, 116 species of insects have been noted as entering into the diet, a number that will probably be greatly augmented by further knowledge. Furthermore, the proportion of injurious insects habitually eaten by the Bob White makes its service as a destroyer of insects more valuable than those of many birds whose percentage of insect food, though greater, includes a smaller proportion of injurious species. Conspicuous among the pests which the Bob White destroys are the potato beetle, the 12-spotted cucumber beetle, the bean-leaf beetle, the squash ladybird, wireworms and their beetles, May-beetles, such weevils as the corn-hill bug, the imbricated snout-beetle, the clover leaf weevil, and the Mexican cotton boll-weevil; the striped garden caterpillar, the army worm, the cotton worm, the boll worm, various species of cutworms, the corn-louse ant, the red-legged grasshopper, the Rocky Mountain locust, and the cinch bug. Some of these pests are relished, for a dozen army worms or cutworms are frequently eaten at a meal. Thirty Rocky Mountain locusts have been found in a single crop. Weevils are greatly sought after, forty-seven cotton boll-weevils having been eaten in a morning by one Bob White. Striped cucumber beetles are destroyed by the score, potato beetles by the hundred, and cinch bugs by the tablespoonful.

From May to August, inclusive, beetles form 17.9 per cent. of the food of the Bob White; bugs, 6.2 per cent.; caterpillars, 2.4 per cent.; grasshoppers, 2.3 per cent.; miscellaneous insects, 0.8 per cent., and spiders and other invertebrates, 1.9 per cent.

The losses caused by some of these pests show how desirable it is to protect a bird that habitually destroys them. The Mexican cotton boll-weevil damages the cotton crop to the extent of $15,000,000 a year; the potato beetle lops off $10,000,000 from the value of the potato crop, and the cotton worm has been known to cause in a year a loss of $30,000,000. The cinch bug and the Rocky Mountain locust, scourges that leave desolation in their path, have each caused in certain years a loss of $100,000,000.

By far the greatest insect destruction by the Bob White occurs during the breeding season. Not only does a third of the food of the adult birds then consist of insects, as has been stated, but their growing broods consume insects in enormous quantities. The food of the young of practically all land birds contains a much greater percentage of insects than that of the mature birds; and the amount of food the young require is immense in proportion to their size. No stomachs of young Bob Whites have been examined in this investigation, but 19 droppings that were collected from two broods of chicks, on July 24, 1902, disclosed a purely insectivorous diet.

Grain.

An impression prevails among sportsmen who have bagged most of their game on the stubble field that the Bob White eats little else than grain. The analysis given above shows, however, that grain forms only one-fourth of the food. Corn and wheat appear to be eaten in greater quantity than other cereals. The former constitutes 19.14 per cent. of the food, the latter 3.04 per cent. As experiments with captive birds fail to show any marked preference for either corn or wheat, the disproportion between the two cereals in the usual food is due to some other cause, probably the fact that more corn than wheat is grown in the part of the country where Bob Whites are most abundant. The remaining cereal food, 1.46 per cent. of the total, is composed of miscellaneous grain, including kaffir corn, sorghum, millet, barley, oats, and rye.

Grain-eating birds, as a rule, are likely to do much harm to crops. They may pull up sprouting grain, plunder the standing corn when it is in the milk, or forage among the sheaves of the harvest field. The Bob White, however, is a notable exception. It is necessarily in the period of germination that grain is susceptible of the most serious injury. Nevertheless not a single sprouting kernel was discovered in the contents of the crops and stomachs examined in this investigation. Some field observations made in 1899 and 1900 at Marshall Hall, Md., give confirmatory evidence. While crows injured sprouting corn so seriously during May that several extensive plantings were necessary, the Bob White, which was unusually abundant at the same time in the vicinity, was never seen to disturb germinating grain. No data are available regarding rye and millet, but in newly sown buckwheat fields of Essex county, N. J., which the writer saw ravaged by doves, there was no sign of injury by the Bob White. Publications on economic ornithology, and reports received by the Biological Survey, add testimony of like character. It may be safely asserted, therefore, that, so far as is at present known, the Bob White does no appreciable harm to sprouting grain. Damage to grain at any other time entails a loss of a comparatively insignificant part of the crop.

In order, however, to learn how far the bird might injure ripening wheat, observations were made for several years at Marshall Hall, Md. During November immense flocks of crow blackbirds made such havoc in winter wheat that diligent use of the shotgun was necessary to save the crop. But no Bob Whites were ever seen in the act of taking grain. A hen bird shot June 18, 1903, in a field of ripe wheat, however, had much grain in its crop, though whether it obtained the food from standing stalks or from kernels dropped on the ground, was not known. As the Bob White usually feeds on the ground, the latter source appears the more probable. Farmers whom the writer has consulted, who were well aware that goldfinches feed on ripening oats, that English sparrows take wheat, that crows tear open field corn, and that red-winged blackbirds ruin whole fields of sweet corn, say that the Bob White does no harm to standing wheat or other standing grain.

The bird is, however, a notorious stubble feeder. Where fields of wheat stubble support a rank growth of ragweed, as in some of the Eastern States, the sportsman is most likely to find a covey feeding. On the Western plains no ragweed grows amid wheat stubble, therefore the birds are more often found in cornfields where the stalks have been left standing after removal of the ears. In such a place at Badger, Neb., six Bob Whites were shot in November, 1901, whose corn-distended crops contained in all 181 kernels. Birds that feed in wheat stubble often take from 100 to 200 grains of wheat at a meal. A Bob White was taken in December, 1902, at West Appomattox, Va., whose crop contained 508 grains of wheat, and was distended almost to bursting. This habit of gleaning waste grain after harvest is beneficial to the farm, as the germination of volunteer grain is not desirable, especially when certain insect pests or parasitic fungi are to be combatted. As the scattered kernels are often too far afield for domestic poultry to gather, the Bob White's services in this respect are especially useful.

Fruit.

The Bob White eats fruit to the extent of 8.53 per cent. of its diet for the year, a very moderate proportion compared with the corresponding proportions in the diets of the catbird and the cedar bird, in whose food fruit forms one-half and three-fourths, respectively, of the whole. Although the amount of fruit eaten by the Bob White is small, the variety is large.

The Bob White is seldom troublesome to the horticulturist. Mr. M. B. Waite, of the Department of Agriculture, has reported its pecking into his ripening strawberries near Washington; but, on the other hand, birds that were kept for several months in captivity for investigation, refused strawberries at a time when they were hungry. The Bob White is partial to wild grapes, and so might be expected to injure cultivated varieties, especially as its California relative, sometimes in a flock of a thousand, plunders vineyards; but, so far as the writer knows, cultivated grapes have sustained no appreciable injury from Bob Whites in the East. The period when the largest proportion of fruit (23.5 per cent. of the total food) is eaten is not the season when man is gathering his fruit, but is during December, and sumac berries are then the fruit mainly eaten. Large quantities of dewberries, waxmyrtle berries, and bayberries, also appear in the food. It may be interesting to note that the Bob White is not nearly so frugivorous as the ruffed grouse.

Leaves and Buds.

Neither does the Bob White approach the ruffed grouse in destructiveness of leaves, buds, and tender shoots. It sometimes eats the leaves of yellow sorrel (*Oxalis stricta*), sheep sorrel (*Rumex acetosella*), red and white clover (*Trifolium pratense* and *T. repens*), and cinquefoil (*Potentilla* sp.). Captive birds ate grass, lettuce, and chickweed.



Catching the Poacher.

IT was in 1881, and I was at that time Lieutenant of the 12th Regiment of Dragoons. Having been always a passionate hunter, I had the good fortune to be invited to hunt on the domain of one of the best friends of my youth, W. von W. I never had seen the hunting grounds of my friend, but I had heard from others that they were famous for the number of deer (Rehe), and this and the hearty welcome I received put me into a state of extreme happiness and expectation.

But as my arrival happened at a time when my friend was very busy at work which required his personal attention, he regretted very much to be unable to accompany me on my first deer stalk. "But," he said, "it is not absolutely necessary that I be with you. The coachman who will bring you to the grounds can take you around and show you the boundary lines, and any buck (Rehbock) between these lines you may shoot at."

Soon I was in the hunting wagon, and the coachman was just gathering reins, when friend W. stopped him and said: "Wait a minute, for I forgot a very important matter. That is to hand you this permit, as my forester may meet you and——"

"But your forester will surely not take me for a poacher, or do I really look like one?"

"Oh, I don't mean that. But lately a very gentlemanly appearing poacher has made us a great deal of trouble by killing our best bucks, and so far we have been unable to catch him. If you should meet him, be sure you do not let him get away."

"Ridiculous. I'd like to see the fellow get away from me. If I only meet him I will deliver him to you, as sure as I am born."

"Ha! ha! Look out, my boy, for this fellow has fooled many a keeper."

Here we separated, and I was rejoicing inwardly to perhaps be able to kill a stately buck and to capture a poacher, who had managed to escape so often. After the coachman had given me the necessary directions, I dismissed him; but my hope in finding a buck or the poacher seemed a forlorn one as evening approached, and I determined to try a still-hunt.

During the day I had found a small alder patch not far from a small river, and inside of this patch someone had contrived to make a rough board seat, and I concluded that perhaps a buck would cross the meadow, and as the outlook was good on all sides and the seat was perfectly hidden, I crawled into this ambush.

A deep calm rested over the valley; only the murmuring of the little stream and the bells of home-going cattle were the only noises—if noise it were; for it tended only to accentuate the quietness even more. Nothing living was to be seen, except a butterfly flitting around some late flowers. The insect attracted my attention, because I knew a good many butterflies, but I could not make out to what class this fellow could belong. When he came somewhat nearer, to my surprise I recognized a species called Apollo, which is generally only to be found in the Alps mountains. Just as I was in the act of leaving my hiding place to secure the specimen, a cracking noise behind arrested my movements. Forgotten is the Apollo, the rifle ready, for that could be nothing else but a herd (Rudel) of deer. But no, it sounded more like footsteps—aha! the sound of a man's voice—deep, powerful: "What are you doing in there?"

Now, this didn't sound to me especially polite; but friend W. had described his forester as not very particularly possessed of this virtue, but as short and gruff. I took a good look at the man now before me. A solid built figure of middle size, with keen, bold, but pleasant countenance; a plain and neat regulation hunting suit; all in all of a pleasing appearance. I replied politely: "My friend, I am W.'s guest. Here is my permit."

He looked at me with a cynical smile, and began reading the lines, after which his demeanor became decidedly different. He took off his hat and said: "Excuse me, sir, but——. Never mind, if we keep on talking here we shall keep the deer shy of us, only quick into this bush here."

In an undertone I asked: "Have I a chance for a shot here?"

"A beautiful buck goes his rounds here."

This put me in good humor, and I presented a cigar to him, but he declined modestly. "Thank you, sir; but we will spoil the sport surely if we smoke here."

Now, such unselfish behavior I had never experienced. This had to be rewarded, and I emptied the contents of my cigar case into the man's hand, and with a wave of the hand made it plain to him that all these costly weeds were his. He put them in his pocket with a deep, courtly bow.

The next quarter of an hour passed without a sound. Then I felt a little pull at my coatsleeve. I turned, my companion winked his eyes in a certain direction, and there he was—a fine full-grown buck in good shooting distance. To be short, within a few minutes I was standing over my dead quarry. Such a beautiful pair of antlers I had never seen in my life, and in the joy of my heart I slipped a twenty-mark piece into the man's hand, and then we emptied a bottle filled with genuine Bénédictiner wine in celebration of the fine shot. The wine was a present of my lovable hostess, Mrs. von W.

"But now how are we going to get this buck up that steep hill? My wagon is waiting for me up there." But this noble man of the forest knew his business. The Herr need not worry on that account, for he would carry the buck on a footpath known to him only to the castle, and he would be there inside of two hours. That just suited me. The forester tied fore and hindlegs together, swung the buck to his shoulders, and disappeared. My mind was made up to ask friend W. for the extraordinary fine antlers of the buck before he should have a chance to see it, for I thought that all friendship would go to pieces at the sight of such rare horns, and I would have to be somewhat diplomatic to get them.

Two hours later I had reported to my friend and wife my fine success, and had also secured consent to my taking home the much-coveted antlers. Only the buck itself had not made an appearance as yet.

"Hm! Where the deuce must your buck be? Wifey is getting impatient. The long wait will spoil her cookery. Cannot understand why Heinrich, who has pretty long legs, did not show up with the buck as yet."

"Your forester's name is Heinrich?"

"Yes."

"But isn't he a man of about my size?" (this confused).

"What are you talking about? My forester is an old grayhead, and his size is six feet two."

Just at this point a servant announced Forester Hein-

rich. The door opened and a gray-haired giant made his appearance with the good old salutation, "Greet thee God, Herr."

"Well, Heinrich, did you get a buck to bring in from my friend?"

"Yes, sir, I had to carry it to the crossroads to Z."

I was struggling to get air into my lungs.

"To where?"

"To the crossroad at Z., just where the Prussian boundary line is. If this friend of yours did not have the permit from you I should surely have taken him for a poacher."

I was trying hard to say something, but something seemed to choke me.

"Did he say anything else?"

"Yes, he said he had ordered his wagon to be there, and I should go to the castle and report. He also gave me a fine cigar, such a one I never smoked for a long time."

By this time I was ready to burst from anger; only the presence of Mrs. von W. kept me from exploding.

"Did he perhaps give you a twenty-mark piece also?"

"Ho! Nobody is such a fool nowadays. Ha! ha! ha!"

I was simply annihilated, and for the next hour I did not know whether I was the victim of a joke or not.

But old Heinrich's tale was only too true. I had delivered the prize buck directly to the poacher, and the man whom I was wishing to catch had caught me and my quarry. Suffice to say I did not hunt around there for the next five years. Translated by C. F. B.

DANBURY, Conn.

A Narrow Escape.

(*Continued from page* 488.)

Life in the Woods—X.

ONE morning when Louis, Bill, and myself had first separated, Louis, in jumping over a little brook, fell and discharged his gun, but fortunately not hurting himself or anyone else. This accident was the subject of conversation that evening, and led to the account of the shooting of a friend of ours a few years previous. As an exhibition of what a loving woman can do, and what a determined, cool-headed man can endure, and as a warning to careless hunters, it is invaluable. Told in the language of the victim, L. M. Wyatt, of Fond du Lac, Wis., it is as follows:

"For many years my wife and I had gathered up our camping paraphernalia while the glorious October days were young and hied away to the great lone land of the North, our earlier expeditions usually terminating near some habitation. With each returning season came that longing of the sportsman to see what was just a little further away—just a little wilder and hence more romantic. In this way we had come to look on the furthest point that could be reached as the one to look for, and the one most satisfactory. We had for many years followed the lumbermen and had pitched our tents near a crew of loggers. This gave a base of supplies and connection with the outside world, slow as it was, for often we were located where it took four days to make the round trip. In this way we were free from the bands of hunters that infested the grounds adjacent to the more acceptable lines of travel. These locations seemed to afford all that could be desired for a satisfactory outing, and we became so interested in our fall camping season that we should have counted the year lost without the usual October camp. These conditions found us in the year 1882 located 35 miles from the nearest settlement, through a wilderness for the entire distance broken only by a solitary logging camp 26 miles away. We had a camp of log drivers near-by and this crew afforded us all the company desired, while the supply teams that furnished them gave us satisfactory communication. On November 6 we had exhausted our allotted time, had our outfit partly packed, and expected to leave the woods in a day or two. We had gathered an abundant supply of trophies, and had enjoyed the beautiful days and glistening waters of those virgin woods. I had a single saddle of venison hanging about a mile and a half from camp that I was to take out to the supply road so as to take it aboard when the teamster passed. I left camp after dinner to do so, and when near the spot two fine deer broke cover near me and started away through the open woods. We already had plenty, but the clear, open glade offered "such a shot" that the rifle came to its place as a natural sequence to a month's tramping and shooting. After the shot I was almost wishing it had failed. I stepped over to look at results and found the telltale drops on the leaves indicating a dead shot. I followed along to a thicket, and there the deer lay stretched out, as though it had fallen from the clouds.

"I hung the deer up and prepared to dress it, when, as I was standing by, a rifle shot rang out, and I found myself turned half around and one shoulder against a tree I stood near. I found that my right foot was turned half around and that my right leg was shattered at the hip joint, the shot striking the bone near the joint. I called out, but secured no response, and no one was in sight. The location was quite thickly covered with underbrush among the pines. I realized that someone had mistaken me for a deer and had fired, and, finding out the error, had gone away and left me to my fate. There was no one near to hear any calls or to render any assistance. It was a cloudy November day, and the mist that had filled the timber gradually settled down, and toward night a cold rain set in. I had matches, hatchet, packing strap and cord, and with what strength I could command undertook to fix up the disabled leg. I reached out near me and cut a sapling, laid it against my body and then along the leg. I then cut two suitable sticks for crutches, and with the packing strap made an effort to use them as crutches, but I could not manage the disabled leg. The shot passed close to the main artery, missing it by half an inch. The wound was so close to the body there was no way to stop the flow of blood only partially.

My wife, of course, could not know what had happened until I failed to return. Then the courage and heroism of woman overcame fears, and her timely efforts saved my life. The loggers' camp, about three-fourths of a mile away, had no trail directly to it from our tents, and the passage was one to tax a veteran when shrouded in the gloom of a pine woods night. With the aid of her companion, a white setter dog, she found her way to the camp, roused up the men, and a night search was instituted. No one knew the direction I had taken, hence where to hunt was a problem. The men were urged on, and beat the woods as far as possible. I was not able in the rain and sleet to start a fire, and in consequence was, soon after dark, so benumbed with cold as to be unable to move. My hands and feet became stiff and useless. After night set in I kept up an occasional call. I exhausted my cartridges during the afternoon, but the firing did not attract any attention. Twice during the night a pack of wolves surrounded me and set up a howl that only the timber wolf can make, but their timidity saved me.

"I had become nearly exhausted when a faint sound came to me, to which I replied as loudly as possible, and the answer came, and in a short time a light and four men came tearing through the thicket that surrounded me. It was then about 5 A. M., and I had lain there from about 2 P. M. the afternoon before. These hardy fellows stripped off their coats to cover me, built large fires on both sides of me, and two of them remained with me and two started for camp. They built signal fires on their way to guide their return, and with six more men returned to me and waited for the day to move me. An improvised stretcher was made of blankets, and a trail sufficiently wide to carry me cut through the thicket, and I was, at half-past nine, at the loggers' camp, 35 miles from any medical assistance. A half mile from the camp my wife met the cavalcade, and the blanket stretcher was laid down and I had the first opportunity of telling her the situation. Her night of suspense and my night of horrors combined to make the meeting nearly equal to one risen from the dead. The devotion, courage and strength of woman then asserted itself. A bed was soon arranged, nourishing food and drink procured from the meager supplies of the loggers, and a messenger was sent to the nearest point for medical assistance. How the next three days passed until the surgeon arrived cannot be told. His conclusion was that I must not be moved, must stay where I was. A large crew of men were put to work, and a log cabin 16 by 24 feet was constructed, furniture and supplies ordered to equip it, and we settled down to our new camp life. I remained in the loggers' camp two weeks, and was then removed to the completed cabin. Surgeons pronounced the case very serious, if not hopeless, and gave me but little encouragement. We settled down in our new camp, however, to hope and wait.

"The month of January came, and the winter roads were in good condition, and we decided to risk the move from the woods. On a clear winter morning we left the little cabin. My bed was placed in the bottom of a large sleigh, and I was covered generously with robes and blankets for the long, hazardous journey; a second team followed to provide for emergencies. We started at 7:30 A. M., and reached the first camp at 1:30, where I was taken in for an hour, and then under way again for the end of the journey to the railroad. The day's journey was ended at 4 P. M. We remained there for three days' rest, and then took the train for a day's ride home. Many weary months ensued before I could get around on crutches, and not for two years was I able to get along without them. Two years after we visited our old haunts. The ax of the loggers had destroyed the beauty, and the greed of the hunter had about exterminated the noble game that so abounded. After three years of camping in the old resorts, we abandoned the woods.

"We learned that the shot was fired by a logger from a neighboring camp, who abandoned me after firing. He left his camp before light the next day without apparent cause, and was not seen again in the vicinity. The gun he used was borrowed from a fellow workman. There was not another gun within a radius of ten miles, and this man had spent the afternoon in hunting in the vicinity."

Not far from the camp in which we were then sitting another tragedy was enacted only a few years before. Chas. Clark, an old, experienced hunter from Fond du Lac, Wis., and two companions had come up to hunt around Echo Lake. They crossed the river in an old batteau, in which they piled their camp truck. They reached the other shore and had disembarked when one of the young members of the party in drawing his rifle from the boat, grabbed it by the muzzle, hit the hammer against something, and discharged the gun. The ball shattered the young man's hand and then entered Clark's side, passing through the liver. He was at once taken out where medical assistance could be procured, but died in a few hours. As soon as he was shot, he said the wound was fatal, as he had hit many deer in the same way and noted the sure result.

The moral drawn from such accidents as these is that too much care cannot be exercised. It does not follow that hunting is dangerous, any more than it follows that riding in a buggy is dangerous because some people are killed by runaway horses, but such accidents should teach profitable lessons. They should teach care. They should teach that to shoot at whatever is seen in the woods without being sure of what it is is not safe. They show that a distinctive color for hunting clothes may some time save a man from being taken for game. In the case of Mr. Wyatt it was demonstrated once more that in times of need the courage and good judgment of woman will show, and that she can plan and act under the most trying circumstances. CAROLUS.

The time for moving to summer homes has come, and many subscribers to FOREST AND STREAM *naturally desire to have the addresses of the copy of the paper which goes to them changed from winter to summer residences. This is a matter that it is well to attend to in time, so that no issues of the paper may be lost to the reader.*

Readers who are not subscribers, and who, owing to temporary absences from home, cannot have it furnished them by their local dealer, may, by taking short time subscriptions, have the paper sent to them for any period from one to three months. The charge for sending the FOREST AND STREAM *is 40 cents for one month, 75 cents for two months, or $1 for three months' subscription. This may be convenient for those who are spending the summer within reach of a post-office, yet at a distance from news stands.*

A Woman's First Moose Hunt.

(*Concluded from page* 482.)

WHEN we left home the weather had been quite warm, and for at least one week we found the cold very hard to endure. To start about daybreak, in a heavy fog, and paddle to the head of the lake and back, a distance of eight miles, the pine trees covered with a heavy white frost, was more than we could endure with safety, and after a few trials we gave up the morning hunting.

One morning when we came in, Sam, who always cooked breakfast, had three grouse lying on a log. He said they had walked into camp, and two of them were in front of our tent, and he had to shoo them away very carefully so he could get the gun. When he got the gun they lined up, and he killed two with one shell, then shot the other one. We were living on partridge soup, partridge stew, partridge pot-pie, partridge fried and partridge roasted—not bad fare for the wilderness.

The mornings were spent hunting birds, fishing, and exploring lakes and trails. In the afternoon we followed the trail to Moose Lake to hunt. I crossed that portage almost every day for three weeks, but at the end of that time I do not believe I could have followed the trail alone.

At the head of Four Mile Lake a very picturesque little river came winding down through the bush. Its banks could be traced from some distance down the lake by the row of pine trees growing on either shore. It always called to mind the description in stories I had read of the avenue or driveway lined on each side by the spires of tall pine trees, leading to some great castle in the forest.

Starting early one morning we followed the windings of this pretty little stream until stopped by driftwood. Soon after landing I shot a spruce partridge on a tree near the shore, and it flew across the river and fell dead on the other side. When I saw it fly I thought I had scored a miss at a sitting bird with a shotgun, and was ready to go home, especially as I had been growing quite proud of my skill. The bush is too thick for wing shooting, and how we did wish for our little target rifle; it would have furnished much more sport than getting birds with the shotgun.

We left the river and followed an Indian trail through the bush, coming to immense deposits of slate, where we rested and ate our lunch. After lunch Sam shot a rabbit, and we followed the trail to a little stream where we saw an old beaver dam, moose tracks, and numerous fresh deer tracks, while fresh signs of bear were all around. The large bones of a moose that an Indian had evidently killed in the summer were piled near a tree and covered with spruce boughs, leaving the end of a bone exposed here and there. We were going to uncover the bones, but Bob stopped us, saying that was the way the Indians set a bear trap, and, having due respect for a bear trap, we finished our investigation with a pole.

The head of Four Mile Lake and along the little river has been a great moose country, but we saw no fresh tracks. They have been shot out in the summer and driven back. The settlements are coming too close. We returned to the head of Four Mile Lake for the evening hunting, and I was glad not to have to cross the portage that night.

One morning we went to Beaver Lake for birds, and in an hour or two had five grouse. Near an old beaver dam the shores had been cleared for some distance, almost fifty feet back from the water, by the beavers. Some of the trees were at least six inches in diameter.

The morning hunting had given the Doctor a severe cold, and the guides were keeping the fire in front of our tent burning all night. They had been getting up once during the night to put on wood, but Sam decided to build a self-feeder. He built stone side walls to raise the logs a foot from the ground, thus making the fire-place. Two poles were then placed, by means of forked sticks, at an obtuse angle with the side walls, and logs to replenish the fire were laid side by side on these poles. As the logs on the stones burned in two and fell in the fire, those on the poles rolled down and took their place.

One day the Doctor's cold was so bad that he lay in bed in the tent all day. About three o'clock Sam began to make preparation to go to Moose Lake for the evening hunting. The Doctor was much improved, and as the evening was going to be an unusually good one for hunting, he insisted that I should go along with Sam, as Bob could take care of him and get supper.

We had been watching on the lake for some time, when Sam heard a moose call. It was a long distance from the lake, for it called twice before I was sure I heard anything. The moose was coming toward the lake, directly across from the point on which we sat. Sam called, and the moose answered him in a few minutes. He called several times, and the moose answered each time, but instead of coming out on the shore went around a bay on our right. It called when just back of us, but was so close Sam quit calling, and told me to be ready to shoot, as the moose would probably come out on the shore just behind us. I got down on one knee, rested my elbow on the other one to steady the rifle, cocked the gun, and waited, feeling perfectly sure that was my moose. After waiting what seemed an age, Sam said the moose had either seen us or had gotten wind of us, and getting into the canoe we pushed quickly out on the lake, and then called. The moose answered very promptly, but he had crossed over the ridge and was some distance from the lake, keeping in the same general direction. Sam called again, and when the moose answered it had turned and was much nearer the lake, and when it answered the next call could not have been more than fifty yards from shore. It gave the love call, and was so close to shore that we thought best to wait, but the moose turned, and when next it called was some distance from the lake. It was traveling very fast, and we heard it call several times, each one fainter than the last.

It was quite dark now, so we hurried across the lake and got ready for the portage. Before we had gone far it became evident that we were going to have a storm. We found it impossible to always keep on the trail crossing the bare ridges of rock by lantern light, and it took more or less time to hunt the trail, which must be found before we could attempt to get down off the ridge. Of course when we were so anxious to hurry we lost the trail oftener, and had more trouble finding it. The sky was black, the air tense, as though any minute the

heavens might be split by a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a terrific peal of thunder, a high wind and sheets of rain.

"The night is changed! And such a change! O night,
And storm and darkness! Ye are wondrous strong."

The only thing to do was to walk as fast as we could and get over the portage as soon as possible. The guides never allowed me to carry anything over this portage, and no difference how heavy their load, or how full their hands, they always came to help me over the hard places. We reached the end of the portage and crossed the lake to our camp landing, where Bob had hung a birch bark lantern he had made.

The storm came soon after we went to bed. There was a blinding flash of lightning, followed by two reports in quick succession, like rifle shots, only deeper and heavier. There was no doubt about it being thunder, but it was different from any I had ever heard before, and sounded more as though the English Navy was bombarding our camp. The rain poured down on our tent, which would only "sift out the coarsest;" the rest came through. What would we do? The Doctor was already sick with a cold, and, if our blankets got wet, might have pneumonia. I took a storm coat and made a kind of canopy over our heads, and a rubber blanket taken from under us covered the woolen blankets. I was getting experience faster than I could appreciate it.

The next morning the rain-shedding properties of our tent were reinforced with a tarpaulin.

In Four Mile Lake, across a bay from our landing, rose a perpendicular cliff, rising fully 500 feet above the surface of the water. One afternoon we crossed to where an ascent was possible, and climbed to the top of the cliff, or mountain, as the guides called it. We could see for miles over the country, and counted four or five lakes. A register on top of the cliff contained the following names: G. F. Brown, F. P. Krebs, and A. Dickson. From this cliff we followed the ridges to the lake to hunt.

To sit in the canoe for two or three hours and neither hear nor see a moose, but watch the ducks come in flocks and never take a shot, was really heart-breaking, but the only thing to do if we wanted a moose.

One evening when we were watching, out walked a moose on the opposite shore. He had a large head, but was too far away to shoot, and did not stop an instant, but went into some low bushes and disappeared. Taking the two rifles the Doctor and Bob started to cross the lake, but the canoe grated on a rock as they pushed off, and they neither saw nor heard anything more of him. The moose trails followed around the head of a bay back of where I was sitting, and when I heard a noise in the bush I got frightened and wondered how I would defend myself if the moose should come out back of me. The only thing I could think of was a pair of gray blankets I was sitting on. I know I breathed easier when I saw the canoe coming toward me.

Moose hunting was hard work, and we were not meeting with much success as far as the moose were concerned. We had to give up duck shooting and tramp across the portage every day; but we were learning many things we could learn in no other way, as well as seeing some wonderful things in nature. In fact, we were laying up a store of knowledge that would be a pleasure to us in the years to come. The hours we spent sitting in the canoe or on the shore watching for moose were not lost, for had we not heard one call, even answer the guide, and learned how fast they can travel over the roughest kind of country? We had seen one on the shore, and another evening as one went through the bush it stepped on a fallen sapling, which broke, making a report that in the absolute silence sounded like a rifle shot. The silence was oppressive. A grouse walking among the leaves in the bush back of us made a noise that was startling, and a very interesting little bird that came along the shore every evening hunting its supper at the edge of the water, could be heard walking on the gravelly beach. Occasionally we heard an owl, and sometimes a duck would quack. The ducks were of no small interest to us. How gracefully they came in, wheeled and settled on the water. When the ducks were all in and the little bird had gone to bed, then came our ride across the magic lake and the portage, which was hard, but furnished a great deal of interest.

One night we saw a rabbit sitting by a log near the trail, and the Doctor shot at it with his rifle, but made a clean miss, while the rabbit sat still and looked at us. The lantern was held a little lower, and he shot again, putting out the lantern and leaving us in darkness. When we got a light, the rabbit was gone. Many of our grouse and spruce partridges were gotten along this trail; some Bob knocked over with a stone. One morning the Doctor shot a rabbit just after we made the first steep climb from the lake, and it was hung on a tree by the side of the trail, to be gotten on our return. A little further on he shot a partridge, and we had only gone a short distance when I shot a grouse by the side of the trail, and another one flying to a tree, I turned and shot it. On the portage another morning we saw a cock spruce partridge on a spruce tree that had blown out of root, but the top having caught, it hung suspended over the trail. As we approached the tree, the partridge was strutting about, his tail feathers spread, his wings lowered, apparently ready to fight, so we stopped to watch him. He strutted around for a while, then stepped daintily down along the trunk of the tree to the ground. When Bob started on, it turned toward him, its wings and tail spread, its feathers bristling, as much as to say, "Come on, if you want to fight!" When we saw two hens on the ground on the other side of the tree, we understood that the little cock partridge was defending his harem. It was a great display of courage, and furnished another picture to "hang on memory's wall." We had all the birds we could use, and left them unmolested.

It was evident the moose were traveling around the head of Moose Lake without stopping, and we left camp early one morning, determined to find out where they were going, if possible. We had gone about half way up the lake, and Bob was ashore examining some trails, when the Doctor saw two deer playing on the other side of the lake. Bob paddled quickly and carefully across. They became suspicious before we were half way over, and while one would feed, the other would watch. They made a beautiful picture, but we wanted the buck. When we got almost within 100 yards, the Doctor shot at the buck and we thought hit it, but it disappeared in the weeds. He then shot at the doe, but missed her. The buck was again in sight, and the Doctor, doing mechanically what he had done all summer, aimed for the middle of the target, and the buck followed the doe into the bush. Bob found blood, and we rushed into the bush and saw the deer twice where they had stopped, but did not get a shot. At first we could see only an occasional drop of blood, but soon came to great splashes of it, and at one place found large clots with a tuft of hair. We expected to find the deer lying dead at every step, and I was so sorry I could hardly keep back the tears. Almost all at once the blood became less; we could find only an occasional drop. After following for almost a mile, we gave up and I never was more disappointed about anything in my life. So much for the inconsistency of a woman. While the Doctor keenly regretted the loss, for it was his first deer and had a beautiful head, I believe I was more disappointed than he was.

We certainly made a mistake, when we found blood, by not waiting two or three hours before following the deer. The bullet from the .35 Winchester had evidently gone through the deer's body without mushrooming. It was now too late to follow moose trails, so we ate our lunch and rested. We neither saw nor heard any moose that night, and started over the trail very blue and discouraged.

We had noticed the Northern Lights in the sky, and when we came out on a high, bare ridge of rock, we stopped to look at them. Almost immediately the light began to form directly over our heads, not rapidly, but with a quick, steady motion, as in changing pictures in a magic lantern, until a circle was completed, leaving a small circular opening directly at the zenith. The light spread over the sky until well down the dome, then great shafts of light shot down at regular intervals until they touched the horizon. We stood under an immense canopy of light, through which only a few of the most brilliant stars could be seen. Bob had put down the lantern, and we stood and watched in awed silence one of nature's grandest, most mysterious phenomena. The display lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes, then disappeared about as it had came, and Bob picked up the lantern and we went on. When we came to the brow of the hill where we had to climb down to the lake, we stopped, for the light was growing bright again. From where we were standing we could see across Four Mile Lake, and directly opposite us rose the high bluff. While we stood there a double curtain of gauze was suspended over the lake, and reached from one horizon to the other, hanging straight across as though suspended from a curtain pole. They were the same width from end to end, and were hung in folds. One curtain was longer than the other, and both had a hem along the foot. Both folds and hem were distinctly visible. The curtains did not touch the water, neither were they up in the sky, but were suspended over the lake. While we watched, a pale violet color passed over them, lasted a few minutes, and was followed by a rose color, which in turn was followed by a pale pink. The curtains were then drawn aside. The colors were of marvelous refinement and purity, rather than brilliant. The display passed over the sky from west to east, and was most impressive and sublime. The canopy had formed over us as we stood on a great ridge of bare rock up on the hills, with an uninterrupted view of the entire heavens, surrounded by nature in her wildest, most rugged form, and miles from a human habitation. When the curtains appeared the hills and woods were behind us, and we stood on the brow of a hill overlooking the lake where the curtains hung. We had been so fortunate as to witness an unexpected display of one of nature's most wonderful phenomena, with no element lacking that could have added to its grandeur.

"Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung."

Taking the rifles, Sam, Bob and the Doctor left camp early in the morning, hoping they might find the deer. I kept the shotgun, and agreed to stay in camp and have supper ready when they came back. Bob advised me to climb a tree and not use the shotgun if a bull moose should come around. I said I would get birds and have soup for supper, and light the lantern at the end of the portage; two very rash promises to make, as I found later. I made some mush to fry for supper, washed the dishes, hung our blankets in the sun, then filled the magazine of the shotgun and started out to hunt birds. They had become very scarce around our camp grounds, so I crossed the portage to Four Mile Lake and followed along its shore for quite a distance; then, going deeper into the bush, turned toward camp. After walking for some time I came out on the shore of a lake, and looking across saw our camp on the other side. I was a good deal surprised, and decided to quit hunting, go back to camp, and stay there. I had gone deeper into the bush than I thought, going entirely around the end of the lake. I neither saw nor heard a grouse.

Sam had said there were plenty of chips I could use for cooking, as though I must not use the fire-wood that was cut. I knew he did not mean that, but I thought, "All right, I'll cut my own fire-wood." The way Bob cut down the poplar and birch trees for camp use was always a matter of great interest to me. He selected a tree, gave a few strokes with his ax, then pushed the tree over. Apparently he cut down trees with as much ease as I would go out in the yard at home and cut a few flowers for the breakfast table. Here was my chance to cut down a tree when no one was watching. I took the ax and selected a tree about six inches in diameter. I had to give a good many strokes with the ax and rest a few times, but the tree came down at last, and left a funny looking stump. I heard Sam make some remark about beavers when he saw it. Cutting the tree up into fire-wood was not so hard, but when I had enough wood to cook supper I quit. I had said I would have soup for supper, and as I had no birds, the soup must be made with something else. I cut a square of lean bacon, trimmed both sides carefully, put it, with some beans, in a pail of water with a little soda, and let them boil about fifteen minutes; then, pouring this water off, I put on fresh water, adding rice and onions, and set on the fire to boil.

The Doctor wanted a Canada jay to mount, and Sam had arranged a trap to get one without spoiling the plumage. He balanced a forked pole across a log and laid a piece of cheese on the fork; then he took the ax and sat down on the ground at the other end of the pole, and when the bird went to take the cheese, he gave the pole a hard blow with an ax. He had not gotten a bird yet, and, having plenty of time, I thought I would try to get one. I put a piece of cheese on the fork, sat down at the other end of the pole, with the ax over my shoulder, the handle tightly grasped in both hands, and waited. In a short time a bird came, and I brought the ax down, making a fearful clatter, but before the ax struck the pole, the bird had stolen my cheese and was sailing away to the treetops. I had played a fair game, and with a good deal of pique saw my small adversary win and fly off. I wonder if it laughed? I was no match for that handful of feathers, and went back to my cooking. I was much interested in watching a squirrel pick up the strips of bacon rind, and, sitting up, eat off all the meat, going from end to end of each strip twice, then throw it down and get another. Another interesting visitor was a little mouse with a body not much thicker than my finger and rather long, set on queer little short legs.

I had brought in the blankets, made our bed, and was getting ready to make the biscuit for supper when a flock of ducks settled on the lake. I was very anxious to shoot a duck on the wing, and one morning we had gone to Moose Lake, and I was given the gun and told to sit in the bow of the canoe and watch for ducks. We were going among the rushes in the hope of finding some stray ones. We had been paddling around for some time and I had forgotten all about hunting, when several black ducks rose just ahead of us in easy range. I never thought of the gun; I forgot that I was hunting ducks; I had forgotten everything but the charm of the surroundings, and just sat there and watched the ducks fly away. Bob and the Doctor yelled, "Shoot! Why don't you shoot?" So I picked up the gun and shot, but the ducks were far out of range. I don't see how a woman could be blamed for forgetting to shoot on such a morning, amid such surroundings. My failure to shoot that day had been the source of a good deal of amusement, and here was an opportunity to redeem my reputation. I got the gun off the table, where I had kept it all day, but it was loaded with No. 6 shot and I had not time to change the shells, for the ducks were rising again. I kept behind the bushes until they came in range, then I fired. One duck faltered and fell out of line, but recovered itself and went on. The No. 6 shot had not the desired effect, and I was so disappointed.

I made the biscuit, put them by the fire to bake—I had learned how to bake biscuit in the skillet—lifted the bacon out of the soup, and put it by the fire to roast. While I was atending to the cooking, after setting the table, one of those pesky jay birds lit on the table and took a bite out of the butter, and for a while I was kept busy watching the cooking and shooing birds off the table. I had said I would light the lantern at the landing, but somehow it was dark before I noticed, and then I was afraid to cross the portage. Twice I took some matches and started, but did not go far. I was not afraid anything would catch me, but I was afraid something might frighten me. Bob had laid the camp-fire, and I decided to light it instead of the lantern. The birch bark and kindling was laid on the ground under the logs ready to light, but I used a good many matches before I found the place among the kindling Bob had intended me to put one.

The day had not been long; I had enjoyed it thoroughly, and had been busy, but from dark until the men came seemed an age, though in reality scarcely two hours.

We were going to break camp Sunday morning, October 17, and expected to do our last hunting on Moose Lake Friday evening, for the canoe must be carried over the portage, and that could not be done at night. A hard rain kept us in the tent Friday evening, and the guides, taking the shotgun, started before daylight, in the rain, Saturday morning to get the canoe. They returned when we were eating breakfast with the canoe and one duck. Saturday was cold, wet and disagreeable.

Sam called us before daybreak Sunday morning, and we got up to find breakfast ready and the guides' tent down. The ground was covered with snow. What a change! When we came into the bush the tree tops were covered with a warm, yellow sunlight. We had seen that sunlight fall, leaf by leaf, until the trees were bare, and it lay on the earth a restless, brown covering, over which the Frost King had each night thrown a beautiful white lace work, and this morning had covered with a soft, white, feathery blanket. Winter had come, and it was time for us to go.

Sam had been observing Sunday by boiling a pudding for dinner, but to-day we would not get one, for our provisions were getting scarce. We were out of baking powder, sugar, dried fruit, and coffee.

We got an early start and reached Wendigo Lake in good time, getting a spruce partridge on the portage. The lake was quite rough, it was snowing, and the wind blew directly in our faces, but we did not feel the cold, and had a joyous, exhilarating race down the lake. When we went into the bush we could scarcely keep warm, but we were coming out in a snowstorm and did not feel the cold. I was astonished when I found the handle of my paddle, just above the blade, was coated with ice.

We reached the long portage near a copper mine, and camped for the night on the other end, with everything carried over. The corn cakes without baking powder were not good, and the guides went over to the mine to get some bread. They were out of bread, but had sent to Tom's Town for some, and brought us two loaves that night. We got a rabbit, cooked the last of the beans, and used all of the butter for supper. We still had rice, flour, corn meal, bacon, and tea.

The next morning we were up early, for it looked like rain, and there were a number of portages to cross, and we had to reach Tom's Town before two o'clock to get the steamer.

This branch of the White River has cut its way down through great banks of white clay, which it is constantly undermining and wearing away. We saw where a moose had come down one of these banks and crossed the river. The bank was almost perpendicular, at least fifty feet high, and was the bare, white clay, without even a blade of grass growing on it. I do not believe a man could have come down it, but that big animal had come down

either that morning or the night before. We would soon reach Tom's Town, and we had no moose. The moose of the White River Valley are practically a thing of the past. We had been in the bush three weeks, and had seen only one. Two young men that were camped on Wendigo Lake while we were in the bush came out without one. The party our guides brought out the week before we went in got no moose, yet Sam and Bob had never failed to get moose for their hunters in this district before. The White River Valley is being settled. The moose are being killed in season and out of season, and are being driven back. We could find no fault with our guides. They had worked faithfully and well, doing everything they could to get us a moose and make us comfortable, and Sam could cook as well, if not a little better, than ever.

Tom's Town had been growing while we were in the bush. A new store had been started, and the foundation had been laid for a sawmill. On board the Geisha we met Mrs. Hunter, the captain's wife, and had a very pleasant trip down the river. We found Captain Hunter always courtcous and accommodating, and we wish him success in the White River Valley.

The rain was pouring down when we landed at Haileybury, and we hurried to the hotel, changed our clothes, packed our trunk, and got everything ready for an early start, as the Meteor, on Lake Temiscaming, was due at the doek before daylight. The wind was cold and very high in the morning, and it was so dark we had to have a lantern to go from the hotel to the dock.

On the Meteor we met two gentlemen from Ohio, one of them a doctor. They had gone to North Temiscaming on the steamer the day we went to Haileybury. They got guides at North Temiscaming, and had hunted on Fish, Lizzard and Eel lakes, about ten miles northeast of where we were, and they each got a moose. The head the doctor got had a spread of 54 inches, but the other one was smaller. The doctor and his friend stopped at the Bellevue for a few days' deer hunting, but it was time for us to go home. Our hunt was over.

Moose hunting was hard work, and I got very tired, but I hope we may continue to hunt, and fish, and cruise, until we have crossed the Divide, made the last portage into eternal silence, and entered

"The low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings."

A. W. C.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Among Leaping Ouananiche.

EMBOSOMED among the great Laurentian hills, and nearly two hundred and fifty miles north of the old historic city of Quebec, lies what might, without exaggeration, be termed a great inland sea. This magnificent body of water, which is over forty miles in length, and from ten to thirty miles in width, is the receiving basin of a watershed of upward of forty thousand square miles.

Some idea of the volume of water it annually receives may be formed when I state that several of the great rivers which empty into it bring down the overflow from many large lakes hundreds of miles away in the far north, the Peribonca being navigable by boats and canoes upward of six hundred miles from its mouth. This great lake finds an outlet at the point at its lower extremity called the Grand Decharge, *Anglice* Discharge, which is the head of that most wonderful river, the Saguenay.

Strange and wonderful it is, for it resembles no other river on earth; the water descending from this outlet of the lake has a fall of about 350 feet within the limits of a very few miles, and is therefore at that point a series of stupendous, angry rapids; but further down it becomes quiet, and owing to its great depth seems of inky blackness, and is, therefore, almost somber and awe-inspiring. High, rough cliffs tower above the stream, and their appearance indicates that in long past ages, by some great convulsion of nature, the rocky hills were rent asunder to permit the water to descend through the chasm.

There are many places in this river in which soundings have revealed a depth of over 1,000 feet, and where it flows by those gigantic sentinels, the headlands, Capes Trinity and Eternity, which rise perpendicularly from the water, the lead has been dropped, according to Hallock, almost a mile, and no bottom was found.

Lake St. John, with its tributaries, is the home of one of the gamest fish that swim; it is called ouananiche by the habitans, and winninish by the Montaignais Indians, by whom it has been pursued for many generations. It is found everywhere in this great water system, having been caught in lakes and connecting streams of the Peribonca and other rivers a great many miles from the lake.

In the spring, after the ice has gone out, the habitans capture it in great numbers along the shores of the lake with bait, using a strip of pork rind or meat, and sometimes a piece of red flannel rag; the fish are then hungry, and will come to almost any lure, but as the spring wears on the Grand Discharge is the locality in which they congregate in the greatest numbers. Like other species of the Salmonidæ to which they belong, they delight in "live water," and this is found in perfection at that point, for it would be difficult to find anywhere such another series of whirling eddies, fierce and foaming rapids, tumultuous and boiling whirlpools, as there are in this gigantic water gateway.

The ouananiche, one of the so-called landlocked salmon, is a salmon pure and simple, and is not in any sense landlocked, for there is nothing to prevent it going down the Saguenay if it is so inclined. It does not, however, descend below the Discharge, and if its ancestors in bygone days came from the ocean, the present race have lost their anadromous habits entirely. It is identical in every respect, such as form, color, markings, habits, etc., with the landlocked salmon of the Schoodic and other Maine lakes.

In live water it is the most gamy of all the varieties, and in the tumultuous rush of the Grand Discharge a 3-pound fish gives the angler a battle royal, which once fought will never be forgotten.

If the ouananiche found as great an abundance of food, fresh-water smelts, minnows, etc., as the landlocked salmon obtain in the Maine lakes, there is no reason to doubt that it would grow to the great size attained by the others; but it now rarely exceeds 4 pounds in weight, and in a day's catch the angler is fortunate if his fish overrun an average of 2 pounds.

The activity and dash of this fish, its wonderful leaps and spirited runs, are identically the same as those of a grilse fresh run from the ocean; it is true that the salmon angler plays his grilse ordinarily in a pool, but if one could be hooked in such a maelstrom as this, I doubt if it would give quite as fierce a battle as does the ouananiche; for the form of the latter is more robust and muscular, the tail is broader, proportionately, than is that of the other, which affords a stronger resistance to the water.

I have taken great numbers of the landlocked salmon in Grand Lake Stream, Maine, and they were as plucky as the others, but they had not the strength and endurance that the ouananiche possesses.

Before the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway was constructed, the lake was reached only after a long, tedious, and uncomfortable journey, and therefore was but little known to anglers; but now one may enter a comfortable parlor car at Quebec at 8 A. M. and arrive at Hotel Roberval on the lake at about 6 P. M., from which point he can take steamer or train for the Grand Discharge at his option.

I first became acquainted with the merits of the ouananiche as a game fish in 1887, at which period the railway I have named had just been completed, but only to the lake, the extension to the Saguenay not then having been begun. My old friend, Dr. H., who had been my companion on a number of outings on various Canadian salmon waters, was with me on this occasion.

Considerable comment had been made in sporting publications in relation to this fish, and we were more than anxious to ascertain for ourselves whether the glowing reports that had been sent forth of the exciting sport it furnished were exaggerations.

We arrived at Hotel Roberval one evening in early June, where we passed a comfortable night, and on the following morning we took passage on the steamer Peribonca, which at that time plied up and down the lake, for the Grand Discharge. Arriving at our destination, we there made arrangements for canoemen and canoes, and in a short time we were ready and "eager for the fray."

Our canoes were strong, substantial affairs, and remarkably steady for craft of their make; they were not nearly as cranky as are those made by the Micmac and the Passamaquoddy Indians; they were so stiff, in fact, that both the Doctor and I had no difficulty in keeping on our feet while we were casting, although the buoyant craft was sometimes in very rough water. In each canoe was two guides; they were Indian half-breeds, rather short in stature, but very muscular and active, and they handled the birches with wonderful dexterity.

Both the Doctor and I on this occasion used eight-ounce trout rods, preferring these to the salmon rods that many anglers used at this place, the strength of the fish and heavy pull of the water seeming to require a more powerful tackle; but we both had killed many a grilse and good sized landlocked salmon on rods of this weight, and we believed we could conquer the ouananiche with them.

The guides placed the canoes in favorable positions just above the verge of the upper rapids, and they held us in place wonderfully well with the paddles alone. Although our rods were light for such work our reels contained a good hundred yards of line as a provision for the great runs these fish were said to make when hooked. As soon as we were placed within proper distance of the upper eddies, we began casting—i. e., throwing our feathered lures with rod and line in different directions upon the surface of the water, and moving them in the manner usually practiced by salmon anglers, each using but a single fly. The Doctor was an adept in the use of the rod, his fly being dropped with wonderful lightness upon patches of water so distant that the lure could hardly be seen when it alighted. Of course, I imitated him to the best of my ability, and I now and then caught expressive glances which passed between our guides, and heard their murmur of approbation in the soft patois of the French-Canadian.

Great numbers of May flies, or lace-winged flies, as they are often called, were in the air, and as they hovered over the water many of them dropped upon the circling eddies, and as they fluttered and struggled to regain their flight they furnished tempting morsels to the fish that lurked below the flecks of foam which were scattered over the surface of the water. These flies pass the larva stage in the water, from which they rise perfect insects; in this form they live but a very brief time, hence their name, ephemera. We had noticed the abundance of these insects and in consequence chose for our first casts flies which closely resembled them. We had offered our lures but a few times when they were accepted, and we were both fast to fish whose strength and activity quickly put our light rods to a severe test. Cree-e-e our reels were merrily made to sing as the fish darted about in runs of fifty or sixty feet at a stretch; ever and anon one of them leaped high in the air, his body shining in the rays of the sun like burnished silver. In darting up from the water they endeavored to shake the hook from their mouths, almost after the manner of black bass. Both were good sized fish, nearly 18 inches in length, and their strength, dash, and endurance were wonderful. For nearly ten minutes they absolutely refused to yield, no matter how severe a tension we put upon them, and their runs and leaps were continued to the very last; they had all the speed and activity of the grilse, their leaps were fully as high as his and their fighting strength was much greater.

While our contest with the ouaninche was in progress, the guides had quietly worked the canoe up in to still water and close to the shore, thus enabling one of them to lay aside his paddle and hold the landing-net in readiness for its allotted work.

The steady strain of the rods at length brought the gamy fish into subjection, and both were successfully landed. "Vera nice feesh," exclaimed one of the guides, as he held aloft the silvery captive. "Oui, grand poissons," assented the other; "grand poissons and bon fortune, what you call ze good luck."

"Well Doctor," said I, as the two beauties were laid out before us, "we've killed a handsome brace for a starter; good three-pounders each of them, and as silvery as fresh run salmon. How do you like ouananiche fishing, anyway?" "I'm quite delighted with it," he replied. "Every inch of them is gamy, and their strength is something wonderful. Well, boys," he added, turning to the guides, "we'll try for another pair, but I doubt if we can equal these."

The canoe was again deftly moved out into the rapid water, and when our former positions were reached we offered our lures as we had done before. The ouananiche were evidently disposed to be amiable, for neither of us had made a dozen casts before we both rose and hooked our fish; beauties they were, and they seemed to be trying to outdo each other, both in the long runs they made and in their saltatory efforts. Well named are these fish —"the leaping ouananiche," for hardly any other species can vie with them in this respect.

While the Doctor was busily engaged with the fish he had hooked, I met with an accident which cost me a good casting line and a fine Durham-ranger fly. As I was standing in the canoe endeavoring to check a fierce run that the fish was making, the buoyant craft was caught by a whirling eddy, which shifted it around so quickly that I lost my balance, and, before I could steady myself on my feet again, the fish started down the rapids, as if it had a hurried errand to the St. Lawrence.

My reel screamed discordantly as the line was drawn out with lightning rapidity, and the prospect seemed good for the whole of it being carried away. Of course checking the fish, even in a slight degree, would be impossible, for its own great strength, assisted by the heavy pull of the rushing water, would have required a stout cod-line to hold the fugitive. I saw at once that quick action only on my part could save a portion of my tackle, and so, pressing my thumb firmly on the whirling reel, I threw the rod upward sharply and held it firmly with all my strength. This sudden and severe tension caused the line to break, fortunately for me, at the point where it was attached to the casting line with which, as a trophy, the fish hurried away. "You were lucky not to lose your line," exclaimed the Doctor. "I expected it would all go in that strong water." "Yes," I replied, as I prepared a new casting line and fly, "I thought for a moment that everything would be carried away; no tackle could hold that fish when he got started."

Attached to my new casting line were two flies, a silver-doctor and a gray-drake, one of which I should have removed, but owing to the excitement of the moment I neglected to do so, even after I had begun casting. My thoughts were more on the fish that escaped than they were on the work before me, and it was only when I found that two fish had accepted my lures that I realized the situation. Playing a single ouananiche in live water

keeps one pretty well employed, but when he undertakes to conquer two at a time he undoubtedly has his hands full.

"Bravo!" shouted the Doctor, "you've done it this time with a vengeance."

And the Doctor was right. I doubt very much if there was ever seen in the waters of the Grand Discharge a prettier fight than those silvery beauties put up before they were conquered. Here, there, and everywhere, seemingly at one and the same time, they worked well in double harness, for their runs were made side by side, and when they leaped both fish cleared the water together. It was a pretty sight, and one not likely to be repeated. Fortunately, in rushing about as they did, they "played" each other, for when one made a long, savage run he had the other as sort of drag upon him, and in leaping of course they could not act absolutely simultaneously.

As they had done before, the guides worked the canoe back again into the quiet cove, and it was not long before I had my fish fairly conquered and ready for the landing-net; luckily for me, it was a capacious one, and both fish were lifted in it from the water with one sweep. It was with no little satisfaction that I gazed upon my silvery prizes, for it was my first experience in playing two salmon together, and I felt that the congratulations my canoemen uttered were thoroughly genuine.

The fish were nearly matched in size, one weighing 2½ and the other about 2¾ pounds. As my guides were preparing to pack the fish in wet moss in the bow of the canoe, the Doctor came into the cove to enable him to land another beauty.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, as he gazed upon my ouananiche, "you had wonderful luck; to kill a pair like that in such a place is something to be proud of, and worth going a long distance to accomplish. Well, we've taken a half-dozen nice fish, and as it's noon, I propose that we go ashore, have lunch and a smoke, and give our boys (pointing to the guides) an hour's rest. I dare say they'll enjoy it."

"Yes," I replied, "I was not aware until now that it is so late, but I really feel that lunch would be most acceptable."

The prows of the canoes were pulled ashore, and stepping out we selected a shady spot for our resting place, and there enjoyed our noonday meal with the relish that is only given to anglers and hunters.

The allotted hour soon passed away, a good portion of it having been devoted to the siesta which one so thoroughly enjoys when on an outing in the forest and on the stream.

Our catch in the afternoon consisted of five ouananiche, three of which fell to the Doctor's rod and the others to mine, and when the hour arrived for the sailing of the steamer up the lake, we felt as we repaired to the landing place that our first day with the ouananiche had been everything we could have desired.

To anglers who are about to visit these waters, a few suggestions as to desirable varieties of flies will not here be out of place. My favorite fly for the ouananiche and other landlocked salmon is the so-called Tomak-Jo, which has a golden hackle over a red and white chenille body, and wings made from the beautiful ruff feathers of the wood or summer duck. Next in value to that is the silver-doctor, the feathers of which should always be from the crest of the golden pheasant; and following these, the light and dark Montreals, the Durham-ranger, grasshopper, butcher, light and dark fairy, and Jock-Scott, all tied in medium or small sizes, will be found amply sufficient for all conditions of weather and water.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

The Leap of the Bass.

AGAIN a correspondent writes me for my opinion as to what it is that actuates a black bass after he has been hooked to leap out of his native element into the air, and if my readers will pardon me once more for "threshing old straw," in reviving once more the leaping bass, I will reply. In the first place, it is not strange that anglers should differ in their views, for with all the literature which we now have there is yet room for a most interesting book on this great fish of ours, and an appropriate title would be, "What I Do Not Know About Black Bass." Mr. George A. Hoagland, Dr. Frank Owen, Henry Homan, or George Entreken might add lots of interesting data to our black bass lore if they only would, and letters from these gentlemen would indeed be valuable. I have always believed, and still believe, that the black bass leap from the water for the sole purpose of throwing the hook from its mouth, and an experience of many years and on many waters confirms this view. It is for this reason that a bass taken with a fly yields more sport than those taken with bait, for the instinct leads it to believe that a hook in the mouth can be thrown out more readily than one lodged in the stomach. In my experience those hooked in the mouth invariably leap from the water, while those hooked deep in the throat or in the stomach very frequently do not leap at all.

Some years ago I was casting the fly in a little lake just west of Springfield, Neb., which was taken by a good sized bass, and on its first leap from the water the snell was broken from the shank of the hook. In a few seconds the bass leaped from the water at the same place and shook its head vigorously, and after an interval of a few seconds more it leaped again from the same spot, and on this occasion threw the hook from its mouth with such force that it fell on the water to a distance of fifteen feet, but after this it did not leave the water any more. It follows that on this occasion, at least, the bass must have had its mouth open, for it could not have thrown the hook from a closed mouth, and that the head must have been shaken with great force to throw the hook such a distance, and it also follows that it leaped to free itself from the hook, for after it had gotten rid of it the leaping ceased. On the other hand, I have frequently taken bass at Lake Washington while trolling with a spoon and a frog or minnow bait, which did not leap from the water at all, and have commonly found that in such cases the bait had been swallowed and the hook was far down the throat or in the stomach; and, in fact, it is frequently possible to tell to what extent a bass has swallowed the hook by its tendency to leap or not to leap from the water. As to the frequent leaping of some bass as a matter of habit, as claimed by many of our local anglers, I can only say that I have frequently seen them break water, and in such cases have always found that they were after food abounding on or over the surface, but I have never seen one leap clear of the water unless hooked.

There are few points on which fly-fishers differ more than the correct methods of striking a bass and trout. Not a few, in fact the majority, of fly-fishers will say that a bass should not be struck. As a matter of fact, the differences of opinion among anglers on this subject are more verbal than substantial. Most men who have caught their 50 to 100 bass and 100 to 1,000 brace of trout, act in very much the same way, according to the varying circumstances of each particular case. George R. Hoagland's direction is, as regards bass, that when you see the boil and feel the pluck you may "raise your rod smartly, with a fair tug, over your shoulder." Some call this striking; others say it is simply keeping a tight line on the fish. In bass fishing, perhaps the most important point to be remembered in connection with the strike, is not to pull too soon. Men who are accustomed to the quick rising trout of rapid streams often make mistakes with bass. These small trout dash at every passing particle in all haste, fearful of food escaping in a locality where food is all too scarce. Very different is the stately Micropterus, which, as a rule, shows no too great inclination to feed, sometimes follows a fly for some yards before seizing it, and frequently breaks the surface of the water a half second or so before the fly is in its mouth.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

OMAHA, Nebraska.

Sturgeon Galore.

A YEAR or two ago an account, fully authenticated, came up from New Orleans regarding the choking of Harvey's Canal with buffalo fish, navigation being actually impeded thereby, and because of the suffocation and putrefaction of the fish, the public health being so endangered, the Mississippi levee was cut and the odoriferous mass washed out to sea.

Now comes down from the north the following story. I know Mr. Crawford, and in this case, like all others before the bar, the prisoner must necessarily be given the benefit of the doubt. Here it is, cut from our local paper, the St. Paul Dispatch:

"E. F. Crawford, a prominent attorney throughout the northern half of the State, and who practices at Bemidji, met with the most thrilling experience of his life while coming up the Big Fork River in a canoe. He saw the river filled from bank to bank with sturgeon, the big lake fish that at this time of year ascend streams from Rainy River to lay their spawn in shallow waters. Not only was the sight appalling, but on several occasions his boat was in danger of being crushed by the countless monsters.

"In company with two rivermen, Mr. Crawford was paddling up river in great haste to reach Big Falls on the day of its being incorporated as a village, which matter was in his charge.

"To reach the town, a canoe trip was necessary, as a log-jam at the mouth of the river prevented steamboats from passing upward. The river is full of rapids at various points, and some of them are so strong that their boat had to be carried overland along the banks. They came suddenly upon a splashing surface which extended across the river and several hundred yards ahead. Here the slope was gentle and no such conditions were present as to hint that rapids should form at this point. The men were in the center of the river, but at once began to paddle their boat shoreward to avoid the rapids. Suddenly one of the boatmen cried:

"'My God! This is not rapids, but a jam of fish!'

"Mr. Crawford saw in startled amazement that they were, indeed, surrounded by big fish, some longer than a man. The sturgeon leaped and darted, showing the white gleam of their bellies, as they spurted along and churned the waters with head and tail. There were thousands of them, traveling up stream in a wedge-shape, with a leader at the head. Except for a narrow streak on each side of the river, the fish made the river look like a bed of rapids. By striking with their paddles, the men managed to clear a path to the bank without their canoe being crushed by the sportive monsters. Then, by dragging their canoe cautiously along the bank for half an hour, they got ahead of this school, which was swimming at a rate of about three miles an hour up stream. Later, another school like the first was encountered, and still another, although smaller. After that Mr. Crawford's party passed straggling bunches of five or six."

And the above reminds me of a Russian sturgeon story. It was on the banks of one of the principal sturgeon rivers in Russia, and at a time when the villagers had abandoned all other duties and were attending strictly to that business which involved the catching of the sturgeon, the smoking of same, and the treatment of the eggs to turn same into genuine caviar.

Two Americans were in the village and became interested onlookers. They noticed that a strong line or rope was drawn across the stream, and from it dangled innumerable barbless cod-hooks, each fastened by a strong linen snell.

No bait was used, the bare hooks dangling in the water naked as far as any tempting morsel was concerned. And this queer way of fishing was credited up to the crass ignorance and benighted condition of the natives. So off the two Americans hiked to the nearest city and there laid in a stock of barbed hooks, lines, etc., and returning set about to show the natives a thing or two, and they set their lines. It took but a very limited time for the natives to catch on, and up went a hue and cry, and before the Yankees knew where they were at they were running for their lives from a howling mob of infuriated Russians—actually running into the Government police barracks for protection. In time it was all made clear. The native fishermen had no desire to catch all the fish in the river all at one and the same time. They wanted some of the sturgeon to get away and come again. That's why they used barbless hooks. If they wanted all the fish in the river they could use nets, but they planned it otherwise. As long as a reasonable run of sturgeon was insured, and Russians and others enjoyed caviar on toast, as a starter, so long were they assured of employment when the fish were running and reasonable returns. It meant recurring work and profit as the season rolled around, a condition that must cease with the extermination of the fish. So if as many sturgeon pulled loose and escaped as were hooked and held and captured, it was all right, for they would return again next year.

All of which it nearly cost the two Yankees their lives to find out.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

New Jersey Shore Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 9.—June is ever productive of bass, as of roses, is a saying much in vogue among the angling fraternity, and as each succeeding year rolls around the fact is newly affirmed. While an occasional bass is taken during May in seasons that are mild, still little is to be expected earlier than the beginning of the present month.

So far eleven fish have been taken that are known of in this vicinity, and none of these of the large order, 10½ pounds being the heaviest. The afternoon of the 6th witnessed the first capture—by a woman, at that, Mrs. Bruere, a well-known enthusiast, who summers at Avon, N. J., who, despite gray hairs, braves the elements in bass weather and stays with the tides, casting as well as many of the sterner sex, and is uniformly successful. Of the eleven fish taken, three have fallen to her rod, weights, 3, 5, and 9 pounds respectively.

The conditions for striped bass are very promising. There is an abundance of food of their favorite sorts, shrimps being phenomenally abundant. Several river and offshore fishermen have told me that they have never known them so plentiful and of such large size. All manner of fish feed greedily upon them, and it argues well for future sport.

The kingfish, which usually are quite abundant at this period, are scarce, although they were taken quite freely in the pounds about two weeks ago. Only one fish has been reported taken on the hook. Porgies, as they are usually termed in these waters, but properly "scup," have been very plentiful, as many as 80 barrels being taken at one lift of one pound net. They are not now so abundant. Sea bass are legion. It is perhaps safe to say that not within ten years have they been taken in such quantities and of such fine size, 2 and 3-pound fish being caught in the small rivers on the hook, which is a most unusual occurrence. That general favorite, the weakfish, is also in evidence; quite good catches have recently been made in the nets, although none have as yet come to the hook in these waters. Plaice, or, as they are usually termed, fluke, are plentiful, are in fine condition, are taking the hook well, and afford good sport when fished for with light tackle.

As to fresh-water fishing, results have been quite satisfactory. White perch have not taken the hook as readily as they did last season, however, owing to some caprice of their own. The good work done by our commissioners in trout stocking is plainly to be seen. I have seen and measured trout 13 inches in length from a stream within three miles of this place which never knew a trout until they were planted there five years ago as fingerlings. One small stream stocked by myself and a friend six years ago is now a joy, and the progeny have stocked two other quite large streams, so that the supply is now fairly abundant. Our original stock consisted of just twenty-seven fish of from five to eight inches in length. So much for a little thought, a little care, and lines scrupulously kept from the waters.

The new law which opens the black bass season on May 20 is generally regarded as a mistake in this part of the State. The fish do not multiply rapidly in our waters, and such streams as do contain them are at all times overfished by the hordes who crowd here during the months the season is open for their capture.

LEONARD HULIT.

Salmon Fishermen are on the Move.

QUEBEC, Can., June 11.—Many salmon fishermen are already in camp on the banks of their rivers, and the bulk of those who fish the north shore streams, including Messrs. R. E. Plumb, F. S. Hodges, Vesey Boswell, Edson Fitch, and many others, are expected to go down by the next trip of the King Edward. Among those who have already gone down are Messrs. John and James Manuel, of Ottawa, John Law and Colonel Whitehead, of Montreal, all of whom fish the Godbout. Mr. Walter Brackett, of Boston, is daily expected here on his way to the Marguerite, and Mr. Cabot, of Boston, is expected on the Grand River of Gaspé about the 23d inst. Several members of the Restigouche Club are already in camp at Metapedia, and so are some of the members of the Chamberlain Shoals Club, including Messrs. I. H. Stearns and W. M. Macpherson. Dr. W. F. Campbell and Mr. Stikeman are unable to go down this year. The Governor-General, the Earl of Minto, hopes to be able to go to the Cascapedia shortly for a few days.

Ouananiche fishermen for the Grand Discharge are just commencing to put in an appearance here, and many have written to secure accommodation. The first boat for the Grand Discharge crossed Lake St. John from Roberval on the 12th inst., and at present writing no word has been received from the first party of anglers to fish the waters. Several old-time fishermen in this country were with the party, including Mr. George E. Hart, of Waterbury.

Trout fishermen are arriving here from the other side of the boundary line daily. At the headquarters of the Metabetchouan Club the other day twenty-four guests were present at one time. Reports as to the fishing continue to be most satisfactory from all the northern club territories. Some very large trout have been taken on the fly during the last week out of Lake Bouchette, the Ouiatchouan River, and the waters of the Laurentides Fish and Game Club. Premier Parent, of Quebec, the Minister of Lands and Fisheries, has been one of the most successful anglers this spring in the Ouiatchouan River.

On the Tourilli Club limits catches of very heavy trout are reported by the president of the club, Mr. McSloy, of St. Catherines, and by Mr. and Mrs. Vanderwerken, of New York.

Inquiry as to the most successful flies tried this season upon the waters in the Lake St. John district, elicits the

fact that the most killing ones are the brighter colored patterns. This may be partially due to the fact that the water throughout the district remains pretty high. The Parmachenee-belle, the coachman, and the Jock-Scott are proving much more successful than such plain colors as those of the brown-hackle and the Montreal, for instance.

Those anglers who are not members of any of the clubs along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, may be glad to learn that some splendid trout fishing is being had this spring in the unleased portion of the Batiscan River, along the railway track, and particularly between Mequick and Laurentides station. Some really splendid fish were taken last week at the foot of some of the many heavy rapids in this stretch of river.

In the waters back of Montreal the fish are reported to be rising very freely, but there has been so much rain for the last week or two that comparatively few fishermen have cast for them.

On the Nova Scotian coast sea trout are just now very plentiful. Major Ashburner and Mrs. Ashburner, of Bermuda, have recently enjoyed very excellent sport there. In the estuaries of the river flowing into the St. Lawrence these fish have scarcely yet commenced to run in any quantity. They may now be reported plentiful any day, however.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Fishing and the Sequel.

THERE were six in our hunting party, and we were camped at Witbac, in the upper Peninsula of Michigan. The open season was in October, the forest dry and noisy, the weather mild, and deer scarce and hard to find. We had neglected getting an order from the superintendent of the St. Paul Railway for our train to stop at Witch Lake, and were so unfortunate as to have for our conductor the only one on the line that would not stop his train between stations without orders from headquarters; therefore we were compelled to make a dry camp, so to speak; for what sportsman would consider it a perfect camp a mile from either lake or river or both, even though there was a well a hundred paces distant?

It was two miles down to Witch Lake, where we had meant to stop, but we hoofed it and brought back some strings of ring perch. The Michigamme River ran only one mile east of us, but it was reputed a trout stream, and trout were out of season.

The Doctor and I were hunting along the river one day, and passed many fine trout pools, where the river wound through the forest interspersed with cedar swamps. We might have caught speckled trout in any quantity and never been apprehended; but we were not hankering after breaking laws either secretly nor openly. However, by the time we reached the bridge where the Republic and Floodwood wagon road crosses the river, we rested before starting campward. There was a dam under the bridge and such a fine pool below the dam, we concluded to fish So the Doctor went for fish-poles, and I skirmished for bait. I came back with a piece of small bird, and it was not long until we had quite a string of chubs.

'Pon my word they were chubs and nothing else. Then the Doctor held up a squirming thing all covered with pink spots and wanted to know what kind of a fish that was. I told him it was the kind we were not allowed to catch. Rain began to fall, but the chubs bit just the same.

A man in a drab waterproof and driving two horses in a buggy, came from the north or Republic end of the road, and made the turn to the point where a branch road runs up west to Witbec. As he did not drive up to the bridge, I supposed he had driven on westward, until I heard him pounding his buggy as though he had a loose tire, and then I saw him and the rig down there in the road, about 200 yards distant. He monkeyed around there possibly ten minutes, possibly twenty, I did not note the passing of time, for the chubs seemed hungry; and the Doctor had found that fish will take fish bait, or more properly speaking, that fish liked fish better than bird, so that we had plenty of bait. The last I saw of the man and his team they were going back toward Republic. That seemed strange, for it was nine miles up to Republic, and he had not transacted any business that we were aware of. We tired of fishing about that time, went to camp, and cleaned our fish.

The following day was my turn in camp. The boys were out, and I had done the dishes and was putting the camp in order for visitors, when a citified young chap came to the tent door. I invited him in, but he offered some excuse, and soon stepped away. I could not know but that he was looking after some woodchoppers who were cutting cord wood just east of our tent, and had almost forgotten him, when, hearing a twig break, I went to the tent door and saw him looking among the brush back of the tent, as though there was something lost, strayed, or stolen that he thought he could locate. Even then I did not know but that we were trespassing on a favorite bit of his property, and, though his conduct looked suspicious, it were better that I hold my tongue, so long as he asked no leading questions.

I knew quite well if he were looking for the off-falling from our fish, he would have to uproot that wind-shaken spruce stump in the bottom of that hole east of the tent, and he could not do that; and if he attempted it he would knock more dirt down on top of those fish heads and the refuse from our tent, and bury it all the deeper.

I don't know to this day why the man drove back toward Republic; nor why the young fellow poked about among the brush back of our tent. If they were looking for violators of the fish laws, they could find them most any day among their neighbors and friends.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Lake Garfield's Floating Island.

A WINSTED, Conn., note in the New York Times, June 8, says: "The large floating island in Lake Garfield, at Monterey, in the Berkshire Hills, through which men fish for bullheads in the daytime, and which last summer took its first trip across the lake in twenty-five years, made another move yesterday. It moved back to its original place. The distance of about one mile was made in less than an hour and a half. Before striking shore it broke in nearly halves, so that the lake now has two moving islands, each of which is large enough to hold a good-sized cottage."

Colorado Fishing.

DENVER, Colo., June 7.—The fishing season has opened up only fairly this year. On the first the waters of all streams was very roily and very high; as a consequence the catches have been few and small. At Buffalo, in the cañon of the Platte, one Schumacher killed a 3-pound German trout. But this is a rather small exploit when one considers that 5 and 7-pounders are frequently taken during the fly-taking season. Worm-fishing is the only thing now; the real thing—fly-casting—will follow about July 1. Any stream will be good enough for a good angler. There has been very little dynamiting of trout the past winter. People are saving their dynamite for the purpose of blowing each other up. (See daily papers.)

J. D. C.

Lake Dunmore Landlocked Salmon.

BOSTON, June 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first landlocked salmon of any size taken from Lake Dunmore, Vt., was caught May 28 by Mr. Ed. Thayer, of Brandon, Vt. This gentleman stocked the lake ten years ago with 10,000 fingerlings, and while a few small fish have been taken, this is the first one of any size. The fish was very gamy and weighed 7 pounds 3 ounces.

E. C. STEVENS.

GEORGE PUTNAM SMITH, who died at his home in New York city on Friday of last week, at the age of fifty-eight years, was one of that large number of lawyers who find it practicable to continue with a successful practice at the bar a full share of participation in the recreations of the field. In 1880 Mr. Smith published a little book on the "Law of Field Sports," in which was brought together a vast amount of information respecting the rights, privileges, and obligations of the men who hunt and fish. We quote from the preface this bit of sound reasoning:

To kill game before the season opens or after it closes should be deemed the act of the pot-hunter, who, in America, occupies a position and deserves more than the obloquy of the poacher in England. The latter has the moral justification that the English laws concerning land and game are against natural right—they give to land as property attributes which do not properly belong to it, and they have made the pursuit of game the privilege and pleasure of the few, to the burden and detriment of the many. But the pot-hunter has no such justification. He violates the doctrine of fair play. By taking game at times or by means which the statute—which he knows expresses the carefully considered opinion of a large majority of his fellow sportsmen—has declared to be improper, he steals a march on them and robs them of a fair chance to obtain the game which he has killed, because he chose a time or a means which he knew they would not take.

EX-JUDGE HENRY F. MCGOWN, who died at his home in New York, on Monday, June 13, at the age of eighty-one years, was one of the best known anglers of this city. He was specially devoted to striped bass fishing, and was for years president of the Cuttyhunk Club, whose stands on Cuttyhunk Island, Mass., afford some of the best sea fishing on the Atlantic Coast. Judge McGown was a frequent contributor to our angling columns.

Canoeing.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section 1, of the by-laws of the A. C. A.: "Application for membership shall be made to the Division Pursers, and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

Cruising on the Delaware River.

Lackawaxen to the Delaware Water Gap.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY TUFTS.

OUR canoes made the journey from New York city to Lackawaxen, Pa., by way of the Erie Railway without accident, and the Erie baggagemaster was good enough to check them through free for us. They were canvas-covered cedar canoes of the Old Town and Rushton type, the lengths being 17ft. and 16ft. respectively.

The cruise started the last week in August; our party was composed of four, and Lackawaxen was our starting point, all our luggage having been shipped there previously.

The outfit consisted of a waterproof tent 8ft. by 7ft. with a 3ft. wall; a waterproof pack basket for provisions and cooking utensils; two waterproof pack bags for clothes; a couple of portmanteaus, guns, cameras and fishing tackle. We carried in our pack flour, bacon, coffee, several cans baked beans and bread and butter. Our cooking utensils consisted of two frying-pans, water pail, boiling pot and coffee-pot. We also carried an adjustable broiler to set on a stone fire-place; a large bag of lemons, which turned out to be a great luxury, as at times our thirst would be very great, and not knowing where any springs were, we used the river water with a few of the lemons and some sugar and received immediate relief and refreshment. Potatoes, corn—in fact most any vegetable—can be purchased at farms along the river banks, so there is no need of taking a large stock in the canoe.

Lackawaxen is a small town, but has a couple of good country stores, and most all of the pack provisions can be procured there. We arrived about midnight, and we fortunately found a very good hotel within a stone's throw of the depot, where board can be obtained at a reasonable figure.

It was misty the morning our cruise started, so we were delayed a couple of hours waiting for the haze to lift. There are a couple of old landmarks near the station which are quite interesting; an old dam within a hundred yards of the depot built of logs; it is about one hundred and fifty feet long and about twice as wide. The water that runs over the dam is not over 18 inches deep in any place, but it runs very swiftly. While we stood there watching the boiling current, we saw several shad swim over the dam against the current. We spent some time in cruising over this dam; it is great practice before a long trip, and gets one in good trim for the pace that is to come, and is perfectly safe.

The viaduct of the old Delaware and Hudson Canal crosses the river over the dam; by climbing to the top of this you can ascertain the trend of the river bed and get a beautiful view of the surrounding country.

About 10:30 on August 30 the mist cleared, we finished packing our canoes, and started on our journey down the river. There is a feeling of great satisfaction to the canoeist when at last he is started on a cruise.

There is a pretty good current as you leave Lackawaxen; all that is needed is to keep off the rocks, which stick out all over the river. The water is shallow in this vicinity, and a pole can be used at times effectively. The river was low and the Delaware is much nicer when the water is shallow, as then all the rocks can be seen.

About half way between Lackawaxen and Shohola there is a very swift rapid, the river widens, and there are so many sharp rocks sticking out all over that it appears like a picket fence on the canoeist's approach. We landed at the beginning of these rapids to reconnoiter. The rift seemed impassable, but our small canoe—the one that contained the lemons—decided to make the venture. We kept one boat on shore, and, perched on a high rock, watched the fun. They had to make a horseshoe to reach the middle of the stream; when opposite us they were fully one hundred yards out in the river. Everything proceeded splendidly until they grounded on a rock and then turned turtle. It took some time to right the canoe, but nothing was lost except the lemons, which floated down stream. We managed to make a dry shoot with our canoe by hugging the shore and using the pole. Sometimes it is very advantageous to land one man and let him take the pack containing the dry clothes and walk around a very bad rift. We found that one man could manage a boat more easily than two in a violent rift, and even at the worst you are sure of a dry change of clothes. Most of the rifts of the Delaware are not over one hundred yards in length where it is necessary to land a man.

Just past this rift is good deep water; we beached our canoes and built a fire to dry our comrades, and then prepared luncheon. After luncheon we decided to try this tempting deep water for bass. We paddled as far up the rapids as possible letting out sixty or seventy feet of line with a small Shakespeare bait. We drifted into the eddies and finally landed two black bass weighing 2¼ pounds.

Shohola was reached at three o'clock, having a good current all the way. We made our temporary camp for the night and then strolled around Shohola Glens, having previously taken a ride on the gravity road. The Glens are well worth a visit; in fact, a day could easily be spent in this vicinity and then many places would remain unexplored. Shohola can be easily told, as the first bridge that crosses the river is there.

We resumed our cruise early the following morning The current was exceedingly swift, with some rocks. Before long we encountered a rapid, and we put ashore a man out of each canoe with the clothes. There is a miniature waterfall in these rapids, but with reasonable care one can easiiy get through. I took my canoe safely over, and it was exhilarating work. I also had the pleasure of seeing my companion in the other canoe turn turtle. He had his bathing suit on this time, so no damage was done, and he enjoyed the ducking. My experience teaches me a bathing suit is a good thing to wear when canoeing.

It is smooth sailing after this one rift, only keep your eyes peeled for rocks. The next thing that will attract attention is a geyser spring which throws a stream of water a hundred feet in the air. This can be seen a couple of miles before you get to it, and it marks the approach of Pond Eddy, the next town.

Near Pond Eddy the water is calm, and for a mile it is necessary to paddle until another bridge is passed; the current starts about under the bridge and then all is well. The surrounding country is magnificent, and the fishing is fine. We used a small trolling spoon and caught several strawberry bass. We landed for lunch, and had an interesting chat with some of the natives. They told us the fishing was good anywhere in this vicinity, helgramites being the favorite bait for bass. We found this such an interesting country we made our camp here over night.

We struck the eddy early the next day, running into fine swift rapids known as the Big Cedar. These rapids are quite long and safe, almost to the end, when you reach what is known as Cellar's Hole, and there is where it is necessary to get out and walk. This is the only carry, and by keeping along the shore the distance can be reduced to about one hundred feet. Having passed these rapids, the current gets normal again. At Millrift and Sparrowbush the rifts are very swift, only after passing Sparrowbush does the river run slowly. Here beautiful palisade rocks rise abruptly five hundred feet from the water's edge. On top of these is what is known as the Eagle's Nest; the scenery through there is certainly very beautiful. At this point in the river there is a peculiar back eddy, and before we passed this place we succeeded in breaking two paddles.

Just before reaching Matamoras and Port Jervis the scenery becomes even more magnificent; pine trees extend upward on both sides the river, making solid walls. The current gets strong again as Port Jervis is approached, but is absolutely safe as there are no dangerous rocks. There are a couple of little waterfalls which can be scaled over if more excitement is wished; the canoe I was steering went over both.

We stopped at a hotel in Port Jervis over night, and the next morning stocked up our provision bag and purchased two new paddles. There is good bass fishing at Port Jervis, and during the morning we spent some time watching the natives fish from the bank. They used a float and shiner bait, landing several large black bass.

A fine little rift starts at Port Jervis, and this takes one down to the "Tri-State Rock." This is an interesting

point, the boundary line of three States meeting here. A short distance from this rock the current becomes strong and swift. We kept in the current until about two miles below Port Jervis, and then we landed on a small island. We explored the island thoroughly, and on the far end found such an attractive little place that we decided to spend a few days there. The island is situated near the left-hand side of the river. It is about a quarter mile long and an eighth of a mile wide, with good canoeing on each side. The far end rises about fifteen feet out of water, and is covered with large oak trees and fronted with a sandy beach. There is a good spring and lots of driftwood for fire, making the place in general an ideal camping ground. Just across the river is solid rock bank and deep water, making an ideal place to fish from, and a good swimming pool as well. We worked all the afternoon fixing our stationary camp, and by evening had things in very comfortable shape. A feature of this camp is the magnificent view that can be obtained up and down the river.

We spent most of our time fishing. The strawberry bass and pickerel were plentiful; we used an ordinary trolling spoon of small size. In the evening we fished from the bank and had splendid luck with the catfish and perch. Suckers also take the bait at night; we landed several weighing 2 pounds apiece, using angleworms for bait. At dusk the ducks fly; we saw several flocks of wood ducks, and one evening bagged three. We found an otter slide on the lower part of the island, and one evening while fishing we saw an otter, but as usual our guns were at camp. The water off the camp was calm and deep, making a good place for canoe tilting; we took advantage of this, and had several good tilts during our stay.

We spent four days on this island, which carried us to Labor Day. We resumed our cruise on the afternoon of September 7, stopping at Milford over night at a hotel. Milford is about seven miles below Port Jervis by the river; there is a swift current all the way, with only one rift. This rift is about four miles below Port Jervis. The river narrows at this place and bends in the shape of a horse-shoe. The rift made such a noise that we decided to land and look things over before taking a chance. I think this is a good idea in cases where one is not sure of one's bearings. On examining the rift we found the river dropped about five feet to the hundred, the deep water being on the right-hand side. We made a dry and perfect shoot of this rift, which I do not think could have been done had we not first landed.

We started early on the morning of the 8th from Milford. For some distance from this town the river is very smooth, and it becomes necessary to depend on your paddles to make headway. I am positive there is great quail shooting through this section, for we observed several flocks, and could hear their calls all day. If this trip should be taken later in the fall, be sure there is some fine shot in the pack-bag.

Muskmelons were very plentiful; a basket full can be purchased from any of the farmers for a trifle. The cornfields also help in this section, and green corn roasted with the husk on is a treat.

We arrived at Dingman's Ferry about four o'clock and camped over night about a half mile below. The catfishing here is excellent; we had fine sport that evening catching enough for breakfast. We were very lucky that evening in keeping dry. There were two heavy showers, one above and the other below us. We could hear the rain distinctly, but not a drop fell where we camped.

We had some paddling before us the next morning, the river being very calm. At noon we lunched at Walpack Center, where we purchased a basket of melons and some apples. Milk is easily obtained from any of the farmers. We tried the fishing at this place, but had no luck, and then resumed our journey.

The current starts at that point and makes itself felt for a considerable distance. We met a lumber raft going down the river, and followed in its course. Lots of wire ferries cross the river from now on, and it is not an unusual sight to see a team of horses and a carriage full of people in a scow making a crossing.

On nearing Bushkill the river makes some sharp turns and also makes some abrupt drops, which cause wild rifts. Great farms extend down to the river brink, then woodland, then rocks and mountains, till the eye at last wonders at such a dreamland of beauty.

One can hear the trains at Bushkill for the first time since leaving Port Jervis. The river makes a sharp turn at the Bushkill landing, the town being a mile or so back from the river, and then one passes a growth of balsam trees, the fragrance of which can be detected immediately. Just opposite these trees we pitched our camp for the night. As we landed we caught a glimpse of an otter, but we were unable to get a shot.

Our camp was situated on the left side of the river on a bank of sand some twelve feet above the water. The river is shallow and lots of rocks are to be seen. The beach is extremely stony, adding to the ease of making a stone fire-place. We sat around the camp-fire that night and talked over our journey thus far. I think we stayed up later than usual watching the pine knots sputter and burn, and smoking our pipes.

One of our men arose early the next morning and paddled to Bushkill for fresh bread for breakfast—quite a treat at this stage of the trip. We decided to stay a couple of hours exploring and fishing in this vicinity. We were only thirteen miles from the Gap, so we spent as much time as possible at this place. The water was shallow and the current very swift. Anxious to try the bass among the rocks, we succeeded in tying our canoe to a rock, which held us right in an eddy. We let out some sixty feet of line with the Shakespeare, having immense sport with the strawberry bass, although they were not as large as we caught above. Our other canoe tried the hunting, and on their arrival they showed a beautiful brace of redhead ducks and a couple of jacksnipe. The remainder of our time we spent in taking pictures and exploring the massive boulder across from camp; a hard climb landed us on its summit, from which we could easily see the Water Gap.

We had a friendly chat with a couple of the natives on our return. They are very hospitable people who live along the Delaware, and if ever in need do not hesitate to make your wants known to them, for they will do anything for you and will not expect a life recompense for it. Often it is necessary to ask about the river, and no one can tell you better than they. We were sorry to leave this beautiful place that last morning, and with much reluctance we resumed our journey. The current is extremely rapid in the vicinity of Bushkill. Go as slow as possible for the rocks protrude all over; sometimes it is advantageous to back-paddle. The right side of the river is best. The current becomes swifter as you proceed, and finally carries you into what is known as Sambo and Mary's Rapids. These rapids are the worst of all rapids in the Delaware. They can be heard a mile before they are reached. They get their name from two negroes who were drowned while trying to pass them. At some distance one can see the foam flying and the whitecaps tossing about. Keep to the left and sit quiet, the current will do the rest.

After passing the rapids "comes the calm after the storm." For fully three miles the river widens and is smooth as a lake. There are some islands along here and lots of sandy beach. We landed for a swim about noon, and ate our lunch in one of the little huts the natives use to pull their shad nets in during the shad season.

Some beautiful little streams empty into the Delaware through this section. We paddled quite a ways up one of these and found the scenery magnificent and very wild. The prettiest stream is known as the Little Bushkill.

We were now only about five miles from the Gap; the current is not very swift, but just swift enough to let us seek out some beautiful landscapes to snap with the camera. Our party separated at an island, one boat going around each side. My canoe kept to the left shore of the river, and we succeeded in getting gloriously stuck. The right-hand bank of the river is the best all the way from Sambo Rapids.

The mountains in the distance part like the opening of a vast cañon. Two conical summits, more prominent than the rest, stand like monstrous warriors guarding the silver river that intervenes forming nature's boundary line. Then comes the bridge across the river, and our destination is about reached. The current regains its velocity at this bridge and brings back old times. The channel now is on the extreme left. The river must drop twenty feet here, the current taking one within a couple feet of the shore, and in the shape of a horse-shoe. We cut the rapids when in sight of the Water Gap depot and beached our canoes when directly in back of it. The depot is not over one hundred feet from the river, making it very easy to bring the canoe to the baggage office.

We spent about ten days on this cruise, counting the days in camp on the island. The trip on a steady cruise can be made comfortably in four days. Our canoes were very little damaged, although they had some pretty rough usage. After we became tanned by the sun we used our bathing suits while paddling; at other times a blue flannel shirt with flannel or duck pants and canoe shoes. Be sure and have your valuable things tied securely in the boat. I consider a good maple paddle as the best, and do not forget a sponge.

Red Dragon C. C.

THE Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia, has opened a busy season with the active membership list filled. On May 14 the spring opening and flag raising was held, with a large gathering of members. On May 28, 29, 30, a party headed by Commodore Maclister cruised from the Delaware Water Gap to Trenton, an 80-mile run. With the Commodore were Messrs. Logan, Mitchell, Fenimore, and Mr. and Mrs. Hemingway. The entire party ran safely through Foul Riff, and also passed over all the dams, with the exception of Well's Falls, which was carried. The stops were at Easton and Point Pleasant for the nights, and a short visit was made with the Park Island boys, when they passed their pretty home above Trenton. Below the Trenton Falls, Mr. W. H. Wolstencroft, a Red Dragon member, met the canoeists with his launch, and towed them to the club house at Wissinoming.

Another cruising party, consisting of Messrs. Swift and Quashebart, and Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Park, had a delightful run from Brown's Mills, in The Pines, N. J., to the club house, about 50 miles as the stream flows. They started at the head of Rancocas Creek, and followed it to the Delaware River at Delanco. They found the first three miles by land a full ten miles by the narrow, winding creek. For the first ten miles the stream was only a few feet wide, yet three to six feet deep, winding through the piney woods, far from all sight and sound of civilization. There was a steady current, but no rapids, and only a single blade paddle could be used for the first day's run. Stopping places were found at Birmingham and Smithville. Five dams were easily carried between Brown's Mills and Mt. Holly.

Some of the "old guard" went into camp at Delanco May 28-30, and report the usual good time. In the camping party were Captain Blumner, F. Noyes, T. W. Cook, W. C. Thompson, A. D. Shaw, and W. J. Scott.

On June 18 and September 10 the regattas of the Red Dragon C. C. will be held. Seven events are scheduled for each regatta, including tandem double blade, single blade, mixed doubles, swimming and tilting. Events are open to all amateur canoeists, except No. 2 on September 10, which will be open to Red Dragon members only.

Commodore Maclister is making things lively this season, and the coming regattas will have the largest entry list in the history of the club. A large number of handsome prizes have been offered for competition.

W. K. P.

New York C. C.

Bensonhurst, Gravesend Bay—Saturday, June 11.

THE New York C. C., held its annual spring regatta at Bensonhurst, on Saturday, June 11. A large number of members and their guests watched the events from the club grounds.

The summaries:

Record sailing, decked canoes, course 4½ miles; start, 3:21:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Aziz, F. C. Moore	4 22 11	1 01 11
Zaidee, D. B. Goodsell	4 22 27	1 01 27
Buzzard II., C. B. Vaux	4 28 50	1 07 50
Roe, J. E. Plummer	Did not finish.	
Shamrock, W. Inslie	Did not finish.	

Record sailing, open canoes, handicap; course, 3 miles; start 3:30:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
A. M. Poole	4 42 09	1 12 09	1 11 09
R. S. Foster	4 41 30	1 11 30	1 11 30
B. F. Speidel	4 45 34	1 15 34	1 13 34

Woolsey Carmalt, W. Yelland, Jr., F. C. Hoyt, O. H. Sawyer, R. S. Hawthorne and J. M. Dean also started.

Man overboard race: Won by G. S. Morrisey, New York C. C.; G. H. King, Knickerbocker C. C., second.

Open canoe paddling, single blade, ½ mile: Won by G. H. King, Knickerbocker C. C.; G. S. Morrisey, New York C. C., second.

Open canoe paddling, double blades, ½ mile: Won by J. E. Plummer, New York C. C.; G. S. Morrisey, same club, second.

Open canoe paddling, tandem, single blade, ½ mile: Won by King and Boell, Knickerbocker C. C.; Wright and Plummer, New York C. C., second.

Tail end race: Won by J. E. Plummer; W. Inslie second; C. H. Parsons, third, and A. M. Poole, fourth, all of the New York C. C.

Tournament: King and Boell, Knickerbocker C. C., beat Wright and Inslie, New York C. C.

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1904.

Members of race committees, and secretaries, will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

16. New York, annual regatta, Lower Bay, N. Y.
17. Boston, Mass. Y. R. A., Hull.
18. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont.
18. New York, Lysistrata cup, Sandy Hook Lightship.
18 New Rochelle, power boats, New Rochelle.
18. Squantum, Mass. Y. R. A., open, Squantum.
20. New York, special races, Glen Cove.
20. New York, power boats, Glen Cove.
21. New York, Clen Cove cups, Glen Cove.
23 American Power Boat Ass'n, challenge cup, Hudson River.
24 American Power Boat Ass'n, challenge cup, Hudson River.
25 Corinthian, club race, Marblehead.
25. Seawanhaka, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Oyster Bay.
25. New York Athletic Club, ocean race, Long Island Sound
25. American Power Boat Ass'n, challenge cup, Hudson River.
27. Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, L. I. Sound.
28. Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, L. I. Sound.
29. Manhasset Bay, challenge cup series, L. I. Sound.

Boston Y. C.

Hull, Mass.—Saturday, June 11.

THE first of a series of special club races of the Boston Y. C., for yachts which are not eligible for the Y. R. A. of M. classes, or which remain at the Hull anchorage during the season, was sailed off the Hull station of the club Saturday, June 11. The breeze was light from the E., and held fairly steady throughout the race. Three classes are provided for in the series, 18ft. knockabouts and two handicap classes. In Saturday's race Bat, in the 18ft. class, scored another victory, making three straight since the season opened. In this class Dorchen got the start, with Again on her weather quarter. Bat was last to cross the starting line, but she tacked clear as soon as she crossed, and stood well over to Bumkin Island, working up through the lee of the fleet. When she tacked out from the island, she crossed every boat in the class, and from that out had the race all her own way. There was a hot scrap for second place, which was captured by Again. In the first handicap class Opah got the start, and the class split tacks. Opah, Kiuna and Idella going toward Hog Island, and Jingo and Kit going toward Bumkin Island. The Bumkin Island course was the better of the two, Jingo and Kit crossing the other three when they tacked out. Jingo led all over the course, but was closely pressed by Kit, which took first prize on corrected time. In the second handicap class, Scapegoat got the start, and led all over the course, but lost to Mildred on corrected time. The summary:

Class I—18-footers.

	Elapsed.
Bat, C. F. Adams, 2d	1 18 35
Again, L. B. Goodspeed	1 23 20
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	1 23 45
Napier, B. S. Permar	1 24 20
Bonito, G. H. Wightman	1 24 55
Humbug, C. W. Cole	1 27 08
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	1 29 15
Nicnack, E. R. Holmes	1 32 56

First Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kit, H. B. Whittier	1 19 13	1 13 45
Jingo, G. B. Doane	1 18 05	1 16 31
Opah, W. C. Lewis	1 23 50	1 18 22
Kirma, A. W. Learned	1 30 25	1 24 57
Idella, B. D. Amsden	1 31 45	1 26 17

Second Handicap.

Mildred, C. A. Coleman	1 25 33	1 20 33
Scapegoat, W. P. Keyes	1 23 22	1 23 22
Gadfly, C. W. Clark	1 28 25	1 24 15
Clarice, J. P. Harvey	1 37 42	1 27 42

Designing Competition.

Honorable Mention Design.

WE publish herewith one of the designs that received Honorable Mention in our designing competition for a 40ft. waterline cruiser.

The design was made by Mr. Robert C. Simpson, of Boston, Mass., who has the following to say in regard to the boat:

It has not been attempted in this design to secure the largest or fastest boat on the 40ft. waterline, but rather an all-around boat without freak features. The ends were drawn with a view to a trim appearance and ability at sea, and were kept moderately fine for these reasons. The beam was set at a figure which would require but a moderate sail area, and the displacement was calculated to float a substantially constructed hull and comfortable cabin, as outlined in the specifications, with a ballast ratio of a little over 32 per cent.

The construction was planned with a view to simplicity and ample strength for any service which might be desired of the boat. The centerboard was allowed to project up into the cabin space in order to obtain a board of the most efficient size and shape.

The mainmast is placed well aft with the idea of making the boat easy in a seaway, to reduce the strains on the forward part of the boat, and to make the boat lie to mooring with mainsail up. For the yawl rig the mizzen is placed well aft in the overhang, and the shrouds spread a wide distance at the base in order to give the mast proper support, as the bury at any point in the overhang cannot be sufficient to properly hold this spar. The placing of the mizzen well aft also assists in securing a good length of main boom and an efficient mainsail. The bowsprit was kept as short as possible and still secure a proper balance. The sail area provided for is of such a size as to be comfortably carried in the average of yachting weather, and for light sails a ballooner and spinnaker have been provided.

The object sought in laying out the interior was not to develop any one feature to a maximum at the expense of another, but to secure a well balanced arrangement which would provide as complete comfort as may be in a boat of this size for a reasonable number of people. Each individual should have ample locker and living space, and there should be room for all necessary cruising equipment and stores without crowding, if the best all around efficiency is to be secured; hence but two staterooms have been provided for, thus allowing for a large toilet, with an abundance of lockers for oilers and storm gear, as well as toilet accessories and ample space for a dressing room; also allowing for a large and completely equipped galley, which is a prime necessity in a cruising boat. Accommodation is provided forward for steward and two men, assuming that the owner would be his own captain. The toilet and one stateroom being placed aft, gives a vestibule for the companion stairs, and keeps them out of cabin. Sleeping accommodations for the owner and his guests are provided for in the two staterooms above mentioned (one with double berth), and two large berths in main cabin. The transoms have been arranged to extend so as to accommodate two more people when necessary.

Attention is especially called to the locker equipment, stowage for suit cases, sideboard arrangement, cabin chiffoniere, wardrobes in staterooms, size of ice-chest, dresser, sink, stove, and coal bunker in galley, and completeness of tank and plumbing arrangements.

The dimensions follow:

Length—			
Over all	61ft.	2	in.
L.W.L	40ft.		
Overhang—			
Forward	9ft.	6	in.
Aft	11ft.	8	in.
Breadth—			
Extreme	14ft.	6	in.
L.W.L.	14ft.	2	in.
Draft—			
Extreme	6ft.		
To rabbet	4ft.	4½	in.
Board down	11ft.	9	in.
Freeboard—			
Forward	4ft.	9	in.
Least	3ft.		
Taffrail	3ft.	9	in.

Interlake Yachting Letter.

CLEVELAND, O., June 11.—La Rita, of Chicago, owned by Mr. George H. Peare, twice winner of the Lipton cup, has at last been ruled off the board by the official measurer of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago. La Rita's owner is a good yachtsman—in fact, one of the best on the lakes. After official measurer William Cothroll had measured the craft a few weeks ago, preparatory to the season's racing, and discovered her ineligibility, he so informed the owner. Not disconcerted in the least, Captain Peare called his crew together and sailed the boat to Kenosha, where she will be cut down so as to meet the requirements of the case. It would be highly amusing if after La Rita has been rebuilt to see her carry off the cup for the third time, and if she does, her game owner will be entitled to all the credit there is in the victory.

The eyes of fresh-water yachtsmen generally are turned to a little town about eighteen miles from Toledo, known as Monroe Piers, Mich. While a small place from a general point of view, it is a mighty place from a yachtsman's standpoint. The first big regatta of the season will be held there July 2, 3 and 4. Last year the regatta was for one day only, and a fleet of over one hundred yachts lined up with the gun. It was one of the most successful meets ever held on fresh water, and the members were so encouraged that this year they decided to have a three-day meet. A number of cash prizes have been offered, in addition to numerous other trophies. The regatta is held under the auspices of the Monroe Y. C. The club is one of the most enthusiastic yachting organizations on fresh water, and it is the intention of the members to make the coming meet the biggest and best ever held on the Great Lakes, and all are working hard to that end. At the coming regatta, clubs will be represented from Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, and Port Huron, and it is estimated that from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty boats will be in attendance.

The 21ft. special restricted class will in all probability rule on the lakes this summer. Five boats have been built for Detroit yachtsmen for this class, and now comes the announcement that still another is to be added to the list. This boat is rather a radical departure from the usual run, in that where others go to the extreme top of the class, this one has taken the bottom. She was designed by Mr. Charles D. Mower for Messrs. O. E. McLaughlin and S. H. Williams, and was built by her owners. Janelda, as she has been named, has just been completed, and will be launched in a few days. Her general dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 31ft. 9in.; waterline, 20ft. 1in.; beam extreme, 10ft.; beam at waterline, 9ft. 1in.; draft extreme, 1ft. 8in.; draft to rabbet, 1ft. 1in.; draft with board, 5ft. 6in. In addition to being smaller than the average boat of this class, she also has a remarkably small sail area, having only 615 sq. ft., of which 490ft. are in the mainsail, the balance, 125ft., being in the jib. A glance at the boat shows her to be a light powered craft of decidedly moderate dimensions, easy in a seaway, well adapted to the waters hereabouts, especially the short, choppy seas which are a characteristic, and her construction to be of the best. What her chances will be with boats of Eyota and Pirate type is a matter of conjecture.

The first tryout of the new 21-footers occurred on Decoration Day, between an Eastern designed and a Western designed boat. The Eastern creation is from the board of Messrs. Burgess & Packard, of Boston, and the other by Joe Poulliott, of Detroit, Mich. The former was designed and built for Mr. Kenneth Stevenson, of Detroit, and has been named Eyota; the other was built by her designer for Mr. E. L. Ford, also of Detroit. Great things had been expected of the eastern boat, and Detroit yachtsmen were exceedingly anxious to see a tryout. The day was excellnt, a fresh breeze blowing on the river, while up in Lake St. Clair there was a good chop of a sea. Both boats were manned by excellent crews, who played hard for positions when the preliminary gun had been fired. Eyota got away first, followed two minutes later by Pirate. Eyota seemed to be doing better windward work than the other, but Pirate was picking her up at a lively clip, and would have passed her had it not been that Eyota carried away her bobstay and her spar. This settled the discussion for the time being. A new hollow spar has been telegraphed for. The other three boats of the class are not yet in commission, though they are expected to be ready in a few days.

Mr. J. H. Smedley's boat, which was designed by Mr. Chas. L. Seabury, has arrived, but is not rigged. Mr. Smedley expects to have her in sailing shape in a few days. The other two have also been finished except rigging, and the owners hope to have the fleet of five sailing within another week. Their first real appearance in racing togs will be at the three-day meet at Monroe Piers, July 2, 3 and 4.

Vannessa, recently purchased by Commodore John Smedley, of Detroit, has arrived, and is being placed in commission. As soon as the work is completed, the Commodore, accompanied by a party of friends, will leave for a trip up the lakes, after which he will attend the annual meeting of the Inter-Lake Yachting Association, to be held at Put-In Bay, week of July 17. The programme of this event will be announced later.

Rooster II., recently purchased by Messrs. Whitney, Nash and Hall, of the Lakewood Y. C., of Cleveland, from Mr. Chas. F. Adams, 2d, of Boston, Mass., through the agency of Small Bros., has arrived in this city. No time was lost in getting her into the water, and on last Wednesday she took her initial spin. She appeared to move through the water quite lively, making very little fuss, but local yachtsmen are averse to believing her the equal of Chloris, which was purchased at Boston last year. If Rooster II. shows up well in the races she will be a candidate for Lipton cup honors at Chicago.

C. W. SCHMIDT, JR.

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 11.—The first strictly auto boat owned in this vicinity was recently launched by Mr. Frederic S. Nock, at East Greenwich, by whom she was designed and built for Mr. J. R. Harding, of Potowomut Neck. She is called Ici Bann, which is said to mean "The One" in the Japanese vernacular. She is of the regulation type, with one cockpit of moderate size situated amidships, and the rest of the boat, forward and aft, decked over. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 37ft. 7½in.; waterline, 35ft.; extreme beam, 5ft.; beam at waterline, 4ft. 4in.; draft to rabbet, 9½in. She has a displacement of 3,000 pounds. Her lines are fine, and she has the tetrahedal, or three-triangle, form of underbody. Her construction is about medium, the planking being of ½in. cedar, with oak frames 1in. square at keel and 1in. by ¾in. at head. The decks are of ⅜in. stock, covered with canvas. There are two assistant keelsons of spruce, sided two inches, that run the whole length of the boat, and inside of these are the engine bearers of oak, three inches thick. The motor is a 25 horse-power four-cylinder Buffalo engine, which, with the piping and necessary fittings, weighs about 1,500 pounds. The shaft, propeller, hangers, rudder, and all such equipment, are of Tobin bronze. The steering wheel is aft of the negine, and is set over to starboard to offset the throw of the propeller to port. The motor can develop 40 horse-power on speed, and on her trial trips the boat has done a little better than 18 miles an hour. With some further changes, it is expected that she will tune up to 20 miles. Ici Bann is enrolled in the Rhode Island Y. C., and it is possible that she will be entered in the American Power Boat Association for the races for the perpetual challenge cup, to be sailed at New York June 23, 24 and 25.

At the Nock yard there has also just been completed a 20ft. cruising yawl called Procyon, designed by Mr. Nock for Mr. Charles A. Goodwin, of Hartford. This boat and another one about finished were built in four weeks' time. Procyon is 31ft. 6in. over all, 20ft. waterline, 9ft. beam, and 4ft. 6in. draft. She is a keel boat, and carries outside lead ballast of 3,200 pounds. She is built in the finest manner and is finished in mahogany throughout. She has very easy bilges and not much deadrise. The forward lines are moderate, but the after lines are quite full.

The Warwick Neck one-design 15-footers are preparing for the season, and will soon be affording their owners sport. The boats are called Zest, Zu Zu, Zaza, Zoe and Zip.

Auxiliary power, consisting of an 8 horse-power Buffalo motor, has been installed in Mr. Edgar Harding's 27ft. yawl, Jaberwock. L. H. Murphy's 50ft. schooner Margaret is to be thoroughly overhauled and equipped with new masts and rigging.

The new steam yacht, Little Sovereign, owned by Mr. M. C. D. Borden, of New York, and just launched by the Herreshoffs at Bristol, has proved on her trials to be faster than the contract called for. She will go to Marblehead this week, where her owner will place her in commission. She is fitted with twin screws, and although the engines are not remarkably powerful, she can easily steam at 23 miles an hour, being a thin, wedge-shaped craft about 110ft. long and 10ft. beam. The Herreshoffs have begun the construction of another new steam yacht, to be about 50ft. long and 7ft. beam. The keel has been laid and the planking commenced.

C. F. Tillinghast's 22-footer, Little Rhody, is expected to enter in the next Eastern Y. C. races off Boston. Probably another entry will be a 30-footer owned by Russell Grinnell, of Bristol.

F. H. YOUNG.

Brooklyn Y. C. Ocean Race.

THE following cable has been received from Sir Thomas Lipton:

"LONDON, June 2.—In order that cup for ocean race under auspices Brooklyn Yacht Club shall be worthy of occasion, am having it made to cost not less than 100 guineas.

"(Signed) LIPTON."

The club replied by cable to Sir Thomas Lipton, thanking him, and stating that the offer was greatly appreciated.

The following additional entries have been received to date:

Sloop, Eumareir, enrolled Rock Island Y. C.; over all, 36ft.; beam, 12ft.; draft, 3ft. 6in.; owner, Edward K. Hill, Worcester, Mass.

Cutter, Mopsa, enrolled Harlem Y. C.; over all, 35ft.; beam, 9ft. 6in.; draft, 6ft. 6in.; owner, Franklin C. Sullivan, New York city.

Yawl, Naomi, enrolled Raritan Y. C.; over all, 36ft.; beam, 10ft. 6in.; draft, 3ft.; owner, Lewis A. Schmalholz.

This makes twelve entries received so far. Five more have been received, but so far have not been acted upon by the regatta committee.

Entries will close June 18, 1904. The race starts July 2.

Full sailing directions for the race will be issued shortly.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

TWENTY-FOOT LAUNCH FOR C. D. GIBSON.—Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, of New York city, is having a 20ft. launch built at Camden, Maine, by A. Barrett's Son. The boat, which will be used on the Maine coast, is to be equipped with a four horse-power Cushman motor. It is expected that with this power the boat will develop a speed of 9 miles.

ORA SOLD.—Mr. Newell Martin, of New York city, has purchased the 18ft. raceabout from Dr. F. H. Boynton. The boat is now fitting out at Bayonne, N. J., and will soon leave for Cohasset, Mass., where she will be raced by Mr. Grinnell Martin.

FENELLA SOLD.—The schooner yacht Fenella, recently sold by Mr. Wm. Boyce, Manhasset Bay Y. C., to Mr. Geo. C. Brooks, Eastern Y. C., Boston, has been sold by that gentleman to Mr. John G. Meehan, Atlantic Y. C. Transfers were made through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, New York. Fenella is a flush deck keel schooner, 67ft. over all, 53ft. waterline, 17ft. beam, 9ft. draft.

KEYSTONE Y. C. FIXTURES.—The regatta committee of the Keystone Y. C. has arranged the following schedule:

June 18—Race for one-design class.
July 2—Races for all classes.
July 16—Races for all classes.
September 17—Consolation race.

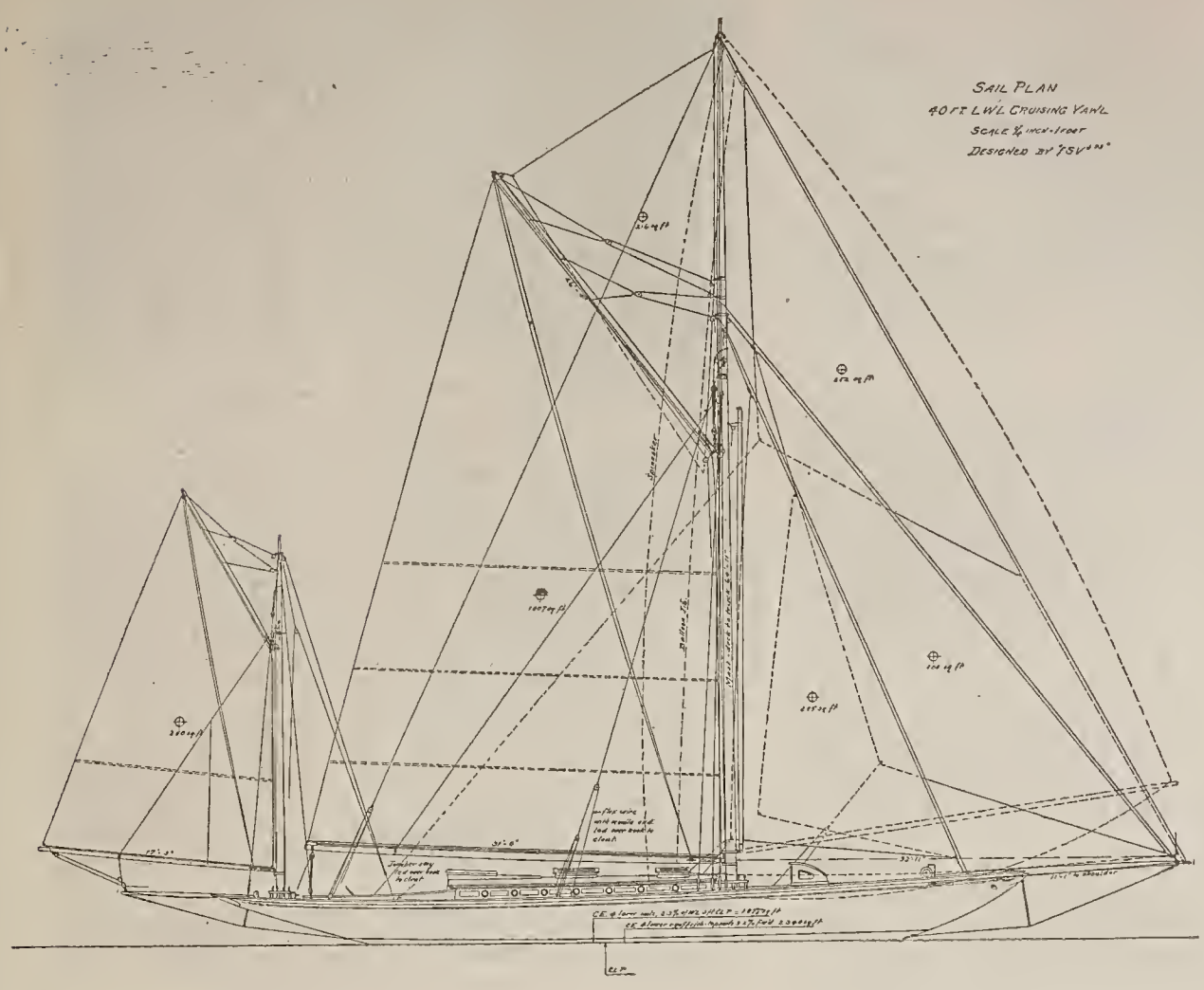
The annual criuse of the club will begin Friday, July 29, and the fleet will remain away until August 6.

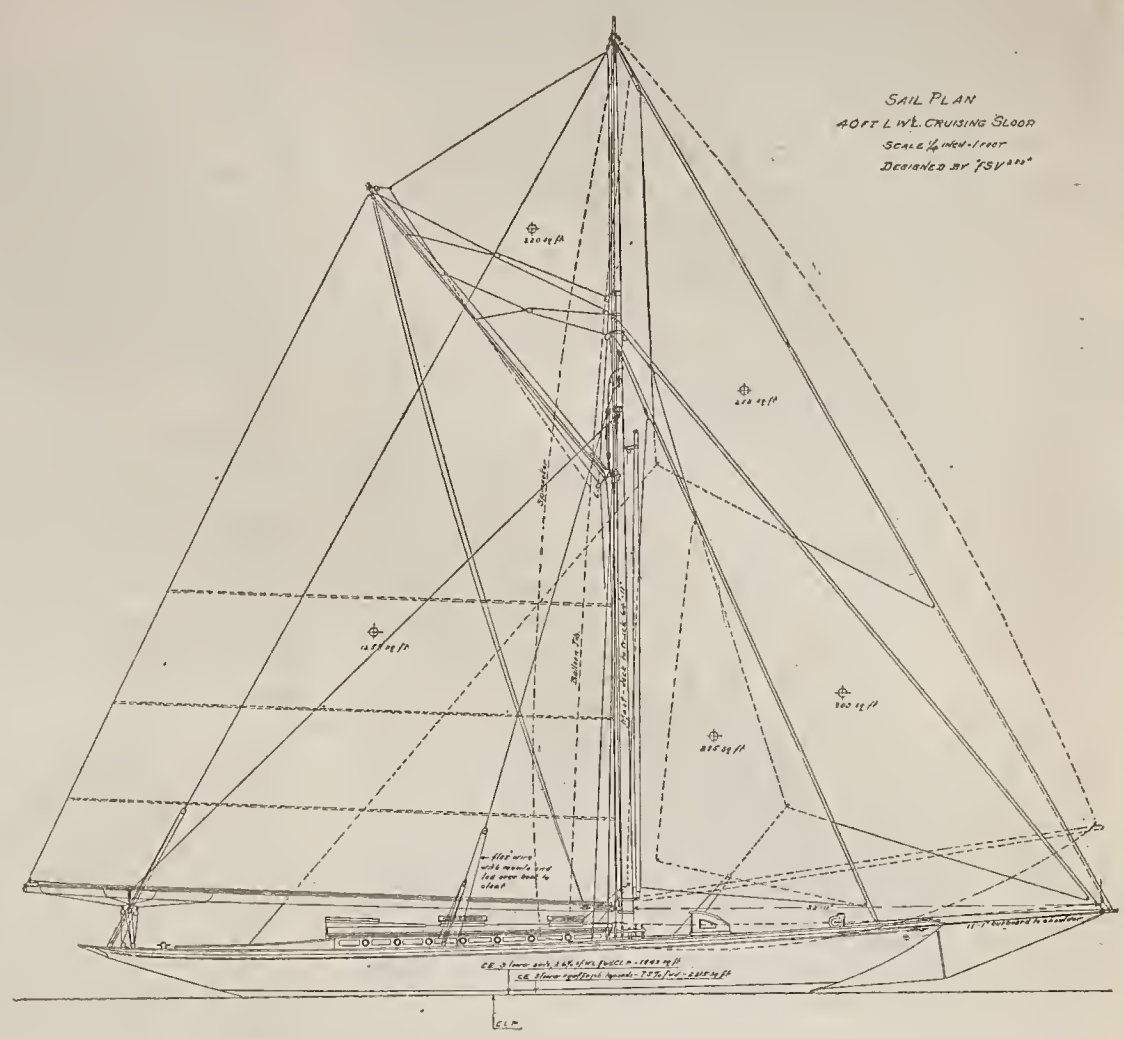
BATH BEACH Y. C. INCORPORATED.—A certificate of incorporation has been filed by the Bath Beach Y. C. The incorporators are J. Eksergian, Bennett's Lane; F. B. Curtin, Bay Eleventh street; W. H. McMahon, Bay Eighth street; William Merzweiler, Bennett's Lane, and E. B. Wheeler, Bay Twenty-second street, Bath Beach.

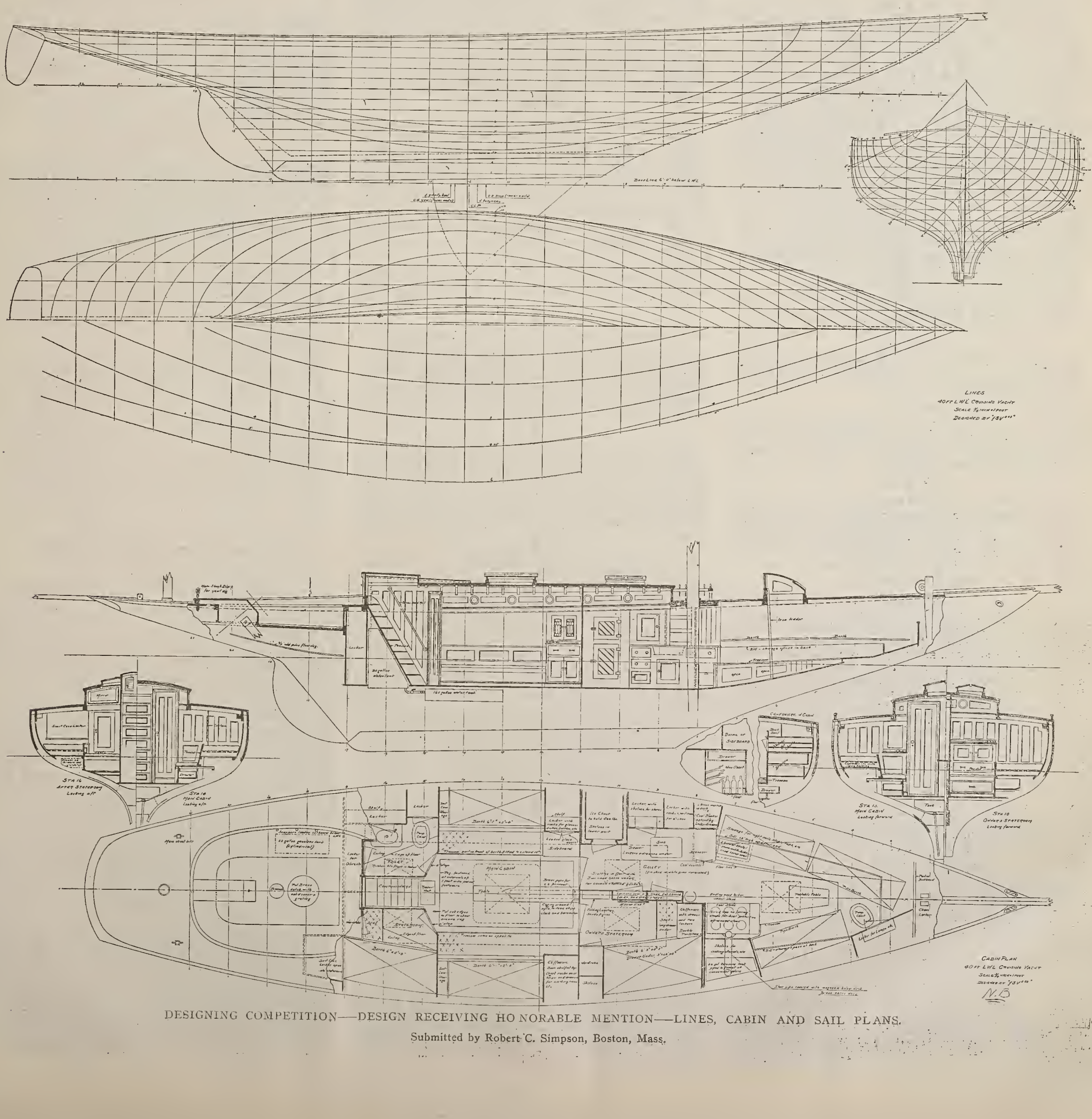
EDITHIA LAUNCHED.—The large gasolene yacht Edithia, designed by Mr. William Gardner, of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, was launched from the yard of the builders, Messrs. Samuel Ayres & Sons, Nyack, N. Y., on June 2. The yacht was built for Mr. John H. Hanan, who was present with a number of guests. Mrs. Hanan named the boat. Edithia is 114ft. 9in. over all, 103ft. 6in. waterline, 15ft. 10in. breadth, and 5ft. draft. The power is supplied by two 300 horse-power Standard gasolene engines, each having six cylinders 12in. by 14in., and driving twin screws. The gasolene tank has a capacity of 2,200 gallons. A sustained speed of twenty-one miles an hour is guaranteed.

KNOCKABOUT NATALIE SOLD.—Mr. William Lambert Barnard has purchased the 21ft. knockabout Natalie, ex-Hobo, through the agency of Messrs. Small Bros.

CLUB BOOKS RECEIVED.—We are indebted to Secretary Charles A. Gregory, of the Bergen Beach Y. C., and Commodore William E. Peck, of the Sachem's Head Y. C., for copies of their club books for 1904.







DESIGNING COMPETITION—DESIGN RECEIVING HONORABLE MENTION—LINES, CABIN AND SAIL PLANS.

Submitted by Robert C. Simpson, Boston, Mass.

CHRISTABEL SOLD AND ITUNA CHARTERED.—Mr. Walton Ferguson has purchased the British-built steam yacht Christabel through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. The steam yacht Ituna has been chartered by Mr. Frederic H. Stevens, through the same agency, to Mr. Eben S. Draper, of Boston.

MILWAUKEE Y. C. SCHEDULE.—The Milwaukee Y. C. has arranged for the following events:

June 18—Club and 21-footer handicap.
June 25—Special 21ft. handicap.
July 2—Open.
July 4—Pfister cup race, M. Y. C. regatta and special events.
July 9—Club and 21ft. handicap.
July 16—Second Corinthian cup race.
July 23—Club race to Whitefish Bay.
July 30—Lake Michigan Yachting Assoeiation meet at Macatawa.
August 6—Third Corinthian cup race.
August 13—Milwaukee Day. General regatta.
August 20—Cruising race to Racine.
August 27—Fourth Corinthian cup race.
September 3—Club race.

LYSISTRATA VISITS NEW YORK.—Mr. James Gordon Bennett's fine British-built steam yacht, Lysistrata, reached New York on Friday, June 3. She anchored off Staten Island, and since her arrival has caused much comment. Although designed by Mr. George L. Watson, she is a wide departure from his other yaehts. Her straight stem, large funnel and single mast give the boat the appearance of being a Government vessel rather than a yacht. This is Lysistrata's first trip to American waters, and Mr. Bennett will be on hand to witness the races between Kanawha and Hauoli for the Lysistrata cup to be held on Saturday, June 18.

In order that the members of the New York Y. C. should all have an opportunity to see the races between Kanawha and Hauoli, Mr. Bennett is to charter a steamer for their benefit.

TURBINE YACHT LORENA ARRIVES.—The British-built steam yacht Lorena, owned by Mr. Amzi L. Barber, arrived in New York from England via Halifax on Friday, June 10. Bad weather was experienced throughout the passage, and she put into Halifax on Tuesday, June 7, having run short of coal. Lorena consumed ten days in making the voyage from Falmouth, England, to Halifax. On Wednesday, June 1, when the bad weather was at its height, one of the crew, Israel Furze, a native of Falmouth, England, was washed overboard and lost. Every effort was made to save the man, but he lost his hold on the life-buoy that was thrown to him, and sank before the boat that was launched could get to him.

Mr. Barber crossed on the yacht, and he speaks in the highest terms of the vessel's seagoing qualities. The turbine engines were given a thorough test by the continued bad weather, but they gave the greatest satisfaction. Mr. Parsons, the builder of the yacht's engines, did not guarantee what speed she would develop. On her trials she averaged 18.1 knots, and at times ran as high as 19 knots. It is believed that will be brought up to 20 knots.

Lorena was designed by Messrs. Cox & King, and built by Messrs. Ramage & Fergueson, at Leith, in 1903. She is 252ft. waterline, 33.4ft. breadth, and 19.3ft. draft.

ALVINA SOLD.—Mr. Clement A. Griscom has sold his twin screw yacht, Alvina, through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, to Mr. Alexander S. Cochrane, of Yonkers, N. Y.

LONG ISLAND SOUND Y. R. A. BOOK.—The Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound has issued its year book for 1904. The book is very complete, and contains some eighty pages. The binding is of green cloth.

LAUNCH FOR MR. A. G. VANDERBILT.—There is building at Morris Heights a eabin launch for Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt. She is 70ft. over all, 60ft. waterline, and 8ft. 3in. breadth. She will be fitted with a speedway motor, and have a speed of 20 miles. She is intended for a ferry between Newport and Wickford Landing, as well as a day boat for use on Narragansett Bay.

PECONIC RIVER AND BAY STAKED OUT.—Counselor Hotchkiss, of Riverhead, L. I., has been instrumental in raising funds and having Peconic River and a portion of Peconic Bay staked out, marking the channels and thereby making better sailing conditions, for the numerous small gasoline pleasure launches and catboats. Stakes are placed along the south side of the channel in the river and bay as far as Simmons Point, opposite Jamesport. On the Simmons Point and Red Creek Point bars there have been placed a large stake and a bush, thus plainly marking those dangerous spots. To get the best sailing conditions, one should lay a course about ten feet north of the stakes, where water five feet deep at mean low tide will be found. —Brooklyn Eagle.

TOMS RIVER Y. C.—Toms River Y. C., of Toms River, N. J., one of the oldest clubs on the Jersey coast, has been revived, and has bought one of the best sites on the river front. The work of remodeling the club house is being pushed as rapidly as possible, and the present prospects are that the work will be completed in time for the big opening, which will be held on Saturday, July 2. The newly-elected officers are: Com., Dr. George T. Crook; Sec'y, C. Leland Haslet; Chairman Regatta Committee, Charles H. Stoutenburgh; Chairman Entertainment Committee, Sewell Ford; Trustees, John H. Stoutenburgh, Judge Albert C. Martin, Captain Britton C. Cook, Henry A. Low, and Ralph B. Gowdy.

SEAWANHAKA-CORINTHIAN RACE COMMITTE'S CUPS.—In order to stimulate racing and get boats into commission early, the race committee offers two cups valued at $75, one for the Sewanhaka raceabout class, and one for the Seawanhaka 15-footer class, to be awarded to those yachts which shall be declared a winner in the series of races to be called "The June Series," and sailed under the following conditions:

The races shall be open to yachts of the raceabout and 15-footer classes owned by club members and eligible to compete under the club rules, and shall be sailed on the above dates under the racing rules and regulations of the club and such additional special rules as the race committee may from time to time designate.

The winner shall be determined by the Seawanhaka system of scoring as heretofore used in the Center Island cup series of 1902. The yacht must start in at least four out of the five races in order to qualify in the series prize; the club will give in addition the usual pewter mug to the winner of each race in the series.

AUXILIARY ATRICILLA LAUNCHED.—On Monday, June 6, the new auxiliary 35-footer, Atricilla, designed and built by C. C. Hanley for W. P. B. Weeks, was launched at the shop of her builder on Town River, Quincy. Atricilla is 50ft. over all, 35ft. waterline, 17ft. beam, and 3ft. 6in. draft. She carries 1,600 sq. ft. of sail. Power is supplied by a 7 horse-power Alco vapor engine. There is 6ft. 8in. headroom under the trunk. The accommodations consist of two staterooms and six berths. The finish below is teak.

LAUNCH FOR MR. H. E. SMITH.—Mr. Henry E. Smith, of Newark, is having a hunting launch built at Morris Heights. She is 30ft. over all, 29ft. 3in. waterline, 7ft. breadth, and 1ft. 8in. draft. She will be equipped with a Speedway motor that will drive her at about 8 miles an hour.

SEAWANHAKA CUP TRIAL BOATS.—The plans for a Seawanhaka cup challenger submitted by Burgess & Packard have been accepted by the committee in charge of the challengers. This boat will be built by the Jones & Laborde Company, at Oshkosh, Wis. This will be the sixth boat built by the White Bear Y. C. They are to be named from the Greek alphabet, Alpha, Beta, Gamma, etc. C. D. Mower's boat will be called the Alpha, Crowninshield's small boat the Beta. The other four boats will probably be named from the letters gamma, delta, sigma and omega.

Crowninshield's new boat, which is being built by Johnson, will not be finished for ten days at least. The only boats launched are the Alpha and Beta; these will be raced against each other during the week for the purpose of tuning them up.

LLOYD'S ENGLISH YACHT REGISTER.—Lloyd's Register of Shipping has just issued the English Yacht Register for 1904-5. We have always spoken of this admirable work in the most glowing terms, and we do not know what better praise we can give it this year than to say it is better and more complete than ever before. Copies are found now on nearly every yacht of any size in this country, but for the benefit of these who are not subscribers, we may say that copies may be secured at the office of Lloyd's Register of Shipping, 15 Whitehall street, New York city, for $7.50.

Lloyd's Register of American Yachts will be issued shortly. Owing to strikes of lithographers in the vicinity of New York, the publication of the work has been delayed.

STEVENSON'S YACHTING MANUAL.—Mr. Paul Eve Stevenson has again gotten out for Messrs. Gardiner & Cox his yachting manual. This little work is carefully compiled, and now appears more complete than ever before. The book sells for twenty-five cents, and yachtsmen would do well to secure a copy, for it is interesting and valuable.

YACHTSMAN'S GUIDE AND NAUTICAL CALENDER.—Messrs. J. K. Waters Co., of Boston, Mass., have recently distributed The Yachtsman's Annual Guide and Nautical Calender for 1904. The book has been carefully revised, and contains a vast fund of valuable information. It is a handy reference work, and a copy would be found useful on any boat, and particularly if the owner does any cruising.

BUFFALO Y. C. FIXTURES.—The Buffalo Y. C. have arranged for the following racing events:

July 2, 3, 4—Cruise to Port Maitland. Cruising race from Port Maitland to Buffalo, finishing off club dock.
July 9—Races for all classes over club course.
July 16—Ladies' day. Squadron run. Hop at club house in the evening.
July 23—Buffalo Y. C. at Buffalo Launch Club.
August 6—Races for all classes over club course.
August 13—Ladies' day. Buffalo Launch Club at Buffalo Y. C. Race for power boats. Hop at club house in the evening.
August 27—Races for all classes over club course.
September 3, 4, 5—Annual cruise to Port Maitland. Cruising race from Port Maitland to Buffalo, finishing off club dock.
September 10—Ladies' day. Squadron run. Hop at club house in the evening.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ENGINE AND BOAT MANUFACTURERS.—The following matter has been sent out by the recently incorporated Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers: "At a meeting of a number of representative manufacturers of motors and boats, held at the Manhattan Hotel, May 16, 1904. an association was decided on and a committee was appointed to incorporate under the laws of the State of New York, to be known as The National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers, composed of active and associate members.

"The objects of the association are in part as follows: To get special freight rates; have a bureau of information; to make special arrangements in regard to and participate in the profits of shows; to protect its members against adverse legislation and questionable advertising schemes; to bring forward the new and improved methods in construction, and to take such action as will be in the interests of its members as regards alcohol as fuel; also any other action that may present itself from time to time.

"The association is now an assured success, as the meeting was attended by representatives of some of the largest firms in the country, and many of them who could not be present sent in such letters as practically authorized the meeting to count them in as members; some forty odd manufacturers have either attended or written in to that effect. The association has been duly incorporated, and a copy of the constitution and by-laws has been prepared. The committee of incorporation is as follows: J. J. Amory, representing Gas Engine and Power Company; H. A. Lozier, Jr., representing Lozier Motor Company; J. N. Schoonmaker, representing Chas. A. Strelinger Company; J. S. Bunting, representing Smith & Mabley Manufacturing Company; H. W. Whittelsey, representing Standard Boat Company; E. W. Graef, secretary and treasurer, protem."

White Bear Y. C.

White Bear Lake, Minn.—Monday, May 30.

THE yachting season of the White Bear Y. C. opened May 30 with a west wind and a large attendance for the time of year. Ten boats started in Class B and two in Class A. Two of the B boats were last season's productions, and it was one of these, Neola, that won out. Moccasin, owned by the Fry brothers, won in Class A after a close contest with Seeress. Seeress started first, but on account of her starboard board sticking in the box she fell off to leeward, and at the end of the first leg she had quite a lead to overcome. This she almost did, for on the last leg she came down on a good puff of wind and came very near beating the Fry boat over the line, as the time shows.

In Class B Dr. Owens started his Damfino first of the fleet, but a little to leeward. Circe and Wanderer fouled at the line, and in this way were forced off their course, while some of the other boats squeezed in to windward. Neola slowly worked her way through the other boats, and when Center Buoy was reached she had a pretty good lead. Young America and Flycamaroo were having a good fight for second place, and the position of the other boats was as follows: Pluto, Rambler, Robin Hood, Wanderer, Circe, and Wraith.

It was after turning Center Buoy for Dellwood that Neola was threatened. Flycamaroo and Young America closed up the gap by means of an increase of wind, and at Dellwood Buoy the Taylor boat had passed her; but when they started up on the wind again, Neola again came to the front and won out.

Summary:

Class A.

Moccasin, E. Rees	1 34 16
Seeress, C. Fry	1 34 12

Class B.

Neola, Dr. J. M. Walsh	1 38 41
Flycamaroo, D. Taylor	1 39 31
Rambler, B. Skinner	1 40 19
Young America, H. Pincka	1 40 55
Damfino, F. N. Owens	1 41 20
Pluto, S. Howard	1 41 38
Robin Hood, T. Murray	1 43 05
Wanderer, T. Ordway	1 44 26
Circe, T. Schultz	1 47 57
Wraith, F. Reid	1 51 12

Course, Wildwood and return, Center and return, Oknota. Wind, four knots. Starter, Tarbox. Time-keeper, Dresser.

Saturday, June 4.

A nasty wind and rain storm interfered with the boat races at White Bear Saturday, June 4. Only one boat in each class, A and B, finished. There were only two Class A boats in the race, the two challengers which had been finished not being launched on account of the excessively bad weather.

The regatta commitee has divided the Class B into two divisions for this season; all the boats built prior to 1904 are in one class and the nine new boats are in the other.

The Class A boats were the first to start, and it was soon evident that the race was Seeress's, for she left the new challenger of Fry's far astern. The latter boat, called Moccasin, was built the last part of the season of 1903 and was bought this year by Mr. Frye, to be entered in the trial races. She didn't seem to sail well Saturday, being loggy and slow on the wind. She sailed much better on Monday, May 30, when she beat Seeress out. This is Seeress's third year, and she is heavy and somewhat out of shape, for she has traveled about the country a good deal. Seeress was designed by Mr. C. D. Mower, and was entered in the Bridgeport trials, held the latter part of June two years ago, by Messrs. Mower and Hunt.

There were eight entries in the new Class B, and they crossed in the order named: Wanderer, followed by Circe, Rambler, Flycamaroo, Damfino, Robin Hood, Young America, and Wraith.

On the first leg, a beat to windward, Wanderer, Flycamaroo and Rambler pulled away from the others a little, and on the next leg, which was a close reach, Rambler dropped quite a little behind. After the return to Center Buoy, Flycamaroo and Wanderer were ahead and abreast, while the others followed in the order named: Rambler, Damfino, Young America, Robin Hood, Wraith and Circe.

On the way home from Center Buoy, Flycamaroo passed Wanderer, and just as they rounded home buoy to go to Center Buoy again, the storm struck Seeress, which had rounded Center and was on her way to the home buoy, came running in before the storm. Wraith, which was well out in the lake at the time, took down her sails, and when it was over finished and won, being the only B boat to finish.

JACK ORDWAY.

American Power Boat Association.

Hudson River—Saturday, June 11.

THE second regatta of the American Power Boat Association was given under the auspices of the Columbia Y. C., on the Hudson River, Saturday, June 11.

This event was marked with a small number of entries, as was the first race held at Manhasset Bay on Decoration Day. As power boat racing is in its infancy in this country, it is only natural that regatta committees handling such matches, as well as those managing the racing boats, should make blunders. It is, however, essential that those in charge of racing power boats should familiarize themselves with racing rules and the courses to be covered, so that mistakes such as were made in the Columbia Y. C. race could be avoided.

The starting line was off the Columbia Y. C. house, West Eighty-sixth street, thence to a mark on the west side of the river, off 155th street, thence to a mark off Sixty-sixth street, and back to the starting line—a distance of eight knots. This course was to have been covered four times by the boats in the larger classes. The course for the smaller boats was the same, except for the up-river mark, which was placed off 129th street. This makes a course of six knots.

The house and grounds of the Columbia Y. C. were well filled with members and their guests, and many sightseers watched the race from Riverside Drive. A goodly fleet was lying off the club house, there being numerous steam and sail yachts, to say nothing of many smaller power craft.

The day was a most satisfactory one for power boat racing, there being little or no wind and smooth water.

The craft entered in the small classes were started first, and at 2:35 the five boats in Classes C and D were sent away. These boats went twice over the eight knot course, and Queen Bess, a cabin boat, won with ease, beating Regina, the second boat by nearly five minutes.

Boats in Classes H, I and J were started at 2:40. These craft went twice over the six knot course. There were only three starters. Kaa withdrew, and San Toy II. defeated Ardis by 1m. 33s.

In Classes K and L there were but two starters. Korie withdrew, leaving Nada alone. This boat distinguished herself by her unusual performance. She is fitted with a 3½ horse-power Giant motor, but with this small amount of power she covered the twelve knot course in 1h. 24m. 27s., thus making far better time than some of the larger boats with more powerful engines.

Standard, Japansky and Alert were the three entries in Classes Q and R. These boats went four times over the eight knot course. When Standard reached the mark at 129th street, Mr. E. A. Riotte rounded, but after doing so, he realized that a mistake had been made, and kept on to the 155th street mark. Alert was doing well, but slipped her clutch before finishing the first round and withdrew. Japansky did not show up to as good ad-

vantage as on Decoration Day. It was said that her engine was not running well, and that considerable time was lost in making repairs. As Japansky was at no time dangerous, Standard had the race well in hand from the start. Her powerful 110 horse-power motors ran evenly throughout. She covered the first round of the course in 25m. 30s.; the second in 25m. flat; the third in 25m. 28s., and the fourth in 25m. 59s. She averaged 19.1 knots for the 32 knots.

Water Lily should have started with the boats in Classes S, T and V, but she went with the boats in the class above, five minutes too soon, and was disqualified.

Mr. C. H. Tangeman timed his boat Fiat to a nicety, and she crossed the starting line 3s. after the gun, leading the boats in her class. Hard Boiled Egg, with Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt at the wheel, crossed second and Shooting Star, with Mr. H. A. Lozier steering, third.

Fiat turned the mark at 129th street, and the others followed. Fiat did very well, and averaged 15.8 knots. She beat Shooting Star 56s. actual time. It is thought that Shooting Star will do better as the season progresses. She is to be fitted with a larger rudder, in order that she may answer her helm quicker. Hard Boiled Egg was outclassed, and finished minutes behind.

The summary:

Classes C and D—Start, 2:35—Course 16 Knots.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Queen Bess, R. H. Stearns	4 34 35	1 59 35	1 42 10
Regina, A. L. Clayton	4 37 30	2 02 30	1 47 02
Aleres II., R. C. Fisher	4 31 39	1 56 39	1 56 39
Getty, Morris Vail	5 15 48	2 40 48	1 54 11
Senta, F. G. Mead	4 46 07	2 11 07	1 57 41

Classes H, I and J—Start, 2:40—Course 16 Knots.

Ardis, R. M. Haddock	4 14 34	1 34 34	1 34 34
Kaa, J. J. Amory	Did not finish.		
San Toy II., W. H. Barrow	4 14 04	1 34 04	1 33 01

Classes K and L—Start, 2:45—Course, 12 Knots.

Nada, C. A. Godshalk	4 09 27	1 24 27	1 24 27
Korie	Did not finish.		

Clases Q and R—Start, 2:50—Course, 32 Knots.

Standard, E. A. Riotte	4 31 27	1 41 27	1 41 27
Japansky, J. H. Waldorf	5 11 33	2 21 33	2 00 19
Alert, G. W. Drexel	Did not finish.		

Classes S, T and U—Start, 2:55— Course, 24 Knots.

Fiat I., C. H. Tangeman	4 26 07	1 31 07	1 23 04
Hard Boiled Egg, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.	4 32 21	1 37 21	1 37 21
Shooting Star, H. A. Lozier, Jr.	4 27 01	1 32 03	1 30 55
Water Lily, Frank Seaman	Started in wrong class.		

Winners: Queen Bess, San Toy II., Nada, Standard, and Fiat I.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

Manhasset Bay, L. I. Sound—Saturday, July 11.

THE fifth annual regatta of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. was held on Saturday, June 11. There were twenty-eight starters, but a sharp squall, that broke toward the end of the race, prevented eight of the boats from finishing.

The 30 and 18ft. sloop classes did not fill, and as a result, Alert and Plover had walkovers, although the latter boat did not finish.

At the start the wind was light from the E.N.E., but a little later the wind flattened out and the race developed into a drifting match. About 5 o'clock the squall that had been making in the S.E. broke. At this time Alert, sailed by Mr. Harry Maxwell, was well toward the finish line, and the smaller fry were near the Matinicock buoy. From this time on the boats had some lively work.

There were five starters in the raceabout class. Rogue, cleverly handled by Mr. A. B. Alley, beat Tartan, the second boat, 4m. 4s. Mayola was third.

Of the four starters in the Larchmont one-design class, Houri had rather the best of it, and finished a winner. Adelaide's owner protests Houri for fouling his boat at the Matinicock mark.

Una beat her three competitors in the 25ft. sloop class. She may lose the race on corrected time, however. In the 21ft. sloop class, Jeebi made the best elapsed time over the course, but she, too, may lose the race on time allowance.

Wa Wa won in the Indian Harbor one-design class. Owatonna was second and Anawanda did not finish.

Wister did not finish in the Manhasset Bay one-design class, and the race goes to Arizona, the only other starter.

None of the boats that started in the Hempstead Harbor one-design class, the 18ft. sloop class or the Lark class finished.

The regatta committee, composed of Messrs. Charles D. Mower, Henry C. Ward and Frederick A. Hill, were on board Commodore Alker's steam yacht Florence.

The summary follows:

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:50—Course, 10¾ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alert, J. W. Alker	4 41 22	3 51 22

Raceabout Class—Start, 12:55—Course, 10¾ Miles.

Mayola, C. W. Allen	5 20 47	4 25 47
Rogue, A. B. Alley	5 09 06	4 14 06
Tartan, A. H. Pirie	5 13 10	4 18 10
Kid, O. C. Harriman	5 21 18	4 24 18
Grasshopper, H. C. Pryer	5 25 10	4 30 10

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 1:00—Course, 10¾ Miles.

Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	5 23 10	4 23 10
Vaquero II., J. M. Moran	5 25 21	4 25 21
Dorothy, L. C. Spence	5 28 29	4 28 29
Houri, J. H. Esser	5 22 42	4 22 42

Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:05—Course, 10¾ Miles.

Firefly, G. P. Granberry	5 34 32	4 29 32
Naiad, J. B. Palmer	5 34 37	4 29 37
Virgeth, A. H. Hanan	5 23 56	4 18 56
Una, W. B. Duncan, Jr	5 21 42	4 16 42

Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 1:05—Course, 10¾ Miles.

Gazabo, H. T. Vulte	5 39 26	4 34 26
Jeebi, A. D. R. Brown	5 36 36	4 31 36
Skip, C. M. Pinckney	5 41 20	4 36 20
Luto II., F. P. Currier	Did not finish.	

Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 1:10—Course, 10¾ Miles.

Anawanda, E. C. Ray	Did not finish.	
Owatonna, George Landcr, Jr	5 49 43	4 39 43
Wa Wa, J. E. Montell	5 44 15	4 34 15

Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 1:15—Course, 10¾ Miles

Wister, Dustin Farnum	Did not finish.	
Arizona, George Corry	5 51 33	4 36 33

Hempstead Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 1:20—Course, 10¾ Miles.

Scud, D. B. Abbott	Did not finish.
Gosling, Morris & Pratt	Did not finish.

Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:15—Course 10⅜ Miles.

Plover, Howard Place	Did not finish.

Lark Class—Start, 1:20—Course, 10¾ Miles.

Skidoo, M. Z. D. Davies	Did not finish.
Yellow Jacket, Geo. B. Robinson	Did not finish.

The winners were: Alert, Rogue, Houri, Una, Jeebi, Wa Wa, and Arizona.

Edgewood Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, R. I.—Saturday, June 11.

PERFECT weather and a stiff E. breeze of the whole-sail variety made interesting sport at the first club regatta of the season for Edgewood Y. C., June 11. There were very few entries, and in only one class was there any interest, the 30ft. cats affording all the sport. There were four entries in this class, and they gave one of the prettiest races that has been seen in these waters in many a day, three of them finishing within 20 seconds of each other, after sailing a course of eleven nautical miles, and at no time after the start was there much open water between them. The only drawback was that the wind was in a quarter that gave free sailing on every leg of the triangular course, a broad reach and a run, and there was no chance for any windward work.

Mblem caught the lead at the start, with Elizabeth a close second and Scatt away astern, with a bad handicap to overcome. Scatt caught up in short order, however, and gave the leaders a close rub.

The course was a short one, sailed three times over to make the distance, and Mblem lost the lead on the last round, Elizabeth, which had previously fallen back to third place, walking up again on her rivals and skipping into first place. She crossed the line at the finish 13s. ahead of Mblem, which was only 5s. ahead of Scatt. These three boats made a pretty start, a pretty finish and a most interesting race right through.

In the 25ft. cat class Ina beat Mae Hope, D. C. Stranger's new boat, by 7m. 15s. Ina also accomplished a notable feat in covering the course in shorter time than the 30-footers, beating the actual time of Elizabeth by 50s.

The summary:

30ft. Cats—Start, 2:45.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	4 43 00	1 58 00
Mblem, G. E. Darling	4 43 13	1 58 13
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood	4 43 19	1 58 19
Onaway, B. W. Comstock	4 44 55	1 59 55

25ft. Cats—Start, 2:47.

Ina, N. C. Arnold	4 44 10	1 57 10
Mae Hope, D. C. Stranger	4 51 25	2 04 25

21ft. Cats—Start, 2:49.

Rival No. 1, C. May	5 04 30	2 15 30
*Bother, C. O. Black	5 03 47	2 14 17

*Not qualified

Launches—Start, 3:03.

Gee Gee, D. Knight	4 51 06	1 48 06

Columbia Y. C.

Chicago, Lake Michigan—Saturday, June 11.

THE thirteenth annual Michigan City race of the Columbia Y. C. was unquestionably the most successful ever sailed. Three big steamers loaded with guests, besides several sail and steam yachts followed the racing fleet.

The most notable occurrence was that of Commodore Price's 21ft. cabin class yacht Yo San, formerly Little Shamrock, she defeating the entire fleet on corrected time, and defeating the crack 52-footer Veneedor, the second best yacht on corrected time, by over ten minutes. Vencedor won the South Shore Amusement Co. cup.

Illinois won the Vreeland Hotel cup.

Nomad won the Hotel Shultz cup and Yo San won the Loftis Bros. cup.

The other prize winners were: Columbia, Sadic, Mokahi and Marie. The summary folows:

Over 45ft. Racing Length—Distance, 38½ Miles.

	Start.	Corrected.
Vencedor	1 00 00	3 42 16
Alice	12 50 00	3 51 58
Neva	1 00 00	4 32 02
Class 2A.		
Illinois	12 45 00	3 43 17
Iroquois	12 45 00	4 03 43
Thos. Bjorn	12 45 00	4 18 31
Class 3A.		
Nymph	12 30 00	4 05 41
Columbia	12 30 00	3 58 35
Widsith	12 30 00	4 16 33
Wizard	12 30 00	4 13 57
Gloria	12 30 00	4 15 10
Iris	12 30 00	4 31 39
Outlaw	12 30 00	. . . .
Class 4A.		
Vision	12 10 00	. . . .
Snap Shot	12 10 00	4 33 24
Sinner	12 10 00	4 17 18
Colleen	12 10 00	4 00 00

Finish so close in this class boats will have to be remeasured.

21ft. Cabin Class.		
Yo San	12 40 00	4 31 10
Hoosier	12 40 00	4 37 54
La Rita	12 40 00	4 44 22
Class 2B.		
Jeannettie	12 35 00	4 50 25
Hattie B.	12 35 00	4 32 53
Mawaja	12 35 00	4 49 08
Sadie	12 35 00	4 17 09
Class 3B.		
Mokahi	12 20 00	4 17 04
Vixen	12 20 00	4 21 42
Class 4B.		
Marie	12 00 00	4 55 18
Dione	12 00 00	5 00 00
Schooners and Yawls Under 45ft. R. L.		
Nomad	12 30 00	4 09 27
Myrine	12 30 00	4 26 28
Naiad	12 30 00	. . . .
Glad Tidings	12 30 00	. . . .

Shattemuc Yacht and Canoe Club.

Hudson River—Saturday, June 4.

THE first of a series of three races to be held during the month of June by the power boats enrolled in the fleet of the Shattemuc Y. and C. C., of Ossining, N. Y., took place off the club house on Saturday, June 4, over a triangular course, four nautical miles around. There was a large gathering present on the verandas of the club house, many ladies being among those interested in the event.

The ten boats in the three classes presented a very pleasing picture as they cut off toward the outer mark flags. In starting, there was some clever jockeying for position, especially in Class C. The result of the race was a decided credit to the work of Measurer Roger M. Haddock, who rated the contesting craft according to the classification of the American Power Boat Association. Ardis, winner in Class I, in the race at Manhassett Bay on May 30, and owned by Mr. Haddock, was the committee boat. The regatta committee consisted of Messrs. Wm. M. Carpenter, chairman; Wm. E. Barlow and Robert T. Dennis. Following is the summary. Preparatory signal for all classes was fired at 2:40 P. M.

Class E—26ft (Blue Flag)—Start, 2:50—Course, 8 Miles

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Robin, Wm. M. Carpenter	4 02 33	1 12 33	1 12 33
Florence, Wm. F. Mezger	4 02 46	1 12 46	1 12 46
Sioux, Louis H. Soule	4 10 06	1 20 06	1 14 12
Teddy, J. H. Carpenter	4 06 52	1 16 52	1 04 16
Isamyr, Anthony B. Murray	4 13 28	1 23 28	1 02 40

Class D—32ft. (White Flag)—Start, 2:55—Course, 12 Miles.

Getty, Morris Vail	4 30 19	1 35 19	1 35 19
Spry, H. M. Carpenter	4 41 10	1 46 10	1 46 10

Class C—40ft. (Red Flag)—Start, 3:00—Course, 16 Miles.

Rover, James Bedell	4 52 24	1 52 24	1 52 24
Senta, F. G. Mead	4 52 06	1 52 06	1 44 36
Isabel, Ed. B. Sherwood	4 52 53	1 52 53	1 44 41

The winners were: Class E—First, Isamyr; second, Teddy.
Class D—First, Getty.
Class C—First, Senta; Second, Isabel.

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, New York Bay—Saturday, June 11.

THE first race for the Havens cup, open to boats in Classes M and below, enrolled in the Atlantic Y. C., was held on Saturday, June 11. There were eight starters, all the boats competing in one class. Time allowance is figured based on measurements obtained under the new rule ratings.

The wind was light from the W. by S. The boats sailed three times over a course, with the usual marks at Fort Hamilton, Marine and Field Club and Brooklyn Y. C., starting and finishing off the club house at Sea Gate, a total distance of about eleven knots. The starting gun was given at 3 o'clock, and it was a run to the first mark. Spinnakers were carried part of the way.

Mary was first away, followed by Bobtail, Redwing, Bagheera, Vivian II., Careless, Trouble and Smoke, in the order named.

Bobtail was leading at the first mark, and gradually increased her lead until the finish. She crossed 3m. 49s. ahead of Bagheera.

Careless, far behind, withdrew on the second round.

The summary:

Classes M and Under—Start, 3:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	5 24 18	2 24 18
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb	5 28 07	2 28 07
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	5 29 00	2 29 00
Redwing, J. B. O'Donohue	5 48 12	2 48 12
Mary, Max Grundner	5 58 13	2 58 13
Smoke, L. H. Dyer	6 01 52	3 01 52
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	6 04 50	3 04 50
Careless, F. J. Havens	Did not finish.	

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 12-20.—Union Hill Schuetzen Park, N. J.—National Schuetzenbund Festival.
June 26.—Zeltner's Morrisania Park.—German-American Shooting Society's shoot.

The Palma Trophy.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—By unanimous vote the executive committee of the National Rifle Association, which met here to-day, decided to return forthwith to England the Palma trophy, which the American team won at the Bisley shoot last September because of the charges made that the American team violated a rule of the contest, in using a rifle slightly different from that used by the regular army of this country.

It was also decided to withdraw the Palma trophy from this year's competition.

The executive committee unanimously adopted the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas, This committee has carefully considered all the facts and correspondence in connection with the controversy which followed the Palma trophy competition of 1903; and

Whereas, We regret the evident differences of opinion which have been made matter for publication, and while we find the captain of the American team made no seerct whatever of the exact character of the rifles, believing their use perfectly proper, which differences of opinion would never have existed had he officially submitted the rifles for approval, in accordance with the explicit instructions given him by the president of this Association; and

Whereas, Prolongation of the arguments as to what is or is not conformity with regulation patterns of rifles might be continued indefinitely, with no prospective good resulting therefrom; and

Whereas, It is the unanimous sentiment of this committee that the existing controversy cannot continue without working serious injury to competitive military rifle shooting the world over; therefore be it

Resolved, That we hereby ratify all statements made in the letter of the president of this Association to the secretary of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, dated March 7, 1904, and instruct the president to withdraw the Palma competition from the programme for the current year, and to cause the Palma trophy to be immediately returned to the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, to be held by that organization for future competition.

Telegraphic orders were sent to New York, where the Palma trophy is now kept, that it be packed and shipped immediately to England.

An invitation was read from the United Rifle Societies of France for an American team to participate in the meet to be held at Lyons from July 7 to 18. This meet will be for sporting rifles, and will have forty shots lying down, forty shots kneeling, and forty shots standing. The committee decided to make public the invitation, and if it is practicable, to send a team.

The Fourth National Bundesfest.

THE German-American shooting societies from all parts of the United States met in Union Hill Park on June 12 for an eight-day festival and prize shoot. The best riflemen in the country are present, and are striving for the honors and prizes.

A grand parade of all the societies connected with the Bund was held in New York on Monday, and was reviewed by Mayor McClellan. The festival will continue until Monday, June 20, when prizes to the value of $50,000 will be divided among the lucky marksmen. The leading scores on the various targets up to Monday night, June 13 are appended. A full report of the winners will appear next week. Scores:

Ring target, 3 shots, possible 75: M. Dorrler 72, H. M. Pope 71, L. C. Moore 71, Windsor Morris 69, Louis C. Buss 68, R. Bendler 66, G. E. Cook 65, A. W. Peterson 65, E. Van Zandt 65, Gus Homerighausen 65.

Man target, 5 shots, possible 100: L. Flach 97, H. Neuweyler 93, A. W. Peterson 91, H. M. Pope 89, Aug. Strecker 86, G. H. Wiegman 83, Lambert Schmidt 82, John Rebhan 82, L. C. Buss 80.

Standard American target, 5 shots, possible 50: W. G. Hudson 47, H. M. Pope 45, L. C. Moore 44, A. W. Peterson 44, Windsor Morris 44, Geo. Schnerring 44, J. Hauerwaas 44.

Target of honor, 3 shots, possible 75: A. J. Huebner 67, A. Hubaleck 63, G. Homerighausen 61, Geo. Bain 61, F. Kast 52.

Bullseye target: R. Goldthwaite 11 degrees, Ignatz Martin 71.

Ohio National Guard.

The annual competition of the Ohio National Guard will be held at Newark, July 18 to 24, inclusive. Col. Edward T. Miller visited the range on June 8, and inspected the grounds, which are being put in order. The programme will consist of about twenty-five matches, arranged so as to cover all kinds of firing, during the first four days. At the end of that period the fifty men who have scored the highest aggregates will remain for two more days and compete for places on the State team. This State team will represent Ohio at the Fort Riley, Kansas, competition, where the National Guard teams of the United States will compete with the regular army. It will also furnish the men who will go to Sea Girt to represent Ohio in the National Riflemen's Association's contests.

BONASA.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, June 5. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand at the 25-ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day with the good score of 229. A strong, gusty 3 to 5 o'clock wind prevailed throughout the day. The scores:

Payne	229	221	218 214 206
Hofer	222	213	209 209 201
Bruns	215	211	207 203 197
Nestler	211	204	202 201 198
Roberts	211	200	190 187 186
Gindele	210	204	203 194 ...
Odell	203	202	201 200 195
Trounstine	202	183	180 164 158
Freitag	199	191	190 188 183
Drube	198	182	176 ... ...
Uckotter	178	162	143 ... ...

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa.—The club held its first shoot of the season on June 4, using Standard targets at 200yds. Scores:

J G Garman	81	78	75—234
J Stedham	73	73	67—213
W H Parker	80	67	66—213
A Mount	71	70	62—203
Capt Bacon	69	67	65—201
J Almeda	64	63	62—189
J Hunter	55	48	46—149
W Jordon	32	29	22—83

CABIA BLANCO.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

June 15-16.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. L. K. Forscythe, Sec'y.
*June 15-16.—Millvale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
June 15-17.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. James Davis, Sec'y.
June 16.—London, Conn.—Second annual tournament of the Springwood Gun Club. B. W. Glover, Sec'y.
June 17.—Fitchburg, Mass., Rifle and Gun Club third annual invitation prize team shoot. I. O. Converse, Sec'y.
June 21-24.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.
June 25.—East Walpole, Mass.—Second annual tournament of the Neponset Gun Club; $60 in prizes. M. H. Grant, Sec'y.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club; strictly amateur; $500 added money. John M Lilly. Pres., Indianapolis.
July 1-2.—Brownwood, Tex.—West Texas Gun Club League tournament.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.— East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4.—Pittsfield, Mass., Rod and Gun Club all-day shoot. Harold S. Sidway, Sec'y.
July 4.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Infallible Gun Club amateur tournament. Added money; merchandise prizes. F. J. Person, Sec'y.
July 4.—Lexington, Ky.—Ashland Gun Club tournament and Blue Grass championship. Robert R. Skinner, Mgr.
July 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club tournament; $600 added money and trophies. A. H. Frank, Mgr.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht. Sec'y.
July 6-7.—Homer, Ill.—Homer and Ogden Gun Clubs' tournament.
*July 6-7.—Kane, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen. Sec'y.
July 12-13.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
July 12-14.—Denver, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap tournament.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handicap tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
*July 13-14.—Scottdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap; $2,200 added money and guaranteed purses. A. B. Heyl, Sec'y.
July 20-21.—Armada, Mich.—Tournament of the Eastern Michigan Gun Club; $100 added. E. W. Sutton. Sec'y.
July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Aug. 9-10.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
Aug. 9-10.—Raleigh, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association tournament.
Aug. 9-10.—Birmingham, Ala.—Alabama tournament.
Aug. 9-12.—West Baden, Ind.—Indian tournament; $1,000 added money.
*Aug. 10-11.—Bradenville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspiees of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; $25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
*Sept. 6-7.—Irwin, Pa., Rod and Gun Club tournament.
*Sept. 14-15.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
*Sept. 27-28.—Monessen, Pa., Gun Club.
*Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb. Sec'y. Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Pittsfield, Mass., Rod and Gun Club announce an all-day shoot for July 4, and that all shooters are welcome. Mr. Harold S. Sidway is the secretary.

The general averages for the two-day tournament at Ligonier, Pa., June 7 and 8, were made as follows: First, E. D. Fulford 309 out of 330; second, L. J. Squier 307; third, J. T. Atkinson 305; fourth, Geo. Cochran, 300.

At the New York Athletic Club target shoot, held in connection with the club games, at Travers Island, June 11, the guests' sterling silver cup was won by Mr. A. A. Schoverling, with the excellent score of 47 out of 50 targets.

In the first of a cup series of seven contests arranged by the S S. White Gun Club, and held at Gorgas Station, Pa., June 11, Mr. Chas. Newcomb scored a win with 24 out of 25 targets. In the club event at 25 targets, he also broke 24.

At Camden, N. J., June 11, a return match was shot between fifteen-man teams of the Clearview Gun Club, of Darby, Pa., and the North Camden Gun Club. Each man shot at 25 targets. The Clearview club won by a score of 305 to 279.

The Buckeye Gun Club of Dayton, O., still hold possession of the Phellis trophy by virtue of 263 to 244, the latter being the result of the Cincinnatit team's effort on June 7. There were six men on a side, and each man shot at 50 targets.

Mr. F. J. Person, secretary, informs us that the Infallible Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., has fixed upon July 4 for an amateur tournament. There will be added money and merchandise prizes for the high guns. Professional experts may shoot for targets only.

Under date of June 9, Mr. Edward F. Markley, secretary I. G. C., writes us as follows: "The Independent Gun Club's challenge to the Pattenburg Gun Club, of Pattenburg, N. J., has been accepted, and the match will be shot on the grounds of the latter club Saturday afternoon, June 18. The conditions are as follows: Ten men to team, and 25 targets per man. The losers are to pay for a supper, to be given to both teams at Milbern's Retreat."

A telegram of June 13 to us from Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, conveys the information that on the morning of that day, in addition to the list of entries published elsewhere in our columns, fifty more were received. This insures that the Grand American Handicap at targets, to be held at Indianapolis next week will be a grand success, and also that the manager will be a busy man.

The Jeannette Gun Club, and the Columbia Fishing Club, of Eltingville, Staten Island, held an invitation shoot at the Hudson County, N. J., Driving Park, on June 3, and, like previous shoots held jointly by these two organizations, it was a delightfully pleasant affair. Valuable merchandise prizes rewarded the skill of the shooters, and pleasant sociability and good cheer made the outing enjoyable for the shooters and their guests.

There are nine target events on the programme of the Aquidneck Gun Club shoot, to be held at Newport, R. I., June 18. This is the first of the club's summer tournaments. Six events are at 15 and three at 20 targets, $1 and $1.25 entrance. Shooting begins at 11:30. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. Targets 1½ cent. Rose system. Sweepstakes optional. Ship shells care of the secretary, Mr. J. S. Coggeshall, 32 Church street. Next shoot will be on July 30.

The tie for the Pennsylvania individual State championship at live birds, of which the Williamsport diamond badge is the emblem, will be shot off at Harrisburg, Pa., June 18, on the grounds of the East Harrisburg Shooting Association. The contestants are Messrs. Pyle, of Pittsburg; Stroh, of Pittston and Hepler, of Harrisburg. The East Harrisburg Gun Club handicap will also be shot. This is an event at 20 live birds, handicaps 25 to 33yds., entrance $12, open to all. This contest will commence at 1 o'clock. Target events will commence at 9 o'clock.

On Tuesday of last week the Emerald Gun Club shot the October and November shoots, on Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J. To finish the year's series, two shoots a month have been shot, since the New Jersey Legislature passed a law which prohibits pigeon shooting in that State after July 4. In the October event four were high with 9 out of 10, namely, J. Fischer, L. Colquitt, A A. Schoverling and L. H. Schortemeier, the latter shooting from the 32yd. mark. In the November event, three killed straight, namely, L. Colquitt, J. Whitley and J. Morrison.

Mr. T. W. Morfey, of Dover, clinched some nails in the championship of New Jersey, on Thursday of last week, by defeating Mr. Frank Muldoon, of Freehold, in a contest for the championship trophy at Lake Denmark. Each shot at 25 live birds, and Mr. Morfey won by a score of 24 to 22. Mr. Muldoon lost two birds dead out. The referee, Mr. Henry C. Koegel, challenged the holder, Mr. Morfey, and they will contest for the State championship at Lake Denmark, on June 25. The average trapshooting reporter—other than the professionals—in expressing his emotional states of mind which he mistakes for sound judicial decisions, has two classes to which he calmly relegates the majority of trapshooters—namely, "the has beens" and "the second time on earth." Mr. Morfey has been classed both ways, and it is not nice for him to shoot in such a first-class manner as he is shooting, and has been shooting.

BERNARD WATERS.

Lowell Rod and Gun Club.

LOWELL, Mass., June 11.—The Lowell Rod and Gun Club held their first serial shoot to-day. While there was a large attendance, only eleven shooters entered.

Climax made the remarkable score of 98 out of 100, duplicating the score earlier in the season. Reliable "45," usually in the 90 per cent. class, scored 87 breaks. McKittrick, a new member, shot a score that is seldom equalled in this vicinity, 47 out of 50. The scores follow:

Climax	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	98
Reliable 45	8	10	9	9	8	10	7	8	10	8	87
Currier	8	8	8	8	10	9	7	9	8	8	83
Dean	8	10	8	7	7	9	8	7	10	8	82
Edwards	6	8	8	8	6	5	9	8	4	9	71
North	..	5	5	3	7	1	6	6	7	6	46
McKittrick	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	8	9	10	47
Ford	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	7	7	10	35
Mundy	4	2	6	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	28
Chase	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	7	..	..	18

E. J. BURNS, Sec'y.

S. S. White Gun Club.

GORGAS STATION, Pa., June 11.—The first of a seven-contest series for a cup was shot to-day under the auspices of the S. S. White Gun Club, in connection with the regular monthly shoot. Mr. Charles Newcomb finished first in both events. Robinson defeated White in a match for the club cup by the score of 15 to 10, and Watson Harper won over Arthur Denham in the challenge cup match by the score of 18 to 15. The scores:

Club event, 25 targets: Newcomb 24, George 22, Stahr 21, Harper 21, Dr. Keeler 20, Tyson 20, Parry 19, Cantrell 18, Hinkson 17, Robinson 17, Dr. Cotting 16, Brewster 16, Lodge 15, Hise, Sr., 15, Brenizer 15, White 14, Witherden 13, Wilkins 13, Vaile 12, Denham 11, Heite 10, Kendall 10.

Cup event, 25 targets, $1 entrance: Newcomb 24, Harper 21, Dr. Keeler 21, Cantrell 20, Dr. Cotting 18, Hinkson 18, Parry 17, Brenizer 17, Witherden 16, Denham 16, Heite 13, Hise, Sr., 12, Brewster 11.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 8.—At the weekly shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, held at Cobb's Hill to-day, scores and back scores were shot as follows:

	Score.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Snow	23	4	27
Donovan	15	6	21
Clark	19	3	22
Snow	19	4	23
Borst	16	7	23
Donovan	16	6	22
Clark	23	3	26
Donovan	19	6	25
Stewart	20	0	20
Shoemaker	20	8	28

	Score.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Snow	21	4	25
Donovan	16	6	22
Clark	22	3	25
Stewart	24	0	24
Shoemaker	17	8	25
Shoemaker	23	8	31
Snow	20	4	24
Clark	21	3	24
Shoemaker	23	8	31

Grand American Handicap Entries.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 12.—Inclosed herewith I hand you list of entries received to date for the fifth Grand American Handicap at targets, 211 in all. You will, of course, understand that this list will be added to, as all entries received in envelopes bearing post marks dated June 11 will be accepted as regular entries.

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Mgr.

Alkire, Frank, Williamsport, Ohio.
Anderson, H. W., Salina, Kansas.
Adams, C. B., Rockwell City, Iowa.
Atchison, M. E., Giddings, Texas.
Ahlers, L. F., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Anderson, Mark, Knox, Ind.
Burmister, John, Spirit Lake, Iowa.
Barto, Jos. B., Chicago, Ill.
Boa, John S., Chicago, Ill.
Butler, A. W., Chanute, Kansas.
Butler, Mrs. A. W., Chanute, Kansas.
Burnside, Guy, Knoxville, Ill.
Baker, E. B., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Brady, Ed., Newbern, Tenn.
Bennett, Mrs. Nellie, Denver, Colo.
Burnham, Fred, Lowell, Ind.
Bell, James W., Indianapolis, Ind.
Britton, O. F., Indianapolis, Ind.
Bowen, Geo. Carmel, Ind.
Baker, W. A., Griffin, Ga.
Bellman, Chas., Pullman, Ill.
Bellman, Chas., Pullman, Ill.
Booker, Jr., W. F., Louisville, Ky.
Bancroft, Geo. W., Orange, Texas.
Clayton, William, Kansas City, Mo.
Crosby, Wm. R., O'Fallon, Ill.
Carnes, W. E., Atlanta, Ga.
Crumley, R. M., Bristol, Tenn.
Cantelon, J. E., Clinton, Ont., Canada.
Cooper, John, Indianapolis, Ind.
Comstock, Horace A., Indianapolis, Ind.
Cadwallader, H. W., Decatur, Ill.
Caldwell, Fred, Warren, Ind.
Clay, Jr., T. H., Paris, Ky.
Clark, M. H., Wabash, Ind.
Connor, A. C., Pekin, Ill.
Cochran, George, Rodfield, Pa.
Call, Burton, Montpelier, Ohio.
Cole, Bayard, Thomson, Ill.
Conrad, E. D., Hamilton, Ohio.
Clausen, J., Davenport, Iowa.
DuPont, Eugene E. Wilmington, Del.
DuPont, Jr., Victor, Wilmington, Del.
DuPont, 3d, Victor, Wilmington, Del.
DuPont, Alexis I., Wilmington, Del.
Donnelly, H. J., Guthrie, Okla.
Dixon, J. C., Indianapolis, Ind.
Dickman, E. C., Indianapolis, Ind.
Eaton, W. M., Oil City, Pa.
Ellett, F. D., Keithsburg, Ill.
Elliott, J. A. R., New York, N. Y.
Ewing, J. G., Wilmington, Del.
Erb, Jr., Fred, Lafayette, Ind.
Fulford, E. D., Utica, N. Y.
Faurote, F. M., Dallas, Texas.
Freeman, H. D., Atlanta, Ga.
Flinn, Austin S., Wabash, Ind.
Frank, A. H., Memphis, Tenn.
Fisher, C. C., Union City, Ind.
Farrell, J. W., Indianapolis, Ind.
Floyd, C. W., New York, N. Y.
Faran, James J., Cincinnati, O.
Foley, L., Nichols, Iowa.
Fanning, J. S., Jersey City, N. J.
Felger, Otis A., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Gay, J. D., Pine Grove, Ky.
Gleffer, H. W., Pittsburg, Pa.
Gambell, Arthur, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Garrett, John W., Colorado Springs, Colo.
Gottlieb, Chris., Kansas City, Mo.
Gilbert, Fred., Spirit Lake, Iowa.
Gragg, E. N., Lowell, Ind.
Graham, J. R., Windmere, Ill.
Guptill, R. D., Aitkin, Minn.
Gregory, B. E., Zionsville, Ind.
Godcharles, Fred A., Milton, Pa.
Gross, D. D., West Jefferson, Ohio.
Griffith, E. C., Pascoag, R. I.
Harris, Will G., Gallatin, Tenn.
Hatcher, A. M., Bristol, Tenn.
Hawkins, J. Mowell, Baltimore, Md.
Henderson, G. T., Tampa, Florida.
Huttenlock, W. R., Philadelphia, Pa.
Huff, Walter, Macon, Ga.
Hirschy, H. C., Minneapolis, Minn.
Hann, E. L., Denton, Texas.
Head, J. L., Peru, Ind.
Hovey, J. E., Clinton, Ontario, Canada.
Harig, Wm., Cincinnati, O.
Hershey, J. M., Carmel, Ind.
Habich, Gus, Indianapolis, Ind.
Heer, W. H., Concordia, Kansas.
Henderson, Woolfolk, Lexington, Ky.
Holding, Ed. W., Urbana, Ohio.
Hensler, Max E., Battle Creek, Mich.
Jeffers, Hazel, Ladoga, Ind.
Jarvis, W. B., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Kirby, A. W., Greenville, O.
King, Jr., D. W., Denver, Colo.
Kelsey, F. D., East Aurora, N. Y.
Keef, Fred L., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Lay, Jr., Chas. H., Oil City, Pa.
Lord, Fred H., La Grange, Ill.
Le Compte, C. O., Eminence, Ky.
Latham, Thos. W., Cleveland, O.
Lewis, Geo. S., Fulton, N. Y.
Long, Austin H., Crawfordsville, Ind.
Littler, J. M., Mathews, Ind.
Lilly, John M., Indianapolis, Ind.
Linderman, C. D., Cortland, Neb.
Lewis, James, Owensboro, Ky.
Lamme, Chas. B., Attica, Ind.
Mallory, J. F., Parkersburg, W. Va.
Mallory, F. E., Parkersburg, W. Va.
Morrison, J. L. D., St. Paul, Minn.

Mermod, Alex. D., St. Louis, Mo.
Mullan, Chas. A., Brook, Ind.
Marshall, Tom A., Keithsburg, Ill.
Moulton, E. H., Minneapolis, Minn.
Money, Harold B., St. Louis, Mo.
Miller, George, Hamilton, Ind.
Michaelis, Joseph, Indianapolis, Ind.
Moller, Gus, Indianapolis, Ind.
Moore, Dr. S. H., Indianapolis, Ind.
Morgan, Joseph R., Indianapolis, Ind.
Muellerschoen, Chas., Indianapolis, Ind.
McDowell, A. P., Adair, Iowa.
McMurchy, H., Fulton, N. Y.
McCleskey, H. S., Americus, Ga.
McDaniel, B. F., Converse, Ind.
McDaniel, W. A., Converse, Ind.
McKelvey, Jos. A., Hockessin, Del.
Napier, J. M., Americus, Ga.
Neal, T. A., Guthrie, Okla.
Nash, W. T., Indianapolis, Ind.
Neal, Elmer E., Bloomfield, Ind.
Nichols, T. B., Nichols, Iowa.
Nicols, Frank V., Medaryville, Ind.
Newman, Abb, Owensboro, Ky.
O'Brien, Ed., Florence, Kans.
Parry, T. H., Indianapolis, Ind.
Peck, C. H., Remington, Ind.
Park, J. T., Brook, Ind.
Pfafflin, Charles A., Indianapolis, Ind.
Pontefract, John W., Pittsburg, Pa.
Powers, Chauncey M., Decatur, Ill.
Pfeiffer, Lew, Cincinnati, O.
Pohlar, Daniel, Cincinnati, O.
Pragoff, Emile, Louisville, Ky.
Patrick, E. W., Mechanicsburg, O.
Premo, George, Amasa, Mich.
Peirce, R. L., Wytheville, Va.
Prowse, Charles O., Hopkinsville, Ky.
Powell, Geo. A., Shelbyville, Ind.
Riehl, Frank C., Alton, Ill.
Richardson, A. B., Dover, Del.
Roll, Geo. J., Blue Island, Ill.
Rhoads, R. S., Columbus, O.
Rike, E. D., Dayton, O.
Stipp, J. B., Bedford, Ind.
Skelly, Jas. T., Wilmington, Del.
Snell, Hugh A., Litchfield, Ill.
Spinney, Arthur J., Goodland, Ind.
Spencer, Chas. G., St. Louis, Mo.
Sperry, A. D., Rock Island, Ill.
Sell, J. A., Brook, Ind.
Squier, L. J., Wilmington, Del.
Stillwell, Mac, Crawfordsville, Ind.
Smithwick, H. W., Americus, Ga.
Sayles, Herman, Indianapolis, Ind.
Spencer, A. C., Muncie, Ind.
Smiley, J. H., Mathews, Ind.
Smith, T. Porter, Paris, Ky.
Spencer, Harlow B., St. Louis, Mo.
Stauber, A. J., Streator, Ill.
Shepardson, Kit C., La Grange, Ind.
Schuler, G. W., Cincinnati, O.
Sunderbruch, A. H., Cincinnati, O.
Strong, F. G., Shelbyville, Ind.
Steele, A. B., Auburn, Ind.
Sherwood, F. T., Bedford, Ind.
Trimble, Ralph L., Covington, Ky.
Thomas, Walter C., Tampa, Florida.
Tolsma, Alex. S., Detroit, Mich.
Tripp, E. H., Indianapolis, Ind.
Taber, M. E., Riverside, Cal.
Taylor, John R., Newark, O.
Townsend, C. M., Knox, Ind.
Van Allen, S. M., Jamaica, N. Y.
Voris, Ed., Crawfordsville, Ind.
Vietmeyer, H. W., Chicago, Ill.
Vincent, W. T. S., Atlanta, Ga.
Vannoy, Thos. H., Shelbyville, Ind.
Willerding, Al., Evansville, Ind.
Wiggins, C. B., Homer, Ill.
Willard, Lem., Chicago, Ill.
Ward, P. C., Walnut Log, Tenn.
Williams, H. L., Johnson City, Tenn.
Werts, Ed., Verona, Ohio.
Wildhack, W. A., Indianapolis, Ind.
Watson, David L., Terre Haute, Ind.
Wilkinson, C. R., St. Paul, Minn.
Wands, J. W., Indianapolis, Ind.
Wise, W. N., Carmel, Ind.
Ward, J. Q., Paris, Ky.
West, Robert J., Brownsville, Pa.
Winbigler, Dr. E. S., Alexis, Ill.
Ward, Guy, Walnut Log, Tenn.
Wilson, M., Rochester, Ind.
Wile, Ik. M., Rochester, Ind.
Young, Chas. A., Springfield, Ohio.
Zea, William, Remington, Ind.

Winchester Gun Club.

WINCHESTER, N. H., June 9.—On June 8, on the Winchester Gun Club grounds, Mr. W. C. Goss, of Henniker, challenged and shot for the New Hampshire State individual championship cup, held by Mr. L. R. Nelson, of this place. Mr. Goss won with a score of 86 to 80. Each shot at 100 targets.

Mr. Nelson showed poor form on account of close application to business. He has shot only twice at targets since September of last year. Mr. Goss is a good shot, as well as a good sportsman.

Dr. Cole, of Henniker, was judge, and gave good satisfaction.

Mr. John Whittier, of Henniker, came in the party, and in his pleasant way furnished plenty of jokes and fun.

F. D. LESME, Sec'y.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The following scores were made at the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. There were not enough shooters on hand to contest for the prize cups. Blandford got a run of 52 straight. No. 5 from 20yds.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	5	25	25	Targets:	10	10	10	10	5	25	25
A Harris....	4	9	7	6	2	21	23	A Bedell.....	9	7	..	..	3	..	..
C Blandford.	9	10	10	10	..	23	22	R McAlpin..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..

C. G. B.

The Soo's Tenth Annual.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., June 10.—When you look at the scores and note that sixty-eight shooters came and took part in the Soo Gun Club shoot, the number will speak well for the Soo Gun Club and its officers. There have been many more shooters at some of their big shoots, and that the numbers were less on this occasion was due to the distance handicap used, which kept many shooters away. Yet the handicaps were not severe save in the case of Klein and Taylor, and they were kept moving back and forth, Klein at 19 and 20 and Taylor at 17, 18 and 19.

The weather was perfect, as the sun has shone all over the West during the past week.

The officers of this club are seasoned men, and they have fine grounds for a tournament, with the exception that the targets are thrown into the sun, and there are some trees in the background.

The yearly competition for the Interstate championship has been an interesting one, and the winners have netted a recompense that was beneficial. The oldest shooters in the State are members, viz.: J. W. Boyd and H. H. Hauman, of this city; Chas. Budd, of Des Moines, and George Hughes, of Fonda.

It is safe to say that when this club gives another tournament it will not open the shoot to traveling men, as they are not permitted to shoot for the cash, and that kept many from coming to this shoot, so if this club made mistakes this year it will try and give shooters what they want at the next annual.

The traveling men present were Fred Lord, Chicago; Fred Whitney, Des Moines; Tom Marshall, Keithsburg; Chas. Budd, Des Moines; Pat Adams, Rockwell City, Ia.; M. Sharp, Bridgeport; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, and J. E. French.

There were many visitors each day, and they were well pleased with the expert squad. Gilbert dropped 16 out of 600. Kline was at his best making 90 per cent. from 19 and 20yds., and was winner of the Interstate championship. Spatz and Barber tied for second, Then, Townsend and Severson were third, Chingren fourth, Smith and Hughes fifth.

First Day, June 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
Norton, 17	14	11	13	10	14	17	14	13	20	15	14	12	200	167
Spatz, 17	11	12	18	13	11	16	13	13	19	11	13	19	200	169
Barber, 17	11	13	18	11	14	15	15	15	18	15	14	17	200	175
Chingren, 18	13	13	16	11	15	14	13	13	16	15	15	16	200	170
Duncan, 18	9	15	19	11	13	19	14	11	14	12	15	18	200	170
Kline, 19	15	14	19	14	15	18	14	12	15	12	12	19	200	179
Taylor, 17	14	12	17	10	10	13	15	13	17	12	14	19	200	166
Townsend, 18	13	14	29	14	14	14	14	13	19	13	14	16	200	177
Bills, 18	14	8	17	15	13	19	14	14	19	14	14	19	200	180
Severson, 18	14	12	20	13	14	18	13	14	19	12	12	17	200	178
Lord, 16	15	14	17	15	14	19	14	15	20	14	13	18	200	188
Otten, 16	11	12	17	11	13	19	13	11	19	12	12	16	200	166
Keister, 16	13	11	18	15	12	19	11	13	17	13	..	..	165	142
Hauman, 16	12	11	18	13	13	16	13	11	16	11	11	15	200	160
Meyers, 16	10	9	15	12	14	15	10	10	13	13	12	12	200	145
Budd, 16	15	12	19	14	15	18	14	12	19	14	15	19	200	186
Gilbert, 16	14	15	18	15	14	19	15	14	20	15	15	20	200	193
Burmeister, 16	13	12	17	13	14	16	13	14	14	13	12	17	200	168
Marshall, 16	14	12	20	13	13	17	15	12	16	14	13	19	200	178
Adams, 16	13	14	19	15	14	20	13	15	19	12	14	17	200	185
Smith, 16	13	8	14	13	11	14	11	13	20	15	13	18	200	163
Hughes, 17	14	11	15	13	11	18	14	14	20	14	13	19	200	176
Peck, 17	12	9	17	12	15	17	12	11	17	11	14	17	200	164
Ellis, 17	10	14	17	15	13	19	12	15	17	10	11	16	200	169
Boyd, 16	15	11	14	13	13	18	11	15	19	14	14	16	200	173
Wilson, 17	15	12	17	11	14	17	15	14	18	14	12	16	200	175
Gray, 17	13	13	17	11	12	13	13	15	14	12	14	13	200	160
Merrill, 16	13	12	14	12	12	16	13	14	17	14	14	18	200	169
Hunter, 17	14	12	19	14	13	17	14	10	19	13	11	17	200	173
Wilkins, 16	12	13	17	13	12	17	13	13	16	13	11	17	200	167
Brook, 17	13	13	16	12	15	19	13	10	19	9	14	18	200	171
Toozer, 16	15	9	17	11	13	18	10	13	18	12	11	14	200	161
Maxfield, 16	13	13	16	13	12	15	14	13	17	11	12	17	200	166
Driesbach, 16	11	14	17	12	14	19	13	13	18	11	..	..	165	142
Hague, 16	11	15	17	13	14	17	13	11	16	11	13	16	200	167
Hunter, 16	13	8	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	37
Robinson, 16	10	8	10	10	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	50
Hyatt, 16	13	14	19	14	13	18	11	12	16	9	10	18	200	167
Farrin, 16	7	10	14	..	..	9	11	10	..	9	..	..	115	70
Thurston, 16	9	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	37
Younglove, 16	..	11	..	13	..	17	8	..	..	..	..	..	65	49
Larson, 16	..	..	16	14	13	17	9	..	..	9	10	..	155	111
Harris, 16	..	..	..	12	7	..	13	13	16	..	13	15	115	89
Roy Jones, 16	..	..	..	10	13	20	14	15	17	12	13	19	150	133
W O Hoon, 16	..	..	..	..	..	15	18	13	12	18	14	13	19	135	122
W L Ross, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	15	12	..	..	65	49
L Calson, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	15	..	..	..	50	33

Second Day, June 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
Townsend, 18	15	12	16	15	12	18	13	14	18	13	14	14	200	174
Spatz, 17	14	14	19	13	13	17	13	15	18	13	15	20	200	184
Barber, 17	10	11	16	14	15	18	12	15	19	14	13	18	200	175
Chingren, 18	12	13	18	14	14	15	14	14	18	12	13	18	200	175
Duncan, 18	10	11	18	14	14	18	14	14	15	14	13	14	200	169
Kline, 19	14	12	19	13	15	17	13	15	19	15	15	18	200	185
Carter, 17	13	13	17	14	11	18	13	13	15	13	12	17	200	169
Taylor, 18	13	14	19	14	10	19	14	11	17	13	15	18	200	178
Bills, 18	11	11	17	13	14	16	15	14	18	12	14	16	200	171
Severson, 18	14	13	18	12	14	18	11	13	19	10	13	20	200	175
Lord, 16	12	13	17	12	11	18	13	12	16	15	11	19	200	169
Hyatt, 16	12	13	16	14	11	19	14	13	19	11	12	17	200	171
Hoon, 18	14	13	18	13	13	17	12	10	17	14	11	19	200	171
Hauman, 16	15	11	16	14	15	19	13	14	19	14	12	15	200	177
Keister, 16	13	14	17	11	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	78
Budd, 16	13	14	18	15	15	18	13	12	20	14	15	18	200	185
Gilbert, 16	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	14	19	15	15	19	200	197
Burmister, 16	12	12	15	14	12	16	11	12	19	11	13	14	200	161
Marshall, 16	13	15	16	15	13	18	12	13	17	15	11	18	200	176
Adams, 16	13	14	19	15	15	18	15	14	19	13	12	18	200	185
Smith, 17	13	13	19	13	13	16	13	13	19	13	14	18	200	177
Hughes, 18	12	13	19	14	15	15	14	15	15	14	14	18	200	178
Peck, 16	13	10	17	12	12	15	13	10	16	10	14	14	200	156
Ellis, 16	12	13	15	11	14	18	13	13	20	15	12	17	200	173
Boyd, 16	12	14	15	13	13	16	13	8	16	10	12	16	200	158
Wilson, 17	13	11	16	13	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	81
Hogan, 17	13	13	16	15	13	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	89
Gray, 17	11	12	16	13	11	17	12	13	15	14	13	12	200	159
Morrill, 17	15	13	16	13	11	13	13	15	17	13	..	15	185	154
Keister, 16	12	14	18	14	7	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	83
Otten, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	17	12	13	15	100	82
Norton, 17	11	10	17	15	13	15	13	11	18	13	14	17	200	167
Harris, 16	13	10	16	13	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	76
Jones, 17	14	14	16	13	13	19	13	14	19	14	..	..	165	149
Maxfield, 16	15	13	17	14	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	83
Hunter, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	18	11	15	..	80	71
Robinson, 16	10	11	15	13	13	15	11	11	11	14	11	13	200	148
Hague, 16	13	13	17	13	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	79
Thorpe, 16	11	13	16	12	14	17	13	11	16	14	12	17	200	166
Matter, 16	9	13	13	10	13	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	115	81
Thompson, 16	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	19
Shaw, 17	..	..	16	13	14	15	12	10	17	15	12	15	170	139
Driesbach, 16	14	14	13	11	12	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	82
Rust, 16	12	12	16	13	14	18	11	11	12	11	14	11	200	155
Younglove, 16	9	9	15	8	13	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	71
Toozer, 16	11	13	14	..	..	..	11	10	..	..	..	..	80	59
Dubrook, 16	12	14	15	11	11	19	13	13	18	10	10	11	200	157
Schneider, 16	11	9	15	12	9	12	9	10	10	..	..	..	150	97
Payne, 16	12	12	16	10	12	17	13	11	15	..	10	..	165	128
Mangle, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	35	22

Third Day, June 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
Townsend, 17	13	14	16	11	13	15	13	13	9	12	12	17	200	168
Spatz, 17	13	9	18	13	12	18	13	11	18	15	14	18	200	172
Barber, 17	14	12	15	14	12	17	14	14	16	15	12	20	200	175
Chingren, 18	15	12	16	14	14	17	11	15	18	11	12	18	200	173
Duncan, 17	14	12	16	14	11	17	14	10	19	13	11	17	200	167
Kline, 19	15	13	17	14	12	18	13	13	16	13	11	17	200	167
Taylor, 18	13	10	14	10	12	17	8	15	16	14	14	13	200	156
Shaw, 16	11	12	19	12	14	13	9	11	18	11	15	15	200	160
Hauman, 17	13	12	17	12	14	16	11	13	18	12	13	16	200	167
Norton, 17	15	11	17	11	15	17	11	10	19	13	14	16	200	169
Budd, 16	15	14	18	12	13	19	15	13	15	14	13	15	200	176
Gilbert, 16	15	15	20	15	15	20	14	15	18	14	14	19	200	194
Burmister, 16	12	9	17	11	14	16	8	12	19	13	10	17	200	158
Marshall, 16	13	13	18	14	14	19	15	14	19	12	13	18	200	182
Adams, 16	12	15	18	13	14	17	14	14	17	13	15	17	200	179
Ellis, 16	14	10	15	9	12	18	10	12	15	14	13	15	200	157
Gray, 16	13	10	17	12	10	15	8	13	17	9	13	17	200	154
Keister, 16	14	14	17	13	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	88
Peck, 16	13	11	18	10	11	16	10	10	10	10	17	13	200	139
Custer, 16	14	15	17	8	10	15	15	12	18	11	13	17	200	165
Swayne, 16	9	11	..	11	8	..	13	10	15	11	13	10	180	111
Robinson, 16	10	12	16	11	10	15	10	10	12	12	12	13	200	143
Thorpe, 16	14	8	15	12	8	12	11	12	18	14	12	13	200	150
Bona, 16	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10
Dreischer, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	18	11	15	..	80	67
Bills, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	18	15	15	18	100	93
Hunter, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	18	12	11	13	100	81
Michelson, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	..	..	35	27
C Bills, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	12	50	36
Toozer, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	19	50	46
Hoffner, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	..	30	23

High Averages.

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day	Shot at.	Broke.
Gilbert	193	197	194	600	584
Adams	185	185	179	600	549
Budd	186	185	176	600	547
Kline	179	185	176	600	540
Marshall	178	176	182	600	536
Lord	188	169	167	600	524
Spatz	169	184	172	600	525
Barber	175	175	175	600	525
Townsend	177	174	168	600	519
Severson	178	175	166	600	519
Chingren	170	175	173	600	518
Smith	163	177	172	600	512
Hughes	176	178	158	600	512
Duncan	170	169	172	600	511
Taylor	166	178	167	600	511

The Blue Label Gun Club is an appropriate name for the aggregation of cigar makers who have banded together at Sioux City, Ia., as a gun club.

There are pleasures in store for those who happen to drop into the city of Grand Rapids, Wis. Besides the beautiful scenery, if you wish to shoot, the shooters will not fail to show you the flight of their targets.

At the Helena, Mont., Gun Club shoot recently those present had some spirited contests. The general average medal was won by Bartis on 80 per cent. The holder of the medal not being present, this event was postponed.

That Duluth, Minn, record-breaking squad are going some. The last shoot brought out more wonderful shooting; squad of five made 120 out of 125. This time each man made 24. Nelson in two shoots scored 53 straight. For the Panton & White cup shoot, 50 targets, Nelson scored 49.

President Brooks, of the Franklin, Tenn., Gun Club, is out with the statement that the various clubs should have representatives at Spring Hill, July 3, at which time rules should be adopted governing the shoot for the Peters trophy.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—Despite the threatening weather prevailing on Wednesday, the fourth shoot for the Powel cup brought out a good-sized field of shooters on that day, and an average taken of the shooting would show the best work done on the grounds for some time past, half the contestants topping the 80 per cent. mark and a number going above it. The totals show a triple tie, the donor of the cup being one of these, but as he bars himself from competition it lies between Bowler and Mason, the former easily winning the shoot-off. However, as totals and not wins count, brother Mason can rest easy, as his vanquisher will next time have the pleasure of toeing the 17yd. mark.

Next Wednesday the Hunter Arms Co. badge shoot will be held, and on Saturday will come the first of the club's summer tournaments when the programme will be a duplicate of that of Memorial Day.

Targets:	10	15	10	15		Targets:	10	15	10	15	
Bowler	9	13	9	12	—43	Dring	10	9	10	8	—37
Mason	8	13	8	14	—43	Sands	8	11	5	12	—36
Powel	9	12	10	12	—43	H A Peckham...	4	8	9	12	—33
Manchester	8	12	8	14	—42	Alexander	7	5	7	8	—27
Hughes	10	9	9	13	—41	Hamilton	4	9	3	7	—23
E S Peckham....	8	10	8	14	—40						

Erie Rod and Gun Club.

ERIE, Pa.—The club held its first spring clay pigeon shoot on Decoration Day. They were handicapped by wet weather. It rained all day, and they also used the new Tribune traps for the first time, and have not become familiar with them yet.

They extend an invitation to visitors to all of their shoots. More would have been present to-day had it not been for the bad weather.

There were a number of events on the card, some of them being for merchandise prizes, which accounts for the difference in the number shot at. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Cosper, Sr.	125	95	Stebbins	50	25
Cosper, Jr.	100	85	Aitken	80	50
Riblet	125	84	Blenner	100	50
Leyer	125	101	Derby	80	36
Semnence	50	30	Lynch	70	47
Brown	25	11	Halliman	125	83

JOHN A. BROOKS.

Clearview—North Camden.

CAMDEN, N. J., June 11.—The return team contest between the Clearview Gun Club, of Darby, Pa., and the North Camden Gun Club resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 305 to 279. The scores:

Clearview—Lawrence 24, Fisher 24, Sanford 24, Anderson 23, Elwell 21, Ludwick 21, Springer 20, G. Charlton 20, Leicht 20, Murphy 19, Smith 19, Dr. Charlton 18, W. Charlton 18, Davidson 17, Downs 17; total 305.

North Camden—Gerrighues 24, Pratt 23, Bryan 21, Miller 21, Bergen 20, Cavalier 20, Stratton 20, Grant 19, Bateman 19, Sharp 19, D. Cavalier 17, Bray 16, King 15, Price 13, Lamb 12; total 279.

Grand Valley Gun Club.

GRAND JUNCTION, Colo., June 11.—Event 1, at 25 targets, resulted as follows at the shoot of the Grand Valley Gun Club today: Clary 19, E. Simmons 23, Van Hoerbeck 17, Galliger 11, Hoppe 20, Ramsey 20, Case 7, Coolidge 10, Kane 15, Treague 23, Whitney 7, W. Gaines 22, H. W. Gaines 19, E. Simmons 25, Van Hoerbeck 18, W. Mulkey 9.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jeannette Gun Club.

JUNE 11.—The invitation shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club, of New York, President, Fred Ehlen, took place at Interman's Hudson County Driving Park on June 3. The members of the Columbia Fishing Club, of Eltingville, Staten Island, were invited to participate, and a most successful contest took place for the three hundred dollars' worth of artistic prizes, eleven in all, consisting of hand-painted toilet and manicure sets in polished hardwod cases, artistic hand-painted vases and gold-mounted oval and square folding mirrors. These were shot for at the club handicap rise, at 10 birds each man. The ties on 10, 9, 8, 7 and 5 shot off miss-and-out, until two prizes remained for the two men who had not missed. The prizes were taken by shooters in order named. Schortemeier and D. Mohrman in the straight class shoot-off; C. Steffens and Inteman shooting out the tie on 9; Meyerdiercks and Rohlfs the ties on 8; Charley Meyer and Hainhorst the ties on 7; Henry Nobel and Rottman being the only ties on 6, took the two trophies in that class; President Ehlen shot out his opponent in the tie on 5.

At 2 o'clock the gong sounded for dinner, and the members of the two clubs, their wives and guests partook of a most excellent dinner. Addresses by President Ehlen and other members followed, and shooting was resumed.

Steffens and Meyer chose sides for a team race, the former team winning by 2 birds. A miss-and-out was the next event on the programme, and a spirited contest ensued, Mr. G. E. Loeble winning on the twelfth bird. The day was cloudy, but perfect for shooting and good fellowship prevailed. The birds were good. Scores herewith:

F Ehlen, 28.....0101*11200— 5
F H Kastens, 28...2111101202— 8
J Kroeger, 30.....1121221021— 9
J H Schorty, 32....1111222222—10
C Meyer, 30.....2220110022— 7
W P Rottmann, 25.0212122000— 6
H Lohden, 25.....2220000101— 5
N Brunie, 28.....1111211112—10
H Pape, 28.....1111*21212— 9
Meyerdiercks, 28...121*210111— 8
J Mohrman, 28....1011101101— 7
G E Loeble, 30....1101212122— 9
C Inteman, 28.....1212221110— 9
W Sanders, 28.....1012211010— 7
J Hainhorst, 28....0100112211— 7
Capt Meyer, 25.....*020212112— 7
Thomforde, 28.....0122212211— 9
H Gerdes, 25.....2112000221— 7
F Baar, 25.....02121122*1— 8
H Noble, 25.....0011010222— 6
C Steffens, 30.....1121111110— 9
C Bohling, 25.....2000200111— 5
H Rohlfs, 28.....1111002211— 8
Lackman, 25.....0010012001— 4
D Mohrman, 28....2112112211—10

Shoot-off of ties on 10, miss-and-out:

D Mohrman, 28.....22
L H Schorty, 32.....22
N Brunie, 28.....2*

Shoot-off of ties on 9, miss-and-out:

J H Kroeger, 30.....21*
H Pape, 28.....210
G E Loeble, 30.....12220
C Inteman, 28.....11122
Thomforde, 28.....11*
C Steffens, 30.....11112

Shoot-off of ties on 8, miss-and-out:

F H Kastens, 28.....2*
Meyerdiercks, 28.....12
F Baar, 25.....0
H Rohlfs, 28.....11

Shoot-off of ties on 7, miss-and-out:

C Meyer, 30.....2121111
J Mohrman, 28.....0
W Sanders, 28.....2121110
J Hainhorst 2212211
Capt Meyer, 25.....w
H Gerdes, 25.....0

Shoot-off of ties on 5, miss-and-out:

F Ehlen, 28.....1
H Lohden, 25.....0
C Bohling, 25.....0

Team race, 5 birds per man; captains, Steffens and Meyer. Steffens' team won by a score of 29 to 27.

Steffens, captain, 30..11011—4
Brunie, 28.....*1111—4
Pape, 28.....12221—5
Hainhorst, 28.....20212—4
Rohlfs, 28.....21101—4
Meyerdiercks, 28.....20001—2
Sanders, 28.....12001—3
Bottman, ...2802210—3—29
Meyer, captain, 30...12022—4
Kastens, 28.....1111*—4
D Mohrman, 28.....22102—4
J Mohrman, 28.....111*1—4
Loeble, 30.....02022—3
Ehlen, 25 .....01102—3
Gerdes, 28.....20120—3
Lohden, 25.....1*001—2—27

Miss-and-out, $2 entrance:

Loebler, 30.....222112111122
Hainhorst, 28.....12212212110
Steffens, 30.....1110
Pape, 28 21110
Inteman, 28.....22111212111*
Rohlfs, 28 211112121110
C Meyer, 30 0

Loeble won with a score of 12.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., June 11.—Thirteen members faced the traps today. The weather conditions were all that could be desired.

Event No. 2, a handicap match for 25 birds, was tied for by Messrs. Babcock and Moffett, both scoring 22 breaks. In the shoot-off Babcock broke 24 to Moffett's 22, winning the prize of a subscription to FOREST AND STREAM.

Event No. 3, a handicap match at 25 birds, was won by Mr. Babcock also, who scored 23 breaks. Prize, a pocket lamp. The scores on the Parker gun or Winchester rifle were: Babcock 46, Moffett 44.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Babcock, 0	21	22	24	23	21
Kendall, 0	20	21	21	18	22
Matthews, 4	13	20	20	18	..
Wheeler, 0	20	21	..	..	..
Moffett, 0	20	22	17	18	22
Gunther, 0	20	21	21	18	23
Cockefair, 0	..	20	18	16	18

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Holloway, 6	..	..	22	..	17
Geo Batten, 7	..	..	23	..	14
Crane, 3	..	..	..	14	13
Bush	..	..	..	16	..
Cooke	..	..	..	17	12
Howard	..	..	..	..	13

Handicaps apply only in events 2 and 3.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

New Jersey State Championship.

Lake Denmark, N. J., June 9.—The contest for the live-bird championship of the State of New Jersey, between the holder, Mr. T. W. Morfey, of Dover, and Frank Muldoon, of Freehold, took place at Lake Denmark to-day.

The famous shooter, Mr. H. C. Koegel, refereed the match. He challenged Mr. Morfey, and will be a contestant for this championship on June 25. Lake Denmark will again be the place of contest.

Mr. Morfey lost only his seventh bird. Mr. Muldoon lost his fourteenth and nineteenth birds dead out, thus leaving Mr. Morfey the winner by a score of 24 to 22.

Morfey .....12221201122111221212212222—24
Muldoon .....12121122222121*2012*122211—22

Emerald Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., June 7.—The October and November shoots of the Emerald Gun Club were held at Outwater's to-day. The weather was hot and sultry. The birds varied from slow to fast. A six o'clock wind blew directly from the firing points to the trap. Mr. Schortemeier at 32yds., scored 9 in each event. In the October event, Schortemeier, Colquitt, Schoverling and Fischer each scored 9. In the November event, Colquitt, Whitley and Morrison scored 10. The scores:

	October Shoot.	November Shoot.
C Henry, 28	1012100210— 6	11*1111001— 7
L Colquitt, 30	1201221111— 9	1212222212—10
F Kall, 25	2100102011— 6	1201110001— 6
Al Schoverling, 30	2011211112— 9	0222212222— 9
W Keim, 28	2100020110— 5	2020120202— 6
L H Schorty, 32	1222102122— 9	2202112212— 9
Koegel, 30	0122011222— 8	2102112212— 9
T Short, 28	10221121*2— 8	12211*2221— 9
J Whitley, 28	1210112110— 8	1112211221—10
M Rierson, 28	1000110111— 6	1112022111— 9
J Morrison, 28	0200120122— 6	2222121122—10
Dr Hudson, 28	1101110221— 8	121*121011— 8
J Fischer, 28	1221011121— 9	2211111110— 9
W Catton, 28	001*102111— 6	*111011102— 7
Dakota, 28	0201*11021— 6	.....

Dakota was a guest.

WESTERN TRAP.

ON Tuesday, June 28, at the Adair, Ia., shoot, F. E. Gates is to be the manager.

When the Waterloo, Ia., trap shots unlimbered their guns on June 8, it was to try for a hat put up by a fellow townsman. With a handicap allowance, it was won by Webber, with 25, a full score.

The St. Paul Rod and Gun Club report many applicants for membership, and a total of forty-eight enrolled. The Saturday shoot was handicapped by bad weather, yet there were seventeen in attendance.

Programmes are out for the Homer-Ogden Gun Club shoot, which is set for July 6 and 7. C. B. Wiggins is the secretary and general manager. Shooters' headquarters, Danville. Grounds reached from Danville and Champaign via electric cars. 90 per cent. men shoot at 90yd. flights, and under 90 at 40yds. Money divided per cent. plan.

At a meeting of the Homer-Ogden Gun Club officers were elected as follows: Wm. McKinley, President; H. M. Smoot, Vice-President; C. B. Wiggins, Secretary; Frank Brewer, Captain. During the first shoot after a long drawn-out shoot-off, the gold badge was captured by S. L. Harris.

At Panama, Mo., the Central Coal and Coke Co. has donated a wine set for contest by the gun club, shooting 25 targets, four shoots, the high score to win.

The Belle Ellen Gun Club was organized last week at Birmingham, Ala., and has some of the best sportsmen of the country for members, viz.: John G. Cook, A. F. Lowell, Tom Dailey, A. Probst, W. Evans, Geo. Kuffner, R. E. Davis, Walter Tatum, Dr. M. C. Thomas, Dr. W. C. Head and Leo Brewster.

The Batavia, Ill., Gun Club will move their club house from the island to the east side, and will be at home in a few days.

Memphis has an idea of holding the biggest shoot ever attempted in the Mound City. Seven hundred dollars in cash, following the G. A. H., there will be a chance of drawing many of the professionals. And the five-man team challenge will have an acceptance, it is hoped. If not, then there will be a shoot with any five traveling experts who are present.

The Southwestern Washington Gun Club Association has been formed, and will hold shoots in that part of the State. First meeting at Elmo, July 2. The officers are: Dr. J. A. Walkins, of Kaquiam, President; D. W. Fleet, Montesano, Vice-President; A. O. St. John, Chehalis, Secretary.

Shooting at Canton, Mo., with the Lima Club, James Griffith, of Quincy, Ill., made the high score. In the team shoot he and his partner, Grimmer, were high. In the three-man team shoot Canton came first and Lima second. In all, there were thirty shooters present.

Bowling Green, O., Gun Club shot a practice race Wednesday. Some fair scores were made, but no straights.

The St. Hilaire, Minn., Gun Club has been organized with H. E. Ines, President; O. F. Post, Secretary. Traps, targets and grounds have been secured, and the members will hold club shoots the remainder of the season.

Capt. J. S. Sedam, one of the oldest active shooters in the West, arrived home in Denver last week, and it was the occasion for the members getting out to entertain him and start up regular practice for the great Western handicap, which comes off in July. There are still some hopes of securing the 1905 G. A. H. for the city so finely situated at the foot of the mountains.

Chas. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., while at the Fort Dodge, Ia., tournament, broke 115 targets straight.

Geo. B. Stager, made the best score, 45 out of 50, at the Winona Sportsmen's Club, Winona, on Wednesday last. F. M. Norris was second with 36.

The Bayou Shooting Club has been organized at Oshkosh, Wis. The incorporators are Geo. L. Madison, L. D. Harman, Phil H. Sawyer, Chas Nevitt, C. C. Chase, Wm. C. Bouck and Dr. C. W. Oviott.

The fall tournament of the Kentucky Trapshooters' League will be held at Paducah, Ky., Sept. 13, 14, 15 and 16. Better all get ready to go at that time for a "boss" time is assured without fail.

Waco, Tex., purposes to hold the biggest shoot of central Texas on June 16. Some good prizes are offered.

The Streator, Ill., Gun Club is spreading out, having placed traps in position and spent $100 in improvements. A tournament will be held by this club before snow flies.

Clayton and Tipton, of Kansas City, purpose to run a special car from Kansas City to Denver at the time the great Western handicap is on.

Did. Spencer broke 92 and T. W. Dollarhide 90 out of 100 targets at the Dallas, Tex., Club grounds last Wednesday.

Montana State meet, at Butte, was a great success from start to finish. Almost every event had fifty contestants, and over 100 shooters were present during the week. The annual meeting resulted in selecting Bozeman as the next meeting place, with Nelson Story, Jr., President; C. A. Tuttle, Anaconda, Vice-President; C. H. Smith, Butte, Secretary; Directors, Neal McMillan, of Idaho Falls; Fred Peckover, Anaconda; A. W. Farnsworth, Missoula. The Warm Springs Gun Club and the Idaho Falls Club were elected as members. The three-man team race, 25 targets, each, was won by the Bozeman Club, the members of which were Casey 23, Story 22, Schlechten 24; total 69. Butte No. 1 was second, as follows: Confarr 23, Goddard 19, Walker 22; total 64. The individual championship, 50 targets, was won by Twohy, 48. Handicap medal shoot, 100 targets, based on averages first two days, from 14 to 22yds., resulted in a tie, as follows: Confarr 91, Hirschy 91.



MONTCLAIR GUN CLUB.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, June 11.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the seventh and last trophy shoot of the first series.

T. W. Eaton won Class A trophy on 25 straight; Lord and Einfeldt, both visitors, tied his score. Thomas won Class B on 23, and Hathaway Class C on 20.

In the cup shoot, which followed, Pollard and Eaton tied for the trophy in Class A on 24. Stone won in Class B on 23, and Gould in Class C on 19. This event was at 15 singles and 5 pairs.

The day was fine for trapshooting, and about thirty shooters took part in the various events of the occasion. The entire club will be reclassified before the next shoot:

Trophy shoot:

Russel .....1110100000000101010110101—11
Dr Mack .....1111111111111111110111111—24
Pollard .....1111111101111011111111011—22
Lord .....1111111111111111111111111—25
Thomas .....1011111111111101111111111—23
Gould .....1001101110111101111101111—19
Stalmaker .....1011111111111001101101111—20
McDonald .....1101111111111010111101111—21
Stone .....1011111101101111111101011—20
Hibbard .....0011100010111101011101110—16
Johnson .....1010110111111101111111111—21
Ford .....1101110001111011011111110—18
Eaton .....1111111111111111111111111—25
Hathaway .....0111101100111011111111111—20
McKinnon .....0111111010111111111111111—22
Kissack .....0111100101111010111011011—17
Prinz .....0110101111110110011011111—18
C Einfeldt .....1111111111111101011111111—23
W A Jones.....1101111001011101111111111—20
Vernon .....0101110111111111111110111—21
W Einfeldt .....1111111111111011111011110—22
Walthers .....1111011111111111111111111—24
Chesterman .....0111011000100111101101111—16
Smeedes .....0011111101111111111111111—22
Tom Jones .....1111011111111111111111100—22
Walters .....1110110001000111010111100—14
Geotter .....1111111111111111111111111—25
Ostendorf .....0000111111101110001011111—16
Seymour .....1111101111101111111110011—21

Cup shoot:

Dr Meek	11	00	10	01	11	—21
Pollard	11	11	11	11	11	—24
Thomas	11	11	11	11	01	—21
Gould	11	01	11	10	10	—19
Stalmaker	10	11	10	00	10	—16
McDonald	11	11	01	11	11	—22
Stone	10	10	11	11	10	—23
Hibbard	10	11	01	10	10	—15
Johnson	00	11	11	11	11	—19
Ford	11	11	10	11	11	—19
Eaton	10	11	11	11	11	—24
Hathaway	10	11	11	11	01	—18
McKinnon	11	10	11	10	00	—16
Kissack	00	11	11	10	10	—14
Prinz	00	11	10	11	00	—10
C Einfeldt	11	11	11	11	11	—23
W A Jones	11	01	10	01	11	—18
W Einfeldt	11	11	11	11	11	—24
Chesterman	10	00	01	00	00	—12
Smeedes	00	10	11	10	11	—18
Tom Jones	00	10	10	11	11	—19
Waters	11	11	11	01	10	—18
Geotter	00	11	11	11	11	—19
Ostendorf	11	11	11	10	00	—14
Seymour	11	10	11	11	01	—19
Vernon	..	..	..	..	..	
Russel	10	10	11	10	01	—15

Other events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dr Meek	10	9	10	8	10	..
Pollard	10	9	9	9	10	..
Lord	9	9	9	9	..	..
Thomas	7	8	8	7	10	..
Gould	5	6	6	7	6	..
Stalmaker	5	7	4	6	6	8
McDonald	9	9	9	7	10	..
Stone	10	9	9	7	7	8
Hibbard	7	6	7	8	..	..
Johnson	7	9	8	8	..	..
Ford	..	9	10	..	..	..
Eaton	..	10	10	10	9	..
Hathaway	..	9	10	8	..	..
McKinnon	..	7	9	10	..	..
Kissack	..	..	8	7	8	9

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10
Prinz	..	..	2	2	5	3
C Einfeldt	..	..	8	8	..	..
W A Jones	..	..	8	7	8	8
W Einfeldt	..	..	8	10	..	..
Walters	..	..	10	9	..	..
Chesterman	..	..	9	6	..	..
Smeedes	..	..	..	7	..	..
Tom Jones	..	..	..	9	..	..
Waters	..	..	..	8	..	..
Ostendorf	..	..	..	8	..	..
Seymour	..	..	..	9	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	4	..	..
Russel	..	..	..	5	..	..
Geotter	..	..	..	7	8	..

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.



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LOWELL, MASS.

P. C. T. A Tournament.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—The initial tournament of the Pacific Coast Trapshooters' Association was held at Ingleside, on the grounds of the San Francisco Trapshooters' Association, on the days of May 29 and 30.

The programme proved an exceedingly interesting one, drawing forth knights of the gun from all parts of the State. Eighty-seven men shot through six events on the first day; sixty-five on the second day. The weather proved to be exceptional, having a little wind with it that made shooting quite difficult. Enthusiasm among the participants was of such an extent that on the first day 12,500 birds were trapped; on the second 9,000. On the first day seven straight scores were reported.

Arrangement of programme was the best that has been presented to the sportsmen for years past, everything working so smoothly that in running the six events through which the eighty-seven men shot throughout the day, it only consumed from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., with an hour for lunch each day.

High average the first day was made by Broderick with 108 out of a possible 120. Nauman followed, a close second, with 107.

Also among the interesting features of the day were team shoots, in which seven teams, five men each, took part. Out of a possible 100, the team scores were:

Golden Gate team No. 1, 95.
Union Gun Club, 90.
Hercules team, of Pinole, 87.
Watsonville team, 86.
Golden Gate team No. 2, 83.
Fresno team, 79.
Union Gun Club No. 2, 75.
Vallejo team, 71.

Pool shooting was indulged in with great interest by all shooters.

The second day was quite as interesting as the first, with the exception of a dropping off of some of the sportsmen who participated on the first day. Programme was the same as the first day, with an additional 100-bird race for the Bekeart challenge cup, which C. Nauman held heretofore. Eight men participated in this event, and a very close contest resulted therefrom, owing to the fact that Webb and Variem tied with 96. Iverson was second with 94, Broderick, Nauman and Sylvester tied with 92, Reed taking next place with 86, Stone finishing last with 78.

The weather was as fine as the day before, with the exception that it brought with it increased wind, making shooting more difficult. Large crowds of spectators witnessed the tournament both days.

Members of the Association held a banquet at 8:30 P. M. in the Russ House, and spent a pleasant evening in bringing back to memory the event of the two days, together with experiences of past years.

The Pacific Coast Trapshooters Association have elected to give another tournament during 1904.

The scores were:

	First Day.						Second Day.					
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	6
Anderson	15	16	18	17	17	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Ashlin	20	15	16	17	12	16	17	16	18	14	9	16
Albright	16	15	11	14	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
B Angonette	10	5	3	19	18	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Barker	16	15	17	19	18	18	17	18	16	18	16	16
J W Bradrick	17	19	17	16	15	13	16	16	16	19	18	18
Phil Bekeart	15	16	11	8	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
A J Burton	16	11	13	..	..	..	10	12	10	12	9	12
H Boysen	12	12	11	17	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jos Burns	16	12	16	..	20	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Burns	15	14	..	..	..	..	17	13	12	15	16	13
B J Baun	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Geo Barber	..	..	..	8	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barney	..	..	..	14	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carr	16	14	15	20	16	14	15	18	15	17	14	17
J H Clark	9	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C H Cate	15	19	17	14	17	16	15	14	13	18	17	17
M A Clark	14	16	16	15	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Chick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	..
D Daniels	18	17	17	13	16	17	18	19	14	15	13	18
Donahoe	17	18	17	17	14	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Dechow	8	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C H Drake	17	14	16	14	14	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
O Feudner	18	17	18	17	18	18	18	19	15	16	18	17
E Foster	16	18	16	18	20	19	16	14	17	18	17	18
F P Fanning	19	15	19	16	16	15	17	17	15	..	..	..
R Fuller	17	16	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H T Graham	16	11	10	16	10	12	18	12	12	13	16	13
A Flickinger	17	17	17	15	14	16	18	18	15	17	15	16
C Frankel	16	10	8	14	12	13	11	11	11	..	..	..
Gamble	17	19	8	15	17	18	..	..	..	17	17	15
W J Golcher	18	15	14	17	19	19	14	13	10	18	17	10
Green	16	14	17	17	18	18	15	11	11	18	18	16
Grimm	16	12	16	13	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
W S George	9	12	15	..	..	..	13	8	9	..	..	..
Gill	..	..	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hall	14	14	13	14	7	12	11	12	9	..	..	..
F J Hesse	16	14	17	18	11	14	20	17	15	..	..	..
W Hansen	19	18	16	17	17	16	16	14	18	14	17	15
Dr Hutton	18	18	14	11	12	12	13	14	16	12	11	12
H A Hoyt	17	16	17	17	17	17	17	14	16	15	19	18
J B Hauer	14	16	13	17	11	15	14	13	16	..	..	..
A Holdeclau	18	15	12	20	18	17	18	17	18	..	..	..
C Haight	16	16	17	18	16	19	16	15	14	16	19	17
H A Hodapp	16	9	11	14	12	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Hirschle	15	11	12	13	16	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Herring	..	..	..	16	15	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
M Iverson	19	18	15	18	17	17	18	18	15	17	15	12
H P Jacobsen	15	17	10	12	17	14	13	14	10	16	14	9
Johns	10	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C C Juster	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	12	13	..	..	..
E Klevesahl	18	14	17	17	17	17	17	8	16	18	17	18
H Klevesahl	16	18	15	16	16	13	8	17	12	..	..	..
J Karney	19	14	18	14	13	17	19	15	17	18	15	15
Kincannon	15	15	15	17	17	17	18	18	17	10	11	16
F Knick	9	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lowery	19	17	13	17	17	13	16	16	18	..	..	..
Lion	15	15	13	16	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Laing	12	17	18	15	13	11	16	14	14	15	15	10
Lewis	13	15	16	10	11	7	15	10	9	15	15	8
McMahon	13	12	12	17	15	13	..	..	..	14	14	14
McCutcheon	16	18	13	15	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mitchell	15	12	14	17	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moore	15	16	8	14	14	14	15	14	13	16	15	12
Muller	13	15	15	16	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Matthews	15	13	9	12	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Masterson	8	13	13	12	14	15	12	16	10	13	13	18
Magistrini	8	17	17	15	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Murdock	19	17	16	..	..	..	17	14	16	..	..	..
Monday	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nauman	18	19	18	18	17	17	20	17	15	20	20	20
O'Hara	10	10	7	16	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Price	10	14	11	13	15	11	14	12	13	..	..	..
Potter	15	13	18	13	17	15	17	15	18	..	..	..
Payne	17	16	17	16	16	17	..	..	..	13	9	13
Pisani	17	16	17	16	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Petries	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	15	13	16	16	16
Roberts	14	14	12	16	16	15	16	10	11	..	..	..
Reed	17	19	18	18	17	16	18	16	15	20	17	16
Ryan	20	16	16	14	13	12	12	15	14	16	18	17
C Sylvester	17	16	18	14	17	18	20	17	15	16	16	18
Stone	15	15	16	17	16	17	14	16	13	18	17	18
Sears	15	19	13	17	16	15	19	18	14	19	19	16
G Sylvester	19	19	17	16	17	14	17	16	19	14	19	19
Slade	18	18	16	11	12	16	17	16	14	15	19	15
Slusser	18	16	17	20	18	15	16	13	13	..	..	..
Stone	16	16	20	18	17	16	17	13	12	..	..	..
Shields	18	14	13	18	13	18	..	..	..	15	17	15
Swarts	14	11	..	13	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Swecney	..	..	..	14	17	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Verain	19	18	18	16	17	18	19	17	15	19	16	16
Webb	19	19	18	16	16	16	19	18	18	17	18	17
Work	19	16	16	12	16	16	15	18	15	17	14	15
Wattles	19	15	16	15	14	15	20	13	17	..	..	..
Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	14	..	..	..

Team shoot, May 29:

Golden Gate No. 1, of San Francisco—O. Feudner 17, C. Nauman 20, A. C. Webb 20, R. C. Reed 20, E. Klevesahl 18; total 95.

Union No. 1, of San Francisco—J. Bradrick 18, M. Iverson 17, D. Daniels 18, G. Sylvester 19, C. A. Haight 18; total 90.

Hercules, of Pinole—C. Sylvester 18, Moore 15, W. Hansen 19, Kincannon 18, Lowery 17; total 87.

Fresno—F. J. Fanning 17, G. Stone 18, P. Stone 16, Holdclau 14, J. J. Ryan 14; total 79.

Watsonville—Barker 15, Green 16, Varien 20, Carr 19, Work 16; total 86.

Golden Gate No. 2, of San Francisco—Potter 16, H. Klevesahl 14, E. Foster 17, W. S. Wattles 18, Gamble 18; total 83.

Union No. 2 of San Francisco—J. McCutcheon 17, H. P. Jacobsen 14, Herring 16, Hoyt 15, T. Lewis 13; total 75.

Vallejo—P. Magistrini 12, Drake 17, Clark 16, O'Hara 15, Hirschle 11; total 71.

Team shoot, May 30; Bekeart challenge cup race:

Golden Gate No. 1, of San Francisco—O. Feudner 18, C. Nauman 20, A. C. Webb 19; total 57.

Union No. 1, of San Francisco—M. Iverson 18, G. Sylvester 20, D. Daniels 18; total 56.

Union No. 2, of San Francisco—J. Bradrick 18, Dr. Petries 17, Gamble 20; total 55.

Golden Gate No. 2, of San Francisco—E. Klevesahl 17, R. C. Reed 17, E. Foster 19; total 53.

Watsonville—Green 18, Carr 14, Verain 19; total 51.

Hercules, of Pinole—W. Hansen 14, C. Sylvester 17, Kincannon 19; total 50.

Fresno—Stone 18, F. J. Fanning 16, Wattles 13; total 47.

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 6.—Inclosed find report of our regular club shoot. The weather was very threatening, which accounts for the slim attendance. We have secured forty-eight new members, and some are very enthusiastic, and I can promise to send you some good scores before the season is over.

Perry shot at 85, broke 80; Pleiss, 150—129; Kirschbaum, 90—68; Cat, 125—113; Arthur, 105—65; Hanser, 150—137; Frankel, 95—50; Schubbel, 60—22; F. Novotny, 55—48; Picka, 55—25; Allgauer, 25—14; E. Novotny, 100—88; Bokeman, 70—53; Neilson, 75—42; J. Novotny, 55—46; C. Hauser, 30—24; Schulstad, 100—71.

A. E. P.

Milton Tournament.

MILTON, Pa.—The spring tournament of the Milton Rod and Gun Club, May 31, which promised to be the greatest event of the kind in this section, was not very largely attended on account of very stormy weather. Rain came down in torrents each morning, and the sports from neighboring towns, who never have use for water in any form, kept away from the shoot.

The programme, according to promise, was shot through, and some excellent scores made. First day Hawkins was high gun with 167 out of 170; he broke 100 straight at Social Gun Club's tournament on Decoration Day, and with 133 straight in Richmond, Va., a few days before, made him the wonderful record of 400 out of 403 targets. Everett was high amateur.

Second day the weather was even worse. The attendance in the gallery was large, but not as many marksmen. Squiers, fresh from other victories, captured high gun with 162, to 159. Godcharles was high amateur.

This club will hold a large live pigeon match some time in July, and their annual fall tournament will be in September.

Scores follow:

First Day, May 31.

Targets:	10	10	15	20	15	15	25	15	20	15	Broke.
Rike	9	8	15	19	12	13	20	10	19	10	14 — 149
Johnson	8	8	14	20	15	13	18	..	..	..	14 — 110
Hull	7	9	13	18	12	11	23	14	18	9	14 — 146
Hawkins	10	10	14	20	14	15	24	15	20	10	15 — 167
Godcharles	8	7	12	18	11	11	22	12	17	7	12 — 137
Apgar	10	8	14	18	15	14	22	13	18	9	13 — 154
Dimmick	8	10	14	16	14	14	23	15	16	6	14 — 150
Everett	10	7	14	12	15	13	22	18	20	8	13 — 154
Bissel	9	9	13	18	12	11	20	14	14	6	11 — 137
Harris	5	5	10	12	8	9	19	6	16	3	7 — 102
Fox	5	4	7	..	9	12	15	12	..	..	12 — 76
Troxell	8	8	8	12	11	11	..	..	..	5	.. — 63
Feniour	5	5	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	5	.. — 22
Koch	5	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	.. — 29
Rangler	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	.. — 21
Snyder	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	.. — 13
Klingler	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. — 8
Dougal	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	8	14	5	.. — 40
Rothe	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	7	..	..	10 — 29
Rossell	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	12	..	7	8 — 40
De Haas	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	8	.. — 16
Geltz	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	4	..	..	.. — 14

Second Day, June 1.

Targets:	10	10	15	20	15	15	25	15	20	15	Broke.
Rike	9	8	18	17	10	11	19	11	14	..	.. — 112
Apgar	8	9	15	19	12	14	20	14	18	9	14 — 152
Hawkins	10	9	15	16	13	12	25	13	20	10	14 — 159
Squiers	9	10	15	18	14	15	24	13	19	10	15 — 162
Hull	9	9	13	17	13	14	23	14	18	7	15 — 152
Godcharles	8	8	14	15	14	10	20	9	17	7	11 — 133
Bissell	10	7	11	17	12	12	18	13	..	6	13 — 119
Harris	8	8	11	14	14	8	9	7	14	..	.. — 93
Fox	9	9	9	17	8	9	18	..	..	4	.. — 65
Rangler	8	6	..	..	..	..	18	..	14	9	11 — 67
Seidall	4	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. — 17
Hartig	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	8	4	3 — 26
De Haas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	16	8	.. — 35
H Strine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	.. — 7
Derr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5 — 5

THOS. A. GODCHARLES.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 4.—

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		
Moller	15	20	22	14	18	20	18	18	21	225	166
Comstock	16	19	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	100	67
Moore	16	19	15	21	19	15	18	21	..	200	144
Nash	19	20	20	19	22	15	19	..	..	175	134
Parry	18	21	16	17	23	19	17	..	..	175	131
Dickman	19	17	18	17	20	21	..	..	..	150	112
Medico	18	15	19	22	21	16	15	..	..	175	126
Steffin	20	16	18	15	13	..	..	..	..	125	82
Hill	14	9	13	19	12	..	..	..	..	125	57
Anderson	14	16	11	18	19	..	..	..	..	125	78
Reed	21	23	22	22	..	..	..	..	..	100	88
Oscuro	18	19	22	22	..	..	..	..	..	100	81
Gregory	16	19	18	19	..	..	..	..	..	100	72
Wise	13	20	18	16	..	..	..	..	..	100	67
Dixon	20	20	20	20	18	17	..	..	..	150	117
Heaton	15	16	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	51
Armstrong	12	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	32
Morris	15	5	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	33
Barrett	12	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	32
Williams	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	13
Scib	14	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	32
Bell	15	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	40
Konstanzer	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	18
Buck	14	18	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	51
Wanda	19	21	18	16	17	..	..	..	..	125	91
Scott	17	21	20	16	19	19	..	..	..	150	112
Michaelis	22	22	22	21	..	..	..	..	..	100	87
Hebich	13	14	11	16	..	..	..	..	..	100	54
Springstein	14	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	32
Blackburn	20	15	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	100	62
Johnson	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	12
B Failey	18	20	20	20	17	17	16	21	..	200	149
M Failey	18	18	3	9	8	1	9	5	..	200	71
Fugate	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	32
Davis	16	20	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	50
Moellerschoen	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	15

Ohio Trap.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

JUNE 11 was fine. Attendance was not as large as usual, however, only fourteen taking part in the Parker prize gun shoot. Of these, twelve succeeded in scoring 100, including their handicap. Faran was high man in actual breaks, accounting for 90. Peters, who is steadily improving in his shooting, was second with 88.

The club will be represented at the State shoot at Akron, by Messrs. Gambell, Falk, Ahlers and Maynard. Some Akron money will be spent in Cincinnati on their return.

The following members shot their scores in the cash prize shoot on June 5, not being able to attend on the previous day. Handicap distance in parentheses: Dick (19) 39, Rybolt (17) 38, Davies (18) 35, Bleh (18) 31.

Mr. Dick Pooler, of Chattanooga, Tenn., well known to all shooters, and a general favorite with sportsmen, visited the grounds on June 5, as the guest of Supt. Gambell. Following are the scores of the Parker prize gun shoot, 100 targets, handicap: Faran (18) 100, Peters (20) 100, Harig (40) 100, Block (18) 100, Maynard (18) 100, Steinman (22) 100, Jay Bee (25) 100, Kramer (40) 100, Herman (30) 100, Pohlar (35) 100, Pfeiffer (40) 100, Boeh (40) 100, Lindsley (25) 96, Randall (15) 90.

Matches, 25 targets, two high men out: Gambell 22, 21, 23; Harig 22, 21, 24; Peters 20, 21, 23; Williams 23, 18, 21; Faran 21, 24, 21.

Shoot-off of tie in last match, 25 targets: Gambell 22, Peters 23.

Phellis Trophy.

A team from the Cincinnati Gun Club visited Dayton, O., on June 7 and shot a match with the Buckeye Gun Club, of that place, for the Phellis trophy, emblematic of the six-man team championship of the State. The day was an ideal one for the sport, and the pleasure of the occasion for the Cincinnati boys was marred only by their failure to capture the cup. However, they are good losers.

Lindemuth was high gun in the match, missing but one target out of the 50. Spangler second with 48, missing one in each 25. For the Cincinnatis, Faran made high score of 44, shooting in about his usual form, while Sweeney and Harig were second with 42 each, not as good a score as they are capable of making. The Cincinnati team was not the one originally selected, some changes being made at the last moment.

Phellis trophy match, six-man teams, 50 targets per man, 16yds. Open to six-man teams of any organized gun club in the State:

Buckeye Gun Club.			Cincinnati Gun Club.		
Lindemuth	24	25—49	Faran	21	23—44
Spangler	24	24—48	Harig	19	23—42
Raymond	22	23—45	Sweeney	20	22—42
Miller	22	22—44	Ahlers	20	21—41
Craig	23	17—40	Gambell	20	21—41
McDonald	19	18—37	Don Minto	17	17—34
	134	129 263		117	127 244

At the conclusion of the match several sweepstakes were shot, the wind-up of the day being a 25-target sweep, $1 entrance, two moneys. In this match the visitors carried off all the money, Gambell being high with 24, and Sweeney second with 23.

Notes.

Fifteen shooters took part in the medal shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club on June 8. The weather was fine, and some good scores were made. P. Hanauer and C. Ballman tied for the medal on 25 or better, the former winning in the shoot-off, 9 to 8. Lockwood and A. Mack tied for second on 24 each.

The club may have a try for the Phellis trophy, now held by the Buckeye Gun Club, before long, and should be able to put up a good fight.

Six members took part in the badge shoot of the Greenville, O., Gun Club on June 6, Eidson, Kirby and Barker tying for first on full scores of 25. In the free-for-all events Johns was high with 43 out of 50.

There was a good attendance at the regular shoot of the Little Home Gun Club, of Toledo, O., which was held at Point Place on June 8, and some of the shooters did excellent work.

Some changes have been made in the conditions governing the contests for the Shooting and Fishing trophy. The number of men has been changed from five to six on a team; the number of targets from 30 singles and 10 doubles to 50 singles. The teams to shoot in squads of six men, three from each team, the contestants moving after each shot until each man has shot at 25 targets, when the first squad gives way to the second, and so on, to the end of the match. Ties to be shot off at once, at 25 targets per man.

On June 4 the Cleveland, O., Gun Club held a regular club shoot on their grounds, Mayfield Road. Tryon was high gun and won first in Class A, J. I. C taking second. In Class B first went to Burns and second to Doolittle. L. A. Hall was first in Class C. First and second in Class D went to Scott and Wallace respectively.

The Akron, O., Gun Club entertained the members of the Canton Gun Club at Turkey Foot Lake on May 28. A pleasant little shoot was held in the afternoon in which twenty-five shooters took part, Krider being high gun with 50 straight, and Wagoner and Galt tying for second with 49 each. After the shoot all hands sat down to an excellent fish dinner, which was served in the club house.

The Canton, O., Gun Club Decoration Day shoot was a very successful affair, forty-seven shooters taking part, including a number of visiting sportsmen. R. L. Trimble was high gun with 197 out of 215 shot at. G. E. Wagoner, of Akron, second with 189. Haak, a close third, with 188 and Snow fourth with 185. A team match between the Akron and Canton gun clubs resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 202 to 195. Haak, of the home team, was high gun with 48 out of 50, and second and third places were filled by J. K. W. and Wagoner, of the Akrons, with 46 and 44 respectively.

Ligonier Tournament.

LIGONIER, Pa., June 9.—The joint shoot of the Westmoreland County League and the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooting League, took place at Ligonier, Pa., on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 7 and 8, under the auspices of the Ligonier Gun Club.

Notwithstanding the threatening weather on Tuesday morning, the attendance was good, as forty-eight shooters faced the traps, most of them shooting through the programme. Tuesday was devoted to the Jack Rabbit system of division of moneys, the same seeming to please all present. Wednesday's shooting was conducted under the Rose system, and the attendance was not as large; still, this was expected, as generally the first day in all shoots, the attendance is the best.

Shooters were present from Ruffsdale, Scottsdale, Pittsburg, Blairsville, Derry, Greensburg, and Wilkinsburg, Pa.

The trade was represented by L. J. Squier, J. R. Hull, H. P. Fessenden, and E. D. Fulford, who, after the last shot was fired Wednesday afternoon, amused those present by a few of his stories, told as only Ed. can tell them.

High average for the first day went to R. S. Deniker, with 143 out of 155. Second, E. D. Fulford, with 142 out of 155. Third, a tie between J. T. Atkinson and L. J. Squier, each breaking 140. Fourth, Geo. Cochran, with 139.

High average for the second day resulted in a tie between E. D. Fulford and L. J. Squier, each breaking 167 out of 175. Second, J. T. Atkinson, with 165. Third, Geo. Cochran, with 161, and fourth, Ed. Kelsey, with 158.

General average for the shoot: First, E. D. Fulford, with 309 out of 330, and L. J. Squier, second with 307; Third, J. T. Atkinson, 305, and Geo. Cochran, fourth, with 300.

The five-man team race, Westmoreland County Trapshooters' League, events 4, 5, 6, and 7 on the first day, went to the Ligonier team, with a total of 215 out of 250. Scottdale was second with 197, and Derry third with 194.

The three-man team race, Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, events 5, 6, and 7, on the second day went to Herron Hill team with a total of 134 out of 150; second, Northside, with 132; third, Ligonier and Scottdale tie, each getting 124.

First Day, June 7.

Targets:	15	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	15	15	Broke.
J. O'H. Denny	13	10	13	9	14	10	9	11	10	9	11	119
J L	9	11	12	8	13	14	9	13	12	13	10	124
F Denny	9	10	9	8	9	9	8	12	10	12	13	109
Nicely	11	12	10	8	11	11	10	13	15	15	10	126
Menoher	10	11	8	9	12	13	7	13	6	..	..	89
Kimmell	11	13	11	9	10	13	7	..	..	..	..	74
Myers	9	13	14	6	9	10	8	9	..	..	..	78
Stewart	8	10	12	8	10	12	10	10	..	..	..	81
Smith	7	9	12	8	11	12	7	7	..	..	..	73
Hackett	10	11	12	9	15	11	6	14	10	..	..	98
Atkinson	13	13	15	10	14	15	9	14	11	12	14	140
Squier	14	14	11	8	15	15	7	11	15	15	15	140
Fleming	12	12	12	9	15	13	7	11	14	14	12	131
Hull	10	11	12	9	13	11	10	12	15	13	15	131
Fulford	11	14	14	9	15	15	10	13	15	13	13	142
Rahm	13	13	13	9	14	10	7	11	13	7	11	120
Pontefract	11	11	14	6	12	12	8	14	13	13	10	124
Kelsey	11	15	14	8	14	14	8	12	14	14	12	136
A H King	11	14	14	9	12	13	0	13	14	15	13	137
Cochran	15	14	13	10	13	15	10	15	10	11	13	139
Deniker	15	12	12	9	14	15	9	14	15	14	14	143
Carroll	12	11	11	8	12	12	8	13	13	13	11	124
Poole	9	11	14	9	10	11	6	12	13	14	9	118
Frost	10	11	12	7	12	10	6	..	..	..	..	68
A B Kelly	12	11	13	9	13	13	9	12	14	12	12	130
Andrews	11	8	12	8	11	13	7	14	10	11	7	112
Knode	13	12	14	10	8	14	10	14	12	15	14	136
Ambrust	12	12	14	9	13	8	13	13	11	11	13	125
A J Lint	10	13	13	8	11	11	7	11	..	..	..	84
Graham	8	9	12	7	12	12	6	13	10	10	11	110
Best	14	12	12	8	12	14	6	13	..	..	..	91
E J Kelly	5	13	10	7	8	10	8	10	..	..	..	71
Brown	13	9	11	8	8	11	8	13	..	..	..	81
Low	10	12	12	8	13	13	7	11	10	10	14	120
Breniser	..	14	9	8	11	14	8	12	13	12	..	101
Null	7	8	7	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	34
Sunshine	9	8	7	7	10	9	7	9	11	10	11	98
Price	7	7	13	9	12	11	8	12	..	..	..	79
Ramsey	11	12	13	6	13	13	9	14	12	11	10	124
L W Lint	10	9	11	8	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	56
R Laughrey	..	..	..	6	11	14	10	12	11	..	..	64
Volk	..	..	..	4	11	9	5	12	13	7	..	61
Barnhart	..	..	..	3	7	8	4	6	8	..	..	36
Beatty	..	..	..	..	8	13	7	10	10	9	8	65
Witherow	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	12	11	..	39
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	15	12 50
Rankin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	11	10 41

Team race, first day, events 4, 5, 6, and 7, 50 targets:

Ligonier Team—Deniker 47, L. J. 44, J. O'H. Denny 42, Ramsey 41, Breniser 41; total 215.

Scottdale Team—A. B. Kelly 44, Ambrust 41, Carroll 40, Lint 37, Frost 35; total 197.

Derry Team—Stewart 41, Hackett 41, Best 40, Kimmell 39, Meyers 33; total 194.

Second Day, June 8.

Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Atkinson	14	20	14	20	14	18	13	18	14	20	165
Squier	14	19	14	20	15	18	14	19	15	19	167
Hull	13	17	14	15	14	16	12	17	12	18	148
Fleming	12	19	12	19	14	18	13	18	15	17	157
Fulford	15	20	14	20	14	18	13	18	15	20	167
Rahm	11	17	12	14	12	16	11	16	8	13	130
Pontefract	13	17	15	17	12	18	12	15	13	17	148
Kelsey	13	16	15	17	14	20	15	18	13	17	158
A H King	13	15	14	19	14	17	15	16	14	17	154
Cochran	14	15	15	17	14	20	15	19	14	18	161
Andrews	8	16	10	17	11	18	12	16	12	16	136
Knode	13	19	14	18	13	17	13	17	14	17	155
J. O'H Denny	12	17	8	18	13	18	14	18	8	13	134
Graham	10	16	13	16	13	16	11	16	9	16	136
Low	12	19	8	17	10	14	14	11	13	14	132
Deniker	12	18	13	18	13	18	13	16	11	17	149
Carroll	13	15	12	20	9	17	10	16	15	18	145
Poole	13	16	14	17	11	18	12	17	14	18	150
A B Kelly	8	17	13	14	14	17	14	18	14	15	144
Ambrust	10	17	12	20	15	18	15	20	13	20	160
F Denny	..	..	..	19	13	13	13	15	11	15	99
Hackett	..	..	..	14	10	14	11	..	..	..	49
W Carroll	..	..	..	..	13	13	14	16	10	16	82
T J	..	..	..	..	13	18	12	17	13	18	91

Team race, second day, events 5, 6 and 7, 50 targets:

Herron Hill Team—Kelsey 49, A. H. King 46, Rahm 39; total 134.

Northside Team—Fleming 45, Deniker 44, Knode 43; total 132.

Ligonier Team—J. O'H. Denny 45, T. J. 40, F. Denny 39; total 124.

Scottdale Team—A. B. Kelly 45, W. Carroll 43, D. Carroll 36; total 124.

Wasett Team—Squier 47, Atkinson 45, Fulford 45; total 137. This team not eligible, as they are not in the League, but shot along to keep the boys company.

H. P. F.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The regular weekly shoot of the Analostan Gun Club was held June 9. Although it was a disagreeable afternoon for shooting, on account of a very high wind and threatening rain, all shooters were in attendance, and the sport was kept up until 6:30, when the trap broke down and put an end to it. J. B. Brown did some remarkable work, scoring 39 out of 40 and 47 out of 50. Uncle Billy Wagner, Jos. H. Hunter, Mr. Petrola and Capt. Craig shot well and made some creditable scores, considering the conditions. Following are the scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
J H Hunter	110	93	Green	50	31
Heintz	100	63	C S Wilson	40	30
Wagner	90	77	*Haven	40	20
Petrola	90	69	Orrison	35	17
Craig	80	63	W H Hunter	30	22
Kennedy	60	40	*Coleman	30	13
Nutting	60	39	Dr Taylor	30	15
J B Brown	50	47	Wilhite	20	15
Taylor	50	39	Peyton	20	15
Hogan	50	38	C Hunter	10	7
Duvall	50	36			

*Shot 20-gauge gun.

MILES TAYLOR, Sec'y.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

G. W. Cole Company, 218 Washington Life Building, New York, have prepared a booklet of eminent testimonials from eminent manufacturers of shotguns and rifles, etc. They will be pleased to send it free to applicants.

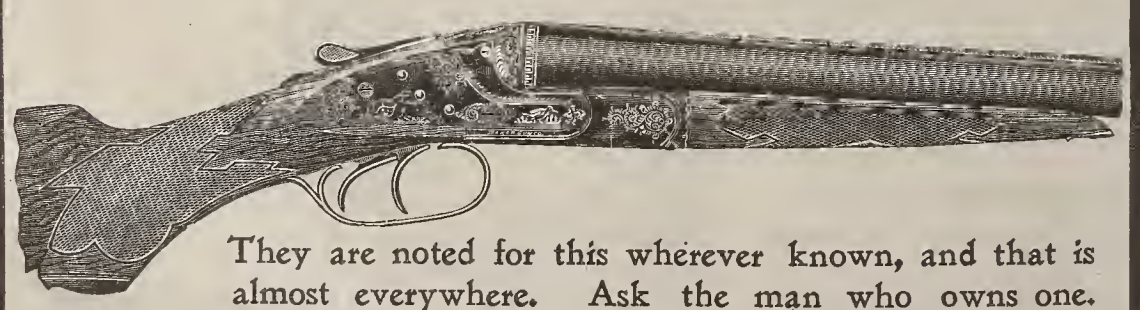
PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Moose Head Lake is now open for navigation, and the Coburn Steamboat Company have resumed service for the summer. The Pullman parlor car service has been resumed between Bangor and Caribou. Schedule of the above changes can be obtained by application to the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, Bangor, Maine.

We have often had occasion to speak of the importance of comfortable footgear to the person spending much of his time out of doors. The sportsman tourist—man or woman, walker or rider, land or water traveler—must have shoes or boots adapted to the special work that he or she wishes to perform. The footgear manufactured by M. A. Smith & Son, of 25-27 North Thirteenth street, Philadelphia, Pa., is the product of many years' experience of shoemaking, in which the practical suggestions of hundreds of sportsmen have been considered. Catalogue of this footwear will be sent on application.

The demand for Dr. H. Clay Glover's dog remedies comes from all parts of the world, and he has recently issued a Spanish pamphlet, which he uses in advertising his mange cure in the Spanish speaking countries. In sending this, Dr. Glover says: "I wish to express my appreciation of the advertising columns of your valuable paper, as it has done more toward increasing my foreign trade than any other paper. I have had parties write for my pamphlet "Diseases of the Dog and How to Feed" and mention that they saw the advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM. These parties have written from Japan, China, Russia, Chili, Brazil, Cuba, Australia, and New Zealand, a letter from the last country being received to-day, which I inclose."

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FOREST AND STREAM.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE COLD STORAGE CASE.

THE New York cold storage case drags its slow length along. The latest report of progress comes in the form of an opinion handed down by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court on Friday of last week.

The suit was brought in August, 1901, against the Arctic Freezer Company, consisting of Jacob V. Bootman and Howard R. Robinson, for the possession in close season of thousands of game birds and other birds, the penalties for which aggregated $1,168,315.

The case progressed through various courts, the amount of penalties recoverable being reduced for various reasons, mainly because of defects in the wording of the law, until in February, 1903, the Court of Appeals held that the State might sue to recover penalties amounting to $318,518, for certain of the game birds and song birds. When the case came to trial, it was dismissed, the court holding that as the birds had been brought in from outside of New York, the law forbidding possession in close season did not apply to them. From this ruling the State appealed, and it is this appeal which has just been passed upon by the Appellate Division in the opinion which we print on another page.

The Appellate Division sustains the finding of the lower court. It holds that the purchaser of game outside of the State, who brings it into the State at a time when its possession is lawful, acquires in it a property right of which he may not constitutionally be deprived by the Legislature. Further, such confiscation of property being unconstitutional, its unconstitutional nature cannot be affected by an act of Congress.

If the principle here enunciated, of the absolute and unrestricted nature of property in dead game, be admitted, it follows that the opinion of the Appellate Division might well be accepted as final. But the interesting fact is that in numerous instances the courts have taken a different view, and have declared that the property right acquired in game is a qualified right only, and is subject to such restrictions as the Legislature may deem expedient to attach to it. This, indeed, is the basis of very much of our game legislation. If property in game be absolute and not subject to restriction by the Legislature, we could have no laws whatever regulating possession in close season, with respect to game imported nor to game taken within the State. As a matter of fact, however, it is conceded that as to game taken within the State, the Legislature may forbid possession in close season; and as to such game it is held that the possessor may acquire only the qualified right to possess it in the open season. In this Arctic Freezer suit, the State representatives assumed that if the law made the possession of game unlawful at certain periods, the right of the individual to possess it in that forbidden period could not be acquired, no matter where the game came from. The Appellate Division does not share this view.

The principle has been repeatedly sustained, and by the Court of Appeals of the State. To that court the present case will be taken. If the State shall be defeated there, on the same ground of the law's unconstitutionality, the case will be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. The point is one which should be settled once for all by the highest authority in the land. The interests at stake are tremendous. Without a final establishment of the right of the State to stop the sale of game in close season—of all game, without regard to its origin—our system of protection must be only partial and inadequate.

The question of the constitutionality of the laws which forbid possession of imported game in close season cannot be affected by the Lacey Act. As we pointed out long ago, if a statute conflicts with the constitution of the State, or with that of the United States, the conflict cannot be removed by act of Congress. Only a revision of the constitution could do that. If the upper courts should confirm the view of the Appellate Division as to the constitutional right of a New York game dealer to possess in close season tons of game birds and song birds purchased in other States, Congress will be powerless to provide any other remedy than such as may restrain transportation between the States.

JUNE DAYS.

IF the days of June offer to the gunner no attractions more enticing than lazy comfort out of doors, they are the best days for the angler. In following the streams and hoping to take the big fish, all thought of comfort is lost sight of. This is the work that is play.

To sprawl on the grass and stare up at leaves which have not yet exchanged their vernal freshness for the darker hue of summer, is pleasant, if not exciting; and if loafing absolutely palls, it is not yet so warm but that one may take some vigorous physical exercise, though, if he has the choice, he will do well to journey through the woods, or along shaded lanes, rather than to follow the dusty highway or even to cross his neighbor's mowing lot.

These are days when, if one is building for himself a summer retreat such as the Vermont home that Mr. Brown recently described, he may put vigor into his ax strokes, may lay up the stone chimney of his cabin, or may pile log on log around the building and feel at night a pride at the growth which walls have made toward roof tree.

Yet not many of us have the leisure to partake of joys like this. We have to work most of the time. If we are lucky enough to be in the country, we may sit on the piazza at morning or evening or on Sundays and listen to the rustle of leaves, the hum of insects, or the boom of surf upon the beach. We may watch the robin and the wood thrush as they hop over the lawn, stopping now and then to look, or bending forward and turning the head, held close to the ground, as if listening for the movement of some unseen prey. We may see the great crow blackbird, large of head, glossy of plumage, and long of tail, stalk over the grass with dignified march as he searches for food for his clamorous and growing family, hidden away in the thick top of spruce or pine tree. After all, the birds that we watch are a good deal like ourselves, and like every other living thing—their first care is food to eat. The birds are satisfied with this, but we humans want a piece of land, a house, more or less elaborate, clothing, diamond rings, automobiles, and a lot of other non-essentials which do not actually add to our comfort, though we imagine they do. Has any of us ever had such a good time as when, alone or with a single companion, he journeys far from his fellows, a good horse between his legs, a few pounds of dried meat his sole provision, and no property except his arms and a buffalo robe or a pair of blankets? Would the angler exchange his days on the stream with their black flies and wet and heat and cold and disappointment, for any other excursion that could be named?

June is the month of weddings and of roses, and it is leafy, but it is pre-eminently a month of out of doors. Two other months in the year equal it in this respect—October and November. They offer a tang and a tonic not found in June, but again, for the most part—though not always—they lack the mildness and the softness of its best days.

MONEY VALUE OF A STATE'S GAME.

IT has often been pointed out that the game of a State has a definite money value, and this value is constantly increasing as the area of civilization expands and the territory occupied by the game contracts. One of the earliest writers to call attention to this fact was Mr. Lucius Hubbard, of Maine, who, a good many years ago, gathered some statistics as to the probable money value to that State of the game found in it. These figures have since been confirmed again and again. It has been pointed out that the non-resident hunting licenses for big game received by Maine last year amounted to more than $25,000; in other words, to more than the annual appropriation for the maintenance of the Maine Commission of Fisheries and Game, and the carrying on of its work.

The figures compiled by the Maine Commissioners for the year 1902 showed that the visitors from without the State gave employment to considerably over 4,000 people, who received in wages nearly $268,000. The cash paid in for board from non-resident visitors was over $1,370,000.

It has been estimated that each of the 133,885 visitors to the State in 1902 left there $100, but if the amount expended was only half that, the total was very large. Of the persons who visit Maine each summer, a very large number are attracted by the shooting and the fishing, or if not directly by that, at least by the fact that some member of the family desires to be where shooting and fishing can be had. The summer and autumnal visitor is an important factor in the prosperity of many of the inhabitants of Maine or of Michigan or of various Provinces of Canada.

If the summer visitor goes to Maine, the winter visitor goes to Florida, or Texas, or Louisiana, or North Carolina. He spends money for his winter pleasures, just as his neighbor does for the pleasure of the summer. He pays his railroad fare, his non-resident fee, and his hotel or board bill, and hires his guide; he brings to the State money that otherwise would not be brought.

The mild climate, the open golf links, and the pleasant piney woods attract not a few men to the South, but it is the Bob White of the uplands and the wildfowl of the marshes that bring most of them. It is worth while, therefore, for each State of North and South alike to recognize that in the game and fish which in old times swarmed on the land and in the waters—and which, if properly guarded, would again become abundant—they have an attraction which will bring within their borders great numbers of people, eager for recreation, and willing and glad to spend freely their money in its pursuit.

The game of every State is an asset of great value, and one which, if properly handled, will pay steady and sure annual dividends.

THAT exposition of the value of the quail as an ally of the farmer, printed last week, was convincing, but one may tremble lest it prove too much. We have been working in this country for years to create an enlightened appreciaton of the office of insectivorous birds as allies of the farmer, and that lesson has been pretty thoroughly learned. If to the forces of other insect eaters protected by public opinion the quail shall be recruited, where shall the sportsman as the destroyer of quail find himself? Already in isolated instances he is shut out from well stocked fields; a correspondent of the Division of Entomology reports that after the discovery of seventeen cut-worms in the crop of a quail shot on a Texas farm, "that stopped the killing of quail, so far as my grandfather's place was concerned." But there need be no fear that quail shooting sportsmen will ever actually be deprived of their sport; for as a matter of fact it is the quail shooter to whom the farmer is indebted for the bird's protection. Had it not been for the efforts of the sportsmen themselves, the quail would long ago have been exterminated from vast areas where they now abound. The quail shooter has always been, and will always be, the most active and efficient protector of the birds, for the simple reason that he has a very definite and actual interest in their preservation. His concern to insure good shooting is a more potent stimulus to game protection than the most profound appreciation of the bird's value as an insect destroyer can ever prove. Note for a late example of what sportsmen are doing in this field the recent enterprise of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, in putting out, all over the State, 181 dozens live quail, at a cost of about $3,000. This work was undertaken in consequence of the quail extermination by the extreme cold of last winter; and if all goes well it will mean a restoration of the birds, which will be of general public benefit.

A CLERGYMAN who must be without a saving sense of humor has published for his fellow sermon writers a book of texts and illustrations, entitled, "Fresh Bait for Fishers of Men." This recalls a story which a well-known preacher tells of himself, that being invited to preach to Vassar College, he found, to his consternation, when in the pulpit, that he had brought the wrong sermon. The one he had with him was on the text, "I will make you fishers of men." Needless to say the young ladies were edified.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Log Cabins.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Brown's graphic description of the evolution of a log cabin, in a June number of your paper, reminds me that I have lived in one nearly twenty years. For more than eighteen years I lived in a tiny cabin, 8 by 12; then put up a cabin 14 by 18, made of pine logs that were about one foot in diameter.

While I clung to the small cabin, the most of my time was passed in the open air. I slept outdoors from April 1, until about Christmas or New Years. My shelter was airy enough to be called the open air. A roof to keep off the rain, and walls of poultry netting to keep off the skunks.

The small cabin was a paradise to a lazy man. One could sit on the deacon seat, before the stove, and reach about everything in the cabin. Without getting up, I could kindle a fire, fill the teakettle from the water pail, set the table, eat breakfast, wash and put away the dishes, and when ready to read or write, could reach books, pencil and paper in the rude bookcase at my back.

The new cabin is on a hill. It is 14 by 18, with side walls 5½ feet in height. The ends are logged up to the ridge-pole, 11 feet. There is only one outside door. The windows, four in number, are hinged at the top, so can be turned up out of the way in warm weather. There are two rooms, kitchen and sleeping room. The kitchen is at the front, where people out in the States usually place the parlor. The sleeping room is used for books, clothes, etc., and contains a cot-bed with good woolen blankets over a mattress. I sleep in the draft from the two windows, and so far have not thought of sleeping outside. I may come to it later on.

Mr. Brown's self-invited guests, the borers, made free with the logs of my cabin. I could hear their augers all the time, day and night, and by October they had accumulated several bushels of sawdust. As I didn't care to entertain unknown visitors, I took the trouble to spy on their work. I had some short logs left over, and from time to time split one open to see what was going on inside. I found two species of borers. One footless, and the other with one foot. They were white, with black heads. They passed the winter in the logs in the pupa stage; the next spring the beetles were numerous in the cabin. One was over an inch in length with very long antennæ. It was brownish green, with light marks throughout. It was the footless borer and the book name is *Monohammus confusor.* The other beetle was smaller and dark colored, and named *Asemum moestum.*

The larva of these beetles work in the sap wood, or live wood; that is, wood containing cells filled with protoplasm. The wood beneath the sap wood is dead, and the cells are filled with woody fibres. Without doubt the borers feed on the contents of the cells, which are nutritious and not on sour sap, as Mr. Brown's lumberman asserts. I examined the sawdust and found it to be rejected woody fibre.

As wood is expensive in this locality, Cape Ann, I put into my cabin a No. 7 cooking range, and last winter used nut coal.

I cut the lumber for the new cabin a year ago last November. The bark had set, and I knew it would not peel off as it will if cut when the sap is active. When I moved into the cabin in the spring the logs were shrinking, so I did not think it safe to cement the cracks until fall. Meantime, I caulked between the logs with a moss that was ready to hand, and was much like oakum. I find this moss on the bottom of pond holes where water stands in the winter, and it can be rolled up readily, as it lies in thick sheets. I used it wet, which is the proper way, and I found that it was nearly impossible to remove it when I substituted cement. I used cement to keep the woods mice out. I cemented the floor and underpinning for the same reason.

Mr. Brown mentions entertaining visitors; but I think I can go him one or two better, for my register contains 1,406 names, entered since January 17, 1904, five months.

I am proud of my new cabin, not on account of its beauty, or usefulness, but because it is mostly my own handiwork. The logs were green and heavy, and I was obliged to do a lot of brain work to overcome the law of gravitation.

The old-time log camp, such as was built in Maine in the days of the "pumpkin pine," is seldom seen now, even in the logging swamps of that State. It was a low camp, the sides not over two feet in height. The fire was on the ground in the center of the camp, and the men slept in berths, side by side, instead of single bunks. The terms used in and about these old camps still cling to my memory, and I herewith name a few, just for old times:

"Smoke hole, smoke ribs, bean hole, spread, berth, deacon seat, dingle, wangun chest, splits, hounds, hooks, Kennebeckers, dundyfunks and doughgods."

The smoke ribs were ribs next the ridge-pole. On these two ribs the poles for the smoke hole were laid up cob-house style, three feet or more above the top of the camp. The bean hole was a hole in the ground at one end of the fire, where beans were baked, covered with hard wood coals. The spread was a thick comforter. The berth was on each side of the fire. Usually each berth was wide enough for one-half the crew. The men sleeping side by side; the spread was long enough to cover all. Fir boughs, covered by a blanket spread, was the usual bed. The deacon seat run along the foot of the berths, on each side of the fire, and was made from halves of logs. The dingle was a space at one end of the cabin, reserved for surplus clothing, etc. The wangun chest, was commonly a dry goods box in which tobacco and clothing were kept to sell to the men. Its proper place was in the dingle. Splits were a sort of shingle, three feet long and half an inch thick, used to cover the camp. Hounds were seats for one. They were made from the top of spruce trees with limbs for legs. Hooks were made from small spruce shrubs. One about three-fourths of an inch through fills the bill. Cut the stem off about four inches below four or five thrifty twigs. Cut twigs same length and cut out the stem above the twigs. Peel the bark off and bend back the twigs, and fasten them to the stem. Hang up near the fire to season. When well seasoned, cut the twigs off and whittle to a sharp point, and you have good hooks for wet stockings and mittens. In the old camps there was always a row of these hooks hanging from the smoke ribs. The hooks were tied to pegs. Nails, one hundred miles "up river," were luxuries, and beech pegs were sharpened and driven into the logs where needed.

Kennebeckers were any thing in which the men carried their clothes. A carpet bag was the usual thing, and was often kicked about in the dingle. Dundyfunks were concoctions of the cook. They were made of meal, molases, fat pork and doughgods. Doughgods were hunks of boiled dough, seasoned with vinegar.

There were many other odd expressions heard around these old camps. "Stags" were made from old boots by removing the legs, and were much in use about the fire. "Out in the States," was a common expression, and meant out of the woods. The cook at night would call out: "Nine o'clock! Spread down!" Then the big spread would be rolled down from the head of the berth and the men would crawl under it, each in his proper place, which he knew by its "heading."

In the morning the crew was aroused by the cook calling:

"T-u-r-n o-u-t! Bean-on-table!"

"Bough down," was heard on Sunday when the men picked fir boughs to "bough down" the berths.

I stop here, by suggesting to Mr. Brown, that he can make a few "hooks" and "hounds" for his camp, or cabin. I am barred, because spruce does not grow on Cape Ann, only in rare cases. HERMIT.

Provisions for the Wilderness.

Editor Forest and Stream:

All over the Hudson's Bay territory, in making trips, be it in winter or summer, there is a scale of provisions upon which a safe result can be assured. For each person of the party, per diem, the following is allowed, and that is multiplied by the supposed number of days that the trip is likely to last. Moreover, for each seven days calculated on, an extra full day's rations is thrown in, this is for safety in case of some unlooked for accident.

Provisions per man, per day: 2 pounds of flour (or 1½ pounds of sea biscuits), 1 pound of fat mess pork, 2 ounces of sugar, ½ ounce of tea, 2 ounces of peas (or same of barley), ½ ounce of carbonate of soda, and ½ ounce of salt.

The peas or barley are intended to be cooked during the night's encampment with any game the route may have produced through the day. With such rations I have traveled with large and small parties, sometimes with Indians only, and at others with Indian and Canadian voyagers mixed; have penetrated the wildest parts of two provinces, in canoes and on snowshoes, and was never short a meal. I admit that with the wasteful and improvident character of the Indians, the leader of the party must use due care and watchfulness over his outfit and see it is not wrongly used.

Take, for instance, the provisions for a party of seven men for fifteen days, the weight aggregates 347 pounds, and is of formidable bulk; and when the necessary camping paraphernalia, tents, blankets, kettles and frying-pans, are piled on the beach alongside the eatables, the sight is something appalling, and the crew is apt to think what an unnecessary quantity of provisions; but before the journey is over we hear nothing about there being too much grub. Long hours, hard work and the keen, bracing atmosphere gives the men appetites that fairly astonish even themselves.

If a party is to return on the outgoing trail, and after being off a few days finds it is using within the scale of provisions, it is very easy to *cache* a portion for the home journey with a certainty of finding it "after many days," that is, if properly secured. If in the depth of winter, and there is a likelihood of wolves or wolverines coming that way, a good and safe way is to cut a hole in the ice some distance from the shore on some big lake, cutting almost through to the water. Into this trench put what is required to be left behind, filling up with the chopped ice, tramp this well down, then pour several kettles of water on top. This freezes at once, making it as difficult to gnaw or scratch into as would be the side of an ironclad. I have come on such a *cache* after an absence of three weeks to find the droppings of wolves and foxes about, but the contents untouched. One could not help



THE OLD CABIN.
Photo by Shelly W. Denton.

smiling on seeing these signs, imagining the profound thinking the animals must have exerted in trying to figure out a plan to reach the toothsome stuff under that hard, glazed surface.

At other seasons of the year a good *cache* is made by cutting and peeling a long live tamarac pole. Place this balanced over a strong crutch, tie what is to be left secure to the small end, over which place a birch bark covering to keep off the rain (or failing the proper place or season for getting bark, a very good protection is made with a thatch of balsam boughs placed symmetrically as shingles), and tying all in place, tip up the small end, weighting down the butt with heavy logs or stones; and possess your mind in peace.

Two of the best auxiliaries to a short supply of provisions that a party can take on any trip in the wilds of Ontario or Quebec, are gill-net and snaring wire. As food producers, I place these before a gun. Most of the interior lakes contain fish of some sort, and a successful haul one night can be smoke dried to last several days without spoiling, even in hot weather. So long as they are done up in a secure manner in birch bark to keep out blue flies, the greatest danger of their going bad is prevented.

Another very good way to preserve and utilize fish, is to scorch a small portion of flour (about one-third the quantity) and mix with pounded up, smoke dried fish, previously cleaned of bones. This makes a light and sustaining pemmican, easily warmed up in a frying-pan, and if a little fat can be added in the warming process, one can work on it as well as on a meat diet.

Admitting that there are years of plenty and years of scarcity with rabbits, there must be a dearth indeed when one or two cannot be snared in some creek bottom near the night's camp. A gun on the other hand may be only an incumbrance on a long journey. A chance shot may well repay the person carrying it, but very frequently a gun is quite useless.

We crossed the country some years ago between the St. Maurice and Lake St. John. It was at the very best time of the year to see game, being in the month of May, when every living thing is full of life and moving about. The trip took us seven days going; coming back by another route we gained one day. On the whole of that journey through bush, lakes and rivers we only fired two cartridges, whereas our small gill-net gave us splendid fish each camping place.

Another trip I remember, this time in the winter, accompanying the men who carried the winter despatches between Pic River and Michipecoten, a distance of 120 miles each way. I was prevailed upon to take a rifle, as the route went over a very high mountain where deer (caribou) were seen every year by the men. Well, I suppose they told the truth; but I carried that gun 240 miles without firing a shot. No, as a possible help to stave off starvation, commend me to a net and snare in preference to a gun.

MARTIN HUNTER.

CANADA.



THE NEW CABIN.
Photo by Shelly W. Denton.

A Summer in Newfoundland.—I.

EARLY in the summer of 1903, I found myself the fortunate possessor of three months' leisure time to be spent as I chose. I had already made brief hunting or fishing excursions to several localities in Canada, as well as to the woods of Maine and the Adirondacks; but here was the long awaited opportunity to spend three whole months in the forest, to get away out of the beaten paths, away from tourist and sportsman alike, but above all, once again to sit around the evening camp-fire listening to the whirl of the rapids, and once more to breathe the fresh, fragrant odors, and hear the strange voices of the wilderness night. Just where to go was the perplexing question to decide. It always is a difficult problem with sportsmen who desire a variety of sport, who must enjoy the best of the fishing as well as big-game hunting, and yet be back again in the office by the middle of September. New Brunswick offers an excellent opportunity to the fisherman, but one must merely admire the big bull moose and leave his rifle in camp until September 15. The speckled square-tails of the Upper Dam at Rangeley are as plentiful as ever, and salmon still rise at the Bangor pool; but Maine's thousands of deer cannot be legally termed venison until the leaves have commenced to turn, and chill fall frosts have nipped the pond lilies and sent swallows and warblers well on their southward journey. The little fresh water salmon of Lake St. John, the ouananiche, is still hungry for the fly at Grande Décharge; but the Montagnais have made the immediate vicinity of Lake St. John anything but a good game region, and the Indians even then were repairing traps and canoes for their long winter in the Northland.

Twelve years ago, before a railroad turned the Adirondacks into a summer resort, I caught 2-pound trout in the south branch of Moose River, and killed my first buck at Shy Pond, near Little Moose Lake. After an absence of ten years, I went back again to have a look at the old spot, but did not stay long. The Adirondacks have changed somewhat since the days of the early nineties. The sportsman is passing on before the vanguard of the summer hotel man; the old brooks and pools are forgotten, and now golf balls whiz over the wild meadows where deer came down to feed. Where, too, are all the old regulars of the Moose River country—Ed. Smith, Jack Boyd, and Doctor Blake—men who could shoot straight, and, after the day was over, men who could fill your ears and brain with true stories of the woods? All gone—but whither? Have they, too, changed the habits and customs of a lifetime under different conditions and a new environment, or have they moved onward to remoter waters, leaving far behind their old and blackened camp-fires? Yes, to-day many old scenes in the North Woods of New York State have passed. The sound of the ax rings loudly, and the trails are well blazed and well traveled, but we will always remember them, not so much for what they are, as for what they have been.

I wanted to find a spot where the trout were not all fingerlings, and were still comparatively uneducated; where a millionaire friend was not a necessity in order to kill a salmon; and where, after rods had been put away and the old fly-book closed for the season, I could pack my venison into camp—venison with antlers—and where the whole forest was my own.

It was not until after a visit with A. Radclyffe Dugmore, companion of many a day in the woods, that a locality was chosen. A day spent at his picturesque little home in Newfoundland, N. J., with rain pelting against the panes, and with maps and game laws spread out on the table, decided me. We planned the trip in detail, listed outfit and provisions—even speculated on "the luck"—and finally ended with an amicable discussion of that old, well-worn topic, large vs. small bores. The more we conversed, the greater our enthusiasm became, but at midnight everything was arranged. The interior of the island of Newfoundland was to be the place, and I was not going alone—we were going together.

I had traveled over the bleak hills of Newfoundland before, but merely for hunting purposes, and in the fall, when big trout are difficult to locate, and salmon, thin and weak from spawning, have ceased to rise. But this season all summer was before me, and even as we talked, ouananiche and speckled trout were waiting for me in the ponds and streams, and fresh-run salmon lying ready in the lower pools. Sea trout, out in the ocean, were already playing about in the river mouths, while far back in the interior caribou stags were growing their new antlers in solitude as they cropped the young spring shoots laid bare of winter snows.

We left New York by rail on the night of June 27, with an outfit light and compact, and as nearly complete as possible. Lightness is the most desirable quality in an outfit, as anyone who has traveled over the hills and barrens of the interior will readily testify. The island is literally filled with lakes, and it has been computed that at least one-third of its area is water, but the ponds are often isolated and unconnected, the distances between them are great, and during the hunting season many of the streams are too shallow for navigation. Of course, such rivers as the Exploits, Humber, or Gander, are always open for dories long distances in from the coast, but as a rule the smaller streams, after a few miles, become too low and rocky for boats or canoes of any description. And this is just the reason why Newfoundland will remain well stocked with game for years to come. The interior is almost inaccessible, and everything must be packed in from the railroad or the nearest navigable river. Few sportsmen ever penetrate any distance into the island, simply because it is difficult traveling, and usually unnecessary. Nine-tenths of the salmon are killed within ten or fifteen miles of the ocean, while in autumn during the migration, hundreds of caribou are shot as they pass southward at the eastern end of Grand Lake, or, in fact, all along the northern line of the railroad. At that season great herds of the animals cross the tracks between Howley and the Topsails, where they were formerly slaughtered by the carload.

Our tent was small and of the very lightest possible material. No attempt was made to insure it against the attacks of flies or mosquitoes, as that is next to the impossible; for no matter how carefully you crawl in or out, even with an insect-proof tent, a few of the pests will always work in, either around the flap or under the sod cloth, and at night a few seem like a legion. Mr. Dugmore took a light cheese-cloth canopy, 7 by 6 by 3 feet, which could be suspended in a twinkling from four upright stakes driven in at the four corners of the tent. On warm evenings this became very useful, and was absolutely proof, not only against the attacks of the mosquito, but it completely baffled the efforts of those wicked little sand flies that make the early morning hours so miserable. This canopy, however, was necessary only on the warmest nights, for usually the evenings were cool enough to drive all such pesky vermin in hasty retreat to the top of the tent. Fortunately the black fly does not still-hunt in the dark; it is his one redeeming quality; but on calm, sultry days toward sundown, frequent applications of the strongest "dope" are not only necessary for comfort, but essential for the enjoyment of life itself.

The Newfoundland guides, for the most part, are shockingly poor and can add nothing to your outfit, and I would advise the sportsman to procure everything, even to ax or hatchet, before landing on that desolate coast. Of course all necessaries can be purchased at St. John's; but should the usual route via North Sydney be taken, St. John's will be distant some five hundred miles by rail, with not a respectable store between. A very few of the guides are well equipped with tents and outfit, and they command good wages; but by far the majority can furnish nothing but their services, and a never-failing willingness to work hard. Few have had much experience with sportsmen, and they are far below the standard set by the Maine or New Brunswick guides in understanding sportsman's needs. But give a Newfoundlander a dollar a day and plenty of tea, "baccy," and bread, and he will show you more game in one week than could be observed in Maine during the entire hunting season. He will show you salmon as well, but he cannot tell you how to catch them, when they will rise best, or why they will not rise. All his experience has been with the nets. He will take you to lakes filled with trout, but you must search out the retreats of the big fellows for yourself. He wants to be directed, and he expects it; and whether you do or not, he always gives you the credit of knowing ten times as much about fishing as he does or ever will. He never assumes the lordly air, but is ever content to be the servant; and no matter what position the sportsman may have occupied in other hunting localities, in Newfoundland, at least, he may rest assured that he is boss of the camp. He believes all your stories without a question, and, strange as it may seem, is singularly reticent about his own exploits. Illiterate and uneducated, he is as simple and credulous as a child; often mentally dull and unintelligent, but thoroughly temperate in speech and habits alike. I have rarely heard a Newfoundland fisherman use a profane word, and never heard one grumble or complain, no matter how heavy the pack or how long the portage might be. Reared amid the toil and hardships of a barren coast, his life is one long struggle for existence—a battle against poverty and the elements—where only the brave and strong survive. Inured to hardship and suffering, he quietly plods along at his labor, often beyond his strength, never beyond his endurance. To read the past history of Newfoundland, or to know the lives of her people, seems like watching a losing battle fought against the forces of fate.

Before leaving New York, I was advised by a friend who had fished many seasons in the colony, to omit the long double-handed salmon rods used so extensively in England and on the broad rivers of eastern Canada. Rods of eleven or twelve feet were of sufficient weight and length for casting the narrower Newfoundland streams, and the flies par excellence for salmon were the silver-doctor and Jock-Scott, tied on small hooks. This advice I found to be that of a man who knew what he was talking about, and fortunately followed it; but at the same times discreetly added several light trout rods and many dozen flies of all sizes and combinations of color. Subsequent events proved that more than three-quarters of our salmon were killed on either of the above-named flies. Among the second raters might be mentioned the fiery-brown, blue-doctor, black-dose, dusty-miller, and professor, but as a rule, salmon would rise to a silver-doctor, Jock-Scott, or nothing; while trout struck vigorously at almost any fly, prefering, however, those containing red. The Parmachene-belle, scarlet-ibis, Montreal and professor, the hackles, coachman, and white-miller, with many others, all did good service during the summer, and, with the exception of the first-named, could hardly be ranked in any order of preference. The above selection of salmon flies may be at variance with the experience of others who have fished in Newfoundland, but during the season of 1903, at the places and under the conditions in which I fished for six weeks, there was no doubt as to the preferences of the salmon.

Dugmore carried no rifle, as his trip was a short one,

and would end long before the opening of the caribou season, but he was literally armed to the teeth with cameras of the heavy ordnance type, and with all necessary photographic paraphernalia. His primary purpose was to make pictures—true pictures of wild animals as they live—but most of all to press the button on a fresh-run salmon leaping in the air as he felt the first prick of the hook.

Early on the morning of June 29, our ship, the Bruce, steamed into the little harbor at Port au Basques. For an hour a black, rugged coast had been in sight, and far back in the interior blue hills, indistinct through the morning mist, still showed patches of snow. The first view of the island is illustrative of the whole, for truly it is a desolate expanse; not, however, altogether unpleasing to a sportsman's gaze. No sound of clanging trolleys or busy streets jar the nerves as he approaches. Merely a wharf, some quiet little cottages to the left, and a few terns and herring gulls circling overhead, welcome his arrival to that rock-bound coast. It is a land which possesses charms all its own, charms strange and peculiar, of melancholy dreariness and desolation. Vast stretches of bare hills and barrens always produce fascinations strangely haunting to the memory of a traveler; even more so, perhaps, than do the grander scenic effects of mountain or forest. Such are the subtle enchantments which recall the hardy adventurer, hunter or explorer to travel once again the treeless tundras of the Arctic zone, and once more to feel the breath of the snowy wastes. That same spell was cast over Charles Darwin when writing in "The Voyage of the Beagle," he confessed that of all lands the one which haunted him most, and which constantly grew upon his fancy, was the uninhabitable Patagonian wilderness—a country of fog and perpetual dampness, treeless, sterile, wild and melancholy. Yet in Newfoundland a traveler may find many thousands of square miles fully as desolate and forlorn as any in the wilderness of Patagonia.

On arriving at the pier an inevitable visit to the Custom House is necessary. Here licenses are procured for shooting caribou, while the salmon fisherman goes free. Just a word concerning these licenses. Last year the fee was $100 for three stags, a ridiculous figure, and an imposition upon visiting sportsmen. Few could afford, and many would not pay, such an exorbitant price for the comparatively tame sport of shooting caribou. As a result, the season of 1902 proved very unsatisfactory, not only to the half destitute guides, but even more so to the revenues of the Game Commission, while sportsmen sought elsewhere for their game. 'Tis a poor policy to drive the latter to other hunting grounds; for truly they are geese that lay golden eggs for Newfoundland. Other alternatives are found in the well stocked forests of Maine, Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick, and excellent alternatives they were, the latter offering moose, caribou and deer for a $30 license fee.

The legislation of 1901 was even more inadequate than that of 1902, but instead of adopting the prohibitive policy of the latter against non-residents, it went to the other extreme, and permitted one man to slaughter seven of the animals by paying the price—$80.

This year, however (1903), the license is much better adapted to the purses of visitors, as well as to the game resources of the country; for anyone who could afford a trip to the island would hardly object to a fee of $50, entitling the holder to kill not more than three stags.

No licenses whatever, not even $5 per rod, are required by the anglers who take thousands of salmon and trout every season from the rivers of the west coast alone. Adequate protection for the streams is just as potent a factor in game preservation as protection for the caribou. It is true that the Government does make an attempt to patrol the rivers with wardens, but they are too few and under paid; and I have good evidence to show that last season several of the pools on one stream at least were netted by the residents. A license fee of $10 per rod would never become a burden, while at the same time it would insure to the Government sufficient revenue to stop this barbarous practice of setting nets inside tidewater.

After our baggage was examined, and a deposit on rifles, rods and cameras paid to the customs officer, to be returned in the autumn, our provisions were assessed and a duty of about 20 per cent. charged. It is a poor plan to carry provisions all the way to Newfoundland, as it necessitates the bother of an extra trunk, and the charge on over-weighted baggage made by the railroads, coupled with the revenue asked by the customs, amount to more than the difference between New York and St. John's prices. A much better method for the sportsman to pursue is to write ahead to his guide weeks beforehand, and inclose an itemized list of the provisions to be purchased. Do not allow him to buy from the meagre and expensive store of a local dealer, but order everything sent direct from St. John's.

WM. ARTHUR BABSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Not Nordenskjold.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your well informed correspondent, Mr. Cabot, has correctly named the head of the Lena River party which perished in the ice of Siberia. My association of explorer Nordenskjold's name with that ill-fated outfit was a pure inadvertence—carelessness, if you please—and Mr. Cabot was right in his surmise that the error was a *lapsus pennæ*. Nevertheless, I rejoice to perceive the alacrity with which your anonymous contributor, D. T. A., hastens to defend the reputation of his Scandinavian kinsman, whose Arctic experiences would have kept him from such a plight, no doubt. CHARLES HALLOCK.

Trails of the Pathfinders.

LOUP FORK, Neb., June 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am reading with constantly increasing interest the "Trails of the Pathfinders," which you are now publishing.

I crossed the Missouri River in 1856, and therefore feel that I know something about old-time conditions; but the patience, persistence, and pluck of these early explorers make the struggles of we modern pioneers look "like thirty cents." PLAINSMAN.

Natural History.

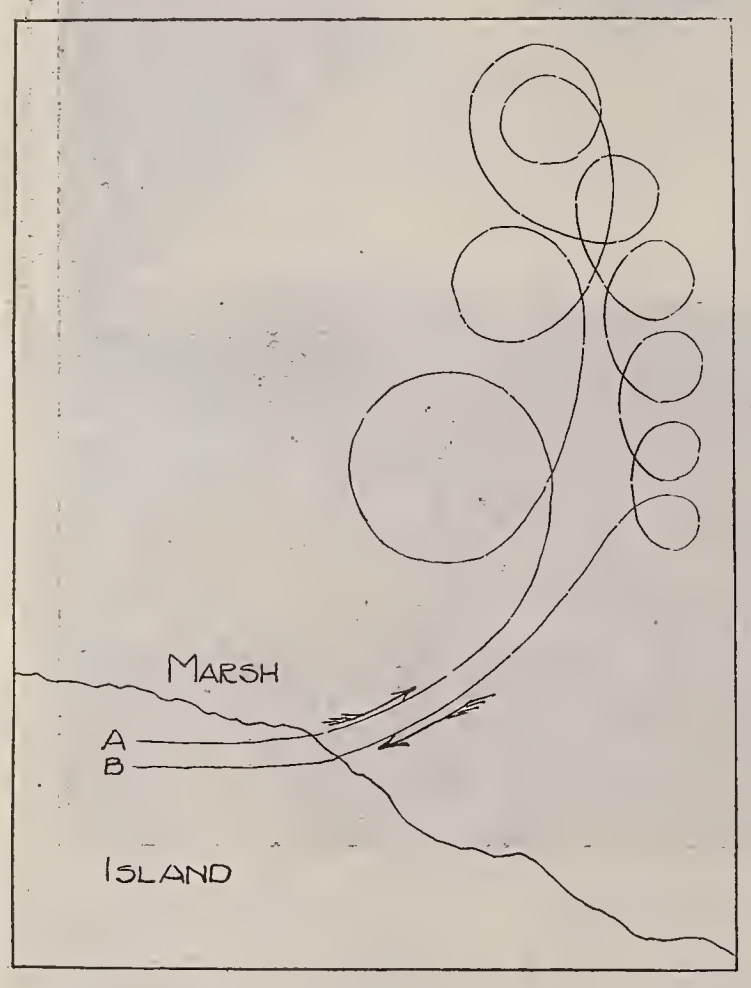
The Woodcock's Evolutions.

BOSTON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed account of the singular doings of a woodcock are from a private letter from a friend. I hope you may think them worth reproducing, illustration and all, in FOREST AND STREAM, and that this may stimulate other observers to contribute observations of a similar sort and explanations.

I remember that some years ago there was much discussion in your columns of the way in which the woodcock makes its peculiar note, some believing it to be true vocalization, and others that it was made by the wings. Was the question ever settled, and if so, which way? Was not the performance witnessed by my friend a display connected with the mating period, and the note of the bird—however made—the same probably referred to in Emerson's poem, "Wood Notes," as "The woodcock's evening hymn," which was put in the category of phenomena seen or heard by only the most loving and persistent lovers of nature? C. H. AMES.

Mr. Ames' correspondent writes:

"I am going to slip in a rough sketch of the performances of a woodcock that I saw last fall. The ground was the southern slope of a small island once wooded, but there were only a few stumps and an occasional bush left; the ground at the lower edge marshy; time, after dark, or after sunset, anyway. The bird would strut and run along for perhaps fifty feet and then start to rise



out over the marsh. After rising at less than an angle of 45 degrees until he (or she) had attained a height of say 50 feet, he began to circle, constantly rising (see say 50 feet, he began to circle, constantly rising (see artist's sketch), until he seemed to be 200 feet high, and then returned in almost the same way. The performance was repeated at least three times. When rising in circles he seemed to give at intervals a cry or call which I cannot describe, but thought it was made by its wings. No other bird of the same species was near that I could see, and wondered if he was doing it for his own amusement or mine.

"I know very little of the habits of this bird, and have killed very few of them, as my marksmanship is none of the best, and I have always found them in wet and brushy ground. Ask some old nimrod what this one was doing, and what he was doing it for.

"I forgot to say that the first flight or rising was against a slight south wind."

[We have never seen a performance of this kind by the woodcock in autumn, and should be glad to learn whether any of our readers have done so. It seems possible that it may be an autumnal imitation of the woodcock's spring mating flight and song, and so analogous to the autumnal drumming of the ruffed grouse, which is so frequently heard. Can any observer throw light on the questio? The writers who many years ago were arguing as to whether the woodcock's whistle was made by voice or wings, remained, we think, quite unconvinced by the reasons advanced pro and con by their opponents.]

White Bears.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., June 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading Chapter X. of "Trails of the Pathfinders," I was much puzzled by the statement that while Captain Lewis was in the neighborhood of the Great Falls on the Missouri River, "they were much annoyed by the white bears." What kind of bears were they?

EMERSON CARNEY.

[In No. IX. of "Trails of the Pathfinders"—FOREST AND STREAM, June 4, page 458, second column, second paragraph—it is explained that what the explorers called white bears are grizzly bears. This name, given, no doubt, from the very pale color of the grizzly, as compared with the black bear, which was the only bear that these explorers knew, had a certain currency for a number of years, and will be found in the older books on natural history.]

The Central Park Lakes.

NEW YORK, June 14.—The lakes in Central Park, and similar small bodies of fresh water elsewhere, add a most attractive element to the beauties of the landscape. They possess three particularly undesirable features. In the summer time the confervæ form an unsightly scum on the surface, other algæ make the water "muddy," and the odor from these water plants is disagreeable to everyone excepting the small boys and the ducks, unless it be that the latter are above mentioning it.

The worst feature, however, is the fact that small stagnant bodies of fresh water are breeding grounds of the protozoa of malaria, and of mosquitoes of many species, among them the anopheles, which adds the danger of malaria to the annoyance caused by its sting and its sing.

I have a suggestion to make. About 10 per cent. of the ideas that I have on various subjects prove to possess something of practical value, and when this is worked out it is usually discovered that someone else has thought of the same thing, so if anyone is inclined to jump on me in the present instance, let him spare the exertion, if the day is hot, and remember that he is only mauling someone who is sufficiently humble by nature, and more so by training. In ponds with small inflow and small outflow it would not be very expensive to make the water salt. It would not be difficult to maintain the saltness at the density of ocean water, and if one wished to have water plants and fish in the ponds, the animal and vegetable life of the sea could be readily enough introduced.

Mosquitoes, protozoa of malaria, and unsightly algæ would be absent from salt ponds.

The cheapest way to make ponds salt would be to dump in common chloride of sodium, at intervals varying with the amount of fresh water inflow, and the salt following the laws of diffusion would be disseminated evenly by the water currents made by the wind.

If one wished to have marine life in the ponds, it would be necessary to use the sea salts that are obtained by evaporation of sea water, and that are not expensive if the crude product is to be used. The minute animal and vegetable life of the sea necessary for maintaining higher forms could be introduced by pouring in a few gallons of selected sea water. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

Sunday with the B.rds.

WYMORE, Nebraska, June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is Sunday, and I have had nothing to do but sit out under the elms in the shade, and read FOREST AND STREAM, and watch, and listen to the birds. The swing holds four of us, the garden seat two, and the cot the sick one. The weather is perfect, one of those perfect days in June, just warm enough to be pleasant; there is no wind, and nothing to make a noise. The green grass carpets the whole lawn, and the foliage on the trees is dense and beautiful. The birds seem unusually happy, not singing as they did a few weeks ago, in their courting days, but very happy, very busy, really hard at work. There is an old mother robin with a baby robin following her. The baby is as big as the mother, but seems to depend on her for all his earthly comforts, and she seems to give him every worm she digs up, and what an appetite he has; will he never get filled up? And there is an old mother brown thrush, with a baby thrush following her, and now she is in a cherry tree, and the baby is in another with cherries all around him, and yet he seems as helpless as the shipwrecked sailor, floating on a spar with

"Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."

The old thrush picks a cherry from her tree and flies to the ground with it, where she picks it to pieces and caries the pieces to the baby in the other tree, and feeds him, and repeats this operation time and time again, until you are alarmed for fear he will die from indigestion; but it may be that there is no danger, because she mixes a worm with his cherries every once in a while, and it does not seem to make any difference to him whether he has his meat or his dessert first; everything is grub that comes to his mill, and he is not particular about having it in courses.

But watch that old thrush. Has the spirit of Captain Kidd, the pirate, come back to earth, and entered into that thrush? Now look, just as that old robin has dug, and dug, and dug, until she has a big worm just ready to pull out, the old thrush runs up and takes it away from her and gives it to her own baby. The robin looks big enough to thresh any brown thrush, but she does not seem to have any confidence in herself, and would rather be robbed than to fight. Well, I have seen people just like her; but more of them like the thrush. How human it all looks?

And there come three blackbirds, with their bronze heads and necks, sometimes green, and sometimes blue, and how stately they walk; none of your hopping, skipping and jumping, but a ladylike and graceful walk; and one of them turns just before he alights upon the ground, and alights with his tail pointing in the direction he had been flying, and struts along as though he were going to walk back and fly over the course again—just like the old clown in the circus when he had tried to turn a flip-flop and failed. There is a flicker, either a widower or an old bachelor, with nobody dependent upon him; at least, he seems to eat all he finds, and never thinks of laying up a thing for a rainy day, and he's just like folks, too.

And over yonder, all by themselves, are some catbirds, as busy as bees, and never seeming to eat a bite themselves, but carrying everything they find to the nests in the orchard. They must have large families, or else they are laying up enough to do them all week. I have known folks that always got a workety spell on Sunday, and fooled around the rest of the week. But how queenly they stand, and how neat they look. You can tell that they can sing, just by looking at them, and they seem so exclusive, you don't see them running around with woodpeckers and blue-jays, and I believe they belong to the Four Hundred. But they are saucy and strenuous, and I would hate awfully to be married to a woman like that; she would do all the housework,

and all the chores, and hoe the garden, and milk the cow, but if she caught me sitting down in the shade, having a quiet smoke, she'd call me lazy and shiftless, and tell me to throw away that dirty old pipe, and go to work; and I would rather risk one with a disposition like a robin; they take things kind o' easy. But what made me think about getting married! I'm married now. That little wren is awful cute; she has her nest in the coal house, and has made about a hundred trips out after grub for her babies since I have been sitting here, and each time she stops on the roof, and looks at us, and tilts her tail up and dances a jig, seems sociable, but never says a word, acts as though she wanted to be friendly, but waiting for an introduction.

My, what a scrap those blue-jays are having, acting like a lot of cowboys shooting up the town. I wish they would get up a regiment of rough riders among themselves and go to Port Arthur or some other outlandish place. They remind me of an old lawyer I once knew, who could set his mouth to going, and then go off and leave it.

There, that bunch of yellow and orange in the peach tree is a beauty, it is a wild canary, or summer yellow bird, and when it sings, you can hear water rippling along in a brook, and some one playing a harp away out in the lake, and imagine that there is not a person within a thousand miles of you, except your sweetheart. Why don't they sing all summer? Well, I don't know; but guess they are like folks, they quit singing when they begin to raise a family. And the orioles don't even show themselves after they get married and settle down. Those bee martins don't light on the ground when they come down after a fly or a bug, but just hover in the air, and they would rather fight than eat; they all seem to want to get on the police force. And those nests that we made for the little blue birds under the water tank are all occupied by English sparrows. And there comes those three little rabbits that were born under the sidewalk to the coal house—aren't they cute? If they were an inch longer, they would be as big as rats. They seem to like those red clover tops. Now we must go and eat again, and to-morrow I have to work. I wish I could stay here and help Billy monkey with that lawn mower, and I heard Billy say, "I wish you could." I wonder what he meant? I'll bet I know. If I took hold of that lawn mower for ten minutes, he would make a sneak and go a-fishing. Well, I'll take no chances.

A. D. McCANDLESS.

A Moose Head Freak.

SOUTH BROOKFIELD, Nova Scotia, June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you a photograph of a freak of nature of a moose head. This is the face and horns of the moose head. You will observe that the nose is cut off. The antlers, or horns, as you may choose to call them, are solid and appear like a lot of knobs or balls. They are of a brownish color. It measures from tip to tip 35 inches on one side; a few inches from the face the horn is 26 inches, on the other side 25 inches in circumference; near the tips they are each 14 inches



in circumference. Its weight now is 60 pounds. The rings have grown down so that the moose was almost blinded. Had he been allowed to live another year, in all probability he would have been entirely blind. Mr. Jas. B. McLeod, our young sportsman and guide, got him last winter back about 18 miles from any settlement, and had to carry the head and meat out on his back through the woods four miles to the nearest lumber camp, where he was able to get it on a team and home. The meat was very tender and sweet.

Moose are thought to be far more plentiful this season than ever before. They are often seen out in the fields and on the main roads. Men out from the lumber woods say they never saw them so thick before.

GEORGE SEAMAN.

The Love-Making of P. Domesticus.

ON one of those bitter mornings so common last winter, I was on my way to business, muffled up to the ears. Turning from an avenue into a side street, my attention was attracted by the strange behavior of a sparrow on a snow bank. I saw it spread its wings, hop about (the snow was frozen hard), and chirp. On a fine May morning this behavior would have been quite intelligible, but on the present occasion it puzzled me. Finally I said to myself, "The poor bird has been driven crazy by cold and hunger." But no sooner had I reached this conclusion, than up jumped a female from a dent in the snowbank. "What," I exclaimed, "a flirtation! Great zero, is it possible?" Surely the force of passion could no further go.

But although it appears from this that there is nothing chilly about *P. domesticus* when it comes to love-making, there is a part of his behavior which has always seemed to me curiously anomalous. After paying attention to a female as above (sometimes alone, sometimes in the company of rival gallants), he (or they, as the case may be), will suddenly desert her. She for her part takes the desertion with the utmost indifference apparently—will begin to plume herself or search for food—and after a while will take wing in probably quite a different direction from that of her fickle wooers. And this, as it is certainly contrary to all female behavior in like circumstances, generally adds to the mystery of the situation.

Now, the obvious explanation would be that *P. domesticus* is a Platonist, or a devotee of Platonic love, but seeing that he increases at a rate of something like 100,000,000 in every ten years (at least that is the official computation), the obvious explanation won't do. What are we to suppose, then? That *P. domesticus* is a roué and makes love only to married ladies (who are all strictly virtuous)? But if this were so, why does not the lady's husband show up occasionally to defend her? I have never seen him, and I am sure he is not held back by cowardice. Here speculation seems to fail. Altogether the problem is most profound, and I am sure that many discussed in problem novels can't hold a candle to it. But doubtless it is susceptible of explanation, and I trust that this communication may incite some ornithological genius to give his mind to it. F. M.

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GAME BAG AND GUN

Shooting in the Terai.

THE Terai (a word meaning marsh or meadow) is the name given to a tract of jungle extending along the foot of the Himmalaya Mountains for several hundred miles. It varies in breadth from forty to a hundred and twenty miles. The Jumna, the Ganges, the Ramgunga, and other rivers, great or small, pass through it. Many of them have quicksands which are dangerous to animals or men when fording them. On one occasion I was walking through a shallow stream only thirty yards wide, and paused for a few seconds to speak to a native on the bank, when I sank half way to the knees in a cavity full of sand. I had great difficulty in struggling out.

A large part of the land between the rivers is, in many places, very swampy. In others, even when fairly dry, it is covered for miles in extent with tall reed-like grass. Interspersed with these tracts resembling prairies, are forests containing trees of numerous varieties, upon which grow various climbing or parasitic plants. Lianas hang from one trunk to another like huge cables. A species of dodder (*Cuscuta*) appears like a mass of half-dried grass thrown across the tops of the smaller trees, mostly on acacias. It is composed almost entirely of stalks, there being no leaves or roots, and only small flowers of a greenish white color. I think it derives all its nourishment from the air.

A *Loranthus*, allied to the mistletoe, lives, like it, upon the sap of several varieties of trees by piercing the bark and becoming firmly attached to the woody stem. It grows in the shape of a dense bunch of twigs the size of a large crow's nest. These bear dark green leaves from two to five inches in length, and showy flowers shaped like those of the European honeysuckle, and pink in color, merging into yellow at the open end.

The "elephant creeper" (*Argyreia speciosa*) climbs to the tops of the tallest trees and hangs down on every side, resembling a large green tent. Its leaves are heart-shaped, six or eight inches long and four broad. Its flowers are formed like those of the convolvulus, and are of a light violet tint. It is not actually parasitic, but sometimes kills trees by excluding the light from them. I have seen a large banyan (*Ficus indica*) so completely covered that only one branch was visible when walking round it. The leaves of the elephant creeper are a favorite food of the Sambhur deer (*Rusa aristotelis*).

During the rainy season, and afterwards until the ground becomes dry, the Terai is very unhealthy from malaria. Europeans have sometimes been fatally attacked by fever when only passing through it for a few hours, and in many parts the natives born in it are obliged to leave it for some months every year. The Terai formerly swarmed with every kind of game from snipe to elephants, but in many places it is now comparatively scarce, owing to its having been destroyed by European sportsmen and native hunters, the latter being in the habit of killing both birds and mammals during the breeding season.

Elephants are protected by the Government, being so valuable for commissariat purposes and for dragging heavy cannon, that a fine of five hundred rupees is imposed for killing one, unless he has been advertised by the magistrate of the district which he haunts as a "rogue"—that is, a solitary male elephant which has been driven out of a herd and becomes savage. These animals lie in wait near roads and villages and kill people without any provocation.

Both leopards and tigers are fairly numerous in certain localities. The former are very rarely seen by hunters in the jungle, and are usually shot when they happen to acquire the habit of attacking domestic animals near villages or camps. A goat is then tied beside the path by which the leopard is likely to come, the sportsman hiding near it behind a bush or in a tree.

There is a very slight chance of obtaining a shot at a tiger except during the hot season, when, the smaller pools and streams having dried up, the drinking places are few in number. Tigers then remain all day within easy reach of water, and the native hunters find out the parts of the jungle where they hide. Even then elephants are usually required, the grass being so tall that when the tigers are driven out of it a man on foot is unable to see them. The sport of shooting them is therefore confined almost entirely to the local Government officials and their friends. It is fortunate for the natives that these animals are difficult to kill. Very few leopards or tigers in that part of India ever become man-eaters, and, with the exception of those which prey upon the flocks and herds of the villagers, they are a great blessing to the agriculturists, because they keep down the swarms of wild pigs and various kinds of deer which would otherwise destroy the crops. The pigs are a special nuisance in districts where too many beasts of prey have been killed, for they will travel in the night time many miles from the dense jungles where they hide, eating and trampling down the crops of sugarcane and grain.

The large game usually found by sportsmen consists of the swamp deer (*Rucervus duvancellii*), Sambhur (*Ruso aristotelis*), Bara Singha or 12-tined deer, Cheetul or axis deer (*Axis maculatus*), Para or hog deer (*Axis porcinus*). Pig are plentiful, but rarely shot. The small game of houbāra, a kind of small bustard (*Ortis houbara*); floriken, a bustard still smaller than the above (*Sypheotides auritus*); jungle fowl (*Gallus ferrugineus*), black partridge (*Francolinus vulgaris*), gray partridge (*Ortygonis ponticeriana*), common quail (*Coturnix communic*), duck and teal of various kinds. Peafowl are plentiful, but seldom shot, the chickens only being fit to eat. The full grown birds are so tough that they are only used for making soup. The Hindoos look upon them as in some degree sacred, and in the neighborhood of villages have a great objection to their being shot.

In 1875, at the latter end of February, I was in a battery of Royal Artillery which marched from a military station in northern India to the borders of the Terai, 28 miles distant, in order to engage in the annual target practice. Outside the jungle there was a wide belt of uninhabited country several miles in length, and only one small village near our camp, the ground being uncultivated, partly owing to the depredations of wild animals, such as pigs and deer, and partly because of its unhealthiness in the rainy season.

I had been frequently assured that it was useless to attempt to shoot there without the help of an elephant, owing to the height and density of the jungle; but as there was then no chance of borrowing one, I determined to try what could be done on foot. There were several elephants in camp belonging to the commissariat and constantly engaged in bringing food from the station for the soldiers of the battery.

We used to rise at the earliest dawn, take some tea or coffee to keep out the malaria, and finish the target practice in time to return to camp and have our breakfast at midday. It was therefore impossible to try one's luck with gun or rifle before the afternoon.

I left the camp one day about two o'clock, accompanied by two coolies who were always in my employ, and two men from the village who were acquainted with the jungle. My weapons were a single .45 express rifle with the Martin breech action, and a 12-bore shotgun made 7½ pounds in weight so as to carry bullets well. The rifle cartridges held 110 grains of powder and a hollow-pointed bullet of 280 grains. The rifle weighed 8½ pounds, and was sighted point blank for 150 yards, the highest part of the bullet's trajectory for that range being about 3½ inches. The shotgun carried accurately up to 50 yards when loaded with 3 drams of powder and balls

weighing 13 to the pound inclosed in a thin linen patch.

We went about a mile across a grassy plain, and then entered a tract of reed-like grass eight or ten feet high.

On several occasions we heard animals a few yards distant rushing away, but could not see what they were. Sometimes we arrived at open spaces where the grass was thinner and only three or four feet high. After walking in single file for about an hour I had just reached a space of this kind when a hog deer galloped across it at a distance of 50 yards. The express bullet struck the center of the shoulder, killing the animal on the spot, and knocking him on to his back with the feet in the air. I had scarcely reloaded when another deer rushed past from the same place. I did not swing the rifle forward quite enough to allow for his speed, so the bullet went through the back ribs and the deer disappeared in the tall grass. One of the villagers, greatly excited, ran after it, and found it lying dead about twenty yards further on.

After opening and cleaning the deer, I sent them to the camp in charge of one coolie and one villager. (A hog deer when grallocked is not very heavy, although, like most other wild animals, it is much larger than the specimens usually seen in zoological gardens.) I next went along the edge of a sheet of water which appeared a mile in length and 50 to 60 yards broad, the shallow parts being choked with weeds and grass. While enjoying the sight of various kinds of water fowl and other birds that were swimming or flying round, I found a python coiled among some short grass in water a few inches deep. His head was as large as the back of my hand, and he appeared to be 15 or 16 feet long. I aimed with the rifle at the center of the head, which was not more than a yard from the muzzle, and felt sure of killing him on the spot, but the snake uncoiled and dived like a flash of lightning into the deep water, from whence he did not reappear. The bullet probably struck in front of the brain, which is very small in those animals. We then made a circuit of some miles through the tall grass without seeing any game, and returned on the other side of the sheet of water. It was a glorious day, with brilliant sunshine and the temperature not higher than during an English summer. I sat on the bank to rest and watch the birds. On the opposite side of the pond a duck was paddling about with a brood of half-grown young ones. In a short time an otter appeared and endeavored to catch a duckling by stalking them from behind the tufts of grass. After several failures, he tried another stratagem. Going into the deep water he raised his head slightly above the surface and noted the exact position of a duckling, then dived, with the evident intention of seizing it by the legs, but the young birds were too quick and watchful. Without appearing to be much alarmed they cluded the otter every time by darting suddenly aside with the help of their wings, and at last he gave up the attempt and went away. The sun was then getting low, and we started for the camp. On the way home I saw the horns and head of a hog deer standing 70 yards away. The grass was short and thin enough to allow the edge of the back to be seen; so guessing where the chest must be, I sent a bullet through the center of the shoulders, killing him in his tracks.

(It may appear strange to some naturalists to read of a duck breeding so far south as India; for all birds raise their young at the northerly limit of their migrations. There are, however, a few kinds of ducks, teal and grebes, which certainly remain in the country all through the hot season, hiding, I think, in beds of tall reeds. They appear with the young broods in January. I find in an old note-book that on another occasion, when walking near our camp, I saw a troop of seven or eight otters in a pond, trying to catch some water hens withous success. The birds watched the otters when diving, and flew out of reach before they came to the surface.)

Four days after the above mentioned excursion, I had sufficient leisure to go again into the jungle, and sent for the two villagers who had previously accompanied me. One of them said that he knew a part of the forest where some cheetul (axis deer) might be found, so I hired a third man, in addition to my two coolies, to assist in case anything heavy had to be carried home.

After walking two or three miles and seeing only some wild pigs, at which I did not fire, we reached a broad belt of tall trees with high bushes between the trunks. I walked quietly, accompanied by the villager who had told me about the deer, and leaving the other men as far behind as they could be without losing sight of us. We went in this way for perhaps half an hour, when the villager stopped and pointing in front whispered that he saw some cheetul. I looked carefully, but could distinguish nothing until, after some moments, the deer moved away. The instant they started, portions of their coats were plainly visible, but the bushes were so very thick that it was impossible to judge where the vital parts of their bodies were, so I abstained from firing, having a horror of letting animals escape wounded to die uselessly. While the deer stood still their dark red coats covered with white spots blended exactly with the masses of leaves upon which the blaze of the sun was falling.

Natives living in the jungles have a great advantage over Europeans in being able to distinguish game quickly. This is owing to their being accustomed to the forests and to their eyes being less dazzled by the brilliant sunshine. I believe also that their sharp sight is partly due to their rarely drinking anything stronger than water. Europeans improve very considerably after a few months' experience, but they never seem to acquire the extraordinary power of vision common among villagers living in wild districts; such, for instance, as seeing green fruit-eating pigeons when sitting in the middle of a mass of green leaves in the shady part of a tree; or a red-coated antelope on an open red plain at such a distance that a European can hardly distinguish him with the help of a binocular glass.

After the deer had gone we walked in another direction, and I kept well in front of all the men for the sake of greater silence. We passed over a mile or more of ground, when I saw part of the coats of some axis deer among the bushes 60 yards distant, and soon distinguished the shoulder of one, at which I fired the express rifle. The deer walked round in a circle of about four yards diameter and dropped dead, the others galloping instantly out of sight. On reaching the spot where it lay, I was sorry to find that I had killed a doe, but she was very fat and, when cleaned, proved to be barren. I cut a pole with a small American ax that I had bought twelve years before when in Canada, and sent the deer to my tent. She was slung in as compact a form as possible so as not to incommode the men, by slitting through each hind leg a little above the hock, passing each foreleg through the slit, and fixing it with a skewer, then tying the head tightly to them.

After this we went some miles without seeing any game, but the beauty of the scenery well made up for that. The ground was formed of low rolling hills with small streams between them, and covered with trees of all sizes, with open spaces like the aisles of cathedrals. Some of the clumps of trees were joined together by tangled masses of rope-like creepers with woody stems from one to three inches in diameter. (I think these were a species of *Bauhinia*.) Other trees were covered with the before-mentioned "elephant creeper" (*Argyreia speciosa*).

I walked for a mile or so along a ridge of land bordering a swamp, a favorite kind of cover for cheetul, and came to a sloping glade where a flock of jungle fowl (*Gallus ferrugineus*) were feeding. I shot one for the sake of preserving the skin. In shape, size and color, it was almost exactly like an English game cock. The hens were much smaller in proportion, resembling brown bantams. Jungle fowl are excellent for the table, and I might have killed more, but they obstinately persisted in running. I had no dog to make them fly, and did not like to shoot them on the ground.

A few miles further on we came to an open piece of land covered with short turf and with a pond about two acres in extent, where a few ducks were paddling among the reeds. After examining it all round and finding that there were no fresh tracks of large game, I took the shotgun and killed two ducks, the others flying away. The evening was now at hand, and we started for the camp, passing a herd of pigs which quickly bolted out of sight. The sun had set and the light was beginning to fade when we emerged from the trees into a tract of tall grass, dried to the color of straw. Apparently there had been a fire in it during the previous year, perhaps caused by lightning, for there were several open places like lanes, covered with a short, green turf. In one of these at 160 yards distance, stood the largest and most splendid axis stag I have ever seen. For a long shot like that I prefer sitting down with an elbow on each knee, but in this instance there was no time to do so. The stag had noticed us and seemed about to move, so I fired offhand, aiming a trifle above the center of the shoulder to allow for the drop of the bullet, and he instantly sprang out of sight into the tall grass. I followed the tracks and found him lying dead about 80 yards further on. The bullet had struck rather too low, grazing the heart and tearing a large hole through both lungs. The solid base rested against the skin on the opposite side of the chest.

The antlers formed an almost perfect equilateral triangle, for a string stretched horizontally from tip to tip measured 29 inches, and from each tip to the base 29½ inches. I helped the three men in carrying the deer, and it was hard work for us. The land was swampy in many places, and we had two streams to cross, so we did not reach the camp until long after dark.

Two days afterward I went on a short excursion, but only killed one buck hog deer, and made bad shooting at him. He was on a plain covered with low bushes, and gave a running shot at not more, I think, than 40 yards distance. The bullet struck too far back and did not stop him. I followed the tracks and had another running shot, missing him altogether. Following him again, he bolted from some bushes less than thirty yards away, and the bullet passed through the fleshy part of the arm, quite four inches below the elbow. It was only after starting him a fourth time that I hit the right place and killed him.

One of the commissariat elephants had become "must," broken loose and escaped into the forests. (Must is a term meaning a state of excitement to which some male elephants are liable at certain seasons, and which lasts two, three, or more months, during which they are very dangerous to approach.) Before finding the hog deer I saw this elephant standing under a tree about 200 yards away, and I took care to make a circuit well on the leeward side to prevent him scenting us. When the battery returned to the station, some of the mahouts (as the drivers are named) were left behind in order to recapture the elephant. While they were lying around a fire at night he stalked into the midst of them. All escaped by climbing trees except his own mahout, who probably had too much confidence in his authority over the beast. The poor fellow was seized and instantly killed. The elephant remained at large for some time, and at last had to be shot, as there seemed no chance of recapturing him, and he had acquired the habit of knocking down the huts of villages at night. If not destroyed he would probably have killed some of the people while escaping from them.

The approach of the state of "must" can be detected by a discharge of an oily substance from the orifice of a gland a few inches behind each eye. Elephants are not invariably vicious with their own attendants when in this condition, but they are always uncertain in temper. One, in a station where I lived, seized his grass cutter round the waist and threw him into a ravine about ten yards distant, fortunately without breaking any bones.

The birds marked in my old note-book as most common in the Terai were a large hornbill, in flocks of 10 or 12; a small hornbill, green woodpeckers, black-headed orioles, skylarks, which, instead of mounting out of sight like those of Europe, hovered while singing at a height of about 100 yards above the ground; "cardinal birds," the male being crimson and the female yellow, with black quill feathers in the wings. Black partridges rose, singly or in pairs, from the tall grass, and jungle fowl were in small flocks under trees near streams, each male bird being accompanied by four or five hens.

While I had been shooting on foot the other officers of the battery had succeeded in borrowing some elephants, sufficient in number to allow each of us one with a howdah for riding, while three which were provided with pads accompanied us to carry any game that might be killed. The howdahs had seats on one side of which were sockets for the butts of the guns to rest in, and there were deep grooves on the top front bar for holding the barrels. Each of us had a rifle and shotgun, with ball cartridges as well as those loaded with small shot, for the latter.

We went out on three successive days, and those who had previously practiced this style of shooting made fair bags of black partridges, hog deer, and axis deer, besides one swamp deer and an occasional floriken. Most of us had never been on an elephant before, and we shot very badly. When expecting game we, of course, stood up in the howdahs, and the motion reminded me of the swaying of a boat during a breeze on a river. Before trying it, I would not have believed that I could possibly have missed so frequently.

The grass in many places was so tall that we could not see the elephant on either side, only the howdah and its occupants being visible. In other parts it was shorter, and a deer when started, perhaps 20 yards in front of the elephant, could be seen while galloping from 10 to 50 yards further. I was equally unsuccessful when trying snapshots or following the game with the sights, and could not find out where the bullets struck. One day I fired more than twenty cartridges and bagged only one animal. If two or three more were hit, they were lost in the grass.

A friend, who was experienced in shooting from elephants, told me some time afterward, that probably nearly all the bullets went over the backs of the game, and I think he was right, because one of our best shots was using a rifle with such an unusual amount of bend in the stock that firing high would have been difficult.

For a year or so before our outing a gunmaker in Calcutta had been advertising a shell, invented by a Mr. Mead, for use in shotguns. It consisted of a ball with a globe-shaped copper bottle in the center. It was stated to be remarkably accurate and to have a very flat trajectory. I had purchased some and tried them at a target. As they were lighter than solid balls, a charge of four drams of powder could be used, which certainly improved the trajectory, but there was no increase of accuracy. On the second day I tried a few at game, and after missing three or four animals, had a shot at an axis stag which was galloping away straight ahead, and about sixty yrds distant. The shell struck on the top of the shoulders between the two blade bones, but instead of breaking the spine as a solid ball would have done, it was evidently crushed out of shape, for it glanced off, tearing away a large piece of skin. The deer, although not knocked down, stopped in his gallop and turned sidewise. I seized the rifle and killed him in his tracks with a bullet in the center of the shoulder.

This convinced me that spherical shells were useless for large animals, owing to their want of penetration. For several years previous to this, conical shells had been used in large bore rifles by some sportsmen for shooting tigers on foot. They were loaded with equal parts, by weight, of chlorate of potassium and sulphide of antimony, powdered separately and then mixed with a bone or wooden knife until of a uniform gray color. A shell of this kind exploding in the chest or abdomen of a tiger, either killed him on the spot or paralyzed him so that he was rarely capable of doing any mischief; but such missiles were rendered unnecessary by the invention of express rifles, which were found to be quite powerfull enough for all but the pachyderms.

I regret to say that I made the mistake of shooting an axis hind. She rushed out of some dense grass within ten yards of my elephant, and, on the impulse of the moment I fired the rifle, breaking her back. As soon as I could reload, a shot through the brain put her out of misery, and I was then deeply grieved at seeing a fawn only about a month old run from the same place where its mother had been hiding and disappear in the jungle.

On the third and last day, we were pushing through some very high grass close to a stream, before dismounting for lunch, when a friend on my right hand fired four shots as rapidly as possible close in front of his elephant, and exclaimed that he had killed a python. The animal when measured was found to be 19 feet 7 inches long. With much difficulty he was hoisted on to the back of a pad elephant and tied with ropes in order to be carried to the camp and skinned.

It was here that the peculiar accident occurred which I described in an article on good and bad luck, published in FOREST AND STREAM of August 13, 1898. While we were seated on the ground eating lunch, the rifle of one of our party exploded in the howdah. It was a double .50 caliber express by Rigby, and had cost about 60 guineas. The elephant, by some peculiar motion which we could not understand, had jerked the stock out of the socket in which it rested. One of the hammers was broken off and the firing-pin had been knocked against the cap of the cartridge.

In the afternoon, after I had bagged a pig, my elephant was wading through a swamp, when I saw a black panther creeping up the bank at its farther end, about 100 yards distant. I fired as carefully as possible, but missed the animal. This was exceedingly annoying, for a sportsman might shoot in the Indian jungles ten years without finding one. They are not a separate variety, but a black cub is occasionally found in a litter of the usual color.

Although the amount of game shot was not great, I had been much interested in observing the ways of elephants. They are capable of learning readily, and are very obedient to the words of command connected with their work, or to the signs made by the knees and legs of the mahouts who ride them; but I think their intelligence, in matters requiring reflection or reason, has been greatly overrated. The mahout carries a thin iron bar called "ankoos," with a spike and hook at one end, to enforce obedience when necessary. The elephant loaned to me was a very fast walker, and liable to go in front of the others instead of keeping in the line. On the top of his head were several holes in the skin, caused by the spike of the ankoos, from which matter was constantly oozing. When he went too far forward the mahout used to strike this sore part with the iron, causing the animal to scream with pain and lean back until he almost sat down. If he had possessed much sense, he would not have allowed the mahout to mount on his neck, but whenever the man grasped the ears, one in each hand, the elephant coiled the end of the trunk for his foot to rest on, and hoisted him up. Elephants are secured in stables or camp with a chain which passes round one fore leg slightly above the foot. The mahouts teach them to

fasten the chain with their trunk, but I have heard of only one elephant with sense enough to unfasten it. He used to do this in order to wander through the camp at night and steal grain or other food. The elephant's only pace is a walk, which is remarkably light and noiseless, but by taking long and quick steps he can go fast enough to keep a horse at a canter. He is wonderfully clever at climbing. I once followed the tracks of a wild herd in the Sewalik Hills and found they had gone straight up places which were so steep that I had to assist myself with my hands.

When a tree as thick, perhaps, as a man's thigh, obstructs the way in the jungle, the mahout gives the order to break it. The elephant winds his trunk round it, presses it forward and pulls it back a few times until the roots are loose, and then, with a push of his shoulder, bends it to the ground.

Although totally incapable of jumping, he is able to cross deep and wide water channels in a surprising manner. On one occasion we came to a small river, nearly dry, which I thought would certainly stop us. It was about fifteen feet wide and ten deep, with overhanging banks. My elephant knelt down, passed his fore legs over the edge, and slid forward until his feet touched the bottom. (I would have been thrown over his head if I had not clung to the back rail of the howdah.) He then brought his hind legs into the channel, one after the other, walked a few yards until he came to a suitable place, and scrambled up the bank high enough to get his tusks on the top. Using these as a lever, he raised up first one and then the other fore leg, and shuffled along upon his elbows until the knees of the hind legs were near enough to the bank to be brought to the top.

I was informed that if an elephant got into a deep quicksand in a river bed, the only chance of saving him is to cut the grass and bushes, tie them into bundles, and throw them to him. He places these under the fore feet and gradually raises himself out of the sand. It is very dangerous to go near him at this time, for he will seize a man and use him in the same manner. It is said to be a very painful sight when the elephant fails to escape. He sinks gradually, and the last part seen is the end of the trunk, which he tries to keep above the water in order to breathe.

J. J. MEYRICK.

About a Hoodoo.

WYMORE, Nebraska, June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My old friend Doc has quit hunting and fishing with me. We have hunted, fished, and camped together for thirty-five years, and have been close friends all that time. It was Doc who took me to the Platte River, many years ago, to teach me to shoot wild geese, and put me on a wooded island where I remained all day without getting a shot at a goose, while he crossed the river and took a good position near a sandbar, and got nine geese. He has doctored my family, and I have defended his malpractice cases, and now to have our relations strained is painful to me, indeed.

But the most unpleasant thing about it all is the reason he gives for not wanting to continue our hunting and fishing together, and that is that I am a hoodoo.

Now, I do not know just what a hoodoo is, nor whether I am one or not, but that Doc has had some very bad luck in some of our excursions, I cannot deny. For instance, the last two times that we set out trot lines for fish, it rained the same night, raised the river, and washed away our trot lines, and Doc's boat as well.

Again, when on a quail hunt, he was unfortunate enough to fill my hide with bird shot, and it took him nearly all afternoon to pick them out, when he might have been hunting quail.

At another time, when hunting geese on the Republican River, the only one he was fortunate enough to kill fell in the river, and the dog carried it to a little island, a hundred yards from the shore, and laid it down and refused to bring it to land, and Doc was compelled to strip, and wade and swim to that island, when the ice was running in the stream, to get his goose.

But that was the fault of the dog, and I cannot see wherein I was to blame; I did not even own the dog, and the water is always cold at that time of year.

Well, the climax came last winter, when we went quail hunting up the Blue. It was a very pleasant winter day; the sun was bright and warm, and we walked along together talking over old times, until we reached a place where the rocky bluffs came in near the river, and while passing along between the bluff and the river, in an old cow-path, I had fallen behind three or four rods, when, on looking ahead, I saw a bobcat in a tree, a few feet ahead of Doc, and only about twenty feet from the ground. Doc was walking along with his gun on his shoulder, upside down, with two fingers through the guards, one on each trigger, a favorite way of his in carrying his gun, and both hammers cocked. He had not noticed the bobcat, but the instant that I saw it, I unthinkingly put two loads of bird shot into it. The shot was such a surprise to the cat that it jumped straight up into the air, but when it came down it missed the limb, and fell in the path about six feet in front of Doc, and such a spitting, yowling, and caterwauling you never heard, and when that bundle of yellow and gray fur and infernal noise struck the ground in front of Doc, he unconsciously or spasmodically pulled off both barrels of his gun, and the two loads passed a few feet above my head, and as his gun went off, he let out a yell that almost scared the cat to death, and as he started to run toward me the cat went the other way, and when Doc realized that I had shot the cat, and had been the innocent cause of the trouble, he seemed very much vexed, and the profanity he used was of the rugged variety. But surely I was not to blame. I submit to all fair-minded men that I did the right thing at the right time. How did I know that the cat would miss the limb and fall in front of Doc? I never saw a cat do that before. Besides, if I had not shot that cat it might have dropped down on Doc's head as he passed under it. My own opinion is that Doc should have reserved his fire, and instead of wasting those two loads in the air over my head, he should have shot the cat. But it seems easy to say what others should do under all circumstances, and taking it all in all, I have no criticism to make. I think Doc simply did his best.

A. D. MCCANDLESS.

A Picturesque Pose.

WHILE at Pinehurst I was very much struck by a picture of a dog which I saw there. The artist and a friend were hunting and by great good luck the artist took his camera, and so he got this picture. The dog is Boy, and of all places in the world he chose exactly the right one to "set" a bird. Back of him is a long-leaf pine, half burned, the charred portion being next to him, and of the densest black. Nothing in the world could have made a finer background for this grand dog. The picture is sent you, and it shows that the artist is as clever as the dog.



A PICTURESQUE POSE.

Both artist and dog can feel complimented by this allusion. It is doubtful if any dog picture ever exceeded this. Certainly the writer has never seen any which equaled it. The vegetation is shown well—the little bay trees, the scrub oaks, wire grass, etc. The pine shows how under the old system of getting rosin these noble trees are so exposed to destruction by fire, which, flashing through the grass, seize upon the rosin in the "boc" of the tree and then run up the many feet of surface from which the bark has been removed in order to let the rosin run down. The new system of tapping these trees ought to be required by law to be used.

FRED A. OLDS.

The New York Cold Storage Cases.

THE Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, First Department, of New York, handed down last week an opinion in the case of the People, Appellants, vs. Jacob V. Bootman and Howard R. Robinson, Respondents, or, as it is popularly known, the cold storage game case. The full text of the opinion follows, having been written by Justice Ingraham:

This action was brought to recover penalties for a violation of the forest, fish and game law (Ch. 20 of the Laws of 1900), the defendant being charged with the possession of various birds at different times between May 23, 1901, and June 1, 1901. The defendants demurred to this complaint, and the demurrer was sustained as to counts fourteen to nineteen of the complaint inclusive, and overruled as to counts one to thirteen inclusive (40 Mis. Rep., 27). Both parties seem to have appealed to this court, where the judgment below was affirmed without an opinion (72 App. Div., 619), and on a subsequent appeal to the Court of Appeals the judgment was affirmed upon the opinion of the Special Term (173 N. Y., 622). The case then came on for trial before a jury, and was submitted upon an agreed statement of facts. It was stipulated that the defendants, "between the 22d day of May, 1901, and the 2d day of June of that year, possessed at the city and county of New York, 100 grouse, 100 quail, 96 woodcock, and 100 ducks, being of the same grouse, quail, woodcock and ducks mentioned and described in the first thirteen counts of the complaint in the above entitled action;" that "all of the said grouse, quail, woodcock and ducks were caught and killed outside of the State of New York, to wit, in other States of the Union, and were purchased and acquired by the defendants and exported from the States in which they were caught and killed to them in this State, at a time when it was lawful to possess them in the State of New York, to wit, during the month of November, 1900; and that the defendants received and kept the same on storage, at the county and city of New York, from that time to the commencement of this action, and that they were of the fair market value of $5,000." Upon the trial the complaint was dismissed, and the plaintiff appealed.

The first thirteen counts of the complaint were alike in form, except as to the specific birds and the time. The first count alleged that "on the 23d day of May, 1901, at the city and county of New York, the defendants, copartners as aforesaid, unlawfully, willfully and knowingly possessed 496 grouse and 236 quail during the close season for said grouse and quail respectively, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided. That by reason of the premises, the defendants then and there became liable to a penalty of $60, and to an additional penalty of $25 for each bird, grouse and quail so possessed, to wit, the sum of $18,300." These counts were held to state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action.

Upon the trial it appeared that these birds had been taken out of the State of New York, purchased by the defendants outside of the State, and imported into this State at a time when persons in this State were authorized to take such birds and have possession thereof, and the birds had remained in the possession of the defendants in the original packages from the time of such importation until the time the complaint alleged that the defendants possessed the same. The defendants having thus lawfully become the owners of these birds at the time when the possession and ownership of such property was authorized by the law of this State, the question is directly presented as to whether the Legislature could make the subsequent possession of these birds a crime. That these birds thus acquired by the defendants and imported into this State when such importation was allowed by the law of this State were property, cannot be seriously questioned. It is agreed that they were of the value of $5,000, and when purchased and imported into this State by the defendants neither the State nor anyone acting under its authority could confiscate or appropriate this property without making compensation to the defendants therefor. They were protected by the provisions of the State Constitution, subject, however, to the police power of the State which would include the right of the State to prevent the sale of articles of food which would be injurious to the public health. Subject to this power, however, the defendants had a right to possess the birds, to sell them or make such disposition of them as they pleased. It was held by the learned judge who determined the demurrer in this case, which opinion was adopted by the Court of Appeals, that the possession of birds at the forbidden season within the State is prima facie evidence that the possessor had violated the law, and that the burden was then cast upon him to show that the possession was legal. Thus, upon the trial of the case, there was imposed upon the defendants to escape liability the obligation of showing that the possession of these birds in May and June, 1901, was not a violation of the statute, and the question is therefore presented whether the provisions of this law require us to hold that the Legislature intended to make the mere possession of property to which the possessor had the legal title, a crime, and whether, if the Legislature intended to accomplish that result, it was in violation of the provisions of the Constitution. Section 6 of Article 1 of the Constitution provides that no person shall "be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation." Since this provision has been a part of the fundamental law of the State, it has been universally held that the possessor of property is entitled to its full beneficial use and free enjoyment, and that such use and enjoyment of property cannot be directly or indirectly affected, except by due process of law. Thus, in Foster vs. Scott (136 N. Y., 577), the court said what it seems to me is directly applicable to the questions presented in this case:

> This case is governed by a few principles so well settled and understood that they are elementary, and nothing can be added to their force or application by illustration or extended discussion. The validity of a law is to be determined by its purpose and its reasonable and practical effect and operation, though enacted under the guise of some general power, which the Legislature may lawfully exercise, but which may be, and frequently is, used in such a manner as to encroach, by design or otherwise, upon the positive restraints of the Constitution. What the Legislature cannot do directly, it cannot do indirectly, as the Constitution guards as effectually against insiduous approaches as an open and direct attack. Whenever a law deprives the owner of the beneficial use and free enjoyment of his property, or imposes restraints upon such use and enjoyment, that materially affects its value, without legal process or compensation, it deprives him of his property within the meaning of the Constitution. All that is beneficial in property arises from its use and the fruits of that use, and whatever deprives a person of them deprives him of all that is desirable or valuable in the title and possession. It is not necessary in order to render a statute obnoxious to the restraints of the Constitution, that it must in terms or in effect authorize an actual physical taking of the property or the thing itself, so long as it affects its free use and enjoyment, or the power of disposition at the will of the owner.

If the free beneficial use and right of disposition of property are thus protected by the Constitution, an act which makes the mere possession of property a crime, and imposes upon the possessor a penalty, is certainly a direct legislative interference with the beneficial use and liberty of disposition of the property. If an act of the Legislature attempted to make the mere possession of a barrel of flour or a bushel of wheat a crime, there could be, I suppose, no question but that it would be a violation of this clause of the Constitution. (Matter of Jacobs, 98 N. Y., 98-105, and cases there cited.) Wherever these birds became the property of the defendants and lawfully possessed within this State, it seems to me that such ownership and possession was as much protected by the Constitution as was any other kind of property similarly situated, and that if the construction sought to be given to this statute by the learned counsel for the plaintiff is correct, it was beyond the power of the Legislature.

I have not considered the Act of Congress of May 25, 1900, as that act could only have the effect of preventing the provision of the Federal Constitution as to interstate commerce from applying to property of this character imported into this State. It did not and could not affect the application of the Constitution of this State, which prohibits the Legislature from depriving a person of property wthout due process of law. It may be conceded that since the passage of this Act of Congress these birds, when imported into this State from any other State or Territory, became subject to the operation and effect of the laws of this State, enacted in the exercise of its police power, to the same extent and in the same manner as though such birds had been produced in this State, but that act certainly could not abrogate the provisions of the State Constitution which prohibit the Legislature from depriving the plaintiff of this property without due process of law. Entertaining these views, we have to examine the statute to see whether it must necessarily be construed so as to accomplish what would be a violation of this constitutional provision.

Section 22 of the act (Ch. 20 of the Laws of 1900, as amended by Ch. 396 of the Laws of 1901), provides that the close season for quail shall be from December 16 to October 31, both inclusive. Section 23, as amended by Chapter 601 of the Laws of 1900, provides that woodcock shall not be taken from December 16 to September 15, both inclusive. Section 25, as amended by Chapter 601 of the Laws of 1900, provides that the close season for grouse shall be from December 16 to September 15, both inclusive. Section 28 provides that woodcock, grouse and quail shall not be sold or possessed during the

close season, except in the month of December, and the possession or sale thereof during the last fifteen days of December shall be presumptive evidence that they were unlawfully taken by the possessor. Section 39, as amended by Chapter 741 of the Laws of 1900, provides that a person who violates any provision of this article is guilty of a misdemeanor and is liable to a penalty of $60, and to an additional penalty of $25 for each bird or part of bird taken or possessed in violation thereof. Substantially the same provisions are contained in Article 3 of the act in relation to certain fish. The provisions of Article 3 were before the Court of Appeals in the case of People vs. Buffalo Fish Co. (164 N. Y., 93). The appeal in that case presented, as this case presents, two questions; first, "with respect to the true meaning and scope of the statute, and secondly, if it means what the plaintiff insists it does, with respect to its validity;" and it was held that

> The statute in question does not in terms, or any reasonable implication, forbid a person to "catch, kill or be possessed" of fish in a foreign country. We all agree that our statute does not forbid a person to "catch or kill" fish of any kind in Manitoba, but it is said that when one brings the fish so caught or killed into this State, the penalties of our statute attach to him. With all respect, I am constrained to say that this is not a reasonable or tolerable interpretation of a penal statute. What it means and all it means is to forbid any person to catch, kill or be possessed of the fish described from the waters of this State. The word "possessed" obviously refers to those fish the catching or killing of which is forbidden, that is to say, fish in the waters of this State, and not those procured in a foreign country. It is simply a perversion of the statute to hold that the mere possession by any person within this State of the fish described in the statute during the close season is a violation of it, without regard to the place where it was procured, or to the manner obtained. * * * In the case at bar the statute is pushed by a literal reading to a point quite as unreasonable. In my opinion the law has no reference or application to a case where the fish have been imported from a foreign country. The conceded facts of this case take it out of the reason and policy of the law.

We have thus stated for our guidance by the Court of Appeals a rule of construction which can be applied to this statute, and which saves it from being a violation of the constitutional provision to which attention has been called. The Legislature had implied authority to protect the wild game of the State. To accomplish that purpose it prohibited the taking of certain birds during a certain portion of each year, and then provided that these birds should not be sold or possessed during the close season, and provided a penalty for a violation of this prohibition. Reading these sections together, they can be construed in accordance with the intent of the statute to apply to certain specified birds taken within the State, and that the sale or possession of such birds during the close season is a violation of the provision of the law, and imposes upon the possessor the penalty therein prescribed; but the statute was not intended to, nor does it, affect the possession or sale of birds taken in another State or country, the ownership of which had been acquired and which had been followed by importation into this State while such importation and possession was lawful and vested in the possessor the title to the property.

Our attention has been called to a case at the Special Term of the Supreme Court (People vs. A. Booth & Co., reported in the 42d Mis. Rep., 321), in which this question is quite fully discussed, and where a conclusion is arrived at which substantially agrees with that before indicated. I also think that the court had power to grant the allowance.

It follows that upon the agreed statements of facts we agree with the learned judge below, and that the judgment should be affirmed, with costs.

Patterson and O'Brien, JJ., concur.

Van Brunt, P.J., concurs in result.

A dissenting opinion, written by Judge McLaughlin, follows:

I am unable to concur in the prevailing opinion. The possession of the birds at the time alleged in the complaint and stated in the stipulation was, under the forest, fish and game law (Chap. 20 of the Laws of 1900, as amended by Chap. 396 of the Laws of 1901) unlawful (Id. Secs. 23, 25, and 28), and by reason thereof the defendants were liable to the penalty specified in Section 39 of that act. The act is not unconstitutional. (Phelps vs. Racey, 60 N. Y., 10; People vs. Buffalo Fish Co., 164 N. Y., 93). Nor is it in conflict with the Federal Constitution or acts passed by Congress regulating commerce between the States. (Matter of Rahrer, 140 U. S., 545; Rhodes vs. State of Iowa, 170 U. S., 412; Vance vs. W. A. V. Co., Id., 438).

The prevailing opinion entirely overlooks or ignores Section 5 of the Act of Congress, commonly called the "Lacey Act," approved May 25, 1900, and if it had not, then it seems to me clear a different conclusion would have been reached. This section provides:

> That all dead bodies or parts thereof, of any foreign game animals, or game or song birds, the importation of which is prohibited, or the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild game animal or game or song bird transported into any State or Territory or remaining therein for use, consumption, sale or storage therein, shall, upon arrival in such State or Territory, be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory enacted in the exercise of its police powers to the same extent and in the same manner as though such animals or birds had been produced in such State or Territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced therein in original packages or otherwise.

It is true that the validity and effect of the section quoted have not, so far as I have been able to discover, been judicially passed upon, but a similar Act of Congress in respect to intoxicating liquors, has. The "Wilson Act," so-called, approved August 8, 1890, provides:

> That all fermented, distilled or other intoxicating liquors or liquids transported into any State or Territory or remaining therein for use, consumption, sale or storage therein, shall, upon arrival in such State or Territory, be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory enacted in the exercise of its police powers to the same extent and in the same manner as though such liquids or liquors had been produced in such State or Territory and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced in the original packages or otherwise. (26 Statutes at Large, 313, Chap. 728.)

This act was first considered by the Supreme Court of the United States in matter of Rahrer (supra) in relation to a statute of the State of Kansas, which provided that any person who should manufacture, sell or barter any spirituous liquors should be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction should be punished as therein provided. (1 Gen. Stat. Kansas, Chap. 31, 1380, etc.) On the day following the approval of the Wilson Act—August 9, 1890—one Rahrer sold, in the State of Kansas, a keg of beer in the original package in which it had been transported to him from another State. He was arrested for violating the statute of Kansas referred to, and thereupon, by writ of habeas corpus, he obtained his discharge (43 Fed. Rep., 556), but on appeal the action of the lower court was reversed, and the relator remanded as subject to and to be proceeded against for a violation of the State statute. In disposing of the case, the court held that the Wilson Act was constitutional, and after it took effect liquors imported into the State of Kansas were subject, both as to possession and sale, to the existing laws of that State, and it was unnecessary, after the passage of the Wilson Act, to re-enact the State law in order to make it operative upon such liquors. Chief Justice Fuller, speaking for the court, said:

> It appears from the agreed statement of facts that this liquor arrived in Kansas prior to the passage of the act of Congress, but no question is presented here as to the right of the importer in reference to the withdrawal of the property from the State, nor can we perceive that the Congressional enactment is given a retrospective operation by holding it applicable to a transaction of sale occurring after it took effect. This is not the case of a law enacted in the unauthorized exercise of a power exclusively confided to Congress, but of a law which it was competent for the State to pass, but which could not operate upon articles occupying a certain situation until the passage of the act of Congress. That act, in terms, removed the obstacle, and we perceive no adequate ground for adjudging that a re-enactment of the State law was required before it could have the effect upon imported, which it had always had upon domestic property.

The same act again came under consideration in Rhodes vs. State of Iowa (170 U. S., 412). There, Rhodes was convicted before a Justice of the Peace of the State of Iowa for transporting into that State, in violation of its laws, intoxicating liquors from the State of Illinois. The conviction was affirmed by the Supreme Court of Iowa (Stalls vs. Rhodes, 90 Ia., 396), but reversed by the Supreme Court of the United States, on the sole ground, however, that the liquors, when seized, had not reached their destination. Referring to the contention that the statute of Iowa did not apply to liquors obtained outside the State, Mr. Justice White, citing with approval matter of Rahrer (supra), said:

> It is not gainsaid that the effect of the act of Congress (with respect to imported liquors) was to deprive the receiver of goods shipped from another State of all power to sell the same in the State of Iowa in violation of its laws. * * * It has been settled that the effect of the act of Congress is to allow the statutes of the several States to operate upon packages of imported liquor before sale.

It was also considered in Vance vs. W. A. V. Co. (supra). There an injunction had been obtained restraining the defendants from interfering with intoxicating liquors shipped from the State of California to the State of South Carolina in violation of the statutes of the latter State. The court held that the injunction should be dissolved; that under the Wilson Act intoxicating liquors transported from one State to another became—as soon as the act of transportation was complete—subject to the laws of the State into which they were brought.

Applying the rule laid down in these decisions, as to the effect of the Wilson Act upon State statutes existing at the time of its passage with reference to intoxicating liquors, to the Lacey Act, and its effect upon the statute of this State as to the possession of game, but one conclusion, as it seems to me, can be reached—viz., that the defendants were liable to the penalty provided by the statutes of this State for having the birds mentioned in the stipulation at the time therein stated, and this notwithstanding the fact they were in the original packages in which they were received from other States.

The Wilson and Lacey Acts are similar, except one relates to intoxicating liquors and the other to game. The Kansas statute, which was involved in the decision in the Rahrer case, provides that intoxicating liquors shall not be manufactured or sold in that State, and the New York statute, under which the penalties here are sought to be recovered, provides that birds of the kind mentioned in the stipulation shall not be sold or possessed at stated times. Both of these statutes were passed in the exercise of the police powers of the respective States, and after they became laws one applied to liquors produced, and the other to game taken in the State, but neither of them to that which was transported into the State until after Congress had given its consent thereto. (Liesy vs. Harden, 135 U. S., 100.) That consent, however, was given by acts which might well be termed enabling acts—the Wilson Act in the one case, and the Lacey Act in the other—and thereafter the State statutes applied equally to that which came from without as to that produced or taken within it. There is, therefore, no force in the suggestion that the Lacey Act has no application since the statute of the State of New York under which the penalties are sought to be recovered was passed prior thereto. The statute is general in terms. It applies, so far as the possession of the birds mentioned during the closed season is concerned, to those taken or procured outside of the State as well as to those taken within it, and Congress has given its consent by the Lacey Act to the enforcement of that statute against birds imported into the State. This same contention was made in the Rahrer case, and the court, as already indicated, held that a re-enactment of the State statute was unnecessary, and the same view was reiterated in the Rhodes and Vance cases. This also is the view of the court of last resort in every State, so far as I have been able to discover, where the question has been presented. (State vs. Intoxicating Liquors, 91 Me., 140; Starace vs. Rossie, 69 Vt., 303; State vs. Bixman, 162 Mo., 1). See also Commonwealth vs. Savage (155 Mass., 278); Magner vs. People (97 Ill., 320). Roth vs. State (51 Ohio State, 209); People vs. O'Neill (110 Mich., 324); State vs. Rodman (58 Minn., 393); Ex-Parte Maier (103 Cal., 476); Price vs. Bradley (16 Q. B. Div., 148).

Nor do these views conflict in any way with People vs. Buffalo Fish Company (supra), as I read that case. There, the court held that the statute here under consideration was constitutional, but so far as fish was concerned it only applied to that taken within the State. This was but applying the rule laid down in Liesy vs. Harden (supra), and it must necessarily be so, inasmuch as there was no Act of Congress making imported fish subject to the laws of the State into which it was imported. The case would be in point except for the Lacey Act. That act, as already said, makes the State statute applicable to game imported into the State.

I am of the opinion, in view of the authorities cited, that the defendants are liable for the penalty provided in the statute for having the birds unlawfully in their possession, and if I am correct in this, then it necessarily follows the judgment should be reversed.

The opinion prevailing in the case above cited was followed as to the several other game cases before the court, namely, the suits against Nathan Schweitzer, Harry Schweitzer, William Sommer, Michael Goss, Charles Cohen, Isaac Heineman, and Balthasar Arras.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fish Chat.

A Waste of Trout Fry.

ON the eastern shore of the Hudson, and nearly opposite West Point, is situated the little village of Garrison. It is rather an exaggeration to call it a village, for there are not over a dozen houses, a couple of small stores, a post-office, and the railroad station, but it is called the village, and we will so record it.

Back in the country four or five miles from the river is a great stretch of forest, and there are so many hills that one is reminded at once of the green hills of Vermont, or of Cape Breton, for they are all wooded to their summits, and many of them are of considerable height.

As one travels further and further from the river, he finds the country more thinly settled, and the farms smaller and less carefully tilled; in fact, they would be considered but poor affairs by most practical and scientific farmers. There is a kind of forlorn appearance about them, an air of unthoroughness which indicates that the farming is done perfunctorily, and the crops raised are not considered of much importance, and when they are harvested they prove to be all that their promise indicated.

But the country teems with trout brooks, and some of them are as fine as one would wish to see. I have knocked about a good deal in the New England States and in the Canadian Provinces, but I never saw so many streams of bright sparkling water in any locality elsewhere. Owing to the hilly character of the country, they all flow rapidly, their noisy prattle betraying their course far away in the forest; they are nearly all living streams, their flow being but little diminished even in the dryest summer.

These brooks are ideal trout streams, and in passing them the nerves of the angler tingle, and in fancy his hand involuntarily clutch at the rod and reel which he believes he could use to good advantage.

In a long drive that I recently took through this region, we passed a considerable number of these streams, and each seemed more promising of trout than the preceding ones had been.

Our driver was known as "Old Uncle Bill." I never heard his surname, and as he had lived in and about Garrison all his life, he knew the country thoroughly, every brook being as familiar to him as was his family rooftree; he was an odd character, full of reminiscences, and overflowing with loquacity and tobacco juice.

"Yaas, there's trout into all these brooks," said the old fellow, in reply to one of my questions, "but it takes a mighty good man to ketch 'em nowadays. I can't now, and I've fished these brooks nigh onto forty year; the fish are eddicated like, and they won't touch an angleworm. Now and ag'in somebody ketches a good one, but they average small. There," he exclaimed, as he stopped the horse on the bridge which spanned one of the largest of the brooks that we passed, "jest below that big rock there," pointing to a large boulder that lay in the stream, below it being a pool of considerable size and depth, "four year ago I ketched a buster; he had been hooked before that and lost, but I fetched him; he was an old-timer, and no mistake; he weighed over a pound and a half, which is a big fish for these brooks.

"Yaas, there's trout into all these brooks, but it takes a good man to ketch 'em. Some say they're pretty much ketched out, but I don't believe that yarn, 'cause there's miles and miles of these brooks that can't be fished, unless you crawl on your hands and knees to get at 'em."

"I suppose they might be restocked," said I, as the old man started up his horse and urged him into a brisk trot. "These streams look very inviting, and I should judge from the volume of water in them they live through the summer."

"Yaas, they're all live brooks, and hardly any of 'em ever dry up. There's been lots of fry put in 'em. Mayor Potts and others got some cans from the hatcheries and emptied a can full inter each of the best brooks. But, Lor', they didn't go to work right. In my opinion, the fry ought to have been carried way up to the heads of the brooks, where they could look out for themselves until they got some size, but they were emptied right into the brook where there was fish five or six inches long, and I'll bet they gave high livin' to the others until they was all gone. No, sir, it don't do no good to put fry where there's any trout, big or little, for they'll find no marcy, sure."

And the old man was right. Time and again have I known of fry being put into brooks where there were trout and other small fish, and the parties who put them out wondered why no good results followed.

There is no doubt that many of our streams may be restocked, and ought to be, but if fry are put out they should be carried to the highest points, where there is no danger of molestation from small trouts, perch, dace, or even ordinary minnows, all of which will prey upon the little creatures if they can reach them.

The practice of putting out fingerlings or yearlings, which many have adopted, seems to be more successful, but even these will furnish a bonne bouche to a five or six-inch trout or perch if there is one in the stream.

Havoc Among Rangeley Trout Fry.

The most remarkable waste of trout fry that ever came to my observation, occurred a number of years ago at the Middle Dam, on the Rangeley Lakes, Me. The gates of the dam had been wide open, and the water had been running over the lower flash boards the whole length of the dam for several weeks, and in consequence of this abundance of water the river below the dam was

more than banked full, the water spreading into the bushes along the shores sometimes several rods beyond the stream itself.

In the middle of the river the water was a roaring, rushing, foaming mass, which pitched and tumbled over huge boulders and ledges in the wildest manner imaginable; but along both shores it was murky but foam-covered, and there was little motion in it except that which was caused by eddies and small waves from the rushing midstream.

As I was standing on the dam one day, busily engaged in casting the fly in the still water above, I was joined by two men whom I afterward learned were employes of the Lewiston Water Power Company; they said they had come to close the gates, for a big raft of logs was coming down the lake above and a full head of water was needed.

They went about their work at once, and they did it thoroughly, for the gates were not only tightly closed, but new flash boards were put on the dam, and almost every drop of water was held back. As a result of this action, the river bed below the dam was emptied of water almost as quickly as would be a basin held in one's hand; the rapidity with which the water dropped was astonishing, and it seemed as if I could in a very few minutes walk about everywhere in the bed of the stream where the water had been before the gates were closed from four to six feet in depth.

There I found almost countless numbers of small trout which had been left by the receding waters among the bushes, crevices in rocks, and shoal places, they being unable to escape with the quickly vanishing water; they were little fellows, from about an inch to an inch and a half in length, and there must have been thousands of them. I never saw such havoc in my life.

How it happened that so many of these small trout had congregated at that point I never knew; they were all nearly of one size, and may have been of that season's hatch, which had ascended the five miles of rapid river in which there are a number of famous spawning beds, and had been stopped by the dam; but whatever the cause might have been that brought them there, they reached the dam only to find destruction.

Now, I do not know how far the authority of the Fish and Game Commissioners of Maine extends, nor whether there is any provision by law which will permit them to guard against such a catastrophe as I have named, but if there is not, there should be one, for if the men who had closed those gates and put on the flash boards had been compelled to do their work gradually, so that the stream would not have fallen so quickly, the thousands upon thousands of young trout that were then destroyed might have been saved.

Nature's Prodigality.

The wastefulness of nature in some of her methods is often as great as is that which is wrought by man, and in no way is this prodigality shown more vividly than it is in the reproduction of many of our fishes.

I once had an opportunity for witnessing the mating and spawning of salmon, and as I watched the operation I wondered at its crudeness, if I may use that expression, and weighed the probable outcome that would result.

I was out on a hunting excursion in New Brunswick, and for several hours followed with my guide the course of one of the salmon rivers of that Province.

"If you would like to see salmon casting their spawn, sir," said my companion, "you may get a chance in that pool yonder, for they spawn there every season."

I replied that I should be very glad to do so, for I had never before had an opportunity of witnessing the act.

"All right, sir," said he, "you'll have a chance now, without doubt," and as he spoke he led me to the pool in a round-about way, so that we could not be seen by the fish in approaching it, and crawling cautiously upon a ledge which overhung the pool we peered over its edge into the water below, which was so limpid that we could watch every motion of the fish it contained almost as distinctly as if they were floating in the air.

There were two male and two female salmon in the pool, and apparently two beds of pebbles which had been prepared and were ready for the eggs; each female remained close to her spawning bed, but the males moved about here and there in pursuit of the trout which hovered about the females; the male salmon, while they did not attack each other, seemed ready to do so at a moment's notice, their long, curved, hook-like jaws giving them a distinctly belligerent aspect; they moved by each other as if they had the traditional chip on their shoulders which they were waiting to have knocked off.

All four of the fish were very dark colored, seeming almost black as they moved about in the water below us. Toward the sea trout they displayed great animosity, and endeavored to keep them as much as possible at the extreme edge of the pool.

Presently one of the females threw herself partially on her side, and partly upon her abdomen on the pile of coarse gravel and pebbles, which she pressed with a wavering quiver or shudder, which seemed to force the eggs out from her body, a dozen or two being dropped at each pressure; this was the signal for the sea trout to advance, which they did from every side, seizing the eggs and eating them as soon as they were dropped, the number that fell into the crevices being comparatively few.

The male salmon, of course, made every possible effort to keep the marauders away, and as soon as he had scattered his foes, he pressed his abdomen against the pebbly bottom as his mate had done, causing the milk to exude in a little white cloud in the water, which was plainly visible to us as we lay upon our rocky perch. We watched the operations of these fish for nearly an hour, and I venture to say that not one egg in a hundred reached a secure hiding place, and was properly fertilized.

I have no memoranda by me showing the average number of spawn cast by the female salmon, but I know that a 5-pound landlocked drops somewhere in the neighborhood of 1,500 eggs, and if it is a fact that not 5 per cent. of the salmon eggs are properly fertilized and produce fry, and this fact has been recorded more than once, and I have no doubt is correct, judging by what I saw on that occasion, it would appear that nature's method is a wasteful one; for even if there were no sea trout to annoy the spawning fish, and I believe they are rarely present in sufficient numbers to do much injury, the fertilization of the eggs which were dropped in the crevices among the pebbles by the milt which was ejected in small clouds only, and which was carried away from them by the current, rather than among them, would be impossible.

Basing an opinion on what I saw that day, I should say that instead of 5 per cent. being the correct proportion, not 1 per cent. of the spawn that were cast naturally would ever produce fry.

It may be said that so small a percentage of fertile eggs is all that is necessary to keep up the stock of fish under normal conditions, and this is no doubt true, for if all the eggs were fertilized like those of the herrings or smelts, the rivers could hardly mature the great numbers of fry that would be hatched, but somehow one cannot get rid of the idea that the salmon have adopted a wasteful method of continuing their species.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Fish and Fishing.

Many American Anglers in Canada.

THE invasion of Canadian fishing waters by American anglers during the last few days has been exceptionally large, even for this favorite season for going a-fishing. The arrival of members of the Restigouche and Cascapedia Salmon Clubs at their respective headquarters has so far been even larger than was expected, the telegraphic reports of the arrival of salmon in the rivers at an earlier date than had been anticipated, bringing many immediate demands for accommodation. The fish are reported plentiful enough for the early run in most of the rivers, but those waters which are naturally dark have not yielded, as yet, any very great measure of success to anglers, because of the height of the water. It is therefore not surprising to find that the rising fish have taken only very large flies, and some of the orders sent up from the Restigouche by the earliest arrivals there this season were for Jock-Scotts, silver-doctors, and silver-grays, tied upon No. 4/0 hooks, which, as most fishermen know, means that the Restigouche salmon are looking for flies over two inches long. This is quite in keeping, too, with Mr. Charles Stewart Davison's experiences of last summer on one of the north shore rivers, where many of his best fish were taken on hooks of this size.

I learn from correspondents on the Grand Discharge that there, too, it requires a fairly large fly at the present time to be successful, the water being still quite high. Several anglers were at Lake St. John before the Island House opened, and among those now fishing the Discharge and making their headquarters at the Island House are Mr. Geo. E. Hart, whose many Canadian friends are delighted to see him looking so well after his long and serious illness, and a party of guests. After fishing for some time at Lake St. John, Mr. Hart will go to the preserves of the Nonamtum and Triton Clubs before returning to Waterbury, and may probably indulge in a little salmon fishing as well.

Excellent Trout Fishing.

Some excellent trout fishing has recently been enjoyed at Commissioners' Lake, near Lake St. John, by a party of friends, which included Mr. Bennett, president, and Mr. A. W. Hooper, former vice-president of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. They report the killing of several trout of two and three pounds weight each and over by fly-fishing.

Mr. Chase, of Syracuse; Mr. J. B. Emery, of Boston, and Mr. John J. Hays, of Lynn, Mass., have made very good catches of trout in Lake Edward, while it is reported from the lakes of the Stadacona and the Laurentides Fish and Game Clubs that the fish are very much more evenly distributed this spring than usual in the waters of those territories, where, as a general rule, they were taken in a few localities only.

Plenty of Open Fishing.

I am very glad to be able to report that plenty of open fishing is to be had this season along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. Of late years it has become customary for visiting anglers at Quebec to be told that all the readily available trout waters in the Quebec and Lake St. John district were tied up in the hands of private individuals and clubs. There was more truth in this some years ago than at the present time. The open waters in the neighborhood of the railway had been practically fished out by the men employed in its construction. It was fortunate that the neighboring waters had been leased by the Government as the railway neared them, for this insured their proper guardianship and protection. In the beautiful stretches of the noble Batiscan River, where the rapid stream hugs the railway for a distance of some thirty miles, nothing but the smallest fish were to be found after the completion of the road. All the others had been taken out. In the years that have since elapsed, however, the little fish have grown big and millions of others have come into existence, so that the fishing has been gradually improving. And this season it is better than it has ever been since the building of the railway. Numbers of people are now going up by the various trains, disembarking at the various small stations in the stretch of country through which the Batiscan flows, and camping in the wilderness while doing their fishing. Fish up to three and four pounds weight have been taken upon several occasions from these waters since the opening of the season. Pretty much the same thing is true of the lower waters of the Jeannotte River, which flows into the Batiscan near Mequick. The Mequick River itself also offers exceptional advantages to the angler, and is nearly all public or free water. Very few people have fished more than its lower waters, bordering upon the railway. These contain numbers of small trout, not sufficiently large to prove particularly attractive to anglers from abroad. In the early part of the present month I ascended the Mequick for over twenty miles, in consequence of the enthusiastic reports of some of the Indians who hunt the neighboring country. The country is not an attractive one for tourists, because of the large fires which have devastated portions of it thereabouts. But the supply of trout is wonderful. Ascending the river from the railway station near its mouth, there are ten miles of alternate dead water and slight rapids, with only about half a mile of poling. The rest of the distance is by easy paddling. Then comes a portage of what the Indians call two miles, though it appeared to me more like four. Half of it is over a mountain. At the upper end of this portage the good fishing commences. For the next few miles of our trip I could not make a cast without hooking one, two or three trout, and some six miles above the portage we found fish of three and four pounds each. We had other experiences on the trip which I may speak of on another occasion.

Mr. Bayard Dominick, of New York, is fishing the Mistassini this season. Mr. Charles Stewart Davison is on the Riviere a la Truite. Mr. Edson Fitch and Mr. Vesey Boswell are fishing the Trinity, but Mr. Morton Paton, of New York, is not with them this year.

Mr. E. C. Fitch, of Waltham, is on the Romaine, and Mr. Ivers W. Adams, of Boston, has with him on the Moisie Dr. Heber Bishop and Mr. Walter Adams, and will later be joined by the Hon. Senator Aldrich and Mr. Henry R. Reid.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

The Tuna in Atlantic Waters.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some two years ago I wrote you about the possibility of tuna fishing in the Atlantic; and at the same time I started some gentlemen in Sydney, N. S., and in Newfoundland after those fish. As per my instructions, Mr. Ed. vom Hofe manufactured several exceedingly large reels, each to hold nearly a thousand feet of his No. 36 tarpon line. One of these I purchased, and the others were sold to my friends in Sydney and Newfoundland. My outfit was tried a year ago last August at Myra Bay near Sydney by a Kansas City man, but he failed to find the fish, and I do not believe that anyone else hung a tuna that year.

Last year, though, several were hung at Myra Bay, and as I met at Ottawa some two months ago Mr. A. C. Ross, one of the Sydney gentlemen who tried to land these giant game fish, I secured from him some notes for your paper.

He tells me that last year he hung two tuna. The first went immediately under the boat, fouled the line, and escaped. The second one struck so hard as to nearly pull the rod out of his hands. The reel handle fouled the arm of the chair and broke off, so, of course, the fish escaped. I had told Mr. Ross to use a chair with a back but no arms; but he did not understand my reason for giving such advice—he does now.

Mr. Wodill, of Sydney, also fished for tuna last summer at Myra Bay, and succeeded in hanging two. The first one he held for six hours, then, being worn out, he cut it loose. He estimates the length of the fish at 10 feet, the weight at 700 pounds, and the distance it towed him at 30 miles. Allowing for the natural overestimate caused by the angler's excitement, this fish must have put up a pretty respectable fight.

The second one that Mr. Wodill hooked he held for only half an hour, when it got away for some reason that I could not learn.

Mr. Dodd, the proprietor of the two "Log Cabin" resorts of Newfoundland, made last year an unsuccessful attempt to hook a tuna in one of the inlets of that island. He found the fish, but could not keep up with them. He writes me that he is going to try again this summer by using a naphtha launch.

The honor of landing the first tuna in the Atlantic with rod and reel is still open to competition; but candidates for the distinction are advised to lose no time in getting to work, as the Sydney sportsmen mean business this year.

The best fishing at Myra Bay is during the entire month of July. It is also good in September, but the weather then is liable to be unpropitious.

I regret that my professional work calls me to the Pacific Coast in July; for otherwise I would have made an endeavor to land the first Atlantic tuna myself. If this season goes by without one being caught there, I shall certainly try hard to tackle them next year.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Medal contests, series 1904; Saturday, contest No. 7, held at Stow Lake, June 11; west wind, fair weather.

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3. Acc. %	Event No. 3. Del. %	Event No. 3. Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
W. E. Brooks... ...		85.8	85.4	80	82.8	..
W. E. Brooks... ...		..	91.4	84.2	87.9	..
T. W. Brotherton...		85.8	86.4	87.6	86.11	..
T. W. Brotherton...		87.4	92.4	87.6	89.11	..
G. C. Edwards..	99	87.4	89.8	87.6	88.7	88
G. C. Edwards...	98	86	83.4	86.8	90	87.7
A. E. Mocker..	100	91.4	88.8	77.6	83.1	..
A. E. Mocker...	98	89	91.4	88.4	89.10	..
Young		91	92.4	86.8	89.6	98
Young		92.8	94	90.10	92.5	95.5
T. C. Kierulff... ...		92	93.8	80	87.3	86.8
T. C. Kierulff... ...		91	87.4	84.2	85.9	89.1
G. W. Lane..... ...		..	94.4	89.2	91.9	..
W. D. Mansfield ...		90.4	98.4	93.4	95.10	95.9
W. D. Mansfield ...		90.8	94.8	94.2	94.5	97.6

Judges, Kierulff and Brooks; referee, Mocker.

Sunday, contest No. 7, held at Stow Lake, June 12; west wind, clear weather.

Brotherton		88	90.8	95.10	93.3	84
Brotherton		90.4	90.8	95.10	93.3	..
Dr. Brooks.....	87	92.8	85	90.10	87.11	80.2
H. C. Golcher...	121	91	93	85	89	..
F. M. Haight....	88	90	93.4	85	89.2	..
C. Huyck.....	86	88.8	90.8	80.10	85.9	..
C. R. Kenniff....	107	92	94	99.2	96.7	98.4
J. B. Kenniff....	120	94	91.8	86.8	89.2	98.4
T. Kierulff.....	90	93	85	84.2	84.7	91.9
A. Sperry.....	90	87.4	81.4	71.8	76.6	..
H. B. Sperry....	103	87.8	90.8	75.10	83.3	..
C. G. Young.....	87	91	88.4	91.8	90	92.4
J. O. Harron..... ...		..	81.8	70	75.10	..
W. D. Mansfield ...		91	92	100	96	93.1
W. S. Mansfield. ...		92.4	94	96.8	95.4	97.2

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Honesty of Anglers.

I SAW a few days ago a short sketch wherein a tackle dealer stated that during the many years he had been in business he had occasion to send thousands of dollars' worth of his wares on approval, and that he had never lost a single dollar. His verdict was that in monetary matters anglers were honest to a fault.

If he had only stopped here, all would have been well; but he didn't. He went on further to say that when it came to the size and count of fish the best of them lied like Greeks!

Now, why is it that when an angler is measuring a trout by the distance of his parted forefingers and giving its weight at the same time, that one's fingers and tongue should simultaneously become so elastic? Even staid parsons have been known to get on that two or three extra inches, and extra pounds as well! There must be some reason for this. The unbeliever would say likely that it originated with the miraculous draught of fishes so incorrectly and incongruously depicted by Michael Angelo.

Be all this as it may, while I do not proclaim all anglers liars, yet I have, in my own personal experience, known some of them to have lied and have had it brought pretty "close to home" in having been accused of doing so myself by some jealous and disgruntled brother angler.

Larceny becomes absentmindedness in the matter of umbrellas, and I presume fish stories vary in the ratio of the enthusiasm of the angler. When you hear of an angler being referred to as "the most enthusiastic angler I ever knew," it is safe to say that such is just another term for unparalleled mendacity.

As anglers vie with each other in the matter of landing the heaviest trout, so do they carry this commendable rivalry to the describing of the fish caught, long after it has been weighed, fried, and eaten.

Matters have arrived at such a pitch that nowadays when an angler has landed the veritable "daddy of the pool," he goes to the J. P. and has drawn up a formal document reciting all the facts, and signing same before the justice has the document duly witnessed by all the onlookers. And when around the fire-place recounting battles upon lake and stream, a man, fortified with such a document, pulls it out and exposes it to the gaze of the assembled brother anglers, silence reigns or the very integrity of the document is called into question.

The camera and a tape-line and the very indicated scale-weight, form a supposedly impregnable combination of facts and figures and measures that don't lie. Yet they even do tricks with a camera that make things seem so that are not so.

So, with such an existing state of affairs, it is safer to let the other fellow tell his story first and then go him one better and let it go at that.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

President Starbuck of the Cuvier Club.

A RECENT issue of a Cincinnati exchange says of Mr. Alex. Starbuck's interest in the Cuvier Club and services in its behalf:

"When first elected president of the club, Mr. Starbuck found a decaying organization with a membership of only 180. This during his nine years' service he increased by hard work and skillful management to about 500. He vigorously prosecuted many offenders of the game laws, the number for this year to date being twenty cases, of which the large majority of them were convicted and fined. Mr. Starbuck soon gave the club a well deserved national reputation. With a desire to keep well posted on game laws and bird and fish increases or decreases, he developed a correspondence with almost every game and fish commissioner in the different States and Territories and with the officials of the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Starbuck was largely instrumental in securing State and National legislation for the protection of game and fish and forest preservation. He prepared many important articles on special features for sportsmen's journals and newspapers at home and abroad, and was ever alert in obtaining the support of many noted naturalists and influential men to his methods of protection.

"He has been exceedingly generous to the club, having donated birds and books and other things that must have cost fully $5,000. He gave the beautiful and rare collection of Birds of Paradise, which stands in a revolving cabinet in the north end of the museum. Some of these birds cost as high as $50 apiece, and are considered the finest collection of that species of bright plumaged birds in the country, with the exception of those in the Smithsonian Institution. His library of natural history, which he presented to the club, embraces nearly 1,500 volumes, and was the collection of a lifetime. One volume alone is valued at over $200.

"Mr. Starbuck seems to be especially fitted for the work, and the advancement of the organization to a still higher plane. He is now in his seventy-ninth year, and hale and hearty, and bids fair to add another decade to it. In a few days he will leave for the Northwest, where he proposes to have some genuine sport with the beautiful brook trout and the gamy black bass, and in addition a grand old talk with Dame Nature."

Fishing with a Remora in Cuba.

THE fish employed was the sucking fish, or remora. A strong small twine was made fast round the tail of the fish, which was kept in a vat until its services were required, and then thrown overboard. It ran instinctively toward the first fish which its line permitted it to reach, and instantly made itself fast by its oval disc or sucker at the top of its head. The moment the fisherman felt that such was the case, he gently drew in the line unto the surface, then carefully thrust his finger under the disc, which broke the connection, and secured the game. He then permitted the sucking fish to return again to the water. We found this a most successful method of fishing.—Fish and Fisheries.

To Keep Ferrules from Sticking.

NEW YORK, June 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All anglers know that trouble is often had from the sticking of the ferrules of rods. I have discovered that if the ferrules of fishing-rods are dipped in a little bit of fine flake graphite, it absolutely prevents their sticking. The treatment is an entirely simple one and as certain as it is simple; and I have received the blessing of several anglers for putting them on to this little trick.

G. P. H.



Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, New York Bay—Tuesday, June 14.

TWELVE boats entered the thirty-eighth annual regatta of the Atlantic Y. C., which was held on Tuesday, June 14, over courses in the Lower Bay. A fine breeze, S. by E., held throughout the race, making fast times possible. The feature of the day was the struggle between the Class M boats Redwing and Vivian II., both of Herreshoff design.

The course led from Sea Gate to Southwest Spit and return, a distance of 14 miles. It was a close reach out against an ebb tide, which set the starters down quite a bit below the mark. Vivian II. had a lead of only 14s. at the turn. Coming home with spinakers set the boats had gotten on practically even terms, when Vivian II. tore her spinnaker and was put out of the running. Redwing finished 1m. 6s. in the lead.

The 30-footers Bobtail and Bagheera, which sailed the same course, covered the last part of the journey in very close range. A lead of 1m. 30s. held by Bobtail at the outer mark was cut down by Bagheera to only 36s. at the finish.

The schooner Lasca had no competitor, but sailed over the 26-mile course out around Scotland Lightship and back in good time. The other starters went from Sea Gate to and around Old Orchard Shoal Light and return, a distance of 12¼ miles. It was a reach out and a reach home. The best work was done by the Class P boat, Naiad, and the Hand creation, Miss Judy, built under the new rules to the top of Class Q. Many of the starters have not yet been measured. Corrected times were therefore unobtainable, and the absolute winners cannot be decided until they are figured out. The summaries:

Schooners—Start, 11:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lasca, R. S. McCurdy	2 22 34	3 12 34

Sloops—Class M—Start, 11:15.

Redwing, J. B. O'Donohue	1 12 34	1 57 34
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	1 13 40	1 58 40

Sloops—Class N—Start, 11:15.

Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	1 16 20	2 01 20
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb	1 16 56	2 01 56

Sloops—Class P—Start, 11:20.

Naiad, Dr. J. B. Palmer	1 06 34	1 46 34
Smoke, L. H. Dyer	1 07 36	1 47 36

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 11:20.

Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton	1 07 55	1 47 55
Mary, Max Grunder	1 09 34	1 49 34
Cicada, A. D. O'Neill	1 17 48	1 57 48
Careless, F. J. Havens	1 14 47	1 54 47

Sloops—Class R—Start, 11:25.

Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern	1 36 54	2 11 54

Marine and Field Club.

Bath Beach, Gravesend Bay—Saturday, June 18.

THE annual open regatta of the Marine and Field Club was held on Saturday, June 18, in a light breeze, which at times threatened to die away altogether. Twenty-three of the best racing boats in the vicinity entered the contest, all but three of which finished. The leaders in the different classes were: Vivian II., Bobtail, Lizana, Miss Judy, Beta, Sandpiper, Boozie, and Kelpie. Sandpiper and Boozie scored sailovers. It is not thought that corrected times, which were unavailable because of insufficient data, will make the winners differ from the boats which led in each class.

Classes M and N covered a course from the start off Bath Beach to Craven Shoal Buoy, thence to Buoy No. 12, off Coney Island Point, and home. The first leg, which was close-hauled work, was made tedious by the scant success met in bucking the ebb tide with only a faint W. breeze stirring. When the second mark was finally reached, great difficulty was experienced in rounding. The wind eventually freshened and veered more to the northward. When the fleet became straightened out, Bobtail led in the long leg for home. Redwing withdrew. Bagheera was the second boat in, Vivian II. next and Era last. The regatta committee decided not to send the boats over the second round, and ended the contest for Classes M and N at this point.

The other starters covered the regular Association course, with marks off Fort Hamilton, Sea Gate and Ulmer Park. They had a beat, a reach, a run and a reach, taking the legs in the order at first named. When the breeze shifted the leg from Fort Hamilton to Sea Gate was changed to a run, the next was a reach and windward work brought the starters home. Great trouble was met in turning the mark off the Fort on the first round. The course was covered twice. Lizana, Miss Judy, Boozie, Sandpiper, Beta, Alpha, and Kelpie were sailed in clever manner. The summaries:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	5 55 42	2 50 42
Redwing, J. B. O'Donohue	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:05.

Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	5 50 33	2 45 33
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb	5 53 59	2 48 59
Era (ex-Vivian), E. H. M. Roehr	6 00 38	2 55 38

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:10.

Lizana, D. S. Wylie	4 59 06	1 49 06
Smoke, L. H. Dyer	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:10.

Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton	5 01 05	1 51 05
Mary, Max Grunder	5 04 21	1 54 21
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	5 06 31	1 56 31
Careless, F. J. Havens	5 08 21	1 58 21
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins	5 08 32	1 58 32
Cicada, A. D. O'Neill	5 11 33	2 01 33

Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:15.

Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern	5 09 19	1 54 19

Sloops—Class RR—Start, 3:20.

Beta, Snedeker & Camp	5 32 07	2 12 07
Alpha, Holcombe & Howell	5 32 37	2 12 37
Gamma, A. H. Platt	5 37 37	2 17 37
Delta, J. J. Mahoney	5 45 30	2 25 30

Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:25.

Boozie, C. D. Durkee	5 25 37	2 00 37

Marine and Field Special—Start, 3:30.

Kelpie, W. K. Brown	5 34 18	2 04 18
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton	5 44 22	2 14 22
Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson	5 48 27	2 18 27
Quinque, P. D. Knowles	Disqualified.	

Southern Y. C.

Lake Pontchartrain, New Orleans, La.—Saturday, June 4.

THE Southern Y. C. held its first annual motor boat regatta on Saturday, June 4. Just one week after the club had celebrated its fifty-fifth annual regatta for sailboats, Saturday, May 28, there was inaugurated the initial yearly event for power craft. What a far cry it is from the day that the Southern yachtsmen could first muster enough sailboats to give a regatta to the time when the fleet of motor boats becomes so important that a special regatta can be organized for their benefit. The fact is that from a small beginning three or four years ago, the power yachts now form a distinct and formidable wing of the fleet. There are more than seventy-five boats with engine power enrolled in the fleet of the Southern Y. C.

For this first big motor boat race great preparations had been made, and the owners in this division of the fleet were in a hubbub of anticipation for weeks before the time set for the event. The new rules for measurement and rating of the American Power Boat Association were used, and to say the least there were great trials and tribulations before a bunch of boats big enough to make a race could be properly measured and rated. While the measurement rule in its very newness was rather trying to the measurers and owners, it is evidently one of merit, for it turned out that several narrow, high-power racers lost on allowance to boats of more wholesome makeup and of larger accommodations.

Of the seventy-five craft only seventeen finally tacked their numbers on their bows and faced the regatta committee for a start. The course was a five-mile triangle, twice around, ten miles in all. There was a strong wind and rather rough water.

After the motor boat races were over the entire fleet of power and sailing yachts was reviewed by the commodore, all the yachts being gayly decorated, the scene being one of the grandest ever seen on the waters of old Lake Pontchartrain. The following is the summary of the motor boat races:

First-class Cabin Vessels.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chilian	1 28 08	1 19 18
Jennie	1 25 16	1 15 16
Skirmisher	1 27 36	1 27 36
Sabrina	Withdrew.	

Second-Class Cabin Vessels.

Irma	1 34 50	1 23 45
Enchantress	1 51 04	1 40 08
Lurline	1 43 50	1 43 32
Globe	1 46 52	1 46 52
Edwina L.	2 09 24	2 01 02

Third-Class Cabin Vessels.

Primrose	2 22 40	2 22 40
Lucille	2 26 13	2 25 18

First-Class Open Vessels.

Security	1 29 24	1 29 24
Wolverine II.	1 35 28	1 34 43

Second-Class Open Vessels.

Melzo	1 49 50	1 49 50
Nolso	2 30 35	2 18 21

Auxiliaries—Go-as-you-please.

Sea Em	1 59 58	1 59 58
Coon	2 22 15	2 22 15

Lynn Y. C.

Lynn, Mass., Friday, June 17.

A club race of the Lynn Y. C. was sailed in Lynn harbor on Friday, June 17. In the one-design 15-footers the Winneaden added another to her clean list of victories. In the handicap class Luella C. was first in at the finish, but lost to Reliance on corrected time. The summary:

One-Design Class.

	Elapsed.
Winneaden, James Spratt	1 10 47
Haymaker, W. E. Johnson	1 12 30
San Toy, William Ridlon	1 16 18

Handicap.

	Corrected.
Reliance, Charles Curry, 15m	1 15 15
Bazoo, M. Randall, 13m	1 15 32
Lucila, C, J. J. McGray, scratch	1 23 40

New York Y. C.

New York Lower Bay, Thursday, June 16.

The fifty-eighth annual regatta of the New York Y. C. was sailed over courses on the Lower Bay on Thursday, June 16. There were but six starters, and had it not been for a few sporting owners like Messrs. Lippett, Pynchon and Hoyt, who are the life of the big boat racing to-day, the event would have been a flat failure. In the schooner class the famous old schooner Lasca was pitted against the cruising auxiliary Seneca. Vivian II. was to have raced against Surprise, but this boat did not materialize, so Vivian II. competed with Weetamoe, Neola and Isolde for a special prize.

Members of the New York Y. C. watched the race from the steamer Cepheus, and a few steam yachts also followed the boats over the course. The starting line was at buoy 13, just below the Narrows. The regatta committee, composed of Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Newbury D. Lawton and Oliver Cromwell, were on board the tug Unique.

The starting signal for the sloops was given at 11:45. Weetamoe crossed in the weather berth on the port tack; Neola was close on her lee quarter. Vivian II. was some distance behind and Isolde last. The wind was from the S.S.E. and did not have much weight.

In the schooner class Seneca was first away. She got a good start and crossed with good headway on. Lasca was some distance behind, moving slowly, there hardly being wind enough to drive her fast. The first mark was a mark boat off Southwest Spit, and it took a long and a short leg to fetch. From Southwest Spit to Sandy Hook light vessel it was a close reach. Baby jib topsails had been broken out on the two bronze boats, Weetamoe and Neola. Weetamoe made a short hitch and gained on Neola. The boats had a fair tide under them, and the wind shifted a little enabling them to lay their course to the mark off Southwest Spit, which they rounded as follows:

Weetamoe	12 37 25	Vivian II.	12 58 00
Neola	12 41 10	Seneca	1 03 00
Isolde	12 44 50	Lasca	1 05 00

As the boats got beyond the point of the Hook they felt the breeze more, which was just forward of the beam. Weetamoe continued to pull away from Neola, and Neola dropped Isolde. Vivian II. was hanging on and doing well. Lasca did better in the stronger breeze and walked away from Seneca smartly. The boats were timed as follows at the light vessel:

Weetamoe	1 36 35	Lasca	2 01 35
Neola	1 38 30	Seneca	2 01 50
Isolde	1 47 25	Vivian II.	2 05 05

Balloon jib topsails were broken out and the boats made fast time, even though they were bucking the tide. The huge light sails on the bigger boats lifted them along at a pace that left Vivian II far out of it. There was no change in positions on this leg, and the boats gybed around the Southwest Spit as follows:

Weetamoe	2 46 15	Lasca	3 04 30
Neola	2 50 45	Seneca	3 13 00
Isolde	3 01 10		

Spinnakers were set to starboard on all the boats. A squall that had been making in the N.W. began to kill the wind. Weetamoe crossed the finish line just as the wind gave out entirely, and she anchored in order that the tide would not carry her back again. Neola was at this time less than 2m. behind, but when the wind dropped the strong ebb tide carried her back stern first. and it took her 22m. to cross the line. The squall upset everything, for up to the time the wind dropped Isolde had a good chance of winning the Bennett cup.

Lasca had nearly finished when the wind and rain squall broke from the W. and S. Seneca caught the wind and came up on Lasca at a smart clip, finishing a little over 4m. behind her. The schooners had not been measured, so no corrected time is given. Lasca won by 4m 13s. elapsed time.

For the regatta prize sloops, Weetamoe won, beating Neola 23m. 14s. on corrected time, and beating Isolde 28m. 7s. Neola allowed Weetamoe 47s., and Isolde 12m. 35s.

For the Bennett cup, Weetamoe won, defeating Neola by 23m. 14s., and beating Isolde 18m. 55s. corrected time. For the special prize of the sloops, Weetamoe was also a winner, with Isolde second, and Neola third. The summary is as follows:

Schooners—Special Prize.

	Start.	Finish.	Correc'd.	El'ps'd.
Lasca, R. H. McCurdy	11 56 00	4 32 20	4 36 20	. . ..
Seneca, R. Rainey	11 55 40	4 36 13	4 40 33	. . ..

Sloops—Regatta Prize.

Weetamoe, H. F. Lippett	11 45 30	3 55 50	4 10 20	4 09 33
Neola, G. M. Pynchon	11 45 31	4 18 18	4 32 47	4 32 47
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	11 47 00	4 37 15	4 50 15	4 37 40

Sloops—Bennett Cup.

Weetamoe	11 45 30	3 55 50	4 10 20	4 09 33
Neola	11 45 31	4 18 18	4 32 47	4 32 47
Isolde	11 47 00	4 37 15	4 50 15	4 28 28

Sloops—Special Prize.

Weetamoe	11 45 30	3 55 50	4 10 20	4 09 33
Neola	11 45 31	4 18 18	4 32 47	4 32 47
Isolde	11 47 00	4 37 15	4 50 15	4 28 28
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	11 45 25	Did not finish.		

Lysistrata Cup Race.

Sandy Hook, Saturday, June 18.

The long anticipated steam yacht race for the Lysistrata cup, presented to the New York Y. C. in 1903 by James Gordon Bennett, occurred off Sandy Hook on Saturday, June 18. Henry H. Rogers' Kanawha, defender of the trophy, had no difficulty in defeating the challenger, F. M. Smith's Hauoli, by 3m. and 29s. over a course of sixty nautical miles. No more exciting event of the kind has ever taken place in the annals of yachting history. Over the starting line slightly in advance of her opponent the defending yacht gradually forged to the front, until at the end of ten minutes' time she had a lead of fully two lengths. In five minutes more this had been increased to double the distance. At the end of half an hour Kanawha was leading Hauoli by nearly a third of a mile.

Then came a period when those on board the yacht, which eventually crossed the finish line a winner, became worried at the game fight offered by Hauoli. The challenger was holding her own well, and at times seemed to be gaining slightly. The feeling of uncertainty was further increased at the outer mark, when the pursuing craft cut in close to the stake boat and gained nearly a half minute thereby. There was then an official difference of only 56s., and with thirty miles to go before the finish. Victory did not seem too well assured.

Straightened out for home, after the turn, however, Kanawha let out a link of latent speed. In slow and impressive manner she drew away from her worthy antagonist, and with two-thirds of the journey covered it was evident that nothing short of an accident could defeat the Rogers boat. As smoothly as a willow whistle slips worked the powerful machinery until the end. Kanawha crossed the finish line amid the echoing salutes of surrounding steam yachts, still the speediest pleasure craft of her type afloat.

No one who witnessed the grand struggle would hesitate to assign second place in the list of speed boats to Hauoli, which can undoubtedly defeat any craft of her own size and power in existence to-day. One of the important conditions governing the Lysistrata cup is, however, that the yachts must compete boat for boat without time allowance of any kind. Hauoli, with her single screw, more graceful but smaller hull and less power, had to give way to the larger and more capable Kanawha with her two propellers, which proved their wonderful driving ability so well.

In the sixty mile journey Kanawha averaged a fraction under a speed of 20 knots an hour. Hauoli did about 19.5 knots. In the initial contest for the cup off Newport, on July 24, 1903, in which Kanawha won from W. B. Leeds' Noma, the former made an average speed of 19.65 knots. According to the cup conditions, a yacht winning the trophy twice in successive years becomes the permanent possessor of the plate. The trophy is thus now the property of the winning owner for good and all time.

When the two principals in the great contest appeared at the starting line off Sandy Hook, they were as fit as months of preparation could make them. Kanawha had been lying in the Horseshoe all night. Hauoli steamed down the bay from Erie Basin. S. Nicholson Kane and Newbury D. Lawton, of the regatta committee of the New York Y. C., were on board the torpedo boat destroyer Truxtun, in command of Lieut. Crosley, U. S. N., which was loaned by the Government as committee boat for the occasion.

The long, black, rakish looking craft was anchored W. ¾ S. of Sandy Hook Lightship, making a line at right angles to the course, which was thirty miles S. ¾ E. The tug Walter Luckenbach, in charge of Lieut. Commander Walter J. Sears, U. S. N., and Oliver E. Cromwell logged the course and acted as the outer mark.

The preparatory signal was set at 1:15, a quarter of an hour after the time originally announced. Fifteen minutes later the starting gun boomed forth. Kanawha was away at 1:31:26. On board as guests of the owner, Henry H. Rogers, were E. B. Cory, W. R. Coe, W. E. Benjamin, U. H. Broughton, H. H. Rogers, Jr.; Dr. C. C. Rice, W. W. Windsor, Sidney Chase, F. Q. Barstow and J. A. Moffat. Designer Charles L. Seabury kept a general eye over everything. Captain E. A. Geer was in command of the craft and William Scott acted as quartermaster.

Only four seconds away came Hauoli. On board as guests of her owner, F. M. Smith, were E. H. Bennett, L. Oliver Wrenn, De Witt Van Buskirk, E. L. Ransome, W. J. Casey, Alexander E. Orr, Jr.; R. O. Oliver and C. B. Zabriskie. Designer Henry J. Gielow looked after the general working of the engines. The boat was in command of Captain Bliss Read.

Among the steam yachts at the start were Commodore Frederick G. Bourne's flagship Delaware, with a distinguished party on board; Elreba, Henry Darlington; Zara, Harrison B. Moore; Laurita, George J. Smith; Viking, J. B. Edson; Seminole, Walter S. Gurnee; Elsa II., Andrew W. Rose; Virginia, Isaac Stern; Lysistrata, James Gordon Bennett; Rheclair, D. J. Reid; America, Archibald Watt; Scout, August Belmont, and others.

As the boats rushed away on the course, with clouds of black smoke pouring from their funnels, the fleet of attending yachts attempted to follow, but with poor success. Even the Truxtun, with steam in four boilers, was having difficulty in keeping up. In an hour the outer mark was sighted. Hardly had half of another slipped away when both yachts were around and on the course for home. Kanawha had beaten Hauoli by 56s., and averaged 19.99 knots. Hauoli did 19.16 knots. It had taken the Rogers boat 1h. 30m. 30s. to make the thirty mile journey, while her opponent took 1h. 31m. 26s. to cover the same distance. A brief summary of the outward journey follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kanawha	1 31 26	3 01 56	1 30 30
Hauoli	1 31 30	3 02 56	1 31 26

On the run home Kanawha gradually drew away and gained 2m. and 33s. on Hauoli. She averaged 19.99 knots, while the speed of Hauoli was 19.4 knots. It took the winning boat 1h. 30m. 28s. to cover the thirty nautical miles. Hauoli took 1h. 33m. 1s. A summary of the last leg follows:

	Outer Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kanawha	3 01 56	4 32 24	1 30 28
Hauoli	3 02 56	4 35 57	1 33 01

As soon as Kanawha had finished, a 70ft. streamer was sent aloft. After a short trip into the Horseshoe to pick up launches and other fittings left there before the race, a start for the Battery was made. The victorious yacht was continually saluted on the trip up the harbor. Hauoli proceeded up the bay ahead of her conqueror. There was a general period of congratulation on board Kanawha.

During the entire race Kanawha consumed fifteen tons of Pocahontas coal. Her screws averaged 300 revolutions a minute, and she carried upward of 250 pounds of steam. Hauoli burned twelve tons of selected George's Creek coal, and under about the same steam pressure her screw made an average of 298 revolutions. The summary of the entire race follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kanawha	1 31 26	4 32 24	3 00 58
Hauoli	1 31 30	4 35 57	3 04 27

Kanawha was purchased from the late John P. Duncan, who used the boat up to the period of his fatal illness. Her appointment and fittings are luxurious, yet in good taste. There is an abundance of room in the living quarters and on deck. Although five years old, the boat is still the fastest and among the best appearing in the American pleasure yacht fleet. She is used a greater part of the time between New York City, Fairhaven, Mass., and New Bedford Harbor, where the owner has a summer home.

Hauoli is used by F. M. Smith, who has a beautiful summer residence at Shelter Island, L. I., for cruising and general purposes of recreation. The boat has an especially trim and natty appearance, and is a well appointed, up-to-date craft in every particular. She was built last year by the John Robins Company, Erie Basin, South Brooklyn. A few details of the two boats follow:

Kanawha.—Owner, H. H. Rogers, N. Y. Y. C. Twin screws. Length over all, 27ft.; length on waterline, 192ft.; beam, extreme, 24ft.; beam at waterline, 23ft. 8in.; draft, 10ft.; least freeboard, 6ft. Triple expansion engines (two), three cylinders each, 14½, 24 and 42in. diameter by 24in. stroke. Four Seabury water-tube boilers. Displacement of yacht, day of race, 580 tons. Captain, E. A. Geer; Chief engineer, William Smith.

Hauoli.—Owner, F. M. Smith, N. Y. Y. C. Single screw. Length over all, 211ft. 3in.; length on waterline, 166ft.; beam, extreme, 21ft. 6in.; beam at waterline, 20ft. 10in.; draft, 9ft.; least freeboard, 5ft. 6in. Triple expansion engine, four cylinders, 17, 26½ and two 30in. diameter by 21in stroke. Four Almy water-tube boilers. Displacement of yacht, day of race, 360 tons. Captain, Bliss Read; Chief engineer, W. Frank West.

Larchmont Y. C.

Larchmont, Long Island Sound, Saturday, June 18.

The spring regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. was held on Saturday, June 18. Although this is not the first event given on the Sound, it marks, however, the real opening of the season, so far as the racing is concerned. This is the first event of the season in this vicinity where there has been a fair number of starters.

From the racing man's standpoint the day was about as unsatisfactory as it could be. The wind was very light from the W. at the start, but this fickle breeze soon dropped and the boats were becalmed for hours with an occasional puff helping along the first one, and then another. About 5 o'clock, when the larger boats were on the last leg of the first round, the breeze, which had held under the New York shore, worked out a little and enabled the boats to finish.

Neola and Weetamoe were to sail twice over a fifteen mile course, but it was nearly 6 o'clock when Neola finished the first round, and the regatta committee did not send her around again. Weetamoe got the start, and a big jib topsail was broken out for the reach over to the first mark off Prospect Point. Neola was not far behind and she also broke out a jib topsail. Weetamore was first around the Prospect mark. On the next leg Neola got a puff and ran up on Weetamoe and passed her. She had the luck to get what little air there was, and finally opened out a big lead on her competitor. Weetamoe got becalmed in Hempstead Harbor, while Neola was steadily working away. Neola caught the new breeze first and finished a winner with over 15m. to spare.

At 12:10 the yawls were sent away. Tern, well handled, showed up remarkably well. This boat is a very smart craft, and will take a lot of beating, particularly in light weather. Tern beat Escape, the second boat, by over 6m. Spasm had no competitor and took a sailover.

The best racing of the day was in Class N. Mimosa, with Mr. T. L. Park, the owner, at the stick, got the start with Alert, handled by Mr. C. D. Mower, second. Balloon jibs were broken out for the reach over to the mark at Prospect Point. Nike, ex-Oiseau, got a wretched start, but a favorable slant enabled her to run up on the two leaders until she nearly overtook them. Nike is painted white this season, and her appearance is spoiled. As a black boat, she always attracted attention.

Mimosa rounded the Prospect mark first, gybing over her balloon jib. Alert was close behind, with Nike a long distance astern. Spinnakers were set to port, then the mainsails would be gybed over and the spinnakers reset on the other side. This was kept up for hours, and every puff was taken advantage of. Little progress was made and the boats barely had steerageway. At the second mark off Matinicock, Mimosa was well ahead of Alert. It was now a long leg and a short one to the finish line. Mimosa was sailed a little close, her jib being aback some of the time, and Alert seemed to foot faster and point higher. Nike was pulling up and looked dangerous. She has always been a wonderful boat to windward in light air. Alert continued to do well until she pulled well ahead of Mimosa. Alert finished 1m. 35s. ahead of Mimosa. Nike was less than a minute astern of Mimosa.

Snapper and Una, two old raceabouts, were the only starters in Class P. Una won easily, beating Snapper by nearly 5m. Mr. Butler Duncan purchased Una, ex-Persimmon, this season to race in the raceabout class. It was found that the boat was out of that class when she was measured, and Mr. Duncan has been [illegible] to sail in the 25ft. sloop class.

There were seventeen starters in the raceabout class, making a very good showing. The only new boat seen in the race started in the raceabout class. She is a Crowninshield production known as Rascal II. The boat is of mahogany and has a very straight sheer. She did not show up well, being the last boat in her class to finish, but this does not signify anything as the day was too fluky for real tests.

Hobo, cleverly handled by Mr. Clifford Bucknam, finished a winner, with Cricket 33s. behind. Tartan was third and Rogue fourth. Three of the new Indian Harbor one-design boats started. Kenoshi won easily.

Of the four Larchmont one-design boats that started, Vaquero II had the best of it and won; Dorothy was second, with Houri a very close third. Jeebi finished a winner with minutes to spare in Class O. Luto did not finish. Second place lies between Gazabo and Ethel. Plover took a sailover in Class R, as she was alone in the class.

Only two of the Manhasset Bay one-design boats started. Pup did not finish, and Bab went over the course alone. Alga, one of the New Rochelle one-design boats, owned pro tem by Mr. James D. Sparkman, beat Caper, her only competitor, easily. Dorothy was the only catboat to start in Class V. Scud beat Goslin, her only competitor in the Hempstead Harbor one-design class, by over 11m. Skidoo won easily in the Lark class. Yellow Jacket finished a poor second, and Echo withdrew. The summary follows:

Class I—Sloops—Start, 12:05—Course. 15 Miles.

	Finished	Elapsed.
Neola, George M. Pynchon	6 02 01	5 57 01
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	6 18 07	6 13 07

Class M—Sloops—Start, 12:10—Course. 11 Miles.

Tern, John Hyslop	6 15 30	6 05 30
Escape, George Mathews	6 21 47	6 11 47
Memory, H. M. Raborg	6 26 03	6 16 03

Class M—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Spasm, E. D. King	6 13 28	6 03 28

Class N—Sloops—Start, 12:15—Course, 11 Miles.

Alert, J. W. Alker	6 07 08	5 52 08
Mimosa, T. L. Park	6 08 43	5 53 43
Nike, N. I. Cumnock	6 09 19	5 54 19

Class P—Sloops—Start, 12:25—Course, 10½ Miles.

Snapper, F. H. Page	5 29 54	5 04 54
Una, W. Butler Duncan	5 24 56	4 59 56

Raceabout Class—Start, 12:20—Course, 10½ Miles.

Marvola, C. W. Allen	5 29 20	5 09 20
Cricket, Howard Willetts	5 22 03	5 02 03
Hobo, T. L. Park	5 21 30	5 01 30
Rogue, A. B. Alley	5 25 59	5 05 59
Grasshopper, H. C. Pryer	5 29 39	5 09 39
Tartan, Allen Pirie	5 23 32	5 03 32
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	5 31 10	5 11 10

Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:30—Course 10½ Miles.

Kenoshi, G. B. Mallory	5 46 49	5 16 49
Anawanda, E. C. Ray	6 04 40	5 34 40
Owatanna, George Sander, Jr.	6 06 08	5 36 08

Larchmont One-Design Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 10½ Miles.

Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	5 34 51	5 09 51
Houri, J. H. Esser	5 33 33	5 08 33
Vaquero II., J. N. Marble	5 32 09	5 07 09
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	5 33 28	5 08 28

Class O—Sloops—Start, 12:35—Course, 10½ Miles.

Jeebi, A. D. Brown	5 36 30	5 01 30
Gazabo, H. T. Vulte	5 42 32	5 07 32
Ethel, Dr. Franz	5 43 49	5 07 32
Luto H., F. B. Currier	Did not finish.	

Class R—Sloops—Start, 12:35—Course, 10½ Miles.

Plover, H. Place	5 39 14	5 04 14

Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 12:35—Course, 10½ Miles.

Bab, J. P. Hoyt	5 50 03	5 15 03
Pup, T. W. Ratsey	Did not finish	

New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 12:35—Course, 10½ Miles.

Caper, P. L. Howard	5 49 49	5 14 49
Alga, J. D. Sparkman	5 41 47	5 06 47

Class V—Catboats—Start, 12:40—Course, 10½ Miles.

Dorothy, C. A. Marsland	6 06 02	5 26 02

Hempstead Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 5¼ Miles.

Scud, D. B. Abbott	3 42 13	3 02 13
Goslin, Morris & Pratt	3 53 31	3 13 31

Lark Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 5¼ Miles.

Echo	Did not finish.	
Skidoo, M. S. G. Davis	3 51 41	3 11 41
Yellow Jacket, G. B. Robinson	3 58 32	3 18 32

New Rochelle Y. C.

New Rochelle, L. I. Sound—Saturday, June 18.

THERE were fourteen starters in the power boat race given by the New Rochelle Y. C., on Saturday, June 18.

The day was most satisfactory for racing power boats, as there was little or no wind and smooth water. Even under such favorable conditions, the starters did not make any unusual speed.

The course was from the starting line off Echo Bay to and around the red spar buoy off Motts Point and back to the starting line, a distance of 9½ nautical miles. All the boats, with the exception of Teaser, in Class L, covered this course twice, making a total distance of 19 miles.

Japansky and Teaser were the only starters in their respective classes, and were obliged to cover the course alone. Japansky made the best time over the course, averaging nearly 16½ knots. This is fair speed, although she did better in her first race.

Boats in Classes S, T, V were sent away at 2:40. There were four starters, and Hard-Boiled Egg won easily, although she got a poor start. She averaged about 14½ knots, which is slower than she ran in the regatta on the Hudson a short time ago.

Water Lily did not finish. Shooting Star and Dolphin II. were disqualified. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt steered Hard Boiled Egg a good part of the race, so that Mr. Vanderbilt could devote himself to the engine.

There were four starters in Classes A, B, C, D. Queen Bess, a nice looking and substantial craft, made a good showing, and defeated Aletes II. easily. Gazelle did not finish, and Allure was disqualified.

Queen won easily in Class H, I, J. Miss Swift was second and San Toy II. a close third. The summary:

Classes O, P, Q, R—Start, 2:35—Course. 19 Miles.

	Allows.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Japansky, F. H. Waldorf	.. .. ..	3 44 30	1 09 30	1 09 30

Classes S, T, V—Start, 2:40—Course, 19 Miles.

Hard Boiled Egg, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.	0 01 30	4 00 03	1 20 03	1 20 03
Waterlily, Frank Seaman	0 01 30	Withdrew		
Shooting Star, H. A. Lozier	0 00 54	4 10 44	Disqualified.	
Dolphin II., H. Brown	0 02 12	3 52 52	Disqualified.	

Classes A, B, C, D—Start, 2:45—Course, 19 Miles.

Aletes II., R. C. Fisher	0 25 36	4 55 09	2 10 09	1 44 33
Queen Bess, R. H. Stearns	0 43 48	4 57 58	2 12 58	1 29 10
Allure, Alex. Stein	.. ..	4 10 14	1 25 14	Disqualifi'd
Gazelle, Judge McCrea	0 02 24	Did not finish		

Classes H, I, J—Start, 2:50—Course, 19 Miles.

Miss Swift, Robert Jacob	.. .. ..	4 13 00	1 23 00	1 23 00
Ardis, R. M. Haddock	0 20 30	4 42 26	1 52 26	1 31 56
San Toy II., M. H. Barrom	0 21 46	4 35 39	1 45 39	1 23 53
Queen, J. J. Amory	0 08 30	4 14 00	1 24 00	1 15 30

Classes K, L—Start, 2:25—Course, 9½ Miles.

Teaser, M. & C.C. Houck	.. .. ..	4 12 38	1 17 38	1 17 38

The judges were Messrs. G. P. Granbery, E. B. Wright and Oscar Chellberg. W. H. Ketcham represented the American Power Boat Association.

Chicago Y. C.

Chicago, Lake Michigan—Saturday, June 11.

GREAT interest is being taken in the new class of 25ft. waterline one-design boats that were recently built for Chicago Y. C. members. A medal competition and races for a cup are being given for these boats.

The first race for the medal was held on Saturday, June 11, but only three of the six were in commission. The result was as follows, start, 3:50:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Petrel, Rummler Brothers	4 47 57	0 57 57
Brant, Mills & Edwards	4 50 37	1 00 37
Lucile, G. M. Gregg	Did not finish.	

Rhode Island Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, R. I., Saturday, June 18.

The first club regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C. for the season was held June 11, in connection with the annual ladies' day celebration, and the whole event was one of the most successful in the history of the club. There was a large number of members and guests present. The weather was perfect, and the various features of the programme were carried out like clock work. Among the visiting craft were Mr. N. G. Herreshoff's steam yacht Roamer, Mr. J. B. Herreshoff's steam yacht Eugenia and Commodore A. H. Skinner's flagship Katherina, of the Fall River Y. C..

In the regatta there were twenty starters, and the winners were Little Rhody, Elizabeth, Nobska, Marguerite, El Cid, Ichi Bann and Neon. Second prizes went to the Ethelka, Mblem, Ina and Baby Roger II. The prizes in each class were silver cups.

The wind was fresh from the W., a little to the N., and held true throughout the race. In the sloop class there were four starters, and the new Tillinghast boat, Little Rhody, the only one built for the proposed N. B. 22ft. restricted class, had a walkover. The 30ft. cats put up a fairly close race as to the two leaders, Elizabeth leading the way and defeating Mblem by 1m. 14s. In the 25ft. cat class, Mae Hope had the race on corrected time, but was disquilified for fouling a buoy, and the first went to Nobska, which finished first. Marguerite and Bother made a good race, the former winning by 1m. 17s. corrected time.

The feature of the power boat racing was the appearance of the Ichi Bann, the first auto boat to be owned in this vicinity, and her speedy performance aroused great interest. She covered the seven nautical mile course in 29m. 16s., and her only opponent, Vanish, dropped out on the first round. F. S. Nock, the designer and builder of Ichi Bann, was chairman of the race committee, and the boat was handled by her owner, J. R. Harding. In the class for small launches, Herreshoff's Neon had a walkover, starting with a bad handicap and winning by nearly 17m. corrected time. The summary:

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 2:12—Course, 11¼ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast	4 09 47	1 57 47	1 51 23
Ethelka	4 13 49	2 01 49	1 59 19
Rana (yawl), E. C. Myrick	4 20 57	2 08 57	2 03 22
Cindy, A. F. Lewis	4 19 20	2 07 20	2 07 20

Cats—30ft. Class—Start, 2:24—Course, 11¼ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	4 20 32	1.56 32
Mblem, G. E. Darling	4 21 46	1 57 46
Scott, H. B. Scattergood	4 26 07	2 02 07
Onaway, B. W. Comstock	4 32 44	2 08 44

Cats—25ft. Class—Start, 2:26—Course, 11¼ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
*Mae Hope, D. C. Stranger	4 33 10	2 07 10	2 03 36
Nobska, W. J. Rooks	4 31 02	2 05 02	2 05 02
Ina, N. C. Arnold	4 34 04	2 08 04	2 06 34

*Disqualified.

Cats—21ft. Class—Start, 2:28—Course, 7½ Miles.

Marguerite, J. D. Peck	3 55 11	1 27 11	1 27 11
Bother, C. O. Black	3 57 12	1 29 12	1 28 28

Launches—50ft. Class—Start, 2:42—Course, 7 Miles.

El Cid, D. C. H. Tinkham	3 35 01	0 53 01	0 52 52
Grace Alice, H. G. Possner	3 35 40	0 53 40	0 53 40

Launches—40ft. Class—Start, 2:44—Course, 7 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ichi Bann, J. R. Harding	3 13 16	0 29 16
Vanish, W. G. Titcomb	Did not finish.	

Launches—26ft. Class—Start, 2:46—Course, 7 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Neon, Herreshoff	3 31 00	0 45 00	0 42 54
Baby Roger III., H. Chace	3 45 34	0 59 34	0 59 34
Gee Gee, D. Knight	3 50 43	1 04 43	1 03 49

Boston Y. C.

Hull, Mass., Friday, June 17.

The Y. R. A. open race of the Boston Y. C., sailed off the Hull station of the club on Friday, June 17, was a most successful one, with forty-two starters. A light easterly breeze prevailed, gradually lightening to the finish, but enough to make good racing. There was a close contest between the new 30-footers, it being anybody's race until the finish. Each of the three boats had the lead at some time during the race, and on the second round, Sauquoit took the lead and held it to the finish. There were eight starters in the 22ft. class. Tayac got the start in this class, but Clotho, now a keel boat, took the lead soon after and held it all over the course. There were seventeen starters in the 18ft. knockabout class. Bat, as usual, got a good start, well clear of the bunch, and she led all over the course, but was cosely pressed by Arbeka II. There were only two 15-footers, Tabasco, Jr., and Little Misery. Little Misery got the start, but after that it was all Tabasco Jr.'s race. L'Aiglon and Jingo sailed a hot race in the first handicap class, L'Aiglon getting the lead on the second round of the course and holding it to the finish. In the second handicap class, Scapegoat took the lead soon after the start, and was never headed. The summary:

Class C—30-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr	1 47 55
Waska, S. Reed Anthony	1 48 42
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 49 16

Class E—22-Footers.

Clotho, Cheney and Lanning	1 51 02
Peri II., George Lee	1 52 56
Urchin, John Greenough	1 57 01
Warrior, S. C. Winsor	1 57 26
Tayac, W. H. Joyce	1 57 47
Opitsah V., S. H. Foster	1 59 14
Medric, H. H. White	1 59 38
Setsu, Talbot and Lewis	2 00 17

Class I—18-Footers.

Bat, C. F. Adams 2d	1 17 41
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden	1 18 41
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	1 20 06
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	1 20 28
Moslem II., B. D. Barker	1 22 13
Napier, B. S. Permar	1 22 48
Menace, J. H. Hunt	1 23 03
Privateer II., Alden and Carlton	1 23 33
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	1 24 29
Bonito, E. H. Wightman	1 24 42
Biza, Alfred Douglas	1 25 05
Humbug, C. W. Cole	1 25 32
Again, L. B. Goodspeed	1 25 36
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	1 27 13
Alladin, Keith Brothers	1 28 07
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes	1 29 29
Yankee, F. W. Atwood	1 29 43

Class T—15-Footers.

Tabasco Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 29 57
Little Misery, A. P. Loring, Jr	1 38 00

First Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgdon	1 58 08	1 58 08
Jingo, G. B. Doane	1 59 18	1 59 18
Al Kyris, A. M. Moody	1 59 59	1 59 59
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	2 06 56	2 03 23
Kit, H. B. Whittier	2 06 11	2 06 11
Opah, W. C. Lewis	Withdrew.	

Second Handicap.

Scapegoat, W. P. Keyes	1 19 42	1 19 42
Clarita, Walter Burgess	1 22 23	1 20 00
Jacobin, T. W. King	1 23 40	1 20 29
Mildred. C. A. Coleman	1 25 13	1 22 02
Anne, C. B. Pratt	1 35 05	1 27 07
Spinster IV., L. M. Clark	1 32 30	1 28 31
Gadfly, C. W. Chapin	1 34 44	1 29 57

Orient Heights Y. C.

Winthrop, Mass., Friday, June 17.

A club race of the Orient Hights Y. C. was sailed off Winthrop on Friday, June 17, which resulted in close finishes between the three contestants. The summary:

	Corrected.
Magnolia, John F. Gunnarson	2 11 25
Olive, Sidney Smith	2 12 07
Gussie, B. O. Downing	2 12 23

Wollaston Y. C.

Quincy, Mass., Friday, June 17.

The first of a series of inter-club races between the Quincy, Squantum and Wollaston Y. Cs., was sailed, under the auspices of the Wollaston Y. C., on Friday, June 17, in a light E. breeze. The Quincy Y. C. sent 16 boats, the Squantum Y. C., 6, and the Wollaston Y. C., 11. The result of the race was that Quincy took two firsts and two seconds; Squantum one second and two thirds; and Wollaston one first and one third. In Class A, Wawenock, a Wollaston boat, got the start and led all over the course. In Class B, Pocahontas, a Wollaston boat, showed the way round, but lost to Marvel, a Quincy boat, on corrected time. In Class C, Thelma, a Quincy boat, had things all her own way. The summary:

Waweenock, W. J. Coombs, W	1 08 48	0 43 51

Class A.

Usona, A. L. Lincoln, Q	1 12 32	0 50 05
Whisper, F. Fowler, S	1 18 34	0 51 20
Omeme, W. P. Barker, Q	1 16 42	0 51 45
Zoe, F. J. Stewart, S	1 19 15	0 52 42

Class B.

Marvel, Ira Whittemore, Q	1 14 53	0 51 10
Dorothy III., F. F. Crane, Q	1 16 03	0 52 32
Sheila, L. F. Hewitson, W	1 16 09	0 52 34
Hustler, H. W. Robbins, Q	1 17 23	0 53 01
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw, Q	1 17 16	0 53 37
Pocahontas, Dr. F. C. Merrill, W	1 11 10	0 54 01
Goblin, R. Lothrop, Q	1 20 15	0 54 45
C. C., George H. Carey, Q	1 20 03	0 56 45
Thegla, G. H. Sawyer, S	1 21 26	0 57 22
Harolde, A. B. Robbins, W	1 21 54	1 00 01
Neptune, Hallett Bros., W	1 23 29	1 01 02
Canicum, J. C. Morse, Q	1 27 08	1 02 11
Idler, W. H. Nichols, W	1 27 46	1 02 12
Solitaire, C. C. Collins, S	1 27 31	1 02 52
Memento, Dr. Dawes, W	1 28 42	1 03 12
Premier, J. L. Smith, W	1 27 11	1 03 40
Dewitza, L. Baker, W	1 27 19	1 04 14
Gaycat, Joel F. Sheppard, Q	1 34 25	1 06 39

Class C.

Thelma, F. B. Cheney, Q	1 24 02	0 54 19
Peacock, G. W. Glover, S	1 31 12	0 57 42
Alpha, H. Drew, S	1 32 42	1 00 53
Humming Bird, Curtin and Nelson, Q	1 34 20	1 01 13
Coot, A. A. Lincoln, Q	1 29 27	1 02 18
West Wind, A. C. Chase, W	1 33 48	1 02 35
Migi, N. M. Cannon, Q	1 33 17	1 05 20
Sea Gull, L. E. Crosscup, W	1 42 30	1 10 42

Beverly Y. C.

Buzzards' Bay, Mass., Friday, June 17.

There was not enough breeze to make things interesting in the first club race of the Beverly Y. C., which was sailed in Buzzards' Bay on Friday, June 17. Only one 30-footer showed up, and she went over the course alone. In the 21-footers, last season's champion, Terrapin, won from the new Illusion. The best race of the day was between the 15-footers, sailed by women members of the club. Teaser, with Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d, at the tiller, won out handily in this class. The summary:

30-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	2 51 27

21-Footers.

Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 54 05
Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 55 37

Fourth Class Cats.

Maori, W. S. Whiting	4 06 00
Allusion, Stewart McLeod	Ruled out.

15-Footers.

Teaser, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d	2 17 12
Fly, Miss C. M. Williams	2 21 17
Fiddler, Miss Grace Dabney	2 21 30
Flickamarro, the Misses Emmons	2 31 29

Saturday, June 18.

The race of the Beverly Y. C., which was to have been sailed on Saturday, June 18, was postponed on account of the death of Mrs. John Parkinson, at the Parkinson summer home. Mr. Parkinson is chairman of the regatta committee and, out of respect, the colors were put at half mast, and all festivities at the club house were suspended.

Duxbury Y. C.

Duxbury, Mass., Friday, June 17.

In the race between the 18ft. knockabouts of the Duxbury Y. C., sailed on Friday, June 17, Kittiwake V. won easily in a light N.E. breeze. The summary.

	Elapsed.
Kittawake V., H. M. Jones	2 02 21
Aspenquid, C. Foster	2 05 44
Domino, C. C. Clapp	2 06 52
Osprey, Train	2 08 29

Saturday, June 18.

Two classes competed in the club race of the Duxbury Y. C., sailed on Saturday, June 18. In the 18ft. knockabout class Kittiwake V. had things all her own way. In the handicap class As You Like It was first home by a long margin, but lost to Challenge on corrected time. The summary:

18ft. Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.
Kittiwake V., H. M. Jones	1 46 10
Aspinquid II., C. Foster	1 48 10
Osprey, G. Train	1 50 05
Again, L. Goodspeed	1 51 20

Handicaps.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Challenge, E. B. Atwood	1 52 22	1 44 22
As You Like It, W. T. Whitman	1 44 50	1 44 50

Winthrop Y. C.

Winthrop, Mass., Saturday, June 18.

The second handicap race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed off the club house on Saturday, June 18, in a fresh N.E. breeze. In the 25ft. class Kit won a good race with L'Aiglon second. In the 21-footers Scamper won easily. In the 18ft. class Zetes II. was first across the finish line, but lost to Monitor on corrected time. Hattie won easily in the 15ft. class. The summary:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kit, H. B. Whittier	1 21 00	1 21 00
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	1 22 30	1 22 30
Linnet, M. Flint	1 45 40	1 37 40

21ft. Class.

Scamper, Byram and Tewksbury	1 34 50	1 28 50
Cleopatra, J. R. Hodder	1 39 30	1 39 30
Rhubena, J. J. Wilde	2 02 05	1 44 05
Mineola, S. C. L. Haskell	2 10 20	1 45 20

18ft. Class.

Mentor, Cobb and Brainard	1 37 00	1 33 00
Zetes II., John A. McKie	1 35 45	1 35 45
Guide, J. W. Etherington	1 43 30	1 37 30
Sioux, G. J. Buchanan	1 49 25	1 39 25
Janice, W. Jenkins	1 44 50	1 40 50

15ft. Class.

Hattie, L. Harrington	1 35 10	1 35 10
Madelyn, G. A. Nash	1 40 40	1 40 40
Dory, McWells	Did not finish.	

Squantum Y. C.

Quincy, Mass., Saturday, June 18.

The Y. R. A. open race of the Squantum Y. C., sailed in Quincy Bay on Saturday, June 18, was one of the most successful in the history of the club. There was a good breeze from the N.W., and the racing was good in every class. On account of the depth of water the largest class provided was for 22-footers. In the 22-footers Opitsah V. goth the start and led until the last mark was turned, when Clotho, which had pressed her hard on the windward leg and had held her on the second run, went out ahead and held her lead to the finish. In the 18-footers Bat's colors were lowered for the first time this season, by Arbeka II., a Crowninshield production, which has been coming up in every race. These boats were third and fourth on the running and reaching, but on the windward leg they went up, Arbeka II passing Bat and winning out in a very close finish. The summary:

Class E—22-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Clotho, Cheney and Lanning	1 48 11
Opitsah, S. H. and H. I. Foster	1 49 17
Warrior, S. C. Winsor	1 50 20
Peri II., George Lee	1 50 25

Class J—18-Footers.

Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden	1 14 20
Bat, C. F. Adams, 2d	1 14 42
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	1 15 39
Menace, J. H. Hunt	1 15 50
Moslem I., B. D. Barker	1 16 45
Bonito, G. H. Wightman	1 18 31
Mirage II., G. W. Olmstead	1 21 01
Napier, B. S. Permar	Disabled.
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	Disabled.
Yankee, F. W. Atwood	Disabled.

Class T—15-Footers.

Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 36 10
Vera, H. Lundberg	1 40 28

Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hustler, H. W. Robins	1 25 25	1 15 55
Wawenock, Coombs and Seymour	1 17 21	1 16 21
Sheila, W. L. Hewitson	1 25 51	1 17 36
Thelga, G. H. Sawyer	1 31 12	1 17 47
Marvel, D. M. Whittemore	1 25 07	1 18 02
Pocahontas, Dr. Merrill	1 19 30	1 18 30
Cancium, J. P. Morse	1 38 07	1 19 22
Hobo, E. Sawin	1 47 15	1 19 30
Whisper, F. J. Fowler	1 31 04	1 20 23
Thelma, F. B. Cheney	1 36 46	1 21 01
Premier, J. N. Smith	1 40 03	1 21 18
Goblin, R. Lothrop	1 35 02	1 23 02
Al Kyris, A. M. Moody	1 23 10	1 23 10
Clarita, Walter Burgess	1 28 32	1 26 02
Sentinel, G. A. Crawford	1 30 20	1 27 20
Dorothy III., F. F. Crane	1 36 07	1 27 52
Mingo, Dr. F. A. Locke	1 56 50	1 29 05
Humming Bird, Curden and Nelson	1 57 12	1 29 27

Shattemuc Yacht and Canoe Club.

Ossining, N. Y.—Saturday, June 18.

THE second power boat race of the June series of the Shattemuc Y. and C. C., of Ossining-on-Hudson, took place on Saturday, June 18, over a triangular course off the club house, under conditions that were most favorable to power boat racing. The preparatory signal for all classes was fired promptly at 2:45 P. M. from the club house dock, and the starting signal for Class E 10 minutes later, followed by an interval of 5 minutes each for Classes D and C. Senta won in Class C, and thus put two races to her credit; she thereby wins the cup for the class in the series. In Class D, Spry won by 12s. on time allowance. This places one race each to the credit of Getty and Spry. Sioux, in Class E, carried the honors with her from start to finish, never once allowing Florence to cut the intervening distance between them. Sioux and Isamyr each have one first to their credit in this class, and Teddy two seconds. In both classes it will most likely be an interesting race to decide the series.

The third and last race will take place on Saturday, June 25. Commodore Brandreth has presented two silver berry dishes, one for Class C and one for Class E. Wm. M. Carpenter, chairman of the regatta committee, has presented a pair of brass side lights for Class D. These prizes will be awarded at the regular meeting to be held on Friday, July 1, providing the race of June 25 ends the series.

British Letter.

A MOVEMENT is on foot between the representative authorities which govern the rating rules in England, Germany, Denmark, Scandinavia and France, whereby it is hoped that in a few years an international rating rule for Europe may be evolved. The time chosen for the start of the movement is singularly opportune, for the British, German and Danish rules all expire in December, 1907, and it is doubtless, owing to this fortunate coincidence, that the question of one rule, common to all great European yachting centers, owes its birth. The French rating rule expires at the end of 1905; and it is suggested that it should be prolonged until 1907, when it is hoped that the French clubs will agree to the idea of an international rule. The secretary of the British Y. R. A., the vice-president of the Deutscher Segler Verband, and the president of the Danish Royal Y. C., at Copenhagen, have all addressed letters to the leading French authorities urging the advisability of co-operating with them in the new scheme, and the replies received have been favorable. There is one other country which should certainly not be left out, and that is Italy. Yacht racing has received such an impetus during the last two years in that country that the bulk of the sport provided in the Riviera regattas has been that between France and Italy. Moreover, the countries are contiguous, and everything points to the advisability of including Italy in the list. Curiously enough there is not a great difference in the method of rating yachts in any of the above mentioned countries; it is only in minor details that divergencies are to be found, so there ought not be any real difficulty in adjusting differences and constructing a rule which shall at once be common to all Europe, and an improvement upon any of the existing formulæ. All that is wanted is genuine co-operation; and this seems likely to be given. There is, of course, plenty of time for the evolution of a very satisfactory rule between this and 1907; but the matter should not be allowed to drop entirely for any length of time, and the scheme should be fostered and kept warm, so that every advantage may be taken of the long space between the present date and the end of 1907. It is by no means the first time that the idea has been mooted, but it has never been taken up seriously before. However, unless something very unforeseen occurs, that much longed for desideratum among yachtsmen—a serviceable and universal rating rule—will be *un fait accompli.*

Mr. Morton F. Plant's schooner Ingomar has created a very favorable impression on this side. Whatever may be the comfort of her internal accommodations—and, it is understood that no pains have been spared to make her luxurious below—there can be no doubt that the vessel was designed with a view to great speed, as she has all the attributes necessary for that purpose. She is not what English yachtsmen would call a graceful looking vessel; but there is an air of power and speed about her which make it clearly apparent that she is a force to be recokoned with, and it is more than doubtful whether we have any schooner on this side which can give her a match.

The opening regattas on the Thames have been interesting this year, chiefly on account of the number

of new boats which have taken part in the racing. The season opened with the regatta of the Royal Thames Y. C. over the quadrangular course starting from Southend, which was substituted two years ago for the old-fashioned and inadequate course from Gravesend to the Mouse lightship and back. In the big handicap class, Mr. Myles B. Kennedy's new Fife yawl, White Heather, made her debut, but, although she finished second to Bona, she failed to take a prize, and she showed herself to be very tender when there was any weight in the wind. No doubt this fault will soon be rectified, but for the present White Heather cannot be counted a great success.

The famous old 40-rater Creole dressed down the new Fife yawls Moonbeam and Rosamond. Fife, however, scored a win with his new 52-footer Maymon, which is in the able hands of Charles Bevis; but much of the interest in this match was destroyed through last year's crack Moyana fouling Southland pier at the start and carrying away her bowsprit. In the matches of the new Thames Y. C., sailed the following day from Southland to Harwich, the first and second handicap classes were put in together. It was paltry weather; but Creole sailed wonderfully well in the light airs, actually finished second to Bona and took first prize on the handicap, Moonbeam getting the second. The 52-footers had an unsatisfactory race, Maymon and Camellia going ashore as the result of a luffing match, and letting in Moyana and Ancida.

The weather at the regatta of the Royal Harwich Y. C., on May 30 and 31, was not all that could have been desired. There was a fine breeze on the first day, but it was cold and foggy. Neither White Heather nor Rosamond distinguished herself in the handicap, but Maymon once more led the 52-footers home. The weather on the following day was even more unsatisfactory, a calm in the morning, followed by a hard wind and pelting rain. On the whole the result of the first four days racing tends to show that as far as the handicap boats go, the old stagers have not, so far, much to fear from the new boats, and as regards the 52-footers, Maymon and Moyana are the pick of the fleet. It is not certain yet how far White Heather may be improved, but she certainly ought to be capable of doing better with the fine Nicholson yawl, Brynhild, which is now many seasons old. A great deal of apparent failure among the handicap boats is due to inferior handling. Brynhild suffered from this badly in her second season, and there is reason to suspect that White Heather is not handled as well as she ought to be.

The new Nicholson 106 ton cutter, Merrymaid, will make her first appearance in the Nore to Dover race of the Royal Thames Y. C. on June 11, while another interesting addition to the handicap class will be the Soper yawl, Therese, which has had her sail area increased this year by no less than 1,500 sq. ft. Therese (formerly known as La Fleche) showed remarkable speed at times in hard winds, but she was so starved for canvas that she was useless in light airs. It will be interesting to note how far the increased sail area will affect her all round.

Ingomar's Y. R. A. rating comes out just over 100; allowing, however, for her rig, she will sail as 85, and would therefore receive a considerable time allowance from Kariad, though she would have to concede time to Bona. If Ingomar can stand up to her enormous sail spread she ought indeed to give a good account of herself. E. H. KELLY.

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 18.—General orders relating to the annual cruise of the Rhode Island Y. C., from July 24 to 31, inclusive, have been issued by Commodore Rogers, and the plans show that an elaborate and interesting programme has been arranged. The fleet will rendezvous at Newport Saturday night, July 23, and sail for Stonington Sunday morning. The Monday run will be to Watch Hill, where the fleet will lay over until Tuesday, entertainment being provided in the way of athletic sports in the afternoon, and a complimentary ball tendered to the club and guests by Mr. Frank Champlin at the Ocean House in the evening. Tuesday, run to Shelter Island, where the fleet will be joined by the fleet of the Sachem's Head Y. C. Inter-club races will be held Wednesday, in which the Shelter Island Y. C. will also participate, and in the evening the two visiting clubs will be entertained by the Shelter Island Y. C. Thursday, run to Block Island, with racing by the joint fits. Friday the fleet will lay at Block Island, where, in the evening, a dinner will be served, and an entertainment given at the Hygeia Hotel, the Sachem's Head fleet to be the guests of the Commodore. On Saturday the fleet will run to Newport or Bristol, and on Sunday to Potter's Cove, where a special club clam-bake will be served and the cruise end.

The most interesting transfer in local yachting circles that has taken place in a long time was the sale of the schooner yacht Esperanza by the estate of the late Commodore Frank F. Olney, of the Rhode Island Y. C., to Mr. J. D. McKee, of Allegheny, Pa. The sale was effected a few days ago, and the boat will at once be overhauled and fitted out. Esperanza was formerly Ingomar, and was sold to the late Commodore Olney two years ago by Commodore Morton F. Plant, who had the new Ingomar, a larger craft, built last year by the Herreshoffs to replace her. The Esperanza is a fine steel schooner, built about five years ago by Lawley & Son, of South Boston. She is a flush deck boat, 89ft. over all, 63ft. waterline, 19ft. beam, and 8ft. 2in. draft, without the board. She is one of the handsomest and fastest boats of her class in the country.

A handsome motor cruiser designed and built by Mr. F. S. Nock, was launched at East Greenwich the past week, and sent to her owner, Mr. F. W. Albree, of Kingston, Ontario. She is called Turtle, and is an exceptionally seaworthy craft, being designed for use on the rough waters of Lake Ontario. Her dimensions are: 36ft. over all, 34ft. waterline, 8ft. beam, and 2ft. 8in. draft. The motive equipment is a four-cylinder, four-cycle 20 horse-power Buffalo motor, situated entirely under the cockpit floor, access being gained by hatches, forming a bridge deck 14in. in height. Her tank capacity is sufficient for a 1,000-mile cruise. She is lighted by acetylene gas, and carries a large search light. The cabin is fitted with extension berths, is finished in cream and gold, and upholstered in old rose plush, and has 6ft. 2in. head room. Forward there is a large galley and a toilet room. The boat is finished in oak and mahogany throughout.

A handsome club manual has just been issued to the members of the Edgewood Y. C., containing the officers and membership list, the constitution and by-laws, club courses, sailing rules, yacht routine, rules of the road, storm signals, and international signal code.

The Flint brothers' new 30ft. cat, Wanderer III., will be launched this week at Davis Bros.' shop at Warren, and will enter her first race at Bristol next Saturday. On account of the radical difference of her design from all 30-footers previously seen in these waters, local yachtsmen will view her first performances with great interest. F. H. YOUNG.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

BEVERLY Y. C. BOOK.—We are indebted to Mr. F. A. Eustis, secretary of the Beverly Y. C., for a copy of the club book for 1904.

SCHOONER YACHT OENONE SOLD.—Mr. Geo. C. Brooks, Eastern Y. C., Boston, has sold his schooner yacht Oenone to Mr. Wm. Boyce, of New York city, through Stanley M. Seaman. She is a flush deck keel boat, 96ft. over all, 75ft. waterline, 19ft. 9in. beam, 12ft. draft, designed by the late Edward Burgess, built 1888 by Wm. McKie, of East Boston, Mass. The same agency has also chartered the sloop Whitby for Mr. Edward Swann to Mr. Ira A. Kip, Jr., of New York city.

STEAM YACHT REBA SOLD.—Messrs. Winteringham & Wells have sold for Mr. Nathaniel Witherell, of Greenwich, Conn., his steam yacht Reba to Mr. W. D. Hoxie. Mr. Hoxie will use the yacht between this city and Westerly, R. I. The yacht is to be renamed, on account of the former owner's desire to retain the name Reba, and she will be called Alert.

CHICAGO Y. C. RACING PROGRAMME.—The following schedule of events has been arranged for by the regatta committee of the Chicago Y. C.:

June 25—Race for schooner, 45ft., 35ft., and 21ft. classes, swimming races and water polo match.
July 2—Race for club one-design class and Saddle and Cycle Club boats.
July 4—Open regatta for all classes and first race one-design class for Vice-Commodore Atkin cup. Race for power boats.
July 9—Second race one-design class for Vice-Commodore Atkin cup.
July 16—Class races for Warrington and Lillienfeld cups.
July 23—Race to Macatawa Park and races for one-design class and club knockabouts.
July 29-30—L. M. Y. A. at Macatawa Park.
July 30—Races for schooner, 45ft., 35ft., and 21ft. classes.
August 3—Open cruising race to Mackinaw. Time allowance to be given according to club rules.
August 6—Third race one-design class for Vice-Commodore Atkin cup.
August 13—Fourth race one-design class for Vice-Commodore Atkin cup.
August 27—Fifth race one-design class for Vice-Commodore Atkin cup.
September 3—Races for club one-design class and Saddle and Clyde Club boats.
September 5—Labor Day. Open regatta for all classes.
September 10—Race for all classes.
September 17—Cruising race to Kenosha under racing rules.
September 24—Races for one-design class and club knockabouts.
October 1—Races for one-design class and club knockabouts.
October 8—Races for one-design class and club knockabouts.
October 15—Races for one-design class and club knockabouts.

WESTHAMPTON Y. C. SCHEDULE.—The yachting squadron of the Westhampton Country Club has issued its racing programme for the season. Five events are provided, all to start off the club station at Speonk Point. The schedule:

July 16—Club race.
July 29—Woman's race.
August 13—Associaton race.
August 26—Woman's race.
September 3—Open race.

HEMPSTEAD BAY Y. C. FIXTURES.—The Hempstead Bay Y. C. have arranged for the following fixtures:

July 4—First regatta.
August 13—Ladies' day.
August 15 to 19—Annual cruise.
September 10—Open regatta.

CHICAGO Y. C. CRUISING RACE.—The Chicago Y. C. announce that on August 3 they propose to hold an open cruising race from Chicago to Mackinac for cruising yachts under the following conditions:

1. Yachts must not be less than 21ft. class, any rig.
2. No limit as to crews; same number of professionals as allowed by L. M. Y. A. rules. Cook can be carried, but must do no work on deck.
3. Each yacht must have at least one first-class dinghy, not less than 10ft. long, which can be carried on deck or towed.
4. All boats must carry anchors, lights, and complete cruising outfits.
5. Before starting, captain of yacht must satisfy the committee that he has on board proper navigation instruments, charts, etc., and that he has a proper log book, which must be kept with hourly entries and handed in at the end of the race, a special prize to be given for the best kept log.
6. All engines in auxiliary boats and in power dinghies will be sealed by the committee on the day of the race, which seals must be intact on arrival at Mackinac.
7. Committee to reserve the right to reject entry of any boat they do not consider a bona fide cruising craft, or that is, in their judgment, unseaworthy or otherwise unfit to make the race.
8. Time allowance shall be based on the measurements and table of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association.

The start will be made from the Van Buren Street Gap at Chicago, and boats will leave as follows: Yawls, August 3, 5 o'clock P. M.; schooners, 5:10 P. M.; sloops, 5:20 P. M.

There will be four valuable cups and cash prizes of $100, $50, and $25 given for schooners, sloops, and yawls, a cup for time prize, and a club pennant for first boat to cross the finish line.

The finish line will be between two buoys placed opposite the Grand Hotel at Mackinac Island.

VALDORA WINS HELIGOLAND CUP.—The 106-ton yawl Valdora, owned by Dr. J. G. Douglas, was the winner of the 320-mile race from Dover to Heligoland, which started on Saturday, June 18. The 98-ton cutter Nicaudra, owned by Mr. John Ferguson, was second; the 143-ton Wendur, owned by Mr. Richard Lee, third; and Lord Dunraven's Ketch Caroid was fourth. The American schooner Ingomar was the first boat to finish, but lost the race on time allowance. Ingomar was the scratch boat, and allowed the other starters handicaps ranging from five to over nine hours.

ERIE Y. C.—The first race of the season will be sailed July 4 to start at 9:30 A. M. The following boats have been entered so far; some of them are the old standbys, but there are a number of new ones also. The entries for all races this summer close on June 25. The club has taken in a few new members this spring; the membership is about 100 now. Thirty-foot class: Nameless, Viking, Una, Eagle, Kingfisher, and Caprice; 25ft. class: Bonita, Marvel, Mingo, Iroquois, Turtle, and Tonkawa; 20ft. class: Anheuser-Busch, Poker Chip, Gola, Mary Ann, and Flora. CABIA BLANCO.

Canoeing.

Duquesne C. C.

WITH the Duquesne C. C. cruising is very popular this season, and the ladies, to whom the privilege is extended this year, have proven themselves worthy of the trust by braving some very disagreeable weather. On the Decoration Day cruises the party exceeded the club membership.

The Allegheny and Kiskiminetas rivers and French Creek are included in the schedules. The July 3-4 cruise promises to have a large party. The first regatta of the season is scheduled for June 18. On the completion of the Oakmont Boat Club and Sylvan C. C. houses, other regattas will be in order.

A number of the Duquesne men and their wives and sisters are planning to go to Sugar Island camp of the A. C. A. in August, where they hope to meet many others, and anticipate a jolly good outing.

In the Lake-of-the-Thousand-Isles at the source of the famous St. Lawrence River, lies a most picturesque island. Once the scene of a primitive sugar camp, it has since been known as Sugar Island—a rather confectionery name for such ruggedness as one sees in paddling along its rocky shores indented by small sheltering coves; beaching your canoe in one of these, and climbing to the granite summit, one has a magnificent view of broad bays and groups of small islands, bits of deep forest and grassy openings suggest camp life among ideal surroundings. Should one chance by during the month of August, one will see numerous white and colored tents invitingly pitched by the water's edge, with groups of men and women or solitary individuals enjoying life in the open. Occasionally a canoe darts around some point, to be soon lost in a cove, where, on investigation, one would see a number of them beached while the owner enjoys a siesta or visits some fellow camper.

There is the home of the American Canoe Association, and the various bits of bunting tumbling to the breeze are the colors of the many canoe clubs and totems of the individual canoeists who gather annually from all points of the compass to meet again their fellow devotees of the craft.

The night pictures are memorable. Large and small camp-fires, their blue smoke wafting incense to the heavens, gleam from promontory and cove, their glow modeling bas-relief figures against the black of night; bits of song and story, with the lap of the waves, breaking the stillness. All pipes perforce are calumets.

BREITENSTEIN.

Concerning Proctor's.

IN this season of general theatrical depression it is interesting to note that the Proctor theatres' statement shows that in the past year, when most managers have so bitterly complained of bad business, five of the seven Proctor theatres show an increase of more than one-third over the business of the preceding season; the other two showing an advance in business of more than one-half. A part of this additional income is undoubtedly to be credited to the generally accepted theory that in times of business depression the popular priced house is the more profitable. In part it is due to the fact that through his long experience, Mr. Proctor has succeeded in gauging so admirably the tastes of his audiences that he is enabled to present, at a comfortable profit, performances easily worth two dollars at an average price of fifty cents. More than this, Mr. Proctor attributes his success to his knowledge of the demands of his various clientels. No two Proctor bills are ever exactly the same, each being constructed with a view to pleasing the particular audience for which it is intended. The "Proctor plan" is to make a special appeal to each house, with a general policy of providing every patron every convenience at the smallest possible price.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 26.—Zeltner's Morrisania Park.—German-American Shooting Society's shoot.

Rifle Clubs and Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While pouring over my budget of late newspapers, I ran across a Canadian paper in which were articles anent rifle shooting and shooting clubs, from which I infer that a progressive editor is agitating a more universal interest in sports in Canada, of which the chiefest element lies in fire arm marksmanship. It has roused some good club men and is bringing out some instructive literature, as will be observed, for instance, by the letter appended: It seems to me that we might also have an awakening of interest in the matter right here in the United States, and if the agitation in Canada can become infectious and come across the border into Yankee land, I believe we ought to welcome the birth of the question or subject. I don't know what the status of rifle shooting is back East, but way off here in the metropolis of the far West, it looks as if Americans were not nowadays giving firearm marksmanship the high distinction as a sport that it deserves outside of military (id est, army and navy) circles.

At random I have taken from my files a copy of the San Francisco Daily Call of recent date, and find in one issue two pages fully devoted to sports, but in all of the fourteen columns of sporting news there is not one single line dedicated to shooting. I have frequently noticed similar derelictions, and wondered at it; but the discussion in the Canadian publication brings the subject out more forcibly, and you will pardon me, I hope, in carrying my troubles, so to speak, to you and your many readers, and ask your indulgence and sympathy in an affair that ought to appeal to our pride and patriotism.

The Canadian correspondent makes prominent several features connected with rifle shooting and clubs, including the popularity or non-popularity of the sport, the possible obstacles to be met with in the formation of clubs, and the moral views that might be taken as to the sport in one phase or another. And first, a word on my part concerning the latter aspect. If I have not erred in my observations, it is a matter of conscience among Americans as to the disposal of a Sunday or Sabbath, though it appears to me that the Yankees are more inclined to devote the day to religion, while the so-called "foreign element," especially in the big cities, show a general disposition to make Sunday a day of recreation and pleasure, making it an "Old World Sunday," as it is called. This, I think, is due to an instinct of the working classes of foreign birth to make a holiday of the holy day as a matter of economy, in order to get in as many working days out of the week as possible. The American, on the other hand, prefers to take his Saturday half holiday to the ball game, devoting his Sunday to rest and spiritual duties and divertisement. At any rate, in my estimation it's a point in ethics that concerns the individual, based on conscience or convenience. So let us set the Sunday question aside.

It is a well established tenet in the domain of commerce that every man's business is what he makes it, as regards honesty, lawfulness and respectability. And the same will hold good in sports and recreations. The knowledge of a game of cards may be either a genteel accomplishment or a vice. Devotion to outdoor sports may be carried to such an excess as to become a passion, to the detriment of one's legitimate calling. I am cynical of the attitude of persons whose station or vocation is such that they are to pose as examples in decorum and morals; but I doubt very much if I could find fault with a clergyman for belonging to a gun club and taking a try at the bullseye once in a while. I believe in muscular Christianity, and if I am not mistaken, it is in merrie old England that a minister of the gospel is thought all the more of if he can and does play cricket.

Firearm marksmanship (rifle practice or target shooting) ought to appeal strongly to professional men such as doctors, lawyers, educationaries and clergymen, and especially the first and the last named. We all know the value of recreation or divertisement that take our minds "off from business" and away from arduous daily duties. And none are so beneficial as those recreations which demand concentration of thought, and which entail no violence or boisterousness. It is one thing to watch a game of baseball or lacrosse, and another to take part in it. But to get any real benefit out of shooting, one must not be content to be a spectator. And in taking part there is no risk of breaking bones, spraining joints or straining tendons, and yet there is plenty of exercise to be had, with a training of the wrist and eye, both of the most essential importance to the doctor or surgeon.

A target shooting range necessarily must be beyond the urban limits or busy haunts of man; but in these days of rapid transit via electric cars, automobile or bicycle, if not always by steam railway or horse, distance is of little account. Accessibility is a foregone conclusion to begin with. Shooting parks or ranges are possibilities that can easily be converted into actualities. And we ought in this country have more rifle clubs, shooting parks and Creedmoors. The German veterans from the Franco-Prussian war who settled in this country formed societies here and perpetuated and fostered their skill in marksmanship—sharpshooting—to their general benefit. The Schuetzen Verein is an institution almost peculiar to our German-American citizens. These shooting societies, like their Turn Vereins and singing societies, became social factors. And in many instances the shooting societies were a source of financial profit to the members. Their shooting ranges or parks were investments, and a membership in a German shooting society is tantamount to a high financial rating in some of the Western German communities.

In Germany, Great Britain, Austria, Russia, France and Italy, where shooting is an accomplishment confined almost altogether (outside of the army and navy of course) to the well-to-do people, hunting and venatic sports generally are given a higher social status than they are in America. The game preserves in Europe being vested in private ownership, it is a privileged class who may indulge their propensities for hunting with firearms, and a hunt partakes often of the character of a social function. When royalty wants to bestow a particularly nice bit of attention to a visitor or favorite, it does so by an invitation to a hunt. A hunting breakfast at the lodge in the game forest may be a "swell" though quiet non-official social affair, participated in by persons of distinction of both sexes, the exhilaration of a ride or hunt being supplemented with a breakfast of epicurean excellence, prepared by the ablest chef, followed by music and dancing. In Germany special homage is paid in the fall of the year to St. Hubert, the patron saint of the German nimrods. It is Aug. 12, I believe, when the hunters throughout England and Scotland make a sort of general observance in honor of the sport of hunting, by grouse shooting and feasting. I sometimes think those Old World people can still give us Americans some pointers on how to get the most out of our pleasures and recreations.

But before I close I might say, as a matter of general interest at this time, that the shooting gallery business in San Francisco is almost monopolized by Japanese. Most all galleries are presided over by Japanese women. The patronage is distinctively cosmopolitan, but the chief patrons are our soldiers and sailors returned from our insular possessions in the Pacific. They are almost invariably "bell-ringers."

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. WM. FITZMUGGINS.

Following is the letter which impelled me to pen all of the foregoing:

Sir—I have read your editorials on rifle clubs with great interest, and if I may give you the results of four years' experience in organizing and carrying on a rifle club and in watching the growth and the movement in Canada, I shall be happy to do so.

Under present conditions, the rifle club movement is not and will not be a success for many reasons. Some of these may be removed by Governmental action, the others may also be removed, if our young men—and old ones' too, for that matter—will develop a little more patriotism. Between watching a game of lacrosse, or even a game of baseball, and a visit to the rifle ranges, the latter is not in it.

First of all, although the Government has done something, they have not done enough. The loaning of ten rifles per club of forty men, and the giving of one hundred rounds of ammunition is not sufficient. There should be at least twenty rifles per club and two hundred rounds per man; the latter is the allowance made to military clubs or associations, and I see no good reason why any distinction should be made. If rifle clubs form part of the military establishment of the country, they should receive the same grants as all others in the service; if they do not, then there is no reason why they should receive either rifles or ammunition from the Government. Therefore, in order to secure the success of the movement, the grant of arms and ammunition should be doubled.

But these difficulties are slight, are mere nothings when compared to the others, which, as I have already stated, could be removed if our young men could develop a little more patriotism. Any one going to the ranges on a fine Saturday afternoon will find perhaps forty or fifty present; but let him go to a lacrosse or baseball match, and he will see thousands present. Of course, legitimate sport is all right; but of what value would weeks of sitting on the bleachers be in the make-up of a soldier? One day's rifle practice would be of more service to Canada in time of trouble than months of lacrosse or baseball playing, as most of our young men play it—that is, from the grand stand. Until the people can be brought to see the importance of rifle shooting, I do not see much chance of securing a second line of 100,000 riflemen. I suppose I will be criticised for stating that our people are not patriotic; but patriotism does not consist alone in vociferously singing "God Save the King," and the "Maple Leaf"—and that is about as far as it goes. No doubt that in time of trouble one hundred or two hundred thousand men could be raised in a short time; but what would be the use of them if the majority could not hit a freight car at two hundred yards.

In Toronto and Ottawa, rifle shooting is more popular than it is in Montreal. I have been told that on Saturdays the ranges are crowded. In Montreal it is not so. What are the reasons?

First, the apathy of the average citizen regarding the matter; second, the apathy of the majority of the officers of our city regiments. This is apparently an extraordinary statement to make, but it is one which can easily be substantiated by the men who go to the ranges every day they are open. There are betwen one hundred and fifty and two hundred officers in the Montreal district, and one would naturally expect that some of these would be present every Saturday, but it is very rarely that one is to be found there. Further, every year before the shooting commences, a range officer and two executive officers are named for every Saturday during the season. I do not remember ever having seen three officers present together, except when regimental practice was taking place, and during all of last summer the appointed officers were not present more than once or twice. This is a military duty, but is neglected, like many others things. There are not more than ten officers of the city regiments who take anything like an active interest in shooting.

Then, I do not think that sufficient care and attention are paid to the young shots. I think that a second-class target should be used at the 200-yard range for young shots. The bullseye is large and easier to get on to; and for a man who is just commencing, it is a great satisfaction to know that he is hitting something; whereas, with a smaller target, he misses it, does not know whether he is high, low, to the right or left, and gives it up in disgust. One or two second-class targets should be put at 200 yards, for the beginners, and the same number of first-class at 500 and 600 for the same men.

But the main question is, How are we to get more men to take an interest in rifle shooting, to join clubs and to come to the ranges? I have two suggestions to make. The first is, open the ranges on Sunday afternoons. I am prepared for a protest from some quarters; but let us look at the matter sensibly. A large majority of our men work six days a week; therefore, cannot spend any time shooting. Another considerable number wish to see the lacrosse or baseball or football match at Saturday afternoon; therefore prefer to go there. These two classes form the bulk of our population, and they will not learn rifle shooting unless they can do it on Sunday. What are the objections: Causing extra labor? This will not hold, because the electric cars run on Sunday, and the fact that the ranges are open will not compel any more men to work than if they were not.

The objection that it is a sport, and thus a desecration of the Sabbath will not hold. The same objection can be made to riding, driving or walking; but no sensible man makes it. Rifle shooting is a sport, but is not boisterous; it is not exciting as lacrosse or baseball; it does not lead to drinking, swearing or other evils, but quite the contrary, because a man, to be a good shot, must leave whisky and tobacco severely alone. There is infinitely less objection to be raised against rifle shooting than there is to the playing of baseball on every vacant lot on every Sunday afternoon. One will see more Sabbath desecration in ten minutes at one of these games than he would in all the rifle ranges of Canada in a whole season, if they were open on Sunday. If Sunday is the only day on which the majority of Canadians can shoot, then let us have the ranges open on that day.

There is one more point. Canadian women have never been backward, nor have they ever shown the white feather when there was danger from within or without. They can take a hand in this game if they want to. Many men whom I have canvassed have told me there was no use joining, as their wives wanted them Saturday afternoons to go shopping or walking. Now, if the women, young and old, married and single, would order their husbands, in esse or in posse, to join a rifle association, and to show a score card at least once a month during the season, I think we would get many members from the free-on-Saturday-afternoon class.

It is now four years since the Star inaugurated the rifle club movement, and still we have only three clubs in this city. There should be a hundred. Some years ago I urged the formation of clubs in the different trades, but without success. The answer was invariably that Saturday afternoon men wanted to go to the lacrosse or baseball match, or out with their families; but if they could shoot on Sunday they would be glad to do so.

With regard to the cost, it is only right that, with regimental and civilian associations in existence, if a man does not want to join either, that he should have to pay for markers. As it is now, the associations pay the markers, and from the opening of the season till the end of September, no member has to pay anything more than his railway fare. Members of the military associations for a small annual fee each, receive two hundred rounds of ammunition and free marking. Of the civilian associations, at least one charges a fee of only $1.50, and membership entitles one to one hundred rounds and free marking.

With the exception of a few men, there appears to be no general interest in the question. Could we not organize an association of the civilian rifle associations of the Dominion on the lines of the British organization for the encouragement of rifle shooting, the formation of clubs or societies, and bringing of pressure on the Government to increase the issue of rifles and ammunition, and give us free marking? Who will start the movement? Let us hear from the secretaries of our rifle clubs.

LEE-ENFIELD.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa.—The club held their weekly shoot on Saturday, June 11, with a good number of members on hand. Scores:

J G Germann	77 76 74—224	E D Allen	71 65 64—200
S C Long	81 73 70—224	A G Riblet	55 53 46—197
J Stedham	74 73 72—219	W W Jordan	42 43 34—120
A Mount	78 71 69—218	T Weber	51
J Almeda	70 68 68—206		

Mr. T. Weber was a visitor. CABIA BLANCO.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

June 25.—East Walpole, Mass.—Second annual tournament of the Neponset Gun Club; $60 in prizes. M. H. Grant, Sec'y.
June 27-July 2.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—Tournament of the National Gun Club; strictly amateur; $500 added money. John M Lilly, Pres., Indianapolis.
July 1-2.—Brownwood, Tex.—West Texas Gun Club League tournament.
July 4.—Lawrence, Mass., Gun Club Independence Day tournament. Robert B. Parkhurst, Sec'y.
July 4.—Utica, N. Y.—Reverside Gun Club target tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.— East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4.—Pittsfield, Mass., Rod and Gun Club all-day shoot Harold S. Sidway, Sec'y.
July 4.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Infallible Gun Club amateur tournament. Added money; merchandise prizes. F. J. Person, Sec'y.
July 4.—Lexington, Ky.—Ashland Gun Club tournament and Blue Grass championship. Robert R. Skinner, Mgr.
July 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club tournament; $600 added money and trophies. A. H. Frank, Mgr.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht. Sec'y.
July 6-7.—Homer, Ill.—Homer and Ogden Gun Clubs' tournament.
*July 6-7.—Kane, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen. Sec'y.
July 12-13.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
July 12-14.—Denver, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap tournament.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handicap tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
*July 13-14.—Scottdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C Yocum, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap; $2,200 added money and guaranteed purses. A. B. Heyl, Sec'y.
July 20-21.—Armada, Mich.—Tournament of the Eastern Michigan Gun Club; $100 added. E. W. Sutton. Sec'y.
July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson. Sec'y.
Aug. 9-10.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
Aug. 9-10.—Raleigh, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association tournament.
Aug. 9-10.—Birmingham, Ala.—Alabama tournament.
Aug. 9-12.—West Baden, Ind.—Indian tournament; $1,000 added money.
*Aug. 10-11.—Bradenville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Aug. 10-12.—Branttord, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum. Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; $25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
*Sept. 6-7.—Irwin, Pa., Rod and Gun Club tournament.
*Sept. 14-15.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
*Sept. 27-28.—Monessen, Pa., Gun Club.
*Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y. Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., Mr. E. J. Loughlin, secretary, have arranged a shoot for July 4.

At the meeting of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association last week, it was decided that the shoot for 1905 shall be held at Lincoln, Ill., the same place at which it was held this year.

In an event at 25 live birds. Mr. J. P. Dannefelser was high with a score of 23, at the shoot of the New York German Gun Club, held at Outwater's, near Carlstadt, N. J., on June 15.

The team contest between the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., and the North Side Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., was shot on the grounds of the latter club last Saturday. The South Side Gun Club was defeated by a score of 216 to 208. There were eleven men on a side, and each shot at 25 targets.

Mr. J. J. Meyers, manager, informs us that a tournament will be given at Stratford, Ont., under the auspices of Local Union No. 97, United Garment Workers of America, on July 1 and 2. Added money, trophies and prizes will be shot for. Competition open to all amateurs of America. No handicaps. Paid experts barred, except in championship of America contest.

At the W. P. T. S. L. at Millvale, Pa., Mr. J. P. Calhoun, of McKeesport, made high average with a score of 171 out of 175. Mr. E. D. Fulford made high average on the second day, 169 out of 175, and also high average for the two days, 333 out of 350. Second high average was made by "Kelsey," 332; third by Bessemer, 329; and fourth by Mr. L. B. Fleming, 328.

We learn with much pleasure that the famous trapshooter, Mr. Edward Banks, recently of New York, but now of Wilmington, Del., has established a hen farm, which he cultivates during his idle moments at home. At present his collection numbers one rooster and three hens, but there are many reasons why the business will grow rapidly with care. However, it is not equal to the art of making goose-eggs with a shotgun.

The programme of the shoot to be given by the Brunswick, Me., Gun Club, July 4, provides eleven events, each at 15 targets, 25 cents entrance, excepting the eleventh, which is at 25 targets, distance handicap, $1 entrance. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Twenty-five dollars will be given in high averages. Guns and ammunition sent to the secretary, Mr. G. M. Wheeler, on or before July 2, will be delivered on the grounds.

Mr. J. T. Skelly, eminent as a skillful trapshooter, and still more eminent as one of the skillful department heads of the E. I. duPont Company, Wilmington, Del., was a visitor in New York on Wednesday of last week. He will be in attendance at the Grand American Handicap this week, one of the large delegation of Wilmington which journeyed thence on Sunday last. Had every city responded in the same ratio as Wilmington, great as the G. A. H. is, it would then have been far greater.

The tournament record of Mr. Fred Gilbert (Chief Heap Talk) in May and June of this year has been phenomenally high in the matter of scores. A review of it will be of interest both for its excellence in itself as well as for the standard which it sets for the aspirants. These scores were made between May 3 and June 9, inclusive: May 3-5, at Junction City, Kans., he scored 515 out of 545. May 11-13, Spirit Lake, Ia., 573 out of 600. May 17-18, Dubuque, Ia., 387 out of 400. May 19-21, Davenport, Ia., 582 out of 600. May 24-25, Marshalltown, Ia., 388 out of 400. May 26-27, Waterloo, Ia., 398 out of 420. June 1-2, Watertown, S. D., 420 out of 435. June 7-9, Sioux City, Ia., 584 out of 600. Total, 3,848 out of 4,000, an average of 96.2 per cent. In two exhibitions he scored 75 straight, and 99 out of 100, the first at Watertown, May 31, the latter at Spirit Lake, May 10. At Marshalltown he broke 50 straight from 22yd. mark, and also 49 out of 50 from the 20yd. mark. He has made runs of 50 or more at least six times, and 100 or more six times at the tournaments aforementioned. At Dubuque, his run of 157 was unfinished. While this is a record of marvelous performance, it also indicates that the 16yd. mark is obsolete as a standard of skill.

BERNARD WATERS.

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., June 18.—The Independent Gun Club shot the Pattenburg Gun Club a team shoot of ten men each, 25 targets per man, at Pattenburg, N. J., with the following results:

Independent Gun Club—J. Pleiss 24, O. Skeds 19, J. Genther 20, H. Snyder 21, I. Hahn 23, J. E. Maurer 23, H. G. Miller 22, W. H. Maurer 22, J. H. Heil 20, E. F. Markley 24; total 218.

Pattenburg Gun Club—Rockafellow 23, H. Gano 21, J. Warford 24, E. Wilson 23, R. Stamets 19, J. Williamson 13, A. E. Holbrook 18, L. Rupel 15, N. Stamets 21, H. L. Gano 18; total 195.

The Pattenburg team was beaten by 23 targets, and the Independent shot as a team at an 87 1-5 per cent. average, which average the members of the club think it will take the best ten-man club team in the State to equal.

Special events were shot, with very good results. High average for the day was made by E. F. Markley by breaking 113 out of 120 targets. He was closely followed by J. Pleiss and J. Warford. During the shoot Markley made a straight run of 55 targets. All things taken into consideration, the day's shoot was a success in every particular.

E. F. MARKLEY, Sec'y I. G. C.

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

REGULAR club shoot, June 18, on club grounds, West Seventh street and Davern avenue. White Flyer targets, expert traps, unknown angles. Weather conditions good:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	10		25	10		
Perry	12	14	13	11	12	12	..	..	..	..	90	74
Irle	12	12	11	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	55	43
Pleiss	12	12	12	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	75	57
Frankel	7	5	10	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	75	39
Bakeman	8	10	13	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	75	54
McLean	10	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	32
Constans	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	18
Yates	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	15
Arthur	10	11	12	10	10	9	7	10	18	7	150	104
McDermott	3	6	8	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	75	29
Lovering	5	6	8	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	75	37
George	3	9	7	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	75	30
Meisen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	9	40	29

The Lawrence, Mass., Gun Club announces an Independence Day shoot. The secretary is Mr. Robert B. Parkhurst.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 15.—Twenty-eight strings were shot, a number of which were back scores, at the Rochester Rod and Gun Club shoot to-day. The Watson Handicap event resulted as follows:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Shoemaker	23	8	31	Coughlin	17	6	23
Shoemaker	20	8	28	Gummer	18	5	23
Shoemaker	19	8	27	Coughlin	17	6	23
Borst	20	7	27	Gummer	18	5	23
Kershner	25	1	26	Gummer	18	5	23
Kershner	24	1	25	Stewart	23	0	23
Rickman	20	5	25	Stewart	22	0	22
Rickman	19	5	24	Newton	20	2	22
Dalley	21	3	24	Newton	20	2	22
Kershner	23	1	24	Newton	19	2	21
Kershner	23	1	24	Dalley	18	3	21
Stewart	24	0	24	Newton	18	2	20
Coughlin	17	6	23	Newton	17	2	19
Dalley	20	3	23	Coughlin	11	6	17

WESTERN TRAP.

Illinois State Tournament.

LINCOLN, Ill., June 15.—The Illinois State tournament and annual meeting of the State Sportsmen's Association has had an eventful career; ever since the last successful gathering was held at Springfield. The fight waged by a certain Chicago paper against live bird shooting had the effect of confining the shoot to targets, after much excitement and notoriety was engendered; when the attempt was made to hold the shoot at Watson's Park in Chicago, during 1902. Then, after several postponements, a very good target shoot was pulled off late in the fall of 1903 by A. C. Connor, at Pekin. Though two live-bird matches were shot without interference, the famous Board of Trade diamond badge did not fill well.

The business meeting brought out some changes in the contest for the cup and the badge, making each a handicap shoot. The shoot was set for Lincoln, with Robert Davis as the presiding genius.

The Lincoln club has gone to much expense in preparing grounds and offering a good programme, and the State shooters turned out fairly well, there being some sixty present the first day, June 15.

The target programme was very much of a sucess. The tournament was held in the race track, with level surface and clear background. There were three traps, and with Mr. Chas. North present with a good supply of targets, all went well until said Chas. North thought to see how the test of the spring was adjusted, and getting in front of one of the traps, was laid out for a time by a direct blow in the head. After he was brought around by Dr. Williams, who happened to be present, the shooting was continued throughout the day.

The wind, in front of the targets, caused them to tower, and with North away, the natural inclination of the Leggett is to throw, during the da, a harder—that is, a higher—and faster target, which was not regulated, and during the last two events the scores fell off perceptibly. In event 9 there were twenty-two straights, and in 11 not over one-third that number.

The management, in using the race track, were obliged to provide tents for the shooters' accommodations. This was all right until about 1 o'clock a heavy rain came up which, being acompanied by wind, caused all the tents save the one holding the shooters to go to terra firma. This delayed the shoot for two hours, and how surely the rich black gumbo of this wonderful Illinois corn country did accumulate about the feet of the shooters as they passed from trap to trap.

The management was under the direct charge of Robert Davis and Dr. E. C. Lawrence, the officers, yet they had able assistants in John Boa, field marshal and general squad hustler, and Leslie Stanley, assisted by L. A. Cummings in the elevated office, which was high but not dry, by any means, as the spectacle of the cashier wrapped in table oilcloth was a sight never to be forgotten by those in the wind-belabored tent. Leslie held on to the money bag by a great catch, and was thus able to pay off promptly when the footing had been adjusted.

All shot well, as the scores will show, the amateurs having the best of it. Chan Powers made a run of 108 and a loss of only 4 out of 180. J. R. Graham failed in seven events to score all, losing one in each, and closing with only 7 to the bad from perfect.

Frank Riehl led the professionals, with 170, which was equaled by Hood Waters. Lord made 169, Marshall 167, Boa 165, Cadwallader 165, Vietmeyer 155.

The 50-target race for the cup, $5 entrance, with handicap open to amateurs, brought out thirty-seven shooters, seven of whom were professionals, and did not shoot for prizes. The amateurs got best of it, as Caldwell, of Springfield, from 16yds. made 48 and lost his last target after there had been a delay to get the score corrected and the trap worked badly on two or three targets. Chas. Wiggins, of Homer, came on strong and tied him with 24, and then on the shoot-off won out easily. Wiggins made another 24, a total of but three lost out of 75. Chauncey M. Powers, who has outshot all shooters in the West this year from the 20yd. line, made 47 and took second money all alone. The latter part of this match was shot in the rain, and there Clay fell down, getting 21 out of his first 25; he made the last 25 straight.

Something unexpected happened, as the rule of the Interstate Association was followed permitting but two traveling men in a squad. Squad 3 had Powers for a leader, and he led off with so many straights that when it came to the fifth event all got busy and went through without a skip, and 75 straight was chalked up. Going to the other trap for the following event, the world's record was broken, as the score was duplicated and another squad record was made, thus 150 straight in two events. The other members were the only Tom Marshall, Chief of the Indians, and Frank Riehl, Scribe for the Indian aggregation, together with Post, of Decatur, an understudy of Chan Powers, and that other good shot, A. C. Connor, of Pekin. Hence the record was made by members of the Illinois State Association at their own State tournament. It shows how perfect were all conditions for target smashing in the town of Lincoln, Ill., the home of the veteran Capt. A. H. Bogardus. The scores for first day:

First Day, June 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.
Davis	12	12	13	14	12	13	14	10	14	9	10	14	147
A Lawrence	12	14	14	14	13	15	10	12	15	14	..	..	143
Cadwallader	13	15	14	14	13	15	15	13	15	14	10	15	165
McCormick	15	15	11	12	11	13	14	13	14	15	12	14	159
Latham	6	13	12	15	11	9	11	11	15	12	..	..	114
Lord	13	12	15	15	13	14	15	13	15	15	14	15	169
Roll	14	13	15	15	14	14	14	14	13	14	14	15	169
Barto	14	15	14	14	14	14	15	14	13	14	11	12	164
Boa	12	13	14	15	15	13	14	13	15	14	12	15	165
Willard	13	15	15	15	15	14	14	13	15	12	12	15	168
Powers	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	13	15	14	14	15	176
Marshall	13	13	13	14	15	15	14	13	15	13	15	14	167
Post	12	13	13	12	15	15	13	13	13	14	12	13	158
Connor	15	14	15	14	15	15	12	14	15	13	10	10	162
Riehl	14	14	14	13	15	15	15	15	13	15	14	13	170
Cummings	15	14	15	14	13	14	13	14	13	14	14	13	166
Waters	15	14	15	13	14	14	14	15	15	13	13	15	170
Hall	15	11	13	13	15	14	14	11	15	12	11	15	159
Snell	12	13	13	13	12	13	13	12	15	13	12	14	155
Caldwell	12	13	11	13	13	13	13	13	13	11	15	14	154
Bockwitz	13	11	15	14	14	15	14	14	15	10	12	15	162
A Mulford	13	15	13	15	14	15	14	13	14	13	13	14	166
W Mulford	10	10	12	9	12	14	11	12	14	10	12	10	141
Vietmeyer	14	11	13	14	12	12	14	13	13	12	13	14	155
Fagot	13	10	13	13	13	15	14	14	13	13	7	14	152
Drennen	14	13	14	15	14	14	14	14	15	13	13	14	167
Loring	9	9	12	11	8	12	11	8	11	11	13	10	126
Tweeth	12	11	15	14	14	14	15	13	15	12	14	14	163
Premo	14	12	12	14	14	12	15	12	15	11	12	14	157
Robley	..	12	12	12	14	15	15	13	15	14	12	14	162
Montgomery	14	10	11	10	13	14	14	12	15	14	12	14	153
Graham	14	14	15	14	15	15	14	15	15	14	14	14	177
Clay	15	14	15	15	13	15	13	14	13	13	14	15	169
Burton	15	12	14	15	13	14	13	14	14	14	13	13	164
Kneussl	14	13	13	14	13	13	15	13	15	14	13	14	164
Gibson	12	11	9	11	10	14	10	7	11	12	10	11	128
Haws	12	12	14	13	11	13	15	11	11	10	14	13	149
Dr Lawrence	12	13	13	13	14	13	13	13	..	..	..	..	120
Ramsey	14	12	13	..	13	13	14	13	..	10	13	11	126
Burns	12	12	14	15	14	10	13	10	..	10	14	14	138
Gilbert	14	11	14	11	14	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	93
Long	12	14	15	15	12	14	13	15	15	12	15	15	167
Risser	13	10	12	11	14	15	14	15	15	13	13	9	160
Ball	13	11	13	10	11	13	12	6	..	12	12	12	125
Mitchell	13	15	15	13	13	15	15	13	14	10	11	13	160
Wiggins	14	11	15	11	13	15	14	14	12	15	12	15	161
Stoner	12	11	14	12	13	15	11	12	13	14	15	12	154
McCurdy	..	..	..	13	9	15	14	13	..	14	9	13	120
Vangundy	14	14	14	14	14	13	13	13	12	13	12	15	161
Dupert	..	..	..	12	10	12	13	13	15	11	12	12	110
Funk	..	..	..	13	10	15	..	..	..	9	6	8	...
Lyons	..	..	..	13	12	13	..	..	..	..	11	12	...

Preliminary handicap, 50 targets, $5 entrance, trophy by Cascajal Plantation Co., amateurs only: Cadwallader (16) 41, Lord (16) 45, Boa (16) 46, Marshall (16) 43, Riehl (16) 46, Waters (16) 42, Vietmeyer (16) 42, Craig (17) 44, Post (16) 43, Snell (16) 44, Caldwell (16) 48, Mulford (16) 44, Fagot (16) 46, Kneussel (18) 41, Premo (16) 41, Dr. Lawrence (16) 44, Graham (19) 45, Davis (16) 38, Roll (19) 44, McCormack (17) w., Willard (19) 40, Vangundy (17) 43, Barto (18) 42, Connor (18) 44, Cummings (18) 45, Hall (18) 40, A. Mulford (18) 46, Drennen (18) 42, Tweeth (18) 42, Robley (18) 43, Wiggins (17) 48, Hows (16) 41, Stoner (16) 44, Powers (20) 47, Clay (18) 46, Bockwitz (18) 45, Marigold (16) 33.

Second Day, June 16.

The sun was a little backward in driving away the clouds, yet, assisted by the wind, the sky cleared before noon, and the footing was much more pleasant than after the rain on the previous day. There were some changes in the make-up of the squads, as new contestants were present.

The shooting, on the whole, was not as good as on the first day, yet the leaders for high average did not change much. Powers remained in the lead, with Geo. Roll moving up a peg or two. The twelve events of 15 targets each, were disposed of early, and the 100-target race, handicap, was on. This was the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy shoot, with a $100 shotgun for first, the conditions being that all shooters use the Peters shells. The winner was C. B. Wigins, the gentleman from Homer, who won the medal on the first day. His win was a popular one, as he was set back a yard by the handicap committee, and from the 18yd. peg made 92, a very good score.

Chauncey Powers and Frank Riehl shot from the 20yd. line, neither contesting for gun. Powers made 89 and Riehl 85, being the first handicap Riehl has shot this season. All were tired and reached the hotel early after shooting 280 shots for the day, having enjoyed a fine day for trapshooting, although the wind was fairly strong, quartering from the northeast.

Chas. North was up and assisted in getting up the squad cards and showed little the worse for his accident. John Boa was not so conspicuous in his big straw hat as on the first day, but he kept the traps all moving, and thus Standish was very busy passing out the squad cards.

The business meeting was called to order at 9 P.M., the president, Robert Davis, in the chair, and Dr. Lawrence as secretary. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved. The president made a stirring speech.

Selection of place being next in order, it was the choice that Lincoln should have the next shoot, though Homer and Litchfield each had supporters.

Dr. Lawrence was elected President for the ensuing year; Judge McCormack was elected Secretary and Treasurer; Chan. Powers, of Decatur, was elected Vice-President.

After some argument, the Board of Trade diamond badge was changed as to conditions, viz.: 100 targets was substituted for 10 live birds. The same to be handicap, 16 to 20yds., with an entrance fee of $7.

Chan. Powers was elected as a committee of one to secure and put in the hands of the officers of the Association the famous old Board of Trade diamond badge.

The meeting adjourned without a discussion of regulations and such conditions as would interest the trapshooter, as the last meeting put everything as vested rights of the club holding the shoot. The club is to run the same as a club matter. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.
A Lawrence	12	12	15	14	14	15	12	14	15	13	13	14	163
Williams	15	12	13	14	14	13	14	11	12	13	12	14	157
H W Cadwallader	14	12	12	14	14	14	12	14	11	12	13	10	152
Dr A Lawrence	11	12	11	13	13	13	14	15	12	12	14	12	153
W Boettger	11	9	6	7	9	9	9	11	6	4	7	13	91
F H Lord	13	13	15	13	13	11	14	15	12	11	14	15	159
Geo Roll	14	15	15	15	15	14	13	14	14	15	14	12	170
J Barto	14	15	13	15	12	14	12	14	14	11	14	12	160
J S Boa	13	13	12	14	13	15	13	14	13	12	13	14	159
L Willard	12	14	12	12	14	13	15	15	14	15	15	15	166
A L Cummings	13	13	14	13	15	14	14	14	13	14	13	13	163
H Waters	12	11	15	13	14	13	14	12	11	14	13	12	154
T H Hall	12	14	11	14	12	14	13	14	12	12	13	15	156
H Snell	14	14	15	13	13	15	12	14	11	10	14	15	160
J H Caldwell	11	12	12	12	14	14	11	14	14	9	13	12	147
V L Risser	15	15	13	12	13	15	13	12	15	13	12	14	162
M Kneussl	14	13	14	15	15	13	12	15	10	14	13	12	159
J R Graham	12	14	15	14	14	14	15	14	15	13	15	13	168
L B Wiggins	12	12	14	15	12	15	14	14	12	15	14	13	162
P G Fagot	12	12	13	13	11	14	12	10	10	11	13	11	142
C Powers	14	15	13	15	14	14	14	15	15	13	15	15	172
Marshall	15	15	14	13	13	14	14	13	14	13	15	12	164
G Post	14	13	15	11	14	13	14	13	15	15	14	14	165
A C Connor	14	11	14	12	12	14	14	14	11	12	13	13	154
F Riehl	11	15	14	14	15	14	13	14	13	14	13	12	162
J S Ramsey	12	15	14	10	13	15	15	12	12	14	15	11	158
C B Bockwitz	15	12	14	14	12	15	13	13	13	12	14	12	159
W S Craig	12	15	15	13	14	15	15	14	15	13	13	15	169
Magill	14	15	12	10	12	11	13	12	9	10	11	12	141
W E Mitchell	10	14	13	12	12	13	14	12	14	12	14	13	153
E D Loring	13	8	10	13	11	10	13	14	12	10	12	12	138
A Mulford	14	15	13	14	10	6	14	13	10	15	13	13	153
W Mulford	14	12	10	11	15	12	13	10	13	15	11	11	147
H W Vietmeyer	13	14	13	14	13	12	11	13	13	12	11	11	150
T Mulford	13	13	10	11	9	15	10	12	14	12	12	11	142
G Premo	13	14	11	13	14	13	13	12	14	14	13	13	157
W H Burns	13	12	6	13	12	12	11	14	12	12	14	11	142
E Van Gundy	14	13	15	12	12	14	10	14	14	13	13	12	156
T Stoner	15	11	14	13	12	12	6	8	10	12	11	9	133
Wm Haws	11	11	14	9	9	12	9	11	8	13	9	9	125
J Funk	13	12	11	9	9	11	9	11	11	..	..	..	...
Davis	13	14	13	13	13	14	10	12	11	14	10	12	149
McCurdy	15	13	14	14	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
F Jones	13	11	11	15	11	13	14	11	14	14	11	13	150
J Reed	11	11	14	12	14	11	13	12	11	14	12	12	147
Wm Long	14	13	13	12	13	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
J H Amberg	13	13	12	13	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Wm Lyons	12	13	12	13	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
A R Drennen	15	14	13	14	14	14	12	14	12	14	14	14	164
P Keister	12	11	12	15	13	11	13	14	11	..	..	..	...

Peters trophy, distance handicap, 100 targets: Marshall (16) 86, Cadwallader (16) 89, Waters (16) 70, Boa (16) 95, Lord (16) 89, Graham (18) 88, Roll (18)89, Willard (18) 81, Wiggins (18) 92, Craig (18) 88, Barto (17) 88, Connors (17) w., Bockwitz (17) 80, Ramsey (17) 80, A. Mulford (17) 80, Hall (17) 76, Snell (16) 83, Caldwell (16) 76, Davis (16) 89, Post (16) 77, Fagot (16) 79, Van Gundy (16) 74, Krester (16) 80, Burns (16) 76, Parker (16) 76, McCormick (16) 77, A. Lawrence (17) 84, Riehl (20) 85, Powers (20) 89, T. Mulford (16)70, W. Mulford (16) 75, Premo (16) 86.

Conditions of Peters trophy: All to shoot Peters shells, open

to amateurs only, the Peters Cartridge Co. donate $100 shotgun, any make; traveling men shot only for targets, as did Chan Powers, who preferred not to change his shells. Riehl shot from 20yds. also. Chas. Wiggins won handily.

Third Day, June 17.

This was known as feature day, and one of the features was a fine day; fairly warm and little wind; yet not enough to change the flight of the targets.

The shooting was of a high class. There were some new arrivals, of whom one was Mr. Crosby, who got away from his sick family long enough to compete for the diamond badge, and to be returned a tie for the same for many times in succession. This time, however, the conditions were very different. Instead of live birds being used, it was a 100-target race, handicap. Standing at 20yds. he smashed out a 25 and three 24s, and was tied with Lem Willard, to be shot out in the tie. In the next event, Lincoln handicap, he made 99 out of 100, and in the two events scored 125 straight from this back peg. He has not shot a target previously for some five weeks, having been confined very closely at home nursing his wife and two children, who have been dangerously ill with typhoid fever.

There were also some Western men present, viz.: John W. Garrett, Colorado Springs, and E. Morrill, South Omaha, who stopped over on their way to the G. A. H. Mr. Sperry, of Rock Island, dropped in long enough to shoot in the Lincoln handicap, but the committee did not forget his good score made last year at Pekin in a similar shoot, and so he was set back to 19yds; but from that elongated distance made a very good score of 92.

The morning starter was two 25 events, in which Powers lost 5, but not enough to lose him the average, which he won with 393 out of 410. Jay Graham, of Long Lake, Ill., was second, 390; George Roll, third, 385, and Riehl fourth. Powers won a neat medal, Graham a 16-gauge Marlin shotgun, Roll a fine corduroy shooting jacket. Powers also came in for $10 for the longest run, which was no less than 108.

The scores for the Smith cup were low, it being a handicap, 16 to 20yds., not a straight being made, and only J. R. Graham was equal to a 24. There were four ties last year, viz.: Roll, Barto, Burnside and Crosby, and they received $25 each. There were no money or merchandise prizes, as formerly given in this event by the Association, so that those who shot received nothing for their good shooting. This should be remedied next year, and several additional prizes awarded.

The Board of Trade diamond badge brought out some good scores, as Willard 97, Crosby 97, Wiggins 96, Graham 95, Roll 93, Garrett 94, all from the 19 or 20yd. line. There were only twelve men shooting for the money, so that the winners of last year, viz.: Crosby, Riehl, Powers, Ide Harris and Geo. Roll, received $12 each. The same conditions apply to this as in the Smith cup. There must be something for the second, third and fourth prizes.

Coming to the last event, the Grand Lincoln Handicap, the big and little amateurs tightened up a bit and all strove for the big silver trophy. The professionals shot for targets only, and Crosby ran out with 99 badly busted ones, while the next high man was A. Mulford, with 96, who carried off first money and the trophy.

Second fell to that winner of many trophies, Joe Barto, of Chicago, with 95. The other winners were Powers, Cummings, Snell and Bockwitz, with 93. There were only five moneys under the high gun system. Thus, although Sperry, the winner last year, made 92, and Jones, Garrett, Wiggins and Roll made 91, they won nothing.

The traps worked well. Such a regular lot of targets were never thrown, even if the targets were higher and faster each day during the afternoon. The Lincoln club in their first effort to run the State meet did remarkably well, and their efforts were not in vain, as the members in convention assembled almost unanimously voted for a return to this city the coming year. Most of the boys left on early trains, and many will go to Indianapolis, while a few will take in the Derby in Chicago. The scores:

			Smith trophy.		B'd of Trade badge.				
Targets:	25	25	H.	25	H.	25	25	25	25
Lord	22	20	18	23	18	23	17	21	22—83
Roll	25	22	19	23	19	22	25	22	24—93
Barto	25	23	18	20	18	24	20	21	24—89
Boa	24	21	19	23	19	20	23	20	22—85
Willard	25	23	18	21	18	24	25	24	24—97
Cummings	24	22	..	..	18	22	21	23	22—88
Waters	22	25	18	22	..	..	..	..	..
Hall	24	23	18	20	..	..	..	..	..
Snell	22	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wiggins	23	25	19	21	19	25	21	25	25—96
A Mulford	23	24	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cadwallader	20	21	18	20	..	..	..	..	..
Ramsey	24	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Vietmeyer	21	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bockwitz	23	23	17	22	..	..	..	..	..
Powers	23	22	20	23	20	21	23	23	25—92
Marshall	23	23	19	23	19	22	24	19	23—88
Crosby	20	22	20	22	20	24	24	24	25—97
Connor	24	22	18	19	18	20	15	16	23—74
Riehl	24	24	19	22	19	21	22	21	24—88
Graham	25	24	19	24	19	24	23	23	25—95
Premo	24	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mitchell	21	21	16	18	..	..	..	..	..
Pennywitt	19	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Lawrence	24	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	22	24	17	23	..	..	..	..	..
Burns	23	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Garrett	25	23	20	22	20	23	23	23	25—94
Knuessl	22	24	16	22	..	..	..	..	..
Davis	..	..	17	20	17	21	22	21	23—87
Sperry	23	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Haws	16	15	16	17	..	..	..	..	..

First two columns figures two 25 events; third and fourth columns Smith cup and handicap; others, Board of Trade diamond badge with handicap.

Lincoln Handicap, 100 targets, $12 entrance, amateurs only:

Powers, 20	24 25 20 24—93	Waters, 18	24 25 22 24—95
Marshall 19	23 22 25 24—90	Sperry, 19	23 23 22 24—92
Crosby 20	25 25 25 24—99	Hall, 18	16 22 21 21—80
Connor, 18	19 23 18 25—85	Jones, 17	21 24 23 23—91
Riehl, 19	23 23 23 24—93	A Mulford, 17	25 24 24 23—96
Wiggins, 19	23 22 22 24—91	Snell, 16	23 24 24 22—93
Roll, 19	23 22 23 23—91	Premo, 16	24 22 25 17—88
Willard, 18	21 25 23 19—88	Haws, 16	17 19 17 22—75
Barto, 18	23 24 23 25—95	Long, 16	17 24 22 21—84
Boa, 19	18 22 22 22—84	Bockwitz, 16	23 22 24 24—93
Graham, 19	21 24 23 21—89	Vietmeyer, 16	22 21 21 20—84
Cummings, 18	23 25 22 23—93	Cadwallader, 16	20 25 21 22—88
Garrett, 20	22 23 22 24—91		

The first money and an elegant silver pitcher were won by A. Mulford, a young shooter from Mason City, Ill, on 96. Barto, of Chicago, second, 95. Seven experts shot for targets only: Crosby 99, Hood Waters 95.

"Baby Pathfinder of the Birds" is a little vest pocket guide to 110 land birds of New England, by Harriet E. Richards and Emma G. Cumming. It gives the more familiar birds of New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Each bird is described by its A. O. U. Check List number, Latin and English names, length and colors of male and female. The song, nest and breeding localities are given. A blank page, which may be used for notes, faces each description, which usually includes not more than a dozen lines. In a number of cases tiny outline drawings are given which may be of assistance in identifying the bird.

Ohio Trap.

Ohio State Shoot.

The eighteenth annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League was held at Akron under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club on June 14, 15 and 16.

The weather during the entire period of the shoot was fine and the attendance was large, the number of entries being the largest in the history of the League, and including some of the best shots in the country. Many of the shooters stopped at Beila on the 18th and went from there to Indianapolis for the G. A. H.

On the first day there were twelve events at 15 targets each on the programme, Nos. 11 and 12 constituting the race for the State Journal trophy. One hundred and four shooters took part, a great number of them shooting the entire programme. J. R. Taylor, of Newark, and Stanley Rhoads, of Columbus, tied for the State Journal trophy on 30 straight.

High guns were Heer 172, Elliott 170, Squier 167, Redwing 162, Taylor 167, Young 164, Rhoads 162, A. W. Kirby 162, Atkinson 162, Grau 162.

The League held its business meeting on Tuesday evening at the rooms of the Elks Club, and elected the following officers: E. O. Lathamer, President; E. H. Young, Vice-President; C. F. Schiltz, Secretary and Treasurer, all of Canton. Executive Committee: S. S. Saffold, Cleveland; D. D. Gross, Urbana; K. P. Johnston, Kenton; H. A. Galt, Barberton; L. H. Ahlers, Cincinnati.

The next meeting of the League will be held at Canton.

On the second day the attendance fell off a little, but a goodly number of shooters were left and good scores were made. There were ten events at 15 and one at 25, the Press-Post trophy; also a special event, for the Sportsmen's Review trophy for two-man teams. C. A. Young and Heer tied for high gun on 171; Squier 169; Williams 165. In the shoot-off of the tie for the State Journal cup Taylor won after another tie on 13 out of 15, by breaking 14 to Rhoads' 13.

The Sportsmen's Review trophy was won by Galt and Kreider, of the Columbia Gun Club, Barberton.

On the third day there were ten events at 15 and one at 20 targets. The last three constituted the race for the L. C. Smith trophy. There was also a special event for the Shooting and Fishing trophy five-man teams, 50 targets per man.

In the race for the Smith trophy C. A. Young won after shooting off a tie.

The Press-Post trophy was won by F. W. Hull (Lucky), of Akron, after shooting off a tie on 25 straight with Ahlers and Hogen. He broke straight in the shoot-off, Hogen 22, Ahlers 20.

The prize, $20, for the longest run on any of the three days was won by Grau, of the Cincinnati Gun Club, with 84 on the third day. Upson (Williams) 75, C. A. Young 68.

The diamond watch charm, given by Mr. Paul North, of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co., to the manufacturers' agent making high score of the tournament, was won by Wm. Heer. The scores follow:

June 14, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	at.	Broke.
Heer	14	15	15	14	15	15	14	13	14	14	14	15	180	172
J A R Elliott	14	14	15	14	15	13	15	14	14	14	14	14	180	170
Squier	15	11	15	14	15	14	15	13	14	11	15	15	180	167
Young	14	15	15	15	12	14	13	13	13	13	14	13	180	164
Taylor	12	15	15	12	15	14	14	12	14	14	15	15	180	167
Redwing	15	13	12	14	12	14	14	14	15	13	13	13	180	162
Rhoads	14	14	14	12	9	14	14	15	13	13	1	5	180	162
A W Kirby	13	15	15	14	12	14	14	15	12	12	12	14	180	162
Atkinson	12	14	14	14	14	12	15	14	14	15	11	13	180	162
Grau	13	13	13	13	12	14	14	15	13	13	14	15	180	162
Ewalt	12	14	12	15	12	11	14	15	13	14	14	15	180	161
Valk	15	13	15	13	11	14	15	15	13	9	14	14	180	161
Sperry	12	13	14	12	14	14	15	15	13	13	12	13	180	160
Alkire	12	13	13	14	14	15	12	14	13	14	13	13	180	160
Snow	11	12	14	14	14	13	12	12	15	15	15	13	180	160
Williams	13	14	14	11	15	14	14	13	11	12	14	14	180	159
Wagoner	12	13	14	12	13	13	15	14	15	13	11	13	180	158
Johnson	11	14	15	13	14	12	15	14	12	13	12	12	180	157
Watkins	15	13	11	14	13	13	13	14	14	11	14	12	180	157
Hogen	12	10	10	13	13	15	14	15	13	14	13	13	180	156
Blakeslee	13	13	13	14	11	14	15	14	11	13	13	12	180	156
Rike	14	13	14	15	10	10	13	11	13	14	13	15	180	155
J I C	11	12	12	13	14	14	12	13	13	12	13	15	180	154
Cochran	10	15	13	14	13	10	15	12	11	13	13	15	180	154
Pullman	13	14	13	14	10	14	14	14	11	12	12	12	180	153
Foltz	12	12	13	13	14	14	13	13	12	11	13	12	180	152
Burton	13	14	13	10	11	12	13	15	10	12	15	14	180	152
Lucky	9	13	11	14	12	13	12	14	12	14	15	13	180	152
Martin	14	14	15	12	12	14	13	12	10	11	13	11	180	151
Brewer	11	14	10	14	13	15	15	14	12	11	9	14	180	152
Raven	11	13	13	14	11	13	15	13	10	12	14	13	180	152
Bibbee	11	12	13	12	14	15	14	12	10	11	12	14	180	150
Patrick	10	14	12	13	12	10	14	15	12	10	15	13	180	150
Galt	15	12	13	14	13	12	14	11	8	14	13	12	180	151
Clipp	11	12	12	12	13	14	13	12	12	14	11	12	180	148
O'Day	11	11	12	13	11	15	13	12	11	13	12	14	180	148
Ahlers	14	9	12	13	11	14	12	15	10	8	15	14	180	147
Webster	15	13	13	14	9	12	12	13	10	11	10	15	180	147
Haak	15	11	13	13	12	10	13	11	10	13	13	13	180	147
Scott	14	12	14	14	10	12	11	13	9	12	11	13	180	145
Trimble	14	12	13	14	10	12	15	11	11	11	11	11	180	145
E H Young	12	12	11	12	11	13	14	15	11	9	11	13	180	144
Beck	12	12	14	14	11	11	13	11	10	12	11	13	180	144
Bradley	11	13	11	14	12	13	14	12	14	10	12	9	180	145
Jenning	14	13	13	14	13	11	12	9	10	11	9	14	180	143
Ducommon	13	13	12	13	11	13	14	9	11	10	13	11	180	143
J K W	13	12	12	15	11	9	12	14	9	11	13	12	180	143
Dunn	12	12	11	9	10	13	10	14	7	6	9	8	180	121
Russell	10	11	8	10	7	10	10	10	10	9	13	9	180	117
Kepler	10	12	5	11	11	13	14	13	11	11	11	10	180	132
Doolittle	13	13	9	13	10	12	13	14	11	10	13	10	180	141
Gambell	11	11	11	12	13	12	11	12	13	11	13	12	180	142
H N Kirby	11	14	14	11	12	8	13	12	11	10	11	11	180	138
Santmeyer	12	12	12	8	11	9	14	12	11	10	12	14	180	137
Gross	10	12	15	10	12	13	9	12	13	10	11	12	180	139
Saffold	13	12	10	10	14	12	10	12	11	10	10	13	180	137
Stout	11	9	10	9	9	11	8	14	10	12	13	14	180	130
Arndt	6	11	13	13	12	10	11	15	10	12	12	13	180	138
Clark	9	11	13	13	12	12	13	14	9	11	11	13	180	141
Parker	10	12	12	10	9	10	15	12	10	10	9	11	180	130
Bec Kay	10	10	12	11	10	13	13	13	6	10	10	11	180	129
Burtner	11	14	11	10	9	10	11	10	8	12	12	13	180	131
Joy	9	12	10	15	11	13	12	12	10	11	9	12	180	136
Lenox	13	12	12	15	11	9	12	14	9	11	13	12	180	138
C S Schiltz	10	11	14	14	13	13	13	8	10	7	11	7	180	131
Lothamer	10	11	11	13	10	10	13	11	9	11	11	12	180	132
O J Evans	9	11	12	12	8	6	13	10	9	11	10	13	180	124
J L Schiltz	11	10	7	11	7	12	10	12	11	8	11	8	180	118
Hull	11	13	11	12	11	12	13	15	5	9	11	11	180	134
Orr	8	13	12	14	8	13	12	13	10	10	10	11	180	134
Bottenfield	12	9	7	9	8	11	10	14	10	10	12	12	180	124
Shaffer	12	14	14	14	8	13	9	12	11	12	11	7	180	137
Perry	9	4	9	10	5	14	13	12	8	9	7	10	180	110
Reese	14	11	11	14	10	13	13	9	6	12	13	11	180	137
Fouts	12	11	10	12	12	8	11	10	7	10	6	12	180	121
Metzler	12	12	12	12	9	10	12	13	10	10	14	12	180	137
W W W	11	12	9	11	9	8	13	7	1$	6	4	6	180	106
Beecher	14	13	13	10	10	5	11	13	13	10	13	11	180	136
Call	11	12	14	13	11	12	12	13	8	9	11	12	180	138
Winn	11	12	11	12	10	11	12	13	11	11	10	12	180	136
Renner	7	6	5	5	5	7	9	9	8	6	7	5	180	79
J H Smith	7	5	8	6	6	8	4	9	8	9	9	7	180	86
A Struble	13	14	13	15	11	12	14	15	9	13	..	..	150	129
F R Darling	13	11	13	12	10	10	13	13	6	11	..	..	150	112
B R Rinehart	8	10	13	13	10	10	7	9	7	6	..	..	150	93
Ranney	10	6	8	7	8	8	8	7	..	..	..	..	120	62
Brooks	11	11	10	11	9	11	10	10	..	..	..	..	120	83
Roots	8	10	13	15	13	9	14	12	7	12	9	..	165	123
Holbrook	4	3	11	11	9	9	15	9	..	..	..	..	120	71
Kramer	11	12	13	14	10	10	12	13	11	11	..	..	150	117
Luce	5	10	12	13	12	10	8	10	..	..	..	..	120	80
Holmes	8	8	7	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	40
J H Evans	7	5	6	6	5	5	9	6	7	5	8	9	180	78
Jenks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	6	10	6	75	45
Tracy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	12	11	13	75	55
C F Schiltz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	11	14	60	46
Deibes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	6	9	60	27
Lyman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	30	22
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	30	20
F J B	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	30	18
Windolp	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	30	26
Park	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	30	19

Events 11 and 12, State Journal cup, emblematic of amateur championship of Ohio, 30 targets, entrance 60 cents, optional sweep, $2.50 additional: Rhoads 30, Squier 30, Taylor 30, Ahlers 29, Ewalt 29, Grau 29, Heer 29, Burton 29, Lucky 28, Williams 28, J. I. C. 28, Cochran 28, Rike 28, Patrick 28, J. A. R. Elliott 28, Volk 28, Snow 28, Hogen 27, Young 27, Stout 27, Raven 27, Redwing 26, Santmeyer 26, Watkins 26, Bibbee 26, O'Day 26, Alkire 26, Haak 26, Windolph 26, A. W. Kirby 26, Blakeslee 25, Gambell 25, Speary 25, Arndt 25, Galt 25, Burtner 25, J. K. W. 25, Webster 25, Metzler 25, Foltz 25, C. T. Schiltz 25, Martin 24, Johnson 24, Scott 24, Atkinson 24, Clark 24, Ducommon 24, Wagoner 24, E. H. Young 24, Pullman 24, Bottenfield 24, Reese 24, Beck 24, Beecher 24, Tracy 24, Clipp 23, Doolittle 23, Jenning 23, Gross 23, Saffold 23, Brewer 23, Lothamer 23, O. J. Evans 23, Call 23, Russell 22, H. N. Kirby 22, Trimble 22, Hull 22, Winn 22, Lyman 22, Bradley 21, Kepler 21, Bee Kay 21, Joy 21, Lenox 21, Orr 21, Parker 20, Williams 20, Park 19, J. L. Schiltz 19, C. J. Schiltz 18, Shaffer 18, Fouts 18, F. I. B. 18, Dunn 17, Perry 17, J. H. Evans 17, J. H. Smith 16, Jenks 16, Deible 15, Renner 12, W. W. W. 10.

June 15, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	at.	Broke.
C A Young	15	15	15	15	14	15	15	15	14	14	24	175	171
Herr	15	15	14	15	14	15	15	14	15	14	25	175	171
Squiers	15	14	15	12	14	15	15	14	15	15	25	175	169
Williams	12	15	15	15	15	14	14	13	14	14	24	175	165
J A R Elliott	14	15	15	14	14	10	15	15	14	15	25	175	166
Taylor	12	14	15	13	12	14	15	15	13	15	24	175	162
Trimble	12	15	15	14	14	14	13	14	15	14	21	175	161
A W Kirby	13	12	13	15	15	14	14	14	13	14	24	175	161
Wagoner	14	12	13	14	15	12	14	14	15	13	24	175	160
Rhoads	12	15	15	14	12	14	13	14	15	11	23	175	158
Grau	12	14	14	13	13	13	13	15	14	11	24	175	156
Ewalt	11	13	15	14	13	13	15	13	14	14	21	175	156
Alkire	15	12	15	12	13	12	14	14	13	11	24	175	155
Cochran	12	13	13	13	14	14	13	14	14	12	21	175	155
Bradley	12	13	13	13	14	14	14	12	15	10	24	175	154
Dunn	13	13	10	11	8	14	13	8	7	12	19	175	128
Russell	10	9	12	10	13	13	13	13	13	12	20	175	138
Lucky	11	14	13	13	14	13	12	14	12	12	25	175	153
Hogen	11	13	10	13	14	13	13	11	12	15	25	175	150
Martin	9	12	13	15	13	11	15	12	13	11	22	175	146
Redwing	11	11	13	13	13	12	15	12	14	14	24	175	152
J I C	10	12	11	11	12	14	13	9	11	14	22	175	139
Clipp	14	11	12	13	10	14	13	13	13	14	21	175	148
Saffold	9	12	10	12	14	13	12	12	9	8	21	175	131
Doolittle	12	13	12	13	13	13	15	13	14	13	23	175	154
Snow	14	13	10	11	14	14	13	14	15	14	24	175	156
Gambell	13	11	11	13	13	12	13	14	11	15	21	175	147
H N Kirby	13	11	11	15	12	11	15	15	12	9	21	175	145
Ahlers	11	11	12	13	12	13	14	12	13	13	25	175	149
Johnson	10	12	14	12	12	14	14	13	13	14	24	175	152
Santmeyer	7	10	11	13	13	13	13	10	13	11	20	175	137
Scott	14	13	14	12	13	13	13	12	9	13	23	175	149
Jennings	11	14	15	13	13	13	14	14	14	11	23	175	155
Lenox	8	8	10	13	11	12	12	15	..	..	..	120	89
Gross	15	11	11	11	13	11	12	13	13	9	22	175	141
Atkinson	11	12	14	12	15	14	12	12	14	13	23	175	152
Watkins	13	14	14	13	13	13	13	12	12	12	17	175	146
Speary	9	15	13	14	13	13	13	15	13	13	20	175	151
Bibbee	13	11	10	13	15	13	13	13	13	10	23	175	147
O'Day	10	13	12	15	12	14	13	13	12	15	..	150	129
Volk	12	13	12	14	13	14	15	11	14	13	22	175	154
Foltz	10	14	11	13	15	12	12	13	13	14	17	175	145
Rike	10	14	10	13	13	15	14	12	14	15	23	175	153
Stilson	10	12	13	13	15	14	14	13	12	12	25	175	153
Bostwick	13	14	12	10	12	11	13	15	13	14	23	150	127
R Struble	12	12	14	13	13	15	13	13	..	..	..	120	105
Bee Kay	12	10	10	14	13	11	10	10	13	8	..	150	111
Darling	12	12	14	11	13	15	13	12	..	..	..	120	102
J H Smith	8	14	12	15	9	10	11	9	11	11	..	150	110
B Call	11	11	14	13	14	15	14	14	13	14	20	175	153
Patrick	8	12	13	12	11	9	11	10	14	12	16	175	128
Webster	14	11	12	14	12	14	15	14	14	12	22	175	154
O E Evans	9	10	9	10	12	10	14	8	13	9	21	175	125
Roots	11	12	13	10	9	9	13	8	14	14	..	150	113
Renner	5	8	4	3	10	4	7	7	10	8	12	175	78
E H Evans	8	10	7	9	11	8	12	10	11	10	16	175	112
Burton	14	11	11	11	11	13	14	15	13	13	23	175	149
Raven	8	8	9	12	14	13	11	12	11	12	20	175	130
Worthen	10	10	9	10	11	12	11	12	10	13	..	150	108
Orr	12	11	13	10	14	15	15	14	14	13	23	175	154
Bottenfield	9	12	8	13	12	13	12	10	10	7	19	175	125
Berry	9	11	11	6	13	13	10	8	7	8	11	175	107
Shaffer	10	14	10	8	11	9	13	10	11	6	19	175	121
J K W	10	14	12	15	9	14	12	11	14	9	16	175	136
E H Young	13	13	12	14	11	11	15	12	13	12	20	175	146
C J Schiltz	8	12	13	12	14	10	14	14	13	11	20	175	141
Winn	13	12	14	12	13	10	14	12	10	14	..	150	124
Guest	11	14	14	14	12	10	10	11	..	..	..	120	96
Lothamer	14	11	14	14	15	12	13	11	13	12	23	175	152
Beecher	9	11	11	10	11	12	12	14	9	10	..	150	109
Dobson	4	8	6	1	7	6	10	7	..	..	..	120	49
Deible	4	4	7	10	..	..	11	11	..	..	..	90	47
Stout	13	13	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	52
Kepler	12	13	12	13	14	13	15	13	13	10	..	150	128
Bailey	14	12	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	51
Ryland	13	12	9	9	11	14	15	15	9	12	..	150	119
Haynes	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	..	..	30	18
W W W	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	..	..	..	30	25
Metzler	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	..	..	..	30	24
J L Schiltz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	11	23	70	56
Galt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	21	55	48
C F Schiltz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	11	19	70	56
Kreider	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	25	22
Klink	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	19	55	38
Russell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	..	30	16
S H Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	25	17

Event No. 11, Post-Press trophy, 25 targets, entrance 50 cents, optional sweep, $2.50 additional: Lucky 25, Hogen 25, Squier 25, Ahlers 25, J. A. R. Elliott 25, Stittson 25, Heer 25, Bradley 24, Blakeslee 24, Williams 24, Redwing 24, Snow 24, Johnson 24, A. W. Kirby 24, C. A. Young 24, Alkire 24, Grau 24, Taylor 24, Wagoner 23, Doolittle 23, Rhoads 23, Santmeyer 23, Scott 23, Jennings 23, Atkinson 23, Bibbee 23, Rike 23, Bostwick 23, Cochran 23, Burton 23, Orr 23, Lothamer 23, J. L. Schiltz 23, Martin 22, J. I. C. 22, Gross 22, Volk 22, Webster 22, Kreider 22, Clipp 21, Saffold 21, Gambell 21, H. N. Kirby 21, Trimble 21, Ewalt 21, O. J. Evans 21, Galt 21, Russell 20, Speary 20, B. Call 20, Raven 20, E. H. Young 20, C. J. Schiltz 20, Dunn 19, Bottenfield 19, C. F. Schiltz 19, Klink 19, Watkins 17, Foltz 17, S. H. Johnson 17, Patrick 16, J. H. Evans 16, J. K. W. 16, Renner 12, Berry 11.

Special event, Sportsmen's Review trophy, two-man teams, 25 targets per man, entrance $1 per team, optional sweep $2.50 per man extra.

Columbia G. C., Barberton—Galt 24, Kreider 25; total 49.
Cleveland G. C. No. 1—Redwing 22, Blakeslee 22; total 44.
Akron G. C. No. 1—Lucky 24, Wagoner 24; total 48.
Marietta G. C.—Speary 23, Bibbee 21; total 44.
Lakeside G. C. No. 1, Canton—Winn 25, Guest 23; total 48.
Akron G. C. No. 2—Bradley 23, Raven 21; total 44.
Buckeye G. C. No. 1, New Berlin—C S. Schiltz 23, C. F. Schiltz 24; total 47.

Cleveland G. C. No. 2—Hogen 24, Martin 19; total 43.
Newark G. C.—Taylor 24, Orr 23; total 47.
Akron G. C. No. 3—Russell 22, J. K. W. 20; total 42.
Edgewater G. C., Toledo—Volk 21, Foltz 25; total 46.
Dalton G. C.—Santmeyer 20, Scott 21; total 41.
Sherman R. and G. C., Columbus—Young 24, Rhoads 22; total 46.
Cincinnati G. C.—Ahlers 22, Gambell 20; total 42.
Lakeside G. C. No. 2, Canton—Lothamer 23, E. H. Young 23; total 46.
Cleveland G. C. No. 3—Williams 22, Snow 19; total 41.
Buckeye G. C. No. 2, New Berlin—O. J. Evans 23, J. L. Schiltz 22; total 45.
Lakeside G. C. No. 3, Canton—Beecher 21, Ryland 19; total 40.
Unattached—Trimble 22, Grau 23; total 45.
Urban G. C.—Gross 20, Kirby 19; total 39.
Kenton G. C.—Johnson 24, Jennings 21; total 45.
Cleveland G. C. No. 4—J. I. C. 20, Doolittle 20; total 40.
Unattached—Squier 23, Alkire 21; total 44.

June 16, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20		
L J Squier	13	15	15	15	13	15	15	15	13	15	20	170	164
J A R Elliott	14	15	15	15	15	14	14	13	15	15	19	170	164
C A Young	12	14	15	15	13	14	15	15	14	15	19	170	161
Volk	14	14	14	14	15	14	13	15	14	15	18	170	160
Williams	12	14	15	15	14	13	14	14	14	15	19	170	159
Heer	12	15	14	15	15	14	14	14	14	13	19	170	159
Rhoads	13	15	14	15	15	14	14	14	13	15	16	170	158
Grau	11	13	15	15	15	15	15	12	14	14	19	170	158
Wagoner	14	13	15	14	13	13	14	14	12	15	20	170	157
Redwing	15	15	14	13	14	15	13	13	13	15	17	170	157
J R Taylor	13	15	12	15	12	15	14	14	14	14	19	170	157
Foltz	14	14	13	15	13	14	15	14	12	14	19	170	157
Stilson	15	14	12	14	15	15	14	14	14	13	17	170	157
Rike	14	13	15	14	14	13	15	13	10	15	20	170	156
Trimble	13	14	14	14	11	15	15	14	14	14	18	170	156
Bradley	11	14	12	13	15	14	15	14	15	15	17	170	155
Blakeslee	11	15	13	14	13	14	15	15	13	13	18	170	154
Atkinson	11	12	14	14	14	14	14	15	14	12	20	170	154
Galt	13	14	14	14	15	13	13	15	12	13	18	170	154
Dunn	13	12	13	11	11	11	13	13	10	10	15	170	132
Russell	14	13	13	15	13	15	11	13	9	14	19	170	149
Lucky	13	13	14	15	11	15	13	12	11	14	18	170	149
Martin	10	11	13	14	15	14	13	14	13	15	17	170	149
Hogen	12	13	13	15	15	12	11	13	11	14	18	170	147
J I C	6	12	12	11	12	12	11	14	12	10	18	170	130
Hopkins	7	13	11	12	8	15	11	13	13	12	15	170	130
Saffold	12	12	12	13	15	11	6	12	12	11	17	170	133
Doolittle	13	13	13	12	14	14	12	14	12	12	17	170	146
Snow	12	13	15	13	11	15	13	15	12	15	15	170	149
Gambell	12	10	15	14	10	14	14	13	14	14	16	170	146
H N Kirby	10	13	13	15	12	12	11	12	9	13	20	170	140
Ahlers	10	13	15	14	13	13	12	8	12	11	18	170	139
Johnson	12	12	14	14	13	15	12	14	10	15	18	170	149
Santmeyer	11	10	10	13	12	14	14	15	12	14	18	170	143
Scott	10	11	8	10	13	12	12	12	12	12	14	170	126
O J Evans	12	7	11	11	11	12	9	13	9	11	11	170	117
C Watkins	10	12	14	15	13	15	12	13	13	13	19	170	149
A W Kirby	11	12	12	13	11	15	11	13	13	13	18	170	142
Alkire	11	15	13	15	12	13	14	12	12	13	19	170	149
Maynard	13	12	11	10	10	14	13	12	12	13	16	170	136
C J Schiltz	9	12	13	9	9	10	10	9	10	13	15	170	119
Orr	14	13	12	12	12	15	13	14	14	13	19	170	150
Perry	8	11	6	9	6	14	7	11	9	9	14	170	104
J H Smith	11	13	10	12	12	11	12	10	13	13	17	170	137
Kramer	14	13	11	13	11	12	13	13	10	12	13	170	135
Webster	12	14	13	13	13	14	14	15	11	14	19	170	152
Purbough	11	14	14	12	14	13	11	13	13	15	15	170	145
Gross	12	13	12	13	13	12	14	14	13	11	15	170	142
Alex	8	12	14	12	12	14	14	14	13	13	18	170	144
Battles	10	13	12	13	13	14	14	14	10	12	18	170	143
Nelson	13	12	11	12	13	13	14	12	9	12	16	170	137
Speary	11	13	12	14	14	13	13	13	..	..	..	120	103
Bibbee	13	12	12	13	14	12	13	15	..	..	..	120	104
O'Day	11	11	10	13	14	14	12	15	..	..	..	120	100
Bostwick	11	14	14	14	11	15	15	13	..	..	..	120	107
Beecher	10	15	11	11	8	11	14	12	..	..	..	120	92
Winn	9	13	12	13	10	15	14	14	..	..	..	120	100
Roots	12	13	14	14	11	15	13	14	..	..	..	120	106
Kepler	10	14	11	13	13	14	9	14	..	..	..	120	98
J H Evans	9	10	10	9	6	8	10	10	..	..	..	120	72
Metzler	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	13	15	13	15	110	98
C F Schiltz	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	12	13	12	12	16	110	85
E K W	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	13	14	..	..	..	60	52
Pullman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	11	10	13	80	60
Kreider	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	14	17		65	57
Lothamer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	18		50	42
Buckley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	17		50	38
J L Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	13		50	36
Tracy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	17		50	45
Darf	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	15		50	38
Windecker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	16		50	34
E L Schiltz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	19		50	42

Events 9, 10 and 11, L. C. Smith trophy, 50 targets, entrance $1, optional sweep, $5 additional: J. A. R. Elliott 49, Williams 48, Squier 48, C. A. Young 48, Bradley 47, Wagoner 47, Grau 47, J. R. Taylor 47, Volk 47, Atkinson 46, Trimble 46, Orr 46, Heer 46, Metzler 46, Martin 45, Redwing 45, Rike 45, C. Watkins 45, Foltz 45, Tracy 45, Blakeslee 44, Gambell 44, Rhoads 44, Santmeyer 44, A. W. Kirby 44, Alkire 44, Stilson 44, Alex. 44, Webster 44, Purbough 43, Trect 43, Lucky 43, Hogen 43, Johnson 43, J. H. Smith 43, Russell 42, Snow 42, H. N. Kirby 42, Kreider 42, Lothamer 42, J. L. Schiltz 42, Doolittle 41, Ahlers 41, Maynard 41, Battles 40, C. F. Schiltz 40, J. I. C. 40, Hopkins 40, Saffold 40, Gross 39, Scott 38, C. S. Schiltz 38, Barkley 38, Dasef 38, Nelson 37, J. L. Smith 36, Dunn 35, Kramer 35, Pullman 34, Windecker 34, Perry 32, O. S. Evans 31.

Special event, Shooting and Fishing trophy, five-man teams, 50 targets per man, 30 singles, 10 pairs, entrance $5 per team:

Sherman R. and G. C., Columbus—Rhoads 43, Alkire 43, Young 44, Webster 39, J. H. Smith 35; total 204.

Akron G. C.—Lucky 42, Wagoner 41, Bradley 41, Russell 39, J. K. W. 35; total 198.

Cleveland G. C. No. 2—Alcx 44, Martin 42, Doolittle 41, Hopkins 37, J. I. C. 34; total 198.

Cleveland G. C. No. 1—Williams 44, Redwing 43, Hogen 41, Blakeslee 34, Snow 33; total 195.

Fairmont, Cleveland—Trect 46, Battles 38, Nelson 36, Kramer 35, Saffold 34; total 189.

Columbus G. C., Barberton—Tracy 42, Galt 41, Smith 38, Kreider 36, Pullman 31; total 188.

Lakeside G. C., Canton—Lothamer 38, Guest 38, C. F. Schiltz 37, C. J. Schiltz 35, Winn 27; total 175.

General averages: Heer 502, J. A. R. Elliott 500, C. A. Young 496, J. R. Taylor 486, Williams 483, Rhoads 478, Grau 476, Wagoner 475, Volk 475, Redwing 471, Blakeslee 470, Atkinson 468, A. W. Kirby 465, Snow 465, Foltz 464, Alkire 464, Rike 464, Trimble 462, Lueky 454, Johnson 458, Webster 453, Hogen 453, Watkins 452, Bradley 454, Martin 446, Doolittle 441, J. I. C. 423, Dunn 381, Russell 404, Gambell 435, H. N. Kirby 423, Ahlers 435, Santmeyer 417, Scott 420, Gross 422, Saffold 401, J. H. Smith 333, J. Schiltz 391, J. E. Evans 366, Perry 321.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

June 18 was all that could be asked for in the way of weather, and the scores were perhaps a trifle better than usual. Barker was high gun in the cash prize shoot with 47.

Mr. Will K. Park, of Philadelphia, who had been to the State shoot at Akron, stopped here on his way to Indianapolis. Following are the additional scores made on June 12 in the Parker prize gun contest, handicap of added targets in parentheses: Gambell (10) 92, 100; Williams (18) 83, 100; H. Sunderbruch (40) 68, 100; Ahlers (10) 88, 98; Don Minto (12) 84, 96; Norris (30) 64, 94; A. Sunderbruch (10) 70, 80.

Cash prize shoot 50 targets: Barker (16) 47, Gambell (16) 45, Randall (16) 44, Harig (19) 44, Medico (16) 43, Maynard (18) 43, Block (17) 42, Ahlers (20) 41, Steinman (16) 41, Roanoke (16) 40, Faran (21) 38, Linn (19) 37, Williams (17) 37, Bullerdick (17) 36, Ackley (16) 31, Captain (17) 32.

Match, 50 targets, four high men out: Faran 48, Linn 47, Sunderbruch 46, Harig 44, Barker 43, Medico 40, Williams 40, Ahlers 40, Gambell 36.

Team matches, 25 targets.
Gambell 23, Sunderbruch 23; total 46.
Ahlers 21, Faran 21; total 42.
Gambell 24, Sunderbruch 18; total 42.
Ahlers 23, Faran 25; total 48.

Notes.

The Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O., has received a challenge from the Preble County Gun Club, of Eaton, to shoot a match for the Phellis trophy, and six-man team championship of the State, the match to take place July 1 on the grounds of the new Dayton Gun Club.

The Springfield, O., Gun Club omitted its June 3 shoot on account of the death of Mr. Rice, the owner of their shooting grounds. On June 11 a few members were present and a number of events were pulled off, Young missing but 6 out of 115 shot at. Watkins shot at 125 and broke 107. In the Wilson trophy shoot the medal went to Watkins, members having won the medal at any previous shoot with 23 or better shooting for targets only. In the Young handicap event Watkins and Poole tied on 20.

The Indianola Gun Club, of Columbus, O., held a shoot on its grounds on June 11, which was well attended, the principal event being a team match, with the Sherman Gun Club. This contest was one of the most exciting ever witnessed in Columbus, and was full of intcresting incidents. Stanley Rhoads got the "old guard" together, but was disappointed when two of his team failed to appear. The places were filled, one of the substitutes being Mr. Stout, of Circleville, champion of Pickaway county for several years. The score, 224 to 216, was in favor of Indianola. Several fine scores were made in the match. C. O. Le Compte shot at 100 targets and broke 97, making a run of 82 straight. Hawkins, of the Winchester Arms Co., also did good work, missing but 7 out of 75 targets.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Fairview Gun Club.

Fairview, N. J., June 11.—At the shoot of the Fairview Gun Club to-day scores were made as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
E Smith	10	11	19	..	19	22	..	..
Con Sedore	16	20	21	..	23	17	..	16
I Lawrence	9	18	18	..	..	..	..	..
Chas. Sedore	18	23	..	..	19	22	..	..
Holmes	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dods	..	21	20	..	..	..	21	19
Sauer	..	18	..	18	22	21	18	16
Unteremer	..	17	..	14	16	..	13	9
Hoessrich	..	20	..	21	..	17	..	..
Brinkerhoff	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
M Leese	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
Adrains	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
H Pape	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	13

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., June 13.—The scores made at the shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day are appended:

Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	25
Glover	9	13	10	11	..	12	11	..	14	14	..	..	..	..	..
Eickhoff	6	13	8	10	8	11	8	..	10	8	..	11	5	11	..
Richter	5	10	3	10	..	9	10	..	11	13	..	9	..	..	..
Vosselman	5	13	7	9	..	9	..	7	6	..	9	..	..	..	..
Tower	7	..	5	..	7	..	..	5	..	..	8	..	5	..	..
Merrill	..	..	3	9	6	11	..	5	9	..	6	11	..	..	..
Schramm	..	..	..	..	8	..	9	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..
Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	12	13	..	14	9	14	22

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

June 18.—There were twenty-eight participants in the shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day. The main event was an eleven-man team match between the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., and the home club. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	20	20	25	15	20	20	25
Schoverling	11	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Truax	11	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
German	9	..	14	..	..	13	..	..	..
Hughes	8	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Herrington	12	..	16	..	..	11	17	..	..
Colquitt	10	..	18	13	..	13	18	16	17
Yeomans	14	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ehrlich	9	..	14	..	..	14	17	19	..
Guenther	9	8	15	..	..	10	15	17	23
Dukes	10	..	17	..	..	12	17	..	21
Sinnock	10	..	19	..	..	9	..	..	..
Jap	11	11	19	..	..	15	18	19	..
Piercy	14	..	18	19	..	14	19	19	..
Eickhoff	13	..	16	..	..	13	15	12	19
Richter	11	..	13	..	..	12	17	..	..
Merrill	12	..	13	..	..	12	17	..	..
Vosselman	8	..	9	..	14	13	..	..	..
Glover	14	..	16	..	..	12	17	..	..
Loeble	7	..	9	..	..	9	12	..	..
Cass	2	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Monahan	5	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Terrill	10	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Burns	..	..	18	..	..	8	18	16	..
Veil	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morrison	..	..	16	..	..	11	13	15	22
Schneider	..	..	13	..	..	11	15	19	..
Bissing	..	..	15	..	19	13	..	12	..
Collins	..	..	..	..	4	4	4	..	..

Team match, 25 targets per man:

South Side Gun Club—Yeomans 16, Dukes 19, Colquitt 21, Piercy 23, Sinnock 25, Guenther 19, Ehrlich 18, Terrill 18, Hughes 13, Whitehead 14, Herrington 22; total 208.

North River Gun Club—Truax 21, Glover 22, Jap 21, Burns 21, Schoverling 17, Schneider 20, Morrison 22, Richter 18, Gruman 18, Merrill 19, Eickhoff 17; total 216.

The team contest resulted in a victory for the North River Gun Club by 8 targets. J. R. MERRILL, Sec'y N. R. G. C.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., June 18.—Six events were run off to-day on the grounds of the Montclair Gun Club, ten members being present and participating. Event No. 2 was the cause of a good deal of fun. It consisted of a walking match, both barrels loaded, at 10 birds, break by first barrel to count 2, by second barrel to count 1 point. Mr. Howard won out with 18 points out of a possible 20, receiving a recoil pad for his pains. Event No. 6 likewise was a walking match at 10 pairs of doubles, irregularly thrown. Mr. Bush was the winner.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	10	25	15	15	20	Targets:	25	10	25	15	15	20
C W Kendall	20	16	21	14	13	11	Crane	19	9	19	..	..	10
Force	8	..	..	..	..	6	P Allan	10	11	..	..	..	6
Boxall	16	16	18	12	..	12	Bush	..	14	..	..	..	14
Howard	13	18	22	14	15	9	Glaister	..	..	9	9	..	..
Batten	12	13	21	..	..	8	Quimby	..	..	23	..	..	..

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., June 15.—Eighteen shooters were present today at the Boston Gun Club's regular weekly shoot, and were more than pleased with their afternoon's sport. The shoot proved to be one of the most social and interesting ones that has been held here for some time.

Visitors were present from far and near, probably the most welcome one being Mrs. W. K. Park, of Philadelpdia. It is now some three or four years since her regular appearance at our grounds.

A look at the scores will prove that the old form was in evidence, and targets that were lucky enough to get away unscatned were few and far between.

Another welcome shooter was Spencer, making his first appearance on the grounds this season and incidentally shooting a few events with good results, just to show the younger generation that the old cunning with the scatter gun was still there. Dickey on the 21yds. mark had things all his own way in the regular events, though not shooting enough targets to count in the high average which was taken care of by Bell and Kirkwood, each breaking 81 out of the 100. Second place was looked after by Mrs. Park and Burns, both securing an 80 per cent. average, which is considered the honor mark for the grounds.

In the impromptu team match which was as interesting as could be made, Bell's team walked under the wire two targets to the good, though Capt. Frank and Dickey did the best possible work to overcome this lead and almost did it.

Team matches of this kind seem to always bring out the best of sport, and everyone was well pleased when the suggestion was made by one of the members to have a team match with all shooters entered, and if other clubs would try this method of increasing the interest, we think they would find it just about right.

In the regular weekly prize match to-day John Bell had the honor, though not without a struggle, as Dickey and Burns pushed him to the limit, a bad half hour on each of their last ten turning the tide in his favor, for which John acknowledged he was duly thankful. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	Av.
Frank, 19	10	8	10	9	13	6	12	10	.780
Bell, 20	13	8	10	9	12	10	10	9	.810
Mrs. Park, 18	15	8	13	8	8	8	10	10	.800
Tozier, 16	12	8	13	8	11	6	11	6	.750
Fenton, 16	8	8	6	6	4	6	9	3	.500
Lee, 16	11	6	7	6	9	7	11	8	.650
Cobb, 16	12	6	7	6	9	7	11	8	.790
Muldown, 16	10	8	12	8	11	8	12	9	.790
Bryant, 16	8	6	9	5	10	9	6	6	.590
Woodruff, 17	10	8	11	10	13	6	10	7	.750
Shillaber, 16	12	8	10	6	12	6	9	8	.710
Kirkwood, 19	11	8	12	8	11	7	14	10	.810
Burns, 16	..	7	14	7	14	7	13	6	.800
Packer, 16	..	..	..	..	..	7	2	6	5 .267
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	8	6 .680
Dickey, 21	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	15	7 .860
Firth, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5 .500
Baker, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9 .900

Merchandise match, 25 unknown distance, handicap.

Bell, 20	1011111101110111111111111—22
Dickey, 21	1101111101111111111111100—21
Burns, 16	1111011111111111011111100—21
Spencer, 18	1111111111011011101110101—20
Frank, 19	1110111111011111011011100—19
Cobb, 16	1100011110111001111011111—19
Muldown, 16	1101111001011111101111101—19
Bryant, 16	1101111100110011111111110—19
Woodruff, 17	0111101111111111011001101—19
Shillaber, 16	1111101111010111100011110—18
Kirkwood, 19	1111001111110101001111011—18
Tozier, 16	0111111101110011110110010—17
Mrs. Park, 18	1011000011101101111011110—16
Lee, 16	0011100111010111100101111—16
Fenton, 16	1100101010000001111001001—11
Packer, 16	0011110100010100100000010— 8

Team Match.

Bell, Capt.	10	9—19	Frank, Capt. 12 10—22
Mrs. Park	10	10—20	Spencer 8 6—14
Lee	11	8—20	Cobb 12 9—21
Woodruff	10	7—17	Tozier 11 6—17
Fenton	9	3—12	Shillaber 9 8—17
Muldown	12	10—22	Burns 13 6—19
Bryant	6	6—12	Packer 6 5—11
Kirkwood	14	10—24—145	Dickey 15 7—22—143

June 8.—Eleven shooters made up the attendance at the Boston Gun Club to-day, and though a small congregation, it proved an interesting one, scores running considerably higher than usual, and all taking part in the good work. High average for the P. M. was taken care of by Woodruff of the home team, and Cobb, one of the latest acquisitions to the trapshooting sport in this section, both securing 84 per cent. and also putting in some good scores in the prize events.

Gokey's work was also of the expert order and stood a good show of high average should he have been able to have staid through the programme events, 88 per cent. on his five events being something of an idea the form that he was in. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	25	15	Av.
Frank, 19	7	13	7	14	10	13	9	22	11	.832
Bell, 20	9	13	8	13	9	15	6	18	12	.808
Lambert, 17	8	10	6	12	10	9	10	..	6	.710
Gokey, 16	9	13	..	13	9	14	..	..	..	.884
Woodruff, 17	8	14	8	13	9	14	9	..	9	.840
Lee, 16	9	10	8	9	7	10	..	..	..	.706
Cobb, 16	10	12	9	13	9	12	8	..	11	.840
Williams, 16	1	10	6	9	6	4	..	..	..	.480
Preble, 16	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	.500
Powers, 16	6	..	..	..	..	12	..	17	..	.700
Baker, 16	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.700
Firth, 16	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.600

Merchandise match, 25 unknown distance handicap.

Bell, 20	1111110111111111111111111—24
Frank, 19	1111111111111111110110111—23
Woodruff, 17	1111111101111111111011111—23
Gokey, 16	1110111111111101111111111—23
Cobb, 16	1111101111111111101101110—21
Lambert, 17	1111111111001011100111110—19
Lee 16	1101101011010101111001111—17
Williams, 16	1011010101000100010100100—10

The Sherbrooke, Canada, Gun Club, annual Dominion Day tournament, July 1, has a programme of twelve events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1, $1.50 and $2, except the seventh, which is the five-man team race, 20 targets, entrance per team $10. A merchandise event at 10 targets, 18yds., entrance 50 cents, re-entry 25 cents, will also be shot. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock. Targets 2 cents. The competition is for amateurs, but manufacturers' agents will be allowed to shoot for targets. Guns and ammunition addressed to C. H. Foss, prepaid, will be delivered on the grounds.

G. A. H. Entries and Handicap.

DENISON HOTEL, Indianapolis, Ind., June 18.—Inclosed herewith I hand you a complete list of regular entrics, together with the handicaps as allotted by the Handicap Committee for the fifth G. A. H. at targets. You will find 280 in all.

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Mgr.

	Yards.
Alkire, Frank, Williamsport, O.	18
Anderson, H. W., Salina, Kans.	17
Adams, C. B., Rockwell City, Ia.	20
Atchison, M. F., Giddings, Tex.	18
Ahlers, L. F., Cincinnati, O.	17
Anderson, Mark, Knox, Ind.	16
Apgar, Neaf, New York, N. Y.	19
Allen, D. E., Ardmore, I. T.	18
Anthony, Col. J. T., Charlotte, N. C.	17
Burmister, John, Spirit Lake, Ia.	16
Barto, Jos. B., Chicago, Ill.	18
Boa, John S., Chicago, Ill.	19
Butler, A. W., Chanute, Kans.	16
Butler, Mrs. A. W., Chanute, Kans.	14
Burnside, Guy, Knoxville, Ill.	18
Barker, E. B., Cincinnati, O.	18
Brady, Ed., Newbern, Tenn.	18
Bennett, Mrs. Nellie, Denver, Colo.	14
Burnham, Fred, Lowell, Ind.	17
Bell, Jas. W., Indianapolis, Ind.	16
Britton, O. F., Indianapolis, Ind.	17
Bowen, George, Carmel, Ind.	16
Baker, W. A., Griffin, Ga.	19
Bellman, Chas., Pullman, Ill.	16
Booker, Jr., W. F., Louisville, Ky.	16
Bancroft, Geo. W., Orange, Tex.	17
Baker, Harm., Pekin, Ill.	16
Bender, C. L., Muncie, Ind.	17
Budd, C. W., Des Moines, Ia.	19
Bindley, Jr., E. H., Terre Haute, Ind.	16
Buckingham, Frank M., Terre Haute, Ind.	16
Burrows, Nettie King, St. Louis, Mo.	14
Brown, Everett, Pleasant Grove, Ind.	17
Bird, E. W., Fairmount, Minn.	16
Bahney, C. S., Carthage, Mo.	17
Clayton, William, Kansas City, Mo.	18
Crosby, Wm. R., O'Fallon, Ill.	22
Carnes, W. E., Atlanta, Ga.	16
Crumley, R. M., Bristol, Tenn.	17
Cantelon. J. E., Clinton, Ont.	17
Cooper, John, Indianapolis, Ind.	17
Comstock, Horace A., Indianapolis, Ind.	16
Cadwallader, H. W., Decatur, Ill.	18
Coldwell, Fred, Warren, Ind.	16
Clay, Jr., T. H., Paris, Ky.	18
Clark, H. M., Wabash, Ind.	18
Conner, A. C., Pekin, Ill.	18
Cochran, George, Rodfield, Pa.	17
Call, Burton, Montpelier, O.	17
Cole, Bayard, Thomson, Ill.	16
Conrad, E. D., Hamilton, O.	17
Clausen, J., Davenport, Ia.	16
Clark, W. R., New Paris, O.	16
Calhoun, J. F., McKeesport, Pa.	17
Clay, W. H., St. Louis, Mo.	16
Crawford, James, Terre Haute, Ind.	16
Cummings, L. A., Bunker Hill, Ill.	18
DuPont, Eugene E., Wilmington, Del.	16
DuPont, Jr., Victor, Wilmington, Del.	16
DuPont, 3d, Victor, Wilmington, Del.	16
DuPont, Alexis I., Wilmington, Del.	16
Donnelly, H. J., Guthrie, Okla.	16
Dixon, J. C., Indianapolis, Ind.	16
Dickman, E. C., Indianapolis, Ind.	17
Dougan, Geo. B., Richmond, Ind.	15
Dewey, B. E., Fergus Falls, Minn.	17
Dunnill, Harry, Fox Lake, Ill.	19
Eaton, W. M., Oil City, Pa.	16
Ellett, F. D., Keithsburg, Ill.	18
Elliott, J. A. R., New York, N. Y.	21
Ewing, J. G., Wilmington, Del.	16
Erb, Jr., Fred, Lafayette, Ind.	18
Elliott, David, Kansas City, Mo.	19
Fulford, E. D., Utica, N. Y.	20
Faurote, F. M., Dallas, Tex.	20
Freeman, H. D., Atlanta, Ga.	17
Flinn, Austin S., Wabash, Ind.	17
Frank, A. H., Memphis, Tenn.	18
Fisher, C. C., Union City, Ind.	17
Farrell, J. W., Indianapolis, Ind.	16
Floyd, C. W., New York, N. Y.	19
Faran, Jas. J., Cincinnati, O.	17
Foley, L., Nichols, Ia.	19
Fanning, J. S., Jersey City, N. J.	20
Felger, Otis A., Grand Rapids, Mich.	17
Forbis, M. H., Muncie, Ind.	16
Foust, Ed., Warren, Ind.	18
Flick, John A., Ravenna, O.	16
Fagot, Joseph A., Remington, Ind.	16
Gay, J. D., Pine Grove, Ky.	19
Gleffer, H. W., Pittsburg, Pa.	17
Gambell, Arthur, Cincinnati, O.	17
Garrett, John W., Colorado Springs, Colo.	20
Gottlieb, Chris., Kansas City, Mo.	17
Gilbert, Fred, Spirit Lake, Ia.	22
Gragg, E. N., Lowell, Ind.	16
Graham, J. R., Windmore, Ill.	19
Guptill, R. D., Aitkin, Minn.	19
Gregory, E. B., Zionsville, Ind.	16
Godcharles, Fred A., Milton, Pa.	16
Gross, D. D., West Jefferson, O.	18
Griffith, E. C., Pascoag, R. I.	20
Gerlaugh, J. W. Dayton, O.	18
Harris, Will G., Gallatin, Tenn.	17
Hatcher, A. M., Bristol, Tenn.	18
Hawkins, J. Mowell, Baltimore, Md.	20
Henderson, G. T., Tampa, Fla.	16
Huttenlock, W. R., Philadelphia, Pa.	17
Huff, Walter, Macon, Ga.	19
Hirschy, H. C., Minneapolis, Minn.	21
Hann, E. L., Denton, Tex.	16
Head, J. L., Peru, Ind.	18
Hovey, J. E., Clinton, Ont.	18
Harig, Wm., Cincinnati, O.	17
Hershey, J. M., Carmel, Ind.	16
Habich, Gus, Indianapolis, Ind.	15
Heer, W. H., Concordia, Kans.	21
Henderson, Woolfolk, Lexington, Ky.	17
Holding, Ed. W., Urbana, O.	17
Hensler, Max E., Battle Creek, Mich.	19
Hightower, J. W., Americus, Ga.	17
Hanagan, D. A., Chicago, Ill.	17
Holmes, A. C., Rosedale, Kans.	—
Hudson, Dr. T. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.	17
Herr, G. T., Owensboro, Ky.	16
Jeffers, Hazel, Ladoga, Ind.	16
Jarvis, W. B., Grand Rapids, Mich.	17
Johnston, J. W., Green Hill, Ind.	17
Jones, J. L., Great Bend, Kans.	16
Jackson, J. A., Austinu, Tex.	17
Kirby, A. W., Greenville, O.	18
King, Jr., D. W., Denver, Colo.	17
Kelsey, F. D., East Aurora, N. Y.	18
Keef, Fred L., Kalamazoo, Mich.	17
Kirby, H. N., Urbana, O.	18
Keck, C. T., Chicago, Ill.	15
Lay, Jr., Chas. H., Oil City, Pa.	17
Lord, Fred H., La Grange, Ill.	18
Le Compte, C. O., Eminence, Ky.	20
Latham, Thos. W., Cleveland, O.	17
Lewis, Geo. S., Fulton, N. Y.	17
Long, Austin H., Crawfordsville, Ind.	15
Littler, J. M., Mathews, Ind.	16
Lilly, John M., Indianapolis, Lnd.	16
Linderman, C. D., Cortland, Neb.	18
Lewis, James, Owensboro, Ky.	16
Lamme, Chas. B., Attica, Ind.	16
Lieb, Edward H., Indianapolis, Ind.	16
Lewis, Geo. W., Herington, Kans.	18
Loshbough, John H., La Porte, Ind.	16
Lewis, Henry S., Martinsville, Ind.	16
Mallory, J. F., Parkersburg, W. Va.	18
Mallory, F. E., Parkersburg, W. Va.	19
Morrison, J. L. D., St. Paul, Minn.	19
Mermod, Alec D., St. Louis, Mo.	18
Mullan, Chas. A., Brook, Ind.	16
Marshall, Tom A., Keithsburg, Ill.	19
Moulton, E. H., Minneapolis, Minn.	16
Money, Harold B., St. Louis, Mo.	20
Miller, George, Hamilton, Ind.	16
Michaelis, Jos., Indianapolis, Ind.	17
Moller, Gus, Indianapolis, Ind.	16
Moore, Dr. S. H., Indianapolis, Ind.	16
Morgan, Joseph R., Indianapolis, Ind.	16
Muellerschoen, Chas., Indianapolis, Ind.	15
McDowell, A. P., Adair, Ia.	18
McMurchy, H., Fulton, N. Y.	18
McClesky, H. S., Americus, Ga.	17
McDaniel, B. F., Converse, Ind.	16
McDaniel, W. A., Converse, Ind.	16
McKelvey, J. A., Hockessin, Del.	15
McMullin, Ben, Great Bend, Kans.	17
McCaulley, A. W. Washington, Ia.	16
Napier, J. M., Amcricus, Ga.	17
Neal, T. A., Guthrie, Okla.	17
Nash, W. T., Indianapolis, Ind.	16
Neal, Elmer E., Bloomfield, Ind.	17
Nichols, T. B., Nichols, Ia.	18
Nicols, Frank V., Medaryville, Ind.	17
Newmann, Abb., Owensboro, Ky.	16
Norton, T. F., Kansas City, Mo.	17
O'Brien, Ed, Florence, Kans.	19
Parry, T. H., Indianapolis, Ind.	17
Peck, C. H., Remington, Ind.	17
Park, J. T., Brook, Ind.	17
Pfafflin, Chas. A., Indianapolis, Ind.	16
Pontefract, John W., Pittsburg, Pa.	17
Powers, Chauncey M., Decatur, Ill.	21
Pfeiffer, Lew, Cincinnati, O.	15
Pohlar, Daniel, Cincinnati, O.	15
Pragoff, Emile, Louisville, Ky.	16
Patrick, E. W., Mechanicsburg, O.	18
Premo, George, Amasa, Mich.	16
Pierce, R. L., Wytheville, Va.	19
Prowse, Chas. O., Hopkinsville, Ky.	16
Powell, Geo. A., Shelbyville, Ind.	16
Paxton, S. L., Great Bend. Kans.	17
Pearce, Henry, Chicopee, Kans.	17
Parker, L. E., Minneapolis, Minn.	18
Riehl, Frank C., Alton, Ill.	20
Richardson, A. B., Dover, Del.	17
Roll, Geo. J., Blue Island, Ill.	19
Rhoads, R. S., Columbus, O.	19
Rike, F. D., Dayton, O.	18
Reid, Jas. E., New Paris, O.	17
Remiatte, J. L., Salina, Kans.	16
Renick, Wm., Detroit, Mich.	18
Randall, W. R., Mason, O.	16
Roland, W. C., Greensburg, Ind.	16
Rankin, Chas. T., Dorrencc, Kans.	17
Randall, W. R., Telluride, Colo.	17
Reust, C. F., McLoud, Okla.	18
Stipp, J. B., Bedford, Ind.	16
Skelly, J. T., Wilmington, Del.	18
Snell, Hugh A., Lotchfield, Ill.	16
Spinney, Arthur J., Goodland, Ind.	16
Spencer, Harlow B., St. Louis, Mo.	18
Sperry, A. D., Rock Island, Ill.	18
Sell, J. A., Brook, Ind.	16
Squier, L. J., Wilmington, Del.	20
Stillwell, Mac., Crawfordsville, Ind.	16
Smithwick, H. W., Americus, Ga.	17
Sayles, Herman, Indianapolis, Ind.	16
Spencer, A. C., Muncie, Ind.	17
Smiley, J. H., Matthews, Ind.	15
Smith, T. Porter, Paris, Ky.	15
Spencer, Chas. G., St. Louis, Mo.	20
Stauber, A. J., Streator, Ill.	18
Shepardson, Kit C., La Grange, Ind.	19
Schuler, G. W., Cincinnati, O.	16
Sunderbruch, A. H., Cincinnati, O.	17
Strong, F. G., Shelbyville, Ind.	16
Steele, A. B., Auburn, Ind.	16
Sherwood, F. T., Bedford, Ind.	16
Storr, E. H., Baltimore, Md.	17
Steffen, Chas. L., Indianapolis, Ind.	16
Stephens, Claude, Muncie, Ind.	16
Saffold, S. S., Cleveland, O.	16
Skinner, Robt. R., Lexington, Ky.	16
Schardt, Fred H., Kelly's Island, O.	16
Seekatz, J. A., Hoopeston, Ill.	16
Trimble, Ralph L., Covington, Ky.	20
Thomas, Walter C., Tampa, Fla.	16
Tolsma, Alex. S., Detroit, Mich.	18
Tripp, E. H., Indianapolis, Ind.	17
Taber, M. E., Riverside, Cal.	16
Taylor, John R., Newark, O.	19
Townsend, C. M., Knox, Ind.	16
Tully, John T., Terre Haute, Ind.	16
Thorpe, Chas. A. Gencva, Neb.	16
Taylor, H. G., Meckling, S. D.	18
Townsend, W. D., Omaha, Neb.	18
Van Allen, S. M., Jamaica, N. Y.	18
Voris, Ed., Crawfordsville, Ind.	17
Vietmeyer, H. W., Chicago, Ill.	17
Vincent, W. T. S., Atlanta, Go.	17
Vanncy, Thos. H., Shelbyville, Ind.	16
Willerding, Al., Evansville, Ind.	16
Wiggins, C. B., Homer, Ill.	19
Willard, Lem., Chicago, Ill.	19
Ward, P. C., Walnut Log, Tenn.	18
Williams, H. L., Johnson City, Tenn.	16
Werts, Ed., Verona, O.	16
Wildhack, W. A., Indianapolis, Ind.	16
Watson, David, L., Terre Haute, Ind.	15
Wilkinson, C. R., St. Paul, Minn.	16
Wands, J. W., Indianapolis, Ind.	16
Wise, W. N., Carmel, Ind.	16
Ward, J. Q., Paris, Ky.	17
West, Robt. J., Brownsville, Pa.	17
Winbigler, Dr. E. S., Alexis, Ill.	18
Ward, Guy, Walnut Log, Tenn.	17
Wilson, M., Rochester, Ind.	16
Wile, Ik. M., Rochester, Ind.	16
Wade, L. I., Nacogdoches, Tex.	20
Wilcox, A. F., Hebron, Ind.	16
Williamson, G. G., Muncie, Ind.	17
Waters, Hood, Baltimore, Md.	19
Young, Chas. A., Springfield, O.	21
Zea, William, Remington, Ind.	17

W. P. T. S. L. at Millvale.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 17.—The fifth shoot of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League took place on the Millvale Gun Club grounds on Wednesday and Thursday, June 15 and 16, under the auspices of the Millvale Gun Club.

The first day was an ideal one for good scores, the light being perfect, and no wind; still, these conditions did not seem to bring the shooters, as only twenty-four of them put in an appearance.

Mr. J. F. Calhoun, of McKeesport, Pa., did some very good work, breaking 171 out of 175, and landing first average for the first day. Lately Mr. Calhoun has been pointing his gun very straight, and we were sorry he could not attend both days of this shoot, as he would have made the boys hustle for general average. Second place fell to Mr. Ed Kelsey, of Pittsburg, Pa., he breaking 167 out of 175. Third, Mr. James, with 166, and fourth, Mr. L. B. Fleming, with 165.

Second day was ushered in with threatening weather and occasional showers fell. The attendance was very light, only fourteen shooters facing the trap, and out of this number but two teams could be gotten together for the team race on this day.

High average for the second day went to Mr. E. D. Fulford, he accounting for 169 out of 175. Second place had a triple tie, as Mr. Kelsey, Mr. Bessemer and Mr. A. H. King each broke 165 out of the 175.

Third place, Mr. L. B. Fleming, with 163, and fourth, Burgess Hickey, with 162.

Some good runs were made on both days. On the first day Mr. A. H. King had a run of 104; Mr. J. F. Calhoun with runs of 81 and 58, and Mr. L. B. Fleming 71 and 50. On the second day Mr. E. D. Fulford made a run of 58, and Mr. L. B. Fleming a run of 63.

High average for the two days went to Mr. E. D. Fulford, with 333 out of 350; second, Mr. Kelsey, with 332; third, Mr. Bessemer with 329, and fourth, Mr. L. B. Fleming, with 328.

The team race on the second day was won by North Side Gun Club, with 137 out of 150, and the Herron Hill team just one bird behind with 136.

Trade was represented by Mr. E. D. Fulford, H. C. Watson and H. P. Fessenden.

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Calhoun	15	17	15	20	15	19	15	20	15	20	171
Kelsey	15	18	15	19	15	19	14	18	15	19	167
James	14	18	13	20	15	19	14	19	14	20	166
Fleming	15	20	14	19	10	18	15	20	15	19	165
Fulford	14	19	14	20	14	19	14	15	15	20	164
Bessemer	13	18	15	18	14	20	13	20	15	18	164
Hickey	13	18	14	17	14	19	15	16	13	18	157
King	..	20	15	19	15	20	15	20	15	18	157
Andrews	13	16	13	18	14	18	15	16	14	17	154
Streams	15	17	9	17	13	18	12	14	13	18	146
Pontefract	10	16	13	16	13	17	11	18	14	16	144
Crossland	13	18	11	16	15	15	15	15	10	16	144
Bates	13	16	13	12	13	14	13	17	14	18	143
McGlashen	12	14	14	17	15	16	12	18	12	11	141
Rahm	..	15	13	15	14	17	14	15	13	17	133
Fitch	9	16	16	19	12	16	12	19	..	..	113
Speer	15	14	12	16	8	13	14	13	..	..	105
Greiner	10	17	..	15	10	11	11	18	9	..	101
Pyle	14	19	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45
North	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	13	15	44
Joe	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	11	..	..	36
Givens	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	..	..	29
Nichols	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	21

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Fulford	15	20	15	19	14	19	15	19	14	19	169
Kelsey	15	20	13	20	14	16	15	18	15	19	165
Bessemer	15	17	15	19	15	19	14	17	14	20	165
King	11	18	15	19	14	19	15	19	15	20	165
Fleming	15	16	15	19	12	17	15	20	15	19	163
Hickey	13	20	12	18	15	20	14	19	14	17	162
Knode	14	18	14	19	14	18	13	20	13	16	159
Andrews	13	19	13	15	14	18	13	17	14	18	154
Rahm	10	16	13	19	13	18	12	18	15	17	151
Pontefract	13	16	15	15	11	17	13	19	15	16	150
Deniker	13	18	14	14	14	18	13	..	..	..	104
Smith	..	16	10	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	45
Charles	..	13	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	41
Busler	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	..	..	27

Team race, second day; events 5, 6 and 7:

North Side Team.		Herron Hill Team.	
Deniker	14 18 13—45	Kelsey	14 16 15—45
Fleming	15 17 15—47	King	14 19 15—48
Knode	14 18 13—45—137	Rahm	13 18 12—43—136

H. P. F.

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The Peru Tournament.

PERU, Ind.—The eighth annual tournament of the Peru, Ind., Gun Club held here on June 9 was of the usually successful kind that have always been held here. The attendance was not quite up to that of the seven other tournaments, but think this was duc to the energy of an enthusiastic local correspondent of one of the Indianapolis dailies, who sent in a report that the tournament was in full blast two days before it was intended to be held. As this paper is widely read throughout the State, and its sporting columns is a feature, it is more than likely that the entry list would have been swelled by at least a dozen more names had this article not appeared. However, we had the usual equipment found here, splendid weather and lots of enthusiasm among the contestants.

Those in attendance were H. M. Clark, Austin Flinn and Chas. S. Rose, of Wabash, Ind.; Chas. G. Spencer, of St. Louis; M. F. V. Nichols, Medaryville, Ind.; H. W. Vietmeyer, of Chicago; Chas. B. Lamme, of Attica, Ind.; Chauncey M. Powers, Decatur, Ill.; Thomas H. Parry, E. H. Tripp and Dr. O. F. Britton, of Indianapolis, Ind; Mr. J. W. Johnson, Green Hill, Ind.; Elmer E. Neal, Bloomfield, Ind.; B. McDaniels, Converse, Ind.; S. E. Voris, Chas. W. Iliff and Austin H. Long, of Crawfordsville, Ind.; Frank Macy and Mr. Crandall, of Converse, Ind.; Jack Cavanaugh, Will Daniels, Geo. Wagner, J. L. Head, of Peru, and Mr. Day, a late addition to our local club, and who was formerly of Maysville, Ky.

The shooting was upon a basis of a sliding handicap, and seemed to please every contestant. So, in considering some of the low scores the reader will bear in mind that there was little shooting from the 16yd. mark. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	at.	Broke.
Powers	15	15	14	15	15	14	15	13	15	15	15	14	14	15	210	204
*Spencer	13	14	14	13	14	12	13	12	14	13	13	14	13	14	210	186
Flynn	13	12	13	14	13	14	11	14	15	13	13	14	14	13	210	186
Britton	15	12	13	14	14	15	12	13	12	12	15	14	10	15	210	186
Lamme	13	14	11	14	13	13	14	13	11	14	13	13	11	15	210	182
*Head	13	14	13	12	14	14	12	12	13	14	9	15	12	13	210	180
Parry	11	14	14	13	12	14	13	12	14	12	14	10	12	14	210	179
Neal	11	12	9	13	13	13	12	14	13	14	14	14	13	13	210	178
Johnson	13	14	13	12	12	13	12	15	11	12	12	13	14	12	210	178
Rose	11	14	14	12	13	13	12	12	12	12	14	12	11	14	210	176
Nichols	10	14	13	11	13	13	12	12	14	11	11	12	13	11	210	170
Clark	10	12	14	14	15	10	10	12	13	10	11	15	12		210	168
*Vietmeyer	10	13	10	12	12	12	10	13	11	14	10	13	13	13	210	166
Tripp	9	10	8	12	14	11	11	14	12	13	11	12	13	11	210	161
McDaniels	..	11	10	12	11	9	12	9	11	9	8	10	7	10	195	130
Day	11	12	12	11	11	14	11	11	12	13	11	..	..	..	165	129
Daniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	12	12	11	11	12	11	12	135	103
Voris	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	14	11	9	15	10	15	13	135	112
Long	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	13	13	12	12	12	11	13	135	105
Iliff	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	10	7	11	7	9	9	10	13	135	84
Cavanaugh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	13	45	34
Macy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	30	22
Wagner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	30	21
Cantwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10		15	10

*Manufacturers' agents.

As to the averages, it will readily be seen that Mr. Chauncey M. Powers laid over his contemporaries like four kings and an ace. In fact, he was the only thing going this day. He shot in fourteen events, scoring straight in nine of them, the straights being made from 18, 19, 18, 19, 18, 17, 19, 19 and 18 yards respectively. Thus showing that of his nine straights four of them were from the limit of 19yds., four of them from 18yds. and but one from 17yds. In fact, Chief Wipestick, who was credited—and justly so—with being the greatest amateur shot that the world has ever produced, never got his feet on the 16yd. mark during the day. He is a regular attendant at our tournaments, regularly wins high average and is a welcome visitor. Second average was tied for by Messrs. Chas. G. Spencer, Austin Flynn and Dr. O. F. Britton, that gay youngster from Indianapolis. Third went to Charley Lamme and fourth to J. L. Head.

Ernest Tripp is always in his element at Peru, and usually gets some one into trouble. This time he proceeded to put up a job on our Sodbuster President, Charley Lamme, of Attica, but originally from Peru, and the restaurant man who was serving the lunch. It is needless to say that the thing worked to a charm, and that not only Ernest, but the spectators had a lot of fun. Charlie Lamme now says Ernest will be blackballed if he attempts to join the Sodbusters.

It was certainly good to see Elmer Neal in the game again. He was a little rusty at first, but after an event or two, got up his gait and came on fast at the finish. With Elmer and Ernest Tripp both at the same shoot, there is trouble in store for Jim Head. About the middle of the day a mother quail, who doubtless had a nest near the grounds, flew across the score. Instantly Elmer and Ernest began to instruct Jim in the methods of making a figure 4 trigger for a quail trap, fearing that he had forgotten how. Fact is, we believe Jim never knew, but the two worthies above mentioned are certainly artists in this line.

Hugh Clark was being badly punished by his gun, which accounts for his low scores after the fifth event. It is an unusual thing to see this fine shot, without question Indiana's best, shooting in such form. Just watch this boy at Indianapolis, and see if he doesn't give a good account of himself.

Austin Flynn, of Wabash, was in good form save one event. He will bear watching at any tournament, and is one of the likely candidates for high honors at Indianapolis.

Mr. Johnson, of Green Hill, Ind., attracted much attention from his very steady shooting and manner of handling his gun. He is a very deliberate and cool shot, and with practice could hold his own in any company.

It is said that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. This certainly does not apply to Ed. Voris, as he seems to have plenty of honor in Crawfordsville. He was a recent candidate for Mayor of that city, and with a plurality of some 500 to overcome, walked through that election, and was elected by nearly 200 to the good. If making a change in the political situation of nearly 700 in a vote of about 2,000 don't look like honor in his own country, the writer will turn Chinaman and open a laundry. Ed. brought along Messrs. Long and Iliff to show that the Crawfordsville Club is always in the game.

Charley Lamme, an old Peru boy, is a credit to the sport of trapshooting, and he is usually in the averages here. He landed third, trimming his old tutor, Jim Head, by two birds.

Charley Spencer was a little off form as a shooter, but as a gentleman sportsman was in the finest trim. Come again, Charley.

Geo. Little looked after the office, and handling an office at a shoot where the sliding handicap is used is no snap. Everything was very smooth, and no complaints were heard.

From present indications the G. A. H. will have about seventy Hoosiers. Come again, gentlemen. WILL DANIELS, Sec'y.

Camden Gun Club Shoot.

THE Camden Gun Club's third annual tournament, which was held June 8 and 9, was the best attended shoot ever held in South Arkansas, and therefore the most successful given by this thriving little shooting organization. Everything was run on a broad and liberal scale, and with favorable weather conditions, all present had a good time. The management had spared no pains in preparing for the event, and the manner in which the tournament was conducted redounded much to the credit of the club. The method of dividing the purses, which was the Rose-Jack Rabbit system, proved very popular, and it is safe to predict that this system will be used at other tournaments held in this section.

The best shooting was done by Turner Hubby, of Waco, Tex., who won high average for the two days with .945; Ed Brady, the Memphis amateur, was second with .930; Hood Waters, third with .923, and J. E. Wells, a Pine Bluff amateur, and Frank Faurote, the Dallas expert, were tied for fourth with .922. Farmer, of Ashvale, Ark., won the Camden Gun Club individual medal, and W. B. Sorrells won the Hunter Arms Co. medal. J. E. Chatfield, of Texarkana, and L. E. Knott, or Arkadelphia, won the two-man team medal. The scores of the two days are given below:

First Day, June 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	25	15	25	20	15	20	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Faurote	15	15	19	15	21	14	23	20	14	17	19	200	186	.930
Hubby	13	14	19	15	23	13	25	17	13	19	14	200	185	.925
Brady	15	14	20	10	23	15	24	19	13	19	13	200	184	.920
Wells	15	14	18	15	20	14	22	16	14	20	15	200	183	.915
Clements	14	15	19	15	22	14	22	15	13	19	13	200	181	.905
Waters	13	15	20	14	21	14	21	19	12	17	14	200	180	.900
Speers	12	11	19	13	25	14	25	17	12	19	13	200	180	.900
Chatfield	12	13	15	14	23	14	22	19	14	18	14	200	178	.890
Knott	14	15	16	15	24	13	24	15	11	18	13	200	178	.890
Farmer	13	15	19	14	22	14	22	19	12	14	12	200	176	.880
Sorrels	13	13	18	12	24	13	22	15	13	19	13	200	175	.875
Arnold	13	11	17	13	20	11	25	18	14	20	13	200	174	.870
Joyner	15	14	17	10	21	14	23	18	14	15	12	200	173	.865
J P Wright	14	11	16	15	22	10	24	18	14	15	13	200	172	.860
B C Powell	11	14	16	14	24	12	22	17	12	17	12	200	171	.855
Slack	14	13	17	13	22	15	23	17	9	17	11	200	171	.855
Morgan	12	13	18	12	22	10	21	16	13	17	12	200	166	.830
Halton	13	11	17	15	23	13	17	16	11	18	12	200	166	.830
Brown	13	14	12	13	23	12	19	17	13	12	11	200	165	.825
H S Powell	13	12	14	12	22	13	21	16	13	17	12	200	164	.820
Sevier	14	14	14	14	22	10	16	19	13	17	9	200	162	.810
Lloyd	9	11	12	12	19	10	21	16	15	17	12	200	154	.770
Timm	11	17	13	9	18	11	19	17	12	11	14	200	152	.760
S M Powell	8	9	15	11	19	15	20	15	12	15	12	200	151	.755
Litzke	12	13	15	6	18	12	15	14	12	13	12	200	142	.710
Omohundro	11	11	13	9	21	11	18	12	8	11	11	200	136	.680
Welch	7	11	9	8	17	7	6	14	12	12	9	200	122	.610
Simpson	9	10	16	13	15	8	12	7	8	10	8	200	116	.580
Coleman	..	..	17	10	22	14	22	13	14	17	14	170	143	.841
Dr Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	9	13	14	70	53	....
McCorkle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	12	13	70	48	....
Campbell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	13	10	70	48	....
Carlee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	8	12	8	70	46	....
Bird	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	15	12	55	43	....
Cahleger	11	11	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	38	....
Leake	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	18	....
Harvey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	12	13	70	46	....

Second Day, June 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	25	15	25	20	15	20	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Hubby	15	14	19	14	24	14	24	20	15	19	14	200	192	.960
Waters	13	15	20	15	23	15	23	19	14	20	12	200	189	.945
Brady	14	14	17	14	25	15	24	19	14	19	14	200	189	.945
Wells	15	15	20	13	23	14	20	18	14	18	15	200	185	.925
Faurote	15	15	18	11	23	14	24	19	14	18	13	200	182	.910
Sorrells	13	15	19	13	23	14	24	17	13	17	13	200	179	.895
Knott	13	13	20	12	22	14	22	17	14	17	14	200	178	.890
Clements	13	14	18	13	22	12	23	17	13	18	15	200	176	.880
Arnold	13	13	16	13	21	13	21	20	11	18	14	200	173	.865
Halton	14	13	15	13	22	11	22	17	14	19	12	200	172	.860
Joyner	13	12	18	12	23	14	20	16	12	17	13	200	170	.850
Farmer	13	15	18	13	20	12	22	18	12	16	11	200	170	.850
Wright	14	12	16	13	22	11	23	19	10	19	11	200	170	.850
Morgan	11	15	17	14	20	12	16	17	15	20	14	200	169	.845
Slack	12	13	16	10	19	14	22	17	12	17	13	200	165	.825
Chatfield	11	11	16	10	25	13	20	18	11	15	14	200	164	.820
Brown	11	13	16	11	20	13	20	18	9	17	12	200	160	.800
B C Powell	12	13	12	14	21	11	22	15	12	14	13	200	159	.795
H S Powell	14	13	16	11	20	13	22	16	10	12	11	200	158	.790
Lloyd	9	10	14	12	20	11	20	19	14	15	11	200	155	.775
Sevier	7	12	16	11	20	12	23	16	10	17	9	200	153	.765
S M Powell	13	8	14	11	19	10	16	10	11	15	15	200	142	.710
Litzke	14	9	11	9	18	8	18	13	11	15	6	200	132	.660
Welch	9	10	14	11	9	9	19	14	8	11	11	200	125	.625
Omohundro	9	10	10	7	20	9	18	11	..	..	..	155	102	.655
McCorkle	11	13	17	13	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	90	72	....
Dr Williams	9	9	15	8	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	90	56	....
Harvey	8	10	9	11	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	90	54	....
Bird	13	9	14	12	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	90	70	....

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—The scores made at the shoot of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club, June 11 and 12, are appended:

First Day, June 11.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	10	at.	Broke.
Drewry	13	10	13	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	59
Figge	13	14	11	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	62
Frankel	10	7	6	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	42
Pleiss	10	14	14	13	15	12	12	13	8	8	9	150	131
Bentz	10	2	8	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	38
Davidson	7	7	8	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	39
McDermott	3	5	3	2	7	7	7	..	..	..	..	105	34
Lyon	14	15	15	14	14	11	13	14	7	8	..	140	125
Bakeman	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	14
Rice	7	5	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	27
Dunn	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	5
Arthur	14	15	14	13	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	80	72
H W	5	7	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	27
Allgauer	11	9	11	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	55
Betz	3	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	14
Comstans	10	7	9	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	45
Shelbach	5	6	9	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	38
Mark	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	5
George	10	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	24
Hauser	15	14	13	15	10	12	15	14	10	10	10	150	138
O'Neill	9	8	10	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	31

Second Day, June 12.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25	at.	Broke.
F S Novotny	12	10	11	11	11	15	100	90
E Novotny	14	14	14	13	13	22	100	90
Schulstad	12	8	8	10	12	14	100	64
Bakeman	11	13	13	15	13	19	100	84
Kirschbaum	8	9	13	8	8	..	75	46
Costello	8	7	10	11	9	15	100	60
Cat	..	..	13	12	13	22	60	50
Peters	..	..	9	14	..	14	55	37

Springfield Shooting Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—Eight members of this club held a practice shoot on the afternoon of June 15 at their club grounds, near Red House Crossing. No large scores were made, as the wind played havoc with the targets, causing them to fly erratically.

In the badge events Downing was high gun. His score of 15 out of 25 from the 20yd. mark was good, considering the hard wind blowing.

This was the fourth shoot of a series of ten for the badge.

Several new members were out for the first time, and enjoyed the sport very much. Scores in badge event, 25 targets, distance handicap, follow: Downing (20) 15, Coats (20) 13, Kites (19) 13, Dr. Keith (20) 12, Hawes (16) 12, Chapin (17) 6.

Scores in regular events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	25	10	15	15	10	at.	Broke.
Kites	..	6	15	6	7	11	8	90	53
Downing	9	11	14	7	9	..	..	75	50
Coats	5	8	14	8	7	..	..	75	42
Dr Keith	6	13	..	..	..	..	..	25	19
Chapin	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	25	8
Lyman	0	1	..	..	..	..	..	25	1
Hawes	..	..	..	..	..	12	4	25	16
Baldwin	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	25	12

MISFIRE.

The Individual Championship of New Hampshire.

DUNBARTON, N. H., June 17.—In the FOREST AND STREAM of June 18 is a short notice of the winning of the cup carrying the above title, by W. C. Goss, of Herkimer. It is only within a few years that any claim (as I have heard) was made to the above title.

A few years since a member of the Winchester, N. H., Club made a score of 95 out of 100 bluerocks from a magautrap on home grounds. The maker of this score claimed, through FOREST AND STREAM the individual championship of this State until his score was equalled or beaten under similar conditions. The Winchester man was modest. In a personal letter, he said: "I do not care to shoot for money. Price of targets, fun and glory are enough." No one disputed his claim. Then the Peters Cartridge Company donated a championship cup. The first contest took place at Winchester, and the Winchester man won.

For some time it looked as though the cup had a permanent home. The cup was exhibited in Concord and no doubt other places. There may have been members of Concord, Manchester, Exeter, Dover and Portsmouth clubs who thought they could win the cup, but they made no attempt.

Then arose the present champion, Goss, who lives on Park Hill, in Henniker. I know Mr. Goss, and he is a good fellow, a New Hampshire farmer, and a born shooter. Nearly all of his trap experience has been on home grounds. Yet he can shoot, as any of you will find should you go for that cup. Brace up, you crackerjacks of the various New Hampshire clubs.

For my part, I am out of all target shooting. Haven't seen a target for nearly two years, and have no desire to, except as a spectator.

I would rather see Goss defend the cup against one or more challengers than to see all the paid experts break targets with their usual machine-like regularity.

Park Hill holds the champion and the cup. Who wants to try for it.

C. M. STARK.

Norwich Gun Club.

NORWICH, Conn.—The trapshooting tournament given by the Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club on Saturday, June 11, was a success in every way. The traps worked to a charm, and the events were shot off rapidly. For the high gun prizes Ockford was first, Tafft second and Noble third. Olcott and Edgarton shot well, each making 79 per cent.

The team shoot resulted as follows:

Team No. 1—Oekford 15, Olcott 14, Prest 14, Noble 15; total 58.

Team No. 2—Edgarton 18, Barstow 15, Bugbee 16, Tafft 16, total 65.

The visitors were: Edgarton and Bugbee, from Willimantic; Barstow, Rockville; Koch, Holmes, Calkins, Ames, Watrous and Sayle, from New London, and Thomas. The following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	10	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	10	15	20	15	10			
Ockford ..	7	9	14	13	8	13	17	9	8	14	18	13	10	180	153	85
Tafft	8	10	12	17	5	14	18	7	8	9	15	12	8	180	143	79
Olcott	6	10	13	16	6	13	18	10	8	12	..	8	7	160	127	79
Edgarton	..	..	..	18	9	9	16	9	7	10	17	10	9	145	114	79
Bugbee ...	..	..	..	..	16	5	14	..	8	..	12	..	..	..	70	55	78
Brown	7	6	..	..	8	..	..	8	..	13	..	..	..		55	42	76
Noble	10	10	11	13	8	8	13	7	8	12	14	8	7	180	129	72
Ulmer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	15	9	7	70	49	70
Koch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	10	12	9	9	80	53	66
Holmes ...	5	8	8	11	8	12	9	4	6	10	14	11	7	180	113	63
Mitchell...	10	6	9	14	5	10	7	5	4	8	13	11	7	180	109	61
McCord ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	3	14	15	8	80	49	61
Prest	5	5	9	15	7	8	17	6	4	10	11	3	8	180	108	60
Perry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	10	6	60
Calkins....	..	4	10	..	6	10	10	5	7	..	..	..	..	90	52	58
Gates	6	6	8	..	5	9	..	6	7	8	..	7	6	120	68	57
Ames	7	6	12	..	..	..	7	4	6	..	..	..	..	75	42	56
Clute	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	10	5	50
Watrous...	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	12	9	4	60	30	50
Amberg ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	1	4	5	10	9	8	100	46	46
Sayle	5	4	5	..	7	7	..	5	3	..	..	..	..	80	36	45
Dolbeare..	1	3	7	12	6	8	6	2	3	6	13	9	4	180	80	44

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., June 4.—The target shoot of the Independent Gun Club of this city, held to-day on the Three-Mile House grounds, was a success, although the attendance was rather light. The weather was ideal for shooting and fair scores were made. The scores:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	Broke.
Moyer	6	6	7	7	4	6	5	10	51
Wanner	3	6	7	7	3	7	7	9	49
Woodward	6	5	3	8	2	8	4	7	43
Miller	9	9	8	8	10	..	..	..	..
Sheeler	6	7	7	9	7	..	..	..	..
Dillon	7	6	5	8	10	..	..	..	..
Ruth	7	7	5	6	5	..	..	..	..
Doermann	7	2	4	7	6	..	..	..	..
Koch	5	7	8	7	..	..	..	..	..
Carpenter	..	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	..
Heilman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..

Mahanoy City, Pa., June 4.—In a live-bird shoot for $200 a side to-day, Nathan Benner defeated William Fox. Each man shot at 13 birds, Benner killing 10, while Fox got 3 less.

Pottsville, Pa., June 4.—The shooting match held here to-day between John Head, of Wade, and Harry Showers, of Fishbach, resulted in a sweeping victory for the latter. The match was for a purse of $100, and Head killed one bird to his opponent's five. Each man shot at 6 live birds.

Pottsville, Pa., June 4.—The Pottsville Game and Fish Protective Association held a big shooting tournament near here to-day. Five thousand bluerocks were thrown, and there was a field of thirty shooters. Frank Stumm and C. F. Seltzer led in the scores, the former breaking 114 and the latter 103 out of a possible 145. Each shot straight in several events. Alex. Reed carried off the laurels in the live bird events, in which a score of gunners were entered, having killed straight, each man being assigned 7 birds.

Shamokin, Pa., June 8.—George Merkle defeated Richard Isaacs in an 11-bird match for a purse of $100 by grassing 7 to his opponent's 5.

Shamokin, Pa., June 4.—The Burnside Gun Club held a club shoot to-day, each man shooting at 25 rocks. The scores: Jacob Zimmerman 10, Irwin McCollum 3, Joe Governski 9, Adam Fisher 11, William Fagley 4, Bert Yanacoski 6, John McCollum 7, Enoch Scovic 11, Henry Shovlin 14, M. Reiland 12, M. Schleig 12, W. Homer 10, Claude Ney 2, Aaron Schleig 8. DUSTER.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 18.—The first of the Aquidneck Gun Club's summer tournaments was something in the nature of a frost as far as the attendance was concerned, but eleven shooters participating, and of these but two were from out of town. Various causes brought this about, many of the club members being "chained to business," shooters in other towns attending their home event, for many Massachusetts clubs observed Friday, Bunker Hill Day, with shoots. These probably were the principal causes of the small crowd. However, those present made the most of the occasion, and under the good weather conditions, some fine scores were made, Bowler being high with a shade under the 90 per cent. mark. The date of the next tournament will be July 30, and not the 25th, as previously announced. A feature of this occasion will be the serving, free to shooters, of a genuine Rhode Island clam bake. It is sincerely hoped that the shooters will respond to this tournament, programmes for which will be ready about July 1:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20			
Bowler	13	13	17	13	13	18	13	14	20	150	134	.893
Sorensen	13	13	19	14	12	18	13	11	19	150	132	.880
Alexander	13	11	18	15	12	17	15	11	19	150	131	.873
Manchester	13	11	20	10	13	19	14	14	17	150	131	.873
Moore	14	14	17	11	12	16	8	12	16	150	120	.800
Dring	11	10	13	14	10	12	11	12	17	150	110	.733
Powel	10	10	11	10	11	11	13	13	15	150	105	.700
Hamilton	8	7	13	7	9	9	..	..	13	120	66	.550
Coggeshall	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	12	15	70	51	.728
Gosling	10	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	36	.720
H Peckham	9	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	34	.680

Shoot of June 15; the second last contest for the L. C. Smith badge was held on Wednesday as usual, with a fair number of shooters and good weather conditions. Bowler added another to his list of wins, making him now five, while Powel and Manchester have seven each.

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	
Bowler	9	9	7	9	10	—44
Manchester ...	8	9	10	8	7	—42
Powel	8	7	7	10	9	—41
Alexander	10	4	8	9	7	—38
Coggeshall ...	9	6	9	8	5	—37

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	
Peckham.....	7	7	7	7	8	—36
Dring	4	5	4	8	3	—24
Hamilton	5	5	4	5	4	—23
Hammond	6	2	5	3	3	—19

Warwick Gun Club.

WARWICK, N. Y.—The Warwick Gun Club's second shoot for the season of 1904 was held on June 10. The weather was fine and the boys all had a good time. The next shoot will be held July 8. The following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10
Fanning	9	13	9	14	10	14	9	14	10	..	..	..	..	..
Glover	8	11	8	12	10	13	10	15	7	..	..	..	..	..
Edsall	8	12	8	13	9	12	9	14	9	8	..	10	8	9
Woodward	9	14	7	11	6	9	8	12	7	..	..	..	..	..
Ogden	7	10	8	15	8	12	10	13	6	9	8	9	10	10
H Tims.....	5	11	9	9	7	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Wilcox	7	7	7	14	9	11	9	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Thorne	10	10	8	12	6	8	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	..
T P Terhune.....	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	6	..	..	..	..
W S Terhune.....	..	..	8	..	7	..	7	13	..	8	..	..	..	..
Dunning	..	..	..	..	6	..	5	12	..	5	8	10	8	9
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	12	..	6	7	5	6	9
MacLaurey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..

We were glad to see Fanning and Glover here again, as this was their first visit in seven years. We would be pleased to see more of the experts.

J. B. ROGERS, Capt.

Erie Rod and Gun Club.

ERIE, Pa.—The club held a most successful shoot last Saturday with a big attendance. Among the visitors was Fred Titus, the professional wheelman. He tried the clay pigeons. The highest scores were made by Casper, Lindsay, Campbell and Burr. Among the other shooters were Messrs. Webber, Strangways, Boughton, Stebbins, Beers, Jurecki, Fry and Titus. CABIA BLANCO.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 18.—The regular shoot of the Analostan Gun Club was held at the club grounds June 16. A large number of the members were in attendance, and some good scores were made. The membership is growing rapidly, and the club is now one of the largest in the East. Following are the scores:

Petrola shot at 90, broke 78; Heintz 70, 54; Coleman 70, 52; Craig 70, 51; Nalley 70, 50; Duvall 60, 52; Jos. H. Hunter 60, 50; Dr. Taylor 60, 33; Allnut 60, 26; M. Taylor 50, 46; Green 50, 33; Moses 50, 24; Brown 40, 36; Hogan 40, 32; Orrison 40, 30; C. S. Wilson 40, 27; B. Wilson 20, 17; Utz 20, 15; Koons 20, 16; Aukward 20, 13; Pushaw, Sr., 20, 7; Parker 20, 13; Wilhite 20, 16; McKelden 20, 15; Monroe 20, 6; Pushaw, Jr., 20, 4; Hitchcock 20, 10.

A team match was shot during the afternoon which afforded much amusement to those present. Messrs. Hunter and Coleman chose sides. Following is the result of the contest, each man shooting at 20 targets:

Hunter's Team—Hunter 14, Brown 17, B. Wilson 17, Heintz 19, Craig 18, Nalley 16, Utz 15, Koons 16, Aukward 13, Pushaw, Sr., 7, Parker 13, Wilhite 16; total 181.

Coleman's Team—Coleman 18, Taylor 17, C. S. Wilson 15, Petrola 19, McKelden 15, Orrison 18, Hogan 18, Dr. Taylor 9, Allnut 4, Monroe 6, Pushaw, Jr., 4, Hitchcoek 10; total 153.

Coleman shot a 20-gauge gun in first three events.

M. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

Trap at Skaneateles Junction.

SKANEATELES JUNCTION, N. Y., June 15.—Our Jack Rabbit system tournament to-day was a pleasant affair, with seventeen shooters present. In event 6, merchandise, Carpenter, of Syracuse, won the L. C. Smith gun; Tuttle, of Auburn, won the gun case, and Burnett, of Lyons, won the reel. J. N. Knapp, of Auburn, was first average; C. W. Tuttle, of Auburn, was second average; F. Lefever, of Syracuse, was third average.

The trade was represented by J. G. Heath, whose assistance was appreciated. Scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	20	10	15	20	15
Knapp	9	13	20	14	15	18	10	14	18	13
Tuttle	8	14	19	11	14	19	10	14	18	14
Lefever	10	15	17	14	13	18	9	11	19	11
C Cottle	8	15	15	14	12	18	10	14	17	13
Wheeler	9	15	17	12	13	18	9	13	19	10
Carpenter	9	14	16	12	10	20	8	10	15	13
Burnett	7	14	15	14	11	18	9	15	18	9
J Cottle	8	13	..	12	12	16	10	14	18	11
Connors	8	13	17	13	11	17	5	15	18	12
Killick	7	13	15	9	7	14	9	9	..	..
Knox	..	12	18	11	14	15	7	11	13	13
Chapman	..	..	16	14	13	18	9	14	17	14
Mayhew	..	..	15	12	14	14	6	15	19	13
Wadsworth	6	..	..	7	..	8	..	..	..	..
Weinerth	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	..	..	..
Doman	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	11	17	13
Witt	8	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..

J. N. K., Sec'y.

New York German Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., June 15.—The shoot of the New York German Gun Club, held to-day, had eighteen participants, and of these Mr. J. S. Dannefelser was high with 23 out of 25. The scores:

John Schlicht	2121201122112001020021111—19
P Garms	2120110*10122101112222011—19
H W Meslow	1202*00201121211120211100—17
C Lenone	1111121110101110112210102—20
J F Wellbrock	1222222221212201222202201 2—22
Dr Hudson	1202210021102122211111110—20
E Steffens	2022001112*01120121111201—18
P Exner	1112200012001202110220110—16
P Alberts	1120221022112212011112220—21
E Kattengill	2221111110211211 20*11011*—19
J P Dannefelser	1211112012022221211211 2212—23
H Meyn	1211111010001 1*21101102*—17
R Baudendistel	12102211**12001000021201 0—14
W Lempe	0122010010011001021111222—16
J Zeman	0020200221121010101021120—15
G Hagenah	2020000000000002000020020— 5
H Ludeking	0221020122000010122120020—14
Stag	2222122202 — 9

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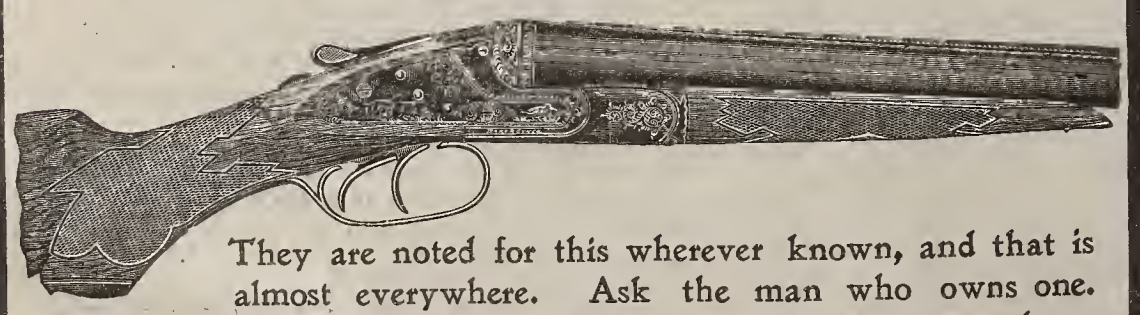
Record Trout.

On June 1, at Square Lake, Aroostook county, Maine, on the line of the Bangor & Aroostook R. R., two square-tail trout were caught, weighing 7 and 9½lbs. respectively. The larger fish was caught by a woman. The fishing at Square Lake this season has been exceptionally good, and the Lake has become a popular resort for sportsmen. The catch above mentioned certainly will not detract from its popularity.

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REDUCED rates to Detroit, Mich., account International Convention Baptist Young People's Union of America, meeting July 7 to 10. Pennsylvania Railroad will sell tickets from all stations of one fare plus $2 for the round trip, on July 5, 6 and 7, good returning from Detroit to July 12, inclusive, or if deposited with validating agent not later than July 10 and payment of fee of 50 cents made at time of deposit, extension may be obtained to leave Detroit not later than Aug. 15.

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